

JAN.
1943
10
March
1946

LEONARD G. FEATHER

BOOK VI
APRIL 1939

LEONARD FEATHER
1 SHERIDAN SQUARE
NEW YORK 14, N.Y.

W. STRAKER LTD
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS
STATIONERS AND PRINTERS
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4
AND BRANCHES

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No. 8008 Price

EVE'S *Journal*

FOR JULY

Swing King

by

Philip Henry

I HAVE a rather sad bit of news. Women are just no good at all at "Swing." That is the view of a young man called Leonard Feather. Only twenty-three. He knows more about Swing music than anyone else in this country. And so, perhaps, he ought to, because he devotes all his working day—and quite a bit of the night—to learning about it and trying to educate others.

He's appointed himself a sort of swing-schoolmaster to Great Britain. As he reckons there are only about five hundred people in England who understand Swing properly, you can see he has a hardish row to hoe. Eventually he hopes to make us all as swing-minded as the Americans. At present, he says, we talk gaily about dancing to the most marvellous Swing band, when in fact the band wasn't playing Swing at all.

It seems to me we have every excuse, because, according to Mr. Feather, half the bands that call themselves Swing bands don't play Swing at all. As for me, I thought Swing was just a modern name for dance music.

But it's nothing of the sort. Just what it *is*, is much harder to say. Mr. Feather isn't keen on describing it himself: he prefers to say it's indefinable, like yellow, or beauty. If he's pressed further, he says: "Swing consists in 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." At first it's often hard to recognise the melody. You feel it before you can hear it.

People have all the wrong ideas about Swing. They label the most offensive pieces of music they hear Swing, and let it go at that. Worse still, anyone who comes back from a quick visit to America tends to talk about jitterbugs and Swing in the same breath. But even orthodox musicians, like Paderewski and Constant Lambert, have praised Swing.

According to Mr. Feather, it is far ahead of ordinary dance music. He believes that in 1950 we shall still be playing Swing records of to-day, whereas the rest of the present-day dance music will have been forgotten. He has to rely mostly on records now for his entertainment, because of the dearth of Swing bands in England. He has a collection of 3,000 records in his studio. Some of the early ones are pretty valuable; *Panther Rag* and *Just Too Soon*, two of Earl Hines's piano solos, are worth £7 each, and you can't get Louis Armstrong's *Gut Bucket Blues* for less than £5.

WHAT IS A JITTERBUG?

It's a fashionable word in Europe but Harlem has been using it for years

by **LEONARD FEATHER**

WHERE did all this jitterbug business really start?

That was what I was asking myself as I read the latest account of some crazy scene in a theatre where an Artie Shaw audience went berserk. And it occurred to me that the source should not be very difficult to trace. In fact, it was situated at a spot on Lennox Avenue at 140th Street, and it was probably rocking in rhythm right at this moment.

So I went up to the Savoy Ballroom.

Within a couple of choruses, on thinking it over, I was convinced that this leaping, seething "Home of Happy Feet" was the fountain-head from which sprang all the mania that constitutes to-day's idea of the compleat jitterbug.

The jitterbug menace can be subdivided into two forms; participant and non-participant. Into the first category come the dancers, into the second are the whistlers, cheerers, stampers, and clappers-of-hands-on-the-off-beat.

The dancing contingent is naturally the more important in its effects and interesting in its evolution. Now you have probably read a great deal about the

crazy antics and naïve spontaneity of Negro dancing, as if a jitterbug display were twin brother to a tribal war dance. Personally, though, I am sure that spontaneity and natural rhythm of movement play a most important part in these demonstrations, I am also sure that a great deal of it is carefully simulated and prepared.

In the first place, there has not always been jitterbug dancing. It is not even as old as jazz. The first popular form of Negro dance movement or strut was the Cake Walk, which was before the time of most *Rhythm* readers. It is said that a form of the cake walk is still included in the present Harlem gyrations.

The early post-War era brought the Charleston, a simple and rather helpless-looking movement of the feet, and the Black Bottom, which was perhaps the first real indication of the jitterbug menace. Mr. Buchanan, the manager of the Savoy, remembers dancing somewhat on the present lines in the mid-twenties, but the first real development came with the Lindy Hop.

Named after the transatlantic Lindbergh flight which caught the



... eventually the whole room swings out in wild abandon ... and that's how (and where) jitterbugs are born!

piano playing that cuts out all unnecessary frills

by **CHARLIE KUNZ**

1943

JAN 15 1943

Heterogeneous Crop of Platter-Brains



New York—Leonard Feather assembled this stellar group of disc pickers on his WMCA program last month to lend their brains to answers about records sent in by the listeners. *Left to right:* Mitchell Ayres, band leader; Harry Lim, Javanese jitterbug;—migawd, that's the notorious New York editor of *Down Beat*, Mike Levin, how did HE get in there?; then the new singing rage of Manhattan, Lena Horne; Edward Kennedy Ellington, who under

the pseudonym of "Duke" won the 1942 swing band poll, and finally, Billy "Swee' Pea" Strayhorn, the Duke's protege, who placed second in the arrangers' list in the *Beat* poll. Not bad for a youngster. This was the session where, after listening to a piano recording, one of the experts ventured, "Could that be Duke?" And Ellington replied, "No, that isn't me. But I wish I could play like that." It was Jay McShann's *Confessin' the Blues*.

Ralph Cooper Guest Star On Feather Show

NEW YORK, N. Y. — A while ago, Ralph Cooper had Leonard Feather as his guest on the "Jump 'N Jive" show, interviewing the swing critic and playing a program of Feather's recorded compositions.

This gesture was reciprocated last Saturday evening on station WMCA when Leonard Feather had Cooper as one of the guest experts on the popular "Platter-brains" swing quiz show.

Journal & Guide Feb. 29th

RALPH COOPER FOR "PLATTERBRAINS"

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 11—Next Saturday evening over Station WMCA will find Ralph Cooper on Leonard Feather's popular "Platterbrain" show as one of the guest swing experts. Just last week, Cooper had as his guest on the "Jump 'N Jive" show, Feather, who sat in on the playing of some of his recorded compositions.

Pittsburgh Courier Feb. 13th

Cooper Brains Aired

A while ago Ralph Cooper had Leonard Feather as his guest on the "Jump 'N Jive" show, interviewing the swing critic and playing a program of Feather's recorded compositions.

This gesture will be reciprocated next Saturday evening at 7 p.m. on WMCA (Feb. 13), when Leonard Feather will have Cooper as one of the guest experts on the popular Mosque Theatre here Friday nite, February 19.

People's Voice Feb. 13th

Ralph Cooper on "Platterbrains"

NEW YORK — A couple of months ago, Ralph Cooper had Leonard Feather as his guest on the "Jump 'n Jive" show, interviewing the swing critic and playing a program of Feather's recorded compositions.

This gesture will be reciprocated Saturday at 7 p.m., on WMCA, when Cooper will be one of the guest experts whose knowledge of jazz will be tested on Feather's "Platterbrains" swing quiz show.

LOUIS AT EDGEWOOD

Ralph Cooper On 'Platterbrains'

NEW YORK—A while ago Ralph Cooper had Leonard Feather as his guest on the "Jump and Jive" show, interviewing the swing critic and playing a program of Feather's recorded compositions.

This gesture will be reciprocated next Saturday at 7 p.m., on WMCA (Feb. 13) when Leonard Feather will have Cooper as one of the guest experts on the popular "Platterbrains" swing quiz show.

Chicago Defender Feb. 13th

Post
Bridgeport, Conn.
Circulation 43,835 D.

APR 6 1943

Note to Leonard Feather: When your friend Lionel Hampton played the Lyric last week, Bridgeport's song-writing cop, Lazy Martin gave him a copy of Lazy's newest tune "This Cigaret." Lionel liked the number so well, he added it to his library pronto and told Lazy he'd record it as soon as the Petrillo ban is lifted.

Eagle
Brooklyn N. Y.
April 7 1943

"PLATTERBRAINS," the WMCA record-quizzer, will have Charlie Barnet as its guest Saturday. . . . Five gets you ten, Leonard Feather will try to trip the batoneer up on some of his own diskings. . . .

Ellington Preems Tone Poem at Carnegie Hall; 3,300 Pay Way

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The breathlessly awaited concert of Duke Ellington and his orchestra came off tonight at Carnegie Hall here to a capacity house of 3,300 who paid from \$1 to \$2.75 a seat, with boxes going at a \$100 per. Audience overflowed onto the stage and management claimed the house could have been filled "four times over." All proceeds went to Russian War Relief, Inc.

Ellington received the greatest performance press ever accorded a jazz man, and, on the strength of it William Morris Agency has boosted the price of the aggregation \$500 a night. Agency is now asking \$1,500 a night against 70 per cent, \$1,750 against 60 per cent, or \$2,000 flat.

A preview of the concert was run off at Rye High School, Rye, N. Y., last night, and a number of repeat dates are being lined up. Two have already been set for Symphony Hall, Boston, Thursday (28) and the Auditorium, Cleveland, February 20.

Highlight of the evening was the preem of *Black, Brown and Beige*, tone poem expressly written by Ellington for the concert. Running well over a half hour in length, Ellington's "3 B's" is far beyond anything he has ever attempted in scope, brilliance and seriousness. Described as "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro in America," it runs the gamut of musical expression and is the greatest advance in jazz made in a decade or more.

A number of themes are employed to express the relationship of the Negro to American life. The music is a blend of New York songs, spirituals, blues and jazz. While it in no way is a musical

synopsis faithfully paralleling the printed program notes, *Black, Brown and Beige* embraces all the musical forms and expressions that are so especially the American Negro's own.

The tone poem is Ellington at his best and most typical. The harmonies, tonal combinations and specialized use of his men's instruments bears his stamp on every bar of music. Surprisingly enough, it is not all written in 4/4, and the last movement, the part that is concerned with the Negro in Harlem, uses a theme played in part in 3/4 time.

Controversies raged among the auditors whether the tone poem stands a chance of becoming a standard concert piece. To this reviewer's ears *Black, Brown and Beige* is the first jazz symphony of its time and will point the way to a whole school of jazz literature for the concert stage.

The rest of the program was devoted to standard Ellington pieces featuring the different members of his orchestra, each a remarkable soloist. Most vociferously received were Johnny Hodges (alto sax) playing *Day Dream*, Juan Tizol (valve trombone) doing *Bakiff*, Rex Stewart (trumpet) in *Boy Meets Horn* and Lawrence Bron (trombone) on *Rose of the Rio Grande*.

The two newest instrumentalists with the band, Ray Nance (violin and trumpet) and Harold Baker (lead trumpet), were heard frequently in solo spots and shared top honors with the others. Ben Webster (tenor sax), long an Ellington star, gave a fine accounting of himself on numerous numbers, and Betty Roche, replacing Ivy Anderson, made an im-

Ellington—Genius of Jazz

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

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DUKE ELLINGTON is many things to many people. To some he is the writer of such popular song hits as *Solitude*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, *I Got It Bad*. To others he is the leader of a swing band which plays too few of the latest products of Tin Pan Alley. But to the connoisseurs of jazz, Ellington and his music and orchestra are one indivisible entity that has made a greater emotional and intellectual contribution to jazz than any other factor in the history of this music.

For more than a decade now, Ellington has been considered by his contemporaries to have a unique and unrivalled place in the jazz scene. Dozens of other bands have achieved fame through their brilliant swing interpretations of popular songs, or a trivial but well-played original material, but Duke has remained in a class by himself simply because the band, its material and the individual exponents are so closely interwoven, and are all of exceptional merit.

Tracing Duke's career on records, one finds many changes. The ensemble has gradually become smoother, more and more brilliant and varied in its tone colors, harmonically fuller. The brass has more polish and attack, the saxes are richer and deeper, the rhythm section has infinitely more swing today. Yet the music has the same fundamental qualities that made it the best jazz in 1929 as it is in 1942.

It is quite extraordinary in the changeable and fast-living world of jazz for a group of men to stay together for more than a couple of years. This has been Duke's strength. He knows his men inside out, just as they know his music so instinctively that a mere skeleton arrangement, brought into the studio at the last minute, can be whipped quickly into shape, to become a full-fledged composition in short order.

The pillars of the Ellington edifice over the greater portion of his career have been Johnny Hodges, alto and soprano saxes; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Joe "Tricky Sam" Nanton, trombone; Juan Tizol, valve trombone;

Fred Guy, guitar; Sonny Greer, drums; Otto Hardwicke, first alto (with Duke since 1926 except for a gap from 1928 to 1932); Lawrence Brown, trombone (since 1932); Rex Stewart, trumpet since 1935. The men now departed, who had almost equally long runs with the band, were Cootie Williams, trumpet (until 1940); Wellman Braud, bass (to 1935); Freddy Jenkins, trumpet (to 1935); Arthur Whetsel, lead trumpet (to 1938); Barney Bigard, clarinet (until 1942). In short, this is a band without the constant comings and goings that disturb the average swing combination.

Importance of Improvisation

Since the character of the band is determined by the style of the writing and the style of the soloists, Ellington's music has retained its original qualities and has been able to build on them consistently. No matter how involved and ambitious his arrangements may be, Duke never fails to include at least one passage which allows one of the soloists to improvise on the theme. This realization of the vital part played by individual inspiration in jazz gives his works a contact with reality and simplicity that is lacking in the products of what might be called "the Gershwin school".

Similarly Ellington's work avoids that eternal pitfall of the "symphonic jazz" writers, the disregard for a steady tempo. The regular four-in-a-bar pulse that marks every Ellington disc from start to finish is not a concession to those who wish to dance to his music. It is simply proof that Duke knows how vital rhythm is to jazz. Except for an occasional introduction or coda he has scarcely ever written anything that is not in tempo.

More important still is his attention to form. Instead of adhering rigidly to a twelve- or thirty-two-bar theme, repeated chorus after chorus, he will often introduce several themes of varying lengths, joined by bridge passages; the soloists may start and end at unexpected points, and a complete pat-

tern will be constructed within the three-minute limits. Brilliant examples of this are *Ko-Ko* (Victor No. 26577), *A Portrait of Bert Williams* (Victor No. 26644), and *The Flaming Sword* (Victor No. 26796); but the same attention to form can be found on a 1929 recording such as *The Duke Steps Out* (Bluebird No. B-6727).

Great Variety of Color

Duke's tonal palette is almost unlimited. He has experimented with every conceivable combination of instruments to achieve variety in his voicing, never thinking simply in terms of a brass section, a reed section, and rhythm. His counterpoints are often so baffling that for the first few hearings, in such works as *The Flaming Sword*, the effect may be one of utter confusion and discord. Clarinets, trumpets, saxophones, baritone sax on its own, bass, piano, or complete rhythm section — several of these may be acting as a unit playing different themes simultaneously.

But Ellington's music is great for its simplicity as well as for its more involved moments. That he does not have to rely on elaborate counterpoint and full ensembles for his effects is demonstrated by the hundreds of discs made since 1937 with the various eight- and nine-piece contingents from the band under the names of Bigard, Stewart, Hodges, and Williams. Most of these (such as Hodges's latest release of *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* and *Squatty Roo* on Bluebird No. 11447) are based on light, attractive melodic themes with liberal solo allotments.

"Blues" as a Basis

An astonishing aspect of Ellington's work is the variety of compositions he has created on the traditional twelve-bar blues theme. Using it sometimes as a basis for elaborate harmonic inventions, sometimes as a foundation for *ad lib* solos, he has exercised unlimited imagination in his treatment of this standard jazz formula. Early works like *Black and Tan Fantasy* and *Creole*

Love Call (Victor No. 24861), *Saratoga Swing* (Bluebird No. B-10245), *Sloppy Joe* (Bluebird No. B-6396), and *Saturday Night Function* (Victor No. 24674), were all based partly or wholly on twelve-bar blues, contrasting vividly with the modern Ellington technique in *Jack the Bear* (Victor No. 26536) or *Across the Track Blues* (Victor No. 27235).

No less amazing, when the material has any possibilities at all, is his handling of other writers' tunes, in the popular vein. Nothing could be more typically Ellington than *Limehouse Blues* (Victor No. 22743), *Dear Old Southland* (Victor No. 24501), *The Sidewalks of New York* (Victor No. 27380), *Chloe* (Victor No. 27235), and *Five O'Clock Whistle* (Victor No. 26748). This last title was arranged by Billy Strayhorn, a brilliant youngster whose part in the Ellington story of the past two years has become so important that he deserves a paragraph to himself.

Billy Strayhorn

Strayhorn is probably the only arranger who has studied and absorbed the writing technique of Ellington so closely that his work, as played by the band, cannot be distinguished from that of his mentor. A member of the Ellington staff for almost three years now, he has contributed many of the best small-band arrangements during that time, as well as scoring many splendid original works for the full orchestra, including *Take the "A" Train* (Victor No. 27380), *Chelsea Bridge* (Victor No. 27740), *After All* (Victor No. 27434), and *Clementine* (Victor No. 27700), and playing piano on many of them, in place of the Duke himself (*Rocks in My Bed*, *Chelsea Bridge*, *After All*, etc.).

That Ellington has ranked high during the past two years in the voting for "sweet band" polls is a tribute to his ability (and Strayhorn's) to create music which, though more commercial in its appeal than the instrumental specialties, is still true to the Ellington tradition. *I Got It Bad*, with Johnny Hodges's exquisite solo and the fine Ivie Anderson vocal, was a perfect production from every standpoint (Victor No. 27531). The many pieces which highlight Lawrence Brown's velvety trombone or Ben Webster's warm, vibrant tenor sax are also representative of Duke's sweeter vein.



Courtesy Look Magazine
Duke with his composer son, Mercer, now in the Army.

For those who are inclined to carp at Duke's tendency towards more elaborate orchestration in recent years, one can safely point to such carefree, relaxed trifles as *In a Mellowtone* (Victor No. 26788), a series of choruses based on the chords of *Rose Room*, to show that he has not lost touch with the simple essentials of jazz.

Music for Every Taste

The fact is that whatever kind of music one looks for, it can be found in its most immaculate form among Ellington's works. During the past two years he has produced a series of Victor records that have maintained a standard unparalleled by any band in wax history. Even the occasional apparent setbacks which the band undergoes turn out to be blessings in disguise, as for instance when Cootie Williams left the band, to the chagrin of every Ellington fan. Duke replaced him with Ray Nance, who is not only an accomplished trumpeter, but also a violinist of unusual talent whose work on *Bakiff* (Victor No. 27502) made this piece unique in the Ellington annals.

Ellington's rhythm section, which used to be the butt of some criticism from the high-brow jazz clique, is today one of the finest; one can hardly

imagine any other rhythm team fitting in so perfectly with the rest of the organization. Sonny Greer's drumming, fortunately possessing none of the flashy characteristics that destroy the good taste and solidity of so many modern percussion men, has been a mainstay of the Ellington group since it first played in a Harlem cellar in 1925. The recent death of the superlative Jimmy Blanton, Ellington's string bass man, led to the installation of another outstanding bassist, Junior Raglund.

A True Master of Jazz

Ellington is a true master of jazz for whom no successor seems likely to arise. He has achieved more than any other man to give this music lasting significance. His band today is unquestionably greater than ever before. Yet Ellington is never satisfied, is always searching for something new. He has dabbled in Latin American music, experimented with Haitian rhythms, and is still working intermittently on the long-projected Negro opera. It seems safe to predict that this man and his music will never stagnate, that he will always be a decade ahead of his time, just as he was in 1929 when his Cotton Club engagement first made him a "name" bandleader.

Billy Strayhorn—The Young Duke

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

"OF COURSE," the Dixieland fanatic will tell you, "Ellington is in a class by himself. Nobody else can write real jazz. Duke is the only man who can make anything one of big-band jazz."

Which makes it slightly embarrassing for these unhappy reactionaries when they hear that Duke Ellington's own musicians, confronted by a new arrangement, often can't tell whether it was scored by the Duke himself or by Billy Strayhorn.

"Sometimes I'll copy one of Duke's numbers," says Strayhorn, "and they see my writing and figure I must have written the arrangement. Or maybe Tizol will happen to copy one of my arrangements, so they take it for granted it's one of Duke's numbers."

This tribute, coming from men who have been playing Ellington's arrangements for a decade and more, gives a fair idea of how this 27-year-old pianist from Dayton, Ohio, has achieved greatness as a jazz arranger.

Practically everything in the story of Strayhorn (who is also known as "Swee'-Pea" and "Weely") is paradoxical. In the first place, he had only written ten arrangements in his life, and those for an obscure rehearsing band, when Duke hired him. And he got the job with Duke mainly as a lyric writer.

"Swee'-Pea" spent most of his youth in Pittsburgh, and worked in a drugstore there from 1929 until '37. He studied harmony in high school, piano with a private teacher, and had a pretty fair knowledge of the classics by the time he was fifteen. Music was still a sideline when he visited the Penn Theatre during Duke's week there in December, 1938. The band was using seven brasses at the time, and from that section Strayhorn heard a couple of chords emerge that sounded rich and strange. Convinced that Duke had "got something"—he'd never been an Ellington fan before—he got a friend to introduce him to Duke, and ran over a few original tunes at the piano. He couldn't leave them with Duke as they had never been written down. Duke was sufficiently impressed to invite

Strayhorn to arrange one of them for the band.

"I was so thrilled," he recalls, "I didn't know what to say. Duke was very nice to me and let me stay in the theatre all next day working on the number; and he said he'd like to take me to New York. He was mostly interested in my lyrics, although I told him I'd done a little music writing too."

"Somehow I didn't get to go with the band to New York that time. But a few weeks later I took a chance and went there on my own. I found Duke at a theatre in Newark; he'd lost my address and had been trying to locate me."

Strayhorn's first work with the big band was *Something To Live For*. It was a Brunswick recording, with Jean Eldridge singing his lyrics and Strayhorn himself playing piano; but Duke wrote the arrangement. Scared stiff, but encouraged by Duke's assurances that he needn't worry, Billy tried his hand at two or three small band arrangements for a Johnny Hodges session on Vocalion. They included *Savoy Strut*, *Like a Ship in The Night*, and *You Can Count On Me*.

After the first couple of sessions, Strayhorn acquired a little more confidence, and before long he was virtually in full charge of the writing for these small band dates, writing more of the music than Duke himself. While the band was in Europe early in 1939, he wrote *Day Dream* as a big band arrangement. This was never recorded, but the Hodges version was at least a *succès d'estime*, and later had some commercial results when Jimmy Dorsey recorded it.

After Duke's return from Europe, in August '39, the band was playing the Ritz Roof in Boston. Strayhorn hung around with the boys, spent every possible moment analyzing and discussing Duke's arranging technique, and tried his hand at a vocal background arrangement for Ivie Anderson, with the whole band, on *Jumpin' Jive*. It seemed to click, and from then on Strayhorn took care of most of the vocal and pop song assignments.

In the meantime he'd still been working as a lyricist. While they were rid-

ing in the bus to Boston, Duke suggested the idea for a lyric on *Barney Goin' Easy*, which had been waxed on a Bigard date. Strayhorn fixed it up under the title *I'm Checkin' Out, Goom'bye*; Duke did the arrangement, and they re-recorded it with the full band for Columbia. This was the procedure adopted for *A Lonely Co-Ed*; but on *Killin' Myself Swee'-Pea* did the arrangement himself, as well as exchanging a few lines of dialogue with Ivie on the record. And he wrote some lyrics for a big stage show that was projected around that time, with Paul Robeson earmarked for the star role, but the scheme never materialized.

As the boys in the band became kindly and encouraging about his small band arrangements, Strayhorn expanded his scope. Such miniature gems as *Dream Blues*, *Watch The Birdie*, *The Rabbit's Jump* and *I Know What You Do*, and such strikingly original works as Bigard's *Minuet in Blues*, were only the forerunners for more ambitious works in which he scored for the full brass and reed sections. (His own favorite among his small band works, by the way, was Cootie's *Black Beauty* on Vocalion.) Before long he reached the point where he could, like Duke, finish an arrangement in a taxi on the way to the recording studio or work the way he did when he found his arrangement of *Deep Purple* had no introduction. "I sat around in the park, watching the swans, got out some manuscript paper and finished the intro, went to the rehearsal and extracted it there. As usual, it was illegible."

By now, most of the work Strayhorn has done for the big band has been lauded by critics in at least two continents—but, since most of them, and virtually all of the fans, have accepted them as "typical Ellington", it would certainly be opportune here to list the titles and emphasize the fact that it was Duke's brilliant assistant who wrote them.

Practically all the pop songs except *At A Dixie Roadside Diner* and parts of *You, You Darling* were Strayhorn's. He made *Flamingo*, *There Shall Be*

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic

Tommy Dorsey

"MANDY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND"

First class solos, solid rhythmic backing and a slick Sy Oliver arrangement build Tommy Dorsey's streamlined version of this old favorite into a record of unusual merit. Despite the violins, it is essentially a swing performance. Reverse side, "It's Started All Over Again," is a ballad brightened with the sweet vocals of Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers. (Victor)



Cab Calloway

"OGEECHEE RIVER LULLABY"

Cab Calloway, long-time king of Hi-De-Ho, and his polished, versatile orchestra try their talents on a smooth new ballad with excellent results. Calloway blends with the "Caballiers" in a mellow vocal. On the second side, "I Get the Neck of the Chicken" is given an intensely rhythmic treatment featured by the easy riding of Jonah Jones' torrid trumpet. (Columbia)



Glenn Miller

"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"

This unique refrain, 72 bars long instead of the usual 32, is one of the last recorded by Glenn Miller before he gave up an annual income of \$500,000 for a commission in the Army. Skip Nelson's vocal takes most of the space and merits it. On the reverse, "A Pink Cocktail for a Blue Lady" is typical of music which won this band fame with juke box fans everywhere. (Victor)



Helen Forrest

"I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE"

Harry James foregoes his sweet arrangements on this notable recording and proves that he still can swing with the best of his contemporaries. Fine ensemble work and rhythm sock are combined with an impeccable Helen Forrest vocal and the James' horn at its best. On the second side, "Moonlight Becomes You," the accent shifts back to the string section. (Columbia)



Bob Sherwood

"HARLEM BUTTERFLY"

Trumpeter Bobby Sherwood exhibits the band he formed last year after becoming bored by his chores with Hollywood studio groups. The saxophone section highlights this charming Johnny Mercer tune. Sherwood's vocal, while hurried, is adequate. The ubiquitous "Moonlight Becomes You" is heard on the second side, this time with Kitty Kallen on the vocal. (Capitol)



Jimmy Lytell

"TELL ME YOUR BLUES"

Jimmy Lytell's "All Star Seven," assembled specifically for this record, plays free-style jazz with only a touch of studio stiffness. Lytell and ex-band leader Will Bradley oblige with neat clarinet and trombone improvisations. Savannah Churchill, who since has joined Benny Carter, sings a long chorus on "Blues" and on the reverse side, titled "Two Faced Man." (Beacon)



Fats Waller

"UP JUMPED YOU WITH LOVE"

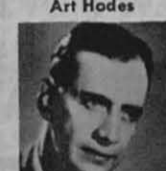
Thomas (Fats) Waller sprinkles his capricious pianisms against a sprightly small-band background in the best party record tradition. Fats himself is in top form, and his amusing vocal antics are ably backed by good tidbits of clarinet, trumpet and guitar. On the second side, "Romance A La Mode," there is more piano but the Deep River Boys take over vocal chores. (Bluebird)



Art Hodes

"A SELECTION FROM THE GUTTER"

A sincere and authentic jazz piano solo composed and played by Art Hodes, graying, Russian-born idol of Greenwich Village's hot record cognoscenti. On this side and the reverse—Clarence Williams' "Organ Grinder Blues"—Hodes couples the throbbing overtones of his highly distinctive and personalized style with characteristic blues touches. (Commodore)



Tommy Tucker

"JUST AS THOUGH YOU WERE HERE"

A soft but expertly managed trombone solo and an engaging Don Brown vocal lift this Tommy Tucker offering far above the maestro's usual performances and hint that he is moving toward a modernized style. The treatment is sweet and sentimental, but in good taste throughout. Brown is heard again on the second side, "There Will Never Be Another You." (Okeh)



Morton Gould

"A MORTON GOULD CONCERT"

An album of six elaborate 12-inch selections arranged and directed by Morton Gould in the Whiteman-Kostelanetz manner. Some are pretentious, others brilliant, and all attractive. Titles represented are "Ay Ay Ay," "Española Cani," "Donkey's Serenade," "Where or When," "Dark Eyes," and one of Gould's most popular compositions—"Pavane." (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

"VULTEE SPECIAL"—Bob Crosby (Decca)

"HAYFOOT, STRAWFOOT"—Duke Ellington (Victor)

"MOONLIGHT BECOMES YOU"—Bing Crosby (Decca)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic

Bob Crosby

"KING PORTER STOMP"

Bob Crosby quit his band two month ago to join brother Bing in the movies, but his backlog of new records is still being released. "King Porter," a Jelly Roll Morton composition, is given a rousing Dixieland treatment and builds to a stirring climax with Yank Lawson's trumpet showing the way. The reverse, "Sugar Foot Stomp," is easy jazz paced by Jess Stacy's solid piano. (Decca)



Peggy Lee

"WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT"

This lugubrious minor key blues was just one of a thousand obscure tunes until blonde Peggy Lee induced her boss, Benny Goodman, to let her interpret it. The former Fargo, N.D., waitress chants with subtlety and feeling, while Benny's clarinet is superb, as usual. The second side, "Six Flats Unfurnished," is marred by tasteless handclapping and contains no Goodman solo. (Columbia)



Louis Jordan

"WHAT'S THE USE OF GETTING SOBER?"

Louis Jordan's quintet offers another of the ingenious Harlem novelties which enabled it to sell 1,000,000 records during a sensational climb to popularity last year. Jordan's handling of the amusing lyrics against a light swing background is a performance which should please everyone. The reverse, "The Chicks That I Pick Are Slender, Tender and Tall," is more of the same. (Decca)



Shep Fields

"TAKE IT SLOW"

Shep Fields' orchestra, built exclusively of woodwind and rhythm instruments, skillfully presents a catchy, danceable tune composed by drummer-arranger Fred Noble. Fields' current style is far superior to his late, but unlamented, "rippling rhythm." The reverse, "Please Think of Me," contains a short clarinet interlude in the Artie Shaw manner, plus a vocal by Ralph Young. (Bluebird)



Judy Garland

"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"

Judy Garland and her husband, David Rose, collaborate on the hit tune from Hollywood's newest musical extravaganza, "Star Spangled Rhythm," with pleasant results. Judy sings the 72-bar refrain sympathetically while Rose and the accompanying orchestra provide a colorful background. The second side, a revival of "Poor Little Rich Girl," is somewhat dated by its lyrics. (Decca)



Charlie Barnet

"I DON'T WANT ANYBODY AT ALL"

Charlie Barnet frequently models material along the Ellington line and transforms many a banal tune into good jazz. This record is a notable example of his style; swing fan stuff, it includes a jungle-growl introduction, a fine Barnet saxophone solo, precise ensemble work and a Huck Andrews vocal. The second side, "That Old Black Magic," offers songstress Frances Wayne. (Decca)



Ethel Merman

"MARCHING THROUGH BERLIN"

Few releases have been publicized more thoroughly than Ethel Merman's rendition of this novelty, which was made with a vocal background to circumvent the Petrillo recording ban. Ethel tackles the German double-talk introduction with fervor and has fun with the unusual lyric ("Get back in your trunk, skunk"). On the reverse side, "Move It Over," she once again is in good voice. (Victor)



Sam Price

"FRANTIC"

Sam Price is not well known to the white public, but the little man from Texas can play boogie-woogie with the best of the big men from Kansas City. Price, his forceful piano and his "Texas Bluesicians" ad lib with spirit and drive on an eight-to-the-bar treatment of a conventional blues theme. On the reverse side, "Teed Up," they abandon the boogie for regulation four-beat. (Decca)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

"MOONLIGHT BECOMES YOU"—Glenn Miller (Victor)

"I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM"—Harry James (Columbia)

"MEXICAN HAT DANCE"—Les Brown (Okeh)

"THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE"—

Johnny Hodges (Bluebird)

"I LOST MY SUGAR IN SALT LAKE CITY"—Freddy Slack (Capitol)

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Freddy Slack

"HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"

Freddy Slack, the West Coast pianist-leader who hit the juke box jackpot with his notable recording of "Mr. Five by Five," introduces a new vocal ensemble, The Mellowaires, in one of the better tunes from the film, "Star Spangled Rhythm." The reverse, "That Old Black Magic," features a long vocal by Margaret Whiting, promising daughter of long-time songwriter Dick Whiting. (Capitol)



Woody Herman

"FOUR OR FIVE TIMES"

A subtle but definite change in Woody Herman's orchestral pattern may be noted in this revival of a swing number originally popularized by Jimmy Noone in 1925. The arrangement, written by tenor saxophonist Dave Matthews, bears traces of the Ellington influence. Woody sings on this side, then teams his clarinet with Tom Lineham's piano for fast work on the reverse: "Hot Chestnuts." (Decca)



Imogene Lynn

"THAT RUSSIAN WINTER"

Drummer Ray McKinley, graduate of the Jimmy Dorsey and Will Bradley orchestras, presents his year-old band in a song from the Irving Berlin musical, "This is the Army." Best bits are Mahlon Clark's clarinet solo and the saxophone section work. McKinley sings on "Winter," while Imogene Lynn takes a somewhat fragile but attractive vocal on the second side: "Rock-A-Bye Bay." (Capitol)



Dick Jurgens

"SO NICE TO COME HOME TO"

One of the season's best ballads, this Cole Porter melody is competently done by the Dick Jurgens orchestra, which recently was disbanded when its leader followed a number of other maestros into the Navy. Harry Cool sings one full chorus, then returns for half of another. Buddy Moreno replaces Cool as vocalist on the routine second side, "I'm So-So-So-So In Love." (Columbia)



Buddy Johnson

"I DONE FOUND OUT"

Greenwich Village pianist-composer Buddy Johnson leads a specially assembled recording band through his newest composition and produces some good fodder for the juke boxes. Tab Smith contributes a brief but eloquent saxophone passage and Warren Evans handles the vocal. The reverse, "Let's Beat Out Some Love," is sung by Buddy, spiced by trumpet and sax solos. (Decca)



Pauline Byrne

"WOULD YOU RATHER BE A COLONEL With an Eagle on Your Shoulder or a Private With a Chicken on Your Knee?"

Backed by the Gordon Jenkins orchestra, the Six Hits and a Miss (Pauline Byrne) harmonize agreeably on the longest and wackiest titled tune of the year. On the reverse side, this up-and-coming West Coast group offers its nicely-blended version of "So Nice to Come Home To." (Capitol)



Lucky Millinder

"APOLLO JUMP"

Lucky Millinder has shaped this original instrumental number, named after Harlem's celebrated vaudeville theater, into splendid ballroom dance music. Based on a short repeated phrase, it is played at a bouncing medium tempo, will set both young and old toes to tapping. The second side, "Are You Ready?," features a patriotic theme, vocal by Trevor Bacon and the ensemble. (Decca)



Joshua White

"SOUTHERN EXPOSURE"

Joshua White, a guitarist and blues singer best known as an accompanist to Libby Holman, offers six "Jim Crow" numbers produced by a small New York recording company which specializes in folk songs. Among the socially significant titles are "Bad Housing Blues," "Defense Factory Blues" and "Uncle Sam Says." White's guitar style is simple and sincere, his blues mood authentic. (Keynote)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"—Glenn Miller (Victor)
- "WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT?"—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- "BOOGIE WOOGIE COCKTAIL"—Andy Kirk (Decca)
- "A MORTON GOULD CONCERT"—Morton Gould (Columbia)
- "MANDY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND"—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- "MARCHING THROUGH BERLIN"—Ethel Merman (Victor)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Bing Crosby

"DARLING JE VOUS AIME BEAUCOUP"

Bing Crosby, the amiable, prolific king of the "groaners," breezes through this English-French tune with customary élan while the Victor Young orchestra provides a background heavily accented by strings. On the second side, Bing's revival of an old-time waltz favorite, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally," has all the makings of a juke box hit. John Scott Trotter accompanies. (Decca)



Dinah Shore

"SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"

Dinah Shore's flair for squeezing sentiment out of a song without overdramatizing it is used to good advantage in another revival. The number is old, but still pleasant—particularly when sung in such an airy, unforced manner. The reverse side, "Murder, He Says," does not come off quite so successfully. The "jive" lyrics are amusing, but Dinah is better on sweeter tunes. (Victor)



King Cole

"ALL FOR YOU"

King Cole's Trio, probably the finest jazz unit of its type, waxed this tune for a small Negro recording company in Hollywood. The record may be difficult to obtain, but it is worth seeking. Cole's singing and talented pianisms, coupled with the guitar work of Oscar Moore, make "All" a delightful performance. The reverse, "Vom Vim Veedle," is a bright nonsense item. (Excelsior)



Vaughn Monroe

"LET'S GET LOST"

Vaughn Monroe gives his orchestra a rest on this slow, romantic ballad as he and the Four Lee Sisters take up most of the space with a long and sultry vocal which should find much favor with their legions of feminine admirers. The second side, "Happy Go Lucky," is more interesting musically. The muted brass section bites into the chorus and Marilyn Duke takes the vocal. (Victor)



Dolores Brown

"20-99 BLUES"

Dolores Brown, former vocalist with the Erskine Hawkins orchestra, neatly side-steps Petrillo's recording ban by singing this traditional blues against a background provided by four harmonicas—instruments not recognized by the musicians' union. The experiment is interesting, but some times empty and corny. The reverse, "Cold Winter Papa," offers another helping of same. (Beacon)



Eddie Miller

"A PRECIOUS MEMORY"

Another release from the backlog cut by the Bob Crosby Bob Cats before they disbanded several months ago. "Memory" and the reverse, "Those Things I Can't Forget," are swing adaptations of hillbilly themes. Both contain vocals by the leader and are crammed with excellent ensemble improvisations by such star men as Eddie Miller, one of the very best jazz saxophonists. (Decca)



Ella Fitzgerald

"I MUST HAVE THAT MAN"

Ella Fitzgerald, onetime "First Lady of Swing," is ably supported by the band she inherited from the late Chick Webb on this newest rendition of a sweet ballad which dates back to 1928. Ella sings both verse and chorus with feeling. On the second side, "My Heart and I Decided," she teams with her new vocal-instrumental partners, the Four Keys, with only moderate success. (Decca)



Erskine Butterfield

"JUMPIN' IN A JULEP JOINT"

This number and its companion piece, "Birmingham Special," are pretty trivial song-writing efforts, but Erskine Butterfield and such crack instrumentalists as Will Bradley (trombone), Bill Dillard (trumpet) and Jimmy Lytell (clarinet) lift them above mediocrity with sparkling solos patterned against a strong rhythm background. Butterfield plays the piano and sings on both sides. (Decca)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- "I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE"—Harry James (Columbia)
- "SO NICE TO COME HOME TO"—Six Hits & A Miss (Capitol)
- "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"—Charlie Barnet (Decca)
- "WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT?"—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- "FOUR OR FIVE TIMES"—Woody Herman (Decca)
- "HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"—Freddy Slack (Capitol)

Carnegie Comments

The Duke's New Tone Parallel Is "Brobdingnagian"!

By Dr. J. T. H. MIZE

(Dr. Mize is head of the music department at Rye High School, Rye, N. Y., where he conducts seven weekly classes devoted to the appreciation of popular American music. His degrees include B.M., B.A., M.A., M.S., and Ed. D. His work in bringing jazz music into the school curriculum has attracted nationwide attention from music educators. THE ORCHESTRA WORLD asked Dr. Mize to give his impressions of the Duke Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall, and his comments follow.)

ONE word describes Duke Ellington's concert at Carnegie Hall: **Brobdingnagian!**

The sustained enthusiasm and Ellington's naturalness and confident modesty served to clinch this as a musical "night of nights."

The feature of the program was the very significant "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro." For 10 years Ellington has been sketching an opera to be titled "Boola"; that title depicts the perpetual spirit of the Negro race.

It was interesting to observe the reactions of the Metropolitan newspaper critics. The majority of them hit a new low in musical intelligence and critical acumen. At least three of the long-haired critics could well have written their reviews before the concert, so obviously prejudiced and lacking in open-mindedness were they. But that was not unexpected, for to them this was as a foreign tongue. Those newspapers chose those staff men because of their backgrounds, acquaintances, and abilities in music of Western Europe of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries; practically none of them have ever even slightly "bent an ear" to the vital and dynamic music of today—Jazz.

Critics as Censors

The majority of these critics are quite capable in their restricted and confining areas but were at a total loss in adjudicating a composition in this idiom. When one cannot understand a thing it is only logical that he censor it; thus did the majority of the dallying critics of the dailies. There were exceptions. One instance was the wise policy of the "New York Post" in presenting the opinions of both their indoctrinator of European music and their "swing analyst." "Time" magazine for February 1 contained a favorable review. Critics in professional magazines, which represents those writers who are better acquainted with the idiom, were generally ecstatic in their praise.

It must be recognized that a critical evaluation can hardly be valid on just one hearing. First impressions are often invalid ones. The history of first impressions is a notoriously dismal one, as witness the critics' reactions to first performances of Beethoven's "Eroica"; Rossini's "Barber of Seville"; Tchaikovsky's "First Piano Concerto"; Debussy's "La Mer"; and Franck's "Symphony." Yet it would be pathetic and

incomprehensible if (and since) critics who are deserving of that titular-assignment should not see some of the beauties and significances of this Ellington composition. This writer has had the good fortune to have heard this composition and its rendition eight or 10 times; in preparation at rehearsals in New York City, at its "world premier" at our Rye High School on the night before the Carnegie performance, and several times since. As to Ellington's rendition, it simply serves to remind this writer again that Ellington's music and musicians represent the epitome in contemporary music. There is but one word for this tone parallel by Ellington,



Duke Ellington in "action" at a dinner that preceded a "preview" of the Carnegie concert at Rye High School, N. Y., arranged by Dr. Mize. Next to the Duke is Anthony Ballard, trumpeter in the school's second dance band. In the dim background is Leonard Feather, ORK WORLD writer, with Dr. Mize at his left. Betty Roche is next to the Duke, and Wallace Brown is directly behind him.

(Richard U. Hofmann Photo)

and it's the word used in our first sentence: **Brobdingnagian.**

Like many of Ellington's compositions, it can hardly be disassociated from the interpretation. The score cannot be interpreted by many bands with any degree of appropriateness; certainly none can stack up with Ellington's for he has written it expressly for his own group of superb instrumentalists. No doubt that is a fault as far as the importance of the score itself is concerned. It might be compared to Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," a score which is relatively easy to interpret. But we could hardly conceive Kostelanetz or even worse, Toscanini, serving "Black, Brown, and Beige" up with a brigade of strings. Perhaps, then, this difficulty of interpretation is a negative asset. But in the hands of Ellington and his men this lengthy composition is "just too much."

Notes on other concert items:

Ellington's opener, "Black and Tan Fantasy," was superior to any recording of it or any of its descendants. His newer version of "Rockin' in Rhythm" is better than ever. This composition, conceived in collaboration with saxophonist Harry Carney, remains powerful rockin' rhythm and was spiritedly interpreted "Moon Mist," from the pen of Duke's son, Mercer, including solo passages, conformed closely to the Victor recorded version, including the prominent "statement of theme" and recapitulation by violin of Ray Nance.

It was unfortunate that Ellington eliminated the programmed "Flaming Sword" for that combination of the Negro with the Latin totals up to something truly "unique" and interesting. He substituted "Ko-Ko" and to this writer that means something in French but nothing musically.

The writer is of the definite opinion that the creations of young Billy Strayhorn are grossly over-estimated. It is unfortunate that jazz critics often feel that everything that Ellington does is

perfect; this is so obviously not true, and if he is placed on a pedestal of perfection it is not healthy for his continued progress. His band has more great moments than any other band, without a doubt, but many times he is not highly superior.

Strayhorn's "Dirge" is very beautiful, with that "Mood Indigo" formula of the haunting trio of Nanton's muted trombone, Jones' muted trumpet, and Hardwick's chalumeau register clarinet. It is unfortunate that Strayhorn didn't write something entirely new for this much heralded "triumvir" as the "nocturne" instead of just including his familiar "Chelsea Bridge." Strayhorn's scoring, solos excepted, is quite ordinary, though its appropriateness following the dirge does somewhat parallel the policy—performances of the New Orleans bands returning from the funeral functions.

THE LAST OF THE JAMES BOYS

HARRY

He's the most Johnny-come-lately of all band leaders, and a radical, because musically he is a Texas conservative

by ZACK STRANGE



just one couple in the place, and that seemed strange, since I had the idea that Harry James was strictly not for the long-hairs.

A tall fellow accompanied by a dream of a red head stopped at my table. "Do you mind if we join you," he asked. I looked at the red head who was the type about whom I used to write poems when I was in school, and before I could say "Sure," he said "I'm Leonard Feather, Harry James' press representative, and this dream on my arm is Dell Parker who used to be Harry's vocalist before Helen Forrest, and before Harry was famous."

"Two questions," I said, "before we go into anything else. Who headlines this place, Harry James, whose picture is hanging in back there, close to the kitchen, or the chick who is represented by that picture of a 1928, pseudo Gloria Swanson with buck teeth . . . that picture hanging at the head of the room? And the second question, where are the jitterbugs?"

"Harry James headlines this room, through no fault of his own and with reluctance, if the truth must be known," Leonard Feather said. "The reason for the reluctance is that he played here last year when he was ordings are on his way up, and his orches smaller. This year, Harry James is about the biggest name in popular music, and his unit consists of 25 musicians, a vocalist and two arrangers, which is too large a band for the Blue Room." That last is obvious. The space occupied by the band is almost equal to the whole balance of the place.

"However, he played here then, and the Hotel had an option for this year from October to the first of January, and he's stuck with it. For his current popularity he rates the top spot in New York, but contracts are contracts and when he couldn't get out of it he decided to make the best of it. So here he is, even though this arrangement is costing him actual cash money."

"Okay," I said, "he headlines this place. Then why isn't his picture up front and who the hell is that dame whose picture is up front, and if it's Gloria Swanson, why, in 1942, is she up front?"

"That," said Dell Parker helpfully but not cheerfully, "is Mrs. Maria Kramer, the woman who owns this hotel. Mrs. Kramer is a very determined woman. Mrs. Kramer wants to be to the hotel business what the Smith Brothers are to cough drops, with her face on every package."

"But at least," I said, "the Smith Brothers have beards. What's she got?"

"Money," Leonard Feather answered very intelligently and succinctly. "And that brings us to your second question, about the jitterbugs. This dinner is on me. Consequently you probably ordered without looking at the prices. If you'd been a little more observant you would have noticed a \$2.50 minimum charge, and prices for food such as you'd expect to pay at The Versailles

or the Rainbow Room, but not at the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln on Eighth Avenue. The hotel is cashing in heavy on the publicity Harry James has been receiving, and they've jacked the prices up, all out of proportion with what they should be. Consequently the jitterbugs, who are essentially a High School or College age group, can't afford the tariff."

HARRY JAMES, the guy I was supposed to be interviewing, left the band stand at about this time and came over to our table. He's a tall blond chap, lean and Texas looking, with a small blond mustache and a complexion that could use more of the Texas sun. Looking at him sweating like I sweat after a session with a Turkish bath. I realized that blowing a horn and leading a band is a tough job. He stood up after a moment, said "I'll be back later," and went off to get into a fresh shirt or mop up some of his perspiration.

"Maybe I can tell you something about him," said Leonard Feather. "I can give you facts that he'd have to give you himself, and in that way when you get together with him, you can skip the details and get to personalities."

"Okay," I said, "give."
"Well, he lived in Beaumont, Texas and his father was the leader of the Haag Circus Band. His mother was a trapeze performer. Harry was born in Albany, Georgia while the Haag Circus was barnstorming the south. Harry's father still lives in Beaumont, teaches music to young hopefuls who hope to be future Harry Jameses."

"Before he was old enough to study music, Harry was a contortionist. In fact, he was the youngest contortionist in the business. Featured at the age of six."

"I saw a story about him in one of the Comic Magazines," said Dell. "When he was a contortionist he got himself tied up in a knot and the roustabouts had to unscramble him."

Leonard continued, "His musical education started with drums, and after a while his father taught him to play the trumpet. When he was a bit older the Haag Circus was bought out by the Christy Brothers Circus and Harry led one of the bands. Came the depression and circuses in general went into the red, and Harry was looking for a job. He played in small jazz bands throughout Texas for a while and in 1936 he got his first break with a name band. He went to work for Ben Pollack. During Christmas of that same year Benny Goodman heard him and signed him for his organization. Before long he was one of Goodman's featured musicians, and after Gene Krupa left to organize his own group, Harry was Benny's top man."

"Harry left Goodman to start his own band in 1938. He started with Goodman's financial aid and fourteen musicians. He stuck with that number until 1940 when he added his first strings to the band, four of them. His records sold just average. In fact he recorded *Flight of the Bumble*

JOAN, the girl in the office who gives the brush-off to unwanted visitors brightened.

"Gee," she said. "If you want to know who's hot, you're cooking with gas if you get Harry James. He's a sensaysh."

"Is that so," I said, in my ignorance of things musical. "What does he do besides play a trumpet in a recording of *Sleepy Lagoon*?" This last to offset any lack of respect she might be developing at a sudden insight into what had heretofore been her idea of my literary omniscience.

"Well, gee!" Joan said, as if anyone who didn't know about Harry James was at least a fifth columnist. "He's playing at the Hotel Lincoln and he's just come back from Hollywood where he made a couple of pictures, and, well, he's hot!"

Since Joan insisted he was hot, and since I needed a subject for an interview, I called his press agent and he made a date for me to meet Harry James that same night at the Hotel Lincoln's Blue Room.

So, long about seven thirty I checked my hat at the Blue Room and was shown to a table by the head waiter. Before I was there ten minutes the place started to crowd up, and strangely enough, not with a crowd of jitterbugs. The audience was mid-twenty or thirtyish. There was

Bee and Carnival of Venice for the old Varsity Record Company, and they never sold particularly. Although lately, and everything about Harry James is lately, because his success is a sudden thing and he is just beginning to feel its growing pains . . . at any rate, lately the Columbia Recording Company re-recorded those titles and now they're big sellers."

"Tell me," I said, "was there any one thing that put him across? You know, something that changed the sow's ear to a silk purse?"

"Of course," Dell Parker said. "Everybody knows that the thing that put Harry James across was his recording of *You Made Me Love You*."

"Oh," I said sort of weakly, remembering that song from my high school days, "that's an old song, isn't it?"

"It's an old song," said Leonard Feather, "and it had been recorded before. But it never sold anywhere like it's selling now on the James recording."

MY ever absent subject stopped at the table again, looking slightly less wilted. "What did you want to know?" he asked helpfully. "I understand you're here to interview me."

"Yeah," I said, "how do you do. You're quite the rage with the kids in my office. To put it into their own vernacular, they say you're hot."

"Thanks," he said sincerely. "I try to be. Oh, pardon me a moment."

Some people were gathered about us with table cards stuck out at Harry James for purposes of autographing. He signed them graciously. A couple looked my way, debated a moment; after all I was seated with a celebrity, for all they knew I might be a celebrity and they might be passing up a chance to get a hot autograph. But they thought better of it and went back to their tables.

Harry James turned to me. "Now what were we saying?"

A musician came over and tapped him on the shoulder. "I guess you'll have to pardon me again," he said. "I have to go on. But Leonard here will tell you anything you want to know, won't you Leonard?"

"Sure," said Leonard.

"And I'll be back just as soon as this set is over," he said. "Maybe I can tell you a couple of things that Leonard misses up on."

Leonard shrugged. "Let's go on with the details," I said. "We just finished recording *You Made Me Love You*."

"That's right," said Leonard. "That record sold over 700,000 copies."

I asked, "Is that a lot?"

"It certainly is. The average record sells about 50,000 copies. *You Made Me Love You* was a sensation. Then Harry recorded a couple of others, and along came *Sleepy Lagoon* which is also selling in the hundred thousands. And there we are. He's recorded all sorts of music from strict brass and Boogie Woogie to semi-classical numbers like the *Concerto for Trumpet* and recently, *Eli Eli*."

"Harry James made the usual climb of an orchestra leader, playing the one night stands, the College Proms and the Vaudeville houses throughout the country. He played the Dancing Campus at the New York World's Fair, and then at the Lincoln last year. He went out to Hollywood, made a couple of pictures, came back here because of his contract, and after Glenn Miller went into the Army, Harry got the Chesterfield radio spot."

"Come to think of it," I asked, "how does Harry stand in the draft?"

"Pretty well. He's married and the father of two kids, so that ought to keep him out of the service for some time. And most of the band are married, even though they're essentially a young bunch. The way things stand with the war right now, they won't be in action for some time to

come. Then of course, there's Corky Corcoran. With the new law, he's liable to be in the Army pretty soon. Corky is barely eighteen."

"Isn't that kind of young?" I asked.

"Well," said Leonard. "It is young, but Corky who plays the tenor sax is as good a musician as you'll find, and that's what's important. Of course, there are some legal difficulties encountered with a youngster of that age. For instance, Harry had to adopt him before he could sign him to a contract. That makes Harry his guardian, so he can handle his business for him. When they were in California there was some trouble, though. The California law says that all professional children under the age of 21 must take a certain amount of schooling each day, and even though Corky is a High School graduate, he still had to have a tutor around on the lot, which let him in for a lot of kidding from the other boys in the band."

"So far this year Harry's made \$50,000 on his recordings alone. Financially, he's ahead now by about \$45,000. But only four months ago he was in the red by the same amount. So he's coming up fast and coming hard. With 25 pieces and Helen Forrest as his vocalist, he's got a complete outfit. His two arrangers, Jack Matthias and Le Roy Holmes are just about tops. Of all the Goodman offspring orchestras, Harry James is the first to top Benny. Gene Krupa came close, but never went quite as high as Harry is today."

"His men are all pretty young?" I asked.

"Fairly so," Leonard replied.

"Then you might say that Harry James, the youngest and hottest band in the business is sort of a St. Louis Cardinals of the band business."

"You might say, except for two things. They are not the most underpaid musicians as the Cards are the most underpaid ball players, and Harry is strictly a Brooklyn fan. And any connection you might make between him and the Cards who beat his beloved Bums is strictly on your own risk."

"A Brooklyn fan," I said, feeling a warm sensation. "I'm sort of dopey that way myself."

"A real Brooklyn fan," he repeated. "Two of his best, at least Harry's favorite recordings are dedicated to those Flatbush Bums, *The Dodger's Fan Dance* and *Flatbush Flanagan*. But then, Harry's a ball fan from way back anyway."

DELL Parker went nature one better with a powder puff to the nose. "I'm due at my job," she said. "You'll have to excuse me."

Leonard explained. "Dell is a show girl at the Versailles between singing jobs. Excuse us a while while I take her to a cab."

While they were gone the music stopped. Harry James started to walk by. I reached up and caught his arm. "What about that interview?" I asked.

"Can't make it tonight," he said hurriedly. "I don't have the time and besides we've got to leave now to get over to the broadcasting station for our program." Be-

fore I could squawk he added, "but I'll be back at about twelve. Hang around."

"Not on your life," I said. "I've been here for two hours now and accomplished a good deal with Leonard, and saw you sign a couple of autographs. Frankly, I'm not enough of a fan to hang around for a couple of hours more on the chance that I might watch you sign some more autographs."

"Look," he said earnestly. "I've been banging away at being a musician for a whole lot of years, and right now I'm up where I've been aiming all my life. I don't mean to be rude or anything of the sort, but I'm still a bit confused by everything that's going on around me. Tell you what though," he added. "Supposing you come up to visit me in my room tomorrow afternoon. We'll throw everyone out and do some yarn spinning."

THE next afternoon, trying to be polite, I got on the house phone at the hotel and tried to call Harry to tell him I was downstairs and coming up. After fifteen minutes of arguments with the phone clerk I figured, the hell with it, and took the elevator.

I knocked on the door of his room and called, "Harry James."

From the next room a shortish guy, built along the general proportions of a fire hydrant came barging belligerently out.

"Who let you up here?" he asked.

"I've got an appointment with Harry James," I said. I told him my name. He looked suspicious for a moment, then went into the room. Inside I heard Harry's voice. "Is it five o'clock, already?" The fire hydrant came out, mumbling something about being sorry and I should go on in.

Harry was lying on a couch, in an old blue robe that used to fit him before it was laundered too often. Thin arms and thin legs stuck out of the robe's extremities. I thought, "Good thing a guy's wind doesn't come from his stems. If it did, Harry wouldn't be the trumpeter he is."

"What did you want to know," he asked, coming directly to the point. I said, "Leonard gave me a pretty good picture of the facts. I want what goes on behind those facts, and I want to know

(Continued on page 41)



"Aren't you the air-raid warden whose face I slapped during a blackout?"

(Continued from page 21)

what you think, and what makes you tick."

"Okay, where do I start?"

"How about the circus? That's colorful."

"Let's lay off that," he said. "It's true and all that, but too much has been said and written about it. It's going to get to a point where people won't believe it."

"But you got your musical training there," I insisted.

"Yes . . . well, my father was postmaster and tentmaster as well as leader of the band and he didn't have too much time to take care of me so he sort of turned me over to the drummer, and the drummer had me beating the skins before I could talk. My father though, wanted me to be a cornetist in a band, you know, the park-band type of cornetist, so he started teaching me to play that instrument. I guess the reason I'm the trumpeter I am today is because I had that early training."

When the subject got away from Harry James the person and around to music, Harry became a far more interesting and informative person. Maybe it's because as he sees it he's selling music and not personality. If he were Joe Doakes from Wappinger Falls and his trumpet playing was what it is, and his band what it is, he'd still be in the same spot.

"I'm a conservative as a musician," he says. "I play good music as it was written and as the composers intended it should be played. When I decided to make a career of being a trumpeter I bought recordings of the man who I thought was the best trumpeter in the business, Louis Armstrong, and I studied and copied everything I could from him. After a while I decided that if I stuck simply to copying I could only get so far, so I took what I could from Armstrong and applied the rest from the knowledge I had gained learning to be a band cornetist. I'm not Armstrong's type of musician anyway. He doesn't need music, all he needs is a theme and he improvises and riffs all around it.

My group is set up now, so that we can play anything up to the classics. Boogie Woogie and swing educated the younger generation of Americans to music, made them conscious of it. Today, mothers have to chase the kids out of the house and away from their music lessons in order to make them get outside to play ball. When these young Boogie Woogie addicts start growing up they begin to realize that such a thing as good music exists. After a while they start to appreciate it. And before long they like it, and don't think that anyone who listens to a symphony is a long hair.

I TRY to keep abreast of the development of my listeners. I became popular because of my recording of *You Made Me Love You*. Instead of trying to capitalize on that same song and same type of music, I wanted to make

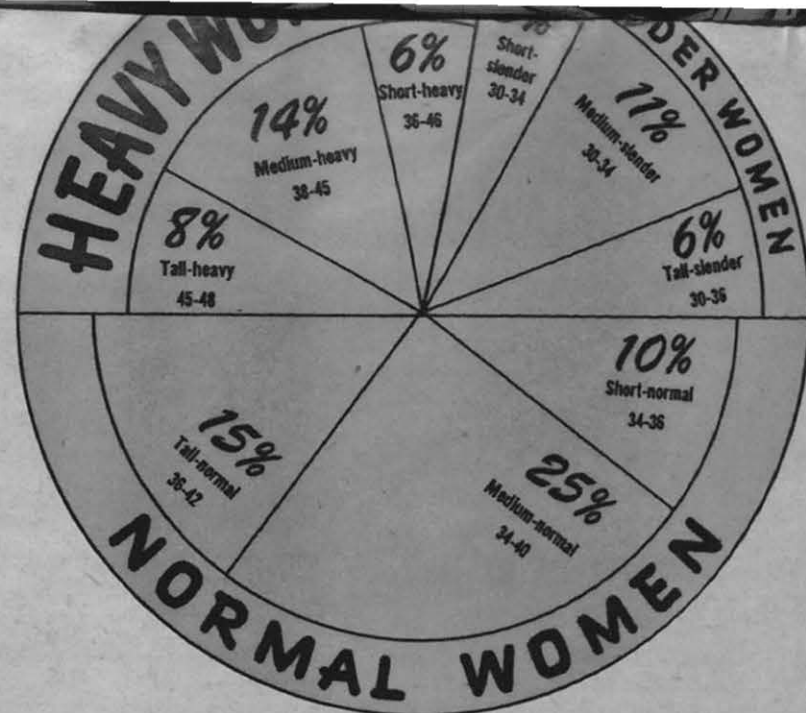
another type of music fan like Harry James. So I recorded different types of records, such as *Trumpet Blues* and after that I did another type, *I Don't Want to Walk Without You*, which featured a vocal, and after that *Sleepy Lagoon*. In that way I make my appeal to a broader audience.

Suppose Harry James was a strict Boogie Woogie band. I'm here at the Lincoln and the management throws up the prices to the point where my fans can't afford me. I'm without an audience. The kids, naturally resent the fact and think I've gone high hat on them. You were gone before twelve o'clock so you didn't see them take the \$2.50 minimum off and replace it with a \$2.50 cover. Hell, man, no band can stay popular with that sort of treatment to it's fans. It doesn't take too much to put a leader on the skids and I can't afford to take chances. Especially when the idea is liable to float around that I'm getting a percentage of the take. That isn't at all true and I don't see why I have to risk my reputation and good name because of it.

But I'm digressing. In this instance I would have been without an audience if I hadn't made my music diversified enough to appeal to an older audience as well. For instance, when I was at the Astor Roof earlier this season. The kids would come up to see me, and very often they'd be accompanied by their parents. So I'd play straighter music for most of a set and the jitterbugs would sit aside and enjoy it, as well as the older crowd who'd dance to it more so than the kids did. At the end of the set I'd play a jive number and the kids would get up and do their stuff. That way they'd all be happy. A few years ago, if I had tried that, the kids would have hooted and whistled throughout the first numbers. That, I think proves my contention that America is coming of age in a musical way.

"As I said before, I'm a conservative. I can't see any point to taking some of the most beautiful music that was ever written and working around it with riffs and licks. If I wanted a jam session I'd get a theme of my own and swing around that. You'd get the same results, since the hopped up classics have no resemblance to the original.

"I'm constantly trying to broaden the audience that accepts me. For instance supposing some one were to go into a music shop and ask for a recording of something by Kreisler. The salesman might tell them to try Kreisler's *Caprice Venoise*, recorded by Harry James. Now chances are, they've never heard of Harry James, but they'll buy it because it's by Kreisler, and they'll like it because it's played as it was written, except that the violin part was arranged for the trumpet in my recording. I'm sure they'll like it, because right after I made it I sent a pressing over to Kreisler and he gave me permission to use it without payment of royalties. Now these people will know Harry James and



Spin the wheel of woman-fate! On which sector do you put your money? What kind of woman do you draw?

28,500 BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

(Continued from page 17)

unlikely material for a happy marriage. (Maybe that's why for 20 years past there's been one divorce to every three marriages in Los Angeles—far above the national average.) Psychologists say the beautiful woman very often can't love—she has never known love-yearning, and never grows out of the narcissistic stage of self-admiration, and probably never will. Furthermore, like Zola's Nana, she develops the "poisonous" qualities of a beauty—a liking to torture her admirers and merely use them. Some psychologists—like Dr. Fritz

Wittels—go further, and say that exaggerated physical beauty in women is sometimes pathological, with evidence of degenerative tendencies. So beware, and be consoled! The chances are that the 28,500 beautiful gals now roaming America, have what it takes to make some 20,000 divorces; certainly 8,000 to 10,000 divorces. Nor, it seems, do the beauties particularly like home and children; they don't want to wash dishes or bear children because these are anti-beauty activities!

Are you consoled—or have you still got your eye on that b-e-a-u-t-e-o-u-s blonde?

—END—

in the future they'll buy records not only because Kreisler wrote them, but because Harry James recorded them."

"One more thing," Harry was warmed up by this time and eager to keep going. "You might write that I've finally, after four years in the business, come out of the red. Benny Goodman invested \$4500 in me when I got started. I paid him off the other day with \$25,000 and bought out his interest.

"People don't understand why a band has to play at a loss. We play at a loss and consider it an investment. All the time that we're going into the red we're building up audience acceptance. Then Bingo, we hit the jackpot with a movie contract or a sponsored radio spot and we're on velvet. Like our recordings. Except in the case of exceptional hits, we don't make any real money from them. But the kids throughout the country play them in the juke-joints and when we hit their town, they flock out to see us. So we get our investment back that way."

HARRY JAMES isn't old. Not quite as old as he appears. Of all the popular band leaders he's probably the most Johnny-come-Lately. All together, he's maybe twenty-seven, twenty-eight years old.

He's a depression generation kid tossed out of school and work and a pattern of life when he was fifteen, and into a world that had no place for him, and no economic set up to receive him. That's why it seems strange to think that he's a conservative. Usually, coming from that sort of a set up a person tends to be a radical. And when you get down to it, maybe it's Harry James' musical conservatism that makes him a radical. Three years ago riffs, licks and Boogie Woogie, radical as they were, were the accepted things, therefore Harry James in breaking away from them is a radical because he's conservative. It all adds up to the fact that he is not only the sweetest trumpeter in America but a hell of an astute business man and a sound judge of human nature.

He's nice guy, too, with a sort of reticence that a person is liable to object to until he warms up.

The fire hydrant guy came back in again. "The crowd is starting to come in," he said. "Better get dressed."

"Okay," Harry said as I headed to the door. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"Yeah," I said. "Next time you need an investment and you're gonna pay off like you did on the last, call me up. I can use the dough better than Benny."

—END—

Ellington at Carnegie Hall

BY LEONARD G. FEATHER

THERE have been many schools of thought, for many years, on the subject of which is the proper place for jazz—the dance hall, the concert hall, the theatre, or the gutter. Jazz, asserts one faction, relies on an intimate environment and cannot be performed properly under wraps in a concert hall. Swing music, insists another group, should not be tied to the demands of dancers, since it's more than a mere utilitarian art.

One point, at least, seems clear to this writer: if ever jazz and the concert hall belonged to each other, the perfect example must be Duke Ellington and Carnegie Hall. On Saturday evening, January 23, this theory will certainly be borne out when the leader of one of the world's greatest jazz orchestras steps into New York's 57th Street mecca to present a whole evening of his incomparable music.

The program, according to Duke, will be composed of "unadulterated American Negro music," with the composer-bandleader in the rôle he chooses to call that of a designer, choosing materials for a group of skilled workmen, and staying "strictly within the limits of jazz and its own particular musical backyard."

For anyone who has ever seen or heard Ellington, the concert is an event not to be missed, since it will help to destroy several serious misconceptions about Ellington and the highly advanced form of American folk music for which he stands. In the first place, the average music lover who knows Ellington only from an occasional theatre or radio appearance has probably come to regard him in the same light as the dance conductors whose duty it is to provide popular entertainment for the general public.

Ellington's band playing an ordinary show only intermittently displays the true Ellington qualities. There are usually vocalists, dancers, specialty acts, popular songs, and other irrelevant influences tending to confuse the layman. At Carnegie Hall Duke will concentrate entirely on the brilliant instrumental music, with its

intense rhythmic undercurrent, unique harmonic nuances and instrumental voicings, and all the touches of genius that have made this man and his band the most progressive element in jazz for more than fifteen years.

Ellington and his band are one indivisible entity. As he explains it, "I write, not for the instruments, but for the men behind them, to bring out the personality of each man in the band. All the soloists represent some strong natural Negro characteristic in this music."

That is why no other band can ever inherit the Ellington mantle. Many have tried to copy his style and even reproduce some of his arrangements; a few, especially Charlie Barnet, have succeeded in assimilating his style to a remarkable degree; but there is no cornetist who will ever play Rex Stewart's cornet solos the way Rex Stewart plays them, nor Ben Webster's tenor sax, Johnny Hodges's alto sax, Lawrence Brown's trombone, Sonny Greer's drums, nor any of the other details that are as much a part of the music as Ellington himself.

Duke has been talking of writing a symphony for presentation at the concert; a long descriptive work, tracing in music the history of the Negro race in this country. He plans to take several of the themes from his long-projected but never-completed Negro opera, *Boola*, and use them in this work.

This symphony, if it is completed in time for the concert, will have to be accorded an open-minded approach by those who shy away from any sign of pretension in jazz. Ellington's record for musical good taste has been unsullied so long that it is safe to assume the symphony will not shatter his integrity. However, if Duke were never to contribute another thing to jazz than the hundreds of three-minute gems he has committed to wax since 1927—some of them dreamed up at the last moment for a recording session—his name would still be immortal in jazz history. And he'd still be right for Carnegie Hall.

Concert of January 23 to feature "unadulterated American Negro music," says leader . . . Ellington jazz classics listed on page 11

JAZZ--THE MUSIC OF AMERICA

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz, the greatest Negro contribution to American popular art, is the music of America. It is this country's greatest and most indigenous folk music, though if you heard all your jazz on the radio you would hardly know it. For this music, in developing from an obscure product of the deep south, has become a popularized and often degenerate caricature of its original self.

If you can take time to sift the real jazz from the morass of commercialism into which it has sunk, you will draw several important conclusions, such as the following. Jazz in its unadulterated form is a basically simple music, with an essential element of improvisation. The creation of spontaneous melodies and rhythmic ideas is just as important as the writing of original compositions. The Negro musicians are, relatively, still the most talented, but an ever-increasing number of white musicians have succeeded in absorbing successfully the ideas and feeling for jazz that are an inherent quality of many colored performers.

Until about 1935, when Benny Goodman started the swing era, it was possible to draw a rough demarcation line between "commercial" and "hot" jazz, which are now so closely interwoven that a great deal of hot jazz is commercial. "Commercial" meant that you played the popular tunes of the day, and played them strictly as they were written. "Hot" music was mostly restricted to obscure gin-mills, or records, or colored dances.

During this period, distinctions were also made between white and colored jazz. The music of the Negro bands was characterized as rough, rhythmic, unsophisticated but stimulating, while the so-called white jazz was said to add a veneer of refinement. Today these artificial distinctions have disappeared, and the only two kinds of jazz are the good and the bad. Often it is difficult to distinguish, on the air, a colored band from a white group.

In view of this blending of styles it might be assumed that there would be no reason for maintaining the Jim Crow system in the orchestra world. There is no musical reason. There is no racial reason either, as far as many musicians are concerned. There are countless white and Negro musicians who, admiring each other's styles and ideas, would like to work in the same band.

The only reason that practically all the bands today are either all-white or all-colored is fear. Fear on the part of managers who don't dare to start an innovation; fear of resentment by southern audiences. Since Benny Goodman broke down the color-line by hiring Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, a few other white bandleaders, notably Charlie Barnet and Gene Krupa, have made similar ventures

with unqualified success, but in general the system of segregation persists.

This is regrettable from the general standpoint of both musical and social advancement, but it hasn't hurt the best jazz very much, because the best jazz is still produced by colored bands.

Although anyone who has studied jazz seriously will unhesitatingly nominate Duke Ellington's as the world's greatest orchestra, and such bands as Jimmie Lunceford's and Count Basie's as runners-up, the public rarely accords these organizations the rewards they have earned. A Negro band faces many difficulties in its career, some of which are almost unknown to the casual onlooker. For instance, most of the smartest hotel spots in the big cities, where a band can enjoy the radio outlet so vital in building up prestige and drawing power, are closed to colored bands. Accordingly, they have to spend much more of their time on the road than white bands. Doing one-night stands on the road is no picnic. Often a band will travel two or three hundred miles each night, with no time to do anything but work and try to sleep. Since the limitations were imposed on the use of buses, southern territory, with its Jim Crow traveling restrictions on trains, has been virtually closed to many Negro bands.

Most important of all, a commercial radio program, the most lucrative goal of any bandleader, is practically unattainable. Only two bands, Louis Armstrong's and John Kirby's have ever found a sponsor for more than an isolated guest appearance.

Thus from the practical point of view, the Negro musician must face a life of constant travel, humiliating segregation and prejudice, even in a profession that has done so much to spread liberal ideas. And from the musical point of view, if his work is to achieve any lasting recognition, his only important outlet is the phonograph record. But all recording, by order of union boss Petrillo, stopped last July 31.

Fortunately, during the past five years there has been so much fine jazz committed to wax that the newcomer can build up a great and completely representative selection of discs. And for examples of all that is greatest in both written and improvised jazz, everything that could possibly be desired will be found in the recordings of Duke Ellington's orchestra.

Ellington has been a "name" bandleader for just fifteen years. It was on December 4, 1927, that he first stepped onto the bandstand of the old Cotton Club, leading a group of musicians that included many who are still with him to-

Hammond Says Duke Is Deserting Jazz Music; Feels Concert Left Much to Be Desired Also

(Mr. Hammond wrote this review last week but because of its refreshingly different point of view, it was saved until now. They are his own opinions and do not necessarily represent those of PV—Ed.)

By JOHN HAMMOND

Jazz had the most ambitious evening in its history when Duke Ellington gave his concert at Carnegie Hall. The whole town turned out for the event, and the auditorium itself could have been sold out many times over. At long last the music world has paid proper homage to Duke Ellington, its most distinguished bandleader and composer.

Rather than review the concert in detail, we would like to dwell upon the development in Ellington which led to this event. In the first half of his career as a bandleader, Duke was content to be leader of the finest dance unit ever produced. He was able to mould soloists like Bubber Miley, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Joe Nanton, to name only a few, into a cohesive group, whose prime function was to express his ideas. Both as arranger and composer Duke had a tremendous melodic gift, unequalled by any other popular composer of the day, and his band had a distinctive style that set it apart from any other in the land.

He started out in 1923 as pianist in Elmer Snowden's Washingtonians at the small Club Kentucky and Barron's Exclusive Club. In a very short time his talent for organizations led him to take over the band and changed it from seven soloists to a large, disciplined group relying on his arrangements and ideas. When he opened the Cotton Club in the late Twenties his success was assured, for he became not only a great dance orchestra, but the greatest show band of all times.

Success was a great stimulus both to Ellington the composer and Ellington the bandleader. His great popular song successes were written during this period, and through his records, he became a musical

hero at home and in Europe. In 1933 he finally took his band to England and started a new phase of his career.

Until that time Duke had been content with dance music as his medium of expression. Blues and other folk music had been his primary sources of inspiration, and he was quite happy at being known as a popular composer.

England changed all this. Serious composers and musicians turned handsprings over him. He was compared to Mozart in his wealth of melodic ideas and a possible successor to Delius, the English impressionist. Spike Hughes, Cecil Gray, Constant Lambert, and even the dean of English critics, Ernest Newman, wrote profound articles about him, complaining that his talent was being restricted by dance tempo and the thirty-two bar form.

Unfortunately for jazz, Duke took this advice to heart. During the last ten years he has been adding men to his once compact group, has introduced complex harmonies solely for effect and has experimented with material farther and farther away from dance music, and although he has earned the fervent praise of trade paper critics he has

alienated a good part of his dancing public.

It took courage to do this, and one could only wish that he were being rewarded by the quality of his product increasing with his ambition. But the more complicated his music becomes the less feeling his soloists are able to impart to their work. Wonderful musical thrills can still be had from the band, but they are by no means as consistent as they once were.

"Black, Brown, and Beige," Duke's panorama of Negro life in America, sprawls along for more than three-quarters of an hour. In it are many exciting ideas, some penetrating wit, and several marvelous tunes, but all are lost in the shuffle because Duke has neither the training nor ability to weave them together into a cohesive whole. It was particularly unfortunate that Duke saw fit to tamper with the blues form in order to produce music of greater "significance."

The concert did begin with a bang. *Black and Tan Fantasy*, although it has become far more fancy, still packs a tremendous wallop, particularly when Joe Nanton

Ladies' temperaments... wasn't hard to see the... ment with the prospect... ings but also the distin... or two of face scratch... However on the verge... diplomacy and cooler hec... came up with the brigh... practicing as a unit. This pl... and then one day they di... So good were they that a... around to the agents and... path to the Piney Woods campus.



Germany

All the wa... Wong with l... better than... band boasts... tightly as sh... bringing her... her tenor sax... Mexico to h... symphonic m... misses in the... out of Des... Jackie Romk... comes of a n... entage. Of... graphical ba...

Ranging from 17 to 25 years of... that once again it is youth—and y... the inclination to blaze the new tr... untried.

These girls and their band... ons and the shortsighted nation... and cultural backgrounds can't... mutual benefit. The presence of... somely with the rest of the girls... the necessity of reexamining t... Mark Twain observation that "E...

We couldn't call this brief look... wins complete without a word or t... who guides their destinies. She's... of Omaha. She knows music, havi... Juilliard for the concert stage. Sh... at Fiske, before matriculating at J... is a bosom pal of Etta Moten, w... many happy years on the Chat... not only is the business manage... but mother and confidante... they have their problems.

But as we were saying... example of the democra...

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE

February 13, 1943

Feather Answers Hammond On Duke: Jazz Critic Charges "Evasion" Gives 'Behind the Scenes' Reasons

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Aside from being a "critic" Mr. Feather is Ellington's Press Agent. That you should know that too—Ed.)

This is not a refutation of John Hammond's criticisms in last week's *Voice* of the Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall. Many critics, some well qualified to discuss the subjects and others less well qualified, have passed innumerable comments, favorable and unfavorable, on Duke and his music. As long as their intentions were sincere they were perfectly justified in making these criticisms.

What *Voice* readers should know, however, is the series of circumstances that caused Mr. Hammond to write what was undoubtedly a vicious and malicious attack on the work of a man who, in the words of one writer, has advanced the Negro twenty years with his contributions to American music.

Several years ago Mr. Hammond was in the employ of Irving Mills, the artists' agent who at that time was booking Ellington's band. In his association with the Ellington organization he made several suggestions to Duke as to how he should run his band: the suggestions concerned such varied subjects as the personnel of the rhythm sections and the titles of his tunes. All this was in accordance with

with Count Basie. Of the three greatest and best-known Negro bands today—Ellington, Lunceford and Basie—the last named naturally is the only one for whom he expresses continual praise in his occasional jazz criticisms.

In other words, it could hardly be expected that the Hammond approach to the concert would not be colored by these circumstances; colored even to the point where he said that "Billy Strayhorn's three tunes had little to contribute" although Strayhorn was only repre-

sented by two, not three numbers. When you criticize more numbers than you heard—boy, that's criticism!

The statement that "Duke is dissatisfied with dance music as a medium of expression" is a willful evasion. Neither Ellington nor Hammond has ever conceived jazz as a mere medium for dancing. The value of Hammond's crack about the "quality of Duke's music for dancing" can be gauged by the fact that Hammond doesn't dance.

Hammond has been amusing himself for a number of years by sticking pins in the Duke. Although Duke considers such biased opinions beneath contempt and unworthy of comment, I felt it was only fair to let *Voice* readers know the story behind the scenes.

As for the opinions of the real jazz lovers on whether or not Duke is deserting jazz, one can point to the review in "Metronome" as an illustration. Never before, it said in effect, was so much great jazz heard in one evening.

Who's the deserter?—Ellington, from jazz to non-jazz, or Hammond, from criticism to ax-grinding? Form your own conclusion!

the policy which Mr. Hammond has maintained in his relationship with various artists, most of whom were willing to follow his suggestions even when he had no official connections with the running of their bands.

Duke, who does not like to Tom for any would-be musical mentor, stuck to his own ideas of what was best for the band. Some time later there were similar differences of opinion when Hammond was supervising recording sessions for Columbia and the Ellington band was recording for that company. In the meantime, Hammond had become closely identified as a launcher and promoter of talent rather than an independent critic, especially in his close association

Hammond Backcaps Feather, Says \$\$\$ Makes Opinions

By JOHN HAMMOND

PRESS AGENT OR CRITIC?

Last week a young press agent, Leonard Feather by name, attacked me in the columns of PV as an axe-grinder with a personal beef against Duke Ellington. In his capacity as press agent Feather receives a regular weekly salary from such clients as Harry James, Lionel Hampton, Duke Ellington, and, if I am not mistaken, Jimmie Lunceford. His job is to write puffs for these bands wherever he can place them in the white and Negro press.

Naturally, if Feather can pose as a disinterested critic his stuff carries considerably more conviction than if it is labeled as a release from another press agent. I believe that Feather is on very questionable ethical grounds in his whole dealings with the press, particularly with PV and the Pittsburgh Courier. In the current issue of the Courier, for example, Feather writes a "remarkable tribute" to Lionel Hampton's excellent band. What the reader does not realize is that he is paid to send out puffs of this kind, and for that reason Feather's article is open to severe doubt as to lack of bias.

There may be many things wrong about me, but one thing I can assure my readers: I have never received a dime from an artist for anything I have done for him or written about him. When I was working for the Columbia Recording Corporation I scrupulously refrained from writing any articles for the press, because in receiving a salary from Columbia I realized that it was impossible for me to be disinterested in my critical opinions. I hereby recommend a similar course to Leonard: that he stop pretending to be an unbiased critic when he is on the payroll of band-leaders and agencies.

My opinions of the Ellington concert were sincere, and I had no axe to grind. I happen to be a greater admirer of the Duke and his music although I have always felt free to criticize what I believed to be shortcomings in his band.

Many years ago, when I spent a ghastly six months handling recordings for the Irving Mills office, I felt that Duke's rhythm section needed overhauling, and I said so both in print and to Duke. Duke probably disagrees with many of my opinions, but I think he is convinced of my sincerity.

Feather made no attempt to refute my criticisms of the band, except to point out that my pen slipped as to the number of Strayhorn pieces on the program. He made certain implications that I was biased in favor of Count Basie's band, although the record will show I have always criticized what I thought was wrong with it. One thing readers can be sure of: I have no financial interest in Basie's orchestra, nor have I ever received a dime from them for anything I have ever said, written, or done.

Leonard has recently joined the staff of Metronome, and I am amused to see that he even went so far as to put in a plug for it in last week's article. That is very typical of him.

MGM STUMBLES AGAIN

As a result of Walter White's trip to movieland last year, MGM decided to film *Cabin in the Sky* with an all-Negro cast, in order to show the world that the studio had no wish to discriminate against Negroes. At a preview last week I saw the results and am pained to report that a lot of magnificent talent has been wasted on a trite and patronizing story, unimaginatively directed, and containing at least one downright insult to Negroes.

... makes his own special contribution. *Rockin' in Rhythm*, the second number, had more gusto than any other number and came closest to the real Ellington. But in *Jumpin' Punkins* the rhythm section went completely to pieces, and Sonny Creer's obstreperous drumming nearly wrecked a couple of the soloists. The three musical portraits of Bert Williams, Bojangles and Florence Mills were delightful examples of sensitive, direct writing and playing.

It was the second half of the concert which disturbed me most. Ko Ko is not distinguished jazz, while Billy Strayhorn's three tunes had little to contribute except unconventional harmonies. Very few of all the various concerts written for soloists in his band came off. Chauncey Haughton's clarinet playing is stiff and technical, with none of the easy confidence Barney Bigard possesses. Tizol's Bakiff is little more than dressed-up movie music, but the composer played magnificently. Ray Nance's fiddle playing is all right in small doses, but there was far too much of it during the

FEBRUARY 27, 1943

CALIFORNIA

Coastin'

By BILL SMALLWOOD.



n— almost gleefully. . . Leonard Feather's classic reply to Jno. Hammond's valuation of Ellington was of especial interest to us! We've long thought massa Jno. more of a scourge than a messiah, and if Leonard wants to install a Jump Way Back Johnny chapter out here, we're glad to pitch in! . . .

CLIPPINGS, Inc.

15 WHITEHALL ST.
New York City
Tel. Bowling Green 9-1536

New York Age
New York City
Circulation 19,410 W.

JUN 1 2 1943

ASSIGNMENT IN NEW YORK by Alfred A. Duckett

TUNE IN, new radio mag did a feature on Wings Over Jordan this week, spotted pix of Settle's choir with Mayor LaGuardia, chose to spell the word Negro without the capital letter. Oh well! . . . Leonard Feather and John Hammond still carrying on their hotter than hot feud over Duke. Feather is Duke's praise-agent. Hammond claims the Duke is going high-brow. The feud goes back to Duke's terrific Carnegie concert which Hammond didn't go for — but definitely . . . Back on the records, don't miss the waxing of "Sweet Patootie" which has that rave reed man, Sidney Bechet doing his very best with Noble Sissle's Swingsters in the background.

Wouldn't you think that the big networks all over the country would come to their senses and take the word of Phil Moore, MGM arranger and composer, who says flatly that modern-day music is just like the bear without the benefit of Negro music-makers. Phil Moore is one of the acclaimed authorities in his field and what he says means plenty.

I like the spirit of one, Reginald Gayton of Fall River, Massachusetts, who writes in a letter to Down Beat: "I'd rather say 'hi' to a Negro any day than say 'heil' to that so called white Aryan housepainter — Adolf Hitler."

Brother, there are a lot of so called white Americans who don't agree with you. Let's hope there are more who do.

FEB 13 1943

MEET LIONEL HAMPTON!

His Whole Life Is Music and His Energy, Transmitted to An Audience, Creates An Electrifying Impression—So Says Leonard Feather, Noted Theatrical Critic, In An Amazing Tribute

By LEONARD G. FEATHER, Theatrical Critic

NEW YORK, Feb. 11—If ever a man worked hard to reach the top, that man is Lionel Hampton. It would be no exaggeration, in fact, to say that the vibraharpist-leader is the hardest-working musician I have ever seen. His whole life is music, and he puts so much energy into the creation of it that the excitement he gets out of it is transmitted to the audience and creates an electrifying impression.

KANSAS CITY CALL Feb. 1943

SEEIN' STARS

New York Age
New York City
Circulation 19,410 W.

APR 10 1943

ASSIGNMENT IN NEW YORK

DOTTED NOTES: Cab Calloway, king of them all, hits Bigtown May 27. His Highness will do a job at the New York Strand. Needless to say, they'll pack them in..... Crown Prince Mercer Ellington, according to one of the swing pubs, recently called Duke by phone from Fort Dix and told his famous Dad he has been secretly married since December, to Eve'n Harrison, daughter of an Atlantic City doctor. Didn't you know that? Incidentally, Mercer is slated for a music job in the Army, probably playing trumpet and arranging as in civilian life..... Mercer's dad is working on a historical and technical book on the all-controversial subject—the blues. Collaborating are Leonard Feather and Billy Strayhorn. The volume will be published by Robbins.... Dan Burley, theatre ed of New York's Am...

That's one of the open secrets of Lionel's success. It was apparent the first time he came to New York in 1936, when Benny Goodman brought him here to turn the famous Goodman Trio into a quartet. Until that time Lionel had regarded himself principally as a drummer, playing the vibraharp for additional kicks—but when he gave up his own California band to join Benny, all that was changed.

Good drummers were no rarity in the swing world. Lionel was, and still is, a fine skin-bearer, and has often declared that he is still, first and foremost, a drummer at heart; but until the time he started Broadcasting and recording with Goodman, the general public had never heard the vibraharp used as a medium for hot jazz, swing music or whatever it was being called at that time.

That gave "Hamp" an advantage. He was contributing a new tone color to popular music, and one which was not likely to be widely duplicated, for the very good reason that the vibraharp is an expensive and not easily transportable instrument.

After a four-year buildup with the Goodman Quartet (which included a brief spell as drummer with the full Goodman band), it was only logical that Lionel should cash in on the nationwide publicity and recognition he had earned, and form a band of his own.

He went about the hard way, touring several states looking for undiscovered talent. He brought together men from Texas, boys finishing high school in California, and welded them into an enthusiastic young unit which reflected its leader's personality. He built up a fine library of outstanding arrangements by both white and colored writers.

One of the qualities that has made Lionel's band important musically as well as helping toward its success with the public is the fact that he gives all the boys in

Not Counted!

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 11 Many of the votes cast by music-lovers eager to capture first place for their favorites, failed to live up to the rules. In many cases stuffed ballots were cast and had to be tossed aside. Bonds bought before the contest started and others not in direct interest of the contest were also disregarded.

In tabulating the huge pile of ballots the last two weeks, more than 25,000 votes were discarded. All those which came in batches and from the same city with no change in handwriting under different names, could not be counted.

the band a chance to display their individual abilities. Never selfishly hogging the limelight, he lets anyone take a chorus and has special numbers built around many of the star soloists. Lately Arnette Cobb, he tenor sax man and assistant director, has been getting a big play, and rightly so, since he's one of the outstanding musical discoveries of the past year. The same goes for the great trumpet quartet — Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Joe Morris and Lamar Wright Jr.—as well as for Fred Becket's superb tromboning, Ray Perry's alto sax and unique electric violin work, young Rudy Rutherford's swell clarinet solos, and the solid foundation supplied by the rhythm section, the outstanding member of which is Pianist-Arranger Milton Buckner.

All these men, singly and collectively, belong in the front ranks of swingdom; but the greatest credit must go to the man who made the assembling of all these diverse talents possible—the one and only "Hamp" himself, new king of The Courier poll and one of the most vital figures in the modern musical generation.

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, MARCH

Listen In With Sid Shalit

no way of knowing (sic).

Bob Russell, the songsmith who wrote "Brazil," guests on Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" session, Saturday evening at 7 over WMCA at... Stan Lomax broadcasts the N.Y. U.-St. Johns basketball game

ORCHESTRA WORLD March

News Spotlight

Lionel Hampton picked the outstanding band in a popularity poll conducted by the Pittsburgh Courier. The 10 top bands: Lionel Hampton, Erskine Hawkins, Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmie Lunceford, Benny Goodman, Lucky Millinder, Harry James, and The International Sweethearts.

It's a first for Blue Barron with the addition of a female vocalist. She's blonde Carolyn Cromwell, who was a member of the "Singing Powers Models."

Duke Ellington is writing a book on the blues in collaboration with Leonard Feather and Billy Strayhorn.

CLIPPINGS, Inc.

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Metronome
New York City

Circulation

MAR 1943

DUKE PENS BLUES BOOK

A Duke Ellington book on the blues, combining historical and technical analysis with numerous illustrations for the piano student, will be published shortly by Robbins. It is being written in collaboration with Leonard Feather and Billy Strayhorn.

people who like this kind of music.

Leonard Feather, who produces and emcees the show, generally uses two swing experts and two guest celebrities, who try to answer the questions he fires at them. The questions involve identifying soloists, singers, bands and tunes by listening to a few bars of a record. If the question is answered, the listener who sent it in gets a phonograph record; if it stumps the experts, he is rewarded with a subscription to METRONOME.

The show always moves fast, has humor as well as musical interest, and even uses comic commercials instead of the usual dull intrusions. During the past month the "Platterbrains" have included a good variety of experts.

On Feb. 6 George Simon, a regular on the show for many months, made his farewell appearance before induction, abetted by Peter Dean and Dave Dexter, plus Coleman Hawkins and Ann Robinson as guests. Hawk was surprisingly weak in his knowledge, but Miss Robinson, riff-singing star of New Faces, did remarkably well.

METRONOME MARCH 43

PLATTERBRAINS

**Metronome
On the Air**

Crawford Clothes. WMCA, Saturdays,
7.03 P.M. EWT.

This program should be familiar to anyone in the New York area who is interested in jazz. Now in its twentieth month on this station, it's one of the few sponsored shows presented by and for

Red

Feb. 13 brought Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey to the mike, plus Pvt. Bob Bach, co-ordinator of the show, and Ralph (Jump 'N' Jive) Cooper. The following week Harry Lim and Bob Thiele were experts, with Helen O'Connell and Billy Strayhorn as guest guessers, the latter doing a very good job.

We suggest that you join in the enjoyment of this show by sending in some questions—even if you're too far away to hear the show. Recently Leonard used a question sent in from Wahoo, Neb., so you can be sure you have a chance.—HOPE.

BROOKLYN EAGLE MAR. 10

RADIO DIALOG

By
**William
Juengst**

ALTHOUGH he worded "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," Bob Russell does . . . For instance, he's just finished a play (with songs) called "Cooking With Gaslight" and we hear already has backers, and is seeking Beatrice Kay for a lead . . . And he guest-stars on Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" at WMCA tomorrow.

DOWN BEAT

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LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Kay Kyser

"A TOUCH OF TEXAS"

This Texas song to end all Texas songs is lightly and brightly handled by Kay Kyser's orchestra and numerous vocalists. Entertaining throughout, it contains even a brief touch of hot jazz—a few licks by tenor saxophonist Herbie Haymer. The reverse, "Soft Hearted," is a slow ballad from the film, "Seven Days Leave." High spot is the Harry James-style trumpet opening. (Columbia)



Ethel Waters

"CABIN IN THE SKY"

Ethel Waters' appearance in the film version of "Cabin in the Sky" revives interest in the album of the same name which she recorded for a New York music shop. Accompanied by Max Meth's orchestra, Ethel sings the title song, "Taking a Chance on Love," "Honey in the Honeycomb," and "Love Turned the Light Out." The third record is devoted to a medley by the orchestra. (Liberty)



Jimmy Dorsey

"MURDER! HE SAYS"

This version of a current hit offers one of the last vocals recorded with the Jimmy Dorsey band by Helen O'Connell before she resigned in favor of radio work. Her boisterous style is well suited to the tricky lyrics. Dorsey adds some excellent clarinet gymnastics to the merriment. The second side, "Let's Get Lost," is restrained dance music. Bob Eberly sings the vocal. (Decca)



Mary Lee

"IT MAKES NO NEVER MIND"

Mary Lee, at 18 a veteran actress and orchestra singer, teams with the now disbanded Bob Crosby Bob Cats on a record aimed directly at the juke box trade. Mary's voice is smooth and even. When it does become a trifle monotonous, the "Cats" help out with some fine instrumental passages. The reverse, "I'll Never Cry Over You," is not quite as good, but is still entertaining. (Decca)



Harry James

"VELVET MOON"

Harry James, his sensationally popular trumpet and his orchestra contribute another of their smooth, sweet jobs on a number that is destined to be an immediate hit. James toots the horn in the style his fans like best, while the strings carry on nobly. The reverse, "Prince Charming," written by arranger Leroy Holmes, is a jump tune which should please swing fans. (Columbia)



Carmen Cavallaro

"STRAUSS WALTZES"

Another album featuring the precise but often mechanical pianisms of Carmen Cavallaro, this time centered on a group of nostalgic waltz favorites. Cavallaro plays "Blue Danube," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "You and You" and five similar Strauss selections with both eyes on the music and both feet on the ground. The tunes are more interesting than the interpretations. (Decca)



Artur Rodzinski

"LA MER"

Artur Rodzinski leads the Cleveland Orchestra, which he has conducted for a decade, through an expert interpretation of Debussy's musical impressions of the sea—first performed in Paris in 1905. The composition includes three movements, "From Dawn to Noon on the Sea," "Play of the Waves," and "Dialog of the Wind and the Sea" on three 12-inch Masterwork records. (Columbia)



Risé Stevens

"FAREWELL, WOODLAND"

Risé Stevens, who is Hollywood's idea of what a concert singer should look like and the Met's idea of how one should sound, delivers Tchaikovsky's "Adieu Forêts" in French with commendable sensitivity against a background conducted by Eric Leinsdorf. On the second side, Miss Stevens offers Donizetti's "O Mio Fernando," a work well suited to her mezzo-soprano voice. (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- "HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
- "I DONE FOUND OUT"—Buddy Johnson (Decca)
- "SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- "DARLING JE VOUS AIME BEAUCOUP"—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"—Glenn Miller (Victor)
- "MANDY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND"—Tom Dorsey (Victor)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Artie Shaw

"TWO IN ONE BLUES"

This is the last number recorded by Swingdom's one-time glamor boy, Artie Shaw, before he volunteered himself, his clarinet and his baton to the Navy. Written by arranger Paul Jordan, the tune is neatly tricked up with excellent *ad lib* solos by Shaw, Hot Lips Page (trumpet) and John Guarneri (piano). Reverse side, Rudy Vallee's "As Time Goes By," is reviewed below. (Victor)



Rudy Vallee

"AS TIME GOES BY"

Rudy Vallee's version of this beautiful number—currently featured in the film "Casablanca"—was originally released in 1931. Now available in reissue form, it is dated, orchestrally and vocally. The "Vagabond Lover," now in the Coast Guard, sings both verse and chorus in his usual tremulous tone. On the second side is Artie Shaw's "Two In One Blues," reviewed above. (Victor)



Andy Kirk

"HEY LAWDY MAMA"

Andy Kirk, his orchestra and his 200-pound vocal star, June Richmond, give this old time theme a spirited treatment. Based on the traditional 12-bar blues pattern, the number opens with dialogue between Kirk and Miss Richmond, who once sang with Jimmy Dorsey. The reverse is "McGhee Special," composed and arranged by trumpeter Howard McGee, who adds a fine solo. (Decca)



Ray McKinley

"HARD HEARTED HANNAH"

Older people will get a nostalgic kick out of the lyrics about "the vamp of Savannah," and the younger set will approve the rhythmic style in which drummer Ray McKinley sings them. The tune travels at a smooth and easy tempo throughout. Another old-timer, "Big Boy," is revived on the second side. Imogene Lynn takes the vocal against a light and bright piano background. (Capitol)



Patty Andrews

"EAST OF THE ROCKIES"

The Andrews Sisters deliver a bright number from the film "How's About It?" in their unflinching boisterous manner while Vic Schoen (arranger of their first hit, "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen") and his small band provide a bouncy, danceable accompaniment. The reverse, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is a stimulating antidote for the current wave of sticky "patriotic" ballads. (Decca)



Teddy Powell

"LET'S GET LOST"

After many unlucky breaks, ex-guitarist Teddy Powell finally is achieving success as a band leader. This newest version of a current hit, while taken at a tempo which sounds a trifle too slow, is a creditable example of his style. Peggy Mann sings the sultry vocal, and comes back on the reverse side, "Murder! He Says," where she handles a clumsy set of lyrics commendably. (Victor)



Lionel Hampton

"NOW I KNOW"

Vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, a member of the old Benny Goodman quartet for four years, guides his fast-rising orchestra through sweeter material than he usually attempts—and does it exceedingly well. Lionel's "harp" is heard briefly, the trombones and saxophones are in the groove. Rubel Blakely sings the vocal here and on the reverse, "Half a Love Is Better Than None." (Victor)



Leopold Stokowski

"FIRE BIRD SUITE"

The NBC Symphony orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, presents the work which helped Igor Stravinsky gain international fame as a composer. The music possesses color, variety and more melodic appeal than most Stravinsky offerings. Included in the unusually interesting album is a Stokowski adaptation of Tchaikovsky's piano composition, "Humoresque," Opus 10, No. 2 (Victor)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- "VELVET MOON"—Harry James (Columbia)
- "SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- "DARLING JE VOUS AIME BEAUCOUP"—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- "A TOUCH OF TEXAS"—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
- "LA MER"—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)
- "FAREWELL, WOODLAND"—Risé Stevens (Columbia)

ber Music Society of L. B. S. to the Roxy, it was only to be expected that the producers would do the thing in Roxy-like proportions. The idea of attaching the description *Chamber Music* to the combination, more than thirty strong, which Paul Lavallo fronted here, is ludicrous enough in itself, but the show has changed from its original radio form in many other respects than mere size.

Originally *Lower Basin Street* was a program of music by two NBC house bands, plus guest stars, handled in the manner of a serious concert, with Gene Hamilton reading program notes that were subtle and quiet in their humor. It's a far cry from there to the *Basin Street* of to-day.

The curtain opened to reveal the vast orchestra, dolled up in phony period costumes, with the announcer Milton Cross seated at one side, delivering the comments. He is no Hamilton, and his humor was as forced as the idea of having ten so-called "Iberian cymbal clashers" ranged around the back of the stage to clash their cymbals at the end of one number and promptly walk out. This gag barely got a murmur.

"Maestro" Paul Lavallo, described as the Tenth Avenue Toscanini, had little to offer in the pretentious *William Tell* arrangement. He was followed by the earnest Purce. The latter, one of the top men on his instrument, lends purity, body and flavor to the opening chorus, which sounds like a jump combination of *Christopher Columbus* and *Three Little* (Continued on page 21)

the Lavallo band offered the nearest thing to some real jazz with its boisterous *Original Dixieland One Step*. Kelly's trumpet was aided by trombonist Ford Leary, clarinetist Hank d'Amico, alto Julie Rubin, and a rhythm section that included drummer Sam Weiss and bassist Felix Giobbe.

Lavallo

Lavallo, who had previously confined himself to conducting, took up his clarinet for the next full band number, which featured him in a long solo on *Pagan Love Song*. He is a fine technician and can play every reed instrument on earth (though he didn't here). His performance on *Pagan*, like almost everything he plays, gave the impression of having been written out note for note; nevertheless, it was more convincing and nearer to jazz than most of his stuff.

Boswell

The next and most important musical item on the show was Connie Boswell. Since Connie is not, and never has been, a part of the *Basin Street* show, it might reasonably be claimed that outside talent had to be brought in to hold the program together. For there's no doubt that Connie meant plenty to the entire presentation. Brought on stage in a sort of throne, escorted by several girls from the chorus, she lent her flawless artistry to *Why Don't You Fall Love With Me?*, followed it up with *Are Are Such Things*, and climaxed with a great job on *Don't Get Around Anymore*. Connie is still a charming person, a

17
Met
Mc
first-class ballad singer, and a priceless asset to any show. After the band had ploughed its way, together with the chorus and the whole company, through an elaborate production on *Joshua Fit The Battle of Jericho*, Connie returned for a happy ending on *Basin Street Blues*.

The idea suggested by the title of this show is totally incompatible with the requirements of a big theatre presentation. Aside from that, *Lower Basin Street* needs to revitalize its music and its humor, both in person and on the air, before it can acquire either a sponsor or a chain of theatre dates.—FEATHER.

tain cachet to his name that's not too easy to live up to, especially if one sets the standard established by New Orleans' foremost singing horn-man, Louis Armstrong. Nevertheless, without any exceptional claim to technical or musical prowess, Prima delivers a good combination of personality and musical attraction in his singing and playing. His manner of building up a trumpet solo passage, generally starting in the lower register and ending on a spectacular high note, somewhat in the Armstrong manner, is effective without being too melodramatic. Similarly his gravel-toned vocals have a very definite jazz beat, even if an occasional comedy effect is thrown in. A good example of this is his mostly vocal treatment of *White Cliffs of Dover*, with unison riffs sung by the band à la Don Redman.

Solid

Louis has a pretty solid line-up, comprising five trumpets (including himself), three trombones, three altos, two tenors and four rhythm, in which the guitar of assistant-conductor Frank Federico plays an important part. After a few bars of his theme, *Be Happy*, Louis went into an arrangement which he credited to Harlem's well-known altoist-arranger, Earl Bostic, on *I Love You Truly*, in which his own simple but effective horn work stood out.

Next came *Velvet Moon*, scored by Prima's own Eddie Lowth, and featuring brother Leon Prima, whose trumpet was later heard to better advantage in some ad libbing behind a dance act on *Rose Room*. In other words, he's better on conventional ad lib trumpet than in a Harry James impersonation, to which his tone doesn't particularly lend itself. Another Lowth arrangement was *The Man I Love*, featuring vocalist Lily Ann Carol, a comely brunette who sells her songs personally in a very feminine and charming, if not outstanding manner.

Queer

A curious novelty followed. It started out as *I'm In The Mood For Love*, but developed into a trumpet duet between Louis Prima and Sonny Berman, on no particular theme, with abundant use of half-valve effects on Rex Stewart lines and humorous "talking trumpet" tricks. It's cute, very appealing to the audience, and musically ingenious too.

Eddie Lucas, a swell trombone man, was heard to advantage on some ad lib work during another dance act, Peck and Peck. He's the son of a veteran Ted Lewis drummer. Charlie Leeds, a more than capable tenor sax man, had a couple of fine choruses in the *Dover* episode which followed.

The show concluded with another Earl Bostic instrumental, *Chant of the Groove*, the same opus recorded a while ago by Fats Waller with his big band.

To sum up, Prima to-day is one of the more stagecraft-conscious bandleaders,

Journal Herald
Dayton, Ohio
Circulation 57,765 S.

FEB. 21 1943

THE BAND WAGON

By Tim Taylor

Foreign Influence

Three big names in the popular music critic business are Leonard G. Feather, Hugues Panassie and Robert Goffin. Feather is a Britisher, Panassie a Frenchman and Goffin a Belgian. Feather is a reliable reporter and that is enough to say of any man.

But Panassie and Goffin are, in this writer's opinion, far from being good reporters. They are prejudiced, narrowminded and dependent upon the ignorance of their readers. They are narrowminded in that they will not admit the young musicians of today can approach the jazz age stars. They must depend upon the ignorance of their readers or else their works would not sell, yet both are doing very well, thank you, in the financial column.

LOUIS PRIMA

Okay In Harlem

Apollo Theatre, New York City. Feb. 11, 7:00 P.M. Show.

Louis Prima has a band that's musically satisfying as well as entertaining. His recent return to Harlem's Apollo, where he is one of the very few popular white maestri, illustrated this conclusion abundantly in a show which showed every aspect of his work to good advantage.

Prima first came to the attention of hot jazz fans as a trumpet man and vocalist from New Orleans, and the particular point of origin added a cer-

Metronome
March 43

and has something of musical interest to add to his showmanship. He should be a good bet for any theatre, white or colored.—FEATHER.



With the
LAMPLIGHTER
After Dark

By T. E. Y.

BILLIE HOLIDAY'S in town, just visiting, she says . . . **LEONARD FEATHER**, jazz scribbler for *Metronome* and *Look* Mags., planes out tomorrow for N. Y. after seven days here digging the bands . . . **BENNY GOODMAN** & his band threw a big party Friday night for **PEGGY LEE** and her new husband, Dave Barbour, B. G. guitarist. Married under her real name of Norma Egstrom, Peggy's nuptials were only **DISCOVERED** Friday. Dave vs. B. G. today, with **BART ROTH**, ex-Phil Neighbor guitarist taking over tomorrow. **PEGGY Lee** continues with Goodman to end of Palladium stint . . . **BOB DAVIS** may get **DICK HAYMES'** spot with T. Dorsey; Tommy's fem chirpee **BOBBIE CANVIN** okch after last week's tonsilectomy.

N.T.G.'S 3rd Anniversary of **FLORENTINE GARDENS** will be celebrating Thursday by a new Niles T. revue "THRILLS OF 1943," starring **ANN CORIO**, **PINKY TOMLIN** and that **ZANY** band of **MILT BRITTON'S**. Call HO 6311 or WEBster 6161 for reservations.



FOUNDED BY SIME SILVERMAN
News of the Show World

Published Daily, except Saturdays,
Sundays and Holidays
By Daily Variety, Ltd.
Sid Silverman, President
1708-10 North Vine Street
Hollywood, Calif.
Phone HOLLYWOOD 1141

Vol. 39 March 12, 1943 No. 5

Copyright, 1943, by Daily Variety, Ltd.
Annual, \$10 - Foreign, \$12
Single Copies, 5 Cents

Entered as second class matter July 3,
1940, at the Post Office at Los Angeles,
California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

ARTHUR UNGAR, Editor

Chatter

Call
Kansas City
Mar. 19, 1943

The Midnight Man in Chicago b

Ted Watson, now the Mid-Nighter for the Associated Negro Press, but one-time special feature writer for the CALL, will join the ranks of his Uncle's selected group shortly. In closing he says he will miss the papers . . . but he won't miss the papers as badly as we will miss him and his widely read column.—W. B. H.



TED WATSON and LEONARD FEATHER, publicity man for Duke Ellington.

Leonard Feather, swing critic for mags and authority on jump bands, here from the east to be closer to his subject.

VARIETY

In From the East

Leonard Feather
Pandro Berman
H. M. Bessey

People's Voice

MARCH 27, 1943

CALIFORNIA

Coastin'

By BILL SMALLWOOD



Leonard Feather and this dept. played hide 'n' seek via phone during Leonard's hasty trip to Hollywood, and couldn't get into a gabfest as we wished, dern it . . . c'mon out again, Leonard . . .

Helen Ward COMES BACK

By LEONARD FEATHER

A few evenings ago at the Commodore Hotel in New York City something special happened. It wasn't a band opening, though you would've thought so, because the biggest publishers and pluggers in the business showed up. It wasn't even a birthday or anniversary of any kind.

The special thing happened when the show went on and a lovely dark-eyed girl stood out on the floor singing *As Time Goes By*. A lot of people had gone by, too, since Helen Ward had last sung with a band on the radio, but you could tell from the reception that she wasn't forgotten. Only 26, but a veteran because she was the first singer to come into prominence with the first famous swing band, Helen has stepped back to the limelight as vocalist with Hal McIntyre's fine orchestra—her first regular job since December, 1936, when she quit Benny Goodman to marry and retire.

Once in a while, during those six years, the public had reminders that Helen Ward was still around. There was a record date with Gene Krupa's first band, and several fine sessions with Teddy Wilson; there were six months on the Camel show with Bob Crosby in 1939. But not until her marriage had broken up and she had returned from Reno did Helen decide to make a full-scale comeback.

Because she was part of the Goodman band that made musical history in 1935-6, and because she's musically and generally more literate than the average band singer, Helen makes an interesting conversationalist. It only took a moment to discover that, when I asked her:—"Don't you think the standards of swing bands have improved enormously during these six years?"

"Absolutely not," was the answer. "To me, the Goodman band of 1935 and '36 was the greatest thing I ever heard and ever expect to hear."

"Sure it was great, for its time, but don't you think, without wanting to detract from Benny, that an awful lot of bands have modelled themselves on the pattern Benny set, and that today there are dozens of bands that can play the same music he was playing then?"

"Only superficially. Sure, there are more swing bands now, and they're imitating the style the old Goodman band set, but there was something about that band—and it's not just sentimental attachment that's making me say this. Maybe it was the pioneer spirit, the fact that they were playing a brand of music nobody else had attempted with a white band at that time. Anyway, there was a kick in those old arrangements, and in the way the band played 'em, that I've never heard in any band since."

"You don't think bands have benefitted in the scope of arrangements, or in tonal variety, by enlarging as they have since those days? After all, the five brass and four saxes Benny had then would sound pretty weak compared with the average swing band's seven or eight brass and five or six reeds today."

"The size makes no difference," said Helen emphatically, "as long as the figures are right. Fletcher Henderson got everything he needed out of that band. Of course, Fletcher played one of the most important parts in giving that band the kick I'm trying to explain; but it was there when Jimmy Mundy was doing the arrangements too."

I asked Helen what she thought of the arrangers Benny had used since those days.

"Some of them are fine. Eddie Sauter is brilliant, but some of the stuff he writes is too involved for the men to interpret it perfectly. You could never say that about *Blue Skies*, or *Sometimes I'm Happy*, or *Big John Special*, or *Madhouse*, but they were great jazz, weren't they?"

"True. And how about the pops—the numbers you sang with Benny?"

"They had the same quality—in fact, they had more kick than most swing band arrangements of pop songs today. Things like *It's Been So Long*, *You Turned The Tables On Me*, *These Foolish Things*, *There's a Small Hotel*, and of course, *The Dixieland Band*."



An up-to-date picture of HELEN WARD.

"And the audiences—have they changed much?"

"Well, they still like the same kind of music, but they don't react as visibly as they used to. Lately I've seen kids gather around a bandstand to hear some band do a terrific arrangement of *One O'Clock Jump*, for instance, and although they seem to enjoy it, there's not much reaction shown. I don't suppose you'll ever see anything like the audiences Benny had at the Palomar Ballroom in L. A. in the summer of 1935, or the following November at the Congress in Chicago. Those kids really went crazy."

Helen's reminiscences at this point sounded almost too nostalgic for a girl of only 26, but it's easier to understand when you examine her background. All but the first three of those years have been spent close to music. A native New Yorker, Helen had been playing piano five years when she took her first official lessons at the age of eight. The teacher put up with her for eight months. "Then one day he found that I'd taken a Chopin waltz he'd given me to practice, and transposed it from D-Flat into C because I didn't like the black notes. He gave up in despair—and I've never had a lesson since, either playing or singing."

At George Washington High and N. Y. U., Helen kept up her piano activity, and at 16 she had her first professional job, a sustainer on CBS. Later she teamed with Bert Lane, another pianist, and composer of such hits as *Tony's Wife*. They did a double piano and vocal act. After a while she graduated into band singing, but still sat in on piano often during her year with Nye Mayhew's orchestra.

Most of her band jobs were with groups not remotely connected with swing; but there was no Benny Goodman band at that time, and no white band playing the brand of music that had excited Helen when she heard Ellington or Hines or Armstrong. So she was satisfied to get good work with Nat Brandwynne, Eddy Duchin, Rubinoff and Eric Madriguera.

"The other vocalist with the Rubinoff band was a nervous young kid who'd only recently broken in. Name of Bob Crosby. . . ."

During her ten weeks with Madriguera at the Waldorf, Helen also did some commercial shows on Mutual with Will Osborne, also joining Will in a Warner movie short in which she was one of a three-piano team.

(Continued on page 22)

Georgie James Band Review

(Continued on page 11)

that very few six-piece groups can make a smooth sound with a trombone in the ensemble; generally a tenor sax doubling clarinet would seem to be more successful.

Heading the individual features of the group is the alto of leader James. He plays in a musicianly, clean style which lacks punch, but is at least pleasant to listen to, especially on sweet tunes. In faster tempi the lack of any personal style becomes more apparent, though the suggestion of a Benny Carter influence now and then is by no means detrimental.

Trumpeter Bobby Johnson, a Carter alumnus, is an extraordinarily variable guy; his stuff ranges from some pretty, Buck Clayton-like work to ragged, out-of-tune hot solos and technical sloppiness that almost reaches the amateurish. Fred Robinson, a trombone veteran of the old Armstrong-Hines records, but not a soloist by modern standards, seldom shows signs of inspiration.

Phillips is obviously a good musician, but his piano at best sounds like a fair assimilation of the Teddy Wilson manner. Hank Turner, bassist formerly with Claude Hopkins and Louis Jordan, is a competent musician who plays a good enough steady four, and bows his way through some of the pop material. Arthur Herbert is probably the best musician in the bunch, aside from James himself. First prominent as drummer with the big Coleman Hawkins band of 1940, he exhibits a good steady beat, enough variety to provide an interesting background for the soloists, and an exceptionally agile left hand; in fact, he represents a combination of technique and style in drumming which many better-known percussionists might well study.

However, on an all-around basis, the James band is as good as the average merit of its instrumentalists, which means it's far from important. To these ears, James sounds like the kind of fellow who would make a very good section man in some name band, and would probably be better off musically in a job of that kind than in his present situation, trying to find a compromise between big-band commercialism and small-band jazz.

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BENNY GOODMAN A-, 1

By LEONARD FEATHER

Benny's done it again. Coming out of a period of decline which had him changing personnel almost nightly and had critics wondering whether Goodman was at the beginning of the end, he's emerged with flying colors. The present Goodman band which has been breaking every conceivable record at the Hollywood Palladium is the best he's had since that memorable era two summers ago when Cootie, Sid Catlett and Mel Powell were among those present.

What's more, you can tell that Benny and the band are happier about the whole thing than they were during that uncomfortable era three months ago in New York. After BG had ended his long ad lib ending on *Clarinet A La King*, which he'd carried on to many times its usual length because he was enjoying himself so much, a sailor standing near me in front of the Palladium bandstand commented: "Seems like a pretty good-natured guy." When you can impress the audience that way, you're doing all right.

Reverts to Type

The remarkable part about the present Goodman band is that far from offering anything startlingly new, it has undergone a partial reversion to type. Cutting down to only five brass and four saxes (not counting the bass sax, which for the most part works with the rhythm rather than the reeds) Benny is producing music that has enough volume, attack and excitement to compete with many bigger and more pretentious organizations.

The main effect of this reduction in personnel has been to bring out of the books some of the famous arrangements by Fletcher and Horace Henderson, Spud Murphy and others, which helped the first Goodman band to fame. Although jazz has made enormous progress in the past eight years, few of these arrangements sound really dated. They're simple, straightforward, but so well played that they almost always swing.

Maybe it would be monotonous if Benny's policy were to play nothing but *Henderson Stomp* (alias *Notes To You*), *Blue Lou*, *I Found A New Baby* and others of that era. But fortunately he breaks it up with enough modern arrangements to create an excellent balance. Thus, if it can be complained that the band's style lacks homogeneity, it may be argued in defense that it has interesting variety.

BENNY GOODMAN and his orchestra. Palladium, Hollywood, Cal. A. Hymie Shertzer, Leonard Kaye. Tenors: Jon Walton, Bob Taylor. Bass Sax: Lee Mole, Charlie Castaldo. Piano: Jess Stacy. Guitar: Bart Roth. Drums: Louis Bellson. Bass: Gus van Camp. Leader, clarinet and vocals: Benny Goodman.

Most of the new arrangements can be credited to Johnny Thompson, a talented youngster whose work is equally effective on standards—*Alabama Bound*, *Darktown Strutters' Ball*—and current pops—*Black Magic*, *Miss Daffodil*, *Salt Lake City*, *I Don't Believe in Rumors*. Moreover the great Eddie Sauter, his health improved, is again busy writing for the band.

Section for section, the present personnel rates high. The saxes are led by Hymie Shertzer, which is almost enough in itself. He gives this quartet the same delightful quality it had in the old BG band. Leonard Kaye, a Van Alexander alumnus recently added to the Goodman group, stays in the section most of the time but is capable of some good solo work. Tenor ad libbing is handled by Jon Walton, who lacks a distinctive tone or style but is a better than average soloist.

Brass Jumps

The brass, which was Benny's weakest department last season at the New Yorker, is completely revitalized. The trumpet men take turns playing the first parts, which means that nobody's lip is overtaxed. Lee Castaldo handles most of the solo work, ranging from pretty-toned ballad passages to some Bix-like jazz moments and others more reminiscent of Louis. He plays with great feeling and generally with simplicity.

In the trombone section his brother, Charlie Castaldo, takes an occasional chorus on such numbers as *One O'Clock Jump*. But generally the sliphorn soloing is left to his team-mate, veteran Miff Mole. Benny has been raving unreservedly about Miff, who emerged after ten years of radio work because he was bored with the studios and was persuaded by BG to take a band job. Miff, who was the Jack Teagarden of the 1920's, is described by Benny not only as the "best trombonist I ever had," but also as the "best musician ever, with the greatest tone I" (Continued on page 28)

GOODMAN'S drummer, Louis Bellson, flanks the BG trumpet section, hailed as his best in many months: Lee Castle (Castaldo), Bobby Guyer and Ray Linn.

MIFF MOLE takes one of the velvet-toned solos that send boss Benny Goodman. Saxmen below him are, l. to r., Jon Walton, Leonard Kaye, Hymie Shertzer.



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Sunny California Section

FEATHER ON THE WING

added that he's picking up some side money now in radio with Phil Harris and other bands. Yet I couldn't help feeling that here was some real talent going to waste.

As I was about to leave, Billy May, Buddy Cole and a couple of other Alvino Rey bandsmen came in for a drink on their way to their regular nightly shift at the Vega Plant. Wonder how they manage to live this double life—but they seem to be thriving on it.

TUESDAY—My, how this week has flown! Started the day with a visit to the Capitol record offices, listening to tests of future releases, including some fine Slack blues with vocals by T-Bone Walker. Walking along Vine, ran into Phil Moore, who's become quite a big man out here lately. First Negro arranger to be put on the staff at MGM, he also writes a lot of stuff on the side for James, Slack and almost every name band that visits the Coast, and is said to be netting himself around a thousand a week. He's been instrumental in getting work for colored musicians at the studios; for instance, there was a recording session today for an MGM musical in which Benny Carter, Barney Bigard and Lee Young took part. This kind of work pays \$10 an hour flat scale, and men like Carter get double scale! There's a fortune in movie music work if you can get into the charmed circle.

Ray

Went out to Beverly Hills in the afternoon to the home of Ray Noble. First thing I noticed, on his piano, was a cigarette box inscribed: "To Ray, From The Boys, Xmas 1935," with reproductions of the autographs of every man in the band. The signatures included Pee-Wee Erwin, George van Eps, Johnny Muenzenberger (better known as Mince), Bud Freeman, Al Bowlly, Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill and Glenn Miller. Ah, memories! Chatted with the friendly and unassuming Ray for an hour about everything from boogie-woogie to the Beveridge plan, and wound up on the difficulties of getting musicians. All the men he needs for his program, says Ray, are out in the Santa Ana air base band, which has seven saxes, five trumpets, 16 violins, and so ad infinitum. Ray said he's had an offer to form a band for a location and theatres, but would be ashamed to stand in front of the kind of band he could get together permanently.

Back in Hollywood, went into a down-one-flight bar called the

Streets of Paris, where the Art Tatum Trio alternates with a very sad quartet. Art sounded magnificent in the company of a good guitarist, Tiny Grimes, and a terrific bassist, Slam of Slim and Slam (Slim's in the Army). In fact, Tatum, playing informally, with two rhythm instruments to keep him from tempo-changing all the time, is the greatest swing pianist in the world, which is something you might fail to notice when he goes into those concert-style arrangements in the ritzier night clubs.

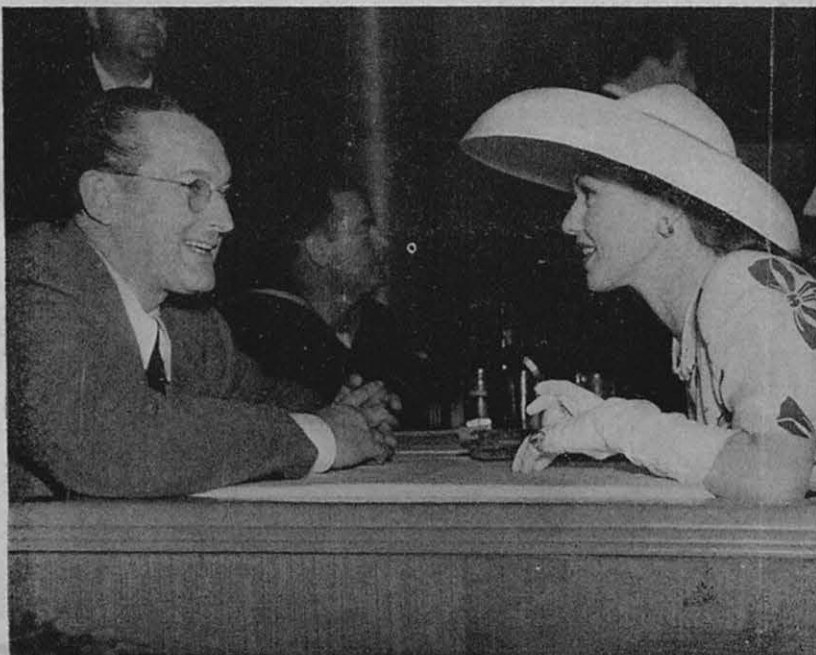
Next stop was the Hollywood Casino, an elaborate dinner-and-dance rendezvous which tonight premiered a new colored show featuring Noble Sissle's ork. I guess fate had it worked out so that I couldn't say goodbye to Hollywood without one bringdown. If ever I witnessed an unhappy combination of sight and sound, it's this Sissle band. The leader swings and sways like a jack-in-the-box, and sings like a pain-in-the-ear. Even more ghastly is the voice of his featured tenor, Jesse Crier, whose name is an understatement. The band plays the most dispirited, unoriginal music this side of Sammy Kaye; the only spark of possible talent, a harpist named Olivette Miller, is lost in the mess. How Sissle can continue to get away with his incredibly corny versions of *I'm Just Wild About Harry*, *Bandanna Days* and the other generation-old hits on which he's still trying to trade, is a mystery that can perhaps be explained by the fact that he had "name-value" twenty years ago, and name value dies hard. But it's a shame when you think how many really great colored bands could make good use of the air-time and better-class work Sissle is getting.

Benny

To take the taste away, I said farewell to Hollywood's night life with a trip across the street to dig Goodman for a couple of sets. Finally got the complete dope from Peggy Lee on her marriage. Joe Rushton, the bass sax expert, was best man. Peggy has to have an operation which will keep her out of the business for several months. Benny has no replacement set yet and she's helping him out until he finds somebody.

Well, unless something goes wrong again, that plane will be waiting for me in the morning. So long, California—it's been great meeting you; and if you don't think I want to renew the acquaintance at the first opportunity, you're crazy!

TETE-A-TETE: Tommy Dorsey and MGM actress Pat Dane, with whom his name has been linked in gossip columns. That's sailor Jimmie Grier in the rear.



BUDDY RICH, former TD drummer now in the Marines, visits Hollywood to sit in at an all-star jamfest, with Harry James and Tommy, at the Palladium.

FEATHER ON THE WING

By LEONARD FEATHER

SATURDAY, MARCH 6—Crept out of the Royal Windsor Ballroom in the middle of Duke Ellington's dance, and headed for the airport. Seemed like a crazy time to leave New York. Shared the taxi awhile with an elderly Army officer, who wanted to know where he could have some fun on 52nd St. Feeling he wasn't the type who could be converted to Kelly's Stable, I recommended the 21 Club. Wonder how he enjoyed it; I never went there in my life.

SUNDAY—Awoke at 8:30 to find the plane was grounded with engine trouble in South Bend, Ind. What a drag! Ploughed through heavy snow, made a miserable train journey to Chicago in zero weather, and found on arrival there that all the planes are booked up for days ahead and I must make the rest of the journey by train. Killed some time at a little bar called Elmer's where Max Miller has a quartet. Pretty fair tenor man named Emmett Carle, ex-Bob Strong and Chico Marx. Miller plays fair piano and I didn't get to hear him on vibes. Intermission pianist was one Robert Crum, who once accompanied singer at Carnegie Hall and is now on a jazz kick. Played a great deal of what I call Imitatum piano. I left him at it and caught the "Scout" at 10 P.M.

Billie

MONDAY—Strolled into the lounge car of the train, and who is the first person I see but Billie Holiday! She canceled all work to go out and see her husband on the coast, where he's working at the Douglas plant. Good to find someone to play gin rummy with—this journey is very monotonous.

TUESDAY—Stopped off a moment at a little town in New Mexico. Looked at juke box in nearby cafe, to study musical tastes in these remote parts. Found plenty of Gene Autry, Bing, assorted hill billies, plus T. Dorsey's *Boogie Woogie*; wonder how that got in here? No signs of snow now, and weather gets better every hour.

WEDNESDAY—Arrived in L. A. 3½ hours late; taxied to Hollywood in glorious sunshine, checked in at hotel and called on Dave Dexter down the street at the Capitol record office, where he now works, in addition to writing for local papers. Found out that there's a stretch of territory where you can hang around and bump into half the music business here, on Vine Street between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards. At the latter end is Music City, run by Glenn Wallichs of Capitol; this is a big record store combined with a recording and broadcasting studio, and seems to be a general hangout for musicians. First people I ran into were Hoagy Carmichael, still busy in the studios and publishing as well as writing music; and Wingie Manone, who just closed at the Swing Club. Very excited about his baby boy born March 5 who will be known, he told me, as "Joe Wingie Junior."

In the evening, bummed a ride with Happy Goday of Leeds Music out to South Gate, Cal., to catch Louis Armstrong's opening at the Trianon Ballroom. The spot was nicely filled. Louis' thinness has added years to his appearance but hasn't done anything to his playing. I'd still like to hear him some time jamming with a great small band.

Dinah

THURSDAY—Over to NBC to say hello to Dinah Shore, who hasn't gone Hollywood in anything but her blonded hair. I still think she was a good looking brunette. Talked awhile with her musical director, Gordon Jenkins, who now has four radio shows and is working on a big Army production, to be premiered at Palm Springs, and possibly road-

shown afterwards on the lines of *This Is The Army*. It will have mainly an Army cast and a Ferry Command band. Jenkins, who hasn't done much dance band arranging since those pieces for Woody Herman (*Twin City Blues*, *Carolina in The Morning*), had such men as Charlie La Vere, Archie Rosate and Jud de Naut on those discs he made for Capitol. Dinah, by the way, said she's starting another picture May 15, with Danny Kaye. Later in the year she may go to England to entertain troops.

Evening at the Palladium, where Benny Goodman is really breaking it up. Last Sunday he had 11,500 people there! It's the biggest and most impressive ballroom I've ever seen, and the band gets plenty of chances to play without interruption, which is probably why they're all enjoying it so much more, and sounding so much better, than they did last fall at the New Yorker. Two pleasant surprises during the evening. First was when Benny spotted Helen Forrest in the crowd of dancers and persuaded her to come and sing a couple of her original arrangements that were still in the books. Peggy Lee was mysteriously absent, with conflicting rumors given as reasons. Second surprise came right at the end of the evening, when the huge crowd had thinned out. Benny changed places with Leonard Kaye, and while the latter fronted the band on clarinet (playing some damn good solos, too) Benny sat in the sax section, and not only read the parts (on *Sugar Foot Stomp*) but took a couple of fine alto choruses.

FRIDAY—Out to the Warner Bros. studios to watch them working on the film version of *This Is The Army*. Production is employing 350 soldiers, including the band from the show. The band, however, will be seen but not heard in the picture, because the Union insists that the regular studio orchestra do the recording. In the scene I watched, dozens of soldiers were grouped around the stage in various reclining positions. They have been sitting up there for days, working from 7:30 A.M. to 6 P.M., and are more sick and tired of it than if they'd been drilling all that time. In the center of the stage Jimmy Burrell was going through the motions of singing, trying to match his lip movements to a playback of Stuart Churchill's voice singing *I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep*. His mouthings matched the sound track fairly well, so when the public sees the picture it will probably decide that Jimmy Burrell has a nice voice. He has, but that won't be the voice they'll be hearing! In the vocal double-octet used for this scene I spotted Zinn Arthur, who was the first well-known bandleader to be drafted. Also on the set were three of the former Quintones: the Deutsch twins and Al Lane.

Dinner with Pvt. Roger Segure, the fine ex-Luncheon-and-Alvino Rey arranger who's working on the film. Roger has persuaded the producers to use such men as Benny Carter's four trumpets, Slam on bass and Oscar Bradley on drums, in the studio band for the recording of the number *What The Well Dressed Man In Harlem Will Wear*.

Later, over to an interesting spot called Billy Berg's Swing Club, which is decorated more like an art gallery than a jive dive. They have two good bands playing alternate sets; Cee Pee Johnson and Lee Young. Lee no longer has brother Lester with him, but his new band is actually better than the one he had in New York. In fact, man for man, it's an exciting combination of seven swell musicians: George Treadwell, trumpet; Floyd Turnham, alto and clarinet (ex-Les Hite); Bumps Myers, tenor; Charlie Davis, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar; Charlie Mingus, bass, and Lee on drums. Gerald Wilson and Dudley Brooks wrote some fine little arrangements for the group.

I was particularly excited by Ashby, who was with Lionel Hampton's band last year. He plays in a style similar to Charlie Christian's, but to my mind he's even more brilliant. Bumps, of course, is a fine tenor, and the pianist and bass are worth watching. Lee Young is a wonderful

FEATHER ON THE WING

guy, regarded as something of a curiosity by fellow musicians on account of his clean-living and non-drinking habits. He told me some hair-raising stuff about the difficulties he had when someone wanted to run his band for him in New York; but that will be another, and a very remarkable, story.

The other band group at the Swing Club, Cee Pee Johnson, tries to play big band arrangements with only three saxes and two trumpets. The leader plays tom-toms and guitar, both in a very undistinguished manner, though he seems to have a great following locally among the movie folk. The band jumps at times and has a swell trumpet in Karl George, who used to be Lionel Hampton's lead-man.

Eddie

Later that night I made a trip out to Ocean Park, where Eddie Miller was doing his first public date with the band he's built around Bob Crosby's old library. The occasion was a Swing Shift dance, held from 2 to 6 A.M. for the benefit of night-shift war workers who can't get to the earlier spots because they all close by around 1. (Los Angeles has a new midnight liquor curfew which has really cut into the night life.)

Miller was very nervous, and the vast ballroom was chilly and not too well filled, but the band undoubtedly has promise. Eddie needs more arrangements built to feature his horn, and others to back the pleasant vocals of Mickie Roy. Matty Matlock was well featured but I didn't hear nearly enough of Floyd O'Brien. With the right music and musicians rightly spotted this band can duplicate the success of the old Crosby gang.

SATURDAY—Caught a Harry James rehearsal. Calvin Jackson's arrangements of *Don't Get Around Much* and *Why Don't You Do Right* are really great, and the band gets a rare beat on them. They also ran down Phil Moore's interesting *Harlem Debutante*. The band has enjoyed having only the broadcasts to do for a while and the boys are running around town catching the other bands. Al Lerner and a couple of others are in 1-A and may not be around when the band hits N. Y. next month.

Buddy

After Harry's Spotlight Bands program, got together with Corky Corcoran and the beautiful Mrs. Corky for a trip into L. A. to say hello to Red Allen and Higgy at a very small, crowded spot called the 331 Club. Then back to Hollywood for Benny Carter's fine music at the Hollywood, a white jitterbugs' dance hall. When we get there Woody Herman's pianist, Jimmy Rowles, was sitting in with Benny, and so, to my delight, was Buddy Rich, who was a regular member of the Carter band for several weeks before entering the Marines—only white drummer ever to work for a big colored band.

When Buddy got through sitting in, his place was taken by a blonde young drummer who had just walked in, accompanied by movie star Dona Drake (formerly bandleader Rita Rio). The gal, who, I was told, hailed from the Spitalny band, played pretty good drums. Several other notables dropped into greet Benny during the evening; among them genial Les Hite, who just has given up his band, and is planning to form a smaller one or else give it all up for the duration; and filmland's Jackie Cooper, a confirmed Carter fan and, according to Benny, a more than capable drummer (he even played two nights on the job with the band). Also met Snub Mosely, the ex-Armstrong trombonist whose versatile little sextet has a good spot in a local stage show, Ken Murray's *Blackouts*; and baritone saxman Jack McVea, formerly with Hampton and now with Mosely. Later Bill Harty, Ray Noble's drummer and right hand man, joined the party. Benny seems to have made a host of friends on his first coast visit, and the work is coming along nicely; he follows Freddy Slack at the Casa Manana early in April. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

SUNDAY—Strolling down Vine in the sunshine, found Don Palmer, former Berigan associate who claims he's acquired the rights from Mrs. Berigan to peddle Bunny's life story to the movie studios, in the form of a manuscript he's compiled with Charlie Marion, a screen writer. Tells me two studios are interested. Also along the Vine St. gravevine, heard about the band led by Glenn Miller's trumpeter-brother, Herb,

set to open March 27 at the Aragon Ballroom in Ocean Park. They say he *looks* just like Glenn, anyway.

Harry

In the afternoon, over to Beverly Hills, where Harry James was celebrating his 27th birthday with a big party for the band and its attractive collection of wives. When we arrived, Harry was at the piano, writing an arrangement on *Rosetta*. "For months I've sat here doing nothing," he complained, "and just today, when I'm expecting all this company, I have to get an idea for an arrangement!" He has a fine home, including a patio and swimming pool, formerly occupied by Milton Berle. Pee-Wee Monte made a good co-host, and guitarist Benny Heller enlivened the occasion with some knocked-out comedy singing.

From there to the nearby home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Glaser, a palatial residence surrounded by a mouth-watering orchard of oranges, grape fruit and everything else growable. Switched on the radio at Fitch Bandwagon time and was amused to hear it was Les Brown's birthday, too. From the Glasers' I was taken by Charlie Weintraub, the Slack band's manager, to hear Freddy out in Culver City. Had a great evening, and was happy to meet Barney Bigard, who was in exceptionally good humor and says he's never felt better in his life. Asked him what became of the Spirits of Rhythm, with whom he worked for a while after leaving Duke, and heard some dismal news. Those unbelievable characters have been in trouble again; in fact, during the past few months three of them, including both Leo Watson and Teddy Bunn, have been in jail at one time or another. Last that was heard of them, they were rumored working in some murderous dive.

Slack is a delightful, amiably barrelhouse person. On the way back into Hollywood with him, spent some time at the home of his vocalist, Margaret Whiting, and her mother, widow of the noted songwriter Richard Whiting. A talented and entertaining family.

MONDAY—Spent an hour or two digging up some old discs at the Jazz Man Record Shop, now being run by Dave Stuart's wife while Dave is in the Ferry Command. It's one of those strictly-for-the-purists places where they frown on anything recorded after 1929. When I asked for some King Cole's Mrs. Stuart arched her eyebrows slightly and said quietly: "We don't get any call for them." I paled a little and settled for a six-year-old Duke and a 1929 McKinney's Cotton Pickers.

Benny

Dinner at Benny Carter's. No wonder musicians like to settle on the Coast; Benny has a seven-room house, quiet and secluded but only five minutes from the heart of town, complete with patio and garage, for about the monthly rent of a stuffy two-room apartment in New York. Later, went to catch the James band's regular Monday night appearance at the Hollywood Canteen, which is a larger and even more festive version of the New York Stage Door Canteen. Harry was away at an MCA conference for the first hour, so trumpeter Claude Bowen led the band and there was a long, informal blues session in which Corky and Al Lerner shone particularly. Joan Blondell and similar celebs were acting as hostesses.

From there, I slipped away to a nearby spot called the Hangover, a room on Vine Street where you can drink and listen to Bob Zurke. As you come in you notice the drinks and other junk on the top of the piano, the knocked-out demeanor of Zurke and the cramped conditions in which he tries to work with three other musicians; Jimmy Stutz, bass, Hal Spencer, drums, and Gus Ehrman, alto. Ehrman brought back memories of the big Zurke band three years ago, of which he was a member. As I listened to Zurke plugging through *Honky Tonk* and other pieces, playing many of them better than the composers themselves, I reflected sadly how his name had leapt into the limelight, during his era with the Bob Crosby band, then sunk into its present obscurity. But he's been working at this spot fifteen months and seems good for another fifteen. Talking to me during intermission, he reflected bitterly on the troubles he endured trying to run his own band;

Carter B+, 2

By LEONARD FEATHER

Benny Carter had so much bad luck trying to make a success of his band in the East that for a while he gave it up and had a sextet, which was reviewed in these pages last year. Then he tried a big band again, went to California for the first time, and has made plenty of friends and worked steadily ever since.

The band right now contains more men acquired by Benny on the Coast than men who came with him from New York. The latest personnel change, in which Benny took over the entire trumpet section of the new defunct Les Hite band, was a very effective move. Gerald Wilson and Snooky Young are two talented young pals who worked together with Lunceford before joining Hite. They're both excellent soloists

BENNY CARTER and his orchestra. Hollywood Club, Hollywood, Cal.
Altos: Kirt Bradford, Willard Brown. Tenors: Eugene Porter, Eddie Davis. Trumpets: Gerald Wilson, Snooky Young, Walter Williams, Fred Trainer. Trombones: John (Shorty) Haughton, J. J. Johnson, Slim Moore. Piano: Teddy Brannon. Bass: Dillon "Cully" Russell. Drums: Oscar Bradley. Vocals: Savannah Churchill. Leader, alto, trumpet, clarinet: Benny Carter.

when not trying to show off in sky-register, and Gerald Wilson is additionally useful now that he's started to compose and arrange such originals as *Spruce Juice*. Their team-mates are good all-around men, Williams also coming in for an occasional solo.

Benny's trombones are good as a team, and individually, especially J. J. Johnson, of whose fine, driving style you will certainly hear more.

The rhythm section may change radically when another drummer comes in shortly, but in the meantime it can be called very satisfactory, with some swell piano work by Teddy Brannon, one of the men who came from New York.

I've left the saxes to the last because they're the most important thing in any Carter band and they call for special recommendation. When Benny isn't leading them they're ably led by Bradford, who also does a worthwhile solo job if Benny's off the stand. Willard Brown gets off nicely on clarinet; Gene Porter does a note-for-note copy of Hawkins' *Body and Soul* but sounds less impressive on his own improvisations. It's as a section, led by Benny himself, that these men sound best. With his superb first alto, and his own scoring for the reed team, they sound the way so many great Carter reed groups have sounded in the past decade, except that five men make it even more fascinating than it was in the days of four-piece sax sections. Playing pops and standards, all arranged by Carter—notably *I've Heard That Song Before*, *These Foolish Things* and a new original, *Tree Of Hope*—they represent one

(Continued on page 33)

Slack B, 2

By LEONARD FEATHER

Freddy Slack is in an unusual situation. Originally gaining popularity as pianist-arranger on a boogie-woogie kick with the Wm Bradley band, he formed his own group on the Coast and became an overnight hit, mostly on the strength of two big numbers he recorded, *Cow Cow Boogie* and *Mr. Five By Five*. Now it happens that the biggest surprise on these records was vocalist Ella Mae Morse. But she's away pending maternity, and Slack lacks a vital contributory factor to his success.

Ella Mae is expected to rejoin the band eventually. In the meantime Freddy dodges the issue by not playing *Cow Cow Boogie* or *Mr. Five By Five* or any of Ella Mae's hit numbers. He's right in a way, since his present vocalist, Margaret Whiting, is a good ballad singer but not

FREDDY SLACK and his orchestra. Casa Manana, Culver City, Cal.
Altos: Carl Leaf, Darol Rice. Tenor: Les Baxter. Clarinet and tenor: Barney Bigard. Baritone: Gus Ehrmann. Trumpets: Roger Hansen, Dick Munson, Vern Rowe. Trombones: Dale Nichols, Jerry Foster, Bill Lower. Guitar: Bob Bain. Bass: Jess Bourgeois. Drums: Dave Coleman. Vocals: Margaret Whiting. Leader and piano: Freddy Slack.

adaptable to jump or blues numbers, and it can be safely said that as far as Joe Public is concerned, she will never replace the Morse.

Looking at the band as a band, though, I find it well worth recommending. Vern Rowe, first and solo trumpet, heads a brass team that shapes up pretty well. All three trumpets take solos, including 16-year-old Munson, who is still going to high school.

Trombones do little of importance as a separate team, but are all capable musicians. Nichols plays first and solo, while Foster takes some growl solos that get by.

The reeds are a good team. Sometimes you hear tenors voiced with clarinets, in the old Bradley manner; sometimes five clarinets, for ballads, and sometimes a nice deep blend of five saxes, as in *My Ideal*. Carl Leaf plays a pretty, straight alto solo now and then. Darol Rice doubles on flute. Les Baxter is a fair soloist. But towering head and shoulders above them all is, of course, the incomparable Barney Bigard.

It's easy to assume that because Barney was such an integral part of the Ellington band, he must be as much out of place here as Cootie was with Goodman. But it ain't so. Listen to Bigard with the Dukish backgrounds in *Rose Room* or in *Variations On A Theme By Bigard*. Hear him play fast blues on *Riffette* or in that fine minor groove on *"A" Book Blues*. Catch his melodic style on *The Moon Is Low* or on *Don't Get Around Much*. You'll hear every facet of this terrific artist's talent; his glorious tone and volatile, fluent style that have become the envy

(Continued on page 29)

Ideal, *The Marines' Hymn* and others of interest. Les Baxter is best represented by his *Variations On a Theme By Bigard*. Phil Moore, the Hollywood studio arranger, contributed *Bashful Baby Blues*, *Soft Live* and a novel treatment of *Brazil*.

But it's still Freddy Slack's arranging style, and Freddy Slack's piano style, that should provide the unifying link to make this an outstanding band. It's already well on the way.—FEATHER.

BENNY CARTER BAND REVIEW

(Continued from page 17)

of the most exciting things in jazz.

As for Benny's solo work, he still remains with few equals and no superiors among alto men; his work, whether hot or melodic, is distinguished and distinctive, with an amazingly personal and warm tone, great harmonic fertility, and rhythmic charm. On trumpet, he plays occasionally in the section, but all too seldom on his own; on clarinet he has scarcely any specialties. During the total of four or five hours I spent listening to the band, I only heard him do one solo each on trumpet and clarinet, and none at all on tenor sax, an instrument which he featured to great effect with the small band last year.

Benny, superlative composer-arranger that he is, owes it to himself to fill his

books liberally with numbers that show off his virtuosity on each of these instruments. He doesn't have to be bashful about it, for it would be a legitimate musical policy rather than a trick or stunt effect, and would add to the band both commercially and artistically.

Savannah Churchill, a lovely girl of the Lena Horne type, sings inconsistently. At her best she's fine, despite a habit of getting so much too close to the mike that she sounds over-loud and distorted. She's the most commercially promising of the many chirpers Benny has featured in the past five years.

One final suggestion: Benny should drop one trumpet so that he can afford to add a guitar. If only to make him more conscious of his own value on trumpet, it would be a worthwhile move.

This Carter band is the kind that some smart hotel owner should book in if he's been scared about hiring Negro bands. Benny's music has melodic appeal that makes it commercial, and it has none of the aspects that caused some colored bands to flop in high-class spots.

And if Benny doesn't get that movie assignment of which I've heard rumors for so long—with Savannah included in the deal—then Hollywood will be passing up another fine opportunity.—FEATHER.

Carter B+, 2

By LEONARD FEATHER

Benny Carter had so much bad luck trying to make a success of his band in the East that for a while he gave it up and had a sextet, which was reviewed in these pages last year. Then he tried a big band again, went to California for the first time, and has made plenty of friends and worked steadily ever since.

The band right now contains more men acquired by Benny on the Coast than men who came with him from New York. The latest personnel change, in which Benny took over the entire trumpet section of the new defunct Les Hite band, was a very effective move. Gerald Wilson and Snooky Young are two talented young pals who worked together with Lunceford before joining Hite. They're both excellent soloists

BENNY CARTER and his orchestra. Hollywood Club, Hollywood, Cal.
Altos: Kirt Bradford, Willard Brown. Tenors: Eugene Porter, Eddie Davis. Trumpets: Gerald Wilson, Snooky Young, Walter Williams, Fred Trainer. Trombones: John (Shorty) Haughton, J. J. Johnson, Slim Moore. Piano: Teddy Brannon. Bass: Dillon "Cully" Russell. Drums: Oscar Bradley. Vocals: Savannah Churchill. Leader, alto, trumpet, clarinet: Benny Carter.

when not trying to show off in sky-register, and Gerald Wilson is additionally useful now that he's started to compose and arrange such originals as *Spruce Juice*. Their team-mates are good all-around men, Williams also coming in for an occasional solo.

Benny's trombones are good as a team, and individually, especially J. J. Johnson, of whose fine, driving style you will certainly hear more.

The rhythm section may change radically when another drummer comes in shortly, but in the meantime it can be called very satisfactory, with some swell piano work by Teddy Brannon, one of the men who came from New York.

I've left the saxes to the last because they're the most important thing in any Carter band and they call for special recommendation. When Benny isn't leading them they're ably led by Bradford, who also does a worthwhile solo job if Benny's off the stand. Willard Brown gets off nicely on clarinet; Gene Porter does a note-for-note copy of Hawkins' *Body and Soul* but sounds less impressive on his own improvisations. It's as a section, led by Benny himself, that these men sound best. With his superb first alto, and his own scoring for the reed team, they sound the way so many great Carter reed groups have sounded in the past decade, except that five men make it even more fascinating than it was in the days of four-piece sax sections. Playing pops and standards, all arranged by Carter—notably *I've Heard That Song Before*, *These Foolish Things* and a new original, *Tree Of Hope*—they represent one

(Continued on page 33)

THE ANDREWS SISTERS, La Verne, with the Mitchell Ayres Orchestra for Cook, Omaha, Nebraska. Andrews a

ness.

The rhythm section (entirely 4-F, by the way) is competent. Guitarist Bain takes over the piano solo spots when Slack is off the stand, and does nicely. Drummer Coleman, playing his first big band job, shows promise. Bassist Bourgeois is featured in a specialty, *Loose Wig*.

The one thing that would do this band a world of good is more Freddy Slack. I was surprised to discover that Freddy not only missed two sets early in the evening, but also that he seldom bothers to play piano except when a solo is called for, and even jumps off the stand at the end of a solo. It was easy to see the inadvisability of this when he finally got around to playing a couple of piano specialties (sometimes interspersing celeste effects with the right hand). He did *Blackout Boogie* and *Bay City Boogie* (or *Cuban Sugar Mill*), the latter featured by him with Fred Astaire in RKO's *Sky's The Limit*. As soon as he started, the crowd became interested and gathered around to watch him. In addition to playing good boogie-woogie, Freddy does some Thornhillish stuff on some of the pops, and even has some almost Duchinesque drawing-room moments.

Slack's slackness applies also to his arranging. Like so many arrangers who later became bandleaders, he no longer bothers to write much music himself. Yet his swell theme, *Strange Cargo*, and the best-selling *Black Magic*, and the interesting *Mood Tranquil*, are all his own. He should be made to see that he's his own most valuable asset.

As to the other arrangers, they and their products vary considerably.

Frank Devenport has contributed some original pieces such as *Slightly Barbaric*, *Loose Wig*, *Sit and Nip*, plus a good version of Billy Strayhorn's *Clementine*. Altoist Carl Leaf wrote the arrangements on *Don't Get Around, My Ideal*, *The Marines' Hymn* and others of interest. Les Baxter is best represented by his *Variations On a Theme By Bigard*. Phil Moore, the Hollywood studio arranger, contributed *Bashful Baby Blues*, *Soft Jive* and a novel treatment of *Brazil*.

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Which ever of the three instru-
entalists is Bunny Banks, he
n't get much of a showing.
ll these are strictly vocal sides
ng with varying success by a
is Bonnie Davis, whose nasal
es are sometimes not inoffen-
ish and pigeon-French, written by
Hildegarde's manager (Anna
Singer) makes a good piece

Why Don't You Do Right?

#7
LOOK, May 4th
LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Frances Langford

LOVELY HULA HANDS

Actress-songstress Frances Langford, best known for her throaty renditions of June-moon-spoon ballads, switches to a currently popular Hawaiian number and does very well indeed. Accompanied by Dick McIntire, an old hand at this type of music, Miss Langford sings easily and pleasantly. The second side, *South Sea Sadie*, is a novelty tune in which the rhythm predominates. (Decca)



Johnny Mercer

RIFFETTE

Freddy Slack, his piano and his orchestra offer one of the best performances they have recorded to date—a fast-moving instrumental number replete with exciting piano, trombone, guitar and trumpet solos. On the reverse side, composer-vocalist Johnny Mercer and the Mellowaires blend voices in a smoothly handled rendition of an old Kern number—*They Didn't Believe Me*. (Capitol)



Bob Crosby

BIG TOM

Another of the tunes recorded by the Bob Crosby band before it broke up, *Big Tom* is patterned after a tribal dance. Drummer Ray Beauduc, who helped write it, produces striking effects with a pedal-operated tom-tom. Excellent trumpet and clarinet work sustains the mood. On the reverse, the Bob Cats revive a jazz classic of the Twenties—*Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. (Decca)



Paul Robeson

SONGS OF FREE MEN

Negro baritone Paul Robeson introduces a timely album of four 10-inch records based on political themes. Included are a Spanish Loyalist song, an unofficial Russian anthem, a Red Army song and a number based on the American labor movement. Accompanied by pianist Lawrence Brown, Robeson sings magnificently—usually in English, occasionally in original language. (Columbia)



Jack Teagarden

THE BLUES HAVE GOT ME

Jack (Big Gate) Teagarden, generally recognized as the premier jazz trombonist and the best of the white blues vocalists, sings and plays with sincerity and feeling on an otherwise lackluster record. Jack stays close to the melody in both his vocal and instrumental half-chorus. The reverse, *Prelude to the Blues*, is a trite composition which gives Mr. T's abundant talent little chance. (Decca)



Jimmie Lunceford

EASY STREET

The Jimmie Lunceford orchestra, one of the most polished in the big-band field, plays at an easy tempo and with considerable skill, pianist Ed Willcox's catchy, modernized arrangement of a familiar tune. Highlights are trombonist James Young's vocal and solo. The second side, *You're Always in My Dreams*, features Willcox, saxophonist Willie Smith, vocalist Dan Grissom. (Decca)



Gladys Swarthout

MUSICAL SHOW HITS

Gladys Swarthout, comeliest of the U. S. mezzo-sopranos, bundles eight nostalgic favorites into a pleasant album. Miss Swarthout sings *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow* and four similar tunes handsomely enough, but misses fire on *Begin the Beguine* and is unable to compete with less gifted but sultrier chanteuses on that night club standby, *The Man I Love*. (Victor)



Dmitri Shostakovich

PIANO CONCERTO

This piano concerto, written by Russia's Dmitri Shostakovich, is not likely to provide the Tin Pan Alley composers with as much material as the Tchaikovsky work of the same name, but serious students of music will find it absorbing. Leslie Heward conducts the Halle orchestra, with Eileen Joyce at the piano and Arthur Lockwood featured on the prominent trumpet passages. (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- TWO IN ONE BLUES—Artie Shaw (Victor)
- HARD HEARTED HANNAH—Ray McKinley (Capitol)
- EAST OF THE ROCKIES—Andrews Sisters (Decca)
- VELVET MOON—Harry James (Columbia)
- LA MER—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)
- FIRE BIRD SUITE—Leopold Stokowski (Victor)

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#8
May 18th

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Duke Ellington

DUKE ELLINGTON PANORAMA

Duke Ellington, premier jazz composer, wraps eight of his distinctive compositions into a meaty album which displays the enormous strides made by himself and his orchestra in the past 15 years. Included are the original recordings of such oldies as *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*, *Mood Indigo*, *The Mooch* and *Ring Dem Bells*. Solo work of Johnny Hodges and Barney Bigard is outstanding. (Victor)



Kate Smith

SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

The song which rocketed the late Nora Bayes to stardom years ago is smoothly rendered by Kate Smith in her first record release of recent months. Accompanied by Jack Miller's orchestra, Miss Smith interprets the tune just as the composers would have desired. The reverse, *Time on My Hands*, starts abruptly, but swings into the same slow tempo and sentimental groove. (Columbia)



Count Basie

ONE O'CLOCK JUMP

Pianist-leader Count Basie's original recording of his own tune, first of the exciting riff numbers to score a hit in the early days of the swing craze, is riding a new wave of popularity following its revival in two recent motion pictures (Basie plays it himself in *Reveille With Beverly*). It is still available on two records—coupled with *John's Idea* and with *Swingin' at the Daisy Chain*. (Decca)



Benny Goodman

TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

A reissue of a faultless performance recorded by the brilliant Benny Goodman band of a few years ago, this disc represents commercial swing at its best. Goodman, his clarinet and his precise reed, brass and rhythm sections blend smoothly on a fine Fletcher Henderson arrangement. Helen Forrest, now with Harry James, sings on this side and the reverse, *Cabin in the Sky*. (Columbia)



Miguelito Valdés

BIM BAM BOOM

Havana-born Miguelito Valdés, who has made good in the night clubs just three years after arriving in the U. S., offers an album of eight rhythmic Cuban songs, including three samples of the guaracha—a sort of super rumba. Backed by Machito and his Afro-Cubans, Valdés sings with charm and distinction. His best numbers: the title song, *Zarabanda* and the exotic *Nagüe*. (Decca)



Kay Kyser

THE FUDDY DUDDY WATCHMAKER

The title of this number is somewhat frightening, but the tune underneath it is worth hearing when played by the steadily improving Kay Kyser entourage. The instrumentalists give off with light swing licks, and Julie Conway handles the repetitious lyrics attractively. The second side, *Let's Get Lost*, opens with good trumpet work and involves five of Kyser's many vocalists. (Columbia)



Sam Price

LEAD ME, DADDY, STRAIGHT TO THE BAR

A bright nonsense item, this parody of *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar*, is nimbly performed by Sam Price's Blueicians with composer Sam Theard handling his own lyrics—"We'll talk a little trash, while you spend your cash, so lead me, Daddy, straight to the bar." On the reverse, Price, saxophonist Dave Young and trumpeter Herman Autrey have fun with *It's All Right, Jack*. (Decca)



Basil Rathbone

THE MURDER OF LIDICE

Film actor Basil Rathbone, assisted by Blanche Yurka and a chorus, recites the mounting horror of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem, inspired by the Nazis' premeditated annihilation of a Czech town. Rathbone sustains the tragic mood through three 12-inch records, narrating with careful restraint and no over-dramatization. The poem is even more effective in this form than in print. (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- BIG TOM—Bob Crosby (Decca)
- RIFFETTE—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
- TWO IN ONE BLUES—Artie Shaw (Victor)
- MUSICAL SHOW HITS—Gladys Swarthout (Victor)
- VELVET MOON—Harry James (Columbia)
- SHOSTAKOVICH PIANO CONCERTO—Leslie Heward (Columbia)

APR 1943
**FITZGERALD;
DURHAM**

**Eddie Not Ready,
Ella Mella**

*Apollo Theatre, New York City. March
3, 9:30 P.M. show.*

This double booking featured Ella Fitzgerald and the Keys as the main attraction, with Eddie Durham's Sepia Girl Orchestra as chief supporting item.

You have probably read a great deal of stuff about the role women musicians will play as the males become scarcer. If Eddie Durham's bunch is any example, you can just forget the whole idea. Frankly, the band sounded worse than on its previous appearance at this house a few months earlier.

Durham, who wrote some fine arrangements for Basie, Lunceford and Glenn Miller, seems to have mislaid whatever talent he once had as an arranger, instrumentalist or personality. He plays electric guitar and trombone, but is never properly spotted on either instrument. His arrangements lack fire, tail off miserably, and are generally so ~~poorly~~ played that one can almost excuse him with the explanation that he must have become disheartened trying to write stuff these girls can play.

Frankly, they're just plain sloppy. The trumpet section just gets by; the trombones, which number four including the leader, are feeble; the saxes never sound like a team, and the rhythm just ain't. The drummer probably suffers additionally from poor equipment.

The band's first number was a non-descript *St. Louis Blues*. Next, one of the theatre's acts of the week, Yack Taylor, came on to sing some old-fashioned, out-of-tune blues, with a fumbling accompaniment by the band.

Durham's next number was a medley of pops, with Ellariz Thompson playing some nice alto on *Serenade in Blue* and trombonist Sammy Lee Jett taking an anaemic vocal on *He's My Guy*. Miss Jett partly redeemed herself with her singing and tromboning on the blues that followed. Next came an unidentified riff tune (maybe Durham announced it, but he talks to himself), with a fair trumpet solo and some promising but indecisive guitar by the leader.

Ella Swella

The arrival of Ella Fitzgerald was very welcome. Her Keys comprised Bill Furness, Arthur Furness, Jimmy Shirley and Ernest Hatfield, who play piano, bass, guitar and nothing respectively. Much as one misses the old Chick Webb band, their instrumental and vocal backing makes pleasant listening. They support her with sustained chords, occasional unison and riffing, and sometimes harmonize with her.

First number was *Cow Cow Boogie*, which Ella handled at least as well as the other Ella who popularized it. *Craziest Dream* had an interlude in $\frac{3}{4}$, but it was short. *Flying Home*, without words, was good fun; Ella sang a scat chorus based on the famous tenor solo in Lionel Hampton's Decca version, and the excellent Jimmy Shirley got off with some solid solo guitar. Then back into the ballad groove with *There Are Such Things*, and, of course, *A-Ticket* to finish.

This being amateur night, I stayed on for the extra hour tagged on the end of the regular show, and as a relief from the amateurs, Ella (who first gained Chick Webb's attention when she was one of these amateurs herself eight years ago) came back for two more numbers. One of them, *Giddap Mule*, was a great piece of material, combining, remarkably, a sensible patriotic idea with a good jump tune. And then came *I Must Have That Man*, of which Ella's wax version with her old band was only recently released, sounded only slightly less effective than the Keys.—FEATHER.

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RADIO DAILY, May 4

Duke Ellington was the guest-guesser on Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" jazz quiz over WMCA, N. Y. on Saturday night.

STAR-News, May 1st

Duke Ellington Guest on Air Quiz

Duke Ellington, still drawing big crowds to the Hurricane on Broadway and held over there for a second six-week period, will be Leonard Feather's guest guesser on the "Platterbrains" swing quiz program Saturday, over WMCA from 7:03 to 7:30 p. m.

Ellington and several stars from his band were featured last week on Morton Gould's Cresta Blanca commercial. The Duke is also set for another Spotlight Bands date in the near future and for several other major appearances on sponsored network shows.

Journal Record, May 1st

Duke On Radio Quiz Program

NEW YORK, April 29.—Duke Ellington, still drawing big crowds to the Hurricane on Broadway and held over there for a second six-week period, will be Leonard Feather's guest guesser on the "Platterbrains" swing quiz program Saturday over station WMCA.

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Post Bridgeport, Conn. Circulation 43,835 D.

MAY 19 1943

NAMES IN THE AIR

MARY MARTIN replaces Paul-ette Goddard, who's tied up with a series of midwestern war bond rallies, on WABC's "Stage Door Canteen" program tomorrow night at 9:30... LILY PONS sings on a special Maritime Day program for the United Seaman's Service on WEAF Friday at 6:45, with talks by Winthrop W. Aldrich, War Fund president and Capt. Edward Macauley, U. S. Maritime Commissioner... GAIL PATRICK will be starred in WABC's "Theater of Today" drama Saturday at 12 noon... DICK HAYMES, former Tommy Dorsey vocalist now starring in a Broadway night club, will be Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" guest on WMCA Saturday at 7:03 p.m.... FRANK BUCK will "bring 'em back alive" for Bill Stern on his WEAF Sportsreel Saturday at 10 p.m.

ORCHESTRA WORLD JUNE 1945

Likes Kay's Writings

To the Editor:

I would like to know if the Roger Kay that writes for you is the same one who leads an orchestra... What happened to Leonard Feather? Is Roger Kay replacing him for good? I like very much the way he writes, and his letter to Ellington was a wonderful bit. It is only a shame that he gives so much space to Ellington and so little to Harry James, who is America's favorite bandleader.

SHIRLEY SEYTON, New York, N. Y.

(Ed. Note: Roger Kay is the bandleader and music critic who has replaced Leonard Feather. Leonard is now with Metronome.)

Duke Held Over At Hurricane; Gets Guest Spot On "Platterbrains" Show

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Duke Ellington, still drawing big crowds to the Hurricane on Broadway and held over there for a second six-week period, will be Leonard Feather's guest guesser on the "Platterbrains" swing quiz program this Saturday, May 1, over WMCA from 7:03 to 7:30 p. m.

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Enquirer New York City Circulation

MAY 17 1943

IN OLD NEW YORK with JOHNNY KANE

The first of a new series of Monday Night Jam Sessions at the Famous Door, conducted by Leonard Feather, well-known jazz critic, will be held Monday, May 17th, from 10:30 p. m. to 3:30 a. m. For his first session Feather will present an all-star line-up of solo stars drawn from the Duke Ellington and Cootie Williams bands.

FROM: WMCA PRESS DEPARTMENT 1657 BROADWAY, N Y C

The first anniversary of Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" program heard each Saturday over WMCA from 7:03 to 7:30 PM takes place this week. The program, which tests the IQ's of experts on popular music, has been making considerable progress in the listening field. Feather, who took the program over when its originator Bob Bach went into service, is an expert in his own right. He writes a record review column for Look Magazine and is one of the editor's of Metronome. He also writes lyrics and music and lectures on jazz at the School For Social Science.

* * *

4/26/43

Eagle Brooklyn, N. Y. Circulation 93,244 D. 88,227 S.

MAY 24 1943

Herald Bridgeport, Conn. Circulation 62,943 S.

MAY 18 1943

Leonard Feather's Platterbrains, the musical information Please WMAST at 7:03 p. m. Saturdays, goes into its second year... Hildegard, the Milwaukee Greta Garbo, may show up as, of all things, a radio newscommentator.

DAILY NEWS JUNE 4

WNEW-News WABC- Arthur Godfrey WABC

Listening In With Ben Gross

480 341 WLIB 1190 252 WBNX 1380 217 WAKERS

day evening at 8... Red Norvo, the swing maestro, will be Leonard Feather's guest on WMCA's Platterbrains quiz, Saturday at 7:03 P. M... Joan Roberts of "Okla-

FUTURITY—Edgar Guest reads one of his poems for Phil Spitalny's WEAFer Sunday... Same day marks the second anniversary of WABC's "We the People"... That distinguished Eyelander, Herbert Marshall, guests for Conrad Nagel and the Radio Digest same night... Dave Wolper is making those jam sessions a regular Monday feature of the WOR wiring from the Hurricane... It's Jerry Wald of the New Yorker at Leonard Feather's Platterbrains Quiz on WMCA tomorrow... Same station's airing

"Metronome" Revises Policy

Oldest Trade Paper Asks For Justice

Artists Given Fair Share Of Space First Time

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Musicians who had cause to complain not long ago, that there was not a single popular music publication which gave a fair share of space to Negro artists, are watching with interest and approval the liberal and unprejudiced policy adopted in recent months by "Metronome," oldest established of all music magazines.

"Metronome," in its March and April issues, published two striking editorials by Barry Ulanov, lashing out against the racial prejudice which keeps the great Negro orchestras from obtaining better-class jobs, radio commercials and other engagements that are almost exclusively reserved for white bands. Throughout the magazine, colored musicians and bands were accorded a proportion of space commensurate with their rightful place in the musical scene.

The new issue of the magazine for May, features Count Basie on the cover — second cover within six months featuring a Negro bandleader — and contains long features and reviews on Basie, Ellington, Calloway, Waller and many others.

Working with Ulanov on "Metronome" are Leonard Feather, swing critic and radio station WMCA "Platterbrains" emcee and Will Roland, former Benny Goodman manager, also known for his progressive views.

TIPS ON TABLES

... Leonard Feather, jazz critic, will conduct a jam session at the Famous Door, where Red Norvo's band is currently featured.

By PAUL MARTIN.

Journal & Guide May 8th.

Metronome
New York City
Circulation

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DUKE CONTROVERSY

I have just read the April issue and have found it my duty to write—first, in defense of Duke, and second, in praise of your magazine.

After reading Mr. McClure's missive, my first emotion, one of anger, changed to one of pity, for, evidently, Mr. McClure has just had his first music lesson (which makes him, of course, a musician) or is a misinformed individual who knows an instructor of music. He seems to be able to grasp Miller's commercial stuff designed for the public, but, as is human nature, he criticizes that which he does not understand. Ellington's music is too deep for him.

He can't understand that music is and should be played as a form of expression, that it can be real, sincere, and with feeling, that music can be played for a cause rather than its monetary value, what true musicianship is, and all the fine things that Ellington's music symbolizes.

I will agree with Mr. McClure on one count—your magazine is excellent, sincere, never seemingly biased (without justified reasons), and absolutely without a peer in the trade. I think special praise is due Leonard Feather for his excellent, tasty, and refreshing feature in the above-mentioned issue. Let's have more of that humorous and informal stuff, and keep up the good work.

GEORGE FRISBELL
Charleston, S. C.

Eagle
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Circulation 93,244 D.
88,227 S.
APR 30 1943

RADIO DIALOG

By William Juengst

... Boy, is the Duke having a busy weekend—Ellington, I mean, not Windsor... Playing at our Guild party tonight, his birthday celebration—gee, he looks younger than two years older than you, Baldie, and guest star tomorrow for Leonard Feather's Platterbrains on WMCA—Da-da, da-da, da-da-Da-Da-Da-Da!

N.Y. POST, May 15

Cafe Calendar

Tonight: Sidewalk Cafe of the Hotel St. Moritz opens with music by Ron Perry's orchestra and Frank Ramoni's Latin-American Troubadours... Patricia Hall, "Ziegfeld Follies" dancer, returns to Mon Patee—as a singer.

Tomorrow: United Nations Revue from the Glass Hat guests of honor at Leon & Eddie's Sunday Celebrity Party... Enrique Penaranda, president of Bolivia, guest at Sunday fiesta at El Chico... Radio Aces guests at La Martinique.

Monday: Leonard Feather, the swing critic, conducts first of Monday Jam Sessions at the Famous Door.

Tuesday: Ramon Torres' orchestra opens at El Chico... Betty Rand, boogie-woogie pianist, begins engagement in the

N. Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN, May 14

Max Reinhardt directed play, now at the morosco theatre

Ellington To Fete Famed Saxist

Duke Ellington, currently cracking all records at the Hurricane, will present famed saxist Sidney Bechet as his guest star at Monday night's "Cavalcade of Jazz" program at the Broadway club.

Duke's fine soloists — Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Harry Carney, Joe Nanton, et al. — aer nightly thrilling hundreds of music fans who flock to Dave Wolper's swing-studded spot.

With apologies to Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss Dorothy Gulman writes "The Corn is Great at Jack Dempsey's Broadway Restaurant these nights, where Freddy Fisher and his Schnicklefritz band are offering off-the-cob entertainment."

This has been another triumphant Spring season for Maggi McNellis at Armando's, a spot where she established house records a year ago. Maggi and her distinctive songs, backed by the rhythms of George Morris' crew, continue to attract capacity

also is "slaying 'em," is negotiating for a replacement appearance when Jack Benny leaves the airwaves for a Summer vacation.

Tomorrow is "I Am An American Day," and Count Leopold Zimmerman will signalize the occasion by contributing two field ambulances to the American forces, one in his own name and one in the name of his restaurant, Zimmerman's Hungaria.

The Count considers this just a small gesture of appreciation for the success this country has showered upon him.

Next Wednesday brings a brand new revue to Louise's Monte Carlo an opus featuring the six dancing Monte Carlettes, and Connie McKay, the swingbird. Pierre Beaucare remains as emcee and starred tenor soloist.

Leonard Feather, the famous jazz authority, on Monday night will inaugurate weekly Swing Sessions at the Famous Door, with some of America's most famous jazzmen appearing. Leonard's discriminating taste has established him as one of the best-regarded critics of modern music. Red Norvo's band, a crack swing crew, plays nightly at the "Door."

'SALUTE' CELEBS PARTICIPATE IN 'PLATTERBRAINS' JAZZ QUIZ OVER WMCA



With Station WMCA's Leonard Feather firing the questions during the "Platterbrains" Jazz Quiz in New York City last week, an array of celebrated swing experts provided the answers. The experts, left to right, are Bob Theile, of the U.S. Coast Guard, editor of "Jazz Magazine"; Ralph Cooper, creator of the current patriotic swing revue, "Blue Ribbon Salute," which makes its debut Friday at Fort Meade, Maryland, Saturday, in New York City, and Sunday in Washington, D.C.; Earl (Fatha) Hines, famous swing pianist and bandleader, who is also a member of the "Salute" cast; Teddy Wilson, also a swing piano stylist and orchestra director, and Jan Savitt, whose famous orchestra majors in "sweet" and "favorite" styles.

FROM:
WMCA PRESS DEPARTMENT
1657 BROADWAY, N Y C

Circle 6 - 2200

BEHIND THE MIKE NOTES AT WMCA

Leonard Feather, who conducts WMCA's "Platterbrains" weekly on Saturdays at 7:03 PM spends his off hours entertaining the WAVES with his private collection of swing records. He is a regular visitor at Hunter College where the WAVES are in training giving recitals and commentary on swing. Feather, incidentally, is rated as "Professor of Swing Music" and teaches Jazz appreciation at the New School of Social Science.

Post
Bridgeport, Conn.
Circulation 43,835 D.

NAMES IN THE AIR
JOAN TETZEL and Helen Carew, both of the cast of the Broadway play, "Harriet", will be WABC's "Theater of Today" stars tomorrow at 12 noon . . . JOE VENUTI, fiddling maestro, will be WMCA's "Platterbrains" guest tomorrow night at 7:03 . . . HARRY BRIDGES, publicized presi-

JUN 5 1943
Listening Post
History of Jazz Traced By Lytell on NBC; Duke Goes Sweet.

By ROCKY CLARK
Duke's New Series
Meanwhile, WOR is launching a new series of Sunday night programs tomorrow night at 7 o'clock called Duke Ellington's "Pastel Period." The program will feature Ellington's fine musicians in a half-hour of soft, subtle mood music—tunes like the Duke's own "Mood Indigo"—leaving the jungle rhythms for the Duke's late evening dance programs. Announced by Scott Douglas and written by Leonard Feather, the program will develop—as the Duke describes it—"a style of whispering swing, or conversational music, without sacrificing the force of the emotion, the impact of the rhythm or the luster of the melody." The series will feature such new instrumental stars of the Duke's band as Nat Jones and Jimmy Hamilton, clarinets; Sandy Williams, trombone; Taft Jordan and Harold Baker, trumpets, as well as perennial Ellington stars, John Hodges, Ben Webster and Harry Gray, on saxes; Juan Tizol, trombone; and Ray Nance, violin and

CLIPPINGS, Inc.
15 WHITEHALL ST.
New York City
Tel. Bowling Green 9-1534
Herald
Bridgeport, Conn.
Circulation 62,943 S.

Orchestra World
New York City
Circulation

LETTERS

Likes Kay's Writings
To the Editor:
I would like to know if the Roger Kay that writes for you is the same one who leads an orchestra . . . What happened to Leonard Feather? Is Roger Kay replacing him for good? I like very much the way he writes, and his letter to Ellington was a wonderful bit. It is only a shame that he gives so much space to Ellington and so little to Harry James, who is America's favorite bandleader.
SHIRLEY SEYTON,
New York, N. Y.
(Ed. Note: Roger Kay is the bandleader and music critic who has replaced Leonard Feather. Leonard is now with Metronome.)

JUN 18 1943
Leonard Feather, the WMCA Platterbrains arbiter, writes Duke Ellington's Pastel Period continuity WOR'd at 7 p. m. Sundays . . . Norwalk's Sandra Michael prepares a novelized version of her Lone Journey daytime serial.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

"Shut up, will you? Sinatra's singing!"

The beautiful and bejeweled young lady turned away from her escort, nose in air, as a respectful hush settled over the Riobamba. A smart, over-sophisticated night club crowd fixed its attention on the thin young man with the progressive ears, who had just stepped to the microphone.

You can hardly be surprised at the young lady's reluctance to let her escort talk while Sinatra was working. For Sinatra, my children, is the new idol—the man who, in a few months, has stepped from the rôle of band singer into a solo spot on a major network show, top billing in one of New York's fashionable night clubs, and a publicity build-up which now has him out on a limb as the biggest thing since Crosby.

I sat watching Sinatra as he weaved his head around in that gentle, persuasive manner while he sang *As Time Goes By* and *Embraceable You*. I observed the way he leaned back, swayed slightly and gave the general impression that he was in a reverie. This, I reflected, must be what gets the women. A good voice, plus a sexy delivery. Freud would see it all clearly.

I liked Frank's frankness when, after the show, he answered my question about the report that a woman had fainted while he was singing. "She was simply overcome by the heat. One of the columnists picked up the story and twisted it around. . . ."

Whether or not he can make women faint, Sinatra today is undoubtedly a subject worthy of study. Unable to read or write music, with no musical training or voice study to his credit, he might never have become a singer if he hadn't gone to a Bing movie one night and decided that was the career for him.

Born Dec. 12, 1917, in Hoboken, N. J., he is an only child. At Demarest High School in Hoboken he sang with the school band and helped form the glee club, but achieved more prominence as a swimmer, track man and basketball participant. His parents wanted him to go in for civil engineering, but after school hours he worked on a news truck for the *Jersey Observer*, throwing the papers off the truck to corner newsstands, and through this he became a copy boy with the paper after graduation. Later he became a college sports reporter for the paper, after a study of shorthand and journalism at Drake Institute.

Tours with Major Bowes

"Then came Major Bowes," he recalls. "I sang *Night and Day* on the amateur hour, and it's been my favorite song ever since. It got me a tour with a Bowes unit, headed for the coast. But I got homesick after three months and came back home to do some sustaining radio work.

"Boy, was that a routine. It sustained everybody but me. I was on four local stations and sometimes had it planned so I'd be on the air somewhere or other every three hours all through the day. But the only money I got out of the whole thing was 70 cents carfare from Jersey to the Mutual studios. On top of the 18 sustainers a week I did a paying job at the Rustic Cabin and earned myself a three-day honeymoon with Nancy."

Then came the curious era when he was dividing his time between the Rustic Cabin, in May, 1939, he went into New York City to rehearse with Bob Chester's band. Around 2:30 he would see himself and slip off to another studio where another band was singing. All of which triple-life routine turned out to mean very little. Harry James offered him a job a couple of weeks later!

He enjoyed those six months he spent with the early James band. The band was also with Harry when he joined. The band was recording on Brunswick, switching to Columbia later that year, and Frank waxed a number of sides with Harry, most of which are

obscure and hard to get nowadays. They included *From the Bottom of My Heart*, *Melancholy Mood*, *My Buddy*, *Street in Singapore*, *It's Funny to Everyone But Me*, *Who Told You I Cared*, *Every Day of My Life*, the vocal version of *Ciribiribin*, and the song which Frank has lately revived, *All or Nothing at All*.

While he was in Chicago with James, Sinatra took an offer from Tommy Dorsey. Then came the lush era of *I'll Never Smile Again*, *Night and Day* and *Stardust*, of the Sinatra-Pied Pipers alliance, of the public's realization that a brilliant new baritone was in bloom.

Frank was dubious when I asked him which was his own favorite recording. "Don't know whether I have a favorite myself, but Nancy prefers *This Love of Mine*—because as well as singing it, I wrote the number, in collaboration with Joe Bushkin. Only song hit I ever had.

"Well, I left Tommy September 10, 1942, in Indianapolis, and went to L. A. for a vacation. I did a bit part in *Reveille with Beverly* at Columbia. No, that wasn't the first movie; I'd done *Las Vegas Nights* and *Ship Ahoy* with Tommy."

Frank came East to go on sustaining at CBS, where he stayed from October until February. He put in a record eight-week stint at the Paramount, and will return there May 19. "Gene Krupa's band will be there, so I'm adding five strings of my own. I'm crazy about strings for a vocal background. Tell you the truth, if James had had strings at the time I was with the band, maybe I'd never have left."

He goes back West June 15 to do a big part in RKO's *Higher and Higher*, a title that sounds symbolical of his own career at the moment. He has a daughter, Nancy-Sandra, 2½, so he'll be around awhile yet.

Despite his lack of technical knowledge, Frank is a discerning music lover. Out at the country house near Passaic, N. J., which he bought in January, he has a fine collection of records; about 250 classical albums and 1,000 jazz discs. His number one band? "The Duke, of course. I did three days in a theatre at Hartford when he was there, and believe me, it was one of the biggest kicks of my life. And from a singer's standpoint, I'd say Tommy has the band. There's a guy, now, who was a real education for me, in music, in business, every possible way. I learned about dynamics and phrasing and style from the way he played his horn; and I enjoyed my work because he always sees to it that a singer is given the perfect setting."

Favorite Singers

Bob Eberly is his favorite singer, after Bing; as for the girls, he describes Jo Stafford as "the unfound star," adding:—"Catch her on the Jolson show. She'll knock you out."

He hates loud drummers (speaking from bitter experience, he says) and loud clothes. He prefers night club work to theatres, because he likes to be close to an audience. An exception to this rule is the Paramount, where you're "right on top of 'em."

Right now he's pretty happy about the whole thing. The "Hit Parade" gives him national publicity, even if it doesn't give him the real personal build-up. The Riobamba gives him the audience atmosphere he wants. The movie contract gives him something important to look forward to. And when recording starts again he can make solo waxings that are sure to increase the gravity of the shortage situation.

All of which adds up to a pretty bright picture for someone who only recently completed his first quarter-century on earth. The one question that's still hotly debated is:—"Do you think Sinatra will ever replace the Bing?"

Time will tell.



FRANK SINATRA proves that he likes informal clothes, and that he has a smile (above) and eyes (below) that attract feminine audiences like nobody else.

GENE KRUPA B+, 1

By LEONARD FEATHER

Gene Krupa's Orchestra was five years old on April 17. Much water has flown under the bridge, and much hair has been added to Remo Biondi's mustache, since those pioneer days. Remo is the sole surviving sideman. But the band still plays quite a few of the earliest arrangements, such as *Blue Rhythm Fantasy* and *Wire Brush Stomp*.

The way personnels are shuffling around nowadays, it's only fair to judge a band by the material it has in the books rather than by the way it happens to play that material on any one given night. For instance, when Gene opened in Newark he had just finished seven weeks of theatres; there were six men in the band who had joined during that period and consequently didn't know any of the arrangements, except the few he had been using in the stage show.

Considering, then, that there was so much sight-reading going on, the band sounded remarkably good at Newark. The trumpet section is truly a powerful quartet. The reeds are excellently led by Johnny Bothwell, who is also a good solo man. The rhythm section is one of the best around, as might well be expected with such a great drummer as its foundation.

Still Solid

Make no mistake, Gene hasn't forsaken solidity for showmanship. He still remembers that a drummer's main function is to set a fine beat, underline rhythmic effects and phrases in the arrangement, and generally provide a good foundation. Naturally, being a drummer-leader and an idol of the jitterburgs, he also has to take an inordinate number of solos. I am still dead set against drum solos in any way, shape, manner or form, because I believe melody is an essential part of all real jazz. However, if you must have drum solos, they might as well be Krupa's, for his technique is still a wondrous thing.

Since there must be some limit to the number of solos a leader can take when he happens to be a drummer, the role of soloist-in-chief is rightly assigned to someone else, and the person very logically chosen is Roy Eldridge.

METRONOME'S RATING SYSTEM

A means artistically extraordinary; A- means excellent; B+ means very good; B means good; B- means fairly good; C+ means fair; C means mediocre; C- means poor; D means horrible. 1 means commercially excellent; 2 means good; 3 means below par; 4 means nil.

BOB CATS jump again in this revamped version of the old Crosby band-within-a-band. L. to R.: Eddie Miller, Rosy McHargue, Hal Barnett, Floyd O'Brien; also

GENE KRUPA and his orchestra. Terrace Room, Newark, N. J.

Altos: Johnny Bothwell, Buddy de Franco. Tenors: Charlie Ventura, Andy Pino. Baritone: Lynn Allison. Trumpets: Mickey Mangano, Jimmy Pupa, Joe Triscari. Trombones: Tommy Pederson, Babe Wagner, Ferdinand von Versen. Piano: Dodo Marmaroso. Guitar: Remo Biondi. Bass: Eddie Mihelich. Trumpet vocals and drums: Roy Eldridge. Vocals: Gloria Van, Gene Howard. Leader and drums: Gene Krupa.

A cornerstone in the Krupa band for two years now, Roy is as indispensable as Gene himself. Broadly speaking, every number in the books either has an Eldridge solo or no solo at all. Roy plays in the section, he plays instrumental specialties, he takes semi-straight solos on ballads, and he sings such jive tunes as *Big Fat Mama* and *Knock Me A Kiss* in a manner so disarmingly charming that you overlook his lack of a voice. And Roy even plays drums on some of the ballads when Gene is out front conducting. Good drums, too.

Roy is one musician who often sounds better in a big band, playing arrangements, than he does at jam sessions. When he's jamming with no holds barred, his ideas are apt to grow a little too frantic at times; when he's doing his sweet-but-hot chorus on *Embraceable You* with Krupa, the ideas are controlled and better formulated, still displaying that unique semi-dirty tone and harmonically imaginative style that have made him one of the all-time greats of the trumpet.

There are other good soloists in the band. Buddy de Franco, who got his start winning a T. Dorsey amateur contest in Philly, plays some really exciting Goodman-esque clarinet, also does some you-take-four-and-I'll-take-four choruses on alto, playing against Charlie Ventura, who's a smooth, Chu-toned tenor man with plenty of truly remarkable individual solo spots in such tunes as *Out of Nowhere*.

Dodo Marmaroso, a new star from Pittsburgh, is a highly promising pianist in the single-note style. It's good to know he'll be around at least a few months more (he's 17).

Gloria Van is the most glorious thing these eyes have seen next to a microphone in years. Vocally, she's no Anita O'Day, but then who is? Anita's departure left a sad gap in the band. Gene Howard is a good enough ballad-purveyor with an easy manner and voice.

The arrangements are currently being handled partly by an underpublicized young man named Bert Ross, who made the now famous arrangement for Benny Goodman of *Why Don't You Do Right?* (He also made *Rhumboogie* for Will Bradley, and spent the last eight months with Scat Davis.) Examples of his work for Krupa include

(Continued on page 27)

seen are vocalist Mickey Roy, bassist Hank Wayland and drummer Nick Fatool. Notice the prodigious array of local and net work microphones. Review at right



Metronome
New York City
Circulation _____

MAY 1943

BAI

Gene Krupa Band Review

(Continued from page 10)

Nevada, *As Time Goes By*, and *Right Kind of Love*. There are also a few arrangements by Toots Camarata and Jimmy Mundy. Elton Hill, the band's staff scorer for several years, is now busy in a defense plant; Sam Musiker, ex-Krupa clarinetist, has sent in such arrangements as *Clair de Lune* from Stuart Airfield. Add to this the mixture of older stuff by Fred Norman, Chappie Willet, Remo Biondi et al., and you have a library that varies in quality

but is good on the whole.

In sum, Gene's band today rates #1 commercially because of the leader's name and personality plus the general musical standards; it rates B Plus artistically, mainly because of Roy Eldridge and a couple of other soloists, plus the same general musical standards. It's a band which, in view of the shifting sands on which today's band personnels are finding themselves, does credit to the leader and his men.

CLIPPINGS, Inc.
15 WHITEHALL ST.
New York City
Tel. Bowling Green 9-1536
Metronome
New York City
Circulation _____

JUN 1943

By LEONARD FEATHER

Your local record store will certainly be out of stock, but in case you care to try, the number is Bluebird B-11324; *Buck Jumpin'*, by Fats Waller and His Rhythm: Piano by "Fats" Waller.

That's what the label says. It doesn't go on to explain that (a) there is no piano solo at all, (b) the entire record is a guitar solo by one Albert Casey, and (c) there is no greater jazz guitarist than Albert Casey in this wide, wide world.

It seems silly to be hailing Casey as a discovery when he's been around for a decade; but at this writing the guy is working in a Greenwich Village place called George's, earning slightly less than he would as a doorman at another place around the corner.

Uke

Casey's biographical background is not very complicated. Born Sept. 15, 1915, Louisville, Ky.; father played drums. At eight, Al studied violin a year; after this, confined his music to playing ukulele by ear. Wanted to play saxophone, but after coming to New York in 1930 with mother, was financed by a benevolent uncle in a course of guitar lessons. While at DeWitt Clinton High, he met Fats through family friends; was still going to music school for a long while after he made his first recordings with Waller—*I Wish I Were Twins*, *Do Me a Favor* and two others.

His studies over, Casey made his Waller connection a full time one and went out on the road with him. Except for a year in 1939-40 when he worked with Teddy Wilson's big band, he was with Fats ever since then, leaving him a few months ago when the band finally broke up. When Fats was laying off or doing a movie, Casey would lay off or play gigs. He was married in 1937 and swears that Albert, Jr., aged five, can identify any band on the air after hearing a few bars.

Pick

Casey's biggest day was the one when he provided the only really great moment at Fats Waller's Carnegie Hall concert early in 1942, playing the same medium-tempo blues—*Buck Jumpin'*—as on the record. Even then, they didn't announce his name. A year ago Casey switched to electric guitar, but he's never used one on records and is not, so to speak, converted to the idea of electric music. He uses a medium pick, and has a B (second) string in the first string position, for extra power, since so much of his solo work is concentrated on the first string.

FILE FOR FUTURE (No. 1)

NAME:	Casey, Albert
INSTRUMENT:	Guitar
STATURE:	Terrific
STATUS:	3-A
DEPENDENTS:	2



"COUNT" CASEY, as some of his fans have lately been calling him, has been hidden away for several months working at a Village spot with Teacho on piano and a succession of bass players. Never yet adopted by any of the jazz cliques, Casey is still awaiting the break that he has so long deserved.

Casey's style swings like mad. He is the quintessence of real jazz with a real musical foundation. He mixes single-string solo stuff with beautiful chord effects and subtle changes. His rhythmic sense, his brilliantly original riffing, his occasional and amusing insertion of phrases quoted from irrelevant tunes and classics, his ability to ad lib indefinitely and

sustain your interest, combine to make him one of the greatest men in jazz. He is to the guitar what Hawkins and Webster are to the tenor sax, Tatum and Wilson to the piano.

On wax, Casey made possibly two hundred sides with Fats, taking many short solos; the best were on a 12-inch *Honeysuckle* and *Blue Turning Gray*. In Teddy

Wilson's big band he got his greatest rhythm section kicks, he says, playing alongside J. C. Heard and Teddy and bassist Al Hall. He made all the records with that band, and some small-band Wilson sides which had Nan Wynn on vocals. He did a Bluebird date with Mezzrow (*Lost*, etc.) and some Commodore sides with Chu Berry, and a date with Frankie Newton and Pete Brown, but *Buck Jumpin'* remains the only record that gives you a complete picture of him.

There are a few other records in which Casey contributes delightfully to the ensemble, adding his guitar as a voice along with the trumpet of Autry or Hamilton and the clarinet of Gene Sedric. Good examples of this are *Pan Pan* and *Dry Bones*. The idea of using guitar as a melody instrument in the ensemble has seldom been fully exploited, though it might have been developed further if Casey and Sedric had gone through with their plans, when Fats gave up the band, to form a six-piece group.

Irony

As things turned out, Sedric landed a job in another Village hangout called the Place, where he only uses five pieces and can't afford a guitar. Of the other ex-Waller men, Slick Jones and Herman Autry are working with Una Mae Carlisle at the Plantation on 52nd Street and the bassist, Cedric Wallace, is earning a comfortable A scale at the classy Ruban Bleu. Irony that Casey, the best man of the bunch, has been the least lucky.

Maybe it's time for a general renaissance of the guitar in jazz. Too many of the great swing bands today—Ellington, Lunceford, Basie, Goodman, the Dorseys, James—relegate the "box" to an obscure position in the rhythm section.

Soft-spoken, dark, round-faced, Casey hardly moves as he plays, showing only an occasional faint smile. His idols are the late Charlie Christian and Teddy Bunn. He likes Django Reinhardt and his American counterpart, Les Paul, for their technique and speed, but not for their inspiration; he doesn't think that's real jazz.

Since there is no big colored band that needs a guitarist, the best thing for Casey would be a good-class spot leading his own trio or small band; or a featured solo rôle with some enterprising white leader. If you know anybody who can help to get this superb musician the break he deserves, have them contact Casey through METRONOME. And by the way, try to get hold of *Buck Jumpin'*. It makes the most eloquent sales talk you ever heard.

30
June 18 #9

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Django Reinhardt

HOT CLUB QUINTET

This album offers eight previously unissued selections recorded by the Quintet of the Hot Club of France before it disbanded several years ago. Included are such standard popular numbers as *Melancholy Baby*, *Japanese Sandman*, and four originals (catchiest: *Love Letters*). The string-swing treatment, featuring the work of gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, is bright and pleasant. (Decca)



Jimmy Rushing

RUSTY DUSTY BLUES

Jimmy Rushing, the ponderous blues chanter who reportedly inspired the recent hit, *Mr. Five by Five*, recites the censored lyrics of this tune—formerly titled *Mama Mama Blues*—with engaging gusto while Count Basie and the band back him with strong rhythm. On the reverse, Lynne Sherman, wife of Basie's manager, revives a popular ballad of yesteryear—*All of Me*. (Columbia)



Hildegarde

HILDEGARDE ALBUM

Hildegarde, darling of the supper-club set and once the Duke of Windsor's favorite chanteuse, presents her seventh album—an attractively packaged group of six sophisticated favorites (examples: *Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup* and *The Last Time I saw Paris*). The Harry Sosnik Orchestra furnishes a restrained accompaniment for her highly stylized but rather unexciting singing. (Decca)



Red Nichols

RED NICHOLS ALBUM

Big news for hot jazz collectors is the reissue (under the new Brunswick label) of eight numbers recorded in 1929-30 by the Red Nichols band which included Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Sullivan, Jack and Charles Teagarden, Glenn Miller and other stars. Among the tunes, some of which sound surprisingly modern, are *Indiana*, *Dinah* and *Peg o' My Heart*. (Brunswick)



Woody Herman

TEN DAY FURLOUGH

The Woody Herman entourage, ballyhooed as "The Band That Plays the Blues," tackles a bright, bouncy instrumental number with excellent success. High spots are Woody's crisp clarinet solo and an interesting saxophone passage. On the second side, *Down Under*, the band goes at a faster clip and builds to a loud, exciting climax with the leader's solo again showing the way. (Decca)



Spike Jones

OH! BY JINGO!

Spike Jones, the newly-crowned All-America king of corn, follows his novelty success, *Der Fuehrer's Face*, with another number that is hot off the cob. *By Jingo* is weirdly played on kitchen utensils and sung by Del Porter and "The Boys in the Back Room." On the reverse, Jones revives *The Sheik of Araby* in the same peculiar style, with Carl Grayson sharing the vocal chores. (Bluebird)



Tony Martin

I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Tony Martin revives a torchy ballad written and popularized by Bing Crosby and Victor Young during the middle 30's. Tony sings smoothly and pleasantly while Young's orchestra provides a meaty accompaniment highlighted by a Teagarden trombone interlude. On the reverse side, Martin does what he can with *Under Your Window*, which won't set any juke boxes on fire. (Decca)



Artur Schnabel

BEETHOVEN CONCERTO NO. 5

The Fifth or "Emperor" concerto, completed by Beethoven in a Vienna cellar while Napoleon's cannons roared outside the city, is interpreted on five 12-inch records by veteran pianist Artur Schnabel and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the late Frederick Stock. Schnabel, well known for his previous renditions of Beethoven's work, takes top honors. (Victor)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

DUKE ELLINGTON PANORAMA (Victor)
TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
MUSICAL SHOW HITS—Gladys Swarthout (Victor)
LEAD ME, DADDY, STRAIGHT TO THE BAR—Sam Price (Decca)
LET'S GET LOST—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
SHOSTAKOVICH PIANO CONCERTO—Leslie Heward (Columbia)

#10 June 15

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Charley Barnet

OH! MISS JAXSON

Charley Barnet, who has long been one of Duke Ellington's closest followers, introduces a rare musical curiosity—a composition which the Duke wrote but has neither publicly played nor recorded. Arranged in Ellingtonian fashion, it features the trumpet and vocal talents of "Peanuts" Holland, who plays again on the reverse side, *Washington Whirligig*, a bouncy original. (Decca)



Joe Daniels

ARKANSAS BLUES

This unusual record heavily features the so-called "drumnasticks" of Joe Daniels, an English percussion virtuoso whose small band unit has achieved some fame in the U. S. and Britain. No doubt intriguing to students of drum techniques, it is not recommended to casual listeners. The second side, *Darktown Strutters Ball*, offers an English interpretation of boogie-woogie. (Decca)



Gladys Swarthout

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

Gladys Swarthout, America's comeliest mezzo-soprano, follows her recent *Musical Show Hits* album with a handsome rendition of a waltz which Noel Coward introduced in *Bitter Sweet* and which still ranks as one of the loveliest of modern ballads. On the second side, Miss Swarthout—accompanied by the Victor Concert Orchestra—sings *Mother*, from the Donnelly-Romberg *My Maryland*. (Victor)



Duke Ellington

ELLINGTONIA ALBUM

Duke Ellington's countless admirers will welcome the reissue of eight more oldies recorded by his great band from 1927 to 1931. The second Duke album released in a month (the other: Victor's *An Ellington Panorama*), it includes such classics as *Wall Street Walk* and *Rocking in Rhythm*, proves anew that the Duke's music and musicians have long been years ahead of their time. (Brunswick)



Frank Froeba

FRANK FROEBA ALBUM

Frank Froeba, onetime member of Benny Goodman's 1934-35 orchestra and long-time radio and night club pianist, packages eight sweet and bright numbers into an album of danceable but inconsistent solos. The Froeba style is interesting on *The One I Love* and *Sweet Lorraine*, but mediocre on *Lover's Lullaby* and fresh from the corn bin on *Stumbling* and *Twelfth Street Rag*. (Hit)



Beverly White

DON'T STOP NOW

Beverly White and her Blues Chasers do as well as they can with a composition which is attaining popularity despite its trite tune and somewhat obvious lyrics. Miss White's vocal efforts have merit, but better than her singing or the tune are the pianisms of a fabulous Harlem character named Willie (The Lion) Smith. Skip the reverse, *My Baby Comes First With Me*. (Beacon)



Joseph Szigeti

CONCERTO IN D

Joseph Szigeti has performed this Prokofiev concerto so frequently and so superbly that other violinists invariably shy away from it to avoid comparisons. Reissued in a new album, this recording—in which Szigeti plays with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham—is considered by Prokofiev as the greatest available interpretation. (Columbia)

PINE TOP SMITH ALBUM

The career of Clarence (Pine Top) Smith, pioneer of boogie-woogie piano, came to an abrupt end in an accidental shooting at a Chicago dance hall 14 years ago, but stories of his musical talents have become legends and the style he popularized has reached even the stage of Carnegie Hall. In this album of four reissues (*Pine Top's Blues*, *Pine Top's Boogie-Woogie*, *Jump Steady Blues*, *I'm Sober Now*), his playing, although limited in scope, is authentic and typical of the rent party-barrroom-underworld era in which boogie-woogie was born. Pine Top also talks and sings. (Brunswick)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

RED NICHOLS ALBUM (Brunswick)
CABIN IN THE SKY—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ALL OF ME—Count Basie (Columbia)
HOT CLUB QUINTET ALBUM (Decca)
BEETHOVEN CONCERTO NO. 5—Artur Schnabel (Victor)
SHOSTAKOVICH PIANO CONCERTO—Leslie Heward (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Ethel Waters

ETHEL WATERS ALBUM

This attractive package contains 10 of the many hits Ethel Waters has been singing on stage and screen for almost 20 years. Included are such nostalgic favorites as *Dinah*, *Moonglow* and *Miss Otis Regrets*, plus an excellent rendition of *I Ain't Gonna Sin No More* and the previously unissued *Sleepy Time Down South*. Miss Waters sings sentimentally—as always—to sometimes stiff, and sometimes mellow accompaniments. (Decca)



Tommy Dorsey

BY THE SLEEPY LAGOON

Tommy Dorsey, famed for years as a hot trombone player, completes the transition from swing music to sweet in his first Red Seal (classical) release. *Sleepy Lagoon* is an elaborate job—styled in the Kostelanetz manner, built around the leader's horn and decorated with violins and a harp. The second side, *Melody*, is a similar showpiece. Dorsey's departure from the dance field may win new fans—but will lose old ones. (Victor)



Connee Boswell

BOSWELL SISTERS ALBUM

Newest of the many reissues which have flooded the record market in recent months is an album reviving eight numbers popularized by the Boswell Sisters more than a decade ago. Even now, 10 years later, the Boswells sound superior to such current groups as the Andrews Sisters, and the accompaniment provided by a small Dorsey brothers' unit is still fresh. Best tunes: *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*, *It's the Girl*. (Brunswick)



Ivory Watson

I CAN'T STAND LOSING YOU

The enormous popularity of the Ink Spots is one of the great mysteries of popular music. The Spots represent everything that signifies bad musical taste—falsetto bleatings, phony sentiment, dreary tempos. Yet, they sell millions of records every year. *I Can't Stand Losing You* and the second side, *I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again*, are typical of the Spots' work—incredibly poor to anyone but their many fans. (Decca)



Billie Hayes

MAN SHORTAGE BLUES

Billie Hayes, a rising blues singer from New Jersey, chants the topical lyric of this lament ("I'm going slowly crazy 'cause I'm in a manless town . . . all the men I meet are either too young or too old") in the deep-voiced style pioneered by Bessie Smith, and does an excellent job. This performance is somewhat hampered by a flimsy, mediocre piano accompaniment, as is the ragtime reverse side, *I Can't Get Enough*. (Beacon)



Artur Rodzinski

RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE

Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland orchestra follow their recent interpretation of Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* with an impeccable rendition of the French composer's first major orchestral work—one of several which he wrote on a Spanish theme. The four movements are *Prelude a La Nuit*, *Malaguena*, *Habanera* and *Feria*, the last of which builds to a brilliant and stirring climax. The recording work is excellent. (Columbia)



Judy Garland

JUDY GARLAND ALBUM

Judy Garland's second souvenir album bundles up six of the young Hollywood star's better-known tunes (best: *That Old Black Magic*) with two new performances—*Fascinating Rhythm* and *Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart*. On two other sides—*For Me and My Gal* and *When You Wore a Tulip*—Miss Garland teams with Gene Kelly, her recent co-star. Accompaniment is played by the David Rose and Victor Young bands. (Decca)



Dimitri Mitropoulos

SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN B MINOR

The Russian composer Borodin, a scientist who never completely renounced medicine for music, failed to attain immediate fame in his native land, but his work later earned him international renown. This symphony, his best known, has been ranked with those of Tchaikovsky. It is interpreted on this recording by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Orchestra and sounds as it once was described—"wildly Russian." (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- CABIN IN THE SKY—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN—Gladys Swarthout (Victor)
- RED NICHOLS ALBUM—(Brunswick)
- AN ELLINGTON PANORAMA—Duke Ellington (Victor)
- CONCERTO IN D—Joseph Szigeti (Columbia)
- BEETHOVEN CONCERTO NO. 5—Artur Schnabel (Victor)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Bob Eberle

ONLY A ROSE

The Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, one of the more versatile big bands, revives Rudolf Friml's lovely composition in a new release high-lighted by the leader's pleasant saxophone solo and Bob Eberle's smooth vocal. On the reverse is *I'll Find You*, a slow ballad written by Kay and Sue Werner. Jimmy's solo is shorter in this composition, but Eberle returns with another long, soft vocal. (Decca)



Frank Sinatra

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

Frank Sinatra, the schoolgirl's Bing Crosby, is given feature billing on this reissue of an almost exclusively vocal record made during his six-month spell with the Harry James orchestra in 1939. A must for Sinatra fans, *All* has already reached hit proportions. The reverse, *Flash*, is far more interesting musically. An instrumental, it offers James in his best jazz mood. (Columbia)



Jay McShann

THE JUMPIN' BLUES

The gifted but comparatively unknown Kansas City band led by Jay McShann displays great jazz spirit in this best dance record released in recent months. Based on a blues theme in jump tempo, it combines meaty section work with McShann's fine piano passage and Walter Brown's down-to-earth vocal. The second side, *Get Me on Your Mind*, is a weak tune dully sung by Albert Hibbler. (Decca)



Jess Stacy

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

This jazz classic, recorded by Jess Stacy's all-star septet in 1939 under the now defunct Varsity label, has been reissued by the New York collectors' magazine, *Jazz*. An ad lib performance, it offers hot solos by Stacy (long-time Bob Crosby and Benny Goodman pianist), clarinetist Irving Fazola and trombonist Les Jenkins. The reverse, *Breeze*, also accents improvisation. (Signature)



Guy Lombardo

WHERE OR WHEN

Any Guy Lombardo offering is certain to sell in large numbers and—no matter how the critics pan it—this record will be no exception. A monument to bad musical taste, it is filled with bleating saxophones and weak piano work, but Lombardo fans will welcome it as always. Both this and the reverse, *There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York*, contain vocals by Ken Gardner. (Decca)



David Rose

FILM FAVORITES ALBUM

Hollywood musical director David Rose has produced this attractive package of eight lushly arranged 1934-1941 film song hits. *Sweet Lileani*, *Over the Rainbow*, *The Way You Look Tonight* and *The Continental* contain no vocal. *Thanks For the Memory* and *Lullaby of Broadway* are sung by Pauline Byrne; *The Last Time I Saw Paris* and *When You Wish Upon a Star*, by Bob Carroll. (Victor)



Willie Johnson

STALIN WASN'T STALLIN'

The Golden Gate Quartet, probably the best-known group of its type, presents a three-minute history of the fighting in Russia. Composed by Willie Johnson, a member of the quartet, and recited by him against a rhythm background, the lyrics prove that political events can be successfully interpreted in "folk" music. The reverse is a spiritual, *Dip Your Fingers in the Water*. (Okeh)



Cab Calloway

CAB CALLOWAY ALBUM

Eight of the loud, boisterous numbers which won Cab Calloway his reputation as a "scat" singer in the early thirties are bundled into an album of reissues dominated by hi-de-ho vocals. Included are such widely known items as *Minnie the Moocher*, *Kickin' the Gong Around*, *St. James' Infirmary* and—best of the lot—*You Rascal You*. The band has little or no chance to be heard. (Brunswick)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- BOSWELL SISTERS ALBUM—(Brunswick)
- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN—Gladys Swarthout (Victor)
- JUDY GARLAND ALBUM—(Decca)
- RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)
- BEETHOVEN CONCERTO NO. 5—Artur Schnabel (Victor)
- BORODIN SYMPHONY NO. 2—Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia)

EARL HINES

New Finds
With Hines

Apollo Theatre, New York. April 29,
4:00 P.M. Show.

Earl Hines, currently touring theatres
and camps with an all-star show in

METRONOME

Ralph Cooper's Blue Ribbon Revue, has a line-up that's a show in itself, and a good one. The aggregation of talent displayed at this Apollo showing was so prodigious that one could only complain that it left Earl too little time to show off his own superlative piano work.

The band reaches a musical and commercial level that should make it eminently saleable to white as well as colored audiences. It got off to a rousing start with a Bud Johnson arrangement of *Good Enough to Keep*, in which the trumpet quartet gave an astonishing exhibition of power, blend and swing. The band made a good visual impression, too, with Earl and his new vocalist, Sarah Vaughn, seated at two pianos neatly surrounded by the brass and reed teams. Two excellent solos by Shorty McConnell on trumpet and Charlie Parker on tenor sparked this opening item.

A schmaltzy but not untasteful *Easter Parade* followed, with Howard Scott singing, and another new Hines protégée, violinist Ann Creasy, taking an expert solo, which she followed up with a good semi-straight treatment of *Intermezzo*.

Next band instrumental was *Down by The Old Mill Stream*, arranged very much in the Don Redman style, with an amusing unison vocal chorus; actually the arrangement was not by Don but by a white lad from Washington. Trumpeter Gail Brockman and trombonist Benny Green, who sounds a lot like Trummy Young, took solo honors here.

Next came Earl's new girl, Sarah Vaughn. Here is a real find. You can tell she's a musician from the way she sings little phrases that betray her feeling for chord changes and her innate accuracy of pitch. She did nicely with *Heard That Song Before* and *Taking a Chance on Love*, arranged by Dick Vance and Don Redman, respectively, and followed up with a socko version of *Body and Soul*.

Billy Eckstein, long a Hines standby and probably the most popular of all band vocalists with colored audiences, clicked as usual with *Started All Over Again*, (arr. Redman) and *Time Goes By* (arr. Vance), then brought down the house with Bob Crowder's arrangement of *Stormy Monday Blues*, in which he joined the trumpet section for the final ride-out.

All of which added up to a fine show, and one that proved Hines' band, section for section and soloist for soloist, to be capable of acquitting itself admirably in blues, ballads and jumps. In short, as they would inform you in Brooklyn, the Earl is berling.

—FEATHER.

SONNY DUNHAM

He Dunham
Up Brown

Capitol Theatre, New York. May 8,
3:00 P.M. Show.

Now that it's all over, I can admit it. I used to have an allergy about Sonny Dunham. I had heard those high-note solos he used to play with Glen Gray and with his own earlier band. But all that is now conveniently gone (more or less) and forgotten (almost).

In fact, this was a commendable and musical show Sonny put on. His own solo work approximated to real jazz

on several occasions, and even though there's still that tendency to stay in the ceiling register, there were nevertheless no specialties of the *Memories of You* and *You're Blasé* type in this particular show.

Sonny's trumpet work, and his tromboning too, were in good evidence during the first number, a Frank Comstock arrangement of *Blue Skies* in which there was also some full-flavored blending by the saxes. This was followed up by the male vocalist, Don d'Arcy, who seems to combine a slightly 'ill-at-ease manner with a less than top-notch voice

and appearance. *Let's Get Lost*—was all right, and the four trombones interrupted the vocal with a nice passage, but *It Can't Be Wrong* belied its title. It's only fair to add that d'Arcy got a good enough hand.

The band went back to its now not so frequent Lunceford mood with a fine arrangement by William Moore, Jr., of *Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses*, in which the standouts were again Sonny's solos on both horns and the five-way sax chorus.

Dorothy Claire, the band's blonde hand-grenade (you can't quite call her

a bombshell), evinced an easy personality and passable voice in a neat treatment of *Hip Hip Hooray* (arr. George Williams), ending with a bit of scatting in alternation with Sonny's trumpet. Dorothy has nothing to do with jazz, but she gives the band something that most bands need to have nowadays to get along.

The last band opus was an instrumental, *My Little Gypsy Sweetheart* (arr. Comstock), with a couple of tenor solos and a slightly muffed high-note end by the leader. The section work
(Continued on page 24)

STAGE SHOW REVIEWS

(Continued from page 21)

on the whole was very satisfactory here, as it was throughout the show. Despite all his personnel depletions and other worries, and despite the partial departure from his old Lunceford style band, Sonny still has an organization that offers something good to the ear, and he puts on a stage show that's good to the box office.—FEATHER.

HARRY JAMES

Nice Work
If You Can Get It

Paramount Theatre, New York, May 17,
9:00 P. M. show.

Harry's four-week stand at the Paramount having broken not only all kinds of records but also several kinds of editorial columns, in the discussion of his jitterbug audience's behavior, there isn't much left to be said at this stage.

It isn't hard to see what brings the shekels, and the shaggers, jumping in Harry's direction. He puts on a show that's commercially impeccable, and musically tasteful. While one may look back wistfully on the days when he had more of a strictly swing crew, it must still be conceded that nothing he did at the Paramount was either corny or boring.

With the exception of eight bars of Claude Lakey's alto on the opening *Mole*, nobody but Harry took a solo all the way through the show. (Corky Corcoran was missing, which may have made a difference.) This *Mole* remains one of the band's best instrumentals, in which the strings are used to excellent advantage.

Johnny McAfee, though relegated to a secondary (or thirdary) spot in the James vocal department, still remains a

distinct asset. His voice, appearance and likeable maner got him a fine hand on *Black Magic*. He was followed by Buddy Moreno, the ex-Jurgens singer who has proved to be a powerful new attraction with James. From the moment he walks—or rather leaps—on the stage, he has the audience in sympathy with his thoroughly easy-going, natural manner. This super-personality combines with a good voice to make Moreno sure fire; and, too, his choice of material was good—*Taking a Chance on Love*, *Jenny*, and *Nice Work If You Can Get It*.

Harry followed this with a non-vocal version of *Brazil*, in which the leader's horn and the reed section stood out. The final James offering was a trio of tunes by Helen Forrest, excellently chosen and balanced—*As Time Goes By*, *Good For Nothing Joe* and *Please Think Of Me*. Helen, beautifully dressed and no less beautifully voiced, again demonstrated how much she means to the James organization.

The show concluded with the Golden Gate Quartet, which veered too far away from the typical spiritual material with which they've been identified.—HOPE.

METRONOME

Published Monthly by Metronome Corporation
119 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
Phones: Circle 7—4500-1-2-3-4-5-6

*NED BITNER, Publisher

*GEORGE SIMON, Editor

*EDWARD DUNKUM, Radio Editor

BARRY ULANOV, Editor

LEONARD FEATHER, Assistant Editor

WILL ROLAND, Contributing Editor

E. A. RODERICK, Advertising Manager

G. O. GREIFF, Asst. Adv. Manager

* In Service

SUBSCRIPTIONS—Domestic, \$2.50; Canadian, \$3.00; Foreign, \$3.50; Single copies, 25c.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Please give three weeks' notice and mention old as well as new address.

CONTRIBUTIONS—Material submitted for publication will be handled with every precaution, but no responsibility will be assumed for its loss. Sufficient postage should be enclosed for the return of contributions which do not meet our editorial requirements.

60th Year

JUNE, 1943

New York

METRONOME
ON THE AIR
Listen to
LEONARD FEATHER
and the "PLATTERBRAINS"
Saturdays, WMCA,
7:03-7:30 P. M.

June METRONOME

WALD B, 1

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jerry Wald occupies an odd place in the jazz picture. Only 25, he sprang up with this band a year or so ago and started in the big-time, a complete unknown both as soloist and bandleader. He had never worked as a sideman, never earned the praise or blame of critics for his clarinet work; never done anything except lead odd bands, mostly small ones, in obscure spots where nobody bothered him.

Since his big band has been in the limelight, Jerry has been pestered almost to distraction by people (including yours truly) who have complained that he copies Artie Shaw. It has been said that he uses the same arrangers, the same clarinet and ensemble styles, the same policy of reviving musical comedy tunes, the same high-note endings.

Jerry has an answer, it turns out, for us carpers who give him all this hell. In the first place he says why does he have to be singled out as a copy-cat when Barnet and Dunham were never ridiculed to this extent for copying Ellington and Lunceford? Secondly he says Goodman and Shaw are the two men he has always idolized on this instrument and it's only natural he should reflect something of their style, though he never actually copies a solo. Lastly he says all he wants to do is have a band that is good to the ear, and one that should be judged on its own musical merits.

Praiseworthy

We'll give Jerry the benefit of the doubt on this delicate point; for certainly his band today has everything except greatness and originality; and that means it has plenty of praiseworthy qualities. In the first place, it plays everything in 4-4 and with a good beat, in a modern but if not ultra-modern swing style. That alone places it ahead of half the bands you hear on the air.

The brass section is not given anything outstanding to do, as a section, in most of the arrangements; it merely does its job, capably, and shows occasional flashes of real guts in such effects as the shakes in *Five O'Clock Drag*. Saxes are an able section, though full advantage doesn't seem



JERRY WALD figures it's about time his critics found something to talk about other than the fact that he allegedly copies Artie Shaw. Leonard Feather here presents Jerry's side of the story, together with a review of the Wald band, currently in its second month at the New Yorker Hotel, N. Y. C.

to be taken of the fact that there are five of them. However, you'll hear some nice voicing on. for example, *It Started All Over* in which the reed tear light but blends pleasant

The rhythm section adequate job, but seems the real drive that could band that Basie beat Jerry says he's aiming. a little more variety in t of tempos would relieve pression of monotony the rhythm. Too man tunes are in that same tempo.

JERRY WALD and his New Yorker Hotel, N. Y. C.

Altos: Gus Jean, Les Clar George Berg, Harvey Per tone: Nat Miller. Trumpe Zimmerman, Bernie Pri Shokey, Jimmy Mover. Sam Genuso, Eddie Arline, Piano: Andy Ackers. Gu Mariello. Drums: Irving C Sandy Block. Vocals: Di Betty Bonney. Clarinet: J

As for the soloists, there is little to say, because with the exception of the leader, they are pretty much

JERRY WALD

(Continued from page 11)

Jerry is a smooth-toned, able clarinetist. As he has said, the Shaw influence involves inspiration, not imitation. On many of the numbers he takes the opening solo, and therefore has to stick pretty close to the melody. It would be a good idea to put a few instrumental specialties in the book, showing his ability as a real ad lib man. Generally he doesn't play long enough, or on the right kind of material, to show his talent to full advantage. What you do hear, though, is eminently pleasing, once you get over that prejudice about Shaw. After all, there are times when you can close your eyes and imagine yourself right back in 1939 with Artie's fine old pre-strings band, and what's wrong with that?

Dick Merrick, recently with the McFarland Twins, handles the male end of the vocals. His delivery is easy, his voice listenable, with occasional slight uncertainties. Betty Bonney, who joined the band two weeks ago in place of Lillian Lane, should prove to be a potent asset, as she was to Jan Savitt. Not a great singer, but a good one, she's easy on the eyes and has a nice personality, which is enough to ask of any girl band singer unless you expect them all to be Billie Holidays.

Jerry's library of arrangements, which started out with a few borrowed from

Swing Fan in England

To the Editor: I get LOOK over here fairly regularly. Long an admirer of Leonard Feather, I am delighted to see his name on your *Record Guide*. I think this feature the best thing you have run in months, and hope Mr. Feather will stay with it.

John King
West Derby, Liverpool 12
England

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RADIO DIALOG

By William Juengst

THURSDAY—Enjoyable visit from Hendrik de Leeuw, the WEVD commentator . . . At night to the Famous Door . . . Which meant foregathering with Carl Post, with brunette Sally Reynolds (her uncle used to be Gov. of N. C.) on my left, and Jessica Russell, one of our newer and prettier press-agents, on my right (lucky me). Listening to the mean and mighty trumpet of Hot Lips Page (should be more of that Kansas City hideho on the ozone) and the hotlicks of Red Norvo's gang . . . Chatted with Mack Rosen, owner of the institution, Hot Lips and Leonard (Platterbrains) Feather . . . Ended at Lindy's hello-ing Gary Stevens, the Johnny Long-C.

NOTES ABOUT BANDS
Woody Herman's band returns to "What's Your War Job?" on WNAB-Blue tomorrow night at 7, with Cliff Leemans replacing Frankie Carlson on drums, Tommy Peterson replacing Jimmy Birch on trombone, and the Four Woodmen making their debut as vocalists. . . . Marion Hutton and the Modernaires begin work next week in Olsen and Johnson's new movie, "Crazy House" . . . Georgie Auld, honorably discharged from the Army, is tooting his sax in a small band at the Three Deuces in New York. . . . Liz Tilton had to give up her singing berth with Tommy Dorsey for health reasons, and Dorothy Brewer got the job. . . . Leonard Feather, the "Platterbrains" boss, will try his luck on WOR's "Take a Card" quiz tomorrow night at 8:30.
Because Frank Sinatra had al-

Daily News July 25
in wartime, during a broadcast from Detroit on WEAF, at 4:30 P. M., Sunday . . . That master of swing, Duke Ellington, and his chief arranger, Billy Strayhorn, appear on WMCA's "Platterbrains," Saturday evening at 7:03. . . . Carole Landis, charmer of the screen and Diane Courtney ro-

PM July 10
Selected Radio Listening
All programs listed by Eastern War Time
Don't miss the starred (*) programs

National Network Stations in New York
WEAF—NBC WJZ—BLUE
WOR—MBS WABC—CBS

SATURDAY

- P.M. Saturday**
- 2:05*WABC: *I Sustain the Wings*—of and the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command; Capt. Glenn Miller, Corp. Broderick Crawford, Corp. Tony Martin Pfc. Bob Houston. PREMIERE.
 - 4:30 WOR: *Brazilian Parade*—with singer Dick Haymes; Jose Ferrer, host.
 - 5:00 WEAF: *Not for Glory*—Charles Wheeler, air-raid warden of Peru, Mass.; James M. Landis, OCD chief.
 - 7:00 WEAF: *For This We Fight*—"Alternatives for War," Sen. Claude D. Pepper; Quincy Wright, Anne O'Hare McCormick, Henry A. Atkinson.
 - 7:00*WABC: *Man Behind the Gun*—repeat of "Edson's Raiders," second of the "Marines at Guadalcanal" trilogy.
 - 7:03 WMCA: *Platterbrains*—marks its second year on WMCA; Lionel Hampton, guest expert; Leonard Feather, emcee.
 - 8:15 WJZ: *Orchestra*—E. P.

TV Ignores Good Jazz

(Continued from page 9)

people don't know the answer: Just what is jazz?" Leonard smiled wryly. "That's a toughie. But I should say that jazz is a form of music that developed in America. It's composed of various elements, including syncopation and certain harmonic devices—blue notes. Originally it was 100% folk music; then it became less and less so." "What does that make it today?" "Today, it's so far removed from folk material that some of it is on the same intellectual level as classical music," he said. "That sounds enlightening enough," I answered, "but being a real square I still don't understand."

The Great Duke

"Well, it doesn't matter, as long as you appreciate good jazz," Leonard said. "Who in your opinion is the music's greatest figure today?" "Duke Ellington on almost every count," was his answer. "He has contributed the most." "But what of that pioneer, P. Whiteman?" "Whiteman's a man who serves much credit, but he selected true jazz. Of course, you know he brought it to Aeolian and Carnegie Halls. They say in doing so Paul made a lady of jazz; but it was Ellington who made it a man." The various schools of jazz and some of its outstanding artists . . . and its relationship to classical music will be discussed by Leonard Feather here in Sunday's NEWS.

Daily News July 31

Listening In

With Ben Gross

How do radio actresses compare in beauty with their voices? Very well, indeed, a committee of distinguished judges has decided.



Adele Buschman, the authority on feminine pulchritude, have selected Adele Buschman the "most photogenic" of gal radio pretender. She has been heard on "Superman" and other major serial. . . . Swoon-inducer Frank Sinatra will be the guest on WMCA's musical quiz, "Platterbrains," this evening at 7:03. . . . That popular Max March series, "Crime Doctor," starts its fourth year CBS Sunday night at 8:30.

SATURDAY'S RADIO FEATURES

- WABC: News from Abroad. (Also on WABC at 9:15; WEAF at 10:00; WJZ at 10:30; WABC at 11:00; WNEW at 10:45.)
- 7:00 P.M.—WEAF: *For This We Fight*; "The World of Sight and Sound," Walt Disney, James Lawrence Fly, Francis S. Harmon.
- 7:00 P.M.—WMCA: *Platterbrains*; Frank Sinatra.
- 7:00 P.M.—WABC: *Man Behind the Gun*.
- 7:30 P.M.—WEAF: *The Adventures of Ellery Queen*.

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WMCA'S MUSICAL QUIZ "PLATTERBRAINS" TO CELEBRATE SECOND ANNIVERSARY: (Saturday, July 10th, 7:03 to 7:30 PM)

WMCA's musical quiz program "Platterbrains" will celebrate its second anniversary on the air this Saturday, July 10th, from 7:03 to 7:30 PM with Lionel Hampton, famous drummer, pianist and xylophonist and band leader, as guest expert. The program was originated in 1941 and is designed to test the knowledge of experts on musical recordings.

Featured regularly in the role of quizmaster is Leonard Feather, nationally known critic of swing music and contributor to and assistant editor of *Metronome*, who was a member of the original board of experts that also included Milt Gabler, world-wide specialist on recordings, and Bob Bach, who left WMCA to join the armed forces. Javanese Jive expert Harry Lim is at present a permanent member of the board who is reported to know more than Americans

By LEONARD FEATHER

This is the story of Nat Jaffe, problem child of the piano.

"I was the most hated guy in the Charlie Barnet band," he says. "I was the most hated guy in every band I've been in."

And "I'm no good as a band pianist," he says. "I'm bored by playing in a rhythm section, and my work is deficient."

And "I'm sick and tired of 52nd Street," he says. "I want to get a good spot playing solo on the East side."

That's Nat. Always in trouble. But still and all, one of the finest and most unappreciated jazz pianists you'll ever hear. Maybe you haven't heard him yet, unless you're around New York, for he's spent most of his time along 52nd St., often at Kelly's Stable, on his own, or with a trio, or a sextet. His stooping figure bent over the keys as if he's working hard, he produces music that excites musicians with its harmonic escapades, baffles singers with its over-elaborate accompaniments.

During the past few weeks alone, Nat has worked three spots along the street; the Onyx, Kelly's and the Plantation. Neither he nor his employers ever seem to be happy about his work. Something always goes wrong.

Nat's problem, the problem of finding the right niche for himself, is a little unusual. His background is even more unusual, for he's one of the few top-ranking swing men who have not spent their childhood far removed from jazz, in a distant country.

Home Abroad

"I never heard any jazz until I came back to this country in 1932, when I was fourteen years old. I'm a New Yorker by birth, but I was two years old when my father had to take the family abroad. Dad was in the export business; he was never a musician. Mother played the balalaika, not professionally, and her father was a cornetist in the band of the Russian Imperial Army.

"Well, we traveled all over Europe. We were in Paris, Barcelona, Sofia, Vilna, Istanbul . . . finally, late in 1921, we settled in Berlin. Dad was exporting medical glassware from Jena to the U. S."

Not long after the Jaffes settled in Berlin, Nat's little habit of singing constantly and improvising melodies was observed by his parents. Mrs. J. took her prodigy to Egon Petri, who was then head of the piano department at the Hochschule Für Musik. Nat was put to work with Petri's assistant, Alexander Liebermann—the same Liebermann who prepared Vladimir

FILE FOR FUTURE (No. 2)

NAME:	Jaffe, Nathaniel
INSTRUMENT:	Piano
STATURE:	Outstanding
STATUS:	3-A
DEPENDENTS:	2



STEPCHILD of Swing Lane, a brilliant pianist and ambitious composer, Nat Jaffe has led or worked in numerous mixed bands on 52nd Street. At press time he was awaiting confirmation of a trip to the West Coast with a trio.

Horowitz for his first Berlin concert. This went along well until it was discovered that Nat, at four, was memorizing all his music instead of reading it. This unorthodox approach, combined with the interruptions of his studies caused by domestic dissension, made Nat's musical infancy somewhat unconventional.

Lingo—Music

By the time Nat returned to New York, a tall kid who spoke fluent German and Russian but had almost forgotten all his English, music was his most loved language. Going to high school in the Bronx to catch up on his English spelling and grammar, he heard some Louis Armstrong records and became conscious of jazz. A fight with his family about plans for a concert career, and about the eight to ten hours a day he was supposed to practice, culminated in his leaving home at fifteen.

Out in the world with no clear

idea of how to make a living, Nat had many hand-to-mouth months, many of them spent hanging around the Irving Mills office, where he submitted several songs. A couple of them were collaborations with Milton Berle, who was then a songwriter and bandleader. One of these, *I'm So Happy I Could Cry*, is Nat's pet, and he still likes to trot it out at the slightest provocation, though it never became a hit.

Finding that songs were publishable but not profitable, Nat got a variety of jobs. He played club dates; accompanied a movie actress, Noel Francis, at the Central Park Casino; did a stretch with Emery Deutsch at the New Yorker, had his first solo spot at Mammy's Chicken Coop on 52nd St., and led his own band at the Clover Club. "Around that time," he recalls, "I heard Duke Ellington for the first time, and almost went crazy."

Among Duke and Louis and other idols, Nat had found new inspiration in the jazz medium.

Through Jimmy van Heusen he met Charlie Barnet, who hired him to replace Graham Forbes early in 1938. During his year with this wild outfit, Nat had some hectic times; the band was generally scuffling, though it had a successful spell at the Famous Door. This was commemorated in the Bluebird record *Knockin' At The Famous Door*, on which Nat had a solo.

Sand, Man!

Nat's most vivid memories, though, are the bitterly cold one-night stands; the arguments with musicians who didn't like his rugged individualism, personal or musical; and the night when Barnet's car caught fire and Charlie, fearing an explosion, threw endless handfuls of sand into the motor, which it subsequently took two weeks to clean out.

Shortly before he left the Barnet band, Nat married Shirley Lloyd, a lovely blonde who had only recently emerged from a brief marriage with Barnet. The Jaffes, a happy couple, are proud of their 4½-year-old Sheila, who knows how to give you some skin, and describes the music she likes by telling you, "It knocks me out!"

After a few months over at the old Kelly's Stable on 51st St., Nat joined Jack Teagarden, spending 14 months with the band in 1939-40, during which time he made all the band's Varsity records. He also did a number of pick-up band dates at Decca accompanying Louis Armstrong (he took a solo on *Pocketful of Dreams*), Dick Robertson, Connie Boswell, the Andrews Sisters and Martha Raye.

Nat's bitterest experience, he claims, was his brief sojourn in the Jan Savitt band. "That shuffle rhythm was driving me nuts and giving me backache. I lasted six days."

Tatum Kick

It was about six years ago that a pianist named Joe Springer first played Nat some records by Art Tatum, of whom he'd never even heard before. The Tatum influence has been strong in his playing since then, in the sense that his improvisations are essentially harmonic. And Jaffe's use of colorful and weird chord progressions is combined (like Tatum's) with a jazz beat, or swing if you will, that gives his work a rare quality.

Certainly it cannot be held against him, musically, that he doesn't like to play in a band, or that he becomes too "busy" when playing backgrounds for singers and soloists. Nat is an artist whose work requires a special setting, but somehow he has the unhappy knack of making other musicians resent this instead of admiring it.

Of course, he's been talking about getting out of jazz and concentrating on serious composing, but a real break in the popular field will certainly change his attitude. He's studying harmony and symphonic arranging at NYU and also with William Saperton, a former Curtis Institute vice-president. "You can't play in the field," he vows. "You can't



AULD ACQUAINTANCE is not forgot as tenor-man Georgie Auld blows at the Three Deuces with Nat Jaffe, piano; Morris Rayman, bass; I. N. Visible, drums.

52nd STREET

AS TIME GOES BY, Billie Holiday grows mellower vocally. Her version of the song by that name has been one of 52nd Street's biggest thrills lately.



BY LEONARD FEATHER

As we turn off Seventh Avenue, ladies and gentlemen, in an easterly direction, we head towards Swing Alley, better known as 52nd between Sixth and Fifth Avenues. You will observe that this street, being even numbered, is reserved for eastbound traffic, a fact that is of considerable help to the night clubs luring the trade from Broadway, since the taxis can draw right up without having to go all the way around the block.

Please keep right ahead for the present, since this tour will not embrace the Hickory House. Famous for its charcoal-broiled steaks, the Hickory House is the most westerly of the 52nd St. establishments, and the furthest removed at present from the spirit of jazz. At one time such swing sultans as Wingy Mannone, Joe Marsala and Louis Prima held their nightly orgies in the circular bar, surrounded by bottles. The Hickory House, however, fell by the wayside several months ago and hired what is known in these precincts as a "square" band.

Please don't rush me, and stay close together. You can easily lose your way. Let us pause for a moment at this canopy here. As the horseshoe implies, you are now looking at Kelly's Stable. There isn't anybody here who's seen Kelly, and the report that the club was named after a similar establishment in Chicago is the only explanation. As you observe, Coleman Hawkins, his Body, his Soul and his Saxophone, are away at the moment, though doubtless their return is imminent, and meanwhile the bandstand is occupied by a group under Freddy Mitchell, an able tenor sax man formerly with Benny Carter.

If time permitted we would hear a contribution by Miss Vicki Zimmer, who, in addition to being the manager's wife, is a more than competent swing pianist. We would also hear the brilliant extemporizations of the Clarence Profit Trio.

Here Bo, Is the Hobo

Follow me, please . . . that deserted plain over there used to be a car park . . . here is the office of the Hobo News . . . be careful crossing Sixth Avenue, please. Ah! And now you see Swing Lane itself. This is the block in which the swing craze is said to have been born in the middle 1930's. For some time now, paid propagandists have been putting out stories that 52nd Street is dead, or, in the local vernacular, things ain't what they used to be. It will be the object of this brief tour to convince you that the very contrary is the case.

Would you please all pass along \$1.50 for our first expenses; we are now entering the Three Deuces. This—ah—joint, like Kelly's, is said to be named for the Chicago spot similarly titled. Until two weeks ago it was the Plantation. The quartet you are hearing now is led by ex-Pvt. Georgie Auld, whose discharge from the U. S. Army enabled him to resume his multifarious activities along this street. His tenor sax work is said to be unsurpassed by any other white musician's. Now you see the Eddie Heywood, Jr. Trio preparing to play the intermission. Heywood just concluded an almost interminable run at the Village Vanguard. He is an amazing pianist, as you shall hear. Over there, with the ten-inch mouth surrounded by a little face, is Ann Robinson, the "riff queen," a sort of female Leo Watson; and next to her is Willie Dukes, he of the upsweep hair-do, who, although registered with his local board, is still best described as the female Billie Holiday. All of which adds up to what the swing cognoscenti would call a groovy show at the new Three Deuces.

All Set Yet?

. . . Okay, are we ready? . . . Please avoid stepping over musicians littered around the sidewalk. As you see, these clubs are so close together that the artists frequently visit each other between sets or hang around on the sidewalk talking. This rather acrid odor is best known as marijuana, or tea, and was indubitably left here a few moments ago by an FBI agent in an attempt to lure vipers from their dens. Let us ignore it and proceed to the next canopy, on which you see the name: FAMOUS DOOR.

The Door has been shuttled back and forth, up and down and across this street. In its original location it presented such immortals as Fats Waller, Bunny Berigan, Teddy Wilson, and Red Norvo. That was when the members of the Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey bands would drop in every night to sit in. Later, on this side of the street, the Door had such big bands as Barnet and Basie and Woody Herman. The Famous Door changes managerial bands every Nth month, and is now operated on a strictly swing policy. Last week there were two bands here, Norvo's and Hot Lips Page's. Page is still here, and that blonde dream you see at the bar is Blue Drake, the singer.

The original door itself, which earned its fame through having the autographs of celebrated musicians scattered over its sturdy wooden frame, seems to have been lost in the shuffle. The door on the present establishment is a routine, or regulation, door. We may sit at the tables here, since they have kindly waived the minimum charge. Ladies do not wish to hazard Mr. Page's blue(s) lyrics will kindly wait for us across the street at the Onyx. . . .

. . . Mind the steps, please. The Onyx Club, as you see, is once again a magic name along Swing Lane. In the old Onyx, across the street, the Spirits of Rhythm blew their magnificent tops nightly, and Frankie Newton pioneered with the band that later became John Kirby's, and Maxine Sullivan first thrilled New York with *Loch Lomond*. In the old Onyx, too, Art Tatum kept fellow-musicians in a permanent trance. Then came a temporary decline, and for a couple of years no Onyx Club graced this street. The name came to life again last year, and the present line-up is characteristic of 52nd St. today: Billie Holiday, the Cozy Cole Trio with Johnny Guarneri and Hank d'Amico; and other singers and instrumentalists from time to time.

Not Vogue, Metronome

What was that? The ladies wish to find out where Miss Holiday obtained that dress? I'm sorry, I do not have that information; nor do I have any information on how Miss Holiday manages to look and sound better than any other singer. Do you wish to stay and hear the Cozy Cole Trio? Not to be confused with the King Cole Trio. These three musicians have been doubling in here, five nights a week, from their regular job with Raymond Scott at CBS, because they are tired of playing commercial music all day long. You observe that the bandstand is barely big enough to hold a trio, and that the pianist is complaining bitterly about the condition of the piano. This is the one characteristic which all the clubs along the street have in common. . . .

. . . Just across the street is the Troc, previously Dave's Blue Room, previously something else. Look at it fast before it changes again. The large portrait outside labelled "Society Madcap" depicts Miss Lenore Lemmon, who has become an integral part of the 52nd St. scene and can usually be found adorning some of the neighboring clubs almost as often as she is in her own place of employ. Romantic tales are told of the visits to the Troc frequently made by a distinguished denizen and alumnus of this street, Mr. Charles Barnet, whose taste for lemmons is a matter of column gossip. . . .

Six Spots to Skip

52nd Street caters not only to the swing elements. At least six clubs on the block will be omitted from this tour because their music is of less interest or their policy less attractive than those we are visiting. Members of the party who wish to visit Leon and Eddie's will kindly report to the barber shop at headquarters after this tour, since only bald-heads are admissible.

Over there in that old brownstone building is a slightly chi-chi spot known as Tony's. If the wind blows our way we may be able to catch Miss Mabel Mercer singing *Vous Qui Passez Me Voir*. Miss Mercer is a light colored lady from Staffordshire, England, who came to this country in 1938 and subsequently spent some time entertaining in the Bahamas, where she inevitably met up with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. She has a smart following, which has followed her here from the elite spots of Paris. She also has an English accent and a pianist named Lester Crosley, who as Lester Ludke was a member of Ray Noble's Orchestra. However, there seems to be little or no wind blowing tonight, and our budget does not allow for Tony's, so we shall move on. . . .

Perhaps we have time to drop in at Jimmy Ryan's for a moment. This is where the drinks are so cheap that even the Village swing fans drop in, to listen to music by the de Paris Brothers, Sidney and Wilbur, with their Quintet, featuring the leaders on trumpet and trombone respectively. Jimmy Ryan's encourages this type of Dixieland music and it is said that if you spend half an hour here without hearing *Royal Garden Blues*, you get drinks on the house.

Shall we continue? Does anyone wish any more practical demonstrations in answer to the allegation that Fifty Second Street is dead? Would you kindly turn in your tour tickets? I thank you.

. . . What's that? After seeing all these places and hearing all this music, you want to open a club yourselves?

Well, come to think of it, I can't say I blame you. . . .



FAMOUS DOOR, still a mecca of musicians, brought Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo together recently for a memorable vibraharp-xylophone duet.

.... JUMPS AGAIN

NO "HAS-BEAN" is veteran Coleman (Bean) Hawkins, now commanding big money with a mixed band. He returned lately from a triumphal Canadian trip.



By LEONARD FEATHER

Joseph Edward Phillips, known to the cats as "Flip," is the amazing young man to whom loyalty is more important than fame.

"Flip" is so terrific that even bandleaders who are saxmen themselves — including Charlie Barnet and Tony Pastor — have offered him a job. But "Flip" likes his present boss, bassist Larry Bennett; he likes the little band and the fellows in it. Moreover, he doesn't like to travel. In almost two years with Bennett, he's only done two outside jobs of any importance. One was with Benny Goodman at the Paramount, for just two days; the other was a short run as a solo artist at Kelly's Stable, doubling from his job elsewhere in town with Bennett.

"Flip" could have put his own band in Kelly's if he'd been willing to leave Bennett. During his solo stint they billed him as the "junior Coleman Hawkins." They might have mentioned the incredible truth that on one occasion "Flip" outplayed Hawkins at a jam session to the point where the great Hawk sounded almost feeble in comparison.

If you ever hit Brooklyn, around de Kalb Avenue and Ashland Place, you might drop in at Sam's Tavern and find out a lot about "Flip." He never played there—the music is all canned—but he worked there for a year in 1933, managing the place, after he'd temporarily retired from music.

Moreover, the big, jovial Sam of Sam's Tavern, happens to be "Flip's" father. Little Joe is one of three children of this Italian-American family; there's a sister who sings and an elder brother who plays guitar. But it was a cousin, Frank Reda, who gave Joe Phillips his first musical inspiration—and also his nickname.

Alto

While Joe was still at Manual Training High School in his native Brooklyn, he took up alto, determined to follow in cousin Frank's footsteps. This was a pretty late musical start; Joe had almost forgotten the little piano and theory he'd learned in early childhood; yet at seventeen, he made such immediate headway with the alto that after two weeks he was playing his first professional job, with a local gig band.

"Flip" worked with some society bands like George Desinger's and Johnny Pepper's; but he jammed with the best musicians around Brooklyn, including Pete Brown. He also heard Benny Goodman's old band at Billy Rose's Music Hall, and this in-

FILE FOR FUTURE (No. 3)

NAME: Phillips, Joseph "Flip"
INSTRUMENTS: Tenor Saxophone, Clarinet
STATURE: Sensational
STATUS: 3-A
DEPENDENTS: 2



JOE FLIP, who likes lobsters, spent five of the happiest years of his life charming them with his clarinet in a Brooklyn lobstery. Despite the enthusiastic response of the lobsters, and of a large number of human beings, Flip is not ambitious. According to some oracles, including Leonard Feather, his tenor sax work belongs in a class with the great Hawkins and Webster.

spired him to buy a clarinet. But the nocturnal grind became too much for him, and for almost two years he dropped out of the music game.

When the urge to play finally got the better of him, "Flip" took a trio into a place called Schneider's Lobster House. Just himself and a pianist and drummer. The job lasted clear through from 1934 to 1939. During that time he switched from alto to tenor.

"Those were the happiest years of my life," he recalls wistfully, "in Schneider's Lobster House."

He likes lobsters.

Early in 1940 Pete Brown introduced "Flip" to Frankie Newton and suggested that he join Newton's sextet. Since Pete himself was in this band, "Flip" leaped at the chance, for he had had much of his inspiration from Pete, who, he says, will outjump any musician in the world.

It was a pretty rare thing for a white musician to work in a colored band, but "Flip" chose his friends and associates without discrimination, and recalls that his year and a half with Newton were never marred by any racial friction. During the latter part of

this association, another white musician joined Newton: Lou Fromm, who has lately been heard drumming with Charlie Barnet.

After working with Newton at Kelly's Stable, Cafe Society Uptown, and a summer camp, Joe played a date with the band at Green Mansions in the Adirondacks, then returned to Brooklyn to await news of Newton's next job. Then came a phone call from Larry Bennett, inviting him to open with the band at the Hickory House.

"I thought it was a friend of mine, trying to kid me he was Bennett. I told him to go to hell. Finally Larry convinced me it wasn't a hoax, and I went to see him."

Clarinet

"Flip" had been playing mostly clarinet with Frankie Newton; with Bennett it's been mainly tenor. He doesn't think it's possible to be great on both instruments, but declares he can't make up his mind which to drop. Oddly, he blows saxophone from the left side of his mouth, but on clarinet he pushes it way over on the right side. On both horns he uses a medium-hard reed.

"Flip" Phillips today is one of the most terrific swing men you'll ever hear, on either tenor or clarinet. His tenor tone is rich, his style charged with a magnificent alliance of rhythmic sense and harmonic feeling. He's at his best in a jam session with a bunch of boys who can give him competition.

At 28, "Flip" is a family man; married nine years, he has a seven-year-old daughter, Rosemarie, who, he says, "sings like mad." He lacks the kind of ambition that fires most musicians; doesn't care if he makes a big name, or big money, as long as he can work in congenial surroundings and be near his family.

His taste in tenor men is catholic; he explains that he likes and understands all the top men for their different moods—Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, a dozen more. But he concedes that "Hawk is the daddy," and adds a rider that Benny Carter is the "greatest all-around musician ever."

He's done a little arranging for Bennett. They give him featured billing with the band. But to this onlooker it seems only fair to say that if Joe Phillips left the Bennett band, Bennett would still get along very nicely, and "Flip" might have a chance to earn the national acclaim he deserves—maybe leading his own band, or else prominently spotted in a top outfit such as Goodman's or Barnet's.

Anyway, put Joe "Flip" Phillips on your File for the Future. It there isn't an unlimited future in the music business for the man who was able to "cut" Coleman Hawkins—well, there just ain't no justice!

POSTSCRIPT: Maybe "Flip's" chance has finally come. Larry Bennett has been inducted, and at press time "Flip" was forming a small group of his own to be booked by Joe Glaser.

CRITICISING ON ONE HEARING

THANKS to Edgar Jackson, I now have the full text of Leonard Feather's famous remarks concerning Guidance for Critics.

But so far from feeling that I have barked up a wrong tree, I am inclined to believe that the full text, as quoted by my hon. friend who occupies Page Three, is even more worthy of study than the original abridged version on which I based my recent articles.

Writing of Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige," Leonard Feather is now quoted as saying: "To criticise such a monumental work as the fifty-minute 'Black, Brown and Beige' ON ONE HEARING... is unfair."

Well, that certainly does make quite a difference, and may well invalidate some of the things I have been saying—at any rate, on the face of things.

On closer consideration, however, I stick to my first point in principle: Leonard Feather's argument against John Hammond's initial judgment of Duke's new work is still nonsense.

DOLLED UP

What, I ask—is there unfair about judging a work—however long and "monumental" it may be—on a first hearing? Since when has jazz become such a difficult and important back-water of music that we must all listen to everything several times before passing an opinion?

Leaving aside the possibility that Leonard Feather is a little piqued, as his Press representative, to find that a new work by Duke Ellington doesn't find immediate and unqualified favour with an expert critic, what are we supposed to do?

Surely, after all these years, we critics may be assumed to be fairly well acquainted with Duke Ellington's idiom. After all, fifty minutes of jazz, however dolled up and mucked about it may be, isn't seriously beyond somebody like John Hammond, whose knowledge of music of all kinds is not inconsiderable.

If we had never heard a note of Duke's music before and he had suddenly sprung a long work on the world for the first time, then perhaps we might ask for time to consider it.

Unfortunately, whatever it may have sounded like, "Black, Brown and Beige" was not a new composition by a new and unknown master; it's a new work by an old and established figure, and we may legitimately presume that Duke hasn't so far lost his personality as to present us with a work which is entirely strange and not to be criticised on a single hearing.

FEATHER AND HAMMOND

Imagine a similar instance happening in the much more complicated world of "straight" music. Let us suppose that Sibelius finally delivered his long-awaited Eighth Symphony and it was played for the first time. Would some Finnish gentleman who happened to be interested in Sibelius' welfare write to the papers saying that all the critics who found fault with it were being unfair?

He might well write, but nobody would take him seriously. Most of the professional critics know their job well enough to admit (if they felt that way about it) that the new work was perhaps important enough to demand a second hearing; but there is not one of them who would be such a fool as not to criticise it at all until they'd heard it a second time.

If they did, they would not be doing their job, earning their salary or justifying their existence *vis a vis* their readers.

Besides, what on earth is the use of having a critic who can't criticise and at least write a tolerably informative notice of a new work, however exotic and unusual it may be, after one hearing?

by "MIKE" Our Critic-at-Large

That's what the critics are there for, and it seems to me that John Hammond, so far from being "unfair," was doing his job as a critic should.

If Leonard Feather considers that John Hammond is not qualified to write about a new Ellington piece, be it never so "monumental," at one hearing, then let him say so.

If Mr. Feather is so convinced that Duke's new piece is so difficult and "significant" that not even an expert can take it all in at once, then I feel the work should have been played twice during the same concert so that everybody got fair play.

And what if John Hammond still didn't like it after fifty times fifty minutes? At what point does criticism cease to be "unfair"?

I presume at just such a moment when the critic falls in line with the

opinion of Messrs. Feather, Cootie Williams, Billy Strayhorn and others.

Mind you, it is faintly possible that Leonard Feather is right and John Hammond is wrong.

I will allow that. But all the evidence so far supplied, coupled with my own pretty considerable experience in these matters, points to the fact that it's extremely unlikely that Duke Ellington, after all this time, should have produced a composition so different and "monumental" that it defeats John Hammond's ability to write a "fair" first-night notice of it.

I'm sorry to be so difficult about all this, but they can't honestly tell the experienced critic at this date that any music by any jazz composer is all that perplexing.

Perhaps the more simple-minded members of the audience at Carnegie Hall had trouble with "Black, Brown and Beige," but I refuse to believe that a really professional critic, faced with a single performance of the work to-morrow, wouldn't be able to make up his mind about it.

If John is really wrong about this Ellington work, then he has been wrong about everything all his life.

And that, knowing my John Hammond well, my Ellington not badly, and (I hope) my own job as a critic of all kinds of music, is my considered opinion.

November 20, 1943

November 20, 1943

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HEARING-IT-ONCE CRITICISM

EXCEPT that it would be bound to deteriorate into a dull, lengthy and even more domestic argument, I would dearly love to take Edgar Jackson up in detail on the further question of criticism which he raised last week.

That being so, all I can do is to suggest that those of you who are interested in Wagner, as Edgar has suddenly become, should read one of Ernest Newman's books on the subject.

They will learn some enlightening facts about Wagner's contemporary critics, among them that nine out of ten times Wagner was attacked on personal grounds, and little else.

My own last word on the whole subject is this: If Ellington, after writing about 200 works in one vein, is suddenly capable of producing one so spectacularly different that it is "unfair" for a competent critic to criticise it on one hearing, then Duke is unique in the history of music.

NOT "COCKSURE"

Stravinsky, whose range is a little larger than Ellington's, has already changed his style at least four times. But I doubt if anybody will shout that it's "unfair" to criticise his new symphony on hearing it for the first time on November 17.

What critics can do in the vastly more complex sphere of "straight" music should surely not be beyond the capacity even of critics who have to deal with music in which the dominant ninth is still a little "modern."

It is not a question of being "cocksure": it's a question of experience and the realisation that things just don't happen that way in music or jazz.

In any case, this whole argument was not so much whether John Hammond's opinion was right or wrong, but whether or not it was "unfair" for him not to like a composition which was fifty minutes long by a man who is by nature a minimalist.

Even if Duke suddenly began to use the 12-tone system it would still not be "unfair" to criticise. I can well imagine those whose knowledge of music is limited to jazz being a little at sea with Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces, but some of us have progressed a little farther than the Moody-and-Sankey ingenuousness of jazz, and should be able to take in even the most alarming changes of Ellington's style.

SMELLING A RAT

Who knows but when I happen to hear Duke's "monumental" new work that I may not like it? Will my rave notice be considered "unfair"? No. Press representatives will rush to quote me and behave exactly like Wagner, who hated only those critics who disagreed with him.

It is obviously no more "unfair" to dislike a new work than it is to like it. Anyway, what's all the fuss about? Isn't it just possible that Duke Ellington, in trying out something slightly different, has written a thoroughly bad piece of music?

Beethoven did it with his "Battle" symphony, which he wrote between his seventh and eighth symphonies, and nobody thinks the worse of him for having written one of the worst pieces of music in history. So why worry if Duke does the same in his own little way? It's all rather silly.

My real interest in this whole affair is due to my smelling a rat—the old familiar rat of the wrong ladder which impresses so many jazz enthusiasts.

They would rather see their idols falling at the bottom of a first-class ladder than being at the top of a second-class one. And while I have no doubt that the

by "MIKE" Our Critic-at-Large

musicians who play in Duke's band are emotionally very moved by the Master's new work, it is a new one on me when orchestral players of any kind are taken seriously as critics. Orchestral players are notoriously bad critics—and they're wrong more often than we are. And in my experience the old tag about "the spectator seeing most of the game" was never more true than when applied to music.

But let's drop this entire subject. I thought I'd finished with it a fortnight ago. I may be obstinate, but I have not yet learned why it should be

"unfair" to criticise fifty minutes of music by anybody on one hearing merely because it is fifty minutes long. That was the argument to which I took exception, and I have yet to be convinced that Mr. Feather said anything else.

And after all, much as I love him as a musician and a friend, what has Ellington got suddenly that should entitle him to be treated with the respect and awe that is denied to Stravinsky or Sibelius?

Perhaps it's just that a pebble thrown into a puddle makes more of a disturbance than one thrown into the ocean. Personally, with the best will in the world, Duke is a pebble and jazz is a puddle. No more.

But don't forget, all of you, to read that book about Wagner. It might help that sense of proportion along.

Also, if you have time, you might study Ernest Newman on the subject of "musical fingerprints," and you will learn why even Ellington is likely to show traces of his personal style in a new work, however different and long it may be.

November 13, 1943

THE MELODY MA

CRITICISING THE DUKE

Record Reviews by

EDGAR JACKSON

HAVING been the cause (through inadvertently misquoting him) of Leonard Feather being given a severe rebuke by colleague "Mike," I claim the right to say a word on our critic-at-large's further onslaught last week, when, in spite of the fact that, as he admitted, he knew by then from my article in the "M.M." of October 23 exactly what Leonard did say, he found no reason to retract, and only slight reason to soften, his original castigation.

This is partly in defence of Leonard, to whom I feel in some measure responsible, but mainly to suggest that I think it is possible for some people to become a little too cocksure of themselves.

"Mike" says it is absurd to suggest that one cannot fairly criticise any new work by Duke Ellington at first hearing because Ellington's style is already well known.

That is surely ridiculous. I haven't heard "Black, Brown and Beige," the piece which caused the original controversy in America that gave rise to "Mike's" articles, but it is conceivable that it is not in the usual Ellington vein.

WAGNER ANALOGY

Colour is lent to this possibly by the fact that in a composition lasting fifty minutes Ellington may well have attempted something very different from his usual short recording works, which are all that most of us have heard from which to study him.

If this is the case the first of "Mike's" arguments goes phut. But "Mike" went much farther. He claimed that a competent critic should be able to assess the merit of any musical work on one hearing.

This, to my mind, is an even more dangerous contention.

Quite apart from certain reviews of jazz performance which I happen to know those who wrote them would give a good deal to be able to retract, I seem to remember reading that Wagner was stoned by his contemporaries for some of his works which are to-day hailed as masterpieces.

The fact that it took decades for some of Wagner's music to be appreciated surely proves that it isn't always desirable, or even possible, to form an accurate opinion of a musical work in years, let alone in a few minutes.

Of course, some things are so obvious that one can look upon them as matters

of established fact—for instance, when a piece of music or a performance is so patently good or bad as to admit of no doubt; and that, I admit, is usually the case with jazz, which is fundamentally simple music.

But Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige" may well not have been so simple.

It may have been a work requiring to be heard more than once before giving a considered opinion. Anyway, "Mike's" suggestion, that a critic who is not infallible has no right to be considered a critic, is merely one of those dogmatic contentions which are no credit to those who advance them, and, as one who has managed to sustain some reputation as a critic for over fifteen years now, I say that any critic who professes to be infallible is kidding both himself and his readers.

A good critic gives you his opinions based on his knowledge and experience, but with the understood proviso that even he may alter them in the light of further knowledge and experience.

That is as far as any honest critic should or can go.

Which brings me to the point that, while I have no personal desire to defend Leonard Feather, I think he may have been fully justified in saying that to criticise Ellington's new composition on one hearing was "unfair"—especially as musicians far more familiar with the Duke's music than "Mike" can be—because they played in Ellington's band for years—said that at later hearings they found thrills in "Black, Brown and Beige" which were not apparent at the first hearing.



LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Jimmy Dorsey

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL
Originally waxed by Jimmy Dorsey in 1939, this record has been reissued to compete with the Frank Sinatra-Harry James version of the same tune. Actually, it is the better of the two performances. Bob Eberly sings the torchy lyrics and Dorsey brightens the orchestral interlude with a brief clarinet solo. On the reverse is *In the Middle of a Dream*, competently sung by Helen O'Connell, who left the orchestra last year. (Decca)



Beverly White

HOT BREAD
Considerably handicapped by mediocre material, Beverly White does the best she can with the rather crude lyrics of this uninteresting new composition. Short piano and guitar passages relieve the monotony momentarily, but the standard of the performance as a whole is low. The reverse side, *If Things Don't Get Better*, is another helping of similarly dubious stuff. The pianist again tries hard, with little of value to work with. (Beacon)



Lawrence Welk

SOUTH
Lawrence Welk, his accordion and his orchestra present what is ballyhooed as a "champagne" music interpretation of a tune that has long been a favorite with hot jazz bands. The ensemble work is stodgy and the solos are jumpy, but the record probably will attain best-seller recognition. On the reverse is a modernized version of *Piccolo Pete*, played in good spirit by Ted Weems' orchestra, sung by Parker Gibbs. (Decca)



Johnny Green

KATIE WENT TO HAITI
Pianist-composer-leader Johnny Green's entourage, which contains everything from a string section to an ocarina soloist, goes to work in full force on a witty tune composed by Cole Porter for *DuBarry Was a Lady*. Porter's lyrics are poorly handled by an unidentified woman vocalist who consistently sings out of tune. On the second side, *It's Always You* is played by what is billed as the "Johnny Jones" band, sung by a male. (Hit)



Maxine Sullivan

WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE
Maxine Sullivan, the petite Negro chanteuse who irritated a number of purists some time ago by "swinging the standards," handles this fine old number with her usual delicacy and restraint. Her accompaniment, while not on a par with that formerly furnished by the John Kirby group, is adequate, and the entire performance is light and pleasant. On the reverse, Miss Sullivan sings *My Ideal*, again in excellent voice. (Decca)



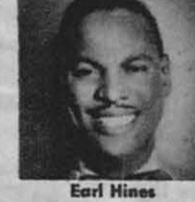
E. Power Biggs

CONCERTO IN C MAJOR
Organist E. Power Biggs and the Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta interpret a melodically fluent, brilliantly constructed concerto written by Italian composer-violinist Arcangelo Corelli in Rome before 1700. The music is effectively performed, the first adagio passage being particularly impressive. The last of the album's four 12-inch sides is devoted to another of Corelli's works for strings and organ, *Sonata in D Major*. (Victor)



Margaret Johnson

JOHNNY ZERO
This record is typical of the many interesting items being released without instrumental accompaniment by the seven Song Spinners, a popular vocal radio unit, to circumvent the Petrillo recording ban. Directed by the husband-wife vocal team of Margaret and Travis Johnson, the Spinners blend voices pleasantly in full arrangement. On the second side is another sentimental war ditty, *Comin' In on a Wing and a Prayer*. (Decca)



Earl Hines

JIMMY NOONE ALBUM
Eight cherished collectors' items are made available to the general public for the first time in an historically important album featuring two giants of jazz—clarinetist Jimmy Noone and pianist Earl Hines. Noone's work, somewhat sentimental in *Sweet Sue* and *Sweet Lorraine*, still sounds imaginative and original, while Hines' solos are among his greatest on records. Best bets: *Apex Blues* and *Four or Five Times*. (Brunswick)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- FILM FAVORITES ALBUM—David Rose (Victor)
- STALIN WASN'T STALLIN'—Golden Gate Quartet (Okeh)
- CAB CALLOWAY ALBUM—(Brunswick)
- RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)
- BORODIN SYMPHONY NO. 2—Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Harry James

I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT
Fans who prefer Harry James and his entourage in a sweet mood will push sales of this soft ballad to astronomical figures—as usual. Played in the band's typical lush style, it is further brightened by Helen Forrest's excellent vocal. The reverse, *James Session*, is a fast instrumental written by arranger Jack Matthias and featuring James' horn, Corky Corcoran's tenor sax. (Columbia)



Eddie Miller

BLACK ZEPHYR
This tune and its companion piece, *Blue Surreal*, were composed by M-G-M staff musician Phil Moore and recorded in Los Angeles by the now-disbanded Bob Crosby orchestra. Abstract mood music, they differ greatly from the band's usual Dixielandish products, but include several fine solos by trumpeter Yank Lawson, saxophonist Eddie Miller, clarinetist Hank D'Amico. (Decca)



Jess Stacy

CLARINET BLUES
Irving Fazola, one of the really great white clarinetists, solos in his very best style on this lovely blues number recorded in 1939 by Jess Stacy's All Stars and reissued by editors of the New York collectors' magazine, *Jazz*. Fazola, pianist Stacy and trumpeter Billy Butterfield all are heard again on their livelier second side, *I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me*. (Signature)



Kay Kyser

YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME
Kay Kyser's greatly modernized, steadily improving orchestra works over this unique melody from *Youth on Parade* in full force with pleasant results. Six of Kyser's many singers join in the vocal, and the band finds room for a rhythmic instrumental interlude. On the reverse, *Pushin' Sand*, the boys swing lightly while unidentified vocalists hum the second chorus. (Columbia)



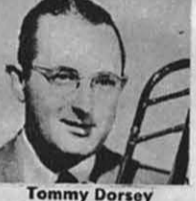
Dick Haymes

IT CAN'T BE WRONG
Dick Haymes, baritone graduate of the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey orchestras (which also produced Frank Sinatra), continues his climb as a solo artist with a sincere interpretation of one of the newer popular numbers. Backed by an all-vocal group, the Song Spinners, Haymes sings slowly and intimately. On the reverse, he changes pace with the fast new waltz, *In My Arms*. (Decca)



Tommy Tucker

LAZY RIVER
Die-hard Tommy Tucker admirers may like this version of Hoagy Carmichael's hardy jazz perennial, but it is reasonably doubtful that anyone else will. Excepting only a few measures led by a muted trombone, the playing is jerky and staccato, the singing just plain dull. On the second side is the orchestra's theme song, *I Love You*, another item heavily burdened with corn. (Okeh)



Tommy Dorsey

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING
The weaker, or "swooning," sex will hail with loud and prolonged applause this release of a Tommy Dorsey performance recorded before Frank Sinatra moved along to greener combining pastures. The job is soft, sweet and—combining Sinatra's vocalizing with Dorsey's tromboning—a sure hit. On the reverse is a rendition of *It's Always You*, played minus the strings. (Victor)



Willie Johnson

RUN ON
The Golden Gate Quartet, led by Willie Johnson, renders a typical spiritual in the unique rhythmic style which promoted the boys in record time from obscurity to Carnegie Hall and Hollywood. On the second side, the Golden Gaters are less effective in attempting a recent war ditty, *Comin' In on a Wing and a Prayer*. The job is competent, but the treatment becomes monotonous. (Okeh)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- JIMMY NOONE ALBUM—(Brunswick)
- ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- CONCERTO IN C MAJOR—E. Power Biggs (Victor)
- FILM FAVORITES ALBUM—David Rose (Victor)
- JOHNNY ZERO—Song Spinners (Decca)
- RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Benny Goodman

CHICAGO JAZZ CLASSICS

The reissuing of hot jazz oldies continues apace with the revival of eight tunes featuring Benny Goodman and his "boys." Benny was only 19 when he waxed these numbers (best: *Blue, Room 1411, Jungle Blues, Shirt Tail Stomp*) with such famed jazzmen as Glenn Miller, Joe Sullivan and Wingy Manone. In those days he played alto sax, baritone sax and cornet as well as clarinet—and played them all with success. (Brunswick)



Pauline Byrne

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

That engaging West Coast vocal group, the Six Hits and a Miss (Pauline Byrne, a talented singer with a highly personal style), blend voices pleasantly on this old-timer against a background provided by pianist Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra. On the reverse is *Two on a Bike*, a bright number written by the composers of *Mr. Five by Five*. Snatches of whistling and a band passage are included on this side. (Capitol)



Dick Haymes

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

Dick Haymes, like Frank Sinatra a graduate of the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey orchestras, gains impressively in the current crooners' scramble with a best-selling rendition of what is presently the nation's favorite tune. Haymes sings without orchestral accompaniment against a vocal background patterned by the Song Spinners. On the reverse, he sings *Wait for Me Mary*, but lack of rhythm is apparent. (Decca)



Juanita Hall

STEPHEN FOSTER SONGS

The Juanita Hall Choir, one of the better-known Negro spiritual groups, offers its straightforward, if often unoriginal and sometimes uninspired, interpretations of eight nostalgic American folk tunes. Among them are *My Old Kentucky Home, Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair, Old Black Joe, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming* and *The Old Folks at Home*. The Choir sings without accompaniment. Unexciting, but satisfactory. (Hit)



Billy Butterfield

MY IDEAL

Press agents have yet to ballyhoo his name from the roof tops, but Billy Butterfield has for several years ranked as an outstanding jazz trumpeter. Here his sensitive playing dominates his orchestra's revival of a number written by Dick Whiting and sung on this record by daughter Margaret Whiting. On the second side, the Butterfield horn, the saxophone section and Miss Whiting perform creditably in *Without Love*. (Capitol)



Joe Colling

CONCERT IN THE PARK

The spirit of a summer evening concert is recaptured with mild success by a 30-piece recording band directed by Joe Colling, leader of a West Coast American Legion band, in this album of eight familiar standards. The performances are appropriately pompous and cymbals crash constantly. Included are *The Blue Danube*, Sousa marches, Herbert's *Pan Americana*, Padilla's *El Relicario*, and that hardy perennial, *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Dee-E*. (Decca)



Freddie Martin

WARSAW CONCERTO

The reputation which Freddie Martin gained with sugar-coated interpretations of Tchaikovsky will probably be strengthened among lovers of hybrid music by this similar rendition of a Richard Addinsell composition recently featured in the film, *Suicide Squadron*. The number is played both with and without rhythm. The reverse, *From Twilight Till Dawn*, is a routine performance with a vocal by Bob Haymes, brother of Dick Haymes. (Victor)



Freddy Slack

GET ON BOARD, LITTLE CHILLUN

The combination of pianist-leader Freddy Slack and vocalist Ella Mae Morse scores almost as heavily on this spiritual-styled composition as it did months ago with *Mr. Five by Five* and *Cow-Cow Boogie*. Ella's singing is pegged to a steady beat, and the band drives with a curious intensity. Miss Morse returns to dominate the reverse, a new Johnny Mercer tune titled *Old Rob Roy*, but the band falters. Recording work is good. (Capitol)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT—Harry James (Columbia)
- IN THE BLUE OF EVENING—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- JIMMY NOONE ALBUM—(Brunswick)
- FILM FAVORITES ALBUM—David Rose (Victor)
- YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME—Kay Kyser (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent composer, lecturer and critic



Gene Autry

I HANG MY HEAD AND CRY

The king of the ersatz cowboys offers another tune typical of those which earned him a fortune in record royalties before he became Sgt. Gene Autry of the U. S. Army. His products are corny, but they sell in large quantities and this number will be no exception. Gene sings accompanied by a small string band. The reverse, *You'll Be Sorry*, is more of the same. (Okeh)



Stan Fritts

DOWN ON THE FARM

The Korn Kobblers, six musical satirists led by trombonist Stan Fritts, bundle eight of their zaniest numbers into an album that is amusing enough if taken in small doses but overwhelming if attempted in its entirety. Such tunes as *Oh You Beautiful Doll, When You Wore a Tulip* and *Shirt Tail Stomp* are played on such "instruments" as washboards, screechophones. (Hit)



Erskine Hawkins

BEAR-MASH BLUES

Erskine Hawkins, the self-styled "Twentieth Century Gabriel," and his band offer two original blues numbers played at a slow tempo and embellished by the excellent "growl" trumpeting of Wilbur Bascombe, the group's top soloist. Less noisy than the usual Hawkins output, both numbers are richly orchestrated. *Don't Cry Baby* is sung fairly well by Jim Mitchell. (Bluebird)



Frank Sinatra

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

Crooner Frank Sinatra offers a slow, sultry and sentimental rendition of the summer's top torch tune. Musically, the performance is somewhat inferior to that waxed two months earlier by Dick Haymes, but Sinatra fans probably won't care a bit. Background is provided by a mixed chorus on this side and on the reverse, *Close To You*—similar material, similarly done. (Columbia)



Ceelle Burke

FROM TWILIGHT TILL DAWN

Ceelle Burke, an electric guitarist best-known on the Pacific Coast, sings this mediocre Leon René tune in a slightly lethargic fashion with two vocal groups—the Three Shades and the Four Dreamers—furnishing most of the background. Best bit is Bumps Meyers' 16-bar tenor-saxophone solo. The reverse is a swingy version of *Lovely Hannah*, with more vocals. (Capitol)



Glenn Miller

CARIBBEAN CLIPPER

This fast, furious instrumental number is one of the last recorded by Glenn Miller's band before it broke up when its leader joined the Army. Written by Jerry Gray, now a member of Miller's Air Forces orchestra, it moves to a strong climax with good rhythm support. On the reverse is a ballad, *Blue Rain*, sweetly interpreted and somewhat weakly sung by Ray Eberle. (Victor)



Cow-Cow Davenport

BOOGIE WOOGIE PIANO ALBUM

This album presents "historic recordings by pioneer piano men playing their own compositions." Except for Charles (Cow-Cow) Davenport, who is represented with his famed *Cow-Cow Blues*, the artists are obscure—Montana Taylor, Rufus (Speckled Red) Perryman, Romeo Nelson. Interesting as a curiosity, the album is lacking in genuine musical merit. (Brunswick)



Leopold Stokowski

TALES OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE

Leopold Stokowski and the All-American orchestra join forces with pianist-composer Henry Cowell in presenting Cowell's tone poem on four 12-inch sides. The four movements, *Deep Tides, Exultation, The Harp of Life and Country Reel*, were conceived and written in four different states—California, New York, Iowa and Kansas. Listening is heavy—but interesting. (Columbia)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- MY IDEAL—Billy Butterfield (Capitol)
- I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT—Harry James (Columbia)
- IN THE BLUE OF EVENING—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- YOU'LL NEVER KNOW—Dick Haymes (Decca)
- WARSAW CONCERTO—Freddie Martin (Victor)
- CHICAGO JAZZ CLASSICS—Benny Goodman (Brunswick)

Heil Hammond!

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors feel that in fairness to Mr. Hammond, Mr. Feather and the readers of JAZZ, John Hammond's article should be reprinted in this issue. The opinions expressed by Leonard Feather and John Hammond are their own and not necessarily those of the editors.*

BY now many of you will have heard about, or read, John Hammond's article suggesting that Duke Ellington is deserting jazz. The article appeared in the *People's Voice*, the Harlem newspaper in which Hammond has a financial interest, and also in Art Hodes' interesting new publication, "The Jazz Record" (Feb. 15 issue).

I wrote an answer to Hammond which the "Voice" published. Hammond called up the theatrical editor, furious because he had not been shown my article before publication. It didn't occur to him that he had omitted to show his own article to Ellington before publication. In the following week's "Voice" Hammond tried to refute my arguments by pointing out that I am Ellington's press agent.

This excuse is palpably idiotic, for two reasons: (1) I was calling Duke's band the greatest in the world, and writing at great length about it, for ten years, before I had the remotest business with Duke. One such article appeared in the London "Melody Maker" in 1934. Another appeared a year or so ago in the "Victor Record Review" and was reproduced in the all-Ellington issue of "Jazz." I did not start working with Duke until October 1942, and I didn't need to be his paid press agent to know that he has the greatest band in the world. (2) As a press agent, I have never sent out critical opinions; only factual and informative press releases. My critical articles were all specially written, and still are being written, for people who still respect my integrity as a critic although they are perfectly well aware that I have been doing publicity work too.

Now I am going to say a few things which couldn't be said in the "Voice," because the *Voice* is not a musician's paper and these matters are of specialized interest to people who know plenty about jazz and the men who are mixed up in the jazz game.

To come to the point, I think it is a dirty rotten, lowdown no-good shame that somebody like John Hammond, who has done so much to eliminate race prejudice in music, should be so completely befuddled by personal prejudices himself.

Hammond's prejudices against certain musicians and bands are mostly motivated by his inability to run their bands or their careers for them. The proofs of this have been all too numerous.

Take the Ellington case first. Duke is a man of fine intellect, alert, ambitious and aware of his own abilities and potentialities. Hammond, who at one time was a great admirer of Duke and his band, tried to get him to make certain changes in it. Duke thought he knew better than Hammond how to run the Ellington band.

The climax came one day in the Columbia recording studios when Duke was making "Serenade to Sweden." John Hammond, who was working for Columbia at the time, was supervising the recording, and at one point he told Duke that one of the soloists was departing too far from the melody, and that Duke should have him keep it straight.

Duke fixed Hammond with a cool grin and said: "John, you're getting more and more like Irving Mills every day."

According to those who were in the studio at the time, John never quite got over that.

Another case was that of a young and promising blues singer. John "discovered" her, started telling everyone about her, even changed her name for her, and made all kinds of predictions. Then, the singer says, there was some argument about what kind of numbers she should sing. "From then on, as soon as he found I wouldn't let him order me around," she recalls, "he dropped me like a hot potato."

Then there have been such people as Lee Young, who brought his band into Café Society Downtown a few months ago. Ask him what happened about John's attempts to "fix up" the personnel of that band, and you'll hear a sorry story.

To put it in the words of one musi-

cian who has fallen out of John's favor, "You can get along fine with John as long as you're willing to Uncle Tom him. He wants to be the Great Dictator."

John won't even stop at attacking his own brother-in-law when he has an ax to grind. Some time after his sister married BG, he wrote a violent attack on Benny in the magazine he was running at that time (*Music and Rhythm*) and later made a similar and even more virulent attack in the *New York Sunday Times*.

So, to come back to Duke, John's attitude toward anything the Ellington band may do is one of extreme readiness to find fault at the drop of a mite, because he doesn't get along with Duke the way he does with Count. But, in addition to being prejudiced, his judgment was ridiculously hasty. At the time he wrote his review of the concert, he had heard it exactly once. To criticize such a monumental work as the fifty-minute *Black, Brown and Beige* on one hearing is, as Mike Levin pointed out in *Down Beat*, entirely unfair.

Personally, I have sat with musicians such as Cootie Williams, Billy Strayhorn and others both in and out of Duke's band, listening to *Black, Brown and Beige* a dozen times, and every one of us gets an increasing thrill out of it that can't be compared with anything else in jazz. Rex Stewart, whom Hammond accuses of lack of feeling, told me that the first time he heard Johnny Hodges play the glorious *Come Sunday* theme in the first movement, tears came to his eyes.

There is music like that all the way through *Black, Brown and Beige*; music that is deep and stirring, music that has so many complexities of form and fascinating developments in melodic continuity that it is nothing short of wicked to dismiss it by saying that it "sprawls along" for three quarters of an hour. And John avoided any mention of Betty Roché, whose singing has been praised by everyone I have spoken to. All he could find to complain about was Duke's alleged "tampering" with the blues form—which isn't even true, since one of the loveliest parts of the second movement, shortly before the

(Continued on Page 20)

In JAZZ, Vol. 1, No. 8, John Hammond was subject to the most vicious, prejudiced, and uncalled-for personal attack that it has ever been my displeasure to read. This attack was perpetrated by Leonard Feather, a well-known figure in the music world, and one of the press agents for Ellington.

Feeling sure that Hammond is too much of a man to even take notice of such a diatribe, it is my distinct pleasure to take notice for him. For, right on the back of the Hammond article which brought down the eternal damnation of Feather, was an article of mine which, compared to Hammond's article, was actually blood curdling. No doubt Feather will tear me to pieces with the same gusto, dragging in my great-uncle who was a horse thief and my great-great-aunt who married a drunkard, because Hammond and I committed the crime of disagreeing with him on BLACK, BROWN AND BEIGE and the current Ellington band.

It just makes me mad as hell to see a man of Hammond's truly magnificent stature dragged to a public whipping post and kicked around like a dog, merely because he ventured to suggest, in a very nice and completely logical manner, that Ellington was "deserting" jazz. Certainly, every indication is that Ellington is deserting jazz; and for any sane citizen of the United States of America to say that he or she thinks so, in print or out of print, is obviously no crime. Not even a minor blasphemy. In fact, not anything, except that it indicates that he or she has good common musical sense and has heard the last few records cut by the Duke.

Too long now, much too long, there has been a tendency among the jazz hierarchy to accept certain musicians as gods. Nobody alive and breathing good cool air is a god; everybody makes mistakes and that is no disgrace. What is disgraceful is that a group of half-hack critics on a bunch of trade papers can create an illusion that some artist, or group of artists, is absolutely beyond the touch of the mortals and they create that illusion so wonderfully that the first time anybody, no matter what his musical record or reputation is, disagrees they are drawn to the trade paper stocks and afforded the privilege of throwing verbal garbage at them.

Let me state emphatically that the article: "Is the Duke Deserting Jazz?" is one of the most sane, broadminded, intelligent criticisms that I have ever

In Defense of HAMMOND

By JAKE TRUSSELL, JR.

read. It struck me as having only one weakness; it was too broadminded. Hammond leaned over backwards to let the reader down without a jolt. And the reader needed a jolt. Paul Bowles, jazz critic for *View* and a fine composer in his own right, praised Hammond's article as being the *only* one written by a jazz critic that dared to tell the truth! And no matter what anybody on *Down Beat* tells you, Bowles is no square!!

Listen, jazz critics have got to tell the truth, no matter what the cost or who it hurts. Jazz critics have to say it stinks when it stinks, no matter whether it's Duke Ellington or Huddy Ledbetter. As long as a critic tells the truth, its criticism; but when he leans over backwards to alibi for his god, then it's nothing but lousy, third-rate propaganda and that never lasts long.

So much for that. What really hacked me about this Feather lambast of Hammond was that Feather started his "reply" off as an attempt to "defend" Duke, but rapidly turned it into a personal slander campaign against Hammond, the disinterested third party who had merely expressed a mild disagreement. Great God, if because a man disagrees with you on a concert, are you to spend a thousand words dragging a bunch of cheap Broadway gossip out of its stuffy closet and spreading it out as a "defense" of your boss? The very title of the piece, "Heil Hammond," tips you off that Feather wasn't thinking half as much about "defending" Duke as he was about "attacking" Hammond. Why? That's all I ask, why?

I have followed the career of John Hammond with keen interest for some years, and no matter what his personal foibles or conceits or downright incompetencies, Hammond's record speaks for itself. Hammond has more guts, more sincerity, more brains, and more desire to help the Negro than any other one white man I know of. In *Music and Rhythm* (a venture in which he lost a lot of money) he stuck his neck out constantly for the colored minority, and everybody knows that he didn't get one cent out for sticking his neck out,

and that he could have kept it stuck in just as easy as not. I have never met Hammond personally, I have never gotten a letter from him, I don't know how he walks, talks, or who he tried to boss last; but I do know what he has written, financed, and sweated over; and I feel it a blessed privilege at any time, day or night, to sit down and try to undo a little of the terrible harm that the Feather "defense" has no doubt done him.

In *Jazz Quarterly*, Bob Locke wrote an anonymous article which attacked Hammond, among countless others, for a few minor incompetencies in his handling of *Music and Rhythm*, and his writing style. But also in *Jazz Quarterly*, John Hammond was picked as "Man of the Quarter" in the Fall, 1942, issue; and it could as well have been "Man of the Year." That was the same issue in which Locke's criticism appeared and certainly nobody would have agreed to the choice quicker than Bob Locke, because he admires Hammond for his accomplishments.

So much for that. But the real thing that hurts is that Feather should go absolutely hog wild—a raving lunatic—over the mere statement of opinion. From my viewpoint, judging from the recent recorded output of the Ellington band, Hammond probably had a good reason for making a suggestion in the recording studio. Certainly, he has a reason for supposing that jazz and the classics should be left two separate art forms. Anybody who really loves jazz has a valid right to feel horrified when he can easily see that every jazz man who starts butchering the classics is not hurting the classics. He's insulting jazz. Isn't that obvious? The long hairs are the ones who have always sneered at jazz, and are still sneering at it behind their gilt-edged copies of *Black, Brown, and Beige*, and when the mountain goes to Mahomet—well, that's a black day for the ego of the mountain.

In conclusion, the silliest alibi for *Black, Brown, and Beige* I've heard yet is the one Levin gave about "making a few copies of the concert and taking them home with you." Hell, since when have classical concerts started advising the audience not to appreciate the work until they spin it next week on their phonograph? When I read that I fell off my front gate, hit my head on a rock, and dreamed the last record Ellington made was COTTON TAIL. It was a beautiful dream.

y Tate



MEADE "LUX" LEWIS

Heil Hammond!

(Continued from Page 14)

end, is based strictly on the traditional twelve-bar pattern.

Anybody who knows something about jazz is perfectly entitled to criticize *Black, Brown and Beige* or any other part of the concert. John was right in some of his criticisms, but in his characteristic manner he drew careful attention to the faults and soft-pedaled the virtues; and in talking about *Black, Brown and Beige* he was on dangerous ground—almost as dangerous as if he had never heard it at all.

Finally, there is his absurd complaint about the "quality of Duke's music for dancing." Who the hell wants to dance in Carnegie Hall? And what does Hammond know about music for dancing, since he doesn't even dance? Duke's music has gone a little beyond the stage where it has to tickle the toes of a mob of jitterbugs. It is the only jazz that has combined the fundamental qualities of this musical idiom with the progress and advancement that are necessary to save it from stagnation. Ellington the man, and Ellington's music, will be remembered longer than the puny attempts of the Hammonds to attempt to dictate to him, or belittle him when the attempts a dictatorship fail.

Right?

Or do you have to be Ellington's paid press agent to feel that way?

Twelve Records and Exile

Having answered the question himself, our jazz sage asks other fans which dozen records they'd take if banished

by **ROBERT GOFFIN**

• ARTICLE •

THE Bible tells us that when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, God saved the innocent and allowed them to flee the cities. Three years ago something of the kind happened in Belgium—though when Hitler took over not all the innocent were able to flee. Luckily, I escaped. The penalty I paid was to lose my collection of 3,000 phonograph records.

I have never bought a phonograph record since that day. But I've often wondered, if I were able to go back for, say, twelve records, without turning into a lump of salt, which ones I would choose. Could I choose twelve jazz records which I would listen to fifty years hence without shuddering? And how would I choose them—for the tune itself, for the arrangement, for the solo artist?

Taste in jazz music is as personal as the contents of a man's trousers pockets. This list of mine may be "expert," but it could cause another expert acute pain.

Original Dixieland Jazz Band—*Tiger Rag, Ostrich Walk*.
New Orleans Rhythm Kings—*Shim-me-Sha Wobble, That Da-Da Strain*.
Original Wolverines—*Shim-me-Sha Wobble, The New Twister*.
Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues, Fireworks*. Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Shine, Just a Gigolo*.
Louis Armstrong—*Confessing*. Decca.
Duke Ellington—*Tiger Rag (Parts I & II)*.
Duke Ellington—*It Don't Mean a Thing, Rose Room*.
Chocolate Dandies—*Got Another Sweetie Now*. Columbia.
Chicago Rhythm Kings—*I Found a New Baby, There'll Be Some Changes Made*.
Mound City Blue Blowers—*One Hour, Hello Lola*. Victor.
Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti All Star Orch.—*Beale Street Blues*.

I asked six jazz specialists—both men who make music and men who tear it apart—what twelve records they would take were they fleeing from this or that wicked city. The first to be questioned was the urbane Duke Ellington.

"Well," said the Duke thoughtfully, "I'd take Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*; Delius' *In a Summer Garden*; Debussy's *La Mer* and *Afternoon of a Faun*; and the *Planets Suites* . . ."

On closer questioning he admitted he would take a few jazz records. "One of Art Tatum's records—any one"—and the rest would be:

Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul*. Bluebird.
Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*. Victor.

Artie Shaw's *Nightmare*. Brunswick.
Fats Waller's *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*. Victor.

Sidney Bechet's *The Mooche*. Victor.
Willie "The Lion" Smith's *What Can I Do with a Foolish Little Girl Like You*. Decca.
Duke Ellington's *Something To Live For*. Brunswick.

"About that record of my own," Duke explained. "I like it for the singing by Jean Eldridge."

Art Hodes, the noted pianist, took just five minutes to make up his list. Though he's a Chicago pianist, not a single Chicago style record is included. Hodes likes the blues, and the old style of the men around King Oliver:

King Oliver—*Canal Street Blues, Dipper Mouth Blues*. Brunswick.
Ma Rainey—*Black Bottom, Georgia Cake Walk*. (Collector's Item)
Bessie Smith—*Yellow Dog Blues, Soft Pedal Blues*. Okeh.
Louis Armstrong—*Strutting with Some Barbecue*. Decca.
Louis Armstrong—*Lonesome, All Alone and Blue*. Okeh.
Sippie Wallace—*Have You Ever Been Down, Dead Drunk*. (Collector's Item)
Pinetop Smith—*Boogie Woogie, Pine-top's Blues*. UHCA.
James P. Johnson—*Snowy Morning Blues*. (Collector's Item)
Albert Wynn—*Down by the Levee, Parkway Stomp*. Vocalion.
Johnny Dodds—*Weary Blues*. Vocalion.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Black Bottom Stomp, The Chant*. Bluebird.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Kansas City Stomp, Grandpa's Spell*. Gennett.

Both Hodes and Leonard Feather, radio emcee of WMCA's "Platterbrains" jazz quizz, swing critic for *Look*, *Metronome* and other publications, chose their records-for-exile with an economical eye. They selected not so much the best records ever made, but the best couplings. Most of Feather's list below are more or less obtainable and all are stand-outs on both sides:

Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues, Muggles*. Columbia.
Barney Bigard—*Minuet in Blues, Barney Goin' Easy*. Vocalion & Okeh.
King Cole Trio—*Sweet Lorraine, This Side Up*. Decca.
Duke Ellington—*The Flaming Sword, Warm Valley*. Victor.
Duke Ellington—*Portrait of Bert Williams, Bojangles*. Victor.
Duke Ellington—*Crescendo and Diminuendo in Blue*. Columbia.
Duke Ellington—*Battle of Swing, Jazz Potpourri*. Brunswick.
Benny Goodman Quintet (with Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson)—*I Cried For You; Goodman Trio—Where Or When*. Bluebird.
Billie Holiday (with Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan)—*Billie's Blues, Summer-time*. Vocalion.
Jimmie Lunceford—*Uptown Blues, Put It Away*. Okeh.
Metronome All Star Band (with Harry

James, Cootie Williams, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Goodman, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins Count Basie, etc.)—*One O'Clock Jump, Bugle Call Rag*. Victor.

Muggsy Spanier—*Relaxin' at the Touro*. Bluebird.
Teddy Wilson Quartet (with Harry James, Red Norvo)—*Just a Mood (Parts I & II)*. Brunswick.
Art Tatum & Band (with Joe Turner)—*Wee Baby Blues, Battery Bounce*. Decca.

Feather apparently planned to greet Manhattan with a couple of extra records under his tunic. And if they'd relax the rules, he would include Pete Brown's *Unlucky Woman*, with Helen Humes. (Decca). Tenor saxophonist Eugene Sedric never heard of Sodom but he did know twelve good records. Sedric formerly played with Fats Waller and is rated by Panassie as second only to Coleman Hawkins. His list is no amateur's catalogue; Sedric is a technician and though a wonderful improviser, he prefers organized jazz to the pure jazz of improvisation:

Louis Armstrong—*My Sweet, Casa Loma—For You*.
Tommy Dorsey—*Lonesome Road*.
King Cole Trio—*Honeysuckle Rose*.
Duke Ellington—*Slapping 7th Avenue with the Sole of My Shoe*.
Fletcher Henderson—*Whiteman Stomp*.
Jimmie Lunceford—*I'm Nuts About Screw Music*.
Paul Robeson—*Water Boy*.

gets its musical inspiration:

Duke Ellington—*Lightnin'*.
Duke Ellington—*Echoes of Harlem*.
Duke Ellington—*Cotton Tail*.
Duke Ellington—*The Gal from Joe's*.
Duke Ellington—*Warm Valley*.
Duke Ellington—*The Flaming Sword*.
Duke Ellington—*Rocking in Rhythm*.
Duke Ellington—*Sepia Panorama*.
Louis Armstrong—*Knockin' a Jug*.
Charlie Barnet—*You're My Thrill, Afternoon of a Faun, Daphnis and Chloe*.

To a real jazz collector, twelve records are only a crumb before the banquet, but if they are good ones they make excellent antipasto. For those who snoop in second-hand stores and First Avenue music shops, I have compiled a list of records which cover modern American jazz from the time it was just an itch in a drummer's hand to the present.

The older recordings which start this list off are my own selections. The more recent examples were chosen for me by Leonard Feather.

Original Dixieland Jazz Band—*Tiger Rag*. Victor, Columbia.
New Orleans Rhythm Kings—*That Da-Da Strain*. Gennett.
Original Wolverines—*Shim-me-Sha Wobble*. Brunswick, Vocalion.
Bessie Smith—*Empty Bed Blues*. Columbia.
Bessie Smith—*Yellow Dog Blues*. Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues*. Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Shine*. Okeh.
Louis Armstrong—*Hey Lawdy Mama*. Decca.
Duke Ellington—*The Mooche*. Victor.

Fats Waller—*A Million Dreams Of You*.
Paul Whiteman—*Rhapsody In Blue*.
Teddy Wilson—*Don't Blame Me*.

George Frazier, who has written on jazz for music magazines but is currently working for *Life*, said "No arrangements. No modern-style swing. Just sentiment and spontaneity." With these twelve examples of pure jazz Frazier would be banished, smiling:

Louis Armstrong—*No One Else But You*. Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Tight Like This*. Columbia.
Mildred Bailey—*Honeysuckle Rose*. Decca.
Bix Beiderbecke—*Sorry*. Columbia.
Bunny Berigan—*I Can't Get Started*. Victor.
Chicago Rhythm Kings—*There'll Be Some Changes Made*. Brunswick.
Eddie Condon—*Ballin' The Jack*. Commodore.
Duke Ellington—*Jungle Blues*. Brunswick.
Earl Hines—*A Monday Date*. Columbia.
Bessie Smith—*Give Me a Pigfoot*. Okeh.
Count Basie Quintet—*Lady Be Good*. Okeh.
Jess Stacy—*Barrelhouse*. Decca.

Charlie Barnet, a bandleader whose popularity blooms like a hardy perennial, spoke for modern swing. A glance at his list of "twelve records I would take from Sodom" tells where Barnet's band

Continued on page 128

Bix Beiderbecke—*At the Jazz Band Ball, Jazz Me Blues*. Columbia.
Bix Beiderbecke—*Somebody Stole My Gal*. Okeh.
Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orch.—*Indiana, I Never Knew*. Brunswick.
Benny Goodman—*Blue Skies*. Victor.
Chicagoans—*Nobody's Sweetheart, Liza*. Okeh.
Chicagoans—*I Found a New Baby*. Brunswick.
Mound City Blue Blowers—*One Hour, Hello Lola*. Victor.
Red Nichols—*Ida, Feeling No Pain*. Brunswick.
Miff Mole—*Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Columbia.
Venuti-Lang—*Farewell Blues*. Vocalion.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Mamie's Blues*. General.
Ladnier-Bechet—*I Found a New Baby*. Victor.
Ted Lewis—*Dallas Blues, Royal Garden Blues*. Columbia.
Jimmy Noone—*River Stay 'Way from My Door*. Brunswick.
Memphis Five—*Rampart Street Blues*.
Quintet of Hot Club of France—*Some of These Days*.

Benny Goodman—*Clarinet A La King*. Okeh.
Benny Goodman Sextet—*Gone With What Wind?* Columbia.
Artie Shaw—*Concerto for Clarinet*. Victor.
Artie Shaw's Gramercy 5—*Summit Ridge Drive*. Victor.
Tommy Dorsey—*For You*. Victor.
Jimmy Dorsey—*Sorghum Switch*. Decca.
Duke Ellington Panorama—Victor Album.
Jimmie Lunceford—*What's Your Story, Morning Glory?* Columbia.
Jimmie Lunceford—*Blues In The Night*. Decca.
Lionel Hampton—*Flying Home*. Decca.
Lionel Hampton—*Blue*. Victor.
Count Basie—*You Can't Run Around*.

Special Awards Feature Surveys

Radio Publicity Exhibit

4 Space Stealers Share Awards in Clinic-Exhibit

Davis-Lieber, Alber, Black, Evans Credited With Leading '42 P. A. Parade

NEW YORK, July 10.—Davis-Lieber is America's No. 1 radio publicity office. This is the opinion of the judges of the Exhibit Section of *The Billboard's* Sixth Annual Radio Publicity Survey. The steady growth of this office, which was rated third in 1941 and second in 1942, is more remarkable since both Hal Davis and Les Lieber, the principals, are in the service, Davis with the navy and Lieber with the army. The office is now run by Leo Miller, Carl Post, Leonard Feather and Patricia Garvin.

The judges gave the nod to the outfit because of the 1942 jobs for Harry James, Benny Goodman, Barry Wood, Charlie Barnet, Jimmie Lunceford, Duke Ellington and Station WBNX. Special attention was given by the judges to the work done for Harry James and Benny Goodman. Only solid "ideas" were rated.

The Band Leaders' Dancing Contest achieved nationwide Harry James space for Leonard Feather, whose baby it was, with an assist by Barney McDevitt, of the Hollywood Palladium. Here credit was given to Feather because he gathered real names to bolster the stunt. There were Al Donahue, Horace Heidt, Woody Herman, Lynn Bari, Nan Wynn and Benny Goodman. Orchestra leaders competing for dance instead of musical awards was intelligent press agency.

It's something for a publicity office to run a promotion that brought top space to its No. 1 client, and almost equal space to another major bank-roller. That's what rates the Davis-Lieber office, for in this dance contest Harry James won first and Benny Goodman, who came in second, was cited for "charm."

"Scroll of Honor" Idea

The Davis-Lieber office naturally did other things for James besides this one contest. It was instrumental in having him receive, during one of his Chesterfield broadcasts, a "Scroll of Honor" from the New England Conservatory of Music, one of Boston's long-hair schools. This gave James "dignity."

To get James to collegiate, a contest for the best article, published in a college paper, on James's position in modern music was staged. All it cost was a free tour of New York's hot spots and a week-end stay at the Lincoln, which no doubt was promoted . . . it sold James to the undergrads.

Just as Harry James was promoted by a dance contest for orchestra leaders, just so did Davis-Lieber reverse the usual disk

jockey poll. Instead of having jockeys run a poll on favorite band leaders, Benny Goodman polled the radio editors on jockeys. The reverse naturally created a trunkload of newspaper clippings.

A USO band leaders fund, with a 10-cent tax on each fan requesting plx, raised real money, publicity under the chairmanship of Benny Goodman. This was another Davis-Lieber space-grabbing idea.

BILLBOARD July 24

"DAVIS-LIEBER IS AMERICA'S NO. 1 RADIO PUBLICITY OFFICE"

That's what it says in *The Billboard's* 6th Annual Radio Publicity Survey for Independent Press Agents.

DAVIS-LIEBER

LEO MILLER
CARL POST
LEONARD FEATHER
PATRICIA GARVIN

17 EAST 49TH ST., N. Y. C.
Plaza 3-3240—3269

IF YOU HAVE A GOOD PRESS AGENT STICK TO HIM, BUT
IF YOU NEED A GOOD PRESS AGENT CALL DAVIS-LIEBER

Billboard
Cincinnati, Ohio
Circulation 35,820 W.

Feather Gives Real Credit to McDevitt

Naturally I was very proud to read in this week's *The Billboard* (July 17), that the office with which I am associated had been elected to first place in your Sixth Annual Radio Publicity Survey, Exhibit Section. However, in the appraisal of our work there was one item in which credit was incorrectly balanced, and I should like to draw this to your attention.

The Bandleaders' Dancing Contest, altho it was my idea originally, was not organized by me. I had planned to do it in New York, but Harry James left earlier than expected. When he got to the Coast, the contest was brought into being and organized entirely by Barney McDevitt, who was then handling the Hollywood Palladium, where James was playing, and who is a better press agent than I can ever hope to be.

In fact, owing to transportation troubles, I didn't even get to the Coast until three days after the contest, so you can see that the credit is due to McDevitt, not me.

LEONARD FEATHER
Davis-Lieber Office

VARIETY Aug. 25

Esquire's All-American 'Dream Band' Poll in Feb.

Esquire mag is priming an all-American 'dream band' poll for its February, 1944, issue. It's a reprise of a stunt the mag pulled a year ago and now plans to make an annual feature. The periodical is putting on a high-powered promotional campaign for the stunt this time, of which Allen Meltzer, Warner Bros. publicist, will be a leading spirit, along with Leonard Feather.

More than a year ago, David E. Green staged a similar gag with the Satevepost, tied in with 'Synco-patin' (Dieterle-RKO film musical).

DINING and DANCING
By ROBERT W. DANA

WE ARE told that Duke Ellington once remarked that there are only two singers in the world—Bing Crosby and Linda Keene. Certainly there is much to be said for both, who are among the most gifted crooners and blues singers, respectively, even if this exaggeration by the Duke must be set aside as purely personal bias. We had the pleasure of hearing Miss Keene last week at the Glass Hat of the Belmont Plaza, where she is one of the featured performers, and felt that here is a Basin Street singer of the first magnitude.

A native of New Orleans, Miss Keene has blazed a trail of the blues about the country with the orchestras of such musicians as Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden, Lennie Hayton, Red Norvo, Tony Pastor and Red Nichols. Her first recording, "Blue and Disillusioned", which she made with Bobby Hackett, was so well received that she made many others with Teagarden and Hayton. Among her more noteworthy achievements are her radio appearance in "Strictly From Dixie" and an album of records of the same title which she made with Henry Levine's band.

Linda Keene has the distinction of being the only person to sing "Unlucky Woman," a song by Leonard Feather which has caught the fancy of many. Her renditions of this of "Jenny" and "Embraceable You" are among the finest things of their kind to be heard in New York.



Basin Street charmer

RADIO BEAMS
by MILT HAMMER

WEAF—660 (RED) WOR—710 (MO-
(CBS) WMCA—570 WNYC—830 WP-
AT—970 WHN—1050 WNEW—1130
WHBI—1280.

An ex-saxophone player will entertain an ex-football player on the "Sports Newsreel" Friday when Bill Stern, who used to toot the sax, has as his guest Benny Goodman, who used to carry the ball for his hometown high school team . . .

GAG OF THE WEEK — The one on last week's Judy Canova show when someone remarked that Judy has a private 'phone number—in fact, every private has it.

GOOD LISTENING—"63 Club" on Sundays from 6:03-6:30 PM; "Army Air Force Salute" every Tuesday Evening at 10 PM and the Saturday night "Platterbrains" at 7:30 PM all on WMCA—give these shows a listen for something different in radio entertainment.

People's Voice

Rex Ingram was guest at the Onyx last Monday night and take it from us, it turned out to be a real party . . . On hand were Sy Noisette, just in from the Coast; Alphonie Bascomb and Flossie Hawkins, wife of the trumpeting band leader; the Maceo Pinkards; Billy French and Hot Lips Page . . . Billy Holliday chirped better than ever and the nifty combo of Len Johnson, Toy Wilson and Lips Hatchette had the joint rockin'. . . Thelma Carpenter dropped by to remind all and sundry that she was opening at Kelly's Friday . . . Leonard Feather and Eddie South dug the play too . . . To quell

Orchestra World
Saugerties, N.Y.
Sept 1943

Idle Chatter
With
A Jazz Beat

By
ROGER KAY

PASSING IN REVIEW

We Like

The Three Deuces, with its intimate atmosphere and wonderful little band, plus a fairly decent show featuring Ann Robinson. She's a unique and delightful singer, if taken in small doses. Joe Flip, in my opinion the greatest ofay tenorman, fronts the quartet . . . The way Benny Goodman is playing his clarinet, thru which he breathes ideas that are younger, fresher, and more enthusiastic than ever . . . Hal McIntyre, in spite of a disappointing show at the Strand . . . Duke Ellington's "Pastel Period" . . . and Leonard Feather's intelligent radio show.

THE CASE OF JAZZ MUSIC

By **BOB THIELE**

I INTENDED to title this article "The Case of Duke Ellington" and add my bit to the current Ellington controversy being carried on in JAZZ. In this article, besides stating my viewpoints on the situation, I intend also to add to some of the points in the articles written by John Hammond, Leonard Feather and Jake Trussell in the last issue. I will do all of this and more, because I feel that the Ellington discussion leads up to factors important to the good of Jazz music.

A few years ago a group of students at Harvard University became enthusiastic about two English poets. This was one of their many flaring enthusiasms and they complained that the rest of the world was neglecting these two men. When the works of these two poets was included by their professor in the English course the following year, the two poets lost all of their originality and beauty because now the masses, or the "peasants," as that select group of students labeled them, were now learning to appreciate John Donne and T. S. Eliot.

The same thing has happened to Duke Ellington. Critics have been preaching about Duke's music for years and now that he has finally been recognized as a great musician, composer and arranger he has come down from Jazz Heaven to walk with us mortals. This is just so much "hokum."

As far as I am concerned Duke Ellington was and always will be the most powerful force in jazz music. He is an ingenious arranger, a brilliant composer and a pianist of talent. He has proven over and over again that his orchestra has never lost freedom and spontaneity, the essence of jazz. He writes with a feeling for jazz and his musicians interpret the music with the same feeling. Duke also leaves plenty of room for improvisation. However, in the past few years it has become quite evident that Duke is filling his ambition to work in more ex-

tended orchestral forms. Many of his arrangements are definitely influenced by modern composers.

In years past Duke's band has always strived to present individual and ensemble performances that were innovating and yet played in a true jazz style. But lately, many of Duke's arrangements present a love of exaggerated coloring, tending toward a sort of varied, over-rich layer cake of ideas and tones. I am afraid I have no sympathetic appreciation of this type arrangement, for it is in direct opposition to the fundamentals of jazz. I am inclined to agree with John Hammond, when he states that Duke is drifting further and further away from dance music. After all, jazz is dance music. Leonard Feather complains that Hammond doesn't know how to dance and no one cares to dance in Carnegie Hall. This may be true, but Leonard also stated in his article, "Duke's music has gone a little beyond the stage where it has to tickle the toes of a mob of jitterbugs." That is just the point. True jazz must contain that beat, and once it reaches the concert form, it is no longer dance music. Jazz must be free and exciting; spontaneous and spirited. As a musician, Duke merits the warmest commendation for trying to better himself in the field of music, but let's not say BLACK, BROWN AND BEIGE is a thrill that cannot be compared with anything else in jazz.

The conclusion that I have come to concerning the present Ellington situation is that, by becoming more and more involved with music by the modern composers, Duke Ellington is slowly losing contact with the basic fundamentals of hot jazz.

In answering the articles by John Hammond and Leonard Feather I make the following sincere suggestions. It might be wise for Leonard Feather to listen to more healthy bursts of New Orleans music and for John Hammond to go and listen to Duke under proper conditions. I recently heard Duke's

band play two one nighters and can honestly say it was the most exciting music I have heard in many years. Duke's band can definitely "swing" and I feel that if John should happen to hear it when it is "swinging" he might change a few of his opinions.

I realize that Leonard Feather doesn't like the idea of John Hammond suggesting what men to use to an orchestra leader, but I am about to do the same thing, for I feel that all jazz enthusiasts have a right to make suggestions.

I agree with Jake Trussell because I feel that many of the men who are leaving Duke cannot be replaced and can rightly be called a part of "Ellingtonia." Jake's article was humorously exaggerated, but he is correct about the effect the absence of these musicians will have on Duke's music. Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, Jimmy Blanton and Otto Hardwicke are no longer with the band. Recently I spoke with Duke for an hour or more and he told me that when Otto Hardwicke left the band it would be necessary to re-write the entire lead sheet, because, as Duke explained, he wrote the sheet for no one but Otto Hardwicke. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that Duke may be able to build new soloists out of the group he has at the present time. Time will tell.

It wouldn't be necessary to wait if Duke had picked exceptional musicians to replace his great soloists of years gone by. It would be impossible to replace Cootie and Rex, but a clarinet player with a fluid, effortless style could have been found to replace Bigard. At the present time Duke is using Jimmy Hamilton. Jimmy told me two years ago, while he was playing at the Village Vanguard and studying at the Juilliard School, that he was striving for a semi-classical tone and a technique comparable to Benny Goodman. Two years later I find that he has almost achieved his goal and he should fit into typical Ellington mood-numbers very well. Junior Ragland is not up to the past standards of Ellington bassists. Duke has added two sax players that shouldn't be anywhere near the great Ellington band. However, in the singing of Betty Roche, Duke has an ideal replacement for Ivie Anderson. Betty has a very definite feeling for the blues and her voice is strong enough to take her out of the Harlem jump singer category.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A
JAZZ RECORD RECITAL

presented by

LEONARD FEATHER

conductor of WMCA'S "Platterbrains"

also connected with

'Look', 'Metronome', and 'Jazz' magazines.

Friday Evening
October 1, 1943
8:00 P. M.

New York Public Library
Harlem Library Branch
9 West 124th Street

— ADMISSION FREE —

**Jazz Record Recital
At Harlem Library
Branch, Fri., Oct 2.**

The New York Public Library, Harlem Library Branch, 9 West 124th street, announces a Jazz Record Recital by Leonard Feather on Friday, October 1st, at 8 p.m. Leonard Feather is a well-known jazz critic and is the conductor of WMCA's "Platter-brains" — a quiz program based on records of popular music. Feather is also connected with "Look", "Metronome" and "Jazz" magazines. In England, his collection of popular records is said to be one of the most complete in existence! Last year he lectured on popular music at the New School for Social Research.

n.y. age 9/30/43

hits accounted for... run.
search.
At the Harlem Library, Feather will play and comment upon the best loved pieces by Negro composers and musicians of the present day.

Courier 9-30-43
**DISC RECITAL
AT LIBRARY**
NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 30—Leonard Feather, quizmaster of WMCA's popular "Platterbrains" program, and swing critic on "Look" and "Metronome" magazines, will give a special recital of some of the outstanding jazz records of recent years, when he appears at the Harlem library, 9 West 124th street, Friday evening, October 1, at 9 p. m. This swing session, which will be open to the public, will be of particular interest to devotees of swing as it's played by colored musicians.

Free Record Concert

The NY Public Library, Harlem branch, 9 W 124 st, announces a jazz record recital by Leonard Feather, Friday, Oct. 1, at 8 p.m. Feather is a well-known jazz critic, is conductor of WMCA's "Platterbrains" and is also connected with "Look," "Metronome" and "Jazz" magazines. Although the recital is planned primarily for young people, the public is cordially invited to attend. Admission is free.

*People's Voice
Oct. 2 1943*

*Amsterdam News
9/30/43
Page 9-B*

**Feather Jazz
At Library**

The New York Public Library, Harlem Library Branch, 9 West 124th Street, announces a Jazz Record Recital by Leonard Feather on Friday, October 1, at 8 p. m. Leonard Feather is a well-known jazz critic and is the conductor of WMCA's "Platter-brains"—a quiz program based on records of popular music. Feather is also connected with Look, Metronome and Jazz magazines. In England, his collection of popular records is said to be one of the most complete in existence! Last year he lectured on popular music at the New School for Social Research.

At the Harlem Library, Feather will play and comment upon the best loved pieces by Negro composers and musicians of the present day. Although the meeting is planned primarily for young people, the public is cordially invited to attend. Admission is free.

METRONOME.

To those who deplore the age-old policy of ignoring or minimizing Negro achievements, (prevalent in musical and show periodicals of the popular type) the recent issues of "Metronome" will come as a pleasant surprise. Barry Ulanov attacked, editorially, the race bias which prevents the great Negro orchestras and entertainers from landing the fattest radio contracts and hotel engagements in the March and April issues of the magazine. News of coloured musicians was accorded a fair share of space in these issues, and the May number featured articles and reviews on Ellington, Basie, Waller, and Calloway, besides a cover picture of the Count. Ulanov's "Metronome" colleagues include Leonard Feather and Will Roland, who was formerly manager of the Goodman band. A comparatively new jazz production—Art Hodes "Jazz Record"—seems certain to be another magazine that will knock hard at the jim crow system. Hodes is known to be one of the democratic guys and his first eight issues (they appear semi-monthly) reveal a distinctly 'fair' editorial outlook. Hodes

himself, writes with clarity. His piece in the fourth number—The Jazz Band To-day—demonstrates that a jazz musician can know what it's all about. I'll try for permission to reprint it. The May 1st issue contains an interesting note on jim crow and its effect on Negro musicians' opportunities by Bernard Katz who is a collector and student of folk music, at present occupied with a book on jazz.

Another fine jazz magazine is Bob Thiele's "Jazz", edited by Thiele and

Dan Priest. Issue 8, the latest I've seen, features some spirited arguing by John Hammond and Len Feather on the decline, or otherwise, of Ellington. John Steiner contributes a story of Frank Melrose's career, while Roger Pryor Dodge discusses the Lu Watters' records, and Thiele writes an appreciation of Rod Cless.

These two publications do much to restore confidence in the ability of Americans to see jazz clearly through the mass of cutie-crooners and song boosters who clutter the scene.

★ ★ ★

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Bing Crosby

IF YOU PLEASE

The easy, unaffected style which lifted Bing Crosby to the top a decade ago and has kept him there ever since is used to advantage in this rendition of a tune from the newest Crosby film, *Dixie*. Backed by the Ken Darby singers, Bing performs without instrumental accompaniment. His phrasing is excellent on this and the second side, *Sunday, Monday or Always*. (Decca)



Duke Ellington

SENTIMENTAL LADY

This pensive melody, composed by Duke Ellington and played by his superb orchestra, is the most attractive instrumental record in months. Taken at a slow tempo, it features the exquisite alto saxophone work of Johnny Hodges, plus a brief Rex Stewart cornet interlude. The reverse, *A Slip of the Lip Might Sink a Ship*, offers more Hodges, a vocal by Ray Nance. (Victor)



Bea Wain

BLUE RAIN

Bea Wain, a former Larry Clinton vocalist who is one of the better radio singers, revives a tune which was mildly successful several years ago and currently is being ballyhooed as a hit. Miss Wain sings in a piquant style against a rhythmic background provided by Walter Gross and a studio orchestra. On the second side, she renders *Hello My Lover, Goodbye*. (Bluebird)



Frank Sinatra

SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS

The Bing Crosby film, *Dixie*, provided the tune Frank Sinatra sings on this record to the accompaniment of a mixed choir of radio vocalists. Sinatra croons with agreeable restraint and enormous appeal for juke-box fans. The performance is melodically pleasant and undoubtedly will become a best seller. On the reverse is similar stuff: *If You Please*. (Columbia)



Perry Como

GOODBYE, SUE

The wave of crooning records continues unabated with this release of two slow, slushy numbers (the reverse: *There'll Soon Be a Rainbow*) sung by Perry Como, a onetime barber who vocalized for seven years with the Ted Weems band. Again, the accompaniment is by a vocal group because the musicians' union is still striking against recording companies. (Victor)



Lotte Lehmann

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN

Soprano Lotte Lehmann and pianist-conductor Bruno Walter, who gave joint recitals at a number of Salzburg festivals in prewar days, team up again in this album of eight poems set to music by Robert Schumann a century ago. Mme. Lehmann sings the romantic lyrics and melodies in German. The title (translation: *Woman's Love and Life*) keynotes the group. (Columbia)



Artie Shaw

NOW WE KNOW

Only notable reissue of the month is this Artie Shaw interpretation of Willard Robison's hit of several years ago. The vocal is sung by Martha Tilton against a lush background of strings. In his solo work, Shaw stays close to the original melody. On the reverse is another reissue—Freddy Martin's *All or Nothing at All*, which is inferior to other versions now available. (Victor)



Dick Haymes

I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME

Dick Haymes follows his enormously successful versions of *You'll Never Know* and *Wait for Me Mary* (the swoon set gobbed up 1,000,000 copies) with another torchy record which should sell in carload lots. This side and the reverse, *I Heard You Cried Last Night*, are sentimental ditties backed by another of those omnipresent vocal groups—the Song Spinners. (Decca)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT—Harry James (Columbia)
- MY IDEAL—Billy Butterfield (Capitol)
- YOU'LL NEVER KNOW—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- BEAR-MASH BLUES—Erskine Hawkins (Bluebird)
- WARSAW CONCERTO—Freddy Martin (Victor)
- TALES OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE—Leopold Stokowski (Columbia)

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Duke Ellington

DOUBLE CHECK STOMP

This Duke Ellington museum piece, highlighted by Johnny Hodges' saxophone chorus and the bass breaks, is an oddity in that the band includes a white accordion player, Joe Cornell. The performance swings pleasantly, although the smaller unit sounds thin and limited compared with the Ellington of today. The reverse, *Jolly Wog*, is dated in its arrangement. (Brunswick)



Arthur Fiedler

SONG FEST

Done in appropriately grandiose fashion are 11 songs on two 12-inch sides, played by the Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. The atmosphere of the music invites singing, and the record is useful for convivial occasions when there is no pianist handy for barbershop harmonizing. Included are *Smiles, Till We Meet Again*, and, inevitably, *Sweet Adeline*. (Victor)



Louis Jordan

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE

Louis Jordan, a delightfully rhythmic singer with an infectious personality, describes his bright quintet in this opus. The band's ensemble proves surprisingly neat and full for so small a group. Jordan is equally adept on alto and tenor saxophone, his solos on this and the reverse side, *That'll Just About Knock Me Out*, being his best instrumental wax work to date. (Decca)



Mary Lee

I TOLD YOU SO

Movie starlet Mary Lee is again teamed with Bob Crosby's Bob Cats in this alliance of sentiment and swing with heavy hillbilly influence. Singing is straightforward, the band limited to background work except for a brief Eddie Miller tenor-sax passage. Material is trite, the treatment aimed at juke-box audiences. The coupling: *You Broke My Heart, Little Darlin'*. (Decca)



Don Redman

CHANT OF THE WEED

Don Redman is best known for this attractively weird number which has been his theme since he started a band 12 years ago. It features pretty work by the reed section and by Don's own alto saxophone. The other side, *Shaking the African*, has an amusing recitatif by Redman, some tear-up trumpet by Red Allen, good clarinet and trombone, and a driving rhythm section. (Brunswick)



Pierre Monteux

D'INDY SYMPHONY NO. 2

Vincent d'Indy, disciple and biographer of César Franck, shows the influence of that composer in this 1902 work of many moods and themes. On ten 12-inch sides, it is played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux. If you can read music, the album cover offers excellent fare: a full description of the work, with musical illustrations. (Victor)



Mary Lou Williams

BARREL HOUSE PIANO

The title of this album is misleading; it comprises four pairs of odd piano solos that bear little resemblance to each other. Mary Lou Williams, a Café Society star, is modern and exciting in *Night Life* and *Drag 'em*, recorded some 14 years ago. James P. Johnson plays deft if ragtimey piano, but the other two records display hopelessly old-fashioned keyboard work. (Brunswick)



Fletcher Henderson

JUST BLUES

This features the 1931 band of Fletcher Henderson, star-maker whose group today is relatively obscure, although at the time of *Just Blues* he was able to present Coleman Hawkins, Bobby Stark, Rex Stewart, Claude Jones and Benny Morton—all heard in this simple and pleasing blues number. The reverse, *Radio Rhythm*, is a striking example of 1931-style "jungle jazz." (Brunswick)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- IF YOU PLEASE—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT—Harry James (Columbia)
- SENTIMENTAL LADY—Duke Ellington (Victor)
- FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN—Lotte Lehmann (Columbia)
- I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME—Dick Haymes (Decca)

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Benny Goodman

MISSION TO MOSCOW

This well-paced jazz work, performed by Benny Goodman's band, features a superbly finished sax section passage and brilliant interplay between Goodman's clarinet and the pianisms of Mel Powell, who composed the number around an intriguing main theme. Helen Forrest's vocal and Georgie Auld's sax flavor the reverse, an early recording of *It's Always You*. (Columbia)



Glenn Miller

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

The famed Gershwin work—never a piece of valid jazz—takes on new life in this Glenn Miller recording arranged by Bill Finnegan. A condensed, three-minute version, it is ornamented by Bobby Hackett's trumpet and Tex Beneke's tenor sax performance against a rhythmic background. A more typical Miller rendition is the second side, *On the Santa Fe Trail*. (Victor)



Frank Sinatra

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'

Frank Sinatra's versions of the two best songs from *Oklahoma!* probably will be welcomed by both swoon fans and those who enjoyed the immensely popular Broadway hit. *Mornin'* is a more satisfactory side than the reverse, *People Will Say We're in Love*. But, despite the mixed publicity Sinatra has had lately, each will add to his glory in the juke joints. (Columbia)



Fats Waller

YOUR SOCKS DON'T MATCH

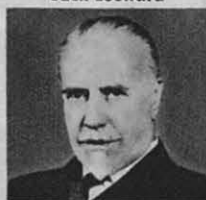
Fats Waller's combination of a delightful musical sense of humor, superb touch and technique are well displayed by his piano work in the first chorus of this number. The tempo is slow and rhythmic. Waller sings the second chorus, the lyrics being an obvious reminder of one of his earlier hits, *Your Feet's Too Big*. The other side offers *Up Jumped You With Love*. (Bluebird)



Jack Leonard

I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME

This is one of the backlog of recordings left by Jack Leonard, the former Tommy Dorsey vocalist, before he was put in front of an Army band at Fort Dix. Sung straight, it is accompanied by an orchestral group under direction of Ray Bloch—welcome relief from the glut of mixed-choir backgrounds. The reverse, *We'll Meet Again*, is another pleasant vocal performance. (Okeh)



Sir Thomas Beecham

LA BOHÈME

Here, on four 12-inch records, is a fine rendition of the complete fourth act of Giacomo Puccini's famous opera, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Among those contributing to the stirring performance are Lisa Perli as Mimi, Heddle Nash as Rodolpho and Stella Andrevá as Musetta. The story is told on the album cover. (Columbia)



Glen Gray

I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE

Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra, once idolized as heralds of an advanced style, now seem to have slipped far behind the times. This performance of an arrangement which lacks distinction and modernity is a routine job best-suited to uncritical ears. There is a barely satisfactory vocal by Kenny Sargent. The coupling, *Just Friends*, is some more of the same. (Decca)



Tommy Dorsey

DIG DOWN DEEP

This record, although only recently released, dates back to the time when Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers joined voices to do some of Tommy Dorsey's vocal chores, but Frank's role in the Dorsey version of this well-arranged bond-selling song is not large. A good Jo Stafford vocal and Ziggy Elman's trumpet high-light the other side, *You Took My Love*. (Victor)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- IF YOU PLEASE—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- SONG FEST—Boston Pops Orchestra (Victor)
- FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—Louis Jordan (Decca)
- DOUBLE CHECK STOMP—Duke Ellington (Brunswick)
- I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME—Dick Haymes (Decca)

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Spike Jones

HOTCHA CORNIA

Spike Jones and His City Slickers throw everything into this wild Russian burlesque of *Ochi Chornya* (*Black Eyes*). There's an introduction using what sounds like tuned frying pans. In the musical madhouse that follows, you may detect anything—including such specialties as the "sneezaphone." The other side revives a 20-year-old hit, *The Wild, Wild Women*. (Bluebird)



Rudolf Serkin

MOONLIGHT SONATA

Beethoven's *Sonata No. 14 in C Sharp Minor*, renowned as the *Moonlight Sonata*, is performed in this album of two 12-inch records by Rudolf Serkin, Czech-born pianist. The sonata hardly suggests moonlight in the sweeping crescendo of its later passages; its popular name was earned by the opening, melodic movement. Serkin gives a sympathetic, talented performance. (Columbia)



Ferdinand Morton

RIVERBOAT JAZZ

This album of rereleases recalls the music of pioneer Mississippi River jazzmen: King Oliver's *Dixie Syncopators*, Jelly Roll (Ferdinand) Morton's *Levee Serenaders*, Albert Wynn's *Creole Jazz Band* and Wynn's *Gut Bucket Five*. The performances are more interesting to the student than pleasing to the ear, but some of the solo work has stood up through the years. (Brunswick)



James Melton

A SONG PROGRAM

Under the above title, James Melton, Metropolitan Opera tenor well-known for his radio and concert appearances, offers an album of eight songs which show his versatile range. Four sides are Irish tunes, including *The Ballynure Ballad* and *Kitty, Me Love, Will You Marry Me?* There are also two Negro songs, *Witness* and *Mah Lindy Lou*. Robert Hill is the accompanist. (Victor)



Ogdan Nash

OGDEN NASH

In this album of three records, Ogdan Nash recites 13 brilliantly satirical poems, making fun of everything from doctors and ladies' slacks to the common cold. All the verses are from his book, *The Face Is Familiar*. Some lose by being heard instead of seen (the unexpected rhyming looks funnier than it sounds), but they will please all who like Nash's subtleties. (Decca)



Lonnie Johnson

FLY RIGHT, BABY

Typical of the thousands of so-called "race" records which, almost unknown to the general public, have been important in the music business for 20 years, this disc presents Lonnie Johnson, Chicago singer and guitarist, in two sincere, authentic performances in the blues mood. Accompanied by piano and bass, Johnson does *Fly Right, Baby* and *Rambler's Blues*. (Bluebird)



Deryck Sampson

BOOGIE EXPRESS

This boogie-woogie opus, coupled with *Blues Boogie*, and *Boogie in C* paired with *Hen House Boogie*, are played on two 12-inch records by a new star, Deryck Sampson, only 17. Aided by fast and ingenious bass rhythms and some ideas which appear borrowed from various sources, he demonstrates a remarkably thorough knowledge of eight-to-the-bar piano style. (Beacon)

MISCELLANY: Hillbilly devotees will like a new release by Clayton McMichen's *Georgia Wildcats*, a string band which plays and sings *Put Your Arms Around Me*, *Honey* and *Please Don't Sell My Pappy No More Rum* . . . The *Selah Jubilee Singers* offer more gospel harmony with *Mother, Don't Cry If Your Son Goes To War* and *Let the World See Jesus in My Life* . . . If your taste runs to a mazurka (*Happy Hugo Hambo*) or a polka (*Favorite Polka*), you'll find them on a new disc by "Whoopie" John Wilfahrt and His Band . . . The *Sportsmen* provide novelty vocals on both sides of *What Do You Do in the Infantry?* and *Ke-Tok-I-O*. (All Decca)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- MISSION TO MOSCOW—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Glenn Miller (Victor)
- OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Al Dexter (Okeh)
- DOUBLE CHECK STOMP—Duke Ellington (Brunswick)
- I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME—Dick Haymes (Decca)

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Billboard Oct. 23

Davis & Lieber Now Post's

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The war has caused a double change in the original radio p. a. firm of Davis & Lieber. First Hal Davis went into the service and shortly after was followed by Les Lieber. Leo Miller and Carl Post then took over management, together with Leonard Feather. Now Miller has gone with the OWI and Feather has left the firm to become an editor of *Look*.

So now the firm is known as Carl Post Associates.

Paul
Orchestra.

12/24/43
**Ella Mae Morse, "Cow
Cow Boogie" Gal, Is
Booked for the Strand**

For the first time on the air-waves all disc jockeys on radio record programs have united in a "radio welcome" to a new personality. Lovely Ella Mae Morse, the original "Cow Cow Boogie" gal, is to be the recipient of this unique honor on Dec. 31, when she opens at the Strand Theatre as a special attraction with the Charlie Barnet show.

All the record program maestros, including Alan Courtney, Art Green, Martin Block, Jerry Lawrence, Len Feather, Todd Lawrence, Fred Carr and others, have gotten together and will not only play the record which brought her fame, but also her latest recordings, among them the popular "Shoo Shoo, Baby."

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DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Carnegie Hall, New York

Saturday Evening, December 11, 1943 at 8:45 o'clock

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

TAKE THE A TRAIN

Billy Strayhorn

Billy Strayhorn, who actually conceived part of this number while riding the Eighth Avenue "A" Train to Harlem, achieved his first popular success as a composer-arranger when the Ellington record of this number appeared early in 1941. It has since been elaborated with lyrics, and the version played by Ellington in the film *Reveille With Beverly* involved a vocal trio, dancing and comedy. The first-chorus unison theme owes its charm to the ingenious use of augmented chords. Note also the double-augmented effects toward the end of the arrangement. Ray Nance is the featured trumpeter.

MOON MIST

Mercer Ellington

Composed by Pfc. Mercer Ellington, 24 year old son of the Duke, this is a slow and moody melodic piece featuring the violin of Ray Nance, Johnny Hodges' saxophone, and Lawrence Brown's trombone.

PYRAMID

Ellington-Tizol

One of the many exotic tunes penned by Ellington's right hand man, Puerto Rican valve-trombonist Juan Tizol, it is notable for its rhythmic ingenuity and the solo contributions of Tizol and Ellington on the hand-drums.

VARIATIONS ON HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Fats Waller

Jimmy Hamilton, a talented young clarinetist who joined the band since its last Carnegie Hall appearance, uses the standard theme of the old Waller tune as the basis for a series of choruses. Previously heard with Teddy Wilson's band, Hamilton has a pure tone and a style at times reminiscent of Goodman's.

Excerpts from BLACK, BROWN AND BEIGE

Ellington

At Duke Ellington's first Carnegie Hall concert on January 23, 1943, the first performance was given of Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige* which he described as a tone parallel to the history of the American Negro. Tonight's concert presents some of the themes which emerged from that fifty-minute work to become independently popular through performances by the band on the air. These excerpts are from the second movement (Brown), the historical parallel to which started with the Revolutionary War, then turned to a musical recognition of the West Indian influence. One of the most delightful passages, featuring Rex Stewart's piquant and sarcastic cornet in his unique stifled-note manner, is described by Duke as representing "youth's graceful awkwardness", or the attitude of the younger Negroes after their emancipation following the Civil War.

Betty Roché, one of Ellington's outstanding discoveries of recent years, sings the passage subtitled *Mauve*, with lyrics built pyramid-style by Ellington in a deeply moving vocal and instrumental picture of the blues. Though not based on the conventional twelve-bar blues

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pattern (excepting the passage just before the vocal reprise), this is nevertheless typical of the mood connoted by the word *blues*.

NEW WORLD A-COMING

Ellington

"The Negro's cause will rise or fall with America. He knows well that his destiny is intimately bound to that of the nation. America stands today as a symbol of freedom! The loss of this symbol will mean the loss of hope for black and white alike. This war, undeniably, belongs to the Negro as well as to the white man. To this extent, it may be called a 'People's War'—for in spite of selfish interests a new world is a-coming with the sweep and fury of the Resurrection."

These closing words from Roi Ottley's best-selling book on Negro life express the same spirit instilled into Ellington's new piano-and-orchestra work which owes its title and inspiration to the book. Unlike *Black, Brown and Beige*, it does not attempt a musical parallel with any story. It accepts the implication of the title, explains Ellington, and expresses it in a mood of musical anticipation, optimistically heralding the advent of a new world with racial barriers torn down, economic and social difficulties gone—in fact, says Duke, a "land of beautiful happiness." This work was written specially for the present concert and is as yet unpublished.

FLOOR SHOW

Ellington

Previously titled *Goin' Up*, and featured by the band in abbreviated version in *Cabin In The Sky* for MGM, this instrumental number starts in a soft and insinuating manner with Ellington's piano, muted brass, and reed section building up a mysterious atmosphere later emphasized by Joe Nanton's variation on the 16-bar theme. After a short interplay between Ellington and Johnny Hodges, a growling brass trio tears into a chorus. At fever pitch the theme is broken by a series of startling trombone cadenzas played unaccompanied by Lawrence Brown. The dramatic impact in the transition from this passage to the ensuing fast-tempo violin solo by Ray Nance is one of the most exciting things Ellington has done in the past few years. The brass section rides the number out in a searing, emotional climax.

DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANY MORE

Ellington

Recorded by the band in May 1940 as *Never No Lament*, this tune was revised slightly, fitted with lyrics, and issued eighteen months ago under its present title. It has enjoyed a No. 1 spot on the Hit Parade and illustrates the neglected fact that almost any Ellington tune, whether written for Tin Pan Alley purposes or simply as an instrumental vehicle for the band, may in either case have hit potentialities. Johnny Hodges' alto sax in its most voluptuous vein has the spotlight.

RING DEM BELLS

Ellington

An old 16-bar stomp number in which Sonny Greer obeys the order in the title and several of the band's best soloists have ad-lib passages. It was written and recorded in August 1930.

AWARD WINNING COMPOSITIONS

Ellington

The Duke's piano medley of some of the songs that have earned him several awards and a high rating with the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Selected from *Mood Indigo*

(1930), *It Don't Mean A Thing* (1932), *Sophisticated Lady* (1933), *Solitude* (1934), *In A Sentimental Mood* (1935), *Caravan* (1937), *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart* (1938), *I Got It Bad* (1941).

JACK THE BEAR

Ellington

Originally built around the late Jimmy Blanton, phenomenal bass player who recorded it with the band in 1940, this 12-bar blues at medium tempo now has Alvin "Junior" Raglin in the bass solo role. The ingenious interlard linking the choruses and the growl work by Joe Nanton are also of interest.

DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME

Ellington

This tune started in March 1940 as *Concerto for Cootie*, recorded by Cootie Williams, who has since left the band. The theme has been expanded into the regular 32-bar pattern and lyrics added to make the number a successor to *Don't Get Around Much Any More*.

COTTON TAIL

Ellington

A very fast instrumental, built on traditional chord sequence; features the band's newest soloist, Elbert "Skippy" Williams, tenor sax.

BLACK AND TAN FANTASY

Ellington

ROCKIN' IN RHYTHM

Ellington

These two old favorites are now combined in medley form. The former dates from the era of the late Bubber Miley whom Duke still considers one of the greatest musicians ever featured with the band. Miley was the first famous exponent of the growl (then called "wa-wa") style of trumpet solo using a rubber plunger instead of a mute. These effects are still carried out by a veteran Ellingtonian, trombonist Joe Nanton ("Tricky Sam"), who has always had an important part in building up the climax of *Black and Tan*. Like so many of Ellington's simpler numbers, this has two themes, the first in the minor. *Rockin' In Rhythm* also has major and minor themes, the former based on an attractive syncopated phrase entirely on the tonic chord.

SENTIMENTAL LADY

Ellington

Recorded in July 1942, but released only recently, this lovely melody illustrates the melodic style of Johnny Hodges' alto saxophone and the superb harmonic backgrounds scored by Ellington. Rex Stewart's cornet passage in high register offers a contrast to the serene mood maintained through the rest of the performance.

TRUMPET IN SPADES

Ellington

Rex Stewart, cornetist, who joined Ellington nine years ago, demonstrates his technical prowess in this flashy instrumental piece that suggests the bustle of traffic at a busy intersection. Despite the difficulty of achieving much variety in dynamics at this tempo, there are subtleties of inflection worth listening for in his interpretation.

THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

Mercer Ellington

This number evolved in 1941 as a series of two-bar riffs (short repeated phrases) built into the usual 12-bar blues pattern. The riff happened to be so attractive that the number has now become one of the most popular with Ellington fans. First recorded by Johnny Hodges with the small band, it is now played by the whole orchestra.

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Harry James

FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE

This flashy trumpet specialty, recorded four years ago when Harry James' band was still struggling for recognition, has just been reissued. It is of greater interest to admirers of instrumental technique than jazz lovers. Also on this record is *My Greatest Mistake*, an interesting but not very important revival in which the vocal refrain is credited to Dick Haymes. (Hit)



Kay Armen

THE DREAMER

Kay Armen, who has earned considerable popularity in the South through her broadcasts from Nashville, Tenn., is heard on this disc singing two numbers from *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, the second being *How Sweet You Are*. She is assisted by the Balladiers, a vocal group, in one of the last recordings made under this label before the return of instrumental accompaniment. (Decca)



Paul Weston

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

A musical and inoffensive version of this ditty is offered by the Pied Pipers, former Tommy Dorsey vocal group, accompanied by Paul Weston (once Dorsey's arranger) and his orchestra. The slow-tempo interlude is especially effective. The Pipers' voices blend equally well on the second side, *Deacon Jones*. This was Capitol's first recording after the musicians' ban was lifted. (Capitol)



Eugenie Baird

MY HEART TELLS ME

This song from *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* is pleasantly interpreted by Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band in a brand-new recording vastly superior to Gray's previous releases. On the other side is *My Shining Hour*, from *The Sky's the Limit*. The arrangements are by Bill Challis, alumnus of the old Paul Whiteman band. Eugenie Baird, a capable singer, is heard on both sides. (Decca)



Fletcher Henderson

SUGAR FOOT STOMP

This famous Louis Armstrong-King Oliver jazz classic is heard here in a version recorded by Fletcher Henderson's band in 1930 and recently reissued. Though the arrangements of both this and its companion, *Blue Rhythm*, are dated, there are good, ageless solo passages played by Russell Procope (alto sax), Rex Stewart (trumpet) and Coleman Hawkins (tenor sax). (Savoy)



Freddie Fisher

WILBERFORCE, GET OFF THAT HORSE!

"... and bring him in for lunch," adds this satirical song commenting on the meat shortage. Freddie "Schnickelfritz" Fisher and his band go overboard on the corn and add some dull humor for bad measure. Even more tiresome is the reverse, an intensely hammy version of *Pistol Packin' Mama*. The pianist is at least tolerable; everything else is unoriginal, ugly and unfunny. (Decca)



Deryck Sampson

CHINESE BOOGIE WOOGIE

Young Deryck Sampson, in another boogie-woogie piano solo, tries to add a touch of novelty this time, introducing pseudo-Chinese effects with the use of fourths. The result is neither good boogie-woogie nor good Chinese music. The backing, *Kansas City Boogie Woogie*, is fair, but it is time for Sampson to show he is not limited entirely to eight-to-the-bar work. (Beacon)

STRAY NOTES: An album vaguely labeled *Jazz*, composed of recordings made in 1940-41 in Denmark, has just been released in this country. It is of interest mainly because of the contributions of Svend Asmussen, a brilliant young Danish violinist who plays superbly on four of the eight sides. Probably the greatest jazz musician Europe has produced, he is heard with a small group of Copenhagen colleagues. Asmussen also takes the vocals and some of the vibraharp solos. The guitarist, Svend Hauberg, is first-class by American standards, and these musicians as a whole prove themselves superior to the more publicized French Hot Club Quintet. (Hit)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- ALL FOR YOU—King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- BIM BAM BUM—Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
- BING CROSBY ALBUM (Brunswick)
- A SLIP OF THE LIP—Duke Ellington (Victor)
- DON'T CRY, BABY—Erskine Hawkins (Bluebird)
- ARCHDUKE TRIO—Jascha Heifetz (Victor)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



John Nesbitt

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This album tells a Yuletide legend. Opening with *Ave Maria*, it is recited by John Nesbitt in a gentle, sympathetic voice, with a brief choral introduction and ending on each side. Nesbitt, telling the story of *The Juggler of Our Lady*, does an excellent job of building up dramatic suspense in one of the most unusual and interesting releases for the Christmas season. (Decca)



Harry James

CHERRY

Least flashy and most musical Harry James record of the year, this is a Dave Matthews arrangement of an old Don Redman tune. Harry's horn sounds pleasantly restrained in lower register and an alto-sax and growl trombone produce good solos. The reverse, *Jump Town*, a light, bouncing opus with no strings, offers James in mellow, muted mood. (Columbia)



Dinah Shore

DINAH SHORE ALBUM

Here is a collection of so-called "musical orchids," dedicated to servicemen, containing hits recorded by Dinah Shore during her rise to fame. Her ballads, such as *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, are more convincing than her blues, of which three examples are included. The discs, well-packaged with a color photograph on the cover, make an attractive gift album. (Victor)



Bing Crosby

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

The lyric and melody of this number by Kim Gannon and Walter Kent reach the ultimate in sentimentality. Bing Crosby makes a typical vehicle of it, singing first ad lib and then in tempo, with sweet work by the strings in the background. The other side offers Bing's brand-new version of *Londonderry Air* in its most popular form, under the title *Danny Boy*. (Decca)



Vladimir Golschmann

SUITE PROVENCALE

This work by Darius Milhaud, prolific French composer, was written in 1936, inspired partly by eighteenth century Provence folk melodies. The continuity is interesting. Occupying four 12-inch sides, the recording comprises eight short movements. Conductor Vladimir Golschmann directs the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra to produce this satisfying performance. (Victor)



Patty Andrews

JINGLE BELLS

Bing Crosby gets a rhythmic beat into this record, and the tune sounds good in double time; but the Andrews Sisters' stuttering effect is an irritating trick, and a change of key would have added some needed variety. The girls and Bing team more successfully on *Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town*. On both sides, accompaniment is by Vic Schoen's semi-swing group. (Decca)



Dick Robertson

NO LETTER TODAY

In the running for most popular hillbilly song, this composition is presented in typically naive fashion by Dick Robertson. The accompaniment, obviously by a group of top-notch radio musicians, contrasts strangely with the music on authentic hillbilly records. Guitar, trombone and piano have some interesting moments. The reverse, *I Walk Alone*, is similar fare. (Decca)



Kitty Kallen

THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

This satirical song on the effects of the draft is heard in its first recorded version, by Jimmy Dorsey's band. The performance is almost all vocal, rendered by Kitty Kallen, with a short and effective alto-sax interlude by Dorsey. *Star Eyes*, the coupling, is sung by Bob Eberly and Miss Kallen. A slower tempo and quieter mood would have fitted the tune better. (Decca)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Paul Weston (Capitol)
- BIM BAM BUM—Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
- MY SHINING HOUR—Glen Gray (Decca)
- DANISH JAZZ ALBUM (Hit)
- MISSION TO MOSCOW—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- YOU TOOK MY LOVE—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

48 Pittsburgh Courier 1/8/44

'ACE' NEGRO MUSICIANS SWEEP ESQUIRE MAG'S JAZZ BAND POLL

All-American Jazz Band Top Heavy with Race Stars; Set for Historic Debut in Sacred Confiners of Famous Metropolitan Opera House; Program to Be Aired by Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands

By IZZY

NEW YORK—For the first time in the history of swing music contests, Negroes swept most of the choice spots on a jazz poll not conducted by a colored publication. The precedent-breaking event was the outcome of Esquire's recent contest, in which the world's foremost jazz experts were asked to select their impression of a top-

11-star jazz band. Twenty-sicians and singers were selected and 20 of these were colored. The only colored member of judges group was E. Simms Campbell, famous cartoonist of the magazine. Other experts, all of whom were selected by Leonard Feather, English swing authority, were swing critics from Egypt, Java and Denmark, while the chairman of the group was Robert Goffin, Belgian authority.

Following are the first team winners selected: Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums (he held the same spot last year); Oscar Pettiford, bass; Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo, odd instruments; Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, vocals; Artie Shaw, best musician in the armed forces.

Second team winners were as follows: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton or Al Morgan (tie) bass; Leo Watson, Mildred Bailey, vocals; Willie Smith, saxophone, and Dave Tough, drums, armed forces.

On both lists the only white musicians whose names appear are Goodman, Teagarden, Norvo, Bailey, Shaw and Tough.

All of the first team winners and a couple of the second team winners are set to appear at the Esquire concert at Metropolitan Opera House January 18. The affair is being sponsored by the National Women's Council of the Navy League to boost war bond sales. The chosen musicians will participate in a monster jam session, and also receive \$500 war band awards and "Esqy" statuettes. The concert will break another precedent in that this will be the first time that the clash and rhythm of swing music has invaded the sacred portals of the Metropolitan Opera.

Critic Touts Lena As Top Singer for 1944

NEW YORK — Leonard Feather, noted composer and music critic, writing in the January 11 issue of Look magazine, predicts that vibrant-voiced Lena Horne will be the brightest new singing star of 1944. . . Ellington will be among the top bands on wax. . . Benny Carter will be "discovered" . . . Count Basie, Lionel Hampton and Cootie Williams will signal increasing popularity for colored artists. . . expects a boom year for popular music.

12/29/44 BILLBOARD

Esquire Giving Jazz Its All With Special Issue, Concert And Bonds To Top Jammers

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Esquire magazine really worked itself up a promotion when it polled a group of jazz critics to pick what they considered the All-American jazz band. Mag, which is devoting its February issue to a special jazz edition, in addition to printing a jazz book including biographies and art work, will invade the Metropolitan Opera House here January 18 to present a concert by the contest winners.

Charles Friedman, who had a fling at Broadway opera as director of *Carmen Jones*, will stage the jazz session at the Met, which falls on the opening night of the government's Fourth War Loan Drive. Seats will be sold for War Bonds, with house scaled at \$25 to \$100, and Station WJZ here is setting up a special bond booth in its building to sell tickets.

Plus that, Columbia Records is putting out a special album, to be called *Esquire's All-American jazz band*, composed of re-issues of waxings by the winners.

Judges for the All-American jazz band were Robert Goffin and Leonard Feather, acting for *Esquire*; Sgt. G. Avakian, E. Sims Campbell, Abel Green, Pvt. John Hammond, Roger Kay, Harry Lim, Paul Edward Miller, Bucklin Moon, Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, Frank Stacy, Charles Edward Smith, Bob Thiele,

Barry Ulanov and Elliott Grennard, music editor of *The Billboard*. War Bonds totaling \$10,000 will be distributed to winners, plus *Esqy* statuettes.

The Winners

Winners for first and second place were:

Trumpets: Louis Armstrong, Cootie Williams.

Trombones: Jack Teagarden, Lawrence Brown.

Clarinet: Benny Goodman, Barney Bigard.

Saxophones: Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges.

Pianos: Art Tatum, Earl Hines.

Guitars: Al Casey, Oscar Moore.

Bass: Oscar Pettiford, Milton Hinton, Al Morgan (last two tied).

Drums: Sidney Catlett, Cozy Cole.

Odd instruments: Red Norvo (xylophone), Lionel Hampton (vibraphone).

Armed forces favorites: Artie Shaw (clarinet), Willie Smith (drum). Last two tied.

Male vocalists: Louis Armstrong, Leo Watson.

Female vocalists: Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey.

The Billboard man concurred with majority of the judges on Williams, Goodman, Hodges, Moore, Cole and Miss Bailey.

ROBERTED IN CUDD

20 of 26 Winning Musicians In Esquire Band Poll Are Negroes; Winners at Met Opera House Jan. 18

First Team Men to Play in Gigantic Session for Bond Drive

ESQUIRE'S 1944 ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND

- (First and Second Place Winners)
- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| TRUMPETS | TROMBONES |
| Louis Armstrong | Jack Teagarden |
| Cootie Williams | Lawrence Brown |
| CLARINETS | SAXOPHONES |
| Benny Goodman | Coleman Hawkins |
| Barney Bigard | Johnny Hodges |
| PIANOS | GUITARS |
| Art Tatum | Al Casey |
| Earl Hines | Oscar Moore |
| BASS TOTALS | DRUMS |
| Oscar Pettiford | Sidney Catlett |
| Milton Hinton | Cozy Cole |
| Al Morgan | MALE |
| ODD | VOCALISTS |
| INSTRUMENTS | Louis Armstrong |
| Red Norvo | Leo Watson |
| Lionel Hampton | ARMED FORCES |
| FEMALE | FAVORITES |
| VOCALISTS | Artie Shaw |
| Billie Holiday | Willie Smith |
| Mildred Bailey | Dave Tough |

The eagerly awaited results of the Esquire Poll, in which sixteen of the world's foremost jazz experts were asked to select their all-star jam band, were announced last week and proved to nothing short of sensational. No less than twenty of the twenty-six winning musicians are Negroes.

The experts were selected by Leonard Feather, who also voted himself, and the chairman was Robert Goffin, Belgian jazz authority. Among the sixteen voters were swing critics from Egypt, Java and Denmark. The only Negro who voted was E. Simms Campbell. The winners appear Jan. 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House on a WJZ-Blue Network coast-to-coast broadcast.

Following were the first team winners selected: Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo, odd instruments; Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, vocals; Artie Shaw, best musician in the armed forces.

Second team winners were as follows: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton or Al Morgan (tie), bass; Leo Watson, Mildred Bailey, vocals; Willie Smith or Dave Tough, armed forces.

In these two lists the only white musicians chosen are Goodman, Teagarden, Norvo, Bailey, Shaw and Tough. To first team winners are a couple of the second-team winners will appear at the Esquire concert Jan. 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House to receive their \$500 war bond awards and their "Esqy" statuettes, and take part in a gigantic jam session for the sale of war bonds and the benefit of the Navy League.

Theative

Page 8 The Afro-American, January 8, 1944

Esquire Names 20 Colored on Band

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No less than twenty of the twenty-six winning musicians are colored. The experts were selected by Leonard Feather, who also voted himself, and the chairman was Robert Goffin, Belgian jazz authority. Among the sixteen voters were swing critics from Egypt, Java and Denmark. The only colored man who voted was E. Simms Campbell.

First Team Winners

Following were the first team winners selected:

Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo, odd instruments; Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, vocals; Artie Shaw, best musician in the armed forces.

Second team winners were as follows:

Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton or Al Morgan (tie), bass; Leo Watson, Mildred Bailey, vocals; Willie Smith or Dave Tough, armed forces.

Only Six Whites

In these two lists the only white musicians chosen are: Goodman, Teagarden, Norvo, Bailey, Shaw and Tough.

The first team winners and a couple of the second-team winners will appear at the Esquire concert January 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House to receive their \$500 war bond awards and their "Esqy" statuettes, and take part in a gigantic jam session for the sale of war bonds and the benefit of the Navy League.

THE CAPITOL



Leonard Sheds His Flack Feathers

LEONARD FEATHER's pals on the coast declare that he is through with press-agentry for keeps. Radio and writing (for Metronome, Look and Esquire) will provide his outlets in the future, although it's to be expected that his efforts as a tunesmith and part-time recording supervisor won't be abandoned. His Coleman Hawkins session (My Ideal, Mop, Mop) produced an extraordinary brand of jazz despite inferior recording.

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather

Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Joan Roberts

OKLAHOMA!

Recorded by the show's orchestra, chorus, and leading artists, this album is a highly successful re-creation of the past season's musical stage hit. Alfred Drake, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Lee Dixon and Howard da Silva all take part. On the first of the six discs, Jay Blackton directs an overture which includes *People Will Say We're in Love* and the title song. (Decca)



Sir Thomas Beecham

DELIUS ALBUM

This Delius Society Volume contains a wealth of great music by the English-born composer who achieved his greatest successes in France and Germany. Six of the fourteen sides are devoted to *Paris*, an impressionistic orchestral work; others include excerpts from the opera *Koanga* and from *Hassan*—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra. (Columbia)



Louis Jordan

RATION BLUES

Louis Jordan, a good jazz saxophonist and jive vocalist, shines in both roles here, aided only by a trumpeter, who provides some fine obbligatos, and a swinging rhythm section. The lyrics won a contest conducted by Jordan among amateurs and should make this disc a best-seller. The reverse, *Deacon Jones*, is sung in an old-fashioned, amusing comedy-sermon vein. (Decca)



Patty Andrews

SHOO SHOO BABY

A famous "riff," often played in swing tunes, is the musical basis of this song by Phil Moore, Hollywood arranger. The Andrews Sisters' version starts with Patty Andrews taking the verse, after which the girls lift the tempo for a stiffly phrased chorus with *Tuxedo Junction* effects in the background. The other side, *Down in The Valley*, is rather slow and dirge-like. (Decca)



George Hartman

JAZZ ME BLUES

This recording offers one of four typical Dixieland numbers recorded in New Orleans during a jazz hunt by the Javanese jive expert, Harry Lim (others: *Diga Diga Doo*, *Tin Roof Blues*, *Muskrat Ramble*). They are all played by trumpeter George Hartman's jam band. The best solos are those by Julian Laine (trombone), "Bujji" Centobie (clarinet) and Hartman. (Keynote)



Judy Carol

DON'T CRY, BABY

Judy Carol, attractive new singer, makes her disc debut with Lucky Millinder's band in a slow-blues number enhanced by Tab Smith's alto sax, Joe Guy's trumpet and Sam Taylor's tenor sax. *Sweet Slumber*, the coupling, has a vocal by guitarist-crooner Trevor Bacon, some well-blended reed section work and another pleasant contribution by Tab Smith. (Decca)



Jimmy Dorsey

BESAME MUCHO

Popular a couple of years ago in Mexico, this song is presented by Jimmy Dorsey in one of his popular formulas: vocal by Bob Eberly, then a change to swing tempo and a livelier vocal by Kitty Kallen. The reverse, *My Ideal*, is taken at a slow pace, with a competent Eberly vocal, pleasant work by the sax team, and a short clarinet passage by Dorsey in person. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: Columbia has issued several new Masterworks albums, one presenting Joseph Szigeti, violinist, and Andor Földes, pianist, in a Schubert Sonata. In another, Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the Philharmonic Symphony of New York playing Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* . . . Decca has combined three of its *Porgy and Bess* discs (Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Avon Long, Helen Dowdy) into an album . . . Four more sides by Harry James have been reissued by Hit: *Carnival of Venice* with *A Million Dreams Ago*, *Hodge Podge with Fools Rush In* . . . Kay Armen and the Balladiers do *Later Tonight* and *Cuddle Up a Little Closer*, on Decca.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

CHERI—Harry James (Columbia)

DINAH SHORE ALBUM (Victor)

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Paul Weston (Capitol)

CHICAGO JAZZ CLASSICS—Benny Goodman (Brunswick)

THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

SENTIMENTAL LADY—Duke Ellington (Victor)



Sepia sensation Lena Horne gets top vocal billing for 1944.

Swinging Into '44

Despite priorities and the draft, popular music expects a boom year

By LEONARD FEATHER

Composer and music critic

Brightest new singing star of 1944 will be vibrant-voiced, Brooklyn-born Lena Horne.

Bing Crosby will remain King of Croon—whether Sinatra enters the Army or not.

The popularity of name bands will boom the sale of records and sheet music, with manufacturers, short of shellac, limiting recordings largely to six-figure-sale names like Harry James, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, the Dorseys.

Many sound musicians, around for some time building up reputations, will be "discovered" as name-band leaders go in the services. Among the new stars will be Les Brown, Stan Kenton, Benny Carter, Hal McIntyre.

Despite the draft, there will be fewer changes in band personnel because most leaders have stocked up with 4F's. (Some attempts to use girl musicians failed.)

Continued ovations to Duke Ellington, Count Basie's movie success, recognition of vibraharpist Lionel Hampton and trumpeter Cootie Williams will signal increasing popularity for Negro artists.

The service bands of Capt. Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw will highlight the contributions of dance-band musicians to fighter morale. Their fine work will result in greater popularity for all bands when the boys come home.

★ ★ ★ COAST - TO - COAST ★ ★ ★

★ WORDS AND MUSIC ★

By BEN KAUFMAN

Solid Sender

BEAMING a hot example for the radio industry is the first annual Swing Festival scheduled by WNEW, Gotham indie, from Sunday through the following Saturday. Highlight of the metropolitan outlet's ambitious contribution to LE JAZZ HOT will be the broadcast of a one-hour portion of "Esquire's" All-American Jazz Band Concert from the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday at 10 p.m. Concert, incidentally, marks the first time that jazz has ever invaded the sacred portals of the Met, which will be thrown open that evening to purchasers of war bonds as an opening gun of the Fourth War Loan Drive. Many of the winners of the recent mag poll will be heard over the local station's mike throughout the week.

☆ ☆ ☆

History of American jazz will be recounted over WNEW by authorities on hot music, who will interpret the international character of jazz. Jam sessions will feature previews of unreleased pressings, and a number of great swing musicians will be interviewed. Jamboree will kick off on Sunday with a live session, including Roy Eldridge on the trumpet, Barney Bigard, clarinet, and Lionel Hampton on the vibraharp. Winding up the opening day, which is crammed with recordings of jazz notables, will be another in-person jam session. Advance disks will also be introduced by Bob Thiele, now in the Coast Guard and former producer of platters under the Signature label.

☆ ☆ ☆

Panorama of jazz over the Gotham outlet for the rest of the week will present interviews by swing critic Leonard Feather with: Louie "Satchmo" Armstrong, one of the great trumpet players; slideman Jack Teagarden, who placed first in the trombone section of the All-American combo; Red Norvo, of xylophone fame; Coleman Hawkins, he of the hot sax, and Billie Holliday, who topped all femme vocalists in the "Esquire" contest. Jazz commentators set for the week's proceedings are Timmy Rosenkrantz, Roger Kay, Robert Goffin and Harry Lim, who are numbered among the judges in the mag poll.

☆ ☆ ☆

HEP CHAT: Decca is excited about the lyrics of "Patrick Henry," a ballad written especially for the Treasury's "Bond Wagon" New Year's Day airing. Platter outfit is believed ready to record it for school use....Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs is writing special scripts for Enric Madriguera's broadcasts from the Commodore in Gotham.....Carl Van Doren, who handles the "American Scriptures" intermission feature on Columbia's Philharmonic program, has been elected a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

☆ ☆ ☆

Georgie Auld has just landed the Commodore's Century Room spot beginning Feb. 3, marking the young leader's first shot at important air time.....Vincent Youmans, composer of the song "Tea for Two" and many other musical-comedy hit tunes, whose new revue opens at the Mosque Theater in Newark, N. J., next Friday, is supposed to get around 110,000 song plugs a year over the nets, being topped only by Jerome Kern.

☆ ☆ ☆

Treasury's War Finance Division is going to ask about 30 famous writers, who have written spot testimonial announcements for the Fourth War Loan, to read them over the air. Scribes include Eugene O'Neill, Edna Ferber, Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Rose Benet, Mark Van Doren, George Kaufman, Christopher Morley, Elmer Rice.



TEN YEARS IN JAZZ



by **LEONARD FEATHER**

IT was just ten years ago this week (in the "M.M." dated December 30, 1933) that my first article on jazz appeared in print. Ten years is a very long time in an art that moves as fast as jazz.

That first article, in a retrospective glance, seems strangely inept. It took the form of a debate with Bettie Edwards, my contention being that white musicians had contributed more to the progress of jazz than Negroes, her job being to contend that Negroes had made the major contribution.

At this late date it's safe enough to reveal the awful truth—that I wrote both sides of the debate myself, with assistance from Bettie, and that neither of us agreed entirely with the viewpoints we put into our own mouths!

Nowadays the whole idea of pitting one race against another in an argument of this kind seems pointless. It is less important to debate the relative contributions of Negroes and whites, less important to draw any racial comparisons, than to work towards the elimination of any thoughts of colour distinction or segregation.

ATAVISTS AND FOGEYS

This was one of the things I found out in spending ten years writing more than a million words about jazz, and in spending more than half that time listening to jazz on its native soil.

Another and more important lesson I have learned is that you have to keep pace with jazz, and the pace is incredibly fast. There is more good music being made to-day in this field than ever before; there are more good soloists, more great arrangers, more wonderful bands.

That's the way it's been ever since jazz began; yet there are thousands of people, claiming to be jazz lovers, who will fight this contention tooth and nail.

They are the atavists who spend their time unearthing obscure, worn-out discs by Jelly Roll Morton when they should be at the Onyx Club listening to Pete Brown. They are the young fogeys who would rather listen to Hawkins' 1929 recording of "Hello, Lola" than hear the way Hawkins is playing to-day, though when you play the old record for Hawkins he'll just smile and tell you that the old buzz-tone has been out of date for years, and thank goodness he doesn't play that way any more.

3 SENSATIONS!!!

- THE 'REQUEST' WALTZ
- SERENADE TO A DREAM
- WHIRLWIND

(By Ronnie Binge of 'Siesta' Fame)

ASCHERBERG'S
16, Mortimer St., London, W.1
Museum 3562-4

BROWN'S HARTLEY'S
55-59, Oxford Street, 79, Vicar Lane,
London, W.1, Ger. 3995 Leeds

They are the disillusioned crackpots who believe that Duke Ellington should stay in a ten-years-old rut; who are still wailing that the band isn't the same since Bubber Miley or Wellman Braud left. They are the folks like "Mike," who, because they have not kept pace with jazz for many, many years, place the blame on the music instead of on their own unresponsive shoulders.

MENACE TO JAZZ

These people are a menace to a better understanding of jazz. They should be told, gently but firmly, that standards do change in jazz, and that as this music expands, the ear of a constant and discerning listener adapts itself to new standards. What was good ten or fifteen years ago may sound considerably less than good to-day in the light of everything that has happened during the ten or fifteen years of progress.

This progress has taken many forms. Instrumentation has increased, enabling arrangers to produce richer and more varied combinations of tone colours. The average band a decade ago might have had three trumpets, two trombones and three or four saxes. Naturally, then, records by such a band would sound thin and limited when pitted against the achievements of a modern arranger working with four or five trumpets, three or four trombones and five or six reeds.

This doesn't mean that the bigger a band is, the better. Naturally a point can easily be reached where the whole thing becomes top-heavy, and subtlety is sacrificed in the interests of volume. On the whole, though, the band of to-day benefits greatly from its greater instrumental scope.

PROGRESS

Harmonically, both the arrangers and the soloists have broadened their horizon amazingly. The hot man who in 1929 might have been scared to insert an extra chord suggestion or dissonance, brings so many advanced effects into his improvisations in 1943 that the old-time soloists in many instances sound utterly naive.

As an example of this, compare Art Tatum or King Cole, or Mel Powell with an old-time pianist like Art Hodes or Jelly Roll Morton. It seems almost fantastic that the differences can be so vast with the passage of less than a generation. They are the differences between a master of oratory and a child just learning to talk.

This progress in the subtleties of hot playing is one of the most potent arguments against clinging to one's old beliefs in the heroes of the past.

Both in Europe and in the States there are little cliques of fans impressed by the glamorous past of jazz; they are more fascinated by a mediocre soloist who happened to play on a riverboat with King Oliver's second cousin, or died of an overdose of reefers, or is working to-day as a washroom attendant, than by a really good soloist who happens to have committed the sin of (a) being popular, (b) making money, (c) never having roomed with Bix.

Sure, it's not easy to be coldly realistic and factual when you get opinions mixed up with sentiment; but it's important to do so if you want to indulge in either subjective or objective criticism.

The only way to judge a jazz soloist to-day, or an arranger, or a band, is to be completely detached, and to be willing to accept something as good or bad, no matter how unexpected the source, and no matter how much it may upset a list of favourites that you may have idolised for years.

For instance, one evening recently I heard, in a thoroughly commercial band (Bob Chester's), a trombonist who took a chorus on "Body and Soul" that was as great as anything Teagarden ever played.

In a couple of Fifty Second Street

night clubs I heard an unknown tenor man whose work was far ahead of even the greatest of those old records Hawk made with Fletcher; and a guitarist who would make Eddie Lang sound like a novice.

In Lionel Hampton's Band I heard five trumpets, each and every one of them taking a chorus on "Tea for Two" which, if it had been dug up on some ancient record, would have been hailed as a work of genius.

It isn't surprising that there are a hundred great soloists to-day for every one you can trace to the so-called (miscalled) Golden Era of jazz. The newcomers have had the pioneer work of these old-timers to study and build on; they have had so much groundwork laid down for them that a substantial measure of improvement was inevitable.

NEW PEAK

In short, jazz to-day is at a new peak; inspiration among the hot soloists is reaching new heights, and a second-rate band or soloist of 1943 will probably be far ahead of a first-class one of 1933. The few exceptions to this are the Ellingtons and Armstrongs, who were years ahead of their time.

That is the greatest lesson I have learned, during the ten years in which I have lived and breathed jazz. I have come to know the men who make it, learned a little about making it myself, and enjoyed with intensity every minute of the great music I've heard.

The second lesson, almost as important, was this: Music should be judged on its merits as music in general, and never as one particular branch of it.

There was a long period when, like so many jazz fans to-day, I would listen to a number and say: "Yes, maybe it's all right, but is it jazz?" Or "No, I don't like it—it doesn't swing—it isn't jazz." To-day I'm less interested in whether it's jazz or not jazz than in whether it's good or bad.

If a record has a "commercial" vocal, I don't automatically dismiss it as a "commercial" performance. Maybe the arrangement and the vocal succeed in doing what they set out to do, in an artistically satisfying manner. That's what counts.

I don't give two hoots whether Duke's "Black, Brown and Beige" is or isn't jazz (actually, parts of it emphatically are), but I do know that it strikes me as great and emotionally moving music.

Don't assign all the music you hear into separate pigeon-holes. Be broad-minded without being indulgent. You'll enjoy music more, and more music, that way.

Enjoying music is a fine way to spend your life. These ten years have given me too many memories to recall in one article, but a few special occasions stand out. My first visit to the Savoy Ballroom, to hear Chick Webb and Ella, in July, 1935. The wonderful informality of the old Onyx



Leonard Feather, who came into this business through writing for the "M.M." ten years ago (as he tells you in this article), is now one of America's big-shot jazz authorities. He has his own radio programme, is on the staff of "Metronome," is Duke Ellington's publicity manager, and is 4F. Above you see him (left) in New York talking trumpet with band-leader Charlie Barnet.

Club, with the Spirits of Rhythm and John Kirby's first band.

The trip with Louis Armstrong to St. Louis and Kansas City in the blazing summer of 1936, and the journey on the riverboat with Fate Marable.

MEMORIES

The date up at the old Brunswick studios, when I made my first record session here, with that crazy Leo Watson, and Pete Brown, Bobby Hackett, Joe Marsala, Joe Bushkin.

The wonderful thrill, down in a cellar at the Woodside Hotel in Harlem, when I heard Count Basie's Band rehearsing one of my arrangements—the first time I'd applied my stumbling knowledge of orchestration to a full-size band. And the bigger thrill still, when Count recorded it!

The first time I heard Lionel Hampton's Band tear down the Apollo walls with his incredible, ten-minute version of "Flyin' Home."

And the unforgettable Ellington concert in January, 1943, at Carnegie Hall.

There are hundreds more occasions I could call to mind, some of them as much personal and sentimental as music; but if I mix sentiment with music, from there I might get to letting it influence my opinions—which would make me guilty of the crime against which I've just been so busy arguing. So I'll stop short and just say I hope the next ten years will bring as many musical memories.

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Greenwich Village, caressing the keys to **MARY LOU WILLIAMS**.
 And taking of jam sessions, as we were two paragraphs ago, what about this typical line-up sponsored by **MILT GABLER**, of the Commodore Music Shop, every Sunday afternoon:
Bobby Hackett (tp.), **Miff Mole** (tr.), **Rod Cless** (cl.), **James P. Johnson** (p.), **Kansas Fields** (dms.), **Pops Foster** (bass), **Sidney de Paris** (tp.), **Wilbur de Paris** (trb.), and **Sam Price** (pno.).

MENTION of Garland Wilson a paragraph or two above recalls a queer idiosyncrasy of his, remembered for me by Squadronaire altoist **JIMMY DURRANT** when the latter came along, with former Hylton sax and violinist **Alec Bell** (now in the M.N.) for a dish of aforesaid real tea in front of aforesaid fire after the delightful Overseas "Tommy Handley's Half-Hour" broadcast the other day.

I pass it on (the idiosyncrasy, not the tea) for the delectation of those of you who like to collect idiosyncrasies of the great (I myself am addicted to Woodbines and wallop, if that's of any interest to anybody).

Anyway, Garland, then with Jack Payne, would never travel without a stack of kiddies' comics, a couple of pounds of apples, and a salt-cellar.

Dipping the apples in the salt, he would devour both them and the comics for hours on end, utterly impervious to such feeble glimpses of our beautiful countryside as Crew Station, and Lime Street, Liverpool, viewed from the south-east, till the band reached its destination!

SYDNEY MILLS, son of American song publisher and impresario **IRVING MILLS**, has arrived in this country with the American Forces, and it was not long before he created a considerable impression among bystanders by hailing a taxi and demanding to be driven to 19, Downing Street.

Off went the taxi, around Leicester Square and into Whitehall. And then the driver pushed back the panel and inquired if he were sure he had the right address.

"Sure thing!" said Syd. "It's a pal of my old man's, back in New York. He asked me to be sure and call on him."

"But," expostulated the driver, "19, Downing Street is where the Prime Minister lives. Winston Churchill, you know."

"Eh?" exclaimed Syd. "Just a moment." He fished in his tunic and pulled out a piece of paper. "It's **REG CONNELLY**. I want to see. Number 19— Oh, sorry! Number 16, Denmark Street."

With admirable tact, the driver merely swung his wheel and the cab set off again in the opposite direction.

And, by the way, mention of Reg Connelly reminds me that those two stalwarts of the Campbell, Connelly firm—I mean, of course, genial **EDDIE STANDING** and his henchman **ALF PREAGER**—ask me to convey to all their friends in the profession (and there are thousands of 'em) their warmest greetings for Christmas and the New Year.

RECORD for the oldest-established dance band team in the country must surely be held by Jack Cardall and his Blue King Dance Band, of Southam, Warwickshire.

For it was way back in 1916 that Jack on piano, Fred King on clarinet, and Jack's father, Jonathan, also on clarinet, established the nucleus of an outfit that has carried on through two wars and an uneasy peace right up to the present day.

After a year, the trio was brought up to a five-piece by the addition of George Cooksey (banjo) and Billy

Pratt (jazz set), and shortly after this undertook the first of what must now number thousands of charity dances for the boys of both wars.

Transport originally was by means of pedal cycles or horse and cart, and many are the hair-raising tales Jack can recall of journeys through fog, ice, snow and storm to remote country dance-halls.

Next came a motor-cycle, and more than once did the old A.J.S. convey Jack, Fred and Billy (complete with all the complicated kit of that era) across miles of country road. Finally, moving with the times, came the motor-car.

But Jack contends that transport difficulties then were nothing compared with what the job of entertaining isolated units nowadays involves.

His own car, doing 25 miles to the gallon, has had to be laid up. Instead, he has to hire a taxi consuming the same amount of petrol for 15 miles!

Both George Cooksey and Billy Pratt, now living at Leamington Spa, have lately had to miss engagements because of petrol restrictions precluding the use of their cars.

Meanwhile, John Cardall, junior, Eletic programme arranger is **KEN ALLSOP**, late of the No. 22 (Nottingham) Rhythm Club, who, from an initial 50 discs, now has some 200 records from which to choose; librarian is "Trigger" Jones, of Morden, and Dennis Redhead, of Worksop, is M.C. Never yet have they failed to put over a programme, and, assuring us that it is not mere flattery, they assert that, but for the "M.M.", the club could never have existed.

For, after an absence from home of over two years, they rely solely upon these pages to keep them up to date and prevent memories from becoming dulled. Particularly do they pay tribute to "Collectors' Corner," "Jive Jottings," and Edgar Jackson's reviews.

For a time, and this will interest Collectors' Cornerites, **SINCLAIR TRAIL** was writing a series of record reviews for an Indian Service magazine, but these have now ceased.

But, despite these handicaps, they go from strength to strength, and some idea of their enthusiasm can be gathered from the fact that, in order to acquire a portable gramophone, the boys had to fork out 300 rupees (approximately £21) for what would normally cost £3 over here!

Just had a line from former Twickenham Palais leader **SYD PETTIT**, now in British North Africa in the R.A.O.C. After training, Syd was sent to an Ordnance depot in the Midlands, and it was not long before he found himself playing with a five-piece outfit flatteringly called the "Melody Makers." (Thank you, Syd!)

A year of this, and then followed "a sea-sick voyage of 2,000 miles" to North Africa.

And that virtually spelt the end of music for him, for his is a small unit, constantly on the move, out of reach of most of the star attractions playing for Forces in the bigger and more accessible towns.

He tells us the only British shows he has yet seen are one or two corny E.N.S.A. efforts, and the super "Stars in Battledress" with **MICHAEL FLORES** and **WILLY SOLOMON** featured on piano; but he pays tribute to the free Yankee productions, particularly the **GRIFFINS** Orchestra, mentioned here a week or two back, where **JOSEPHINE BAKER** was one of the stars.

But in Algiers he managed to play with ex-Winnick pianist Sgt. **JOHN MACEY**, of the R.A.F., who frequently sits with a swell 10-piece group, **ANDRE FERRUGARRO** and a very commercial Radio France house band, which nevertheless does grand work at troop shows, are among bands he

has seen, as is that of Pte. **ARTHUR LEWIS** of the Pioneer Corps, late of Java's Orchestra, which is swinging out at an ammunition depot (hardly the place for hot playing, one would think).

The former Nat Gonella trombonist **George Latimer**, R.A.O.C., is now Company Bugler; whilst the last Syd saw of Nat himself was on the eve of the latter's embarkation for Sicily.

And former "M.M." contributor **Andy Gray** is now, Syd tells us, on the staff of the soldiers' newspaper "Union Jack."

FIGURE in naval uniform hurrying off from Archer Street the other day just as I was entering this historic thoroughfare (writes Jack Marshall) dropped a small box, which, opening, scattered false moustachios, beards, eyebrows, property noses, and what have you, all over the pavement—much to the delight of "the street's" usual loungers and hangers-on.

Dropper of this very seasonable consignment turned out to be well-known West End drummer (Londoner will remember him in the "Swinging the Gate" Revue at the "Ambassadors" Theatre) **TEDDY ARUNDEL**.

Not only is Teddy nowadays a naval man; he has just been promoted to sub-lieutenant. (Congratulations, old man, and the compliments of the season.)

Moustaches and things were for a pantomime being produced by Ted and the lads of his unit on Christmas Day—incidentally, the only piece of entertainment Teddy has undertaken for some time, since his drums are now packed away for the duration.

FIRST-CLASS reports reach me nowadays of the progress of young Welsh miner-vocalist **HOWARD JONES**.

Howard's story, which is quite an epic of perseverance, has already been told in these columns, and many readers will remember how, in his keenness to reach the very top of the tree, he spent his one weekly leave day from the mine traveling right to London from the fastnesses of Wales for an hour's lesson in voice production from Maestro Mario.

Besides many local appearances, Howard has sung with outstanding success at the Odeon Cinema, South-end, and to-day (Wednesday, December 22) makes a triumphant return visit there.

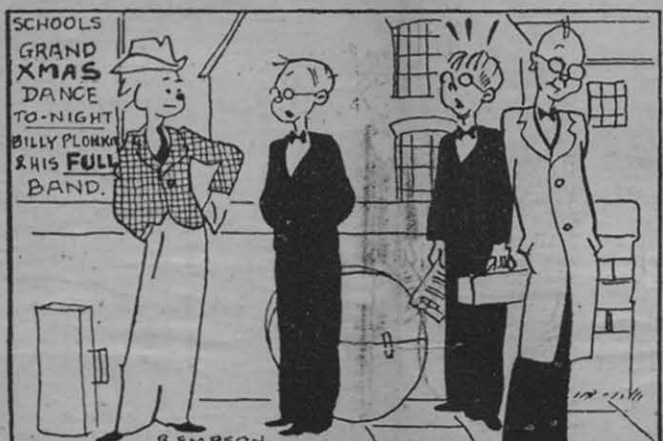
While the big scrap lasts Howard will remain at his heavy but essential war job. When peace comes, however, this Crosby-voiced vocal discovery seems all set for a promising career.

His sponsor and tutor, **MAESTRO MARIO**, is just completing 12 successful years in his studios at Wigmore Street. He sends best Christmas wishes to his many pupils and expupils, and to all old friends in the profession.

ONE of the most moving stories ever to have reached this office, and an example of courage that should be an inspiration to us all, concerns a young saxophone and clarinet player by the name of **CHRIS CONDON**.

He is a real jive fan, and a good musician into the bargain. And for 14 months he has been in hospital with a spinal disease, strapped to a stretching frame.

But this has not discouraged him. He was the most cheerful person in the ward, and lived only for his music. So far from relinquishing it, he persuaded the authorities to wheel him over to a practice room for several hours a week.



UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.
 STANLEY: "Red Rogers has asked for 'honourable capitulation' in our swing arrangement of 'Jingle Bells,' Billy. He says there's too many sharps in the middle, and he keeps on blowing his false teeth out."



We sent Jack Marshall out to get us some cherry pictures with which to brighten this austere Christmas issue of ours. With an unerring insight into the minds of our readers, he went straight off to London's famous Windmill Theatre, and borrowed the charm-school studies which appear on these pages. Above you see five cuties who must be centrally heated to wander around in feathers this weather. And if there really was a Father Christmas, what one would you like him to bring down your chimney?

WELL, well! Here it is again. The season of good will and peace to— Well, good will anyway. The season of ice and snow— Well, there again you'll have to include me out. I've had all the ice-floes and snowstorms I need for some considerable time to come. On a few days' leave from the Navy, I'd rather not be reminded, thank you very much (writes Pat Brand).

As a matter of fact, it was rather funny. Sitting before my own fireside the other night, in carpet slippers and a cup of real (not N.A.A.F.P.) tea at my side, I was listening to the 6 o'clock News headlines. News of the thwarting of a colossal U-boat attack upon Atlantic convoys.

I settled down to enjoy the description, picturing pals of mine up all night and day in those icy waters, depth-charges hammering the bottom of the ships, food growing cold as they stood at action-stations, lashing, blinding spray whipping against their pinched faces, and—"Let 'em have it!" I thought as I poked the fire and sipped my tea (with real milk in it).

And then discovered, when the names of the ships involved were given, that I'd been "amongst those present" shortly before coming on leave!

So you can keep the ice and snow. But wholeheartedly I wish you all the Compliments of the Season, and echo the hopes of all of you, that this will be the last Christmas we'll be spending in uniform, dreaming of our own firesides. Good luck to you all!

NOW let's take a look round and see what's happening in the world of music this Christmas.

My worthy colleague **JACK MARSHALL** has already told you (on page 1) what the bands are doing this Christmas in London, so it falls to me to report on what is happening in another capital of the United Nations—New York City, where the dim-out has not dulled the lights of Broadway's niteries, and the call-up has not yet denuded the synopacted world of all its stars.

Let us start at the Three Deuces, where **ART TATUM** is still thrilling patrons with his incredible technique and out-of-this-world harmonies.

With him are **TINY GRIMES**, a swell guitar player and bassist, and **SLAM STEWART**, of Slim and Slam fame, who bows the bull fiddle and hums to himself as he plays, getting at times into such harmonic tangles that Art squirms at the piano.

incredible at his resolutions. Art's playing, it seems, has grown louder and more staccato of late.

Alternating with him at three-quarter hour intervals are **BEN WEBSTER**'s combination, with **BILLY TAYLOR** on piano and ex-Luncheon bassist **CHARLIE DREYTON**, **JIMMY CRAWFORD** is in the habit of dropping in here to beat the skins, and **HAROLD BAKER**, of Ellington's outfit, unable to play with the Duke at the Capitol Cinema through not being a union man, frequently contributes some astonishing trumpet work.

Across the street the Onyx is featuring **BILLIE HOLIDAY**, as great as ever, with **PETE BROWN**'s Band and **AL CASEY**.

Kelly's Stable, a few doors down, is thrilling patrons with starring artist **COLEMAN HAWKINS** and Ivory-tickler **CLARENCE PROFITT**'s Quintet, playing opposite **CLARK MONROE**'s Orchestra.

Cafe Society boasts **TEDDY WILSON** with his own outfit, including **SIDNEY CATLETT** on drums, who has been classified 4B by the drafting board, and here **HAZEL SCOTT** (reportedly at five grand a week) gives out everything from classics to evergreens with a lightning boogie-woogie left hand for a full half-hour on end.

Also charming the audience with her vocals is **MILDRED BAILEY**, whom rumour has it is no longer walking Life's Road with **RED NORVYO**.

At the movies, when last our local dicky-bird whispered, were **DUKE ELLINGTON** at the Capitol and the **INK SPOTS** at the Paramount.

DON REDMAN is swinging at the Zanzibar on Broadway with **ELLA FITZGERALD** in an all-Negro revue, which brings to mind the fact that **MAXINE SULLIVAN** is singing at the Rahan Blee on 4th Avenue.

At Cerutti's, on Madison, is none other than our old piano-friend **GARLAND WILSON**, duetting with **EDDIE STEELE**. At the Plaza's Persian Room is another old friend, **HILDEGARDE**, with **BOB GRANT**'s Orchestra.

Recently, at the Famous Door, **LIONEL HAMPTON**'s Orchestra and **JOHN KIRBY**'s small combination opened up to a colossal gala night, with **LOUIS ARMSTRONG**, **HAWKINS**, **RED NORVYO**, **TOMMY DORSEY**, **TONY PASTOR**, **GENE KRUPA**, **BENNY GOODMAN** and others in star-spangled attendance.

Jam session at aforesaid Famous Door opening comprised such mouth-watering names as Dorsey, Hampton, B. G. Krups, with the Hampton Ork.

GOODMAN himself is playing currently at the Terrace Room; **CHARLIE BARNET** at the Coconut Grove. At another Cafe Society, in



No wonder they call it the Windmill! Just to look at dames like these makes our head go round and round. Charming lady in the utility suit above answers to the name of HUIA, and the two legs which you may have noticed answer to the names of "right" and "left" respectively. Huiia is a peculiar name, isn't it? The best way to pronounce it is to purse your lips and give a long, low whistle of surprise and admiration!

He not only taught himself to play the flute whilst in this paralyzing position, but he also taught his ward-neighbour, ex-Serviceman violinist **A. E. KITCHEN** to play the saxophone.

Kitchen, himself, was in the same position, and now out of hospital, it is he who relates this story, and who merits equally our praise for courage and fortitude in the face of terrible pain and incapacity.

"You would have laughed," he tells us, "to see Chris on the sax, another chap on his stomach with his hands through the end of the bed playing the piano, and me playing the violin lying on my back."

Would we? I don't think so. But it is of Chris that Kitchen shows most concern. For he has just been taken out of the stretching frame, and for the next three months must lie in bed, absolutely still, forbidden to play his beloved instruments.

What can we do to see him through this awful period? Well, during the season of Christmas cheer, we might drop him a line to Ward 4, Featherwood Hospital, Ascot. And when he comes out of hospital, in about six months' time, there should be a job waiting for him.

He is a member of the Union. He is one among many heroes of this war of whom, normally, we hear nothing, and whose bravery goes unrecognised.

CHRISTMAS arrangements at the Feldman Club (100, Oxford Street, W.) are for meetings on both Sunday (26) and Monday (27), both starting at 7 p.m. There will be no meeting on Christmas Day.

Band on Sunday will include **George Shearing**, **Kenny Baker**, **Jimmy Skidmore**, and reed star **Joe Crossman**. On Monday the Feldman Trio will appear.

Melody Maker
 Incorporating RHYTHM
 WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 25, 1943
 Editorial Advertising and Business Offices:
93 LONG ACRE, W.C.2
 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468 Editor: **RAY SONIN**
 Advertisement Manager: **F. S. PALMER**

U.S. JIVE JOTTINGS

LAATEST recruit to the bandleaders is **Miff Mole**, who is now fronting his own sextet at the Toronto Top Hat Club.

Full line-up unknown at present, but **Cozy Cole** and **Hank D'Amico** are on drums and clarinet respectively.

No truth in the rumour that the extra females employed by the Post Office this Christmas are to be known as Postal Packin' Mamas...

Good news for film fans. **Bing Crosby** has just signed another contract for Paramount, which calls for seven flicks until the end of 1946. This means that Bing has now a run of fifteen years with the Paramount folk, and, as before, he has permission to make one film per year with an outside studio, and must also make one with Bob Hope.

The first big news of 1944 may be that **Helen Ward** has gone back to the **Benny Goodman** band, which will be a good start for B.G.'s New Year.

La Ward, who left the Hal McIntyre group some time ago for an operation, didn't rejoin after her convalescence, and **Anita Boyer** is currently chirping with Hal.

Interviewed at a preview of his new film, **Ted Lewis** admitted quite confidentially that his type of music was corny.

Congrats. to former **Jimmy Dorsey** vocalist **Helen O'Connell** on her recent marriage to Ensign **Cliff Smith**, a sweetheart of several years' standing.

Helen is intending to give up a singing career in favour of domestic ties, and is settling down in New York.

Songwriter **Cole Porter** is the latest musical personality to be added to the Warner Bros.' list of subjects for biographical films.

The Porter life story will be put on the set early in 1944 under the very appropriate title of "Night and Day," without question Cole's greatest hit song.

Sequel to our **Jimmy Dorsey** dog story. The landlady won her case, but the judge only awarded four hundred and fifty dollars moolah instead of the four thousand odd she claimed.

The dogs are quite satisfied as the libel was somewhat lifted when the aforesaid lodging-house keeper put some of the blame on to sundry members of J.D.'s band. We'll wait for them to start a libel action now.

How about the dumb blonde who thought a blunderbuss was a bassinette?

Second fire in Los Angeles' swing quarter within a month started like the first one, in **Billy Berg's** Swing Club.

Like the first, it consumed five thousand dollars' worth of liquor, and also started at the back of the bar. We know a nite club that sells booze like that.

Then there was the dumb blonde's friend who thought a bassinette was a bass clarinet.

Twentieth Century-Fox, with a new slant on war films, are planning a film based on the adventures of **Kay Francis**, **Martha Raye** and other U.S. stars who visited the front lines during the memorable North Africa campaign.

Titled "Command Performance," the pic may also feature **Jimmy Dorsey's** band on loan from M-G-M for the occasion.

Earl Hines cast a surprise into band circles last month when he signed twelve girls into his orchestra, eight to form a special string section, and the other four to form a vocal quartet to be known as the **Blue Bonnets**. The male members of the Ork are kinda pleased, as it gets lonesome touring, although we suspect there'll be a few wives making trips ere long.

Did you hear about the butcher who adopted as his theme song, "If I Had My Weigh"?

Lucky Australians! Lucky New Zealanders! They've just had a visit from Chief Petty Officer **Artie Shaw** and his 20-piece Navy Band, including **Max Kaminsky**, **Sam Donahue**, **Dave Tough** and other stalwarts. Although they were official supposed to entertain only Americans, the U.S. authorities made arrangements that musicians could come in and hear them on production of their union cards. A nice gesture!

To all readers the Jivester sends the old wish. Happy Christmas, many of 'em, and a jottings without war some time in 1944.

Trud Cott

FROM: JO RANSON, STATION WNEW
501 Madison Ave., NYC
PLaza 3-3300 1/10/44

WNEW'S FIRST ANNUAL SWING FESTIVAL
TO FEATURE JAZZ CONCERT FROM MET STAGE

Other Air Features During Week to Include Discussions by
Noted Jazz Experts Who Voted in Esquire Poll.....
Music by Galaxy of Musicians.....

As part of WNEW's First Annual Swing Festival from
January 16th through January 22nd, the Metropolitan station will
broadcast a portion of Esquire's famed All-American Jazz Band
Concert, from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday,
January 18th, from 10:00 to 11:00 P.M.

This marks the first time that jazz has ever invaded the
sacred portals of the Metropolitan Opera House and admittance to
the concert will be by the purchase of War Bonds.

WNEW's First Annual Swing Festival, under the guidance
of Leonard G. Feather, widely known lecturer and writer on the jazz
hot, and assistant editor of Metronome, will bring to the micro-
phone a galaxy of brilliant musicians including many, if not all,
of the winners of the recent poll conducted by Esquire Magazine.

During the week of the festival, WNEW will present a
complete history of American jazz as recounted by Feather and other
authorities on what has been termed "the present international
character of jazz"; jam sessions featuring previews of unreleased
hot jazz records; interviews with great swing musicians, and
appearances by a number of the judges who balloted for Esquire's
All-American Band.

(MORE)

(All-American Band - Swing Festival -- Continued)

The complete schedule of WNEW's First Annual Swing Festival follows:

Saturday, Jan. 15 - 10:35 to 10:45 P.M. -- Leonard Feather will give an introductory account of the festival, its aims and aspirations, story of the Esquire poll, etc.

Sunday, Jan. 16th - 12:35 to 1:00 P.M. -- Famed recordings by members of the All-American Jazz Band, including advance pressings by Leonard Feather's All-Stars will be heard, on the Metronome Band of the Week Program.

2:35 to 3:30 P.M. -- WNEW will offer a live jam session, featuring Roy Eldridge on the trumpet, Barney Bigard, clarinet, Lionel Hampton on the vibraharp, as well as some of the WNE musicians under Merle Pitt sitting in. Leonard Feather will serve as emcee.

4:35 to 5:00 P.M. -- Featuring favorite swing records of Leonard Feather...the works of Benny Carter, King Cole, Mel Powell, Joe Turner, etc.

5:35 to 6:00 P.M. -- This spot, called "From Spirituals to Swing", will have some of the famous swing artists performing spiritual numbers....recordings of spirituals by Louie Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Mildred Bailey, and Fats Waller.

(MORE)

(WNEW's First Annual Swing Festival - Continued)

6:35 to 6:45 P.M. -- Here the best musical selections of Artie Shaw will be heard. Shaw was selected as the favorite jazz musician now in the armed forces.

8:35 to 9:00 P.M. -- Live jam session, featuring preview of unreleased hot jazz records by the best jazz players in the country. These records will be presented by Bob Thiele, now in the Coast Guard, and best known as editor of Jazz Magazine and producer of Signature Records.

9:00 to 9:30 P.M. -- Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome, will play his favorite jazz records.

Monday, Jan. 17th - Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. -- On Maurice Hart's "Music Hall" program, there will be a 15-minute period titled: "Jazz Panorama", with music of America's greatest jazz trumpet players, as part of the week's festival.

9:45 to 10:00 P.M. -- Leonard Feather will interview Louie Armstrong, the great trumpet player.

10:35 to 11:00 P.M. -- Timmy Rosenkrantz, who fills this spot regularly with "Rhythm Is Our Business", and one of the judges in the Esquire contest, will play recordings of the musicians he voted for in the poll. Rosenkrantz, a Danish nobleman, before coming to America, published a swing newspaper in Copenhagen, and has annotated several jazz albums for Decca.

(MORE)

(WNEW's First Annual Swing Festival - Continued)

Tuesday, Jan. 18th - Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. - "Music Hall" -

The "Jazz Panorama" will present outstanding records of great trombone players.

10:00 to 11:00 P.M. -- Pickup direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House of the All-American Jazz Band Concert.

Wednesday, Jan. 19th - Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. - "Music Hall" -

The "Jazz Panorama" will present recordings by outstanding saxophone artists.

9:45 to 10:00 P.M. -- Feather interviews Jack Teagarden, who placed first in the trombone section of the All-American Band.

10:35 to 11:00 P.M. -- Roger Kay, young Egyptian whose band reviews appear in the Orchestra World, will play the recordings of the musicians he voted for in the poll.

Thursday, Jan. 20th - Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. - "Music Hall" --

"Jazz Panorama" will present the best works of America's jazz clarinet players.

9:45 to 10:00 P.M. -- Feather will interview Red Norvo, another high scorer in Esquire's All-American Band.

10:35 to 11:00 P.M. -- Robert Goffin, chairman of the board of experts in the poll, will play his favorite selections.

Friday, Jan. 21st -- Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. - "Music Hall" --

"Jazz Panorama" will present best jazz pianists.

(MORE)

(Swing Festival -- Continued)

Friday, Jan. 21st - Continued - 9:45 to 10:00 P.M. -- Feather will interview Coleman Hawkins, who placed first in the saxophone division of the All-American Band. 10:35 to 11:00 P.M. -- Harry Lim, Javanese jive expert, astute jazz critic, will play his favorite selections at this time.

Saturday, Jan. 22nd - Between 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. - "Music Hall" -- "Jazz Panorama" will present best known works of jazz vocalists.

9:45 to 10:00 P.M. -- Feather will interview Billie Holiday, who triumphed over all other feminine jazz singers in the Esquire All-American Band Contest.

The experts on hot music who chose the ensemble of musical champs for the exciting jam session at the Metropolitan were Staff Sergeant George Avakian, E. Simms Campbell, Leonard Feather, Robert Goffin, Abel Green, Elliott Grennard, Pvt. John Hammond, Roger Kay, Harry Lim, Paul Eduard Miller, Bucklin Moon, Timmie Rosenkrantz, Charles Edward Smith, Frank Stacy, Bob Thiele, and Barry Ulanov.

Their first and second choices for the best All-American Jazz Band follow:

TRUMPET
Louis Armstrong
Cootie Williams

TROMBONE
Jack Teagarden
Lawrence Brown

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
Barney Bigard

SAXOPHONE
Coleman Hawkins
Johnny Hodges

(MORE)

(Swing Festival - Continued)

PIANO

Art Tatum
Earl Hines

BASS

Oscar Pettiford
Milton Hinton) Tie
Al Morgan)

ODD INSTRUMENTS

Red Norvo) Tie
Lionel Hampton)

FEMALE VOCALIST

Billie Holiday
Mildred Bailey

GUITAR

Al Casey
Oscar Moore

DRUMS

Sidney Catlett
Cozy Cole

MALE VOCALIST

Louis Armstrong
Leo Watson

ARMED FORCES FAVORITE

Artie Shaw
Willie Smith) Tie
Dave Tough)

* * *

RADIO DIALOG

By
William
Juengst

Canada's L. B. Pearson as the Intermission "Victory Rally" speaker. **PERSONALITY PINPOINT** — Leonard Feather, the "Platter-brains" emcee. Quiz kid on a merry-go-round.

NEWS AND COMMENTS TOP

Heterogeneous Crop of Platter-Brains



Leonard Feather assembled this stellar group of disc pickers, winners of the Esquire Magazine All-American Jazz Band poll, on this recording session. Five of the men were first-team winners in the poll. The other two are Cootie Williams, who came in second on trumpet, and Ed Hall, third on clarinet. Left to right are: Al Casey, Coleman Hawkins, Sid Catlett, Williams Hall, Oscar Pettiford, Feather and Art Tatum (not shown) also attended. They recorded two new tunes by Feather titled "Esquire Bounce" and "Esquire Blues," also "Mop Mop" and "My Ideal."

Am. News
Jan. 15 '44

Esquire Picks To Make Discs

Several of the winners of the Esquire All-American Band poll joined forces for a special all-star recording session held here the other day.

The band, which will be known as Leonard Feather's All-Stars, was assembled by the swing critic and composer who is also Esquire's official swing consultant on the jazz poll, and the concert, to be held on Tuesday, January 18, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Featured on the date were Cootie Williams, trumpet; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass, and Sidney Catlett, drums.

This group recorded two original numbers by Feather, "Esquire Bounce," and "Esquire Blues," also "Mop, Mop," and "My Ideal." The records will be released within the next two weeks on the Commodore label. The session marked the first time any of these artists had

Journal Guide 1944
Jan. 15

Negroes Win Band Spots In Esquire Poll

NEW YORK —(ANP)— The eagerly awaited results of the Esquire poll, in which 16 of the world's foremost jazz experts were asked to select their all-star jam band, were announced last week and proved to be nothing short of sensational. No less than 20 of the 26 winning musicians are Negroes.

The experts were selected by Leonard Feather, who also voted himself, and the chairman was Robert Goffin, Belgian jazz authority. Among the 16 voters were swing critics from Egypt, Java and Denmark. Only Negro who voted was E. Simms Campbell.

Following were the first team winners selected: Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo, odd instruments; Louis Armstrong and Billy Holiday, vocals; Artie Shaw, best musician in the armed forces.

Second team winners were as follows: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton or Al Morgan (tie), bass; Leo Watson, Mildred Bailey, vocals; Willie Smith or Dave Tough, armed forces.

Louis Armstrong, Sid Catlett And Hampton Are 'All-American'

Chicago
Defender -
Jan. 15, 1944

55

NEW YORK—The eagerly awaited results of the Esquire Poll, in which sixteen of the world's foremost jazz experts were asked to select their all-star jam band, were announced last week and proved to be nothing short of sensational. No less than twenty of the twenty-six winning musicians are Negroes. The experts were selected by Leonard Feather, who also voted himself, and the chairman was Robert Goffin, Belgian jazz authority. Among the sixteen voters were swing critics from Egypt, Java and Denmark. Only Negro who voted was E. Simms Campbell.

Following were the first team winners selected: Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo, odd instruments; Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, vocals; Artie Shaw, best musician in the armed forces.

Second team winners were as follows:—Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton or Al Morgan (tie) bass; Leo Watson, Mildred Bailey, vocals; Willie Smith or Dave Tough, armed forces.

In these two lists the only white musicians chosen are Goodman, Teagarden, Norvo, Bailey, Shaw and Tough.

The first team winners and a couple of the second team winners will appear at the Esquire concert January 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House to receive their \$500 war bond awards and their "Esky" statuettes, and take part in a gigantic jam session for the sale of war bonds and the benefit of the Navy League.

Esquire Jazz Pollers Hold Recording Session

Pittsburgh
Courier
Jan. 15, 1944

NEW YORK—Several of the winners of the Esquire All-American band poll forces got together for a special all-star recording session, held here last week. The band, which will be known as Leonard Feather's All-Stars, was assembled by the swing critic and composer, who is also Esquire's official swing consultant on the jazz poll. The concert will be held on Tuesday, January 18, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Featured on the date were Cootie Williams, trumpet; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Art Tatum, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass, and Sidney Catlett, drums.

This group recorded two original numbers by Feather, "Esquire Bounce" and "Esquire Blues," also "Mop Mop" and "My Ideal." The records will be released within the next two weeks on the Commodore label. The session marked the first time any of these artists had recorded since the Petrillo ban was inaugurated a year and a half ago. It was also the first recording session for Pettiford, who was a comparative newcomer among the contest winners.

—VV—

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1944.

3,600 BUY BONDS AT JAZZ SESSION

\$650,000 Raised for War by
Sale of Tickets to Concert
of Esquire's Band

sitting at one side of the stage before a high table with a microphone. Dr. Robert Goffin, chairman of the board of judges who picked the winners of the contest, presented the awards, consisting of "Eskies," little gold images which are the swing edition of the movies' "Oscar." Each winner also received \$500 in war bonds.

The Metropolitan Opera House was the scene of a jazz jam session last night, given by the Esquire All-American Band, 1944, in connection with the Fourth War Loan Drive. A total of \$650,000 was raised from the sale of tickets, which went only to 3,600 purchasers of war bonds of denominations from \$25 to \$100, and subscribers for the boxes.

Whistling in all parts of the sold-out house, including the "diamond horseshoe," greeted the band when the curtain went up, and was repeated frequently throughout the evening. This was in line with the "informality and spontaneity essential to a jam session," as a program note put it. The members of the band were drawn from the winners in the Esquire magazine's 1944 jazz poll to select the nation's "firsts" in jazz. Part of the concert was broadcast over the WJZ Blue network by the Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands.

Benny Goodman, first-place clarinet winner, who is making a picture in Hollywood, piped in a number by direct wire. The other winners, who made up the band on the stage, were Louis Armstrong, trumpet and vocals; Mildred Bailey, vocals; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Al Casey, guitar; Sidney Catlett, drums; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Lionel Hampton, vibraharp; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Billie Holiday, vocals; Red Norvo, xylophone and vibraharp; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Art Tatum, piano; Jack Teagarden, trombone and vocals, and Teddy Wilson, piano.

Leonard Feather of the Esquire staff was master of ceremonies,

Brooklyn Eagle

JANUARY 17, 1944 17



LEONARD FEATHER, who writes and lectures on jazz music, will mastermind that Annual Swing Festival which WNEW's starting today. And Batoneer Chris Cross, right, whose orch you hear from Jack Dempsey's restaurant via WOR, will also lecture—at CCNY's Music Club on Jan. 28.

All-American Jazz Concert Presents Esquire's Widely-Heralded "Dream" Ork

by Jessyca Russell & Rush Rubin

tening to Mildred Bailey instead of Lily Pons and Louis Armstrong in place of Lawrence Tibbett, the curtains parted. For the first time in sixty years, in the place of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach, the Metropolitan Opera House would echo to the strains of Barrel-House, Boogie-Woogie and the Blues!

The opening was the only effective evidence of astute showmanship we saw all evening. Leonard Feather, the announcer, was seated in an unobtrusive corner of the stage, before a microphone. The faint chords of the piano were heard—and there was Art Tatum, the premier jazz pianist of America. Then, in rapid but effective succession, as Feather called their names, the members of the All-American Band entered from the wings, went to their seats and joined the music in progress—in this order: Oscar Pettiford, Al Casey, Sidney Catlett, Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge.

RADIO DAILY *Jan. 20, 1944*

★ WORDS AND MUSIC ★

By BEN KAUFMAN

The Met Jumped

HOT licks invaded the Metropolitan Opera House in Gotham with flying colors the past Tuesday night when the All-American Jazz Band beat out a gross of \$650,000 in War Bond admissions from more than 3,000 swing devotees. Out of this world was the rhythm that rocked the Met's famed diamond horseshoe. Proceedings were broadcast in part by the Blue Network, and WNEW and WHN, New York. Standout was easily Lionel Hampton, who, after a session on the vibraharp, jammed a sensational drum duo with "Big Sid" Catlett that made the austere portals jump.

★ ★ ★

Other top jazz artists, chosen by the board of experts of "Esquire" magazine, who were heard from the tremendous Met stage, were: Louie "Satchmo" Armstrong, trumpet and vocals; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Al Casey, guitar; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Red Norvo, xylophone and vibraharp; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Art Tatum, piano; Jack Teagarden, trombone and vocals, and singers Mildred Bailey and Billie Holliday. Added attractions were Roy Eldridge on the trumpet and Teddy Wilson at the keyboard.

★ ★ ★

Dr. Robert Goffin, chairman of the mag's judges, awarded gold statuettes, or "Eskies," and \$500 War Bonds to the contest winners. The mike was in the middle of the stage and the table with the awards away off on the right, which made Goffin hustle back and forth with each prize. In the excitement he called Jack Teagarden back for a second "Esky," prompting one wag to quip, "Two for Teagarden and Tea for Twoqarden."

★ ★ ★

Choices of the winning musicians were excellent, but the question is on what authority were they picked. Though the boards 16-man composition was predominantly American, the leadership in selecting major exponents of U. S. jazz was international in flavor. Moving spirits of the affair were Goffin, a former Belgian lawyer and swing critic, and board member Leonard Feather, English-born jazz consultant to "Esquire," who emceed the program in routine fashion. Among the other experts, Roger Kay is a native of Egypt; Harry Lim, Java, and Baron Timmie Rosenkrantz, Denmark.

★ ★ ★

MOVING OPENINGS

THE LODGER (20th Century-Fox), Wednesday at the Roxy; with Merle Oberon, George Sanders and Laird Cregar.

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK (Paramount), Wednesday at the Paramount; with Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton.

Jazz Experts

At the Met

The Met was sold out once more Tuesday night, but this time for a jazz concert—the first this house has heard, though jazz has become almost a commonplace at Carnegie and Town Halls. The participants were the All-American Jazz Band, chosen by a board of judges appointed by *Esquire* Magazine. \$650,000 worth of War Bonds were sold for admission—a high figure in view of the fact that the Treasury had suggested keeping the bonds in the \$25 to \$100 range.

The session was largely jam, kept running smoothly by emcee Leonard Feather, but the tone of the evening, for a jam session, was subdued—possibly on account of the august plush-and-gold surroundings. A small band of hep-cats tried to liven things up by clapping strictly out of time, but they were vigorously shushed by more serious listeners. A part-time emcee from the Blue Network tried to introduce corn with some pretty low cracks (he called the players "all 4-Fs"), and photographers kept popping impertinently all evening. One of them persuaded a couple to dance down an aisle for a moment, but they were promptly chased away.

It was an evening of fine individual performances. *I've Got Rhythm*, for instance, was treated to successive improvised variations by Red Norvo (xylophone), Art Tatum (piano), Louis Armstrong (trumpet), Coleman Hawkins (tenor sax), Barney Bigard (clarinet), Jack Teagarden (trombone) and Roy Eldridge (trumpet)—the last the hottest. Billie Holiday singing *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me* was another high spot. Others who deserved the statuettes and bonds they received were Mildred Bailey (vocals), Al Casey (guitar), Sidney Catlett (drums), Lionel Hampton (vibraharp), Oscar Pettiford (bass) and Teddy Wilson (piano).

People's Voice Jan. 29

Swing Record Concert At Library

Leonard Feather, who served as one of the judges for the *Esquire* All-American Jazz contest, will conduct a swing record concert at the New York Public Library, Thursday, January 27, at 8 p.m.

Recordings by "Fats" Waller will be played exclusively with Andy Razaf who knew the composer for many years and collaborated with him on several popular numbers, giving some of "Fat's" colorful background.

U. S. HAS POLYGLOT "HOT" BOYS

Esquire Concert Gets Extensive Radio Coverage

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The mag, *Esquire*, will get super air promotion for its "All-American Jazz Band" concert at the Metropolitan Opera House here Tuesday (18). Blue Network will carry it nationally from 9:30-9:55 on the *Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands*; WHN and WNEW will air the concert locally from 10-11; BBC will record the show for rebroadcast in England, and the OWI will record it for rebroadcasts to service camps overseas. There was also a possibility that NBC would short-wave the concert to South America but that fell thru.

LOS ANGELES TRIBUNE

Jazz poll winners on Basin st.

Stirring samples of the kind of musical syncopation that made New Orleans, Kansas City and St. Louis famous, and gave America its own brand of popular music, were to be offered by some of its leading exponents when they appeared as guests on the "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" concert, yesterday, at 6:15 p.m., PWT, over the Blue Network.

Grouped into a unique unit for a rare reading of jazz in its purist, unbridled form was a syncopated septet composed of 7 of America's outstanding jazz figures, winners in the 10th Annual All-American Jazz Band poll conducted recently by *Esquire Magazine*, most of whom were Negroes.

Members of the historic combination heard with the "Basin Streeters" were Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Art Tatum, piano; Coleman Hawkins, saxophone; Oliver Pettiford, bass; Sidney Catlett, drums, and Al Casey, guitar. Armstrong also took poll honors as *Esquire's* top male jazz vocalist and was to double in that capacity on the program. Mildred Bailey, who took second place to Billie Holiday as best girl jazz singer, was to be heard.

Highlight of the miniature All-American Jazz Band's appearance was to be the performance of "Esquire Blues", an original blues work composed especially for the appearance by Leonard Feather. Although an Englishman, Feather is considered one of this country's foremost authorities on jazz. He conducted the *Esquire* poll and was to introduce the group, which was also to offer a special reading of the "Basin Streeters' own theme, "Basin Street Blues".

Belgium, Danish, Javanese, Egyptian, Turkish, English—Experts All on Yankee Jazz

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Jazz music is as indigenously American as corn whisky, but about half the oracles discoursing on the subject in the good old U. S. are polyglots from Belgium, Egypt, Denmark, Java and Turkey. The standard textbook *Hot Discography* was written by a Frenchman, and a Britisher is expediting the heated stuff in mags and over the air. Outside of that us Yanks have everything under control.

Until our soldiers took it abroad with them in the last war jazz was strictly for home consumption, but once educated ears in other countries got a load of it they couldn't get enough. Louis Armstrong left these shores in 1930 and stayed abroad for three years. Long before he reached his popularity peak on this side of the big drink Duke Ellington and his orchestra gave concerts in the capitols of Europe. Coleman Hawkins led a band in Holland. Bill Coleman and Dickie Wells spent years in France, and others found attention enough in other lands to warrant self-exile.

Performers, No; Critics, But Yes

In spite of the propinquity foreign musicians, for the most part, have failed to get the hang of the beat and the lick, and only two Frenchmen, Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grapelly, learned to swing their instruments our way. Ray Noble, the English band leader, has conscientiously studied our idiom, and his first band in America featured men like Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak, Toots Mondello and other swing luminaries.

But critics, on the other hand, speckled the Old Country like dotted eighth-notes. "Hot Clubs" sprang up and jazz maga-

zines rolled off the presses.

The first popular book on the subject, *Le Jazz Hot*, was written by a Frenchman, Hugues Panassie, in 1934 and shortly after his fellow countryman, Charles Delauney, started compiling *Hot Discography*, a book that disclosed who played third alto on records the average listener never heard about, made by companies no longer existent.

It's a Living

Many of those critics are now among us and, with the exception of Nesuhi Ertergan, son of the Turkish ambassador whose interest in jazz is simon-pure, they're all pretty busy working at it.

Robert Goffin, Belgium lawyer, publisher and what-not, gave lectures on jazz at the New School of Social Research here, has been a regular contributor to *Esquire*, conducted the poll that led to selection of its "All-American Jazz Band" and has a book coming out that will go into the subject more thoroly.

The English import is Leonard Feather, who works as both band press agent and critic, reviews records for *Look* and runs a record quiz program called *Platter-brains* on local WMCA.

Harry Lim, Javanese, stages a weekly jam session at the Village Vanguard here; Roger Kay, born in Egypt and educated in France, writes for music mags and had a brief career as a band leader in a local night club; and Timme Rosenkrantz, an honest-to-goodness Danish baron, has a nightly 30-minute record playing program on Station WNEW.

What will follow the current appearance of American troops—with hands in the four corners of the earth is anybody's guess. A Russian legation official now in this country is a bug on the subject of jazz and makes no secret of it. On entering this country he greeted a customs official with a "Hi yuh, buddy. What's cookin'?"

Billboard

MUSIC 15

L. Hampton Keynote Record Date Lands Right in the Middle of Decca Contract Bernay Left With Masters

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Keynote Records, formerly devoted to foreign and American folk records, took a flier at recording jazz and got into a mess on its first recording session of four blues tunes waxed by the "Lionel Hampton Sextet," with Dinah Washington singing.

Eric Bernay, owner of Keynote, arranged for the session after being solicited by Leonard Feather, Hampton's press agent, who proposed a waxing date for some of his blues compositions sung by Miss Washington and a sextet from the Hampton band.

Midnight session was set at the WOR recording studios during the week Hampton played the Apollo Theater here, and, to Bernay's surprise, Hampton himself showed up, offering to play the date and have it billed as the "Lionel Hampton Sextet." After assurances from Hampton and his wife, Gladys, that the leader was not committed to any other recording company, altho a Decca contract awaited his signature, Bernay ordered labels made bearing Hampton's name.

Joe Glaser, who was on the Coast at the time, returned three days later and made his presence known quickly when he phoned Bernay to tell him that Hampton was signed on a Decca pact

of jazz disks cut by the Lester Young Quartet. Tunes are *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Afternoon of a Basie-ite*; *Just You, Just Me* and *I Never Knew*. Teddy Wilson, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge are some of the musicians the diskier has lined up for future dates.

and Bernay could not release the four sides Hampton had cut for him.

At the moment it is not clear to anyone concerned whether Hampton signed the Decca contract after recording for Bernay or prior to it. Bernay is willing to sell the masters to Decca for the money he put into the date. Decca, however, states that if Hampton's contract was already signed at the time the session was held, it will sue to prevent release of the sides; otherwise Keynote is welcome to issue them.

Keynote has already released a couple



Bill Treadwell

Treadin' the Town

DUKE ELLINGTON TAKES BROADWAY

When Duke Ellington was featured at the Hurricane Restaurant, New York, recently, he (and this is no publicity exaggeration) shattered all attendance records at the famous night spot. Even his fan mail, a result of CBS and Mutual wires, reached an all-time high for sustaining shows.

But, New York little expected the scenes of riotous enthusiasm that took place when "The Duke" opened at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. If Harry James "jive-bombed" the city, not so long ago, Duke blitzed the town. At 7 A.M. over 1,000 music lovers stormed the doors of the Capitol, and by the time the doors opened for admissions at 10 A.M., many additional calls had been sent for police to handle the thousands who milled around the theatre area.

After the Capitol engagement, Ellington and the orchestra play a repeat concert at New York's famous Carnegie Hall, December 11, and ditto at Boston's shrine of music, Symphony Hall, on December 12th.

WASTE PAPER: When radio-ites heard the Government was conducting a Waste Paper campaign to accumulate waste paper for essential war materials, they immediately pitched with assists. Transcriptions, to be played over 500 stations have been made by Ralph Edwards of "Truth or Consequences"; Bob Hawk of "Thanks to the Yanks"; Clifton Fadiman, the "In-

formation Please-r"; Boake Carter; Jackie Kelk; Milton Cross; Don MacLaughlin of "Gang Busters"; and many others.

NEW FIND ON CBS: When Charlie Barnet and his orchestra broadcast on the Columbia Broadcasting wire from the Park Central Hotel, New York, Friday night at 11:30, Barnet "sneak-pre-viewed" his new vocalist, Miss Betty Salloway, the latest "find" in the music business.

For over a year, Barnet has been experimenting with vocalists, seeking what he considered the ideal singer for his "blazing swing" outfit. Barnet's quest ended when Leonard Feather, associate editor of Metronome, introduced Miss Salloway to him.

Betty is 18, and hails from Gloversville, N. Y., and critics who were apprised of the "sneak preview" predict a great future for the lovely Betty Ann Salloway.

SIGHT-SEEING AMBITION: On arriving in the United States, some years ago, Ray Noble, the noted English musician and bandleader, had one keen, all-abiding ambition—to see West Point.

But music intervened. Noble found himself one of the busiest bandleaders in the country and eventually found himself in Hollywood, far from the East, where he became associated with the Chase and Sanborn Sunday night hour.

This week, however, Noble arrived in New York with Bergen and McCarthy for their broadcasts.

NEWS FROM THE STATES .. by LEONARD FEATHER

THE fate of Red Norvo's projected tour abroad for the entertainment of American troops is still undecided. Like the tour which was planned some time ago for Eddie Condon and a Chicago-style jam band, this project was arranged partly through the Initiative of Ernie Anderson, a wealthy young jazz fan who happens to be connected with the advertising agency which represents Coca-Cola.

The Condon affair collapsed owing to red tape, and the Norvo tour, also to be sponsored by Coca-Cola, now seems to be in jeopardy because the United Service Organisation Camp Shows, Inc., refuses to sanction the sponsoring of entertainment for the Forces by commercial organizations in competition with the band and artists who have volunteered their services and arranged to go abroad, through the facilities of U.S.O.-C.S.I., for nothing but expenses.

NERVO'S MEN

Norvo and his men have been kept on salary all the time they have been rehearsing in town, and they were to be paid very well for the ten-week tour, which was to include Greenland, Iceland, Scotland, England and other areas.

The band comprises Dale Pearce, trumpet; Dick Taylor, trombone; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Flip Phillips, tenor and clarinet; Ralph Burns, piano and arranger; Clyde Lombardi, bass; and Johnny Blowers, who had obtained special leave of absence from his C.B.S. studio job, on drums. Norvo leads on vibraharp, having stored away his xylophone since he started to concentrate on vibes

recently. Carol Bruce, noted singer and movie star, was set to travel in the same unit with Norvo.

The only concrete results produced so far by the formation of this group is a series of "V-discs," or special recordings to be sent abroad for the use of Servicemen. Norvo put in a whole day's waxing at the Army's recording premises; he cut "Flyin' Home" and numerous originals and standards. The band sounds wonderful.

KRUPA APPEALS

According to Norvo and Anderson, the tour is still set to start any day. All necessary arrangements have been made, including thorough investigations of everybody's character; however, there is still much more red tape to be cut before the boys can be off.

Incidentally, Red is separated from Mildred Bailey, who is now singing at Café Society Uptown, and they are contemplating a divorce. They have been married twelve years.

Benny Goodman and Abe Lyman have volunteered their services to go abroad for the U.S.O. This means that Lyman may go overseas any week now; Benny, however, will have to wait until he's finished work on the 20th Century-Fox movie version of his life-story, which goes before the cameras early in the New Year.

By that time Gene Krupa's appeal on the second charge—contributing to the delinquency of a minor—will probably have come up.

If Krupa loses, he will go to jail for one to six years; if he is freed, he will almost certainly be inducted, having already passed his Army physical.

In the meantime, he is at the Hotel New Yorker, sparking Benny's magnificent rhythm section along with

Allan Reuss, Jess Stacy and Sid Weiss.

With Ralph Muzzillo, Lee Costaldo and Hymie Schertzer also on hand, and Benny so thrilled by Krupa's return that his clarinet playing is greater than ever, you can imagine the excitement that prevails.

Biggest event of recent weeks in New York was the opening of Lionel Hampton at the new, enlarged Famous Door. Hampton, who has been breaking records everywhere with his sensational band, brought every bandleader in town to marvel at his music on the first night. Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa and Tommy Dorsey all sat in with the band; Duke Ellington was there, and Louis Armstrong and Red Norvo and Tony Pastor and countless others.

Lionel continues to discover great new talent; right now every man in his reed section is an extraordinary soloist—Earl Bostic and the new Guy Evans on altos, the amazing Arnette Cobbs and Luck Thompson on tenors, and Rudy Rutherford, baritone, who plays the fine clarinet solos.

LAME KIRBY

In addition, there is the elegant blues singing of Dinah Washington and of the guitarist, Eric Henry, plus the unique piano work and great arrangements of Milton Buckner—plus Hamp himself at the top of his form. Words can't describe the excitement of an evening with this band.

Oh, I almost forgot—John Kirby is at the Famous Door, too. He has Charlie Shavers and Buster Bailey still, plus George Johnson on alto (Procope was inducted last week), Clyde Hart on piano and Bill Beason on drums.

The band sounds very lame after a
(Please turn to page 10)

Melody maker

Jan. 8, 1944

COMMODORE RECORD FLYER

COMMODORE RECORD COMPANY • 415 LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., U. S. A.
17

January 11, 1944

THE COMMODORE RECORD CO., INC., presents the All American Jazz Band as selected by the readers of ESQUIRE magazine.

You can read about it in "Esqy's Jazz Number" of ESQUIRE magazine, February issue, on the stands January 12.

The men are Coleman Hawkins, Tenor Sax; Cootie Williams, Trumpet; Edmond Hall, Clarinet; Art Tatum, Piano; Al Casey, Guitar; Oscar Pettiford, Bass; Big Sid Catlett, Drums. Really a great little band.

The records are:

C-548 MY IDEAL

Solo by
COLEMAN HAWKINS
with Leonard
Feather's All-
Stars

MOP MOP

LEONARD FEATHER'S
ALL-STARS

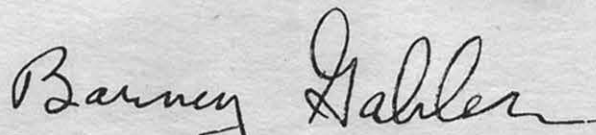
C-547 ESQUIRE BOUNCE

LEONARD FEATHER'S
ALL-STARS

ESQUIRE BLUES

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Barney Gabler

COMMODORE RECORD CO., INC.

Leonard Feather Says

I'm going to let you breathless people in on a secret. I was the critic whom George Simon attacked last month in "Simon Says." Mine were the opinions which he branded as "dangerous," "frantic" and "absolutely vicious." The stately offices of this very publication were the scene of the dispute which precipitated George's dangerous, frantic and absolutely vicious defense of the Peggy Manns, Eugenie Bairds, Dolores O'Neills and Irene Dayes.

I'm answering that article because you may care to hear the other side of the story. It goes like this:

First, I didn't keep saying "she stinks . . . she stinks" about all the girl singers George named, nor did I wind up by saying they all stink except Anita O'Day. I don't throw around such a nasty word at random, and even if I did, I wouldn't make Anita the sole exception.

I wasn't even talking about girl singers. I meant singers with swing bands in general, regardless of sex. They don't necessarily stink. Some of them do an adequate job, as George Simon says, within the limitations of their field—but oh, what limitations! No, they don't stink—they're just boring, insignificant and out of place.

The singing of popular songs is something that has crept into jazz through popular demand. The public, caring little about jazz, likes a pretty girl or good-looking fellow to deliver the inane, worthless lyrics and melody of the average inane, worthless Tin Pan Alley song. Even bands that try to play all their tunes in some semblance of swing style, like Goodman's and Basie's, are burdened with these vocal interruptions in many of their arrangements.

These singers are doing a job which, when compared with the inspiration that goes into the creation of a great jazz solo or arrangement, seems utterly trivial and worthless. It's no use applying a different set of standards for these vocals as long as they're inextricably mixed up with performances by swing bands.

George objected to my implication that a vocalist with a band should communicate some feeling for jazz. If the jazz feeling isn't what counts, then the singing should be judged by the standards of singing as a whole. But if you're looking for real singing, for timbre and accuracy and the other qualities George admires, then you might as well go to the opera, where you will hear real singers, doing something these band vocalists might prefer to be doing, if they only had a voice of any real value.

Jazz Singing

Fortunately, in real jazz singing, it's something more subtle than the quality of the voice itself which counts. It's the understanding of jazz phrasing, the ability to sing a chorus the way a jazz soloist improvises one. This is difficult, since the instrumentalist is tied down only by the basic chord structure of the number, whereas the singer is bound to a certain number of notes in set phrases corresponding with the lyrics.

That's why the only singers who really belong in the swing or jazz scene at all are those who manage, by some miraculous means, to overcome these limitations. That's why Leo Watson, of the old Spirits of Rhythm and the early Krupa discs and Shaw's *Shoot the Likker*, is not merely a great musical humorist but a terrific jazz singer. That's why Louis Armstrong, for all the gravel in his throat and poorness of his diction, has for fifteen years been admired by fellow-musicians as

a great singer. That's why Billie Holiday, who brought an entirely new approach to singing, in her phrasing, her tone quality, her rhythmic feeling, is one of the few truly great singers jazz has produced. And there are other great singers like Anita O'Day and Dinah Washington and Betty Roche and Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Rushing and Joe Turner, Mildred Bailey, Helen Humes, Sara Vaughn and Rosetta Tharpe, most of whom sing the blues or even get the same thing out of a popular song that they get out of the blues.

It's not because they don't sing like Billie Holiday that I'm bored by so many of the singers George tries to defend; it's because they are all frustrated Billie Holidays or frustrated legitimate singers, and they just don't belong in a swing band.

Even many of the leaders who employ them will agree with me on this. Ask Charlie Barnet or Benny Goodman why they carry singers, and they'll tell you frankly that it's only a commercial concession, which they're forced to make, and they'd much rather have a real jazz singer (or even no singer at all).

Take Ellington

Look at some of the top bands today and see how little the ballad-and-pop-song singers mean to them musically. Take Ellington, Goodman, Barnet, Basie, Hampton, Lunceford, and you'll see that in each case the pop singers are the only major weak spot in a band that's otherwise great. The swing singers with three of these bands (Betty Roche, Jimmy Rushing, Dinah Washington) are an asset, but the male balladeers with Ellington, Goodman, Basie, Hampton, Lunceford, and the female pop singers with Goodman and Basie, contribute nothing of any musical importance, and in a couple of instances are downright offensive.

Many of these singers are subconsciously aware of their own unimportance. It must be more than a coincidence that of all the hundreds of singers I've met, the ones of the type George tries to defend are most often petty, egotistic people, who work up a defense mechanism by talking about nothing but their singing, and how badly the leaders treat them, and generally take themselves so dead seriously that it's painful; whereas the truly great singers are unassuming, happy-go-lucky people who don't much care what you think of their work as long as they can enjoy singing.

It isn't intolerance to prefer a singer who has a feeling for jazz to one who hasn't. It's merely the use of one's critical faculties; the sifting of good from mediocre, of inspiration from routine. The stupidity of trying to set up two sets of standards—one for singers with jazz feeling, the other for the kind George likes—can be seen from one simple example. When Anita O'Day replaced Irene Daye in the Krupa band a couple of years ago, she was working in exactly the same musical setting, even singing some of the same arrangements the other girl had sung; yet she managed to make something vital and exciting where before it had been merely competent and conventional. The medium was the same, yet the results were as different as night and day—or Daye and O'Day.

All of which boils down to what I said before, that there are only two ways to sing with a good band. One way, you belong with the band; the other way, you don't. And if that means that the majority of singers with the majority of bands today have no business there, don't blame me—blame the great wide-open masses who like it that way!

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George Simon Says Back . . .

Thanks, Leonard Feather, for your good sportsmanship in showing me your column before it went to press and allowing me the courtesy of answering you right here.

Thanks, too, for letting me in on your secret. Quite frankly, even though I *did* write the article you attack, I *didn't* know I was writing about you. I'll admit a discussion we had sparked the idea, but all during the writing of the column I was referring to a hypothetical critic, one who pretty much typifies several writers—a composite critic. So, you see, I wasn't *quoting* you, though I did attack some of your ideas and some belonging to other critics.

You say you "meant singers with swing bands in general, regardless of sex." I didn't. My whole article wasn't about singers with swing bands in general, in fact I pointed out "girls like Peggy Mann, Eugenie Baird, Dolores O'Neill, Irene Daye and other *ballad* band-singers" (italics mine) who sing or sang ballads with Teddy Powell, Glen Gray, Bob Chester and Charlie Spivak, none strictly swing bands. They weren't attempting to sing swing.

You say "they're just boring, insignificant and out of place." But about Dorothy Claire with Sonny Dunham you write: "Dorothy has nothing to do with jazz, but she gives the band something that most bands need to have nowadays to get along." (June '43, MET, p. 21.) And about Betty Bonney you write "Not a great singer, but a good one, she's easy on the eyes and has a nice personality, *which is enough to ask of any girl band singer*" (italics mine) "unless you expect them all to be Billie Holidays."

You say that Goodman and Basie "are burdened with these vocal interruptions." I agree. That's especially true of the Count, who hasn't had a good ballad singer since Helen Humes. But I don't think Helen was a burdensome interruption.

Ballads vs. Swing

My point still is that if the ballad singer is a good ballad singer, give her (or him) credit on that score. Judge him by proper standards. You say "it's no use applying a different set of standards for these vocals as long as they're inextricably mixed up with performances by swing bands." That's not quite the case. They're mixed up with *ballad* performances by swing bands, not with their *swing* performances, and if the band and its vocalists perform ballads badly, don't condemn all ballad singers.

You say there are just two standards of singing, jazz and opera, by which ballad singers should be judged. Would you set up those two standards for Old English

or Latin ballad singers, too? By what standards, then, did you judge Connee Boswell "a first-class ballad singer?" (Mar. '43, MET, p. 17.)

I mention intonation and enunciation as sets of standards. You pooh-pooh band-singers on those scores. Yet many girl ballad singers, Dinah Shore and Jo Stafford for example, have much better intonation than most opera singers, and other popular singers have clearer enunciation.

You deprecate the value of vocal quality. That's your opinion. To me it means something when judging a ballad singer. When judging a jazz singer it means lots less—that's why I like Louis so much and Jack, too. Your mention of Leo Watson is interesting, but Leo seldom sings words, so that of course he's not bound to limitations and can sound more like a jazz instrumentalist. Same goes for Louis. Same goes for lots of blues singers, whose home-made lyrics often don't fit the meter exactly anyway, giving opportunity for much more freedom.

You repeat: "they just don't belong in a swing band." Who said they did? Next you mention a batch of bands to whom ballad singers mean little. But you list out-and-out swing bands. How about the Dorseys, Woody Herman, Kay Kyser, Casa Loma, Pastor? Ballad singers mean a lot of them, musically as well as commercially. That's where they belong and that's where you should focus your discussion of them.

You rap girl band-singers' characters pretty badly. Sorry, Leonard, but you've just met the wrong type. For example, take Benny's line: Helen Ward, Peg LaCentra, Frances Hunt, Helen Forrest, Peggy Lee—they're all really fine girls. Even Helen O'Connell, whose work you and I both loathe, is a really fine person. You won't find much personal difference between jazz and ballad singers, especially when they're struggling. Oh yes, and where can you find finer guys than Bing, Woody, Bob Eberly, Jack Leonard?—all ballad singers.

You say "it isn't intolerance to prefer a singer who has a feeling for jazz to one who hasn't." How right you are! It's never intolerant to have any sort of personal preference of that sort. But it is intolerant (and, in the case of any critic, extremely unfair) to take a girl who is not attempting to communicate any jazz feeling, but who is trying to communicate something else, and to condemn her publicly because she isn't trying to do what you want her to do. It's still her privilege to choose her own field. If she doesn't think she's a good jazz singer or doesn't feel like trying to be one, and wants to try something else instead, that's entirely up to her and *not* up to you or me to respect her choice. That's real tolerance!

THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICIAN

January, 1944

horn at a box in the famous Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House. Special articles on jazz by Charles Edward Smith, Leonard Feather, and Robert Goffin will appear in this issue, together with the art work that has made *Esquire* a household word.

All this is incidental to the really big thing *Esquire* is inaugurating with this issue, which is the first of a series of "Esquire All-American Jazz Band Polls". This poll, it was decided by the *Esquire* editorial board, would make no concessions to popularity or earning capacity, but would consider only the *ability* of jazz musicians. Robert Goffin and Leonard Feather were engaged to select a truly representative committee of judges. A first and second team were chosen, together with the two best jazz vocalists, female and male. A special award will also be presented to the best musician in the Armed Forces. War Bonds to the amount of \$10,000 are to be distributed among the winners as awards together with Esky statuettes in gold and silver, symbolic of the winner's standing in the world of jazz.

The "Esquire 1944 All-American Band Concert" at the Metropolitan Opera House will bring together all these "greats of jazz". The nation's greatest socialites will occupy the Diamond Horseshoe, but the affair will be essentially for the jazz public and of a patriotic nature. The Treasury Department is starting its Fourth War Bond Drive the night of the Jazz Concert, and David Smart, publisher of *Esquire*, made an unusual gesture in that he bought the entire house from the Navy League for his own magazine's affair and is re-issuing the tickets to the house on a War Bond basis, with the house sealed from a \$100.00 War Bond for an orchestra seat down to a \$25.00 War Bond for a balcony seat.

Another highlight of this jazz event will be the coast-to-coast and shortwave broadcast to our Armed Forces overseas direct from the Metropolitan by the Coca-Cola Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands. During this program it will switch to the



BENNY GOODMAN

coast where Darryl Zanuck will be heard presenting Benny Goodman with his award. The King will then "give out" with his famed quartet.

To top this off, *Esquire* is putting out a special "Jazz Book" that will contain biographies of the 140 "Jazzmen" that re-

ceived votes in the Esquire Poll, twenty-four pages of photo groups, and chapters on jazz history, covering the great musicians and recordings of the past (along with a comprehensive chart giving the "geneology" of the various jazz influences back to the days of Buddy Bolden and Jack Laine), chapters on the "Why of Jazz", and "How to Listen". Also along with this book will go a real live eight-inch record (semi-permanent on a paper base) demonstrating the solo styles of Esquire's 1944 All-American Band, with a commentary by Leonard Feather.

The results of the balloting are as follows:

ESQUIRE'S 1944 ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND

First and Second Place Winners

Trumpets — Louis Armstrong, Cootie Williams.

Clarinets — Benny Goodman, Barney Bigard.

Pianos — Art Tatum, Earl Hines.

Bass Totals — Oscar Pettiford; Milton Hinton and Al Morgan, tied.

Odd Instruments — Red Norvo and Lionel Hampton, tied.

Female Vocalists — Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey.

Trombones — Jack Teagarden, Lawrence Brown.

Saxophones — Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges.

Guitars — Al Casey, Oscar Moore.

Drums — Sidney Catlett, Cozy Cole.

Male Vocalists — Louis Armstrong, Leo Watson.

Armed Forces Favorites — Artie Shaw; Willie Smith and Dave Tough, tied.

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Perry Como

I'VE HAD THIS FEELING BEFORE

Perry Como, former Ted Weems singer now getting individual billing as a romantic baritone, is heard in two sides recorded some months ago, featuring a mixed chorus instead of instrumental backgrounds. Both the number listed above and the reverse, *Have I Stayed Away Too Long?*, may appeal to swoon fans, and are superior to most discs of this type. At least Como manages to do his best within the limitations imposed. (Victor)



Count Basie

FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR COUNTRY

Despite the incongruous combination of a Count Basie tune and a patriotic lyric sung in jump tempo by blues-singer Jimmy Rushing, this is a pleasing record. Buck Clayton's trumpet and Buddy Tate's tenor sax are outstanding and the rhythm section provides a solid foundation. Basie's sweet version of *Time on My Hands*, the coupling, was well arranged by Hugo Winterhalter, but is spoiled by an Earl Warren vocal. (Columbia)



Abe Lyman

MY BRITISH BUDDY

Veteran maestro Abe Lyman treats this Irving Berlin song in the expected hands-across-the-sea spirit, starting with *God Save the King* and proceeding to vocals by Stanley Worth and Frank Connors. The result is more commercial than artistic. Connors sings again on the reverse, *By the River of Roses*. A small, undistinguished role is played by the band, which seems to have possibilities that are as yet unrealized. (Hit)



Duke Ellington

DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME

Duke Ellington recorded this number in March, 1940, as *Concerto for Cootie*, starring trumpeter Cootie Williams. With melody expanded and lyrics added, the theme has since become popular under the *Do Nothing* title. On the back is Billy Strayhorn's great arrangement of *Chloë*, featuring Joe "Tricky Sam" Nanton (trombone), the late Jimmy Blanton (bass), Barney Bigard (clarinet), Ben Webster (tenor saxophone). (Victor)



Rose Blane

BESAME MUCHO

In another new recording by Abe Lyman and His Californians, Rose Blane delivers the vocal with some curious mannerisms of enunciation and an unpleasant tone quality. Stanley Worth, a more acceptable singer, handles the refrain on the backing, *So Goodnight*. From the film *Hi Ya, Sailor*, this recording is satisfactory in the absence of other versions of the tune, but not worthy of Lyman's venerable name in the music world. (Hit)



Benny Carter

POINCIANA

Benny Carter, superb alto saxophonist and arranger, leads a fine band in his first record release in two years. However, neither this arrangement nor *Hurry, Hurry* on the reverse is his own. *Poinciana*, stilted and pretentious, shows him to little advantage, and the other side gives up most of the wax to Savannah Churchill's fair but unexciting singing. Carter's short solo here is splendid, but he can do even better. (Capitol)



James P. Johnson

IMPRESSIONS

First release on a new label, this 12-inch disc features the solo piano work of James P. Johnson, 50-year-old veteran who influenced Fats Waller and other younger jazzmen. This slow and pensive blues is one of his best recorded efforts, combining simplicity and serenity. *Boogie Stride*, on the back, is a lusty series of improvisations, also based on the blues. It has more variety than most boogie-woogie performances. (Asch)

STRAY NOTES: If you go for hillbilly music, you may like the new releases on Okeh by Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys (*Prodigal Son, Not a Word From Home*), and by Gene Autry (*I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes, I'll Be True While You're Gone*). You may also like Ernest Tubb, singing with guitars and bass, on Decca's *Try Me One More Time* and *That's When It's Comin' Home to You*; or Art Hodes' *Royal Garden Blues* and *103rd St. Boogie* (although this pairing purports to be jazz) on a new label called Jazz Record. . . . Jazz fans will be interested in Signature's reissue of *Adam's Apple* and *Messin' Around*, by Jimmy Blythe, with a fabulous veteran, Freddy Keppard, on the trumpet.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)

SHOO SHOO BABY—Ella Mae Morse (Capitol)

METROPOLITAN REVIVALS ALBUM (Victor)

CHERRY—Harry James (Columbia)

G.I. JIVE—Johnny Mercer (Capitol)

A SLIP OF THE LIP—Duke Ellington (Victor)

Melody maker & Rhythm

October 23, 1943

THE I

MORE ABOUT CRITICS

by "MIKE"

THERE is still one paragraph in Mr. Leonard Feather's "defence" of Duke Ellington which I consider to be of fairly general interest, inasmuch as it is symptomatic of so much would-be criticism of jazz.

It is the paragraph which runs: "Personally, I have sat with musicians such as Cootie Williams, Billy Strayhorn and others, both in and out of the Duke's band, listening to 'Black, Brown and Beige' a dozen times, and every one of us gets an increasing thrill out of it that can't be compared with anything else in jazz."

That, I submit, doesn't get us anywhere at all. It isn't constructive criticism; it isn't even a programme note to explain the music to us; and least of all does it answer John Hammond's accusation of the work being incoherent.

(I presume I may interpret John's phrase that the tunes "were not woven together in a cohesive whole" as meaning that the work was, from the point of view of construction, incoherent.)

"Getting a thrill out of" music is a purely subjective attitude that tells us nothing. It tells us no more even if the names of co-thrillers are dragged in to corroborate. Criticism isn't like a police court, where witnesses can be called in to give evidence in support of a case.

However expert that evidence may sound to the layman, it is the critic who alone (if he is worth the paper he writes on) can judge the merits of the work under consideration.

'SOLICITED TESTIMONIALS'

It is no good a critic saying, "Well, personally, I think that piece is fine, and so does my old man—therefore it must be good. Two against one, and all that. . . ."

That isn't criticism, though perhaps it may pass for such in the world of popular American music, where goods are sold like patent medicines—with a solicited testimonial attached.

For all I know, Messrs. Cootie Williams and Strayhorn may be first-class critics. If that be so, then I would rather hear their opinions in greater detail, a little more fully than Mr. Feather gives them in his apology.

Cootie Williams we know is a fine trumpet player, and Billy Strayhorn an arranger of talent. But these gifts entitle neither of them to be called in to support Mr. Feather in the case Feather v. Hammond.

Their evidence might have been a little more convincing, even in the sketchy form quoted by the plaintiff, if it had been an intelligent statement of the case, instead of a mere report of their personal emotional reactions to the Ellington piece.

One's first reaction is to say, "So what?" Suppose fifty million musicians in and out of Duke's band all tell us what a thrill they get out of "Black, Brown and Beige," we are still no nearer to what we want to know.

One might as well enlist the support of the half-wits called "jitterbugs" in the hopes of proving that "In The Mood" is a "monumental" composition. "Safety in numbers" may be a good slogan in some cases, but it doesn't apply to musical criticism.

I am at some disadvantage in this whole question by not having heard the work played, but from my own not inconsiderable knowledge of Duke's music and personality, I should say that John Hammond's criticism is a very fair one.

Ellington is a miniaturist in music and always has been. His total out-

put of 10-inch recordings would play for weeks if performed end to end.

But that doesn't mean that because he selects to write a work lasting nearly an hour that it will have the musical merit of an equivalent number of short pieces.

Indeed, from John Hammond's remarks, it appears that all Duke has really done is, in fact, to string a number of short pieces together to play fifty minutes. Naturally, the effect lacks cohesion.

Ellington is a jazz composer, and jazz is a very limited medium. From a purely musical point of view it will stand variation, but it will not stand development; and development is the basis of all form in music once you start getting away from the short dance patterns.

The trouble ever since jazz began has always been that composers with a natural talent for jazz have wanted to write jazz on a grand scale. The result has always been a dismal failure, however successful and profitable the consequent publicity.

NOT "COMPOSED"

Aiding and abetting them we have also had those critics who, however expert they may be in jazz, haven't the technical equipment or experience to enable them to judge music that needs judging by other standards.

I noticed that particularly when I was a youngster and my elders in this racket would rave about music by Elizalde. There was one piece of Fred's that was played at a concert by his augmented Savoy band; it was called something like "Bataplan"—I forget exactly.

This had little bits of jazz, and little bits of non-jazz, and to me at any rate, was nothing but a mess. It was put together but it wasn't composed.

Any of the many quite intriguing 32 bar phrases might have been put to follow or precede any other 32 bar passage without affecting the general impression of the work.

In short, the ideas were lacking in cohesion and the creative imagination to develop naturally. It was pure pastiche, and no amount of orchestral augmentation, running time or ballyhoo could ever make it anything else.

CRITICISING DUKE ELLINGTON

LOOKING around the columns of this Journal there seems to be a lot of fun going on one way and another. There is, for instance, that quotation from Leonard Feather's defence of Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige."

Mr. Feather is, of course, Duke's Press representative and is therefore in honour bound to defend his employer. But I should have thought a Press representative would have been more careful what he wrote and had printed.

Of all the fatuous apologies I have ever heard committed in the name of jazz, Mr. Feather's "to criticise such a monumental work as the fifty-minute 'Black, Brown and Beige' is, as Mike Levin pointed out in 'Down Beat' 'unfair,' is really a new low.

What in heaven's name is that sort of thing meant to be? Criticism?

"DRIVEL"

You may remember that a couple of weeks ago I mentioned the drivel that appeared in American periodicals; well, that anemic prof quoted above is typical of the kind thing I mean.

Even though I have not heard work in question I do not feel a disadvantage. I can tell instinctively from the way John Hammond and Leonard Feather write about it what the two gentlemen is likely to right in his opinion.

Mr. Hammond wrote with authority and obvious thoughtfulness. Feather, one feels, merely as "thing" about the new work. "doesn't like anybody suggesting that his idol has clay feet, and criticism, any hint of Duke's liability is classed as "unfair."

What on earth is there "unfair" about criticising a fifty-minute work? Are we critics to be forbidden to say a word against music which sets out to be "monumental"?

What is the time-limit on criticism? If it is unfair to criticise a work lasting fifty minutes, is it "fair" to criticise one lasting forty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds?

And what is to happen, if this be the case, if a conductor slows up by one second a work which its composer meant to play forty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Are we, then, debarred from discussing it because it falls into the "monumental" class in which all criticism (except rave criticism) is considered "unfair"?

Who decides what is or is not "unfair" criticism, anyway? The composers, the critics or the composers' Press representatives?

"UNFAIR!"

This idea that a composer and his work are sacrosanct seems peculiar to America and Americans.

I remember the same thing happening in my own case when Duke Ellington was over here in 1933. Those who were interested in Duke's tour from a financial point of view were most hurt because I saw fit to criticise the quality of one of Duke's programmes.

There were the same cries of "Unfair!" and near-tears that I, whom everyone loved as a son, should actually suggest that everything in the garden wasn't lovely.

The innocents concerned, of course, were having their first experience of a really Free Press. It was hard for them to understand that while we were only too willing to give Duke and his music all the pre-performance publicity and boosts in our power, we nevertheless reserved the right to criticise that music when it fell below our expectations.

It is one of the ironies of criticism that one is particularly severe on the work of one's own friends, especially if those friends are of the stature of Duke Ellington.

Both John Hammond and I count

by
"MIKE"
Our Critic-at-Large

Duke as one of our oldest personal friends, and between us we have probably done more to propagate Duke's music in a serious and considered way than any ten other critics together.

When our colleagues were still floundering around in the platitudes of "Negroid crudity" and the rest, John and I were already pretty sure in our own minds that Duke was the outstanding figure in all jazz. And I do not doubt for a moment that on hearing "Black, Brown and Beige" I would have written in very much the same terms as John—yes, even at risk of being accused by Mr. Feather and others of being "unfair."

In any case, what on earth is there "unfair" in criticising a work because it is "monumental"? Perhaps Mr. Feather has never heard the old tag about "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

It's the same thing in music; nobody is going to bother themselves with the failures of small fry. But if somebody of Duke Ellington's standing has a shot at a "monumental" work and fails to make it coherent, then he must expect to be criticised by his own very high standard. He deserves the compliment, and those of us who know our job willingly pay it him.

I rather fear Mr. Feather, apart from an understandable bias in favour of the composer he represents in the Press, is a little too impressed by the mere size of the undertaking.

If Mr. Feather wants to do Ellington a good turn I would advise him to choose his words more carefully. His protest that it is "unfair" to criticise a work because it is fifty minutes long isn't even a dignified counter-attack to John Hammond's criticism.

It is pure nonsense.

STORY OF FATS WALLER'S DEATH

New York News by LEONARD FEATHER

THE DEATH OF FATS WALLER, WHICH TOOK PLACE SUDDENLY ON DECEMBER 15 ABOARD THE SANTA FE FLIER, "THE CHIEF" WHEN THAT TRAIN REACHED KANSAS CITY ON ITS WAY EAST FROM LOS ANGELES, HAS ALREADY HAD REPERCUSSIONS IN THE MUSIC WORLD.

James P. Johnson, whose piano style was the basis from which Fats developed his own unique keyboard manner, composed a "Blues For Fats," performed it at the first of this season's Saturday afternoon jam sessions in New York's Town Hall, and recorded it the same day for Bob Thiele's Signature label.

Fats' death, though a shock, did not come as a complete surprise to insiders, who knew that on several occasions in the past three years he had been told by doctors he would only have a few months to live if he didn't take it easy.

Fats would generally spend a couple of temperate months, then fall off the wagon again until he became seriously ill. Only two weeks before his death he had recovered from a serious bout of influenza.

Fats had a sudden heart attack aboard the train. The last words his manager, Ed (Wallace) Kirkeby, heard him say were a complaint about "these cold sheets."

CHILDREN

Later, Kirkeby, occupying the next bunk, heard Fats breathing heavily, and observed that he seemed to have had a convulsion and was unable to speak.

He went to get a doctor who had been summoned to attend another patient, but it was too late to save Fats. When the train pulled into Kansas City, his mad and happy life was ended.

Although he was only 39 last May 21, Fats left a 21-year-old son (who is now in the Army) by a very early marriage. There were also the two sons by Anita Rutherford Waller, his second wife—Maurice (16) and Ronald (15). Mrs. Waller and Kirkeby will be remembered by those who knew Fats during his European trips in 1938 and 1939, when they accompanied him.

Andy Razaf, Fats' song-writing partner on "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and dozens of other great songs, was a pall-bearer at the funeral. Radio stations everywhere paid tribute with record programmes.

Fats had not made any new records for a year and a half, owing to the Petrillo ban, but there are a few more earlier sides still to be released.

Records figure largely in the rest of the latest news, since there has been a flood of hot jazz in the studios these past two weeks. Although Victor and Columbia have still failed to come to terms with Petrillo, recording has been proceeding apace at Decca, Capitol, and several smaller companies which have signed Union

SESSIONS

Bob Thiele has been making sessions galore for his Signature label. One was a James P. Johnson solo date (mentioned above). Another featured Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins, Andy Fitzgerald (clarinet and arranger), Ellis Larkins (piano), Al Casey, Oscar Pettiford, and Shelley Manne on drums. A third session featured Hawkins with a quartet: Larkins, Jimmy Shirley on guitar, Pettiford, and Max Roache on drums.

Thiele also did a date with Bill Coleman, Dickie Wells and Lester Young, under Wells' name. In addition to all this, there have been innumerable record and radio transcription dates up at Decca. Charlie Barnet made some fine sides, none of which have been released yet, owing to the difficulties of production. In fact, most of the good records made since the ban was lifted have had to be held up while the companies use all their limited production and shellac facilities on the pressing of strictly commercial stuff by Bing Crosby, the Andrews Sisters and Jimmy Dorsey, etc.

Duke Ellington left town last week after his Carnegie Hall concert, and will be away four months.

The Carnegie premiere of his new 15-minute-work, "New World A-Coming," was an interesting event. Duke is waiting to know what "Mike," who didn't hear it, thinks of it.

Count Basie has been overhauling

Esquire

Celebrates Its 10th Year of Drum-Beating for Jazz with This Complete Jazz Program

1

THE FEBRUARY JAZZ ISSUE OF ESQUIRE

... announcing the members of Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, every instrument played by America's top artists, selected by a board of jazz critics, writers and musicians. This issue also features color photographs of glamorous jazz singers ... "Collecting Hot: 1944," sequel to Charles Edward Smith's 1934 article ... and other jazz-minded articles and stories. On sale January 15th.

2

ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK

... a complete gospel of hot jazz, including the outstanding jazz articles from Esquire's past ten years ... chapters on jazz history, along with a comprehensive chart giving the genealogy of jazz influences ... 24 pages of jazz photographs ... entertaining sketches by E. Simms Campbell ... biographies of over 120 jazz men voted on for Esquire's All-American Band ... complete listing and evaluations of the prices of records made by the All-American Band winners ... and a real 8-inch record, demonstrating solo styles of the band members, with comments by Leonard Feather. On sale on or about February 1st. \$1 at newsstands, book and department stores, record shops, PX or ships' stores.

3

CONCERT BY ESQUIRE'S ALL-AMERICAN

JAZZ BAND, Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday, January 18th, from 8:45 to 11:30 P. M. ... Hear musical history being made in this first jazz concert ever to be given at the Met. Every instrument will be played by its greatest exponent ... selected by America's leading jazz authorities. Concert staged for sale of War Bonds, and sponsored by the National Women's Council of the Navy League of the U. S. Admission only to buyers of War Bonds in any amount from \$25 to \$100.

4

BROADCAST OF CONCERT

January 18th, from 9:30 to 9:55 E. W. T., over the Blue

If you can't be present at this great jazz concert, hear it broadcast in part by Coca-Cola, on Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands, over station WJZ and the Blue Network, on Tuesday, January 18th, from 9:30 to 9:55 Eastern War Time.

5

COLUMBIA ALBUM OF RECORDS

by Members of Esquire's All-American Band

Here in this album of reissues are the outstanding records featuring members of Esquire's All-American Band. The newest of Columbia's famous Hot Jazz Classics series ... accompanied by Leonard Feather's authoritative notes.



Jazz Is Where You Find It

A survey of ten years in swing music,
with answers to some of the questions
often asked by the "square" bystander

by **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

• ARTICLE •

R

When did swing begin?

SWING was not born when Benny Goodman decided, just ten years ago, to form a band. Benny's role was that of a transmission belt between the musicians and cognoscenti on one side, the general public on the other. The music he helped to popularize had its roots in the blues that were sung, or strummed on crude banjos and pianos, at the turn of the century; and in the ragtime that hit Broadway when the Original Dixieland Band stampeded Reisenweber's during the last war. It's all the same family and, fundamentally, the same music. The Goodman band was the first to adapt the best hot jazz, in a commercially successful manner, to the style of a big white orchestra.

What is the difference between jazz and swing?

Don't be confused, *mes enfants*. For some reason the term "swing" has been used generally to denote music played by big bands, whereas "jazz," hot or not, seems to have become the label for the small improvising groups. Actually, "swing" was originally used by musicians as a verb. In the early 1930's you would hear that this band swings, or that soloist doesn't swing. From this came the adjectival use—swing solos, swing guitars—and thence the substantive. This was recognized in the popular song, *Now They Call It Swing*.

Despite the partial obsolescence of the word "jazz," the fact remains that *Swingin' the Blues* by Count Basie, or *Clarinet a la King* by Benny Goodman, or any other swing number played by a swing band, can certainly be called good jazz. Similarly the records made by Red Norvo's Swing Septet and Swing Octet, which were small improvising bands, were also good jazz. Polemics aside, the terms are largely interchangeable.

Which are the great swing bands?

Ten years ago this could have been answered in two or three sentences. Improvisation was at a discount in most of the name bands, and the jazz spirit was absent from most big-band orchestrations. Today there are hundreds of bands whose arrangements, even of the most banal popular songs, are written in a more rhythmic idiom, and most arrangers leave a few passages

open for one or more of the band's star soloists to play ad lib.

Benny Goodman's first band in 1934-5, propelled by the arrangements of such men as Fletcher Henderson, Deane Kincaide and Spud Murphy and by the inspired solos of Goodman and several others, was the first to catch the public's fancy with this more modern style. Since then so many bands have followed his lead, and so many arrangers have studied this technique and made important advances, that even the second-string bands of today can produce music as enlightened as Goodman's best records of eight years ago.

Another reason for this expansion is the enlargement of most bands from the old formula of four saxes, three trumpets and two trombones, to a new pattern of five or six saxes, four or five trumpets and three or four trombones, plus the traditional rhythm section (piano, guitar, string bass, drums). This gives the arranger room for more variety of instrumental combinations, richer tone colors and more power to fill a crowded dance hall or theatre.

After Goodman, several white notables jumped on the swing bandwagon. The Dorsey Brothers split up in 1935 to become Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, a very popular unit which occasionally plays good jazz, and Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, which acquired a fine jazz style on certain numbers arranged by the talented Cy Oliver.

Also in 1935 the remnants of an old band led by Ben Pollack were taken over by Bing Crosby's younger brother Bob, and became known as the foremost big-band exponents of Dixieland jazz. If you haven't met Dixieland, you will recognize it by its free-and-easy rhythm, emphasis on the first and third beats rather than all four beats of the bar, and an occasional suggestion of the march, atavistically derived from New Orleans street parade music. The Crosby band broke up in 1942, but has its 1944 counterpart under the leadership of a former member, Eddie Miller.

When Goodman and Crosby were established and swing had become a national fad, like crossword puzzles or the yo-yo, it was only to be expected that rivals would contend for the crown of swingdom. Artie Shaw, another great clarinetist, in 1936 had the first swing band to make intelli-

gent use of a string section. Later he reverted to the conventional reeds-and-brass formula, scored a hit with his *Begin the Beguine*, and undertook an ambitious experiment in the shape of a very large band with too many strings.

By 1936 swing bands had begun to spring up by the dozen. Count Basie blew in from Kansas City and started the fashion for "riff" style—a riff being a short, simple rhythmic phrase repeated several times with harmonic variations. Red Norvo, with his xylophone and his wonderful vocalist-wife, Mildred Bailey, had a fine band for a while.

Glenn Miller, leaning toward a more commercial style but with suggestions of swing, hit the top in 1939-40 and supplanted Goodman, financially though not musically, as the No. 1 man. By this time, too, all the Goodman alumni bands had started: Gene Krupa, Harry James, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton all formed big bands of their own. Krupa returned to BG last fall; James is the successor to Miller on the throne; Wilson has only a sextet now, and Hampton's big, enthusiastic band is one of the true jazz greats of 1944.

In listing the best currently active swing bands, I must offer a warning. Practically none can be relied upon to offer real jazz, or swing music, at any given time. Some make minor concessions to popular taste; others devote sev-

enty-five per cent or even ninety per cent of their time to straight melody, conventional crooning, vocal groups, comedy routines and novelty numbers; or, at the other extreme, to drum solos, screeching high-note trumpets and other pseudo-jazz effects. The following list, then, is divided into two sections: first, the bands that play a reasonably large proportion of real jazz; second, those that play excellent jazz from time to time, though in some cases you may grow tired of waiting.

In the first category are, alphabetically, Louis Armstrong, Georgie Auld, Charlie Barnet, Count Basie, Les Brown, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Andy Kirk, Jimmie Lunceford, Hal McIntyre, Jay McShann, Eddie Miller, Lucky Millinder and Cootie Williams.

In the second are Cab Calloway, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Sonny Dunham, Erskine

Continued on page 129



"If we were in the U. S. do you realize how many points this would cost us?"

Jazz Is Where You Find It

Continued from page 35

Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Ina Ray Hutton, Harry James, Glenn Miller, Tony Pastor, Teddy Powell, Louis Prima, Don Redman, Raymond Scott, Bobby Sherwood, Freddy Slack, Charlie Spivak, Jack Teagarden and Jerry Wald.

In a class by itself, of course, is Duke Ellington's Orchestra, as far ahead of the field today as it was when Duke first mounted the Cotton Club bandstand in 1927. Ellington maintains a homogeneous style because he seldom changes his musicians, and because this is one of the few instances in which the bandleader himself is not only a fine instrumentalist, but a great composer and arranger who writes with the individual styles of his soloists constantly in mind.

Who are the great jazz soloists?

They are too numerous to mention. A small network of jazz fanatics, devoted to the study of Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet and other pioneers, will tell you that the popular swing-man cannot be compared with any musician who has the advantage of being dead, or broke, or working in a hashhouse. The truth happens to be that countless musicians have used the groundwork laid by the Armstrongs and Beiderbeckes and have built up from those fine foundations. Their vast strides in technique, range, and harmonic feeling have given them greater means to express the inspiration they inject into their improvisations. Today you may find a tenor sax man in Joe Doakes' band who can make music just as great as anything Coleman Hawkins did in 1929; you can listen to each of the five trumpet players in Lionel Hampton's band, and every one of them will take a chorus which, had it been discovered on some obscure old record, would be hailed as genius by the Jelly Roll network.

In short, jazz today is where you find it, and you find it in the most unexpected places. Never

before has any branch of music made such rapid progress, and never before have there been so many superlative jazzmen, or so many first-class bands. The experienced and discerning jazz listener, whose ears are attuned to more advanced ideas in orchestration and improvisation, laughs at the attempts to deify the badly dated relics of the 1920's.

Why can't we hear the melody?

Because, children, it is assumed you know it already, if there was one. Your pleasure in hearing good jazz comes from an appreciation of the way the soloists or arrangers create variations, sometimes weaving vaguely around the melody, but often forgetting it entirely and merely using the basic chord structure of the tune. The Blues, most popular and traditional theme in all jazz, doesn't have any specific tune at all; it's just a series of chords. And *Honeysuckle Rose*, if I may be briefly technical, is not *Honeysuckle Rose* at all to the swing-man; it's just a series of G Minor 7th, C 7th and F chords on which you can play anything you like, as long as it doesn't clash with those chords. The swing-man, then, creates a new and far more complicated melody of his own, and it's this combination of melodic and rhythmic appeal which should be followed, studied and enjoyed.

Is boogie-woogie swing?

Boogie-woogie is any kind of jazz or swing, solo or orchestral, generated by certain eight-to-the-bar rhythms, mostly using the twelve-measure Blues pattern for a theme. The term has been horribly abused, and has even come to denote a species of jitterbug dance. Buy any of the boogie-woogie record albums for a clearer view of this department of jazz.

Do musicians really talk in jive language?

Don't believe all you read in the daily papers and the fan magazines. Very few of the terms attributed to musicians are now in use. The word "hep" is "hip" in

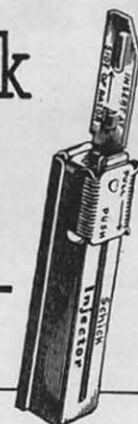
Continued on page 130



"Why, yes, Sonny—I can remember the time when Mr. Roosevelt wasn't President"

If you own a Schick Injector Razor...

YOU CAN START **CHEERING**—



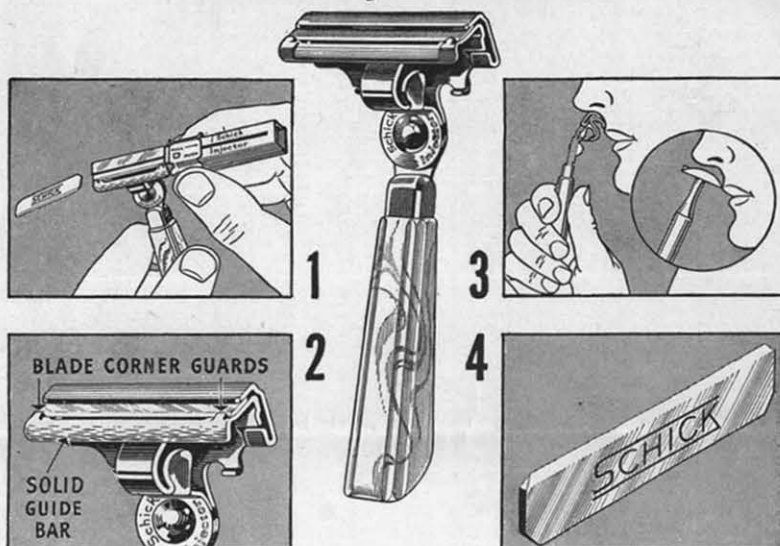
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Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the blades we could make for the armed forces.

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- 1 Enjoy the automatic blade change . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.
- 2 Shave skin-close—with comfort . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.
- 3 Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.
- 4 Enjoy Double Thick Blades again . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

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Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

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NEW NAVAL OFFICER'S CAP WITH REMOVABLE GROMMET

The Sea-master is regulation in every respect, yet revolutionary in a great many respects. Exclusive removable grommet makes it so easy to change covers that you can almost do it blindfolded. Guide hook for easy insertion of grommet. "Self Starter" centering pin fixes the exact point for placing cover. It's the Dobbs.



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THE MOST POPULAR CAP ON LAND OR IN THE AIR

The Skymaster is just about the biggest news in war headlines. Light as a medal on your chest. Flexible, with a smart, easy roll and drape. Crushable visor. Packs as easily as a garrison cap. With all the workmanship and quality that have made Dobbs famous. Among men of action—the Skymaster is tops.



Skymaster*

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Jazz Is Where You Find It

Continued from pages 35-129

Harlem, which is where most of this jargon originated. Musicians do say "groovy" (fine), "no-where" (not so fine), "dig" (understand) and "jive" (several different meanings, commonest being "to kid"). However, if you throw around such terms as "alligator" and "gobstick," you will be considered a "square," which means you are by no means hip.

How, when and where can we hear the best jazz?

If you don't get to hear Esquire's concert at the Met, or any similarly exciting events, I can recommend the phonograph as the next best medium for listening to the artists involved, or for studying jazz in general. Most bands sound their worst on the stage, where they play strictly for the squares; and they sound best on records, where they're assured of good acoustics and balance, and no interruptions by jitterbugs.

The best way to hear a band in person is a dance date, when it can let its hair down. Radio is a poor medium for jazz; the small jam bands seldom get on the air at all, and race prejudice keeps the great Negro bands off sponsored shows. Even the best white swing bands, if they land a commercial program, are kept under wraps. Sustaining programs by bands on location are sometimes exciting, but the sound is often badly balanced.

For intimate jazz groups, wander along 52nd Street if you're in New York (Onyx, Three Deuces, Kelly's Stable, Famous Door) or to similar havens in other cities.

Where can I read about jazz?

If the Esquire jazz number has whetted your appetite, you'll find more jazz features regularly in these pages henceforth. By now, of course, you should all know about *The Esquire Jazz Book*, of which further details will be found in this month's editorial. And Rob-

ert Goffin's *Jazz—from Congo to Metropolitan* (Doubleday Doran) is due any day now. You can also turn to the two specialized media of swing news and opinion, *Metronome* and *Down Beat*. For a good pen-picture of the background to this music, try the book *Jazzmen*, also the *Jazz Record Book*. For a rough summary of the jazz scene, Wilder Hobson's *American Jazz Music*; for a more personal approach, *The Kingdom of Swing*, Benny Goodman's autobiography. And for the muddled but dogmatic views of a Frenchman who has scarcely ever heard the real jazz, try Panassié's *The Real Jazz*.

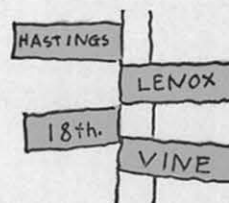
Will jazz merge with the classics?

Come, come, you've been reading subversive literature again. The fact that Benny Goodman has lectured at Juilliard, or that bands sometimes try to swing the classics, can't be construed as a sign that jazz is going to blend with any other musical idiom.

Jazz has come a long way from the Original Dixieland days. The public's partial acceptance of "swing" has encouraged even such former Mickey Mouse maestri as Shep Fields and Jan Garber to modernize their style. All these advances have been made along swing's own path; the peculiar rhythmic characteristics of jazz, and the strong element of improvisation, have been untainted by any merger with what are loosely known as "the classics."

Then too, the fact that jazz remains a utilitarian art, and is in fact the most important dance music produced in the twentieth century, will tend to prevent any such fusion. Jazz will continue to improve and expand, and will continue to exert its world-wide influence as the most original and fascinating new art form ever produced in America.

Class dismissed. ##



Could Be Blues*

Could be Hastings Street,
Or Lenox Avenue.
Could be 18th & Vine
And still be true.

Could be 5th & Mound,
Could be Rampart—
When you pawned my watch
You pawned my heart.

Could be you love me,
Could be that you don't.
Could be you'll come back,
Could be you won't.

Beale Street is weary,
Also Wyle Avenue.
Any place is dreary
Without my watch and you.

—LANGSTON HUGHES

*Put in your own streets, Jack

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Richard English

RICHARD ENGLISH once won an essay contest in the Kewanee, Illinois, High School and "was so impressed with the medal, a fine brass thing, that my fate was sealed. We lived in Steubenville, Ohio, until my father died in 1918. My mother and I then moved to Kewanee, her family home, and thence, nine years later, to California. While I travel a lot, California is still my home." He is the author of *What Gives Since Memphis?*, on page 36.

Writing is a strenuous business for CLAY PERRY, who spent three years, off and on, crawling deep into caverns all around the country, collecting material for his last book, *Underground New England—Tall Tales of Small Caves*; and who spent some tough hours last winter chopping wood to augment the scarce fuel supply on a mountain side in the Berkshires. He has been a newspaper man, logger, advertising man, teacher in a CCC Camp, park policeman, gardener, and executive secretary in civil defense work.

Technical Sergeant FRANK X. TOLBERT of the U. S. Marines was born in Amarillo, the scion of Texas cattlemen. After majoring in anthropology and archaeology



T/Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

at Texas Tech and the University of Texas, he wrote sports for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* for five years. Just after Pearl Harbor he joined the Marines and was eventually transferred to the staff of *Leatherneck*. Now combat correspondent for that publication, he expects to be overseas during most of this winter. His articles and stories have appeared in *Collier's* as well as in this magazine. G. P. Putnam plans to assemble his Marine fiction into a book.

Now script editor and popular music advisor of the OWI's Broadcasting Division (shortwave and outposts), CHARLES EDWARD SMITH says his interest in hot jazz first flamed in 1927. Working as script writer with Phil Cohan as producer, he created the first network jazz program, CBS's *Saturday Night Swing*. Besides being co-editor of *Jazzman* and editor of *The Jazz Record Book*, he helped prepare Hugues Panassié's *The Real Jazz* for American publication and supervised Jelly Roll



Charles Edward Smith, author of *Collecting Hot: 1944* (page 27) at a Decca recording session with Louis Armstrong, right, who placed first twice in *Esquire's* All-American Jazz Band (page 28) and Chris Smith, center, composer of *Ballin' the Jack*.

Morton's only album, *New Orleans Memories*. Scripting for the Overseas Operations Branch of OWI in 1942, he introduced the first jazz show for overseas forces entitled *G. I. Jive*. He will be remembered as the author of *Collecting Hot*, which appeared in the February, 1934, issue of *Esquire*, and was the first article treating this subject seriously to appear in a national magazine. Thus Mr. Smith precipitated the great mass movement of jazz collectors to Salvation Army and other second-hand stores, to junk shops and warehouses, now recalled by fanciers of hot music as only slightly less important than the Gold Rush of '49.

Like the Cubans he writes about, CARLOS MONTENEGRO has not lived easily. His first book, *The Sprout and Other Stories*, was written while he was serving a prison

sentence for having killed a man in a quarrel. He was nineteen at the time he was imprisoned; after his book appeared, ten years later, he was released through the efforts of Cuban and foreign writers. Afterward he became a miner in this country and traveled through the States, Mexico and Spain. He is in Havana, has published a novel and two further books of short stories. *A Sudden Gust of Wind*, page 62, marks his first appearance in English in a national magazine.

ABE J. GREENE progressed from exposing boxing fakery in a Paterson, New Jersey, newspaper to the post of boxing inspector, state secretary and finally the presidency of the National Boxing Association, a job which he now holds for the duration. When, as a skinny youngster who never had a fight in his life, he was asked by a tough pug: "Wadda you know about fightin'?" Greene replied with that old saw: "I can't lay an egg, but I can tell a bad one when I smell it." His way was smooth



Leonard G. Feather

third time the virus took. He remained in this country and during the past three years he has been active on the following fronts: as journalist, radio emcee, lecturer, band manager, lyricist, composer, arranger, publicist, recording bandleader. His tunes have been recorded by Ellington, Goodman, Basie and others; he plays fair piano, he says, and not-very-fair clarinet. With Dr. Robert Goffin he gave a course on jazz at the New School for Social Research. He has a program called *Platter-brains*, a jazz quiz, now in its third year on WMCA, New York; is assistant editor of *Metronome* Magazine and writes a record review column in *Look*.

Twenty-two year old BRYAN MARVIN, author of that jam fantasy, *Hath Charms to Soothe*, page 44, says: "Although I spent three years at Yale University, I attribute what knowledge I possess to St. Mark's School in Massachusetts and to Le Rosey in Switzerland. My hobbies are astronomy, amateur radio and music; my ambition, to be a writer. Last April I married a New York girl of eighteen. We live in Stamford, with our Cairn terrier, while I am employed ten hours a day in a nearby precision optical plant." #

after that. As one-man arbiter, he settled a fifteen-weeks' silk strike and as a result was elected the Outstanding Citizen of Paterson by his appreciative fellow-burgers. He is associate editor of the *Paterson Evening News*, is married, and has two young daughters.

British-born LEONARD G. FEATHER became interested in jazz through buying Armstrong and Ellington records, starting in 1928. He now has one of the world's largest jazz collections—over 6,000 discs. He started writing about jazz for the *London Melody Maker* as a sideline while working in a movie studio "as assistant to the assistant director's assistant, at £2.10 per week." Nothing daunted, he managed to save up for a visit to New York to hear jazz in the flesh. Herepeated these periodic injections, and the



Bryan Marvin

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent composer, lecturer and critic



Kate Smith

EMBRACEABLE YOU

Plunging straight into the chorus without an introduction, Kate Smith interprets this lovely old Gershwin song in a pleasantly restrained and unpretentious style. The accompaniment, directed by Jack Miller, is also simple and effective, with piano predominating in the background and a muted trumpet providing a brief interlude. The coupling, *If I Had My Way*, is passable, but suffers from Kate's high-note ending. (Columbia)



Jimmy Dorsey

WHEN THEY ASK ABOUT YOU

On its recordings, Jimmy Dorsey's fine orchestra stresses the singing to a point where the band itself becomes almost incidental. In this number Dorsey gives up most of the wax to Kitty Kallen, who has a habit of starting certain notes out of tune and bending them until they are almost in tune. Bob Eberly sings on the reverse, *My First Love*, in which Dorsey saves eight bars for his own alto sax work. (Decca)



Johnny Long

YOU BETTER GIVE ME LOTS OF LOVIN', HONEY

Johnny Long, whose orchestra hits a satisfactory compromise between a strictly commercial and a modern swing style, presents a pleasing arrangement of this tune, in which the saxophone section and a trumpet are heard to good advantage. Patti Dugan offers two vocal contributions, and is again featured on the reverse, *No Love, No Nothin'*. (Decca)



Jo Stafford

THE NIGHT WE CALLED IT A DAY

Although the label describes this disc as a performance by Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra, the band is heard hardly at all; the arrangement of the slow dreamy tune devotes almost all the shellac to Jo Stafford and The Pied Pipers, who produce some well-voiced harmony. The other side, *Another One of Them Things*, is a reissue of a trite tune, but the improvised solos, especially Joe Bushkin's piano work, are excellent. (Victor)



Lawrence Welk

CLEANIN' MY RIFLE

Lawrence Welk's orchestra deals with this number in its accustomed style, with Bobby Beers handling the vocal hokum. The tune is not a novelty number, as you might expect, but rather in the nature of a ballad. The other side, *I Wish That I Could Hide Inside This Letter*, is a repetitious performance of a corny arrangement and tune, with jerky rhythm and nothing of any musical interest. Jayne Walton is the singer. (Decca)



King Cole

F. S. T.

First record on a new West Coast label, this marks another of the rare and welcome waxings by the King Cole Trio. A fast instrumental number reminiscent of *My Gal Sal*, it features splendid piano work by Cole, guitar by Oscar Moore and bass by Johnny Miller. The backing is a new ballad, *My Lips Remember Your Kisses*. Cole, featured as vocalist, falls below his standard; but his piano still is great. (Premier)



Woody Herman

DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME

Woody Herman's Orchestra has modernized itself considerably in the past year, as this record clearly indicates. A Dave Matthews arrangement of the popular Duke Ellington tune, the disc presents Ben Webster, former Ellington tenor sax man, with Herman's band. Woody's singing is at its best. Another good arrangement and Herman vocal are heard on the other side, *By the River of the Roses*. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: Victor Young's concert orchestra offers some beautiful and dramatic music in a Decca album of six sides featuring some of the themes he created and played in the film *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. . . . Deanna Durbin, with choral assistance, is heard in a strictly concert treatment of *God Bless America*, on Decca, coupled with *Say a Pray'r for the Boys Over There*. . . . There's an oddly assorted album called *Jazz Variations on Asch*, with two old and inferior Fletcher Henderson sides, two by Jess Stacy's octet, and a James P. Johnson piano solo. . . . The Song Spinners have two typical offerings in *Have I Stayed Away Too Long* and *God Bless My Darling, He's Somewhere*, on Decca.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- CHLOE—Duke Ellington (Victor)
- SOLO FLIGHT—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- IMPRESSIONS—James P. Johnson (Asch)
- DON'T CRY BABY—Lucky Millinder (Decca)
- G.I. JIVE—Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
- DELIUS ALBUM—London Philharmonic (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Frank Sinatra

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT

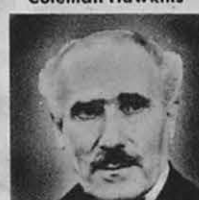
Nothing can stop this record from being a best-seller. Although Frank Sinatra is hampered by a non-instrumental accompaniment, the fact that both songs are from his film, *Higher and Higher*, is enough to guarantee success of the recording. Both sides—*A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening* is the backing—offer Sinatra's usual soft, smooth, romantic presentation. (Columbia)



Coleman Hawkins

MY IDEAL

Coleman Hawkins' tenor saxophone interprets the subtler kind of jazz romanticism. His first chorus here consists mainly of variations on the melody; his second solo features improvisations on its harmonic pattern. The great Art Tatum, on piano, is also featured on this disc, first of its kind made by Hawkins since *Body and Soul*. The reverse is a stomp, *Mop Mop*. (Commodore)



Arturo Toscanini

OVERTURE TO MIGNON

Arturo Toscanini leads the NBC Symphony Orchestra in this double-sided 12-inch version of the *Mignon Overture* by Charles Louis Ambrose Thomas. The performance starts in a delicate and graceful mood, continues with a bright polonaise introducing the *Titania* melody, and builds to a spectacular, exciting finale. The interpretation throughout is faultless. (Victor)



Stan Kenton

DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME

First disc in a long time by Stan Kenton's interesting California band, this one shows off the group well with a solid arrangement excellently recorded. Starting with an incisive piano solo, it proceeds to Red Dorris' vocal, which is less important than the background. With *Harlem Folk Dance* Kenton injects his jumpy sax effects into a fast and attractive minor theme. (Capitol)



David Rose

POINCIANA

Two effectively contrasted examples of the use of strings in popular music can be found on this new coupling of David Rose's *Poinciana* (*Song of the Tree*) with Artie Shaw's *Dancing in the Dark*. The former is lush, grandiose and tonally colorful; the latter more rhythmic and personal. Shaw's band, as well as his clarinet work, are impressive without being spectacular. (Victor)



Freddy Slack

SILVER WINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Freddy Slack, recently given a medical discharge from the Navy, does an average job with this ballad in which Margaret Whiting has to sing the grammatical gem: "He loves both you and I." A rhythmic instrumental number on the back, entitled *Furlough Fling*, has good solos by Slack on piano, Barney Bigard on clarinet, and Dale Nichols on the trombone. (Capitol)



Erskine Hawkins

CHERRY

This record by Erskine Hawkins starts in promising style with a neat alto-saxophone contribution, but proceeds to a vocal chorus by Jimmy Mitchell and goes steadily downhill. The reverse, *Country Boy*, played with a good rhythmic bounce, has solos of varying value, the least effective being on the leader's trumpet. With more polish Hawkins would have a fine band. (Victor)

STRAY NOTES: Blue Note has resumed its jazz releases with a 12-inch disc, the first of four piano-solo recordings by James P. Johnson: *J. P. Boogie* and *Gut Stomp*. . . . Signature has started a new series of jazz classics. The first releases include *Ma Rainey* and *Her Georgia Band in Stack o' Lee Blues* (alias *Frankie and Johnny*) and *Yonder Come the Blues*, with the late Joe Smith on cornet; and *Ida Cox's Graveyard Dream Blues* and *Weary Way Blues*, with Tommy Ladnier on trumpet. . . . Also reissued are two numbers by Cab Calloway on Okeh, *I'll Be Around* and *Virginia, Georgia and Carolina*; and Vaughn Monroe's *All for Love*, coupled with Freddy Martin's *Easy to Love*, on Victor.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- SHOO SHOO BABY—Jerry Wald (Decca)
- ANOTHER ONE OF THEM THINGS—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- F.S.T.—King Cole (Premier)
- BY THE RIVER OF THE ROSES—Woody Herman (Decca)
- UNTIL MY MAN COMES HOME—Buddy Johnson (Decca)
- FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Victor Young album (Decca)

1/25/44

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather

Prominent composer, lecturer and critic



Benny Goodman

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

This Benny Goodman Quartet release divides the honors between Goodman's fast-moving, inspired clarinet improvisations and the brilliant piano work of Mel Powell (now with Capt. Glenn Miller). The coupling, a belated release by the full Goodman band entitled *Solo Flight* and featuring the electric guitar of the late Charlie Christian, is fine swing fare. (Columbia)



Ella Mae Morse

SHOO SHOO BABY

Ella Mae Morse, former Freddy Slack vocalist, returns to wax with a rhythmic and attractive version of this tune. Her husband, Dick Walters, leads the swing band that accompanies her. Ella Mae's phrasing and feeling for a real jazz style are sometimes exaggerated into mannerisms, as on the reverse, *No Love, No Nothin'*; but both sides are above average. (Capitol)



Enrico Caruso

METROPOLITAN REVIVALS

An historic and remarkable album of operatic ensembles, recorded between 1908 and 1919, this collection brings back the voices of Caruso, Tetrazzini, Geraldine Farrar, Andrés de Segura, Antonio Scotti and their contemporaries, in excerpts from *La Bohème*, *Martha*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*. An illustrated brochure with the album tells about the "Met" and its singers. (Victor)



Liz Tilton

NO LOVE, NO NOTHIN'

Jan Garber is the latest of many band leaders who have bowed to the trend of the times by abandoning their corny "Mickey Mouse bands" and formed modern swing combinations. The vast improvement is evident here. This tune is paired with *My Heart Tells Me*, and *Shoo Shoo Baby* with *They're Either Too Young or Too Old*. Liz Tilton does a good vocal job. (Hit)



Johnny Mercer

G.I. JIVE

Johnny Mercer's amazing versatility has never been better demonstrated than on a disc made by his own company, featuring his own lyrics and music and his own amusing vocal style. The words and rhyming are ingenious, at times even hilarious. On the other side Mercer revives *I'm Gonna Write Myself a Letter*, with a humorous monologue as his second chorus. (Capitol)



Jo Stafford

HOW SWEET YOU ARE

This record unites two Tommy Dorsey alumni: singer Jo Stafford, soloist with the Pied Pipers, and arranger Paul Weston, whose band accompanies her, playing a sweet but rhythmic background with good use of strings. Jo is good at rhythm songs, but unfortunately this number and the reverse, *Old Acquaintance*, are trite ballads with a sameness of tempo. (Capitol)



Glenn Miller

RAINBOW RHAPSODY

Played by Glenn Miller's old civilian band, this tune was written by another band leader, Benny Carter, but is arranged much in the style of Frankie (*Sunrise Serenade*) Carle. The typical Miller sax section effects are in evidence. More robust is *It Must Be Jelly*, with instrumental riff choruses, several fairly good solos and a short, rather pointless *Modernaires* vocal. (Victor)

STRAY NOTES: Lily Pons sings *Summertime* with André Kostelanetz and his orchestra (Columbia) in a treatment that seems different from most . . . Rise Stevens is accompanied by Erich Leinsdorf and orchestra in two arias, *Aht Mon Fils* and *Divinités du Styx*, also on Columbia . . . A series of 12-inchers by a group of old-timers, George Lewis and His New Orleans Stompers, under the new Climax label, may interest hot-jazz researchers, but are about as musical as a rusty streetcar . . . The Jazz Information releases by Bunk Johnson, aged trumpeter said to have taught Louis Armstrong, are out of this world—they sound like nothing on earth.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- ALL FOR YOU—King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- DON'T CRY, BABY—Erskine Hawkins (Bluebird)
- JUMP TOWN—Harry James (Columbia)
- OKLAHOMA ALBUM (Decca)
- MY IDEAL—Billy Butterfield (Capitol)
- DINAH SHORE ALBUM (Victor)

1968

3/21/44

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather

Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Duke Ellington

JOHNNY COME LATELY

Duke Ellington's band swings magnificently through this Billy Strayhorn instrumental opus which ranks as the best of its kind since *Take the A Train*. Individual honors go to Tricky Sam's trombone and the Duke's inspired piano fragment. *Main Stem*, on the reverse, is superb, brightly paced, typically Ellington; features Rex Stewart, Ben Webster and others. (Victor)



Hildegard

LEAVE US FACE IT (WE'RE IN LOVE)

As the label explains, this disc has "lyrics, words and melody wrote by Archie of Duffy's Tavern." The lyrics are brilliant, especially that immortal line "Perish forbid!" but Hildegard's style lacks the humor necessary to put it across. Perhaps Ed Gardner's Brooklynese is literally inimitable. On the other side, Hildegard does *Suddenly It's Spring*, from *Lady in the Dark*. (Decca)



Jerry Wald

POINCIANA

Although he continues to copy Artie Shaw, Jerry Wald's clarinet and band produce their best recorded work to date in this rich, colorful arrangement; in fact, from the jazz standpoint, it's the best record of *Poinciana*. Reverse is *Mississippi Dream Boat*, not to be confused with a six-year-old tune by the same title. Dick Merrick's vocal is a trifle pompous. (Decca)



Coleman Hawkins

THE MAN I LOVE

Coleman Hawkins' tenor-sax improvisations on the theme, in double time, make this disc the greatest jazz tour de force in years. No less brilliant are solos by Eddie Heywood, on the piano, and Oscar Pettiford, whose string-bass work is astonishingly agile. On the back of this 12-inch, five-minute masterpiece, Hawkins plays *Sweet Lorraine* almost as well. (Signature)



Ella Fitzgerald

COW-COW BOOGIE

Ella Fitzgerald and the Ink Spots join voices in this Benny Carter tune. Ella starts out in great style with a shuffle rhythm background, and even the Spots and a corny trumpet solo fail to take away the recording's attractive quality. When *My Sugar Walks Down the Street* gives us the old Fitzgerald band backing her fine singing with a weak arrangement. (Decca)



Georg Brunis

UGLY CHILE

Georg Brunis, pioneer Dixieland trombonist currently with Ted Lewis, leads his own jazz band on this record and takes the vocal, a series of well-assembled epithets to the "ugly chile" in question. More typically Dixieland, but less original, is the reverse, *That Da Da Strain*, featuring Pee Wee Russell's clarinet, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, and other solos. (Commodore)



Sonny Dunham

HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS

Sonny Dunham, who plays trumpet a little like Harry James and trombone more like Sonny Dunham, returns to wax with four sides, of which this is the best, although it's no menace to the Dave Rose version. The other three titles—*Don't Worry, Mom*; *When They Ask About You* and *I'll Be Around*—are well arranged, but all have dull lyrics lethargically sung. (All on Hit)

STRAY NOTES: If you must have a record of *Mairzy Doats*, there are two versions on Decca, by the Merry Macs and Lawrence Welk. . . . Also on Decca, Phil Hanna, new baritone who used to be one of the Six Hits and a Miss, makes his solo debut with *Besame Mucho* and *My Heart Tells Me*, both acceptable but uneventful. . . . The first release by Cootie Williams' band on Hit, *Tess's Torch Song*, is mostly vocal by Pearl Bailey. . . . Guy Lombardo does *Love, Love, Love* with Calypso rhythm effects and Skip Nelson vocal (Decca). . . . The tireless Deryck Sampson has two more boogie-woogie piano solos on *Beacon*, *Blackberry Jam* and *Monday's Wash*.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME—Duke Ellington (Victor); Woody Herman (Decca); Stan Kenton (Capitol)
- FURLOUGH FLING—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
- MY IDEAL—Coleman Hawkins (Commodore)
- I'LL BE AROUND—Cab Calloway (Okeh)
- FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Victor Young album (Decca)

69 PIC, 2/29/44

ON RECORDS . . . By Carlton Brown

Coincidentally with the jazz concert put on at the Metropolitan by *Esquire*, the haberdashers' house-organ, Commodore has issued two discs by some of the men picked as tops in a critics' poll conducted by the magazine. The men are Cootie Williams, trumpet; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Al Casey, guitar; Art Tatum, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; and Oscar Pettiford, bass. Under the names of Leonard Feather's All-Stars and Coleman Hawkins and His Band, they do "My Ideal"—"Mop Mop" (C-548), and "Esquire Blues"—"Esquire Bounce" (C-547). "My Ideal" is mostly one of those slow, drenching, meditative solos by Hawkins which many people like (I favor his fast stuff). The other sides are pretty much riff medleys, in varying jump tempos, with "Mop Mop" on top, thanks to Cootie's fine growling. Here are a bunch of great guys just jamming around without getting anyplace in particular, the way they might in a warm-up session. Nice, if not distinguished, listening. Commodore is also ready with two of the fine discs previewed here last time: "Panama"—"That's A-Plenty," by Wild Bill Davison and His Commodores (C-1511; 12-in.), and "Ugly Child"—"Da-Da Strain," by Georg Brunis and His Band (C-546; 10-in.).

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Down Beat, 3/15/44

All-Stars & Hawkins

Esquire Blues
Esquire Bounce
Mop Mop
My Ideal

Commodore 547, 548

This session presents some of the winners of the *Esquire* poll working together on the same records. Cootie Williams is excellent on trumpet, Ed Hall fine on clarinet, Al Casey terrific on guitar, Oscar Pettiford satisfactory on bass, and Big Sid Catlett wonderful on drums. Hawkins and Tatum are the big stars this time, however, Coleman on *Ideal* especially and Art all the way through. If anyone was skeptical about Tatum's ability to play with a jam unit, his doubts would be dispelled forever after hearing this bunch of discs! Leonard Feather dreamed up the two *Esquire* titles, the *Bean the Mop*

sequence, and the fourth is the familiar old Whiting number. All in all, this clambake came off better than there was any reason to expect. When hopes run as high as they must have before these platters were cut, often disappointment is in store. Not here though!

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS TO HEAR

THE MUSIC OF LIONEL HAMPTON

at the

3rd SWING RECORD CONCERT

conducted by

LEONARD FEATHER

Thursday evening,
 February 24th, 1944
 8:00 P. M.

New York Public Library
 Harlem Library Branch
 9 West 124th Street

ADMISSION FREE

Melrose, Feb. '44

Leonard Feather's All Stars

Esquire Bounce A—
Esquire Blues A—
Mop Mop A

Coleman Hawkins

My Ideal A

Since the above session features seven of the men we picked for the *Esquire* All-American band, you can hardly be surprised at the high ratings given them there. We are definitely prejudiced in favor of our favorite musicians.

Bounce is a pleasant 32-bar chorus tune, well adapted to solos by Cootie, Tatum, Hall, Casey and Hawk, with all in good form. Hawk's riff idea is particularly inspired. The *Blues*, after a brief ensemble statement, gets down to choruses by Casey, Hall, Cootie, Tatum, Pettiford and Hawk, and here it's Pettiford's 12 measures of rich bass and Hawk's 24 of brilliant blowing which stand out. *Mop Mop* is named after the two mop mop notes which finish off its first phrase. This is the side on which the band really got going, jumping from the opening Tatum *Arpeggio*. Tatum's rippling chordal variations, Hawk's similarly styled tenor and the overwhelming drive of Cootie Williams' trumpet are the great attractions.

My Ideal will probably become as famous a Coleman Hawkins solo as his *Body and Soul*. With a brilliant middle chorus from Art Tatum, Hawk offers his familiar pattern of variations first on the melody, then on the chords of the pretty tune.

All four sides reflect the fact that Pettiford's instrument is unworthy of his playing, but in spite of this these are excellent records, just about as impressive as you might expect from the distinguished personnel (Commodore).

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS TO HEAR

THE MUSIC OF COUNT BASIE

at the

4th Swing Record Concert

conducted by

LEONARD FEATHER

Thursday Eve.
 March 23rd, 1944
 8:00 p.m.

New York Public Library
 Harlem Library Branch
 9 West 124th Street

Admission Free to anyone over fourteen years of age.

Friday, February 25, 1944

RADIO DAILY

70

★ AGENCY NEWSCAST ★

People's Voice, 3/4/44

Leonard Feather, who recently got a permanent post with Esquire Magazine as consultant on jazz promotions, gave the third of a series of Swing Record Concerts, featuring the music of Lionel Hampton at the Library last Thursday evening. Feather has given up the handling of publicity of Armstrong, Hines, Ellington, Kirk, Sweethearts of Rhythm, Barnet and Hampton to devote all of his time to ESQUIRE and METRONOME.

LEONARD FEATHER, prominent jazz authority, composer and publicist has been appointed a member of the "Esquire" jazz department and is retiring from his activities as a publicity man to concentrate on this new assignment, his activities as assistant editor of "Metronome" and record reviewer of "Look." Feather's WMCA Platterbrains jazz quiz, now in its third year, will continue with Feather at the helm.

The American 2/26/44

Feather Gives Up "Hot Copy"

NEW YORK — Leonard Feather, swing critic and composer, who organized and emceed the Esquire jazz concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, has given up his press agent activities for a permanent assignment by the magazine as consultant on its various jazz promotions.

During the past three years he has handled publicity for Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Andy Kirk, Les Hite, the Sweethearts of Rhythm, Charlie Barnet and many other top bands.

In addition to his Esquire work, Feather will continue as assistant editor of Metronome, and record reviewer on Look, as well as emceeing WMCA's "Platterbrains" jazz quiz, now in its third year. He is currently working on ideas for the score of a musical show with Andy Razaf.

The Billboard

2/26/44

FEATHER IN AB

Feather Is Moulting

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—A permanent assignment as consultant on jazz promotions to Esquire plus assistant editorship of Metronome, disk reviewer on Look, and emcee on WMCA's Platterbrain jazz quiz are proving a heavy sked for Leonard Feather, organizer and emcee of the recent Esquire jazz concert at the Met. So he's bowing out of his flack duties to devote himself to editorial and promotion work. No more doubling in brass.

Robert Goffin continues as a regular contrib to Esquire and will work in close association with Feather, who helped him translate his current book on jazz.

Feather was formerly associated with the now defunct Davis-Leiber office and has been personal p. a. for a number of top work leaders.

Chicago Defender, 3/4/44

Leonard Feather To Join Esquire

NEW YORK.—Leonard Feather, who organized and emceed the Esquire jazz concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been given a permanent assignment by the magazine as consultant on its various jazz promotions.

Accordingly, he is giving up all his activities as a press agent in order to concentrate on his work as a journalist. During the past three years he has handled publicity for Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Andy Kirk, Les Hite, the Sweethearts of Rhythm and Charlie Barnet.

BILLBOARD Jan. 19

WNEW Makes Concert Basis For "Annual Swing Festival"

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—WNEW here is using the Esquire jazz concert as a basis for programing its "First Annual Swing Festival" running for a week from tomorrow thru the 22d. Station will use Leonard Feather (one of the judges in the Esquire poll) to collate the material and will have him and other judges on programs to play recordings that feature the musicians they chose for "all-American" designation.

WNEW will also broadcast a jam session with Lionel Hampton, Roy Eldridge, Barney Bigard and members of Merle Pitt's studio band; interviews with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Billie Holiday and Coleman Hawkins, and other programs devoted to playing disks by the greatest jazz trumpeters, trombonists, etc.

Pittsburgh Courier, 3/4/44

...ements have put him back in the lineup at the ... this week... Leonard Feather has given up his press agent work to take a job with Esquire, as jazz consultant. He is still working on ideas for the score of a musical show with Andy Razaf, however... The performers were superb as usual on the salute to the Negro Newspaper

FROM: WMCA PRESS DEPARTMENT 1657 BROADWAY, N Y C 19

Circle 6 - 2200

BEHIND THE MIKE AT WMCA

Leonard Feather, WMCA "Platterbrainer", has been appointed a regular contributor to Esquire, one of the first national magazines to devote a monthly department to "hot" jazz. The deal is a follow-up on the jazz expert's promotion of the Esquire Metropolitan Opera House concert.

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Benny Goodman

UP SWING

This album presents Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, each playing two of his instrumental hits. Goodman's *Don't Be That Way* and *Savoy* bring happy memories of his 1936-37 band; *Tuxedo Junction* and *String of Pearls* were among Miller's few really good swing sides. Better still are Shaw's *Lady Be Good* and Dorsey's *Yes Indeed*. (Victor)



Dick Haymes

HOME

In this song, Dick Haymes at last gets an instrumental accompaniment as a background for his crooning, but the Song Spinners are still with him. The orchestra, conducted by Toots Camarata, formerly an arranger for Jimmy Dorsey, does an ordinary job with the arrangement. The pairing revives a good old tune, *If You Were the Only Girl in the World*. (Decca)



Lester Young

SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY

Lester Young, lazy-style tenor-sax star of the Count Basie band, heads a quartet that produces some fine jazz on this record. Slam Stewart's unique bowed-bass-fiddle playing is both excellent and amusing. Pianist Johnny Guarnieri contributes solos on this side and the reverse, *Afternoon of a Basie-ite*, which features the traditional blues in fast tempo. (Keynote)



Artie Shaw

ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE

Once again Victor has coupled two different versions of a tune on one record. This time the bands are Artie Shaw's and Tommy Dorsey's, and the tune is this Jerome Kern ballad. Helen Forrest and Jack Leonard take the respective vocal parts. Both sides are in similar tempo and mood, but Shaw's version is preferable because of Artie's solo and the singing. (Victor)



Charlie Barnet

STROLLIN'

Besides contributing typical saxophone solos, Charlie Barnet allots some of the wax on this side and its reverse, *Sittin' Home Waitin' for You*, to trumpeter Al Killian, now back with the Count Basie band. Killian composed *Sittin'*, which is sung conventionally by Virginia Maxey. Eddie Bert's trombone and Dodo Marmarosa's piano are interesting on *Strollin'*. (Decca)



Dinah Shore

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT

Because her company has not reached an agreement with the union, Dinah Shore recently made some records *a cappella*—"with mixed chorus," according to the label; and, we might add, with mixed results. Supported by a rhythmic vocal group, Dinah does her best, singing the hit song from *Higher and Higher*, and, on the other side, the ballad *Now I Know*. (Victor)



Woody Herman

THE MUSIC STOPPED

This and its companion number from *Higher and Higher*, *I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night*, make a good record by Herman's band. The first side owes its success to its arrangement and to the mood set by Ben Webster's tenor sax. Woody's clarinet takes a modest role. Both tunes are sung by Frances Wayne, who has a feeling for style but is short on vocal quality. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: Decca has followed up its *Oklahoma!* album success with a package of *One Touch of Venus* tunes, featuring Mary Martin, Kenny Baker and the show's entire chorus and orchestra; it comprises five 10-inch records, with a fine pictorial album and a booklet. . . . Kenny Baker also has a single-record release, *Easter Sunday With You and Marianna*. . . . There are two earthy new blues releases: *Outskirts of Town* and *Hard Hearted Woman*, by Big Bill and his Chicago Five, with good alto sax and trumpet, on Okeh; Jazz Gillum in *Deep Water Blues* and *I Couldn't Help It*, on Bluebird. . . . Hit has released Enric Madriguera's *Poinciana*.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

POINCIANA—Jerry Wald (Decca)

THE MAN I LOVE—Coleman Hawkins (Signature)

MAIN STEM—Duke Ellington (Victor)

ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE—Toscanini-NBC Symphony (Victor)

MOZART CONCERTO No. 12 IN A MAJOR—Louis Kentner with Sir Thomas Beecham and London Philharmonic (Columbia)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Les Brown

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

Les Brown's saxophonist-vocalist-comedian Butch Stone has this side all to himself. He does a good rejuvenation job on the ragtime-style tune, and the lyrics, half spoken, half sung, suit his personality. *Bizet Has His Day*, adapted by Ben Homer from the popular *Arlésienne Suite* and well played by Brown's band, is excellent if you don't object to "jazzed classics." (Columbia)



Paul Weston

A JOURNEY TO A STAR

The Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's Orchestra team up again in this tasteful ballad performance. The three men and a girl (Jo Stafford) blend well, and the band's contribution is discreet. The coupling, sad to say, is *Mairzy Doats*, an opus that seems more puerile on each hearing. This version is partly redeemed by the fine muted trumpet and smooth arranging. (Capitol)



Andy Kirk

UNLUCKY BLUES

June Richmond, Andy Kirk's personable five-by-five vocalist, takes the role of the woman who was "born on Friday, married on Friday too" in an emphatic interpretation of the blues. The arrangement is by one of Kirk's saxmen, Ed Inge. *Ride On*, an intriguing minor theme, is similar in mood to the previously released Basie version. Miss Richmond again takes the vocal. (Decca)



Bing Crosby

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

A recent West Coast hit, this song has been recorded in two versions, both fast and rhythmic, of a streamlined hillbilly style. One is by Bing Crosby, on the back of his version of *Poinciana*. (Decca) The other waxing teams Johnny Mercer with the Barries, new Hollywood radio trio, and Paul Weston's band. The reverse: *Someone's in the Kitchen with Dinah*. (Capitol)



Al Dexter

TOO LATE TO WORRY

Al Dexter and His Troopers, who were just another string band making hillbilly records until *Pistol-Packin' Mama* shot him into the limelight, sound exactly the same here as on every other record of this type. Musically elementary, the performances can appeal only to an utterly naive listener. On the backing, *So Long Pal*, the trumpet and harmonica are strictly corn. (Okeh)



Andy Russell

YOU'RE THE DREAMER

Andy Russell, baritone who recently started the West Coast swooning, makes his record debut here with a grandiose accompaniment provided by Al Sack, Hollywood radio-studio director, and his orchestra. Russell does a competent job with this average popular fare, adding a little interest on the other side, *Besame Mucho*, by singing both in English and Spanish. (Capitol)



Edmond Hall

NIGHT SHIFT BLUES

Edmond Hall, great New Orleans clarinetist, leads a specially assembled recording septet through 12 inches of down-to-earth "groovy" blues, with fine solos by guitarist Arthur Shirley and trombonist Vic Dickenson. The reverse provides more blues, but in fast tempo, on the *Royal Garden* theme. Another Hall disc pairs *Blues at Blue Note* with *High Society*. (Blue Note)

STRAY NOTES: The Columbia Masterworks list offers Leopold Stokowski, conducting the All-American Orchestra in his own transcriptions of Tschai-kowsky's *Solitude* and Schumann's *Träumerei*; on the same list is the Budapest String Quartet, playing Beethoven's Quartet No. 15 in A Minor on five 12-inch discs. . . . Highlight of the Victor Red Seal list is Gustav Holst's *The Planets*, performed by the Toronto Symphony under Sir Ernest MacMillan. . . . In the same list, movie star Ralph Bellamy does an effective job of reading excerpts from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. . . . The Indianapolis Symphony plays Haydn's *Uninhabited Island*, also on Victor.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

UP SWING ALBUM (Victor)

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT—Woody Herman (Decca)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS ALBUM (Decca)

SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY—Lester Young (Keynote)

JOHNNY COME LATELY—Duke Ellington (Victor)

STROLLIN'—Charlie Barnet (Decca)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

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Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Ginny Simms

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

This song from *Lady in the Dark*, and *Irresistible You* from *Broadway Rhythm*, mark Ginny Simms' first recorded effort to sing with an all-vocal accompaniment. She does as well as can be expected (Columbia). Eugenie Baird also tackles *Spring* in a Decca version by Glen Gray's Casa Loma band. *Sure Thing*, the pairing, again features Miss Baird and the band. (Decca)



Bing Crosby

I LOVE YOU

The current Cole Porter hit song, which offers nothing new in either lyrics or music, sounds like a potpourri of several earlier Porter numbers. It is sung by Bing Crosby on Decca, coupled with *I'll Be Seeing You*, also by Perry Como, on Victor, with *Long Ago (and Far Away)*, and by Jo Stafford in the Capitol version, which is also paired with *Long Ago*.



Dinah Washington

EVIL GAL BLUES

Dinah Washington, a great young blues singer, makes her disc debut with the Lionel Hampton Sextet in *Evil Gal* and *Homeward Bound*, also *Sally Papa Blues* and *I Know How to Do It*, all displaying her unique talent as well as that of pianist Milt Buckner, tenor saxman Arnette Cobbs, clarinetist Rudy Rutherford and other new swing stars you should know. (Keynote)



Glenn Miller

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Glenn Miller ventured into the hot jazz field in this recording made two years ago but only lately released. The performance is slick, but the tune is a trite series of familiar phrases. The improvised solos, too, are uninspired. On the reverse, *Long Time No See*, Marion Hutton has one of her better vocals; again, the tune is tepid, but the band is competent. (Victor)



Ella Mae Morse

TESS' TORCH SONG

This song from the Danny Kaye picture, *Up in Arms*, is well handled by Ella Mae Morse, but she should control an increasing tendency to sing too loudly. The other side, *Milkman (Keep Those Bottles Quiet)*, has amusing lyrics (Capitol). Fred Waring offers another version of *Tess*, with vocal by Donna Dae, in a performance closer to jazz than his usual style. (Decca)



King Cole

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

The King Cole Trio has another superb coupling in the above title and *I Can't See for Lookin'*. The tunes and lyrics are as different and delightful as Cole's piano-and-vocal interpretations. Oscar Moore again proves himself one of the greatest jazz guitarists, and Johnny Miller provides a solid foundation on string bass. Good entertainment and good music. (Capitol)



Jimmie Lunceford

BACK DOOR STUFF

Jimmie Lunceford's first release in a year is this two-part number arranged by Roger Segure. Solos are by Omer Simeon, clarinet; Joe Thomas, tenor sax, and Ed Wilcox, piano. This is hardly the great Lunceford of old, but the band achieves a slow and solid rhythmic rock, making this one of the better big-band jazz instrumental specialties of recent months. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: An unusual item is *Blues Boogie-Woogie* and *Hurry Sundown*, by Richard Huey and a spiritual-style vocal group. Unaccompanied except for some vaguely heard Bahaman drums, it effectively combines the spiritual and swing-blues idioms (Decca). . . . The King Sisters try two sides with choral accompaniment: *Love, Love, Love* and the deathless *Mairzy Doats* (Bluebird), but their *I'll Get By* sounds better, thanks to the orchestral backing by Alvino Rey. . . . Gene Williams, popular 18-year-old crooner, is heard with Johnny Long in *Someday I'll Meet You Again* (Decca). . . . Best current classical item: *Fauré's Requiem*, on Columbia.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

BESAME MUCHO—Phil Brito (Musicraft)
HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca),
Fred Waring (Decca)
HAWAIIAN MUSIC—Johnny Noble (Brunswick)
TESS' TORCH SONG—Cootie Williams (Hit),
Fred Waring (Decca)
SLEEP ON DARLING MOTHER—Sister Rosetta Tharpe (Decca)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Frankie Carle

FRANKIE CARLE'S GIRL FRIENDS

The "girl friends" whose names provide the eight song titles in this album are Ida, Liza, Diane, Charmaine, Rose Marie, Josephine, Margie and Louise. All are piano solos with rhythm accompaniment, in the mild and innocuous style of Frankie Carle, who formed his own band four months ago and has had remarkable commercial success. So will this album. (Columbia)



Liz Tilton

IT'S LOVE-LOVE-LOVE

Jan Garber's brass section gets a nice bite, and his rhythm section a good beat, in this example of the complete renovation which his band has undergone. Liz Tilton takes the vocal on this side as well as on the pairing, *Leave Us Face It*, which she handles very effectively. Another new Garber coupling is *San Fernando Valley* and *I'll Get By*; Bob Davis sings the latter. (Hit)



Harry James

I'LL GET BY

This Harry James recording, reissued to coincide with the revival of the song in a movie, is convincingly sung by Dick Haymes and has some pleasantly restrained trumpet work by the leader. (If you insist, you can also get the Ink Spots' *I'll Get By*, on Decca.) James is also in good form on the coupling, *Flatbush Flanagan*, an acceptable medley of familiar riffs. (Columbia)



Lena Horne

GOOD FOR NOTHING JOE

Recorded in 1941 when Lena Horne was Charlie Barnet's vocalist, this tune and *Haunted Town* have now been reissued, Lena's name getting top billing. Her voice was as good then as it is now, and Barnet's band gives her a more exciting backing than she usually has in movies. *Haunted Town* is a haunting tune which, for some reason, never became a hit. (Bluebird)



Edmond Hall

UPTOWN CAFE BLUES

You may not find this disc easy to get, but it's worth an extra effort. On two 12-inch sides (the other is *Downtown Cafe Boogie*) can be heard some of the finest improvised blues solos to be recorded in the past year. Best of the lot are those by Edmond Hall, who leads the group, on clarinet; Eddie Heywood on piano, and the superb Vic Dickenson on trombone. (Commodore)



Tommy Dorsey

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

The presence of Frank Sinatra on this Tommy Dorsey disc is enough to assure its success. Musically, it has nothing new to offer: the arrangement follows the usual Dorsey pattern, and the tune is just run-of-the-Tin-Pan-Alley-mill. *Let's Just Pretend*, the pairing, is a better tune, but Jo Stafford's vocal lacks her usual assurance. Both sides were recorded before the ban. (Victor)



Louis Jordan

G.I. JIVE

Louis Jordan's quintet combines good music with amusing lyrics in this bright performance of the Johnny Mercer tune. Jordan sings almost all the way and takes a short alto sax solo. The shuffle-rhythm background is very agreeable. *Mop Mop*, an attractive other side, is one of at least six different tunes using this title, currently a catch phrase among musicians. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: In the classical lists there is almost too much to choose. Columbia offers Beethoven's *Quartet No. 15 in A Minor*, excellently performed by the Budapest String Quartet. Among Columbia's single records is Tchaikovsky's *Solitude*, effectively done by the All-American Orchestra under Stokowski. . . . As for waltzes: Howard Barlow conducts the CBS Symphony in Sibelius' *Valse Triste*, Tchaikovsky's *Waltz of the Flowers* and two Strauss waltzes, also on Columbia. . . . Stokowski bobs up again on the Victor list in an album of Bach transcriptions recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor also has Richard Crooks singing *Ave Maria*.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING—Ginny Simms (Columbia); Glen Gray (Decca)
WINGED VICTORY ALBUM—Sgt. David Rose (Decca)
I CAN'T SEE FOR LOOKIN'—King Cole (Capitol)
MERRY WIDOW ALBUM—Kitty Carlisle, Wilbur Evans et al (Decca)
I LOVE YOU—Bing Crosby (Decca);
Jo Stafford (Capitol)

4436

ANDY KIRK & His Clouds of Joy - "UNLUCKY BLUES"
 "RIDE ON, RIDE ON"

First is a commercialized version of a familiar blues by Leonard and Carol Feather. He is the noted reviewer and jazz authority. Because of the success of the song it was given to Andy Kirk and done up in a big-band arrangement with the vocal by June Richmond..... "Ride On" is a number with great possibilities. It has a solid rhythm beat and June Richmond gives a solid vocal to this fox-trot.

Leonard Feather celebrates his second anniversary as emcee of the WMCA "Platterbrains" jazz quiz next Saturday, March 18th, 7:03 to 7:30 PM with a special program reviving some of the best questions submitted by listeners since he took over the show. Feather, noted authority on jazz and swing music, was previously on the regular board of experts when the program was emcee'd by Bob Bach, now a corporal in the U. S. Army.

3/13/44

(more

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS TO HEAR

The Music of Jimmie Lunceford

at the

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conducted by

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instead, to contribute a double effort next month. In his place, for better or for worse, we present his deputy critic. "Le Hot" appears to own somewhat positive opinions, although not particularly similar to those of Mr. Dance. His remarks on the current issues will, we believe, prove interesting enough to our readers. We hope those who have been disappointed by the absence of Stanley Dance will accept our apologies;

**MR. ASMAN REPLIES
 IN KIND**

By James Asman

In our fifth issue we deliberately printed the peculiar opinions of a Les Semmens who also worshipped brazenly at the brass shrine of Swing. Mr. Semmens, however, because of a certain lack of literary ability, failed to make over-much of a case of his contentions and was effortlessly laid low by my co-editor, Bill Kinnell.

Leonard Feather appeals at large for a collectors' magazine content to blazon the virtues of Harry James, of the remarkable Shaw and of a thousand and other glories of this "real great hot jazz of today" of his imagination. Yet, as assistant editor on the staff of such a paper as the New York "Metronome," backed by similar magazines of similar policies such as "Esquire" and "Downbeat", he surely has far greater power to his pen and an immeasurably larger gathering of readers than I or mine. Dare I suggest that the truth always shouts louder than the barked products of the denizens of Tin Pan Alley and Wall Street... that it is mainly because there is nothing to be made out of supporting the pas

**"ROPHONE" REMARKS
 ON "JAZZ RECORD"**

By Leonard Feather

Ouch! Another brochure for the backwoods boys!

Another of those furtive sheets, designed to keep jazz down to the level of an esoteric cult, scared and suspicious of any musician, no matter how good, who happens to make money.

Another group of writers who burrow their heads, like ostriches, in the long-surpassed glories of the Lee Collinses and Bechets; who pass off Charlie Shavers as an immature musician, sneer at Art Tatum, and prefer to live in the past with Art Hodes.

Ye Gods! Isn't anybody ever going to start a collectors' magazine run by, and written for, people who can read and write music and can tell the difference between the moth-eaten glamour-coated jazz of the 1920's and the real, great hot jazz of today?

Leonard Feather,
 Assistant Editor of "Metronome"
 119 West 57th Street,
 New York

NEWS to hand that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band has been revived once more and has a feature spot in a New York show, "Tropical Review."

Only original members of the outfit present are Tony Spargo, drummer, and trombonist Eddie Edwards, but negotiations are reported under way to bring Larry Shields, clarinet with the former crew, back into the fold. Spargo leads the outfit, as he at the moment controls use of the "Original Dixieland" name.

The first private recording since the Petrillo ban was lifted was made by enterprising Bob Thiele for his own "Signature" label.

Four sides were made by a Yank Lawson led group comprising, besides the ex-Crosby horn man, Brad Gowans, James P. Johnson, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon and the above-mentioned Tony Spargo.

Titles were "Squeeze Me," "That's a Plenty," "Schirmer Blues" and "Old Fashioned Love."

Milt Gabler, of Decca, who puts out Commodore platters on his own, is also reported lining up with the Petrillo union to get back into the private label field.

Among a spate of air mail letters this week, the Jivester was pleased to receive an epistle from old Rhythm Clubite and "Rhythm" artist Arthur Roberts, who arrived in America on an R.A.P. course some months ago.

Arthur has just spent his first leave in New York, and was taken around for a hectic ten days by Leonard Feather. We quote some extracts from friend Robert's letter, as we think them of general interest.

"For eight days I went where the music was mellow. First evening was spent backstage at the Strand, on Broadway, at a party with Charles Barnet's Orchestra. I met Ella Mae Morse, and heard the whole band at two in the morning. Most impressed with the leader's forceful work on all reads—Barnet's sax work belongs to the 'Great Unrecognised' class.

"Other bands dug during my leave were Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's. The former has Gene Krupa drumming, and his featured spot stops the show—jitterbugs and other half-wits screech at him all the while. Very extraordinary.

"Most exciting of all was the tour of the 52nd St. niteries. Here was the real stuff uninhibited by stage conventions. Hawkins at Kelly's Stables, Art Tatum and Ben Webster at the Three Deuces. Art is particularly impressive in the flesh, even more amazing than his records, but the high spot of all was Billie Holiday singing the blues at the Onyx.

"Cor! I was sitting about two feet from the tiny stage and received all the jazz point blank—enough to send a corpse. Her singing is superb, and the small group backing her was Casey, guitar; Gillespie, trumpet, and a boy on bass named Pettiford, who is rated tops since the death of Blanton.

"Actually, I never saw Harlem at all, but had a wonderful afternoon at the Commodore Music Shop, where I was warmly welcomed (such is the fame of the No. 1 Rhythm Club; incidentally, Gabler said his first aim when he visits England is to visit the No. 1) and spent a grand time browsing around the wonderful collection on the shelves.

"Afraid jazz was my only real memory of New York, but I had a great time in Times Square on New Year's Eve, and I doff the Robert hat to the licensing laws. Very sensible, they extend all round the clock."

Thanks, Arthur—hope this catches your eye sooner or later.

Hot Jazz

LIONEL HAMPTON

Homeward Bound
Evil Gal Blues

Salty Papa Blues
I Know How To Do It

Keynote 605, 606

This constitutes the long awaited debut of Lionel's highly touted blues singer, Dinah Washington. She's all right, too, brother! To these almost traditional melodies Leonard Feather has lent his estimable name and four sets of amusingly suggestive lyrics. Lionel himself intersperses *I Know* with a number of resounding thumps on his various tubs, then shifts over to the piano bench for some of his hunt-and-peck on *Homeward*, finishing up with a few *ah so pure* phrases borrowed without interest from *Martha*. Trumpeter Morris could afford to listen closely to another Joe, the late Smith, greatest of all cornetists at accompanying blues singers. Arnett Cobb more than lives up to advance estimates by playing subtle background tenor on *Homeward*, a forthright passage on *I Know*, and two sensational choruses on *Salty Papa*. Unheralded star of the session, clarinetist Ruddy Rutherford performs with obvious authority and incredible enthusiasm. His background work on *Salty Papa* smacks of Lester Young's too rarely heard blackstick, while his two solos each on *Homeward* and *I Know* give the impression that Ruddy hasn't turned a deaf ear to that surpassing master, Ed-

mond Hall. Pianist Milt Bruckner exhibits his curious interlocking style for one lowdown chorus on *Salty Papa* and two on *Evil Gal*, plenty mean and mellow. Fred Radcliffe is the drummer with the Sextet, Vernon King the regular bassist. Dinah and the boys are really in there all the way!

DOWN BEAT

ARMSTRONG—TEAGARDEN "DATE" AT SUPER NEW YORK JAZZ SHOW

News from the States by LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK MUSICIANS AND JAZZ FANS ARE STILL BUSILY HOLDING POST-MORTEM ON THE FIRST ANNUAL ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND CONCERT ORGANISED BY "ESQUIRE," WHICH GOT SIXTEEN LEADING CRITICS TO VOTE FOR THE IDEAL BAND, AND THEN BROUGHT THE WINNERS TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST CONCERT OF ITS KIND EVER GIVEN AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

"Esquire" spent a load of money on this project. As a promotion for the magazine, it was a great success, and will be repeated next year. Two of the musicians were brought 3,000 miles just to play the concert—Teagarden and Bigard, who came in from the West Coast. The others who took part were Armstrong, Eldridge, Hawkins, Tatum, Casey, Catlett, Oscar Pettiford, Teddy Wilson, Hampton, Norvo, Holiday and Mildred Bailey.

An aggregation of talent like this could hardly fail to produce some exciting music. Although the rehearsals were short and hectic and the musicians felt they would have done better if they had more time to prepare the show together, the fact is that only three things, fundamentally, were wrong with the concert, and everything else was wonderful.

THREE WRONG THINGS

The three wrong things were Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden and the audience. Louis's performance was pathetic. I had voted for him myself in the pool, but after hearing his performance I had to remind myself again that sentiment should never influence critical opinion.

Louis is simply getting old and hasn't got the power, the imagination or the lip to keep up with the younger stars who have built on the foundations he set so many years ago and have since gone far ahead of him. His singing, because it required less physical effort, was fine. But not on one number at the trumpet did he dispel that awful uneasiness that kept me wondering all the time whether the next note was going to be a good one or a clunker. It wasn't just the clinkers, though; it was the lack of inspiration.

And you couldn't excuse him on the basis of surroundings, because the same thing happened at rehearsals, on a previous broadcast and everywhere else. Louis was hopelessly out-classed by Roy Eldridge, whose playing inspired the whole band. The other musicians, talking about it afterwards, all felt the same way about Armstrong.

Jack Teagarden played a few good solos, but his vocal qualities have

almost disappeared, and altogether he seemed ill at ease and out of place in this combination. With Higgy or Lawrence Brown in this chair, and with Roy unencumbered by Louis, this jam band would have been just about perfect.

The third fault, the audience, caused such displays as the long drum solo by Catlett which ruined the end of Bigard's great job on "Tea for Two." It was a stupid, undiscerning audience, which reacted to showmanship instead of musicianship.

Lionel Hampton, who made his major appearance toward the end of the show, got the whole house rocking for the first time because, in addition to playing wonderfully on "Flyin' Home," he exhibited his usual terrific showmanship.

SUPERB GIRLS

Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey were superb. Norvo's solo and his vibrate duet with Lionel, Al Casey's "Buck Jumpin'," Hawk's "My Ideal," Tatum's "Sweet Lorraine," Teddy's grand solo on "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling," all helped to make this a unique evening in jazz history.

I don't like jazz in opera houses and concert halls, but if that's the only way to bring musicians of this calibre together, it's worth doing. All I hope is that next year we won't hear Louis's pathetic efforts to get the release of "Stomping at the Savoy"—he couldn't even get those chord changes—and that next year's band will be elected on the basis of current performance instead of past achievement.

That will only necessitate two changes in the line-up, but they're very important changes.

Biggest event of the past week was the opening of George Auld's young band at the Commodore Hotel. Auld has the right idea. His policy is similar to Barnet's, all the arrangements being in a good groove; and, like Charlie, Auld now plays excellent alto and soprano as well as tenor. The band really jumps, and, considering the current man-power problems, it's remarkably clean, with a very fine reed section.

Wini Johnson, who looks like a miniature Lena Horne, joins Duke Ellington this week. Wini is no Billie Holiday to listen to, but fortunately Betty Roche is expected to stay with the band, and Wini will take care of the pulchritude angle.

Herbie ("Flamingo") Jeffries, who was recently drafted but almost immediately discharged, is rejoining the Duke after almost three years' absence. And Wallace Jones, Duke's lead trumpet man for the past six years, is out, replaced by Scad Hemphill, formerly with Armstrong. Harry Carney reports for induction any week now.

Raymond Scott, whose policy has improved little by little until he now plays—and even writes himself—a lot of good stuff, has some new strength in his personnel.

FLASHES

Israel Crosby is due to join the band at C.B.S. any day; Specs Powell is still there on drums, and Charlie Shavers has been with Scott quite a while, though it now seems that Kirby has lured him back into the fold. Clyde Hart's piano chair with Kirby has been taken over by Ram Ramirez.

Dizzy Gillespie's little band at the Onyx, with the amazing Oscar Pettiford on bass and Bud Johnson on tenor, is really jumping; and across the street, at the Three Deuces, Roy Eldridge is the delight of every musician in town. He leaves next week, to be followed by a quartet led by Sidney Catlett. Sidney's place with Teddy Wilson hasn't yet been set. Fantastic though it may seem, Teddy has been trying to get Gene Krupa.

Lips Page has also been on 52nd Street, at the new Yacht Club; he's playing and singing well, but the band is a sorry little bunch, trying to play arrangements that sound as though they were written for 17 pieces but have 10 parts missing.

Down the street at Kelly's, Coleman Hawkins continues to spend every evening in the kitchen, emerging every two hours to play two numbers. But Hawk made a terrific record date for a small label, Keynote, last week, which also included Teddy Wilson and Roy—the first time Hawk and Teddy ever made records together. Billy Taylor and Cozy Cole completed the group, which made "Bean at the Met," "S Wonderful," "I Only Have Eyes for You" and "I'm in the Mood for Love."

Jimmie Lunceford just passed through town, long enough to make a flock of masters for Decca. Benny Carter was here for a week, his band somewhat disturbed by the draft but still worthy of his name. Peanuts Holland is out of Charlie Barnet's band, which is actually supposed to start that U.S.O. tour abroad soon. Abe Lyman is still rehearsing for the projected trip overseas; but Red Norvo is definitely staying home.

THE NEW YORKER

"Giulio Cesare" when it was first done in London more than two hundred years ago) was simple and direct and the orchestral arrangement had ample color, despite the elimination of wind instruments and the viola da gamba and bass lute of the original score.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Hawkins, Hall, and Others

THE output of good hot records has been almost normal the past few weeks, bans and priorities notwithstanding, and a number of them are available at the Commodore Music Shop. One of the recent pressings you might like to know about couples "My Ideal" and "Mop Mop," recorded for Commodore by Coleman Hawkins and Leonard Feather's All Stars (548). You'll find in both numbers a good deal of the casualness that is so rare in jazz improvisation and there are solos by such eminent virtuosos as Cootie Williams (trumpet), Edmond Hall (clarinet), and Art Tatum (piano), along with Hawkins' own sensitive tenor-sax coloratura in "My Ideal."

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Louis Prima

IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT—This unoriginal but pleasant song can be had in a limping version on Decca, by Lawrence Welk, or a swinging one on Hit, with leader Louis Prima singing in his gravel-throated style. The backing is *I'll Be Seeing You*. Two other Prima sides are *Robin Hood*, an acceptable riff tune, and *I'll Walk Alone*.



Bing Crosby

GOING MY WAY—Bing Crosby sings the title song from his new picture. More unusual is the juvenile-style novelty overleaf, *Swinging on a Star*. Another Bing ballad on Decca is *The Day After Forever*, from the same movie, paired with *It Could Happen to You*.



Benny Goodman

DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL—Benny Goodman revives this 1917 hit in a Mel Powell arrangement, with fine work by Benny's clarinet and trombonist Lou McGarity. The latter does even better on *After You've Gone*, a Fletcher Henderson arrangement, with trumpet by Jimmy Maxwell. (Columbia)



Cootie Williams

THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE—Cootie Williams, superb ex-Ellington trumpet man, leads his own great band in a blues by his former boss. The ensemble is magnificent, as are Eddie Vinson's alto sax and vocal work. But he overdoes the yodeling effect on the coupling, *Cherry Red Blues*. (Hit)



Coleman Hawkins

WOODYN YOU—This oddly named and fascinating new tune by trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie is the best of six excellent sides by Coleman Hawkins' band on the new Apollo label. Others are *Rainbow Mist*, a series of improvisations on *Body and Soul*, and *Yesterdays*.



Judy Garland

GIRL CRAZY—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, in a Decca album of six sides from their film, remind you of the great Gershwin tunes this show produced: *I Got Rhythm*, *Embraceable You*, *But Not for Me*, *Bidin' My Time*. Decca also has an album of the award-winning musical score by Alfred Newman for *Song of Bernadette*.



Leopold Stokowski

ANY OLD TIME—Victor has reissued this old Artie Shaw disc, but from a different master, featuring Helen Forrest instead of the peerless Billie Holiday. It is an interesting comparison.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Leopold Stokowski directs his All-American Orchestra in an engaging performance of the Mendelssohn Scherzo. This is coupled with one of his own Bach transcriptions. (Columbia)

STRAY NOTES: The *Smoke Rings* album of sentimental songs contains only one side worth reviving; the Duke's *I Got It Bad* (Victor) . . . Enric Madriguera's samba, *Tico Tico*, and beguine, *Amor Amor*, have become his most popular pairing on Hit. . . . There's more Bea Booze blues with a solid rhythm section support in *So Good* (Decca) . . . Another sepia side you'll like is Tampa Red's *I Ain't fur It* (Bluebird) . . . Two Coleman Hawkins items: *Just One More Chance* (Keynote), *How Deep Is the Ocean* (Signature).

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- G.I. JIVE—Louis Jordan (Decca), Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
- I'LL GET BY—Harry James (Columbia)
- HAUNTED TOWN—Lena Horne-Charlie Barnet (Bluebird)
- UPTOWN CAFE BLUES—Edmond Hall (Commodore)
- SPRING WILL BE A LITTLE LATE—Johnnie Johnston (Capitol)

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Dick Haymes

GERTIE FROM BIZERTE—Here is a song that has had wide publicity through its popularity with the boys overseas, but in the bowdlerized version sung here by Dick Haymes and the Song Spinners it sounds very tame. (Decca)



Mary Lou Williams

LULLABY OF THE LEAVES—Mary Lou Williams, greatest feminine jazz pianist, leads a sextet in her own lovely arrangement of a great old tune. On the other side of this 12-inch is her piano solo version of the *St. Louis Blues*. These sides are musts. (Asch)



Eddie Heywood

BASIN STREET BLUES—This jazz classic makes a good basis for twelve inches of jamming, with excellent solos by trombonist Benny Morton and pianist Joe Bushkin. The reverse, which is a revival of *Oh Katharina!*, is rowdy, but good in some parts. (Commodore)



Muriel Smith

BODY AND SOUL—Every tenor saxman has been featuring this tune lately. This time it's Ben Webster's turn, with a good mixed band led by Cozy Cole. The coupling, *Talk to Me*, features such first-rate soloists as Johnny Guarneri, piano; Ray Conniff, trombone, and Ted Walters, guitar. (Savoy)

I COVER THE WATERFRONT—Here is the first record released by the best small jazz unit of 1944, led by pianist Eddie Heywood. This is magnificent music and will appeal to the uninitiated as well as to jazz fans. So will the coupling, Heywood's great *Begin the Beguine* solo. (Commodore)



Glenn Miller

CARMEN JONES—Decca's latest original-cast show album is done in the usual sumptuous manner. There are six 12-inch discs, with Muriel Smith and all the principals, not to mention a 28-page booklet complete with lyrics. The touches of cheap melodrama are regrettable, as is the attempt to foist synthetic Negro accents on artists to whom it is unnatural.



Jan Garber

GLENN MILLER—Eight of Glenn's hits have been combined in an album made up of two sweet sides (*Star Dust*, *Moonlight Serenade*), three good swing numbers (*Tuxedo Junction*, *In the Mood*, *Pe 6-5000*) and three hot hybrids (*Little Brown Jug*, *Volga Boatman*, *American Patrol*). (Victor)

LONG AGO—Launching yet another new model, Jan Garber and his vocalists do this song with *Once Too Often*, and *I Love You* with *People Will Say We're in Love*. (Feature)

STRAY NOTES: Paul Robeson has made a straightforward, martial-style recording of the new USSR anthem, coupled with Shostakovitch's *The United Nations*, on a Keynote 12-inch. . . . Columbia has an outstanding Record Classic item in its album of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Felix Weingartner conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and Vienna State Opera Chorus. . . . A "long-hair" conception of jazz is Leroy Anderson's *Jazz Legato* and *Jazz Pizzicato*, done by Fiedler with the Boston Pops on Victor.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- MILKMAN, KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET—Four King Sisters
- TICO-TICO (Samba)—Charles Wolcott (Decca)
- TRAV'LIN LIGHT—Delta Rhythm Boys (Decca)
- I'LL GET BY—Kitty Carlisle (Decca), Harry James
- CLARINET MARMALADE—Wild Bill Davison (Commodore)
- BLUES FOR FATS—James P. Johnson (Signature)

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Duke Ellington



Frank Sinatra



Johnny Mercer



Betty Hutton



Larry Adler



Glenn Miller



Martha Tilton

SOMEONE—This simple, charming Duke Ellington piece swings along gently with great solos by Johnny Hodges' alto sax, Ray Nance's trumpet and Lawrence Brown's trombone. The reverse, *My Little Brown Book*, suffers from a Herbie Jeffries vocal and a puerile lyric (not the Duke's). (Victor)

ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE—Of the two versions in which this drab song has been revived, Glenn Miller's is the better, though the arrangement and Ray Eberle vocal are only average. (Victor) The Sinatra-Harry James revival has Harry playing in his most affected style. (Columbia)

SONGS BY JOHNNY MERCER—The talented lyricist sings four of his songs himself, including *Jamboree Jones* and *Dixieland Band*. Other good sides are Jo Stafford's *Too Marvelous for Words*, and a new *Blues in the Night* featuring Mercer, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Paul Weston's orchestra. (Capitol)

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Betty Hutton, a band vocalist in her pre-movie days, makes her debut as a recording artist and does better than you might expect on this relatively sedate side. The other, *His Rocking Horse Ran Away*, has plenty of noise. (Capitol)

SING A TROPICAL SONG—The writers of this song had the idea of satirizing Calypso lyrics, but failed to follow through with it. It's one of the better Andrews Sisters records. The coupling, *There'll Be a Jubilee*, is a catchy tune by Phil Moore. (Decca)

HAND TO MOUTH BOOGIE—This curiosity features Larry Adler playing the traditional blues theme in very fast tempo, backed by the John Kirby orchestra. *Begin the Beguine* is more typical harmonica fare. (Decca)

GOOD NIGHT WHEREVER YOU ARE—Some tenor sax toward the end of this side almost redeems the Russ Morgan vocal and trombone. The backing, *Louise*, is what musicians call Mickey Mouse music. (Decca)

I'LL WALK ALONE—This pleasant ballad from *Follow the Boys* is paired with the trite *Texas Polka* for Martha Tilton's new release. The sax solo is by Eddie Miller. (Capitol)

TRAV'LIN' LIGHT—Trummy Young's attractive tune is presented by the Delta Rhythm Boys, mated with *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*, the Duke Ellington hit. (Decca)

AMOR—Duplicating his *Besame Mucho* success, Andy Russell again sings in English and Spanish. Accompaniment is typical studio-band stuff by Al Sack. (Capitol)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Another mellifluous Jo Stafford item with Paul Weston's music. Backing: *Someone to Love*. (Capitol)

STRAY NOTES: Of a flood of jazz releases on the small labels, best is *Blue Interval*, by Edmond Hall's Quintet on Blue Note, with magnificent piano by Teddy Wilson and vibraharp by Red Norvo... Jerry Jerome offers some small-band boogie-woogie in *Arsenic and Old Face*; you'll like Jerome's tenor, Guarnieri's piano. (Asch)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU... Bing Crosby (Decca), Bob Chester (Hit)

FEATHERHEAD... Johnny Long (Decca)

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE... Helen Forrest (Decca)

LATIN-AMERICAN SYMPHONETTE... Iturbi-Rochester Philharmonic (Victor)

LA VIDA BREVE (de Falla)... Golschmann-St. Louis Symphony (Victor)

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather, prominent composer, lecturer, critic



Count Basie



Xavier Cugat



Woody Herman



Dinah Shore



Harry James



Arthur Fiedler



Eddie Condon

BLUES BY BASIE—Eight tunes, new and old, slow and fast, by the master of pianistic understatement, aided by his unique rhythm team and two of his best soloists, Don Byas on tenor sax and Buck Clayton on trumpet. Certainly one of the year's best albums. (Columbia)... Basie and Clayton also shine on four 12-inch sides, including *Lester Leaps Again* and *Destination K. C.*, under the name of the "Kansas City Seven" on Keynote.

XAVIER CUGAT'S MEXICO—This album does for Mexican music what the Basie album does for Kansas City jazz, though in a much more grandiose manner. The Mexican folk songs, waltzes, polka and other dances sometimes seem a little too sophisticated in the Waldorf Astoria conception, but the performances of the orchestra, the chorus, and vocalists Castillo, Romay and Valdes are commendable. The best sides are *Coconito* and the Mexican hat dance. (Columbia)

MILKMAN, KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET—Woody Herman does the best vocal job to date on this tune. Frances Wayne and the band are in good form in *Irresistible You*, the companion hit tune featured in the motion picture, *Broadway Rhythm*. (Decca)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Coupled with *I'll Walk Alone*, both offer Dinah Shore and inevitable choral background. (Victor)

SLEEPY TIME GAL—This trumpet solo, with a simple and effective rhythm-section accompaniment, proves conclusively that Harry James, for all his commercial leanings, can still play perfectly good jazz whenever he wants to. Also recommended is Leroy Holmes' excellent arrangement of *Memphis Blues* on the other side, which is played by the full James band. (Columbia)

MY HEART ISN'T IN IT—Charlie Barnet introduces a Canadian beauty, Gwen Tynes, as his vocalist on this and the reverse, *Saltin' Away My Sweet Dreams*. The latter offers some of Charlie's best alto sax. (Decca)

BOSTON "POPS" ENCORES—Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston "Pops" Orchestra in an album of four items. Almost all on the rousing side, the most effective is the Prelude to Act II of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. (Victor)

HUMORESQUE—For those who like this sort of thing: Guy Lombardo's band, featuring piano duettists doing indescribable things with Dvorak's music. *Long Ago and Far Away*, the number on the other side, describes aptly in its title when and where this kind of music should be heard. (Decca)

BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD—The latest Eddie Condon jam-band recording, though it is too disorganized in some places, contains first-class trombone work by Lou McGarity, especially on the pairing, *All the Wrongs You've Done to Me*. (Commodore)

STRAY NOTES: Sid Catlett's Quartet, with Ben Webster on tenor sax, revives *Memories of You* (Commodore)... Cozy Cole's All Stars, including Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins and Teddy Walters, do an attractive Trummy Young tune, *Thru' for the Night* (Keynote)... Ed Hall's *Smooth Sailing*, with Red Norvo, is on Blue Note.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

HOW BLUE THE NIGHT—Dick Haymes (Decca), Bob Chester (Hit)

SYMPHONY IN D MINOR (César Franck)—Beecham-London Philharmonic (Columbia)

GAITE PARISIENNE (Offenbach)—Kurtz-London Philharmonic (Columbia)

THE MAN I LOVE—Edmond Hall (Commodore), Coleman Hawkins (Signature)

SHE BROKE MY HEART IN THREE PLACES—Hoosier Hot Shots (Decca)



LOMBARDO LEAGUE GOSSIP

VOL. 15 NO. 7

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

APRIL-MAY NUMBER, 1944

Our belated, but no less sincere, congratulations to Guy Lombardo & Co. on again carrying off first honors in the yearly Radio Editors of America and Canada Popularity Poll, honors well earned and truly deserved.

You, too, may have wondered why we didn't hear of the New York World Telegram Poll this season. We found through Billboard that this publication picked up the trail where the World Telegram left off. By the way, Billboard has some very fine Lombardo publicity in March 4th and 11th issues. We will quote a Popular Record Review by M. H. Orodenker, on Lombardo's platter of "It's Love, Love, Love" and "Can't You Do a Friend a Favor?":

"Chalk up another point for Guy Lombardo when it comes to pick the hit-potentials for his plattering. And while the vagaries of Tin Pan Alley are such that anything can happen to a tune, and probably will, the fact remains that all of the contagion that makes for a click were packed by Mack David, Joan Whitney and Alex Kramer in their 'It's Love, Love, Love.' And with Lombardo and his lads giving it their highly specialized and commercial setting, side should mean setting a spark for the rocket. In the bright fox trot-rumba patterns applied by the Royal Canadians gives the tune top treatment. Moreover, the designing ditty is also benefitted by smooth vocal interpretation turned in by Skip Nelson with assistance from the Lombardo Trio. Platter-mate also holds much meaning. 'Can't You Do a Friend a Favor?' ballad of romantic flavor: striking it out at a moderately slow tempo, the highly melodic ballad heightens its contagion with infectious beguine beats applied by Lombardo, particularly for the lyrical expression ably expressed by Billy Leach. Definitely headed for hitdom is 'Love, Love, Love.' It's refreshing and original approach at ditty designing should keep the flow of coins continuous, with Guy Lombardo's entry sure to get the song off to a fast start. Also stacking up as phono fare is the mated ballad, 'Can't You Do a Friend a Favor?'"

Our very best wishes for life-long marital happiness go to Jeanette Venci and Harry Sandberg, who were married February 21 in Omaha and are now at home at 2811 West Street, Ames, Iowa.

Lombardo fans were given a rare treat in the February issue of *Metronome*.—a magazine devoted (as nearly as we can make out) to Music, and written (we think) by Musicians, who, judging from their writing, must be simply *swell*—musicians.

The treat mentioned is a review of a Lombardo broadcast written by a heavy-weight brain aptly, if coyly, labeled "Feather." A crushing satirist is Feather.—true disciple of waspish Alexander Pope and venomous Voltaire. There's that delicate touch.—the subtlety, the mocking cadence, the easy, glib fluency that characterizes masterly prose. And humor?—boy, has Feather got humor!

In fact, we think this is so noteworthy an article that we insist on quoting the opening paragraph. It reads like this, honest it does: "Listeners who are inclined to scoff at Guy Lombardo would better be advised to pay close attention to the current work of this celebrated maestro."

Get it, Zeke? Huh? Catch on, Zeke? That clever Feather guy is only KIDDING! We guessed it right off, but just to make sure, we read all the way down (almost didn't make it, we were laughing so hard) to the last sentence, and sure enough, we found this: "Anyone found quoting the first paragraph of this review out of its context will be sued by . . . Feather." Caution people, these *Metronome* reporters. Nobody's going to misinterpret their subtlety, no, sir!

The hilarious remarks holding these two sentences together will undoubtedly be immortalized in anthologies of American humor. But we've got a better idea. We think that in this period of crucial paper shortage, we all ought to do our bit by gathering up as many copies of this magazine as we can exhume, carefully clipping Feather's bang-up piece, and reverently contributing it to the scrap drive. Just think!—maybe it'll wind up as a box of Kleenex!! What better service could Feather perform for his (we flatter "him;" it's probably "her," aged 15) country! We have a WAC in the "family" and

JAZZ QUARTERLY

NICKSIELAND,

by a Mile

By JAKE TRUSSELL

And today we have the case of Leonard Feather! Leonard Feather, you know, is one of those modernists who is marked with neon lights by the following characteristics: they think that 1. Pee Wee Russell stinks; 2. Ellington can do no wrong; 3. Art Tatum is God.

And oh, gentle people, does that Feather get carved this time out! He is one of those *Metronome* mountabanks who has been howling about Record Collectors being jerks and Modern Music (his music) being so much better than Nicksieland Music (the music of the collectors).

The other day we received, in a single shipment from Commodore, eight sides—and as Fate would have it four of those sides were by Feather's All Stars and four of them by the Nicksielanders under Brunies and Davison. Of course, it was a carving session—Feather and his Music against the Nicksieland Music of the collectors. And Feather got carved so deeply that he no doubt bled to death weeks ago.

I felt sorry for most of the men on the All-Stars. With the exception of Art Tatum they were all good men and two of them

even managed to hit fine grooves on a couple of occasions. But the rest was lost. Coleman Hawkins popped through nicely on *Esquire Bounce* and *My Ideal*, and Cootie Williams knocked out a good solo on *Mop Mop*. But men like Eddie Hall, Syd Catlett, and Al Casey were whipped from the start.

And what whipped them? Nothing but dear old Leonard. Here was Leonard with great jazz men (exceptin Tatum who knows about as much about jazz as Al Dexter) and four sides to show us just how "right" he has been on all those vile articles; and what happens? Up pops Casey playing Alvino Rey guitar; Tatum using the same old trite and worn treble run over and over; and three of the corniest "jazz" tunes you would ever care to hear. As a song writer this Feather is the farthest from no where of anybody yet.

We know it was all Leonard's show, because he didn't forget to tell us so. All over the label was the name of Leonard Feather. You would have thought Feather, not New Orleans, was the Daddy of Jazz! There ought to be a law
(Continued on page 29)

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Thanks for the jazz issue. It was sure great. Too bad you don't have more jazz articles to spread out for the other eleven issues, then come out with a bang with your "ALL AMERICAN BAND" and some more stories.

The articles by Charlie Smith, Leonard Feather and the story by Bob Goffin were "right in there." You will



hear plenty, pro & con, regarding the picks in the "ALL AMERICAN." Being a musician myself, Johnny Hammond's choices are the same ones I would choose excepting his male vocalist and odd instrument choice. If he had selected "Satchmo" and Joe Venuti in that order he would bat 100 per cent with me, but you can't satisfy every one, so I had better hush. When you get the boys together in the Met for that session, I would like to select a tune for them for one of their "cuttings," and that is the old baby that never gets old: *Jazz Me Blues*. What a band, what a tune, you can't miss.

As long as you put out issues like your jazz number I will continue to be a subscriber, so stay in the groove, Esqy, and we will "all go out on the last chorus."

HAPPY RUGGLES

Los Angeles 44, Calif.

NEW YORK SHOW FRONT

By DON DELEIGHBUR

LIONEL HAMPTON'S "SALTY PAPA BLUES" No. 2 ON HARLEM HIT PARADE; BLUES COMING BACK

NEW YORK. — Riding along in the No. 2 spot in the Harlem hit parade this week is the smash blues recording, "Salty Papa Blues," (Keynote) by Lionel Hampton's sextet. It is already challenging the first place holder, "Can't See For Lookin'" by the King Cole Trio and before long, may be leading the field itself.

Importance of this situation is mirrored in the natural hunger of the Negro for his own blues. No development in music so mirrors the souls of the great masses of our people than the blues. They are universal in appeal. Stripped of musical adornment, raw, throbbing, bold, demanding, pulsating, sensuous, the blues only suffice when all other musical offerings have been tried and found wanting.

"Salty Papa," sung with terrific feeling, class and color by Dinah Washington, the Hampton vocal find of the day, captures the true spirit of the blues as Bessie Smith, Victoria Spivey, Mamie Smith, Ethel Waters, Ma Rainey and Alberta Hunter sang them in the old days—the lush period of the 20's when money was plentiful, people moved about, did things and sang songs about what they

did. "Salty Papa" is meaty, sexy, down to the earth and close to the feelings of the people. That is why it is enjoying a record spell of prosperity.

TRUE BLUES EXPRESSION ...

But "Salty Papa Blues" has something else — something that only an inventive genius like Lionel Hampton could put in it. Where other big name band leaders have tried the almost impossible, playing the real blues with a full sized orchestra, Hampton has cut his musicians down to the essentials — piano, drums, bass, clarinet, saxophone and trumpet. This provides for solo innovations so necessary to true blues expression. It pushes the melody out in front, unhampered and uncovered

Continued on Page 25)

his trumpet section since ... ton went into the Army. He ex-Barnet men currently, Al ... and Howard McGhee, and Sno ... Young is out. Ted Donnelly, the ... trombonist formerly with Kirk, has also joined the band.

Sy Oliver is now playing in a military band at Camp Shanks, 20 miles from New York. It is the first time in more than four years that he's played trumpet.

Also in the band are Mercer Ellington, Duke's 24-year-old son, playing alto horn [sic]; Charlie Fuqua, the former Ink Spots guitarist; and Dan Minor, ex-Basie trombonist.

Freddy Slack has joined the Navy, and Barney Bigard has been fronting a contingent of the band at Zucca's Terrace in Hollywood. Bigard's application to be transferred from the Negro to the white Union in Los Angeles, which would enable him to get more lucrative radio work, has been refused.

Bigard claims to be of French and Spanish origin.

N.Y. AMSTERDAM NEWS

And if you want to hear something, in fact, the greatest blues recordings since Earl Hines made "Boogie on the St. Louis Blues," get Lionel Hampton's masterpieces, "Salty Papa Blues," and "Evil Gal" with those bambam choruses by Dinah Washington and that righteous piano by Milton Buckner. Dinah in her first recordings (Keynote) is revealed as the singing sensation of the year. Nobody thought she'd record that way!

Jake Trussell, Jr.

Jake Trussell is Co-Editor of Jazz Quarterly, an indefatigable and bump-tious contributor to all the little jazz magazines. His letter explains itself.

Quarterly; and my cable to Jazz Music in London, England, may not have caught an article that is pretty hot over there. METRONOME is more than welcome to this last swipe at my expense.

Brawling like this is a lot of fun, and good publicity—but it is not good criticism. METRONOME, undoubtedly, let its crusade get the better of its judgment on more than one occasion. On the other hand, I want to publicly admit that I, in a counter-attack crusade, let my fanaticism get the better of me on one such occasion. In my Jazz Quarterly review of Leonard Feather's All Stars I failed to give Coleman Hawkins' *My Ideal* the praise it so richly deserves. I called it an okay record allright; but I really believe, on many rehearsals under sane, normal conditions, that *Commodore My Ideal* will go down as something of a Jazz Classic. Leonard Feather, Hawkins, and Art Tatum can all share credit on this disc.

Metronome May 1944 →

NICKSIELAND BY A MILE

(Continued from page 21)

against mere recording directors taking top billing on jazz discs.

Brunies, Davison, Condon, Schroeder, Casey, Wettling, Russell, on the other hand were in the studio to play jazz. They needed no Leonard Feather to tell them what to play or how to play it. They had four good tunes to work over and they worked them over, and man, it was mur-

der. Davison plays a lushy-wild Dixie open horn that is just right with this gang; Brunies is wonderful always; Russell the same as usual; and Gene Schroeder comes on as one of the truly great small band pianists. His work on *Panama*, *That's a Plenty*, and *Da Da* is super colossal stuff. He carves Tatum pitilessly.

The next time Leonard Feather slanders Nicksieland Jazz somebody should buy him a ticket back to London. And may God have mercy on London.

NEW YORK SHOW FRONT

(Continued from Page 17)

by heavy arrangements that many times "arrange out of sight" the whole song. With the masterful Milton Buckner playing one of the greatest blues piano interludes since Earl Hines waded "Boogie on the St. Louis Blues", the music builds on a riff motif to tremendous implications. And for one of the few times in memory, a tenor saxophone is used to startling advantage in playing blues background and solos as they reat Arnett Cobb waxes eloquent in a slow, syrupy presentation replete with fanciful ideas, but true to pattern.

Lionel Hampton has always wanted to do something unusual with the blues. It was he who talked Benny Goodman into taking an interest in the tremendous possibilities present in straight blues. Always, however, Hampton has been hindered in his ideal by misconceptions on the part of his supporting artists as to what actually constitutes the blues. In this sense, he has lacked musicians with the hand to hand experience with the situations upon which blues are created and written until now. In addition, Hampton's innate sense of propriety forbade him to use his vibraphone in "Salty Papa" for fear of slowing down the tempo or of unduly speeding it up, since vibraphone solos are at their best at smart pace. Put together with classic showmanship and catholicity of taste, "Salty Papa" does a job on behalf of pure blues that few songs have done in years.

Real Oradle of the Blues

In any discussion of blues, one

has to go back to the era when the blues were the blues and those who said they weren't, were liars. The traditional picture of a Saturday night stomp with a pot of pigs' feet stewing on the kitchen stove, a bathful of gin and close-rank "spercolating" on a dime in the living room is not always authentic. Beyond that and more ideal is the thought of thousands of homeless fearful Negroes along the banks of the flooded Mississippi, and the terrible implications contained in Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues" when she sang, "It rained five days and the winds began to blow; It rained five days and the winds began to blow; thousands of people had no place to go."

Blues origins are varied as in the case of the man wracked with tuberculosis wh sang, "Lawd, T-B is killing me." But times change. The situations that characterized Negroes in the days of the great inland migration from the deep South into Chicago, Detroit and Gary, Ind., have been altered. Blues now are being written around the rationing program; the Selective Service, the army camps, puppy love, and a hundred and one kindred subjects. That's how Leonard Feather, onetime swing pundit for Metronome but now of Esquire, and one of the nation's top white critics of jazz, came to write "Salty Papa", its backing, "I Know How to Do It," "Homeward Bound," and "Evil Gal Blues", all made by the Hampton outfit at the samerecording studio session. Feather is authentic in his lyrics. Hampton is absolute and final in his attack of the problem of presenting true blues in a period of mammoth musical make-believe.

From the June ESQUIRE

For release on or after May 10

ESQUIRE OPENS ITS NEW HOT MUSIC COLUMN, THE RHYTHM SECTION

A new column of sweet and solid stuff and all the things jazz enthusiasts want to know about is inaugurated in the June issue of ESQUIRE with two top jazz critics, Leonard Feather and Paul Eduard Miller, co-authoring THE RHYTHM SECTION. This month the column is devoted to back-talking Melvin Heimer who, in the last month's issue of ESQUIRE, said, "There are no young musicians of any consequence in the jazz field today.

Fame doesn't come early in jazz or anywhere else, says Feather. You have the talent maybe when you're still in your teens, but before you get into the big-time bands, start to displace the older favorites and win places in jazz polls, quite a few years may have rolled by. Nobody ever got to be President as a youth either, though a discerning observer might have spotted presidential timber there much earlier.

Feather and Miller, after putting their heads together with a few of the biggest jazzmen in the country, come forth with these responses to Mr. Heimer's statements. Clarinetist-leader Woody Herman said: "Today kids hear everyone. Records, the radio, personal appearances afford them an opportunity such as those of us who were learning ten or fifteen years ago never had. With all the advantages today, together with the wonderful opportunities for obtaining the fundamentals of music even during high school days, the jazz-talented youngsters instinctively sort out the best in what they hear and make it their inspiration. All such talent will not be great, but a small percentage of it will -- and that's what keeps the supply of jazz greats always mobile."

A veteran of twenty years' playing experience, cornetist Red Nichols expressed himself in these words, in ESQUIRE: "After the war the new young and unknown talent that will emerge will be nothing short of amazing. During my travels in the past five years I've heard at least 100 unknowns -- most of them under twenty-five --

-more-

2 ...

who demonstrated their potentialities for becoming good, even great, jazzmen. These were in local spots in small cities and jerkwater towns. Right now there are plenty of serious-minded young musicians in all branches of the service; most of them are eager to get back to civilian life and start playing again."

Though only thirty-six, trumpeter Red Allen has almost twenty years of professional playing behind him, continues ESQUIRE. Red insists: "Sure there are plenty of fine young musicians, but a lot of them just haven't had the chance to become well known yet. Sometimes they have to make concessions in their style to play in commercial bands, that's true, but that doesn't prove the talent isn't there."

Two themes seem to dominate Mr. Heimer's documents, says Leonard Feather. One, that the only true jazz greats are the men who were unrecognized by the general public, who belong to the glamorous limbo of the days when hot jazz was strictly an esoteric affair and you couldn't find enough appreciative youngsters to attend a public jam session every Sunday. The other, continues ESQUIRE, is that commercial restrictions kill off the talent of the young stars.

That's nonsense, says Feather. For every job on which a man could play real jazz in the 1920's, there are a dozen such jobs today. And the quantity and quality of jazz talent has soared proportionately.

The best proof of this lies in the attitude of the older musicians themselves. Most of them have packed their own bands with youths for whose work they have unbounded admiration. Earl Hines features a young piano soloist with his band, though Hines is a great pianist himself. Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Barney Bigard and countless others, are thrilled by the performances of lads in their teens and early twenties who have worked for them. They know that jazz is progressing constantly, concludes ESQUIRE, that this is an art in which you can't rest on your laurels.

JUNE
1944

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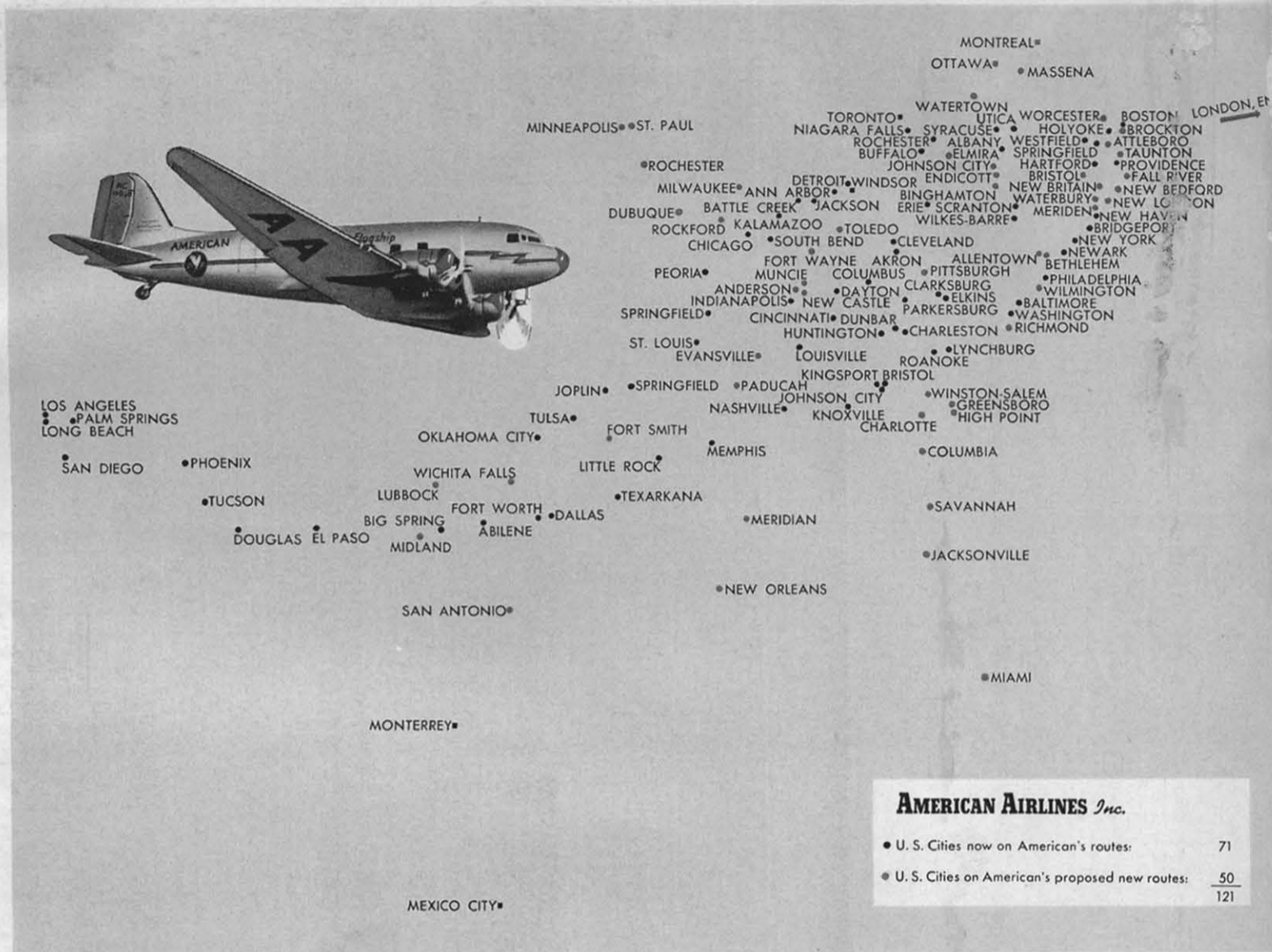
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Postwar Plan of American Airlines

TODAY American Airlines operates 8,365 miles of airways throughout the United States and into Canada and Mexico.

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This is our contribution to the network of air-service that is indispensable to the future growth, prosperity and protection of our nation.

Every city in our land must do business with many other cities all over our three million square miles. That calls for transportation of people, mail, merchan-

dise and materials of many kinds. The swifter and more flexible the transportation facilities, the closer together we become, and the more effectively we can work together.

In this war, our Airlines, cooperating with the Army Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service, are circling the globe with daily flights over arctics, jungles, oceans and deserts. What they are doing is the blueprint for *your* new world. It stems from the fact that air is universal, available to everyone everywhere, alike, and it is our purpose to meet our air demand.

There is no pessimism among those who are thinking in terms of *air* transportation for the future. They see more new prosperity and more achievements of all kinds than were ever possible before.

by David A. Smart
by Arnold Gingrich



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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Editorial: Proving that jazz is a wondrously quarrelsome thing

THIS month sees the addition of a new department in this magazine, devoted to jazz, which you will find on page 96 under the title of *The Rhythm Section*. It is conducted and edited from Chicago by Paul Eduard Miller and from New York by Leonard Feather.

Proof that it's a real jazz department, if any is desired or required, may be found readily enough in the fact that in this opening round both boys come out of their corners swinging at Esquire! That's what all the jazz experts have all been doing, more or less constantly, throughout this past winter and spring, ever since that epochal night at the Metropolitan when the concert given by Esquire's 1944 All-American Band started more arguments than there are experts. (This, you will realize, is a practically limitless number, in a field where everybody who has ever paid either more or less than the retail price of a phonograph record considers himself a collector and everybody who has ever spoken, however briefly, to a sideman between sets considers himself an expert.) Many of these arguments have found their way into print. So many of them, in fact, that we've occasionally wondered what all those assorted experts would have found to write about if Esquire's All-American Band had never come to life except on paper. But we must confess that we hardly expected to see the slug put on Esquire in its own columns.

Messrs. Miller and Feather are very unhappy this month. (That's another sign that they're experts. All jazz experts, it seems, almost always are. You'd think, as Mark Twain once thought, that nobody could be happier than those whose work is nothing but the pleasure of making, or listening to, music.) They're unhappy about an article in last month's Esquire, called *Jazz Is Where We Lost It*, by Melvin L. Heimer. We thought, at the time, that Mr. Heimer was pretty good in there. He opened up by saying that as he sat at the Metropolitan, listening to the 1944 All-American Band, it struck him that most of the best jazzmen today are the same fellows who would have been voted the best ten years ago, and, in some cases, even twenty years ago. That thought set him musing on the possibility that jazz, which a lot of serious students hopefully hail as the music of tomorrow, might simply be the music of yesterday. In other words, he toyed with the notion that jazz is an end product in itself, and not capable of self-perpetuation. He posed for consideration the possibility that jazz, as a by-blow of the Prohibition era, is a donkey-like creation, robbed of both pride of ancestry and hope of progeny. In this sense, he saw jazz as a passive thing—an effect produced by something else (the Prohibition era) and hence unlikely to be produced again. He saw it as a dated phenomenon. And he made the point that the kids who were its best exponents twenty years ago are the men who play it best today. His point, if we understood it, was that jazz was never better than it was about twenty years ago, and that those who were playing it then, whether they were men or mere kids, have not since been equaled or surpassed. Or to put it another way, if you are good at sixteen today you can't be as good as you would have been if you had been sixteen about twenty years ago.

Well, if that was his point, and we thought it was, then Messrs. Miller and Feather seem to have missed it. They both jump all over Mr. Heimer, and both try to show him up by citing

the number of young jazz musicians there are today and quoting various musicians to back up their assertions.

The proper answer to Mr. Heimer's argument, we would have thought, would be to attempt to show either that jazz existed before Prohibition, and would have continued to exist without it, or that jazz has continued to grow and flourish since. There are those who maintain that jazz existed in a finer form in New Orleans before Prohibition than it achieved in Chicago in the post-war and pre-Depression period, or has ever had since. Then there are the modernists, among whom Leonard Feather is always cited, who believe that the best is either now or yet to be, and that none of the jazz of twenty years ago equals that of today.

From either of these two opposed expert viewpoints, Messrs. Miller and Feather might have tried to catch Mr. Heimer either coming or going. But they both content themselves with loudly doubting his right to raise the point he raised, apparently on the ground that he doesn't know enough about jazz to raise an interesting question about it, and then they both give him a quantitative answer to a qualitative point. He showed, in his own article, an awareness that there are

some young jazz musicians and even named a couple. So it hardly seems to us that the way to answer him is simply by naming a lot more.

It all adds up just to prove again the old point that hot jazz seems to be one subject that simply can't be discussed dispassionately—even, as in this case, within the family.

You will have noted, perhaps, that we spoke of this new department as an "addition" to the magazine. That does not mean that Esquire's coverage of the subject of jazz will be confined to this department. Robert Goffin and Charles Edward Smith will again contribute occasional articles on jazz, as they have in the past. But with the addition of the regular departmental feature we feel that our coverage of this subject, which seems to rank as a prime interest of our audience, will be more consistent and complete than it has been in the past. (We say, "consistent," fully aware that the department's initial appearance, literally snapping at the heels of the previous issue, is a slap-happy bit of inconsistency.)

But space, as you know, is at a greater premium than ever before. We can't add anything, these days, without tak-

ing something away. So the space for *The Rhythm Section* will have to be provided by having some of the various other departments "sit one out" now and then. This month's gracious donor of his wanted space is Mr. Brody, the Edibles Man.

That Esquire's columns hold no monopoly on inconsistency, as concerns jazz, is piquantly proved by the little magazine that is the veritable shrine of the "righteous," *The Record Changer*, published by Gordon Gullickson at Fairfax, Va. In his February issue, commenting on all the uproar over the "jimpin' at the Met," Gullickson wrote: "Say what you will about Esquire's jazz bash, the fact remains that that excellent magazine has done more for jazz in one month than all the rest of the publications have in the last forty years." And in the March issue of *The Record Changer*, one Jazzbo Brown wrote: "Jazz would be in much better health . . . if Esquire would leave it alone."

Or maybe that only proves that your editor isn't the only one to be "surprised," now and again, in his own columns.

As Robert Goffin wrote in these pages about a year ago, "Taste in jazz music is as personal as the contents of a man's trouser pockets." But what all the jazz addicts have long since forgotten is that there's no disputing tastes—that is, that there's no sense in arguing them. For argument seems to be as essential to the enjoyment of jazz as tapping time with your feet.

It is with a full consciousness of both these hazards that your editor now ventures to turn his own trouser pockets inside out, as it were, by appending to this page his own inexpert list of the fifty jazz records he has most enjoyed in the past year.

This list is based on no surveys whatsoever, compiled with no consultations of any experts and is subject to deletions and additions as other records may happen to please him even more. Also it is drawn up without any consideration for being "representative" of anything at all but sheer personal preference and enjoyment. It contains records made under Leonard Feather's supervision and it also contains records of the kind that Feather scornfully refused even to review under the heading of "jazz" and willfully listed under "hillbilly" instead. (That may, of course, only prove that your editor is able to take a firm stand on both sides of a controversial question.) But it is presented herewith in the hope that it may lead somebody to some enjoyable listening, since it does, at least, represent a sifting out of several hundred records. Then, too, it is printed in the hope that somebody may know of better ones than these, in which case we'd like to hear of them.

Speaking of *The Record Changer*, as we were a while ago, its readers, who are all presumed to be hot jazz addicts, were all asked to name their choices of the greatest jazz authorities, as a consequence of the violent discussions that went on concerning the competency of Esquire's board of experts for the selection of the All-American Band. As soon as we heard about this, we offered to invite the top three to join the board for the selection of next year's All-American. But we couldn't keep our word, at least not literally. For two of the resultant top four were already on this year's board! #

FIFTY FAVORITE JAZZ RECORDS

(representing nothing but the cream of one collector's crop)

1. Armstrong. West End Blues. Fireworks. Okeh 8597
2. Armstrong. Knockin' a Jug. Muggles. Okeh 8703
3. Armstrong. Savoy Blues. Hotter Than That. Okeh 8535
4. Armstrong. Memories of You. You're Lucky to Me. Okeh 41463
5. Armstrong. Hey Lawdy Mama. Do You Call That a Buddy. Decca 3756
6. Bailey. Honeysuckle Rose. Willow Tree. Decca 18108
7. Bechet. The Mooche. Blues in the Air. Victor 20-1510
8. Beiderbecke. Jazz Me Blues. At the Jazz Band Ball. Vocalion 3042
9. Bunn. Blues Without Words. Guitar in High. Blue Note 504
10. Chicagoans (McKenzie's). Nobody's Sweetheart. Liza. UHCA 11-12
11. Chgo. Rhy. Kings. Tennessee Twilight. Mme Dynamite. UHCA 63-64
12. Condon. Oh Sister Ain't That Hot. Pretty Doll. CMS 535
13. Dodds. Indigo Stomp. Blue Piano Stomp. BB. 10238
14. Dodds. Wild Man Blues. (Noone) Bump It. Decca 3519
15. Dodds. Wild Man Blues. Melancholy. Brunswick 3567
16. Ellington. Creole Love Call. Black & Tan Fantasy. Victor 24861
17. Ellington. Blues I Love to Sing. Blue Bubbles. Victor 22985
18. Ellington. Clarinet Lament. Echoes of Harlem. Br. 7656
19. Feather's All-Stars. Mop Mop. My Ideal. CMS 548
20. Goodman Quartet. Teafor Two. Runnin' Wild. Victor 25529
21. Hall. Night Shift Blues. Royal Garden Blues. B.N. 29
22. Hodes. Liberty Inn Drag. Georgia Cake Walk. Dec. 18437
23. Johnson, Bunk. Moose March Weary Blues. JM 9
24. La. Rhy. Kings. Karavan. O'er the Billowy Sea. Br. 4908
25. Lunceford. Mood Indigo. Rose Room. Decca 131
26. Marsala. Reunion in Harlem. Three O'clock Jump. Gen. 3001
27. McKinney's. I Want a Little Girl. Milenberg Joys. BB. 10954
28. Mole's Molers. Shimme-Sha-Wabble. One Step to Heaven. Col. 35953
29. Morton. Sidewalk Blues. Dead Man Blues. Vic. 20252
30. Morton Trio. Turtle Twist. Smilin' the Blues Away. Bluebird 10194
31. Morton. The Pearls. Beale St. Blues. BB. 10252
32. Morton. High Society. Thought I Heard. BB. 10434
33. Morton (solo). Mamie's Blues. Original Rags. General 4001
34. Moten. Loose Like a Goose. It Won't Be Long. Vic. V-38123
35. Mound City Blue Blowers. One Hour. Tailspin Blues. BB. 6456
36. N.O. Rhy. Kings. Weary Blues. Wolverine Blues. Gennett 5102
37. N.O. Rhy. Kings. Da Da Strain. Shimme-Sha-Wabble. Gen. 5106
38. N.O. Wanderers. Gatemouth. Perdido Street Blues. Col. 608
39. Norvo. Old Fashioned Love. I Surrender Dear. Col. 35688
40. Norvo. Blues in E Flat. Bughouse. Brunswick 8208
41. Oliver. Someday Sweetheart. Dead Man Blues. Voc. 1059
42. Smith, Bessie. Empty Bed Blues (2 parts). Col. 14312
43. Spanier. Relaxin' at the Touro. Riverboat Shuffle. BB. 10532
44. Spanier. Dipper Mouth. Sister Kate. Bluebird 10506
45. Waller. Honeysuckle Rose. Breakin' the Ice. Vic. 24826
46. Watters, Lu. Riverside Blues. Cake Walking Babies. JM 5
47. Wiley, Lee (Spanier). Steamboat Tenn. Sugar. CMS 1507
48. Williams, Clarence. Candy Lips. Nobody But My Baby. OK 8440
49. Wilson (Holiday). Miss Brown. Little Moonlight. Col. 36205
50. Wynn's Creole. Down by Levee. She's Cryin' for Me. Bruns. 80042

The Rhythm Section



Esquire's jazz department is born amid a riff session, with two jazz critics as jurors and musicians as witnesses

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

IT'S been going on a mere couple of thousand years, so I guess we can't expect it to disappear for awhile yet. The practice of denouncing everything new, of lamenting nostalgically for the days when talent was talent, is as old as artistic criticism itself.

In fact, it was no surprise when Melvin Heimer came out last month with his assertion that there are no young musicians "of any consequence" in the jazz field today. Although jazz itself is only a few decades old, the yester-yearning technique has been applied to it frequently.

Well, to start off Esquire's jazz department, I'm here to say that Mr. Heimer's assertion is the bunk, and I have with me a few notes on the subject which will serve, with your permission, to amplify the point.

Some of these notes are taken right out of Mr. Heimer's own text, for he worded his average age analysis of the Esquire jazz concert in a subtly misleading manner which is easily taken apart. By starting with the statement that Louis Armstrong is in

his forties and Jack Teagarden is no youth, he implied that the names of the other participants, with which he followed these two, all were contemporaries of Louis and Teagarden.

Oscar Pettiford and Al Casey, whom he lumped together with the older men in this list, are just twenty-four and twenty-eight. Not "beardless youths," maybe, but what does Heimer want—an All-American band under draft age?

Fame doesn't come that early, in jazz or anywhere else, except, perhaps, on the Quiz Kids' program. You have the talent maybe when you're still in your teens, but before you get into the big-time bands, start to displace the older favorites and win places in jazz polls, quite a few years may have rolled by. Nobody ever got to be President as a youth either, though a discerning observer might have spotted presidential timber there much earlier.

Two themes seem to dominate Mr. Heimer's documents. One, that the only true jazz greats are the men who were unrecognized

by the general public, who belong to the glamorous limbo of the days when hot jazz was strictly an esoteric affair and you couldn't find enough appreciative youngsters to attend a public jam session every Sunday. The other, that commercial restrictions kill off the talent of the young stars.

That's plain nonsense. For every job on which a man could play real jazz in the 1920's, there are a dozen such jobs today. And the quantity and quality of jazz talent has soared proportionately.

The best proof of this lies in the attitude of the older musicians themselves. Most of them have packed their own bands with youths for whose work they have unbounded admiration. Earl Hines, who is alternately irritated and amused by the Heimers who insist on living in the past, features a young piano soloist with his band, though Hines is a great pianist himself. Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Barney Bigard and countless others, some of whose views you can read across the page, are thrilled by the performances of lads in their teens and early twenties who have worked for them. They know that jazz is progressing constantly, that this is an art in which you can't rest on your laurels.

One famous jazzman, reading Heimer's comments on the young servicemen who allegedly copy their notes "right off somebody's phonograph record" and sound "sad and stale" when they sit in with the Dixieland musicians at Nick's, commented: "That's the payoff. He thinks those Dixieland boys can play." For among the real jazzmen, even including some who have worked with the Dixieland boys, this kind of jazz connotes decadence and stagnation.

This point can be emphasized by some of the very remarks made by Wilbur DeParis and quoted by Heimer. ". . . You can get a boy who can work out a certain style, but can't do other things. Now what good is a pianist if he can't do almost anything? He's got to have the sound musicianship. He's got to know the piano from top to bottom."

And that's just what's wrong with some of Heimer's own pets. They don't have these qualifications, but the youngsters who've avoided the Dixieland limitations emphatically do. Sure, most of them started out copying somebody else's style, but they develop

their own personality from there. Time was when Fats Waller was considered just a minor-league James P. Johnson; and by Heimer's own admission, Teddy Wilson, whom he admires, was once ranked as a Hines imitator.

To list all the young musicians who bear out this argument would interfere with paper conservation, so I'll just take one instrument as a sample: the tenor sax. Here are just a few of the men who not only have excited fellow musicians, but whom anybody familiar with their work would guarantee to identify blindfolded, as proof of their individuality:

Al Sears, Arnette Cobbs, Joe "Flip" Phillips, Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, Herbie Fields, Georgie Auld, Illinois Jacquet, Dave Matthews, Buddy Tate, Ike Quebec, Sam Donahue, Bud Johnson, Corky Corcoran, Bumps Meyers, Jerry Jerome, Charlie Ventura, Stafford "Pazuza" Simon, Wolfe Tayne, Dexter Gordon, Bob Dukoff.

Almost all these men are in their twenties; all were virtually unknown before 1938, and several have come into prominence within the last year or two. Anyone who knows music, who's been in the game himself, or spent enough time listening, will confirm that they stand for the new, creative talent that Mr. Heimer, wrapped in the glories of the 1920's, has failed to observe.

Maybe he'll retort that these men are good, but they aren't geniuses like Coleman Hawkins. Well, Hawk was playing around for a long while, unhailed by the public and appreciated only by a few fellow musicians, before the critics, and then a segment of the public, accepted him as a genius. The bandleaders of today are nurturing their young talent just as a previous generation developed the men who are now considered by Mr. Heimer to be "of any consequence." And plenty of them already are of much more consequence than some of the doubtful geniuses listed in Mr. Heimer's curiously assorted list of jazz greats.

No, the horizon isn't "blank and bare." It's bright and broad, and if there are some men in that list who aren't even names to you yet, just remember that to reach their place in the sun, they not only have to step over the Hawkinses and other long-established top men, but over the Melvin Heimers, too.

—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—In this branch, jazz is where you find it, if you can find it. Plenty of the Real Thing has been recorded lately, but most of it for small companies whose shellac allotment is microscopic. However, assuming you're willing to go hunting, here are a few samples of the available booty:

Keynote Records have four sides by Lester Young, eccentric tenor sax man of the Count Basie band, who holds his horn sideways like a flute. Maybe that's symbolical of his oblique, insinuating style, which is at its best in *Sometimes I'm Happy*. He's aided by Slam Stewart, whose bowed-bass-plus-humming improvisations still make good humor as well as good music. Johnny Guarneri's piano and Sid Catlett's drums complete the group.

On Blue Note are two 12-inch discs by a group under Ed Hall, veteran New Orleans clarinetist. *Night Shift Blues* is the best of these, with some of that fine Hall clarinet that's been referred to as "liquid-toned," though I prefer to think of him as solid. Jimmy Shirley's guitar and Vic Dickenson's trombone are solid, too. Weakest edge of the unit is James P. Johnson's piano, twenty years behind the rest of the band.

Signature is the most unpurchasable of all jazz labels. If you can locate Coleman Hawkins' *The Man I Love* and *Sweet Lorraine*,

better preserve it in alcohol or frame it. Neither Hawk's tenor nor Eddie Heywood's piano has ever been greater.

Commodore put out four sides featuring several Esquire All-American winners under the direction of yours truly. If you don't like *Esquire Bounce* and *Esquire Blues*, or *Mop Mop* and *My Ideal*, with their solos by Cootie Williams, Ed Hall, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, Al Casey and Oscar Pettiford, then we just don't see you-to-I on jazz.

ON RADIO—That former apostle of conjurer-style compositions, Raymond Scott, has progressed as a jazz writer. His CBS studio band has been whipped into fine ensemble shape and boasts a couple of great Negro musicians. Remember, too, that Duke Ellington provides some thrills and disappointments with his airings from the Hurricane on Broadway. Thrills, because at its best this is still the Number One band; disappointments, because you can't get a perfect balance from a night club, and the song publishers force you to play dog tunes and the boys' best morale and intonation seem to be reserved for concerts and record sessions. Anyway, Ellington at his nadir is still more interesting than Joe Schmaltz at his zenith.—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

To speak with authority on the subject of young unknown talent in the realm of any art form is to assume an attitude of easy familiarity with the facts and personalities of the given field of endeavor. Melvin Heimer cannot be accused of possessing that kind of assurance. Who is Melvin Heimer? He is the author of a shamelessly exaggerated article which argued that jazz can boast of "no young musicians of consequence." I found no support—but only corn—for Heimer's beliefs when interviewed seven ranking musicians and leaders.

A veteran of twenty years' playing experience, cornetist **Red Nichols** expressed himself in these words: "After the war the new young and unknown talent that will emerge will be nothing short of amazing. During my travels in the past five years I've heard at least 100 unknowns—most of them under twenty-five—who demonstrated their potentialities for becoming good, even great, jazzmen. These were in local spots in small cities and jerkwater towns. Right now there are plenty of serious-minded young musicians in all branches of the service; most of them are eager to get back to civilian life and start playing again.

"Can I name any unknowns for special recommendation? If anyone is ever to come close to Benny Goodman, I think it will be Hienie Beau, a clarinetist in his early twenties who is working in a defense plant for the duration. Down in Marfa, Texas, with the 373rd A. A. F. Band, is a twenty-year-old cornetist, pianist, accordianist, arranger, Martin Paich, who bids fair to make a name for himself, as does altoman Conn Humphreys."

Bandleader **Les Brown** believes that not only colleges but high schools as well are a laboratory for jazz music. Comments Les: "High school bands are giving thousands of eager young musicians an excellent training ground for jazz. My father conducts such a band in a township of 5,000 population where the school numbers 800 students; out of this number, a sixty-piece band is formed each year. One of the former members of The Duke Blue Devils (my college band) heads an eighty-piece high school band in Morristown, New Jersey. There are six or eight good musicians in every such group, and several of them are likely to be interested in jazz. Multiply that by the number of high school bands in the entire nation and you'll have a rough idea of the abundance—even superabundance—of youngsters who are receiving good training and who will turn to jazz if jazz is in their hearts.

"The inclination toward jazz is carried into college. A few years back the average campus supported perhaps one dance band of eight or nine pieces; now three or four bands of from fourteen to twenty pieces are not uncommon.

Already the impetus from that kind of training and experience is making itself felt, and I predict that it will be felt more strongly in the years ahead. I'll name these kids as among those who show great promise: trombonists Dick Noel, seventeen, Clyde Brown, eighteen, Warren Covington, twenty; drummers Dick Shanahan, twenty, and Louis Belson, eighteen; trumpeter Jimmy Zito, twenty."

Clarinetist-leader **Woody Herman** was just as emphatic: "Today kids hear everyone. Records, the radio, personal appearances afford them an opportunity such as those of us who were learning ten or fifteen years ago never had. With all the advantages today, together with the wonderful opportunities for obtaining the fundamentals of music even during high school days, the jazz-talented youngsters instinctively sort out the best in what they hear and make it their inspiration. All such talent will not be great, but a small percentage of it will—and that's what keeps the supply of jazz greats always mobile. I'll mention three young musicians who carry my approval: Ralph Burns, twenty, pianist and arranger, currently with my own band; Allan Eager, sixteen, a tenorman who plays in the Ben Webster manner; and Chubby Jackson, twenty-five, a string bassist whom I consider the outstanding white virtuoso on that instrument."

Eleven years ago **Red Norvo**, who was then twenty-eight and virtually unknown and played the xylophone and marimba, recorded eight sides for Columbia with what musicians call a studio pick-up combination. The lineup included five men who were to become leaders, five others who later attained wide recognition as star sidemen: trumpeter Bunny Berigan, clarinetists Artie Shaw and Johnny Mince, trombonist Jack Jenney, pianist Teddy Wilson, drummer Gene Krupa, tenormen Chu Berry and Charlie Barnet, bassist Artie Bernstein and guitarist George Van Eps. In 1933 these men, only known to their fellow musicians, might have been called "young musicians of consequence."

Today **Red Norvo** plays the vibraphone; just a few months ago he won a coveted position in Esquire's All-American Jazz Band. What he has to say about young musicians ought to be of special significance: "I've been working around big-time bands and listening to new musicians for the past fifteen years, and I'm convinced that in spite of the draft, there's as much great young talent around as ever. In the past few years I've heard so many wonderful, unknown young kids during my travels that I've had many of them come and work for me—some of them still in their teens. Young men like trombonist Eddie Bert, guitarist Remo Palmieri and pianist Danny Negrin, and dozens

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

AMONG the first things to be understood about authentic jazz music is that it has nothing to do with the popular song. While jazz, because of a certain qualitative-ness, developed along the lines of an American art, the popular song became an American industry. As such, it represents the most naïve form of lyricism in existence. But it makes money—hundreds of millions of dollars, in fact. The marketing of the average "pop tune" is treated with as much solemnity as the sale of vitamin pills, and the promotion involves, among others, that curious oddity known as the song plugger. His function is to coax and cajole bandleaders into featuring his tunes.

It then behooves the leader to sell the song to the public through personal performances, the radio, and on records; and to employ at his own expense the services of a couple of vocalists for the purpose of intoning the lyrics. Such vocalists receive top billing; their names become much more widely known than those of mature musicians, who resign themselves to accepting the "necessary evil" of youthful and musically inept singers. On close inspection it becomes painfully apparent that the "necessity" depends exclusively upon the dollar rather than upon art value. Vocalists, on the other hand, are the bane of jazz lovers. Vocals

mean "pop tunes," and pop tunes mean a qualitative descent in the value of the music. Real jazz has nothing to do with the theme of popular songs—the glorification or frustration of sex.

In explanation of the phenomenon of the popular song we are told that people like to hear simple melodies which they can sing or whistle. This may be true but it is also true that popular songs, with their irrational anthropological incantations to love, constitute nothing more than escape music and therefore can serve no function other than a negative one. Sensing this weakness for escapism, the promulgators of popular music are not only ready to capitalize upon it, but believe themselves to be the fathers of the national taste in music.

And because, to the average American, jazz means popular songs, it is not surprising that the same unfortunate vacuity is often attributed to jazz. Instead, the approach of real jazz is to the reality of its environment—it is at once a healthy and significant artistic interpretation of the times. The qualities of authentic jazz set it unquestionably apart from the popular song. No great industry was required to perpetuate it—it required only a handful of honest, obscure musicians.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

of others I've played with or listened to prove that it's just sentimental nonsense to say there are no young jazz musicians."

By critics and fans alike, trumpeter **Muggsy Spanier** is accorded an important place among jazz greats. But his attitude toward new young musicians is democratic and encouraging: "Don't let anybody tell you there aren't any great new musicians. I've heard them and worked with them, and I can tell you as a musician myself that they stand for some very important developments in jazz. Why, there's one young kid—a pupil of mine—a colored boy only sixteen years old who's studying cornet. I show him technique, play records by some of the great men and tell him: 'That's the general idea.' He builds his own ideas from there. He's just one of hundreds that are going to be great and are coming up to take the place of the old-time greats who've become out of date and out of style.

"Incidentally, there's one fellow, still in his twenties, who's been underestimated by a lot of jazz critics—I mean Harry James. In spite of what Heimer said about him, Harry still is one of the world's great trumpet players for any style and still a great jazzman, too, when he wants to play jazz. I've worked with him and lived with him, and I know what a terrific all-around artist he is."

Though only thirty-six, trumpeter **Red Allen** has almost twenty years of professional playing behind him. Red insists: "Sure there are plenty of fine young musicians, but a lot of them just haven't had the chance to become well known yet. Sometimes they

have to make concessions in their style to play in commercial bands, that's true; but that doesn't prove the talent isn't there. The pianist who worked in my band a couple of years ago, Kenneth Kersey, would certainly have worked his way right up into anybody's list of jazz greats if he hadn't gone into the Army; my current pianist, Albert Williams, only twenty-four, is certainly worth watching. Then there are kids from out my way that I can tell you about—a drummer in my home town of Algiers, Louisiana, named Freddy Coleman; he's really great, and he's exciting! And there's another kid who was in the Waif's Home where Louis Armstrong used to be, and Louis visited the home and bought this kid a horn. Today he's playing a club in Chicago and he's fine. No young musicians? Some kids coming up right now are going to be right at the top."

Jimmy Dorsey, altoman, clarinetist, leader, is yet another veteran whose experience dates back more than twenty years; he's seen the "kids" who played with him in earlier days become household names. On the kids of today Jimmy remarked: "Often, when I need a new man for a replacement, I talk to some of the boys in my band. The usual result is that they come up with a young musician who is entirely unknown to me but who invariably turns out all right. Early training saves time, and the kids who really like jazz take it from there, continuing their studies in combination with actual playing experience. I rarely remember the names of those kids, but I might mention twenty-five-year-old Tommy Kay, guitarist with my band; and an Omaha pianist, Marvin Wright."—P.E.M.

Esquire Ink Pictorial Section



John Rayner and
Betsy Ann



John Smart and daughter
Mary



Thomas Hawkins Kathie
Jack and Tim



Mr. and Mrs. James McQuaid,
and children James Sr.,
and Richard



Fritz Bamberger
with Michael and
daughter Gay



Al Krueger and
daughter Pat



Arnold Sr. and Mrs. Ryan
with Arlen, Arnold Jr.
and Ariel

ESQUIRE DADS



Jack Smith of New York
office and son and
daughter



Elmer Danielson and
Richard (left) and
Warren Robert



Morton Berkowitz
and son David



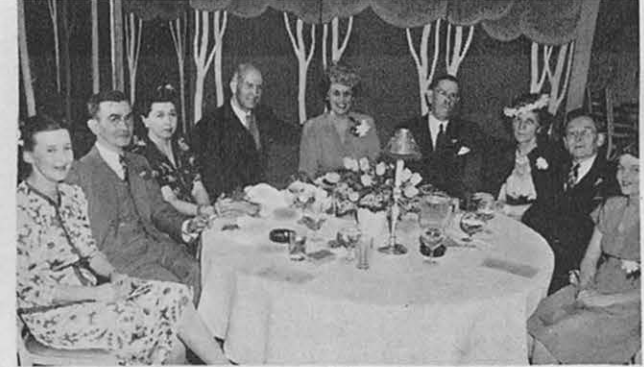
Receiving door prizes from Alfred Pastel are: (l. to r.) Lee Butler, Peggy Gallimore, Jerome Kempler, Sue Wade, Gerd Thorson.



Jimmy Savo came to entertain from Cafe Society Uptown.



Duke Ellington at the Piano. Manny Korchnoy directing community singing.



Around the table are: Mrs. Jean Hench, Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. A. Freden, H. Lind, H. LeMonnier.



Mrs. Arnold Gingrich, Leonard Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Larribe Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alderman, Abe Elden.



Alfred Smart at the microphone gives a short speech.

New Yorkers Frolic at Ritz-Carlton For Esqy-Pades of 1944



Arnold Gingrich making an after dinner speech.



Gene Frederick, Miriam Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ackersmith, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Blumberg, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Schoeffler, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Palazzo.



Wilhelmina Cummins, Anne Carter, Joseph Ross, Idabelle Schiefer, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. D. Berry, R. Knight, W. Bender, E. Cooper.



Milton Blackwood, oldest employee from length of service, receives award from David A. Smart.



Idabelle Schiefer, only woman in Esquire New York office for ten years receives gift from Mr. Smart.



Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Korchnoy, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Lewis, Mrs. Howard Willard, Bert Backrach, and Howard Willard.



Dick Golden, Peggy Gallimore, John Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Mary Harbord, Lt. W. Arpaia.



W. T. Long, Jr., Mrs. Dave Rosenberg, Dave Rosenberg, S. T. Long, Patricia Burton, H. Chevalier.



Lt. Harry Mold and David A. Smart chat over cocktails before going in to dinner.



R. Boyle, J. Grenoble, A. Fitzgerald, A. Pastel, P. Sanders, E. Staley, C. Jeffers, J. Shepherd.

Christmas Comes in April

Esquire Editors Staging Jazz Show **ESQUIRE**

New York.—“Cafe Society Downtown” was open Monday evening, April 10, open for participants and guests of ESQUIRE'S Jam Session. As stated in a recent CORONET article, the Cafe's doorman spends Monday evening informing erring customers that this is the club's night off, but that “Cafe Society Uptown” will be pleased to have their patronage. This Monday ESQUIRE editorial employees and jam performers brushed past the loquacious doorman.

On Kodachrome

Unlike the big show at the Metropolitan Opera in January, this jam session was not open to the public but was staged by ESQUIRE'S Editorial Department to catch jazz men on kodachrome for a Christmas issue pictorial feature. Only musicians and their friends were admitted, and those members of the editorial staff who could convince Bernard Geis they were there “working.” An Army Special Services crew recorded the session and discs will be sent to men overseas.

Leonard Feather, who is in a class with Frank Buck when it comes to bringing back alive famous swingmen, was the invitation committee of one. Among the prize collection of hot and solid jivesters he assembled were Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Eddie Haywood, Sidney Catlett, Oscar Pettiford and other musical elite of 52nd Street swing shops.

Strictly Business

No free-for-all but strictly business, the party nevertheless cost nothing except for the bottled mood inducer which took a good slice of the editorial budget allotted to the feature. The place was donated by the night club's management. The musicians came for the publicity and because they like to sit in with other players. Busman's holiday idea.

Two photographers worked the assignment. Anton Bruehl arrived with six packing cases of equipment and four assistants. He set up lights and carefully posed pictures, concentrating on the meticulous composition that has made his reputation. Staff photographer Sydney Ravitz went after split-second action shots and risked his neck getting daring angle shots. The audience at the tables were warned that pictures and not their pleasure were the prime object and any party might expect to be pushed out of the way if it interfered with a shot.

Great Music

The session got under way soon after eleven and flash bulbs were still popping at 4 a. m. As soon as one musician stepped aside, another took his place. Some of the greatest jazz ever heard in the famous New York hot spot blared out that night. Guests couldn't be kept at the tables and soon stood six deep around the players in true jam session style.

Celebrity gate-crashers noted at a corner table: Life photographer Gjon Milli (without camera) and novelist John Steinbeck.

My Neck Out on Swing

It seems to this protestant, jazz musicians depart so far from the melody all hot music sounds alike

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

As a demonstration of the generous editorial policy of Esquire, I am going to write a few words about hot jazz and swing and all-time bests, words a little less aflame with enthusiasm than those you usually find here. I'm aware of sticking my neck out; and I prefer to do it here, in the citadel and fortress of the fanatics. If I'm to be mowed down, I want it to be by experts.

The first inkling I had of a new music must have been the year after Jimmy Johnson wrote *Old Fashioned Love*; I heard him play it, first the tune and then some embroidery on the tune, and finally something I described as playing it like a negative—the notes he left out were the notes of the melody. It was brilliant and completely satisfying. In February's Esquire I find in Leonard Feather's guide to the perplexed this Q and A: "Why can't we hear the melody? Because, children, it is assumed you know it already, if there was one." The italics and their implications are mine. Feather thinks it normal enough to have popular music without melody. And they hissed Stravinsky!

As a matter of fact, I think it's all right, too, if you know what you're in for. In the same issue of Esquire, Charles Edward Smith, who can carry learning as gracefully as G. R. Lee a G-string—Smith says that "eager early fans are not so much interested in orchestration as in individual performance" . . . and "what is responsible for the spread of jazz? . . . the jazzmen themselves, the individuals." These individuals are virtuosos, technicians of an unbelievable and dazzling skill—and if they and their fans and Leonard Feather are on the right track, they are creating in jazz, of all places, the sterile waste of the coloratura and the acrobat.

About the time Jimmy Johnson was playing, I was arguing in favor of what we called jazz in those days. And the learned, amiable and distinguished Lawrence Gilman argued against me and said that all jazz was alike. He was one of the best music critics we ever had; he could hear music even if he didn't like it; but *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (or *Pack Up Your Sins*, which was then Berlin's best hot number) and the music of *Showboat* and *Old Fashioned Love* and *Runnin' Wild* seemed to him pretty much the same; he couldn't hear the differ-

ences. The reason was, I suppose, that they were played much the same way, with the same instruments in the bands, and there was to him a monotony of beat as well as a banal sameness of melody. To me these and a thousand others were fresh and enlivening and new; I didn't know how to answer Gilman except by saying so.

With this terrible warning out of my own experience, I confess that a lot of hot music seems to me to be all of one piece. There are certain swoops and slurs, certain drivings of the brass into very high, supposedly hot, registers, certain reiterations of the bass, that seem always to occur. Some of the pioneers of the late twenties strike me as highly limited in their vocabularies: they say much the same thing in much the same words—and the only thing that distinguishes one recording from another is the very thing they scandalize and throw away, the original melody. When they go to work without an original, but stamp and stomp out their own, then you have a double jeopardy, because you have a technician writing for himself—and he may not be a good writer.

The thing that makes the specialists glow is the drum major-ette quality of the sax player or the drummer, not showing off physically, but professionally. Everyone of the great ones has shoved the limitations of the instrument a little further off; but not everyone has had a great style, not everyone has been a musician as well as an instrumentalist. It is a pure delight to see a craftsman at work, and I'll call him an artist if you wish, attaching none too great a significance to the word; but the more the craftsman works to satisfy the other experts, the closer to dilettantism he comes. It surprises me to think that art for art's sake, abandoned after Oscar Wilde in London, should rise again in Chicago and Harlem, on the levees and in Congo Square. I can't quite believe, incidentally, that music as universally acceptable as the jazz that came from ragtime, will come to its end in the swing for specialists. *Everybody's Doin'* It will not run down into chamber music—unless it be *Basin Street*.

Music without melody, performance in which no one cares for the total, and the audience shrieks over solo performances—these, I think, are doubtful founda-

tion stones for solid entertainment. Whistler called his picture of his mother "an arrangement" in various colors, but the object was there; later painters left out the object and gave us pure and abstract forms, and these are very exciting or moving, too; painting doesn't have to be representational, but it won't be popular if it becomes too abstract. And while the melody doesn't have to be the oversimplified thirty-two-bar chorus effect of the standard popular song, the popular ear will not be held if there isn't a recognizable melodic line to follow. Once there is, the solos have to be subordinated—and the hot jazzman will whimper and kick. I know. But grand opera remains the one place where the soprano steps out of the plot, throws her arms to heaven, sings her heart out, steps on the apron of the stage, milks the audience for more applause and, if she gets away with it, repeats the whole performance. Years ago someone began to applaud the soloists—someone hired for the purpose. Let's not bring the claque into hot music.

When Esquire was getting up its All-American Band, I ducked naming the ranking men because I hadn't heard all of the best ones and because I felt a slight opposition to the idea of the featured soloist-in-the-band. If concertos are written, a virtuoso joins a band to play his part; otherwise the ensemble is the thing and

brilliantly written individual parts must be worked into the whole. You wouldn't let a soloist jump out of the key of the music and play in another, more grateful to him—or would you? Because that is how these superfeatured players often affect me. And I may say that when they seem to be working together, the opposite effect is one of the most pleasurable I know.

To the untrained ear, the soloists are all trying to do the same thing—and only the ensembles have freshness and novelty; to the untrained ear, the variations on a theme are as tedious as the same things done by Haydn or Mozart, and only the themes themselves have character. There is an old saying and there is a new psychology, both of which bear out this distinction. The saying is that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; the psychology is *Gestalt* psychology and the simplification of its central theme is that the

My Neck Out on Swing

Continued from page 69

quality of the parts is determined by the framework and figure in which they are put together; the whole is not only greater than, it is different from the sum of its parts; and the same parts, in other combinations, would have different qualities and effects.

During the past few months I have been hearing Eddie Condon's shifting band whenever I got a chance, Raymond Scott's sweet music on the air, and loads of reprint-recordings and a few new hot records. Scott is deliberately leaving his old self behind; he is playing familiar music, *Hit Parade* tunes, with his special grace. Condon's shows are variable. But when the solos flow, one into the other, when the background is alive though unheard, when the whole piece of music counts, you have in the apparently loose structure of hot jazz a tremendous organization of power.

A lot of early jazz was based on a monotonous beat, usually in the bass; composers needed this, it seems, to emphasize their syncopation, their departure from strict time. In a lot of boogie-woogie you still get this beat in the piano, and it is only interesting when it has a rhythm of its own—not merely a time beat for contrast. Too often, monotony rises from below. The player becomes enamored of a figure which is intricate, but not otherwise interesting. The pedant can carry it back to the beat of the jungle drum; the listener wants it carried forward—as it is in the *Sacre du Printemps*.

Having mentioned this noble name, I would like to make a suggestion to all the enthusiasts of hot jazz. It is that they listen to one of the great recordings of the *Sacre* (Stravinsky's own and Stokowski's will do) and then go back and listen to some of the relative complexities of swing. I say nothing about the significance of the music, suggest no comparison of what is being conveyed by the music—only the technical means, the mastery of the instrument. The *Sacre* is a generation old and isn't the last word; but it's a good work to listen to. I have heard more exciting rhythms in hot jazz, but never have I felt them go anywhere, progress and develop and go! Maybe that's what bothers me about the whole business: the jazz addicts are willing to be sent; the music does it for them; but it is so busy sending that it doesn't get anywhere itself.

Incidentally, I think that the jazz of today is a notable natural development of the strongest elements in the jazz of yesterday, which wasn't the big polite band; and although you mightn't know it, I enjoy listening to hot music. I gather from certain sources that to enjoy this music and not be utterly liquidated by it is treachery. #

The Rhythm Section



Elegy for hot classics junked by record makers and a forum on the question: how would you spend a million bucks for jazz?



by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

• JAZZ •

JAZZ bears the same relation to popular music as does classical to light classical music. Once such a distinction is made, jazz assumes some semblance of its rightful place in American music. This simple division of the four main categories of the music America hears offers the only intelligent approach to the cultural, social and historical significance of jazz. Its salient implications cut deep into the pattern of American living.

Most jazz fans and musicians have failed to recognize the implications. They have allowed themselves to be mercilessly propagandized into a self-conscious feeling of inferiority, and in large measure the guilt lies with champions of classical music, who long have maintained toward jazz an attitude of righteous smugness, based on irrational appeals to a tradition which persuades rather than convinces.

But now, after ten intensive years of swing (the best swing is in the true jazz idiom), persuasion has become more difficult. The activities of leaders such as Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington

have eliminated the need for the jazz apologist. It now seriously may be affirmed that jazz, germinated by an exciting kaleidoscopic American environment, reflects a healthy, sincere and direct expression of its indigenous surroundings. The art quality attributed to classical music likewise may be credited to jazz, as to any music which interprets its own era in sound patterns of universal appeal. To jazz may be accorded the same dignified treatment and respectful attention given to classical music.

Jazz is an externalization in musical sounds by men who instinctively "feel" the spirit of the times. The jazz listener, too, feels this penetrating reality. The group which favors this music, to be sure, is a minority group—compared with the large public which enjoys its music only in terms of popular songs. But patrons of classical music, matched against this same huge popular-minded audience, likewise are in the minority. Furthermore, the number of persons who listen with appreciation and pleasure to light clas-

sical music far exceeds that which concerns itself with the more serious type.

Remembering these relationships, it is unfortunate that such a wide influence on public taste is wielded by the classicists, who admittedly are prejudiced against anything outside the classical sphere. To cite an example, two major recording companies, Victor and Columbia, are convinced that their greatest contribution to American culture lies in the maintenance of a large catalogue of available classical music having nonspectacular but steady sales value. The better jazz receives no such laudable consideration. Instead, sales of jazz recordings are expected to keep pace with those of the most commercially successful popular tunes of the moment. Because of such thinking on the part of recording executives, a jazz classic such as *West End Blues* is supposed to possess the same sales appeal and marketability as a popular song such as *When They Ask About You*.

Naturally, the gentlemen who make the decisions do not expect Bach's *The Art of the Fugue* to sell as many copies as Tchaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture*. Neither would they, for that reason, remove the Bach masterpiece from the catalogue and destroy the master recording so that no more copies could be pressed. Yet, with regard to jazz recordings, the actions of the boys in the front office reflect an appalling absence of such lofty cultural discrimination. Indeed, in the case of jazz it may even be said that they revise their theories. Because a tune like *West End Blues* does not immediately sell in the hundreds of thousands of copies, it is regarded as having less importance than popular songs of the same vintage, such as *June Moon* and *Carolina in the Morning*. That *West End Blues* was a piece of music worthy of preservation was a fact discovered not by the record companies, but by hot jazz fans. Recorded three times prior to 1930 (by King Oliver on Vocalion, 1925, and on Victor, 1929, and by Louis Armstrong on Okeh, 1927), it gradually came to be recognized by both musicians and fans as distinctive jazz. Collectors soon placed premium values on it. But by the recording companies it was not deemed a sound sales venture until 1941, when Columbia re-

issued the Armstrong version in an album with other Armstrong Hot Five discs. As if to underscore their skepticism, a Cootie Williams performance of the tune recorded for Vocalion in 1941 was not even given an opportunity to sell; it disappeared from the catalogue in less than a year, presumably because one available platter of a jazz classic was regarded as sufficient for the market.

But even though the Armstrong album is now listed in the current Columbia catalogue, it is virtually unavailable, due to the shellac shortage—which has "forced" the official attitude that popular tunes for the juke box trade deserve the lion's share of the shellac. It is significant to observe, however, that the stock of classical albums is kept at reasonably high levels.

This would indicate that jazz still is regarded by the recording companies as the peculiar whim of an esoteric group devoid of substantial musical tastes. Yet, since the group is rapidly expanding in numbers, its broadening purchasing power should attract the attention of busy sales managers seeking a larger volume of record sales. But more than that, it is a group which increasingly is becoming culturally more alert and aggressive, more conscious of its power to dictate trends, more discriminating in its taste musically as well as generally. Box-office support in the form of record purchases derives almost exclusively from such a group of jazz enthusiasts. Given an opportunity, jazz can and does display a long-range selling power equal to that of the classics.

Here, then, is the most potent argument for jazz as an art form, since only music of quality could attain the approval of succeeding generations of jazz lovers. If it is nothing else, good jazz is a type of music which can withstand repeated playing without inciting feelings of boredom and revulsion—as does popular music and even much light classical music.

It is not improbable that the impatience of the classicists stems from an unconscious fear of dethronement, and that their efforts to keep jazz in its "place" are nothing more than an apprehension that a reevaluation of the relative importance of jazz and contemporary serious music might disclose some startling facts about music for a new world. —P.E.M.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

THAT jazz presently finds itself on the short end of critical approval—where critical approval counts most, that is, among personages who set the cultural tone—is not due entirely to factors which lie outside the realm of jazz. It is with considerable sadness that I am forced to report that jazz musicians themselves frequently contribute to the widely held beliefs that jazz and popular music are identical, and that jazz is mere entertainment-music unworthy of dignified presentation. The jazz-ician, of course, cannot control all his actions in accordance with his own private beliefs about his kind of music. Nevertheless, he has it in his power to correct and minimize the distorted charges falsely held against jazz.

Some of the practices which manifest such an irresponsible attitude on the part of jazzmen include the following:

1. Duke Ellington practically insulting a concert audience in Chicago by publicly announcing that it is incapable of comprehending the significance of his forty-five minute composition, *Black, Brown and Beige*, because it does not know the story behind the music—and then playing only two brief excerpts from the much discussed composition.

2. The excessive "plugging" of popular songs on radio broadcasts and recordings, attributable in large part to the fact that many bandleaders own or have an interest in music publishing houses.

3. Glenn Miller allowing that fine jazz cornetist, Bobby Hackett, to sit in his band and play a guitar, only occasionally permitting Hackett to perform solo on the cornet—which is his forte.

4. The keen competition among bandleaders for the questionable privilege of recording "hit" tunes for the transient juke box trade, while simultaneously ignoring opportunities for recording quality jazz tunes which will still be selling ten years hence—and incidentally adding immeasurably to the prestige and reputation of the leader.

5. Benny Goodman recording *Buckle Down Winssocki*.

6. Raymond Scott wasting his excellent CBS band on the rendition of popular tunes with vocals.

7. A groveling subservience by bigname bandleaders to jazzically illiterate movie producers.

8. The complete sellout of that one-time great trumpeter of jazz, Harry James, to the cloying sweetness of commercial popular music.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

Jazz Symposium

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

If you had a million dollars to spend on jazz, how would you use it?

Earl "Father" Hines (veteran swing pianist, leader of a twenty-five-piece band now playing theatres):

You know what I'd like to do first? I'd like to see that some of those old-timers are taken care of. I'd establish a haven for men like Bunk Johnson and some of the others who helped to put jazz on the map and inspired a lot of the fellows who are famous today. I'd build them a place where they could sit down in their old age and have the young musicians come in and talk things over with them.

Next I'd get together with some of the other bandleaders and we'd set up a co-operative booking office, so that we could control our own management instead of having the managers control us. We'd build an organization with offices in every key city, and through it we'd help to eliminate some of the misery musicians go through when they're on the road. I mean, we'd organize a sort of musical Y.M.C.A. in each town, a combination of hotel, restaurant and recreation room, a place where you could depend on some comfort when you hit town on a one-nighter, instead of having to rely on restaurants and hotels that take advantage of theatrical folk. Boy, that'd be the best million I could ever spend!

Vaughn Monroe (ballad singer, trumpeter and bandleader):

I'd use that million to do something for the young talent that hasn't been discovered. After making the proper arrangements with the American Federation of Musicians, I'd go about it this way. First of all, any high school bands interested in taking part would write in to the trade magazines. Then I'd send them free copies of all the best stock arrangements; the Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Artie Shaw series and everything they wanted. Next I'd set up local organizations for county contests, and the winners would take part in a state contest. We'd wind up with a national convention, with the best young bands from all the states brought together, all expenses paid, for a musical tournament. We'd pick out the three top bands and the outstanding soloists and they'd all take part in a coast-to-coast broadcast for an hour and a half right through.

The winning soloists would be given six months' free study with the top men in the business, people like Goodman and Krupa. How would I get them? Well, they'd be guest teachers at my summer camp. That would be a combination school and recreation ground where all the best youngsters would go to get their tuition under staff teachers and guest instructors. Every name

bandleader would take a week off to go to this camp and give the kids a hand.

Eddie South (outstanding jazz and classical violinist who led his own band in Europe for several years):

With my million I'd do two things: set up a shrine and develop a great orchestra. The shrine would be dedicated to the great jazz musicians who have passed on—such men as Bix Beiderbecke, Leon Rappolo, Fats Waller, Chu Berry, King Oliver and Frank Teschemacher. The orchestra I'd form would be a big one, grouped instrumentally somewhat along the lines of the thirty-two-piecer Artie Shaw had before he joined the Navy. I'd want a string section of eight violins, two violas, four cellos and two basses—the bassists would be Milton Hinton and Eddie Brown. In the reed section I'd have men like Hilton Jefferson, Rudy Powell, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster; in the brass section Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Shavers, Russell Smith, Jonah Jones, Dickie Wells, Claude Jones. I'd want two pianos, preferably Bill Taylor and Stan Facey.

I'd book this band on concert tours and I'd spend plenty of that dough on advance and general publicity, promoting both box-office interest and good will. Certainly the million would allow for plenty of rehearsals. I'd consult regularly with a staff of five or six arrangers, each of whom would be selected for a specific purpose; they would help me train the band to play all types of jazz to best advantage. Then the public performances could be the acme of perfection.

Sam Donahue (Musician Third Class, U. S. Navy; tenor saxman, trumpeter and leader of the Navy band formerly directed by Artie Shaw):

One way I could put that money to good use would be to split it among all those Mickey Mouse bandleaders and tell them to retire. But I guess they're making so much I couldn't even buy 'em off, so I'll think of something else.

Well, I'd like to make an educational film, debunking the average musical movie. I'd tear down the studios' haphazard method of sloughing off good music. Instead of having some chick bursting into song somewhere in the middle of a forest, accompanied by an invisible fifty-piece band from out of space, I'd work the music in logically and give the musicians a break. If I could get Duke Ellington or any great colored band, I'd fix it so you could really see the band and get to know it, instead of covering it up with a lot of jitterbug dancing and stuff.

I'd use singers like Martha Til-

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—Don't give your dealer any peace until he stocks up on Hit Records' *Echoes of Harlem* album by the Cootie Williams Sextet. The eponymous title is that of a tune Cootie made famous when his growling trumpet was part of the Ellington band. If you haven't yet found out that Cootie's the greatest all-around trumpet man in jazz today, listen to the way he handles *Sweet Lorraine*, *My Old Flame* and the weirdly-named original tunes in this package. The Sextet is further adorned by two excellent saxmen, Ed Davis on tenor and Eddie Vinson on alto, as well as a promising pianist named Earl Powell.

The harmonic delicacies and subtleties of modern jazz are again brilliantly outlined in a King Cole Trio release on Capitol, with the leader playing piano and singing on *I Can't See for Looking* and *Straighten Up and Fly Right*.

Decca has released Lunceford's double-sided *Back Door Stuff*, which might be subtitled *Monotony in Two Parts*. Don't expect anything up to the Sy-Oliver-vintage Lunceford standards.

As you might fear, the best jazz is again on the hardest-to-get records—Coleman Hawkins' plumbings of *How Deep Is the Ocean* on

Signature, and his four sides on the new Apollo label (produced by Harlem's Rainbow Music Shop) including a new set of variations on *Body and Soul* thinly veiled under the title *Rainbow Mist*. Hawk's brand of music is sensuous and insinuating.

Then there's Ed Hall's fine *Uptown Café Blues* on Commodore, with the electrifying Eddie Heywood on piano; and a Keynote recording of *Just One More Chance* featuring Hawkins and Earl Hines.

ON RADIO—Boyd Raeburn's press agents are hereby authorized to quote us as considering this the best new band we've heard thus far in 1944. Raeburn, long associated with a Mickey Mouse style band, now has some surprisingly great jazz in his books, scored and executed in a manner that strengthens your faith in the development of jazz. At this writing the band, on the air from a New York hotel, boasts several fine soloists, notably alto saxman Johnny Bothwell, who sounds like an ofay Johnny Hodges. Skipping the puny vocalists and some of the more sordid Tin Pan Alley tunes that have to be played, you can hear some fine instrumental music from this outfit.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ton and Martha Raye. I'd have all the recording done simultaneously with the shooting of the pictures, instead of having it dubbed in separately the way they do now. That would help to make the music real and spontaneous. Listen, after I got that movie on the market, all the musicals after that would just *have* to be legitimate!

Baron Timme Rosenkrantz (Danish swing student and writer; one of the experts who selected Esquire's 1944 All-American Jazz Band):

I'd go out and buy a good-sized yacht (post-war plan). I'd hire the Duke Ellington band; talk Cootie Williams and Barney Bigard into taking back their old places; I'd take along Art Tatum as relief pianist, plus a small jam band including Benny Carter, Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. Louis Armstrong would be my guest of honor. We'd stock the craft with just the right viands and potables and shove off on a world cruise. I'd pick up Django Reinhardt in France and take on Svend Asmussen, the great Danish violinist, in Copenhagen. Then I'd take jazz to the world by holding concerts everywhere, trekking inland to the interior of Africa, Asia, Asia Minor, South America, thus picking up the threads of music which have all been fashioned into the universal language of today—jazz!

Count Basie ("Jump King of Swing," pianist and bandleader): Million bucks? Ow! I don't know where to start. I might like to buy up a recording company. Or a radio station. If I could run a radio station I'd put some of those fine little bands and trios on the air, the ones that play in the 52nd Street clubs, for

instance. People read a lot about them but unless they happen to live within reach of them, they never get a chance to hear much music of that kind.

Another thing, I'd buy a big bus and arrange to ship bands out to all the Army camps where the colored soldiers don't get much entertainment.

What I'd like best of all, though, would be to get me a hotel room. Not too large, just enough so I could see my way out financially. That would have to be a place where the bands could work without having to worry about playing anything but the music they like, as loud as they like, and for anybody who wants to come in and hear it—no color lines.

I'd stay there a few weeks in the year with my own band; I'd have a ballroom in Los Angeles where I could have the same policy and another spot like it in Chicago's Loop. The rest of the year I'd put in some of the up-and-coming bands, the ones that need to get good locations and plenty of broadcasts. I'd get Cootie Williams, for instance, and Georgie Auld and Jay McShann and my pal Les Hite. I wouldn't have to worry about people like Duke and Cab, because they're so well set already; but if Lionel Hampton would come in for a few weeks I'd have him anyway, just to glorify the room, though I wouldn't want to follow him for a while afterwards!

Of course, I'd entertain all my friends there and have a wonderful time. Everybody in the house would have to have at least one drink on me every night. Come to think of it, I don't believe I'd have my million long. Say, do you think you can make that six million?

—L.F.

The Rhythm Section

84

Giving the yea to some new record releases and the nay to women as jazz appreciators and performers

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

THE record renaissance is a subject which, for this month at least, has outgrown the confines of our *Jazz Is Where You Find It* box; for, as any experienced trend-spotter will tell you, a new era has begun in the history of recorded jazz.

There were, roughly, three previous eras. In the first, hot jazz was recorded either by accident, because it was cheaper, or because the colored market wanted it. Nobody made jazz recordings for the connoisseurs, since to all intents there weren't any. This went on until about 1934, by which time Benny Goodman was recording frequently with specially assembled "date" bands.

A year or so later, Goodman's success started the swing era and with it a new interest in records by big and small swing units. In the lush period from 1935 to 1939, such artists as Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey were regularly assigned to record popular song hits in an advanced swing style for the gradually increasing juke-box and private-collector markets. In this era, too, the first specialized labels

such as HRS and Commodore got under way.

Then came the reaction caused first by the dealers' discovery that a Glenn Miller or Kay Kyser version of the latest Tin Pan Alley brain-orphan could outsell by ten to one the same tune in a Wilson or Holiday version. This, followed by the war-borne shellac shortage and capped by the complete union ban on all recording as of July 31, 1942, marked the third and unhappiest era.

When the union finally started signing contracts with some of the record companies last fall, musicians who had been kept from studios for more than a year were like caged lions let loose. In the past six months the studios in New York, and occasionally in Chicago and Hollywood, have been alive with good jazz dates, made sometimes by men from famous bands who, in their anxiety to get back in the spin, often recorded for flat scale—thirty bucks for four tunes. In several cases, musicians who were under contract to the two major companies that have still not signed with the union—Victor and Columbia—

have made dates for independent labels, either bashfully under pseudonyms, or even brazenly under their own names.

Meanwhile, new record companies have been springing up almost regardless of shellac priorities. If we can't get the records released now, they figure, at least we can make the sessions and build up the catalog for our post-war market. To which one might reply that the post-war market by now seems to be saturated in advance!

The recording organizations fall into three groups. First comes the trio of long-established companies which think in terms of seven-figure sales and consequently seldom bother with real jazz. They are Victor (including Bluebird), Columbia (with Okeh) and Decca. Of these, only Decca is recording. The others are still using reissues, or else scraping the bottom of their barrel of pre-ban material. In the case of Columbia it's a little hard to grasp just why they are putting out nothing but reissues, since they have scores of fine sides, made long before the ban, that have never been released; by Lena Horne with Teddy Wilson, by Red Allen, Eddie South, Red Norvo, Gene Krupa, Billie Holiday, et al. You figure that one out.

After the big three come the companies whose records aim at five- or six-figure sales and are available in most key cities. Biggest of these are Capitol and Hit, which have very little hot jazz to offer. Among the others are Apollo and Savoy, which aimed first at the colored market but are expanding; and Asch, which started cautiously doing piano solos, then progressed to a series of orchestral jazz dates.

Last come the jazz specialists' labels, which are generally very hard to obtain outside New York and are mostly pressed in three- or four-figure quantities. They are Blue Note, Keynote, Commodore, Signature and a few others whose production facilities are much smaller and whose products we'll therefore assume you will never buy and probably never hear—even in that visionary post-war market.

If you're a new hand at jazz collecting, you may be shocked to know that many of these 1944 recordings are on 12-inch discs and will set you back a dollar fifty; even the ten-inchers cost up to a

dollar. That's what you get for being a unit in a specialized market.

Loosen your purse strings, then, and go first in search of six sides on Asch by Mary Lou Williams. Of the three discs, the best is that which couples *Lullaby of the Leaves* with *St. Louis Blues*. Mary Lou remains the greatest girl jazz pianist; moreover, as you will hear from her beautiful scoring for a sextet in the *Leaves* opus, she is a resourceful and gifted arranger.

The Savoy label's first jazz releases include a tenor sax solo of *Body and Soul*, featuring Ben Webster, with a group led by Cozy Cole. Webster's device for insuring that you won't confuse him with Coleman Hawkins, the original "body and soul of the saxophone," is simple: halfway through, he doubles up the tempo.

Apollo records, made by a Harlem music shop, have some more good Hawkins sides. What happens to *Yesterdays* under Hawk's mellowing influence should prove not only inoffensive, but downright inspiring to Jerome Kern.

Coming to the jazz fan's special labels, you'll find three items, each a foot wide and worth the space, time and money. On Commodore, Eddie Heywood's sextet, under the spell of his unique piano work and arranging, does a job of covering Johnny Green's well-known waterfront in a manner that's melodic, commercial, but still good jazz. Overleaf you find Heywood Beginning the Beguine for five fantastic minutes. And on Blue Note are two sensational records by Edmond Hall's Quintet which wed the ideally mated talents of Red Norvo, recording on vibraharp for the first time, and Teddy Wilson. The couplings are *Blue Interval* and *Seeing Red*; *Rompin' in '44* and *Smooth Sailing*.

The three major companies between them have produced a total of exactly one jazz release since we last went to press—Benny Goodman's band doing *After You've Gone* and *Darkest Strutters' Ball*, recorded two and three years ago respectively, on Columbia. It serves as an indirect reminder of the fact that all the great music and musicians used in the Goodman band from July, 1942, until its dissolution a few months ago have been lost to posterity. Jazz is one art form that can't be preserved on paper. I wonder whether Mr. Petrillo ever thought about that.—L. F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

IN THE MOVIES—you find it all too seldom. The bands that get the biggest film breaks generally aren't jazz outfits and even when they are, their presentation is usually inadequate. As for the small jazz groups, Hollywood has virtually ignored them.

Benny Goodman is enthusiastic about his last picture, which at this writing bears the title *Sweet & Lowdown*. The story is directly concerned with music; one of the principal characters is a trombonist, whose playing was ghosted for him by Bill Harris of the Goodman band. Also worth watching for, if it materializes, is the appearance of the King Cole Trio in *Glamour for Sale*. Another King Cole chore was the recording of some sound tracks for a Walter Lantz *Swing Symphony* short.

Jack Teagarden made a couple of features several months ago, using a pick-up band of studio men, his own orchestra having disbanded some time earlier. One that's due for release is *Twilight on the Prairie*.

Louis Armstrong's delightful screen personality and natural acting ability should have made him a Hollywood big-timer by now, but he's still waiting for a role comparable with the one Orson Welles had in mind before he shelved his plan of building a film around Louis's life story. In the

meantime you may catch Louis, along with Paul Whiteman and others, in an opus named *Atlantic City*.

IN PERSON—When they come your way, there are two young men with young bands worthy of your attention. They have several things in common: both of them are talented on alto as well as tenor sax; both were discharged from the Army in the past year and both are Canadian-born, except Herbie Fields. As you read this, Georgie Auld may be in his native land, playing a Toronto date, or he may have started in Atlantic City; and Herbie Fields will probably be around New York. As outstanding soloists and as leaders of exciting bands featuring modern and intelligent arrangements, they are to be encouraged.

Look out, too, for Stan Kenton, an arranger and pianist with a tendency toward rugged individualism in the choppy sounds he produces from his reed section. His band has made its name around the West Coast, but was helped by a long run on Bob Hope's coast-to-coast program. At long last Kenton is due back East and from where we're standing that's good news, even more so since we heard he signed up Anita O'Day, just about the best ofay girl singer with any band today.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

Do you think that, as a rule, women are incapable of appreciating or performing jazz?

Louis Armstrong, bandleader, trumpeter vocalist:

Maybe most women don't appreciate good jazz. I've known a lot of women who probably didn't notice the difference at first, but by being around jazz and musicians who played it lots, it automatically dawned on them. And from then on, nobody can tell them anything about it, because they know. And I've noticed from their reactions that they do really appreciate it.

You take Alpha, my third wife. She traveled all over the world with me, went to my rehearsals all through Europe, heard me play with my many different jazz bands. And before I knew it, Alpha would tell me just the spots that weren't right and the ones that did sound good, too. It was all so different from the time when she first joined up with me. Now I know she appreciates good jazz.

When Lucille, my fourth wife, joined me she appreciated music to a certain extent. Quite naturally she would, being a chorus and glamor girl in all of those big Broadway (sepia) shows where gobs of music were being played. Since then she's voiced her opinion, mentioned different spots about tunes we were playing and gone so far as to give a suggestion or so.

Of course, it's needless to say anything about Lil's (my second wife) appreciation of jazz, because she's a wizard at playing the jive. I mean she really knows, and appreciates all good music. She would get so frank with me whenever I'd mess up a tune or make a bluey—I'd jump real salty. But I'm hep enough to know that her frank opinions were meant for my advancement in jazz.

That's why I say jazz music has to dawn on most women. And it's too bad from then on. Not that they don't dig—most women just don't get the chance to really enjoy anything but their home duties. But give them a break and they'll give some of the finest suggestions—better than men.

Viola Smith, drummer, formerly leader of her own all-girl band, now with Phil Spitalny:

Women may lack the fortitude of men, but despite this there are still many good musicians as yet undiscovered among women. As a rule, women are as capable as men of appreciating and performing good jazz. Just because that capability does not find an opportunity for expression does not mean that women are "incapable."

Mary Lou Williams, pianist and arranger, formerly with Andy Kirk, now appearing as solo artist:

No, there are very few women who appreciate real jazz. When they do, it's generally through what their husbands have taught them. During all the years I was

on the road with Andy Kirk's band I saw women getting catty about personalities and musician's good looks and going wild over singers; that's the only way they can see it.

As far as playing is concerned, most instruments are too much of a physical difficulty for the average woman. The piano is just a difficult instrument for anyone to learn. I've known only three or four women musicians who were good enough to take the place of men. One was a pianist in Kansas City named Julia Lee and another was also a pianist, Rose Murphy. There's one really fine girl trumpet player, Doli Armenra, and a tenor sax player named Vi Burnside. There may be a few others around the country, but I know when I tried to organize an all-girl band I just couldn't find enough talent. Of course, I've been playing with male musicians for so many years, maybe I have a superiority complex.

Eddie Durham, arranger, guitarist, trombonist and leader of an all-girl orchestra:

I'd answer yes, most women are incapable of performing jazz—but mainly because they don't stay at it long. Unlike men, they usually do not make a career in music; too often they give it up for married life, or just quit because they can't take the gaff of one-nighters and six-a-day theatre work. However, working with a group of girls such as I have during the past two years, I can say that women have plenty of potential possibilities, that they could learn to play good jazz if they would. Some of the girls in my own band will develop into fine jazz artists if they stick with it: Margaret Baxtron, tenor; Jackie King, piano; Margie Lusk, alto. As for appreciation, my answer is no, women are highly appreciative. I've found quite a few who can appreciate soloists, ensembles and great jazz passages better than I can.

Mary Osborne, guitarist and vocalist, now with Gay Claridge:

Five years ago women breaking into the music profession were frowned upon in much the same way as was their right to vote, their intrusion into man's business world with the establishment of their own businesses and their right to live as bachelor girls. Now women are playing a very important role in everything, and that is beginning to include music.

My first professional job was with two girls from North Dakota, all of us green and poor instrumentalists. After four years of hard work, listening to records and bands, driving miles to jam with fellow musicians, we finally were rewarded by learning the secret of playing jazz. I believe if more opportunities were offered, more girls would be interested in training themselves and getting

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEFT

THE newcomer to jazz usually finds it difficult to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. He is beset, on the one hand, by a conflicting critical opinion not yet defined by tradition; and on the other, by an ear untrained to the unique tone-qualities which identify the music and set it apart. Nor are these the only sources of confusion. Jazz and swing orchestras too often play mere "popular music," or use the melodies of popular tunes as a springboard for stylized treatment. The newcomer may be expected to ask: Is hot music recognizable by the peculiarities of the melody or by the treatment of the melody? There is no unequivocal answer. Neither the tune nor the way it is played gives an airtight clue to the genuineness of jazz.

That is because jazz displays a certain tonality heard by the ear, a distinctive feeling and spirit possessing spontaneity and timeliness, reflecting the environment. Since the sound that is jazz, *per se*, is only inadequately explained in words, the best advice to anyone seeking to know jazz is that he listen to jazz—all kinds of jazz—persistently and with a willingness toward responsiveness.

The spirit and feeling of real jazz—the flavor and feel of its sound patterns, not peculiarities of matter or manner—are its dis-

tinguishing marks. Jazz may be performed by small groups or large; by soloists with rhythm accompaniment or by a single instrument. The music itself may be arranged or not. None of these simple externalities is a measuring stick.

The clue for the discovery of the true flavor and feel and spirit of jazz does not lie in superficial differentiation in mood, instrumentation, grouping or personnel. It lies in the actual sound patterns of the music. Widely divergent classifications of records can exemplify this fact. A complex Eddie Sauter arrangement performed by Benny Goodman's orchestra (*Benny Rides Again* or *Clarinet à la King*) contains the same spirit and feel as jazz performed by the Goodman Quartet or Sextet (*Blues in Your Flat* or *Soft Winds*). The thirty-two piece Artie Shaw orchestra playing *St. James Infirmary* possesses the same jazz quality as does George Lewis' eight-piece group cutting loose on *Fidgety Feet*. Coleman Hawkins' solo on *One Hour* conveys the identical spirit—though in completely different mood—as does Bunny Berigan on *Davenport Blues*. The spirit of jazz manifests itself, too, in Fats Waller's piano music, Bix's lyric trumpeting, Pee Wee Russell's soulful clarinetting.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

the experience that is needed. I feel strongly that if a woman has talent and a disposition toward jazz, her ability can be cultivated—in just the same way that a man's can be. And a feeling for music in general and jazz in particular is all you need to appreciate it. The sex of the person doesn't count at all there.

I haven't heard or met a large number of women musicians, but I'd like to mention one that thrilled me as much as any male musician that I have heard. Billie Rogers plays a fine trumpet, not overly done but with wonderful taste, good chord changes and fine vibrato and tone.

Boots Muzzili, alto saxophone and clarinet soloist, arranger, now with Teddy Powell:

That's a yes and no question. Women certainly are capable of appreciating jazz and a few of playing it, even though right now there may not be a lot of evidence in that direction. In time, I think, there will be more women soloists. Now just a few can be named—for example Mildred Bailey, Billie Rogers and Mary Lou Williams. If opportunities were present in more abundance and if more serious study were given to the instrument of their choice, the percentage of worthwhile women jazz soloists and players would approximate that of men. After all, just a certain number of men, out of the total playing in jazz and swing bands, attain a rating which places them among the more reputable artists of their profession. On that basis, I think it would amount to the same percentage of the total for women. Already women are beginning to really appreciate jazz—ferreting out the fine points and really digging it.

In years to come I think it will be a common thing and jazz will number among its most enthusiastic fans thousands of women. I say this because I believe that, as with men, appreciation of jazz for women is a matter of exposing themselves to it. If they have an honest and innate tendency in that direction, they'll be just as keen and as articulate in their appreciation as men.

Liz Tilton, vocalist, now with Jan Garber, formerly with Bob Crosby:

Mary Lou Williams proves that women are as capable of appreciating and performing jazz as men. There aren't more like her because most women musicians don't study or give as much time to the study of music as do men. If they did, they'd be on a par with men, even forge ahead of men. What makes this question very difficult to answer is that, unfortunately, most women regard a career as just something to do until they get ready to settle down to a home and a family.

Billie Rogers, trumpeter and vocalist:

Women are not as capable musicians as men. Their playing often is of a lower calibre because they haven't the physical stamina of men. That is why so few of them are playing horns in bands. Despite their lack of musicianship, however, women are a good box-office draw for bands because they add what men love to call "glamor." But when it comes to appreciation, women are right on a par with men—make no mistake about that. In fact, that part of the question is silly. It's like asking if women are as capable as men of appreciating a great book or work of art.

—P.E.M.

Betty Roche Vocadiscs For Apollo

NEW YORK—Betty Roche, talented blues singer featured with Duke Ellington's orchestra from 1942 until recently, when she joined Earl Hines, was the main figure in an all-star recording date organized for her by Leonard Feather, for the Apollo label owned by Harlem's Rainbow Music shop.

Feather, well known composer-critic now writing regularly for Esquire, Look and Metronome, has been composing original music and lyrics, as well as assembling the bands and supervising recording, for a series of Apollo sessions. The stars he gathered together for Betty Roche's solo debut included Ray Nance, trumpet and violin star from the Duke's orchestra; Earl Hines at the piano; Joe "Flip" Phillips from Woody Herman's band on tenor sax and clarinet; Al Casey on guitar, and Oscar Pettiford on bass, and Sid Catlett on drums.

THE PRESENT-DAY LOUIS

Radio Reported
by "DETECTOR"

and spontaneously as ever in the past. It was still the same grand old Satchmo, especially in "Lazy River."

But perhaps that is what was worrying Leonard Feather. New young players spring up with new ideas while Louis remains just Louis. To anyone who attempts to read into that even the slightest shadow of condemnation I say just two things:

First, when Louis first started to play jazz there was no ready-made high-

IN the "M.M." for March 18 last Leonard Feather wrote from New York, apropos Louis Armstrong's performance in the "Esquire" Metropolitan Opera House Concert:

"Louis is simply getting old and hasn't got the power, the imagination or the lip to keep up with the younger stars who have built on the foundations he set so many years ago and have since gone far ahead of him."

"... not in one number on trumpet did he dispel that awful uneasiness that kept me wondering all the time whether the next note was going to be a good one or a clunker."

Well, Leonard lives in America and has plenty of opportunities of hearing Louis in the flesh, and I, who have had no such opportunities since the war, am not going to be so rash as Mr. Peter Tanner and rush into print and say that Leonard is talking nonsense.

But I will go so far as to say that the broadcast last Tuesday week of the American recording of Louis and his band showed not the slightest justification for Mr. Feather's attack.

True, the old voice was a bit more hoarse as Louis croaked out "Kalamazoo," "Me and Brother Bill" and "Sunny Side of the Street." But the style and the exuberance were still there.

And it was the same with Louis's trumpet. The notes came out as clear

way for him to tread. He had to make it for himself out of what was barely even the semblance of a track.

Practically everything he did he himself originated, and the fact that no one else has appeared on the scene who has invented even a tenth of what Louis invented proves that he was the greatest creative artist jazz has ever known.

Secondly, Louis's playing is not only one of the very few things in jazz that have not dated, but because of its undeniable artistry probably never will date as long as jazz remains in existence, so what need is there for him to attempt to change it?

There are many clever new trumpet players in the limelight to-day, and many of them have originated tricks and styles of their own.

If Leonard Feather had left it at saying they have built on the foundations Louis laid I would have had no quarrel with him.

But when he goes on to say that they have gone far ahead of Louis I can only just wonder which way "ahead" is supposed to be.

* * *

MUSIC GRAPEVINE

City's 52d Street's Downbeat jam session Monday (19). Cootie Williams to be honored in similar fashion July 3. . . . and Drummer Buddy Rich with Tommy Dorsey debuting on *All-Time Hit Parade* Monday (19).

James Tales to Kids

Harry James has talk sessions with teen-agers once a week at the Astor Coral Room, answering questions thrown by high schoolers. . . . Lee Castle's ork at Pelham Heath Inn, New York, expects a CBS wire. . . . George Schottler, Leeds Music professional manager, back from Midwest jaunt.

Len Feather is fathering waxing sessions for Apollo Records. Cut three dates recently, one with Betty Roche, formerly with Duke Ellington. Second stint included Earl Hines, Ray Nance, Joe Phillips, Sid Catlett, Oscar Pettiford and Al Casey. Third featured Coleman Hawkins, Georgie

Auld and Ben Webster, three top sax men on one disk.

Herb Fields, whose new band is now in rehearsal, headed a group that cut four sides for Signature recently. Others on date were Leonard Ware, Taft Jordan and Sidney Catlett. . . . Lawrence Welk has done five of the 24 Soundies he signed for. . . . Cleo Floring on road with D'Artega's band. . . . Three Sisters to make pic with Abbott and Costello for Universal. They've been with Raymond Scott's CBS house band.

Duke Writes New Song

Duke Ellington working with poet Langston Hughes on song about Negro WACS. . . . Pianist Art Hodes led band, cutting four sides for Blue Note last week. Men on date included Edmond Hall, Max Kaminsky, Vic Dickinson and Sid Weiss. . . . Carl Ravazza follows Chuck Foster at Blackhawk, Chicago, eag

Jun new mid Live Cha with

H F N B h S c M f Y E

H B pea eag

Between the Covers Notes from July Mags

INSIDE ESQUIRE:

Do you know any philanthropist who wants to give a million dollars to the furtherance of Jazz? Leonard Feather, co-editor of Esquire's Rhythm section knows how it would be spent. As the question of the month, he queried several top jazzmen. Their answers are in the July issue.

DAILY MIRROR JUNE 21

Hinton Will Get 'Esqy' Statuette

Milton Hinton, bass player with Cab Calloway and his orchestra, will be honored by Esquire Magazine today when he will be awarded the "Esqy" Statuette by Leonard Feather, a jazz critic. The presentation will take place on the stage of the Strand Theatre where Calloway and his band are now appearing.

N.Y. POST July 1st.

THE POST'S PICK OF THE RADIO HIGH SPOTS FOR THE DAY

1.00 WNY New York Post
 7:00—WOR, "Guess Who?"
 Peter Donald. WEAJ. American
 Story. WABC, Mayor of the
 Town. WMCA, "Platterbrains,"
 Gene Krupa, Cootie Williams,
 Leonard Feather.
 7:30—WMCA Johannes Steel

**"PLATTERBRAINS" JAZZ-QUIZ TAKES THIRD BIRTHDAY BOW ON WMCA
(Saturday, July 1st, from 7:03 to 7:30 PM)**

"Platterbrains", WMCA's record-quiz moves into its fourth year of consecutive broadcasting on Saturday, July 1st, 7:03 to 7:30 PM when the popular series celebrates its third birthday. The records and questions aimed at the experts by quiz-master, Leonard Feather, on the anniversary broadcast will be culled from among the trickiest submitted during the past year.

Premiering in 1941, the novelty music program designed to test the experts' knowledge of jazz records has presented a cross-section of top personalities in the field of modern music. With Bea Wain and Tommy Dorsey sharing the spotlight on the inaugural broadcast, the program has since featured Larry Adler, Hazel Scott, Joan Edward, Vaughan Monroe, Harry James, Count Basie, Artie Shaw, Canada Lee, critic John Hammond, Dick Haymes, and Gene Krupa among others.

Feather, who has been emceeing the "Platterbrains" show since the original quiz-master Bob Bach left for the armed services in April of 1942, is a nationally known critic of jazz and swing. Known to devotees of written commentary on what goes on in the world of jive as one of the editors of Metronome, Feather has recently been appointed regular contributor to Esquire's new music department. In his moments of relaxation the British-bred expert collects records and at the last count numbered some 5,000 top disks in his personal library.

* * *

6/20/44

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U.S. MEMORIAL CONCERT TO FATS WALLER

New York News from **LEONARD FEATHER**

CARNEGIE HALL, WHICH IS WELL ON THE WAY TO COMPETING WITH 52ND STREET FOR A JAZZ REPUTATION THESE DAYS, WAS THE SCENE OF A BIG MEMORIAL CONCERT FOR FATS WALLER HELD APRIL 2 UNDER THE AUSPICES OF A LEFT-WING GROUP CALLED AMERICAN YOUTH FOR DEMOCRACY.

The parade of pianists who took part in this tribute was truly memorable. **Teddy Wilson** started the show with his fine little band; **James P. Johnson** revived a couple of old Waller tunes pleasantly; **Count Basie** brought his whole band and **Jimmy Rushing**, **Duke Ellington**, **Earl Hines** and **Mary Lou Williams** played some fine solos. **The Lion** re-echoed his "Echoes of Spring."

Altogether it was a pretty representative gathering; if only **Art Tatum** and **King Cole** had been in town it would have been very nearly complete.

Duke Ellington reopened at the Hurricane, the same Broadway spot where he spent half of 1943. The band sounds great, though it's to be regretted that they've added very little new material to the books since last year, and the unfortunate **Al Hibbler** is still there—for some reason **Herbie Jeffries** didn't come back. And **Betty Roche's** departure has left a great gap. **Wini Johnson** is much prettier, but only an average singer. **Betty** is at present filling in a week with **Earl Hines'** band, and may stay with him permanently.

WATCH RAEBURN!

The other day I called **Eddie Condon** and **Red McKenzie** answered the phone. It was strange to hear his voice again; he just came to town because **Woody Herman** was passing through St. Louis and offered him a lift.

Red had been working in a war plant but had the urge to get into the music business again. At present he's just seeing the town and singing at a few jam sessions.

Also just arrived in town is **Benny Goodman**, who gave up his band on the coast last month mainly to get out of his M.C.A. contract. Despite a lot of false alarms, Benny has no intentions of giving up bandleading; in fact, he will almost certainly be back in a few months with something new and startlingly different.

Jess Stacy has dropped plans to form his own band, and, of all things, has joined **Horace Heidt**.

Artie Shaw is still the centre of a lot of rumours. It seems probable that he will take over **Harry James'** band if James finally goes in the army. And the navy band which Artie led before his medical discharge has been working under the direction of **Sam Donahue** and was reported set for a trip to England, probably this month.

Maxie Kaminsky and **Dave Tough**, who both received discharges from this band, are not working at present.

Bobby Hackett is now with the Miff Mole group at Nick's, along with **Condon** and **Pec-Wee**. Bobby made some records last week with Joe

Marsala for the Savoy label. **Muggsy Spanier** opened and closed in one night at Nick's, for regrettable reasons.

Mary Lou Williams cut a record date for the Asch label last week, using **Frankie Newton**, **Wio Dickenson**, **Ed Hall**, **Jack Parker** and **Al Lucas**. They made three of Mary's tunes ("Little Joe from Chicago," "Satchel Mouth Baby," "Roll 'Em") and "Lullaby of the Leaves."

And **Coleman Hawkins'** records for the new Apollo label have just appeared—"Rainbow Mist," which is actually a new version of "Body and Soul," "Disorder at the Border," "Feeling Zero" and "Woody'n (sic) You."

Some of the writing for this session was done by **Dizzy Gillespie**, who, in addition to leading a nice little quintet at the Yacht Club, is doing some very intriguing arrangements for several big bands around town.

Talking of big bands, the most surprisingly fine one of the season is that led by **Boyd Raeburn** at the Lincoln Hotel during the past few weeks. Raeburn is well known in Chicago, where he led a **Mickey Mouse** style band for many years and a more modern group in the past two years. This is his first New York band, and it's little short of sensational.

The arrangements are different and exciting, and the band swings. **Johnny Bothwell**, the lead and solo alto man, is the nearest thing to **Hodges** I've ever heard from an ofay musician. And for the past few days **Roy Eldridge** has added to the excitement by filling in with Raeburn.

Roy is now rehearsing a big band of his own.

Raeburn will be on two networks during his engagement at the Commodore Hotel during the whole of May, so you may be able to catch him on short wave.

Another band you should watch out for is **Woody Herman's**. With arrangements by **Dave Matthews** and others of that calibre, plus the newly added **Flip Phillips** on tenor, Woody has a band and a musical policy that's far ahead of his old semi-Dixieland conception. However, it's expected that Woody may have to depart for the army soon.

NEWS OF WILLIE LEWIS

Milt Gabler is army-bound, and **Harry Lim** takes his physical next week. **Oscar Moore**, the great guitarist with **King Cole**, was in the army only a few days, and after receiving a medical discharge rejoined the Cole Trio. **Billie Holiday** made four sides for Milt Gabler's Commodore label, using **Eddie Heywood's** boys plus **Teddy Walters** on guitar.

Charlie Shavers is back with **Raymond Scott**. **Buster Bailey** has been telling people he is through with **John Kirby**, and it looks as though the Kirby group's future is highly problematical with these two key men gone.

Another bassist has become a leader—**Oscar Pettiford**, who has his own quartet at the Onyx and is playing some of the most fantastic stuff imaginable.

Repatriates from occupied territories recently included pianist **Freddy Johnson**, former **Willie Lewis** guitarist **John Mitchell**, and **Elisabeth Welch's** brother **John**, who all came in on the "Grinsholm." **Willie Lewis**, by the way, is now head waiter in a Harlem bar, the **Lamar-Cheri**, where his former trombonist, **Billy Byrnes**, is a bartender.

Count Basie has made two record dates with small groups from his band—one for **Keynote**, the other for **Commodore**. They can't use his name, since he still has a theoretical contract with **Columbia**. Alas, **Columbia** and **Victor** still can't record owing to the union mess. As a result, it's now almost two years since bands like **Ellington's** and **Goodman's** made records, and the end of the dispute is still not in sight.

In the meantime, the other companies—**Decca**, **Capitol**, **Hit**, etc.—are recording more busily than ever.

JUNE 3 1944

THE MELODY MAKER AND RHYTHM

GOODMAN'S BAND BREAK-UP ONLY TEMPORARY

Red-hot New York News from **Leonard Feather**

BENNY GOODMAN IS NOT THROUGH WITH JAZZ. DESPITE THE WIDESPREAD STORIES THAT FOLLOWED THE BREAK-UP OF HIS BAND IN MARCH, HE IS ONLY WAITING UNTIL HE GETS OUT OF HIS M.C.A. CONTRACT, AND WILL THEN START UP AGAIN WITH A NEW-STYLE BAND, HE SAYS.

Two big openings of the past week in New York were **Duke Ellington's** at the Hurricane and **Count Basie's** at the Lincoln Hotel. Duke sounds wonderful, despite personnel problems. Tizol is leaving very shortly, and will either go with **Harry James** or else settle down in his California home.

Harold Baker was drafted this week, which leaves a serious gap. Baker had been an invaluable cornerstone of the band for the past two years. **Claude Jones** is replacing Tizol; Baker's successor has not yet been selected.

Basie had a very successful opening, attended by every big name leader in town. Remarkable feature of the band was the great, and frequent, trumpet solo work by **Joe Newman**, whose move to this band after three years with **Lionel Hampton** has proved very useful to the Count.

There were also exciting moments by **Buddy Tate**, **Harry Edison**, **Dickie Wells**, **Lester Young**, **Jimmy Rushing** and the Count; and **Thelma Carpenter** sounded okay.

SMALL CO. RECORDING

Recording for the small companies in New York is continuing apace. To-day I saw two sessions taking place in adjacent studios. One was a Dixieland date by **Milt Gabler** for **Commodore**, with **Muggsy**, **Miff Mole**, **Condon**, etc.; the other was a **Charlie Shavers** session by **Harry Lim** for **Keynote**, with **Earl Hines**, **Tab Smith**, **Jo Jones** and **Al Lucas**.

They made four 12-in. sides, including "Rosetta" and a wonderful "Star Dust." Shavers' terrific work had the other four men in a dither of enthusiasm.

Shavers is now back with **Raymond Scott**—permanently this time it seems. **John Kirby** found a replacement for him in Detroit. Scott's band, which sounds extraordinarily fine at times, now includes **Ben Webster**, **Israel Crosby**, **Specs Powell** and **Benny Morton**, as well as many of the top white radio men.

A terrific jam session took place the other night, staged by "Esquire" for the benefit of a photographer, who got material for a big jazz spread in rotogravure, which the magazine will use in an early issue.

Some of the music was recorded by the Army recording unit for V.Discs. Among the items cut were a remarkable trombone duet by **Vic Dickenson** and **Trummy Young**; **Billie Holiday** covering the waterfront, and a number by the wonderful **Eddie Heywood** Band.

Later in the evening the Duke and the Count both came in and sat at the piano playing four hands, while **Rex Stewart**, **Junior Raglin** and about six of Basie's men jammed.

New stage show of the week features **Frankie Carle's** Band at one of the top theatres. The band, although only a couple of months old, has been getting some exceptionally good book-

ings on the strength of the build-up Carle had while with **Horace Heidt**.

It's an ordinary combination, with six brass, five reeds and four rhythm—that is, if you can include Carle's sticky, stereotyped piano work as part of the rhythm section. The band has absolutely nothing of any musical importance to offer, but it's obviously headed for fame and fortune.

From California comes the not unexpected news that **June Richmond** has at last made her long-contemplated departure from the **Andy Kirk** band to work as a solo artist.

There is great excitement along **Fifty Second Street** this week, for **Red Norvo** is returning to the **Hickory House**, where he first made a name as a bandleader a decade ago. With him are five brilliant youngsters: **Aaron Saxe** (clarinet), **Danny Negis** (piano), **Remo Palmieri** (guitar), **Eddie Dell** (drums) and **Clyde Lombardi** (bass).

Further up the street, **Coleman Hawkins** is returning to town to put a small band into the **Yacht Club**, where, oddly enough, he will be right next door to **Ben Webster**, currently co-featured with **Sid Catlett** at the **Three Deuces**. (Ben is doubling on this job from his studio assignment with **Raymond Scott**.)

Freddy Johnson, who returned here recently in an exchange repatriation deal after two years in internment camps, is expected to go to work as accompanist for **Marva** (Mrs. Joe) **Louis**, who has started on a singing career.

LOOK'S Record Guide

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Cootie Williams



June Havoc



Duke Ellington



Patty Andrews



Louis Prima



Muggsy Spanier



Earl Warren

ECHOES OF HARLEM—The eight sides in this great jazz album are a potent reminder that Cootie Williams is the greatest all-round trumpet player alive today. Leading a sextet drawn from his own big band, he plays melodic ballads (*Sweet Lorraine*, *My Old Flame*) and rhythmic instrumentals (*Floogie-Boo*, *Honeysuckle Rose*) with brilliance. He is supported by Earl Powell, piano; Eddie Vinson, alto sax; Ed Davis, tenor sax; S. Payne, drums; Norman Keenan, bass. (Hit)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE—Here is another show album of four 10-inch records featuring principals from the New York production. June Havoc handles the lyrics of *There Must Be Someone for Me*, Cole Porter's successor to *Let's Do It*. Wilbur Evans sings *I Love You and Girls*; Corinna Mura does *Carlotta*, Harry Sosnik directs the music. (Decca)

ELLINGTONIA—Vol. II: Following up the best-selling album released last year, here are eight more sides recorded by the Duke between 1929 and 1931. The two-sided *Tiger Rag* has dated pretty badly, but *Creole Rhapsody*, *Yellow Dog Blues* and *Awful Sad* were far ahead of their time. (Brunswick)

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT—The Andrews Sisters have adapted King Cole's ditty about the buzzard and the monkey. This version swings, but the harmony is thin and Cole's original record is by far the better. Reverse: *Tico-Tico*, competently done. (Decca)

CRAZY RHYTHM—and *Get Happy*, revived by Coleman Hawkins in another Signature release in which the leader's fine tenor sax is given competition by Eddie Heywood on piano, Oscar Pettiford on bass. Hawkins' famous version of *Body and Soul* has been reissued, paired with a too-commercial Earl Hines, *It Had to Be You*. (Bluebird)

A FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH—one of four more entertaining, musically adequate sides by Louis Prima's band. The backing is *Kentucky*; the other disc offers *There's a Lot of Moonlight Being Wasted* and *Louise*. (Hit)

CONCERT FAVORITES—In this album is a wide variety of songs, from *Drink to Me Only to Tosti's Mattinata*, well sung by baritone John Charles Thomas. (Victor)

SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN—This rain-soaked version comes up in Dixieland style as done by Muggsy Spanier. His cornet, Ernie Caceres' baritone sax on the reverse, *Sweet Lorraine*, are redeeming features. (Commodore)

EMPTY HEARTED—Earl Warren's pretty alto-sax work and weak singing are displayed here, while Dickie Wells shines on *Tush* as composer and trombone soloist. Though issued under Warren's name, both sides feature the entire band of Count Basie. (Savoy) . . . Dickie Wells, in turn, leads his own recording septet, featuring Lester Young and Bill Coleman, in *I Got Rhythm* and *I'm fer It Too*, both replete with good solos. (Signature)

STRAY NOTES: Burl Ives sings Americana in his *Wayfaring Stranger* album on Asch . . . *Jammin' the Boogie*, a 12-inch Albert Ammons disc, has good Don Byas tenor, Lips Page trumpet and Vic Dickenson trombone (Commodore) . . . Christopher Robin says his prayers, vicariously through Morton Downey, on Decca.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- BLUES BY BASIE—Count Basie Album (Columbia)
- MEXICO—Xavier Cugat Album (Columbia)
- I'LL WALK ALONE—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Victor), Mary Martin (Decca)
- MEMPHIS BLUES—Harry James (Columbia)
- LONG AGO—Bing Crosby (Decca)

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Fats Waller



Buddy Clark



Cab Calloway



Xavier Cugat



Stan Kenton



Evelyn Knight



Bobby Sherwood

FATS WALLER FAVORITES—The inclusion of such tunes as *Hold Tight* and *Your Feet's Too Big* in this memorial album, out of the hundreds of discs made by Waller from 1929 to 1942, tends to stress his role as a comic rather than as a great musician. Despite the poor choice of material, the general entertainment value is high, and collectors will want the new version of his *Honeysuckle Rose*, which he plays (though unconvincingly) à la Bach, Beethoven and Waller. (Victor)

REMEMBER—Buddy Clark does a typical straightforward, unpretentious vocal job on eight of the song hits of the First World War. Those who remember *Smiles*, *My Buddy*, *K-K-K-Katy* and *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight* will find pleasant nostalgic listening in these versions, all with Hammond organ accompaniment. (Columbia)

LET'S GO JOE—Cab Calloway's brass section tears into this simple riff tune with zest, while Cab's exuberance, the Cabaliers' vocal harmony and Shad Collins' trumpet share the disc. Overleaf is Buster Harding's arrangement of the old Benny Goodman Sextet tune, *A Smo-o-o-oth One*, aided by some Jerry Blake clarinet, Jonah Jones' trumpet, Ted McRae's tenor sax and the usual fine support of Cozy Cole's drums. (Okeh)

AMOR—Xavier Cugat's version of this bolero is characteristically svelte. Coupled is *No Te Importe Saber*, or *Let Me Love You Tonight*. Vocals are sung in a Dietrich-like style by Carmen Castillo. (Columbia)

ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM—Pianist Stan Kenton and his promising band are shown to advantage in this Ravel-like elaboration of their radio theme. The last part is in tempo, with some great work by the saxes. Returning to the jazz idiom, Kenton plays a fascinating instrumental on the other side, entitled *Eager Beaver*. Solos, section work and ensemble are all of exceptional interest. (Capitol)

SWINGING ON A STAR—Freddy Slack submerges his band behind the singing of the Brian Sisters and Margaret Whiting, respectively, in this tune and *Ain't That Just Like a Man*. Performances are adequate, and the latter tune sounds like a hit. (Capitol)

SNOW WHITE—This album of film hits, by Lyn Murray's orchestra and chorus, Evelyn Knight and other singers, plus Disney illustrations in the leaflet, will have an unlimited "children-of-all-ages" appeal. (Decca)

SWINGIN' AT THE SEMLOH—Bobby Sherwood is heard as guitar soloist here, and as vocalist on the weak reverse, *Arkansas*. Sherwood is successful in the first capacity, playing his own composition. (Capitol)

BASIE ENGLISH—Basie-style piano work by Johnny Guarnieri gives this side its title. There are first-class solos by Billy Butterfield, Lester Young and others on this and Guarnieri's neat *Exercise in Swing*. (Savoy)

STRAY NOTES: Coleman Hawkins is still cropping up, doing *'S Wonderful* and *I Only Have Eyes for You* on Keynote, *Ol' Man River*, with Cozy Cole's All Stars, on Savoy . . . James P. Johnson's 12-inch *Victory Stride* on Blue Note has some good solos . . . Little Jazz (Roy Eldridge) has four interesting sides on Keynote.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- AND SO LITTLE TIME—Jerry Wald (Decca)
- ONCE TOO OFTEN—Ella Fitzgerald (Decca)
- AND THEN YOU KISSED ME—Bob Strong (Hit)
- AMOR—Bing Crosby (Decca), Wayne King (Victor), Percy Faith (Decca)
- TOO LATE TO WORRY—Texas Jim Lewis (Decca)

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Les Brown

SUNDAY—Recorded two years ago but just released, this side and the coupling, *Out of Nowhere*, show the Les Brown band at its best. Both numbers were arranged by Ben Homer. *Sunday* opens with a Butch Stone vocal and proceeds to some impressive trumpet work by Billy Butterfield. The sax and rhythm sections of the band are both well displayed on the reverse. (Columbia)



Charlie Barnet

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Charlie Barnet's orchestra seems strangely out of character with the string section that was added when he recorded this recently-revived tune. Bob Carroll's vocal takes up much of the wax. On the back is Alvino Rey's old band in *Don't Take Your Love From Me*, with Yvonne King singing, Rey on the guitar. (Bluebird)



Billie Holiday

I'LL BE SEEING YOU—Billie Holiday is not at her best here. The tempo is too slow, the accompaniment by Eddie Heywood's band under-recorded; and the coupling, *I'll Get By*, is inferior to the earlier version of this same tune she made with Teddy Wilson. Nevertheless, Billie manages to do interesting things with these songs. (Commodore)



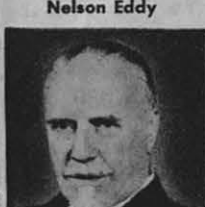
Lucky Millinder

I CAN'T SEE FOR LOOKIN'—Introduced by King Cole, this attractive tune is given its first big-band treatment in the Lucky Millinder version, with Judy Carol doing a fair vocal chorus. More interesting is the reverse, *Hurry Hurry*, presenting a new blues singer, Wynonie Harris, assisted by a solid Bill Johnson arrangement, well played. (Decca)



Nelson Eddy

IS IT TOO LATE NOW—Jimmie Davis, "Louisiana's favorite governor," still finds time for music and can be heard in two typical performances on this and the backing, *There's a Chill on the Hill Tonight*. (Decca)



Sir Thomas Beecham

PATTER SONGS—Gilbert and Sullivan fans will welcome this Nelson Eddy album of three ten-inch discs, with the lyrics (from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance* and others) reproduced on the cover. (Columbia)



Art Tatum

SYMPHONY NO. 34 IN C MAJOR—Most interesting of the new Masterworks releases is this Mozart symphony with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic. Also impressive is the performance by the London Symphony of Addinsell's *Warsaw Concerto*, taken from the sound track of the film, *Suicide Squadron*, in which it was featured. Both on the Columbia label.

FLYING HOME—The Art Tatum Trio's performance of the famous Lionel Hampton theme is brilliant, but complete enjoyment of the disc is interfered with by the very poor recording. Tiny Grimes' guitar and Slam Stewart's bass join with Tatum in five more titles on this new label: *Sunny Side of the Street*, *I Know That You Know*, *Body and Soul*, *Man I Love* and *Dark Eyes*. (Comet)

BLACK AND BLUE—This old Waller tune is played by the de Paris brothers, Wilbur on trombone, Sid on trumpet, with Clyde Hart's piano, Ed Hall's clarinet. (Commodore)

STRAY NOTES: Interesting items on the rarer labels include the King Cole Trio's *Pitchin' Up a Boogie* and *I'm Lost*, on Excelsior; Billy Eckstein in two blues vocals on De Luxe, *Good Jelly Blues* and *I Stay in the Mood for You*, backed by an all-star band. The Cliff Jackson Quartet does *Squeeze Me* on Black and White Records.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT—King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- MEXICAN HAYRIDE ALBUM (Decca)
- SNOW WHITE ALBUM (Decca)
- FATS WALLER FAVORITES (Victor)
- BODY AND SOUL—Coleman Hawkins (Bluebird)

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Gene Krupa

SIDE BY SIDE—This tune, well worth reviving, was recorded two years ago by the old, stringless Gene Krupa band, and recently released. The arrangement is average, but Anita O'Day's vocal is outstanding on both this and *Bolero at the Savoy*. The latter also has some Roy Eldridge trumpet. (Columbia)



Benny Goodman

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—Eight numbers waxed by various groups are combined in this stimulating album. Highlights are Cootie Williams' trumpet, Georgie Auld's tenor, Charlie Christian's guitar on *Air Mail Special*, *I Found a New Baby*, *As Long as I Live*; Lionel Hampton's vibraharp on *Rose Room*, *Flying Home*; Mel Powell's piano on *Wang Wang*; Benny himself on all. (Columbia)



Tommy Dorsey

TOMMY DORSEY, STARMAKER—Tommy is featured as trombone soloist in Axel Stordahl's arrangement of Tchaikowsky's *None but the Lonely Heart*; the other seven sides are old hits featuring Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines, Jo Stafford, Ziggy Elman, Buddy Rich. Best are *Swingin' on Nothin'*, with Sy Oliver, and *Oh Look at Me Now*. (Victor)



Claude Thornhill

I'M IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE—and the reverse, *It's a Crying Shame*, are two routine performances by vocalist Gladys Tell and Jimmy Dorsey's band. Jimmy works brief saxophone solos into both sides. (Decca)



Enny De Vries

THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL—Claude Thornhill, now leading a band at Pearl Harbor, recorded this dreamy performance before he entered the Navy. The Snowflakes contribute an ordinary harmonized vocal; Thornhill's piano and arranging lend the distinctive touches to this and to *Moonlight Bay*, which is on the reverse. (Columbia)



Una Mae Carlisle

CHANSONS FRANCAISES—Six very French songs by Belgium's Enny de Vries, with salon-style music. A good successor to her previous album. (Disque International)



Johnny Guarneri

WE'RE ON OUR WAY—Alfred Drake joined forces with the Fred Waring ensemble to record the Rodgers-Hammerstein Infantry song. The coupling is the *Army Hymn*, impressively sung by the Waring Glee Club. The glee club can also be heard on a still newer Waring release, *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *The Time Is Now*. (Decca)

TAINT YOURS—Una Mae Carlisle sings and plays her new hit song, paired with her latest ballad, *Without You Baby*. Ray Nance's trumpet highlights both sides. (Beacon)

SALUTE TO FATS—An uncannily lifelike impression of Waller's piano style is given by Johnny Guarneri in this great blues number. Lester Young, Hank d'Amico and Billy Butterfield also are in top form in this and the reverse, *These Foolish Things*. (Savoy)

NIGHT AND DAY—and the reverse, *The Lamplighter's Serenade*, were made by Frank Sinatra before the swooning started, have now been reissued. He sounds the same as after fame and the movies. (Victor)

STRAY NOTES: Assorted Decca vocals include *Fellow on a Furlough* by Phil Hanna; *Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes* by the Merry Macs; *The House I Live In*, one of the better patriotic songs, sung by Conrad Thibault, coupled with *I Spoke to Jefferson at Guadalcanal*.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- WARSAW CONCERTO—London Symphony (Columbia)
- AMOR—Xavier Cugat (Columbia), Wayne King (Victor), Lawrence Welk (Decca)
- LOUISE—Louis Prima (Hit)
- SWINGING ON A STAR—Bing Crosby (Decca), Freddy Slack (Capitol)
- I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Charlie Barnet (Bluebird)
- I CAN'T SEE FOR LOOKIN'—King Cole (Capitol), Lucky Millinder (Decca)

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DISCOGRAPHY

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MEET THE DUKE

(By courtesy of LEONARD FEATHER)

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DUKE ELLINGTON — 1944

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

Before very long it will be two whole years since Duke Ellington made any records. That's a long time, especially in the career of a band that recorded so prolifically, and owed so much to records in its rise to world-wide fame.

Duke has the misfortune of being under contract to Victor, one of the two major record companies that have still not signed a contract with Petrillo (the other is Columbia). In view of this, I hope Duke's British fans will be interested in a pen-picture that will at least help partially to bring them up to date on developments in the band and its music.

No matter what you have read to the contrary, the Ellington band of 1944 is no less dedicated to the production of great jazz than it was in any previous year. Critics who denounce Duke for so-called commercial concessions seem to forget that he was playing a large proportion of popular tunes, and in some instances making mediocre records of them (e.g., "You're Lucky to Me," "Sam and Delilah") many, many years ago. Nowadays he has the advantage that his arrangements of pops are far more interesting, often qualifying as first-rate Ellington music. His treatments of such tunes as "Cabin in the Sky" and "Wait For Me Mary" last year, featuring Ben Webster and Tricky Sam respectively, were typical evidence of this.

Ellington has been striving to establish himself more firmly as a creative force in American music by the writing of such ambitious works as "Black, Brown and Beige" and more recently the twelve-minute "New World a-Comin'." Since you cannot hear these it would be stupid to indulge in a lengthy musical analysis of either. I'll limit myself to the comment that both works are full of musical excitement, new harmonic and tonal textures, a new sense of dramatic form never achieved in his shorter works, and brilliant use of the solo abilities of his men.

Aside from these two concert pieces, both of which had their debut in Carnegie Hall, Duke did not do much writing in the past year or so; this was mainly because he did not have the recording sessions that previously provided a necessary spur to activity. Other reasons were the presence of Billy Strayhorn, and also the fact that the band spent half of 1943 at the Hurricane on Broadway, where the working hours were so long that Duke barely had time to do anything but sleep all day and work on the bandstand all night. Most of the remainder of the year he was on the road doing theatres and one-nighters, which also gave him little chance to sit down and write.

However, the Ellington personality is still imposed strongly on the band in most of its performances. Many of the old standards are still in the books, including modernized and improved versions of "Rockin' In Rhythm," "Ring Dem Bells," "Rose Room," "Black and Tan," "Creole Love Call," "It Don't Mean a Thing" and countless others. And of course many of Billy Strayhorn's pieces are just as typical Ellington as the Duke's own stuff.

Strayhorn, a complex character with conflicting streaks of laziness and genius, scored most of the band's new arrangements last year. Owing to the exigencies of the radio programs from the Hurricane, and the ever-present menace of song-pluggers, most of these were current pops, some good and some good for nothing. Because of the necessity for new pops, and because of his inability to get anything done unless there was an urgent deadline involved, Strayhorn never got around to doing any new originals. However, he did contribute several skeleton scores as backgrounds for solos by various members of the band, such as Taft Jordan's "Tea For Two" and Lawrence Brown's "Somebody Loves Me."

Mary Lou Williams also contributed a few pieces to the books, several of them featuring her husband, Hal Baker, whose superb tone and style are one of the things that make this band Duke's most exciting aggregation of talent ever. Baker's feature rôles in "Star Dust," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and a few others are real gems. Jimmy Hamilton, whose clarinet work hasn't blossomed the way I expected it to under the Ellington aegis, contributed a few unusual arrangements, including a fascinating treatment of "Ghost of a Chance," using just Tizol, Nance on fiddle, three clarinets (Carney's bass clarinet) and the rhythm section.

Duke's brass section, now eight strong, is richer in quality as well as quantity. Wallace Jones may be Army-bound soon, but his will not be a difficult replacement. Nance is still an elegant trumpeter and violin, but overdoes the showmanship and often gives an impression of vulgarity that ill becomes the band. Rex is his own inimitable self, playing with even more charm and sparkle than when he first joined the band ten years ago. However, it's a good thing that when Rex returned to the band after a few months' absence last autumn, Duke had become so impressed by Taft Jordan that he decided to keep him in the band, though he'd originally been hired to replace Rex.

The trombones, the same trio that have been together for twelve years, are magnificent both individually and as a team. Brown, to my mind, is a great hot jazz man at his best, though he's made very few records to prove it. Tricky, of course, is an institution, and one I hope to see still instituted twenty years from now. Tizol still turns out one of his exotic originals occasionally—but Perdido proved he has other ideas too. No, those labels weren't reversed—Perdido is the jump side!

Duke's saxes at present are the weakest part of the band. Duke knows this and is trying to rectify the situation by replacing Skippy Williams,

who's a good musician but not a perfect replacement for Ben Webster. There's some talk that Cecil Scott, an old-timer now leading his own band on Broadway, may give it up and join Duke. Jimmy Hamilton is in Bigard's old chair, and his style just doesn't seem to fit the band. Too bad that Nat Jones had to leave when Toby Hardwicke came back into the lead alto chair; for although Nat's lead work was unsatisfactory to Duke, he did play some wonderful Bigardesque clarinet. And by the way, don't ever believe rumours that Barney may return to the band. There isn't the slightest chance in the world of a reconciliation. Barney has been with Freddy Slack almost continuously since the autumn of 1942, and will remain on the West Coast.

Duke's rhythm section still sounds wonderful when he gets a good pick-up on the air or on transcriptions, but frequently it suffers through his constant comings and goings from the keyboard. Duke spends more time away from the piano than at it, owing to the exigencies of business and the above-mentioned song-pluggers. Sonny Greer is still great; Guy is a solid, effective guitarist; Raglin I find adequate, but inconsistent in solos; there are several bass men, notably Oscar Pettiford, who would effect a considerable improvement here.

I should add that the band's performances vary considerably according to the locale, the mood and the morale of the moment. Too often Duke is inclined to let the men get out of hand, but when there's anything really important to be done, such as a transcription session, you can be sure everyone is on his mettle.

In the vocal department Duke has something truly great in Betty Roché. This young girl replaced Ivie Anderson a year and a half ago, which means unfortunately that she still hasn't been able to make any records. She has that thing known as the beat, plus a good sense of chords, a nice manner of dipping and glissing certain notes, and a tone quality reminiscent

of Ella Fitzgerald at her best. Betty is a greater asset to the band than even Duke himself seems to realize. He features her well, but has stated that he doesn't feel she is a vital part of the band, because her style doesn't match it. Personally I think she's the best singer he's ever had.

Al Hibbler, the blind baritone who scored such a hit at the Hurricane, may be out by the time you read this, so I won't indulge in any recriminations. Duke's male ballad singers have all been cut on pretty much the same pattern, though Herbie Jeffries seemed to me to be the least offensive. It's possible he will return to the band soon.

This seems to take in the whole band except for those two Ellingtonian pillars, Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney. Hodges gets to play very little jazz these days, and I could do with much less "Don't Get Around"

and much more "Main Stem," but even at that he's in a class by himself no matter what he does. Carney is a wonderful musician, whose work both on bass clarinet and baritone sax will be sorely missed if the Army gets him, a possibility that has loomed suddenly of late.

All in all, you can see that the Ellington of 1944 is not exactly in the doldrums. Some things are in need of correction or improvement, but there's so much to hear in this band, so much to look forward to and so much to study, that there's no need to fear either the Duke or his listeners will ever stagnate. Wait until he gets back on wax and I think you'll feel the same way.

This is Leonard's first article for "Discography," and we are pleased to be able to publish work from such a noted critic. We hope to repeat this shortly.

A DECADE OF JAZZ . . . No. 17.

By ERIC TONKS

"The New Call of the Freaks" by Luis Russell and his Orchestra.
"Bugle Call Rag" by The Chocolate Dandies, on Parlo R 1645.

Personnel:

Russell Orch. Henry Allen, Bill Coleman (Trumpets), J. C. Higginbotham (Trombone), Albert Nicholas (Clar.), Charlie Holmes (Alto.), Theo Hill (Tenor), Luis Russell (Piano), Will Johnson (Guitar), George Foster (Bass), Paul Barbarin (Drums). Recorded September, 1929.

Chocolate Dandies. Bobby Stark (Trumpet), Jimmy Harrison (Trombone), Benny Carter (Alto, Clar.), Coleman Hawkins (Tenor), Horace Henderson (Piano), Clarence Halliday (Guitar), John Kirby (Tuba). Recorded December, 1930.

This disc has long been a favourite of mine, and is of especial interest in that whilst both sides are excellent

jazz, they are the products of different lines of development, forming thereby an instructive contrast.

Taking the earlier side, "New Call of the Freaks" is a tune written by drummer Barbarin and proves an excellent vehicle for the display of the band's talents. First, however, a word or two about the Russell orchestra in general; this group was unique in being the only large band composed entirely of jazzmen brought up in the New Orleans tradition with the minimum of external white influence, and represents the purest form of coloured jazz, thus differing from the other large coloured bands—Ellington, Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Webb, etc.—all of which exhibit directly or indirectly a considerable proportion of white New York influence. Leonard Hibbs once very truly said "It would be impossible to imagine a white band sounding like this."

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather, prominent composer, lecturer, critic



Eddy Howard



Evelyn Knight



Perry Como



Tommy Tucker



Johnny Mercer



Kitty Carlisle



Joseph Szigeti

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Two versions of this popular ballad are available. One is by Jerry Wald in his usual style (like Artie Shaw's), featuring a good Ginnie Powell vocal, and coupled with *Two Heavens*. (Decca) . . . The other version has Eddy Howard's vocal with his band and is paired with *I Can't Help It if I Love You*. (Feature)

DANCE WITH A DOLLY—Terry Shand's modernized nursery rhyme is revived in a new recording by Evelyn Knight. The reverse, *Without a Sweetheart*, was composed by the Broadway character, Henry (The Neem) Nemo. Both suit Miss Knight's style. (Decca)

LILI MARLENE—This bowdlerized version of the song picked up by Allied soldiers from German prisoners sounds trivial. It is sung by Perry Como and a mixed chorus. *First Class Private Mary Brown*, the other side, Frank Loesser's new Army revue song, will be a much greater success. (Bluebird)

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE—It's Tommy Tucker time! Tucker has changed his style considerably for the better in the two years since this record was made. This side is entirely composed of vocals; male, female and choral, all equally unimpressive. There's more of the same on *Whisper That You Love Me*, labeled a fox trot but actually a waltz. (Columbia)

DURATION BLUES—Johnny Mercer rhymes *asthma* with *plasma* in his latest composition, which he sings in typical half-spoken, half-yodeled Southern style. Eddie Miller and an all-star band accompany him. *Sam's Got Him* is a similarly topical and amusing opus, with good band support. (Capitol)

AND HER TEARS FLOWED LIKE WINE—Anita O'Day, formerly a Gene Krupa vocalist, makes her debut with the Stan Kenton band in this recording of the curious jive-talk novelty tune. Another ex-Krupa singer, Gene Howard, is heard on the reverse, *How Many Hearts Have You Broken*. (Capitol)

THESE FOOLISH THINGS—This side and the coupling, *Good Night Sweetheart*, both international hits by British writers, are sung in typical musical comedy style by soprano Kitty Carlisle, with strings featured in Harry Sosnik's musical backing. (Decca)

JUST A BABY'S PRAYER AT TWILIGHT—This side and *I'm Lost* combine to make the weakest record released by Benny Carter. Instead of featuring this great composer, arranger and instrumentalist, it consists almost entirely of mediocre vocals. (Capitol)

PEER GYNT—Lovers of Grieg will welcome the release in a new album of this version of the popular suite played by the London Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. Other recommended Masterworks: *Wagner Concert* (Reiner-Pittsburgh Symphony) and Debussy's *Sonata No. 3*, by Joseph Szigeti and Andor Földes. (Columbia)

STRAY NOTES: New hot jazz releases include an excellent version of *Rosetta*, featuring Charlie Shavers, Tab Smith and the composer, Earl Hines (Keynote) . . . Coleman Hawkins does a good riff tune, *Voodte*, coupled with *Hawkins' Barrelhouse*, on Signature; also on this label is *Squeeze Me* by Yank Lauson's Jazz Band.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

A FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH—Phil Hanna (Decca)
ELLINGTONIA, VOLUME II—Duke Ellington (Brunswick)
I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Charlie Barnet (Bluebird)
SALUTE TO FATS—Johnny Guarneri (Savoy)
SING ME A SONG OF TEXAS—Merry Macs (Decca)

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Jack Teagarden



Ella Mae Morse



Harry James



Glen Gray



Hildegard



Lionel Hampton



Eugenie Baird

NEW AMERICAN JAZZ—The music in this album is played by two mixed octets, playing improvised ensembles and solos, and featuring such men as Jack Teagarden, Joe Sullivan, Pete Johnson and Shorty Cheroch. Best features are the tenor sax work of Dave Matthews on *Solitude* and the blues singing of Peggy Lee and Jack Teagarden on *Ain't Goin' No Place* and *Casanova's Lament*. Despite the lumping of musicians whose styles do not match, and the lack of co-ordination in the ensembles, there is plenty of good jazz here, plus an excellent booklet with pictures, commentaries, biographies. (Capitol)

INVITATION TO THE BLUES—Ella Mae Morse is back in top form, singing on this side in the style that brought her fame with *Cow Cow Boogie*. The swing orchestral accompaniment helps to make this a pleasant performance. *Patty Cake Man*, the coupling, is a trivial tune, but Ella Mae does the best she can with flimsy material. (Capitol)

ESTRELLITA (My Little Star)—Two versions of this old favorite have appeared recently. The Harry James treatment is dressed up in an arrangement reminiscent of his best-seller, *I've Heard That Song Before*, but it has no vocal. On the other side is a number Helen Forrest made with the James band in 1942, *My Beloved Is Rugged*. The second version is a whistling solo by Horace Heidt's star, Fred Lowery, with guitar and novachord accompaniment, backed by one of his typical solos, *Whispering*. (Columbia)

DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME—Eugenie Baird sings the ballad competently, but the surprise of this Glen Gray record is a solo by an unbilled trumpet player—probably Red Nichols. Miss Baird tackles another slow ballad with the Casa Loma men on the reverse, *Forget-Me-Nots in Your Eyes*. (Decca)

MY HEART SINGS—Hildegard sings, at the piano, this Anglicized version of a French love song closely identified with Jean Sablon. The simple "stairway" melody, with one phrase on each note of the scale, makes this a musical curiosity. The reverse is Hildegard's version of *Lili Marlene*. (Decca)

HAMP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE—The enthusiasm and rhythmic excitement of the great Lionel Hampton band are partly captured here, with the piano work divided into two sequences, the first by Milt Buckner and the latter by Lionel himself. Sectional and solo talent, as well as Hampton's vibraharp work, can be heard on the coupling, *Chop Chop*. (Decca)

IF I KNEW THEN—Sammy Kaye plays this tune written by two other bandleaders, Dick Jurgens and Eddy Howard, and compensates for it on the other side by doing one of his own, *Hawaiian Sunset*. The vocals are by Tommy Ryan and Marty McKenna. Kaye's famous swing-and-sway style provides a startling musical anachronism. (Victor)

STRAY NOTES: An unusual release is the album of piano music written by Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazilian composer, and played by Artur Schnabel. Villa-Lobos' work is unconventional and intriguing. (Victor) . . . Another piano release is Rudolph Serkin's playing of Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in E Minor*. (Columbia)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Betty Hutton (Capitol), Earl Hines (Bluebird)
I'LL GET BY—Harry James (Columbia), Kitty Carlisle (Decca)
I'LL BE SEEING YOU—Bing Crosby (Decca), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Louis Prima (Hit)
TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE—Johnny Long (Decca)
G.I. JIVE—Louis Jordan (Decca), Johnny Mercer (Capitol)

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Bing Crosby



Artie Shaw



Tony Pastor



Paul Lavalie



Hot Lips Page



Vaughn Monroe



Jimmy Dorsey

BING CROSBY—The second album of Crosby reissues provides another nostalgic glimpse of the Groaner's early crooning days. His voice is a little higher-pitched and less mellow, but the style is identical. Starting with his old radio theme, *Where the Blue of the Night*, this collection includes his original versions of *Star Dust*, *Dancing in the Dark* and *Sweet and Lovely*, with some of his now obsolete "boo-boo-boo"-ing on the last. Leaflet notes were written by radio script writer Carroll Carroll. (Brunswick)

DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME—Artie Shaw's treatment of this exceptional tune, made in 1941, features one of the best recorded vocals by Lena Horne. Another Shaw reissue coinciding with this revival is Isham Jones' *It Had to Be You*, in which the leader's clarinet is in fine form. (Victor)

DANCE WITH A DOLLY (With a Hole in Her Stocking)—Tony Pastor's version of this nonsensical song was one of the first tunes he recorded with his own band, after he left Artie Shaw. His singing and tenor sax work are personable, with the emphasis heavily on the former. The new coupling for this is *Don't Blame Me* by the brassless Shep Fields band; it's a good performance, and a field day for saxes and clarinets. (Bluebird)

AMERICAN WALTZ MEMORIES—Paul Lavalie, best known as the Basin Street Bandleader, is more at home here, leading a smooth string ensemble in an album of favorite waltzes, and contributing melodic lower-register solos on his clarinet. *Always* will be the most popular side. Others are *Remember*, *Missouri Waltz*, *Beautiful Ohio*. (Musicraft)

HOW MANY HEARTS HAVE YOU BROKEN?—Tiny Hill, the world's biggest bandleader, sings shakily in this boisterous, unpretentious performance. The band has improved, and there are some satisfactory sequences. The backing is *Rose of Santa Rosa*. (Decca)

UNCLE SAM BLUES—"Uncle Sam ain't no woman, but he sure can take your man," observes blues-shouter and trumpeter Hot Lips Page in a record that combines an amusing lyric with some exciting hot jazz. Page and the sax soloists, George Johnson and Don Byas, share instrumental honors with pianist Clyde Hart on the reverse of this number, *Pagin' Mr. Page*. (Savoy)

TAKE IT, JACKSON—One of Vaughn Monroe's most popular instrumental numbers has been made available again, teamed with a Monroe vocal in *Hawaiian Sunset*. (Victor)

AN HOUR NEVER PASSES—Jimmy Dorsey continues to emphasize the vocalists on his new releases. Gladys Tell and Paul Carley, respectively, sing this new English song hit and *Two Again*, a new tune credited to Jimmy as composer, on the reverse. (Decca)

STRAY NOTES: Cozy Cole's *Jericho* and *Nice and Cozy*, with the *Carmen Jones* drummer leading, offer good solos by Teddy Walters (guitar), Johnny Guarneri (piano), Ray Conniff (trombone) and others, on Savoy... Bluebird has a fair blues pairing in Tommy McClennan's *Shake It Up and Go* and *I Love My Baby*.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- I'LL WALK ALONE**—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Louis Prima (Hit)
- HOW BLUE THE NIGHT**—Dick Haymes (Decca), Bob Chester (Hit)
- YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE**—Mills Brothers (Decca)
- IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T?**—Louis Jordan (Decca)
- LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY**—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca)

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Dinah Shore



Jimmy Durante



Bing Crosby



Ginny Simms



Lena Horne



Frederick Stock



Artur Rodzinski

TOGETHER—This famous waltz hit of 1927 has become the season's biggest revival as the result of its inclusion in the movie *Since You Went Away*. Available are four recordings, varying considerably in treatment. Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest sing it on Decca, accompanied by Victor Young's orchestra, and coupled with another revival, *It Had to Be You*. Also on Decca is the Guy Lombardo version. Raymond Scott handles the tune as a fox trot on the new National label, and Dinah Shore sings it with a mixed choir. For coupling, see below. (Victor)

I LEARNED A LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET—This "sleeper" song hit, which sprang to prominence through the Beacon recording by the Five Red Caps, is now available by Dinah Shore, with *Together*, and by Raymond Scott, Dorothy Collins singing. (National)

INKA DINKA DOO—Two different recordings by Jimmy Durante of his famous theme came out simultaneously last month. One is the old original version, backed with *Hot Patatta*, on Columbia; the other is Durante's new version of it paired with his latest hit, *Umbrigo*, from *Music for Millions*. (Decca)

HOT TIME IN THE TOWN OF BERLIN—Sgt. Joe Bushkin, formerly Tommy Dorsey's pianist, scores his biggest songwriting success here. The Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters version is a sure winner, their harmony in Louis Jordan's *Is You Is* is juke-box manna. (Decca)

I'M GLAD THERE IS YOU—This fine, seldom-heard tune is well sung by Ginny Simms, paired with *Chinese Lullaby*. (Columbia)

OUT OF NOWHERE—Lena Horne recorded this in 1941 with Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Her vocal, one of her best, shares honors with Wilson's piano and Benny Morton's trombone. Helen Ward is the vocalist on the backing, *You're My Favorite Memory*. (Columbia)

OH, FRENCHY!—Reissued because of the timeliness of its lyrics, this Fats Waller recording has been teamed with his swing version of *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*. (Victor)

DON'T YOU NOTICE ANYTHING NEW?—This sure-fire song is expertly done by Andy Russell, with Paul Weston's music. It's backed by *What a Difference a Day Made*. (Capitol)

CLASSICAL ITEMS—Enesco's *Rumanian Rhapsody* is both well performed and well recorded in a two-record album on Columbia by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony. The same conductor and orchestra perform Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite* in a newly illustrated album... Two outstanding Bach items are the *Double Concerto* for violins, by Menuhin and Enesco, and Rachmaninoff playing his piano arrangement of the *Partita No. 3* for violin. (Victor)... Also reissued: *Scheherazade*, by Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra. (Columbia)

STRAY NOTES: Another new label, Grand, offers Boyd Raeburn's band in *Starlight Avenue*... Miss Rhapsody, a blues singer, does *Hey Lawdy, Mama* on Savoy... Rex Stewart's *Little Goose*, on Keynote, is a top new hot-jazz item... Best parts of Asch's new blues albums are *Careless Love* and *T. B. Blues* by Josh White.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE**—Mills Brothers (Decca), Three Suns (Hit)
- AN HOUR NEVER PASSES**—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Clyde Lucas (Hit)
- DANCE WITH A DOLLY**—Tony Pastor (Bluebird), Evelyn Knight (Decca)
- ESTRELLITA**—Harry James (Columbia), Fred Lowery (Columbia)
- DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME**—Artie Shaw (Victor), Glen Gray (Decca)

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Harry James

DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME—Vocalist Lynn Richards made only this one recording during her brief stay with Harry James' band three years ago. Because of the tune's new popularity, it has been reissued with Harry James' (Frank Sinatra vocal) *It's Funny to Everyone But Me*. (Columbia)



King Cole

GEE, AIN'T I GOOD TO YOU—The King Cole Trio, now one of the nation's biggest juke-box favorites, revives the charming old Don Redman tune with Cole's superb piano and singing, Oscar Moore's guitar. The reverse, *I Realize Now*, is good also. (Capitol)



Barry Sisters

MY MAMA TOLD ME—Two-part harmony teams are a rarity nowadays, but the Barry Sisters have hit with their first releases, coupling this tune with *Babylon*, and *Don't Keep Me Guessing* with *Kotareena*. (Hit)

PASSION FLOWER—Johnny Hodges, assisted by part of the Ellington band, is in his most romantic saxophone mood when playing this brilliant Billy Strayhorn work. The Duke is heard in a piano solo, sharing honors with saxmen Hodges and Harry Carney, in *Going Out the Back Way*. (Bluebird)



Marek Weber

REQUEST FOR A RUMBA—This is unusual and attractive, half rumba, half swing, written by Bud Freeman and Paul Jordan, played by Will Bradley's band. The coupling, *Fry Me Cookie with a Can of Lard*, features a Ray McKinley vocal. (Columbia)

OPERETTA POTPOURRI—Marek Weber and his orchestra play selections from *Gypsy Baron*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Student Prince* and *Countess Maritza* in this, one of the best musical-memory albums of its kind. (Columbia)



Eddie Miller

STOMP, MR. HENRY LEE—Eddie Miller, tenor-sax star formerly with Bob Crosby, leads his own band in this excellent Dixieland-style treatment of an old tune. The backing is Jerome Kern's *Yesterday*. (Capitol)

CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER—A smash hit of 1908 is done in modern but sentimental style by the Pied Pipers. It is paired with an amusing novelty, *The Trolley Song*. (Capitol)



Lauritz Melchior

DOROTHY PARKER—Some of Miss Parker's wittiest poetry and prose is subtly recited in this album of two 12-inch discs by actress Ilka Chase. A gem for Parker fans. (Victor)

POLKAS—Eight polkas and two waltzes by Frank Novak and the Polkateers are heard in this suitably folksy album. (Musicraft)



Herbert Janssen

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—These excerpts from the third act of Wagner's masterpiece present Lauritz Melchior and Herbert Janssen in the parts they sang at the Metropolitan Opera; Erich Leinsdorf conducts. (Columbia) . . . The Busch Quartet plays Mozart's *Quartet No. 16* in E Flat Major on Columbia.

STRAY NOTES—A brilliant young pianist, Nat Jaffe, makes his solo debut in the Fats Waller memorial album on *Signature*, playing four of Fats' best tunes. The other four sides in the album are by Earl Hines, with Al Casey, Oscar Pettiford . . . Don't miss Cozy Cole's *Sunny Side of the Street* with Coleman Hawkins. (Savoy)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

TOGETHER—Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes (Decca), Dinah Shore (Victor), Raymond Scott (National)

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T?—Louis Jordan (Decca), Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters (Decca)

OUT OF NOWHERE—Les Brown (Columbia), Teddy Wilson (Columbia)

I LEARNED A LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET—Dinah Shore (Victor), Raymond Scott (National), Five Red Caps (Beacon)

DON'T YOU NOTICE ANYTHING NEW?—Andy Russell (Capitol)

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Bing Crosby

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL—The Irish lullaby that provided so many charming moments in *Going My Way* can now be heard in Bing Crosby's own recorded version, with music by John Scott Trotter. With it, Bing does the nostalgic *I'll Remember April*. (Decca)



Cootie Williams

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T?—Two more versions of this surprise hit are available, one by Cootie Williams' band with a vocal by frog-throated Eddie Vinson, on Hit, and one by the Adrian Rollini trio and singer Sylvia Barry, on Feature. The original Louis Jordan version and the one by the Andrews Sisters and Bing Crosby are still best sellers. (Decca)



Woody Herman

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE—Another old song has been brought back to life. Benny Carter does the best job on this one, with Maxine Sullivan singing (Bluebird). Kay Starr does an excellent vocal on the Charlie Barnet version (Decca), coupled with *Come Out Wherever You Are*. Other vocal treatments are those by Joan Brooks (Musicraft) and stage songstress Corrina Mura. (Decca)

WHO DAT UP DERE?—Woody Herman's most popular radio vocal specialty has an extra attraction in Ben Webster's sax work on this one. Woody's former vocalist, Billie Rogers, sings the reverse, *Let Me Love You Tonight* (*No Te Importe Saber*). (Decca)



Louis Prima

THE WAYFARING STRANGER—Burl Ives, one of the nation's top musical-folklore experts, is well represented in this four-disc album. In his usual folksy style, he sings, plays his guitar in *Tam Pearce*, *Cowboy's Lament*, *Peter Gray*, *Sweet Betsy from Pike*, *Darlin' Cory*. There are seven more. (Columbia)



Jack Lowe

DANCE WITH A DOLLY—This makes a good vehicle for the boisterous vocal talent of Louis Prima. On the reverse, his able ballad singer, Lily Ann Carol, is featured in *Beloved*. Another Prima pairing that should do well: comic *Angelina* and *Oh Marie*. (Hit)

DOUBLING ON THE IVORIES—The youthful piano duo team of Arthur Whittmore and Jack Lowe, now both in the Navy, offers a musical miscellany in this album, ranging from a flamboyant treatment of *Begin the Beguine* to a fantasy on Strauss themes and two strange Alec Wilder numbers. (Victor)



Arthur Whittmore

CLASSICAL ITEMS—One of the jazz-influenced moderns, William Grant Still, uses interpolations from *I Got Rhythm* in the Scherzo from his *Afro-American Symphony*, interpreted by Stokowski and the All-American Orchestra (Columbia). Best new albums include Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 4* in G Minor, played by the composer with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor); *Famous Overtures* (Beecham-London Philharmonic) and one illustrating modern symphony-orchestra instruments. (Columbia)



Leopold Stokowski

STRAY NOTES—Hot jazz: *Bellevue for You* by Pete Brown (Savoy), *1-2-3 Blues* by Sid Catlett (Session), *Lightning Boogie* by Will Bradley (Celebrity), *Jeep Rhythm* by Jimmie Lunceford (Decca), Rex Stewart's *Swamp Mist* (Keynote) and Charlie LaVere, Joe Venuti and Billy May in *Subdivided in F* (Jump).

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME—Harry James (Columbia), Artie Shaw-Lena Horne (Victor)

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE—Helen Forrest (Decca), Johnny Long (Decca)

I'LL WALK ALONE—Dinah Shore (Victor), Martha Tilton (Capitol), Louis Prima (Hit)

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Betty Hutton (Capitol), Earl Hines (Bluebird), Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest (Decca), Artie Shaw (Victor)

Jazz Symposium

How have Jim Crow tactics affected your career?

Fletcher Henderson, veteran arranger, pianist and bandleader:

I've seen Jim Crow from both sides—as a colored member of a white band, and as an employer of white men in my own colored band. When I played piano with Benny Goodman in 1939 I never ran into any trouble. The only problem occurred in Beverly Hills, where I couldn't find a home and was forced to live thirteen miles away from where the band was working.

Later, when I had my own band, a couple of white boys wrote to me asking for a job. Well, if a man can read my music and play it right, I don't care if he's an Eskimo. My union card doesn't tell me who and who not to hire. Between that, and the manpower shortage, and the fact that I felt it would be a nice gesture of reciprocity toward men like Benny Goodman and Charlie Barnet who've hired colored musicians, I thought it was a good idea. I hired an alto player and a guitarist who were with the band for a while and we didn't have any difficulties. Later on, after they'd left, two other white boys joined me, a seventeen-year-old trombonist named Bob Calese and a young trumpet player, Tony de Nardi.

A little while later the band went south. All through Georgia and Texas there were no incidents. Then we went to Chattanooga to play a date. The first part of the evening we did a concert, then they closed the curtain while the chairs were being pulled away for a dance. Then the cops came in. They said if I played for the white dancers with these two boys in my band, there'd be trouble. Some of the white spectators got to hear about this and walked out in disgust; they said there was a war going on and we were supposed to be fighting against that kind of intolerance. Later on a white promoter booked me to play a colored dance in Birmingham. When he saw my white musicians arrive he said, "Now you've done it. We'll have a riot." But the Negro spectators applauded and bought tickets. When I refused to play without the white boys, this promoter sent for the police. The police came in and called the sergeant at headquarters. The sergeant called the mayor. The mayor called the district attorney.

Finally word came through that if they stopped me from playing I'd have a case for a lawsuit. So then they let me play. The next night they made the white musicians put dark brown powder on their faces!

The only time I had to go on and play without the two ofay boys was once in Miami, where they sent special police to the date

who made me call up the local white union head. There was a lot of fuss and later on the case went to Petrillo, who called me back and said if I ever ran into any trouble like that again I should let him know, as he wouldn't stand for it.

Once we got out of the South we all felt at home again and there was no problem at all. And those white boys took a fine attitude; the whole time they were in the South they traveled in the Jim Crow coaches with us even if they were crowded in there like sardines, rather than be separated from the rest of the band.

Yes, Jim Crow caused me a few headaches, but I managed to make a little progress fighting it, and there's a lot of satisfaction in that.

Teddy Wilson, pianist and bandleader, formerly with Benny Goodman:

It was Jim Crow, curiously enough, that caused me to go into the music business in the first place. I studied at Tuskegee Institute and was a qualified linotype operator, but when I left there and was ready to get a job, I found out that the A.F.L. Printers' Union at that time was Jim Crow, and it was almost impossible for a Negro printer to get linotype work with any of the big newspapers. Well, I was only a mediocre pianist who happened to love music, but there was nothing left for me except to turn to music as a career. That was in 1929.

The whole time I was with Benny Goodman's Quartet, from 1935 to 1939, there was no significant trouble. I lost some movie work when they wanted me to do the recording for a musical sequence in *Big Broadcast of 1936* but have a white musician substitute for me when they shot the pictures. I refused to do that. The following year Benny made *Hollywood Hotel* for Warners and they did photograph the Quartet, with all of us wearing the same uniform and no suggestion of segregation. But the scene was shot in such a way that they could cut it out in movie houses down South.

When I got a big band together in 1939 I found out more about how Jim Crow works against musicians. They had an equal rights law in Pennsylvania, and promoters were scared to hire colored bands because it might attract Negro patrons and they'd be risking lawsuits by refusing them admittance. That means that where a white band doing a road tour out of New York could break it up into short, convenient transportation jumps, a colored band could not break the journey until it got to Pittsburgh, the first town large enough to hold a strictly colored dance.

Of course, the biggest handicap is in radio. A lot of the best loca-

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS: Count Basie is the man of the month, with an album on Columbia and some singles on Keynote. The album, *Blues by Basie*, exhausts the possibilities of its title endlessly. Half of the eight sides simply present the Count at the piano with his rhythm section; on the other four sides there are the added attractions of some trumpet by Mr. (now Pvt.) Buck Clayton and tenor sax by Don Byas. The Keynote sides are pseudonymous; the Count becomes "Prince Charming" and the band is the Kansas City Seven. The music is still strictly Basie, amply spread onto twelve-inch pressings, all very attractive, especially *After Theatre Jump*. Another Keynote release you shouldn't miss is *Thru' for the Night*, by Cozy Cole, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins, et al.

Duke Ellington's *Someone on Victor* is noteworthy for the fervent and fragrant trumpet chorus by Ray Nance. You can skip the reverse, *My Little Brown Book*, which is far from *echt* Ellington. On Columbia, Harry James, momentarily divorced from his band and his schmaltz, on *Sleepy Time Gal*, reminds us that Muggsy Spanier was right in asserting that James is still a swell jazz trumpet man for a' that. The full band rejoins Harry overleaf in *Memphis Blues*, an excellent arrangement by Leroy

Holmes, also one of the best items of the post-Hollywood James era.

IN PERSON—A lot of jazz is where you can't find it. Take, for instance, the case of Mary Osborne. Mary is a tall, lovely, brown-haired girl who has been buried in Mickey Mouse bands in Chicago for so long that the hip gentry haven't had a chance to discover her, but the fact is that she plays as much jazz guitar as the late Charlie Christian or almost anybody else you care to name. When Stuff Smith made some records with Mary recently he said: "I never heard any girl play that much on any instrument," an opinion I hasten to share. So just keep the name in mind and maybe some day she'll be leading a group of her own along 52nd Street and I'll be able to say, "See?"

Jazz is where you can find it at the Garrick Lounge in Chicago, where the current outfits are Red Allen—Higginbotham, Stuff Smith and Jesse Price (another swell trumpet man). In New York, try the Onyx, the Three Deuces or the Down Beat. If you stand at a certain point on West 52nd between Fifth and Sixth on a taxiless night, you can hear the music from all three simultaneously without being run down, and with positively no cover charge or twenty per cent tax. —LEONARD FEATHER

tions with network wires, like the Astor and the Pennsylvania and the New Yorker Hotel, don't hire Negro bands, and the commercial radio shows are almost entirely impossible because the sponsors are afraid their product would be boycotted by white Southerners if they hired a colored outfit. Radio and records are the lifeblood of a band, so that means that a colored band has to rely mainly on records.

Lips Page, trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader:

The first thing Jim Crow does here in America is to limit your earning power. That's practically an open-and-shut case. But that's only one aspect of it. In addition, it cuts off the availability of certain things you could learn through study. Only some parts of the musical circle are liberal, while the general public is not so at all. The public likes to hear us play all right, but it thinks of us principally as entertainers. It rarely gives any attention to the problems of how we live, how much money we make in comparison to whites in similar jobs. There are these and lots of other smaller things. It's Jim Crow all the way down the line. And the funny part of it is that the Negro has no problem, since the white man created it and sustains it. I say leave good music alone and it will be happy and good. I think people are the same way and would act differently if they were not hemmed in by a lot of taboos.

J. C. Higginbotham, trombonist now with Red Allen:

There isn't a Negro living in America, whether it's in the South or up North, who isn't affected by Jim Crow. In the case of a stu-

dent of music in the South, there aren't enough good schools open to Negroes. In the North conditions are better, of course, and most of the schools accept Negroes freely. However, I've experienced race prejudice in other forms; in housing, traveling, restaurants, hotel accommodations. Colored musicians have discouraging experiences in the symphony and opera fields, too; and in writing music, a Negro has to have a name before most bands will play his tunes; often he's forced to sell his tune outright for a small sum. It's not easy to get into A.S.C.A.P. either; you have to wait and try a considerably longer time than most white song writers.

But in spite of all the stupid and petty irritations of Jim Crowism, the Negro people have made their mark in all the arts. As a musician, I've been able to escape some of the insults of Jim Crow, though by no means all of them. The tactics of segregation and discrimination affect all working classes of Negroes in general, and after all the musician is just a man seeking to earn a living. But it can truly be said that music has done great things to break down race prejudice. I look forward to the time when musicians like myself will be able to play in all the large hotel rooms and ballrooms, when my wage scale will be on the same level with that of white musicians in the same talent bracket and where I won't have to miss out on prestige and money by being forced to play where no broadcasting can be done. And I look forward to the time when the Negro musician will not have to play in places where members of his own race are excluded as patrons.—L. F.

Section

An appraisal of Art Tatum, musicians' musician, with a six-to-one argument favoring musicianship over showmanship

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

"STEP inside," yelled the fat little doorman outside the Three Deuces, "and hear the world's greatest pianist."

I stepped inside and found the dark little 52nd Street club alive with pianists, breathlessly watching the man they all call the world's greatest. For my money, Art Tatum is even more—he's the greatest soloist in jazz today, regardless of instrument.

The admirers who sat watching him were no less generous with their superlatives. Sitting over in a corner, Duke Ellington declared himself too entranced by the music to offer a comment. Soft-voiced Mary Lou Williams, at a front table, asserted, "Tatum does everything the other pianists try to do—and can't." Bill Roland, Raymond Scott's pianist, said, "I can't talk—I'm shaking with excitement."

"Man, I better not come in here too often," murmured Eddie Heywood. "That man plays so much piano it sounds impossible. The more I hear him, the more I want to give up the piano forever and drive a milk truck." Said Buddy Wilson, sitting with Heywood, "Art was great when I first

heard him, in 1928, but his style is more rhythmic, better integrated today. He's not only the greatest jazz pianist ever—there are very few concert artists who have his ability."

"There are only two ways you can take him," Clyde Hart summed it up. "You can be nuts about Tatum, or you can be jealous as hell of him."

There are many good reasons why musicians hold these truths about Tatum to be self-evident. He is the apotheosis of jazz; he is the art of modern rhythmic music, of hot jazz, swing, syncopation, at its ultimate. His genius is so apparent that even those who have no musical understanding of what he does are content to be dazzled by his technique. What makes Tatum great, however, is not his technique; it's the incredible flow of brilliant rhythmic and harmonic ideas that this technique enables him to express.

How Tatum reached this pinnacle is anybody's guess. His background is not remarkable. Thirty-four years old on October 13, he was born and raised in Toledo, and was the only musician in his family. After studying sev-

eral years with one Overton G. Rainey, a local teacher, he planned on a career as a concert pianist, but was counter-influenced by hearing Fats Waller and Lee Sims on the air. Some experience at a local radio station, WSPD, was followed by his first trip to New York in 1930, accompanying a singer, Adelaide Hall, with whom he made his first records (*I'll Never Be the Same, This Time It's Love*, on Brunswick.)

Since then Tatum has made countless records, including an album of six solos, all for Decca. He has guest-starred on many network programs at 500 dollars a shot, but has never had a network show of his own. He has been getting a thousand a week for his trio at the Three Deuces, though the place barely holds ninety people.

Since January, 1943, he has worked with Tiny Grimes, an electric guitarist, and Slam Stewart, the fabulous bass player who improvises endless choruses *con arco* and simultaneously hums them in a supernatural voice. This trio is as great collectively as its leader is singly. There is a welding of ideas, a blending of the instruments' tone colors, and an understanding between the three men that few jazz trios have equaled. All three have a sense of musical humor that expresses itself in the form of quotations from odd sources, inserted as part of the variations on another theme. The fact that you may hear snatches from *Yankee Doodle, It Ain't Necessarily So* and *The Campbells Are Coming* during the Tatum version of *The Man I Love* does not, one must admit, add to his greatness, though sometimes he subjects these tunes to fascinating harmonic and melodic changes in order to fit them into the pattern of the main theme.

More important is the fact that Art has a touch of unbelievable lightness. The tone he produces from a piano, the agility of his right-hand arpeggios, the magnificent rhythmic underlinings of his bass work all owe as much to this deftness of touch as to his natural feeling for jazz style and phrasing.

Tatum has neither the manner nor the appearance of a great artist. His hoarse voice, his loping gait, his infinite capacity for taking beers give no hint of the delicacy and finesse of his work. He has the reputation of being

temperamental, though surely it would be surprising if he showed no sensitivity about the drunks who talk while he plays, or the squares who ask for *Flying Home* after he has just played it for seven minutes.

Variouly described in the press as half-blind (*Time*), three-quarters blind (*Le Jazz Hot*), blind (*Colliers*, etc.), he has his left eye completely closed and can see dimly out of the right. His vision was impaired in an accident at birth, and he has never read music. Most of his front teeth are missing. It was only a few weeks ago, after he had lost several possible Hollywood contracts, that he was at last persuaded to have some teeth inserted and undergo an eye operation. Down from 230 to 180 pounds in recent years, he retains a healthy appetite but eats irregularly. After getting through work at 4 a.m., he is likely to wander to some obscure Harlem house party and play until noon.

Like many great jazzmen, Tatum has a set routine on most of his numbers. A series of ideas which he improvised or worked out on *Sweet Lorraine* or *Body and Soul* may stay the same, note for note, night after night, but they retain the same rhythmic spirit as if they were improvised. On the other hand, his Blues records with Joe Turner on Decca, which are among his greatest performances, were almost completely extemporized.

Art likes to hang around with other pianists and admires the work of many of them. Asked to list some of the best living jazz pianists, he named Teddy Wilson, King Cole, Clyde Hart, Johnny Guarnieri, Dorothy Donegan, Mary Lou Williams, Earl Hines, Mel Powell, Eddie Heywood, Billy Taylor, Marlowe Morris, Herman Chittison. Of these, only the last two play in a style closely resembling his own. Billy Taylor, of the Eddie South Trio, is Art's new personal protégé.

Tatum has been compared with, and in some cases admired by, such people as Horowitz and Godowsky. Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance* tells of a party given by Gershwin to exhibit him before several prominent guests. But the praise that has most significance is the praise of fellow jazzmen. They know that Mary Lou Williams' comment hit the nail on the head.

—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—If you're a jazz piano fan this is clearly your month to howl. The incomparable and above-mentioned Art Tatum has come out with his first 12-inch discs; they are also the first records made by his trio. The label is a new one, Comet; the titles include his dazzling versions of *Flying Home, Body and Soul* and *The Man I Love*.

The Victor memorial album in tribute to Fats Waller is somewhat less than adequate, unless you consider that we should remember Fats as a music-hall comic rather than as a great pianist. *Your Feet's Too Big, Hold Tight* and *The Joint Is Jumpin'* are hardly representative of the best Fats did during his eight years of recording for this company.

One of the most talented white pianists of the day is Johnny Guarnieri, who has the peculiar faculty of being able to play perfectly in the styles of several leading pianists, without possessing any style of his own. Guarnieri's Waller and Basie moods are excellently demonstrated on a Savoy record called *Exercise in Swing* and *Basie (sic) English*, in which Billy Butterfield is revealed as a more than competent hot trumpet man. There's more of Guarnieri on a Keynote session under the name of Little Jazz in which the business at hand consists of taking

three trumpet men and giving them endless solos in turn, with confusing but amusing results.

Stan Kenton, the pianist and arranger who was hailed in this box two months ago, justifies the hailing with a superior riff opus, *Eager Beaver*, coupled with his ambitious non-tempo theme, *Artistry in Rhythm*, on Capitol. The incredible Eddie Heywood is at his least credible again in Coleman Hawkins' excellent *Get Happy* on Signature. Finally, if your piano taste still runs to boogie-woogie there's always Commodore's *Bottom Blues* by Albert Ammons, which also offers some of Hot Lips Page's grooviest trumpet.

ON RADIO—Late in June Mildred Bailey started a summer sustainer program on C.B.S., using a house band augmented by such folk as Red Norvo, Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson, Remo Palmieri (a wonderful young guitarist) and others of like stature. The musical standards of this show were high enough to alarm those who believe that the mental age of any radio program must be kept to around thirteen. What will have happened to the show by the time you read this is conjectural, but it can only be hoped that some starry-eyed sponsor will save it for the post-summer world.

—LEONARD G. FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

What was the biggest kick you ever got out of jazz?

This month I cheerfully give way to my scholarly confrère, Robert Goffin, who gathered together the answers to this month's question from four musicians, one singer and one café proprietor.—L. F.

Benny Carter, alto saxman, trumpeter, bandleader and arranger:

I think my best memory is of the late Jimmy Harrison, right here in New York. I remember the first night I met him, around 1922 at Small's Paradise in Harlem. Jimmy seemed to play that ombone just as naturally as he breathed. And another thing—people never talked about it much, but what a singer he was! He had the emotion of Louis Armstrong, but a softer, more intimate style.

A few months later I had become a great jazz enthusiast, thanks to Jimmy, and we were soon good friends. Through him I got into June Clark's band at Small's in 1924. That was really a band. I remember how we used to tear into *Limehouse Blues*.

The next time Jimmy and I worked together was in Fletcher Henderson's band. After work we'd usually hang out at a honky-tonk on Seventh Avenue at 131st, Big John's. John Reda was the colored musicians' idol then, and Horace Henderson later dedicated a hit tune to him, *Big John's Special*. One night a few of us decided to get a small band together to make some records. We called our little group, who were mostly out of Fletcher's band, The Chocolate Dandies. We made several sessions. One day I arrived late at the studio, and while I was taking off my coat I heard the men running over a tune I didn't know. Coleman Hawkins sounded great on it, and then I heard Jimmy Harrison singing it the way only he could sing. It turned out to be a tune of Jimmy's which he had composed and arranged the night before, called *Got Another Sweetie Now*.

Well, I decided we ought to record that tune right away, and the afternoon we made that record was an occasion I'll never forget.

Barney Josephson, proprietor, Café Society Uptown and Downtown:

There are two great events I can remember. One of them happened not long ago, early one morning, when the customers were slowly filing out and the club was almost ready to close. Teddy Wilson's band suddenly started to play some Dixieland music. I don't know what gave them the idea or who talked them into doing it, but it was something to hear. They played stuff like *Clarinet Marmalade*, *High Society* and *Panama*, with a freshness and originality that you wouldn't have believed possible. I can still see Sidney Cat-

lett hitting those rim shots on the drums.

Maybe that's too much of a personal souvenir since it happened at my own club. I'll tell you about the other one, which was way back in the twenties when I went to the old Cotton Club on Lennox Avenue to dance. Duke Ellington was on the stand and I stood there, sandwiched between the dancers and out of my mind with excitement, when the band played that frantic arrangement of *Tiger Rag*. You don't often get thrills like that.

Pearl Bailey, vocalist formerly with Cootie Williams' orchestra:

My favorite memory is the night when Cootie's band played opposite Duke Ellington's last year at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. It was like David and Goliath; Cootie was face to face with his old boss, leading a band of his own. He took up that trumpet and played the most beautiful things you could imagine. Duke seemed to get a big kick out of it, like a mother bird seeing its child spread its wings and fly. It was a great battle of bands. When my turn came to sing I felt as if it were judgment day before the heavenly judges of jazz. Maybe I was too knocked out with excitement to give the performance I wanted to give. All I can remember was that the public was too excited to dance that night. Everybody just stood crowded around the bandstand and listened as if they were in church!

Edmond Hall, clarinetist and bandleader:

It was in 1920, or maybe 1919. I had been playing clarinet a short while and working with different bands around New Orleans. One Saturday when I wasn't working they had a big dance at Economy Hall. They'd been talking about it for weeks from Perdido to Basin Street. I arrived around nightfall and stood in line. During the hour I spent slowly filing toward the entrance I was consoled by hearing some great music filtering out from the hall.

When I got inside it was a revelation. Buddy Petit was leading the band from up on a platform. His favorite number was the *Tin Roof Blues*, which I believe he originated. Then I heard tunes like *Climax Rag* and *That's a Plenty*. The band played them just perfectly. They had a banjoist named Buddy Manaday, Eddie Woods on drums, George Washington on trombone, Chester on bass and of course Buddy himself on trumpet. I can't remember the clarinetist's name; he was fine, but a few days later he left the band, and the following Saturday I was sitting right up there on the bandstand, in his place, trying to keep up with

UP JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RADIO: Gene Krupa's broadcasts with his new band will have to make a very different impression from that created by his New York debut at the Capitol Theatre. Such personalities as Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day, who sparked the old Krupa group that broke up early in 1943, are missing, and instead Gene has made every possible commercial concession, from a vocal quartet to a battery of nine strings, neither of which contributes anything of the slightest musical significance. For further bad measure, Gene even employs another drummer (an inferior one at that) to take over from him on half the numbers. Maybe I'm dumb, but it seems to me that Krupa waving his hands in front of a band is the same as anyone else waving any other pair of hands, whereas Krupa at the drums is an asset.

There is talent in the band, notably trombonist Tommy Pederson and a fine tenor saxman, Charlie Ventura, but most of the time they're lost in the scuffle. Something must be done quickly about the choice of tempos and tunes, the plethora of vocals, the strings that don't swing, the drummer who doesn't drum. Meanwhile Gene is doubtless making oodles of loot with this band, and I'll concede that it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

ON RECORDS: Ill-wind Petrillo has blown a little good lately. The

Victor company, short of new material after two years of non-recording, has reinstated in the Victor and Bluebird catalogues 118 popular records, many of them jazz specials. There is enough stuff of all ages and styles to keep you broke but happy for several months. Tell your dealer he need no longer shake his head sadly when you ask for such gems as these: Ellington's *Jack the Bear*, *Bojangles*, *Saratoga Swing*; Armstrong's *Snowball*, *High Society*; Barnet's *Tin Roof Blues*, *Duke's Idea*; Hawkins' *Blue Heaven*; the 14 sides by Spanier's Ragtime Band; Benny Carter's *All of Me*; and countless Goodmans, Hampsons and Shaws.

Capitol's New American Jazz Album will introduce you to three men who've too seldom been recognized as the great soloists they are: Dave Matthews, Shorty Cheroch, Billy May. Mixed up with them—incongruously at times—are such veterans as Pete Johnson, Jack Teagarden, Zutty Singleton, Barney Bigard and the late Jimmie Noone.

Also recommended: Lionel Hampton, abetted by his rotund pianist-arranger Milt Buckner, in *Hamp's Boogie Woogie* on Decca; and two Savoy records, Johnnie Guarnieri's beautiful *Salute to Fats* and *These Foolish Things*, and Hot Lips Page's crusty Blues shouting on *Uncle Sam Blues*. —LEONARD FEATHER

those fast New Orleans pioneers. **Count Basic**, pianist and bandleader:

My biggest kick was my first one, the one that changed my whole life. I was born in New Jersey, and in 1921 or '22 I was playing piano in a show that was on the road. We hit Kansas City and I was very sick and had to go to a hospital. When I got out, the show had left town and I was alone and broke. I wandered around the town and came to Paseo Boulevard, where I noticed a dance hall called Paseo Hall, featuring an orchestra named Bennie Moten, which I'd never heard of before. I came back again that evening when the music was due to begin.

I had no money to get in, so I stood at one of the windows with a bunch of folks who were trying to get all that music for nothing. That band had a new, powerful rhythm that got me from the first note. Their *Moten Stomp* was too much. Well, a few days later I got enough gold together to go in and hear them at a place called the Labor Temple, and there I met Bennie Moten. He let me sit in and play a couple of tunes with the band while he went to get a drink. That was what decided everything for me. A few weeks later I made the recording of *New Moten Stomp* with the band, and eventually most of those boys were working under my direction when Moten died. You know, it's a very exciting thing for me to see that some of the musicians who gave me that first big kick almost a quarter of a century

ago are working with me right here today—Jack Washington, the baritone saxman (he was on tenor in the old days) and Ed Lewis, the trumpeter. It all seems like a half-forgotten dream now, but I guess it proves that dreams can come true.

George Johnson, alto saxman with John Kirby's orchestra:

It was about ten years ago in Paris. One evening we were drinking Pernod at one of those little corner bars in Montmartre where the musicians all used to get together. Somebody told us that there was a jam session going on that evening in some little club—I can't even recall the name, but it was near *rue Douai* and *rue Fontaine*. Later on most of us went over there. Boy, I never heard a session like that! Everybody was sent clear out of the world with that music. Bill Coleman was playing trumpet, Coleman Hawkins was on tenor, and there was a swell French saxophonist named André Ekyan; the two best guitarists in France were both there—Django Reinhardt and Oscar Aleman; and the French violinist, Stéphane Grappelly, was playing piano. Later on a pianist named Ray Stokes took over and Grappelly switched to violin; then Ray Ventura's trombonist, Breyère, dropped in. Panassié and Delaunay, the French jazz writers, were tapping their feet that night as they never tapped them before or since. Toward the end of the session half the customers from Scheherazade heard about it and came in to listen.—R. G.

SHAW AND GOODMAN TO LEAD AGAIN

New York News From
LEONARD FEATHER

ARTIE SHAW AND BENNY GOODMAN ARE GOING BACK INTO THE BAND BUSINESS. AFTER MANY MONTHS OF CONFLICTING RUMOURS, THIS MUCH HAS BECOME APPARENT. ARTIE IS OUT ON THE COAST, LINING UP A 17-PIECE COMBINATION. FOR THE PRESENT, HE SAYS, THERE WILL BE NO STRINGS—BUT ARTIE IS LIABLE TO CHANGE HIS MIND FROM DAY TO DAY.

Dave Matthews, tenor man and arranger, will probably be a key man in the Shaw line-up. The band is expected to break in with some theatre dates in October.

Benny Goodman's plans are not yet so far advanced. Chances are that he will assemble a combination for a radio programme and will not go on the road or do any regular location work with the band. At present he is still limiting his appearances mainly to camp shows and hospitals for the war wounded, for which he generally uses the quartet—himself, Teddy Wilson, Specs Powell and Sid Weiss.

Duke Ellington became a grandfather last month with the birth of eight-pound Edward Kennedy Ellington II to Sgt. and Mrs. Mercer Ellington in New York City. Mercer is playing alto horn and arranging in a military band not far from New York—the same combination that includes Sy Oliver and other notables.

Cat Anderson, the great trumpeter, recently with Lionel Hampton, and best known as composer of "How About That Mess?" has been playing with Duke in Philadelphia this week, and may stay permanently.

TERRIFIC HERMAN

Charlie Barnet is back in Town. He dropped the band which he'd had for a couple of months on the coast, bringing only a couple of key men with him and forming a new group for the New York engagement. Only Peanut Holland, Lyman Yunk, Jimmy Lamare and Kurt Bloom are familiar faces. Vocalist Kay Starr sounds good; Peanut does his usual excellent job; but the band as a whole sounds rough, and far from the glories of his 1940-41 combination.

By far the best white band around currently is Woody Herman's. Musicians are all talking excitedly about the sensational work this band is doing. Woody has done away almost entirely with the outdated "Woodchoppers' Ball" semi-Dixieland style; he's playing much better clarinet himself, and is using great arrangements, chiefly by his fine young pianist, **Ramon Berns**, and also by **Eddie Sauter** and **Dave Matthews**.

The rhythm section includes a wonderful bass man, **Crubby Jackson**, and next week the ailing **Dave Tough** will be recovered enough to take back the drum chair from **Cliff Leeman**.

With other superb soloists, such as the amazing **Flip Phillips** on tenor, **Bill Harris** on trombone, and a five-piece trumpet section that includes **Neil Hefti** and **Carl (Bama) Warwick**, this band is really inspired. They have several swell arrangements of

numbers like "Flying Home" which knock everybody out, including the boys themselves.

Woody is currently enjoying a commercial radio spot on the Old Gold show, which, alas! he has to give up again soon to **Frankie Carle**. However, there's no doubt that the band is headed for greater success than ever with its new and advanced musical policy, which, fortunately, has proved to be as commercial as it is artistic.

RAEBURN'S BAD LUCK

Boyd Raeburn, whose band seemed destined for big things a few months ago, lost all his music in a fire last month, and has been busily trying to locate the scores and have everything re-copied. **Trummy Young** has been playing regularly in Boyd's trombone section.

New record companies continue to emerge almost daily. Among the latest are Delta, which has released some sides featuring **Charlie Shavers**, **Eddie Heywood** and some other excellent men; Grand, which made a date with Raeburn; National, with some **Raymond Scott** sides; and Regis, which waxed **Tiny Bradshaw's** Band. It takes a corps of detectives to discover a shop that stocks all these records.

Savoy Records have been cutting furiously. This week they have no less than five sessions scheduled, under the respective direction of **Hot Lips Page**, **Tiny Grimes** (Tatum's guitarist), **Buck Ram**, **Stuff Smith**, and **Johnny Guarneri**.

Along 52nd Street, the main event this week was the opening of **Eddie Heywood's** Band at the Three Deuces. Alternating with him is a trio composed, at present, of **Guarnieri**, **Slim Stewart** and **Specs Powell**—and very nice, too! What will happen when Tatum comes back remains to be seen. Art was on the coast awaiting an eye operation, but the latest word is that he called it off at the last moment and is returning to New York.

Heywood was replaced at Café Society Uptown by **Edmond Hall**, who moved his crew up from the Downtown Café, where **Benny Morton** became a bandleader this week. Benny's bunch includes **Bobby Stark**, veteran trumpet man recently out of the army; **Prince Robinson**, another old-timer, on clarinet; **Sammy Ben-skin**, a talented young pianist; **Jimmy Butts** on bass, and **Eddie Dougherty** on drums.

At the Downbeat Club **Red Norvo's** Band and **Billie Holiday** are providing thrills. Billie is thinner than ever,

and, last time I heard her, was singing wonderfully despite the extraction that day of two teeth.

Alternating with Norvo is a weakish band led by the **Badcome** brothers, Paul and Dud, formerly with **Erskine Hawkins**. With them is **Ruddy Williams**, the former Savoy Sultans' alto man, who does not sound in very good form these days. **Nat Jaffe**, a fine pianist, is working the interesting job at the Downbeat.

Bobby Hackett has joined **Joe Marsala's** Band at the Hickory House; between the two of them and **Chuck Wayne's** remarkable guitar work this is becoming a more than interesting combination.

Joe recently recorded a session which I got together and which hasn't yet been assigned to a label for release. **Pete Brown** was on this date, as well as **Al Casey**, **Al Matthews** (bass), **Specs Powell** and **Charlie Shavers**, with the piano work split between Shavers, Specs and myself—Charlie is an excellent pianist and took a fine chorus on one side.

Jack Teagarden, who hasn't led a band in this part of the world for two years, is at last leaving the coast to play some dates in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Jack made a couple more movies lately, but was subordinated to dialogue and generally kicked around in the usual Hollywood manner.

During a visit to Chicago last week I dropped in at the Garrick and was told by **Red Allen** that **Higginbotham** was quite ill, perhaps seriously.

The alternating band at the Garrick is now led by the erratic **Ben Webster**, who was with **John Kirby's** Band until recently. Kirby brought **Bill Beason** back on drums when **Cliff Leeman** departed.

KIRBY FOR PARIS

Latest news on the Kirby Band is that it may be sent to Paris by the U.S.O. **George Johnson** and **Ram**, with memories of the last time they saw Paris, are as excited about this project as the rest of the men.

Anita O'Day is leaving **Stan Kenton** and has no plans for the present. . . . **Lena Horne** arrives in town next week with her arranger-accompanist, **Horace Henderson**, and will play some broadcasts and charity concerts. This week she's sharing the bill with **Cootie Williams' Band** at a theatre in Cleveland. . . . **Joe Venuti** made some records with **Charlie LaVere** on a new West Coast label known as Jump Records. . . . **Lee Wiley** is now singing more or less regularly on **Eddie Condon's** Blue Network jam sessions.

Jess Stacy, Lee's husband, is still expected to leave **Horace Heidt** before very long and start a band of his own under Heidt's sponsorship, with Lee as vocalist. . . . **Louis Armstrong** is expected to return here in December to open at the new Zanzibar, on the site of the Hurricane, where Duke worked the past two summers. . . . **Eddie Condon** is no longer billed at Nick's, where **Miff Mole** is still the nominal leader, and the other chief characters are **Mugsy Spanier** and **Pee-Wee Russell**.

Ed Wiltshire, jazz fan who, under the name of Ed Wiltz, ran one of England's first substantial hot record reviews in a magazine called "The Granta" at Cambridge when he was a student there, has bobbed up as British Vice-Consul in New York!

LOCAL
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Official Journal
ASSOCIATED MUSICIANS OF GREATER NEW YORK

MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS

New Members

Hills, L. I. PO 3-2522.
FEATHER, LEONARD G., Piano, 1 Sheridan Square, New York 14. CH 3-0911.
FEIGENBAUM, FRED, Saxophone, 170 Division Ave.

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Effects Of Jim Crow On Musicians:

Esquire Symposium Reveals Experiences of Bandsmen

By DON DE LEIGHBUR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Leonard Feather's piece, "Jazz Symposium—How Have Jim Crow Tactics Affected Your Career?" introduces for the first time an intelligent, practical discussion of Jim Crow in swing music circles by those affected by it, and also calls attention to the fair-minded policy of Esquire Magazine in which it appears toward such a controversial subject.

Leonard Feather is the swing critic of Esquire as well as one of the big name critics in the world of jazz and popular music. An Englishman and former correspondent of the Melodymaker of London, Feather has been in the spotlight for several years as a composer, promoter and publicity man, concentrating on hot music.

INTERVIEWS BAND LEADERS

The Esquire piece in the September issue, is a series of interviews with Fletcher Henderson, veteran arranger, pianist and bandleader; Teddy Wilson, pianist and bandleader, formerly with Benny Goodman; J. C. Higginbotham, trombonist now with Red Allen's band in Chicago, and Oran (Hot Lips) Page, trumpeter, vocalist, and bandleader. In each interview the maestros tell how Jim Crow acted on their careers.

Henderson says he had no trouble at all until he joined Goodman as a pianist in 1939. His difficulties arose in Beverly Hills where he couldn't find a home and was forced to live 13 miles away from the place where the band was playing. Fletcher says that when he later organized his own orchestra, a pair of white musicians wrote in asking for spots in the outfit.

Because Goodman had crashed the color line in hiring Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Char-

ley Christian, and himself, Henderson said he took on a white alto player and a guitarist. "Later on, after they'd left," Henderson says, "two other white boys joined me, a 17-year-old trombonist named Bob Casele and a young trumpet player, Tony de Nardi."

MIXED COMBINATION

Henderson says he took this mixed combination through Texas and Georgia without incident. However, they ran into trouble in Chattanooga, Tenn., where the first part of a date was a concert. When they closed the curtains, Henderson says, to take away the chairs for a dance, the police entered and informed him that if the white boys played for white dancers along with the colored musicians, something might happen. Many whites, who heard the conversation, became disgusted and walked out, mumbling about the war against intolerance in Europe.

Teddy Wilson says that Jim Crow forced him into music. He had studied to be a linotype operator at Tuskegee and was a qualified operator. The AFL Printer's Union at that time was Jim Crow and it was almost an impossibility for a Negro printer to get linotype work with any of the big newspapers.

So, Teddy started playing the piano for a living, although, as he says, he was only a mediocre pianist at the time. He had no trouble while playing with the Goodman quartet from 1935 to 1939 except for the loss of some moving picture work in "Big Broadcast of 1936" in which a white musician was to have been substituted for him in the picture. He turned that down.

TURNED DOWN BY RADIO

Wilson's biggest encounter with Jim Crow was after he formed his big band in 1939 and was turned down by the big radio chains because commercial radio shows are afraid of boycotts by white southerners.

Page avers that "the first thing Jim Crow does here in America is to limit your earning power. Only some parts of the musical circle are liberal while the general public is not so at all. It's Jim Crow all the way down the line. And the funny part of it is that the Negro has no problem, since the white man created it and sustains it. I say leave good music alone and it will be happy and good."

Higginbotham points out the discouraging experiences color-

Variety, June 1944

'Opinions' to Argue Jazz Via Television

"Opinions On Trial," weekly CBS tele feature, has spotted subject "Jazz Has a Demoralizing Effect on the Younger Generation" as subject for this week (11) verbal tussle over WCBW, N. Y. Greg Abbott, as usual will occupy judge's chair.

Upholding the jive set will be an international board of "experts," Leonard Feather, Esquire mag jazz scribbler and WMCA disc jockey, an Englishman; Harry Lim, the Java jive pundit, and Teddy Wilson, Negro pianist-maestro formerly featured with Benny Goodman now on the Mildred Bailey CBS sustainer. George Malcolm Smith's their attorney.

Opposition includes Eugene O'Neill, Jr., asst. prof. of Greek at Yale as attorney with Leo Schrade, of the Yale music faculty, and Frances Roth, of WTIC, Hartford, among the witnesses.

ed musicians have in the symphony and orchestra fields and in writing music. He discusses the race prejudice he has experienced in housing, traveling, restaurants and in hotel accommodations.

Spices should be kept away

GENE KRUPA—CLEARED— RE-FORMS HIS BAND

Latest New York News

by LEONARD FEATHER

GENE KRUPA'S NEW ORCHESTRA, FORMED SHORTLY AFTER HE WAS CLEARED OF THE SECOND CHARGE ARISING OUT OF HIS MARIJUANA CONVICTION LAST YEAR, FINISHED REHEARSING LAST WEEK AND WENT OUT OF TOWN FOR ITS INITIAL THEATRE DATES, PRIOR TO OPENING ON BROADWAY FOR A LONG RUN AT THE CAPITOL THEATRE.

There are two extraordinary things about the new Krupa band. One is that it has nine strings—including Remo Biondi, Gene's former guitarist, who has now switched to fiddle.

The other is that Gene himself is conducting, and not playing drums except on a few speciality numbers; he is using a mediocre drummer formerly with Mitchell Ayres.

However, there is plenty of talent in the band, and some exciting moments are sure to be provided by Charlie Ventura, a great tenor man who was with the old Krupa band which broke up early in 1943, and trombonist, Tommy Peterson another ex-Krupa man who has returned to the fold.

Gene has a girl singer named Evelyn Ambrose, as well as a male crooner and a quartet. Anita O'Day, who provided half the biggest kicks with the old Krupa aggregation, is now with Stan Kenton's fine crew, and Roy Eldridge, who provided the other half of said kicks, decided to continue with his own big band.

Mildred Bailey's series of summer sustainer shows over the Columbia network, every Wednesday at 9.30 p.m., New York time, has been causing more excitement every week. Playing with the house band under Paul Baron, and also doing a special small band number on their own, are Charlie Shavers, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Remo Palmieri, Specs Powell, and Al Hall.

NEWS OF POLO

Eddie Condon's Saturday afternoon shows on the Blue Network (3.30-4.00 p.m.) have used some good musicians, though many of them have been held back by the choice of tunes and by the rhythm section. Guests on last week's programme were Jonah Jones, who sang and played excellently, and Ed Hall, who was obliged, against his convictions, to do "High Society."

After a long silence, news came through this week about Danny Polo. After Claude Thornhill joined the Navy and his band broke up, Danny tried to quit music, went to work in a war plant at his home in Clinton, Indiana, then joined a small band in Flint, Michigan. The leader was drafted, and Danny was put in front of the group.

Last May he was taken to hospital with a ruptured ulcer, but he has progressed slowly, and expects to be back at work again with his band in Flint very soon.

Benny Winestone has returned to Toronto after two hectic weeks around Fifty-second Street. It was his first visit here in more than four years.

Yank Porter, the drummer, who had been leading his own band for some time at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, died recently. He worked with Teddy Wilson in 1940-41, and may be remembered from some old Fats Waller records.

Teddy Wilson, by the way, is still uncertain about his plans. Three of his former men—Benny Morton, Johnny Williams and Edmond Hall—are working at Café Society Downtown under Hall's direction.

Sidney Cattell is now leading his own quartet out in Hollywood, with Lucky Thompson, Marlowe Morris and John Simmons. Cattell's group is alternating with Eddie South's trio at a spot called the Streets of Paris.

Dorothy Donegan, who has been given the biggest build-up since Hazel Scott, and is, according to such authorities as Art Tatum, a superior pianist, played her first New York theatre date this week, in the same show with a film called "Sensations of 1945," in which you'll be able to see her do a number.

The same picture gives a nice break to Woody Herman's Band, with Vido Musso and Ernie Caceres visible in

semi-close-ups. And a film by the name of "Follow the Boys" will give you a good introduction to Louis Jordan's talented and wildly successful little quintet.

The Fifty-second Street scene has undergone numerous changes, as usual. Joe Marsala has made one of his periodic returns to the Hickory House; his harpist wife, Adele Girard, is still with him, and he has a swell new guitarist, Chuck Wayne.

The Onyx is now sporting two bands: one is Oscar Pettiford's, and the other is a new all-star bunch under Hot Lips Page, with Don Byas, Cyril Haines, Harold West, Billy Taylor, and Cozy Cole as an added attraction, taking over occasionally for a drum feature number.

HAWK LOSES TENORS

Dolores Brown, who once sang with the Duke and later with Erskine Hawkins, is also in this spot, as a solo act. Across at the Down Beat, Coleman Hawkins' and Pete Brown's groups alternate. Hawk lost his two important horn men, Benny Harris and Don Byas, and is struggling along at present with an inferior trumpet and no other horns. He has been considering a proposition to form another big band, but will probably decide against it.

Charlie Shavers' quartet, which alternates with the Tatum Trio at the Three Deuces, now includes J. C. Heard, who's taking a busman's holiday while the Calloway band has a month's rest. A few blocks away, Shavers' ex-boss, John Kirby, is on the last lap of his long run at the Aquarium, with vocalist Rosetta Williams, Emmett Berry on trumpet, Buster Bailey, George Johnson, Ben Webster and Cliff Leeman.

Cootie Williams' Band returned to Town after its record-breaking theatre tour with the Ink Spots and Ella Fitzgerald. Cootie is playing a week at the Savoy before going out on some one-nighters. Lionel Hampton just left for the coast after smashing all records and virtually tearing down the theatre during a frantic week at the Apollo.

RECORDING SLUMP

In the recording field, activity has slumped off a little, partly owing to the difficulties the small companies have had in getting production. Six 12-in. sides by Art Tatum's Trio just came out on a new label, Comet; they are superb musically, but almost ruined by surface noise. Billie Holiday's first record in two years, "I'll Get By" and "I'll Be Seeing You," has appeared on Commodore.

Decca now seems to be producing more best-sellers than all the other companies together, according to recent statistics. Columbia and Victor are, of course, handicapped by their continued inability to make new records, and Capitol and Hit, the only other companies capable of large-scale production, still can't offer Decca serious competition.

But the only Decca best-sellers that come close to being jazz are the Louis Jordans and a couple of Woody Hermans.

MIDLANDS dance promoters, Tommy Beech and Harold Macdonald, have merged with a business associate, Mr. J. E. Neale, owner of the old Ritz Ballroom at Coventry, and their business will in future be known as Neale's Entertainments, Ltd. The company will promote concerts and dances, supply dance bands and artists, etc.

The company hope to reopen their Ballroom by August, and Frank Proctor and his Band will be in residence. A big "name-band" policy may be embarked on later.

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SIGNATURE #S1-1 ALBUM

ASCH RECORDS RELEASE

Hats Waller Memorial Album

. . . .

EARL HINES TRIO
with AL CASEY (guitar) and
OSCAR PETTIFORD (bass)

28109-A
Squeeze Me (F 1003)
(Waller-Williams)

28109-B
I've Got A Feeling
I'm Falling (F 1001)
(Waller-Link-Rose)

28110-A
Honeysuckle Rose (F 1002)
(Waller-Rezaf)

28110-B
My Fate Is In
Your Hands (F 1000)
(Waller-Rezaf)

NAT JAFFE at the piano,
with SID JACOBS (bass)

28111-A
Black and Blue (F 1006)
(Waller-Rezaf-Brooks)

28111-B
Zonky (F 1007)
(Waller-Rezaf)

28112-A
Keepin' Out of
Mischief Now (F 1005)
(Waller-Rezaf)

28112-B
How Can You
Face Me? (F 1004)
(Waller-Rezaf)

Letters to the Editor

On Jazz Critics

Leonard Feather's article in the May 1944 issue, *What Makes a Good Critic?* was both timely and important. It is unquestionably true that the general tenor of jazz criticism in this country and abroad has been set by musical amateurs. I make this assertion confidently since the number of musically-trained people writing jazz criticism can be counted on less than five fingers. By musical competence I mean people who have studied, performed, arranged, composed or done anything else that can measure up to a full-time "tonal" activity. Perhaps this is a prejudiced attitude, but if so it is based on ten years spent as a pianist, teacher and lecturer plus three more (until the war) as a writer. I am now mired in defense work.

The amateur spirit has served an excellent purpose in attracting many people to jazz. The proselyting ardor of these cognoscenti has been of a character which sophisticated and professionally-minded personalities can hardly approximate. But in the long run a doubt arises as to the staying qualities of their missionary work. It is grounded too strongly in the past and its apostles can point out beauties only with emotional symbols. Since in my mind there is no shortcut to maturity as a music lover, save through thinking, listening and study, I see no chance for improving

the level of the average "amateur" critic.

I have just finished Goffin's book. Like Panassié's and so many others it is a thoroughly unsatisfactory treatise whose harm will be manifested with increasing sales. Except for certain sections at the beginning (which cannot be vouched for entirely in anthropological terms) it is typical of the emotional orgasms a non-musical writer goes through when giving substance to personal and more narrow prejudices. But —on the other hand where are all you wise guys—you in-the-know? Is it easier for the Panassié's and the Goffin's to find publishers? Don't make me laugh. From that point of view you chaps have no squawk coming. I know of course that Leonard and Paul Edward and Barry write lots of articles but somehow the cohesive qualities of a book appear to outdo the influence of a hundred articles. I could be wrong.

Leonard's remarks about Panassié and Bigard were funny and bear a direct affinity to one of my experiences. Several years ago, I worked on the Federal Writer's Project. One of my assignments involved some back history of Chicago musicians. At the time the Duke was in town. Knowing that Barney had served a Chicago apprenticeship with King Oliver I looked him up. We had many talks for the greater part of a week and among other things

the question of Teschmaker came up. Since our French friend had quoted Bigard as an endorser of Tesch's ability I mentioned it. Barney told me he had never heard of him but that earlier in the year, while the band was in Boston, he heard some of Teschmaker's records. When I asked what he thought of them he replied, "terrible" and then went on to say that at that time he enjoyed the playing of Don Murray. But have you ever heard a good word for *him* by the collecting enthusiasts? Years back I was at the late Jimmy Noone's home about an hour after he received a perfectly fantastic letter from Panassié. He apologized for everything he said in his book about Noone and called him the greatest of clarinetists, "a thousand times better than Goodman." Poor Jimmy, who had never seen the book, was completely flabbergasted. He had no idea what all the shooting was about till I explained to him the reason for the letter. Even then he shook his head in bewilderment. Now this sort of critics may serve a relatively useful purpose at a certain stage of the game, but I repeat that they do a lot of harm. I have met, during some of my lectures, many people who have come under the influence of emotionally-minded and nostalgic critics, and believe me they are a pretty hopeless crew.

FRED E. GLOTZER.

Metronome

July 1944

NOTES

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

Jazz composer and critic on Esquire, Look and Metronome magazines

There is little to be said about the late Thomas "Fats" Waller that was not written shortly after his untimely death in December 1943. Waller was a great musician who left a legacy of music that was stamped with great originality and often with great beauty.

Because Fats was best known to the public as a buffoon, a vocalist and jive artist, his reputation as a composer was relatively neglected. Yet Fats' music has found its way into the permanent annals of jazz. His writing career spanned 25 of his 39 years and gave him official standing in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Most of Fats' compositions were of an essentially melodic nature, lending themselves to treatments as popular ballads; but he was also the author of a number of outstanding instrumental pieces, and of several numbers which, though originally conceived as show tunes, afterwards became jazz perennials in the guise of instrumentals, as for instance *Zonky*, one of the numbers included in this album.

Andy Razaf, Fats' lyric-writing partner on most of his biggest hits, recalls that the first major show score on which they collaborated was *Keep Shufflin'*, the songs being *How Jazz Was Born* and *Chocolate Bar*. Later, when Waller and Razaf were working on *Load of Coal* for Connie's Inn, their dual career as writers of world-wide successes began in earnest.

The music in this album represents a cross-section of Fats' talent; it includes some of his best known tunes and a couple of lesser known but equally attractive ones. They are played by two pianists whose talent is more than equal to the task of recreating the melodic and harmonic richness of Fats' work.

RECORDS

Recordings supervised and edited by LEONARD G. FEATHER

SQUEEZE ME

This is the earliest known Waller composition, written back in 1918 in collaboration with the veteran songsmith Spencer Williams, who has been living in England for the past decade. *Squeeze Me* (originally known as *The Boy In The Boat* and equipped with highly dubious lyrics, is high-

for a fast tempo treatment, and that's what it gets here, with Jaffe opening in a rhythmic suspension effect combining right hand chords with a half-tone dissonance in the bass à la Tatum. Jumping into the theme, he plays close to the melody for one chorus, then takes a chorus in the "stride" style that probably comes closer to Fats' own piano style than anything else in the album—by accident rather than design, since Nat was expressing his own musical personality. Sid Jacobs' fine bass tone cuts through admirably on his solo chorus, with neat stop rhythm effects by Nat. For the last chorus Nat introduces a rich, solid repeated chord which is rhythmically interplayed with Jacobs' walking bass.

KEEPIN' OUT OF MISCHIEF NOW

Originally copyrighted in 1932 and recorded by Fats himself some years later, this is one of his gayest and most playable numbers, with an unusual twenty-bar form. Nat's incisive octaves, brilliant single-note runs and fine left-hand support make up an inspired combination here, with some especially attractive moments in the heavy chords effects opening the last chorus, and in the coda supported by bowed bass.

HOW CAN YOU FACE ME?

Written and published in 1934, this tune is characteristic of the Waller genius for creating original melodies and chord sequences without resorting to any outlandish or screwy effects. Nat Jaffe's interpretation of this tune is as great as the tune itself; I'm inclined to regard this personally as the outstanding side of the whole album.

The mood set by the four chords and ensuing rhythmic run that make up the introduction establishes Jaffe as a great artist from the first. The tempo is very slow; the melody is respected, but with added touches of rhythm and harmony that make this as much a reflection of Jaffe's own musical taste and creative ability as of Waller's. Only a chorus and a half is included, and Nat makes every moment count. Once again an attractive ending is worked out with *arco* bass. This is truly a memorable performance and one that should establish Jaffe as an outstanding modern jazz artist.

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Metronome
July 1944

NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine of Negro Comment

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OCTOBER 1944

DIGEST QUIZ

Couples And Couplets

EVER SINCE Cain and Abel, the world has been in the process of pairing off in sundry matters from love to literature. You meet couples and couplets in both.

Simple enough then is this quiz designed to test your acquaintance with characters that travel in pairs. You've heard of these in the movies, on the radio, on the stage and in everyday conversation. Some are simple, some not so easy. Eight out of ten is a good score, nine is just fine and ten is what no NEGRO DIGEST editor could hit. (See answers on inside back cover.)

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Buck and . . . | 6. Butterbeans and . . . |
| 2. Red Beans and . . . | 7. Ammons and . . . |
| 3. Williams and . . . | 8. Mason and . . . |
| 4. Amos and . . . | 9. Othello and . . . |
| 5. Porgy and . . . | 10. Son and . . . |



Subscription Rates: 25 cents a single copy, \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 two years, life subscription \$25.00. In foreign countries \$4.00 a year, \$6.00 two years.

Publisher and Managing Editor: John H. Johnson

Associate Editor: Ben Burns. Assistants: E. M. Walker, G. J. Williams

Copyright, 1944, by the Negro Digest Publishing Co.

Published monthly at 5619 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

by the Negro Digest Publishing Co.

Entered as second class matter January 27, 1943, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The articles in Negro Digest are selected on the basis of general interest and information and do not necessarily express the opinions of the editors.

race bias affected careers
of famous musicians



Condensed from Esquire

As Told To Leonard Feather

JIM CROW HENDERSON, veteran arranger, pianist and bandleader:

I've seen Jim Crow from both sides—as a colored member of a white band, and as an employer of white men in my own colored band.

When I played piano with Benny Goodman in 1939 I never ran into any trouble. The only problem occurred in Beverly Hills, where I couldn't find a home and was forced to live thirteen miles away from where the band was working.

Later, when I had my own band, a couple of white boys wrote to me asking for a job. Well, if a man can read my music and play it right, I don't care if he's an Eskimo.

My union card doesn't tell me who and who not to hire. Between the war, and the manpower shortage, and the fact that I felt it would be a nice gesture of reciprocity toward them like Benny Goodman and

Charlie Barnet who've hired colored musicians, I thought it was a good idea. I hired an alto player and a guitarist who were with the band for a while and we didn't have any difficulties. Later on, after they'd left, two other white boys joined me, a seventeen-year-old trombonist named Bob Calese and a young trumpet player, Tony de Nardi.

A little while later the band went South. All through Georgia and Texas there were no incidents. Then we went to Chattanooga to play a date. The first part of the evening we did a concert, then they closed the curtain while the chairs were being pulled away for a dance.

Then the cops came in. They said if I played for the white dancers with these two boys in my band, there'd be trouble. Some of the white spectators got to hear about this and walked out in disgust; they said there was a war going on and we were supposed to be fighting

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(September, 1944)

against that kind of intolerance.

Later on a white promoter booked me to play a colored dance in Birmingham. When he saw my white musicians arrive he said, "Now you've done it. We'll have a riot." But the Negro spectators applauded and bought tickets.

When I refused to play without the white boys, this promoter sent for the police. The police came in and called the sergeant at headquarters. The sergeant called the mayor. The mayor called the district attorney.

Finally word came through that if they stopped me from playing I'd have a case for a lawsuit. So then they let me play. The next night they made the white musicians put dark brown powder on their faces!

The only time I had to go on and play without the two ofay boys was once in Miami, where they sent special police to the date who made me call up the local white union head.

There was a lot of fuss and later on the case went to Petrillo, who called me back and said if I ever ran into any trouble like that again I should let him know, as he wouldn't stand for it.

Once we got out of the South we all felt at home again and there was no problem at all. And those white boys took a fine attitude; the whole time they were in the South they traveled in the Jim

Crow coaches with us even if we were crowded in there like a dining room, rather than be separated from the rest of the band.

Yes, Jim Crow caused me a few headaches, but I managed to make a little progress fighting it. There's a lot of satisfaction in that.

JEDDY WILSON, pianist and bandleader, formed the band with Benny Goodman:

It was Jim Crow, curiously enough, that caused me to get into the music business in the first place.

I studied at Tuskegee Institute and was a qualified linotype operator, but when I left there and was ready to get a job, I found out that the A.F.L. Printers' Union at that time was Jim Crow, and it was almost impossible for a Negro printer to get linotype work with any of the big newspapers.

Well, I was only a mediocre pianist who happened to love music, but there was nothing left for me except to turn to music as a career.

The whole time I was with Benny Goodman's Quartet, from 1935 to 1939, there was no significant trouble. I lost some movie work when they wanted me to do the recording for a musical sequence in *Big Broadcast of 1936* but had a white musician substitute for me when they shot the pictures. I refused to do that.

The following year Benny made *Hollywood Hotel* for Warners and

did photograph the Quartet, all of us wearing the same uniform and no suggestion of segregation. But the scene was shot in such a way that they could cut it out in movie houses down South.

When I got a big band together in 1939 I found out more about Jim Crow works against musicians. They had an equal rights law in Pennsylvania, and promoters were scared to hire colored bands because it might attract Negro patrons and they'd be risking law suits by refusing them admittance.

That means that where a white band doing a road tour out of New York could break it up into short, convenient transportation jumps, a colored band could not break the journey until it got to Pittsburgh, the first town large enough to hold a strictly colored dance.

Of course, the biggest handicap is in radio. A lot of the best locations with network wires, like the Astor and the Pennsylvania and the New Yorker Hotel, don't hire Negro bands, and the commercial radio shows are almost entirely impossible because the sponsors are afraid their product would be boycotted by white Southerners if they hired a colored outfit.

HOT LIPS PAGE, trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader:

The first thing Jim Crow does here in America is to limit your earning power. That's practically an open-and-shut case.

But that's only one aspect of it. In addition it cuts off the availability of certain things you could learn through study.

Only some parts of the musical circle are liberal, while the general public is not so at all. The public likes to hear us play all right, but it thinks of us principally as entertainers. It rarely gives any attention to the problems of how we live, how much money we make in comparison to whites in similar jobs. There are these and lots of other smaller things.

It's Jim Crow all the way down the line. And the funny part of it is that the Negro has no problem, since the white man created it and sustains it.

I say leave good music alone and it will be happy and good. I think people are the same way and would act differently if they were not hemmed in by a lot of taboos.

J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM, trombonist now with Red Allen:

There isn't a Negro living in America, whether it's in the South or up North, who isn't affected by Jim Crow. In the case of a student of music in the South, there aren't enough good schools open to Negroes. In the North conditions are better, of course, and most of the schools accept Negroes freely.

However, I've experienced race prejudice in other forms; in hous-

ing, traveling, restaurants, hotel accommodations.

Colored musicians have discouraging experiences in the symphony and opera fields, too; and in writing music, a Negro has to have a name before most bands will play his tunes; often he's forced to sell his tune outright for a small sum. It's not easy to get into A.S.C.A.P. either; you have to wait and try a considerably longer time than most white song writers.

But in spite of all the stupid and petty irritations of Jim Crowism, the Negro people have made their mark in all the arts.

As a musician, I've been able to escape some of the insults of Jim Crow though by no means all of them. The tactics of segregation and discrimination affect all work-

ing classes of Negroes in general and after all the musician is just a man seeking to earn a living. It can truly be said that music has done great things to break down race prejudice.

I look forward to the time when musicians like myself will be able to play in all the large hotel rooms and ballrooms, when my wages will be on the same level with those of white musicians in the same talent bracket and where I will not have to miss out on prestige and money by being forced to play where no broadcasting can be done.

And I look forward to the time when the Negro musician will not have to play in places where members of his own race are excluded as patrons.



Starting From Scratch

A YOUNG NEGRO BRIDE walked into a drug store and approached the clerk timidly.

"That baby tonic you advertise. Does it really make babies bigger and stronger?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we never had a complaint."

"Well, I'll buy a bottle of it," said the bride after a moment, and went out. In five minutes she was back. She leaned over the counter and whispered to the druggist: "Just one thing more—who takes it—my husband or me?"

Alvin Jan



New York—Betty Roche, talented blues singer featured with Duke Ellington's orchestra from 1942 until recently, when she joined Earl Hines, was the main figure in an all-star recording date organized for her by Leonard Feather for the Apollo label, owned by Harlem's Rainbow Music Shop.

Feather, well-known composer-critic, now writing regularly for Esquire, Look, Metronome, has been composing original music and lyrics, as well as assembling the bands and supervising recording, for a series of Apollo sessions. The stars he gathered together for Betty Roche's solo

debut included Ray Nance, trumpet and violin star from the Duke's orchestra, Earl Hines at the piano, Joe "Flip" Phillips from Woody Herman's band on tenor sax and clarinet, Al Casey on guitar, Oscar Pettiford on bass and Sid Catlett on drums.

Titles waxed included Duke Ellington's "I Love My Lovin' Lover" and Feather's two latest blues numbers, "Trouble, Trouble" and "Blues on My Weary Mind." In addition, two instrumentals were made by the band, Feather's "Design for Living" and Hines' "Early to Jump."

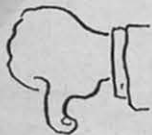
ESQUIRE

SOUND AND THE FURY

FEATHER FAN CLUB (1)

In recent months many of us who are devoted to jazz music have become increasingly alarmed by the writings that have appeared in Esquire under the guise of jazz criticism. Particularly have we been taken aback by the opinions of your chief critic Leonard Feather who, we feel, is either completely incompetent or thoroughly dishonest.

It is not that we have anything against Mr. Feather's personal preferences—or what he states are his preferences—in regard to jazz. What we fear is that Mr. Feather's notions—it is hard to call them anything else—may influence some of your readers. We fear that some of them may come, as he has, to prefer the sentimental, affected honkings of Coleman Hawkins or the shrill "I-can-blow-higher-and-louder-than-you-can" shriekings of Roy Eldridge to the simple, honest playing of Bud Freeman or the incomparable Muggsy Spanier. We do not feel that the listing of such a record as Art Hodes' *Royal Garden Blues* in the class of hillbilly music (as Mr. Feather once did in his reviews in *Look Magazine*) is either intelligent or honest criticism. Nor do we feel that such examples of Mr. Feather's type of jazz as his Commodore recordings with the Esquire All-Star Band are worthy of the name.



It would not be quite so bad if Mr. Feather's was the majority opinion and ours the minority. But that does not happen to be the case. Such critics as Charles Edward Smith, George Avakian, Frederic Ramsey, Eugene Williams, William Russell and others who were listening to and appreciating jazz before Leonard Feather ever heard of it think, with us, that Pee Wee Russell and Georg Brunis are more representative of jazz music than are Charlie Shavers and Art Tatum.

We do not suggest to you that you dismiss Feather from your staff. (We

might think it a good idea, but we don't suggest it.) What we do ask is that you have some one who really knows jazz music as Feather never can and never will, to counteract, or at least to balance, the influence of Feather's attitudes. It was, I believe, Charles Edward Smith who put Esquire on the jazz beat back in 1934. Could you not get Smith to put Esquire back on that beat today? Or if not Smith, some other critic or some less-known but equally devoted collector who has some literary bent and can help lead your readers out of the present state of delusion into which Mr. Feather has led them. If Mr. Feather wishes to write of his jump boys, let him, but please have someone else around who can write of Dixieland and New Orleans, of the music that is real, that is jazz.

Esquire can do jazz music a great service. We to whom jazz means so much hope that it will not fail.

A. H. E.
Cornell University Medical College
New York, N. Y.

(2)

A few weeks ago I received my June issue of Esquire and was delighted to find *The Rhythm Section*. It was not an unpleasant surprise, to say the least. I've found it the most interesting feature in the publication.

Here in Italy we get very few records from the States. Of the twenty-odd discs we have, eighteen of them are a mixture of Harry James, Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser. The other five include one terrific Goodman plate, two Tommy Dorsey records, *Jenny* by Gertrude Lawrence (murder), and a solitary V-Disc—your own *Blues and Esquire Bounce*—backed by *Tea for Two*.

Tatum, Casey and Hawkins were never better than in "Bounce." The big trouble is—all we get is the sour schmaltz of Sammy Kaye and the secondhand corn of Harry James' commercial trumpet.

What is the matter? As long as they're using valuable space to send records, why can't they send some music, instead of noise? Frankly, I would rather hear myself playing *Sweet Lorraine* on a jew's-harp than Sammy Kaye and the rest at their best (which isn't too good).

In any event, I want to extend my congratulations for the fine job you're doing, Mr. Feather. Keep 'em coming.

J. R. WALSH, JR.
2nd Lt.—Air Forces



British Fans Through American Eyes: For and Against

THEY'RE SQUARE

Says
Private DAVID
BITTAN

THE jazz situation in England is indeed a paradoxical one. The average English jazz fan is a lover of Jelly Roll Morton, Pee Wee Russell and his Nicksieanders, and the other jazz greats whose musical talents are unquestioned but who for the most part have been better days.

These fans are most fanatical in their love of the old-time jazz greats and go to great pains in shouting their love of the O.D.J.B. and other ancient organisations.

Characters who get themselves up as jazz critics publish numerous sheets and give them names such as "Jazz Tempo," "Discography," "Jazz Music," "Jazz Record," and other rags which contain a lot of data about the same group of antiquated musicians but vary a line about the jazz greats in their own country and in the States to-day.

If they do mention English music they use adjectives such as trite, anemic, heinous or tortuous in describing outfits which definitely have the right idea.

Rhythm clubs, or places where fanatics can hear the music of the "old masters," have sprung up all over England. London has a number of these clubs, and the one I frequent the most is one called the West London Rhythm Club.

Before the weekly Jam Session starts, a recital is given by one of the "critics," in which he goes to great pains describing the greatness of "Tesch" or "Bix" or "Jelly Roll," via record. Mention the greatness of Billy Butterfield, Pete Brown, Mel Powell, Hodges or Shaw to these lovers of what they call jazz, and they retaliate with their ravings about the ancients.

JAZZ AND SWING ARE ONE

Then starts the paradox of English jazz. The Jam Session starts and the musicians get up on the stand. And what do they play?

Not the jerky, often tasteless music of the old-timers, but a good brand of jazz with the musicians sounding like a group of modern American musicians whose music is so obnoxious to the super-sensitive ear of the English jazz-lover.

Yet they sit in their seats enjoying this music, never realising that they are listening to the type of music that they denounce so often in no uncertain terms. They attempt to differentiate between "Jazz" and "Swing," not knowing they are one and the same thing.

Eric Winstone, leader, composer, jazz musician, said in an intelligent analysis of the English jazz fan:

"Jazz in this country is fettered chiefly by the appalling lack of discrimination on the part of its own disciples. To these so-called jazz fans, a record in which you can hear the tune is commercialism at its worst."

Winstone is the leader of one of England's best orchestras, and is the composer of "Mirage," "Oasis," "Stage Coach," "Night Flight," and other modern tone poems. He is a champion of fully-scored, big band jazz.

Typical of the writings of English jazz fans is this criticism of a member of "Metronome's" staff, English-born Leonard Feather, by a self-styled jazz critic.

I quote from the column entitled "Certain Things Astonish Me," by V. Erskine Beaumont, which appeared in an issue of "Jazz Tempo." Beaumont said, "Another thing amazed me. It was a passage in Leonard Feather's 'Ten Years in Jazz' (Melody Maker, December 25).

"Wrote Mr. Feather: 'Compare Art Tatum or King Cole or Mel Powell with an old-time pianist like Art Hodes or Jelly-Roll Morton. It seems almost fantastic



BITTAN

that the differences can be so vast with the passage of less than a generation. They are the differences between a master of oratory and a child just learning to talk."

Beaumont then went on to give a vicious, subtle denunciation of Feather, and of musicians whom he had never seen and very probably never heard.

"Quite frankly," he said "it was only the restraining hand of sadness which averted serious injury. Laughter is a tonic, I am told, but when I'd finished laughing at that one I felt thoroughly ill. Admittedly we can (and did) dismiss that article of Feather's as the most concentrated slab of balderdash ever to disgrace the pages of the MELODY MAKER, but with paper so scarce it came as something of a shock to find it being devoted to this supreme example of egotistical piffle. Surely Ray Sonin [editor of the MELODY MAKER] has some better material on file? God knows, it couldn't have been worse."

To give an insight on just who and what Mr. Beaumont is, I again quote this time from the periodical of the West London Rhythm Club. Its editor said of Mr. Beaumont:

"One of the most elusive personalities in British jazz. A renowned authority, nonetheless, and a familiar figure in all the junk shops from Farnham to Putney Hill."

NARROW VIEWS

How a character who garnered his so-called knowledge of American jazz by haunting London junk shops, can give an intelligent criticism of jazz is beyond my comprehension. Let him see and hear brothers Tatum, Cole and Powell in an informal session and he will forget Hodes or Jelly-Roll ever even saw a piano.

Getting their knowledge of jazz almost 100 per cent. from records, and then only the ones issued over here, fans like Beaumont can't realise the true greatness of the new generation of musicians.

Talk Lou McGarity, Billy May, Cappy Lewis, Les Robinson, George Barnes or Johnny Guarneri, to them, and they not only never heard of most of these boys, but think that you are talking through the proverbial hat.

They can't be blamed entirely for their narrow views, but should be educated to the fact that to-day's jazzmen are superior to most of the true greats of other years.

Shaw and Goodman to them are symbols of commercialism, rather than the really great musicians and leaders that they are.

On one of the few occasions when the British jazz fans did see modern American jazz performed in the flesh, they went absolutely hog-wild over the quality of the music.

Johnny Mince brought a few of the boys from the pit band of "This is the Army," then appearing in London, down to one of the Rhythm Clubs. The musicians were for the most part men who had jobbed around New York and were never known for their jam work.

Mince on clarinet, Joe Guidice on tenor, Bill Jones and Jackie Koven

Here is a friendly, private war between a couple of American soldiers over here.

The article by David Bittan originally appeared in the U.S. magazine, "Metronome," by whose courtesy we reprint it, and was subtitled: "The English 'Cat' is a Tame Kitten."

Bittan wrote it when he had been here seven months; that was eight months ago, and maybe he has changed his opinions by now—or not.

We sent his article to Milton Buckley and asked for his observations. He doesn't agree with Bittan, and has said so.

Now that the Americans have had their say, the controversy becomes a free-for-all, so write in and tell us what you think about the articles.

—EDITOR, "M.M."

(formerly with Claude Thornhill) on trumpets, Don Matteson (ex-J. Dorsey trombonist), pianist Morty Kahn and Eddy O'Connor on guitar had the English in an extremely high mood with their soulful stuff.

Without detracting from the excellence of the musicians named above, what would they have done if they could have seen a session with B.G., Eddie Miller, Billy Butterfield, Yank Lausen, Lou McGarity, Mel Powell, Allan Reuss and a good bass man and drummer? And maybe just a little Norvo, Hampton or Ray Nance thrown in for good measure?

FINE ENGLISH JAZZMEN

I guess they would have almost collapsed from sheer ecstasy of being completely and wholeheartedly sent.

Let's hope that some of our bigger and better bands will finally make their long-awaited overseas jaunts to the ocean.

They will show the lovers of the "old masters" that big bands can swing and that modern musicians know what the score is.

Maybe then they will start to listen to and appreciate the scores of good musicians such as George Shearing, Davey Wilkins, Tommy Bromley, Bertie King and other fine English jazzmen who compare well with Americans.

The English jazz fan is to be admired for his enthusiasm for the men who actually made jazz what it is today, but they should be educated to take a more broadminded view toward the truly great musicians of this era.

THEY'RE HEP

Says
Cpl. MILTON
BUCKLEY

SO Private David Bittan thinks the English cat is a "tame kitten"? Perhaps it's because this self-styled critic failed to poke the feline to see what she can be like when she's aroused.

Let's be fair about it; there are a few truths contained in his article, but the majority of his statements can be summed up in one word, a word that is extremely popular in the Army of the United States—and a word that the Editor of the "M.M." won't let me print.

Bittan talks of the Rhythm Clubs where "a recital is given by one of the 'critics,' in which he goes to great pains describing the greatness of 'Tesch' or 'Bix' or 'Jelly Roll,' via record."

Maybe Bittan would rather have them discuss the marvellous, sobbing trumpet of Harry James, or the soulful saxophoning of Freddy Martin?

He continues: "Then starts the paradox of English jazz. The Jam Session starts—and what do they play? Not the jerky, often tasteless music of the old-timers, but a good brand of jazz, with the musicians sounding like a group of modern American musicians."

There goes your argument, David! You say the fans don't appreciate the modernists, yet the fellows they pick for their Jam Sessions sound like "a group of modern American musicians." Doesn't that suggest that they understand and appreciate new and old?

According to Private Bittan, Shaw and Goodman are symbols of commercialism to the British fans. Then what accounts for the fact that within the last few months Artie Shaw has had almost as many discs issued over here as the top British bands?

THE CATS KNOW!

Just look at the list: "Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy," "Copenhagen," "Prelude in C Sharp Minor," "Sobbin' Blues," "Who's Excited," etc.

In fact, if Bittan will look at the lists of record releases for the past ranks, high among the American combos with records released in Britain. All the way from his string quartet days of 1936, through his riff crew of '37 and '38, his "Begin the Beguine" outfit of '39-'40, up through his "Kostelanetz" crew of '41 and '42.

Who buys these discs? Surely not the old folks or the squares. They get their kicks from Silvester and Ivy Benson.

It must be the jazz fans, whom Bittan calls narrow-minded and musically uneducated.

As for "B.G.," remember he came to England for a vacation a few years back? The exuberant demonstrations and ovations that greeted him couldn't have been caused entirely by commercial lovers.

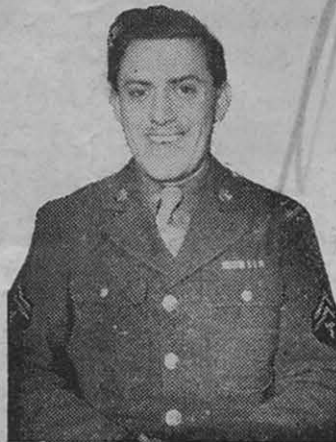
Naturally, if Bittan has only had contacts with the strictly die-hard jazz collector types, his statements have some basis. But for that matter the situation is identical in the States.

Attend any Hot Club meeting in America, and you'll hear the Modernists debunked, and Bix, Tesch et al. praised to the skies.

As for the English not having heard of McGarity, Powell, etc., that's plain stupidity on the author's part.

For instance, in Shrewsbury one evening I watched a group of R.A.F. boys play "B.G.'s" platter of "Farewell Blues" over and over, just to dig Lou McGarity's tram solo, which knocked them out. To make it a paradox, they were all Muggsy Spanier fans. There's an example of the old and new being appreciated.

In my various travels around Merrie



BUCKLEY

Olde England during the past year I've run into all types of music-lovers, and I've found that those partial to "the music hot" really know the score when it comes to American sidemen.

Why, some of the cats I've come into contact with over here could name some American musicians (and modernists, too, David) whom you never knew existed.

The good Private looks down on the jazz fans of England because they get their knowledge of jazz almost 100 per cent. from records. This is a very foolish attitude. Name a better way to analyse hot music.

Of course, when seen in the flesh it's a kick, but most of the exhilaration is derived from the visual excitement that attends such sessions, and it's difficult indeed to concentrate on the music alone.

Bittan gives us the tip-off on the extent of his knowledge of British jazz when he calls Eric Winstone a "jazz musician and leader of one of England's best orchestras."

NOT "UNAPPRECIATED"

Why shouldn't it be one of England's best? The men Winstone uses for his pick-up combos are the best available. They are also the men that Phil Green, Ambrose, and other top-fighters use.

I wonder if I got together a pick-up outfit including Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Jack Teagarden, Lou McGarity, Bobby Hackett, George Barnes, Johnny Guarneri, Artie Bernstein and Jo Jones, would Bittan call me a "jazz musician and leader of one of the best bands in the country"?

If he would, I might even attempt a few "modern tone poems" on my accordion.

For the finale and to cap all the half-baked statements he had previously propounded, Private Bittan hopes that in the future the British jazz fans "will start to listen to and appreciate the scores of good musicians such as George Shearing, Davey Wilkins, Tommy Bromley, Bertie King, and other fine English jazzmen, who compare well with Americans."

For the unenlightened author, let us explain to him that in the early part of this year the MELODY MAKER conducted a poll to determine the favourite British musicians. Jazz fans and rhythm clubites were not excluded from the voting. In fact, they sent in the majority of the votes, being the most interested in British music.

George Shearing was placed first among pianists, Tommy Bromley placed first in the doghouse division, Dave Wilkins was third among the trumpet men, and Bertie King placed sixth in the alto sax section. Certainly a fine showing for "unappreciated, underrated musicians."

Bittan throughout his article reminds me of a rookie just off the boat who meets a jazz collector in London, attends a Rhythm Club meeting, then rushes back to his typewriter to write a book on the English musical situation.

If he would get around the country more and meet different music fans, I'm sure he would alter his opinions. But maybe he'd better be careful, because that "tame kitten" might scratch his eyes out.

BRITAIN REPLIES TO BITTAN (Continued from page 3)

AS the main recipient of Private David Bittan's caustic comments in the MELODY MAKER, I would be grateful for a small ration of your valuable space in which to reply. It came as a pleasant surprise to me to read that my offending article had appeared in "Metronome," or at any rate, that part of it which referred to Leonard Feather, for I feel that it would do Mr. Feather a power of good to know that his unpopularity extends beyond the bounds of U.S.A. In fact, it was decidedly revealing to find Private Bittan holding Feather up as an authority whose opinions should never have been attacked by me (as they were in my "Jazz

Tempo" article—"Certain Things Astonish Me"). If dissension with Mr. Feather's views constitutes a lack of understanding for genuine jazz, then I regret to say that 99 per cent. of the critics in America are rank morons. But look, Private Bittan, could it not be that Feather is the one who is wrong? Isn't it a counterpart of the joke about the marching soldiers being "all out of step except father"? Judging from your photo in the MELODY MAKER, I would be inclined to say that you were a good deal younger than Cpl. Milt Buckley—who so ably countered your thrusts. Youth is no crime; rather is it an asset, but the ability to view situations in their true perspective increases with the passage of time, and I feel that in, say, another ten years, you will have realised the position of Art Hodes and Jelly Roll Morton in relation to King Cole, Mel Powell and their ilk. Your reference to jazz enthusiasts who listen to recitals on Bix, Tesch or Jelly Roll and then sit back and enjoy the modern music of London Rhythm clubs reveals one important thing, namely, that you viewed the scene with scant attention.

What a lot of paper could have been spared if Bittan had realised this in the first place!
V. ERSKINE BEAUMONT,
London, W.2.

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather



King Cole

KING COLE TRIO—This is far and away the most exciting album of the year. The superb piano and guitar of King Cole and Oscar Moore are so uniformly inspired that the entire contents are recommended: *Sweet Lorraine*, *Embraceable You*; *Body and Soul*, *The Man I Love*; *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*, *What Is This Thing Called Love*; *Easy Listenin' Blues*, *Paper Moon*. (Capitol)



Bing Crosby

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS—The Kern-Hammerstein oldie merits this timely revival, sung and played by Vaughn Monroe with his orchestra. The Four Lee Sisters sing on the reverse, *After It's Over*. (Victor)

HAWAII—This is an album of eight typical numbers by Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiians, six of them his own tunes written in Honolulu. *Sweet Leilani* is one of them. (Capitol)



Harry Gibson

CROSBY CLASSICS—Here are eight more revivals of Bing's early days, including *Please*, *Thanks*, *Shine*, *My Honey's Loving Arms*. The Mills Brothers team with Bing on the last two. Featured accompanists include Joe Venuti and Frank Trumbauer. (Columbia)

BOOGIE WOOGIE IN BLUE—Harry Gibson, noted 52nd Street character, is cast as "Handsome Harry the Hipster" in this unusual album of piano solos and vocals, including *4-F Ferdinand the Frantic Freak* and *Get Your Juices at the Deuces*. (Musicraft)



Jerry Colonna

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU—Duke Ellington's *Sentimental Lady*, slightly rewritten and with fresh lyrics, is headed for the Hit Parade under this title. Jo Stafford sings it with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's Orchestra on Capitol, coupled with *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. The Duke's own arrangement is paired with *Slip of the Lip*. (Victor)

CAN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLING, CAROLINE?—Jerry Colonna makes this funniest record of 1944. Everything gets into the arrangement, even *Chloë*. It's a must. (Capitol)



Cab Calloway

LORDY—The Cabaliers aid Cab Calloway in this minor lament. On the reverse is a good example of Cab's treatment of a pleasant melodic arrangement; the tune is *The Moment I Laid Eyes on You*. (Columbia)

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER—Louis Prima's most amusing and successful arrangement is at last available on wax. His heretical treatment, with a "jump" background, makes a refreshing change. He also sings the backing, *The Very Thought of You*. (Hit)



Louis Prima

CLASSICAL ITEMS—Best new albums are Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony in his own "Nordic" *Symphony* (Victor); Tchaikowsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1*, Egon Petri as soloist with the London Philharmonic, and an operatic album sung by Claudia Muzio. (Columbia)



Egon Petri

STRAY NOTES—Hot jazz: Freddy Slack's *Cuban Sugar Mill* and *Small Batch o' Nod* on Capitol. For Western fans: Gene Autry's *Purple Sage in the Twilight* (Okeh) and Tex Ritter's *There's a New Moon over My Shoulder* (Capitol). For Latin-music lovers: a Xavier Cugat pair, *Prisionero del Mar* and *Eco*. (Columbia)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

THE TROLLEY SONG—Four King Sisters (Bluebird), Pied Pipers (Capitol)
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE—Charlie Barnet (Decca), Benny Carter (Bluebird)
DANCE WITH A DOLLY—Evelyn Knight (Decca), Tony Pastor (Bluebird), Louis Prima (Hit)
TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL—Bing Crosby (Decca)
GEE, AIN'T I GOOD TO YOU—King Cole Trio (Capitol)

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather



Dorothy Lamour

DOROTHY LAMOUR—Adorning this album in a sarong, Dorothy sings eight Hawaiian songs with Dick McIntire's local-color orchestra. Popular numbers should be *The One Rose* and *My Little Grass Shack*. (Decca)



Dick Haymes

OUR WALTZ—One of David Rose's most popular works is given a different treatment by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles in a pairing with *Holiday for Strings*. There is also a vocal version of *Our Waltz* by Dick Haymes, coupled with the movie song, *Janie*. Victor Young accompanies. (Decca)



Duke Ellington

WHAT AM I HERE FOR?—The last of Duke Ellington's pre-ban recordings is a brilliant arrangement featuring the Duke's former tenor-sax star, Ben Webster. Trombonist Lawrence Brown, vocalist Ivie Anderson share the reverse, *I Don't Mind*. (Victor)

INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL—This lachrymose ballad, sung by Ella Fitzgerald with the Ink Spots, is a juke-box natural. The late Hoppy Jones does one of his typical recitatifs in the third chorus. On the reverse of this is *I'm Making Believe*. (Decca)

TWO IN LOVE—Meredith Willson's tune is interpreted in the usual Tommy Dorsey pattern, with a Frank Sinatra vocal. On the reverse, Sinatra, teamed with the Pied Pipers, sings a revival of *Whispering*. (Victor)



Ella Fitzgerald

I LEARNED A LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET—Helen Forrest offers the latest version of this hit, which is coupled with Harry James' special, *Every Day of My Life*. (Decca)

IT'S A CRYING SHAME—One of the best songs of the season, this is well interpreted by Phil Hanna. The reverse, *Forget-Me-Nots in Your Eyes*, with Leonard Joy's musical backing, also makes good listening. (Decca)



Frank Sinatra

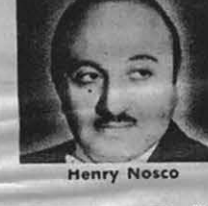
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—Cole Porter wrote this song; Hal McIntyre's band plays it, with Jerry Stuart and the four Lyttle Sisters sharing the vocal. The other side is a reissue of the attractive minor-mood instrumental number, *Daisy May*, which has a Duke Ellington flavor and several good solos. (Victor)

DON'T EVER CHANGE—Ginny Simms' latest has an all-vocal background. Coupled is *Wish You Were Waiting for Me*. (Columbia)



Helen Forrest

CLASSICAL ITEMS—Richard Addinsoll's *Warsaw Concerto* is well performed by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Alfred Wallenstein, with pianist Harry Kaufman (Decca). Henry Nosco's concert orchestra offers a miscellany including Debussy's *Reverie*, Herbert's *Indian Summer* (Hit). Others are *In Nature's Realm*, Opus 91, by the Chicago Symphony, and *Belshazzar's Feast*, conducted by William T. Walton. (Victor)



Henry Nosco

STRAY NOTES—Three new releases are *Joy-Mentin'* by James P. Johnson, featuring Ben Webster, Vic Dickenson; Meade Lux Lewis' piano solo, *Chicago Flyer*; and Cab Calloway's tenor-sax star, Ike Quebec, leading a quintet in *She's Funny that Way* (Blue Note). Four other new sides by Emmett Berry's quintet include *Sweet and Lovely*, with Don Byas' tenor. (National)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

KING COLE TRIO album (Capitol)
CROSBY CLASSICS—Bing Crosby album (Columbia)
YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE—Mills Brothers (Decca), Three Suns (Hit)
HOW MANY HEARTS HAVE YOU BROKEN?—Stan Kenton (Capitol)
I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU (Sentimental Lady)—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Duke Ellington (Victor)

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather



Benny Goodman



Lionel Hampton



Ginger Rogers



Judy Garland



Anita O'Day



Charles Boyer



André Kostelanetz

REISSUES—A block of 118 outstanding records has been reinstated in the Victor and Bluebird catalogues. Among them are many of the best-known records the full Benny Goodman band made in 1935-38: *I've Found a New Baby*, *Swingtime in the Rockies*; *Pick Yourself Up*, *Down South Camp Meetin'*. Others by the Goodman Trio and Quartet are: *Body and Soul*, *After You've Gone*; *Dinah*, *Moonglow*. Louis Armstrong is well represented by *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*; Glenn Miller by *Slip Horn Jive*; Tommy Dorsey by *Jada*, *Royal Garden Blues* (Victor); and Artie Shaw by *Deep Purple*, *Pastel Blue* (Bluebird). Best of all are these again-popular Lionel Hampton couplings: *China Stomp*, *Rhythm Rhythm*; *Sunny Side of the Street*, *I Know That You Know*; *Jivin' the Vibres*, *Stomp*. (Victor)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Congratulations are in order to everyone connected with the production of this album: to Ginger Rogers, who plays Alice; to George Walls, who adapted the Lewis Carroll story and directed; to Victor Young for his musical score; to Frank Luther, who wrote the music for Carroll's songs; and to Decca for their excellent work which includes Tenniel reproductions and a Disney cover. (Decca)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland sings this and other numbers from her picture of the same name, including *The Trolley Song* and *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*, with Georgie Stoll providing the musical settings. The title song is also available by Guy Lombardo's band, coupled with Ray Noble's *The Very Thought of You*. (Decca)

SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART—This song from *Hollywood Canteen* is available by Kitty Carlisle, coupled with *The Very Thought of You* (Decca); by Jimmy Dorsey, with Moon on My Pillow, both featuring Teddy Walters vocals (Decca); and by Stan Kenton, with a Gene Howard vocal. This last recording is recommended chiefly because of its excellent backing, *Gotta Be Gettin'*, by the brilliant swing stylist, Anita O'Day. It is her best recent release. (Capitol)

LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE—Here is an enterprising album of readings in French by Charles Boyer, expounding the principles of democracy contained in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo and others. The big, bilingual booklet includes enlightening commentaries, also biographies. (Decca)

VOCALS—*Don't Fence Me In* and *The Three Caballeros* by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters (Decca); *No Fish Today*, *Grand Central Station*, *Five Red Caps* (Gennett); *Hello Suzanne*, *Why Shouldn't I*, Ella Mae Morse (Capitol); *Something for the Boys*, *By the Mississinewah*, Paula Lawrence (Decca); *I Dream of You*, *Magic Is the Moonlight*, Andy Russell (Capitol); and Duke Ellington's new tune, *Don't You Know I Care?* by Paul Weston's orchestra. (Capitol)

STRAY NOTES—Two light concert albums are *Selections from Oklahoma*, by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Alfred Wallenstein (Decca), and eight musical-comedy favorites by André Kostelanetz (Columbia). Best hot jazz: *Free and Easy*, *Bass-C-Jam*, Don Byas (Savoy) and *Got a Penny*, King Cole. (Atlas)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

THE TROLLEY SONG—Vaughn Monroe (Victor), Four King Sisters (Bluebird), Pied Pipers (Capitol)
INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL—Ella Fitzgerald and Ink Spots (Decca)
OUR WALTZ—Dick Haymes (Decca), Los Angeles Philharmonic (Decca)
WHAT AM I HERE FOR?—Duke Ellington (Victor)
TWO IN LOVE—Tommy Dorsey-Frank Sinatra (Victor)

Jan. 27, 1944

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather



Johnny Mercer



Glenn Miller



Erskine Hawkins



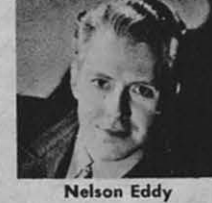
Fred Waring



Chucho Martinez



Tony Pastor



Nelson Eddy

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE—Johnny Mercer's advice to "eliminate the negative" and avoid Mr. In-Between has become the season's surprise hit. His recording merges good music with a fine sense of humor. (Capitol)

LONESOME TRAIN—The story of Abraham Lincoln's funeral journey, in the form of a folk ballad with narrator, singer, chorus and orchestra, makes one of the most brilliant examples of recording craft in recent years. Directed by Norman Corwin, on six 12-inch sides, it has dramatic form and continuity seldom achieved in a disc album. Lyn Murray's arrangement is outstanding. (Decca)

BUNNY BERIGAN MEMORIAL ALBUM—A great trumpet player is immortalized in this selection of eight sides made by his 1937-38 band. His singing and playing of *I Can't Get Started*, the band's theme, is the best item; also featured are Georgie Auld's tenor-sax solos on several sides, Joe Dixon's outstanding clarinet work and other solos. (Victor)

HELPLESS—This ballad, sung by Ray Eberle, makes a stereotyped but competent Glenn Miller performance. Coupled is a re-issue of the Miller swing version of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*. (Victor)

TOGETHER—Victor Young uses a 50-piece orchestra, with strings predominant, for this hit revival and its platter-mate, David Rose's *My Dog Has Fleas*. Both recordings make adequate light-concert music. (Decca)

SWEET AND LOVELY—Fred Waring's violin soloist, Ferne, takes the spotlight here, with "Vochestral" backing. The performance is soft and sedate. A similar but slightly more grandiose arrangement of David Rose's *Our Waltz* is offered on the reverse. (Decca)

LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT—Several new versions of this ballad have been released, the best being Charlie Spivak's on Victor—his first disc since the ban was lifted—with a Jimmy Saunders vocal, coupled with Spivak's trumpet work on *Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral*. Another version is sung by Chucho Martinez and Ray Sinatra's Orchestra. (Hit)

CONFESSIN' (THAT I LOVE YOU)—The wave of revivals continues with this good old song, refurbished by Tony Pastor with a typically effective vocal; and by Ella Fitzgerald teamed with the Song Spinners and Johnny Long's augmented orchestra. Respective backings: *Blues My Naughtie Sweetie Gave to Me*, featuring Eugenie Baird (Victor); *Her Tears Flowed Like Wine*. (Decca)

HOT JAZZ—Erskine Hawkins' *Lucky Seven* and King Porter have several good solos (Bluebird). Fats Waller's *You're Gonna Be Sorry* is routine (Victor). Small-band items: Flip Phillips' *Pappilloma* (Signature), Eddie Heywood's *Tain't Me*, (Commodore), Coleman Hawkins' *Louise*. (Keynote)

STRAY NOTES—Recommended: the Shostakovich Sonata for 'cello and piano, Op. 40 (Columbia); Nelson Eddy singing Tchaikovsky's Legend, *Christ Had a Garden*, and Moussorgsky's *Gopak* (Columbia). A curiosity: Al Duffy's swing violin versions of *Anitra's Dance*, *Danza Delle Ore* and six others. (Musicraft)

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
ALWAYS—Eileen Farrell (Decca), Billy Daniels (Savoy), Sula's Musette Orchestra (Continental)
DON'T YOU KNOW I CARE?—Paul Weston (Capitol)
EVELINA—Vincent Lopez (Feature)
THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU—Louis Prima (Hit)

The Rhythm Section

Discerning the real Duke Ellington from the legend and estimating the relative importance of arranger and improviser

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

If you've ever seen Duke Ellington and his orchestra, chances are that you've wanted to know more about the man and his music. Further chances are that you've read articles and interviews in one or two widely circulated magazines which convey the impression that Duke Ellington, greatest jazz composer and leader of the greatest jazz orchestra, is best identified as (a) the owner of 150 suits, (b) an instinctive, half-primitive genius who writes his music on scraps of paper and lets the band finish the composing in a wild free-for-all at rehearsals. Too much confusion has been planted in the public mind by such well-meant but ill-informed stories. Having been an Ellington student since 1929, and having worked personally for him for eighteen months in 1942-3 as his press agent, I've been close enough to the scene to feel pretty strongly that the truth, too, deserves a story.

Duke Ellington is a mental match for any journalist or any musician. A mature man of forty-

five, he cannot be simplified or crystallized into any one personality-interview. The fact that he has a big wardrobe is a purely external reflection of a superficial characteristic. Clothes don't mean nearly as much to him as the angle-hungry storytellers have implied.

On the legend that his compositions are semi-improvised, a story that is palpably absurd to the musically literate, I tackled Ellington backstage at the Roxy for a detailed answer.

"Well," he reflected, "I believe that legend began in the old days when we played all our stage shows without using manuscripts because I thought music stands looked ugly on the stage. The men in the band had good memories, and I thought they'd memorize even faster from dictation than from reading the notes on paper; so what happened was, before the stage show I'd pass out the notes—just take one chord at a time and tell each man which note he had to play of each chord. But as for the whole band making up the arrangements—hell, how

can you take sixteen men and improvise if you want to get unity? One man with one good idea produces better results than a hundred men with conflicting ideas.

"Sure, sometimes I work in a hurry and at the last minute, but everything is completely orchestrated by rehearsal time, except the passages left open for solos, and the parts are copied out for each man before they're played. The solo parts? All I do for them is dictate the mood of the solo, not what the soloist is to play.

"My old booking office used to exaggerate a lot of those stories about the origin of some of the tunes, and that gave the general idea that they were all composed in a rush or at rehearsal. Right now I don't think we have more than two or three tunes altogether that aren't written arrangements. One is *In a Jam*, which was just a skeleton theme for improvising—I passed it out verbally in ten minutes; and *C Jam Blues* is mainly the same sort of thing."

"How," I inquired, "do you account for the attitude of the jazz fans who are so scared of orchestration and premeditation?"

"Those people," said the Duke, resorting to some of his personal pet adjectives, "are unaware. They're unbooted, unhip. Why, they can't even get the story straight about the origins of jazz. Only the crude, undisciplined ragtime of New Orleans has had wide recognition. Fact is, Eastern ragtime in the early days was beautiful, and it used to swing!"

Duke then climbed onto one of his conversational hobby horses: his bitter resentment of the adulation accorded to jamming and jam sessions.

"I don't believe," he declared emphatically, "in holding audiences down to the twelve-year-old child's level of those kids who idolize jamming. The people who believe in that stuff are sadistic; most of them don't like to believe that a man can play a certain type of jazz unless he's led a certain type of life. They hate music played in a clean shirt. They think in terms of living and personal character instead of just taking the music as it comes. Why, if they ran into a man like Roger Wolfe Kahn, who was a millionaire but a master of jazz and a great musician, they wouldn't believe it, because the wealthy Kahn never worked in a smoke-filled dive playing for tips.

"As far as I'm concerned, the same thing goes in any branch of art. An artist starving in a garret is just a penniless artist, not necessarily a good one. And jamming, fundamentally, simply means taking all the phrases and hot licks in jazz and perfecting them in every key; a good artist is a man who has simply mastered all these devices best. Some of these jam men take a few old licks and keep harping on them and the kids at Nick's think it's terrific."

I asked Ellington through which medium the public would be best advised to learn more about his own music. The answer was, as I expected, that the band is at its most typical on a one-night stand, a dance date, when it can relax and play anything in its extensive library. "Stage shows," Duke pointed out, "are strictly commercial, strictly for applause."

This is an important point to remember, for if you know Duke only from stage shows and broadcasts, you will identify him with mediocre ballad singers, with his latest popular song hit, with jive singing and dancing and other trivia, rather than with a brilliant blend of orchestration and improvised solos by an outstanding aggregation of talented individuals.

The Ellington band still is the foremost in jazz; its music is written directly for the orchestra, with specific musicians in mind, and the soloists, despite several major defections in recent years, include such great men as Johnny Hodges, Al Sears, Ray Nance, Harry Carney, Lawrence Brown and Joe Nanton.

Nevertheless, reservations must be made in recommending the Ellington orchestra. Its discipline is variable, and the unusual constancy of Duke's personnel through the years means that familiarity has bred contempt among his men. Only when the occasion is exceptional, as for instance at a recording session, will the ensembles be perfectly together, the band constantly on its mettle.

If you want to know more about the real Ellington, you could do worse than forget about *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, and concentrate on such Victor records as *A Portrait of Bert Williams*, *Bojangles*, *Jack the Bear*. And remember, please, that Duke couldn't have written them without manuscript paper, though he could have managed it without a single suit of clothes. —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS: There are two Musts, three Shoulds, four Mays and a Don't, as follows:

MUSTS: King Cole brings that elusive quality known as *The Beat* to his piano and vocal work in the Cole Trio's wistful revival of an old Don Redman hit, *Gee Ain't I Good to You*, on Capitol. One of our Eskey award winners, guitarist Oscar Moore, plays with his wonted subtlety and finesse in this and the reverse, *I Realize Now*. Johnny Hodges, accompanied by half the Ellington band, makes something ethereal out of Billy Strayhorn's sultry, moody tune, *Passion Flower*, on Bluebird.

SHOULDs: Recorded, like the above Hodges sides, long before the 1942 recording ban, but never previously released, are Teddy Wilson's *Out of Nowhere* and *My Favorite Memory* on Columbia, the former with a simple and effective vocal by Lena Horne, the latter sung by Helen Ward. Columbia's *Request for a Rhumba* is, I swear it, a successful attempt to swing a rhumba; the tune was written by Bud Freeman, arranged by Paul Jordan and played by the Will Bradley band, which might help to explain the phenomenon. And for a first-class example of a new-time big band playing old-time small band music, Dixieland style, get Eddie Miller's *Stomp Mr. Henry Lee* on Capitol.

MAYs: Musicraft has a weird al-

bum of vocal and piano work by Harry (the Hipster) Gibson, replete with obscure references to marijuana parlors and kindred matters which may or may not give you a clearer backstage picture of life on 52nd Street. He's a competent boogie-woogie pianist. Victor has reissued Fats Waller's *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*. Miss Rhapsody, a Blues singer in the venerable Bessie Smith tradition, hollers *Hey Lawdy Mama*, with inadequate accompaniment, on Savoy. A more authentic Blues record is Big Bill Broonzy's *I'm Woke Up Now*, on Okeh.

DON'Ts: *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight* and *I'm Lost*, by Benny Carter on Capitol, do nothing to illustrate the brilliance of this man and his band. Shun them.

IN PERSON: By all means spend some time catching up with Woody Herman's revised band. When it's not ballad time, this bunch plays some of the greatest jazz any white band has made since Charlie Barnet's palmiest days. Watch out for a kid named Ralph Burns, who looks about sixteen, plays fine piano and writes finer arrangements; and for such superb performers as Flip Phillips (tenor sax), Bill Harris (trombone), Dave Tough (drums), Chubby Jackson (bass). When Woody's crew starts *Flying Home*, even Lionel Hampton had better look out.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

Do musicians make good husbands?

Charlie Barnet, saxophonist and bandleader:

Me, I guess I'm just not the marrying type. I love to live too much. And I'd say that musicians in general are not the most rational of people, nor the most steady.

Two of my wives were singers, and the other two were in show business, too. But it didn't make much difference. All four of my marriages were more or less impetuous, and all four of them were more or less disastrous. I'd been around for several years before my first marriage, at 21, but I still wasn't able to settle down. I was in a permanent panic all the time during those marriages; never had a chance to take it easy and establish a home.

It's bad for the husband and wife to be together in working hours; the danger of arguments is always there, and it's twice as bad when the miles are long and tempers are short, when you're both living out of a trunk.

If you've lived a lot, and musicians do live pretty fast, it's hard to tie yourself down to matrimony. I'd say that married couples with children have a better chance, but on the whole the answer to your question is strictly negative.

Mrs. Charles Barnet (Harriet Clark), fourth wife of Charlie Barnet and former vocalist with his orchestra:

From my own observations I'd say that generally speaking they don't. There are four main reasons:

- (1) Abnormal lives and hours.
- (2) Too much glamor; makes them conceited and hard to live with.
- (3) Too much interference and very little private life.
- (4) They're exceptionally moody. When they're in a good mood they're wonderful, but when the bad mood comes on, beware!

I'd like to add, though, that a musician away from music can be a different person altogether. When I was first married and we were away from it all, everything was marvelous. Then he got back to work and that was that.

Mrs. George Wetting, wife of the noted drummer at NBC, New York:

Well, that depends on what you mean by the word good. Now my husband never strikes a happy medium; he's either very, very good or very, very bad. At times he can be very domesticated. I work as a model and when I get home he's usually there. He likes to read and write a lot and he plays records by the hour. His favorite is Stravinsky, which is rather distracting at times. He's a very good husband until things get too routine, and then—look out! Anyway, they say a good man is hard to find, and I'm glad I've got him.

Tony Pastor, tenor saxophon-

ist, vocalist and bandleader:

Sure they do, under two conditions. The husband must be successful and the wife must dig the music. Now my wife comes from a very hip family; when I first met her she had a whole flock of Ellington records. We've been married fifteen years and have two children. But all that travel and the jive talk and the hanging around bars makes it tough for the wives. The best thing to do is leave the wife at home when the band is on the road. Not only because familiarity breeds contempt, but because barroom life together is a sure way to ruin everything. Say, are you going to print this?

Mrs. Nat Jaffe (Shirley Lloyd), singer and wife of the well-known pianist:

No, they don't, as a rule. It's particularly hard when there are children in the home; they want to sleep when the father wants to practice, or they want to make a noise while he wants peace and quiet. Musicians are high-strung and nervous, unpredictable and impulsive. They need a very malleable wife who'll understand that they can't be expected to come home from work, go straight to bed, have meals on time or do things by routine every day.

They're also very generous; money means nothing to them. They're poor dancers, because they spend so much time on the other end, playing for the dancers. After you get them to dance awhile they prefer to sit down and listen. Of course, musicians make the best wives for musicians. A woman who really loves music, and can share the interest in the endless discussions of it, has a better chance than one who has to pretend to understand, only to be found out in the end and be considered dumb.

Of course, my husband is an exception. He loves home life, has no bad habits, is a fine father and always master of the house.

Benny Morton, trombonist and bandleader at Café Society Downtown, New York:

It depends very much on the wives. They must understand the difference in hours and the social part of a musician's professional life, which often includes mixing with the customers. That may lead to undue suspicions and a lot of unnecessary questions. If the wife is tolerant, a decent man won't take advantage of her tolerance. She must try to adjust herself to his world instead of trying to keep up with the standards of the rest of society, or of friends and in-laws.

Musicians are at a disadvantage in several ways. The entertainment that others are enjoying during our working hours is not for us to enjoy, and when we go out afterwards we have to make our own entertainment. And, being public figures, we get a dis-

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In compiling a Best Jazz Records list for 1944, I find an alarming proportion of the major achievements can be credited to the minor companies, whose discs are relatively unobtainable. Reissues are excluded; also, since you can't, alas, buy one side of a record, the selections are made in the light of their combined merit as couplings:

Cozy Cole's All-Stars (with Hawkins, Hines): *Just One More Chance, Blue Moon*. Keynote.

King Cole Trio: *Straighten Up and Fly Right; I Can't See For Looking*. Capitol.

Duke Ellington Orch.: *Main Stem, Johnny Come Lately*. Victor.

Leonard Feather's All-Stars (thanks not to me, but to Hawkins, Tatum, Cootie, et al): *Mop Mop, My Ideal; Esquire Bounce, Esquire Blues*. Commodore.

Johnny Guarneri's All-Stars: *Exercise in Swing, Basie English; These Foolish Things, Salute to Fats*. Savoy.

Edmond Hall (three different groups under his name): *Night Shift Blues, Royal Garden Blues; Blue Interval, Seein' Red*. Blue Note. *Uptown Café Blues, Downtown Café Boogie*. Commodore.

Coleman Hawkins (various combinations): *Sweet Lorraine, The Man I Love; Stumpy, How Deep Is the Ocean*. Signature. *Rainbow Mist, Woody You*. Apollo.

Eddie Heywood Orchestra: *I Cover the Waterfront, Begin the Beguine*. Commodore.

Johnny Hodges Orch.: *Going Out the Back Way, Passion Flower*. Bluebird.

Charlie Shavers Quintet: *Roset-*

ta, Mountain Air. Keynote.

Art Tatum Trio: *Flying Home, Sunny Side of the Street*. Comet.

Fats Waller Memorial Album (four piano solos by Earl Hines, four by Nat Jaffe). Signature.

Dinah Washington & Lionel Hampton Sextet: *Evil Gal Blues, I Know How to Do It; Salty Papa Blues, Homeward Bound*. (My own session, but Dinah was a great singer long before that!)

Cootie Williams Sextet: *Echoes of Harlem* (album of eight numbers). Hit.

Mary Lou Williams: *Lullaby of the Leaves; St. Louis Blues*. Asch.

Please don't write asking me where you can get 'em. Write direct to Apollo, 102 West 125th Street, New York City 27; Asch, 117 West 46th Street, New York City 19; Blue Note, 767 Lexington Avenue, New York City 21; Comet, 1408 West 9th Street, Cleveland 13; Commodore, 136 East 42nd Street, New York City 17; Hit, 7 West 46th Street, New York City 19; Keynote, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City 18; Savoy, 58 Market, Newark, New Jersey; Signature, 601 West 26th Street, New York City 1.

Almost all the above records feature small, specially assembled recording groups. The big bands also made some fine jazz in 1944, but either they didn't make any records (Basie, Goodman, Herbie Fields, Les Brown, etc.) or they haven't yet had their best ones released (Woody Herman, Georgie Auld, Charlie Barnet, Jimmie Lunceford). Meanwhile, there's always radio.—LEONARD FEATHER.

proportionate amount of publicity out of separations and divorces.

Personally, I ought to be thankful. I married very young; it's lasted seventeen years, happily, and I have a girl of 16 and a boy of 11. I spent the first twelve of those years on the road most of the time. For the past five years I've been in town permanently, trying to be a good husband in person.

Mrs. Woody Herman, wife of the clarinetist, vocalist and leader:

Yes, they do—or anyway, this one does. We've been married eight years. I was in show business, too, and I guess that's something that helps a lot toward a mutual understanding.

Personally, I don't think there are any more unhappy marriages in the music business than out of it. I've seen some very funny marriages in perfectly normal small towns, too, you know.

No, I'm not too musical. Woody knew that I wasn't a great hot jazz fan, but he never tried to influence my opinions and he always lets me listen to Eddy Duchin!

Mrs. Milton Holland (Liza Stewart), singer and wife of the drummer with Jimmy Hilliard's CBS orchestra:

Because I'm in the same profession, I couldn't possibly be married to anyone outside the field. Other men would be jealous of my work, would object to the erratic hours I keep. Milt is not only tolerant, but has helped me better to understand music and to perfect my own vocal style. If a good

husband is an interesting husband, then musicians certainly make good husbands. They are widely traveled, and their familiarity with "life" as it is really lived gives them great tolerance. If they are moody it's probably because their jobs are so nerve-racking. But if they express themselves through music they like to play, they're no more temperamental than the average man.

Jean Starr, trumpeter with Benny Carter's orchestra:

They make very bad husbands, as a rule. Most women don't understand musicians, and since I have yet to meet a musician who isn't moody and extremely and rapidly changeable, I'd say that part of the "badness" of musician-husbands—in the conventional sense of the word—is due to the fact that a great many women just don't want a husband of that kind. So they point to musicians as examples of "horrible" behavior. And they're right, of course. A musician-husband does all sorts of things that are frowned upon by people who like to feel that their lives are more "normal." Even though musicians often won't admit this, the girls they marry had better recognize it as a fact. This doesn't mean the girl must have a musician's temperament, but she must understand it and be tolerant of it.

Louis Prima, trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader:

Do they? No....

Do I? No....

Hey, leave me out of this!

—L.F.

BASIE STARS DRAFTED

Red-hot News from New York by LEONARD FEATHER

LESTER YOUNG and Jo Jones are in the army! This astonishing news, almost incredible in view of the fact that very few men over 26 are now being drafted, least of all men in poor physical shape, came from the coast last week, where the two Basie stars reported at Fort McArthur. No permanent replacements have yet been made, Buddy Rich and Dave Matthews having helped the Count at a few performances.

Coincident with this news comes a report from Chicago that Willie Smith, former Spivak alto star, has received his medical discharge from the navy.

The most exciting musical news from New York concerns Billy Eckstine's new band. Billy is the ballad singer who leapt to fame with Earl Hines, and several of the stars of his own aggregation are also ex-Hines, including Billy's wonderful girl singer, Sara Vaughn; his musical director, chief arranger and trumpet soloist, Dizzy Gillespie; his other featured trumpets, Shorty McConnell and Gail Brockman; and others.

Eckstine's band, barely four months old, jumps like mad, with a brass section that has seldom been excelled in quality or quantity—it can tear the roof off, but to some purpose. Eckstine himself plays section horn to make it five trumpets and three trombones.

The reed section is equally fine, with two tenor men who cut each other in the now-fashionable duets—Dexter Gordon, a super-Lester Young, and Gene Ammons, son of Albert, a sensational youngster.

Even Eckstine's singing is a kick when he resorts to the blues, backed by the brilliantly original scorings of Dizzy, Bud Johnson, et al. Unfortunately, the band hasn't been able to record yet, but it will as soon as Billy gets out of a contract with a minor company, De Luxe.

Roy Eldridge played a week at the Apollo with his new band. There were some exciting moments when he played a blues featuring himself, his able brother Joe on alto, Sam Allen on guitar, and Sandy Williams on trombone.

NEWS OF ALBERT HARRIS

But the band was weak in ensembles, and Roy is currently laying off while he casts around for younger and more accomplished musicians. He made four more sides for Decca this week, including the blues "Fish Market."

Benny Goodman is rehearsing for his appearance in the Billy Rose show set to open on Broadway in November, entitled "The Seven Lively Arts." According to present plans, Benny will make two appearances in the show, and the men with him will be Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Sid Weiss, and Morey Feld.

Benny says he won't form a big band unless a radio show is in the offing. Norvo's alliance with Goodman means, I'm afraid, that his wonderful little quintet may break up, unless he makes arrangements to double.

Norvo made another session for Keynote last week, using a pick-up

band and arrangements by Eddie Sauter. He also did a date with Red McKenzie for Commodore, and one with Buck Ram for Savoy; the latter was quite an all-star affair, with Teddy Wilson, Tyree Glenn, Cozy Siam, et al.

There is some remarkable news about Albert Harris, former Ambrose guitarist, whom I last heard of with Horace Heidt. Frankie Carle just had a letter from Al, who has been studying with Albert Coates. He is now the proud possessor of a Doctor of Music degree and is living in Hollywood with the prospect of a staff job arranging for M.-G.-M. at very fancy money. Duke Ellington is all set for another Carnegie Hall concert shortly before Christmas. He will also take part in the second annual Esquire Magazine All-American jazz concert, which will be held January 17 at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles.

3 DUCHESSES WITH DUKE

Winnie Johnson has been ill, and Duke now has three other girls with the band! They are Joya Sherrill, who worked with him briefly in 1942; Marie Ellington (no relation), formerly with Benny Carter; and Rosita Davis. Cat Anderson is now a permanent member of Duke's brass section.

Mixed bands are becoming more and more prevalent. Georgie Auld now has Shadow Wilson, great drummer formerly with Hines and Hampton, as well as Howard McGhee, the ex-Kirk and Barnet trumpet man.

Oscar Pettiford, "Esquire's" All-American bass man, has given up his own sextet and joined Boyd Raeburn. Trummy Young, who left Raeburn recently, has been filling in for a couple of weeks with Claude Hopkins' new crew at the Zanzibar, but has no definite future plans.

Barney Bigard, playing his first New York date since he left Duke, opens with a small band this week at the Onyx, and will pick up some men in New York for the job, probably including Cliff Leeman on drums.

Leeman is also rehearsing a small band with three horns and four strings. Coleman Hawkins will play his first date on the coast, opening late in November at a Hollywood club.

Filip Phillips, the tenor man with Woody Herman about whom everyone is raving, cut four more sides for Signature before leaving town; they featured seven of Woody's soloists, including the remarkable vibraharpist Marjorie Hyams, who is the nearest thing to Norvo you could imagine.

Johnny Guarneri, who has given up his trio at the Three Deuces owing to the pressure of his radio work,

made a trio date with Slam and Sam Weiss for Savoy which should be extraordinary.

Jess Stacy made a quartet session for Commodore with Pee Wee Russell, George Wetling, and Sid Weiss.

Jess and his wife, Lee Wiley, have been around New York, appearing on Eddie Condon's Blue Network jam sessions, and waiting for Jess's band-leading plans to materialize. His place in the Horace Heidt Band was taken by Mel Henke.

Shorty Cherock, Heidt's hot trumpet man, will also branch out with his own band soon.

George Hartman, the New Orleans white trumpeter, is in town and has made some records for Keynote, using Vernon Brown (trombone), Leonard "Buji" Centobie (clarinet), Frankie Froeba (piano), George Wetling (drums), and Jack Lesberg (bass).

The Hotel New Yorker has a new band on its stand. The outfit, led by Lee Castle, is nine months old; made its debut last February, and is bidding for national honors with this booking. We sat in last Monday evening along with Leonard Feather, the music writer for both Esquire and Metronome.

Just outside the Terrace Room between sets of the Castleers, Feather was quite emphatic in his praise for the band. We hadn't heard enough of the music to take sides. We are curious as to just what Leonard will put in print later in the month. We have an idea that he found the band to be an improved lot over the group that Castle headed out at Frank Dailey's Terrace Room in Newark a few months ago. We did not hear that band, but from trade talk, it wasn't a very potent crew.

Perhaps that is why Castle, who impresses as being an ambitious kid who wants to make the grade, actually made fifteen changes in his orchestra's personnel.

Feather, an erudite of jazz, unquestionably found Castle's trumpet playing to be on the all right side. We agree on the man's horn ability. The only possible point where we might take issue is the amount of blowing that Lee does. Like Georgie Auld, as a band-leader, who killed a good thing with his endless sax performing, Castle seems to be making a similar mistake. He is giving away too much of a highly salable solo commodity. His identity as a talented leader is lost; he remains a sideman up front. Lee sat with us for twenty minutes and as much as admitted our argument. He saw logic in our almost captious or sophistical criticism. He claims his backers insist that he play all the time. What they don't know is the wear and tear that a lip will take. They also overlook or don't know what the public's ear will take, even if the trumpeter is as acceptable as Lee Castle. Give an audience the best you've got and dish out the quantity so that you leave them yelling for more. That, precisely, is what it says

The Host

Dan Burley and Leonard Feather have collabed on a Boogie Woogie Suite. . . . Newsman Phil Carter, movie publicist headed East. . . . Coast saddened over death of movie actor Jesse Brooks.

People's Voice
Sat. Dec. 23, 1944

FIRST BOOGIE WOOGIE SUITE

NEW YORK — A new boogie-woogie suite, reported to be the first of its kind, is the recent brainwork of Leonard Feather and Dan Burley. Described as a "Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters: Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath," it bears the subtitles Bedroom Blues, Living Room Romp, Cookin' With Gas, and Bathroom Boogie.

The new work will be recorded with the composers themselves featured at the pianos. The session is scheduled for New Year's Day. Odd twist is that both writers are better known as journalists than as composers, with Burley being news and sports editor of Harlem's Amsterdam News, and Feather being the jazz editor of Esquire. Both, however, are experienced musicians and have had numerous compositions published and recorded.

here in the script, our script, to keep it personal.

Mr. Feather, without a doubt, likes Castle's background. Who wouldn't, when it is brought home that Lee held down trumpet chairs with Artie Shaw, (who put Castle in front of the crew he left when he joined the Navy) Benny Goodman, a guy what knows; Joe Venuti, the hot fiddle's gift to the art of ribbing and Tommy Dorsey, who has always been 'magnifico' on the slide horn despite his recently publicized avocation. The late dad of the last named gent taught Lee something of what he knows on the trumpet.

Not knowing what our English pal, Leonard, the platterbrain, (not an insult. He has a record

program on the radio) thinks of the band's present delivery, we are not afraid to state that Castle has some strong assets and a few glaring liabilities. Some of the trumpet solos of the maestro's are quite terrific. "Blue Skies," which is one of them, gives

Lee a chance to show off his expert jazz trumpet. It makes the very most of Frank Socolow's brilliant tenor saxing. A couple of other tunes should come in for a compliment or two. The theme, "Caprice Moderne," is nice listening and "Uptown Express" might be justifiable reason for carpet cutting.

People's Voice Dec. 9, 44

HUMES WAXES ONCE AGAIN

Helen Humes, former Count Basie singing star, returned to the recording studios after an absence of three years when she cut four sides for the Savoy Label last week with a band assembled for her by Leonard Feather, hot jazz-composer and critic.

Helen Humes left New York after the session to open on a club job in San Francisco with her partner, pianist Connie Berry.

106 DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Carnegie Hall, New York

Tuesday Evening, December 19, 1944, at 8:45 o'clock

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Composer and Critic with *Esquire*, *Look*, *Metronome*

This concert by Duke Ellington and His Orchestra is part of the band's 1945 All-American Award tour. This tour is a celebration of Ellington's double victory in the poll conducted through *Esquire* of a board of 22 leading jazz experts.

Ellington was the Gold Award winner both in the "Best Arranger" and the "Best Orchestra" divisions. In addition, Johnny Hodges was a Gold Award winner on alto sax; Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Billy Strayhorn won Silver Awards as trombonist, baritone saxophonist and arranger; Ray Nance, violinist, was a winner in the "New Stars" team.

Fame and recognition of this kind came belatedly to Duke Ellington in his own country. England and France were far in the vanguard of Ellington appreciation.

* * *

An Ellington composition divorced from the Ellington band, in most cases, loses its personal flavor, the subtleties of orchestration and timbre that make the work and its interpretation an indivisible entity in this band. A composer in popular music writes a single melodic line, whether it be *Solitude* or *Mairzy Doats*; an arranger adds the distinguishing harmonic characteristics, the sectional and ensemble treatment, the settings and backgrounds for solos, that combine to make a work of art. Duke Ellington, the composer, and Duke Ellington, the arranger, make an extraordinarily well-knit team.

Some of the music in this evening's program is an almost complete reflection of Ellington's personal musical mind. Some may allow considerable freedom to the individuals in the orchestra. A solo by an Ellington virtuoso may be completely improvised—especially in a fast jump tune like *C Jam Blues*—or it may be partly or wholly preconceived by the instrumentalist or partly dictated by Ellington. Whether planned or improvised, it will embrace the same characteristics of harmonic structure, phrasing, syncopation, as any jam session improvisation.

An Ellington performance, whether it be a simple interpretation of somebody else's theme (*Honeysuckle Rose*, *Tea for Two*) or a complex work by himself or his right-hand-man, Billy Strayhorn, will retain the basic qualities of what is known as jazz or swing music. Ellington makes frequent and brilliant use of that elusive jazz quality known as "the beat", or swing; but he has reached far beyond the normal limitations of his medium and is pointing the way to a brave new musical world of the future.

* * *

Blutopia

This new Duke Ellington work was written as his contribution to the thirteen-week Contemporary Composer series on the Blue Network. It received an enthusiastic reaction on its premiere performance last November 21. Ellington subsequently scored it for his own orchestra. According to the composer, *Blutopia* expresses, through the blues mood, "the yearning of the people of the world for the Utopia of the brotherhood of man".

Midriff

Billy Strayhorn's talent for finding apt titles and for creating music that has depth and significance as well as true jazz feeling has never been better illustrated than in this orchestral piece, written early in 1944. The main theme has the same kind of unusual melodic attractiveness as his *Take the A Train*, with similar opportunities for the band to show ensemble, section and solo talents.

MUSIC DIAL JAN. 1945

HELEN HUMES BACK ON RECORDS

New York—Helen Humes, former Count Basie singing star, returned to the recording studios after an absence of three years when she cut four sides for the Savoy Label recently with a band assembled for her by Leonard Feather, hot jazz composer and critic.

In addition to writing original blues numbers and arrangements for the session, Feather played piano on the date, which featured Bobby Stark, trumpet, and Prince Robinson, clarinet, both from Benny Morton's band; Herbie Fields on alto, tenor and soprano saxes; Chuck Wayne, guitarist from Joe Marsala's band; Denzil Best, drummer with Coleman Hawkins, and Oscar Pettiford, *Esquire's* all-American bassist.

Title waxes were *Suspicious Blues*, *I Would If I Could* and *Keep Your Mind On Me*, all by Feather; and *Fortune Tellin' Man*.

Helen Humes left New York after the session to open on a club job in San Francisco with her partner, pianist Connie Berry.

THE MELODY MAKER AND RHYTHM



This photo has been rushed across the Atlantic to us from Leonard Feather, via Teddy Butler (see story in "Brand's Essence"). It was taken at a super-recording session in New York this month, and shows Joe Marsala (clarinet), Charlie Shavers (trumpet), and Pete Brown (alto) in action.

WIDDED:

mirrored text bleed-through from the reverse side of the page, including words like "LOOK'S", "Record Guide", and "Reviews by Leonard Feather".

Feb. 6

LOOK'S Record Guide

Reviews by Leonard Feather



Tony Pastor

ONE MEAT BALL—The comedy lament about the man who had only 15 cents for a meal has spread rapidly since Josh White first recorded it in an album (Asch). Of the newer versions, the best is sung by Tony Pastor, coupled with his vocal treatment of *Robin Hood* (Victor). There is also the Andrews Sisters' rendition, paired with the semi-Calypto novelty, *Rum and Coca Cola*. (Decca)



Kay Kyser

THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN—Kay Kyser, star of the movie *Carolina Blues*, has recorded its big hit song, with a vocal by Georgia Carroll. On the reverse, Sully Mason sings a new hit by the writer of *Shoo Shoo Baby*, titled *I'm Gonna See My Baby* (Columbia). Other versions of *There Goes That Song Again* are by Martha Stewart, coupled with *My Heart Sings* (Bluebird); Kate Smith, with *Don't Fence Me In* (Columbia); Sammy Kaye, with *You Always Hurt the One You Love* (Victor); and best, Billy Butterfield, with *Moonlight in Vermont*. (Capitol)



Benny Goodman

MY OLD FLAME—Splendid Eddie Sauter arrangements of this tune and *How Deep Is the Ocean*, plus Peggy Lee's vocals, Goodman's clarinet and a flash of Cootie Williams' trumpet make this pair outstanding. They were waxed in 1941. (Columbia)



Artie Shaw

JUMPIN' ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND—Artie Shaw's new band makes its disc debut with this attractive, swinging number. On the reverse, Imogene Lynn adequately sings *Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive*. (Victor)



Peggy Lee

I'M IN A JAM WITH BABY—Ray Heindorf's tune is given a solid, well-played treatment by Hal McIntyre's band, with Ruth Gaylor singing on this and the reverse, *I'm Making Believe* (Bluebird). Another version is by the Andrews Sisters, coupled with the corny film song *Corns for My Country*. (Decca)



Georgia Carroll

HOT JAZZ—The Mary Lou Williams Trio album features six sides of fascinating, intimate jazz by Mary Lou, piano; Bill Coleman, trumpet; Al Hall, bass (Asch). Johnny Guarnieri's trio, with Slam on bass, is great in *Gliss Me Again* (Savoy). Lester Young, Joe Bushkin, Dickie Wells do *Jo-Jo* (Commodore). Others: Hank d'Amico, with Don Byas and Frankie Newton, in *Gone at Dawn* (National); Tiny Bradshaw, *After You've Gone* (Regis); James P. Johnson's album of old-style New York jazz in six 12-inch sides (Asch). Dixieland music: Muggsy Spanier's *Sweet Sue*, *Memphis Blues* (Commodore). Helen Humes' *I Would if I Could* has this writer as pianist, arranger, lyricist. (Savoy)



Lauritz Melchior

SCANDINAVIAN SONGS—Lauritz Melchior, singer to the royal court of Denmark, offers a well-varied album of 12 sides featuring Danish and Swedish melodies (Victor). Others: *La Bohème* album; *Kings of the Waltz*, a medley of Strauss waltzes played by the London Philharmonic. (Red Seal)

STRAY NOT 5—Charlie Spivak's first four sides since the ban have vocals by Jimmy Saunders (Victor). Tommy Dorsey's *Opus No. 1*, by Sy Oliver, has good solos (Victor). Louis Prima does a typical vocal job on *Confessin'* (Hit). Lloyd Thompson's vocal arrangement of *I Wonder*, Harlem juke-box hit, appears on Savoy.

RECENT RELEASES ALSO RECOMMENDED

- DON'T FENCE ME IN—Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters (Decca)
- LET'S TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME—Jo Stafford (Capitol)
- EVELINA—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- GEE, BABY, AIN'T I GOOD TO YOU—King Cole (Capitol),
Hot Lips Page (Continental)
- I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT—Harry James (Columbia)

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"MILDRED BAILEY"

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1944

11:30 - 12:00 MIDNIGHT

Mildred Bailey
Susan
Leather

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....30 seconds.....)

ANN: CBS Presents...Mildred Bailey, featuring Paul Baron and his orchestra...and as Mildred's special guests tonight...winners of the 1945 Esquire All American Jazz Poll, Cootie Williams...Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum... Red Norvo...Specs Powell...Remo Palmieri.....and OSCAR PETTIFORD!

THEME:

ANN: And here's the lady the Esquire Poll chose for it's official pin-up girl....your Rockin' Chair Lady.... MILDRED BAILEY.

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC UP AND OUT

MILDRED: Hi, everybody...this is Mildred Bailey invitin' you to come right on in for another session of 'music till midnight' round that old Rockin' Chair...You heard that solid line-up of Esquire winners waitin' to break it up for you....so I'm losin' no time in gettin' things started with.....

1. MUSIC (BAILEY).....

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: Thank you, thank you....now I'd like to have you meet a fellow who's head man of the Esquire Poll, here to make with the awarding....Leonard Feather.

PAUL:

FEATHER: Thank you, Mildred.... First off, Paul Baron tells me we've got a trio that includes two of the men in Paul's band who rated the title of new stars in the Esquire Poll...Specs Powell, drums, Remo Palmieri, guitar...Take a bow, boys....(APPLAUSE)...They're teaming up with a silver ^{award} ~~star~~ winner who's known wherever jazz is played...that unbelievable piano man.. Art Tatum (APPLAUSE).....Okay, Art and Specs and Remo, now let's have some of your award winning music.. with...*1. Can't Live You Anythin But Love*

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED:

2. MUSIC: (TRIO).....

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: And that's just a sample...but what a sample. Really fine. Our Triple B survey...the Bailey-Baron Ballad Poll....carries on this week with a swell sweet song.. that's just come along.....

APPLAUSE:

SLEIGH RIDE IN JULY

3. MUSIC: (BAILEY) SLEIGH RIDE....

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: Paul Baron, what's your special in the band department tonight?

PAUL: Something brand new, Miss B, on the air for the first time tonight. We think this tune --written by Walter Mourant is something really original in the jazz field, and that's what we like to bring to you... tunes that are real departures in the swing groove.... it's called.....

INVITATION TO A TRANCE

4. MUSIC (ORCH.) INVITATION TO A TRANCE

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: There's a new tune goin' round that's such a natural, that's just so right, first time you hear it, you think you've heard it a million times before...it's an old French folk song, with lovely lyrics by Harold Rome... ALL OF A SUDDEN-MY HEART SINGS..

5. MUSIC: (BAILEY) MY HEART SINGS.

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: Time now for Leonard Feather to come on back and pass more out/Esquire Jazz Poll awards...Leonard?....

FEATHER: Okay, Mildred...we're coming to the gold awards now... but before I name names, ~~Paul~~ and Mildred ^{and Paul,} I want you to know if we'd been handing out awards for top radio shows, it's my guess I'd be making one to you right now for your program.

Two of the silver winners ^{are members of the} ~~before/were~~ in the band.... and two gold ^{award} winners that everybody knows are featured on this show... TEDDY WILSON...(PIANO)...and... RED NORVO...(VIBRA HARP) (APPLAUSE) Two more gold winners are on stage right now...OSCAR PETTIFORD (BASS) (APPLAUSE) and this year's #1-Man on the Trumpet, Cootie WILLIAMS (APPLAUSE).

FEATHER: With men like that on stage, I'm wasting no time talking. They're joining their talents on.... *tea for two*

6. MUSIC: (GOLD WINNERS).....

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: Great deal, great deal.

PAUL: Mildred, with a group like that, there's just one thing needed to make it perfect.

MILDRED: What's that, Paul.

PAUL: Well. Leonard Feather asked me to tell you, and everybody...that Mildred Bailey is the Gold Award winner as vocalist in the 1945 All-American Jazz Poll. (APPLAUSE) And now, with Teddy Wilson and Red Norvo and Specs Powell and Remo Palmieri and Oscar Pettiford and Cootie Williams, all our Esquire Gold Award winners, Mildred sings her own... ROCKIN' CHAIR....

7. MUSIC: (BAILEY) ROCKIN' CHAIR....

APPLAUSE:

MILDRED: Well, that just about rings in the New Year for music till midnight round the old Rockin' Chair... thanks to Leonard Feather and the Esquire Jazz Poll winners for makin' it such a swell evening...see you next week, when _____ drop by. Till then, this is Mildred Bailey saying. A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL....and remember.....

MUSIC; THEME; HOLD ON--- ROCKIN' CHAIR....

ANN: Gather round next Friday at this same time....for more music by Paul Baron and his orchestra, _____ and _____, and your Rockin' Chair Lady.....MILDRED BAILEY!

APPLAUSE:

ANN: The Mildred Bailey show is directed by Ace Ochs.
 This is CBS...the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM
 -fade theme 20 seconds-
 WABC.....NEW YORK
 880 ON YOUR DIAL



Acclaimed
"THE BAND OF THE YEAR"
By Metronome



Voted
"MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA IN 1944"
By Al Jarvis' 3rd Annual Radio Popularity Poll



"... has reached the top rank
among the nation's name bands."
QUINN—Mirror

"Tops in town... Woody Her-
man's band at the PARAMOUNT."
KILGALLEN—Journal American

"... personable young maestro
paces superbly with sock emcee job
and sparks band with fine clary,
alto and vocal."
DONN—Variety

"Herman has made band numbers
into a stage show, and here is
the forerunner of a new trend with
Herman leading the way."
—Cleveland Press

"Herman's crack orchestra takes
back seat to no band in existence
... It has everything!"
WOOD—Variety

"It was a great day for jazz...
when Woody's first show hit the
air."
FEATHER—Metronome

WOODY HERMAN

AND HIS ORCHESTRA ★ FRANCES WAYNE—VOCALS



© ESQUIRE, INC.
1945

- Esquire's
ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND
- ★ DAVE TOUGH—Drums (Silver Award)
- ALL-AMERICAN NEW STARS**
- ★ FLIP PHILLIPS—Tenor Sax
- ★ BILL HARRIS—Trombone
- ★ CHUBBY JACKSON—Bass

★ Voted
"OUTSTANDING RECORDING
BAND OF 1944"
By
"PLATTER PICKERS OF AMERICA"

★ Selected as the band to play
"SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT"
(MARCH OF DIMES)
from The Waldorf - Astoria
Jan. 30 over a Nationwide,
4 Network Hookup.

Management Counsel —
GOLDFARB-MIRENBURG and VALLON
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Bookings —

General AMUSEMENT CORPORATION
THE ROCKWELL President
NEW YORK CHICAGO HOLLYWOOD CINCINNATI LONDON

Ellington rates annotation in staid N. Y. Times

NEW YORK—Duke Ellington rated a lengthy article in the staid New York Times last Sunday preceding his third Carnegie Hall concert. The article, written by Leonard G. Feather, British swing critic, painstakingly undertook to interpret Ellington to presumably "longhaired" Times readers.

Feather, originator of the Esquire All-American band poll, is a devout Ellington follower. An articulate writer on swing, he is credited with doing much to explain Ellington and other jazz musicians to strict classicists.

Featuring compositions written by himself, his son, Mercer, and his assistant arranger, Billy Strayhorn, Ellington with his orchestra were presented in concert at Carnegie Hall Tuesday. Numbers played included:

Ellington's Bluetopia; Strayhorn's Midriff; Ellington's Creole Love Call; What Am I Here For; Suddenly It Jumped; Concerto for Cootie; Mercer Ellington's Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Duke Ellington's It Don't Mean a Thing; medley of currently popular songs; Strayhorn's Love; Strayhorn-Ellington's Strange Feeling; Ellington's Dancers in Love; Strayhorn-Ellington's Coloratura; excerpts from Ellington's Black, Brown and Beige; group of piano solos by Duke Ellington; Stewart-Ellington's Frantic Fantasy; Hodges-Ellington's Mood to Be Wooded; Ellington's The Blue Cellophane; Air-Conditioned Jungle; Strayhorn-Ellington's Frankie and Johnny.

Ellington gave two other concerts at Carnegie Hall, Jan. 23 and Dec. 11, 1943. He has also given concerts in other cities. Commenting on this, Feather wrote:

"Strange as it seems, the vast majority of Ellington's millions of admirers do not know what he stands for in musical history. Seldom have so many lavished . . . praised for so many wrong reasons."

Feather said "confused but well-meaning Ellington adulators can be divided into four categories." He listed them as:

"First are the legitimate, or 'longhair,' musicians and music critics. They hear in Ellington's music something strange and primitive, an atavistic African Negroid musical manifestation to be regarded with a mixture of pa-

tronizing approval and condescension.

"Second are the jazz critics, and more especially those steeped in the New Orleans tradition. These reactionaries of the swing world, still struggling desperately to live in the days of Bunk Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong's grandfather, are passionate adherents of harmonic and rhythmic crudity in jazz, of improvisation for its own sake.

"Third are the masses of radio and theatre audiences who think of the Duke as composer of "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady," "Don't Get Around Much" and "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," all of which they would just as soon hear performed by Dinah Shore or Frank Sinatra as by Ellington himself.

"Fourth are the audiences in Negro theatres and dance halls, who are satisfied to regard Ellington as an entertainer like Cab Calloway and as head of a vaudeville unit that must inevitably include a very sentimental ballad singer."

The genius of Ellington and Strayhorn, according to Feather, "lies in the fact that they retain the basic characteristics of jazz—certain harmonic devices, syncopations, the use of the rhythm section playing a steady four-four, the interpolation of partly or wholly improvised solos on a given chord sequence—but at the same time add new departures in voicing, in form and development of theme, in tone colors and moods, such as no other swing orchestra has yet achieved to this degree."

The Ellington technique of writing to suit the style and personality of the men behind the horns in his orchestra was illustrated Tuesday, Feather said, particularly on "Frantic Fantasy," featuring trumpet player Rex Stewart; "Mood to Be Loved" with Johnny Hodges on the alto saxophone; "Blue Cellophane" with Lawrence Brown on trombone; and "Air-Conditioned Jungle," presenting clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton.

The orchestra personnel included many Ellington "perennials," among whom are Ray Nance, Joe Nanton, Harry Carney, Taft Jordan, and Junior Raglin, and has two new personalities, Al Sears, whom Feather describes as a fine tenor saxophonist, and William "Cat" Anderson, trumpeter.

on exhibition in outlying corners of the Pampa. Later he operated the Maipo, Empire and Gran Cine Florida theatres, putting on the first "gal" shows. He was responsible for the discovery of Gloria Guzman, who became Argentina's leading musical comedy actress, and at the Empire he presented among others Raquel Meller, Nati Goya, Amalia de Isaura, Grock, and Pierre Clarel. He had married twice and in addition to son and daughter by previous marriages, he leaves a widow and daughter. He also played with the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestra. He had married twice and in addition to son and daughter by previous marriages, he leaves a widow and daughter. He also played with the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestra. He had married twice and in addition to son and daughter by previous marriages, he leaves a widow and daughter. He also played with the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestra.

ROBBY TOWER

Bobby Tower, 28, actor who had a minor role in the musical, "Follow the Girls," apparently suicided before the performance at the 44th Street theatre, N. Y., Jan. 19. A stagehand found him hanging from the flywalk of the theatre a few minutes prior to curtain time. Police called it suicide. A friend of the actor stated Tower had been despondent for several days.

WALTER KENNETH McMILLAN

Walter Kenneth McMILLAN, 28, screen actor before entering Navy, was killed in action during the Philippine Invasion, according to word received by his brother in Hollywood. McMILLAN was a member of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" troupe and later appeared in films and stage musicals.

Isidore Kohon, 70, violinist and concert master, died in N. Y., Jan. 18. He was the father of Benny Meroff, orch leader, and Sonia Meroff, legit actress. A native of Russia, Kohon came to the U. S. in 1892 and later became concert master for Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, N. Y. He was also concert master for the late Michael Mordkin and Anna Pavlov when they toured this country. He also played with the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestra. He had married twice and in addition to son and daughter by previous marriages, he leaves a widow and daughter.

ROY ELDRIDGE JOINS ARTIE SHAW'S NEW BAND

Red Hot News from New York by LEONARD FEATHER

THE PERSONNEL OF ARTIE SHAW'S NEW BAND IS NOW SET, AND THE BAND WILL BE PLAYING ITS FIRST DATES BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS. ARTIE'S MOST SURPRISING MOVE WAS THE SIGNING OF ROY ELDRIDGE, AFTER NEGOTIATIONS TO GET HOT LIPS PAGE AND DIZZY GILLESPIE HAD FALLEN THROUGH.

Roy gave up his big band to join Artie, who is said to be paying him about \$500 a week and is giving salaries of at least \$300 or \$400 to many of the other sidemen, sparing no expense to make this his best band ever.

Men set at this writing include Ray Linn, Neil Heff, Jimmy Pupa and Tony Faso (trumpets); Bill Harris, Harry Rodgers and Ray Conniff (trombones), with Conniff doing some of the arranging; Les Clark, A. N. Oiler (altos); Herb Steward, Jon Waiton (tenors); Chuch Gentry (baritone); Dodo Marmoreza, ex-Krupa Barnett (piano); Barney Kessel (guitar); Lou Fromm (drums); Morris Rayman (bass); Eddie Sauter, Buster Harding, Dave Matthews, Harry Rodgers, and Artie himself all arranging.

Vocalist will be Imogene Lynn, formerly with Ray McKinley. Count Basie hit New York this week with a band that sounds as good as ever. With Lester Young busy at basic training and Jo Jones at some camp in Georgia, the Count has Buddy Tate taking all the tenor solos—which is great—and Jesse Price on drums, which is at least good.

Biggest kick of the Count's show this week at the Apollo in Harlem is the way he lets clarinetist Rudy Rutherford go for half a dozen exciting choruses on "Royal Garden Blues." This lad is truly wonderful. Jimmy Rushing and Thelma Carpenter did nothing new, but nothing bad, and Basie played his usual "boogie."

JAMES IS JAZZING

Harry James, back East for a brief visit out at the Meadowbrook, opened with a band that surprised me by playing a larger quota of good jazz than any band he's had since the pre-strings days.

The numbers on which Harry features his goat-vibrato and the string section are relatively few and far between, whereas the numbers on which the band swings excitingly are frequent.

On these numbers Harry proves potently that he is still a great hot jazz man; he is also lucky to have such able soloists as Corky Corcoran (tenor), Ray Heath, a trombone whom at times you could mistake for Higginbotham; and Allan Reuss, who has surprised everybody by switching from his old style to modern single-string electric guitar solos, and is doing so well that Harry gives him frequent choruses.

With Hal Schaefer, a fine pianist, plus the superlative Ed Mihelich (ex-McIntyre) on bass, and the reliable Carl Maus on drums, Harry has a rhythm section that has seldom been

exceeded in any band. And of course Johnny Thompson, perhaps the greatest white arranger since Sauter, does no harm either.

Barney Bigard opened the Onyx Club last week. Except for his appearance in "Esquire's" memorable concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last January, this is Barney's first New York work since his Ellington days. The group he has assembled here includes Joe Thomas, who has proved a revelation to Barney and is perhaps the most intelligent and consistent trumpet man in town right now; Cyril Haines, piano; Billy Taylor, Sen., on bass; and a young white boy named Levy on drums.

HERBIE FIELDS DISBANDS

Herbie Fields, the alto-tenor-soprano-clarinet-vocal man whose band showed so much promise, has disbanded owing to inadequate bookings.

It takes considerable financial backing nowadays to hold a band together until it can cover its expenses. To lure sidemen out of New York you have to be able to offer them fabulous sums. The first-class musicians, free-lancing in radio shows around New York and doing records and odd dates on the side—Ernie Caceres, Johnny Guarneri, Jimmy Maxwell, and countless others—are making several hundred a week and have refused jobs with the country's biggest bands.

Jess Stacy and Shorty Cherock, both of whom are expected to leave Horace Heidt to form bands of their own, have changed their minds. Both are remaining with Heidt for the present, and are now on their way back to California.

Billie Holiday's first record for Decca, with orchestral setting by Toots Camarata, including strings, will be released shortly. One side, Ram Ramirez's tune "Lover Man," is expected to be a big hit.

Billie's husband, Jimmy Monroe, who was well known around 1937-38 in London and Paris night-club circles, was just sentenced to nine months in jail, his brother tells me, when they picked him up with some marijuana on him while crossing the border back from Mexico into California.

Bobby Sherwood, trumpeter and guitarist, is breaking up his band and returning to California to reorganise. Lionel Hampton, who broke all records on his recent California location, will probably return to New York in

December without having made his first film with the band.

Despite its enormous popularity, Hampton's four-year-old crew still hasn't crashed the movies, for the same reason that Billie Holiday can't get in—the producers believe the race situation is tenser than ever, and are convinced that any scenes they shoot with Negro artists will promptly be cut out by exhibitors in all Southern kinemas.

The old Gennett record label was revived again with the first release on that label recently, by Walter (Foots) Thomas and his Jump Cats. Joe Davis, who now owns this label as well as Beacon and Celebrity, has no plans yet for the reissue of the old King Oliver and other masters he has acquired.

Red Norvo's Band, which his manager had hoped to hold together, now seems to be apart for good. Norvo opens out of town shortly in the preliminary tour of Billy Rose's Seven Lively Arts, which is to feature the Benny Goodman Quintet (Goodman, Wilson, Norvo, Sid Weiss and Morcy Feld).

John Kirby, now playing in Philadelphia, has been waiting several months for the okay for his trip to France, and it still hasn't come through. Maxine Sullivan, Kirby's ex-wife, is back, and in good form, at the Blue Angel, where Herman Chittison's Trio is still a strong attraction.


Hollywood Reporter Jan. 11-45

Feather In For Concert; Barrymore Gives 'Eskys'

Leonard Feather, Esquire's authority on jazz, checks into town today to act as musical director of Esquire's All-American Jazz Concert next Wednesday night at Philharmonic auditorium.

Lionel Barrymore will appear to present "Eskys" to the winning musicians, first appearance in the jazz field for the classical composer.

Daily News h.A. Jan. 12, 1945



With the
LAMPLIGHTER

By T. E. Y.

HERE & THERE, the ZUCCA'S CASA MANANA weekend polley is strictly BIG NAME BANDS. After H. JAMES it's CHARLEY BARNETT, followed by DUKE ELLINGTON—nice going!

Suggestion to ESQUIRE'S LEONARD FEATHER: Why not adopt D. DEXTER'S idea of inviting such ace LOCAL JAZZ men as ZUTTY SINGLETON, KID ORY, JOE SULLIVAN, EDDIE MILLER, RED NICHOLS, NAPPY LEMAR, ART SHAPIRO & MATTY MATLOCK, etc., to take a bow before fellow L. A. citizens at your concert? Bossman LEO GRATZ of the CARMEL GARDENS advises ex HEIDT man CPL. BOB WEISS has left SANTA MONICA for ARMY AIR meeting in N. Y. Overheard at SMITTY'S POLO STABLES that X. CUGAT & CARLOS RAMIREZ will reopen the TROC. on the 18th. ADD A BOND, ADIOS.



Eddie Miller

Los Angeles Tribune Jan. 1, 1945

L.A. Tribune

Esquire jazz concert due this month

Duke Ellington's orchestra, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Al Casey, Sid Catlett and Anita O'Day will head the list of artists appearing, in person, at the second annual Esquire concert to be held Jan. 17 in the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium.

The concert will be the most spectacular jazz event in Southern California and in the number of prominent musicians it will bring here, will be in the nature of a jazz musicians' convention.

Ellington is winner. In the Esquire poll of 22 nationally prominent music critics, of the "gold award" both as a maestro and arranger. Johnny Hodges, Billy

Strayhorn, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Ray Nance, all featured with the Ellington band, will also be presented trophies for winning various divisions of the poll.

Esquire will have a concert in New Orleans at the same time of the L. A. event, including a ceremony in which the name of Sargatoga street will be changed back to Basin street.

Benny Goodman's Quintet with Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson, Mildred Bailey and others will broadcast from New York in connection with the New Orleans ceremony.

Leonard Feather, British critic who originated the poll, will come here from New York to supervise the concert.

Bigard Waxes for Black and White

NEW YORK — Barney Bigard and his band made their recording debut for Black and White Records, by Leonard Feather.

The ex-Ellington clarinetist augmented his band by adding Georgie Auld on alto and tenor saxes, Chuck Wayne on guitar, and the voice of Etta Jones, new Onyx Club starlet.

Other members of the band were Joe Thomas, trumpet; Stanley Levey, drums; and Billy Taylor, bass.

Tunes recorded included "Blow-top Blues," "Salty Papa Blues," "Long Long Journey," "Evil Gal Blues," and "Blues Before Dawn," all written by Feather, who also played piano on these five sides, the pianist on the remaining three being Cyril Haynes.

Also recorded were Bigard's own "Poon-Tang," and "Nine o'Clock Beer," and Feather's arrangement of the old favorite, "How Long Blues."

Back Door Stuff

BACK DOOR'S WEEKLY CLOTHESLINE: Last week was the week when: Al (Chicago Defender) Monroe hurried to New York in search of his honey; that great playboy of the stroll Pittsburg (Sporty Dave) Turpin effected an agreement with Ira Fleming; Gershwin Myers, king of the hossmen, popped into the lobby in time to run into Freddy (My Joe, My Joe) Guinyard; Louella (Hearst) Parsons talked on the radio of Hazel Scott's turning down of movie bids in favor of an altar trek; Red of Red and Curley was stricken with pneumonia while playing Chicago's Regal theatre and Willie Bryant had to take his place; Gene Darryl Young's "Scrapbook Sketches," first of a suite, was released for publication to M. Baron & Co., music publishers; Ruth Osborne Washington announced her July 8 nuptials with Capt. Elmer Hatton of Fort Huachuca; the Delta Rhythm Boys were signed to another four weeks at the Cafe Zanzibar; John D. Thomas said, "I burn!" and meant it as the lobby patrol turned into a derby; Joe (waffles & chicken) Wells went ahead with expansion plans for his popular cocktail lounge; Back Door (yep, yours truly) made his first piano recording date—first of 1945 in NYC for anybody—with Leonard Feather, distinguished British journalist and music critic, on the other Steinway; Morey Feld, Benny Goodman's drummer; Jack Lesberg, bass, and Tiny Grimes, guitar, down at WOR for Continental Records; Four sides were cut on a rather unique boogie-woogie theme, first of its kind, which Leonard and I call a "Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters: Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath," all subtitled, "Bedroom Blues," "Living Room Romp," "Cookin' With Gas," and "Bathroom Boogie." The music in each is rather dirty and low-down, an experiment in which lyrics were dispensed with to give listeners an idea of what the blues really are. They'll be released in a month or so.

L. A. TRIBUNE

Leo Watson sparks Leonard Feather's recording session

By Wilma Cockrell

Leonard Feather, the Esquire Magazine jazz critic who was responsible for last week's much-talked about Ellington concert at the Philharmonic auditorium, held a recording session here in Hollywood this week, just before jumping off for the East. Six tunes were waxed for a Black and White label under the name of guitarist Teddy Bunn, leader of the Four Spirits of Rhythm. Musicians who recorded included Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass; George Van, drums; and Bunn on his guitar. Feather, himself, sat at the piano and Leo Watson, by profession a drummer but on this occasion something else again, did the scat choruses.

Four blues tunes: "She Ain't No Saint", "Suspicious Blues", "Last Call Blues" and "Scat'n the Blues", were cut and the session finished with jived versions of "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Coquette".

A recording session is always interesting, but when one includes Leo Watson, it turns into a frantic free-for-all. On this occasion, not only the "masters", recordings that come out perfect, but the rejects, those with some flaw or another, were preserved, the latter solely for the pure inspiration of Watson's scat choruses.

The best description of the Watson style is to characterize him as something of a vocal Moke and Poke; remember the zany comedy duo? Between his riffs, he injects rhymes that usually have no bearing on the subject matter, but they do give the number a comic flavor. On "She Ain't No Saint", he managed, in a short break, to get in "Oh, when the saints go marching in, give 'em a slug of gin". Corny, of course, but hilarious in its unexpectedness. The lyrics to "Coquette" probably suffered the worse assault of the afternoon. They were started off with, "Tell me, why you keep on eating chicken croquettes". Leo ran the gamut on this one, expounding the delights of sea food delicacies, Lovejoy's Big Leg Chicken and rising to a frantic dissertation on sea serpents, whatever they are.

In the best tradition of jazz, the music recorded was improvised. The straight lyrics were shouted by Van. The records are good juke box material and the Watson humor should assure them a good sale.

DAILY VARIETY DAILY

FOUNDED BY SIME SILVERMAN
News of the Show World
 Published Daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays
 By Daily Variety, Ltd.
Sid Silverman, President
 1708-10 North Vine Street
 Hollywood (28), Calif.
 Phone Hollywood 1141

Vol. 46 January 19, 1945 No. 31

Copyright, 1944, by Daily Variety, Ltd.
 Single Copies, 5 Cents
 Annual, \$10 - Foreign, \$12
 Entered as second class matter July 3, 1940, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

ARTHUR UNGAR, Editor

Chatter

Lester Cowan due back Tuesday from NY.

Shirley Patterson takes over a spot in "The Harvey Girls."

Ray English embarks on a two-week p.a. engagement in Frisco.

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol sunning at Palm Springs for couple of weeks.

Ella Raines leaves Monday for Denver for world preem of "The Suspect."

Horace Heidt entertained 30 at supper in honor of Leonard Feather at Har Omar.

Joyce Reynolds and bridegroom return tomorrow from honeymooning

L. A. NEWS

Purist Critics Unbend In 3-Way Jam Session

By CARL BRONSON

Radio and music fans in general, throughout the world, greetings! We, the high-brow music critics of Los Angeles sat in a huddle with one of the greatest audiences in the traditions of Philharmonic Auditorium last night, in attendance on Esquire's 1945 all-American Jazz Concert, and shouted, applauded and whistled with all the verve of the real new order of listeners-in—Duke Ellington and his prize-winning orchestra of 17 of the best brass instrumentalists of their denominations in the world.

Speaking for myself, I heard Duke Ellington and his group in "Esquire Jump," Willie Smith in his "Tea for Two," Anita O'Day in "Wish You Were Waiting for Me," Duke Ellington in "Midriff," Art Tatum in "Man I Love" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"; the ensemble in "Mood to Be Wooped"; Billy Holliday in "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Lover Man," and Al Casey with

Sid Catlett and rhythm in "Honeysuckle Rose."

Personally I recalled what no less a prophet than Johann Sebastian Bach had said, predicting that when the rhythm of the "fugue," that conversational melange, was finally accepted, generally, by whatsoever name, it would signify a great awakening.

This must have come true, for there hasn't been so much actual joy, on the part of an audience, manifested, as swept from pit to gallery, celebrating also the centenary of jazz, which was a born just long enough ago to have reached the top of the long hard hill it has had to climb, past us sentinels of the sacred way.

Presentations of the Esquire rophies were made to various winners by Judy Garland, Leonard Feather, Lionel Barrymore, Lena Horne, Harry James and Jerome Kern and the tidy takein of about \$15,000 will make the Volunteer Army Canteen Service very happy.

Barney Bigard records Leonard Feather numbers

NEW YORK — Barney Bigard and his little band from the Onyx Club on West 52nd street made their debut as a unit for Black & White Records under an arrangement by Leonard Feather.

The famed ex-Ellington clarinetist augmented his band by adding George Auld on alto and tenor saxes, and Chuck Wayne on guitar. The band recorded four instrumental numbers on 12-inch discs, as well as four 10-inch sides, the latter being vocal blues featuring the voice of Etta Jones, now an Onyx Club starlet who, according to Bigard, is the blues-singing discovery of the year.

Tunes recorded included: "Blow-top Blues", "Salty Papa Blues", "Long Long Journey," "Evil Gal Blues," and "Blues Before Dawn", all written by Leonard Feather, who also played piano on these five sides, the pianist on the remaining three being Cyril Haynes. Also recorded were Bigard's own "Poon-Tang" and "Nine O'Clock Beer", and Feather's arrangement of the old favorite, "How Long Blues."

Other members of the band were Joe Thomas, trumpet; Stanley Levey, drums, and Billy Taylor, bass. The records will be released on the Black & White label within a few weeks.

★ Music review

By CRAIG DOUGLASS

"Le jazz hot," which uttered its first lusty wail in Basin st., New Orleans, a quarter century ago, swept into town last night on a good strong riff to take over Philharmonic auditorium for an evening of authentic jamming.

Nor was the music the only thing that was jammed. Those lucky enough to obtain tickets before the soldout sign was raised a week ago packed the auditorium with the supercharged intensity of the faithful praying toward Mecca eight to the bar.

The occasion was the second annual swing music concert sponsored by Esquire magazine, at which the 1945 All-American award winners in their respective jazz fields received gold or silver "Eskys" in recognition of their prowess in the growl, grooving and gutbucket art.

Duke Ellington's band (with 16 men) this year provided solid musical framework for the various solo artists, having won by several lengths over runner-up Count Basie in the opinion of the 22 jazz experts who acted as judges.

In last year's poll no band was chosen, which left only a small ensemble composed of the 1944 award winners (who had never before worked together as a unit) to represent their branch of the "lively arts" on the stage of the New York Metropolitan. The results were heavy on rugged individualism, light on solid sending. The current concert received more planning, emerged more unified.

Last year, also, there were only two teams of winners. Last night, in addition to the gold and silver award winners, a group of new stars (fledgling artists not yet firmly settled in the groove of fame) were awarded recognition.

The sax department, also,

has been split into alto and tenor classifications, with the result that two Eskys can now grow where only one grew before. (An Eskey is a gold plated statuette of the frisky google-eyed gent on the magazine cover, playing a clarinet.)

Part of the concert was broadcast via network hookup, as well as shortwaved to all war fronts. Not all the winners of the 1945 poll received their Eskys (plus a \$500 War Bond) on the Philharmonic stage.

In New York, gold award winners Benny Goodman, with Red Norvo (vibraharp), Teddy Wilson (piano) and Mildred Bailey (soloist), contributed to the East's share of the network broadcast. In New Orleans, Louis Armstrong, who first rocked the cradle of the Blues with his inspired trumpet, headed a group of pioneer names in jazz as the third angle of a three way merger, which brought the boys together for an airwaves jam session on "Things Ain't What They Used to Be."

Armstrong received his award in the vocal field, Cootie Williams having edged him out this year in the trombone class. In this, Armstrong came in third, following Roy Eldridge, who received a silver award.

Other gold Eskey winners included Higgenbotham (trombone), Hodges (alto sax), Hawkins (tenor sax), Al Casey (guitar), Pettiford (string bass), Catlett (drums) and Buck Clayton, now in the armed services (trumpet).

Silver awards went to Law-

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 4)

Daily News

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1945

9

The Billboard Feb. 10 '45

JOE MARSALA (Black & White)

Romance—FT. Zero Hour—FT.
Joe-Joe Jump—FT. Don't Let It End—FT.

Leonard Feather, who surveys the spinning sides, is the latest to turn to the production of platters. In these initial sides of his Black and White label, indicating that there will be no color barriers in the cutting, provides a full musical meal for the hot jazz diskophiles. For a starter, it's the jam-packed music of Joe Marsala and his big-little band right out of the Hickory House on 52d (swing) Street. The Marsala clarinet, exciting in the low and the high registers, with Chuck Wayne's stellar guitar pickings and the delightful contrast in the rhythmic harp strums of Adele Girard, plus the torrid trumpeting of Joe Thomas, takes on major proportions for each of these sides. There is no stinting to their expressions, the disks being 12-inch sides. Marsala and his men and lone maid make the most for the maestro's Joe-Joe Jump. It's another Sing, Sing, Sing in traffic-stopping tempo, with Marsala polishing off the side in an exciting solo sequence to the jungle beats of the drums. In contrast, side is mated with the blues ballad music of Marsala's Don't Let It End. Chuck Wayne's Zero Hour, a riff opus, is a lively hopper with each member of the gang getting an inning. The lads and lassie jam it lightly and politely for Walter Donaldson's earlier favorite, Romance.

Music ops will have to wait until they cut these sides down to 10 inches.

Jazz History Made at Philharmonic

By E. B. CROSSWHITE

Jazz history was made last night when the first three-way transcontinental jam session took place, and Duke Ellington's band, playing at the Philharmonic Auditorium, had a part in it.

The occasion was a jazz concert presented for the benefit of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service by The Duke's musical group, which has been named All-American Band of 1945 by an Esquire Magazine jury of experts.

Paralleling the local event, which packed the Philharmonic to the rafters with a cheering, stamping throng of enthusiasts, a number of pioneer bandsmen, headed by Louis Armstrong, staged a concert in New Orleans under the aegis of the National Jazz Foundation; while in New York, Benny Goodman's new quintet gave a program.

Radio Hookup

Midway in Ellington's concert, the band went on the air; a hookup was made with New Orleans and New York; then, over a loud-speaker, the high, chiseled notes of Armstrong's trumpet wove into the Ellington music, and a little later, the flowing melody of Goodman's clarinet was heard, completing the across-continent jam session.

Appropriately enough, the selection played was "Things Ain't What They Used to Be."

But music wasn't the only item on the program.

With Danny Kaye, film comedian, serving as master of ceremonies, Gold, Silver, and New Star All-American awards of Eskies—jazz equivalents of Oscars—and \$500 War Bonds were made to instrumentalists and vocalists chosen by the Esquire jury.

Ex-Serviceman Honored

First to be honored was Willie Smith, voted best alto saxophonist of the armed services, in the Silver division, and now is honorably discharged and with Harry James' band. After receiving his Eskey and Bond, Smith played an elaborate interpretation of "Tea For Two."

Anita O'Day, sorrel-topped singer with Stan Kenton's band, received her award in the New Star division from Judy Garland, film actress, and then offered "Wish You Were Waiting for Me" as a sample of her art.

Silver division award as arranger was made to Billy Strayhorn, of Ellington's band, by Lena Horne, actress; and Ellington presented Tatum with the award for best pianist in the same division. Tatum played two numbers—one in his sparkling, spectacular style, and the other a "low-down" offering.

Gets Two Awards

Double awards for best arranger and band, in the Gold division, were conferred upon Ellington by Lionel Barrymore; and The Duke then accepted awards for four of his bandsmen: Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone, Gold division; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone, and Lawrence Brown, trombone, both in the Silver class; and Ray Nance, violin, in the New Star division. Hodges, rated one of the greats among reed players, rendered "Mood to Be Wooed" in his inimitable, sliding technique.

Jerome Kern, veteran composer, made a presentation of a Silver

Jazz History Made At Philharmonic

Continued from Page 6—

award to Billie Holliday, blues singer. Gold Awards to Sidney Catlett, drums, and Al Casey, guitar, were presented by Kaye, after which the two teamed up on "Honeysuckle Rose," with Tatum accompanying at the piano.

Outstanding among The Duke's program numbers were an impression of an "Air-Conditioned Jungle," featuring the clarinet of Jimmy Hamilton, who made effective use of the lower register; "Blue Cellophane," Lawrence Brown playing his slide trombone with the facility of a valve instrument; and "Coloratura," from the

Excerpts from Ellington's "Black, Brown, and Beige," with his sultry-voiced young thrush, Marie, heard in a solo, were a high spot. And when the band really got wound up in a jamming potpourri of improvisations on "Frankie and Johnny," with The Duke making the piano say "uncle," the staid walls of the Philharmonic shook to the acclaim of the audience.

Musical director of the concert was Leonard Feather, chairman of the award jury.

VELUPL MENVUUN TO

All-American Jazz Ballot, 1945

Introducing the new kings of swing to the average reader with information on the twenty-two critics who chose them

by **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

• ARTICLE •

What is the object of Esquire's jazz ballot?

THE object, dear average reader, is manifold. As a member of the general public, you probably think in terms of bands rather than of individuals. You know Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington are bandleaders and you know what instruments they play, but you're probably more than a little fuzzy when it comes to identifying the members of their orchestras.

Esquire's ballot helps to bridge this gap between public and performer. It tells you something about musicians whose names and careers had for the most part eluded you, though you may often have been unwittingly impressed by their music.

A hundred years from now, if some musical historian should want to make a survey of the jazz scene in the 1940's, of the real top men in this field and what they did to achieve recognition, he will be able to consult Esquire's annual jazz polls and Esquire's equally annual Jazz Book, as the definite source of authoritative information.

Is the ballot the same as last year?

No, we've made numerous changes. Last year the board of experts, sixteen strong, included several men who are not currently active as jazz critics and a few who had a doubtful claim to a place on our board in the first place; they were well-meaning aficionados with no technical knowledge of the subject. They have been taken off the list of experts, but a number of new voters have been added, bringing the total to twenty-two as against last year's sixteen.

Last year, too, we lumped all the saxophone voting into one department, an unnecessarily telescopic gesture. Since the alto sax and the tenor sax both have their own personalities as instruments and their own exponents, we have split them into separate voting sections this year.

Last year the voters were asked to select their favorite instrumentalists and singers. This year they have additionally picked their favorite orchestra and their favorite arranger.

Last year there were only two teams of winners. This year, in addition to the Gold Award and

ESQUIRE'S ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND

GOLD AWARD

Cootie Williams, trumpet	Oscar Pettiford, string bass
Jay C. Higginbotham, trombone	Sidney Catlett, drums
Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone	Red Norvo, vibraharp
Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone	Louis Armstrong, vocal
Benny Goodman, clarinet	Mildred Bailey, vocal
Teddy Wilson, piano	Duke Ellington, arranger and band
Al Casey, guitar	Buck Clayton, trumpet (Armed Forces)

SILVER AWARD

Roy Eldridge, Trumpet	Dave Tough, drums
Lawrence Brown, trombone	Harry Carney, baritone saxophone
Benny Carter, alto saxophone	Joe Turner, vocal
Lester Young, tenor saxophone	Billie Holiday, vocal
Edmond Hall, clarinet	Billy Strayhorn, arranger
Art Tatum, piano	Count Basie, band
Oscar Moore, guitar	Willie Smith, alto saxophone
Slam Stewart, string bass	(Armed Forces)

NEW STARS

Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet	Specs Powell, drums
Bill Harris, trombone	Ray Nance, violin
Herbie Fields, alto saxophone	Eddie Vinson, vocal
Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone	Anita O'Day, vocal
Aaron Sachs, clarinet	Johnny Thompson, arranger
Eddie Heywood, piano	Lionel Hampton, band
Remo Palmieri, guitar	Mel Powell, piano (Armed Forces)
Chubby Jackson, string bass	

Silver Award teams, we have elected a team of New Stars, composed of the younger artists who had relatively little recognition until recently, and who may be the Goodmans and Hawkinses of tomorrow.

Our concert, which in 1944 set a precedent at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York (first jazz concert ever held there) is set this year for January 17 at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles. The focal point of the affair will be our dual winner, Duke Ellington, the No. 1 man both as bandleader and arranger. He will feature the other winners who happen to be members of his organization, as well as several others who don't.

Who are the judges?

Our board of judges this year embraces every possible shade of critical opinion in jazz. The only two groups of people who are likely to try to claim that this isn't a completely fair and representative list are: (a) those critics most of whose favorite musicians failed to win, (b) those musicians who failed to win. Aside from these two disgruntled groups, there can be no beefing about our ballot. Among the twenty-two critics are men who believe passionately in the jazz of today (Levin, Ulanov, myself) and men who believe no less passionately

in the jazz of an earlier generation and who feel that the only passport to jazz immortality is a New Orleans birth certificate with a nineteenth-century date-line (Avakian, Russell, Williams).

This latter group of atavists caused some amusement this year. After clamoring loudly about being left out of the voting last year, two more of them were admitted; whereupon they promptly wasted the privilege accorded them by sending in ballots on which thirty-four of the forty-five voting spaces were left completely blank!

A condition of the voting this year was that the experts must vote only for musicians whom they'd heard often enough in 1944 to be reasonably sure of their present ability. If you know how much a man can be affected from one year to the next by the ravages of a depressing job, a bum lip or a chaotic family life, you can see how this condition helps to maintain the genuinely annual character of the ballot. It also eliminated many votes by critics who either can't or won't spend enough time studying all the present-day musicians.

The musicians had to be selected on the basis of what they had been heard to do in their normal musical environment; not on the basis of what they might sound like if they were thrown

together in a band with all the other winners.

The twenty-two people who made these selections are an amazingly variegated crowd. They include experts from Batavia, Brooklyn and Belgium; from London, England; Lexington, Kentucky and Laramie, Wyoming; from Connecticut, Chicago, Cleveland and Canton, Missouri.

Dan Burley, about whose jiv language ability we carried a feature story last June, combines the functions of editor, sports writer and gossip columnist on Harlem's *Amsterdam Star-News*. He's a veteran blues and boogie-woogie man, a Chicago buddy of Albert Ammons and other early king of eight-to-the-bar; he's a member of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians; has written syndicated columns on jazz for the American Negro Press.

Mal Braveman, youngest member of our board (21) started jazz criticisms only this year and represents *Orchestra World* on our board. Inez Cavanaugh, representing *Band Leaders*, sang on Victor records with Timme Rosenkrantz (one of our 1944 boards) and is the only feminine member of the jury. Dave Dexter, former editor of *Down Beat*, is the California representative, voting for musicians he heard on the Coast during the year. Robert Goffin, a frequent contributor to these pages, has been writing about jazz on and off for just a quarter century and is the author of a book on Louis Armstrong to be published soon.

John Hammond, still in the Army in New Orleans, is a New Yorker who studied at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City and has aired his views on jazz through such channels as the *New York Times*, the *New Masses*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, as well as several musical publications. George Hoefer, now in a war plant, writes for the *Needle Jazz Quarterly* and *Down Beat* and is one of the leading figures in the circle of old jazz record collectors. "Jax" (John Lucas) relays views records for *Down Beat*, to which Mike Levin, now in the Army, contributes a column. Harold Jovien, one of the few white writers for the Associated Negro Press, is a *Billboard* man. Harry Lim, from the Dutch East Indies, is a free-lance writer and supervises jazz recordings for Keynote. Dr. J. T. H. Mize is the most

remarkable new addition to our board. Before entering the Army a few months ago he was head of the music department at Rye High School, New York, where he conducted weekly classes on popular music. Through his efforts, the world premiere of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige* was performed in Rye High's own theatre. Dr. Mize's degrees include B.M., B.A., M.A., M.S. and Ed. D. He plays saxophones and clarinet, has had instruction books, pop songs and arrangements published, is co-author with Barry Ulanov of a forthcoming book on jazz.

William Russell, an inveterate adherent of the Olde Time Jazz, has a long history of musical education to his credit, starting in 1915, plays numerous instruments and has had several compositions published. George Simon, now producing V-discs for the Army, is the editor-in-service of *Metronome*. At one time he was 802 member; he played drums with Glenn Miller's band on its early Decca records. Charles Howard Smith, a contributor to this issue, is best known as co-editor of *Jazzmen* and *The Jazz Record Book*.

Frank Stacy writes for *Down Beat* and *Band Leaders*. He has the distinction of having sent in the ballot that coincides most closely with the final results. Bob Thiele, recently discharged from the Coast Guard, produces Signature records and plans soon to revive his *Jazz Magazine*. Barry Ulanov, editor of *Metronome*, makes his Esquire debut on another page this month. He has one of the broadest musical backgrounds of all our jazz critics, including twelve years of violin study and courses in music at Columbia College. Eugene Williams, now employed at Decca, volunteered no information about himself, but is known to all record collectors through his magazine, *Jazz Information* (now suspended).

In addition to these twenty there are Esquire's two jazz editors, Paul Eduard Miller and myself. Paul has a remarkable record as a jazz historian, some of the fruits of his painstaking research having appeared in his own *Yearbook of Popular Music* and in the 1944 and soon-to-be-issued 1945 edition of Esquire's *Jazz Book*. Me, I'm assistant editor of *Metronome*, do a column in *Look* and have around fifty compositions to my debit, recorded by Ellington, Lunceford, Waller, Goodman et al; have dabbled in arranging for Basie and other bands and am still trying to learn about music in general and jazz in particular.

Who are the winners?

Cootie Williams is the Ellington alumnus who has had a great band of his own for three years. Jay C. Higginbotham spent the whole of 1944 in Chicago with Red Allen's sextet. Johnny Hodges is Ellington's perennial star. Coleman Hawkins and Benny Goodman have been the respec-

tive idols of fellow-musicians on these instruments for many years. Teddy Wilson, who gave up his own sextet during 1944 to rejoin Goodman, was unplaced in last year's poll, probably made it this time through his return to radio (via Mildred Bailey's program) and records (Blue Note, Keynote, etc.)

Al Casey, leader of his own trio, Oscar Pettiford, of Boyd Raeburn's fine band and Sidney Catlett, who has his own quartet in Hollywood, are all repeats from last year's Gold Award team. Red Norvo, who tied with Lionel Hampton last year, pulled away to an emphatic solo victory this time, possibly owing to his perma-

pages. Oscar Moore, of the King Cole Trio, occupied the same winning spot last year. Slam Stewart, our new bass winner, was with Tatum's trio until a few months ago, and was recently cast for the Broadway musical, *Glad to Meet You*. Dave Tough, elected as one of the best musicians in service last year, received a medical discharge and has been with Woody Herman's band. Harry Carney, whose baritone sax earned him a slot in the "miscellaneous instruments" division, plays with Ellington. Joe Turner, whose blues singing is heard on records by Tatum, Joe Sullivan and others, has been teamed lately with boogie-woogie pianists Ammons and Johnson. Billie Holiday returned to records in 1944 (Commodore, Decca) after two years' absence. Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's brilliant staff arranger, wrote *Take the A Train*, *Chelsea Bridge* and many of the best pieces of Ellingtonia since 1939. Count Basie is a pianist who started a band in Kansas City and brought his *One O'Clock Jump* to New York and civilization at large in 1936. Willie Smith, former alto saxman with Charlie Spivak and Jimmie Lunceford, received a medical discharge from the Navy since the ballot closed and then joined Harry James.

switch from xylophone to vibraharp, more probably because he, like Teddy Wilson, came back to the air and the shellac in a big way. Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday, placed second and first last year, switched places, no doubt also on account of Mildred's weekly broadcasts. Duke Ellington, who won both as bandleader and arranger, has had America's greatest jazz orchestra since at least 1928. Sgt. Buck Clayton, elected best musician in the Armed Forces, is the former featured trumpeter with Count Basie and was last reported playing in the band at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

In our Silver Award team, Roy

Our New Stars team includes many youngsters of whom you will hear more. Dizzy Gillespie, creator of a highly esoteric trumpet style, is the most widely-copied instrumentalist to emerge in recent years. He is musical director of the Billy Eckstine band. Bill Harris, featured for a while with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman, came to greater prominence with Woody Herman during 1944. Also with Herman are two other new stars, tenor saxman Flip Phillips and bassist Chubby Jackson. The latter was partner to our Gold Award winner, Oscar Pettiford, in a two-bass team featured with Charlie Barnet's band in 1943.

Herbie Fields, winner on alto, is also a talented tenor, soprano, clarinet and vocal man, and led his own band during most of 1944.

Aaron Sachs and Remo Palmieri were both discovered by Red Norvo and have recorded with him; Palmieri has also been featured on the Mildred Bailey broadcasts. Eddie Heywood leapt into the limelight with his sextet's record of *Begin the Beguine* by Commodore. Specs Powell is another Red Norvo alumnus who worked with Raymond Scott's CBS band last year. Ray Nance, nicknamed "Floor Show" by his boss, Duke Ellington, plays violin

and trumpet, sings and dances. Eddie Vinson is the gravel-voiced blues moaner who has made several of Cootie Williams' records top sellers lately. Anita O'Day, one of the few truly original song stylists of the past few years, was first prominent in the Gene Krupa band, but spent most of 1944 with Stan Kenton's aggregation.

The election of Johnny Thompson as the new arranging star has a touch of irony: Johnny is a staff writer for the band whose music is anathema to so many critics—Harry James! Lionel Hampton, the vibraharpist, has a four-year-old band which has achieved fantastic success this past year; his famous version of *Flying Home* helped him shoot upward. Mel Powell is overseas with Major Glenn Miller's Air Corps unit.

Why didn't Harry James and Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey win anything?

I'm glad you asked that. It brings me to the point that this ballot is based on musical values, not on commercial success. Some winners happen to be rich and famous, like Benny Goodman, and others happen to be more or less unrecognized. Fame and fortune don't always follow a musician's creation of great jazz.

Eldridge jumped in for his first award. He was one of the major hits of the memorable jazz concert at the Met last year. He led his own big band for awhile in 1944 but gave it up to join Artie Shaw. Lawrence Brown is another Ellington cornerstone. Edmond Hall, formerly of Teddy Wilson's band and now leading his own sextet in New York, was one of the year's most prolific recorders. Benny Carter, who won on alto sax, is also famous in musical circles as bandleader, arranger, trumpeter. Lester Young left Count Basie's band for the Army shortly after the voting took place. Art Tatum was the subject of a feature in our October

Continued on page 102

That's why Jimmy Dorsey, who's a fine musician but not the world's greatest saxman, gave way to Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter; that's why the Oscar Moores, Roy Eldridges and Joe Turners came out on top, while the Jameses, Spivaks and Dorseys, who spent relatively little time playing true jazz, were left in the cold.

Further, our experts are free from race prejudice. In polls in which jazz fans do the voting, the majority of winners is usually white. In our ballot the overwhelming majority is Negro; not because anybody is anti-white or pro-Negro, but because most of the great jazzman today happen to be colored.

It's nice to recall that Edmond Hall, reading last year's winner list (which did not include him) commented: "This is the fairest, best poll I've ever seen; it will really tell people who are the great musicians. I can find no fault with any of the results."

Praise like that, coming from the musicians themselves, makes us proud and happy. The musicians we've selected as the world's greatest have worked hard for this recognition. We hope you, the Esquire reader, will reciprocate by following their careers and showing that our belief in them hasn't been in vain. #

The Rhythm Section

Of Dixieland and jam, with special reference to the swing musicians' appraisal of their own performances

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •



It was a reformed ex-jazz writer, signing himself E. X. Hack, who once wrote in *Jazz Quarterly* that "the only characters who could really write authentically about jazz are the jazz musicians themselves," and that "any jerk who says a critic doesn't have to read or understand music is plain liquidating in E Flat."

E. X. Hack was nobody's fool. If an Ellington, a Goodman, Tatum or Hawkins had the time and inclination to tell Joe Average-reader how he, the musician, feels about music, a far greater rapprochement between musicians and fans might be achieved.

Some of the musicians do have the educational and journalistic qualifications. Benny Carter, Gene Krupa, Artie Shaw, Billy Strayhorn have had articles published under their own names which were not ghost written. But most musicians don't care to spend the best hangers of their life at a typewriter—not when they have to face a 350-mile bus hop for a one-night stand.

Esquire's board of experts has done an excellent job of selecting

the All-American jazz teams. If the reins of jazz criticism were to be taken over by the musicians themselves, you would get a largely similar list of winners. Nevertheless, you would also see some startling changes in general trends of thought. You would find out that jazz, seen from the inside looking out, is a matter of notes, chords and facts as well as of improvisation and inspiration. You would get expert analyses in place of emotional ecstasies.

If these expert analyses failed to narrow the breach between the jazzmen and the jazzfans who adulate them, it would be because the latter, unwilling to learn, prefer to wallow in the swampland of rhetoric. They would hate to be disillusioned, to find out that what they described as an "overwhelming" or "fundamentally expressive" passage in some solo, showing "organic unity" or "sweepingly majestic motifs," was actually Ed Hall playing a B Natural against an F Seventh chord.

During the past few years, having spent an incalculable quota of time listening to every type of

jazz and having devoted endless hours to talking about music with musicians (in musical terms, not in sweepingly majestic adjectives), I've found musicians and admirers fail to understand each other.

For one thing, the musician generally judges things in terms of good music or bad music, while the would-be eclectic jazz lover prefers to assess in terms of jazz or not-jazz. The latter also believes that there are two classes of jazz, improvised and arranged, while the musician knows that there is a very thin borderline between the two, that the same musical characteristics obtain in both.

Typical of this divergence is the attitude toward Eddie Condon's jazz concerts. Condon is a jazz musician with a buoyant belief in the brand of music for which he stands. It has come to be known as Dixieland music (or Nicksieland, for Nick's, its New York headquarters). Condon has been promoted far and wide in the past year. He played a series of Saturday broadcasts over the Blue Network. He did several in-person concerts at Carnegie Hall. Condon's basic groups usually shape up as a seven-piece unit, playing without music. The publicity emphasizes that owing to the improvised nature of the concerts, nobody knows what will happen until the last minute.

This studied carelessness, which is supposed to carry an implication that no good jazz can ever involve any advance preparation, is dangerously misleading. Actually, it is not even entirely true that these shows are unarranged. When a vocal number by Lee Wiley or Red McKenzie is scheduled, scored backgrounds are written out, because Condon knows that a co-ordinated setting will produce a more satisfactory sound. And on the strictly instrumental tunes—*Royal Garden Blues* and *High Society* and the usual old stand-bys—there are certain passages that are always played in approximately the same way.

Some of the musicians who play Dixieland music do it because they prefer the comparative freedom of its structure, especially if they are used to playing in bigger bands where they rarely have an opportunity to take a solo. Others, like Muggsy Spanier, declare that they don't even know what the term Dixieland means or whether there is such a thing as Dixieland music. George Wettling, the drummer,

has frequently expressed his pleasure at being typed as a "Dixieland drummer" when he comes and does play every kind of music on Paul Whiteman's radio commercial and other big air shows. Sid Catlett looks on the Dixieland crowd with mild amusement.

Actually there is a good deal of praiseworthy music in Condon's shows, which could be made much more widely acceptable by a less rigid instrumentation (alto and tenor saxes and solo guitars are taboos) and by more frequent departures from the same old bunch of wretched out tunes. Condon has featured some excellent musicians on his shows, but it is significant that the forty-five musicians selected this year by Esquire's 1945 board of experts only four have appeared with Condon. The other forty-one either don't fit into the limited style of his programs (like Red Norvo, don't wish to try), or else they're considered beyond the pale because they never worked at Nick's or mixed with the Nick's clique.

The fans who attend these juborees are no more mature musically than the kids who mill around Sinatra. Dixieland is a fad and cult exactly as is Sinatra.

Recently, after one of the bashes at Carnegie Hall, I asked some of the musicians how they felt it had gone. Two of the trumpet players described it as a "clay bake" suffering from "no preparation, man!" A noted colored clarinetist said that he felt "tight and awkward," is always ill at ease in these affairs and prefers to work with his own band. Another clarinetist, who had played *Wolverine Blues*, said, "That wasn't what I wanted to play. They wish they'd tunes on me." A bass player said "I played miserably. There was too much confusion." A great trombonist-band leader smiled and said, "Leonard, maybe you and I are crazy." Yet the next morning some of the most reputable writers in the dailies came out with raves for the show's spontaneity, informality and inspiration!

Musicians know best. They know when a rhythm section gets a fine, integrated beat and when it doesn't. They know when an ensemble is building a well-organized body of sound and when it isn't. They are not flattered by their worst performances are praised by people who think a Flat Augmented is an extra wing built on an apartment!—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—Arriving just too late for inclusion in last month's list of the year's greatest records was the King Cole Trio album on Capitol. Here is some of the subtlest, swiftest music you will ever hear. If you thought the last word had been said on *Body and Soul*, guitarist Oscar Moore and pianist Cole will reconvert you to this hackneyed theme with their eloquent word-after-the-last.

Cole sings in his wistful, rhythmic manner on *Sweet Lorraine*, *Embraceable You* and *It's Only a Paper Moon*. His piano work, ranging from the indigo mood of *Easy Listening Blues* to the unique version of Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*, never departs from good taste.

This is music to listen to by candlelight, in the company of someone who loves and understands great jazz—or maybe just someone who loves and understands.

Duke Ellington offers the best of these single releases, *What Am I Here For?* which Victor found at the bottom of the pre-recording-barrel. The coy title *Joy-Mentin'* should not deter you from scouring for a Blue Note 12-inch disc which features, to good advantage, Jimmy Shirley (guitar), Sidney de Paris (trumpet), Ben Webster (tenor), Vic Dickenson (trombone). The most rhythmic of all

altomen, 285-pound Pete Brown, bounces sensuously on *Bellevue for You* (Savoy). Woody Herman's band is ill-represented by *Who Dat Up Dere?* complete with Uncle Tom dialect effects (Decca).

ON RADIO—The above-mentioned Woody Herman group will be on the networks from Meadowbrook soon after you read this. Listen for our ballot winners—Flip Phillips, Dave Tough, Chubby Jackson—and an extraordinarily talented newcomer, a girl named Marjorie Hyams who plays vibraharp.

IN PERSON—Billy Eckstine is no longer merely "the Sepia Sinatra." Harlem's most popular baritone now fronts a wonderful young band, its musical destinies guided by trumpeter-arranger Dizzy Gillespie. The talent includes Sara Vaughn, whose balladry starts where the Helen Forrests and Frances Langfords leave off; Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon, two mighty tenor saxmen (the former is the son of boogie-woogie pianist Albert Ammons); many other soloists, all tops, and ensemble work that rocks the roof, allying precision with potency. Catch them at a dance date, not in a theatre. If you can't find them, tell your local dance hall manager to get up off his race-bias and book them, but fast; because fast is how this band is going to rise.

LEONARD FEATHER

Feb. 5 - '45
Los Angeles Tribune

February 10, 1945

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Music Popularity Chart

Week Ending
Feb. 1, 1945

POPULAR RECORD REVIEWS

By M. H. Orodener

KAY KYSER (Columbia)

Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive—FT; VC. *Like Someone in Love*—FT; VC.

There's a new sparkle added to the syncopations expounded by Kay Kyser on the spinning sides, and much of it stems from the stellar song selling of Dolly Mitchell and Linda Stevens. For both voices, Professor Kay has provided a bright and rhythmic musical background rich in contrasting and colorful effects. Supplemented by the male voices of a trio, Miss Mitchell rings out righteously for her singing of "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive," which Kyser whips up as a moderately paced jump opus. On their own, the band boys show plenty of strength when they sock out a stanza. Rhythm is heightened by hand-clapped beats, which gives the spinning a good lift to start, but then becomes overbearing in its continuance. For "Like Someone in Love," Miss Linda sings out the lyrical content of the movie ballad in sympathetic and appealing manner, with the band brasses bringing out all the melodic qualities of the song. For contrast, Miss Stevens steps up the tempo for the last stanza and shows that she is equally effective for the rhythm singing. The unison singing of the male trio makes for effective background figures to blend with the band and making Miss Linda's lyricizing all the more attractive.

With movie song material that means much, and selling both strong lyrically and musically, Kay Kyser rings the bell for the music machines with both of these sides.

LINDA KEENE (Black & White)

Unlucky Woman—FT; V. *Blues in the Storm*—FT; V.

It's hard to explain how the major recording companies can pass up a voice as possessed by this songbird. When it comes to singing the blues, Linda Keene projects herself right into the wail and woe of the story. With melodic charm to her chanting, she, sans the characteristic shouting, sells both of these blues strains like a million. Gel is a paleface, but captures all the sepia appeal contained in both songs. "Unlucky Woman" is a slow blues, the composition of Carol and Leonard Feather, and Miss Linda rings true as she complains how unlucky she's been with the menfolk. It's more of her soft and intimate style of singing for Leonard Feather's blues dirge, "Blues in the Storm." Musical quality of the sides is on par with the lyrical, what with clarinetist Joe Marsala and his small band tooting a torrid back-drop with a blues motif.

Unfortunately, this is a 12-inch and cannot be fitted for the music machines.

Leonard Feather put off his departure for New York and got another recording group together last week, waxing two discs for Signature label. The Harry James rhythm section: Arnold Ross, piano, Ed Milhelich, bass, Allen Reuss, guitar, Dave Coleman, drums; plus Willie Smith and Corky Corcoran of the James sax section, and Shorty Cherock, trumpet, from the Horace Height band, made up the orchestra. The records are under Shorty's name and are for the better part improvised jazz.

Four tunes were recorded, "Meandering" featuring Arnold Ross; "Snafu", featuring Shorty Cherock; "The Willies", featuring Willie Smith; and "It's The Talk of The Town", a full record solo for Corky Corcoran. All the numbers came out exceptionally well, the group managing to sound like a combination that had been together for some time, rather than just for two or three hours. "Meandering" was mostly piano, done

at moderate tempo, and is strictly for listening. "The Willies" is a fast number in sort of a John Kirby manner. Willie Smith has most of the solo part, and Corky and Shorty split what remains. This number has more of a sgt introduction and out chorus than the others, and the phrasing is quite clean for the short time they worked together on it. "Snafu" is more danceable than any of the other numbers, however, and features Shorty Cherock's trumpet. His solo work on this one is quite different from what swing fans heard from him on the Philharmonic stage. His work on this one side is more relaxed, and better thought out than the wild blasts of his stage appearances. The same is true of Corky's playing. On these sides his playing is shown to much better advantage than on his session appearances. His "Talk of the Town" should become a listening favorite. It's Hawk tenor, played in a most convincing manner. Near the finish, Willie and Shorty supply a background for him to build his climax. The musicians took a lot of pains and had much to say in the making of these sides. James spent three hours just arranging the musicians in the right positions. The beer industry profited also, at least 8 quarts were consumed. Mr. Corcoran led the group in this department.

Walter Winchell 7 In New York

lost its temper. . . Henry Luce, "Father Time," has been conferring with Midwest Repub. leaders. Gov. Green was one. . . Esquire's jazz critic, L. Feather, and his bride are having it annulled. She is actress Jan Christie. . . There is a new model around town named, if you'll nod'n the expression, Orpha Dickey.

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Jazz Symposium

Does life end at forty for Jazz Musicians?

Eddie Heywood (twenty-eight), bandleader, Esquire's All-American New Star on piano.

Well, you know, jazz is like baseball. It's a young man's game. Of course there are exceptions to the rule just as there are in baseball. After a jazz musician is forty, the only thing for him to do is stay around young musicians as much as he can, otherwise he just won't hear the music the way younger men hear it and feel it. He won't phrase the notes the same way, no matter how good a musician he may be.

Some of the old musicians that are still around today sound just like my father used to sound. He played piano for Butterbeans and Susie and a lot of great old-time acts, and he was wonderful in his day. He came up with Jimmie Noone and men like that, but today a musician like Benny Goodman shows the great advances that have been made since then; his style is more pleasing, more up to date.

Exceptions? Well, of course, men like Coleman Hawkins—he's been around twenty years, but he's brought his style up to date; time will never catch up with him. And Vic Dickenson, the trombonist with my band, who's thirty-eight now, will always be great.

Oscar Pettiford (twenty-two), Esquire's All-American Gold Award bassist for 1944 and 1945:

By the time they're forty, life should have ended for them, professionally. Styles are changing very fast in jazz. For instance, Louis Armstrong set a foundation for all the other trumpet players, but there's more happening now; a lot of young fellows are playing just as much as Louis, or more.

The men of today will be through when they're forty, too, but the music will still go on, with younger men who can interpret the same arrangement entirely differently from the way an older man would play the same music. Sure, there are some men like Basie, Hawkins and Ellington, who can adapt themselves. But most musicians over forty deserve to have some kind of fund to enable them to enjoy a comfortable retirement. They've given their lives to make the public happy, sacrificed more than people realize. At forty they should be allowed to rest on their laurels.

Joe Marsala (thirty-seven), clarinetist and bandleader:

Not necessarily. A lot of men do get out of the business early, but the important thing is how you sound, not how you look. One thing is true, though: a musician doesn't get any better from forty on. He's expressed himself as far as he can, and he'll be inclined to coast, instead of trying to adapt himself and play like the youngsters who have more spirit.

For the non-jazz men like Sammy Kaye and Frankie Carle and

Guy Lombardo, age is less important. In fact, after forty the best thing for a jazzman to do is decide that the music business owes him some money. He can retire into the field of big bands, radio commercials, and other jobs where experience is more important than individuality. A younger man in a job like that might scuffle around and know less about how to conduct himself. And if the older man is a leader, he can always hire younger musicians, to get his kicks.

Barney Bigard (thirty-eight), clarinetist and bandleader, formerly with Duke Ellington and Freddy Slack:

No, not if he has the initiative and ambition to keep active. Personally, I'm willing to learn and listen at any time and continue to try to improve myself. I believe you're as old as you feel.

Some of the older musicians like Johnny Dodds and Jimmie Noone stayed in a rut and time passed them by; but there are others like Buster Bailey who look and feel amazingly young even though they're up there in their forties, and they play as well as ever. Even Louis Armstrong, though he's not altogether as he used to be, is still up in the times.

Bobby Dukoff (twenty-six), tenor saxophonist, formerly with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra:

It depends on the individual. If a man buys all the records, listens to the pacemakers, and filters out things to his own taste, without necessarily imitating, then he can keep on his toes, think right, and play right.

I don't know many men over forty in the dance-band game, but I do know that men like Benny Goodman will never be too old. Benny is a polished, brilliant musician with complete control of his instrument plus the incentive to play. But if you get into one of the top name-bands when you're still very young, you get that "Where-do-I-go-from-here?" feeling and you lose that incentive. That's why so many musicians get in a rut, and after staying for years with one name-band they're washed up.

The test of a good musician is to give him a tune like *Sweet Lorraine* or *Body and Soul* at a moderate tempo, giving him time to think and create, instead of just playing notes. That way you can tell the subtle difference between a musician and an instrumentalist—no matter how young or old.

Phil Moore (twenty-seven), pianist, arranger, bandleader, composer of *Shoo Shoo Baby*:

I think the musician of the future will be better prepared for a longer life; he'll be able to play most any kind of music and will graduate from active jazz into more legitimate fields. The average youngster today is not as valuable as an older fellow who may

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—Since the recording strike ended last Armistice Day, the major companies have been rushing through the presses limitless copies of such immortal sagas as *My Dog Has Fleas* and *The Trolley Song*, leaving the business of hot jazz recording in the hands of the smaller firms. The outstanding item at hand at this deadline is on Signature, played by Flip Phillips (our New Star tenor saxman) with seven other members of Woody Herman's band, plus Aaron (New Star) Sachs on clarinet. The titles are *Pappiloma* and *Skyscraper*, both composed by Flip, the former dedicated to something he once had removed from his neck. Both are small-band jazz at its most ingenious and exciting.

Another great tenorman, Don Byas, assembled a quintet on Savoy to play his charming tune, *Free and Easy*. Still another fine tenor, Cab Calloway's Ike Quebec, spreads *She's Funny That Way* over twelve interesting inches on Blue Note. Then for a real glut of saxophones try *Louise* by Coleman Hawkins on Keynote, abetted by Don Byas, Tab Smith and Harry Carney, remarkable reedmen all.

Other credits go to Eddie Heywood's Sextet for *Tain't Me* and to Miff Mole for *Peg O' My Heart*, both Commodore; to Gene Schroeder for his *Tea for Two* piano solo

on Black and White; the King Cole Trio's *Got a Penny* on Atlas. Try to find 'em! And if you have trouble, fall back on Victor's Bunny Berigan Memorial Album, or Capitol's *Gotta Be Gettin'*, excellently sung by Anita O'Day with Stan Kenton.

IN PERSON—The new Artie Shaw band hasn't hit the East at this writing, but from a glance at the personnel it's safe to predict that this will be something for the boys who like it hot—and there's no string section as yet; merely the threat that one will be added later.

A Shaw alumnus, trumpeter Lee Castle (better known among musicians as Castaldo) has a promising young band of his own which boasts a great young tenor saxman, Frankie Socolow. Castle plays fine jazz on the jazz numbers, resorting to a Harry James vibrato on the ballads. But mention of James reminds me that The Horn has been featuring an unprecedented quota of good jazz with his band lately. Between his own best work and that of Willie Smith (alto), Corky Corcoran (tenor), Allan Reuss (guitar), Ray Heath (trombone) and Arnold Ross (piano), plus arrangements by Johnny (New Star) Thompson et al, the James band is his best ever, and by no means to be spurned because of its leader's commercial success.

—LEONARD FEATHER

be less flashy but who knows how to play shows, interpret arrangements, and fit in with any ensemble. But, of course, a man can be only twenty-five and have the background of a forty-year-old. For instance, I've been playing professionally since I was thirteen. Sometimes I feel as though I'm forty right now!

Earl Hines (forty), veteran leader and pianist:

Jazz music is one profession where a man is really as old as he feels. Some men are through at thirty or even younger, while others, such as Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman, Duke Ellington and Russell Smith retain youthful ideas perpetually. There are many factors which enter into a musician's attitude toward his profession. For example, if a musician of forty surrounds himself with youthful players he himself is bound to stay young—the very association helps keep him in trim.

Physical condition plus environment are the important factors in the development and maturity of a musician. You can tell a man by the company he keeps—well, usually. Talking, living and playing music keep the forty-year-old as hip as his youthful contemporaries. And the greater the interest, the finer the musician.

I would suggest that younger musicians keep in top physical condition through exercises, through a regulated diet and through every possible means at their command, since it is so necessary to offset the abnormal hours and living conditions which, to most musicians, are normal. Nevertheless, we musicians know it isn't normal, but too often we forget it and think that all the

rest of the world lives like us. I would do us all some good to remember how the rest of the world lives, and to think about things like obtaining essential training on one's chosen instrument. The at the age of forty, one will be the best possible condition to a good job—the best kind of job, because by that time a musician has reached his full maturity as an artist. But he can express himself well if his physical condition is bad.

And, of course, a good jam session now and again helps keep a forty-year-old musician in trim.

George Wettling (thirty-eight), drummer with Paul Whitman N.B.C.:

The art of playing jazz is a gift and anyone lucky enough to possess that gift will have it as long as he lives. Take Joe (King) Oliver for instance; one of the great jazz cornet players that ever lived he was still playing great jazz the very end—and he lived beyond the forties.

It's not the age, it's the field of jazz that counts. Modern musicians must not only be able to play jazz, but also read, play with precision, with different sections of the band, in order to be able to live; so they go a little commercial and join a band that makes money.

Only a handful of musicians know how to play real jazz, how, and the majority are on the forty side and are getting strong, with no intention of quitting.

Of course there may be exceptional cases, like that of a friend of mine. His life expectancy is 8:40 at a cocktail party at 8:50!

In place

EDITORIAL: "For the betterment of the Esquire Jazz Project in general"

FROM Bruce Baker, Jr. of Dallas, one of the best informed and best balanced of the many jazz collectors with whom we have for a long time been engaging in correspondence, we have received this letter which we pass on to you, for your help in answering its closing question:

Gentlemen:

Yesterday I purchased a copy of Esquire's Jazz Book for 1945. After reading it, I wish to compliment you on the most excellent job which you have done.

There is one important issue, however, which gives me (and you) a great amount of trouble. This is the voting for the All-American Jazz Band. As we both know full well, a conciliation between men of such difference in taste as Leonard Feather and Eugene Williams, Barry Ulanov and William Russell, will never be effected. For the situation to continue as it has been going means only a general confusion on the part of neophyte jazz-collectors who gain their knowledge of jazz chiefly through the pages of Esquire and its Jazz Book.

I do believe that I have a solution for the difficulty. Would it not be a relatively simple matter to elect three All-American Bands and classify them as to the style-music they play? The classifications could be New Orleans, Chicago, and Modern. This would insure several things of importance.

First, the most important, it would mean that any of the three bands could play together compatibly. Secondly, it would mean that the men most qualified to vote for New Orleans jazz would select that band; those most qualified to select the greatest musicians among the Modernists would cast the votes in that category. As Eugene Williams refused to vote for a tenor saxist, pianist, or any Modern musician—so would Feather refuse to cast a vote in the New Orleans polling.

For the betterment of the Esquire jazz project in general I would also like to suggest several changes in judges. I would eliminate such remaining people as seem to be (at best) on the very fringe of jazz appreciation. If they were not dropped, I would suggest the addition of more judges.

I would not want a board of judges stacked against Mr. Feather and his cohorts. As I would not desire this, I abhor the present setup which overwhelms Williams, Russell, et al. And I do not agree with Williams on his selections, either!

By adapting your jazz program to such a plan, I honestly believe that it will be much more satisfactory to you, to me, and to everyone.

Instead of one All-Star Band, you will have three. Instead of griping, everyone will be happy. And, above all, instead of the inevitable clambake, you will have three wonderful bands laying wonderful jazz although in different styles.

Regardless of whom or what a man may like in jazz, I'm sure that you will agree that it is paramount that he should like jazz. I think that this plan would help everyone and everything to a better and more sensible future. What do you think?

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Bruce Baker, Jr.

Well, what do you all think? In one sense, Mr. Baker's letter was best answered, four days later, by the Big Blue Network Broadcast of January 17th, where for ninety minutes and from three cities, three types of jazz were offered in celebration of Esquire's Annual All-American Jazz Awards. Certainly there were "three wonderful bands playing wonderful jazz although in different styles". And although there has been the usual and apparently inevitable aftermath of griping from various critics for a variety of reasons, as far as the public reaction can be measured, everyone was happy. That's all that matters, really, since Esquire's jazz project was never intended for the gratification or glorification of any one critic, or group of critics, but only to extend the frontiers of jazz appreciation, and to try to bring the best of the various branches of this native American art form to the widest possible public. With that primary objective in mind, now is as good a time as any, while the memory of the 1945

celebration of the All-American Awards is still fresh, to review the bidding, and check to see that the project is headed straight for its objective.

Esquire's first expressed interest in jazz as a phenomenon deserving of study, appreciation and preservation, dates back almost to the magazine's own moment of birth. In the Fall of 1933 Charles Edward Smith wrote, and we published in our issue for February 1934, under the title *Collecting Hot*, the first general magazine article on the cultural and artistic significance of hot jazz records. It has long since been established that this one article gave nation-wide impetus to jazz-collecting.

During the course of the next nine years, there were nine articles in Esquire on various aspects of the subject of hot jazz, making it the most consistently covered subject in the magazine's curriculum. Two of these articles were by Charles Edward Smith and two by Robert Goffin, the Belgian pioneer of European appreciation of American jazz. The latter, in our issue for February 1943, first named Esquire's All-American Band, giving three sets of nominations for that year.

The reader response to all our articles on hot jazz was always both immediate and prolonged, but up to the tenth anniversary of the original Charles Edward Smith article, *Collecting Hot*, the magazine's jazz activities had all been on paper. However, to celebrate that tenth anniversary of Esquire's interest in jazz, we decided to bring the next annual All-American Band to life, with a concert that would signalize the now general social acceptance of this once-despised and long-neglected music that had been the Cinderella of the Lively Arts. To assure the best possible selection of the band, we secured the services of a board of jazz experts, with the help of Robert Goffin and Leonard Feather, whom he recommended for the difficult job of "bringing the band to life" for the concert. Also, we decided to have Charles Edward Smith do another article, *Collecting Hot: 1944*, to survey the ever-widening circles of jazz-collecting that had spread out from that first pebble he had tossed in these pages ten years before, and to give this new article a fitting setting by making our issue for February 1944 a special jazz number. Third, to round out this Jazz Jubilee program, we decided to have published, in book form, all the previous Esquire writings on jazz, back to and including the original article by Charles Edward Smith that began the whole business.

To symbolize the social acceptance of jazz, and thus to honor the leading jazzmen, we could think of no more appropriate objective than to bring the real jazz, for the first time, into the sacrosanct social citadel of American music, the Metropolitan Opera

House. This we did, on January 18, 1944, with the All-American Jazz Concert that packed the Met for a gate that ran over six hundred thousand dollars in war bonds.

The event was all that it was intended to be, the presentation of some fourteen soloists, representing a variety of styles and "schools" of jazz, in a setting in which their music had never before been heard. Musically, it was a sort of *smörgåsbord*, a sampling of distinctive and highly individual offerings. Each was excellent of its kind, and the novelty of hearing them all together, for the first time, made the event unique.

But it was the consensus of the critics that such a concert, with its emphasis centered entirely on a succession of individual performances, merely honored the individuals without at the same time encompassing the broad scope of jazz, since it left the ensemble element entirely out of consideration. In short, you couldn't see the forest for the trees.

So this year, for the celebration of Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards, we enlarged both the scope of the voting, to include bands and arrangers, and the membership of the board of experts, at the same time tightening up on the qualifications for membership on the board, to make sure that we maintained the broadest and most competent coverage of the many varying and sometimes opposed schools of critical thought in this highly controversial field. All we wanted to avoid was the commercial, the kind that all the embattled critics are quick to agree is not jazz, even though they seem never to agree on which of the several varieties of the real jazz is really "it."

This year's winners were presented, then, not all together, but within the musical settings in which their individual efforts were likely to be heard to the best advantage. Within the limits imposed by considerations of bookings and travel difficulties, as many of the winners as possible were presented before audiences in Los Angeles, New Orleans and New York.

The result, from where we heard it for ninety minutes beside our loudspeaker, was inspired and inspiring. Last year wild horses couldn't have kept us from the Met, but this year we found ourselves feeling sorry for those who were members of the audiences in the concert halls, and thus missed two layers of the three layer jazzcake that the rest of us could have in our own homes. And that's when and where the thought struck us that, for its primary purpose of trying to enlarge the field of jazz appreciation, Esquire's project accomplishes more in ten minutes on the network than it does in two hours in a concert hall. At jazz concerts, which are presu-

ably attended largely by those who know and like jazz anyway, only a relative handful can hear what can be heard by millions over the air. In a sense, it's just another case of "preaching to the converted."

So think this one over, when you're making suggestions for the further refinement or improvement of Esquire's jazz program, because as the matter now stands, we're inclined to feel that Esquire could do jazz in general a lot more good with more broadcasting and less concertizing, in celebration of its All-American Awards.

All this seems to have taken us pretty far afield from Mr. Baker's specific proposal, but actually we may not have drifted as far as it has seemed. Because the point we have wanted to keep always in mind is that Esquire's one constant purpose is to *broaden*, not to narrow, the confines of jazz appreciation. Every effort to foster an unduly rigid cultism in this field, it seems to us, serves only to restrict the enjoyment of jazz. In fact, we sometimes wonder if that isn't what the more rabid extremists among the critics are deliberately trying to do. One wonders how some of the critics who damn anything that is played with any variation at all from the manner or the exact instrumentation of King Joe's band would feel if King Oliver's *High Society* were to be heard on every corner juke box, as we ourselves wish it could be.

We still feel as we felt, over a year ago, in introducing Esquire's 1944 Jazz Book, that "The most important thing to do about hot jazz is—not to write about it, not to argue about it, not (even) to dance to it—but, of all things, to *listen* to it." Nor can we even now think of anything more apposite to say, every time one or another of the critics starts to argue about whether this or that is or isn't such or such a kind of jazz, than "Shut up and listen!"

That's why we hesitate to see any further compartmentation creep into the voting. The difficulty over deciding who is or isn't eligible to be considered a New Star, the chief complication in this year's voting, would seem like simplicity itself compared to the difficulty of deciding who does or doesn't fit into this or that arbitrary division of Jazz styles. What we want, to keep this program as broad and comprehensive as possible, is to mend or bridge, as much as we can, the present violent cleavage into different "schools" of jazz followers.

Meanwhile, whatever the critics say to or about each other, we derive some solid satisfaction from the demonstrated fact that Esquire's jazz program has made steady progress towards its main objective. The sale of Esquire's Jazz Book to date, for example, has outdistanced the previous combined sales of all the various books on hot jazz put together, thus showing that it is truly extending the frontiers of jazz appreciation, which after all is all we're after.

Our own presentation of the All-American Awards only began the 1945 honors on the big broadcast of January 17th. We presented all that could be scheduled into ninety minutes on the network, and even so there was a tight squeeze as time ran short toward the end of the program. But there will be other presentations, at other concerts and special appearances. For instance, Carnegie Hall is set as the scene of the Lionel Hampton Esquire Award Concert, where the band will receive the New Star Award. And as this is written, a special guest appearance is being arranged for the presentation of their Silver Award to Count Basie's Orchestra. So you see there's plenty left to pop.

But if you can think of a better way to accomplish the project's aims, then now's the time to say so. We don't conceal the self-evident fact that we feel good about the way it's going. But we also aim to practice what we preach. So now we'll shut up—and listen.

Ready next month— The clothbound edition of ESQUIRE'S 1945 JAZZ BOOK

Following the smash success of the paperbound newsstand edition of Esquire's 1945 Jazz Book and Yearbook of the Jazz Scene, the Smith & Durrell Division of the A. S. Barnes & Company have speeded up the preparation of the two-dollar book edition, bound in cloth covers for permanent preservation and in a reduced format suited to the proportions of the normal bookshelf. Last year this clothbound edition was not available for many months after the initial sale of the paperbound edition, but this year's "permanent" volume will be issued in mid-April, just a month away. A must for all jazzfans, in it you will find everything that has happened in this past jazz year, covered like a tent, and a wealth of original research covering the continuing history of jazz over the past fifty years. The many rare photographs of early New Orleans bands and the detailed map of Storyville are alone well worth the price of the book. If your bookseller or record dealer can't accommodate your order, send \$2 to Esquire's Jazz Dept., Palmolive Bldg., Chicago 11, and we'll get you a copy.



RECORDING ACTIVITY IN THE STATES

All the News from New York by LEONARD FEATHER

DUKE ELLINGTON gave his third Carnegie Hall concert in mid-December, and most critics are agreed that it was his best yet. Several important new works were performed, including the four-part "Perfume Suite" written in collaboration with **Billy Strayhorn**; "Blutopia," a short work written a couple of months before for **Paul Whitman's** Contemporary Composers series; "Midriff," a wonderful Strayhorn bounce tune; and four new numbers featuring **Rex Stewart**, **Johnny Hodges**, **Lawrence Brown** and **Jimmy Hamilton** respectively: "Frantic Fantasy," "Mood to be Wooed," "Blue Cellophane," and "Air-Conditioned Jungle."

Most of the excited talk afterwards was about **Cat Anderson**, whose amazing high-note work in the "Coloratura" movement of the "Perfume Suite" had everybody gasping. Cat knows how to use those fantastic notes and Duke knows how to write for him. **Al Sears'** tenor also came in for a great deal of praise, as did **Harry Carney's** baritone on the new and lovely "Frustration."

Only bringdowns of the whole concert were the singers. Duke used three of his four girls in one or two numbers each, and **Al Hibbler** went through his usual slurring and sliding. Duke's first post-ban recording, just released here, features two of his new pops, with vocals by **Hibbler** and **Joya Sherrill**. However, he has recorded excerpts from "Black, Brown and Beige" for an album of four twelve-inch sides.

"ESQUIRE" CONCERT

Duke is currently playing the Hotel Biltmore in Providence, R.I., reputedly getting \$13,000 for ten days. He then heads for the coast to take part in the "Esquire" second annual all-American jazz concert, for which yours truly will also be making the trip to the West Coast to help stage the event.

Art Tatum, **Billie Holiday** and **Coleman Hawkins** are being sent out to Hollywood specially for the evening. The affair will be held in Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium as a benefit for the Volunteer Army Canteen Service.

On the same evening in New York the **Benny Goodman Quintet**, with **Norvo**, **Wilson**, **Sid Weiss** and **Morey Feld**, plus **Mildred Bailey**, will do a special broadcast, which will be part of the Blue Network's ninety-minute programme devoted to "Esquire's" evening.

In New Orleans several star soloists will take part, probably including **Louis Armstrong**, **Higginbotham**, **Sidney Bechet**, and the sensational white girl guitarist, **Mary Osborne**. There will also be an official ceremony, at which the name of Saratoga Street will be changed back to Basin Street. I hope **Spencer Williams** will be listening in that night.

Benny Goodman's Quintet is doing excellently in the Billy Rose revue, "The Seven Lively Arts." Benny has no plans at present for organising a big band. He has made two record dates for Columbia.

Count Basie opened at the Lincoln Hotel with two important new faces: **Lucky Thompson**, the fine ex-Hampton tenor man, and **Shadow Wilson**, also a former Hamptonian, on drums. **Thelma Carpenter** is leaving the band to go out as a single.

The band sounds as good as ever; Count cut four sides for Columbia, including "Jimmy Rushing Blues" and "Taps Miller."

Lionel Hampton is also in town, playing to wild crowds at the Strand Theatre. **Herbie Fields**, the great white tenor and alto man, whose band broke up not long ago, has joined Lionel. With **Arnette Cobbs** battling him in the two-tenors feature number, "Lady Be Good," this makes the most exciting combination of its kind ever assembled.

Note to "Corny": That was Herbie who played the tenor solo you liked on Woody Herman's "Perdido"; and, by the way, you're lucky to have that record out—it hasn't been released in this country!

Lionel made another Decca date while in California, using a ten-piece brass section.

WAXING FEVERISH

Also in town are **Jimmie Lunceford**, **Billy Eckstine** and **Cootie Williams**. **Budd Johnson**, that busy tenor man and arranger, is joining Eckstine, replacing **Dex Gordon**. Cootie still has a fine band, and **Eddie Vinson's** blues vocals are selling his "Hit" recordings like hot cakes.

On the recording front there has been feverish activity. More new record companies seem to jump into the hot jazz wax field every week. Continental is the latest label to start specialising in good jazz.

I made two dates for them; the first was by **Hot Lips Page** (trumpet and vocals), with **Vic Dickenson** (trombone), **Lucky Thompson** (tenor), **Hank Jones**, Junr. (piano), **Sam Allen** (guitar), **Jesse Price** (drums), and **Carl Wilson** (bass), doing "The Lady in Bed," "Geel Ain't I Good to You?" and two originals by Lips.

Then there was a date by my own bunch of "Esquire" winners, with **Sgt. Buck Clayton** (trumpet), **Coleman Hawkins**, **Edmond Hall**, **Remo Palmieri** (guitar), **Spess Powell** (drums), and **Oscar Pettiford**, with myself as pianist and arranger, doing "Esquire Jump," "Esquire Stomp," "Scram!" and "Thanks for the Memory."

Also did a session with **Linda Keene** and **Joe Marsala's** Band for Black and White, with **Joe Thomas** (trumpet) and **Joe's** regular rhythm section, plus **Adele Girard** on three of the six sides and myself on piano for Linda's two blues numbers.

Next week the same company is recording a remarkable new blues singer, **Etta Jones**, with the following combination: **Barney Bigard** (clarinet), **Georgie Auld** (alto, tenor), **Joe Thomas** (trumpet), myself (piano and arranger), **Chuck Wayne** (guitar), **Stan Levey** (drums), **Billy Taylor**, Senr. (bass). This ought to be a great date; and later the same day we hope to make four instrumental sides by the band.

PITTSBURGH COURIER

All-Girl Crew Jams On Wax

NEW YORK—The first all girl jam session in recording history took place last week, when an all-star date, featuring America's foremost feminine jazz musicians, was assembled by composer-critic **Leonard Feather** for the Black and White label. The group, which will be known as the Hip Chicks, was drawn from various bands, and had never worked together as a unit before.

The personnel included **Jean Starr**, diminutive trumpet player, featured for the past eight months with **Benny Carter's** band; **Marjorie Hyams**, sensational vibraharpist from the **Woody Herman** orchestra, **L'Ana Hyams**, her sister-in-law, on tenor sax; **Vicki Zimmer**, solo star from **Kelley's Stable**, on piano; **Marion Gange**, alumnus of the old **Ina Ray Hutton** bunch, on guitar, and two members of **Estelle Slavin's** band, **Rose Gettesman** on drums, and **Cecelia Zirl** on bass.

Vivien Garry, a new singing discovery, sang the vocal on one side, "I Surrender Dear." Five other numbers were waxed, three of them written by Feather, "Strip Tease," "Seven Riffs With the Right Woman," and "Moonlight on Turhan Bay." The other two instrumental numbers were composed by **Flip Phillips** and arranged by **Marjorie Hyams**, "Popsie" and the "Sergeant on Furlough." The records, all twelve-inches, will be released late in the Spring, according to **Les Schriber** of the Black and White Company.

HOLLYWOOD LIFE

February, 1945

Monroe Learns About Renting

By JEROME O'SHEA

What happens when a bandleader is booked on the coast for three months and wants to bring his family with him? Just ask **VAUGHN MONROE** and he'll tell you that the housing shortage is no laugh—but then, who ever said it was? He only found a place to live after making inquiries at 39 different places. The first 38 said, "No children."

MEL TORME and the **MELTONES** have been signed to the new **ANDY RUSSELL** Blue Network airer—this in addition to their chores on the **DICK POWELL** Fitch show. You're going to hear a lot from these kids.

PETER "Tyronne" POTTER has a new record show on **KMPC** from 11:05 to 12:00 P.M. It's a continuation of the **Platter Parade** and all on the sweet side. Give a listen. It's very pleasant. . . . The **Esquire** All-American Jazz Concert was a big success—the fans were hanging from the rafters—all of which made **Producer LEONARD FEATHER** as happy as a bluejay. He's giving up his post as record reviewer for **Look Magazine** to take a similar position with **Modern Screen**, where he'll also conduct special interviews.

The Afro-American, March 24, 1945

Hampton's Music at Famous Hall

NEW YORK — **Lionel Hampton** and his orchestra, selected by **Esquire's** board of jazz experts as the greatest young swing band to come to prominence in the past year, will make their Carnegie Hall debut in a concert, Sunday evening, April 15, in celebration of this award.

Leonard Feather, jazz editor of **Esquire**, and **Barry Ulanov**, editor of **Metronome**, will stage the concert. **Lionel** will repeat his recent successful experiment of adding a string section to the orchestra, to be featured with him in some arrangements written especially by his talented pianist, **Milt Buckner**.

Also featured with the band will be **Dinah Washington**, sensational blues singer; **Herbie Fields**, saxophonist, another of **Esquire's** "new star" award winners; **Arnette Cobbs**, great tenor sax soloist, and all the other regular members of the Hampton organization.

Cootie Williams To Get Award Today

Cootie Williams, featured at the Paramount with his orchestra, will be awarded the gold trumpet by music critic **Leonard Feather** for winning the No. 1 All-American trumpeter vote of jazz critics for the current year. Feather will make the presentation on the Paramount stage this afternoon.

DAILY MIRROR THURSDAY MARCH 22

Basie Wasn't "Ignored" at Esky Swing-Feather

NEW YORK (ANP)—Leonard Feather, Esquire representative, denied last week that Count Basie had been ignored in Esquire's recent radio jazz concert in a letter to William Marris, Jr., Basie's booking agency head, in answer to alleged circulated reports by Basie's personal manager and press agent.

Calling the campaign against Esquire "vicious," Feather pointed out that Esquire was responsible for Count Basie's orchestra being recently selected one of the world's greatest swing bands in a "poll directed and supervised by myself, in which 22 leading jazz experts cast their votes.

"Instead of expressing the slightest gratitude for all these honors," Feather continued, "Basie's sponsors have done everything possible to create ill feeling toward the very people who were responsible for his receiving the award.

"I think this shows not only disgustingly bad taste, but also an extreme lack of gratitude.

Couldn't Include All

In explaining the reasons for his feeling "this way," Feather said:

"The accusation that Basie was 'ignored' in the jazz concert is absurd, since there were 45 winners in the poll this year and no attempt could possibly have been made to include all of them in the concert."

"Since our gold award winning band, Duke Ellington, was available and was used as the main feature of the Los Angeles concert, at a considerable cost, and it would have been impossible to bring in another big band, aside from the fact that Basie would not have been able to be in Los Angeles anyway."

Says Clayton Satisfied

"Some of the stories circulated on behalf of Basie charged that his former trumpet star, Sgt. Buck Clayton, who is also a winner in the poll, was also 'ignored.'

"I think you know as well as I do the situation regarding public performances by musicians in the armed forces; aside from which it is curious that have had no complaint from Sgt. Clayton himself.

"Moreover, Basie has assured me that these stories were sent out without his knowledge or consent."

Pittsburgh-Courier
 THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1945

SCAT GOES ON WAX

NEW YORK—Black and White records announce that Leo Watson and Teddy Bunn, guiding lights of the original Spirits of Rhythm, were reunited in a recording session organized by jazz critic Leonard Feather during his recent visit to Hollywood.

Leo Watson, often called the world's greatest scat singer, and described as the "James Joyce of Jazz," sang some of the most brilliantly crazy vocals of his career on these discs, which also featured vocals by guitarist Teddy Bunn and by drummer George Vann, the latter singing blues a la Joe Turner.

Completing the band were Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass, and Feather himself as pianist and composer, of three of the tunes waxed—"Last Call Blues," "Suspicious Blues" and "She Ain't No Saint."

Other titles cut were special versions of "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Coquette," with jive lyrics, and "Scattin' The Blues." Black and White will release the records in April.

Hampton Makes Grade, Rocks Carnegie Apr. 15

Lionel Hampton and his band, which have been infecting swing audiences around the country with a new type of rhythmia, reach the jazz pinnacle April 15, when they appear in concert at Carnegie Hall. The concert will take the form of a celebration of Hamp's winning the "Esquire" award as "the greatest young swing band to come into prominence during the past year." The concert will be staged by Leonard Feather, jazz editor of "Esquire" and Barry Ulanov, editor of "Metronome." Lionel will repeat his recent experiment of adding several string instruments to his band. Singer Dinah Washington, sax player Herbie Fields and Arnett Cobbs will all have feature spots on the program.

AMSTERDAM NEWS

The Hip Chicks, All-Girl Unit, Jams On Discs

Recording Session Sets Records; First Of Kind In the Annals

The first all girl jam session in recording history took place when an all star date featuring America's foremost feminine jazz musicians was assembled by composer-critic Leonard Feather for the Black & White label.

The group, which will be known as the Hip Chicks, was drawn from various bands and had never worked together before as a unit. The personnel included Jean Starr, diminutive trumpet player featured for the past eight months with Benny Carter's band, Marjorie Hyams, sensational vibraphonist from the Woody Herman orchestra, L'Ana Hyams, her sister-in-law, on tenor sax, Vicki Zimmer, solo star from Kelly's Stable, on piano, Marion Gange, alumna of the old Ina Ray Hutton bunch, on guitar, and two members of Estelle Slavin's band, Rose Gettesman on drums and Cecelia Zirl on bass.

Vivien Garry a new singing star described by Leonard Feather as an outstanding discovery, sang the vocal on one side, "I Surrender Dear." Five other numbers were waxed, three of them written by Feather, "Strip Tease," "Seven Riffs With The Right Women" and "Moonlight On Turhan Bay." The other two were composed by Flip Phillips and arranged by Marjorie Hyams, "Popsie" and "The Sergeant on Furlough."

Les Schriber of Black & White states that the records, all 12-inchers, will be released in late spring.

People's Voice Mar. 17

In much more about Love... Leonard Feather, the jazz man, engineered the first all girl jam session in history for a recording on tenor sax, the ex-Basie bassist, the Black and White label... Wal-

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

And while we're on the subject of the staff, LEONARD FEATHER, one of our jazz editors, has been active of late practicing what he preaches. In the past weeks no fewer than thirty-four of his compositions have been recorded for Black & White, Continental and Savoy Records—including an opus written and performed on two pianos with Dan Burley: *Blues Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters (Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen & Bath)*.

Conspiracy Against Be-Bop?

Leonard Feather, the jazz critic, told Art Ford on WNEW (midnight to 5:30 a. m.) that "Radio is giving be-bop music the brush-off. It hasn't given Dizzy Gillespie a guest spot on a sponsored program, despite Dizzy's fame. There is a reactionary attitude toward be-bop music that amounts to conspiracy."



It Happened Last Night

By Earl Wilson

The Broadway musicians are het up over Leonard Feather's Esquire article saying 50 to 75 per cent of present jazz musicians use marijuana. Orchestra World attacked the allegation editorially, saying it's never seen a reefer around a bandstand.



It Happened Last Night

Smoke a Little Tea, Pal? It'll Make You 9 Feet Tall

By Earl Wilson

I'm a thrill-mad reporter, as I've often told you, and this morning I have a marijuana cigaret lying beside my tripewriter.

If I were an adventurous, to-hell-and-back journalist, I'd "light up," as the marijuana mob says; then with my

pretty head in the clouds, instead of down under the desk as it is now, I'd sing to you of the colossal joys of "smoking tea."

But I'm so intrepid that when I merely looked at this "gag"—this reefer—I got goose-pimply.

A siren sounded a moment ago and I jumped in terror. So J. Edgar Hoover and Police Commissioner Valentine were raiding me!



REEFER

All right, so it was only an ambulance. And, boy, was I nervous, skulking home through the darkness with this reefer in my pocket, when a hand tapped me on the shoulder!

"The Law!" I thought, in panic. "The bulls!" (Do they still call them bulls?)

Cringing, I swung around to whimper my confession. It was only Louis Sobol asking me where I got my permanent wave. He wants to get one.

Finding a reefer in New York now is even harder than finding a sailor with alcohol on his breath.

I've been around Broadway a few years without seeing a reefer. Then Esquire came out with a good article by Leonard Feather, the swing critic, saying that tea-smokers among small jazz bands may number 50 to 70 per cent. In big sweet bands, he said, they're uncommon. The great creative guys don't use it. Furthermore, stories about prevalence of reefer-smoking is, he said, exaggerated.

"Feather is right," a kindly soul told me. "I will take you to a guy who is hip to the jive and he'll get you a reefer. You can get high on tea if you want to."

"There is nothing I would not rather do," I replied.

At a bar in a small club we met a musician who knew my friend. "Can you get me some tea?" my friend asked.

"I think so," the musician said. "Wait a few minutes."

Personally, he was fresh out, but there was somebody there. . . . We talked and waited. "Tea don't hurt you," he said. He shuddered with sorrow for the poor alcoholics of the world, and implied that in his Perfect State, marijuana would be legal and liquor illegal. You would believe after hearing him that tea-smokers are a fine, clean bunch of boys. He said the Jim Jam Jump song about explains the effect of tea. "Makes you 9 feet tall when you're 4-feet-5," it goes.

pulled a marijuana cigaret from his sock, his best hiding place.

He was just being hospitable, I'm sure, but frankly, I would rather smoke the sock.

Herr, Herr! . . .

Being a helpful cuss, I'd like to suggest a title for Hitler's next book:

Mein Decamp.

My guide said we should go. I wondered about the tea.

"He stuck one in my pocket while we were standing there," he said. And with that, while we were walking down the street, he handed it to me in the darkness. It was that easy. It's surprisingly small, odorless, and mighty like a home-made cigaret, in appearance, as it lies here beside me. Of course nearly all the musicians who use them maintain that it helps their playing, although often they're the only ones who think so.

I'm telling all this to show you something about the Other Half. Let no one think I want to smoke this tea. I am fearless and declare myself flatly anti-marijuana. Yet there are those, such as band leaders, who will say to you when you get to know them, "Here, want to light up?" And they will also hand over the tea.

One said that the other day and, without waiting for an answer, reached down and

Afro-American

Critic Debunks Reefer Stories

NEW YORK — A remarkably truthful and objective article in the current issue of Esquire debunks many of the popular fallacies about reefer-smoking among musicians.

Written by Leonard Feather, the article points out that most stories about reefers and music go to one extreme or the other, either depicting the whole scene as one vast marijuana parlor or else claiming that the practice is almost non-existent.

"The truth," Feather points out, "is somewhere between these two extremes—it is unfair to depict dissipation as an occupational disease of jazzmen—it is unfair to judge the excellence of anyone in the arts by such extraneous considerations. Their artistic creations can and must be judged only on their own worth."

Effect of Reefers Varies

Presenting both sides of the question all the way through the article, Feather points out that the effect of reefers on musicians' playing varies enormously; some play better, other much worse when under its influence.

"It is also significant," he adds, "that the greatest individual soloists and the greatest creative writer in jazz, Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington, are both rigorously abstemious men."

Feather concludes with a warning against indulging in "wild generalities" about marijuana. "Let the jazzmen live their own lives, and let the law take care of them if and when it chooses to; as for you, go ahead and judge jazz on its merits as music not by the personal habits of the men who make it."—Garvin.

Hampton Set For Carnegie Hall

Hampton Plays Carnegie Hall Concert April 15

NEW YORK—Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, selected by Esquire's board of jazz experts, as the greatest young swing band to come to prominence in the past year, will make their Carnegie Hall debut in a concert to be held Sunday evening, April 15, in celebration of this award. The concert will be staged by Leonard Feather, jazz editor of the aforementioned magazine, and Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome.

Lionel plans to repeat a novelty orchestral arrangement with which he experimented successfully a while back. The idea calls for the addition of a string section to his regular aggregation, using special arrangements written by his talented pianist, Milt Buckner. Also featured with the band will be Dinah Washington, sensational blues singer, saxophonist Herbie Fields, another of Esquire's "new star" award winners, Annett Cobbs, great tenor sax soloist, Ruble Blakeley, and all other regular members of the Hampton organization.

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1945 28



It Happened Last Night

... Leonard Feather has a new composition titled, "Moonlight on Turhan Bay" ... That's earl, brother.

The Billboard

March 24, 1945

Music—As Written

NEW YORK

All-girl jam sessions cut by Black & White Records under Len Feather. Hip Chicks cut six 12-inch platters. Gals featured have been with Benny Carter, Woody Herman, Ina Ray Hutton, others. Couple of the originals waxed were titled *Moonlight on Turhan Bay* and *Seven Riffs With the Right Woman*. ...

Not True

Feather Answers Basie Snub Story

NEW YORK—Last week The Courier published a report that Count Basie and his trumpet star, Buck Clayton, were snubbed by Esquire magazine on its all-American Jazz air show, recently. Leonard Feather, jazz editor, vehemently denied that the two musicians were ignored by the publication. In a letter to the William Morris Agency, Basie's booker, Mr. Feather gave his side of the story. Here are excerpts from the noted jazz critic's letter:

"Before I left New York it was clearly understood that if any opportunity arose for me to make a formal presentation of Basie's award on the Kate Smith program, or any other suitable show, I should be glad to cooperate. Furthermore, if Basie has any plans for a concert he is at liberty to call it a concert in celebration of his Esquire award. This is what is being done by Lionel Hampton, although Esquire is not in any way financing or sponsoring the concert, and did not suggest it.

"For many years now I have been very close to Count Basie as a personal friend and admirer, and I think our mutual respect for each other is beyond question. Basie has been very nice to me, and I think it is a matter of record that I have always done everything possible to help him through the various publications for which I have been writing. Moreover, I have Count Basie's personal assurance that these stories were sent out without Count's knowledge or consent, and that he is just as upset about it as I am."

LEONARD FEATHER.

RECORD RETAILING Feb. 1945

What's



new in the record business

Black & White Uses Plastic

A new 12" plastic record has been introduced by the Black & White Record Co. of Brooklyn, N. Y. The new discs, which will retail at \$1.50, plus tax, will be distributed by Paul Reiner's Music Distributing Co. of Cleveland. Six sides were cut late last year for the first three records, released this past month. These are: *Romance* and *Zero Hour*, and *Joe Joe Jump* and *Don't Let It End*, played by Joe Marsala and his orchestra, and *Unlucky Woman* and *Blues in the Storm*, sung by Linda Keene, with Marsala and his band. The recordings were supervised by Leonard Feather.

The Rhythm Section

Remarking on the "tea-smoking" of some jazz players, and debating the values of singing for your supper versus pure art

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

THE other day I heard about a noted swing pianist who was bemoaning the inability of members of his sextet to stop drinking. "Do you know," he said, "I bought those cats a whole pound of tea—it cost me 120 dollars—and I handed it to them and said, 'here, smoke this—now lay off that liquor.' And would you believe it, they smoked up all that gage and they got drunk!"

The implications of this curious story are twofold. One is tea (also known as marijuana, gage, reefers, muggles, ah, and even just jive) can be considered a cure for alcohol—though in this case it didn't. The other is that smoking is less conducive to bad behavior, and less harmful, than

happen to come to the public's attention give an entirely wrong impression, and that only "an infinitesimal minority" of musicians indulge in this particular form of vice.

The truth, I can assure you from a long firsthand association with music and its makers, lies somewhere between these two extremes. Similarly there are two versions of the effect marijuana has on users—one, that it is harmless, much more so than alcohol or even coffee; the other, that it leads to a general lowering of the morals, insanity and even death. Here, too, the truth is just about in the middle.

It is unfair to depict dissipation as an occupational disease of jazzmen. Because they are in the limelight their speculations are subject to disproportionate publicity. After all, it is unfair to judge the excellence of anyone in the arts by such extraneous considerations as the cut of their hair or the color of their dressing gowns; their artistic creations can and must be judged only on their own worth. Many world-famous figures in the

fields of writing, painting and all the arts have been just as depraved as the lowest musician, yet their works have become immortal and their personalities hallowed.

It's quite true that if the public were given complete facts and figures about tea-smoking, many famous reputations would be blemished; however, the public's memory is very short, as the Gene Krupa case fortunately proved. Krupa was, and always will be, a great artist and personality who should be respected as such. He paid his debt to society, suffered a year of mental agony, and today is more popular than ever.

Why do musicians resort to reefers? The reasons are manifold. The hectic life that is part of jazz has much to do with it; the constant traveling and the irregular hours, the need to stimulate the senses into a more creative performance, or perhaps simply the immunity to the effects of alcohol after long addiction, and the consequent search for a new thrill.

Among the "square" bands, those that play sweet music and lead more sedate lives, marijuana is relatively uncommon. Among the big swing bands the number of occasional smokers may be fifty per cent, of frequent users twenty-five per cent; among the small jazz groups along Swing Lane the habitual users may number fifty to seventy-five per cent. The main questions that spring to mind in connection with these figures can be summed up as follows: Where do they get it? Does it improve their playing? What physical effect does it have on them?

I shan't be telling the F.B.I. anything by pointing out that there are a number of hangers-on who frequent the swing rendezvous, who peddle marijuana as a sideline or main line. These men are picked up from time to time; one of them, husband of a noted singer, was seized after crossing the border from Mexico and sentenced to nine months in jail just a short time ago.

The musicians who still "light up," as frequently as they did before the Krupa case, do so because they know the main drive is against the peddlers rather than the users. The columnist who cracked that a certain star had taken up reefers "because they were easier to find than Camels" was not so far from right.

The effect of tea on musicians' playing varies. I do know some

whose work improves when they are very high; the enlarged sense of time and space seems to give them more time to think out each idea as they improvise a solo. On the other hand, there are many more, among the addicted jazzmen, who think they are playing magnificently when under the influence, but they are actually becoming hopelessly confused, and playing horribly. The same variation obtains with the effects of alcohol; it's all a matter of the individual.

One thing is important, namely that marijuana has never actually helped to make a man great or successful, whereas it is definitely known in some cases to have brought the downfall of some great artists—but here again, the same could be said of liquor. It is also significant that the greatest individual soloist and the greatest creative writer in jazz, Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington, are both rigorously abstemious men; Goodman always has been, Ellington has been in his recent and most successful years. The same can be said for several of the top jazzmen.

The physical effects of reefers also vary enormously. I know one famous trumpet player who used them steadily for twenty years, even spent a brief period in jail once, but has a constitution that can take anything; today he is as alert mentally, physically and musically as ever. On the other hand there are cases of weaker specimens, both mentally and physically, who have gone to pieces either through marijuana, alcohol, or the much more dangerous vice of combining both; they have reached the stage where, in musicians' parlance, they "blow their top" (or snap their cap, or flip their wig).

As you can see from this analysis, it is most unfair to indulge in wild generalities about marijuana and music. That it is prevalent cannot be denied; that it constitutes a general menace to extra-musical society is another matter entirely. The best course for Joe Jazzfan to follow would seem to be this: let the jazzmen live their own lives, and let the law take care of them if and when it chooses to; as for you, go ahead and judge jazz on its merits as music, not by the personal habits of the men who make it. And get your kicks with a conventional and perfectly legal fifth of rye.—L. F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

IN PERSON—For no good reason, Lionel Hampton's band has escaped an extended mention in this box. It's about time to point out that our "New Bands" award winner for 1945 earned this title through the sweat of his brow and the beat of his band. Lionel works furiously to produce from this aggregation such remarkable sounds that it even generates untold excitement in its stage shows. Last New Year's Eve, at the Strand Theatre on Broadway, his *Boogie Woogie* and *Flying Home* brought scenes of abandon in the auditorium, of leaping onto the stage and jitterbugging like creatures possessed, reminiscent of Benny Goodman's first days of glory. Hampton has a loud band, but with the shrieking brass there is finesse. His soloists in recent months have included Herbie Fields, one of our New Star saxmen; Milt Buckner, an astonishing pianist; Arnette Cobbs, one of the greatest tenor saxmen ever; and of course the inimitable Hamp himself on vibes, piano and drums. Hollywood has at long last recognized this band's sensational success by extending a beckoning finger with a movie contract attached.

ON RECORDS—Most of the good stuff to hand comes on an independent label, Asch Records. They have two albums that you just can't do without; one by Stuff Smith, that mad genius of the hot

jazz violin, with pianist Jimmy Jones and bassist John Levy (listed throughout the album as a guitarist!); the other by Mary Lou Williams at the piano, working out some delightful melodic and harmonic duets with Bill Coleman, trumpet, aided by Al Hall, bass. Then there are some Art Tatum Trio sides, such as *Soft Winds*, the old Goodman tune, and a variable but occasionally interesting album by James P. Johnson entitled *New York Jazz*. All on Asch.

Two pre-ban Goodman recordings were given a belated release recently: *Fiesta in Blue* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* (Columbia) both heavy on Cootie Williams' trumpet work, which is all right with me. Cootie's own band, with New Star Eddie Vinson doing another of those knocked-out blues vocals, does *Somebody's Got to Go* on Hit. Duke Ellington's *I'm Beginning to See the Light* is done by Harry James on Columbia and by the Duke's own band on Victor; oddly enough, the James version has the edge. Joe Iturbi's *Blues* and *Boogie Woogie*, written for him by Morton Gould and meticulously played, have some interesting harmonic ideas but no jazz feeling. (Victor) Johnny Guarneri's Trio is delightful in *Gliss Me Again* (Savoy), with the inscrutable Slam bowing his bass and grunting his vocals as simultaneously as ever.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Editorial

No Seventy-five Percent, No Fifty Percent, No Twenty-five Percent Use Marijuana
(Esquire Article Definitely Unfair to our Business)

THE music world, being in the limelight as it is, is often the butt of those who wish to write something sensational, and who choose the band business because of its spectacular successes and sometimes unusual habits. It is perhaps understandable that an outsider, not caring whom he hurts, and having no interest in the reputations of those he is writing about, may exaggerate a scandal to make spicier reading, but one would expect those on the inside to be particularly scrupulous in writing about anything extra-legal.

The reason for this outburst is an article in the April issue of Esquire Magazine concerning marijuana smoking among musicians. The writer, who is connected with the music world, insists that among big swing bands the number of occasional smokers may be fifty percent, and in the small jazz bands habitual users may be as high as seventy-five percent. He further states that if the public were given complete facts and figures about tea-smoking, many famous reputations would be blemished.

Esquire magazine has done some great things for music by sponsoring concerts and putting out a special jazz book each year. Since they evidently think enough of jazz to devote so much space to it in their magazine, it seems strange that they should take this way to blacken the music world's reputation and to tear down the very things they have been building up. Furthermore the whole article is a gross exaggeration. True, there are a few "tea" users in the band world, but certainly no fifty or seventy-five percent. I personally have been in the music business for over twenty years, and probably have known intimately and travelled with more musicians than almost any other man in the trade, and in my experience the number of marijuana addicts is very small. I find that there are good and bad people in any business, and to say that musicians are any more or less moral than any other set of people is comparable to saying that any one race is all good or bad. There are approximately 150,000 musicians in the union, and of that number there is a very small percentage of addicts. Of course there are many who have tried a "reefer" at one time or another, just to see what it is like, but they could hardly be called users, any more than the man who takes a drink once a year could be called a drinker.

As far as the FBI is concerned, certainly if there were much truth in this article, the Bureau would have caught up with it long ago. They are on the watch for this type of thing, and there isn't much that gets by them. For that matter, if the situation is as bad as Esquire seems to indicate, we would LIKE to see the FBI clean it up.

On top of this, the big band leaders are extremely wary of a musician who uses "tea" or alcohol to excess, and most of them have rigid rules about the habits of their men.

The only purpose we can see in the story is to increase the circulation of Esquire magazine, and to give people the sensationalism they like to read. But we feel hurt that they chose the music world to write about, as it is unfair to harm the entire music industry for the sake of a good story.

JESS J. CARLIN,
Managing Editor

Set For Carnegie Hall Concert

App. Am. Apr. 14, 1945

Feather to Play for Hampton Ork.

NEW YORK — When Lionel Hampton and his orchestra make their Carnegie Hall debut on Sunday evening, the guest artists will include Leonard Feather, jazz critic, who is also a composer, arranger and pianist in his own right.

At Hampton's suggestion, Feather, who has had a hundred of his tunes played by all the leading swing bands, will sit in with the orchestra at the piano when Dinah Washington, Lionel's great blues singer, takes the vocals on "Blow-top Blues" and "Evil Gal Blues," both written for her by Feather.

Critic's Works Slated By Lionel For April 15 Date

NEW YORK—When Lionel Hampton and his orchestra make their Carnegie Hall debut on Sunday evening, April 15, the guest artists will include Leonard Feather, noted jazz critic, who is also a composer, arranger and pianist in his own right. Although he has played on numerous records, this will be Feather's first public performance as a pianist.

At Hampton's suggestion, Feather, who has had a hundred of his tunes played by all of the leading swing bands, will sit in with the orchestra at the piano when Dinah Washington, Lionel's great blues singer, takes the vocals on "Blow-top Blues" and "Evil Gal Blues," both written for her by musician-critic Feather.

Another artist who will work with the Hampton group for the concert, is Eddie South, the Dark Angel of the Violin. He has been recruiting and training the string section which will augment the aggregation, and will act as concert master.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1945.

LIONEL HAMPTON COMING TO CARNEGIE

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

THE sound of jazz in Carnegie Hall has long since lost its taint of heresy, but it is doubtful whether any swing performer has created a reaction there comparable with the scene that will probably take place when Lionel Hampton and his orchestra make their Carnegie debut next Sunday evening. Panic, uproar and pandemonium are feeble words to describe the typical response to the Hampton version of "Flying Home," his theme number. At one theatre in Connecticut, police were sent in to insist that Hampton keep the tune out of his program, since the leaping and stamping of the audience during the opening show had threatened the collapse of the entire mezzanine balcony of the theatre.

Vibraharp Expert

The man who has been responsible for such situations as this is an electric, restless, inspired artist whose career is unique in musical history. Lionel Hampton today is the best-known exponent of the vibraharp, which he helped to popularize in jazz; he is one of the most dynamic leader personalities and the directs what is considered to be one of the country's outstanding jazz orchestras.

It was some fifteen years ago, when Hampton was a 17-year-old drummer with Les Hite's band in Los Angeles, that Louis Armstrong took him into a recording studio one day. Hampton, seeing a vibraharp in the studio, started to tinker with it, and by the end of the recording session had mastered it well enough to introduce it briefly in the now historic record of "Memories of You." Although Hampton still claims that the drums are his

first love, it is on the "vibes" that he is best known.

The vibraharp resembles a xylophone, but the notes are of metal instead of wood; under them are small electrically turned fans which act as resonators, and a foot-pedal is used to sustain tones. Hampton's instrument is estimated to have cost \$3,500. Lionel was doubling on vibraharp and drums, leading a local band in a Los Angeles dance hall, when Benny Goodman visited the Coast in 1936 and heard him. It was several months before Hampton was convinced that he ought to give up his own band and join the Goodman organization. His many records with the Goodman Quartet and Sextet from 1936 to 1940 built up his reputation internationally. The quartet, which featured another colored musician, Teddy Wilson, at the piano, even set a precedent by making successful appearances in the South.

Personnel Changed

In 1940 Hampton decided to strike out on his own again. He combed a dozen States for talent, assembled a group of relatively unknown musicians in Los Angeles, and started on tour. During the four and a half years the band has been in existence it has undergone a complete turnover of personnel. It has also enlarged itself several times, partly because of the variety of voicings that can be scored for the additional instruments and partly because Hampton likes to hire every good new musician he hears, but hates to fire another man to make room for him.

Hampton's amazingly infectious nervous energy sold the band to the public, while his brilliant ensembles, swinging arrangements

and talented hot jazz soloists established him among fellow-musicians. Technically, the band is extraordinary. The brass section is perhaps the loudest ever assembled, but there is quality along with quantity.

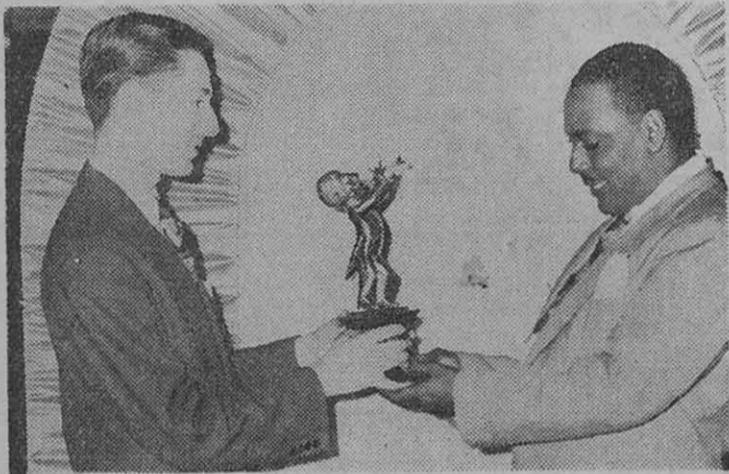
After a year or two of phenomenal commercial success Hampton earned recognition in this year's Esquire poll as leader of the best young band of the year in the "New Stars" listings. It is in celebration of this award that next Sunday's Carnegie Hall concert is being held.

String Section Added

The concert will be different from the average Hampton performance in a theatre, where musicianship and good taste are sometimes sacrificed in the interests of showmanship and sensationalism. A large string section will be added to color the backgrounds for the leader's solos in at least two numbers, with Eddie South sitting in one of the first violin chairs. One of the most discussed and most widely imitated musicians in jazz today, a trumpet player rejoicing in the name of Dizzy Gillespie, will appear as a guest star in a jam session item featuring three of Esquire's "New Star" winners.

"Flying Home" on Hampton's record runs three minutes. In stage shows it usually goes to six or seven. On one-night dance engagements it may run to eight or nine. At Carnegie Hall, if the mood takes him and the audience is with him, Lionel may well let each man in the band take a chorus or two, and the result may be anything up to a twenty-minute performance. At that I suspect that it will not be a minute too long.

Pittsburgh Courier Ap. 14 '45
Theatricals



COPS ESQUIRE AWARD—The suave Cootie Williams is pictured above receiving the Esquire Award from Leonard Feather, Esquire jazz editor; \$500 in war bonds went with the title of being America's No. 1 trumpet king. Cootie's band is currently touring with The Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, Moke & Poke, and the sensational tap dancer, Slim Thomas, as the superlative Big Three Unit—and breaking box office records.

Cootie Williams Receives Esquire Award



THE ABOVE PHOTO SHOWS ace trumpet king Cootie Williams receiving the Esquire Award (plus \$500 in War Bonds, which the cameraman didn't get into the picture) from Leonard Feather, popular widely read Esquire magazine editor. The "Crowl Trumpet" king set a new all time high for band encores when he appeared recently at the Paramount Theatre and manager Bob Weitman, the house manager, has booked Cootie and his band for a return engagement.

Honors "Growl Trumpet King"



Cootie Williams is shown receiving the Esquire Award, plus \$500 in war bonds, from Leonard Feather, jazz editor and critic. The "Growl Trumpet King" set a new all-time high for band encores when he recently appeared at the N.Y. Paramount Theatre and has been booked for an early return date.

Lionel Hampton To Feature 'Strings' At Carnegie Hall

Lionel Hampton and his orchestra will give an Esquire Award Concert at Carnegie Hall on Sunday, April 15. At the local concert debut of the Hampton orchestra, Lionel will be given an award following his selection as leader of the greatest young swing band to come into prominence in 1944. The concert will be staged by Leonard Feather,

Agro-American

Hampton Adds 34 Strings for Carnegie Hall Debut

BALTIMORE — Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, currently playing the Royal Theatre here, will give an Esquire Award Concert at Carnegie Hall on Sunday, April 15.

At this debut of the orchestra, Lionel will be given an award following his selection as leader of the greatest young swing band to come into prominence in 1944. The concert will be staged by Leonard Feather, jazz editor of Esquire magazine and Barry Ulanov of Metronome.

Hampton plans an evening of music from seldom heard spirituals, to his own composition, 'Hamp's Boogie Woogie.' As a special feature of the concert, the orchestra will be augmented by 34 strings under the direction of Eddie South, who will act as concert master.

Guest stars for the evening will include the Martin Singers, spiritual vocal group and many of the winners of the 1945 Esquire Award, among whom will be Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Remo Palmieri, guitar, and Herbie Fields, alto saxophone.

A highlight of the concert will be the introduction of an original composition written especially for the program by Herb Quigley, arranger for Andre Kostelanetz and Raymond Paige. The composition, dedicated to Hampton, will be a concerto for violins and vibraphones, titled 'Three Minutes With Three Notes.'

Fifty per cent of the net profits of the concert will be turned over to various servicemen's charities.

jazz editor of Esquire Magazine, and Barry Ulanov, of Metronome Magazine. Hampton plans an evening of music from seldom heard spirituals, to his own composition, "Hamp's Boogie Woogie."

As a special feature of the concert, the regular Lionel Hampton orchestra will be augmented by thirty-two strings under the direction of Eddie South, who will act as concert master.

BIG NAMES

Guest stars for the evening will include the Martin Singers, spiritual group, and many of the New Star winners of the 1945 Esquire Award, among whom will be Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Remo Palmieri, guitar, and Herbie Fields, alto saxophone.

A highlight of the concert will be the introduction of an original composition, written especially for the evening, by Herb Quigley, noted arranger for Andre Kostelanetz and Raymond Paige. The composition, dedicated to Hampton, will be a concerto for violins and vibraphones, titled "Three Minutes with Three Notes."

Fifty per cent of the net profits of the concert will be turned over to various servicemen's charities.

The Music Dial
March - April '45

BIGARD, AULD: ETTA JONES

New York—Barney Bigard and his brilliant little band formerly of the Onyx Club on West 52nd Street, made their debut as a unit when a session was organized for Black and White Records, by Leonard Feather. The famed ex-Ellington clarinetist augmented his band by adding the great Georgie Auld on alto and tenor saxes, and Chuck Wayne on guitar. The band recorded four instrumental numbers on twelve-inch discs, as well as four ten-inch sides, the latter being vocal blues featuring the voice of Etta Jones, new Onyx Club starlet who, according to Bigard, is the blues singing discovery of the year.

Tunes recorded included Blowtop Blues, Salty Paper Blues, Long Long Journey, Evil Gal Blues, and Blues Before Dawn, all written by Leonard Feather, who also played piano on these five sides, the pianist on the remaining three being Cyril Haynes. Also recorded were Bigard's Pong Tang and Nine O'clock Beer, and Feather's arrangement of the old favorite, How Long Blues. Other members of the band were Jo Thomas, trumpet; Ssanley Levey, drums; and Billy Taylor, bass. The records will be released on the Black & White label within a few weeks.

People's Voice
April 45

Odds & Ends

Leonard Feather will play the piano for one of the Lionel Hampton numbers at Carnegie Hall Sunday night. The place will be jumpin' and packed to the rafters since the tix are going like hot cakes. . . . Phil Moore's band moves to Uptown Cafe Society Monday night. . . . Paul Smith stays. . . That's all for now—JWB

Feather Deserves Feather In Cap For Work In Racial Understanding

BY DON DELEGHUR
 (For Continental Features)

When a Schomburg Collection award was made recently to **ESQUIRE** for improving interracial relations through its jazz promotion, one of the proudest young men in the country was Leonard Feather, jazz editor of that magazine. For him the Esquire All-American Band Poll, biggest affair of its kind ever launched in the jazz world, and the series of articles he has written for the magazine about such subjects as Art Tatum, Duke Ellington and Jim Crow, represent the peak of his achievement as a swing critic.

Leonard is a unique figure in jazz history, for there is nothing in his background to indicate that some day he would become the world's foremost authority in this strictly American and largely Negro branch of music. Born in London in 1914, son of a clothing manufacturer, he never even visited this country until 1935 and, before that time, got most of his knowledge of jazz through phonograph records.

Started Out Early

"It all started," he recalls, "when a friend of mine at high school in London persuaded me to buy Louis Armstrong's record of 'West End Blues,' in 1929. Louis was the first to convert me to jazz. And Louis was the first name musician I ever got to know personally—and the first Negro I ever met—when he came to England in 1932."

At that time Leonard's interest in jazz was of the fan variety. In 1933 he started writing, as the out-

Vets Meet Author On WEA F



CHARACTERS from a new book came alive on Mary Margaret McBride's program over WEA F when Henrietta Bruce Sharon, artist and author of "IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE" brought two American veterans from St. Albans Hospital to share the mike with Mary Margaret. Left to right, they are Daniel Marsillio, of Trenton, N. J.; Henrietta Sharon; Edwin J. Detieze, St. 3/c, and Mary Margaret.

come of a "Letter-To-The-Editor" which he sent to the London musical weekly **MELODY MAKER**. Dan Ingman, editor of the magazine, impressed by the controversy his letter caused, invited him to write an article. From that week on, he wrote for the magazine regularly, and remains one of its correspondents to this day.

Leonard came over here in 1935 and spent eleven days in New York. His first visit was to the Savoy to hear Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald. During his trip he made a guest radio spot on Willie Bryant's Amateur Hour from the Apollo on WMCA. By an odd coincidence, it was on this same station that he was to start his own program six years later—"PLATTERBRAINS," the popular jazz quiz show which he's been running every Saturday night for almost four years.

Worked For Amsterdam

Before returning to England, Leonard met the late Romeo L. Dougherty, then with the Amsterdam News, and arranged to send the paper news and gossip from London. He was the Amsterdam News' only regular white correspondent in 1935-6, sending stories of musical and other news concerning the Negro colony in London.

In 1936 he brought Benny Carter to England, landing him a job as arranger with the BBC radio studio band—the first time any Negro had landed such a job. Leonard got the bands together and supervised the sessions for all Carter's British recordings and he and Benny became close friends. Later he organized similar recording dates in London for Una Mae Carlisle, Fats Waller and others during their visits.

During this time Leonard had been around musicians so much that his technical knowledge of music expanded and he tried his own hand at composing. He had studied classical piano for many years at school, but now began to teach himself jazz. Later, in New York, he made a full-time job of writing music, as a staff writer with Irving

"Look," "Modern Screen," "Metronome," "N. Y. Sunday Times" etc. They resent the fact that he understands music, can talk about it on equal terms with musicians, and has had considerable success as a composer and arranger. In the past three months, Leonard has had thirty-seven different tunes recorded—a record for a song writer.

Leonard is also considered the mortal enemy of the musicians, mostly white, who are associated with what he calls the "old-fashioned brand of Dixieland music." He shares the opinion of Ellington, Basie, Norvo, Hampton, and other top musicians who believe that this kind of music is outmoded and must make way for more progressive stuff, of which the 52nd Street bands are typical. These feuds and campaigns against Leonard have, ironically, done him an enormous amount of good; the editor of Esquire now proudly refers to him as the "George Jean Nathan of Jazz."

A form of music in which this English-born authority has always taken a special interest is the blues. Although six years ago he spoke with a strong English accent, today he is the most prolific and authentic blues writer in the field. Lena Horne sang his "Unlucky Woman Blues" in her first movie short, Boogie Woogie Dream; later it was recorded by such singers as Helen Humes, June Richmond and Linda Keene. Leonard supervised blues record sessions for Hot Lips Page, Betty Roche, Dinah Washington and Etta Jones, and wrote such blues for them as "The Lady In Bed," "Blowtop Blues," "Salty Papa Blues," "Evil Gal Blues," "I Know How To Do It" and "I Would If I Could."

Recently he teamed with Dan Burley to make a blues and boogie-woogie "Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters (Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath)" in a double-piano session which the two journalist-pianists cut for Continental Records.

Leonard is a great believer in the

white All Star Band, but this year the winners were more than 80 per cent colored."

In running the Esquire poll (for which he helped to choose the voting board of experts) and the two annual concerts, Leonard was faced with many situations that might have produced unpleasant suggestions of discrimination. He gives credit to Arnold Gingrich, liberal-minded editor of the magazine, for allowing him complete freedom in choosing subjects for his articles. Last December the magazine ran an eight-page rotogravure jam session spread in which almost all the musicians were colored. At the Esquire concert in Los Angeles in January, only one artist, Anita O'Day was white. "That was better than having it all colored," Leonard says. "Mixed concerts and mixed bands can do more good than any amount of Jim Crow movies and broadcasts."

Leonard has some forceful and original views on racial problems. He says that one day he hopes to write an article for **NEGRO DIGEST**, entitled "If I Were A Negro," and he says it will cause an explosion that will be heard from here to Mississippi!

"In the South they expect you to say 'Yes Sir' and 'No Sir' and step off the sidewalk. But up here there are people who patronize you, figuratively step off the sidewalk for you, because you're a Negro. That's an unnatural, self-conscious way to behave. The only way to be completely unprejudiced is to act towards everybody as if you had never heard of any color problem; to divide the human race into just two categories, good and bad. I like people. Not because they're Negroes or whites but because their heart is in the right place."

Equality is indivisible, adds Leonard; it is foolish to talk about economic equality first and wait for social equality later. It was through social mixing that he became aware of the Negro question, and he doesn't believe that an FEPC could achieve half as much as you could achieve by locking a Southern jazz fan in the same room with a great Negro musician. If you could multiply that process by the number of whites in the South, he says, maybe that would be the way to the millennium.

Nor can you get results through blind adherence to any one political party, declared Leonard, who feels that certain people are doing more harm than good, by confusing the public into identifying Negro causes with other interests.

"I believe it's possible," he says, "to be sincerely and completely anti-fascist and anti-discrimination without being pro-Communist. And I know you can get a lot further that way."

Leonard lives on Sheridan Square, right over Cafe Society Downtown. He has the world's largest collection of jazz records, almost 7,000, some of which are now on their way to him from London, having been in storage several years.

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Kreisler Gives A Benefit For The Musicians Emergency Fund

Because Fritz Kreisler's heart is so deeply touched by service to the war effort, particularly if the medium is music, he is giving his LAST NEW YORK RECITAL OF THE CURRENT SEASON, APRIL 26 AT CARNEGIE HALL, AS A BENEFIT FOR THE MUSICIANS EMERGENCY FUND. And quite so, for having worn a uniform in the last war, he knows what music means to war

The program of the night Mrs. Lytle upon bringing music services. Free music available to members of all more than 100 music-minded units. WACS, WAVES and Merchant Marine are thousands of studio

practice hours have been given free to servicemen. More than 700 young musical artists have participated in concerts in East Coast naval bases and at the 57th Street Officers Club. Individually, and in groups, MEF artists have entertained at army and navy hospitals, and now the Fund is supplying teachers for disabled service men in this area who are continuing their musical studies during convalescence.

With the vision characteristic of its leaders, the organization has now embarked on an extensive rehabilitation program, which involves continuance of teaching activities, refresher courses to reorient professional musicians returning from the war, and also job placement for them. Grateful letters from all parts of the world attest the value of this service and indicate why Mr. Kreisler has chosen the Fund as the beneficiary of his concert.



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FEATHERED FRIEND

I, for one, am just about 99.9 per cent in accord with Leonard Feather's views on jazz and musicians. (I allow myself 0.1 per cent for error.) It staggers me. For several years I have cursed and reviled (mentally, of course) the so-called critics who infest the pages of our periodicals. He is the first I have seen with a grain of sense. And the marvel is that he is really a booted character, not just partially laced-up! He has more sense than all the others combined.



I had almost come to the conclusion that all critics are necessarily journalists first, last and always and musicians never, never (a fine example of this being one of *Life's* editors, initials G. F.), when I was given a new outlook and a renewed faith in my own sense of values by his very sane, intelligent and musically sound articles in *Esquire*. It is high time that critics started talking about intervals and diminished 7ths and modulations and stopped bleating about "passion" and "heat" and "feeling"—not that I don't think these are very important, but the musicianship and ABOVE ALL the IDEAS, the musical IDEAS must be there.

If critics *did* use concrete musical terms and discuss records from a standpoint of their musical excellence, instead of speaking about a performer as a psychological study of his moods, which is pure baloney, the legit boys might take jazz more seriously!

LEWIS HALL

New York City, N. Y.

Modern Screen - May, 1945

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's a swell way for you record collectors to build up a library of nothing but the best. Each month Leonard Feather will do the same job for you that he did for *Look Magazine*—make up a three-way list of the 10 best popular songs, the 10 best hot jazz items, and the 10 best albums of all kinds—of that month. If you can't get a particular record from your local dealer, one of the following may have it: Decca Records, Inc., 50 W. 57th St., N. Y.; RCA Victor Division (Victor and Bluebird records), 155 E. 24th St., N. Y.; Columbia Records, 799 Seventh Ave., N. Y.; Asch Recording Co., 117 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Hit Record Distributing Co., 7 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Blue Note Music & Recording Studio, 767 Lex. Ave., N. Y.; Capitol Records Distributing Co., Inc., 225 W. 57th St., N. Y., or 1483 No. Vine, H'wood, Cal.; National Records, 1841 B'way, N. Y.; Savoy Records, 58 Market St., Newark, N. J.; Jump Records, 1132 Tamarind Ave., H'wood 28, Cal.; Session Records, 125 No. Wells, Chicago; Black & White Recording Co., Inc., 21-17 Foster Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

POPULAR

- I Didn't Know About You—Duke Ellington (Victor), Woody Herman (Decca)
- I Wanna Get Married—Gertrude Niesen (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)
- I Begged Her—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- Don't You Know I Care—Duke Ellington (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
- More and More—Perry Como (Victor), Horace Heidt (Columbia)
- Saturday Night—Hal McIntyre (Bluebird), Woody Herman (Decca)
- Every Time We Say Goodbye—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)
- Dream—The Pied Pipers (Capitol)
- Let's Take the Long Way Home—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca)
- I Wonder—Louis Armstrong (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)

HOT JAZZ

- Roy Eldridge—Fish Market (Decca)
- Harry James Sextet—Confessin' (Columbia)
- Artie Shaw—'S Wonderful (Victor)
- Cootie Williams—Somebody's Got to Go (Hit)
- Joe Turner—Pete Johnson—S. K. Blues (National)
- Joe Marsala—Don't Let It End (Black & White)
- Ike Quebec—Tiny's Exercise (Blue Note)
- Johnny Guarneri—Gliss Me Again (Savoy)
- Charlie Lavere—Lazy River (Jump)
- Pete Brown—Pete's Idea (Session)

ALBUMS

- Marian Anderson—Songs and Spirituals (Victor)
- Walter Gieseking—Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor (Columbia)
- Mary Lou Williams Trio (Asch)
- Bloomer Girl (Decca)
- Three Caballeros (Decca)
- Stuff Smith Trio (Asch)
- Art Tatum Trio (Asch)
- Bunny Berigan Memorial (Victor)
- King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- Meade Lux Lewis (Asch)

N. Y. SUN Apr. 16

Hampton Jazzists In Carnegie Hall

Carnegie Hall had an audience of capacity proportions for the jazz concert given there last night by Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. There were various soloists and a guest violinist, Eddie South. Dinah Washington and Rubel Blakely were vocalists in three of the works presented. Mr. Hampton himself was featured in a work for vibraphone, the Youmans-Caldwell "I Know That You Know," and with the string group under Mr. South in "Three Minutes With Three Notes." The Lionel Hampton Sextet presented Mr. Hampton's "Central Avenue Breakdown." Miss Blakely sang Gershwin's "Embraceable You" and Miss Washington was heard in Leonard Feather's "Evil Gal Blues" and "Blowtop Blues." Mr. Feather was at the piano for Miss Washington. Aaron Sachs, Herbie Fields and Dizzie Gillespie were featured in "Barry's Idea." Jay Peters and Arnette Cobbs were among others given special prominence.

Variety - Apr. 17, 1945

Hampton's Carnegie Hall Concert a Hot Affair

Lionel Hampton's concert at Carnegie Hall, N. Y., in conjunction with *Esquire* magazine, which recently rated Hampton's outfit the "New Band of the Year," drew a house Sunday night (15) that was over 80% of capacity. Slightly over \$5,000 was grossed, most of which will be divided up between various charity organizations.

Hampton's band, one of the most entertaining in the business, staged a show that had staid Carnegie rocking like a boat. With such things as "Hamp's Boogie-Woogie" and "Flying Home," standbys of the band, the joint was jumping, to say the least. Interspersed were arrangements which called for the inclusion of 34 strings, rehearsed and handled by Eddie South. In addition to the long list of band numbers, Hampton spotlighted numerous personalities from within the orchestra, including Arnette Cobbs, tenor sax; Herbie Fields, ditto; singers Rubel Blakely and Dinah Washington, who did "Evil Gal Blues" and "Blowtop Blues," both with Leonard Feather, their composer, on piano.

For a band concert of this type, the show was unusually well produced. Excellent lighting by Leo Morgan, Strand theatre, N. Y., producer, rated a nod. Only shortcoming of the evening was a mike system that insisted on frequently misbehaving.

Billboard, Apr. 20, 1945

Feather To Talk Jazz

NEW YORK, April 16. — Leonard Feather, walking jazz encyclopedia, has been inked by the William Morris Office for lectures, recitals, jam sessions, etc. Guy, who writes jazz articles for *Esquire*, among other mags, is handling Lionel Hampton concert at Carnegie Hall on Sunday (16).

Jazz Symposium

Do You Approve of Swinging the Classics?

Désiré Defauw, conductor and musical director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra:

I approve of everything in art when it is inspired. The question that is put to me: "Do you approve of swinging the classics?" is a simple one to answer for that particular reason. Inspiration is the sole guide to everything in art. There have been very fine "swingings" of the classics. There have been very poor ones—in fact most of the recent ones have been bad for they are poor imitations of those that succeeded at the start.

Imitation has no tomorrow—or a very short one.

Good "swingings" of the classics at the start were very pleasing to listen to. They were humorous and cleverly written by fine swing composers and arrangers, but they became poor because most of the jazz composers—that is, the second-rate ones—used the classics as a means of finding a tune. Finding a tune is just as important as discovering a really fine theme for a symphony. Almost every great classical theme has been jazzified. So much of it has been defamation and such defamation of music should not be tolerated any more than if a classic painting or piece of sculpture should be made into a travesty. I realize that the art of genuine caricature has had many masters and has left some fine productions.

Gene Krupa, drummer and bandleader:

Naturally, I approve of swinging anything! In fact, from the swing musicians' point of view, I think that in a way it's paying the masters a hell of a compliment that a jazzman thinks enough of their work to want to play it or improvise on it.

Of course, I think it's a good thing for swing music too, because there are plenty of people who wouldn't even bother to try to dig swing, but when they hear some classical work they recognize it makes the performance that much more interesting to them.

There is a much greater classical influence in jazz than people realize. Swing musicians, when they want to relax, sit at home digging Ravel, Debussy, and Debussy. These are the composers who inspire swing arrangers, and today you find that some of our richest, cleverest dance-band orchestrations have chord structures inspired by those composers.

My band plays Rachmaninof's *Prelude in C# Minor*; we have a gorgeous arrangement of *Clair de Lune*, and we're at work now on Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. I believe the results are good music in every instance.

Billy May, jazz arranger and trumpeter:

It all depends whether the particular number lends itself. The steady beat of a dance-band ar-

range-ment kinda ties you down. I mean, there are some classical works that you can't help thinking of in terms of changes of tempo and mood that can't be incorporated in an arrangement for dancing.

I don't think anyone will ever successfully swing *Anitra's Dance*, for instance. And then stuff like Hindemith and Shostakovich—no dance-band arranger can mess with them; they're too intricate, too good in themselves to allow for any changing around.

When I was with Glenn Miller I made an arrangement on *Valse Triste* that I thought was quite tasty; and one of the other arrangers, Bill Finnegan, did *Pizzicato Polka*, but Glenn didn't care for them too much and we played them mostly when he was off the bandstand. But he liked to play the *Anvil Chorus*; that was a very commercial arrangement, though musically I thought the version Matty Malneck's orchestra did was much closer to the spirit of the original.

Anyway, as a lover of the classics and a writer of jazz, I have no objection to the idea in principle.

Stan Kenton, bandleader, pianist and arranger:

Most swinging of the classics consists of just superficial doctoring; they're not really swing arrangements, they're just a mess of chords.

All you need in swing music is a theme. If it happens to lend itself well, that is, if the harmonies rather than the melody make a suitable basis, then a classical work will do as well as anything else.

Duke Ellington, Gold Award arranger and bandleader:

No, I don't approve!

I don't think there are any short cuts to musical success. I've had to do it a couple of times myself because there are occasions when a jazz musician simply does what he's told. I had a movie contract and when I arrived in Hollywood I found out that I had to take part in a sequence where they swung Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*, which was turned into *Ebony Rhapsody*. I didn't like the idea because I'd always been taught to respect the masters and that's all I know.

Of course, I'm more or less an illiterate on the classics. When I was younger a lot of the musicians around me would try to cultivate my interest in classical music, thinking it would improve my jazz writing. Personally I didn't feel that it had any relationship with what I was trying to do, and I thought too much immersion in the classics would only confuse me. So I never felt the urge to study seriously and I've always felt that the two forms should be kept apart. When people try to "improve" on classics by adopting and transcribing them, it gets

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON THE SCREEN—Find out when Warner Brothers' one-reeler *Jamin' the Blues* is coming to your theatre, and don't miss it. It's the first time real jazz like this has been filmed, without gaudy settings or cutaways to dialogue. The musicians just ad lib informally, with magnificent photography and lighting by Gjon Mili. A young Hollywood jazzfan, Norman Granz, deserves lots of credit for selecting the musicians and keeping the whole thing in good taste.

Lester Young and Illinois Jacquet (tenors), Harry Edison (trumpet), Marlowe Morris (piano) and Barney Kessel (guitar) are well in evidence, and Marie Bryant sings in an aptly girly voice. This ten-minute gem is a commercial and artistic success, to the surprise of everyone (especially, no doubt, the brothers Warner). May it be a lesson to Hollywood that you don't have to hoke up jazz with Uncle Tom dialogue and settings to sell it to the public.

ON THE AIR—Too bad nobody reviews transcriptions just like regular phonograph records. Some of these 16-inch discs, available only to radio stations, have a lot of great jazz you can't hear elsewhere. If one of your local stations has the C. P. MacGregor transcriptions by the King Cole Trio (some alone, some accom-

panying Anita O'Day, Anita Boyer and other singers) you're in for a treat. There are 78 tunes, most of them only waxed for these king-size platters. And some of Duke Ellington's best numbers can be heard on World transcriptions.

ON RECORDS—Harry James' trumpet, Willie Smith's alto, Arnold Ross' piano make *Confessin'* (Columbia) the best James record in aeons. Also on Columbia: Basie's *Red Bank Boogie* and the first, very pleasant discs by Benny Goodman's quintet. Artie Shaw's *'S Wonderful*, a startling and exciting arrangement, is the best bet on Victor. In the good-music-and-good-humor department there's the O.P.A. lament, *You Can't Get That No More*, lamented by Louis Jordan on Decca. Capitol has some good vocals coming up by Peggy Lee, and some more by Anita O'Day, whose *Are You Living Old Man?* with Stan Kenton is the lyrical enigma of the year.

Small labels, in New York: Ike Quebec's *Tiny's Exercise* (Blue Note), the Joe Marsala and Linda Keene sides (Black & White); in Chicago, Pete Brown's *Pete's Idea* and Trummy Young's *Talk of the Town* (Session); on the Coast, Charlie LaVere's *Lazy River* (Jump). Things are slowing down—only fifty-seven new record companies were formed last week.

—LEONARD FEATHER

to be very sad. I don't want any part of it.

Lucky Millinder, bandleader:

Of course I do; it's my first love! All the popular songs that have been stolen from Tchaikowsky and other classical composers in the past few years have helped to build up the public's interest and create a taste for the classics. It's just a matter of progress.

Ten years ago there were certain words you couldn't have written in a paper or said on the air, yet they're permissible today. A few years ago a lot of people thought it was shocking when Maxine Sullivan first swung *Loch Lomond*. It's just a matter of public acceptance, and that comes with time.

Playing a classical adaptation gives you the opportunity for so much more variety of moods and form instead of sticking to the same old routine of one thirty-two-bar chorus after another. You can take Massenet's *Élégie* and play it with all the beauty and fire of the original and it will still be in good taste. I believe in a treatment that has a colored foundation with white surface, combining the talent of the composer with the individual personalities of the performers.

Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan mezzo-soprano:

I'm for anything that will attract more people to good music. For instance, I think *Carmen Jones* was a step in the right direction; I'm identified with the traditional *Carmen*, but enjoyed recording some of the Bizet arias in the stepped-up English versions. It does the classics no harm to be popularized this way.

On the other hand, I can't help

feeling that if swing music is to establish itself as an enduring art-form, it must develop original thematic material and not rely on melodies already set down in another form. Judging by the fan mail I've received through radio appearances over a number of years, I'd say that the listening public reacts with equal enthusiasm to any music that's really good in its own class.

Fletcher Henderson, arranger, pianist and bandleader:

Frankly, no! There's plenty of good jazz material. The classical should be left alone. Jazz is not so weak-kneed that it has to beg and end up with swing versions of tunes which people are accustomed to hearing in other versions—and thus add fuel to the fire of a controversy which makes it possible for a question like this to be asked. If jazz arrangers and composers actually develop to the ultimate the original jazz melodies which already are comparable in quality to classical melodies, nobody would ever think of asking this question.

I feel that a great deal can be done in that direction, and that a great deal has been done already, but about which the general public knows little. I will say that listening to the classics stimulates musical thinking. Remember that many old masters wrote the equivalent of riffs and licks.

Jay Blackton, symphony and concert conductor:

No, don't do it. There's a wealth of good original material to create on, so why rob the long-haired repertory? Swing bands can fit so much more appropriate music to play that they don't have to rely on classical sources. —L.F.



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Hot Lips Page Orchestra |
| #502 Nice and Cozy
Jehrico
Ten. Sax by Ben Webster,
Piano by Johnny Guarneri | #525 Savoy Riff
Have Yourself a Ball
Shorty Allen Orchestra |
| #509 Basic English
Exercise in Swing | #522 Pete Brown's Boogie
Bellevue for You |
| #511 Salute to Fats
These Foolish Things Remind Me of
You
Ten. Sax by Lester Young,
Piano by Johnny Guarneri | #523 Ooh Wee
Moppin' the Blues
Pete Brown, alto sax;
Al Casey, elec. guitar |
| #519 On the Sunny Side of the Street
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Amsterdam News, May 5

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Prices (Tax Included) \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20 Tickets Now On Sale at Box Office

Orchestra World, May

"Words About Music"

By WALTER BISHOP

"BLUES SUITE IN FOUR COMFORTABLE QUARTERS" (Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath) is the collaborated effort of DAN BURLEY and LEONARD FEATHER. Burley and Feather, both well known as musicians and composers as well as journalists, recently recorded the suite on two pianos in a session for Continental Records. Burley is now overseas with a USO Unit . . . MIKE "Knock Me A

Diggin' The Discs—Jax

(Jumped from Page 8)

gie, If I Had You, Topsy, Soft Winds, etc. Tatum, Stewart, Grimes shine in that order. The best examples yet of this crew's work. Joe Marsala plays Romance and Zero Hour on Black & White 1201, Unlucky Woman and Blues In The Storm on Black & White 1203, twelve-inch discs both. Adele stars on the first, Marsala and Thomas and Queen-er and Wayne and Lang and Christian on the second, Linda Keene on the third, Leonard Feather on the fourth. As a matter of fact, Leonard's piano is probably the most interesting thing on these discs for those who've heard Marsala when he was playing the kind of music he should never have deserted. How can Feather extol Heywood and scoff at Hodes, then play the blues like this? Ike Quebec plays

Down Beat May 15

HARD TO GET RECORDS

- Jazzocracy: White Heat — Jimmie Lunceford—37c
- I Ain't Got Nothing But The Blues—Horace Henderson—52c
- Yip Yip De Hootie; And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine—The Phil Moore Four—52c
- That Old Devil Called Love; Lover Man, Oh Where Can You Be—Billie Holiday—79c
- You're Gonna Change Your Mind; The Rest Of My Life—Una Mae Carlisle—79c
- Tippin' In; Remember—Erskine Hawkins—52c
- People Will Say We're In Love (Hot Jazz)—Jerry Jerome's Stars—79c
- Salty Papa Blues; Blue Top Blues—Leonard Feather with All Stars featuring Barney Bigard, Georgie Auld, etc.—\$1.05
- Evil Gal Blues; Long Long Journey—Leonard Feather, B. Bigard, G. Auld, etc.—\$1.05
- Big Lip Blues; Good Old New York—Jelly Roll Morton Seven—\$1.05
- Three O'Clock Jump; Reunion In Har-

LEONARD FEATHER

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MUSICIAN—Featured as pianist and arranger on new recordings by Helen Humes (Savoy), Linda Keene (Black & White) and as leader of his own all-star recording band on Commodore and Continental Records.

JOURNALIST—Jazz Editor of *ESQUIRE*; Asst. Editor of *METRONOME*; in charge of new popular music department for *MODERN SCREEN*; contributor to New York *SUNDAY TIMES*, London *MELODY MAKER*.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR—In charge of *ESQUIRE'S* second annual All-American Jazz Concert to be held Jan. 17 at Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles. Supervisor of jazz recordings for Continental Records.

COMPOSER—Writer of the Lionel Hampton-Dinah Washington record hits, including *SALTY PAPA BLUES*, *EVIL GAL BLUES*; lyrics and music for *THE LADY IN BED*, *SLEEPY BABOON*, *I WOULD IF I COULD*, and fourteen other new songs for release on Apollo, Black & White, Decca, Continental, Savoy. Special movie and recording material for Lena Horne, Dinah Shore and twenty-two name bands.

RADIO STAR—Emcee and producer of the unique swing quiz program, *PLATTERBRAINS*, now in its fourth year on WMCA (Saturdays, 7:03-7:30 P.M.).

ARRIVING HOLLYWOOD JANUARY 9

Contact through **JOE GLASER**

745 Fifth Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
PLaza 5-0078

3278 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, Cal.
Hillside 7464

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Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

CALIFORNIA DIARY

WEDNESDAY—So this won't be a lonesome journey after all. As soon as I got on the train in Chicago today I bumped into **Georgia Gibbs**, the CBS thrush, on her way back West to resume her airings after an illness in New York.

Georgia and I found an enthusiasm to share in **Pearl Bailey**, a great young singer formerly with **Cootie Williams'** band. Georgia caught her at the Blue Angel night club in New York and agreed that her combination of good looks, personality and swell voice, plus a sense of humor, ought to land her in Hollywood before long.

Also met **Jeri Sullavan** in the club car; she's Hollywood-bound for a screen test having given up her CBS sustaining show. Jeri told me the long and complicated story of the origin of "Rum and Coca-Cola," which has become a big song hit and bears her name as part-composer. It's based on a traditional theme that originated in Trinidad. Jeri's happiness is dampened by the fact that she hasn't recorded the tune herself.

FRIDAY—Hollywood greeted me with a sunny smile today, despite all my friends' warnings about the rainy season. My first evening in town was well spent in a visit to the "Case O'Bananas"—that's the musicians' special term for the Casa Manana, a big ballroom in Culver City. The **Johnny Thompsons** drove me out there—Johnny is **Harry James'** ace arranger—and we arrived in time to help the James band celebrate its sixth anniversary.

It was good to (Continued on page 116)

It isn't very often that a magazine can lean back, light a stogie, put its feet on the desk and mutter, "Well, now we've got everything." As we say, it's not often, but it is done—and MODERN SCREEN is doing it right now! Because now we've got Leonard Feather, who's not only a musician's musician, and a critic's authority, but also a fella who's just as enthused and just as tickled with really good jazz as you. So since it'll probably be a few issues before you get to know him personally, we'd like to give you now a little official data on MS's own Gentleman of Jazz: Leonard Feather.

He's ass't editor of METRONOME and jazz editor for ESQUIRE as well as chairman of Esqy's annual All-American Concert, one of which he just ran off in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, that's the theme of this first column. You've probably heard him em-cee'ing his own WMCA quiz show, PLATTERBRAINS and his Black & White recordings as pianist and orchestra leader, Dinah Washington, Lena Horne and Dinah Shore have used his original blues numbers and Lionel Hampton popularized many of Leonard's top tunes.

So, as you can see, we think Leonard's pretty much tops in his field. We think he's versatile and talented and a very modest minor genius. We like him and welcome him into the MODERN SCREEN gang. We're sure you will, too.—THE EDITORS.



Swing got swung good at a terrific 3 confab—Ellington, Leonard Feather, D. Kaye.

June, 1945

The James Joyce of Jazz

It might be all right to call Leo Watson the Gertrude Stein of Jazz, except that James Joyce of Jazz makes for better alliteration. Or you might quote critic George Simon, who called him "the man who sings in shorthand." Then again, you could say he is the World's Greatest Scat Singer, or you could simply call him the Mad Genius and let it go at that.

I guess you haven't heard about Leo Watson. I figure most people haven't, because when Esquire's board of experts awarded Leo a prize last year as one of the world's two top jazz vocalists, it took a three-month search to locate the guy and present him with his award.

When they found him, he wasn't singing. He was working in a war plant, loading and unloading trucks, completely forgotten by everyone but the few faithfuls who had voted for him. Yet this is the man who invented a word that has become world-notorious—the word "zoot." In his biographical novel, *Brainstorm*, Carlton Brown describes how Watson used to "whirl his ukulele around and whack it terrifically on the back while taking vocal riffs phrased like good trombone solos. He looked like Gargantua and sang like an inspired and articulate gorilla who had been reared in a musical atmosphere."

There isn't much literature on Leo Watson. Everybody who has followed his career knows him mainly from the era when he loomed into view around 52nd Street with a vocal and instrumental group called the Spirits of Rhythm. Leo played an instrument called a tiple, akin to a ukulele, but when he sang he would move his right arm up and down as though he were manipulating a trombone slide. It sounded like a surrealistic trombone, too, as this squat, dark, huge-mouthed figure let loose his riot of sound.

Singing is one word for it, but it's not singing in any accepted sense of the term. It's a combination of words and meaningless syllables fitted to intensely rhythmic phrases, all completely improvised—a vocal stream-of-consciousness. For instance, on a tune called *She Ain't No Saint*, his first ad-lib phrase went: *oh when the saints go marching in give 'em a drink of gin all around and round and round she goes around table a round mabel. . . .*

On a scat version of *Honey-suckle Rose* some of his inspirations ran: *oh honey sock me on the nose yama yama yama yama root de voot de voot. . . . oh honey so sock sock sock sock cymbal sock cymbal rymbal dymbal a nimble nimble nimble. . . . so sock me on the nose. . . . ose gose gose gose goose goose moose gavoose bablow your nose. . . . hello rose how's your toes put some papowder on your nose ah rosettah are you feeling bettah. . . . ah rose nose nose rose me lamble damble damble roozzy*

voot mop mop broom broom sweep sweep so honey sock my nose. . . .

Leo was the drawing card with the old Spirits of Rhythm. He and the other members sometimes didn't see ear to ear, and from one week to another you couldn't tell whether it would be the Six Spirits of Rhythm, the Four or Five Spirits of Rhythm, or two separate groups working at rival clubs. At one point, Leo and his sometime partner, guitarist Teddy Bunn, merged with the original John Kirby band. Leo, who was vague about musical theory but never at a loss for ideas, took up the trombone, and got along nicely for awhile until a hock shop came between man and horn. The trombone hasn't been seen since. Leo proceeded to concentrate on the drums.

Another drummer, Gene Krupa by name, who had recently formed his own band, came into the Onyx and drank deeply of the Watson talent. Krupa wound up hiring him, and for eight months he traveled with the band. There are several versions of how he came to lose this job, but the most plausible and most authenticated one is that it happened on a train somewhere in the South. Leo, perhaps for want of a drum to play or a horn to blow, was amusing himself slashing a window-shade. When the conductor tried to put a stop to this sabotage, Leo plunged his fist through the windowpane. He was removed from the train, and that was the end of his tour with Gene Krupa.

Leo wasn't easy to handle, but there were fellows around Broadway who decided it was worth trying. The Andrews Sisters, who came in regularly to the Onyx to marvel at Leo, got their manager, Lou Levy, steamed up about him. Lou fixed Leo up with a Decca recording session under his own name, provided him with such tunes as *Utt DaZay*, Yiddish folksong style. This immediately suggested to Leo such interpolations as: *buy me a beer mister shane* (his own variation on *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön*) and *utt da zay zaz zu zay uttdazay zazzuzay uttdazayzazzuzay bah-yeep bah-yeep bah-yeedle-da-de-vope matzas prat-zas*.

One of Leo's favorite pastimes, when he had run out of words, was to holler abstractedly but emphatically the word "zoot!" This became a sort of password around 52nd Street. Nobody knows whether the French interjection "zut!" was at the back of Leo's mind, or whether it was just one of the many words he dreamed up unaided. Anyway, its use expanded to denote almost anything connected with music, just like the vague word "jive," and pretty soon the rhyming-slangsters of Harlem had teamed it up with the word "suit." Hence zoot suit, drape shape, reet pleat, stuff cuff and all the rest of it.

From the Onyx, Leo and some of the Spirits moved down to

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

IN PERSON—The fabulous success of the King Cole Trio, now grabbing 3,000 dollars a week on theatre dates, has inevitably given rise to a flurry of piano-guitar-bass groups all over the country. Many of them copy Cole's material sedulously. Others, like Herman Chitison's trio, have fingers and minds of their own. The most remarkable unit I've heard lately along these lines is the Vivien Garry Trio. This Detroit lady has three powerful attributes: a bass fiddle, which she plays as well as many of the top male bassmen; a wonderful voice, making her the best white girl singer around New York; and a husband, Arv Garrison, whose guitar work is in a class with Oscar Moore's. This couple and their pianist, a young war veteran named Teddy Kaye, combine to make music that's more personal and charming than anything an eighteen-piece band could offer. Their version of *How High the Moon* will send you moon-high.

ON RECORDS—Welcome news is the return to records of Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday. Satchmo does the Harlem sleeper hit, *I Wonder*, and Billie, festooned with string background, chants the plaintive *Lover Man* seductively. Both on Decca, which also offers Roy Eldridge playing the blues in *Fish Market*. The best

recent big-band item is Hal McIntyre's *Sentimental Journey* on Victor, an excellent arrangement without a vocal. You can also get a pretty fair idea of what the Harry James band can do in *I Don't Care Who Knows*, a commercial song treated in a jazz manner, with good solos by Harry himself and altoman Willie.

If your friends think it's hard to be fooled, play them Pat Flowers' *Original Blues* on Hit and they'll swear it's Fats Waller. This is the best of eight variable sides by Fats' young protégé. The Art Tatum Trio has an album of four 12-inch sides on Asch, and our other award-winning pianist, Teddy Wilson, can be heard with his own all-star bunch, featuring Charlie Shavers and Red Norvo, on Musiercraft. And there's an extraordinary new piano star, Erroll Garner, doing *Blues I Can't Forget* on the new Rex label. He's due for a solo album to be issued soon under the title *Passport to Fame*.

If you react to blues singers, try Joe Turner's *S.K. Blues* (National), Hot Lips Page's *Lady in Bed* (Continental) and *You Need Coaching* (Commodore), and my Etta Jones session on Black & White. And tenor-sax fans shouldn't miss the album of solos by Hawkins, Lester Young, et al., on Savoy. —L. F.

Greenwich Village, where they became the intermission act between spells of Dixieland music at Nick's. George Wettling, drummer with the other band, recalls how Leo insisted on playing George's set of drums. "Leo didn't know any of the orthodox drumming technique, so he'd just beat hell out of my kit. After he'd broken my foot pedal four times—that's a tough thing to break, you know—I told him he had to lay off."

Leo's passion for the drums was not easily quenched. He migrated to the West Coast, and some of the locals still have memories of his insistence on appearing publicly during the zoot-suit riots. Leaving home, side drum in hand, he took a taxi to the scene of the most violent rioting, jumped out and started marching up and down beating his drum. "Ain't no zoot suiters gonna stop me!" he proclaimed. It was as a drummer, not as a singer, that he made a brief appearance with Lena Horne in a scene in *Panama Hattie*.

A little later Leo went to work in a club where the bandstand and most of the room had been adorned with large mirrors. During this engagement Leo seemed to develop a Narcissus complex. All night long he would concentrate on his multiple images, making an endless series of weird faces at himself in the mirrors. One night he started to take a drum solo and it got him in a good, steady groove; so good, in fact, that he just didn't want to stop, not for anyone. The solo went on, loud and relentless, for fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes, a full hour. By this time even the nightclub customers, normally not oversensitive people, were slightly aroused. Leo drummed away

furiously and all efforts to stop him failed. Finally the police had to be summoned; but when Leo was dragged bodily out of the joint in the arms of two cops, he still had a small side drum in his grasp, and was beating it steadily as he passed out of sight.

Soon people began to talk about Leo. Some said he was hard to get along with, others declared he had blown his top. Pretty soon the F.B.I. came to concur with this view, and the Watson whimsies were confined for several weeks to a local jail. "They found me with some marijuana," Leo explains simply.

Last January I arrived in Los Angeles to line up the Esquire concert. Anxious to locate Leo for a recording date, I started asking around. Nobody knew what had become of him. The local Musician's Union declared it had been searching for him more than a year. Finally on musician told me, "Sure, Leo's down at some place on Main Street, working as a drummer and doubling as a porter." I finally found Leo, the same gleam in his eyes, the same mad beat in his drums.

Leo came to the recording studio, sang some of the most fantastic riffs in the world, then disappeared again into the obscurity of a Main Street beer parlor.

Back in New York, I played the records to some of the greatest musicians in jazz. They listened not only with amusement but with profound respect for this man's fabulous talent.

"Fifty years from now," one of them said, "people will begin to dig what Leo is doing."

I hope he was wrong. If it takes that long, I'm afraid Leo may not hold up.—LEONARD FEATHER

The Rhythm Section



**Artie Shaw's long view of swing music,
Haydn's polkas and Mozart's minuets,
and a candid picture of Sidney Bechet**



by **LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER**

• JAZZ •

longhairs, says Artie Shaw, "getting away with murder. As soon as you raise the subject of popular music (or swing jazz or whatever you want to call it) they cry, 'Quick, Henry, Flit!' and act as though real life flickered out with gaslight!" Artie Shaw has good reason to press strong views on the validity of popular music. During his years in the Navy his band covered 25,000 miles in a tour of the South Pacific. Thirty thousand men at a time would turn in pouring rain and lie around the mud for hours, waiting for music from home, to hum along with the world-renowned new version of *Begin the Begone*. Admiral Halsey told Shaw his band was worth twenty tons of sulfanilamide to the boys out there. Then Artie came home and told all about the "demoralizing influence of jazz." Because he happens to be the most articulate of all big-time bandleaders, I cornered Shaw on his last New York trip to ask him about classics vs. jazz, about money vs. art, about the bearing of these

three conflicts on his own musical policy. I came away with a good story, despite the delightful distraction of Ava Gardner, who was sitting next to Artie opposite me. (Artie has a full life; esthete, Broadway playboy and musicians' musician, all at once.)

"People talk about the purity of the symphony," said Artie, "but look how many symphonic forms you can trace back to the dance numbers of the 17th and 18th centuries. Moreover, there's no such thing as writing a classic. When Beethoven sat down to write his Fifth Symphony, he didn't say to himself, 'This will be a classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good because Beethoven was a great musician, just as a hundred years from now the really fine music of today will be 'classic.' You can apply the word Classic to any music which is so good that it becomes a model of its kind.

"In this sense," he added, "Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies weren't classics, but fine, workmanlike compositions of the popular music of their times, the polkas and mazurkas. If a minuet is a minuet until a Mozart or a Beethoven attacks it and makes

it a 'classic,' the same thing holds true of a fine American jazz number, whether it's some old blues or tomorrow's Hit Parade champ. For example, who can say whether *Stardust* or *Night and Day* isn't as fine in its way as, say, one of the Brahms Lieder?"

"Don't you think you're lumping all popular music together too rigidly instead of differentiating between commercial dance music and hot jazz?" I asked.

"No. . . . They all stem from the same idiomatic expression, and broadly speaking they're the same form. Some guy in a joint in Kansas City dreams up a two-bar riff, and it becomes a hot jazz number, and then somebody adds lyrics and it's a Tin Pan Alley hit. Plenty of old Louis Armstrong ideas wound up that way, and more recent songs like *Tabby The Cat* and *Shoo Shoo Baby* stem directly from idiomatic stuff played by jazzmen. *St. Louis Blues* is nothing but an expression of a genre, but it's become so widely accepted that when we played it in the Pacific, they blew their tops and looked on it as almost a second national anthem. And *Ol' Man River* is just a folk poem set to music; the melody in itself is trivial compared with the vast over-all implications of the work. The main point is, the more the public accepts songs based on or stemming from the roots of jazz, the more they'll be prepared to accept real jazz itself in the end."

"Do you believe you can play the kind of music you like without compromising with public taste?"

"I believe you can always enlarge the musical horizon by giving the public just a little more than what it wants. After all, if a bandleader feels that his obligation is limited to giving the public only what it wants, he is hoist by his own petard. Jazz is a healthy and vital thing if it can be allowed a free rein, but the lack of intelligence, and of a sense of responsibility, on the part of the bandleaders is holding it back. Sure, when you play in theatres you have to do a lot of crummy songs and request numbers, but on records you can experiment, and sometimes you can establish a new number via records so that it will be accepted in person. It's the same thing in the so-called classical field; I mean, if symphonic conductors had refused to play any modern work, every-

thing would have stopped at Beethoven."

"What kind of progress do you mean, Artie? Bigger bands? Symphonic arrangements?"

"No, the tendency to use bands symphonically is usually bad, though once in awhile Whiteman produced something good. And I certainly don't think a band gets better as it gets bigger. But I do believe in new ideas such as the integration of a string section into a swing arrangement. When strings are rightly handled they add luster and color to a band and give the jazz soloist an extra fillip as he plays. Our arrangement of *Stardust* represents an intelligent use of strings."

The music industry grows, declared Artie, in an inverse ratio to its musical honesty. "The more I have to make money, the less I can rehearse, the less I can worry about improving the music. Lately I've been working to pay off a year's economic obligations, so we've been playing theatres, doing the same five tunes four times a day, every day for fifteen weeks. If that were all I could ever do, I'd quit the business again, for the same reason I did that time when I went off to Mexico. I have some fine men in this band, but they have to be welded into a real unit. We're going to spend several weeks just rehearsing, getting some really advanced arrangements into the library by men like Eddie Sauter, and doing just enough public playing to put our new material into practice.

"As long as I stay in the music game, I want to show that jazz has as much validity as any art form; it's only some of the people in jazz who lack validity."

"Have you heard any music around New York that corresponds with your idea of the way jazz should go?"

"Haven't had much time to, but there are a few things I heard that I liked. Cootie Williams has a fine band, and Boyd Raeburn is playing some interesting stuff. Small bands? Sure, I like Eddie Heywood."

Artie smiled as he stood up, hesitated a moment, then said what I was somehow expecting him to say.

"That Heywood arrangement of *Begin the Begone* is a hell of a nice thing. It sustains a mood. It makes my version sound sick to me!" —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

PERSON—As this is written, the new Benny Goodman band is making its Manhattan bow. Although nothing new of any significance has been added—most of the music is by the same arrangers built the old Goodman oratorical library years ago—nevertheless the band carries a punch, and Benny himself is so wonderful that even members of his own band sit and gape. More exciting than the big band is the new sextet, which shows a healthy, infectious enthusiasm generated only by the powerful quadruple force of Goodman's clarinet, Norvo's vibraharp, Slam Stewart's bowed bass and Teddy Wilson's piano.

Cootie Williams, our #1 trumpet man, has a great band and is thrilling the jazz cognoscenti with his hysterical *House of Joy*, the stage version of which may run anywhere from five to fifteen minutes. In a fine spirit of professional non-jealousy, Cootie allows at least two talented men from his trumpet section to take choruses, revealing themselves as budding Cooties.

RECORDS—Six albums of records have been assembled for you; four of them contain gems that had been unavailable outside the Black

Shellac Market. Each album contains four records. HJ-1 offers the Louis Armstrong of 1932-3 in such hits as *Snowball*, *That's My Home*, *Basin Street*, *St. Louis Blues*. HJ-2 features some of the best Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet items. HJ-3 stars Lionel Hampton with various mixed units featuring men from the Ellington and Goodman bands. HJ-4 disinters an early Negro band, McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Some of the 1928-30 arrangements sound rusty and dusty, but many of the solos have stood up well. HJ-5 (Jelly Roll Morton) is recommended to research workers only. HJ-6, as far as I am concerned, can be skipped, though for those who have not been sated with the French Hot Club Quintet it will be pleasant enough listening.

Among the new recordings there are some good examples of real 1945 jazz by such men as Boyd Raeburn, Georgie Auld and Dizzy Gillespie, all on the new Guild label. Woody Herman's *Caldonia* (Columbia), Artie Shaw's *Sad Sack* (Victor), Eddie Heywood's *Lover Man* and Jimmie Lunceford's *I'm Gonna See My Baby* (Decca), King Cole's *Bring Another Drink* (Capitol), and the Edmond Hall-Teddy Wilson *Shanty In Old Shanty Town* (Commodore) are all earworthy.—L. F.

see Harry again, for the first time in a year, and to find him in exceptionally good spirits. He threw out that typical James greeting, "How ya be, Leonard?" and followed it up with, "Here, try some of the best birthday cake you ever tasted." It was, too.

We tried to figure out who of the original 1939 James band was still left, and found that Al Monte, Harry's assistant manager, is the only remaining member of the initial James line-up. "What frantic times those were," recalled Harry. "I remember the first date the band ever played, at the University of New Hampshire. There was a raging blizzard and we barely made it at all—finally got there four hours late!"

It's a far cry from that first James band to the bunch Harry heads today, which seems to me to be his best ever. With men like Willie Smith, the terrific alto sax man; Arnold Ross, a great young pianist; Corky Corcoran playing more tenor sax than ever, and other great soloists, such as Allan Reuss, guitar; Ray Heath and Juan Tizol, trombones, and Harry himself playing some fine jazz on the jump numbers, this band has everything. Johnny Thompson's arrangements, and others written by Billy May and similarly talented writers, make the James band jump more often and more excitingly than it did in his "You Made Me Love You" phase.

On the way home I saw or heard about some curiosities of this mad town. This is the city where they have a "Corn-eggie Hall," a place called "Dyspeptic Bill's," a "Coo-Coo Nut Grove," a "Hangover Club," and a real estate agent whose name is Jackson Diggs. Solid, Jackson!

SATURDAY—Spent a delightful evening visiting one of Hollywood's most charming and sweetest-natured people, Lena Horne. I've known her since her Charlie Barnet era, and if success has done anything to her, it's made her more modest and unassuming than ever. Lena's home, believe it or not, is on Horn Avenue in Beverly Hills. Met her two delightful children, Teddy and Gail, and her mother. Heard some of the special discs she recorded for the Army. With her movie work held up while they find her a suitable story, Lena's been spending a great deal of her time entertaining in camps.

SUNDAY—Shorty and Jean Cherock took me out for an afternoon at Horace Heidt's ranch. Shorty, who's rapidly becoming one of my favorite trumpet men, will have left Heidt by the time you read this and will be breaking in a new big band of his own.

Horace, who plans to disband his own orchestra, has every reason for wanting to take it easy. As we drove through the gates of his "Double-H Ranch" in the San Fernando Valley, I could see that he has what most traveling bandleaders would consider the nearest thing to paradise in the way of a home. Acres and acres of perfectly kept ground, a gloriously furnished home, plus swimming pool, aviary, an open-air bar, and numerous cows, horses, turkeys and rabbits. (Horace says he expects to have 10,000 rabbits by my next visit.) With the smart, chic Mrs. Adeline Heidt and their twin sons to make it a happy family, this is a home to be proud of. Horace has so many outside business ventures, such as a ballroom (the "Trianon" in South Gate) and even a Horace Heidt School for Stammering, that he hardly needs the band, anyway. As I basked in the sunshine and picked oranges, tangerines and grapefruit off branches, I

reflected that it pays for a smart business man to be a bandleader; and I wondered whether, some day, Shorty Cherock might have a swimming pool.

TUESDAY—Lunch with MODERN SCREEN'S own affable Sylvia Wallace at the BROWN Derby, where I also ran into Bob Chester, latest of the many bandleaders to renounce the road and settle down in California. Bold told me he's just reorganizing a band, but strictly for jobs in and around the coast. Also just in town to make their home here are Bobby Dukoff, the fine tenor sax man who just left Jimmy Dorsey, and his wife, singer Anita Boyer.

Held a rehearsal of the Esquire All-American Jazz concert this evening. Like all rehearsals, it was a panic, with the promoter, the publicity man, the producer, the Union man and a dozen other interested parties all wrangling back and forth. Duke Ellington arrived late and imperturbable as ever, and once he took charge things began to sound organized. Billy Strayhorn, Duke's pint-size assistant arranger, had to be cajoled into playing piano on a couple of numbers. Can't understand why he's so reluctant, since he's a great pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Well, the concert went off wonderfully, after the usual round of last-minute crises. Billie Holiday, Art Tatum and the Ellington band were the biggest thrills for me. Billie scared everyone to death by arriving at the Philharmonic about five minutes before she was due onstage. Danny Kaye did a successful emcee job; people thought he would try too hard to gag up the show, but he didn't. Later went with Kitty Kallen, my date for the evening, to a midnight recording session at which Anita O'Day was doing four sides under her own name for Capitol. She had to fly out next day to rejoin Stan Kenton's band in Kansas City. I left around 3 A.M.; heard later that the recording went on until almost 6.

THURSDAY—There's a little strip of ground along Vine Street, between Hollywood and Sunset, where you can stand in mid-afternoon and meet just about every-

one in music business. It's the unofficial Tin Pan Alley of the coast, right outside an office building where most of the song publishers are located, and right down the street from NBC, CBS and a big record shop called Music City. Strolling down there this afternoon I ran into Wingie Manone, just back in town after a short-lived venture with a big band in New York; Ray Bauduc and Gil Rodin, two alumni of the old Bob Crosby band who, recently out of the Army, are now starting a band of their own. Also met Bill Harty, Ray Noble's manager, who advised me to look out for Ray's new Columbia record, "The Charm of You," and Dave Dexter, of Capitol records, who said he's waxing an all-star session with Al Casey, Sid Catlett and Willie Smith.

Right next to this strip of sidewalk is the Tropics, where you can find just about everyone at the bar or in a booth during the late afternoon. I wandered in and immediately found Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra discussing an Army broadcast they're to do together.

FRIDAY—This morning I made a record session for Black & White Records, reuniting the talents of the original Spirits of Rhythm, Leo Watson and Teddy Bunn. Leo, who is best known for his "Shoot The Likker To Me, John Boy!" on an old Artie Shaw record, had everybody in hysterics with his weird scat-singing. He ought to be known as the James Joyce of Jazz. He sings just as though he were blowing a trombone, and although the words and syllables that roll out are meaningless, they have a colossal swing and beat. The special version of "Honeysuckle Rose", ("Honey-Sock-Me-On-The-Nose") ought to be a hit.

SATURDAY—Went over to CBS to catch the rehearsal of the Danny Kaye-Harry James show. As I walked in backstage Harry was hollering, "Hey, somebody take care of this, there's a serviceman outside with 16,000 medals on and they won't let him in because he hasn't got a ticket." The ushers declared the theater was full up, but Harry still saw to it that the disappointed soldier got a break.

Pretty soon, Harry told me, he's going to line up some ideas for a record album—something to show off every facet of the band's talent, with a sextet number, a classical adaptation, ballads, jump tunes and everything. From there he slid easily into his favorite topic of baseball, and of how the manpower shortage might affect the baseball season.

Later on, to kill time before the show, Harry and Danny Kaye and a couple of guys from the band started on a wonderful burlesque jam session for their own private amusement, playing some real corn on 25-year-old tunes, with guitarist Allan Reuss on the bass fiddle, and Harry and Danny taking turns at the drums (Harry, of course, is really a good drummer). Wish some of his fans could have heard this.

MONDAY—Over to Shepp's Playhouse, in L. A., for the opening of Eddie ("Begin the Beguine") Heywood and his marvelous little band. Vic Dickenson, the trombonist, has as much agility and inspiration as Tommy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden put together! Eddie told me he expects to start on his first movie soon. This is the most original small orchestra to come up since John Kirby's and it can't help going places.

TUESDAY—Caught the Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest rehearsal and broadcast. I've seen Helen as a brunette, a brownette and a redhead, and can't quite get used to her as a blonde. Visiting Dick was his ex-manager, "Bullets" Durgom, now in the Army. After the show I had a dinner invitation from Mr. & Mrs. Dave Barbour. Dave is the former Benny Goodman gui-

tarist, now playing on "Blondie" and a lot of other network shows; Mrs. Barbour is, of course, the blonde and gorgeous Peggy Lee, who left the Goodman band to marry Dave in 1943 and is now the proud mother of 18-months-old Nicki Barbour.

The Barbours seem to be one of the happiest families in the music business. Peggy is semi-retired except for an occasional record date; last week she did four sides for Capitol and Dave got a band together to accompany her. Two of the tunes were Peggy's own "What More Can A Woman Do" and "You Was Right, Baby!" and they'll both surprise you.

FRIDAY—Dropped in on Charlie Barret at the Orpheum Theater and sat talking so long backstage, despite my determination to make an early night of it, that Charlie finally said, "Come on out to my house and we'll play some records." He has a neat little home in the Valley, with a well-stocked bar, and phonographs all over the place—but hardly any Barret records; mostly Delius, Ellington, Debussy, Ravel, etc. Charlie, too, has tumbled down out West and will only make occasional brief trips out of this territory. Barret is a strange character, much wilder than his reputation. Most people are either nuts about him or hate him personally, I see eye to eye with him on many matters musical that we can't help but get along.

SATURDAY—Lunch with Jimmy McHugh, who wrote "Exactly Like You," "Sunny Side of the Street" and don't ask me how many other evergreens of jazz. Telling me he wants to have his own publishing house, he scared me by announcing that he had just offered one publisher a million bucks, cash, to buy his business.

Guess there must be money in songwriting, at that. Jimmy reminisced at great length about the old Cotton Club days; he played a big part in discovering Duke Ellington, and wrote all the hit songs for the Club during Duke's first triumphant years there.

TUESDAY—This evening I made a belated trip to the Palladium to catch Gene Krupa. I was somewhat perturbed to find Gene conducting so much and playing drums so little, also to hear the string section scraping away on things like "Clair de Lune" and a lot of other items that just don't seem to connect with the Krupa name. But Gene is firmly sold on the idea that versatility is important, and feels that he's expanding his musical scope. Personally, I got my biggest kicks out of the trio numbers, with pianist Napoleon and tenor saxman Venturo supported by Gene at the drums; and I'd trade the whole string section for that one hot fiddle solo played by Remo Biondi on "Hodge Podge."

WEDNESDAY—Shorty Cherock made some fine records this morning on a session I helped to organize. We used Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran and Harry James' excellent rhythm section, waxing four numbers for the Signature label, including two of my own: "Snafu" and "The Willies."

THURSDAY—Well, it's goodbye to California, and don't think it hasn't been swell. I've heard an awful lot of good

music, and enjoyed a lot of wonderful hospitality in these all-too-brief three weeks. Best band I heard: Ellington, of course—as always. Best small band: Eddie Heywood. Best local radio show: "Music Depreciation," a good carbon copy of "Lower Basin Street" on the local Mutual station. And now, I'll get back down to earth and find out what's been happening along Fifty-second Street!

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ MODERN SCREEN'S new, top notch Swing and Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather swings right into the mood of this, our 15th Anniversary issue, and jogs us back to the music world of boop-boop-a-doop and Rudy Vallee—into the year 1930. So climb on the bandwagon with Leonard and Joe, his purely-figment-of-the-imagination assistant, for a big name musical memory tour.—Ed. Note.

say that 9,000 out of the 22,600 movie theaters are wired for sound now, and it's going to take a lot of musicians to make the sound tracks for all these musical films that are springing up.

(Joe, better get some arrangements made up on that rumba number, "The Peanut Vendor." Looks like it's a hit. And fix up those songs we heard on the radio last night—"Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "Crying For The Carolines," "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" and "High Society Blues," willya?)

Yes, everybody's going movie minded; songwriters and publishers and actors are invading Hollywood and it's another Gold Rush. They say Gershwin's on his way out West to write the score for a new musical. Those "Girl Crazy" songs of his sound all right, too—"Embraceable You" and what's the other one? Oh yes, "I Got Rhythm". . . .

This kid Lewis Ayres, the boy who was a banjo player and medical student at the University of Arizona, he's making quite a name for himself as a movie star, what

with "All Quiet On The Western Front" and another one coming up. Not bad for a banjo player, huh?

(Joe, get these out for the next set—"Boop-Boop-A-Doopa-Doo Trot" and "Betty Co-Ed" (Continued on page 91)



Les Brown, Doris Day, and yours truly, Leonard Feather, Cafe Rouge'ing at N. Y.'s Penna. Hotel

Well, here we are in 1930, and the music business certainly is in a state of turmoil this year. Looks as though these talkies may turn out to do some good for us after all, instead of throwing all the musicians out of work. They

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

BEST POPULAR

All of My Life—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)
 He's Home For a Little While—Les Brown (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
 I'm Beginning To See the Light—Harry James (Columbia), Duke Ellington (Victor), Cootie Williams (Majestic)
 I'm Gonna See My Baby—Jimmie Lunceford (Decca), Phil Moore (Victor)
 I Should Care—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
 Laura—Woody Herman (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
 My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)
 My Heart Sings—Hildegard (Decca), Duke Ellington (Victor), Johnny Johnston (Capitol)
 This Heart of Mine—Ginny Simms (Columbia), Fred Astaire (Decca)
 Yip Yip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes—Phil Moore (Victor), Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

King Cole—Bring Another Drink (Capitol)
 Benny Goodman Sextet—After You've Gone (Columbia)
 Edmond Hall Swingsters—Big City Blues (Blue Note)
 Edmond Hall Quartet—Shanty in Old Shanty Town (Commodore)
 Billie Holiday—Lover Man (Decca)
 Etta Jones-Barney Bigard—Blow-top Blues (Black & White)
 Hot Lips Page—The Lady In Bed (Continental)
 Boyd Raeburn—March of the Boyds (Guild)
 Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five—Sad Sack (Victor)
 Teddy Wilson Quintet—Bugle Call Rag (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

After Dark—Morton Gould (Columbia)
 King Cole Trio (Capitol)
 Dennis Day Sings (Capitol)
 Horowitz - Toscanini - NBC Symphony—Brahms Concerto No. 2 (Victor)
 Meet Me In St. Louis—Judy Garland (Decca)
 Music of George Gershwin—Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia)
 Andres Segovia (Guitar Solos) (Decca)
 Song of Norway—Kitty Carlisle (Decca)
 Song of Norway—Irra Petina (Columbia)
 Tenor Sax—Hawkins, Byas, Young, Webster (Savoy)
 Continental Records, 265 W. 54th St., N. Y.
 Guild Records, 305 E. 53rd St., N. Y.
 Musicraft Corp., 40 W. 46th St., N. Y.
 Majestic Records, 7 W. 46th St., N. Y.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 14)

and that song from Marion Davies' first talkie, "Marianne," "Just You, Just Me." ... Looks like everybody's jumping on the Hollywood bandwagon. Ted Lewis in Warner's "Show of Shows," Abe Lyman in "Holiday" and "Just Imagine." ... that band that was such a sensation at the Cotton Club last year, that Duke Ellington, he's going out West for his first feature film, "Check and Double Check," with Amos and Andy. Say, I just read an article in the paper that said "Are Musical Movies On The Way Out?" Well, with "New Moon" and "Just Imagine" and this big new production based on the life of Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," in color and all, how can they talk that way? Still, I guess they always will, just for something to talk about. Ten, twenty years from now they'll be saying the same thing.

(Here's some good ones for the books—Johnny Green's new tune, "Body And Soul," and the latest by George Whiting, "My Ideal." And Jimmy McHugh's still turning out hits—he has one called "On The Sunny Side of The Street." Cute idea.)

Got to catch up on the new records. They say the phonograph industry is in a bad slump since the crash last Fall, but gosh, there's plenty of good stuff still coming out. Have you heard that new one by Fletcher Henderson, "Chinatown, My Chinatown," and "Somebody Loves Me?" He has some fine young musicians in the band—kids like John Kirby, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, and, of course, the great Coleman Hawkins—and a guitar player named Clarence Holiday; he has a daughter named Billie, only thirteen, they say she's going to be a great singer some day.

Got to get both those new records of "Rockin' Chair." One's by Mildred Bailey—she's been using it as her radio theme, of course. The other's by the composer himself, Hoagy Carmichael, playing piano and leading his own band. There's Bix Beiderbecke and Bubber Miley on trumpets, Tommy Dorsey on trombone, Benny Goodman on clarinet, Bud Freeman on tenor sax, Joe Venuti on hot fiddle, Eddie Lang on guitar and that fine young drummer from Chicago, Gene Krupa. Some of these fellows have been making a lot of records with Red Nichols, too, as well as playing with him in the pit bands for some of the Broadway shows. Men like Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller on trombones, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey and Babe Russin and Adrian Rollini on saxes. Nichols certainly is the big map on records these days. He calls his band the Five Pennies but there are always at least eleven of 'em.

(Say, I see where Victor's Hot Tune Of The Month is a thing called "Boogie Woogie," recorded by King Oliver. They think of more weird titles, don't they? Better get a copy of that, and while I think of it, let's rehearse "The Stein Song" tomorrow—and "Rio Rita," "Little White Lies" and "Lady Play Your Mandolin.")

Did you hear the new records by Louis Armstrong? He picked up a band out West, has some good men in it; trombonist by the name of Lawrence Brown and a seventeen-year-old drummer who's sensational, named Lionel Hampton. They call 'em "I'm A Ding Dong Daddy," "Confessin' That I Love You," "If I Could Be With You," (Continued on page 94)

about everybody who's anybody, I guess.

Say, you know this songwriter Billy Rose, the one who wrote "Poe Got A Feeling I'm Falling" with Fats Waller and Andy Razaf? They say he's decided to become a producer and opened his own offices. Some fellers don't know when they're well off. He'll lose his shirt. I hear Razaf teamed up with Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake to do the new "Blackbirds" show.

Talking about Sissle, did you hear what a big hit he was in Paris at the Ambassadors? Looks like all you have to do nowadays to make a hit with a band is go to Europe and come back so you can announce "Direct From Sensational European Tour!"

Horace Heidt just came back from over here; now he's playing theatres all over the country and cleaning up. Hal Kemp was big in London and Paris, too. Had that youngster Bunny Berigan in his rumpet section. And they say the Ted Lewis band got \$5,000 a week at the Kit Cat in London. Some of his boys made some records with Spike Hughes while they were in England. Spike is the local hot jazz hero and he got Jimmy Dorsey, who was making the trip with Lewis, to it in on a record session with him.

Funny how almost all the big band-leaders in London are Americans, even if they have all-British bands. Howard Acobs, for instance, he's the big noise at Claridge's, they say he's getting as much as \$500 a week for himself, net. And Roy Fox at Cafe de Paris, Ray Starita, Carroll Gibbons—all from over here, but formed and over there.

(Last set coming up, Joe—give 'em Cheerful Little Earful" and "It Happened In Monterey." And don't forget the "Pagan Love Song," they always go for that!)

After that little excursion into the past, here I am back in 1945 with some slightly more up to date gossip. The big talk of the day concerns Benny Goodman's new band. From what I heard at rehearsals and their first broadcasts via Fitch Bandwagon and Spotlight Bands, I'd say Benny has hit his stride very fast. Despite the difficulty of getting men at almost any price nowadays, he's done a fine job, roping in such people as Trummy Young on trombone and Jane Harvey, a promising singer who was a hit last season at Cafe Society Downtown. But the big kick of course is the Quintet (or Sextet, when he adds a guitar for records)—with Red Norvo on vibes, Teddy Wilson on piano and Slam Stewart, who used to be with Slim and Slam, bowing his bass and doing those weird vocal noises. Between them and drummer Morey Feld, it's the solidest small group Benny's had since the memorable 1941 outfit with Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld. Red Norvo tells me that working with Teddy is his idea of paradise, and an inspiration both to himself and Benny.

Glad to note that Benny is continuing his policy of taking an occasional vocal himself, as he did with the band he had in '43. I suspect Benny's wife was the instigator of this, just as several other facets of the Goodman policy, such as his intention of avoiding too much travel away from New York, can be traced to Alice—and she's right, since the headaches involved are too numerous. As you read this BG will probably have followed Duke Ellington into the 400 Club on Fifth Avenue.

Tommy Dorsey's stay at that increasingly popular spot caused plenty of excitement. Brother Jimmy, who didn't speak to TD for so many years, came in beaming on the opening night and sat

in with the band, as did Roy Eldridge. Lana Turner was in several times, though Buddy Rich told me he's engaged to someone else. Tommy made a sensational move in adding Charlie Shavers to his trumpet section. In spite of the big string section, the band swings, thanks to terrific work by men like Buddy and Charlie.

At a couple of after-theater gab sessions, sitting around with Artie Shaw and Ava Gardner, I found him as stimulating a talker as ever. He's on a rampage against people who make fast distinctions between "jazz" and "classical" music.

Said Artie, "There's no such thing as writing a classic. When Beethoven sat down to write his Fifth Symphony he didn't say to himself, 'This will be a classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good because Beethoven was a great musician, and a hundred years from now the really fine music of today will also be classic. Classic applies to any work good enough to be a model of its kind."

This Shaw man makes a lot of sense. Some day I wish he'd write a book. Talking of which reminds me that Barry Ulanov, most literate of all the jazz critics, is working furiously on a full-length book on Duke Ellington which will be published in the fall.

Barry and I spent a wonderful day out at Louis Armstrong's house in Queens. Louis's sister, up on a visit—first time in her life—made us the most fantastic Louisiana gumbo, a gourmet's dream. Louis, still the same wonderful-natured Satchmo whom I first met in 1932 at the Palladium in London, reminisced about his 28 years in the music business. Louis also spoke very forcefully about the need for progress—he just can't understand some of the jazz fans who worship the musicians he played with in the 1920's, in preference to the great young musicians of today. When we asked Louis to name the great hot jazz trumpet men of today, the first name that sprang to his lips was that of Roy Eldridge.

Oh, before I forget—this department, only in its second month, has already seen one of its predictions come true! Pearl Bailey, the great singer about whom I raved last month as a movie bet, just called to tell me she'll shortly be signing a seven-year pact with MGM. Don't forget to watch for her—remember Pearl Bailey!

**THE
NEW
JAZZ
FOUNDATION
PRESENTS...**



Dizzy

GILLESPIE

Wednesday Evening, May 16th, 1945, 8:30 P.M.

AT

TOWN HALL

113-123 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Concert Direction: MONTE KAY, Room 3606, 16 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tickets: \$2.40 - \$1.80 - \$1.20; Loges, seating six, \$18.00 (On Sale at Box Office)

THE NEW JAZZ FOUNDATION is an organization devoted to an American art form, jazz music. However, they are not so much interested in the origin and historical background of jazz, as they are in its present status and its chance for growth in the future. For their first concert, the Foundation has chosen a young man who has made a tremendous contribution to contemporary music.

DIZZY GILLESPIE: Born in Cheraw, South Carolina, 27 years ago, John Birks Gillespie taught himself music at an early age and soon won a scholarship to Laurinburg Institute, Laurinburg, North Carolina. His first recordings were with Teddy Hill in March, 1937 at the age of 19. Later he toured Europe with Hill and then appeared at the World's Fair. Since that time, he has played with, recorded or arranged for such well known orchestras as Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Boyd Raeburn and Billy Eckstine. He recently won Esquire magazine's award as the greatest new trumpet star of 1945. Not only a powerful influence among trumpet players, Dizzy has become the idol of thousands of musicians who attempt expression of his original musical ideas on all instruments.

DIZZY GILLESPIE and His Orchestra

featuring Charley Parker, Freddy Webster, Tad Dameron,
Al Haig, Curley Russell, "Snags" Napoleon and Charles Perry

Special Arrangements: Dizzy Gillespie, Tad Dameron and Charley Parker

Narrator: Symphony Sid

Program

I.

SHAW 'NUFF	Gillespie & Parker
INTERLUDE (A Night In Tunisia)	Gillespie
GROOVIN' HIGH	Gillespie & Papparelli
BE BOP	Gillespie
'ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT	Monk
SALT PEANUTS	Gillespie

(Vocal by DIZZY GILLESPIE)

INTERMISSION

II.

CHEROKEE	Noble
(Featuring CHARLEY PARKER)	
NEARNESS	Gillespie & Dameron
(Featuring TAD DAMERON AND FREDDY WEBSTER)	
DIZZY ATMOSPHERE	Gillespie
CONFIRMATION	Parker
MAX IS MAKIN' WAX	Pettiford
BLUE N' BOOGIE	Gillespie
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP (Finale)	Basie
(Featuring COUNT BASIE, GEORGIE AULD, HOT LIPS PAGE, COSY COLE, SKIPPI WILLIAMS AND FREDDY WEBSTER)	

GUEST ARTISTS

PIANO IMPRESSIONS	TEDDY WILSON
PLAY FIDDLE PLAY	SLAM STEWART
EVIL GAL BLUES	DINAH WASHINGTON
(Accompanied by LEONARD FEATHER)	
IMPROVISATIONS	STUFF SMITH TRIO

A Modern Music Concert

AT

TOWN HALL

113-123 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

under the auspices of

THE NEW JAZZ FOUNDATION

Wednesday Evening, May 16th, 1945, 8:30 P.M.

INTRODUCING

DIZZY GILLESPIE

"Top New Trumpet Star of 1945"

... says *ESQUIRE MAGAZINE*

HIS SEXTET featuring CHARLEY PARKER

AND PRESENTING THESE GREAT INTERPRETIVE ARTISTS . . .

"SLAM" STEWART

TEDDY WILSON

DINAH WASHINGTON

Accompanied by LEONARD FEATHER

STUFF SMITH

and His Recording Trio with

JIMMY JONES

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"HOT LIPS" PAGE

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Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Say, how do you like our new style? Now, all you do is flip your glance to the beginning of each paragraph, and there you have, in big, black letters, the object of your current musical affections, with much straight-from-the-horse's mouth chit chat about sundry performances and people sandwiched in between.

And by the by, we've whipped up a list at the end of the article that should make you the gladsome object

■ Well, here's another month, and we're off again with some really great records—guaranteed to make your blood pressure leave your tired old body six miles back in the road. But who cares about a body, long as you've got a soul? In which prayerful mood, we give you, first off:

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (Talk, Talk, Talk)—This is a novelty that won't stay novel for too long. Bing's done it with Judy Garland for Decca, the King Sisters have waxed it with Freddy Martin for Victor, and Harry James has given it a going-over on Columbia.

Harry's the boy who's married to Betty Grable, as you may have heard, and instead of retiring, as you'd expect, he goes on making money. He just bought a piece of a Sacramento ball team, and that'll probably complicate his income tax some more.

Incidentally, there's a re-issue of "Shoe Shiner's Drag" with Harry playing side man out now in the Victor Album called simply:

LIONEL HAMPTON—And this is really a terrific thing.

The Shoe Shine number was made when Lionel and Harry were both with Benny Goodman and if you listen real close, you can pick out Benny Carter on it. Dave Matthews, too. Dave used to be James' arranger (Continued on page 97)



Kitty Kallen and Leonard F. swap Armenian vittles at H'wood's Haromar Restaurant.

of any music clerk's heart. 'Cause all you do now is tear it out, tote it to the nearest disc shoppe and say, "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dem and one o' dose." The gang will yell, "Super!" Okay? Okay.—THE EDITORS.

A



Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Hello again! Well, it isn't getting any easier, this job of picking out the music of the month on records, and the stories behind it, because every month there are more new record companies by the dozen. Anyway, why not tear out that record listing you'll find at the end of this feature and tote it

I SURRENDER DEAR (Benny Carter—Capitol)—Benny Carter is a jazz genius who had to go abroad to be appreciated, back in 1936. He was working with a band in France, when I got him to come over to England and be staff manager for the BBC dance orchestra.

Once I supervised a recording session in Holland, in the Hague, with Benny and Coleman Hawkins who'd come on from Rotterdam where he was playing at the time. A long way from 52nd Street, but the stuff survived. One of the numbers from that session, "Pardon Me, Pretty Baby," is in one of the Decca "Gems of Jazz" albums.

As for this new "I Surrender, Dear," Benny does a beautiful trumpet solo on it, then, on the other side—"Malibu"—does an equally beautiful alto sax job. He composes, too. Such things as "Rainbow Rhapsody" (Glenn Miller recorded this), "Cow-Cow Boogie", and his own lovely theme, "Melancholy Lullaby."

MEL'S IDEA (Herbie Fields—Savoy)—Herbie Fields, the only white man currently working with a famous colored band (Lionel Hampton's) has done this one up hot, and you won't want to miss it. Herbie's recordings (*Continued on page 18*)



Leonard F., Phil ("My Dreams Are Getting Better") Moore at Cafe Soc. Uptown.

around when you're making your next batch of purchases? You'll find it's a terrific help in making you hep. . . . But now to get going, here are twenty new records with plenty on the ball, plus a little background data on each:

it. Mary has no intention of letting Joe spoil this one too.

It is different. Chris isn't on it. He misses the train at the last minute, and Mary finds herself on her way to New York with Joe. Of course Chris follows them the next day, but by the time he arrives, the newspapers are displaying pictures of "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parker, foreign correspondent, and beautiful bride he married in India." You see, Joe had cabled his boss, Mr. Worth (Charles Dingle) that he married while he was there. It had seemed like a good idea at the time—Worth sent him a thousand bucks for a wedding present. But now he is about to face the boss, who is notorious for his lack of a sense of humor. Mary wouldn't mind being Mrs. Parker just for ten minutes, would she? Mary, not expecting reporters, photographers, etc., agrees. Disaster follows. Mr. Worth has made a lot of plans for the Parkers. The bridal suite in the best hotel, a week end in the country—the works! When Chris shows up, Mary expects him to be furious. Not at all! Anything we can do for good old Joe, is Chris' motto. So Mary gets furious instead, and decides to teach him a lesson.—U. A.

P. S.

Claudette Colbert personally plucked "Guest Wife" from among several important stories offered her. The amusing comedy can be compared to Claudette's Academy Award winning "It Happened One Night." . . . Time and trouble were saved for the wardrobe department when the script called for a pair of men's pajamas, bearing the monogram JJP. Because his screen name, Joseph Jefferson Parker, had the same initials as Miss Colbert's real life husband, Lt. Joel J. Pressman, USN, Don Ameche had only to borrow a pair of Dr. Pressman's monogrammed pajamas, and production was ready to roll.

BEWITCHED

If you are fascinated by the dark inner recesses of the human mind, you will find "Bewitched" enthralling. It may strain your credulity a little, for you are asked to believe that two spirits can occupy one body. It is, in fact, the story of a female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Joan Ellis (Phyllis Thaxter) is apparently a pretty, sweet, normal girl, in love with her handsome fiancé, Bob (Henry Daniels, Jr.). There is no surface indication that two spirits are at war within her. One is Joan's own, and the other is that of a wild, evil creature named Carmen. Don't ask me how she got there. I'm no psychiatrist. But there she is, and as Joan's wedding day approaches, Carmen becomes more and more restless. She is determined to prevent the marriage, and get Joan away from Bob and her parents and friends, who are beginning to worry over the girl's increasing nervousness.

One night Joan goes to a concert, but the voice of the singer becomes inextricably mixed with that of the sensual Carmen. Joan realizes that she can never escape from this terrible inner spirit, and in desperation she decides to go to New York. She leaves a note asking her family not to try and find her, for their sake as well as her own. In New York she gets a job at a cigar counter. Joan is unhappy in this environment, but Carmen thrives on it. A clever young attorney, Eric (Horace McNally) meets Joan and falls in love with her. She finally agrees to go out with him, but as soon as they are alone in the moonlight, Carmen's influence is felt again. Eric kisses Joan, but it's Carmen who responds in a way that must have given the Hays office the cold shudders.

When Joan gets home, she finds Bob
(Continued on page 24)

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- Volley
- Forehand Drive
- Chop



How should she sign her name?

- Sally Subdeb
- Miss Sally Subdeb

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal never sign herself as Miss or Mrs. in a hotel register. That's so your name check with the way your mail will be dressed. Avoid mixups . . . at "those too, by never confusing Kotex with nary napkins. You see, Kotex is a kin with the patented, flat tapered, unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat ends of Kotex don't show revealing . . . and you get plus protection from special patented safety center!

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- It's a love at first sight
- It passes the long-mirror test
- Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your daintiness.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all of napkins put together

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

are mostly made with Hampton's boys. They play his kind of music. ILL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU (Les Brown with Doris Day—Columbia)—There's an interesting fact behind Doris Day's singing. At one time, Doris was a dancer. She broke her leg in an accident, and was told she'd have to use crutches for a while. She brooded a bit, decided things could have been worse, and began singing. For her supper, as it turned out, Doris is one of those girls who married and retired, then divorced, and resumed her career. Her husband was the trombone player, Al Jordan.

Helen Ward's another member of this club. She retired from Benny Goodman's original band, but she's back on her own now, making records. Ironically, she's been signed to record for her ex-husband's (Albert Marx) company, Musicraft!

THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN (Golden Gate Quartet—Okeh; Paul Whiteman—Capitol)—This is the story of one little riff and how it grew. It was a strictly instrumental little riff, you understand. No words at all, and nobody expected anything to come of it. A well known arranger named Jimmy Mundy wrote it, and Paul Whiteman recorded it about three and a half years ago. As far as the response to it went, he could've stood in bed.

Well, Jimmy Mundy joined the Army as a private and while he, all unsuspecting, was hup-two-threeing about, and cussing out his sergeant, "The General Jumped" was being overhauled, and lyrics were added to it, and it got into the movies—in "Hollywood Canteen!"

'TAIN'T ME (Eddie Heywood—Commodore; Les Brown—Columbia)—This is another tune like "The General Jumped." Started with a little thing by Lem Davis, alto sax man with Eddie Heywood, in 1943. Recently a publisher had it turned into a popular song, Mildred Bailey pushed it on the radio, and it's going like mad. The Les Brown rendition has a swell vocal by Doris Day.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (Billie Holiday—Commodore)—The plaintive spell of Billie Holiday again, and you can see the fog and smell the docks when she's all done. It's a second recording. Billie made the first three years ago for Columbia and Teddy Wilson was on it, but the record was never released. Now Eddie Heywood's standing by, and Jimmy Dorsey's featured singer, Teddy Walters, plays guitar for Billie!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (Louis Prima—Majestic; Tony Pastor—Victor)—An old English sea chantey that's become a new American favorite. You really ought to listen to both the Prima and Pastor records on this—they're very different. Louis has kept the original bar-room lyrics in his rendition; Tony's boys have cleaned the trousers up. Pastor-ized, you might say. JOHNSON AND TURNER BLUES (Joe Turner and Pete Johnson—National)—Pete Johnson was one of the pioneers of the boogie-woogie piano, and Joe Turner was a singer. A good one. They played together in little dives in Kansas City for a long time, and dives in Kansas City are no different from dives anywhere else. Dirty dishes, blue smoke—and sometimes rare, wild music being born.

John Hammond discovered them in Kansas City, and he brought them to New York where they gave a concert at Carnegie Hall. This was in 1938.

When they opened at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, they were bood off the stage. It's the truth. People just weren't

ready for boogie-woogie.

The break for Pete and Joe came with a booking into Cafe Society Downtown.

SWANEE RIVER (Hal McIntyre—Victor)—An old favorite with a new and very beautiful arrangement written by a boy named Sid Schwartz. Remember last issue I said Hal was about ready to go overseas with his band? Since then the European war has ended, and the McIntyre group will probably head for some place like the CBI sector.

THERE'S NO YOU (Frank Sinatra—Columbia; Martha Stewart—Victor)—You know the one about Jennie who couldn't make up her mind? Well, neither could pretty little Martha Stewart. She started out as Martha Haworth. Then she changed her name to Martha Wayne, and did some singing with Claude Thornhill. (Claude's in the Navy now, leading a band at Pearl Harbor.) Then she changed her name to Martha Stewart, which it is now, and she got a TCF movie contract, and she's in "Kitten On The Keys" with Harry James.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Woody Herman—Columbia; Tommy Dorsey—Victor)—The vocal on the Dorsey platter is done by Stuart Foster (who used to be with Ina Ray Hutton). Seems like Stuart's a lucky name for singers, at that. Here's Foster, and we were just talking about Martha before, and there's Sally Stuart on the Sammy Kaye "The More I See You," doing a very sweet job. Then there's Slam Stewart, but we probably shouldn't count him. He doesn't exactly sing; he sort of grunts. It's wonderful, anyway.

YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY (Peggy Lee—Capitol)—We've talked about this before. Peggy and her husband, Dave Barbour, penned it, and it's surprising even them. Who needs a million dollars? Peggy seems to be definitely out of retirement again; her "What More Can a Woman Do?" is a hit now too, and she'll sing for awhile on the Perry Como show, and taking a screen test now and then and—well, what more can a woman do?

APPLE HONEY (Woody Herman—Columbia)—Sure, you guessed it. Woody worked on the Old Gold program last year. This number is what's called a head arrangement—it was never written down at all, and nobody ever really composed it. The boys just sort of worked it up and remembered it, an amazing (Cont. on page 21)

T'aint me
(Sweet & Hot)
"Mildred Bailey pushed it on the radio . . ."

thing in a big band.

Flip Phillips plays some wonderful tenor sax, and Bill Harris (who used to be with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman) does right by the trombone. Of course Woody's featured on the clarinet, and Marjorie Hyams at her vibraharp.

LITTLE JAZZ (Artie Shaw—Victor)—Little Jazz is the nickname of Roy Eldridge who blows in what's undoubtedly one of the best trumpet styles in the country. And even though nobody could fail to recognize his playing, Roy's name couldn't be used on this Victor label because when he had his own band (before he joined Artie) he signed a contract with Decca, and that company still has him sewed up.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

- BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS—Louis Prima (Majestic), Tony Pastor (Victor)
- CAN'T YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES?—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
- THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN—Golden Gate Quartet (Okeh), Paul Whiteman (Capitol)
- I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU—Les Brown with Doris Day (Columbia)
- I WAS HERE WHEN YOU LEFT ME—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
- OUT OF THIS WORLD—Woody Herman (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- SWANEE RIVER—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
- 'TAIN'T ME—Eddie Heywood (Commodore), Les Brown (Columbia)
- THERE'S NO YOU—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Martha Stewart (Victor)
- YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY—Peggy Lee (Capitol)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- BENNY CARTER—I Surrender, Dear (Capitol)
- HERMAN CHITTISON TRIO—How High The Moon (Musicraft)
- DUKE ELLINGTON—Mood to Be Woode (Victor)
- HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy)
- DIZZY GILLESPIE—Blue 'N' Boogie (Gull)
- WOODY HERMAN—Apple Honey (Columbia)
- EARL HINES-BETTY ROCHE—I Love My Lovin' Lover (Apollo)
- BILLIE HOLIDAY—I Cover the Waterfront (Commodore)
- NAT JAFFE—These Foolish Things (Black & White)
- ARTIE SHAW—Little Jazz (Victor)
- TEDDY WILSON—Just For You Blues (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

- NELSON EDDY—By Request Album (Columbia)
- JOHNNY GUARNIERI TRIO (Savoy)
- JOHN KIRBY (Asch)
- ON THE TOWN—Leonard Bernstein & Victor Chorale (Victor)
- UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Eileen Farrell, Wilbur Evans, Celeste Holm (Decca)
- MUSIC FOR DREAMING—Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol)
- RHAPSODY IN BLUE, STRIKE UP THE BAND—Sanroma & Boston Pops. Orch. (Victor)
- VLADIMIR HOROWITZ (Victor)
- GREAT GILDERSLEEVE—Stories for Children (Capitol)

140

20
1945
MAY 28
MONDAY
POST.



It Happened Last Night

fall . . . Leonard Feather, the critic, was one of the discoverers of Pearl Bailey, the Zanzibar singing star. A long time ago he coined the phrase, "Remember Pearl Bailey" . . . Dancers Fred and Elaine Brown will double

GOTHAM LIFE, JULY 7

Meet Leonard Feather

The nation's number one authority on jazz and the jazz musician, and a most provocative young fellow who's done much, if not the most, for the advancement and appreciation of America's native music, and in the battle against Jim Crow conditions which exist in the jazz world, happens to be an Englishman; 30 year old Leonard Feather, author, critic, pianist, composer, concert and radio producer, good drinker and a grand guy, to boot.

Ever since he got his initial taste of authentic jazz, back in London in 1929, when a high school chum persuaded him to purchase a copy of Louis Armstrong's wax classic, "West End Blues," Feather has partaken, and successfully, in every angle connected with the music and the musician. He's written about both, for *Metronome*, England's *Melody Maker*, *Esquire*, *Look*, *Modern Screen*, the *New York Times* and numerous other publications; he's composed some fine tunes and arranged others; he's produced some



LEONARD FEATHER

excellent all-jazz concerts, and still conducts his own weekly radio program over WMCA, formerly called "Platterbrains," on which he now plays and reviews the latest jazz discs; he has recorded with several noted jazzmen and directed recordings of many others. Probably his finest accomplishment to date is the establishment of *Esquire's* jazz department, which he heads, and the conducting of the magazine's yearly jazz poll, which has publicized the art and the artist to a tremendous extent, and has developed into the *Crossley* of the music world.

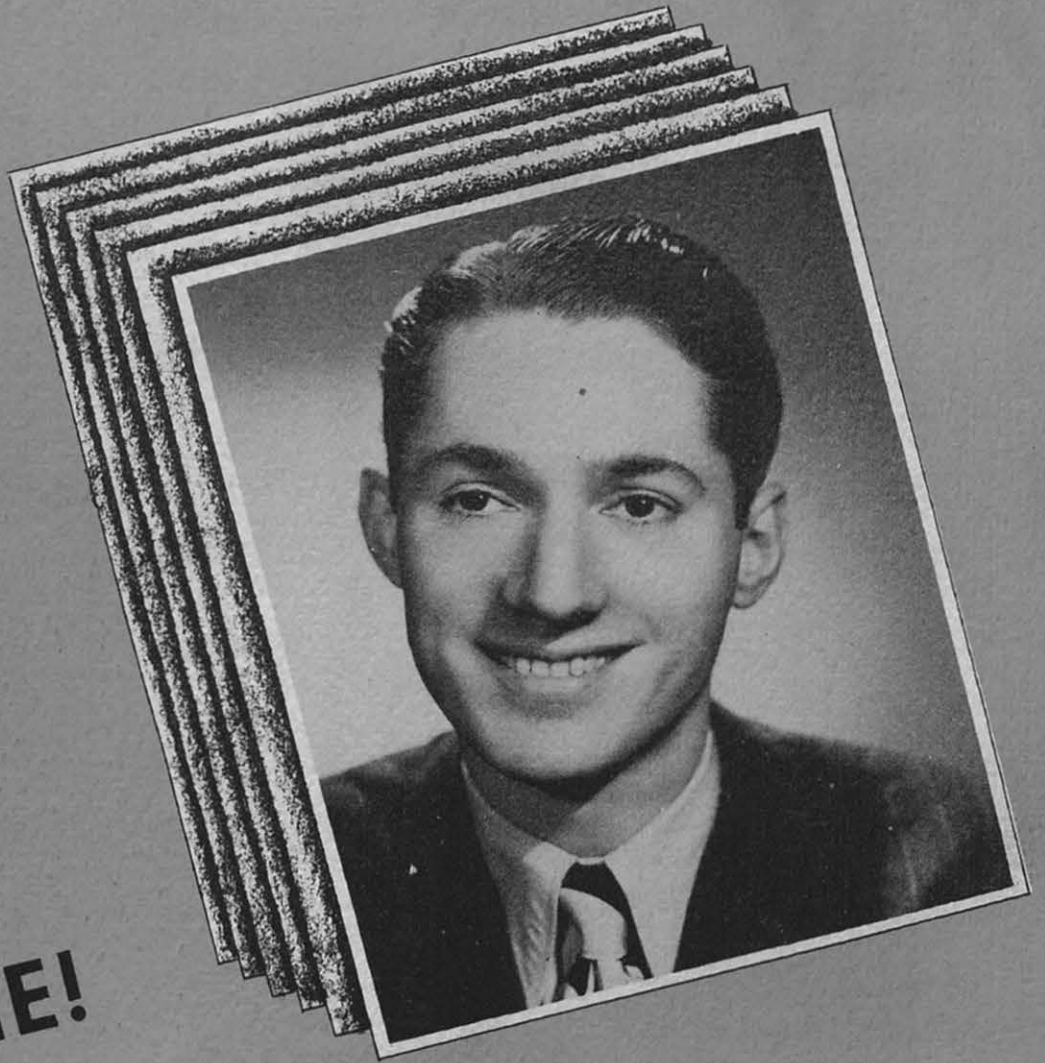
Arriving from England in 1935 he loves the USA. Feather lives in a smart Greenwich Village apartment with his charming wife, Jane Harvey, and his No. 2 treasured possession, the world's largest collection of jazz records, almost 7,000. Jazz is Leonard Feather's adopted child, or maybe it's the other way around. Amongst his personal friends, he numbers just about everyone in every end of the game. And that goes the other way around, too!



What a grand job ROSETTA LE NOIRE does in "ANNA LUCASTA." The show is still playing to capacity audiences at the MANSFIELD THEATRE.

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★ MUSICIAN

Leader of his own all-star band on Commodore and Continental Records; pianist and arranger on records with Helen Humes, Linda Keene, Barney Bigard, Georgie Auld, on Savoy and Black & White Records.

★ PRODUCER

Staged ESQUIRE's All American Jazz celebrations in 1944 at the Metropolitan Opera House, N.Y.C., and in 1945 at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles; produced other concerts and jam sessions, at Carnegie Hall, Cafe Society, etc.

★ CRITIC

As Jazz Editor of ESQUIRE, he has written a series of monthly articles of which 750,000 copies are circulated monthly. His music department in MODERN SCREEN is read by at least 1,500,000 monthly. Also contributes feature articles and reviews for METRONOME, America's foremost music magazine, and for the N. Y. Sunday TIMES.

★ LECTURER

Took part in two series of lectures, in collaboration with Dr. Robert Goffin, on "Jazz — The Music of America", at the New School for Social Research in New York. Has also lectured at New York Public Libraries, Cosmopolitan Club, and Rhythm Clubs in three countries.

★ RADIO STAR

Director and emcee of the longest-running swing show on the air, WMCA's "Platterbrains", now in its fifth year. Also guest starred on "Lower Basin Street" and other network programs.

★ COMPOSER

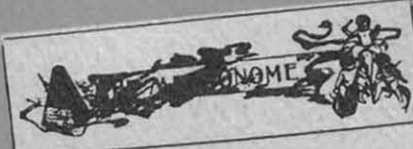
Has written music and lyrics for more than a hundred tunes recorded by all the top swing stars. Salty Papa Blues, Evil Gal Blues recorded by Lionel Hampton and Dinah Washington (Keynote). Unlucky Woman recorded by Pete Brown (Decca), Linda Keene (Black & White), Andy Kirk (Decca), and sung on the screen by Lena Horne. Dinah's Blues recorded by Dinah Shore (Victor).

This unique personality, regarded as the world's foremost authority on swing music, is *now available for lectures, jam sessions and recitals*, illustrating his comments either with phonograph records, at the piano or with a picked group of star musicians in person.

Leonard Feather can tell your audiences, in a light, personable manner, the whole fascinating story of America's great modern musical form and the men who make it. He has the world's largest collection of records from which to select his musical illustrations.



Nationally Known Through His Articles, Songs and Records



Leonard Feather Says

I'm going to let you breathe people in on a secret. I was the critic whom George Gershwin attacked last month in "Sonoma"

It's not because they don't sing like Billie Holiday that I'm bored by so many of the singers I hear. It's not because they don't sing like Billie Holiday that I'm bored by so many of the singers I hear. It's not because they don't sing like Billie Holiday that I'm bored by so many of the singers I hear. . . .

modern screen

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

CALIFORNIA DIARY

WEDNESDAY—So this won't be a long-time journey after all. As soon as I got on the train in Chicago today I bumped into Georgia Gibbs, the CBS thrasher, on her way back West to resume her ailing after an illness in New York.

Georgia and I found an enthusiasm to share in Fessell Bailey, a great young singer formerly with Coote Williams' band. Georgia caught her at the Blue Angel night club in New York.

It isn't very often that a magazine can trace back, light a candle, put its feet on the desk and matter. "Well, now we've got everything." As we say, it's not often, but it is done—and MODERN SCREEN is doing it right now! Because now we've got Leonard Feather, who's not only a musician's musician, and a critic's authority, but also a fellow who's just as enthused and just as tickled with really good jazz as you. So your job probably be a few issues before you get to know him personally, we'd like to give you now a little official data on his own Gentleman of Jazz, Leonard Feather.

He's now's editor of METRONOME and jazz editor for ESQUIRE as well as chairman of Esq.'s annual All-American Concert, one of which he just ran off in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, that's the theme of this first column. . . .

BLACK & WHITE
Blues Before Dawn
(Leonard Feather)
Barney Bigard
and his Orchestra

COMMODORE
Classics in Swing
Esquire Bounce
Leonard Feather's
All Stars

SAVOY
I Would If I Could
(Leonard Feather)
Helen Humes with
Leonard Feather's
Hipter

AVAILABLE FOR LECTURES JAM SESSIONS RECITALS

The New York Times

'THE DUKE' AND HIS PLACE IN JAZZ HISTORY

BY LEONARD G. FEATHER

Next Tuesday evening Duke Ellington will give what is the longest of Franks Sinatra as by Duke Ellington. . . .

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Jazz Is Where You Find It

A survey of ten years in swing music, with answers to some of the questions often asked by the "square" bystander

by **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

ARTICLE

When did swing begin?

Swing was not born when Benny Goodman decided, just ten years ago, to form a band. Benny's role was that of a transmission belt between the musicians and cognoments on one side, the general public on the other. The music he helped to popularize had its roots in the

open for one or more of the band's star soloists to play ad lib. Benny Goodman's first band in 1934-5, propelled by the arrangements of such men as Fletcher Henderson, Deane Kincaid and Spud Murphy and by the inspired solos of Goodman

great use of a string section. Later he reverted to the conventional read-and-brass formula, scored a hit with his *Begin the Beguine*, and undertook an ambitious experiment in the

only five per cent or even ninety per cent of their time to straight melody, conventional crooning vocal groups, comedy routine novelty numbers; or, at the extreme, to drum solos, r high-note trumpets and solo-jazz effects. The fact is, then, is divided into two: first, the bands that use a reasonably large proportion of jazz; second, those excellent jazz from time to time in some cases you find of waiting. . . .

MIGHTY LIKE THE BLUES

Words and Music by **Leonard Feather**

SCRAM!

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

VOICE *Not too fast*

Mound Bayou

Music by **LEONARD FEATHER**

Lyric by **ANDY RAZAF**

The Heart You Stole From Me

Words and Music by **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

BLUES ON MY WEARY MIND
Key of Eb (C. Eb)

Blues Tempo

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

Esquire Jump
edited by **PERRY BURGETT**

by **LEONARD FEATHER**

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DESIGN FOR JIVIN'

Arranged by **BILLY MOORE**
Composed by **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

Guitar

Swingy

Red Norvo: Hot Prototype

THE room radiated that two p.m. gloom that you can always find in a musician's hotel room. On the floor was a big pile of newspapers; on the table, black coffee in a glass, and Howard Fast's *Freedom Road*. The mantelpiece was decorated with a Teddy Wilson album, two Eskey statuettes, scattered music and records. Before the mantelpiece, intent on his music, stood a placid, gentle-looking man with a thin receding crown of tangerine hair. Red Norvo was practicing Weber's *Perpetuum Mobile*.

Red Norvo is not a famous man; perhaps the average Esquire reader knows his name only vaguely. Yet in many ways he is the composite, ideal musician's musician, the prototype of the modern hot jazz artist. Several months ago Red joined Benny Goodman, thus putting an end to a nine-year career of band-leading. Playing with great jazzmen like Goodman and Teddy Wilson meant more to Red than being his own boss.

Norvo is a man of great musical integrity; the kind of musician you should meet and talk to if you want to know what jazz is, from the inside looking out.

Reminiscing between practice sessions in the hotel room, Norvo recalled the days when he was on the outside looking in. "There wasn't much music in town—Beardstown, Illinois, that's where I was born and raised—but the moonlight excursion boats used to leave at 8 p.m. for Havana, Illinois, and they used to have small jazz bands. I started to listen to them in 1919, when I was eleven. I heard men like Frankie Trumbauer, and some of the best colored musicians too.

"Father was a railroad man. He had a pal at the station who liked to play blues on the piano, and that got me interested. Later this man opened a music store and I used to hang around, playing all the first Fletcher Henderson records."

Red played piano and then xylophone; he went to Chicago, worked with Paul Ash, spent several years working as a single act in music halls and as a radio musician with house bands. In one of these radio bands, led by Ferde Grofe, the pianist was David Rose and the featured singer Mildred Bailey. About a year after he met her, Red married Mildred. Their careers went separate ways until 1936, when they had a great band together. Although separated for several years now, and alternately friendly and on the point of divorce, Norvo and his wife still have unlimited musical respect for each other.

It was before he left Chicago that Red first met Benny Goodman, who was then a kid of sixteen playing his first big-time job, with Benny Pollack's band. They didn't meet again until some years later in New York when, living almost next door to Benny in

Jackson Heights, Red asked him over frequently to listen to records and perhaps indulge in a little light jamming. One evening Red told Benny he had a record session at the old Brunswick studios. "I need a bass clarinet in the accompaniment. Have you ever played bass clarinet?" Benny said yes, and after his radio program with Don Voorhees that evening he borrowed a bass clarinet, came over to the studio and made the midnight record date at which Red played Bix's *In a Mist* as a marimba solo.

In 1935 Red and Mildred were entertaining Goodman and Teddy Wilson at home one evening when the clarinetist and pianist started ad libbing with the aid of a drummer. This marked the informal birth of the Benny Goodman Trio.

From 1935 to 1944 Red Norvo had every kind of band except a bad one. He had a quintet, a sextet, a septet, a big band, a not-so-big band; a band that was set to go overseas, but broke up after ten weeks in a rehearsal room. Sometimes the bands would dissolve for financial reasons. Norvo's was a soft, subtle brand of swing music, a little too subtle for the jazz tastes of youngsters who would come up to the bandstand at the end of a magnificent set, and ask, "When are you gonna start swinging?" Norvo then set about getting some flag-waving arrangements for the jittersbugs, but it just didn't fit.

Sometimes, though, Norvo would break up a band just because the jobs offered him would not give him enough musical freedom, or even because he had saved a little money and preferred to hang around New York, listening to music and talking to friends, rather than earn a living the hard way by going on the road.

Two years ago Red switched from the xylophone to the vibraphone, which looks the same to a casual observer, but differs in that the notes are of metal instead of wood, and are placed over miniature fans, electrically driven to act as resonators. In other words, with the "vibes" you can sustain a note, and give it a vibrato, which lends the instrument a more flexible and fuller sound than the loose-faucet-dripping tone of the xylophone.

Nowadays, a good set of vibes is hard to find. On this particular afternoon Red had just received word that a set he had bought secondhand for 1500 dollars was on its way from Chicago. "You know," reflected Red, "I'm getting so I like the vibes." Glancing with amusement at a magazine article which declared that "electrified instruments are considered out of the question" by jazzmen, he recalled that the very musician to whom this theory was imputed had begged Norvo to appear on one of his radio jazz concerts. Red had refused because he didn't want to get mixed up with a bunch of old-time musicians.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RADIO—Duke Ellington has been honored by a network in an unaccustomed but by no means undeserved manner. Not long ago the Blue Network announced that it would pick up the band from wherever it happened to be each Saturday and give it a solid hour on the air from five to six p.m. EWT. If the policy continues through the summer, you will get to know more of this amazing band than records can ever tell you. Though overloaded with vocalists, the Duke still spends much of his time purveying good music. Those who remember the band from its old Cotton Club days must adjust themselves to the prominence given several soloists added in recent years: Al Sears, a great tenor sax man; William "Cat" Anderson, a fine trumpeter with an astonishing range, almost two octaves above high C, which he is inclined to abuse; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, and Taft Jordan, trumpet.

Mid-July brings back on the air the most exciting white group playing hot music today, Woody Herman's Orchestra, in sessions emanating from the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

ON RECORDS—Swingdom's Number One gal, pianist Mary Lou Williams, surrounds herself with sundry combinations in an Asch album of 12-inchers which includes her two-part arrangement of *Stardust*. Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins and other distinguished

gentry adorn the album, notable mainly for the quality and quantity of orchestration Mary Lou manages to produce with such small bands. Also on Asch is an album by "the biggest little band in America," John Kirby's, which is here a little less little, having added Bud Johnson on tenor sax. Another Johnson, George, whose sax is an alto, also helps to make this a good volume of jazz *intime*. Pianist Johnny Guarneri's trio, with singing bassist Slam, has a good album on Savoy.

Best single records are, as usual, on the less accessible labels; things like Teddy Wilson's wonderful *Just for You Blues* and Herman Chitison's *How High the Moon* (Musicraft); Dizzy Gillespie's *Groovin' High* (Guild); Don Byas' *You Call It Madness* (Jamboree); Red Norvo's *Subtle Sceptology* (Keynote), and of my own recordings Barney Bigard's *Blues before Dawn*, with Georgie Auld; the Nat Jaffe Trio in *If I Had You*, and Bigard's Sextet featuring Art Tatum in *Blues for Art's Sake*, all on Black & White; Georgie Auld and Coleman Hawkins playing *Porgy*, Sonny Greer and some Ellington men in *Sleepy Baboon*, both Apollo.

One major label, Decca, has some good jazz to offer—Louis Jordan's *Somebody Done Changed the Lock*, Lionel Hampton's *Loose Wig*, Charlie Barnet's *Skyliner*. And if the above-interviewed Mr. Norvo intrigues you, there are some great Goodman Sextets due on Columbia.

—L. G. F.

Red's views on Dixieland and New Orleans jazz correspond with those of the vast majority of present-day jazz artists. "You wouldn't want to read kids' books all your life, would you?" he argues. "You wouldn't want to stay in the eighth grade forever. Well, it's the same in music. There are a lot of fine new things happening in jazz, a lot of great new musical ideas. Dixieland is a thing of the past; anybody can play that kind of stuff if they want to. Why, the other evening, on our very last show before we closed the Paramount, Benny Goodman started kidding around and played clarinet exactly in the style of — — —" (he named a prominent Dixieland clarinetist) "and the fellows in the band were shouting out at him, 'Go home and practice! I believe that good jazz will survive, no matter how many writers keep trying to plug the old stuff. The only pity of it is that those people are the ones you can't argue with on musical grounds, because they don't know a thing about music and wouldn't understand you!"

"For instance, last summer in Chicago I was arguing with one of these critics who objected to our playing 'arrangements.' Well, I found out how much he knew about it. 'You heard that last number we played?' I said. 'Well, there were ten choruses, and everything in it was improvised except the first and last chorus. Even the backgrounds to the solos—we were faking them. I wonder whether you even know what's arranged and what's improvised!'"

It's tough when your music is

in advance of the public and of the critics too, mused Red. It took even Duke Ellington a long time before people understood what he was trying to achieve.

Red went over to the phonograph and put on one of the V-discs he had made with the band that didn't go overseas. He cocked his head and grinned as a phrase came up that pleased him; he tapped his foot and turned to smile as one of the soloists twisted some phrase to a surprise development or conclusion. It isn't conceit that makes Red enjoy listening to his own music; it's an honest, healthy pride, an awareness of the intricacies of this thing called swing, an intense aesthetic satisfaction in hearing something come out just the way it was intended. But Red has been listening to all kinds of music, as well as creating it, ever since that day in Beardstown a quarter of a century ago when his father's buddy played the blues on the piano.

"Last year," said Red, "I happened to be passing through my home town and I walked in on my sister, Portia Norville. She teaches school in Beardstown. I hadn't been in touch with the family in three or four years. Well, I walked in and there was Portia sitting in the living room, playing Bach on the Hammond organ! She'd had one installed just to play as a hobby. We sat around talking and pretty soon it seemed like old times.

"You know," said Red, glancing around the hotel room, "that was a kick. I hope I'll get back there again sometime."

—LEONARD G. FEATHER

6/2/45

ESQUIRE

HAMPTON AT CARNEGIE HALL

Latest New York News from
LEONARD FEATHER

LIONEL HAMPTON'S Carnegie Hall debut last week presented his orchestra in an evening of music that ranged from the wild, extra-long version of "Flying Home" to a sedate, sophisticated series of specialities for a 32-piece string section.

Arrangements for the latter were written by Lionel's pianist, **Mill Buckner**, who did "Fiesta de Amor"; by **Herb Quigley**, a radio arranger, who wrote an original called "Four Minutes with Three Notes," and by **Earl Bostic**.

Eddie South sat in with the first violins, the rest of the section consisting of white radio musicians. Also guest starred at the concert was **Dizzy Gillespie**, the fantastic trumpet man whose new harmonic ideas have made him the most talked-of hot jazz musician in swing circles and the favourite of hundreds of fellow-soloists.

Lionel is not by any means the only jazz orchestra leader to be experimenting with strings. Eleven fiddlers from **Kostelanetz's** orchestra sat in for two sides with **Count Basie** on a Columbia record ("This Heart of Mine," "That Old Feeling") with arrangements written by **Hugo Winterhalter**.

The Hampton band (without strings) is now playing at the Zanzibar, its first New York location job in more than a year. **Herbie Fields**, the white alto-tenor-soprano-and-clarinet man, is still getting a lot of solo work, as is the great **Arnette Cobbs** on tenor.

ELLINGTONIA

Duke Ellington is playing a four-week engagement at the 400 Restaurant. There is no other entertainment and no relief band, which means that for the first time New Yorkers can hear the Duke without interruptions and without bring-downs.

There is so much excitement that it is hard to know how to allot the credits, but certainly **Al Sears'** tenor and the trumpet work by **Gat Anderson**, **Taft Jordan** and **Ray Nance** deserve their share of praise, as do such perennials as **Lawrence Brown**, **Tricky Sam, Rex, Hodges** and **Greer**. Musicians who have dropped in to hear the band are of the unanimous opinion that it sounds better than ever; but personally, I want to make one qualification.

Duke still needs a great singer. He has four now, and none of them is worthy of the band, with the possible exception of the greatly improved **Joya Sherrill**, whom you'll be hearing on records.

Stuff Smith is back with his trio at the Onyx, alternating with **Ben Webster**, who has a fine little mixed group featuring a terrific newcomer named **Bill de Arango** on guitar. **Dizzy Gillespie** and his alto-playing counterpart, **Charlie Parker**, opened at the Three Deuces, with another unknown but brilliant youngster, **Al Haig**, on piano.

The other group here features **Don Byas**, with the most original pianist in years, **Erroll Garner**, plus bass and

drums. **Slam Stewart** gave up his job here because it was too hard to keep doubling with the Benny Goodman Sextette, which is still at the Paramount, causing more talk and more kicks than Benny's big band in the same show.

Louis Armstrong has been going through another reorganisation with his band, and at the last rehearsal I caught, **Teddy McRae**, the leader, was out, and **Joe Garland** was back, trying to organise a group composed mostly of new men.

Louis is back at work this week after several weeks' rest, playing the Apollo.

ARMSTRONG'S FAVOURITE

Incidentally, in an interview recently Louis was asked to name his favourite trumpet men. He immediately named **Roy Eldridge**, then selected **Scad Hemphill** as his favourite all-round man, and after that he wouldn't talk.

But he did say most emphatically that he believes the younger musicians are far ahead of the old-timers, and that if all he had to do himself were to play like some of the veterans who are being boosted for a revival by reactionary jazz fans, he could "do that with one finger!"

In other words, Louis wants it known that he believes in the modern jazz and doesn't want to live in the past.

Shorty Sherock, the Heidt trumpet man who has branched out on his own, is doing well with a promising band that includes veteran trombonist **Floyd O'Brien**.

Glen Gray and his Casa Loma crew have returned to town at the Pennsylvania. The band has modernised itself somewhat, with the help of a better rhythm section—**Jackie Mills** on drums—and some arrangements by men like **Ray Conniff**.

Bobby Hackett, who has been with the band for six months and on the wagon all that time, is playing better than ever and declares himself very happy. His lip is in good shape, and he gets some nice solo spots in the arrangements.

More interesting orchestrally is the **Boyd Raeburn** outfit at the New Yorker. Boyd is in the vanguard of 1945 jazz, playing some fine arrangements by **George (Fox) Williams**, and featuring such superlative young soloists as **Frankie Socolow** on tenor and **Johnny Bothwell**, the "white Hodges," on alto. This band has recorded for Guild and has also made a couple of sessions under Bothwell's name for Signature.

LESTER YOUNG IN TROUBLE

A new organisation has been started in New York which may turn out to be an important force in the promotion of good jazz. It is known as the New Jazz Foundation.

The young jazz fans who run it, **Monte Kay** and **Mal Braveman**, are well liked by musicians; they are starting their activities with a big concert at Town Hall which will feature, among others, the **Stuff Smith Trio**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Teddy Wilson** and possibly **Georgie Auld**, whose band is currently on another theatre tour with **Lena Horne**.

Lena, by the way, no longer has **Horace Henderson** as accompanist. His place has been taken by **Cyril Haynes**.

Reports from Alabama state that **Lester Young**, who had been stationed at an army camp there, was found with some marijuana on him, was court-martialed and sentenced to a dishonourable discharge and a year in jail. According to latest reports, he is serving his sentence at Leavenworth Jail.

GENTLE REMINDER TO JAZZ ATAVISTS

As an ardent jazz fan I feel compelled to write at least a little thanks for your very literate although fractional coverage of the jazz scene—

Also I wish to protest against the "Moldy Fig" genre of music lovers.

There seems to be some perverse streak in critics such as Avakian or "Moldy Fig" which prevents them from liking anything but the very oldest available; for years they revered King Oliver—the oldest available, and then when a Buddy Bolden contemporary arrives Oliver is forgotten in favor of something older—Bunk Johnson with whom they can have only a very slight acquaintance at best, due to his long obscurity and the scarcity of the perfectly foul recordings he made.



As a further objection to a critical viewpoint such as Avakian's it seems to me that critics have no right to condemn an art form (i.e. swing as they interpret it—modern big bands) simply because they don't like it or some such equally arbitrary standard. The critical position is to adjudge which is the good and bad, not which kind is best, especially as only time will tell which is trivial and which is

not. And certainly it seems unwise when what they so derisively cast aside is the perfectly legitimate outgrowth of the early jazz.

Perhaps some of their objections to modern jazz are based on the premise that skill and technique abolish inspiration, as in the polished graceful and mournfully boring paintings of Fragonard. It might do them good to recall the vigor that lies under the technique and polish of a Grant Wood or Georgia O'Keeffe painting.

It often seems to me that critics could be a little broad-minded and concentrate more on getting good jazz, swing or what you will, a wider audience and leave the academic-squabbles until later.

SAM PLATT

USNTC, Farragut, Idaho

FOR A UNITED FRONT AGAINST THE SQUARE

I get a big kick out of the pro and con arguments about your jazz critic, Mr. Leonard Feather.

A. H. E. from Cornell is all hot and bothered because Mr. Feather might pollute the minds of your readers towards The Hawk and Roy Eldridge rather than Bud Freeman or Muggsy Spanier, A. H. E.'s ideals.

And Lt. J. R. Walsh, Jr., in the course of thanking Esquire for Mr. Feather's department, expresses his like for Tatum et al. but his distinct dislike for James' trumpet. (I might ask, Lt., have you as yet, dug The Horn's platter of *Sleepy Time Gal*, one of the best hunks of jazz to be waxed in recent years?)



I'm not pro-Feather or con-Feather, as I have been able to find great enjoyment in some works of all the aforementioned musicians; and I am quite sure that criticism by Mr. Feather will not alter my likes or dislikes. True, I have my favorites as have Mr. Feather, A. H. E. and J. R. Walsh, Jr., but it is my contention that anyone not able to get some enjoyment out of most all of our great musicians of today, is more of a square than any longhair who does not dig our common love, Jazz, at all.

Here's for more about jazz and a bigger and better Rhythm Section.

Pfc O. C. SCHLUETER

Det. of Patients
U. S. Army Hospital
Overseas

Chicago, June 1, 1945

BARNEY BIGARD SEXTET

Sweet Marijuana Brown
Blues For Art's Sake

Black & White 13

Blues, a Bigard-Tatum idea, exhibits excellent and sincere Tatum 88ing. Barney is on clarinet, Joe Thomas on tenor and, strangely enough, Joe Thomas on trumpet. Rhythm has Tatum, Stan Levey, drums, and Billy Taylor, bass. Solos are all excellent. Ensemble intro and ending is weird with the tempo a slow drag. *Marijuana* is an original by Leonard Feather. Vocal to the clever lyrics is by tenorman Thomas. Tatum's piano is again great, no one else plays anything. It's all Thomas vocal and Tatum piano. Two better than average sides—definitely!

FROM: WMCA PRESS DEPARTMENT
1657 BROADWAY, N Y C 19
Circle 6 - 2200

WMCA PROGRAM NOTES

Leonard Feather's "Platterbrains" record show celebrates its 4th Anniversary on WMCA, Saturday, June 30th, 7:03 to 7:30 PM, with a special guest appearance of Dizzy Gillespie, the "21st Century Gabriel" who has been featured in two or three recent Town Hall concerts in the modern jazz idiom. Feather and his guest will talk up some of the interesting trends in popular music and hazard a prediction on what the jazz styles will be two, three years hence. "Platterbrains" is heard weekly on WMCA at the same hour.

Feather Fettered

Leonard Feather, Ass't Ed. of METRONOME, Esquire and Modern Screen columnist, was married, late last month to singer Jane Leslie. Red Norvo and Bobbie Duane were Leonard's witnesses at the civil ceremony and Barry Ulanov was his best man at the religious ceremony which followed a few days later.

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**JANE B. LARRABEE
WEDS NEW YORKER**

Mrs. J. E. Larrabee, Hollywood, Calif., formerly of 2838 James avenue S., announces the recent marriage of her daughter, Jane Berenice Larrabee, to Leonard G. Feather, 1 Sheridan Square, New York city.

NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS

**Dan Burley On
WMCA Program
Saturday Nite**

Dan Burley, sports and theatrical editor of the N. Y. Amsterdam News, will be guest star on Leonard Feather's "Platter Previews" broadcast over WMCA on Saturday evening, July 28th, from 7:03 to 7:30 p. m., presented by Crawford Clothes.

Burley, who has just returned from a USO tour in charge of a sports unit which toured the CBI theatre, will describe some of his experiences and will talk about some of the musicians he met in India.

Both Burley and Feather, in addition to being writers and music experts, are jazz pianists themselves, and the broadcast will in-

clude a preview of some of the piano duets which they have recorded for Continental Records under the title "A Suite In Four Comfortable Quarters (Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath."

"JAZZ AND SWING?—NO DIFFERENCE!"

—SAYS ARMSTRONG

Latest News from New York

by LEONARD FEATHER

LOUIS ARMSTRONG PUT A DECISIVE END TO AN UNNECESSARY CONTROVERSY RECENTLY WHEN HE STATED FLATLY THAT AS FAR AS HE IS CONCERNED THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JAZZ AND SWING, AND THAT IT IS RIDICULOUS TO CLAIM THAT LOUIS PLAYS ONE AND NOT THE OTHER.

Contradicting an extraordinary article in a New York paper by a critic who tried to conjure up technical differences between jazz and swing, Louis wrote, in a characteristic Armstrong-typewritten letter:—

"I differ with him. . . . To me, as far as I could see it all my life, Jazz and Swing is the same thing. . . . In the good old days of Buddy Bolden it was called Rag Time Music. . . . Later on in the years it was called Jazz Music—Hot Music—Gut Bucket—and now they've poured a little gravy over it, called it Swing Music. . . . No matter how you slice it, it's still the same music.

In the same letter Louis gave the lie to a number of fantastic stories that have been built up around one "Bunk" Johnson, who was alleged to have been his musical mentor and teacher.

"If there is anybody who should get any credit," says Louis, "please give it to King Oliver. . . . It seems that somebody's trying to make a mess out of the issue as to who taught me and who did this and that. What does it matter, anyway, as long as they don't get the right person to give the credit to? Oh, well, it all doesn't make sense. . . . If anybody wants to know—A solo can be swung on any tune and you can call it Jazz or Swing."

Louis thus falls in line with Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Red Norvo, Cootie Williams, and virtually all the other top jazz musicians who have stated flatly that all this talk about jazz being different from swing is sheer nonsense.

DUKE'S TWO BASSES

Mention of Ellington reminds me that the Duke has gone back to his old method of using two bass players, as he did in the late 1930 with Hayes Alvis and Billy Taylor. Supplementing Junior Raglin in the band now is Al Lucas, formerly with Eddie Heywood.

Heywood and his present bass player, John Simmons, were arrested in Hollywood the other day for alleged marijuana smoking. They were released on bail and scheduled for trial in July. Heywood's band has been scoring a big success at Billy Berg's Club in the film city.

Charlie Barnet's projected overseas tour has been called off again, and Gene Krupa's plan to play for the troops abroad is also not too sure to materialize. Anita O'Day is expected to be back with the band when it follows Harry James at the Astor shortly. Her place with Stan Kenton's fine band was taken by June Christy, who sings in a style remarkably close to Anita's.

Benny Winestone, now a familiar figure around every New York bandstand, and a friend of hundreds of New York jazzmen, has been in rehearsal with Jess Stacy's new orchestra, with which Mrs. Stacey (Lee Wiley) will probably be featured. This is Benny's first U.S. job since his arrival here from Canada. He still has a broad Glasgow accent.

Teddy Wilson left Benny Goodman's Band when it departed from New York. Teddy dislikes travel and is studying and free-lancing in town, also recording for Musicraft. Charlie Queener, pianist with the Goodman band, now doubles with the sextet. Dottie Reid took Kay Penton's place as "B. G.'s" singer. Slam Stewart is still with the sextet, despite rumours that he would leave and that harpist Adele Girard would join.

Once again New York is agog with news of innumerable new record companies. Ben Pollack has started his own label and will record Kay Starr, former Barnet vocalist.

Irving Mills is going back in the record game. Cosmopolitan is the biggest of the new ventures, having signed up such names as Oscar Strauss, Jerry Wayne, Gertrude Niesen, Coleman Hawkins, and Joan

Edwards, and promised to turn out literally millions of discs a year.

Melodisc, Juke Box, Modern Music, Comet, Atlas, Guild, Continental, Black and White, and scores of others are active with hot jazz sessions. There hardly seems to be a company left (out of the 200 now functioning) that hasn't made at least one date with Coleman Hawkins, Slam, Don Byas, Johnny Guarneri, or Cozy Cole.

Men like these pop up either as leaders or as sidemen on half the jazz records turned out nowadays. And less than two years ago there was literally no jazz recording going on in the entire United States!

Buddy Rich has at last gone ahead with his long-threatened plan to leave Tommy Dorsey and form his own band. Tommy has not found a permanent replacement yet, but his other current featured artists make a strong list, including the great new pianist, Tommy Todd; tenor man Vido Musso; clarinetist Gus Bivona; and the inimitable Charlie Shavers on trumpet.

KIRBY BREAKS UP

John Kirby has broken up his band completely, even Buster Bailey having at last left him. Kirby is now rehearsing a new group for Cafe Society Downtown. It will include young Benny Harris, a Dizzy Gillespie-style trumpet; Rudy Williams, alto; and the talented ex-Cootie Williams pianist, Earl (Buddy) Powell.

Phil Moore, pianist-vocalist-composer-arranger whose sextet has been a hit at both Cafes Society, starts on his first theatre dates soon. Gene Sedric, tenor and clarinet, is leaving him and will not be replaced. Chuck Wayne, the sensational young guitarist who made a number of records with Bigard and Marsala, is now Phil's only white sideman.

Moore's joint record with Lena Horne, "I Want a Little Doggie," is a big thing commercially; unfortunately, some of the excellent jazz numbers he has been featuring at the club are not yet on wax.

Caught Earl Hines during his week at the Harlem Apollo, and was impressed by Earl's new rhythm quartet, which did a number on its own, featuring Clifton Small, piano (doubling from the trombone section); Rene Hall (guitar); Cene Thomas (bass); and a very good vibraphonist named Bill Thompson.

Girl musicians are very much in the news. Charlie Barnet has been featuring a femme trumpet player, Jack Teagarden has vocalist Mildred Shirley doubling on bass, and Lionel Hampton found a young white girl named Dardanelle from Mississippi who plays vibes, piano and arranges. She has done several scores for Hamp and sat in on piano at his last record date for Decca.

Louis Jordan recently fired his entire band claiming they were unco-operative. He now has Aaron Izenhaft, ex-Ernie Fields, on trumpet; Josh Jackson (tenor); Carl Hogan (bass); Bill Davis (piano and arranger); and Eddie Byrd, who was with him once before, back again on drums. Jordan's record with Bing Crosby came out recently, and his fame is hitting new heights.

Buddy Johnson and his enlarged and improved band, featuring sister Ella Johnson on blues vocals, has a new hit with "That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch," which he recorded on Decca. This is the Buddy Johnson who plays piano; the other one, known as Budd Johnson, plays tenor and has just opened at the Three Deuces with a small band, replacing Dizzy Gillespie, who's gone on the road with his new full-size unit.

THE "M.M." is sorry to report that London tenor sax stylist Aubrey Franks has been indisposed. After a spell in hospital he is now slowly convalescing, and hopes to return to the normal round of activities soon.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1945

Americans Of Good Will

By EVALYN COPPOC

LEONARD FEATHER: Fosters Democracy Through Music

To say merely that Leonard Feather stands first on the Nation's list of jazz authorities would do an injustice to the versatile idol and friend of America's best musicians. The youthful English critic, author, pianist, composer, concert and radio producer has waged a one-man fight in breaking down the line of demarcation that was at one time drawn so plainly among jazz musicians in this country.

Having successfully participated in every angle of music and the musician, he has placed many talented Negro artists in the eyes of the public. His articles which appears in numerous publications are only one of the weapons he has used in making democracy work through music. He has written for such well-known publications as England's Melody Maker, Metronome, Esquire, Look, and Modern Screen, to mention only a few. He is known throughout the country for the establishment of Esquire's jazz department, and the conducting of the magazine's annual jazz poll, which has publicized the art of Negro as well as white musicians.



Leonard Feather

LOUIS ARMSTRONG WAS EARLY INFLUENCE

Mr. Feather's introduction to jazz came about in 1929, while he was still in high school back in his native London, when he purchased a recording of Louis Armstrong's classic, "West End Blues." He was so impressed by the style and strange improvisations of the music that he continued to seek out other records of the same type. He thereby developed a taste for authentic jazz. His introduction to Armstrong upon the bandleader's first visit to London in 1932 marked the critic's first contact with a pioneer of jazz and a Negro. He later met Benny Carter, but was totally unaware that these musicians were marked because of color; and this fact remained a secret to him until he came to this country in 1935.

HAS PROMOTED MANY JAZZ CONCERTS

Being a connoisseur on the expression of moods, Mr. Feather has written and composed many excellent tunes, has given America exceptional all-jazz concerts, and at present he is emcee and producer of the unique radio swing program, "Platterbrains," which is aired over WMCA each Saturday at 7 P. M. During this program he plays and reviews the latest swing recordings. While he has recorded with many noted musicians and directed the cuttings of numerous others, more recently he has combined the talents of a small group of these artists for recordings, all of which has resulted in favorable comments from music lovers.

SLATED FOR NATION-WIDE LECTURE TOUR

Mr. Feather has given several lectures at public libraries in Harlem, and in the fall of this year plans to go on a lecture tour for the William Morris Agency. On this tour he will visit high schools and colleges throughout the country, in a further attempt to cement relations between races.

He is still very awe-stricken by the many discriminatory practices aimed at minority groups, and thinks that this country could do much better with less Eastlands and Bilbos. Urbane in every sense of the word, he shares his musical interests with his charming wife, Jane Leslie. Together they guard his treasured possession—the world's largest collection of jazz records, almost 7,000, including English and American recordings. Besides music, his interests are his friends, who are innumerable.

Burley, Feather At Piano In New Tune For Record

**Bedroom Blues, Living
 Room Romp Produced
 By Continental**

Continental Records announce that the first of two records on which Don Burley and Leonard Feather recorded their "Suite In Four Comfortable Quarters" is now available. The record features Burley and Feather at the piano playing their own "Bedroom Blues" and "Living Room Romp."

This marks the first record appearance of the unique piano team, both of whose members are better known as journalists and critics. Feather is jazz critic for Esquire Magazine and writer for Metronome and Modern Screen magazines and Burley is managing editor of the Amsterdam News and author of the famous Handbook of Harlem Jive and recently returned from a USO Camp Shows entertainment unit in the CBI Theatre of War.

Burley, born in Kentucky and raised in Chicago, had what he calls a "thorough baptism in the blues," having been to grammar school with such pioneer boogie-woogie exponents as Albert Ammons, Herschel (Suitcase) Thomas, originator of "The Fives," and Cleo Brown. Burley was also an intimate of Meade Lux Lewis, roomed next to Tampa Red, and took turns with Pinetop Smith playing for drinks at Chicago house rent parties during the era when Pinetop was sleeping on the lake front. Cripple Clarence Lofton was another artist who inspired Burley during the five years when he made his living at house parties, playing for "all we could eat and drink, plus all we could get out of the kitty."

Feather was a more recent convert to the blues, having been born and raised in England, but has written more than a hundred tunes, many of them in the blues idiom. He played piano at Carnegie Hall and Town Hall for Dinah Washington, accompanying her in his own "Evil Gal Blues" and "Salty Papa Blues." Lionel Hampton, who has described Feather as the country's foremost blues writer, recently recorded his "Blow Top Blues" for release shortly on Decca, and has featured several of Dan Burley's outstanding compositions, such as "Pig Foot Sonata," "Munson Street Breakdown," and "I'm On My Way From You," all recorded by Hamp on Victor.

On the Continental Records Burley and Feather are accompanied by Tiny Grimes, outstanding jazz guitarist formerly with the Art Tatum Trio and lately leader of his own unit at several 52nd Street spots; Morey Feld, noted swing drummer currently with the Benny Goodman orchestra; and Jack Lesberg, a talented young bass player.

The first two sides, "Bedroom Blues" and "Living Room Romp," are on Continental Record 6006. The other two sides, "Kitchen Connoption" and "Bathroom Boogie," will be released shortly.

Boogie Woogie On WMCA



DAN BURLEY of the Amsterdam News, and Leonard Feather, famous jazz music critic, beat out some of their compositions for WMCA audience on Feather's regular Saturday night "Platter Previews" radio show. The pair composed and played on a record album on the boogie woogie theme, entitled "Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters," the "Bedroom Blues and Living Room Romp" sides which are in the music shops on the Continental label.

—Chick Solomon Foto

music makers

1945 • 1946
by harry james ▶



FOREWORD

I should like to express my thanks to someone whose help in compiling this book has been invaluable — Leonard Feather, your own jazz expert and musical commentator. Leonard is an old friend of mine and one of the few swing authorities who really know their subject inside out. He worked hard, helping to get the data together for this booklet, and I think he deserves a vote of thanks from you as well as from me.

HARRY JAMES

ABBREVIATIONS

- M.** — married
- D.** — divorced
- Sep.** — separated
- B.** — born
- Vi.** — Victor
- Bl.** — Bluebird
- De.** — Decca
- Co.** — Columbia
- OK** — Okeh
- Bruns.** — Brunswick

SEPT.



There's never a dull moment down at MODERN SCREEN. We keep on the go. The other day, for instance, we hired ourselves the high priest of Swing!

High priests are very scarce these days. So we're extremely proud of ours. His name is Leonard Feather (see Sweet and Hot, page 20) He is the critic for Esquire magazine and heads the judges who pick Esky's All-American Band each year. He is one of the editors of Metronome. He is one of the country's finest composer-arrangers . . . having worked with the top bands. His piano playing is half way between Frankie Carle and Teddy Wilson. But what *really* impresses me is his collection of three thousand records!

Henry and I stewed around a lot about meeting the guy. Primarily because neither of us had a thing to wear. Not a reet pleat between us. No suede shoes. Mortifying, don't you know.

But Leonard wasn't zoot. Leonard, in fact, was born in London 28 years ago and is a very serious young man, who beats time discreetly with

one knowing finger while he listens to hot music.

Aside from that one fault, he's the nicest high priest you'd care to know. He has all those human qualities that you never expect from a man of his achievement. He's shy and sincerely modest. And so absent-minded. He has a worried habit of writing himself memos on odd sized slips of paper, which he crumples into his pocket. As often as not, he forgets to read them.

He was having lunch with us one day in a little Italian restaurant and kind of subconsciously fishing in his jacket while we waited for the spaghetti. He got a nibble from a piece of canceled check and started reading what he'd scribbled on the back. Sweat broke out on his face.

"Gosh, fellows, this is *awful!*" He looked at his watch. "You'll really have to excuse me. I'm getting married today, and I'm already half an hour late. My bride will be quite cross!" And off he dashed, frantically scratching a vivid dash of tomato sauce off his conservative tie.

You see what I mean about his being the nicest high priest I ever met?

H. Salcente

Executive Editor

SEPT.

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ This month, we ditch our usual format. We leave a lot of records plaintively crying to be paragraphed off and talked about, and, without a backward glance, go away to a date with Diana Lynn. After all, a man's human.

Diana was in town on a short visit, and she said she wanted to tour the swing spots, so Editors Al and Henry contacted Boy Scout Feather. "How'd you like to show a beautiful blonde some hot music?" Well, like I said, a man's human.

I called for Diana at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I called a little early, and she came a little late. But it was in a good cause—"you see there was this Bond Rally and I had to wait to go on and I'm terribly sorry—"

We got started, finally, along with friendly Bob Gilham of Paramount, and went to the Copacabana for dinner. The Copacabana is a lovely place, and Xavier Cugat was playing there, but (Continued on page 102)

- 1. Diana Lynn lends a pink appreciative ear to Onyx Club's Stuff Smith with Leonard F. and bride.
- 2. Para's Bob Gilham joined party at Kelly's Stable, which features hepcats . . . not horses.
- 3. Chalk up another naval victory! Gob spotted Diana at The 3 Deuces and got that autograph.



1.



2.



3.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

dinner was not what you'd call peaceful. I kept trying to pump Diana about her musical preferences, and every time I opened my mouth someone would put his head in it, leaning down to talk to an honest-to-goodness movie actress.

union member . . .

From the Copacabana, we hopped a taxi to the Onyx Club, and in the taxi we had a chance for some conversation. It turned out that Diana's a member of Local 47—the Los Angeles chapter of the American Federation of Musicians. She's also something of a prodigy—started playing the piano at the age of four, and by the time she was six, she was reading music fluently! She's very casual about it.

"I studied with my mother, and when I got older I accompanied violinists and singers sometimes." Nothing to it, you understand. She played with the California Junior Symphony from the time she was twelve to the time she was fifteen, though most of the kids were twenty and twenty-one. She was quite a snob in those days, she admits.

"About music. Strictly classical, I wanted it. I didn't care for popular stuff until about two years ago when I began to go to dances with boys."

She still isn't what you'd call a rabid swing fan, though her tastes are vastly more catholic than of yore. Next to the Chopin, Cortot, Debussy, Ravel and Bach in the Lynn collection, you can find some Duke Ellington (he's pretty much her favorite jazz man) and some Artie Shaw.

She goes for the small bands like Louis

Such eager Kisses



Q. I'd love to be kissed like that.

A. Then see that your skin's smooth as satin.

Q. Oh, my skin's hopelessly dry!

A. No! This new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps "make over" dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Provides such "all-you-require" care for smooth skin it's like a "treatment" every day. Helps gently erase little dry-skin lines. Simply use Jergens Face Cream—without fail—

1. for Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation
4. as a Night Cream

A safeguard against crinkly dry skin—this skin scientists' cream. Made by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar (plus tax). Share the happiness so many girls know—have kissable, satin-smooth skin. Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

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AUTOGRAPHS!

Like Lon McCallister? June Allyson? Tom Drake? We thought so! If you'd like their (or any other star's) autograph, whisk over to page 71 and learn the MODERN SCREEN way of getting them!

DINNING SISTERS—Vocal Trio Numbers (Capitol)
GERSHWIN—Billy Butterfield Orchestra (Capitol)
GOLDEN MOMENTS OF SONG—Jan Peerce (Victor)
JEANETTE MacDONALD—Religious Songs (Victor)
ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH—V-E Day Broadcast (Columbia)
PORGY & BESS—Sevitzky-Indianapolis Symphony (Victor)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops (Victor)
SONGS OF DEVOTION—Fred Waring Glee Club & Orch. (Decca)

the finished picture. I saw rushes of 'Two Girls and a Sailor' and thought it would be awful. It turned out swell."

I asked Harry where he'd be in September.

"Probably at the Palladium in Hollywood, playing. Or else doing a picture."

I wanted to find out any news about other members of the band before I took my leave, and Harry said a flying clique had developed. Vocalist Kitty Kallen had started taking lessons at a field in Rahway, New Jersey. So had Buddy Di Vito. Ray Heath, who's a solo trombone player, is a solo flyer now, too. He had to make a forced landing on his first flight, but everything came out okay.

Harry grinned, as he got up, stretched, and prepared to go back to work. "Take it easy," he said. "Be seeing you."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

- AND THERE YOU ARE**—Andy Russell (Capitol), Kate Smith (Columbia)
- ENLLORO (VOODOO MOON)**—Xavier Cugat (Columbia), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)
- GOOD, GOOD, GOOD**—Jose Bethancourt (Musicraft)
- GOTTA BE THIS OR THAT**—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Joe Marsala (Musicraft)
- I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY**—Dinah Shore (Victor), George Auld (Guild)
- IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM**—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- IF I LOVED YOU**—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Harry James (Columbia)
- JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR**—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE**—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- OH! BROTHER**—Harry James (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- SIDNEY DE PARIS**—The Call of the Blues (Blue Note)
- TOMMY DORSEY—DUKE ELLINGTON**—The Minor Goes Mugging (Victor)
- ERROLL GARNER**—Twistin' the Cat's Tail (Black and White)
- DIZZY GILLESPIE**—Salt Peanuts (Manor)
- BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET**—Slipped Disc (Columbia)
- WOODY HERMAN**—Goosey Gander (Columbia)
- GENE KRUPA**—What's This? (Columbia)
- JOE MARSALA**—Southern Comfort (Musicraft)
- LUCKY MILLINDER**—Shipyard Social Function (Decca)
- BILLY TAYLOR**—Carny-Val In Rhythm (Keynote)

BEST ALBUMS

- DEBUSSY PIANO MUSIC**—Artur Schnabel (Victor)
- DINNING SISTERS**—Vocal Trio Numbers (Capitol)
- GERSHWIN**—Billy Butterfield Orchestra (Capitol)
- GOLDEN MOMENTS OF SONG**—Jan Peerce (Victor)
- JEANETTE MacDONALD**—Religious Songs (Victor)
- ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH**—V-E Day Broadcast (Columbia)
- PORGY & BESS**—Sevitzky-Indianapolis Symphony (Victor)
- RHAPSODY IN BLUE**—Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops (Victor)
- SONGS OF DEVOTION**—Fred Waring Glee Club & Orch. (Decca)

The place: N. Y.'s Hotel Pennsylvania. The Occasion: Woody Herman's opening with Len Feather present to offer congrats.



Frankie had been back in the States only a few days when he received his invite, rushed over to join in wishing Woody well.

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ The records just keep piling in. So, after a heavy sifting session, well, come on, here we go with this month's best:

ELEVEN SIXTY P.M.—Harry James (Columbia)—Remember last month Harry told me he was interested in owning a music publishing company? He's got one, now! He's called it Music Makers, Inc., and his first record (this Eleven Sixty P.M.) stars, of course, Harry's band, with a vocal by Kitty Kallen.

Actually, about seventy-five percent of the big band leaders have connections with publishing houses. Either own them, or own pieces of them.

Harry, it seems, is almost as popular with the army as he is with the swoon set. He rated second on the recent Billboard poll of Army camps throughout the United States. (Tommy Dorsey came out first.) Some of the opinions of men overseas are reflected in the poll, too, because many of the soldiers voting were just back from Europe, being re-orientated.

For the record, Benny Goodman walked away with number three spot, and Woody Herman took fourth.

There were some rather astonishing results when the poll came to male singers. Bing Crosby got more votes than Sinatra, Como and Haymes all put together! The figures, in Billboard's point system, are:

Bing Crosby: 1188 points

Frank Sinatra: 374 points

Perry Como: 308 points

Dick Haymes: 308 points

What Frankie-fans have to remember is that the opinion here is mostly male. Women in service constituted only about ten percent of those polled.

Dinah Shore came way out in front of the other (Continued on page 71)

Sweet and Hot

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

girl singers, with Jo Stafford second, and Ginny Simms third.

Singing groups lined up like this:

1. The Andrews Sisters
2. The Ink Spots
3. The Pied Pipers
4. The King Cole Trio
5. The Mills Brothers

Negro artists really made a showing in this division.

I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor); Harry James (Columbia); Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)—Here's a number from the picture "Nob Hill." The Victor version is David Street's first recording since his return to civilian life. Henry Busse's done it very nicely, too, for Cosmopolitan, and Cosmopolitan's a label to look for.

Dozens of new record companies have erupted into life lately, but Cosmopolitan is the biggest of them all. Its head, Harry Bank, used to be Jimmy Roosevelt's partner in Globe Productions.

And war shortages or no, manpower, machines, materials notwithstanding, this company claims to be starting off with almost a million records a month! Ten years ago, the whole record business didn't do better than that.

Bank has taken over the 19-acre Frank Buck jungle camp, and you might call it a cage-y move. Anyhow, he's turned its eight buildings into a record plant. Cosmopolitan's first releases include records by Joan Edwards (Hit Parade), and Four Chicks and Chuck, from the Kate Smith program.

I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)—Phil Moore used to be a staff arranger at M-G-M. He accompanied Lena when she went out to work for that studio. The combination was so terrific that Phil left his job and came to New York with Lena. Once here, he produced "Shoo, Shoo, Baby"—his first hit song, and Lena helped him put it over. Phil's a big star himself, now, and this "I Want a Little Doggie" is the latest Moore-Horne smash.

THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)—The first record Hazel Scott has sung on since December, 1939. I remember that date very well. I ought to. Hazel had just been discovered by Cafe Society, and I was getting people together for a record session. I wanted to call it "Sextette of the Rhythm Club of London," and have all the musicians either of British origin, or else having worked extensively in England.

Hazel had never recorded before, but she was born in Trinidad, which made her a British subject. She played piano on all those records, and sang on two.

Later on, she made two albums for Decca, but they didn't let her sing.

On the other side of this new platter is "Fascinating Rhythm," which Hazel plays in "Rhapsody in Blue," the new movie about George Gershwin. Funny sidelight: Hazel is listed as taking the part of herself in the Paris sequence of the movie, but at the time Gershwin visited Paris, in the early 1920's, Hazel was about three years old.

Also, "I Got Rhythm," which is heard in that same sequence, wasn't written until at least six years later!

CLARINADE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Sgt. Mel Powell, pianist and arranger with the Glenn Miller band (taken over
(Continued on page 74)

(Continued from page 71)

by Jerry Gray since Captain Miller's disappearance) sent this to Benny from Germany, where he and the fellows were, last time I heard. It's a special clarinet feature number for Benny, and the best thing he's done since "Clarinet à la King."

SOUTHERN SCANDAL—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Stan Kenton wrote and arranged this tune, and he plays piano on it. It's an instrumental number starring Freddie Zito on the trombone. Incidentally, Kenton's band was named on the Billboard poll as "most up-and-coming."

On the other side of "Southern Scandal" is "Tampico," with a really gorgeous blonde (it's a shame you can't see her on the record) named June Christy making her vocal debut.

June took Anita O'Day's place in the band. (Anita has rejoined Gene Krupa.) The strange thing is that she sounds a lot like Anita. She's the most sensational new girl singer this year.

"Tampico" is a clever satiric number written by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher, an extremely versatile team. They're also the authors of "Fifteen Years," the subtitle to which is, "And I'm Still Serving Time," and the subject of which is marriage.

AUTOGRAPHS!

"Here comes the postman, hooray, hooray!" is what you'll sing when he brings you that autograph you crave. Details on Page 60.

Oddly enough, Roberts and Fisher have been known to write some rather corny numbers including "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," and "You Always Hurt the One You Love." They're versatile, all right.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Oscar Levant (Columbia)—Last month, Columbia Records devoted its entire Masterworks list to George Gershwin. One album had Oscar Levant playing the Rhapsody, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. You probably know that Levant did most of the actual piano playing for the Gershwin picture, although Robert Alda did a swell job of faking.

Funny omission was that nobody in the picture ever mentioned Ferde Grofe, who helped score the Rhapsody, and without whom it might never have been finished. Paul Whiteman always gave Grofe considerable credit.

There are a good many people who don't consider the Rhapsody real blues, and some who don't think it's even jazz.

I'm almost inclined to go along with them myself. I think George Gershwin was a fine, but fairly hybrid musician who should be remembered best for some beautiful popular songs. "Embraceable You," for instance.

As for the real spirit of jazz, Duke Ellington has come much closer. I don't think Gershwin had blues in his bones, but don't get me wrong—I loved "Rhapsody in Blue." (The movie, anyway.)

KISS GOODNIGHT—Freddy Slack (Capitol); Woody Herman (Columbia)—A cute number about how one kiss leads to another, and Woody Herman himself does the shouting on it for Columbia. Woody's been telling a story lately that goes like this: He was approached by a magazine salesman about some subscriptions. He bit. And bought.

Then he said merrily, all in the spirit of good clean fun, "Tell me, are you putting yourself through college?"

The magazine salesman remained polite. "No sir," he said. "I'm sending my mother to welding school!"

IN THE MIDDLE—Georgie Auld (Guild)—What Georgie was "in the middle" of when he made this record was re-organization. He had no band, so he got some guys together to help him out on this. They include Chubby (solid?) Jackson, Woody Herman's bearded bass fiddler, guitarist Mike Bryan who, a couple of years ago was in an army camp with Georgie, pianist Erroll Garner, who was Diana Lynn's rave last month, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who was ditto.

THAT'S THE STUFF YOU GOTTA WATCH—Buddy Johnson (Decca)—The title of this number has nothing to do with Stuff Smith. It's a current catch phrase that's traveling around, and it's so popular that two songs have been written around it, but this is by far the better. It was composed by Buddy Johnson, whose sister Ella sings it very blue, with a fine big band. It's what's called a sleeper hit record, on a 35-cent label.

There are hardly any 35-cent records cut any more—just the number insisted on by the O.P.A. And out of this number every once in a while a record comes up that's as good as any on the dollar labels. And that's the stuff you gotta watch.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ELEVEN SIXTY P. M.—Harry James (Columbia)

I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor), Harry James (Columbia), Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)

I DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED—Larry Stevens (Victor)

I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER—Benny Goodman (Columbia)

KISS GOODNIGHT—Freddy Slack (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)

THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)

QUESTION AND ANSWER—Kate Smith (Columbia), Jerry Wayne (Cosmopolitan)

STORY OF TWO CIGARETTES—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

TAMPICO—Stan Kenton (Capitol)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—In the Middle (Guild)

COUNT BASIE—Jimmy's Blues (Columbia)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Everything But You (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN—Clarinate (Columbia)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Stuffy (Capitol)

EDDIE HEYWOOD—Blue Lou (Decca)

BUDDY JOHNSON—That's The Stuff You Gotta Watch (Decca)

STAN KENTON—Southern Scandal (Capitol)

ARTIE SHAW—Bedford Drive (Victor)

TRUMMY YOUNG—Seventh Avenue (Continental)

BEST ALBUMS

EUGENE GOOSSENS—Rosenkavalier (Richard Strauss) (Victor)

OSCAR LEVANT—Rhapsody in Blue (Columbia)

HERBERT MARSHALL—The Snow Goose (Decca)

FRITZ REINER—Foggy & Bess (Columbia)

ARTUR RODZINSKI—An American in Paris (Columbia)

PHIL SPITALNY—Favorite Melodies From The House of Charm (Columbia)

Concerning strange and various record companies and the music of Max Miller

The Rhythm Section

by LEONARD FEATHER
and PAUL EDUARD MILLER



Get a couple of shoestrings handy? Okay, go ahead and start a record company. It's everybody's field day now. In New York alone you can find a bank clerk, a playboy, a hat distributor, a booking agent, an ex-Mayor, a radio station, twelve music publishers, seventeen record shops, a night-club owner and a juke-box czar, all running record companies on the side—and almost all steering their musical course in the direction of hot jazz.

Do you feel qualified to run your own record company? Well, all you do is go to the musicians' union and take out a license guaranteeing to pay the union a royalty on each record you sell. Then you fish around for "connections" to get pressings.

Let's say you can't find the right connection; all the plants that manufacture records are tied up with their prewar clients, or committed to a big company and unwilling to mess with such small fry as yourself. Okay, so you go ahead and build your own plant. Right now there are fifty-seven record companies (my figures are highly approximate) that have started to build their own plants, and will assure you hastily that they will be in full production by Next Tuesday Without Fail. Then you meet them on Tuesday and find out that owing to a slight galvstration of the mortis in the boiler of the fradistrating machine, the first records won't be out until the following Monday. The following Monday you learn that because twelve workmen went to work at the war plant next door, there will be a few weeks delay, but next month WITHOUT FAIL. . . .

Undaunted by these stories, you can go ahead and do your recording while your partners are looking for machines and manpower and a place to place the plant. (It's to be assumed you have roped in a few partners—preferably gold-lined gentlemen with no knowledge of the record business and with slightly less knowledge of music.) You decide to register yourself as Wrecker Records, Inc.

How do you make records? Why, that's very simple. You book three hours at a private recording studio—probably at WOR, where most of the independent companies do their recording in New York—and you loaf along 52nd Street one night, handpicking musicians as they wander in and out of each other's places of employment. The week before last, Schmecca Records assembled

Johnny Guarneri on piano, Joe Thomas on trumpet, Slam Stewart on bass and a drummer named Hi, to record under the name of Johnny Guarneri and His Orchestra. Last week Breaker Records got together a brand-new combination composed of Slam Stewart on bass, Joe Thomas on trumpet, Johnny Guarneri on piano and a drummer named Hi, to record under the name of Joe Thomas and His Orchestra. So you decide to do something different. You get Hi and Thomas and Stewart and Guarneri plus Don Byas on tenor sax, and record them as Don Byas and His Orchestra.

You don't read or write music yourself, and don't want to pay anybody to write music for the session, so when the boys come in the studio they start noodling around with *I Got Rhythm* or *Honeysuckle Rose*, and pretty soon they have a brand-new melody based on the same chords, and they decide to call the new product *Jumpin' at Wrecker* or *Wreckerlection Stomp*. The boys don't realize that in the course of their noodling they have created a new tune of their own, so you put yourself down as a composer, without telling them. Next day you copyright the number, place it with a music publisher and land yourself a fat advance royalty. Oh yes, it's a nice game, the record business.

The above slightly satirical description should not give you the impression that all the independent recording outfits are run as haphazardly as this. There are some that are scrupulously fair in their treatment of musicians, paying more than the thirty dollars scale for a three-hour, four-tune session, and there are a couple whose supervisors can actually read and write music. There are even some that don't chisel on song royalties! Moreover, regardless of their business methods, some good records are likely to result, if the musicians work well together. Since all these Guarneris and Byases and Thomases and Slams are fine musicians, the products are generally of some musical merit.

The pity of it all is that Victor, Columbia and Decca, who have the largest distribution facilities, the best recording, surface and reproduction, devote their time very largely to the stuff that has million-sale possibilities. If they can dispose of 750,000 discs of *My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time*, as two of these companies did, not long ago, they are not interested in giving over their pressing machines to the production of a good jazz record which might sell 50,000. That's why most of the real jazz, especially the small-band stuff, is still being made by recorders who have high blood pressure from running around trying to get 500 copies pressed here and 1,000 at a plant in Dagnabett, Wisconsin.

Just over a year ago, when I surveyed the record scene on this page, the situation was developing this way, but tracking down all the record companies was a comparatively easy problem then. Today it's a reviewer's nightmare. Comet Records, Hub Records, Duke Records, Jamboree Records, De Luxe Records, Super Discs, Exclusive, Excelsior, Premier, Atlas, Celebrity, Manor, Regis, National, take me away! Try to get sample copies for a survey of the month's releases and you'll eventually give up in favor of some easy task like locating 500 pairs of nylons.

What will happen after the war, when unlimited quantities of shellac can be brought from India and unlimited manpower will be ready to press records by the billion? Some say the big companies will completely crush the independents, and that hot jazz will suffer. Others incline, with me, to the belief that there will be plenty of room in the field for everyone, but that quality of product will, as the man told Jack Benny, be essential to continuing success.

—LEONARD FEATHER.



"Well now, Mr. Johnson, you have that lunge down pat—but what say we brush up on that aim?"

Dizzy—21st Century Gabriel

THERE is a bar just off 52nd Street called the White Rose, where all the musicians from neighboring jazz joints hang out during intermissions. One evening I walked in there and was instantly approached by Ben Webster, the saxophonist.

"Listen, Leonard," said Ben, "why don't you do an article for Esquire about Dizzy?"

"Ben," I replied, "it happens that I am at the White Rose this evening for the express purpose of gathering material for an article in Esquire about Dizzy."

We sat down and Ben started talking Dizzy. Other musicians gathered and added their two cents' worth.

"Give credit to Bird, ole man," said one. "Bird is the cat who deserves a lot of the credit for what Dizzy's done."

"Don't forget about Monk, man," another admonished. "Monk really started the whole thing." Started what? You may well ask.

Well, to put it bluntly, there is a revolution taking place in jazz circles. It's a revolution in musical thought, and Dizzy has become the symbol of it. If you care about progress in jazz, you may as well catch up on Dizzy and what he stands for in the shape of things to come.

Dizzy is known in his home town of Cheraw, South Carolina, as John Birks Gillespie. He is a trumpet player, but it isn't the instrument he plays that matters, for Dizzy bears scarcely any more resemblance, musically, to Louis Armstrong or Harry James, than he does to Dizzy Dean. Gillespie and Armstrong and James are all jazz trumpet players, but there the likeness ends.

In the past couple of years a group of fanatical devotees of retrogression and cultism in jazz has tried to promote the revival of a sexagenarian cornetist, one Bunk Johnson, as a sort of 19th Century Gabriel, claiming that Bunk was Louis Armstrong's teacher and mentor (despite emphatic denials from Armstrong himself). Meanwhile a New York publicity office continues to bill Erskine Hawkins, a screaming-trumpet expert, as the 20th Century Gabriel. So, if we must have slogans, Dizzy is the 21st Century Gabriel.

"Some people say Dizzy stinks," Ben Webster continued. "That's because he's beyond their reach. They don't dig him." And Sammy Price, boogie-woogie pianist, added, "Diz is twenty years ahead of his time." Said Georgie Auld, "Dizzy is it!"

What is it? "Well," explained trumpeter Joe Guy, who is Billie Holiday's husband, "it's a style based on augmented chords." You can't analyze it in words without resorting to technical terms and manuscript. But you can say that Dizzy has a phenomenal combination of technique and style, plays incredible cascades of fast notes at breakneck tempos, and makes every note mean something. He has set a new milestone in jazz improvisation. Just as every once in a while a new novelist comes along who is more subtle and oblique than any predecessor, and can give more hidden value and meaning to each word and phrase, so can Dizzy do these things with musical notes and phrases.

If you are a musician, you just sit gaping at Dizzy, as he ad-libs chorus after chorus. If you're not a musician, you may react at first like the listener who wrote in after hearing me play a Gillespie record on the air ("... that imitation of a trumpet player ... is either dead drunk or left his teeth home in a glass ... best thing to do is shoot all the artists on the record; after all, my children might get a hold of that record and Lord knows what might happen to them...") Then gradually, after repeated hearings, you begin to penetrate the musical mist, and the notes and phrase acquire a new and inspiring significance.

Born in 1917, Dizzy was the son of a brickmason and amateur musician, who had just about every musical instrument lying around the house—except a trumpet. "We had a piano, drums, a mandolin, a guitar, and a bass fiddle with only one string," Dizzy recalls. "When I had my little band in Cheraw—I was fourteen—a cousin of mine played that bass; we did every tune in B Flat, and I marked the position of each note right on the neck of the bass for him. My first trumpet? I borrowed one from a neighbor."

The Gillespies moved to Philadelphia in 1935, where Diz got his first big-time job in a band which also featured Charlie Shavers, lately Tommy Dorsey's star trumpeter. In 1937 Dizzy toured England and France with Teddy Hill's band. After his return, while playing odd jobs in New York, he became part of a clique of musicians that hung around a Harlem club called Minton's. It was here that the new school of musical thought began to develop. It was here that Dizzy traded riffs and chords and ideas with gentry such as Bird and Monk.

Bird, by the way, is Charlie Parker, who plays the alto saxophone



"At first, cooking frightened me"

exactly the way Gillespie plays trumpet. Later they were to work together in Earl Hines' band, and in Dizzy's own group at the Three Deuces. Monk, whose real name is simply Thelonious Monk, knew Dizzy when he was still a conventional-style jazz trumpet man. Monk was the pianist at Minton's when Dizzy sat in there and Monk wrote the weird tune that is Dizzy's theme number today. ("What did I call that thing?" muses Monk. "I think it's called *No Name*.") Monk also wrote Cootie Williams' beautiful theme number, *'Round Midnight*.

"You know what made Dizzy great?" says Monk. "He could visualize so much more music. He had eyes for all them *substitut* chords."

After Dizzy had spent several years in other people's bands—Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, Charlie Barnet, Ella Fitzgerald, Earl Hines, and briefly with Duke Ellington—he co-led a small band with Oscar Pettiford at the Onyx Club. Later he helped to run a big band for Billy Eckstine, the "Sepia Sinatra"; then he moved to a small band leading again, and more recently, as his name became a household word among musicians and his prestige grew with the public (aided by an Esquire "New Star" award as best trumpeter of the year), an agent decided to build a whole unit around Dizzy, with a big band and the Nicholas Brothers and other acts, to go on tour.

Meanwhile Dizzy had become a national fad. Every young trumpet player in every band, large or small, seemed to be on a Dizzy kick. Famous men like Coleman Hawkins, as well as obscure trumpeters and saxmen and pianists and even bass fiddlers, are now playing Dizzy's ideas. In Woody Herman's great band, four trumpet players do a whole series of Gillespie gyrations, in unison. Along 52nd Street the jazzmen copy not only Dizzy's music, but even his laugh and his odd, half-bent posture and his little goatee which he claims helps keep his lip strong.

Dizzy was the head name in a concert staged for him at Town Hall by the New Jazz Foundation. At the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, hundreds were turned away as Dizzy headed a jam session.

Why do they call him Dizzy? Maybe it's his silly, slow grin, his schoolboyish, cracking voice, his complete unconcern for the audience. Certainly it's not his music. As I left the White Rose after the Gillespie gab session, Ben Webster turned to me and delivered his final judgment.

"Dizzy may walk around in a daze," said Ben, "but man, he's got plenty of sense. You can judge how much sense a man has by the way he plays his horn, and that's the way you gotta judge Dizzy."

Whether you like Gillespie, can't stand him, or have never heard of him, you'll know sooner or later that his musical thinking has left an ineradicable mark on jazz. His value as a composer and arranger has been established, too, with such numbers as *Down Under*, *Woodyn You*, *Salt Peanuts*, *Night in Tunisia*.

Next time you get a chance to hear Dizzy, form your own opinion. If you can't find him in person, you can hear him on numerous records, the most recent being for Guild, to whom he is now under contract.

I suspect you'll agree with the musicians about his I.Q.; for, in the words of another of his admirers, the late Clyde Hart, Dizzy is crazy all right—crazy like a fox.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Citing examples of the sincerest form of flattery inspired by Richard Jones and plugging Woody Herman's head music

The Rhythm Section

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER



Do you go for bandleaders who turn somersaults? It was just that much of a musical revolution when Woody Herman started his band's metamorphosis from decadent Dixieland into magnificent modern jazz.

Duke Ellington turned the music world upside down in 1927 when his band first played the Cotton Club. Benny Goodman hit in 1936 and made the whole world swing-conscious. Today Woodrow Wilson Herman, once vaudeville's "Boy Wonder of the Clarinet," is writing a similarly important chapter in jazz history.

Herman, you may say, what's so new about Herman? He's been around with a band for eight, nine years. True, but it wasn't this kind of a band. Well, so what's different about the way it sounds now?

To answer that question you have to translate music into words, which isn't easy. Musicians all over the country are raving about the Herman phenomenon, calling it a band of "musicians' musicians," but when I dropped in at the Pennsylvania Hotel in Manhattan to talk about it with Woody and his men, they couldn't find any way of making the average "square" understand what's so great about the present band.

Said bassist Chubby Jackson, "I'd give the credit to two things—freedom from the front, and Davie Tough. Period!" Said drummer Dave Tough, "Everybody loves to work. Woody's an easy-going personality; he makes the guys feel like playing. With Benny Goodman you just played the arrangement and that was that. Here, if we feel good, we may play fifteen or twenty minutes on one tune. There's more spontaneity."

This freedom from the front, i.e., Woody, the man in front, plays a large part in shaping the band's style. From it, during relaxed moments on one-night stands, have developed some of the band's amazing "head arrangements."

A head arrangement is one that's conceived and orchestrated entirely by ear. Generally the rhythm section starts playing some familiar sequence of chords, the brass and saxes put their heads together and dream up little contrapuntal phrases, the soloists improvise, and by the time this pot-pourri has been played a few nights, a new number has been born. Some of the band's biggest

hits were conceived in this manner—*Apple Honey*, *Northwest Passage*, *Red Top*, *Father's Mustache* and even *Caldonia*, most of which was concocted the night before the record was made.

With these head arrangements, plus those that are written and scored in the orthodox way (mostly by the band's former pianist, the brilliant twenty-two-year-old Ralph Burns), Herman's repertoire represents 1945 jazz at its most vivid. The popular ballads are played with a rhythmic beat, the instrumental numbers are unified and cohesive in their rhythmic feeling.

Woody's old band never sounded this way. When, after his training as a saxophonist with Gus Arnheim, Harry Sosnik and Isham Jones, he formed his own group and played his first date at Brooklyn Roseland on Election Day, 1936, using a nucleus of the Jones band, the style was harmonically and rhythmically simple, the general effect that of a white group trying to sound colored. (Today the band achieves this objective without having to try!) There was some good music in the old "Band that Plays the Blues," as it was tagged, but not as much as there is in *Red Top*, *Goosey Gander* and *It Must Be Jelly*, which illustrate the band's present-day use of the twelve-bar blues base.

Woody finds it hard to analyze how the change in style took place. "Maybe it started when Dave Matthews began to turn in those Ellington-style arrangements three years ago. The Ellington and Lunceford influences have caused the most important changes in jazz. You don't have to copy them; just use their approach, to get different tone colors and sounds. I've talked to the bandleaders and arrangers that have come in to hear us, and nine out of ten of them explain it by saying we get a new sound. Well, that's what we want. So many bands are stagnant, and we're trying to progress."

The men returned to the stand, and in the next set played a terrific head arrangement of *Flying Home* which almost removed the roof. It was the loudest music imaginable, but it was noise with a meaning. "Yes," said Woody, "we used to worry about volume, but the first time we played the Penn, James McCabe, the manager, told us, 'If you feel like playing loud, play loud.' And we've never had a complaint from a customer!"

On the contrary, I observed, the more Pete Candoli reached for his altissimo C's on the trumpet, the better the audience liked it, just as they liked the honey-toned tenor sax of "Flip" Phillips; the great trombone of tall, blond Bill Harris; the rock-solid drumming of that vital, hand-grenade concentration of power, 110-pound Dave Tough; and the clear, light four-to-the-bar of 210-pound bassist Chubby (The Beard) Jackson. These four typify both the friendly spirit among the Herman musicians and the variety of influences on their solo and ensemble styles, from Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie to Stravinsky and Ravel.

Later on Frances Wayne, elegant but emotional, bestowed her dreamy, mysterious smile on the mike as she filled it with a sound so pleasant that Duke Ellington has been trying to requisition it for his next record date. Herman's own talent divided itself between his intense clarinet, his smooth alto or his superior brand of popular-style singing.

"We're going on the road soon," he told me as the final set ended, "but we'll be back in New York opening November 22 at the 400, with plenty of radio time and more record dates for Columbia."

"You know," Woody concluded with a straight face, "there's another way you can illustrate the change in the band. Right up until last year I never could stand to listen to any of our records more than once. Now I can listen to them three times."

—LEONARD FEATHER.

The Rhythm Section II



Recounting the story of Pvt. Mel Powell and the great Lady Brown

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

THE first musical sound Pvt. Mel Powell heard, when he arrived back in this country, was the sound of a voice in an automobile radio. A friend was driving him to a pizzeria, and a record by Peggy Lee, who used to sing in Benny Goodman's band when Pvt. Powell was Benny's pianist, came on the air. "It was a wonderful sound," said Pvt. Powell. "Made me realize that I was home."

Mel's six months in England, six in France and two in Germany were spent as a member of the late Maj. Glenn Miller's AEF band, directed after Glenn's disappearance by arranger Jerry Gray. Mel, who was twenty-two last February, is typical postwar jazz material. At seventeen he was a discovery, playing at a Greenwich Village night club in his native New York. At eighteen he was a star with Benny Goodman. His tunes—*I'm Here*, *The Earl*, *Mission to Moscow*, *Clarinate*—and his piano solos on BG's records of *String of Pearls*, *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, *Limehouse Blues*—have kept his name alive during his three years in the service. Last year's Esquire board of jazz experts elected Mel Powell the best new star in the armed forces.

As the outstanding soloist of the first American swing band to visit Europe in five years, Powell was lionized. He made records in Paris for the Hot Club de France, along with Ray McKinley, Peanuts Hueko, Bernie Privin, all colleagues in the Miller band. He was escorted to hear all the top local musicians, including the gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt, of whom he says, "Tremendous talent, but hybrid—

gypsy music, not real jazz. I found a conception in Paris that jazz is more or less an art, and I found French musicians who saw Django's limitations just as I did; they were sensitive that what he was playing was an adulterated form."

"How about the Germans—did they have any conception of jazz?"

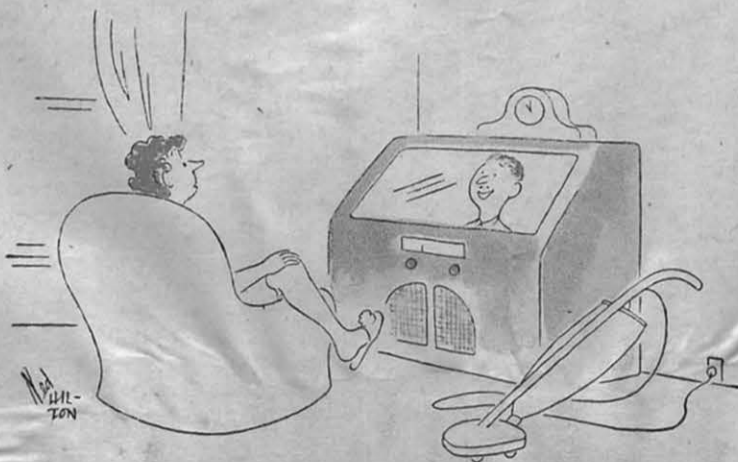
"Their musical ideas are completely militaristic; though I did hear of an Oberkommandant at St. Nazaire who rushed out to greet the Allied troops with requests for some new Count Basie records."

But most of the interest in jazz, and most of the best musicians, were to be found in England. Pvt. Powell had some good times in London. He was lucky enough to find someone who knew how to guide him to all the best jazz. "London wouldn't have been half as much fun," he reflects happily, "if it hadn't been for Lady Brown."

Lady Brown, said Mel, was the most popular and lovable character in musical circles. Not a young woman, nor a pretty one, she had more friends than many a chorus girl.

"Lady Brown used to be known as Elma Warren, when she ran the Nut House. That was a night club where musicians used to hang out. Then she married this tall, slim fellow, Sir Ulick Brown, who looks more like her son than her husband, and they took a house in a mews, or alley, off Marble Arch. It was a duplex, with a nice little spinet piano, a record changer, and Elma's huge collection of jazz records. And what made it so handy, she had a set of drums permanently installed in the house, so that musicians would

Continued on page 196



"... and now, ladies, a five minute pause so you can get in another lick at your housework"

The Rhythm Section II

Continued from page 194

know they would always have the basis for a jam session on hand. Often Elma's brother, Maurice Burman, came and sat in—he's one of the best drummers I heard there, playing with Geraldo, who's the local Glenn Miller.

"Lady Brown's place is called Capener's Close. I wrote a piece dedicated to her and called it *Capener's Close*. Everything happened there. I'd be playing, say at the London Casino, for a combined Allied service audience. At 9:30 Elma would come by in a cab and we'd go to a little restaurant in Soho, then back to the house, where people would begin to drop by; some of Geraldo's men and their chicks, some American people from the Embassy, and all the members of Elma's clique, like Buddy Bradley, the British colored dancer, and Tommy Bromley the bass player, and this very exotic East Indian girl they called Marquis.

"Things would keep jumping, behind blackout windows, until maybe 3 a.m. People had so much fun, they wouldn't stop to think how much Elma had suffered through the war, though part of her face was paralyzed and her eyes had gone very bad. Maybe it was because of her bad eyesight, but she seemed to have developed a very acute sense of hearing, and we'd never notice the buzz bombs until Elma would suddenly break into the middle of a record and say, 'There's one coming over now.' Most often we didn't do anything about it anyway.

"Elma always managed to keep plenty of gin and a fair amount of Scotch. After we left her place we'd go to some of the all-night spots. Then I'd catch the 6:30 a.m. train and take a nap on the fifty-mile trip to Bedford, fifty miles outside London; that was where we were stationed. Then in the evening I'd be back again."

Gradually, at Lady Brown's or in the clubs they visited, Pvt. Powell got to hear England's best musicians. "I had a narrow, limited view of the scene, but I found plenty of talent. For instance, there's nothing simulated or synthetic about the trumpet style of Kenny Baker, who's a sort of local Harry James; or George Chisholm, who's the local Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenney and everything else rolled into one. Then one night while we were doing a benefit at the Plaza Theatre a young blind Cockney boy came backstage to meet me, and we went on to the Swing Club to hear him play some terrific piano—very Tatum-conscious. Name's George Shearing.

"The Swing Club—that was quite a place, too. Very bright lights by night club standards, but they had to make a contrast with the blackout. We saw a lot of servicemen of all nations there, as well as members of the royal family who were ardent jazz fans.

"One night there we were jamming a few numbers when a small, thin kid about ten years old, wearing a brace on his teeth, came up on the stand and asked to sit in. He asked me how I liked drummers to play for me and went through all the formalities that veteran musicians go through when they first meet. Then we played *Sweet Georgia Brown*, real fast, and that kid played the most amazing drums I'd ever heard! I never saw such stamina and such real talent in a kid his age. Boy, would he look good in the center of the stage at Radio City Music Hall.

"His name is Vic Feldman, and his father is the owner of this Swing Club. A real unspoiled kid, but he knows all about Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa and everyone. By the time we got through I was asking him how he likes pianists to play for him!"

Later Pvt. Powell heard Stephane Grappelly, former violinist of the Hot Club de France Quintet, who has been in England for several years. Pvt. Powell was not very much impressed. "No beat." There has to be a beat. He was impressed, however, by the "authentic American accent" of singer Beryl Davis, and by the fact that the best tenor sax player he heard in England was a girl, whose name he's forgotten.

As for clarinetists, Mel found nobody to match the talent of his former boss. "There's a complete deficit in local Benny Goodmans," he told me emphatically.

Parting from England was sweet sorrow, despite shortages and buzz bombs. The orchestra had only been out of the country a few hours when a V-2 made a direct hit on the barracks which it formerly occupied.

When the band reached New York at the end of its fourteen months overseas, the members dispersed on a thirty-day furlough. Mel found a large Welcome Home sign plastered on the door of his mother's apartment on West End avenue. He relaxed completely for a couple of days, then started to catch up on some of the music he'd been missing. We went to hear Woody Herman's fine band at the Pennsylvania, and Erroll Garner, the new piano rage, at the Three Deuces. Then Mel got a call from Benny Goodman, who was in Louisville appearing with a symphony orchestra, and Mel promptly went there to join Goodman and spend a week reminiscing.

Tall, blond and handsome, Mel hasn't yet decided what he'll do after he gets out of his uniform. Maybe he'll form a band, maybe he'll concentrate more on his composing and arranging.

"One thing I do know," he says. "I'd like Lady Brown and Ulick to come over here sometime so I can show them around the jazz spots. I certainly owe them some hospitality." #

Sept. '45

Jazz Is Where You Find It

OVERSEAS—This department bows gratefully for an honor accorded it 3,000 miles away. The title "Jazz Is Where You Find It" has been used for a series of broadcasts produced by Pat Dixon for the British Broadcasting Corporation. I learned this from Sam Donahue, young Navy musician whose band, originally under the direction of Artie Shaw, returned recently from a year in England. "It's a good show," reports Sam. "Some of our band sat in with David Wilkins, Nat Temple and some of the other good British musicians for an impromptu session on four of the programs."

Much of the Donahue band's time was spent at hospitals, playing for American audiences. When he played for British fans, Sam declares, "they were appreciative, but they seemed to be uncertain how to react and whether to applaud. The public thinks that hot jazz is *Begin the Beguine* and the jazz fans are still asking for *Royal Garden Blues*, but some of the musicians themselves are a little more hip. My biggest surprise was hearing Geraldo, the local Glenn Miller, playing a number I used to do called *Beat the Band to the Bar* copied note for note off my old record—even the ad lib solos!"

Donahue also got a kick out of hearing radio shows by an excel-

lent RAF band, The Squadronaires, featuring the amazing Scottish trombonist, George Chisholm, a super-Teagarden, and a talented lady named Beryl Davis who "sounds like a cross between Irene Daye and Anita O'Day."

ON RECORDS—Two of the items that were highlights of the last Esquire concert can now be obtained on shellac—Johnny Hodges in his *Mood to be Wooed* with Duke Ellington on Victor, and Billie Holiday singing *I Cover the Waterfront* on Commodore. Kind treatment of a stalwart tune, in varying moods, can be observed in the versions of *I Surrender Dear* played as a trumpet solo by Benny Carter on Capitol, and by the Teddy Wilson Quintet with Red Norvo on Musicraft.

Louis Armstrong's favorite trumpet man, Roy Eldridge, has seldom been heard to better advantage than in the Artie Shaw record of a tune which bears Roy's nickname, *Little Jazz*, as its title, on Victor. And Louis' old sidekick, Earl Hines, shoots up on the Apollo label with an all-star bunch, including the talented blues singer Betty Roche, in *I Love My Lovin' Lover*, which incidentally displays Duke Ellington's rarely-exercised talent as a lyric writer. Very earthy.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Is Where You Find It

IN SWING—In case anything you've read may have confused you concerning any alleged differences between jazz and swing, the following excerpts from a letter I received from Louis Armstrong should help to clear the mist:—

"To me as far as I could see it all my life—Jazz and Swing are the same thing . . . back in 1900 it was called Rag Time Music . . . Later on in the years it was called Jazz Music—Hot Music—Gut Bucket—and now they've poured a little gray over it, called it Swing Music . . . Haw haw haw . . . No matter how you slice it—it's still the same music . . . Yours and Mr. Ulanov's opinion is perfectly right." (Barry Ulanov is editor of the music magazine *Metronome*, to which this writer contributes, and which reflects most closely the musicians' own views on music.)

Which reminds me that an album has been issued by Brunswick, described as "Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics." With the exception of the first two sides (*Wild Man Blues*, *Melancholy*), which were way ahead of their time and have some fine work by Louis and Earl Hines, the records sound just like what they are—records made two decades ago. As Armstrong says, "Music's better now than it used to be, it's played better now. We've advanced a lot

since the early days . . . If there are people who want to omit arrangements, omit scored backgrounds, omit any kind of music, you tell 'em I said, 'Omit those people!'"

If you want to see what Louis means, get his most recent recording, the wonderful *I Wonder*, on Decca. And if you happen to run into that album anyway, and read in the leaflet a claim that one "Bunk" Johnson was Armstrong's musical mentor, just remember that Louis himself said:—"If there's anybody who should get any credit . . . please give it to Joseph King Oliver . . . Someone's trying to make a mess out of the issue as to who taught me and who did this and that."

ON RECORDS—Goodman Sextet, *Slipped Disc* (Col.); Buddy Johnson, *That's The Stuff you Gotta Watch* (Decca); Erroll Garner, *Moving Around* (Black & White); Joe Marsala, *Southern Comfort* (Musicraft), head an interminable list of worthy additions to any jazz library. Our man of the month, Dizzy Gillespie, can be heard in Trummy Young's *Seventh Avenue* on Continental and in his own *Be-Bop* on Manor. Another new firm, Duke Records, has put out some discs by Freddie Greene, Trummy Young and Frankie Socolow.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Is Where You Find It

ON THE ROAD—With a gradual elimination of wartime shortages and travel restrictions, you who live in the remoter spots will have a better chance of making a personal acquaintance with bands that had hitherto been unable to go on the road. Despite records, broadcasts and theatres, there's still no better way to get an all-around picture of a jazz orchestra's ability than by catching it on a dance date, known in the trade as a one-night stand. On these dates they loosen up, play anything they like in their library without concessions to song publishers, and have no time limit on any number if they're in the mood to stretch it by several choruses.

Among the new bands that are likely to be on the road by the time you read this are those of two Horace Heidt alumni, Shorty Sherock and Jess Stacy. Shorty's musical policy is a little more progressive than that of his ex-boss. All trumpet-playing leaders nowadays are expected to invest in a certain amount of straight balladeering à la Harry James-Charlie Spivak, but when Shorty gets to blowing some real jazz horn he's great, and some of his arrangements bear study too.

Jess Stacy's band is new and undeveloped at this writing, but shows promise, and the former Goodman-T. Dorsey-Heidt pianist has two aces in his charming Mrs., who sings as Lee Wiley, and in Benny Winestone, a good tenor sax man who, if you catch him for a chat between sets, will surprise you with a broad Scots accent.

ON RECORDS—The amazing Woody Herman band (which will begin to amaze via the networks November 22 from Manhattan's 400 Restaurant) doesn't let up for an instant in *Northwest Passage*, one of the incredible "head" arrangements described here last month. Count Basie's Jimmy Rushing is in his usual fine, fat fettle for *Jimmy's Blues*. Benny Goodman encourages the revival of *It's Only a Paper Moon*, with a vocal by Dottie Reid. All the above on Columbia.

The mad scat singer, Leo Watson, whom we profiled a few months back, lends his legendary larynx to the sides by the Spirits of Rhythm on *Black & White*, best of which are *Scattin' The Blues*, *She Ain't No Saint* and *Honey-Sock-Me-On-The-Nose* (alias *Hon-cysuckle Rose*).

Tenor sax fans should get the new Coleman Hawkins album on Asch, featuring Hawk with his own little band, including a good pianist, composer and arranger who, not willing to be outranked by the Dukes, Counts and Earls, is currently calling himself Sir Charles Thompson. And Gene Krupa's great tenor discovery, Charlie Ventura, is one of a bunch of stars who distinguish themselves in *C. V. Jump* on the Sunset label. Red Norvo's *Congo Blues* on Comet, with Dizzy, Flip, Slam, T. Wilson, Ch. Parker, is superb.

A "History of Jazz" on Capitol records, only one album of which is to hand as we go to press, will be microscopically examined in the near future.—LEONARD FEATHER

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N.Y.
MIRROR

NOV 29 1945



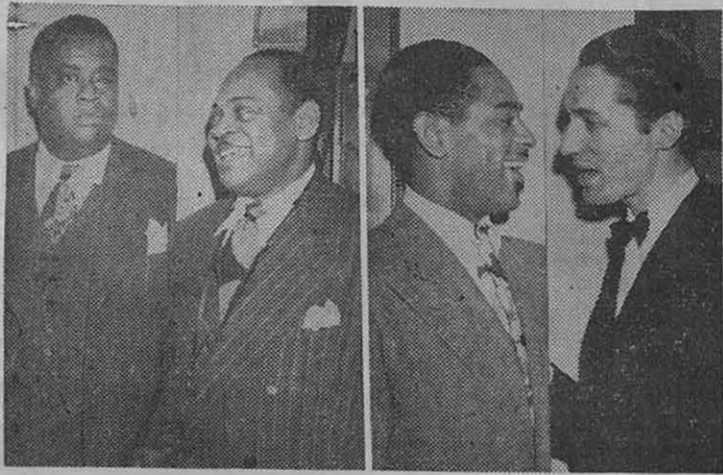
Nick Kenny

Speaking:

(LOCAL PAPERS PLEASE COPY!!!)

CAMDEN, N. J.!!! "In the Long Hairs' Corner—DEEMS TAYLOR! In the Cats' corner—LEONARD FEATHER!" That's the way they will announce the new RCA Victor series which gets under way Sunday at 4:30 p. m. on WEAJ with a battle of music between Tin Pan Alley and Symphony Street. Raymond Paige and his band will do the horn tootin'. Taylor is president of ASCAP and a noted long hair. Feather is a well-known jazz authority and idol of the hep cats. Sounds like an interesting series!

Sinatra t



JAZZ CONCERT STARS—Art Tatum, renown pianist, and Coleman Hawkins, great tenor saxophonist, were snapped in their dressing room last Tuesday evening prior to the jazz concert at the Academy of Music which was presented by Sara Langston and Morton Casway. Photo 2: Dizzy Gillespie, Twenty-first Century Gabriel, and Leonard G. Feather, composer-pianist and jazz critic, share a joke.—Photos by Mosley.

Tatum Steals the Show

Partially-Blind Pianist Scores in Academy of Music Swing Fest

By **CONCHITA NAKATANI**

Philadelphians acclaimed Art Tatum, who has often been referred to as the greatest jazz pianist of our time, last Tuesday evening at the Academy of Music when Sara Langton and Morton Casway presented Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, and Dizzy Gillespie, top-flight jazz virtuosos in their respective fields, in concert. It was, however, a Tatum triumph.

An enthusiastic audience, who applauded loud and long for "The Fingers," was very much different from those who attended the three previous jazz concerts at the staid hall where Marian Anderson, Eugene Ormandy, Dorothy Maynor, Oscar Levant, and other famous concert figures have performed.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE

The light, clear, feather-touch of Tatum opened the program with "Elegie," "Humoresque," "Begin the Beguine," "Sweet Lorraine," "Danny Boy," and "Song of the Vagabonds," which brought him a thunderous applause, and as Fifty-second Street (New York City) frequenters who have seen him at the Three Deuces or the Downbeat, he obliged with an original, amusing and clever arrangement of the "Kerry Dancers." Three of the above numbers are included in his first Decca album, which consists of six sides.

Coleman Hawkins and his combination, including Denzil Best, drums; Al McKibbom, bass, and Thelonius Monk, piano, played two of their most recent recordings, "Stuff" and "Talk of the Town." These were followed by "Mop Mop," "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," and "Sweet Georgia Brown."

The 21st Century Gabriel, Dizzy Gillespie, local boy, who is said to be ten years ahead of times, played "Night in Tunisia," and "The Man I Love."

After the number Tatum returned playing "Tea for Two" and paid a tribute to the late Jerome Kern with his interpretation of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "All the Things You Are." "Get Happy," and included in the Decca album, was well received. If it were possible, Tatum was better than ever.

ADDED FEATURE CLICKS

An added feature to the concert was Mary Osborne, who played guitar with several well known bands. Backed by the Coleman Hawkins rhythm section, she "knocked out" the audience with her renditions of "Rosetta" and "Just You, Just Me."

The finale of this grand musical evening was brought to a close with a jam session of two of the stars—Gillespie and Hawkins and quartet, Mary Osborne playing "Body and Soul."

It was the opinion of those present that Tatum could have played the entire evening, although all performers were "great." His switching from the classics to the popular tunes of the day without break in rhythm was marvelous.

FEATHER, M. C.

Leonard Feather, composer-pianist and jazz critic, acted as master of ceremonies and gave a brief history of the performing musicians. It was a disappointment, that he did not play, although several of his compositions were heard.

Tatum has played in the leading night clubs throughout the country.

For information about the Hawkins quartet see the July 14 issue of this paper.

DEC 9 - 1945

A New Musical Program Features Both the Classical and the Popular



Deems Taylor, on the left, and Leonard Feather, to the right, jointly preside on the melodic offering now carried at 4:30 P. M. Sundays on NBC (WEAF),

the former espousing the classics, the latter swing. In the center is Mynell Allen, a vocalist of the modern school, who is one of today's guest artists.

RADIO NOTEBOOK

Johnny Desmond's Premiere—The Return of Elmer Davis—Other Matters

By JACK GOULD

ACCORDING to intermittent reports from Europe during the war, the housewives and maidens of England, France and the Low Countries were enamored less of Frankie Sinatra than they were of a young American soldier named Johnny Desmond. Mr. Desmond was a featured vocalist with the service band organized by the late Glenn Miller, and his soft-toned wares were carried over the Army networks, upon which the English ladies in particular eavesdropped with a regularity that reportedly ruffled the traditional calm of the BBC.

With that sort of a reputation behind him, Mr. Desmond did not lack for offers from this side of the Atlantic, and upon his discharge, a month ago, he accepted an assignment to officiate on his own program at 11 o'clock Saturday mornings over NBC and WEAF.

A hearing of the talents that pleased the girls overseas should prove of interest to those psychologists who have seen something peculiarly American in swoon-singing. In a word, Johnny's style is drawn directly from the blueprint that produced not only Mr. S. but also the Haymeses and Comos here at home. The spirit of the bobby-socker apparently is international, too, these days.

No doubt the connoisseurs of swoon-crooning will be able to detect vast differences in their individual renditions, but this department would be inclined to regard Mr. Desmond as the closest approximation yet to the great Frankie—which is to say ahead of the Messrs. Haymes and Como.

Johnny's delivery is happily free of the excessive tricks of phrasing which on occasion detract from Frankie's performance, but the latter would seem to get the nod in the matters of "heart" and "warmth," as they say in 802 circles. However, no discussion of

the relative merits of the boys can overcome completely a long-standing suspicion that the contemporary singer owes a great deal, indeed, to the amplifying qualities of the microphone.

Supporting Mr. Desmond are different name orchestras—at the moment it is Johnny Long's outfit—and Jane Harvey, who provides spirited if not too distinguished singing on the distaff side. A couple of stalwarts of AFRA also are burdened with a lamentable comedy routine that could be omitted in toto to great advantage.

Taylor vs. Feather

If the basic gag does not wear too thin upon future repetition, the Radio Corporation of America should have one of the livelier music programs in its simulated battle between the classics and swings, heard at 4:30 P. M. Sundays on its network subsidiary, NBC. Deems Taylor, the head of ASCAP, and Leonard Feather, one of the local high priests of jazz, make with the words between performance of the works of both schools by Raymond Paige's orchestra and guest soloists.

The format is not new, long having been the stock in trade of the disk jockeys, but, thanks in large measure to the initial script of David Gregory, the Messrs. Taylor and Feather tossed off the quips with considerable aplomb, keeping tongue well in cheek and not being too cute too often. On the first program Mr. Paige and his ensemble seemed more at home in the popular field than in the classical, but no doubt future performances will make for a more equitable balance in the musical execution.

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'Bach or Boogie' Format for RCA

New RCA Sunday afternoon NBC show replacing the Tommy Dorsey ailer bows in on Dec. 2. Format of show, headed by Raymond Paige, is based on a "Battle of Music" (swingsters vs. longhairs) show. Paige did back in 1941 on his "Forecast" series, when Albert Spalding was pitted against Frankie Hyers.

The new half-hour program is a Paige-Manny Rosenberg package, with the latter in charge of production. Joe Bigelow and Frank Wilson, of the J. Walter Thompson agency, which handles the RCA account, look set for the scripting job, along with Henry Denker, of the Transamerican agency. Paige will wield the baton for both the symphonic and jazz orchestral contingents, with Kenny Delmar as the referee. In addition there will be a couple of spokesmen, representing the "Bach or Boogie" factions, with George Frazier and Leonard Feather among those mulled for the swingster segment and Sigmund Spaeth and Deems Taylor among those in line as the long-haired reps.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
WORLD-TELEGRAM

DEC 1 - 1945

AND TOMORROW

- 3:00—WABC—The New York Philharmonic-Symphony presents radio premiere of Carpenter's Suite, The Seven Ages, and the Mozartiana Suite by Tchaikowsky with Artur Rodzinski conducting.
- 4:00—WEAF—Adm. William F. Halsey and Rear Adm. Forrest P. Sherman of the Navy and Lt. Gen. James Doolittle and Gen. Joseph W. Stillwell of the Army discuss whether America's armed forces should be united under a single command on the National Hour.
- 4:30—WEAF—Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather battle over swing vs. classics, while Raymond Paige and orchestra provide musical case histories to illustrate the arguments.

Listening In

With Ben Gross ^{2/2}

"New talent is what radio needs." That's the motto of the show succeeding the Tommy Dorsey divertimento on WEAF at 4:30

this afternoon. So on each program, singers and instrumentalists who have not previously had a crack at the mike will be featured. On the first airing, for example, the guest stars will be Jane Lawrence, a movie



Raymond Paige

soprano, and Leonid Bolotine, a concert violinist. Already, the word has gone out to such opera luminaries as Grace Moore, Helen Jepson, Rose Bampton and others, asking them to place their proteges, if any, on these broadcasts. As already announced, Raymond Paige will be the musical director of the show which will resolve itself into a 'battle of music.' Deems Taylor will represent the "longhairs" and Leonard Feather, the "hepcats."

* * *

11/10

Laurel Watson has just completed two blues sides for Apollo, which Esquire Critic Leonard Feather predicts will bring long overdue recognition to a singer who has been greatly underrated.

— ROWE —

Wille Bryant has returned to records, his first waxing in seven years, making four sides for Apollo, including his famous "Around the Clock" (which we'll bet they had to clean up a little bit), a new version of his old theme song, "It's Over Because We're Through," and a new number by L. Feather, titled "Amateur Night in Harlem," which mentions everybody from Frank Schiffman to Porto Rico . . . The musical background for the songs is provided by a pick-up band, which includes Taft Jordan, trumpet; Tab Smith, alto; Johnny Hicks, tenor; Ben Brown, bass; Walter Johnson, drums; Leonard Feather, piano, and Chuck Wayne, guitar . . . The Deep River Boys are scheduled for a three-months' tour of ch...

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
NEWS

NOV 28 1945

Symphony vs. Swing . . . With Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather championing classical and jive music, respectively, a new weekly series spotlighting battles between the longhairs and rug-cutters premieres over WEAF Sunday afternoon at 4:30. The program format involves verbal tiffs between Taylor and Feather with Raymond Paige's Orch., a chorus and guest vocalists and instrumentalists providing the musical case histories to illustrate the arguments.

11/28

Symphony vs. Swing . . . With Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather championing classical and jive music, respectively, a new weekly series spotlighting battles between the longhairs and rug-cutters premieres over WEAF Sunday afternoon at 4:30. The program format involves verbal tiffs between Taylor and Feather with Raymond Paige's Orch., a chorus and guest vocalists and instrumentalists providing the musical case histories to illustrate the arguments.

This Clipping From
CINCINNATI, OHIO
ENQUIRER

DEC 9 - 1945

THAT NEW Raymond Paige show—NBC, WLW, 4:30 p. m. today—affords a revealing glimpse of what makes the program wheels go around. The perennial battle between swing and the classics seems an adroit device of the sponsor to "work both sides of the street" musically speaking. It's a nice play when it clicks. In last Sunday's premiere, the verbal tilting of Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather had the air of being "suped up." Can it be that their differences are only script-deep?

This Clipping From
COLUMBUS, GA.
ENQUIRER

12-9-1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for Pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
VINDICATOR

DEC 3 - 1945

WFMJ Will Broadcast Anderson 4-H Address

An address by Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson before 1,200 members of the National 4-H Club, in Chicago, will be broadcast by WFMJ at 9:30 tonight.

Anderson will view the national food situation for the next six months. Edward Foss Wilson will introduce him and present awards to 4-H winners.

Champions of the classics will battle supporters of jive when the "Raymond Paige Show" bows in on WTAM at 7:30 p. m. Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather will be regular leaders of the opposing musical factions, Taylor representing the "longhairs," while Feather holds out for the swingsters. Kenneth Delmar will act as moderator. Guests for the premiere program will be Jane Thomas Mitchell Lawrence, soprano; Leonid Bolotine, concert violinist, and Eddie South, jazz violinist. Raymond Paige and his orchestra will provide the



This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N.Y.
MIRROR

DEC 6 - 1945

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date... Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc... The Don McKean (June Carlson of the films) expect their image in April... Jose Iturbi and actress Joyce Moss are a symphony... Virginia Stevens shelved her radio editor job to join a Japan-bound USO troupe of "Blithe Spirit"... Helen Lichtenstein, the heiress, has sold the Bar A-A Ranch near Tucson for \$150,000... Ermine was so common at the Met Opera opening it might as well have been rabbit. Women will tell you that dry-cleanable white lamb (it has a luxurious appearance) is the current rage among women who can't afford ermine as well as those who can.

163

WALTER
WINCHILL

This Clipping From
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
JOURNAL

NOV 21 1945

Riding the Airwaves with BCL



Something for the Hepcats and the Longhairs

WHETHER you're one of the "longhairs" who prefer classics or a "hep" individual with a leaning toward swing, you'll find something of interest in a new radio series debuting over NBC, 3:30 p. m. Dec. 2. Basis for the programs is the perpetual battle over the respective merits of the "pops" and the classics.

In the respective authoritative corners will be Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather. Raymond Paige's orchestra will provide the music while Kenneth Delmar (currently doing a bang-up job on the Fred Allen airer) acts as emcee and moderator.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
NEWS

DEC 3 - 1945

Listening In

With Ben Gross

Longhairs vs. Hepcats... A "battle of music" is one of the oldest devices of radio, but as done on the WEA F series at 4:30 yesterday afternoon, it registered as an amusing and pleasant entertainment. My assistant, Barbara, who listened while I was on my way to the Toscanini concert, reports that Deems Taylor, speaking for the traditionalists, and Leonard Feather, for the jivesters, scored with their jests, "some of which were pretty obvious." And special credit goes to the able Raymond Paige, who led a concert and a swing orchestra. Also to Leonid Bolotine, concert violinists, and to Eddie South, the jazz fiddler, who were among the guests on the show.

This Clipping From
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
EAGLE

DEC 1 - 1945

DOUBLING — Raymond Paige and his orchestra will play both classical and swing music to point up the arguments of Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather, in a series of longhair-versus-jive debates to be inaugurated on WEA F tomorrow.

This Clipping From
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
EAGLE

NOV 30 1945

... WEA F will launch another musical "battle of the century" series on Sunday, featuring debates between classical and swing experts, with Raymond Paige's orch, adept at both types of music, playing for each side... The debaters: Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather...

This Clipping From
RADIO DAILY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOV 30 1945

New RCA-Victor Series On NBC, Will Start On Dec. 2

RCA Victor, a division of RCA, will sponsor a new series, "The RCA Victor Show," over the NBC network beginning Sunday, Dec. 2, replacing "The RCA Show With Tommy Dorsey." The program will feature the perpetual battle between swing and classics, with a top-flight talent lineup including Raymond Paige, his orchestra and chorus, Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing factions. Kenneth Delmar will act as emcee and moderator.

This Clipping From
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

NOV 27 1945

Taylor, Feather Bow On RCA-Victor Show Sunday

Deems Taylor, president of ASCAP, and Leonard Feather, music editor of Esquire, bow on the RCA-Victor Show on Sunday via NBC at 1:30 p.m. Kenneth Delmar will serve as emcee and moderator.

The format of the new package will be a verbal tiff between Taylor and Feather as to the popularity of swing and, or the classics. Raymond Paige, his orchestra and chorus will furnish the background for the weekly round-table.

This Clipping From
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have

gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for Pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

FEATHER—BURLEY

Suite In Four Comfortable Quarters
(Parts 1 & 2)

Continental 6006

Simple blues well if not excitingly done, featuring plenty of piano work by Leonard Feather and Dan Burley. Both their (Modulate to Page 9)

DOWN BEAT

Chicago, September 15, 1945

Diggin' the Discs—Don

(Jumped from Page 8)

solos are well played and conceived though little of the unusual or brilliant occurs. Tiny Grimes is much better on guitar than either pianist, and the rhythm, with Grimes, Jack Lesburg on bass and Morey Feld on drums, keeps things moving throughout. It's Burley's piano on the first side, Feather's on the second.

This Clipping From

DALLAS, TEX.
NEWS

DEC 3 - 1945

Dial Suggestions:

Al Pearce on Afternoon Show

With Elmer Blurt, his screwball supersalesman characterization, Al Pearce will begin a daily variety show with many new gimmicks at 2 p.m. Monday over KGKO, radio service of The Dallas Morning News. Previously Pearce and his comedy character have been heard on weekly network broadcasts.

The new show will be both a professional and audience participation program. For audience participation stunts Pearce will have

a birthday skit with a new travelog and "Today's Mrs. Anica," presenting five contestants from the studio audience who are over 50 years of age. There will be music and songs with Gloria Fisher as vocalist and Gail Laughton, swing harpist.

Changing format and personnel, the RCA Show will begin the battle anew between swing and the classics at 10:30 p.m. Monday over WFAA. Authorities in both fields have been engaged to appear regularly on the series while Raymond Paige's Orchestra will battle it out on the podium. None other than Deems Taylor will put in the good word for the classics and Leonard Feather will be the standard-bearer for the hepcats.

This Clipping From

NEW YORK, N. Y.
NEWS

DEC 7 - 1945

Pass in Review. . . Frank Sinatra, Norman Corwin, Duke Ellington, Mayor LaGuardia, Jane Froman, Irving Berlin, Laurette Taylor, Ingrid Bergman, Fibber McGee and Molly and Eddie Condon were among the luminaries honored with Page One Awards during the Newspaper Guild entertainment and dance at Madison Square Garden last night (WABC-11:30), Bob Hope, from Hollywood, and Bob Trout, from New York, were scheduled as emcees of the broadcast. . . Lt. Gen. Raymond S. McClain and Frank Miles, American Legion correspondent, urged in forcible terms universal military training now, in Town Hall last night (WJZ-8:30). However, Charles G. Bolte, head of the American Veterans Committee, and Sen. Edwin G. Johnson (D., Colo.) argued equally fervently against it.

Butch's Ba. . . Will be Liberty Magazine when he starts his series of weekly commentaries over WJZ-ABC, on January 6, 9:30 P. M. With the publication sponsoring the Little Flower for more than \$100,000 a year, his pearls of wisdom will be carried coast-to-coast by 198 stations of the network. Mark Woods, president of ABC, announced yesterday that neither the sponsor nor the network would limit the Mayor's freedom of expression. (That would be kinda difficult, says we!) . . . And just to get La Guardia in the mood for his new series, Deems Taylor, composer-critic, will present him at City Hall today with the first copy of a new swing spiritual titled "Patience and Fortitude," which has been the theme of La Guardia's WNYC broadcasts. On Sunday at 4:30 over WFAA, Butch will join Taylor, Leonard Feather and Raymond Paige in a vocal quartet version of the ditty. That should be sumptin'.

This Clipping From
METROPOLITAN HOST
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEC 1 - 1945

Swing or the classics—which do you prefer? The perpetual battle over the respective merits of the "pops" and the "long-hairs" is the basis of a unique radio series, "The RCA Victor Show," to be launched Sunday at 4:30 via NBC. A top flight talent line up includes Raymond Paige and his Orchestra and chorus, Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing musical factions. Kenneth Delmar will serve as emcee and moderator.

This Clipping From
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
PRESS

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast by RCA Victor.

The opening session had a very good talk and it was all entertaining, even if the examples of classical music were weak.

This Clipping From
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
NEWS FREE PRESS

DEC 10 1945

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date. . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc.

This Clipping From
DECATUR, ALA.
DAILY

DEC 6 - 1945

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date. . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. The Don McKean (June Carlson of the films)

This Clipping From
WICHITA, KAN.
BEACON

DEC 9 1945

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date. . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. The Don McKean (June Carlson of the films) expect their image in April. Jose Iturbi and actress Joyce Moss are a symphony. . . Virginia Stevens shelved her radio editor job to join a Japan-bound USO troupe of "Blithe Spirit."

This Clipping From
DAVENPORT, IOWA
DEMOCRAT-LEADER

DEC 9 1945

The RCA Victor show with Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather, Raymond Paige and his orchestra and Leo Smit and Leonard Stokes guests—NBC WMAQ Iowa Nebraska Quiz—WHO.

This Clipping From
MOBILE, ALA.
REGISTER

DEC 9 - 1945

Four guest stars, two bearing the aegis of the classics and two carrying the banner of swing, will come to the 3:30 p.m. WALA show to back up the arguments of Deems Taylor for the longhairs and Leonard Feather for the investors: Leo Smit, pianist, and Leonard Stokes, baritone, will be the "classical" abettors, while Errol Carner, jazz keyboard stylist, and Mynell Allen, swing songstress, will take the opposite stand.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N.Y.
MIRROR

DEC 13 1945

BROOKLYN!!! Elaine Malbin, 14-year-old Brooklyn high school student, will uphold the classical contingent on the RCA program's "Battle of the Classics versus Swing" at 4:30 p.m. Sunday on the NBC! She will be presented by Deems Taylor, president of ASCAP. Leonard Feather, the jive expert, will oppose Miss Malbin with Nancy Norman, singing "Chickery Chick." Elaine is the niece of Dr. Leo Michel, popular New York medico, and is he proud of her!

This Clipping From
PORTLAND, OREGON
OREGON JOURNAL

DEC 2 - 1945

Tiff, Tiff

Just how heated the battle will be we've no idea, but beginning today on KGW at 10:30 p. m. RCA bankrolls a "verbal tiff" between Deems Taylor, representing the classics, and Leonard Feather, standard bearer for the hep cats. Raymond Paige conducts the orchestra. Kenneth Delmar is emcee and moderator and guests at the opening bout are Jane Lawrence, soprano; Leonid Bolotine, concert violinist, and Eddie Sout, jazz violinist.

This Clipping From
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.
PRESS-CHRONICLE

DEC 10 1945

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date. . . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. . . . The

This Clipping From
DANVILLE, VA.
REGISTER

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
WATERBURY, CONN.
REPUBLICAN

DEC 14 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
RADIO DAILY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEC 19 1945

Lion-Lamb Stuff

It is said, "The lion shall lie down with the lamb." Especially true is this during the Christmas season, when many opponents bury the hatchet—temporarily, to wit: on RCA-NBC show Sunday, Deems Taylor, classicist, who opposes Leonard Feather, jive biggie, will turn about and go completely jive, while Feather, altruistically, will give out with the classics.

This Clipping From
VARIETY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEC 5 - 1945

THE RCA-VICTOR SHOW
With Raymond Paige orch, Deems Taylor, Leonard Feather, Kenny Delmar, announcer; Leonard Bolotine, Eddie South, Jane Lawrence, guests.
Writer: David Gregory
Producer: William Wilgus
30 Mins., Sun., 4:30-5 p.m.
RADIO CORP. OF AMERICA
WEAT-NBC, N. Y.

(J. Walter Thompson)

In a move to hypo listener interest in its Sunday afternoon NBC show, RCA-Victor has discarded the Tommy Dorsey-Jay Blackton orch program and has resurrected the old "jazz vs. classics" chestnut in a new-formatted show headed by Raymond Paige, who batons both the hot and longhaired musical sequences, with Deems Taylor on hand to champion the classics and Leonard Feather, music critic of Esquire mag, as jazz defender. It's an idea based on a one-shot show Paige did several years back and, for that matter, goes way back to vaude days when a lot of the oldtime trouperes were inviting audience reaction to Berlin vs. Bach.

What went out over the airwaves on Sunday's (2) initial program, however, was neither fish nor fowl; certainly it wasn't the show it could have been—or, for that matter, could still be. It's hard to say what took the worst beating, the jive routines or the alleged classics that were dished out. Aside from a poor choice of selection to represent the two categories, the Taylor vs. Feather gagging-they-way-through-a-feud wasn't of a particularly scintillating quality. Obviously a clever script job can go far toward giving a show of this type a freshness and distinctiveness all its own. The lines that Taylor and Feather were playing around with, while striving for a heppiness, were for the most part belabored. And the delivery wasn't what it should have been. The dialog in this instance only served to cut the numbers down to a minimum. The comedy payoff wasn't there.

Paige best demonstrated his batoning virtuosity as he put the orch through the "One O'Clock Jump" paces and, for the Taylor "rebuttal," a capsule bolero. But for the remainder, there wasn't too much distinction between the sugar-coated classics that were served up, including Leonard Bolotine's violin concertizing and Jane Lawrence's sopranoing, and the modern-idiomed tunes. Eddie South was on hand to champion the Feather cause with some hot fiddle virtuosity that was okay.

But on the basis of last Sunday's show, it would probably make a lot more sense if RCA devoted a half-hour of solid sending to satisfy jive fans, hitched its commercials on to the Victor catalog of Toscanini recordings, and invited the audience to stay tuned for the 5 to 6 symph program. There, by the grace of General Motors, is your top rebuttal. Commercials were nicely paced, integrated with the "battle of music" feud, and handled with the usual Kenny Delmar finesse. *Rose.*

This Clipping From
DAVENPORT, IOWA
DEMOCRAT-LEADER

NOV 25 1945

A NEW SHOW.

The perpetual battle over the merits of the "pops" and the "Longhairs" is the basis of a unique radio series, "The RCA Victor Show" to be launched Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3:30 over the National network. There will be top flight talent, including Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus and Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing musical factions.

This Clipping From
TULSA, OKLA.
WORLD

DEC 9 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for Pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
MIAMI, FLA.
HERALD

DEC 9 - 1945

NAMED in honor of Mayor La Guardia, "Patience and Fortitude," a new swing-spiritual is to be sung by Mynell Allen during the battle of jive versus Classics at 4:30 p. m., NBC-WIOD. Leonard Feather is chief jivester with Deems Taylor as major classicist.

This Clipping From
BILLBOARD
CINCINNATI, OHIO

DEC 8 - 1945

RCA-Victor started another radio show December 2 based on jive versus classic theme. Program regularly bills Raymond Paige orch as well as Deems Taylor for the longhairs and Leonard Feather for the crew-cut audience. . . . William Morris bookings for Ray McKinley complete for six months starting February. Engagements said to include Commodore Hotel and Strand Theater here, and Frank Dalley's Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J.

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This Clipping From
PORTLAND, ME.
SUNDAY TELEGRAM

DEC 2 - 1945

Battle Of Music

The perpetual battle over the respective merits of classical and modern popular music forms the basis of a new airshow making its debut at 4:30 p. m. today via WCSH. The talent line-up for the program includes Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus, with Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing musical factions. Taylor, who is one of the leading contemporary composers and critics, will uphold the interests of the longhairs; and Feather, jazz critic and song writer, will champion the hepheads.

This Clipping From
NORFOLK, VA.
LEDGER DISPATCH

DEC 7 - 1945

BROADWAY SMALLTALK: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date . . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. . . . The Don Mc-

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIM

DEC 2 - 1945

A new musical show pitting the classics against swing will have its premiere this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock over WEA-F-NBC. Regulars on the show will be Raymond Paige and Orchestra, Deems Taylor representing the classics, and Leonard Feather, championing swing music, the latter two "arguing" the respective merits of the two musical styles. Guests on the initial show will be Jane Lawrence, soprano; Leonid Bolotine, concert violinist and Eddie South, jazz violinist.

This Clipping From
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

DEC 8 - 1945
WINCHELL

Memos of a Midnighter: LaGuardia's yearly pay of \$100,000 (for his new radio spiels) is guaranteed by Music Corp. of America, which will get it back via juicy commissions . . . The screen eye-ful who is credited with breaking up Lana Turner's romance with Turhan Bey—is now blamed for the wreckage of a famed N. Y. marriage that lasted 20 years . . . Eleanor Dudley, Midwest golf champ, was sealed to Lt. D. Copping a few days ago. He's the Pullman biggie . . . Cara Williams (20th actress) has been Mrs. Alan Gray for 6 months. He's a Coast jockey. They will be 3 in April . . . Dorothy Day, who married on the Coast Sunday, was once Vicki Lester . . . The former colymist, Dorothy Dey, weds Dean Murphy, the delineator, at the manse of the H. Richmans in Miami Beach on December 13.

Broadway Smalltalk: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date . . . Jessyca Russell's first published lyrics, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. . . . The Don McKeans (June Carlson, of the films) expect their image in April . . . Jose Iturbi and Actress Joyce Moss are a symphony . . . Virginia Stevens shelved her radio editor job to join a Japan-bound USO troupe of "Blithe Spirit" . . . Helen Lichtenstein, the heiress, has sold the Bar A-A Ranch near Tucson for \$150,000

This Clipping From
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

DEC 9 - 1945

4:30 P. M., WMBG—Four guest stars—two bearing the aegis of the classics and two carrying the banner of swing—will come to the RCA Victor Show to back up the arguments of Deems Taylor, arguing for the longhairs, and Leonard Feather, battling for the jivesters. Leo Smit,

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
AMSTERDAM STAR NEWS

DEC 15 1945

I Cover New York

By ALLAN McMILLAN

Mama Here's That Man Again . . .

Leonard Feathers, London "Swing" critic and pianist par excellence, points out that he was the first to predict the popularity of Blues three years ago when he made this remark to Woody Herman, quote: "The popularity of 'The Blues' will return even more forcibly than when jazz first swept the Mississippi delta thirty years ago" . . . And now his prediction has come true because such recording stars as Wynonie Harris, Pvt. Cecil Gant, Walter Moore, Willie Bryant, Betty Roche, Albennie Jones and Billie Holiday are earning thousands of dollars from their moanful ditties . . .

This Clipping From
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
PRESS

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
WORLD-TELEGRAM

DEC 1 - 1945

Fighting exponent of the classics will be ASCAP president Deems Taylor, who bows in over the new "Battle of Music" show tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 via NBC. Mr. Taylor will be opposed by Leonard Feather, "swing" authority.

This Clipping From
DAILY VARIETY
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

DEC 6 - 1945

There's an old saying that if you keep anything for 14 years it will be back in style again. That goes for feminine finery and brass spittoons but radio ideas never were intended to be included in the revival. Nonetheless, RCA-Victor, which deals in new and streamlined stuff, has dusted off an old one and goes to the mike with it—NBC Sunday. Ask any veteran producer and he'll tell you that the battle of music between the long-haired classicists and the swing hepsters has been kicking around since Joe Penner's Duck, Jack Perl's Munchausen and Ed Wynn's fire hat. But here it is, all freshened up for another try at a rating. Raymond Paige must have grinned sheepishly when told he would mount the podium for this oldie. For the new twist, Deems Taylor will take up the cudgels for the "serious side" and parry the thrusts of the hepsters' champion, Leonard Feathers.

This Clipping From
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

NOV 25 1945

Strictly programs—WRC-NBC—The battle between swing and classical music will be the basis of a new program which starts Sunday, December 2, at 4:30 p.m. Raymond Paige, his orchestra and chorus, will supply the music and Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather will lead the opposing factions. . . . "Out of the

This Clipping From
DAYTON, O.
HERALD

News
NOV 25 1945

Opening Night At Met Will Be Broadcast Monday

BY BLANCHE GOUFFAUT

The opening night of the Metropolitan opera season will be aired in its entirety Monday night. The complete opera, "Lohengrin," with Torsten Ralf, distinguished Swedish tenor in the title role, will be presented besides which the glamour and color of the occasion will be described by interviews during the intermissions back stage and out front.

Elmer Davis, former director of the Office of War Information, will return to the airwaves Sunday, Dec. 2, over the American Broadcasting System, in a new series of news commentary and interpretation. He will be heard on Sunday afternoons thereafter and on Tuesdays and Wednesday nights. Over NBC network on Dec. 2 Deems Taylor, exponent of the classics, and Leonard Feather, advocate of popular music, with Raymond Paige and his orchestra, will inaugurate a new series. There will be noted stars and personalities as guests on each program.

This Clipping From
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

NOV 25 1945

SWING or the classics—which do you prefer?

The perpetual battle over the respective merits of the "props" and the "longhairs" is the basis of a unique radio series, The RCA Victor Show, to be launched next Sunday (NBC, 4:30 P. M.), with a topflight talent lineup including Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus, and Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing musical factions. Kenneth Delmar will serve as emcee and moderator.

Taylor, composer, critic and raconteur, represents the interests of the "longhairs," while Feather, music columnist, songwriter and radio "platter jockey," champions the swingsters. Program format involves droll verbal tiffs between Taylor and Feather, with Paige's orchestra, the chorus and guest soloists providing the musical "case histories" to illustrate the arguments. Prominent guest "referees" will appear on the series.

Taylor has been identified with numerous radio programs in emcee and commentary capacities. He is president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and is the composer of numerous well-known works, including two operas—"The King's Henchman" and "Peter Ibbetson."

Feather, to an extent, has been to "pops" what Taylor has been to the classics. He has written many "pop" tunes, emceed jazz programs, reviewed bands and records for prominent publications, and appeared widely as a lecturer on jazz.

This Clipping From
KANSAS CITY, MO.
STAR

DEC 2 - 1945

Beginning with its broadcast at 5 o'clock next Saturday, the R. C. A. Victor show changes format and personnel. The new musical series will present a battle between popular and classical music. Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus will play and Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather will represent the opposing musical factions. Kenny Delmar will be moderator.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK, N. Y.
NEWS

DEC 22 1945

The Notebook . . . Leonard Feather, the swing expert, is withdrawing from NBC's Sunday afternoon "Battle of Music" to devote his radio time to appearances on Woody Herman's show over WJZ at 8 P. M., beginning tonight . . . Three Irna Phillips serials will be combined in one special presentation titled, "Christmas in America, 1945," written by Arthur Gladd, on WEA, Tuesday afternoon at 2.

This Clipping From
CLEVELAND, OHIO
PRESS

DEC-3 1945

Radio Selections

Swing versus Classics, WTAM at 7:30: RCA inaugurates a new show with Deems Taylor representing the long-hairs and Leonard Feather carrying the flag for the hep-cats. Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus furnish the musical background for the controversy.

This Clipping From
DAVENPORT, IOWA
DEMOCRAT-LEADER

DEC 2 1945

Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather head the different groups and Raymond Paige and his orchestra and guest stars will furnish the music.

This Clipping From
COLUMBIA, S. C.
STATE

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one

side and Leonard Feather swinging for pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NBC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA Victor.

This Clipping From
SPARTANBURG, S. C.
HERALD

DEC 8 - 1945

BROADWAY SMALLTALK: Fred Lamb's new Club 18, opening shortly, cost him \$165,000 to date . . . Jessyca Russell's first published works, "Signing Off," are set to Leonard Feather's melody via Tempo Music, Inc. . . . The Don McKean (June Carlson of the films) expect to make his image in April . . . Jose Iturbi and actress Joyce Moss are a new attraction . . . Virginia Stevens shelved her radio editor job to join a USO troupe of "Blithe Spirit" . . . Helen Lichtenstein, pianist, has sold the Bar A-A Ranch near Tucson for \$150,000 . . . Ermine was so common at the Met Opera opening it might be said to have been rabbit. Women will tell you that dry-cleanable ermine (it has a luxurious appearance) is the current rage among women who can't afford ermine as well as those who can.

This Clipping From
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
ARGUS

DEC 1 1945

The radio battle of the century—swing versus symphony—gets under way tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock on WMAQ when the new Victor Show makes its bow. Impartial referee is Kenneth Delmar, and Raymond Paige will have two orchestras on hand to second both contestants—Deems Taylor for the longhairs and Leonard Feather for the hep-cats.

This Clipping From
BROADCASTING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOV 26 1945

PERPETUAL battle between swing and the classics will be format of new RCA Victor program, "The RCA Victor Show" Sunday 4:30-5 p.m. on NBC, which replaces "The RCA Show with Tommy Dorsey" effective Dec. 2. Deems Taylor, composer and critic, and Leonard Feather, platter jockey and songwriter, will act as leaders of the opposing factions, while Kenneth Delmar will act as moderator. Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus are included. J. Walter Thompson Co., New York, is agency.

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This Clipping From
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TIMES HERALD

DEC - 2 1945

Debut of the new R.C.A. Victor show tonight 4:30 p.m., over N.B.C., featuring Deems Taylor to represent the long-hairs and Leonard Feather to represent popular music. Kenneth Delmar, who announces several programs, emerges in a new role as emcee and moderator. Raymond Paige will conduct the orchestra playing both types of music, and guests will be featured each week.

This Clipping From
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
TIMES

DEC 9 - 1945

Classics and popular music have gone to the mat over the air. With Deems Taylor squaring off on one side and Leonard Feather swinging for Pops, Raymond Paige and his orchestra illustrate what they are talking about in an NEC Sunday broadcast sponsored by RCA-Victor.

This Clipping From
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TIMES HERALD

DEC - 2 1945

4:30 P.M., WRC—New series in the perpetual battle between the classics and swing, with Deems Taylor, composer and critic, and Leonard Feather, music columnist and songwriter, as leaders of the opposing factions. Raymond Paige conducts the orchestra and chorus.

SUNDAY

KFI—On the RCA-Victor show at 1:30 p.m., Deems Taylor represents classic music and Mr. Leonard Feather, who rates the Mr. because he thinks so highly of the TRIBUNE, plugs for swing in a battle between the two types of music. Raymond Paige and his

This Clipping From
TOLEDO, OHIO
BLADE

DEC 1 - 1945

WEEKEND CONCERT PROGRAMS

THE annual series of Metropolitan Opera Saturday matinee broadcasts from the stage of the opera house is being inaugurated today over WTOL at 2 p. m. The opening performance is Mozart's "The Magic Flute." Principals in the



opera are Nadine Conner, Charles Kullman, Mimi Benzell and Ezio Pinza. Others in the cast under the baton of Bruno Walter are Regina Resnik, Maxine Stelman, Anna Kaskas, Marita Farell, Mona Paulee, Thelma Altman, Lillian Raymondi, Hugh Thompson, Wellington Ezekiel, John Garris, Richard Manning, Louis D'Angelo, Nadine Conner

Emery Darcy and William Hargrave. A new intermission feature will be the Opera News of the Air conducted by an outstanding musical authority with noted guests each week. The Opera Quiz will be continued and when a third intermission occurs, the Opera Round Table will be presented. Milton J. Cross again will serve as general master of ceremonies . . . Another premiere this weekend is Battle Royal at 4:30 p. m. tomorrow over NBC. The show, featuring Deems Taylor to represent the classics and Leonard Feather to represent popular music, will present a battle of music and wits. Kenneth Delmar is emcee and Raymond Paige conducts the orchestra in both types of music. Guests will be featured each week.

Billy Eckstine discs
Leonard Feather blues

NEW YORK—Billy Eckstine's latest recording for the National label is a blues by Esquire jazz critic and TRIBUNE-admirer Leonard G. Feather, titled, "Long, Long Journey", and an old ballad, "I'm in the Mood for Love", it was announced this week. Eckstine's "A Cottage for Sale" is reported to have sold more than 350,000 copies.

AMSTERDAM NEWS

Ray (Sugar) Robinson and Edna Mae Holley decided it the best way; no fussing, fighting and knockdown, dragout—Just a trip to Johnny (Atty.) Doles and a spiel: "Set us free, old man, set us free!" Clyde Bernhardt came all the way back from Virginia to sing four Leonard Feather sides on Musicraft Records last week. He's the chirper with Dud Bascomb's band now on USO tour. The sides: "Lost Weekend (Julce on the Loose) Blues, Blues in the Red, Lady in Debt, and Scandal-Monger Mama. He did my "Somebody's Knocking" on DeLuxe. Speaking of records, my album is now in complete form: "Bedroom Blues," "Living Room Romp," "Bathroom Boogie" and "Kitchen Connoptions." And the Handbook of Harlem Jive is selling like mad, Michaux at the National Memorial Book Store reports. Folks buying 'em in lots up to ten for Xmas gifts. Best on the market, old man. Better pick up!! And Dorothy

This Clipping From
CINCINNATI, O.
POST

DEC 1 - 1945

RADIO

New Week-End Shows

Two Promising Programs to Debut on Sunday;
The Lunts Co-star in "Elizabeth, the Queen"

For the radio, at least, things look bright over the weekend. First, a new Sunday musical show (WLW—4:30 p. m.) will make its bow to present both sides of the battle between "long" and "short-haired" music. Deems Taylor and Leonard Feathers will serve as leaders of the opposing musical factions.

Philad Inq 11/27/45

Tatum, Hawkins, Gillespie Feature Swing at Academy

Three brilliant stars of the jazz firmament—Art Tatum, pianist; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophonist, and Dizzy Gillespie, ace trumpeter—entertained a large and volubly enthusiastic audience in a program of top flight swing at the Academy last night. Leonard Feather was on hand to announce the numbers, everything being very impromptu, and to act as master of ceremonies.

Art Tatum opened the show with several of his best known selections, some of which were his own interpretations of Massenet's "Elegie," Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine,"

*** TONIGHT AT 8:30 ***
ALL STAR SWING CONCERT
TATUM - HAWKINS - GILLESPIE
Leonard Feather, M. C.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC Broad & Locust
Tickets: Haly's (Weymann's) 1613 Chestnut
And in Evening at the Academy of Music

169

THE RCA-VICTOR SHOW
With Raymond Paige orch, Deems Taylor, Leonard Feather, Kenny Delmar, announcer; Leonard Bolotine, Eddie South, Jane Lawrence, guests.
Writer: David Gregory
Producer: William Wigus
30 Mins., Sun., 4:30-5 p.m.
RADIO CORP. OF AMERICA
WEAF-NBC, N. Y.
(J. Walter Thompson)

In a move to hypo listener interest in its Sunday afternoon NBC show, RCA-Victor has discarded the Tommy Dorsey-Jay Blackton orch program and has resurrected the old "jazz vs. classics" chestnut in a new-formatted show headed by Raymond Paige, who batson both the hot and longhaired musical sequences, with Deems Taylor on hand to champion the classics and Leonard Feather, music critic of Esquire mag, as jazz defender. It's an idea based on a one-shot show Paige did several years back and, for that matter, goes way back to vaude days when a lot of the oldtime troupers were inviting audience reaction to Berlin vs. Bach.

What went out over the airwaves on Sunday's (2) initial program, however, was neither hot nor cold; certainly it wasn't the show it could have been—or, for that matter, could still be. It's hard to say what took the worst beating, the five routines or the alleged classics that were dished out. Aside from a poor choice of selection to represent the two categories, the Taylor vs. Feather gagging-they-way-through-a-feud wasn't of a particularly scintillating quality. Obviously a clever script job can go far toward giving a show of this type a freshness and distinctiveness all its own. The lines that Taylor and Feather were paying around with, while striving for a heppness, were for the most part belabored. And the delivery wasn't what it should have been. The dialog in this instance only served to cut the numbers down to a minimum. The comedy payoff wasn't there.

Paige best demonstrated his batoning virtuosity as he put the orch through the "One O'Clock Jump" paces and, for the Taylor "rebuttal," a capsule bolero. But for the remainder, there wasn't too much distinction between the sugar-coated classics that were served up, including Leonard Bolotine's violin concertizing and Jane Lawrence's sopranoing, and the modern-idiomed tunes. Eddie South was on hand to champion the Feather cause with some hot fiddle virtuosity that was okay.

But on the basis of last Sunday's show, it would probably make a lot more sense if RCA devoted a half-hour of solid sending to satisfy jive fans, hitched its commercials on to the Victor catalog of Toscanini recordings, and invited the audience to stay tuned for the 5 to 6 symph program. There, by the grace of General Motors, is your top rebuttal. Commercials were nicely paced, integrated with the "battle of music" feud, and handled with the usual Kenny Delmar finesse. Rose.

11/10

... the first New York location job for Luncheon... Contrary to the tales that tell that Billy Eckstine composed one of his current disc hits, "Long, Long Journey," the tune is really from the pen of Leonard Feather, and was first recorded by Black and White almost a year ago... And speaking of the singer...



NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

RCA BUILDING RADIO CITY STUDIOS NEW YORK

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA presents

THE RCA VICTOR SHOW
A BATTLE OF MUSIC with
Raymond Paige's Orchestra
Deems Taylor - Leonard Feather

FLOOR

6

Doors Close
4:15 PM

SUN.
2
DEC.
1945

VOID IF SOLD

SEE REVERSE SIDE

L.A. TRIBUNE

RECORD REVIEWS

A new blues shouter by the name of Pleasant Joe is being introduced this week by Philco records, and that's a good name for him; he's rather pleasantly on the order of Big Bill and has notably good diction. His words are not lost in the jumble of throatiness which passes for authenticity in so many blues shouters.

Pleasant Joe, however, is not the feature of these new pressings. The instrumental group backing him is. Going under the heading, Leonard Feather's Heptette, it includes Harry Carney's baritone saxophone; J. C. Heard's drums, Al Sears' tenor sax, Dick Vance's trumpet, Jimmy Shirley's guitar, Lloyd Trotman's bass, and Feather's piano.

BALTIMORE 10/30/45

☆☆☆ ALL STAR ☆☆☆ Jam Session and Dance

UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF

LEONARD FEATHER

Esquire Magazine Jazz Editor

5th REGIMENT ARMORY

Hollowe'en Eve, October 30, 1945 at 8

Admission - - \$1.20

Federal Tax Paid - .30

TOTAL - - 1.50

No 4002

170
Extra! Extra! Extra!
BLUES JAZZ SWING

AL DOUGLAS
Presents

SAMMY PRICE

And His Hot Basin Street Swing Club
IN AN ALL-STAR

Studded Jam Session

Featuring

TINY GRIMES

World's Greatest Guitarist & His Quartet
PLUS A HOST OF BROADWAY CELEBRITIES

DAN BURLEY HON.
GUEST

Extra Added Attraction!!

LEONARD G. FEATHER COMPOSER
CRITIC - PIANIST


The heat wave

AIR COOLED

266 WEST 44th STREET New York City

Sunday, September 30, 1945

From 4 p. m. till 9

Location \$1.25 Come Rain or Shine

news 11/2 1945
The Notebook . . . Leonard Feather, the swing expert, is withdrawing from NBC's Sunday afternoon "Battle of Music" to devote his radio time to appearances on Woody Herman's show over WJZ at 8 P. M., beginning tonight . . .

NEW AFRA MEMBERS

STAND BY extends greetings to the following, who have become new members of AFRA or have transferred from other 4A's unions in the period from October 24, 1945 to November 24, 1945:

Katherine Alexander (AEA, SAG)
Susan Allen (AGVA)
Charlotte Anthony (CEA-HWC)
Elsie C. Arnold (CEA)
Lou Batefour
Walter Black (AEA)
F. E. Boone
Wilson Brooks
Roger Clark (AEA)
Thomas L. Coley (AEA)
Theda M. Currin
Melinda DeMayo
Johnny Desmond
Chic Dodson
Melva Doney (AEA, SAG)
Patti Dugan (AGVA)
Evelyn Ellis (AEA)
France Faye (AGVA)
Leonard G. Feather
Robert L. Pierman (SAG)
Jean Fisher
Mianna Fiske
Gordon E. Fitzgerald
Gratien Gelinat
William Golden (CEA, AGVA, AGMA)
Els'e Hanover
Ellen Hanley
Robert Harter
Michael Haywood
Gene L. Hemmle
Woody Herman
Edith L. Hersath
Michael H'ggins Jr.
Grace Hoffman
Greig Jackson
Illien Jacobs
Merrill E. Joels
Robert M. Kaplan

allowed to stand up there and twist mouth into the appropriate shapes, a record of her voice is played off. Sort of like keeping Gunder Haag ding at the starting line while someone runs off a moving picture of him for people in the grandstand. "Television makers put up with terrific heat," Betty said. "Much worse than the Hollywood Klieg lights. And the makeup has to be very dark." She says, too, that Jo Stafford is her favorite singer. Jo seems to be the vocalists' vocalist. She's even Billie Holiday's choice! Most of them think Jo sings with a lot of heart. Getting back to Betty Jane, her "Ho-Hum," which heads this little piece, is due out shortly. It's got a Russell Case background, and Miss Bonney at her best.

IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and the Merry Macs. (Decca)—Thought perhaps you'd like a few facts about the Merry Macs. They're currently on the Hall of Fame show (Paul Whiteman, Georgia Gibbs). Only Judd and Ted McMichael remain of the original group. They've adopted Lynn Allen as a brother in place of young Joe McMichael who was killed in action last year. Virginia Rees, with them now, is the fifth feminine member so far. Every time a good one comes along, she either marries or gets a Hollywood contract! Virginia's already had her taste of movies. She's voice-doubled for Lana Turner and Lucille Ball. Every time they open their mouths, the sound tracks put Virginia in 'em, so to speak. To sing, of course. On this record, the Macs and Judy Garland are accompanied by Lynn Murray's orchestra. It's a good job.

TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)—This is the tune based on the Chopin Polonaise. (The one Cornel Wilde composed in "A Song To Remember.") The record should be big, because people are suddenly very Chopin-Wilde conscious. The orchestra backing up Perry Como is that of Russell Case. Always a big name with musicians, Russell has given that up to be a conductor. He has big plans, may turn out to be the Dave Rose of 1946. We had lunch together, just before he left for the Coast to do some arranging and conducting for Dinah Shore. "You can no longer assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child," he said, talking of the trend in radio music. (Note to people who assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child: Cut it out!) "People like Dave Rose and Axel Stordahl (Frankie's manager)," he went on, "are pioneering—stirring pub-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MODERN SCREEN
DUNELLEN, N. J.

NOV -- 19

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Okay, kids, let's clean house. We've got a lot of records to latch on to this month, and they're arranged in order of heat. That is, if you're in the mood for something sweet, soft and only moderately warm, the first several paragraphs are for you. They're the popular tunes. If you go for jive, boogie and stuff hot enough to curl your hair, proceed further. After that, we'll treat an album or so.

Rockefeller, chances are your budget won't stretch to include the whole list, so I'll pick two records you really ought not to overlook. One sweet, one hot. This time, for the sweet platter, try Frankie and the Charioteers doing "Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow." And the best hot jazz, for my money, is Count Basie's "Taps Miller." So have fun. . . .

Popular . . .

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)—I, personally, myself, went to the session when this was recorded, and I can state right now that Woody's a very exacting character. He spent practically the whole afternoon getting this one tune just right. When the band records, Woody stands off in a little cubicle about twenty or thirty feet away, and works with a separate mike. Somebody suggested that he ought to install a phone so he could keep in touch with what chorus the guys were playing. They figure the fellows could be halfway through Chattanooga on that choo-choo, and Woody might still be hanging around Tuxedo Junction, waiting for the train. On the other side of "June Comes Around" is a terrific instrumental number called "Northwest Passage." It features solos by Marjorie Hyams, vibraharp; Woody on clarinet; Flip Phillips—tenor sax; and Bill Harris, who's rapidly replacing Tea- (Continued on page 129)



Hot licks by T. Dorsey, Basie, L. Hampton, and A. Shaw on broadcast to armed forces.

And at the very end of the article, you find the best records of the month listed for your convenience. Clip 'em out and take 'em with you, when you start off for your gang's music mart. Incidentally, since none of us is Mr.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

garden and Tommy Dorsey as all-American trombonist.

JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)—When Lee had to make this record, he was stuck for a girl singer, and Helen Ward who, like Lee, is a graduate of the Benny Goodman outfit, happened to be up at the Musicraft office when he was bewailing his fate. "Where'm I going to get a wonderful, sweet, sensational, little—" So Helen stepped up and offered to help out on the session. She's listed on the label as Vera Lane.

DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia)—Frankie enjoyed working with The Charioteers so much on this platter that he wants to do an album of spirituals with them. Mannie Sachs, over at Columbia, had the idea of combining these voices on record, although the fellows had sung together before, on the radio. The Charioteers started out at Wilberforce University, in 1930. Their first big hit was their recording of "So Long." Then they played in "Hellzapoppin'", on Broadway, for four years. These might have broken lesser men completely. But The Charioteers, like Columbus, sailed on and on and on. They did some records with Mildred Bailey. (Remember the one of Mildred's old theme songs, "Hold On"?) They made a movie with Carole Landis (called "Road Show"). And they were on the Kraft program for four years. If it comes back in the Fall, they come with it. But you know—every year, Bing says he's finished with the heat-up radio business, and every year he comes back merrily. "Who, me? I love radio." So it's hard to tell about the Kraft show. Its status is definitely indefinite. The Charioteers personnel consists of: Wilfred Williams and Edward Jackson, tenors; Ira Williams, baritone; Howard Daniel, bass; James Sherman, piano. In addition to them,

accompanied by Bob Stanley's orchestra featuring such numbers as "Oh, Promise Me," "I Love You, Truly" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." This album reminds me of a funny thing that happened when my WMCA show, Platter-brains, had a quiz format. I played a record one night, and asked my guest artists to identify the vocalist. "Kate Smith," one of them said, and two thought it was Lulu Bates. It was really Frankie Connors. He's an Irish tenor, so it serves him right. If you like this type of singing, here's your dish.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

- ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL**—Bing Crosby and Andrews Sisters (Decca), Gene Krupa (Columbia)
DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia)
FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
HO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)
IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and The Merry Macs (Decca)
JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)
JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)
LILY BELLE—Pied Pipers and Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol), Freddy Martin (Victor)
LOVE LETTERS—Dick Haymes (Decca)
TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- COUNT BASIE**—Taps Miller (Columbia)
DON BYAS—From Out Of Nowhere (Jamboree)
KING COLE TRIO—I'm A Shy Guy (Capitol)
TOMMY DORSEY—That's It (Victor)
TOMMY DORSEY—Boogie Woogie (Victor)
BILLY ECKSTINE—Lonesome Lover Blues (National)
WOODY HERMAN—Northwest Passage (Columbia)
OSCAR MOORE—Fugue in C Major (Atlas)
SPIRITS OF RHYTHM—Coquette ("Chicken Croquette") (Black and White)
CHARLIE VENTURO—I Surrender, Dear (Sunset)

BEST ALBUMS

- BOOGIE-WOOGIE**—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
CAROUSEL—featuring members of original cast (Decca)
KOSTELANETZ CONDUCTS—an album of popular tunes (Columbia)
ROSENKAVALIER (Richard Strauss)—Eugene Goossens and Cincinnati Symphony (Victor)
DINAH SHORE—Gershwin Show Hits (Victor)
CHARLIE SPIVAK—Porgy and Bess (Victor)
SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)
STEPHEN FOSTER FAVORITES—Sammy Kaye (Victor)
STRICTLY G.I. SONGS—Sgt. Hy Zaret (Asch)
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—Helen Traubel—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)

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Dec 45



Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ This month, I'm feeling good. Generous. I want to put you on the track of a lot of stuff you may have been missing. The Band Leaders Chart, by Harry James, for instance. Got one? If you haven't, and you're wondering about the size, shape, marital or draft board status of one of your favorite baton pumpers, don't neglect to send in.

Seriously, while the chart doesn't deal with childhood diseases, or whose grandmother had six toes on her right foot, it does give you practically all the other vital statistics you're ever likely to need. Also, as usual, you'll find my list of the best records of the month (Feather sticking his neck out again) at the end of this article, for easy clipping and carrying when you're music shopping.

As for the platter of the month, this time you get an extra-special bargain. The best popular tune and the best hot tune are both on *one* Columbia disc. *Put That Ring on My Finger* is the pop side; *Bijou*, the hot. It's a Woody Herman job. Which reminds me that we're devoting next month's whole column to a special feature on Woody. I'd like to hear from any of you who would be interested in joining or forming Woody fan clubs, or from any of you who are already members of Woody fan clubs. How's about it? Now let's get down to business. Record business. Here goes:

Best Popular . . .

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)—This is a reissue of a record made years ago by Tommy Dorsey, featuring Skeets Herfurt doing a pretty good imitation of the original Hoagy Carmichael disc. Hoagy's own renditions are still preferable, though. The coupling on this Dorsey record is *You Came From Out of Nowhere* (with the new band, and a vocal by Stuart Foster.) *Hong Kong Blues* makes me think back nine years, to the first time I met Hoagy. It was on one of my first visits to New York, from England, and he and I went up to his place and played old Bix Beiderbecke and Red Nichols records, and reminisced about the early hot jazz. Hoagy showed me then the typescript of an autobiography he'd written. He'd really written it, too, alone and unaided. It was an intimate and personal story of his musical background, and he wanted very badly to have it published. I went back to England and tried to interest various people, but so far as I know, to this day, nobody has accepted it. Now that Hoagy's found new fame in the movies, I wonder if a publisher wouldn't like to take it on. It would have to be brought up to date, but Hoagy could still get nostalgic about Bix, and no one would mind.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry (Continued on page 21)

Charles
 Boyle
 White

Connie Moore went Spanish in a big way. She and husband Johnny Maschio are diligently studying the language and intend to teach it to their little daughter, Gina. Upon completion of the film, Connie and her family headed for a Mexican vacation. . . . Leo Carrillo abandoned pics and his beloved California ranch to play the lead in the revival of the stage hit, "Bad Man." He scored a personal triumph in the original play. . . . Even Mexico has its bobby soxers. In the pic, Tito appears as their idol. During the fiesta scene, he sings and plays behind a barrier of barbed wire. Bet Sinatra never thought of that. . . . Leo was overheard by a couple of chorus girls spending the sum of 15 thousand dollars via telephone. But they soon learned that is was strictly state business. He was just doing some work in his capacity of California State Park commissioner. . . . Jean Stevens owes her success to a pink and black striped cocktail gown. Tripping the light fantastic with Sonny Tufts at a recent Hollywood party, her gown caught the attention of Producer Al Santell. When he began casting for the film, he remembered the dress, called the host and asked who had worn it. Jean's still amazed about it all.

PLEASE BEHAVE

How would YOU introduce Greer Garson to Turhan Bey? You'll always be at ease socially if you get "Please Behave," a MODERN SCREEN super chart. See Super Coupon, page 18.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Look, before I start in on this, I'd like to state in nice black type that I've been a Harry James fan for many years. You can tell from what I've written in the past that I have no personal prejudice against Harry, but—I think he's been leaning much too heavily on the schmaltz side in his recent releases. Harry shouldn't forget that numbers like *One O'Clock Jump* and *Two O'Clock Jump* have been among his biggest hits. Harry used to be recognized as a great jazz trumpet player, so I just don't like to see him spending his talent on a sickly, sentimental style. Since this is my own opinion, however, I leave the verdict up to you. What do you think? Am I right? Am I wrong? Let me know.

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)—Irving Berlin's first post-war song, as the title implies. If you're partial to hound's tooth checks, the idea may seem a trifle conservative, but the song's cute. Vaughn Monroe and the Norton Sisters take the vocal.

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)—Here's that record of the month, with the shouting done by Woody. The other side, *Bijou*, is an instrumental number by Ralph Burns, the twenty-two-year-old arranger with the Herman band. He's marvelous; used to be Woody's pianist, but he got so busy Woody decided to let him arrange full-time.

STARS IN YOUR EYES — Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)—The other side of this is *My Shawl*, and both tunes are slow boleros. Frankie and

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Radio Program prepared and produced by... **BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.**

12/21/45

THE WILDROOT COMPANY, INC.

Hermond

presents
"THE WOODY HERMAN SHOW"

featuring
TOPS IN THE JUKE BOX

with
WOODY HERMAN'S ORCHESTRA
FRANCES WAYNE
THE WOODCHOPPERS
CHUBBY JACKSON

and
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE
Ritz Theatre, N.Y.

* * * *

American Broadcasting Company

8:00 - 8:30 PM

Saturday, December 22, 1945

introduce a good friend of ours. He makes with the words about music in Esquire Magazine, and quite a lot of those words have been kind ones aimed right at our band. So let's do a little Wildrooting for one of America's foremost jazz critics -- Leonard Feather.

FEATHER:

Thank you, ^{Woody,} and a Merry Christmas to all. Well, starting tonight, we're going to help you get acquainted, each week, with one of the boys in the Herman Herd who have helped to make this really the Band of the Year. This week we're saluting a young man who has written many of those terrific arrangements which have helped push Woody and the boys to the top. He's a 23-year-old pint-sized package from Boston, Ralph Burns - and I've brought Ralph a surprise Christmas present. You see, I took an advance peek at the result of the 1946 Esquire Magazine All-American Jazz Poll, ~~and~~ I'm very happy to break the news that Ralph has been elected by a jury of famous musicians as the Number One new star arranger of the year. So, Ralph - take over at the piano, and let's hear you celebrate in your own composition, Great Northern.

(MUSIC: BURNS & ORCHESTRA IN ")

(APPLAUSE)

Leonard G. Feather skall nu skriva varje månad från New York, och börjar här med en i högsta grad polemisk artikel, som vi väntar skall väcka en storm av förbittring — och förtjusning

Duke Ellington har öppnat på Zanzibar i New York, en nattklubb där orkestern vanligtvis kommer på andra plats efter artistnumren. I denna show görs ett av numren av Louis Jordan, som har blivit så framgångsrik kommersiellt talat, att hans manager hade ett gräl med Zanzibar, därför att Ellington fick större bokstäver i reklamen än Jordan. Duke gör ingenting i show'n utom det gamla pianopotpourriet av hans succé-nummer, ackompanjerad av orkestern, Jordan å andra sidan gör fyra eller

timmes utsändning som han gör varje lördag från 5—6 e. m. på ABC (Blue) Network. På dessa spelar orkestern alla sina fina nummer, nya och gamla, från Black and Tan Fantasy och Mood Indigo, genom Reminiscing in Tempo, Crescendo och Diminuendo in Blue fram till Black, Brown and Beige. Harry Carney är mycket lanserad nu för tiden såväl som alla de framstående trumpetarna, Cat Anderson (som går två oktaver över höga C, men gör detta litet för ofta), Taft Jordan och den för-

dioprogram snart, i vilket fall han återsamlar sin orkester. För närvarande arbetar många av hans bästa musiker på andra ställen. Trombonisten Trummy Yong kommer absolut inte att gå tillbaka till BG, han berättade för mig, att han ville starta en egen liten orkester igen. Teddy Wilson studerar, undervisar och gör några få inspelningar, huvudsakligen för Musicraft. Red Norvo tar det lugnt utom vid tillfälliga inspelningar, Slam Stewart är tillbaka på Three Deuces på 52nd Street med pianisten Erroll Garner (årets största nya stjärna) men Slam går kanske tillbaka till Benny.

Jazzkonserter och jamsessions förekomma flitigare och flitigare. Specs Powell, uppmärksam trumslagare, tidigare med Red Norvo, Raymond Scott och Paul Baron's CBS radioband, har startat en serie konserter på Town Hall och lanserar sådana musiker som Teddy Wilson, Frankie Newton, George Wettling och många stjärnor från 52nd Streets klubbar.

Varje söndagseftermiddag ha några av de yngre jazzentusiasterna, exempel Al Braveman och Monte Kay sina egna jamsessions med Slam, Trummy, Tiny Grimes, Don Byas, Buster Bailey, sergeant Buck Clayton, Al Killian, Dizzy Gillespie och Charlie Parker.

Soldaten Mel Powell är inte längre i Glenn Millers militärorkester. Han är alltså jämt i armén men han gjorde några sextettskivor med Goodman för Columbia förra veckan. Millers orkester har blivit stationär i New York och har en serie utsändningar. Jerry Gray är dirigent. Ray McKinley väntar att få "mucka" när som helst.



Woody Hermans orkester får storartade lovord av Feather i denna artikel. Här se vi Woody med sin bassist. Deras sysselsättning kan kallas märklig.

fem nummer, huvudsakligen mer sång än instrumentalarbete, och mer komedi än god musik, fastän han i grunden alltså är en god bluesångare och spelar fin tenor och alto.

Det bästa sättet att höra Duke är på en

bluffande Ray Nance, som kan spela allting från ett growl trumpetsolo i Cootie-stil till ett öppet, Bixliknande, för att inte nämna ett superbtt Stuff Smith-solo på violi.

Benny Goodman är i stan, hans planer är obestämda. Han hoppas börja på ett ra-



Vi undra just om trombonisten Miff Mole räknas bland Feathers "fördetningar" eller om vi då och då få se hans namn i amerikabreven?

ESTRAD

TIDSKRIFT FÖR DEN MODERNA DANSMUSIKEN



DIXIELAND ÄR DÖD
 skriver Feather från Amerika

NR **11** NOVEMBER
 SJUNDE ÅRGÅNGEN
 1945 - PRIS 60 ÖRE

176
This Clipping From
MUSICAL COURIER
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEC 15 1945



JIVE MEETS CLASSIC IN DEATH GRAPPLE.
Principals in New RCA-Victor Show, WEA (Suns., 4:30 to 5 p.m., EST.)
Left to right, Leonard Feather, exponent of popular music; Raymond Paige,
conductor; Deems Taylor, champion for the classics.

New RCA-Victor Show Blends Swing and Classics

Whoever had the inspiration for the new RCA-Victor Show series which was premiered Dec. 2 via WEA (Sundays, 4:30 to 5 P.M., EST) had an astute perception of what many dial-turners like to hear. Judging from the reaction of the studio audience, the program was an immediate and unqualified success. This was not at all surprising when two well-known figures in their respective fields of music, Deems Taylor, an erudite exponent of the classics and Leonard Feather, an ardent advocate of the popular idiom, engaged in a witty and spirited verbal battle of music with no punches barred. Backed up by Raymond Paige and his two orchestras, one for symphony and one for swing, to illustrate musically the experts' contentions, it made a swiftly paced and contrasting program that was highly entertaining.

Noted guests and personalities will be heard on each weekly broadcast to act as seconds for the principals. Soprano Jane Lawrence was soloist on the initial airing, singing most effectively, Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Nightingale* and the *Rose*; Violinist Leonid Bolotino performed Heifetz's arrangement of Dnicu's

Hora Staccato, and Eddie South, who has the reputation as "the Heifetz of the hot fiddle-faddlers," showed considerable virtuosity in bowing *Zigeuner In Rhythm*. Featured artists on the Dec. 9 show were Leonard Stokes, baritone; Leo Smit, pianist, and Errol Garner, the latest sensation in swing pianists.

Proving an adept in his profession, the producer not only had the perspicacity to assemble such principals as Deems Taylor, Leonard Feather and Raymond Paige, but hired David Gregory, who contributed one of the smoothest scripts heard on the air recently. With Kenneth Delmar as master of ceremonies, excellent guest soloists, as well as carefully selected orchestral numbers, the result is a delightfully well balanced combination of talent and programming, which should meet with increasing popularity with radio audiences.

As an example of the lively repartee between the principals, at the beginning of the program Feather asked Taylor, "May I offer you the first choice of weapons?"

"On what grounds," challenged Taylor, "age before boogie? No, if you don't mind, I'm not unaware of what has been called 'the fiery vehemence of youth.' I'm sure you're anxious to get into what I believe you swing-people prefer to designate as 'the groove.'"

Feather: "You dig me, 'daddy-oh!'"

Taylor: "I beg your pardon?"

Feather (laughs): "Oh, of course, you wouldn't know. You see, when one hipster greets another, he may address him as 'daddy-oh.'"

Replied Taylor, dryly, "While I'm sure it's an implied compliment, could you arrange not to call me 'daddy-oh' on the 'raddio'?"

"Solid, man," retorted Feather.

This Clipping From
MOBILE, ALA.
REGISTER

DEC 23 1945

The Yuletide spirit will prevail on the show at 3:30 p.m. via WALA, but it will fail to stop the "classics vs. jazz" argument between commentators Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather.

Visiting the Mary Small-Junior Miss Show two days before Christmas, Danny O'Neill will sing "Silent Night" over WMOB at 3:30 p.m.

This Clipping From
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
POST

DEC 26 1945

Sinatra's sepia counterpart, Billy Eckstine, is now being billed as "The Vibrato." . . . Esquire's "jazz expert," Leonard Feather has worked his way onto Woody Herman's Saturday night WNAB-ABC commercial . . . Hal McIntyre brings his fine crew here to play the Blitz ballroom next Sunday

This Clipping From
PORTLAND, ME.
SUNDAY TELEGRAM

DEC 2 - 1945

Battle Of Music

The perpetual battle over the respective merits of classical and modern popular music forms the basis of a new airshow making its debut at 4:30 p. m. today via WOSH. The talent line-up for the program includes Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus, with Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather as leaders of the opposing musical factions. Taylor, who is one of the leading contemporary composers and critics, will uphold the interests of the longhairs; and Feather, jazz critic and song writer, will champion the hepcats.

This Clipping From
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
HERALD

DEC 30 1945

What's this?

Red Norvo, the superb xylophonist, will switch from Goodman to Woody Herman, who's bound to have the greatest white band in the land . . . Jazz expert Leonard Feather exits from NBC's Sunday classics-swing show and joins Herman's 8 p. m. Saturday lineup on ABC.

MORRIS AGENCY SIGNS NOTED JAZZ LECTURER

Leonard Feather, regarded as the world's foremost authority on swing music, has been signed by the William Morris Agency for jazz concerts, lectures, jam sessions and recitals. Feather will illustrate his comments with phonograph records, at the piano or with a picked group of star musicians in person. Feather is well known as a musician, producer, critic, lecturer, radio performer and composer.

This Clipping From
CLEVELAND, OHIO
PRESS

DEC 24 1945

TODAY

"Joy to the World," WGAR at 4:30: This and other holiday numbers will be sung in the annual Ohio Bell Telephone carol-fest under Dr. Charles D. Dawe.

Paulist Choristers, WTAM at 7: Supper Club welcomes the famed 36-voice boys' group in a Christmas Eve opener.

Slam Stewart, WTAM at 7:30: The hot bass player gets his innings on the Classics vs. Jive show under Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather. Also, Balladeer Susan Reed and Trumpeter Hot Lips Page.

RADIO REVIEW
NEW YORK CITY
DEC. 1945

Champions of the classics battled supporters of jive when "The RCA Victor Show" inaugurated its new type of program Sunday, Dec. 2nd (NBC, 4:30 P.M.).

At hand for the premiere were Raymond Paige and his orchestra and chorus, Deems Taylor (representing the traditionalists), Leonard Feather (Standard bearer for the hep-cats) and Kenneth Delmar (emcee and moderator). Format was based on a droll verbal tiff between Taylor and Feather regarding the respective merits of the classics and swing. The music experts' arguments are punctuated by illustrative assists from Paige's aggregation of instrumentalists, vocalists and guest soloists.

THE ENTERTAINER

12/28/45

Page 3

Billy Eckstine Record Sensation

NEW YORK—The National Record Company has just released a new Billy Eckstine recording, pairing the old ballad favorite, "I'm In The Mood For Love," with a sensational blues from the pen of composer-critic Leonard G. Feather, titled "Long Long Journey", both sides featuring vocals by the singing maestro.

Although the new Eckstine waxing just hit the market earlier this month, the reaction has been so tremendous that it appears destined to top even the phenomenal success of Billy's first National platter of "A Cottage For Sale," which to date has sold more than 350,000 copies.

This Clipping From
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
VINDICATOR

DEC 29 1945

Leonard Feather, Esquire Magazine jazz expert, will join "The Woody Herman Show" at 8 p. m. on WFMJ. Feather will be a weekly feature on the program, and each Saturday night will introduce an award winner from the ranks of the Herman band. Frances Wayne will be vocalist in the juke box favorites of the week.

This Clipping From
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
CITIZEN NEWS

DEC 8 - 1945

Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather take sides at 5 over KFI in the new swing versus classical musical program, featuring Raymond Paige and orchestra, Kenneth Delmar emcees. . . . How a woman was the guiding hand behind one of the U.S.'s greatest presidents related at 5, KNX. . . .

Pittsburgh Courier
1/5/46

Blues Star Goes on Wax

NEW YORK—Clyde Bernhardt, blues singer and trombonist best known for his work with the bands of Edgar Hayes and Jay McShann, made his own name last week, for release shortly on Musicraft.

Bernhardt sang the blues on four numbers written for him by Leonard Feather, who assembled the band for the date and led the group on piano. Personnel included Joe Guy, trumpet; Tab Smith, alto; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Joe Brown, bass and Walter Johnson, drums. Titles included "Lost Weekend Blues," "Juice on the Loose," "Scandalmonger Mama" and "The Lady in Debt."

This Clipping From
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
CITIZEN NEWS

DEC 22 1945

Truman Talks to Nation Monday

By JEAN HANSEN

President Harry Truman will broadcast a special Christmas Eve message to the nation during the annual lighting of the Christmas tree ceremony at the nation's capitol Monday. All five networks, in addition to Stations KFWB, KMTR and KMPC, will carry the program at 2 p.m.

Deems Taylor and Leonard Feather are respectively assisted by Elaine Malvin and Nancy Norman in their musical feud over KFI at 5. . . . Houston Peterson on "Leave It to the Girls," KHJ at

Correction Please

In our profile last week we said Leonard Feather is married to Jane Harvey. We apologize — she's Jane Leslie—equally beautiful and talented!



No wonder Anita O'Day's confused. First she sang for Krupa, switched to S. Kenton for year, is now touring with—Krupal

Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER



Charlie and son Joel Spivak guest artisted on ABC's "Sat. Senior Swing" with tunes and talk on famous jazz artists.

Well, the New Year's smack in the face and if you've been promising yourself to fill in on your record collections, I'm sure you'd like to make a few suggestions for the year always. But just in case the holiday season hit you hard and you bought this column with your last fifteen dollars and you're sitting there looking mournful, cut it out. Because you can probably scratch together enough for the two "Records of the Month," and they'll keep you happy until your finances stage a comeback. Here they are (the records, not the finances):

I suggest Frankie's "The House I Live In" on Columbia, for the best popular number, and Erroll Garner playing "Somebody Loves Me" as the best hot jazz.

By the way, have you heard that splendid, scintillating RCA show? With the wonderful music, and sparkling conversation? Raymond Paige and his orchestra furnish the beat, while Deems Taylor and—yes, I admit it—Leonard Feather wrangle politely. It's a sort of jazz-versus-classics setup, and Mr. Taylor gives his all for Bach, Beethoven—the old boys—while I speak up for my own true love. Jazz, naturally. The show's at four-thirty Eastern time, over the NBC network. Maybe you'd get a kick out of it, and I'd like to hear your opinions, if you'd care to send 'em on.

Now, to work. As usual, the records are arranged with popular selections first, hot jazz next, and albums at the end. Have fun.

BEST POPULAR

CHICKORY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)—I'm not too wild about this tune, so why am I listing it? Because Gene Krupa's arrangement, strangely enough, is good. And because it features Anita O'Day. Anita's such a terrific singer she manages to make something of it, but it's a shame they have to drag her down like that. And speaking of Anita, her husband, Carl Hoff, used to be a professional golfer before he went into the army. When he got out of the army, his problem was this, Mr. Anthony. Anita and the Krupa band did not do their stints at golf courses. He, Carl, on the other hand, could not follow them around with a golf course under his arm. There was no way that he could see to keep Anita from being a golf widow, except (Continued on page 10)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GET HAPPY—Red Callender (Sunset)—This is by the Red Callender Six—six guys from various bands on the West Coast who got together on this record date. You'll hear some wonderful piano work from Arnold Ross (of Harry James' band) and the "Paul Leslie" listed on the label is really

Solos) (Columbia)

JAMES MELTON—Operatic Arias (Victor)

MARGARET O'BRIEN—Stories For Children (Capitol)

TEX RITTER—Songs & Stories (Capitol)

AL SMITH—Memorial Album (Majestic)

(Continued from page 8)
maybe if he gave up golf. Carl Hoff is now Gene Krupa's press agent.

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)—This Georgie Auld version of "Come to Baby" features an excellent new singer named Lynn Stevens. Funny thing about Georgie—he once played tenor sax with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, but now his band is more important in jazz than either of theirs. At the moment, Artie Shaw hasn't even got a band. He's just broken it up. Since nobody ever knows why the unpredictable Artie does any of the things he does, your guess is as good as the next guy's. He recently married beautiful Ava Gardner, and after all, who'd want to look at a bunch of musicians all day, with a girl like that around! But to get back to Georgie Auld, the other side of "Come to Baby" is called "Just A Sittin' and A Rockin'." It's a four year old Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn number to which lyrics have just been added, and it's being made into a popular song.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), and Harry James (Columbia)—The James version features a new singer, Ruth Haag. Kitty Kallen's left the band to become a single, and Anita Boyer is Harry's new, regular vocalist. (Whoops! Hold on a minute. I just got some very secret information, and don't you breathe a word to a soul—but the vocalist Ruth Haag I just got finished naming up there is really Betty Grable! Haag is Harry's middle name, and Ruth belongs to Betty, and isn't that a fine, fat scoop?)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Written by Mel Powell and Ray McKinley, two members of the former Glen Miller A.A.F. band, this record has a vocal by Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Teddy Wilson and Count Basie. She's now Eddie Cantor's new radio star.

At the first public appearance over here of the Glen Miller Air Force Band—at the National Press Club dinner in Washington—before President Truman, Clement Attlee, etc., when Cantor introduced the band, everybody, including the President, spontaneously stood up. It's supposed to be the second time in memory that a president has risen on a public occasion. General Eisenhower and General Hap Arnold praised the band's work, said it had accomplished fine things.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—An awful lot of people believe that this number was specifically written for Frankie, which it was not. He simply thought it was a good thing, and took it up. Josh White, who inspired him to try it made the original recording about a year ago, in an Asch album. You'll probably be hearing lots of it, due to Frank's having used it in his short movie on tolerance, as title and theme both. There's a cute story going around about Frankie and his softball team whose sweaters sport the legend: "How many times have you seen 'Anchors Aweigh'?" And the rival who showed up one time with letters across his chest demanding, "How many times have you slept through 'Anchors Aweigh'?"

BEST HOT JAZZ

GET HAPPY—Red Callender (Sunset)—This is by the Red Callender Six—six guys from various bands on the West Coast who got together on this record date. You'll hear some wonderful piano work from Arnold Ross (of Harry James' band) and the "Paul Leslie" listed on the label is really

Les Paul, guitarist. He's under contract to Decca, and records with Crosby, and his own trio. Quite a big man.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU—Savannah Churchill-Al Killian (Manor)—Savannah Churchill's a singer who's been around a long time. You've probably heard her, one place or another. Well, when she was booked into the Zanzibar, recently, she decided to take a new lease on life, and she changed her name to Gloria Shelton. As Savannah said, "It's a bad year for Churchills." She was billed as Gloria Shelton, and introduced as Gloria Shelton. And then it began. Time after time, people would come into the club, and one would say happily, "Why, there's Savannah

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CHICKERY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)

HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN—Perry Como (Victor)

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)

JUST A LITTLE FOND AFFECTION—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Kate Smith (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

NO CAN DO—King Sisters (Victor), Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia)

THE NEXT TIME I CARE—Shep Fields (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

RED CALLENDER—Get Happy (Sunset)

MAYLON CLARK—I'm A Dreamer (Jewel)

SAVANNAH CHURCHILL—AL KILLIAN—I Can't Get Enough Of You (Manor)

ERROLL GARNER—Laura (Savoy)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI—Honeysuckle Rose (Continental)

HELEN HUMES—Be-Baba-Luba (Philo)

JONAH JONES—You Brought A New Kind of Love To Me (Commodore)

CHARLIE SHAVERS—My Man (Keynote)

KAY STARR—Should I (Jewel)

TEDDY WILSON—Blues Too (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

JUDY GARLAND—KENNY BAKER—VIRGINIA O'BRIEN—The Harvey Girls (Decca)

EUGENE GOOSSENS—CINCINNATI SYMPHONY—Peer Gynt Suite (Victor)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. III—Then Came Swing (Capitol)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. IV—This Modern Age (Capitol)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All Star Jam Session (Asch)

OSCAR LEVANT—Popular Moderns (Piano Solos) (Columbia)

JAMES MELTON—Operatic Arias (Victor)

MARGARET O'BRIEN—Stories For Children (Capitol)

TEX RITTER—Songs & Stories (Capitol)

AL SMITH—Memorial Album (Majestic)

Churchill," and another would contradict him. "No, that's Gloria Shelton." But it certainly *looked* like Savannah Churchill, and it *sounded* like Savannah Churchill, and after a while, Savannah herself got so sick and tired of the whole business that she called it off. She's once again Savannah Churchill, and feeling no pain.

LAURA—Erroll Garner (Savoy)—This is the other side of that best jazz record of the month, the one I recommended in the introduction. Really, this Garner's terrific. He's the young Pittsburgh discovery Diana Lynn raved about—doesn't read a note—but he has an amazingly creative mind, and there's a lot of classical influence in his work. Though he plays hot like mad, this "Laura" side isn't really hot at all. It's just beautiful music, and the prettiest version of "Laura" I've heard.

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE—Johnny Guarneri (Continental)—Johnny Guarneri's a pianist, but this record also marks his debut as a vocalist. Craziest thing about it is that he sings and plays "Honeysuckle Rose" exactly like Fats Waller. Several years ago, he made a private record for me, doing the same thing, and I played it for Fats one night, up in my apartment. Fats had had a few drinks—and he thought it was himself! Also on this Guarneri job are Red Norvo and Slam Stewart.

YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME—Jonah Jones (Commodore)—The label reads: "Jonah Jones and his orchestra," though actually eight of the nine men on this were from Cab Calloway's gang—including Jonah himself. The record features Hilton Jefferson, the very fine alto sax man. The other side is "Hubba Hubba Hub," not the same tune Perry Como recorded, however. There's been several numbers with similar names.

BEST ALBUMS

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All-Star Session (Asch)—This is the first time a real jam session has been recorded. Or part of a session, at least. It took place at the Philharmonic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, under the direction of a young jazz fan named Norman Granz, and the men themselves never even knew the records were being made. So you hear it all, the spontaneous, unrehearsed playing, even the occasional mistakes, the comments of the men when one works out something especially sensational, and the audience, clapping, coughing, yelling their applause. The album has six twelve-inch sides, but because tunes always run so long in these sessions, there are only two numbers in the whole album. They're "How High the Moon" and "Lady Be Good," each on three sides. Some of the soloists are: Willie Smith, alto sax; Illinois Jacquet, tenor sax; Charles Ventura, tenor sax; Joe Guy, trumpet; Garland Finney, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass. Gene Krupa was on drums, but he's under contract to Columbia, so he's not listed on the label.

AL SMITH MEMORIAL ALBUM—(Majestic)—Recorded shortly after Jimmy Walker became president of Majestic Records, this tribute to a famous New Yorker includes, naturally, "Sidewalks of New York"—the tune which somehow became synonymous with Al Smith. Here also are, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "My Gal Sal," "Easter Parade," etc. Even if you're not a New Yorker, ready to shed a sentimental tear over the old songs, you'll still enjoy the album. There are vocals by Danny O'Neill, Kay Armen, and the five DeMarco sisters from the Fred Allen Show.

HISTORY OF JAZZ—Vol III: *Then Swing*. Vol IV: *This Modern Age* (Capitol). Here are the final two volumes of Capitol's four-part history of jazz. To tell the history of jazz on twenty records seems to me to be as simple as writing the whole of "Gone With The Wind" on the head of a pin. All these records were made in the last couple of years, and most of them sound like it, but if you want to treat the results as just plain wonderful music and not worry your head about whether they match the right chapters in your history books, then okay, you'll find plenty of kicks.

Biggest one, for me, is the singing of Kay Starr on "If I Could Be With You" with an all-star colored band in Vol. III, including King Cole, Benny Carter, John Kirby and Coleman Hawkins.

Dave Dexter, in the leaflet with this volume, says that, in the 1930's, "most of the large bands failed to produce the rich exciting jazz that the small bands offered." That's a matter of opinion on which Dave may be right, but me, I think of the 1930's as the days when Benny Goodman's big band started the swing era and Bob Crosby's big band revived Dixieland and Count Basie's big band started the jump craze; in other words, big bands made plenty of big strides! Of course, there have always been plenty of big and small bands making good music in every period, and I guess it'll always be that way.

Volume IV has some fine stuff in it, too, by such folks as Benny Carter, the King Cole trio, Jay McShann (a fine blues pianist from Kansas City), Eddie Miller, Bobby Sherwood, Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins and Billy Butterfield. Altogether a fine assortment of music, and food for plenty of musical thought. Yes, you can dance to it too—but personally I'd rather listen!

Modern Screen 1946

Sweet and Hot

BAND OF THE YEAR • WOODY HERMAN

■ Okay, okay, so the year isn't quite over as these words go to press. But d'you think there's any reasonable doubt that our choice—mine and yours—for the band of the year can be anyone but Woody Herman?

Guess you don't need me to tell you, with enough evidence all around to build up a waterproof case: Woody's Saturday evening radio show—commercial, no less. Woody's phenomenal Columbia record sales. Woody's habit of drawing five-block crowds to the theaters. And, most of all, Woody's band.

Woody is the Bandleader of the Year no matter which way you look at it. Me, I've always claimed that if a band plays the best hot jazz, it plays the best sweet music, too—look at Duke Ellington. So Woody, too, gets it both ways.

All this excitement about Woody, I thought to myself the other day, seems to call for more than just the occasional plugs I've been giving him by reviewing his records every month. So, with large quantities of blank paper carefully folded away (don't believe what Al Delacorte told you about my making notes on odd scraps!) I hopped a train for Youngstown, Ohio, where the band (*Continued on page 18*)

Woody at 12, "The Boy Wonder of the Clarinet."



With Frances Wayne at their Sat. ABC air show.



He's the Christmas treat at N. Y.'s Paramount.

BY
**LEONARD
FEATHER**

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

happened to be playing a theater.

It was 1 p.m. when I got to town, and the band's first stage show at the Palace Theater wasn't on until 2:30, so most of the fellows were still in their hotel rooms or having breakfast.

Woody came downstairs and made it over to the theater just in time. I watched the stage show from the side—saw Chubby Jackson going through his comedy routine with the bass fiddle, got a load of the swell new drummer, Don Lamond, who'd replaced the great Dave Tough when Davie got sick. Caught Frances Wayne in a glowing mood, and learned from her afterwards that wedding bells would soon ring for her and the band's brilliant young trumpeter-arranger, Neal Hefti.

"This day started off all wrong," said Woody, tired but good-humored. "Some character calls me up long distance to plug his new tune. He's got such an important radio record program that he figures if I don't play his tune he won't plug my records. Ah, music business!"

"Okay," I said, "how about the story of you and the music business? Were you really the boy wonder of the clarinet?"

"Guess you might call it that," said Woody, as we foraged through some old press clippings. I picked one out: "Grand Theater. Wallace Beery and Ray Hatton in 'We're In The Navy Now.' Sunday—Florence Vidor in 'You Never Know Women.' ADDED—On the stage we will present WOODROW HERMAN, Wisconsin's only professional juvenile in songs, dances, and saxophone solos. After this engagement young Herman will play the entire Saxe circuit, after which he will play the Big Time circuits."

There was a big picture of a smiling kid holding a saxophone, hair slicked back, lips pursed in that typical Herman manner that's still typical of Woody.

"Which did you play first, sax or clarinet?" I asked.

"I bought a saxophone when I was nine—out of my own earnings! I'd started theater work a year before, singing and dancing. Show business ran in the family; Dad used to be one of a vocal quartet, the White City Four, before he changed one letter—from show business to shoe business. See these?" He pointed to a handsome pair of brown shoes. "Dad's design. He's been having them made specially for me as long as I can remember."

"I hated to go to piano lessons," Woody sighed. "Started when I was seven. First thing I ever did in public was speak a stage prologue to 'School Days' on the screen. I did a legit stage version of 'Daddy Long Legs' two years later."

Woody continued on the road until he was fourteen, accompanied by his mother and/or tutor, and a sax and/or clarinet. He was working with local bands during his Wisconsin High School days; then in 1933 came that big break. Tom Gerun, who had a real big band—all of ten pieces!—hired him as vocalist and saxman.

There was another fellow playing sax in that band who sang too, so a little friendly rivalry sprang up between them. The other fellow, whose name was Al Morris, played tenor and baritone saxes and had movie ambitions—big ones. He liked to imitate Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The two Tom Gerun saxophonists haven't done badly. Al Morris got into movies—his name is now Tony Martin.

"Then after I'd been with the band a while," recalled Woody, "Tom let me take a vacation to see my girl, Charlotte, in Los Angeles, and told me while I was

there to look for a girl singer for the band. Well, a man at Warner Brothers helped me—but good! He lined up fifty girls to audition. Forty-nine of them looked great but sounded sad. The fiftieth was a good looker, a kid in her teens, and she sang in tune, too. I told her she was hired, so we had another name to add to the band's featured billing. 'Tom Gerun and his Orchestra, featuring Woodie Herman' (they spelled it with an "ie" then) 'Al Morris and Virginia Simms.'"

After a successful year, Woody joined Isham Jones' boys, doing hot tunes.

Then Isham Jones' band broke up in Tennessee. "We got back to New York," says Woody, "and people were nice to us. Gave us arrangements for nothing, sat in on rehearsals without pay, talked agents into listening to us. Most of the Jones boys were still in the band. They let us rehearse

in a room at the hotel we were living in, so that was for free, too. We had six weeks' rehearsal. Finally we made our debut at Brooklyn Roseland. We had a good theme number written for us by two fine arrangers, Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop—called it 'Blue Prelude.'"

"I was a bandleader now, and I figured it was okay for Charlotte to be a bandleader's wife, so it wasn't long before I had a wonderful wife, a struggling band—oh yes, and a Decca recording contract."

Over the years, the "Band That Played The Blues" made a name for itself but not too much money. Bookers thought Woody was ahead of his time, trying to play the kind of music the musicians themselves wanted to play instead of giving the public what it wanted. But somehow Woody managed to convince that stubborn character, Joe Public. He sang "River Bed Blues" and played "Woodchoppers' Ball" and "Blues Upstairs" and "Blues Downstairs" and pretty soon Decca had an album of Woody Herman blues specials.

"We used to get thrown out on four-week bookings after the first week! Once in Cincinnati we had to work for a manager who was strictly the Viennese waltz fan type. He'd just had Jimmy Dorsey in there, and the band had been too loud for him and the customers. Well, as soon as we walked in on the job the first night, he took one look at my five-piece brass section, saw me standing in front with a clarinet, and put his hand on his forehead. 'They did it to me again!' he said."

Around 1942 things began to change in the Herman band. You can trace the changes just by looking back over their movie assignments. Woody called out a list for me before he slipped out to play another show, and here it is:

"'What's Cooking' . . . our first movie. Universal . . . I did a dance routine in a jitterbug scene . . . band played 'Woodchoppers' Ball' and 'Golden Wedding' and 'Amen.' 'Wintertime,' with Son'a Henie, 20th-Fox—we just played the music written for the movie; nothing much of our own. 'Sensations of 1944,' United Artists . . . we did 'Chiapanecas' and a tune of Dizzy Gillespie's, 'Down Under.' 'Earl Carrol's Vanities,' Republic . . . that was a good one. We played 'Apple Honey' and 'Who Dat Up There?'"

Hollywood is fun, says Woody. Last spring when the whole band was tired, most of the men disappeared eastwards, but Woody and Charlotte hired themselves an apartment in the Garden of Allah. Woody's lovely redheaded wife and their four-year-old daughter, Ingrid, are the chief objects of his devotion.

Woody is probably better liked by his musicians than any other leader. That's why his personnel changes so little.

Woody never seems to change, personally. He's just the way he always was—the same even disposition, the light banter of his conversation. Sarcasm is his favorite verbal weapon, but he uses it with a leavening of good humor.

We talked about the new radio program. "What a relief," said Woody, "we actually found a sponsor who doesn't want six comedians, a ninety-piece choir, eight guest stars and a ten-minute commercial. He just lets the band play!"

Woody's right—he is lucky, but he'd never have made it if the band hadn't rated it. But what I want to know is that Woody and his "Mo'ern Screammers," as I like to call 'em, are your band of the year, too. Drop me a line and let's talk it over, shall we?

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

- A DOOR WILL OPEN—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?—Les Brown (Columbia)
- AUTUMN SERENADE—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Victor)
- BUT I DID—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- COME TO BABY, DO—Jack Smith (Majestic), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
- GEE IT'S GOOD TO HOLD YOU—Woody Herman (Columbia)
- MY GUY'S COME BACK—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- SANTA CLAUS IS RIDIN' THE TRAIL—Dick Haymes (Decca)
- THAT FEELING IN THE MOONLIGHT—Gene Krupa (Columbia)
- WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO COME IN—Peggy Lee (Capitol), Louis Prima (Majestic), Dick Robertson-Johnny Long (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- LES BROWN—Leap Frog (Columbia)
- BENNY GOODMAN—I Got Rhythm (12-inch Columbia)
- LIONEL HAMPTON—Beulah's Boogie (Decca)
- BILL HARRIS—Mean To Me (Keynote)
- HERBIE HAYMER—I'll Never Be The Same (Sunset)
- WOODY HERMAN—Your Father's Moustache (Columbia)
- CHUBBY JACKSON—Crying Sands (Keynote)
- IKE QUEBEC—I.Q. Blues (Savoy)
- TIMMIE ROGERS—Fla-Ga-La-Pa (Excelsior)
- GERALD WILSON—Just Give Me A Man (Excelsior)

BEST ALBUMS

- BING CROSBY—Merry Christmas (Decca)
- BING CROSBY—Hit songs from Going My Way (Decca)
- XAVIER CUGAT—Favorite Rhumbas (Columbia)
- MORTON GOULD—South Of The Border tunes (Columbia)
- HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. II—The Golden Era (Capitol)
- FREDRIC MARCH—The Selfish Giant (Decca)
- VAUGHN MONROE—On The Moon-Beam (Victor)
- BASIL RATHBONE—Robin Hood (Columbia)
- ANDY RUSSELL—Favorite Songs (Capitol)
- LORETTA YOUNG—The Littlest Angel (Decca)

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

Janus of jazz

Critics of Moldy Fig's letter in the March issue seem content to ignore the distinguishing features of jazz and swing brought out by Fig, choosing instead to merely attack his musical tastes and, like Leonard Feather, refer to his ilk as atavists.

I don't know Moldy Fig, but I agree with him that some distinction must be made between the large band-arranged style, championed by Feather, and the six or eight-piece New Orleans improvised style, favored by Avakian. To simplify: the first is unison playing by sections, the latter is contrapuntal playing by the ensemble. Anyone unable to recognize and accept this vast difference is hardly worth arguing with. The first style can produce fuller harmonies and richer chords. The second can develop more individuality and greater spontaneity. The only factor common to both styles, besides the use of the same musical scale and 4-4 rhythm, is the individual solo, and even there the difference is usually obvious, due to the dissimilarities of the two styles, which call for opposing methods of expression and technique and, generally speaking, different tunes.

Few swingsters can do an adequate job when attempting to play what Mr. Feather calls "dixieland," while most New Orleans stylists would be lost in a swing band. Only rare exceptions, such as Louis Armstrong and Omer Simeon, have ever become outstanding exponents of both styles.

There have been many examples of bad "dixieland," and likewise there have been plenty of "swing" atrocities.



The thing is to be selective. Anything musically worth-while, by any standard, must have lasting qualities, and a recording which sounds better with each successive hearing may logically be considered a superior one. I, personally, have found that the contrapuntal style of New Orleans jazz has more lasting appeal than the unison, riff style of "modern" swing, but I retain a number of the latter in my otherwise "atavistic" collection.

Since Fig has listed his jazz choices and Paul Wachtel, AM2/c, has countered with his swing (jazz to him) selections, permit me to submit a list of my own for purposes of comparison and classification. Incidentally, Wachtel is very wrong in calling Fig's a pre-1930 list, since a good many of Fig's choices were pressed recently.

The following, except *Muskrat Ramble*, were recorded since 1930:

SWING

1. *Ring Dem Bells*, Duke Ellington.
2. *Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day*, Benny Goodman.
3. *When the Saints Go Marching In*, Louis Armstrong.
4. *I Left My Baby*, Count Basie.
5. *Goin' Home*, Tommy Dorsey.
6. *Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise*, Artie Shaw.

JAZZ

1. *Muskrat Ramble*, Louis Armstrong Hot Five.
2. *Just a Closer Walk With Thee*, George Lewis.
3. *Jimmy's Blues*, Kid Ory.
4. *When the Saints Go Marching In*, Bunk Johnson.
5. *Cakewalking Babies*, Lu Watters.
6. *That Da Da Strain*, Muggsy Spanier.

Get the idea?

P.F.C. RICHARD OXTOT
Camp Beale, Calif.

Continued on page 174

JOE MARSALA

SEPTET

EAST OF THE SUN

No. 344

SLIGHTLY DIZZY

LEONARD FEATHER'S

BLUE SIX

LOST WEEKEND BLUES

No. 345

THE LADY IN DEBT

MUSICRAFT
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Musicraft Corporation, New York Los Angeles

The best book on jazz since *Jazzmen* and the most complete biography of a musician is Ulanov's *Duke Ellington*

The Rhythm Section

by LEONARD FEATHER



"Boy," Duke Ellington's physical education teacher said to him sternly one day at high school, "you're never going to amount to anything as long as you live."

This amusing augury provides the opening sentence for *Duke Ellington*, by Barry Ulanov (Creative Age Press Inc., \$3.00), the best book on jazz since *Jazzmen* and the best complete biography of a jazz musician ever published. An extra blandishment is the inclusion of twenty-eight photographs, among them some early ones never previously published.

An apter though more cumbersome title for the book would be

"Duke Ellington, His Orchestra and the World They Live In." The personal details of Duke Ellington's life and the workings of his mind are very often subjugated to the story of the band itself, its career and travels, as well as the part played therein by the individual musicians.

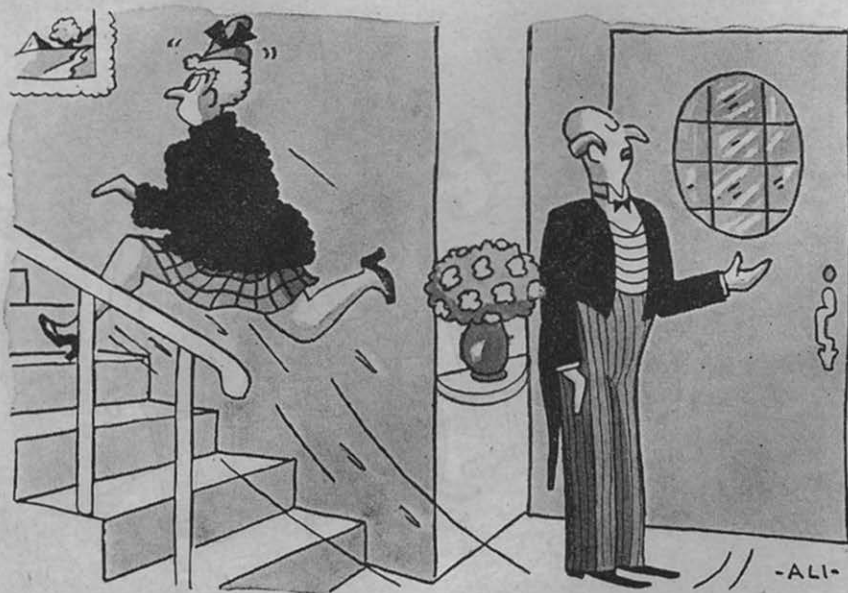
This is as it should be, for Ellington and his band are inextricably interrelated; it is by now axiomatic that Duke composes with his own individual musicians in mind to a larger extent than any other jazz writer, and that this characteristic as much as any other has maintained his reputation for eighteen years as the foremost figure in modern American music.

The story is admirably paralleled in the chapter titles, each of which is derived from an Ellington composition—*Washington Wobble*, *Flaming Youth*, *Echoes of the Jungle* (symbolizing the Carl van Vechten era of Harlemlatry), *Stepping Into Swing Society* and others equally apposite.

Ellington's eminence was no accident. From the start it was clear that he was born with a keen, ambitious mind, though for a while it was uncertain whether his talent would channel itself into music or painting. Even in childhood, he maintained an elegance that reflected more pride than conceit. "This," he would say as he stood at the foot of the stairs in his Washington home, "is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington." Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother and aunt, he would say, "Now applaud, applaud." And then he would run off to school.

Edward Ellington was eight when a neighbor, Zeb Green, gave him his nickname, for no better reason than that he picked one at random for all his buddies. The early chapters tell of the family and friends who influenced Duke's early career, of the True Reformers Hall where Duke's original Washingtonians took shape in 1917, one of the members being Toby Hardwick, who is with the band today.

Ellington did not have to (Continued on page 145)



"The new upstairs maid came—your husband is showing her around"

The Rhythm Section

Continued from page 102

fight poverty; his father did well as a Navy blueprinter, and it was not until Duke went to New York that he knew what it was to be broke and hungry, though in Washington for a while there were some tough jobs to play: ("We'll give you the five dollars later," he would be told; but somehow, a few minutes before the dance was to end, somebody insulted somebody else, and nobody got paid. And when the fights were interesting . . . Duke would wade right in, forgetting his precious fingers . . . throwing punches with the best of them.)

A much more serious fight on Ellington's hands was the one against race prejudice, an issue on which the book cuts no corners. The Duke and his men from Washington found that even in New York, "in any one of a dozen ways you could be embarrassed, shocked, humiliated." But they didn't hate: "they were fatalistic, sad when they thought about it, more often blank to skin pigments, lost in the wider range of musical colors."

In later chapters, describing the band's visits to Europe, there is a clear picture of the new vista that opened up. "Europe is a very different world from this one," Duke explained. "You can go anywhere and talk to anybody and do anything you like. It's hard to believe. When you've eaten hot dogs all your life and you're suddenly offered caviar, it's hard to believe it's true." There are anecdotes, of the evening when the Prince of Wales drank gin with Duke, then took over Sonny Greer's place at the drums; of the unhappy attempt to find good hamburgers in Hamburg; of the memorable fortieth birthday party for Duke in Stockholm when a sixteen-piece jazz band marched into his suite to awaken him with the Swedish version of *Happy Birthday*.

Along with the humorous social notes are the musical and economic overtones, the story of how Duke rose to fame with the Cotton Club, became an international figure through his records, through *Mood Indigo* and *Solitude*; the

story of how he was swept along by the tide of swingmania in the mid-1930's and temporarily obscured by it too.

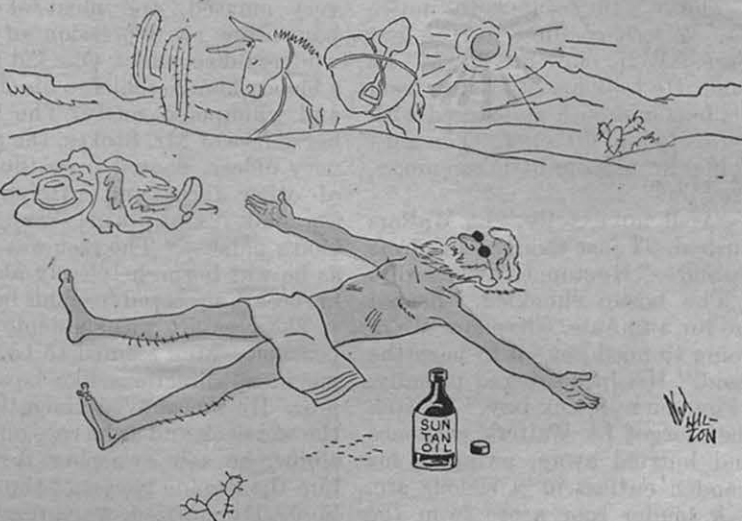
The prohibition era is vividly recalled; Ulanov pulls no punches in describing the alcoholic details that were integral in the lives of the musicians, though he could have explained more clearly the philosophy that caused Duke, several years ago, to adopt a steadier and soberer way of life.

He does, however, depict clearly the great impact upon Ellington of his mother's and father's death, and the family loyalty that is such an important part of his personality. The suave, urbane Duke Ellington whom you see on the bandstand offers few clues to the Ellington you find in these pages—a man beset by ambitions and frustrations, searching for peace of mind yet grappling with the problems of dozens of other lives with whom his own has become ineluctably associated.

Particularly engrossing and amusingly written, is the chapter on "Swee' Pea" Strayhorn, the diminutive, spectacled young hedonist whose role in the Ellington scene since 1939 is revealed not only as that of associate composer-arranger, but also as an invaluable musical and mental stimulus. Strayhorn emerges as both crown prince and jester in the Ellington court.

The book concludes with a catalogue, as nearly complete as any yet attempted, of Ellington's entire career on records.

If you have ever seen, heard or met Duke Ellington, or devoted any appreciable time to his music, Ulanov's book belongs in your library. If you know or care little about jazz and its makers, the book combined with a judicious assortment of discs—including Victor's *Ellington Panorama* and the two Brunswick albums—will provide an admirable introduction. It would be an exaggeration to claim that in musical appreciation the pen is mightier than the sound; but the least you can say is that it helps. ##



it was a disgrace—almost as bad as the movie made of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.)

This isn't the place to find out what it is that makes a pulp, except the paper it's printed on. I used to read several of them steadily and then stopped; books at a quarter may have old-time stories in them, but they promise more than most of the modern fiction pulps. But even when I took pulps on train trips, the Westerns were not my favorites. Looking back, I now think the reason is that I couldn't believe the stories were true. I believe that the Sherlock Holmes stories are true and that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is true and *Ulysses* and *The Great Gatsby* and *Bleak House* and *What Maisie Knew*; but the average Western, no.

Mostly, the cast of characters puts me off. The strong, silent man, right out of Kipling; the virtuous courtesan right out of de Maupassant; the natural bad man, or viper streaked with sentiment; the bad rich man's good little daughter who is in love with the good poor man; the sheriff; the sheriff who's in cahoots with the desperados; the comic sheriff; the crafty sheriff; the sheriff.

Now these, if I know my history, are the characters of the West; they did live and struggle and kill one another and devastate and populate the country. They are real in a hundred narratives of the time, in a thousand newspaper items; in the reminiscences of Mark Twain—but they are seldom real in fiction, even in the fiction of Mark Twain. These people were prettied up and toned down for the literary world at the beginning; and the stock figures came marching off the end of the production line when writers had to turn them out by the hundreds.

And the plots: you have two kinds. In one you meet the more or less unmotivated bad man, the cattle rustler, the highwayman, the bandit. Against him, all good men and true are in a posse. Better by far, there are the stories in which you have a true conflict, as between the wide-openers and the fencers, the men who wanted



"Aren't you fellows ever going to get indirect lighting in here?"

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DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Carnegie Hall, New York

Friday Evening, January 4, 1946, at 8:45 o'clock

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM by LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Composer and Critic with Esquire and Metronome

When Duke Ellington and his Orchestra gave their first Carnegie Hall concert, three years ago this month, a jazz concert was still a relative rarity. Since then, the use of this medium for the presentation of all kinds of swing music has become so commonplace that, for example, tonight's is the sixth such event in New York City within a week. Yet an Ellington concert still stands head and shoulders above any other event boasting of similar pretensions.

First and most important, Ellington, in his annual Carnegie Hall presentations, is helping to bring jazz forward, to increase its resources and enrich it constantly with new ideas and new harmonic and rhythmic nuances.

It is because Duke has combined all the basic qualities of jazz with a wealth of new attributes, the product of his own keen and individual mind, that he has earned a world-wide reputation. This reputation has spread not merely among the cultists and fad-seekers to whom jazz is a novelty because of the colorful legends of its history and origin, but also among serious students to whom a progressive musical attitude is a major attribute of a great composer.

The past year has been an eventful one, in many ways a hazardous one, for the Ellington band. Although time has taken its toll and removed several familiar figures from the bandstand, notably those of Ray Nance, Joseph Nanton ("Tricky Sam") and Rex Stewart, Ellington nevertheless continues to prove that he is more important than any of the talented individuals in the organization. For almost every man who drops out there is a new allotment of solo work for some more recent addition to the ranks.

The current month is exceptionally eventful. Besides making several concert appearances, Duke is to be honored by the issue of his book-length biography, entitled *Duke Ellington*, authored by Barry Ulanov and due for publication next week by Creative Age Press. Coincidentally the music business will again celebrate a national Duke Ellington Week, honoring America's most illustrious jazz artist with nation-wide performances of his works through every medium.

Announcements will also be made next week of Ellington's second consecutive victory in the annual *Esquire* All American Jazz poll. Once again Duke is the winner both as arranger and as leader of the No. 1 band, with his own collaborator, Billy Strayhorn, as runner-up in the former category.

* * * * *

Caravan

Written a decade ago and first recorded by a small unit from the band under Barney Bigard's leadership, this was first a vehicle for the valve trombone work of Puerto Rican Juan Tizol, who left the band in 1944 to join Harry James. Claude Jones now replaces Tizol in the solo role of the Ellington-Tizol composition.

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In A Mellofone

Very often, in jazz, a composition is evolved from what was originally a series of improvisations on another theme. Literally hundreds of new swing tunes have been developed out of "jam sessions" founded on the elementary harmonic patterns of *I Got Rhythm*, *Honeysuckle Rose* and similarly simple bases. Duke's *In A Mellofone* is one of these, having originally grown out of some improvisations on the chord sequence (not the melody) of *Rose Room*. The band has been playing it in one form or another for many years; currently it is used to exploit the spirited ad libbing of trumpeter Taft Jordan.

Solid, Old Man

Originally written almost eight years ago, this was dusted off by Ellington a year or two back, the orchestration slightly adjusted to suit his enlarged instrumentation (a fifth saxophone and a fourth trumpet have been added since the 1930's), and the piece now sounds as modern and impressive as any current Ellington work. Lawrence Brown's superb trombone has a spot, but the chief excitement here derives from the ensemble scoring. The word "solid" in the title is an interjection meaning "Great!", not an adjective qualifying the old man.

Sono

This is a new work written especially for the present concert and not yet heard by this writer. Duke describes it as a medium-slow, melodic number featuring the baritone saxophone of that Ellington perennial and constant poll-winner as top man on his instrument, Harry Carney. Asked to explain the title, Ellington merely commented: "Sono, as in sonorous."

Rugged Romeo

Another new Ellington piece, "based on a lick I took from Taft," says Duke. A lick in jazz terminology is a short rhythmic phrase, the term being more or less synonymous with "riff". Taft Jordan, rapidly developing into one of the band's key men, is featured again here.

Circe

Another brand-new addition to the Ellington library, featuring a trombone solo by Lawrence Brown which composer Ellington hopes will "have the same effect Circe had".

Air Conditioned Jungle

Jimmy Hamilton, one of the youngest members of the band, is given a free rein in this one. Hamilton has just been elected by a board of musician-voters in the 1946 *Esquire* poll as the outstanding new star of the year on clarinet. According to his own boss, he also shows considerable promise as an arranger.

Excerpts from Black, Brown and Beige and Perfume Suite

Black, Brown and Beige, most ambitious of all Ellington compositions, was originally divided, as its title indicates, into three movements, the whole providing a musical parallel to the history of the American Negro. It was premiered at Carnegie Hall on January 23, 1943. Since then, performances of this work have been limited to excerpts, totalling about twenty of the original fifty minutes. The passages tonight will be even more condensed. Victor is releasing the long-awaited *Black, Brown and Beige* album in shortened form.

Perfume Suite was inspired by the characters of women, and by the fact that "a woman uses a certain perfume and becomes a character identified with that perfume, just like the character of a man behind a horn is defined by his horn and the

way he plays it." Each section of the suite tries to convey the essence of a particular fragrance. The complete version, first presented at Carnegie last year, was in four movements: *Love*, *Strange Feeling*, *Dancers In Love* and *Coloratura*.

Bugle Breaks Extended

As its title indicates, this is a modernized version, with extra solo trimmings, of something Ellington and other jazz musicians have often used as a framework for a new theme—the twelve-bar motif with the first four bars left open for an unaccompanied break by one of the soloists, sometimes in the manner of a bugle call. Duke's son Mercer, released recently from the U. S. Army, and Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's "write-hand" man, had a share in concocting this five years ago.

Take the A Train

Billy Strayhorn, the young Pittsburgher, who has written so much of the great music played by this band since 1939, is still best known for this light, bouncing 32-bar chorus number, its title inspired by the Eighth Avenue Express to Harlem. The tune was first popular in 1941 and was recorded not only by Ellington, but by other bands such as Cab Calloway's and Glenn Miller's.

A Tonal Group

This new trio of Ellington works has not been completed as these notes go to press. Duke's constant travelling, combined with other forms of pressure on time and a tendency to procrastination, make it a virtual impossibility to write complete program notes in advance for any of his concerts. The only information that could be extracted from him at the eleventh hour was that the first part is a fugue, the second a "Rhapsodittii" (Ellington insists on this abstruse spelling, for reasons which a hearing of the work probably will not make clear) and the third a "Concerto for Jam Band" in which Taft Jordan, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, and Harry Carney, baritone saxophone, form the "jam" unit fronting the rest of the band.

Bassist and Me

The above heading is the only description Ellington could offer for an interlude which, no matter what particular tunes happen to be used, can hardly fail to be of interest, since it will present, for his first Carnegie Hall appearance with the band, the renowned Oscar Pettiford, acknowledged by most fellow-musicians as the greatest jazz bass player, and twice winner of *Esquire's* Gold Award. Pettiford is one product of a large musical family in Minneapolis, eleven members of which (male and female) used to play local jobs with Oscar's father, "Doc" Pettiford, as leader. First heard around New York with the bands of Charlie Barnet and Roy Eldridge, he later worked with Dizzy Gillespie, had his own group on the West Coast during most of 1945, and came East two months ago to join the Ellington band. His facility and mastery of pizzicato, his amazingly melodic ideas on so inflexible an instrument, have continued where the late Jimmy Blanton left off in this band.

Diminuendo in Blue

Transblucency

Crescendo in Blue

The *Diminuendo and Crescendo*, recorded by Ellington as a double-sided disc in 1938, was so far ahead of its time that today, in its new form with a new piece inserted in the middle, it still sounds as startling and unconventional as anything in the annals of Ellingtonia. The music lives up to the double-title graphically with a series of magnificently graded tonal shadings, reaching a fantastic climax in the highly

HERMAN'S NEW BAND IS A SENSATION!

Latest News From New York by LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK MUSICIANS AND JAZZ-LOVERS ARE ALL AGOG THIS WEEK AT THE SENSATION CREATED BY WOODY HERMAN'S BAND ON ITS OPENING NIGHT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL. RISING STEADILY IN THE PAST YEAR SINCE ITS COMPLETE CONVERSION TO THE MOST MODERN BRAND OF JAZZ, THE BAND IS NOW WITHOUT QUESTION THE FINEST WHITE GROUP IN THE COUNTRY, AND IS EVEN GIVING THE GREAT HAMPTON BAND STIFF COMPETITION.

Woody almost blew the roof off the place, but there is so much method in his loudness that both management and customers loved it. Frank Sinatra, just back from his European jaunt, dropped in and, between raves about the Herman band, told me that he expects to record two sides with Woody for Columbia next month.

Praise for the Herman stars was divided between Ralph Burns, brilliant young arranger, who is doing so much to shape the band's style; Flip Phillips, truly one of the all-time great men on tenor; Bill Harris, whose trombone style is as unique and compelling as Higgy's; Pete Candoli, a phenomenal trumpeter, part of an altogether amazing brass octet; Chubby ("the Beard") Jackson, who with the impeccable Dave Tough lays the foundation for a perfect rhythm section, aided by guitarist Billy Bauer and a good, newly added pianist, Tony Aless.

KRUPA'S NEW BAND

Woody's own Hodges-like alto, his fine clarinet and hep singing, plus the superior ballad chanting by Frances Wayne, contribute plenty to the band's success. Many of the greatest arrangements, aside from Burns, are "heads" such as only a truly happy and integrated band can do.

Among these are "Apple Honey," "North-West Passage," "Flyin' Home" and "Father's Moustache," most of which will be cut (and also, alas! cut down to three minutes) on Columbia.

There was another opening the same night as Woody's. Gene Krupa moved into the Astor. His band, though by no means as exciting as Woody's, is far better and smaller than the one he had six months ago. The string section is gone, as are the vocal quartet and the ersatz drummer; Gene stays on the tubs all the time; and, best of all, Anita O'Day is back, singing as wonderfully as ever. Charlie Ventura's terrific tenor and Tommy Pederson's trombone are the next biggest kicks after Anita.

Along 52nd Street, still crammed with the best music in town, another great new star made his bandleading debut this week when Charlie Parker, a frantic alto man whose style is the exact equivalent of his former partner, Dizzy Gillespie, started with a small group at the Three Deuces, in which Charlie and tenor-man Don Byas are the only horns, aided by a good rhythm section.

Parker and Byas play some of the same weird and advanced original tunes featured by Dizzy, almost entirely in very fast and fluent unison.

STACY'S NEW BAND

The first record by the new Jess Stacy band was released this week. It is pleasant, very much on the commercial side, and played by a pick-up bunch instead of his new organized group. Mrs. Stacy sings on one side, "Paper Moon."

Also out recently is the first record release in several years by Red McKenzie, in a couple of ballads with Ernie Caceres leading a ten-piece accompanying band and arrangements written by Bobby Hackett (that's right—not Haggart!). Ben Pollack's new record label, Jewell, will have its first release on the market very shortly, featuring Kay Starr, the fine ex-Barnet and Venuti singer, in a session under her own name, accompanied by six strings, three horns and four rhythm. The indomitable Irving Mills has not announced any further plans since the preliminary one, a few weeks back, that he would plunge yet again into the recording business.

Timme Rosenkrantz, the Danish "barrelhouse baron," who has spent most of the past decade on this side of the Atlantic, may return very shortly to his native land. He recently organized a fine concert held at Town Hall, featuring Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson.

Phil Moore, playing his first theatre date this week at Loew's State, is quite a big hit commercially. Musically, the best thing in his quintet is the extraordinary guitar work of a young white ex-soldier, Chuck Wayne, formerly with Joe Marsala and originally with the late Clarence Profit.

Across the street from Phil's show, June Christy is breaking up the snow with Stan Kenton at the Paramount. You'll hear plenty more about her!

BARROWLAND, Glasgow, is in the news again, the band being fixed for another airing on the evening of Friday, August 17, when they will broadcast an "old-time" programme. Billy McGregor and the boys have all plenty of experience in this brand of music and can be relied on to supply the right atmosphere.

Eddie Shaw's Band had a holiday last week from their duties at the Locarno, Glasgow, their places being taken by a band led by Billy Lambert, well-known local alto man.

This Clipping From
MUSICAL AMERICA
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEC 10 1945

SERIOUS music came off with second place honors when the RCA Victor Show returned to the air on Dec. 2 in the form of a battle between "classical" music and the supporters of jive. (NBC, 4:30 p. m., EST). Deems Taylor appeared as champion of so called serious music and Leonard Feather was the protagonist for the popular idiom.

The program was pleasant, mildly witty and expertly assembled. A tongue-in-cheek attitude prevailed. Wisely no attempt was made to draw serious comparisons as the program appears to be a strictly entertainment feature. Both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Feather are aware that good music is good music, no matter what it is called, which consideration they ignored for the sake of the by-play and chatter that enlivened the continuity.

In its blithe, amusing way, the half hour could do damage to music in America. It insists upon playing up a false cleavage between the popular and "classical" that does not and should not exist—a harmful notion that critics and a few musicians have worked hard to dispel.

A thin, condensed, arrangement of Ravel's Bolero was paired with an exceedingly vital playing of Count Basie's "One O'Clock Jump" in the first round of the "battle." Other numbers which illustrated the remarks of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Feather were "The Nightingale and the Rose," sung by Jane Lawrence; a men's quartet singing "Is You Is or Is You Ain't"; Hora Stacatto, played by Leonide Botolone and Zigeuner in Rhythm, performed by Eddie South. Raymond Paige conducted the orchestra and did far greater justice to the popular idiom than to the serious one.

Kenneth Delmar was in excellent form as master of ceremonies.

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This Clipping From
ESQUIRE
CHICAGO, ILL.

NOV - 1945

Feather fan

Just finished reading an article by Leonard Feather and the character is really in there pitching like a two bar tag. I belong to that small select group in Lindy's (with the Lox and bagels) known as Song Pluggers, and we cats get around digging all the bands, and I mean all the bands because the song is the thing and we have to satisfy the boss by getting the tunes in the band books, hitting the Variety sheet, and paying off the Shylocks to keep ourselves looking sharp with all new togs and keeping everyone happy.



With all our gum beating as far as conversation is concerned, Feather is on the top of my list 'cause that guy knows what he is talking about. Picking Davey Tough, Chubby Jackson, and the rest of the Woody Herman crew as the coming jazz greats because they are really putting down some wonderful music and a new style, is really a sander. Tell Leonard he's great.

Keep up the Downbeat.

CHICK KARDALE

New York 19, N. Y.

RECORDING ACTIVITY IN THE STATES

All the News from New York
by LEONARD FEATHER

DUKE ELLINGTON gave his third Carnegie Hall concert in mid-December, and most critics are agreed that it was his best yet. Several important new works were performed, including the four-part "Perfume Suite," written in collaboration with **Billy Strayhorn**; "Blutopia," a snort work written a couple of months before for **Paul Whiteman's** Contemporary Composers series; "Midriff," a wonderful Strayhorn bounce tune; and four new numbers featuring **Rex Stewart**, **Johnny Hodges**, **Lawrence Brown** and **Jimmy Hamilton** respectively: "Frantic Fantasy," "Mood to be Wooded," "Blue Cellophane," and "Air-Conditioned Jungle."

Most of the excited talk afterwards was about **Cat Anderson**, whose amazing high-note work in the "Coloratura" movement of the "Perfume Suite" had everybody gasping. Cat knows how to use those fantastic notes and Duke knows how to write for him. **Al Sears'** tenor also came in for a great deal of praise, as did **Harry Carney's** baritone on the new and lovely "Frustration."

Only bringdowns of the whole concert were the singers. Duke used three of his four girls in one or two numbers each, and **Al Hibbler** went through his usual slurring and sliding. Duke's first post-ban recording, just released here, features two of his new pops, with vocals by Hibbler and **Joya Sherrill**. However, he has recorded excerpts from "Black, Brown and Beige" for an album of four twelve-inch sides.

"ESQUIRE" CONCERT

Duke is currently playing the Hotel Biltmore in Providence, R.I., reputedly getting \$13,000 for ten days. He then heads for the coast to take part in the "Esquire" second annual all-American jazz concert, for which yours truly will also be making the trip to the West Coast to help stage the event.

Art Tatum, **Billie Holiday** and **Coleman Hawkins** are being sent out to Hollywood specially for the evening. The affair will be held in Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium as a benefit for the Volunteer Army Canteen Service.

On the same evening in New York the **Benny Goodman Quintet**, with **Norvo**, **Wilson**, **Sid Weiss** and **Morey Feld**, plus **Mildred Bailey**, will do a special broadcast, which will be part of the Blue Network's ninety-minute programme devoted to "Esquire's" evening.

In New Orleans several star soloists will take part, probably including **Louis Armstrong**, **Higginbotham**, **Sidney Bechet**, and the sensational white girl guitarist, **Mary Osborne**. There will also be an official ceremony, at which the name of Saratoga Street will be changed back to Basin Street. I hope **Spencer Williams** will be listening-in that night.

Benny Goodman's Quintet is doing excellently in the Billy Rose revue, "The Seven Lively Arts." Benny has no plans at present for organizing a big band. He has made two record dates for Columbia.

Count Basie opened at the Lincoln Hotel with two important new faces: **Lucky Thompson**, the fine ex-Hampton tenor man, and **Shadow Wilson**, also a former Hamptonian, on drums. **Thelma Carpenter** is leaving the band to go out as a single.

The band sounds as good as ever; Count cut four sides for Columbia, including "Jimmy Rushing Blues" and "Taps Miller."

Lionel Hampton is also in town, playing to wild crowds at the Strand Theatre. **Herbie Fields**, the great white tenor and alto man, whose band broke up not long ago, has joined Lionel. With **Arnette Cobbs** battling him in the two-tenors feature number, "Lady Be Good," this makes the most exciting combination of its kind ever assembled.

Note to "Corny": That was Herbie who played the tenor solo you liked on Woody Herman's "Perdido"; and, by the way you're lucky to have that record out—it hasn't been released in this country!

Lionel made another Decca date while in California, using a ten-piece brass section.

WAXING FEVERISH

Also in town are **Jimmie Lunceford**, **Billy Eckstine** and **Cootie Williams**. **Budd Johnson**, that busy tenor man and arranger, is joining Eckstine, replacing **Dex Gordon**. Cobbs still has a fine band, and **Eddie Vinson's** blue vocals are selling his "Hit" recordings like hot cakes.

On the recording front there has been feverish activity. More new record companies seem to jump into the hot jazz wax field every week. Continental is the latest label to start specialising in good jazz.

I made two dates for them: the first was by **Hot Lips Page** (trumpet and vocals) with **Vic Dickenson** (trombone), **Lucky Thompson** (tenor), **Hank Jones, Junr.** (piano), **Sam Allen** (guitar), **Jesse Price** (drums), and **Carl Wilson** (bass), doing "The Lady in Bed," "Gee! Ain't I Good to You?" and two originals by Lips.

Then there was a date by my own bunch of "Esquire" winners, with **Sgt. Buck Clayton** (trumpet), **Coleman Hawkins**, **Edmond Hall**, **Remo Palmieri**, (guitar), **Specs Powell** (drums) and **Oscar Pettiford**, with myself as pianist and arranger, doing "Esquire Jump," "Esquire Stomp," "Scream!" and "Thanks for the Memory."

Also did a session with **Linda Keene** and **Joe Marsala's** Band for Black and White, with **Joe Thomas** (trumpet) and **Joe's** regular rhythm section, plus **Adele Girard** on three of the six sides and myself on piano for Linda's two blues numbers.

Next week the same company is recording a remarkable new blues singer, **Etta Jones**, with the following combination: **Barney Bigard** (clarinet), **Georgie Auld** (alto, tenor), **Joe Thomas** (trumpet), myself (piano and arranger), **Chuck Wayne** (guitar), **Stan Levey** (drums), **Billy Taylor, Senr.** (bass). This ought to be a great date; and later the same day we hope to make four instrumental sides by the band.

Love & Kixxxx: Hoagy Carmichael's song, "How Little We Know," as E. Holst plays it at 3 East 53rd... "The Real F. D. R." It is edited by Clark Kinnaird of King Features and contains several stories about him from here... Jane Pickens' song styles at the Waldorf's Starlight Roof... Cab Calloway thrashing "Blow-Top Blues" at the Zanzibar... Warner's "Christmas in Connecticut" at the Strand... Coraldine Fitzgerald's performance in "Uncle Harry"

AUG 23, 1945.



JAZZ BY ANY OTHER NAME

PETER TANNER replies to LEONARD FEATHER

ONCE more Mr. Leonard Feather has been at work with his propaganda for the ersatz jazz with which he is so enthralled. This time he informs us, by means of a quote from Louis Armstrong, that jazz and swing are synonymous.

Not so long ago Mr. Feather told us that Louis Armstrong was unable to play jazz any more, and that he and his "Golden Age" associates had better step into their bath chairs, and their doilage, from where they would be permitted to listen to the new pure jazz of Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton and others of that ilk.

But now, according to Leonard's interpretation of a letter written by Louis Armstrong, there is no longer any distinction to be made between jazz and swing. I use the word "interpretation" advisedly as I think that this statement of Louis may be read in two ways. It was quoted in the MELODY MAKER of July 26, but here is the relevant part again. Wrote Louis:

"Jazz and swing is the same thing. In the good old days of Buddy Bolden it was called ragtime. . . . Later on in years it was called jazz music, hot music, gut bucket, and now they've poured a little gravy over it and called it swing."

INVENTIVE

I can remember Louis saying much the same sort of thing when he was over here in the 'thirties, and, though I haven't the book by me, I think he repeated it in his book "Swing That Music."

Anyway, Mr. Feather, who advocates a generous helping of gravy, infers that because there is no difference between jazz and swing therefore the "much ado about nothing" music that emanates from the instruments as played by his particular favourites must be jazz.

When Louis wrote that letter he was talking about what is generally known as jazz. After all, it doesn't matter a hoot what you call it just so long as it has that something; that beat; that lift to it; that sincerity; that originality of idea; that twist of phrasing; that inventive extemporisation that is known as jazz but could as well be called gut bucket, hot music or what have you.

. OR STAGNANT

If, however, the music is composed of a number of oft-repeated and often hackneyed riffs; if the soloists simply play to show off their technique; if the beat is supplied by high-hat cymbals that sound like tea trays; if the music is stagnant and quite void of any new ideas . . . well, it could still be swing, but it couldn't be anything other than very bad jazz.

Mr. Edison not only did the world a great service when he invented the phonograph or the gramophone, but he also gave us the means, through the gramophone record, of preserving sound. If any proof were needed of the essential difference between jazz and swing, the study of both types of music on records can give it far more clearly and far more overwhelmingly than anything I might be able to say on paper.

Louis Armstrong is such a potent force in jazz, a position which he has held for over twenty years, that it is certain that what, in effect, he meant was that all syncopated music should be judged on its jazz content and not categorised, as is the custom to-day.

This would seem to put Leonard Feather and his crowd in a rather worse position than before, as hitherto a good deal of the music that they champion could at least have been termed good swing music. Now the best thing that can be said of it is that it is largely bad jazz.

Wilma Cockrell's

Notes A'Pealin'

Two recordings of superior quality were released this week. Earl Hines heads the first group which includes: Flip Phillips, tenor, Al Casey, guitar, Sid Catlett, drums, Oscar Pettiford, bass, J. Harjes, alto, and Ray Nance, violin. The tunes are "Designed for Jiving" and "Trouble Trouble." The label is Apollo.

"Jiving" is jump tempo with some mighty fine alto. Ray Nance's violin solo comes in a bit weak after the sax work, but the other solo work, on the whole, is very good. Nothing very startling takes place on this side, I will admit, but, I insist it's not run of the mill.

"Trouble" is something else again. It's a blues number with lyrics by Leonard Feather sung by Betty Roche, former Ellington vocalist. This is the best vocal blues I've heard in some time. Betty takes it slow and easy, and again the alto leads in the solo department. Father Hines' piano is more noticeable on this side; the rest of his work is in the background.

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February

N.Y. Amsterdam News
1/19/46

Your Record Collection

By Leonard Feather

THOSE of you who only know Lionel Hampton as a leader of a big band and creator of such frantic music as *Flying Home* may get some surprises from an inspection of Hamp's musical background on records.

Lionel's first major appearances on wax were made when he was the 17-year-old drummer with Louis Armstrong's band *Confessin', Body and Soul*, etc. on Okeh. One day he found a vibraphone in the studio, started tinkering with it, and in an hour had mastered it well enough to play it on one of Louis' records that morning—*Memories of You*.

After his discovery by Benny Goodman, the Goodman Quartet was organized and made its first recordings in August 1936, a couple of which are still obtainable in Victor's album HJ 2. While he was with Benny, from 1937 to 1940, Lionel also recorded with specially assembled groups under his own name for Victor. This was a wonderful series of small-band records, using all the top white and colored musicians available.

Eight of these sides, featuring Lionel on piano, drums and vocals as well as vibes, were reissued in Victor Album HJ 3. Among those present were Johnny Hodges, Jess Stacy, Cozy Cole, John Kirby, Harry James, Benny Carter, Cootie Williams and Lawrence Brown.

Others made during this period, but harder to get now, included those in which Lionel was supported by the King Cole Trio, with vocals by Helen Forrest and drums by Al Spieldock, Helen's ex-husband; these included *Ghost of a Chance*, *I'd Be Lost Without You* and *Blue*. And there was one memorable session when Lionel assembled four top sax men of the day—Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and the late Chu Berry—to make *Hot Mallets* and *One Sweet Letter From You*.

Lionel has recorded four versions of his theme—the first to become well known was the one with the Goodman Sextet on Columbia in 1939, also featuring Fletcher Henderson on piano and the late Charlie Christian on guitar. Hamp also made one with a nine-piece band on Victor, including Ziggy Elman, Toots Mondello and Jerry Jerome.

The third version is the famous one on Decca, with the Illinois Jacquet tenor sax solo that's since been copied by just about every tenor man. The fourth *Flying Home*, known oddly enough as *Flying Home No. 2*, was also made for Decca but has not been released at this writing.

Finally, for a collector's item, try to find the Decca records Lionel made around 1937 with Louis Armstrong and a Hawaiian bunch called the Polynesians. (*To You Sweetheart Aloha*; *On a Coconut Island*.) They'll knock you out!

Armstrong, Ellington Guests on Disc Date

Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, generally regarded as the two foremost figures in jazz history, made their first joint appearance on wax, after more than 20 years of recording, when they appeared as guest members of an all-star orchestra assembled by jazz composer Leonard Feather, in the Victor studios last week. Feather, one of the most prolific and

versatile of all jazz tunesmiths (more than ninety of his compositions have been recorded in the past year by top jazzmen) drew his band for this session from among the winners of Esquire's 1946 All-American Jazz Awards. "Long Long Journey," with a vocal by Armstrong, was the number on which the Duke sat in with the band. It was Louis' first hot jazz waxing in five years and his first for Victor in

more than a decade. "Snafu" and "The One That Got Away" were two other Feather originals composed and arranged by the swing scribe for the session.

Don Byas, Jimmy Hamilton, Johnny Hodges, Chubby Jackson, Red Norvo, Remo Palmieri, Charlie Shavers and

Billy Strayhorn were among the others who took part. The four sides cut will be released shortly in a Victor show-piece album of two 12-inch discs. Feather is set to make several more dates for Victor.

Greetings
and my best wishes
for a Happy New Year

TO

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

EDDIE CANTOR

DUKE ELLINGTON

LEONARD FEATHER

BENNY GOODMAN

HILDEGARDE

MR. AND MRS. JOHN MACDONNELL

NICHOLAS BROTHERS

HARRY REVEL

CARSON ROBB

RAYMOND SCOTT

ANNA SOSENKO

TONY STANFORD

ARTHUR TRACY

SOPHIE TUCKER

AND ALL MY OTHER

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Jazz Festival

Once again, as it must to every February issue, the time for our special jazz festival, in words and music, has arrived. The lyrics comprise: *Jazz for the Layman*, *Chicago Jazz History*, *Dancing American*, *Esquire's All-American Jazz Band 1946*, and a pictorial puzzle, *Knights of the Night*. The music consists of a concert about which, in case you happen to read this before the event, we'll tell you more in a moment.

Whether you're a fan or a potential convert to jazz, we'd like particularly to call your attention to the above-mentioned jazz section in this issue. The historic pictures of early Chicago and the portrait gallery of some of this year's poll winners will help to amplify your interest in this lively American art.

The concert this year is in New York, where we set a precedent in 1943 by giving the first jazz evening ever held at the Metropolitan Opera House. We decided to slant this year's show for the benefit of the radio listeners who, according to our unofficial statistics, outnumbered by several thousands the spectators in the Met that year, or in the Los Angeles Philharmonic last year. To make it strictly a radio show, we're holding it in an ABC studio in New York, the network having allotted the hour from nine to ten p.m. EST on Wednesday, January 16.

Woody Herman, whose band has been the musical hit of the year, will perform with his entire group, including poll winners Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Frances Wayne, Pete Candoli and Ralph Burns.

Duke Ellington, the musical hit of this and any other year, will match his superlative orchestra against Herman's aided by Johnny Hodges, Billy Strayhorn, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Oscar Pettiford and Jimmy Hamilton.

To complete our musical line-up, the country's foremost small-jazz group, the King Cole Trio, will be on hand, featuring Oscar Moore.

Tying it all together will be the man we've always wanted to have on a jazz show, Orson Welles. Knowing that Orson was a great admirer of Ellington and a sincere jazzfan, we were doubly happy to enlist his aid.

Supervising the concert is Leonard Feather, who currently furthers the cause on a Sunday afternoon broadcast over NBC, with many of our poll winners as his guests.

We're glad to know that our stumping for jazz, both here and in our annual jazz books, has been provocative, has helped to stir up interest in promising young musicians, and in people with a gift for appreciation. For what Walt Whitman said of poetry applies very well to jazz: to have great music, there must be great listeners, too.

DAVID A. SMART
Editor and Publisher

O. E. SCHOEFFLER Fashion
TONY PALAZZO Art Director
CUS BERKES Production Director
FRITZ BAMBERGER Research Director
A. L. BLINDER Circulation Director

Associate Editors:
G. PFLEECER, C. WISWELL, A. PITNEY, M. HARBORD, H. RICHARDS, W. BROWN, K. MARTIN, C. MCBRIDE, G. POSTON, N. GAGE.

European Editor: ARNOLD GINGRICH
Address: Le Pâquis, St. Saphorin,
Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

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trends in dress

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ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 319 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, \$5.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, \$7.50. In changing subscription addresses both old and new addresses must be given 30 days before change is to take effect.





A report on this year's ballot and an invitation to a concert on January 16

Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, 1946

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

WELL, we did it and we're glad we did it. Esquire's third annual jazz ballot has completed its third cycle, and another list of great men of swing music is presented here, representing the culmination of a great deal of activity on both sides of the fence—the sincere efforts of the musicians themselves to make their contributions worthy of the awards, and the equally sincere efforts of the voters to appraise these contributions, in a year that has produced an unprecedented quantity of fine music.

This year we took an important new step by establishing a different method of voting. For the first time in a jazz poll, we allowed the musicians themselves to do some of the thinking as well as some of the playing.

Yes, musicians can think. In fact, some of their thoughts about music are more valid, and more valuable, than those of any critic. They disagree among themselves almost as radically as the critics, but their opinions always have one basic factor in common; they are founded on an inside knowledge and understanding of music, of what makes the notes tick, and why Red Moax can blow more trombone than Joe Doakes.

So, in this year's voting, we sent out ballot forms to all the musicians who had been winners in our previous polls, and asked them to select the men who, in their opinion, were the best young, up-and-coming swing musicians they had heard during 1945.

The idea had numerous advantages. Musicians spend a lot of time on the road; they hear jazz in all kinds of places, and they spend more time listening to jazz than the average writer.

Last year several members of the board of experts left their "New Stars" vote wholly or partially blank, because they simply hadn't listened to enough musicians to compile a fair list. By turning over the voting to the musicians themselves we thus had an advantage in the quantity as well as the quality of the balloting. From the men who had won previous polls, and from those members of our board of critics who happen to double as musicians themselves, we netted forty-odd votes. A couple of them were too late to make the deadline (you know how musicians are about deadlines) but all the rest are

reproduced faithfully in *Esquire's 1946 Jazz Book*, now on sale. This year's *Jazz Book* will be worth your investment if for this section alone. You'll be able to see which musicians made enough of an impression on the eminent Duke Ellington to earn an endorsement from the ducal pen. You'll see which youngsters in 1945 appealed most to such jazz veterans as Barney Bigard, Harry Carney,

Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards 1946

Gold Award

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| Cootie Williams, trumpet | Dave Tough, drums |
| Bill Harris, trombone | Chubby Jackson, bass |
| Benny Carter, alto sax | Red Norvo, vibraharp |
| Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax | Duke Ellington, arranger |
| Benny Goodman, clarinet | Duke Ellington, band |
| King Cole, piano | Louis Armstrong, male vocalist |
| Oscar Moore, guitar | Ella Fitzgerald and Mildred Bailey, tied, female vocalist |

Silver Award

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Charlie Shavers, trumpet | Gene Krupa, drums |
| Vic Dickenson, trombone | Slam Stewart, bass |
| Johnny Hodges, alto sax | Stuff Smith, violin |
| Don Byas, tenor sax | Billy Strayhorn, arranger |
| Barney Bigard, clarinet | Woody Herman, band |
| Teddy Wilson, piano | King Cole, male vocalist |
| Remo Palmieri, guitar | Billie Holiday, female vocalist |

New Stars

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Pete Candoli, trumpet | J. C. Heard, drums |
| J. J. Johnson, trombone | Junior Raglin, bass |
| Charlie Parker, alto sax | Ray Perry, violin |
| Charlie Venturo, tenor sax | Ralph Burns, arranger |
| Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet | Woody Herman, band |
| Erroll Garner, piano | Billy Eckstine, male vocalist |
| Bill de Arango, guitar | Frances Wayne, female vocalist |

Lionel Hampton, Billie Holiday, and Earl Hines.

It's a fascinating and new way to learn about jazz. You can be sure that every one of the hundreds of names mentioned in the course of this voting stands for a certain degree of musicianship and talent, because the musicians, unlike the critics, do not allow consideration of a man's name or city of origin to interfere with their enjoyment of his solos. To subscribe to the theory that the best jazz is that of New Orleans or Dixieland or Chicago style or Kansas City swing or jazz, or any other arbitrary and sometimes imaginary categorizations, there are other kinds of jazz—good and bad.

New Star Winners

Voters were asked to name their favorites in each of fourteen categories: trumpet, trombone, sax, tenor sax, clarinet, piano, guitar, drums, bass, miscellaneous instruments (such as vibraharp, violin, soprano or baritone sax), male vocalist, female vocalist, arranger, and orchestra.

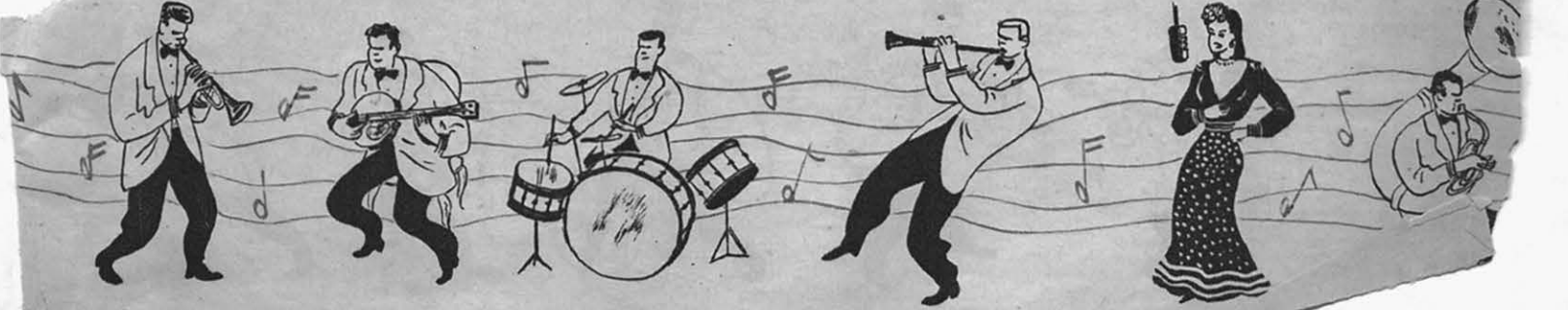
In four of these divisions there was such a clear-cut, overwhelming victory that the outcome was clear from the start. The

four who earned this distinction were Charlie Parker, alto sax; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Erroll Garner, piano; and Woody Herman.

It may seem strange to you, unless you've spent an awfully long time around 52nd Street, that the musicians' first choice for new alto sax man of 1945 is an apparently obscure, unimpressive character who has made few records and hardly ever appeared in a name band. Yet the thin, forlorn-faced young man known as "Yardbird," alias Charlie Parker, has had few competitors in the field. There's no way of describing Yardbird's frenetically flurrying improvisations; the best one can say is, Jimmy Dorsey should live.

Jimmy Hamilton, small and solemn-faced, seems emotionless when he stands before the mike for a solo with Duke Ellington's band. His style, technique and tone make a rare combination of that earned him votes from his boss and colleagues, as well as from Tatum and others who have never worked with him.

Erroll Garner, Pittsburgh's prodigy, blew into New York City so ago, and unaided by friends, managers or connections, he made his name on New York on its musical ear. The most original and accomplished jazz pianist since Tatum, he is a favorite of Ellington and Ellington. Garner doesn't read music, but he will never meet a better pianist. His best work consists of original compositions or his standard themes, and his future lies in solo concert work.



... went to Midway Gardens, where Tesch and Muggsy drew
 ... of musicians including Dave Tough, George Wettling, Bix
 ... becke, Bill Davison, Milt Mesirow, Eddie Condon, the
 ... rtland brothers, Paul Mares and Rod Cless. Native Chic
 ... Joe Sullivan, Freddie Goodman and Bud Jacobson held a
 ... the Cinderella Ballroom—for two weeks, until the leader
 ... ded to California with the band's payroll. During the Winter
 ... 7-28, Tesch, Muggsy, Jess Stacy, Floyd O'Brien and George
 ... ag played with Floyd Town at the Triangle roadhouse in
 ... Park, Illinois.

... of the better-known "Chicagoan" records were waxed in
 ... 8-29. The first were those by Tesch and Muggsy on a date
 ... ed by a handleading butcher, Charlie Pierce, who jobbed a
 ... at many dates around the Windy City. In 1928, Krupa, Sul
 ... an, Lannigan, McPartland, Freeman, Red McKenzie and Eddie
 ... ndon all participated on a panic job for Bee Palmer in New
 ... rk. Manhattan was cold to the efforts of these gentleman from
 ... icago, prompting Tesch to remark: "I wonder if we will ever be
 ... le play jazz for a living again?" The immediate answer came
 ... er, 1928, when Tesch returned to Chicago to embark on
 ... h schmaltz bands, including Jan Garber.

... the white jazzmen struggled against odds to play his kind
 ... the Negro musician found strong support for jazz, which
 ... inued to be heard in 1926-27-28 in numerous nightspots, ball
 ... is and theatres. Lovie Austin was nearing the end of a long
 ... at the Monogram Theatre; she had recorded with Jimmy
 ... ryant and Tommy Ladnier. Tate was still going strong at the
 ... idome; beginning in 1928 he moved to the Metropolitan Theatre.
 ... e Cook was still at Dreamland; Sammy Stewart held down the
 ... at the Entertainers, where Carroll Dickerson had preceded him;
 ... 1926 Stewart moved to the Metropolitan, and when Tate took
 ... er, Stewart ventured eight blocks south to the Michigan Theatre.
 ... Spring, 1926, found Armstrong deserting Dreamland for Carroll
 ... Dickerson's Sunset Orchestra; it was there, early in 1927, that
 ... armstrong formed his own combination for the first time, taking
 ... ver when Dickerson left. Louis Armstrong's Sunset Stompers set
 ... terrific pace. They had to, for besides the large theatre orchestras,
 ... ey were competing with King Oliver's Plantation Orchestra and
 ... omie Noone's Apex Club Band—both across the street from the
 ... set. In mid-1927 Armstrong doubled at the Metropolitan in
 ... trumpet duos with Clarence Jones. Later that year he again
 ... Dickerson—at the Savoy. That ballroom had opened with
 ... Creole Band, fresh from an engagement at the North Side's
 ... Ballroom, to give way to Freddie Keppard. Then the Savoy
 ... d two bands: Dickerson's and Clarence Black's.

... Regal Theatre opened in 1928 with a large orchestra com
 ... of Chicago jazzmen fronted by Fess Williams. That year,
 ... Earl Hines, after working with Noone at the Apex, organized
 ... band for a six year run at the Grand Terrace. Johnny Dodds con
 ... nued with his small outfit at The Stables, playing to a white
 ... clientele. Jimmie Wade, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Walter Barnes
 ... came in for one-nighters at the Savoy. Klarinet (Clifford) King
 ... stepped in with a band at Dreamland Ballroom after Doc Cook
 ... transferred to White City Ballroom. Junie Cobb followed Noone
 ... at the Club Ambassador on Chicago's near North Side. The Ala
 ... sians followed the Armstrong Stompers into the Sunset in early
 ... ; Cab Calloway eventually came to front this outfit, at the
 ... st of its musical leader, Marion Hardy.

... of the "Battles of Bands" and other special events which
 ... place during this time seem almost incredulous to the jazzfan
 ... ay, not only because the phenomenon has passed from the jazz
 ... but also because the array of talent presented in one evening
 ... eluded the most honored names in jazz today. For example,
 ... e 12, 1926, the Consolidated Talking Machine Company of
 ... (Okeh headquarters) staged and produced what it called a
 ... et and Style Show" at the Coliseum. Richard M. Jones, who
 ... n associated with Consolidated as Okeh's Chicago recording
 ... F, was instrumental in gathering together the bands and
 ... rtists for what, in retrospect, we may rightfully call a mam
 ... occasion.

... e can be no doubt that on that night (and on similar nights
 ... r dates) the jazzmen were inspired to put forth their mighti
 ... ts to perform at their most intense pitch. An audience of
 ... 0,000 persons on that hot June night heard Charlie Elgar's
 ... Ballroom Orchestra, The Society Syncopators, Carroll Dick
 ... uns' Café Orchestra, Jimmie Bell and His Masters of
 ... on Clarence Jones and His Owl Theatre Orchestra, Dave
 ... and h... Peerless Theatre Orchestra, Sammy Stewart and his

Metropolitan Theatre Orchestra, Doc Cook's Dreamland Ball
 ... room Orchestra, Byron Brothers' Troubador Syncopators, Louis
 ... Armstrong and his Hot Five, King Oliver and his Plantation Café
 ... Orchestra, Al Wynn's Dreamland Café Orchestra and Erskine Tate's
 ... Vendome Syncopators. The individual artists included Nolan Welsh
 ... with Richard M. Jones, Butterbeans and Susie, Lillian Delk Chris
 ... tian, Bertha "Chippie" Hill, Lonnie Johnson and Sarah Martin.
 ... To top it off, the crowd was given an actual demonstration of a
 ... recording of *Heebie Jeebies* by Armstrong's Hot Five.

By 1929 the decline had set in. Tate stayed at the Metropolitan
 ... till 1930, then moved to the Michigan Theatre for several years.
 ... Fess Williams' band of Chicago men was the attraction at the Regal;
 ... he was followed by Jerome Carrington, and then came week-stands
 ... of traveling bands. The same thing happened at the Savoy, where
 ... Duke Ellington was booked in for his first Chicago one-nighter in
 ... 1930. Earl Hines held forth at the Grand Terrace into the mid
 ... thirties; he was followed by Fletcher Henderson, after which, in
 ... 1937, Count Basie launched his big-time reputation at that spot.
 ... The small theatres in the Black Belt closed their doors or became
 ... third-run movie establishments. Francois' Louisianians made the
 ... Golden Lily a jazz hangout for several years in the early thirties.

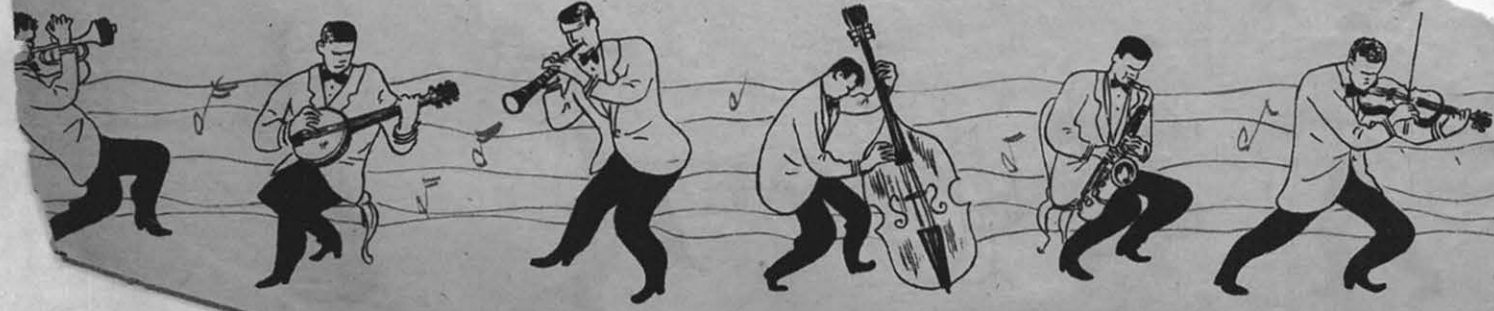
During the Winter of 1931-32 Bill Davison organized a band in
 ... cluding Teschemacher, drummer Don Carter, trumpeters Whitey
 ... Whitehead and Harold Mueller and guitarist Jack Goss; arrange
 ... ments were scored by Reginald Foresythe. This outfit was rehearsing
 ... for a job at Paradise Ballroom just prior to Teschemacher's untimely
 ... death in an automobile accident. From 1929 to 1931 Johnny Tobin's
 ... band at Beachview Gardens deserves mention—but only because
 ... it included pianist Freddie Slack and clarinetist Rosy McHargue.
 ... Early in the thirties Bud Hunter led a group, The Honky Tonk
 ... Gloom Chasers, on radio shows over WBBM, WJJD, and WSBC. In
 ... 1934, Paul Mares headed an excellent group at Harry's New York
 ... Cabaret. The following year Floyd Town led the band at Harry's.

Late in 1935 Benny Goodman was booked into the Congress
 ... Hotel for a matter of weeks; at this point the sentiment of a con
 ... siderable group of white listeners crystallized toward a favorable
 ... view of jazz. Big bands were not new to the jazz initiate, but
 ... Goodman's gained favor, approval and support; it stayed at the
 ... Congress well into 1936. Fletcher Henderson, who wrote many of
 ... the Goodman arrangements, returned to Chicago for a long run
 ... at the Grand Terrace. Red Norvo at the Blackhawk and then
 ... Bob Crosby at the same café helped the crystallization even more.
 ... Jimmy Dorsey followed Goodman into the Congress.

The Gay Nineties, on Rush Street, harbored a small band in
 ... 1936, when trumpeter Harry James played there, with pianist Mel
 ... Henke and clarinetist Joe Rushton. Max Miller (vibes) led a jazz
 ... group in regular, frequent broadcasts over WIND for three years
 ... (1937-39). Concerts, sponsored by the Chicago Rhythm Club and
 ... *Down Beat*, featured Crosby, Dorsey, Goodman, Henderson, Frank
 ... Snyder. The Three Deuces headlined the groups of Jimmy McPart
 ... land, Max Miller, Baby Dodds, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton.
 ... Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band was spotted at the Hotel Sherman's
 ... Old Town Room and Panther Room in 1939-40. The Panther Room
 ... instigated a jazz policy, using most of the best-known large bands
 ... of the past six years; and such small combinations as those of Bud
 ... Freeman, Fats Waller, Lips Page. The Pump Room contributed
 ... to the trend with engagements by John Kirby, Teddy Wilson,
 ... Casper Reardon, Fabian André.

Randolph Street cocktail bars brought in McPartland (with
 ... Condon, Sullivan, Brunis, Pee Wee Russell), Joe Marsala, Clarence
 ... Profit, Stuff Smith, Roy Eldridge, Red Norvo, Louis Jordan, Max
 ... Miller—all before the war. The quality of Loop jazz dropped
 ... sharply beginning in 1943; it shows few signs of an upswing. The
 ... Black Belt, since 1932, has offered only a few isolated jazz night
 ... spots. King Cole and Lionel Hampton played with local Chicago
 ... groups before they departed for the West Coast and success.

Chicago, too, gradually succumbed to the nationwide trend favor
 ... ing traveling bands. The large number of local orchestras such as
 ... were prevalent in the twenties have completely disappeared. True
 ... the orchestral units of Roy Eldridge, Red Norvo, Count Basie,
 ... Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, Muggsy Spanier have gained t
 ... initial successes in the Windy City since 1935. But in no way
 ... that compare with the lushness of Chicago-originate^{ed} of the
 ... twenties. Chicago's contributions to jazz during the past five years
 ... have been negligible. Pianist Max Miller is the only Chicago
 ... nurtured musician who currently possesses the artistic talent and
 ... the potential ability and integrity capable of giving the jazz
 ... a music as daring and enduring as his predecessors of the tw
 ... enties.



made some records for Black & White, Signature, Savoy and a few others, and some excellent radio transcriptions for Muzak, but Garner as an in-person thrill is something without which your jazz diet can never be complete.

Woody Herman's victory in the New Band division was all the more sensational inasmuch as he also received the Silver Award in the band department of the critics' ballot. It was the first time a duplication of this kind had occurred in one of our polls, and, looking over the staggering list of people who preferred to think of this as a "New Band," despite Woody's nine years with a baton, we decided their verdict ought to stand.

In the other New Star departments the voting was more evenly divided. Presumably because everyone wanted to vote for Dizzy Gillespie, but couldn't do so owing to the rule against voting for last year's winner in this section of the poll, the musicians between them named almost as many trumpet players as there were voters. At the last minute, a vote or two for Pete Candoli, high-note expert of Woody Herman's band, pulled him into the lead.

Our find of the year on trombone, J. J. Johnson, known to fellow musicians simply as "Jay Jay," is a twenty-one-year-old Indianapolis product who graduated from Snookum Russell's band into the big time with Benny Carter and Count Basie. He plays the kind of fiery, rough trombone that made J. C. Higginbotham top man for years.

The tenor sax voting provided some confusion. Don Byas, who became a name among musicians several years ago as a Basie discovery, came close to winning New Star as well as Silver Award, but lost out to Krupa's featured soloist, Charlie Ventura. Charlie is a great tenor sax in the Hawkins tradition, with solo records on Savoy and Sunset as well as several solos with Krupa on Columbia.

New guitarists were almost as numerous as hot tenors. Because the complete acceptance of the electric guitar as a jazz instrument has made it possible for the plectrist to make himself heard even in a nineteen-piece band, there seems to have been a renaissance. Chuck Wayne seemed like a good candidate; Tiny Grimes, former Tatum partner, and Teddy Walters, better known as a singer, each had several votes, but a young boy from Cleveland who had crept into town during the summer, stole the glory. Bill de Arango, whose entire big-time professional career at the time of the voting consisted of a couple of 52nd Street jobs with Ben Webster, raised so many eyebrows with his fleet, fevered single-string solo work that even Duke Ellington, along with several members of the Ellington band, voted for him.

The capture of the percussion prize by J. C. Heard was no shock, or J. C. is everything that is meant by the term "musicians' musician." All the other drummers admire his good taste and steady beat; countless top jazzmen enlisted his aid on recording dates during the year, and J. C. eventually decided to give up his traveling job with Cab Calloway and settle in New York to free-lance.

The victory of Junior Raglin in the bass division has an ironical touch, in that he no longer has the job which brought him out of San Francisco obscurity four years ago and ultimately won him this award. Duke Ellington changed bass players at the end of October, and Junior's plans remain undecided.

The miscellaneous instruments department looked like a tie between Marjorie Hyams, the young girl who played such wonderful vibraharp with Woody Herman's band for several months, and Ray Perry, an alto sax man who also happens to play superb jazz violin. Perry, who came to New York during the year, made the Number One slot by one point. His victory was all the stranger since, except for a brief glow of limelight with Lionel Hampton's band some four years ago, he has never had a real chance to display his talents.

Ralph Burns, the new arranger, was a sure bet. He has contributed as much as any individual to the success of the present Woody Herman band. Woody's boys like to play his brilliant music as much as Burns likes to listen to Ravel, Debussy and the wide variety of

composers who have helped to furnish his musical inspiration. Frances Wayne, who sings a ballad the way musicians like to hear it, was still another product of the Herman organization to win this year, though it was a close fight between Frances and Vaughn, the young colored girl who, as the musicians say, "chords"—something we also don't intend to try to explain in

Billy Eckstine, the "sepia Sinatra," is well-liked by musicians for the same reasons that earned Frances Wayne her victory. Too, he is a musician himself, which contributes to the good taste of his singing.

Gold and Silver Winners

Not very much comment is needed on the results of the Gold and Silver award voting, since the musicians are mostly well known to anyone who takes more than a layman's interest in the subject. Assuming, however, that your interest is casual, and susceptible to development, here are a few footnotes:

Both teams of winners were elected by a board composed of a score of jazz experts. A list of voters and votes will be found in *Esquire's 1946 Jazz Book*. (We'd print it here, but, like a Lionel Hampton jam session on *Flying Home*, it goes on almost forever.)

There are many differences from last year's results. A couple of points one way or the other, changed on a last-minute whim by one voter, might have completely upset the results in the piano and the male and female vocal departments. Ella Fitzgerald, Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday were all within one point of each other.

One fact stands out: The impact of Woody Herman on the critics' jazz senses had an emphatic effect on results. Bill Harris and Chubby Jackson, New Stars only last year, were selected as the country's foremost trombone and bassmen, ousting such perennials as Higginbotham and Teagarden, Pettiford and Slam. Even Dave Tough, respected among musicians for a decade or more, undoubtedly got the Gold Award on the strength of the lift he and the Herman band gave each other.

Charlie Shavers, our Silver Award trumpet, was very active on records during the year, while Roy Eldridge, last year's runner-up, was somewhat less than adequately heard during his long term in the Artie Shaw band, away from New York.

Jazz lovers who expressed surprise that King Cole never won anything, while his guitarist, Oscar Moore, made the second team in both previous polls, will be happy to see that the Cole trio is now triply represented, with Oscar moving up to the Gold department and Nat grabbing two statuettes, a Gold for his superlative piano and a Silver for his intimate, rhythmic singing.

Barney Bigard, who dropped out last year, comes back again as second to the perennial Benny Goodman. Barney's activities were confined mostly to small night clubs and a few records, but it didn't take his fans many hearings to be convinced that Bigard is still one of the greats of jazz. Don Byas, perhaps the busiest of all recording men in '45, took a lot of votes away from Coleman Hawkins to make it a close race. Stuff Smith, the mad genius of the electric violin, made his first prize-winning appearance, while Red Norvo piled up one of the most resounding majorities in the entire poll, bowing only to Goodman and Ellington in the number of points he scored.

To sum up, the results of the voting, while not definitive (you just can't be entirely definitive in matters of artistic opinion) undoubtedly present three teams of names that deserve a place in anybody's catalogue of jazz immortals. I'd like to add my own honorary award for someone who missed out only because he is taken for granted. "Why vote for Tatum?" I can hear the experts saying. "Everyone else'll vote for him anyway." And I know our winners, King Cole and Teddy Wilson, will not be offended if I point out that Art Tatum still is as great a musician as ever played jazz.

Postscript: If you read this on or before January 16, listen to the *Esquire* concert over the ABC (Blue) network during the evening. You'll find out why Ellington and Herman got those votes, and you'll hear some of the greatest jazz ever presented on a network. ##

Answers to KNIGHTS OF THE NIGHT, page 50

1. RED NICHOLS—A cornet, red hair, red nickels, initials of some of the famous men who played under him (Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Pee Wee Russell).

2. LOUIS ARMSTRONG—A trumpet, a mouth on suitcase ("Satchmo") a strong arm, "West End Blues," "Hot Fives," and "Hot Seven."

3. JACK TEAGARDEN—A trombone, T-e-a and garden, bottle of bluing (for the blues he sings), "The Sheik," "After You've Gone."

4. COLEMAN HAWKINS—A tenor sax, a hawk ("The Hawk"), Eifel Tower (played in Paris), "Star Dust," "It's the Talk of the Town" and "Sugar Foot Stomp."

5. MILDRED BAILEY—mouth (vocalist), bale of cotton—Y, "The Rockin' Chair Lady," silhouettes of her and

Red Norvo (Mr. and Mrs. Swing), "Smoke Dreams," "Washboard Blues," "Someday Sweetheart."

6. CHICK WEBB—Chick and spider web, drums, tombstone with dates, Savoy Ballroom and "Stompin' at the Savoy."

7. BENNY GOODMAN—A clarinet, blackboard (instructor at Juilliard School of Music), 3-4-5-6 (trio, quartet, quintet, sextet), recorded with Chamber Music group, Hull House (where he started).

8. KING OLIVER—A trumpet, a crown, tombstone with dates, lump of sugar and foot ("Sugar Foot Stomp"), and New Orleans.

9. DUKE ELLINGTON—A piano, a fist ("duke"), wild neckties, manuscript of his composition "Black, Brown and Beige," and a "Sophisticated Lady."



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1/26/46

Louis, Duke Together on Wax

NEW YORK—Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, generally regarded as the two foremost figures in jazz history, made their first joint appearance on wax, after more than twenty years of recording, when they appeared as guest members of an all-star orchestra assembled by jazz composer Leonard Feather in the studios of RCA Victor last week.

Feather, one of the most prolific and versatile of all jazz tunesmiths (more than ninety of his compositions have been recorded in the past year by top jazzmen) drew his band for this session from among the winners of Esquire's 1946 All-American Jazz Awards.

"Long, Long Journey," a blues with a vocal by Armstrong, was the number one which the Duke sat in with the band. It was Louis' first for Victor in more than a decade. "Snafu" and "The One That Got Away" were two other Feather originals composed and arranged by the swing scribe for the session.

Don Byas, Jimmy Hamilton, Johnny Hodges, Chubby Jackson, Red Norvo, Remo Palmieri, Charlie Shavers and Billy Strayhorn were among the others who took part. The four sides cut will be released shortly in a Victor Showpiece Album of two 12-inch discs. Feather is set to make several more jazz dates for Victor.

Amsterdam News 1/26/46



MAN FROM MARS MEETS KING: Musical event of the year in the 'Jazz World' came off at WJZ Ritz Theatre studio Wednesday when the three gold star winners were presented gold statues of 'Esky' as symbols of their top-notch achievements and contributions in the jazz domain. Above are Orson (The Man From Mars) Welles, who was narrator for the hour long program; Nat (King) Cole, double winner, having received the gold award as best small band of the year, and silver award as the best male vocalist; Oscar Moore, guitarist with Cole trio, won the gold award as best guitarist and Leonard Feather, music editor of Esquire, who made the presentations. Hizzoner, the Duke, Ellington, winner of gold award for best big band, is behind Feather.

Negro Digest 11/45

191



Backstage at Esky Rehearsal

WINNERS GET OFF TO ROARING START; KING COLE NERVOUS;
ORSON WELLES GETS LOST: DUKE WEARS \$40 SHOES

NEW YORK—(CNS)—It was a big day, January 16, as the Esquire winners got together at the American Broadcasting Company's Ritz Theatre on West 48th Street, to rehearse the jazz which made Esquire Magazine judges choose them as the greatest exponents in their field.

We got there as Duke Ellington's band was rehearsing, as usual, with all hats on; King Cole and his Trio were on the stage patting their feet to the rhythm and Woody Herman's musicians were strolling in, talking and smoking in their casual manner. Leonard Feather was running around with paper in hand, checking his list and looking for Orson Welles, who was very much late.

Photographers were shooting anything they could find that looked interesting and men in the control room were calling orders and minutes after each Ellington selection.

Introduction Repeated

The introduction was done three or four times before it sounded right and the Duke, already at the piano, had to jump up in a split second for King Cole and the Trio to start off on "After You're Gone."

Presently, in strolls Orson Welles, looking bewildered. Before going on the stage, he stopped to tell Nat Cole that he went down to see him the other night at the Copacabana, two months after he had closed.

Nat said "Yes, they had me way down in Georgia since then." And Mrs. Cole tells Orson that she saw him walking down Broadway. He retorts, "I wish you had stopped me and told me where this place was for I've been way up to Radio City and back looking in every alley for a backstage."

Reads Tribute to Jazz

Then Orson was called to the stage where he read a beautiful tribute to American jazz with his rich voice vibrating through the theatre as Duke Ellington played blue notes to fit certain passages. The sound man made gestures for applause at the finish, more applause and then some more. Orson yelled out "Oh, not that much" and everybody laughed.

That night, things were different. The stars were dressed to match their golden Esquire statues; Herman wore tan trousers, rust corduroy jacket and rust suede shoes; Ellington wore a blue suit with \$40 black patent leather shoes that you could see your face in; Frances Wayne, Herman's vocalist, wore draped cream moire taffeta; King Cole Trio wore black suits with multi-colored ties and Orson Welles—HAD to be different. He showed up in a gray business suit and apologized for his appearance.

Off to a lively start, the Duke played Billy Strayhorn's arrangement of "Take the A Train" and

Herman and Herd came in with their jumpy "Caldonia" in which Woody mumbles through the lyrics.

King Cole Frightened

All during the first half, the King Cole Trio was sitting on the Herman side of the stage with Frances Wayne. And King Cole was nervous. After his "Sweet Lorraine," he said he felt better, but if he hadn't been sitting on the stage during the program, he might've bitten all his nails off.

After the concert, Nat's mother, who had come in from Chicago for the affair, came back to kiss him and he confessed that he was never so nervous in his life; he had been trembling since rehearsal, complaining that it was cold on the stage.

Ellington counted three kisses from admiring ladies and Welles said he didn't get any, though he did get an Esky as a man who has done much for tolerance and jazz itself.

N.Y. Amsterdam News

Girls Jazz Group Records Hot Tunes for Continental

Three outstanding women jazz musicians—Mary Lou Williams, Marjorie Hyams and Mary Osborne—have recorded together for the first time on a Continental record date assembled by Leonard Feather.

Mary Lou Williams, greatest woman jazz pianist, currently appearing at Cafe Society Uptown, was delighted to find other girl musicians talented enough to work with her, and thinks that these are her finest recordings to date.

worked with several name bands but has never previously recorded. Her work was first noticed when she played in the 1945 Esquire Jazz Concert and participated in the transcontinental broadcast of the concert. Her work was highly praised by Arnold Gingrich, editor of Esquire Magazine.

Tunes recorded were three Leonard Feather originals, "DDT," "Rumba Rebo" and "A Blues." Fourth side features vocal by Mary Osborne on "She's Funny That Way."

This girl-star recording session is a part of Continental's newly expanded hot jazz activities under the supervision of Leonard Feather.



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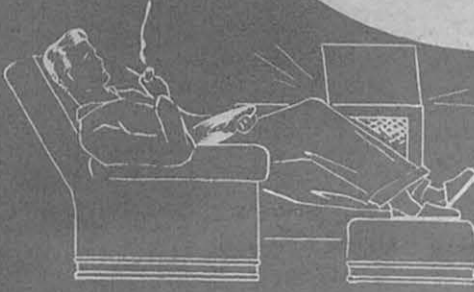
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SLIGHTLY DIZZY
JOE MARSALA SEPTET
- 345—LOST WEEKEND BLUES
THE LADY IN DEBT
LEONARD FEATHER'S BLUE SIX
- 346—I STAY BROWN ALL YEAR ROUN'
—WHO PUT THE BENZEDRINE
IN MRS. MURPHY'S OVALTINE
HARRY GIBSON
- 15046—TIME ON MY HANDS
LET'S JUMP
GEORGIE AULD ORCHESTRA, LYNNE STEVENS,
VOCAL
- 15050—PRECIOUS SONNY BOY
I THINK I'LL THROW MY PILLOW
ON THE FLOOR
DAVE DENNEY WITH ORCHESTRA
- 15051—BLUE
I'M IN LOVE WITH TWO SWEETHEARTS
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PHIL BRITO ORCH. DIRECTED BY W

- 15051 BLUE • I'M IN LOVE WITH TWO S



GEORGIE AULD ORCH. LYR

- 15046 TIME ON MY HANDS •



DAVE DENNEY "The Prairie

- 15049 PRECIOUS SONNY BOY • I THINK I'LL THROW MY P
- 15050 NOBODY'S FAULT BUT YOUR OWN •



HARRY GIBSON "Harry the I

- 346 I STAY BROWN ALL YEAR ROUN'
- THE BENZEDRINE IN MRS. MURPHY

JOE MARSALA SEPTET

- 344 EAST OF THE SUN
SLIGHTLY DIZZY

LEONARD F

- 345 LOST WE
THE LADY

MUSICRAFT — *the best in music on* RECO
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

SAUGERTIES, N.Y.
STAR
1/4/46

This Clipping From
ANNISTON, ALA.
STAR

JAN 25 1946

WHMA

Red Norvo will be interviewed by famous jazz critic, Leonard Feather, when the "Woody Herman Show" moves to their new time, Friday nights at 7 o'clock beginning tonight. Highlight of the first Friday night "Woody Herman Show" will be a top-notch rendition of "The Man I Love" by Red Norvo and the Woodchoppers.

The attempted blackmailing of a respectable, middle class family man, who once had slipped into crime in his youth, will be dramatized on Jerry Devine's "This Is Your FBI," over ABC and WHMA tonight at 7:30 o'clock.

On "Famous Jury Trials" tonight at 8 o'clock over ABC and WHMA, Lippy Matt, a small-time gambler, will be charged with the murder of his girl friend.

"Battle Of Music"



Deems Taylor (left), defender of the classics, and Leonard Feather (right), champion of jazz, square off for their weekly tilt on the "The RCA Victor Show." Raymond Paige, director of the orchestra and chorus, holds the lads apart waiting for the "on the air" cue for NBC's Sunday afternoon feature.

This Clipping From
BILLBOARD
CINCINNATI, OHIO

DEC 29 1945

Butch, Bing Okays Good For Two Decca Contracts

NEW YORK, December 24.—Two telephone calls last week to "The Hat" and "The Bingel" resulted in ink on two Decca contracts. Both calls, with a hearty "yes" at the other end, gave the go-ahead signal to Arnold Shaw, Leeds' flackman, to begin a 25,000-word Decca sponsored book about Bing Crosby, and to tunesmith Leonard Feather, to taper off their La-Guardia-dedicated song *Patience and Fortitude*, so that Decca could start immediate cutting.

Shaw's last book on Gene Krupa was a sell-out. And the trade predicts same for Crosby piece, it denies that it will be a "must" on the library shelf of all Decca employees.

This Clipping From
NEW YORK CITY
METRONOME

JAN -- 1946

Duke, Woody, Cole For Esquire Air

The two top bands in jazz, Duke Ellington's and Woody Herman's, will broadcast jointly for the first time when they take part in *Esquire's* third annual All American Jazz broadcast on Wednesday evening, January 16.

The program, which will be broadcast over ABC from 9 to 10 PM Eastern time, will have as narrator Orson Welles. The King Cole Trio will also be heard on the show, which will be under the musical supervision of Leonard Feather.

Results of this year's poll, to be announced in detail by Feather in the February *Esquire*, will reveal that Duke Ellington has again won the Gold Award both as bandleader and arranger, with Woody Herman's band winning in both the Silver Award and New Star divisions.

Highlights of the airing will be a vocal by Frances Wayne with the Ellington band, marking the fulfillment of a long-standing ambition, and a finale by the combined Ellington and Herman bands.

This Clipping From
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
HERALD

JAN 20 1946

CONNECTICUT FORUM of the Air, Ralph della Selva's senior public service program, goes into its third year at a new time, 8 Friday night, from its original station, New Haven's WELI, and with a discussion of the same subject that started it all, socialized medicine . . . So long as there are controversial subjects in this world, there will always be a della Selva . . . The Woody Herman show, starring the new king of swing and featuring jazz expert Leonard Feather, wins a new ABC address, 8 Friday nights . . . Korn' s-a-Krackin', quite obviously a non-jazz program, shucks it at 11 Saturday nights on Mutual stations which don't carry news-casts at that time.

JAN -- 1946

Tatum Tops Philly Concert; Four Others Reviewed

**Blue Note, Condon,
Toronto, K. C.**

AT PHILLY'S recent jazz concert given at the Academy of Music on November 20, Art Tatum enthralled a large crowd of enthusiasts with his astonishing piano technique, Coleman Hawkins blew good tenor and Gillespie displayed his unusual trumpeting talent. But as good as the Big Three were, this reviewer, and a large number of the jazz fans present, were knocked out more by the gargantuan talent of amazing girl guitarist Mary Osborne.

Apparently dug up at the last minute by emcee Leonard Feather, Mary showed off a fine beat, terrific ideas, a good command of her instrument and an extremely modest personality. Neglected in advance billings, the refugee from Gay Claridge's society outfit was well received by the Philly fans.

Tatum started off the concert and was featured on solo renditions of *Elegie*, *Humoresque* and *Begin the Beguine*. Beautifully done, the first three selections almost bordered on the symphonic. Art hit his stride on *Sweet Lorraine* and concluded the first set with *Danny Boy* and a new version of *Song of the Vagabonds*.

The tremendous ovation for Tatum was somewhat marred by the request of an unenlightened army captain. Overcome by Tatum's technique, the captain shouted to Feather, "Can we have the piano turned around so that we can see the keyboard?" I wonder if a good many of the so-called jazz fans present couldn't have been applauding Tatum's fast finger movement rather than his superb artistry.

Hawkins, resplendent in a brown pin-stripe suit, led his Trio on for the next set. Coleman played good if not great tenor in a group of familiar Hawkins specialties. Led by the moving bass work of Al McKibbon and aided by Denzil Best's steady drumming, the trio was hampered not a little by pianist Thelonious Monk.

Gillespie, referred to by Feather as the "Twenty-First Century Gabriel," followed Hawkins and borrowed Bean's Trio. The Diz, goatee and all, maneuvered skilfully through his own *Night in Tunisia*, blew blue on *The Man I Love* and was joined by Hawk on *Groovin' High*. Gillespie, a Philly native son, received a

compliment from music reviewer Max de Schauensee of the *Evening Bulletin*. The critic said Diz offered his numbers "with elaborate trumpet cadenza and revealed wonderful smoothness and mastery of his instrument."

After Diz, Tatum returned to offer a smooth medley of tunes by the late Jerome Kern and was followed by Mary Osborne and her guitar. Backed by the Hawkins trio, the guitarist played *Rosetta* and an encore suggested by Feather, *Just You, Just Me*. Obviously unfamiliar with the old standard, Osborne displayed her unusual single-string virtuosity and jazz knowledge. The gal is great and would be a good bet for an enterprising name handleader in the market for an uncommon commercial asset.

The entire troupe, sans Tatum, ended the concert with a resounding *Body and Soul* played for the most part at up tempo. Diz, Hawk and Monk took solos but Miss Mary Osborne, with two exquisite choruses, was the only one to draw a hand from the crowd.

Ably produced, the concert came off well and was not handicapped by Feather's informative commenting. It was a program of modern music unmarred by archaic molty figgers or unmusical girl vocalists.—DAVE BITTAN.

All Scheduled Show for Blue Note

Jamming in Jazz, sponsored by Blue Note Records and Meed by that Glad-hand of Nicksieland, Fred Robbins, held at Town Hall, Saturday, December 15, logically featured Blue Note recording artists, with a few program... and Keynote

JAN -- 1946

RCA-VICTOR

A Dog For a Dog

NBC, Sundays, 4:30 PM, EST.

The trademark of Victor records, you may remember, is a little mutt listening attentively to a phonograph speaker. If he listens Sundays from 4:30 to 5 PM to his radio speaker all that Victor pooch will hear is another dog.

The idea behind this show is the very questionable one of pitting "swing versus the classics" in what the gleeful announcer calls "the fray." It's an artificial battle which hasn't existed, doesn't exist and isn't likely to ever exist in spite of the attempts of programs like this one to foment trouble between musicians of different cuts of hair. The result of this artificiality is that the spokesmen elected by Victor, to represent "swing" and "the classics," Leonard Feather and Deems Taylor respectively, find themselves saying things they have never believed and never will. Leonard has protected himself pretty well, restraining his defamation of the classics to a few thinly snide remarks in rebuttal of Taylor. Leonard's major lapses have occurred in the line of critical integrity; because the show is sponsored by Victor he has been forced to praise, either explicitly or implicitly, Vaughn Monroes and Perry Como records we all know he doesn't like, and to talk up for tunes he has previously condemned either verbally or in writing. This is questionable behavior, I think, but nothing compared to Taylor's.

Deems Taylor is paid, and well, by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, to act as their president. Each week, on this show, he slaps in the face the popular songwriters and publishers on this show. "Superficial Tin Pan Alley knowledge," Taylor has said. "I'm looking for a machine [a phonograph] that filters out the jazz," he's said. "The superiority of serious music is obvious," according to Deems. "You may have to listen to swing," he's cautioned his listeners, "but you don't have to like it." No matter how hard Taylor's tongue may be pressed against his cheek when he makes these remarks, their effect is vicious. Millions of listeners will accept his word as serious and, in line with that unfortunate, dishonest snobbery which still obtains in the cultural orientation of Americans, they will turn their noses up further at jazz, while they continue to enjoy it. Taylor's part in this show is treacherous to the men who pay him to act as their representative, it is subversive of the art of music and altogether tasteless.

The show, furthermore, is so poorly planned musically that neither "swing" nor "the classics" is well represented in this false fight. The Raymond Paige orchestra, which carries the brunt of the program, is scarcely distinguished either for its symphonic music or for its jazz, and it represents very badly the great material which can be found in the Victor catalogue. Some of the guests have been impressive; Leonard has been instrumental in hiring such luminaries as Eddie South and Erroll Garner for single appearances. But these skilled artists and their opposite numbers among the classicos get little time to demonstrate their claim to fame. The bulk of the show is devoted to cheap, senseless bickering between Feather and Taylor which can only offend musicians and misguide laymen.—BARRY ULANOV.



Butch gets the beat; how about Deems? Leonard Feather, Deems Taylor and Raymond Paige show Hizzoner The Mayor, Fiorello LaGuardia, *Patience and Fortitude*, a new swing spiritual dedicated to him and based on his famous broadcast signoff. Taylor, who poked fun at the song when it was aired on the RCA-Victor show on which he, Feather and Paige are featured, was not averse to posing for stills and newsreel photos singing, even trying to swing the song. Sung by Mynell Allen (cf. p. 19), written by Billy Moore.

Teddy McRae Chosen Top Band Leader In '46 by Foundation

Teddy McRae, whose sensational new band recently replaced Andy Kirk at the Club Sudan, has been voted the "TOP NEW BANDLEADER OF 1946" by the New Jazz Foundation, headed by a Board of Advisors including Leonard Feather, Harry Lim, Duke Ellington, Barry Ulanov, Symphony Sid and many others; and its 4000 members announced their decision this week. Teddy McRae has been known for years as an exceptional musician and showman. He started as one of the famous McRae Brothers whose band used to broadcast daily coast to coast in the early days of radio. He has played with all the great bands, Calloway, Hampton, Lunceford, etc., arranged for Artie Shaw, Chick Webb, etc., and composed many hits such as "Traffic Jam," "Black Bay Shuffle," Teddy was the man who built up Louis Armstrong's band and prepared it for the movies "Pillar to Post," and "Atlantic City."

Now, at least, all this talent which has helped so many other bands has turned to a 15-piece group of his own, and Teddy is building one of the best bands in the country. The New Jazz Foundation stated in its announcement "... we predict that the year 1946 will see Teddy McRae rising to a position as one of our top bandleaders, so we have named him as the New Star for the year!"



MEN OF MUSIC . . . The new king of swing, Woody Herman, goes over the script of his 8 p. m. Friday American network show with jazz savant Leonard Feather — the one with the bow tie — and vibraharp virtuoso Red Norvo, right.

JAN -- 1946

Letters to the Editor

BG N.G.

As one Goodman fan to several others, don't you think it is about time "The Man" had learned what he owes to his fans and to music? During his recent one-nighter in this city he certainly displayed none of the musical or social intelligence which your writers have from time to time ascribed to him. We forgave him the poor quality of the orchestra because radio shots had told us what to expect there, forgave him the inadequate chanteuse because he'd been shopping around—even made excuses for the ensemble sound because that ballroom has a P.A. system that shouldn't happen to a deg. BUT, no one could escape the fact that many of his solos (indeed, almost all) with the band did not even make musical sense, were fabricated of kickless scale exercises. Mind you, as long as this type of thing is accompanied by a heavy tom-tom beat it is quite acceptable to the zoot-suit jitterbug type which composed approximately 80% of the audience. In his real fans, who have enjoyed with him the gradual perfection of that great clarinet style, it aroused only feelings of great disappointment and disgust. We've been told that late in the evening he played better with a small combo; we wouldn't know because we couldn't bear to stay after hearing the first part of his show.

The secondary disappointment was the unwillingness of Benny and the band to unbend to the crowd (it was particularly noticeable to those of us who remembered the superlative show the Herman Herd gave us in July). Apart from his relating a rather unfunny joke, B. G. ignored the people out front. The incessant shouts of "Where's (Slam) Stewart?" elicited no reply until about 20 minutes before closing when Goodman finally admitted that the bassman, who'd ranked next to the boss as a drawing card, had missed the train in the U. S. and would not be there at all! That occurrence in itself should still not excuse Benny's actions, especially his downright rudeness to some well-meaning high school mag. editors and writers who attempted to interview him during intermission. . . .

BILL BRUCK.

Toronto, Canada.

Touché

In your December issue, you have pictures of Woody Herman's orchestra, their date of birth and a little history about each of them. I notice that a lot of them are young fellows, especially the drummer. Being born on August 13, 1941 makes him only 4 years old now. Is that a misprint or is he really starting in young? It said that he got his first job in a large band in

Open Letter to Mr. Feather

As I write this, I am listening to a radio show. It is purported to be a duel between jazz and classical music. The two leaders are Mr. Deems Taylor and you, Mr. Feather.

Sir, are you in collusion with Victor, or have you forgotten the basic premises that jazz is founded upon? The instrumentation, the number of sidemen, the absence or scarcity of vocals, the feeling, the head work, with little or no written music (the this has changed in later years to the modern kick), etc.

Mr. Feather, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Deliberately misleading the general public when their education is so desperately needed.

Education to the righteous jazz and away from this commercial drivel. And you, Mr. Feather, are supposed to be a leading jazz expert. Your articles in this magazine and *Esquire* give one that impression. Yet when you prostitute yourself for filthy lucre, one wonders. . . .

Sir, have you no scruples? Must you attempt to knock jazz in the head on one hand, while lauding it on the other? You and Janus. And if you must, at least present the TRUE side of jazz, not an obviously biased commercialized, sappy deal that some esthetic production manager dreamed up on a Clammy Kaye kick.

I repeat, now is the time to educate the public. You are making a living from the works of jazzmen. You are in a position to do this education. To make a point, you are educating the public, but in an adverse manner.

I doubt if my lone protest will have any effect on your future programs, but I know that I am not alone in my wish for the proper presentation of jazz, and at least an attempt to return with equal sincerity the rebuttals that Mr. Taylor gives to jazz.

Eugene, Oregon.

JIM "POPS" WINDUS.

Mr. Windus's criticism is largely justified, as the following story will illustrate.

When I agreed to start work on the program, I understood that I was being hired on the strength of my musical knowledge and authority. It soon became evident that the reverse was the case: instead of being allowed to express any real opinions, I was given synthetic dialogue, obliged to make statements opposite to my real opinions. Moreover, many of the people handling the show were convinced that all hot music should be loud and fast, and that everyone who likes swing talks 1939 jive talk. I balked at some of the "solid, gate" stuff in the first script, but only managed to get a few of the corniest lines removed.

The second week the lines were less offensive, but I was obliged to plug a Vaughn Monroe record as part of the commercial. I suggested adding the words "Duke Ellington records for Victor too," but was promptly silenced.

The third week, instead of a jazz guest star, Sammy Kaye's singer was brought in to sing *Chickery Chick*. I explained that no critic in his right mind would indorse this, but the most they would do was reduce my comments to a half-hearted defense of the lyrics. The commercial involved a Spike Jones record. There was also a line about a jam session on 52nd Street for which a musician's name was needed. I suggested Duke Ellington but was told he wasn't that important.

These incidents proved to be the breaking point, and it became clear that I could not continue. I was informed my attitude was "too esoteric."

Raymond Page was wonderful throughout, doing his best to make the agency see my viewpoint, and David Gregory, the script writer, was simply acting under orders when he wrote jitterbug lines for me.

Mr. Windus can be sure that I won't accept another radio job that compromises my reputation as a critic. If he listens to me on the Woody Herman show this month, or on the *Esquire* concert Jan. 16, I'm sure he'll have no complaints.—LEONARD FEATHER.

1940, so I'd say he was a little ahead of time or something.

I enjoyed reading this issue otherwise.

BILL CLEMENTS.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

New Orleans "three-voice" jazz is the only jazz. To me, such an attitude is like a man who refuses to ride in a 1946 car because it is not like the Model A Ford. To these people, I have only this to say: Get

ABC *features*

January 28, 1946

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.

Volume VI, No. 4

Popular Music Men



When listeners tune in to the ABC "Woody Herman Show" they can brush up on their jazz lore, as two outstanding men in that field, Leonard Feather (left) critic, and Red Norvo (right) vibraharpist, appear on the program in addition to Woody Herman's musical offerings. Here they talk over the show with Woody.

2/2/46
THE PITTSBURGH COURIER



DOWN MARQUEE LANE—Bosses in their respective fields are these top show folk whose bright lights are blazing in Manhattan's night life. Left: Rex Stewart, premier trumpet artist, who is now fronting his own orchestra in the Three Deuces on fabled Fifty-second Street. Next: Seductive Hahji, whose lissome charm is setting them on their proverbial ears in the Club Sudan with her interpretive dancing. Upper panel: Duke Ellington, Critic Leonard Feather, King

Cole and Sax Ace Johnny Hodges go over last minute details for the Esquire band winner's broadcast, recently.

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15054 - DO YOU LOVE ME • I WISH I COULD TELL YOU

PHIL BRITO, with Walter Gross and Orchestra

15051 - BLUE • I'M IN LOVE WITH TWO SWEETHEARTS

PHIL BRITO, with Walter Gross and Orchestra

15046 - TIME ON MY HANDS • LET'S JUMP

GEORGIE AULD Orchestra, Lynne Stevent, vocal

15055 - OL' MAN RIVER • I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

PHIL MOORE Four

15053 - FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS

EVERYBODY KNEW BUT ME

GORDON MAC RAE, with Walter Gross and Orchestra

15052 - IT'S ANYBODY'S
SPRING • SLOWLY

GORDON MAC RAE
with orchestra
directed by
Walter Gross



LEONARD FEATHER



DAVE DENNEY



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HARRY
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347 - WHO'S GOIN' STEADY WITH WHO • WHAT'S HIS STORY

HARRY (the Hipster) GIBSON

346 - I STAY BROWN ALL YEAR ROUN' • WHO PUT THE BENZEDRINE IN MRS. MURPHY'S OVALTINE

HARRY (the Hipster) GIBSON

344 - EAST OF THE SUN • SLIGHTLY DIZZY

JOE MARSALA *Septet*

15050 - PRECIOUS SONNY BOY • I THINK I'LL THROW MY PILLOW ON THE FLOOR

DAVE DENNEY *with orchestra*

348 - SCANDAL-MONGER MAMA • BLUES IN THE RED

LEONARD FEATHER'S *Blue Six*

345 - LOST WEEKEND BLUES • THE LADY IN DEBT

LEONARD FEATHER'S *Blue Six*

343 - I LIED TO YOU • SUGAR HILL

BILL GOODEN, *Trio*

NEW YORK

MUSICRAFT CORPORATION

LOS ANGELES

The Rhythm Section II*Continued from page 194*

know they would always have the basis for a jam session on hand. Often Elma's brother, Maurice Burman, came and sat in—he's one of the best drummers I heard there, playing with Geraldo, who's the local Glenn Miller.

"Lady Brown's place is called Capener's Close. I wrote a piece dedicated to her and called it *Capener's Close*. Everything happened there. I'd be playing, say at the London Casino, for a combined Allied service audience. At 9:30 Elma would come by in a cab and we'd go to a little restaurant in Soho, then back to the house, where people would begin to drop by; some of Geraldo's men and their chicks, some American people from the Embassy, and all the members of Elma's clique, like Buddy Bradley, the British colored dancer, and Tommy Bromley the bass player, and this very exotic East Indian girl they called Marquis.

"Things would keep jumping, behind blackout windows, until maybe 3 a.m. People had so much fun, they wouldn't stop to think how much Elma had suffered through the war, though part of her face was paralyzed and her eyes had gone very bad. Maybe it was because of her bad eyesight, but she seemed to have developed a very acute sense of hearing, and we'd never notice the buzz bombs until Elma would suddenly break into the middle of a record and say, 'There's one coming over now.' Most often we didn't do anything about it anyway.

"Elma always managed to keep plenty of gin and a fair amount of Scotch. After we left her place we'd go to some of the all-night spots. Then I'd catch the 6:30 a.m. train and take a nap on the fifty-mile trip to Bedford, fifty miles outside London; that was where we were stationed. Then in the evening I'd be back again."

Gradually, at Lady Brown's or in the clubs they visited, Pvt. Powell got to hear England's best musicians. "I had a narrow, limited view of the scene, but I found plenty of talent. For instance, there's nothing simulated or synthetic about the trumpet style of Kenny Baker, who's a sort of local Harry James; or George Chisholm, who's the local Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Jack Jenney and everything else rolled into one. Then one night while we were doing a benefit at the Plaza Theatre a young blind Cockney boy came backstage to meet me, and we went on to the Swing Club to hear him play some terrific piano—very Tatum-conscious. Name's George Shearing.

"The Swing Club—that was quite a place, too. Very bright lights by night club standards, but they had to make a contrast with the blackout. We saw a lot of servicemen of all nations there, as well as members of the royal family who were ardent jazz fans.

"One night there we were jamming a few numbers when a small, thin kid about ten years old, wearing a brace on his teeth, came up on the stand and asked to sit in. He asked me how I liked drummers to play for me and went through all the formalities that veteran musicians go through when they first meet. Then we played *Sweet Georgia Brown*, real fast, and that kid played the most amazing drums I'd ever heard! I never saw such stamina and such real talent in a kid his age. Boy, would he look good in the center of the stage at Radio City Music Hall.

"His name is Vic Feldman, and his father is the owner of this Swing Club. A real unspoiled kid, but he knows all about Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa and everyone. By the time we got through I was asking him how he likes pianists to play for *him!*"

Later Pvt. Powell heard Stephane Grappelly, former violinist of the Hot Club de France Quintet, who has been in England for several years. Pvt. Powell was not very much impressed. "No beat." There has to be a beat. He was impressed, however, by the "authentic American accent" of singer Beryl Davis, and by the fact that the best tenor sax player he heard in England was a girl, whose name he's forgotten.

As for clarinetists, Mel found nobody to match the talent of his former boss. "There's a complete deficit in local Benny Goodmans," he told me emphatically.

Parting from England was sweet sorrow, despite shortages and buzz bombs. The orchestra had only been out of the country a few hours when a V-2 made a direct hit on the barracks which it formerly occupied.

When the band reached New York at the end of its fourteen months overseas, the members dispersed on a thirty-day furlough. Mel found a large Welcome Home sign plastered on the door of his mother's apartment on West End avenue. He relaxed completely for a couple of days, then started to catch up on some of the music he'd been missing. We went to hear Woody Herman's fine band at the Pennsylvania, and Erroll Garner, the new piano rage, at the Three Deuces. Then Mel got a call from Benny Goodman, who was in Louisville appearing with a symphony orchestra, and Mel promptly went there to join Goodman and spend a week reminiscing.

Tall, blond and handsome, Mel hasn't yet decided what he'll do after he gets out of his uniform. Maybe he'll form a band, maybe he'll concentrate more on his composing and arranging.

"One thing I do know," he says. "I'd like Lady Brown and Ulick to come over here sometime so I can show them around the jazz spots. I certainly owe them some hospitality." #

The Listening Post

By **JOE BOSTIC**

When Leonard Feather bowed out of the picture of the RCA-Victor show (heard Sunday afternoons at 4:30 over WEA and the NBC) he implied vaguely that the powers that control the show didn't see eye to eye with him on the matter of a liberal artistic policy. We wouldn't know whether the smudge of smoke was indicative of a smoldering blaze or not. We do note with considerable apprehension that there are fewer and fewer Negro guest stars on the show purporting to be a battle between the classics and swing. We'd like to hear what RCA-Victor has to say on the subject. In fact we shall ask so that we can let you readers know.

PM, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1946

Billie Holiday Tries It Solo

Admirers of Billie Holiday's singing—they range from Sinatra and Leonard Bernstein to vast numbers of just plain people—will have the rare opportunity of hearing the *Strange Fruit* singer for two solid hours Saturday afternoon at Town Hall.

Miss Holiday's concert, which will begin at 5:30 p.m., will mark the first time a jazz singer has done a solo program in a New York concert hall.

Miss Holiday's sponsors, Robert Snyder and Greer Johnson, hope this ambitious undertaking will spread her fame outside the night clubs to which she has largely been confined. They point to the statement by jazz expert Leonard Feather about Miss Holiday: "She is not only the greatest girl singing today, she is also the greatest singing bet Hollywood ever ignored."



Billie Holiday
Will Hollywood Take Notice?

Louis, Duke Get Together On Record

NEW YORK—Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, generally regarded as the two foremost figures in jazz history, made their first joint appearance on wax, after more than twenty years of recording, when they appeared as guest members of an all star orchestra assembled by jazz composer Leonard Feather in the studios of RCA Victor a few days ago.

The Entertainer

Feather, one of the most prolific and versatile of all jazz tunesmiths (more than ninety of his compositions have been recorded in the past year by top jazzmen) drew his band for this session from among the winners of Esquire's All American 1946 Jazz Awards.

"Long, Long, Journey," a blues with a vocal by Armstrong, was the number on which the Duke sat in with the band. It was Louis' first hot jazz waxing in five years and his first for Victor in more than a decade. "Snafu" and "The One That Got Away" were two other Feather originals composed and arranged by the swing scribe for the session.

Don Byas, Jimmy Hamilton, Johnny Hodges, Chubby Jackson, Red Norvo, Remo Palmieri, Charlie Shaver's and Billy Strayhorn were among the others who took part. The four sides cut will be released shortly in a Victor Showplace Album of two 12 inch discs. Feather is set to make several more jazz dates for Victor.

The Entertainer
Feb. 8, 1946

/Song Hits
March

Your Record Collection

By Leonard Feather

BENNY GOODMAN'S career on records is not easy to trace. In the early stages, it's almost impossible, for Benny was on so many records that he can't even remember more than a fraction of them himself.

However, if you're an ardent BG fan there are several things you can do without having to resort to the junk shops or buying up first editions at fabulous prices. First you can get the album on Brunswick by Benny Goodman and His Boys—the first records Benny ever made under his own name. They go back to the days when, barely out of his teens, Benny was still dividing his time between the clarinet and the saxophones. On a couple of records in this album you can hear him playing alto or baritone sax . . . the old tune *Blue* gives a good sample of him in both roles.

More surprising still is Benny's appearance in *Jungle Blues* taking an historic and (mercifully) short solo on cornet! But to get to the more important stage in Benny's career you have to turn to the Goodman Trio and Quartet album on Victor—Hot Jazz Series, Vol. II.

Here you can trace musically the story of Benny's pioneer unit which started in an informal jam session out at Mildred Bailey's Forest Hills house one night. Benny and Teddy Wilson got along so well together, musically and personally, that they decided to make their alliance a permanent one, and a few days later, with the addition of Gene Krupa on drums, the first Goodman Trio discs were made, setting the pace for what has come to be known as "chamber music jazz."

Some of the best Trio sides are in this album, as well as the first couple of numbers on which Lionel Hampton, whom Benny and Teddy had heard leading a ten-piece band in a Hollywood dance hall, turned the trio into a quartet by adding his inimitable vibraharp.

To fill in the gap between the Brunswick album (1928-30) and the Victor (1935-37) you'll have to hunt up some of the fine sides Benny made for Columbia, with bands that were assembled for recording dates only, during the days when Benny's regular work consisted of playing in big bands on radio programs. Best of these to hunt for are *O' Pappy*, *Emaline* and *Junk Man*, featuring Mildred Bailey, Jack Teagarden and Coleman Hawkins, recorded early in 1934.

There's also a unique clarinet solo disc by BG, *Clarinetitis* and *That's a Plenty*, played in a style very different from the fluent, mellow-toned Benny of today. This came out on the Melotone label—but try to find it!

The next instalment will track down the wax history of Benny's big band, from 1934 to the present day.



MEN OF MUSIC . . . The new king of swing, Woody Herman, goes over the script of his 8 p. m. Friday American network show with jazz savant Leonard Feather — the one with the bow tie — and vibraharp virtuoso Red Norvo, right.

This Clipping From
 MIAMI, FLA.
 HERALD

JAN 22 1946

A POPULAR MEMBER of the Miami Beach younger set, Miss Henrietta Feathers is in New York where she was a bridal attendant Saturday at the wedding of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney Henry and Luis Emilio Gabaldoni, which took place in St. Bartholomew's church . . . The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney and is a direct descendant of Commodore Cornelius Whitney . . . Henrietta's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard C. Feathers, who divide their time between New York and Miami Beach where they are members of the Bath and the Indian Creek clubs.

This Clipping From
 BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
 POST

FEB 5 1946

. . . Sy Baker's joined Jimmy Dorsey's trumpet section, replacing Jack Doherty who's moved into Tommy Dorsey's band . . . With Johnny Hammond out of the Army, Leonard Feather should encounter stiff competition in the "jazz expert" field . . . Gene Krupa's niece, Jean Berkeley, has left Bobby Byrne to sing with Leo Reisman's band, Peggy Coffey's taken the job with Byrne . . . The ABC network yanked its mike out of the Casino Gardens, Santa Monica, Cal., because maestro Charlie Barnet refused to replace a lot of his jazz numbers with the commercial tunes the network wanted him to play.

This Clipping From
 DES MOINES, IA.
 TRIBUNE

JAN 19 1946

Airglances

By Mary Little.

Robert Tincher, recently returned to his position as station manager of WNAX (with studios in Yankton, S. Dak., and Sioux City, Ia.) after four years service with the armed services, has been notified of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Lt. Col. Tincher is on terminal leave until mid-February.

★ ★ ★
 For an evening of balanced entertainment dial KRNT Monday,

when four new programs will be inaugurated to give listeners a varied evening of crime detection, drama, music and comedy.

Leading off the lineup at 7:30 p. m. is Dashed Hammett's "Fat Man," a new detective series. Next is "I Deal in Crime" featuring William Gargan as a super-sleuth, 8 p. m. KRNT, also WNAX.

Following the crime jobs will be Paul Whiteman's new half hour musical, "Forever Tops," highlighting songs "that live for-

ever." (8:30 p. m., KRNT, also, WNAX.)

Closing the new series will be "Jimmy Gleason's Diner," in which comedy evolves around strange characters parading through an all-night beanery. Jimmy and Lucile Gleason are the central characters. (9 p. m. KRNT.)

★ ★ ★

Leonard Feather, famous jazz critic, will be a guest of the Woody Herman music show, 7 p. m. KRNT-WNAX.

JACKSON, TENN.
 SUN

JAN 16 1946

These Shows Top WTJS Schedule Friday, Saturday

The actual case of a kidnapper who murdered his own wife while holding his victim as prisoner will be dramatized during the WTJS-ABC broadcast of Jerry Devine's This Is Your FBI tonight at 7:30 p. m.

The crime, in the headlines not so long ago, was committed by a mountaineer who kidnapped a young girl whose parents were no better off than average financially. The ransom demanded was \$1,000, an enormous sum to both the kidnapper and the parents. While hiding the girl, the criminal was accused by his wife of other than businesslike intentions.

Actual files of the FBI, dramatized on the broadcast, tell how the kidnapper was tracked down by Uncle Sam's ace operatives after slaying his spouse.

A young couple desperately seeking a home during the current housing shortage is fleeced by a crooked real estate man who finally is nabbed by Mark Chase, The Sheriff, during his crime-busting broadcast over WTJS-ABC tonight at 8:30 p. m.

Assisted by his hilarious housekeeper, Cousin Cassie, played by Olyn Landick, female impersonator, the sheriff not only restores the stolen money to the young people but sets up the husband in a business of his own.

Robert Haag plays Mark Chase, The Sheriff, in WTJS-ABC thrilling Friday night crime series directed by Dorothy McCann.

Veteran fightcasters Bill Corum and Don Dunphy will be on hand to bring WTJS-ABC listeners the round-by-round and between-rounds descriptions of the Rocky Graziano vs. George "Sonny" Horne middleweight bout from Madison Square Garden tonight at 9:00 p. m. Graziano, from Brooklyn, has won six straight bouts via the knockout route—five of them in the garden last year.

Leonard Feather, well-known jazz critic and a regular on the Woody Herman Show, will tempt the fates with a bold undertaking when the program is heard over WTJS ABC on Saturday, January 19, at 7:00 p. m. CST.

Feather will venture into the field of his own criticism by playing a piano solo of his own composition, "Long, Long Journey." All the rest of the Herman Herd, including newcomer Red Norvo, sensational vibraharpist, and Songstress Frances Wayne, will be on hand to fill out the rhythmic half hour.

NEWS

from

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE - 1/24/46

MUSICRAFT FEBRUARY RECORD RELEASES

#15053 "FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS" - GORDON MacRAE
"EVERYBODY KNEW BUT ME" WITH WALTER GROSS AND ORCHESTRA

This is the second Musicraft release featuring Gordon MacRae, a rising star and a sure contender for top baritone honors. Handsome, young, genial MacRae will open in March in Ray Bolger's forthcoming Broadway Musical "Three for the Show." Background is provided by a full Orchestra under the direction of Walter Gross. Songs are hit material, due to move up in February.

#15054 "DO YOU LOVE ME" - PHIL BRITO
"I WISH I COULD TELL YOU" WITH WALTER GROSS AND ORCHESTRA

Another fine Brito record of two 20th Century Fox Picture tunes. "Do You Love Me" is from the picture of the same name due for release in May and "I Wish I Could Tell You" from the picture, "Wake Up and Dream" to be released in April.

#15055 "OLD MAN RIVER" - PHIL MOORE FOUR
"I'VE GOT SIXPENCE"

Outstanding Phil Moore interpretation of two songs of special interest, "Old Man River" an immortal Jerome Kern tune, is featured in the current "Showboat" Broadway revival. "I've Got Sixpence" an old ditty, is extremely interesting in the odd and unusual Phil Moore treatment.

#347 "WHO'S GOIN STEADY WITH WHO" - HARRY (THE HIPSTER) GIBSON
"WHAT'S HIS STORY"

The Hipster's indescribable piano technique and vocal style on two new hilarious lyrics, Gibson is hitting the top rungs of stardom's ladder in Hollywood. He's a permanent guest star on the Rudy Vallee NBC program, packing them in at Billy Berg's famous Vine Street hot spot and soon to be seen in two Columbia picture shorts.

#338 "SCANDAL-MONGER MAMA" - LEONARD FEATHER'S BLUE SIX
"BLUES IN THE RED"

Harlem Blues done by a great instrumental group under the expert direction of Leonard Feather. Clyde Bernhardt makes a fine contribution in the vocals.

#343 "I LIED TO YOU" - BILL GOODEN TRIO
"SUGAR HILL"

"Lied to You" is mellow, "Sugar Hill" bright and jumpy in the traditional sepia tone style. Bill Gooden sings well on both numbers.

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Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Cold, huh? Well if the weather's got you feeling slightly on ice, how about picking up a fireplace somewhere and winding yourself around some nice hot music? Strictly the life. Only hey, wait a minute. You're not supposed to go looking for that fireplace setup just yet. Not until I give you *The Word* about a few things to go with it. The two very best records of the month, for instance. One sweet, one hot, and both worth your hard-earned dough. For sweet, I'll give you "Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin'"—the Stan Kenton-June Christy version (with "Artistry Jumps," on Capitol) and for hot, take "Jivin' Joe Jackson," coupled with "Queer Street," by Count Basie on Columbia. So that's that. Now for the usual records (don't forget the complete list at the end of the article for easy clipping and carrying) arranged with the sweet choices first, hot next, and albums trailing merrily.



Yank overseas forces dubbed la streamlined Stafford "GI Jo."

BEST POPULAR

AS LONG AS I LIVE—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)—This is the song from "Saratoga Trunk," and *not* the original "As Long As I Live" which everybody knows. It's one of several recent songs that are title duplications. For instance, there's a number out now called "Blue," probably the thirty-nine thousand and sixteenth with that label. Popular Mr. Johnston sings "One More Dream" on the other side of "As Long As I Live," and he's aided by the vocal group known as The Satisfiers. From the cigarette of the same faculty.

COME TO BABY, DO—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)—This is the first time I've ever mentioned a number three months in a row. But these two new versions are so good I had to let you know.

A lot of successful tunes have been written by taking a line out of another popular tune, and building a new song around it. "Come to Baby" is a switch on that line out of "Embraceable You." I think it goes, "Come to papa, come to papa, do—" Anyhow, the other side of the King Cole recording is "Frim Fram." And in case you read that line in a New York column about how "those in the know are laughing at the way 'Frim Fram' got past the radio censors," you can relax. It's a lot of eyewash. The line that's causing all the commotion goes: I want some frim (*Continued on page 78*)

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 24)

fram sauce with the ossenfay and shiffafa on the side." I was up to the Copacabana a while ago and heard King Cole do it, and the composer, Redd Evans was there too, so I asked for the lowdown. Redd just grinned. "It's nothing but double-talk—doesn't mean a thing," King Cole admitted it took him three days to learn the line, and he had to postpone his recording. He doesn't like to have to read music on record dates. Being a great perfectionist, he likes everything pat.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING—Larry Stevens (Victor)—Larry Stevens has one of those lovely stories nobody believes. There he was, singing at a gas station and dishing out gas, and up drives Jack Benny and practically hauls out a pen and a contract on the spot. But there's no sense in any of us dashing for the nearest filling station, kids. Probably not even Groucho Marx would show up. That's life. Anyhow, Larry sings "It's a Grand Night for Singing" from the picture "State Fair" very nicely, and on the other side he does "Closer to Me," from the picture "Easy to Wed." This one's got the final chorus in Spanish, with Latin background by Mahlon Merrick and his orchestra.

JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Now the number I told you was my choice for the best popular record of the month. It's got a very knocked-out vocal by beautiful June Christy who sounds just like Anita O'Day, and it's got a wild arrangement that really rocks. On the other side there's a jazz number called "Artistry Jumps." It's a jump version of Kenton's theme, "Artistry in Rhythm." The Kenton boys have recorded "Artistry in Rhythm," but this is an entirely different treatment. It features Vido Musso on tenor sax, and Stan himself at the piano.

LONG, LONG JOURNEY—Billy Eckstine (National)—This is a tune I wrote about a year ago, and Billy Eckstine had been going to wax it all along, so it was entirely a coincidence that the elevator strike was called the day the band was finally set to record. Everybody had to walk up twelve flights of stairs—carrying everything including the bass fiddle—a long, long journey indeed. Which fact, combined with the title, made lots of people think it was a press agent's stunt. It wasn't, honest. Billy sings the lyric, and solos on trombone. Incidentally, though I wrote "Long, Long Journey," I like "I'm In The Mood For Love" (on the other side) better.

STRANGER IN TOWN—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)—Here's a song composed by the amazing Mel Torme. I first heard of this kid when he was fourteen years old. He'd written a tune called "Lament to Love" and Les Brown recorded it! Now he's eighteen, and a popular drummer, singer, bandleader, song-writer, etc. I saw Mel and his group—The Meltones—when I was on the Coast last January, but it was under rather amusing conditions. I'd gone out to catch the Bandwagon show one Sunday afternoon, and I noticed Mel and the Meltones sitting quite calmly through about half the show. Then suddenly they got up as one man, sang, "Don't itch it, Fitch it," and sat down again. For the rest of the show. To get back to the Charlie Spivak arrangement, it's sung by Jimmy Saunders, a boy who made news recently by marrying Rita Daigle, one of the Rheingold girls. Probably everything will be beer and skittles for him from now on. The other side of Spivak's "Stranger" is "Home Country"

with a vocal by the popular Irene Daye. **SYMPHONY**—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Bing Crosby (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—One of the few ballads of the war to originate overseas, this was the number one favorite of the fellows in France.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest (Decca)—From the new Orson Welles picture of the same name, this "Tomorrow is Forever" gets sung here by Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes. To tell the truth, I'm not wild about these double feature jobs. I think each vocalist does better when the arrangement is built around him or her. I also think Helen was singing much better five years ago, when she was with a band. It seems to me she's become a little affected. The orchestra with her and Haymes on this job was directed by Earle Hagen. He's the trombonist who used to be with Ray Noble, and he's the composer of an awfully pretty tune called "Harlem Nocturne." (Harlem Nocturne's been recorded by Johnny Otis for Excelsior, and I think you'd like it.)

BEST HOT JAZZ

JIVIN' JOE JACKSON—Count Basie (Columbia)—Count Basie's new vocal discovery, Ann Moore, is featured on this record. The other side of "Jivin' Joe" is an instrumental number by the band. It's called "Queer Street."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather BEST POPULAR

- AS LONG AS I LIVE**—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)
- COME TO BABY, DO**—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- DIG YOU LATER (HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA)**—Perry Como (Victor)
- IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING**—Paul Weston-Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Ray Noble (Columbia)
- IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING**—Larry Stevens (Victor)
- JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'**—Duke Ellington (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol), Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Delta Rhythm Boys (Decca)
- LONG, LONG JOURNEY**—Billy Eckstine (National)
- STRANGER IN TOWN**—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)
- SYMPHONY**—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca)
- TOMORROW IS FOREVER**—Helen Forrest-Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- COUNT BASIE**—Queer Street (Columbia)
- ROY ELDRIDGE**—Embraceable You (Decca)
- EDMOND HALL**—It's Been So Long (Blue Note)
- ERSKINE HAWKINS**—Good Dip (Victor)
- HARRY JAMES**—9:20 Special (Columbia)
- CHARLIE LAVERE**—Can't We Talk It Over? (Jump)
- RED NORVO**—Slam Slam Blues (Comet)
- STUFF SMITH**—Time And Again (Musicraft)
- REX STEWART**—Solid Rock (H.R.S.)
- EDDIE VINSON**—Mr. Cleanhead Steps Out (Mercury)

BEST ALBUMS

- KITTY CARLISLE-WILBUR EVANS-FELIX KNIGHT**—The Desert Song (Decca)
- EDDIE CONDON**—Jazz Concert of Gershwin Songs (Decca)
- SPIKE JONES**—Nutcracker Suite (Victor)
- POLONAISE**—Al Goodman Orchestra and singers (Victor)
- SHOWBOAT ALBUM**—Diane Courtney and others, Kern songs (Pilotone)
- ARTURO TOSCANINI**—Rossini Overtures (Victor)
- SOPHIE TUCKER**—Songs She Made Famous (Decca)
- ORSON WELLES**—Famous Presidential Speeches (Decca)
- BEN YOST SINGERS**—Old Timers (Sonora)

s Not Seen in 6 Days



HERBIE FIELDS
See *Metronome*, below

against the idea of him hiring a white man, but they soon lost their doubts when Herbie and the other featured tenor man, Arnett Cobbs, engaged in a battle of music at the first show. When cash flew in at the box-office, race prejudice flew out of many mercenary minds. Some of the men in the Hampton band took a little time to warm up to Herbie, but after a while some firm friendships were established. They felt as proud of having Herbie in the band as he felt privileged to be a member.

The first real test came when the band left the theatre and went on the road. In New England the response was good; mixed groups of youngsters appeared at the stage door, and everybody was happy. Canada was wildly enthusiastic. In Negro theatres, the audiences would be very quiet, perhaps apathetic, when Herbie was announced, but as soon as they saw the encouragement given him by his colleagues in the band their doubts melted.

Omnibook

There must be hundreds of the late Jerome Kern's beautiful tunes that never have been used in a show or a picture, Bennett Cerf writes in his "Back of the Book" department. When Arthur Schwartz was producing "Cover Girl," he, Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly went over to Kern's home in Hollywood to discuss songs for the film. Kern brought a whole armful downstairs. One of them was "All the Things You Are." Schwartz says that a dozen just as good went back into the trunk.

Rare book collectors will remember Kern for reasons other than his music, Cerf says. For years he amassed rare first editions and manuscripts. Then, suddenly, one day in 1928, he decided to sell the entire collection. The auction was held at the Anderson Gallery, and realized a fabulous total, \$1,729,462. Kern said the disposal of his priceless treasures took such a weight off his mind that he decided to sell his stocks and bonds, too. When the crash came a few months later, he was sitting pretty. So were the countless friends whom he tided over in those dismal days.

Kern's friends agree that his only vice was a passion for poker, which he played continuously and badly. He carried a checkbook to all games and paid his losses so promptly that Franklin P. Adams named him the pioneer of the Thanatopsis Social and Inside Straight Club—that is, its earliest settler.

Metronome

Herbie Fields, 26-year-old alto, tenor and soprano saxman, clarinetist and vocalist, is the first white musician ever to have worked a full year with a famous Negro swing orchestra, writes Leonard Feather. He joined Lionel Hampton Dec. 15, 1944. Herbie, says Feather, is a guy who happened to be brought up believing that all men are created equal, and not "equal-but-separate." During much of his professional career Herbie has worked with Negro or mixed units.

Lionel Hampton's advisers were

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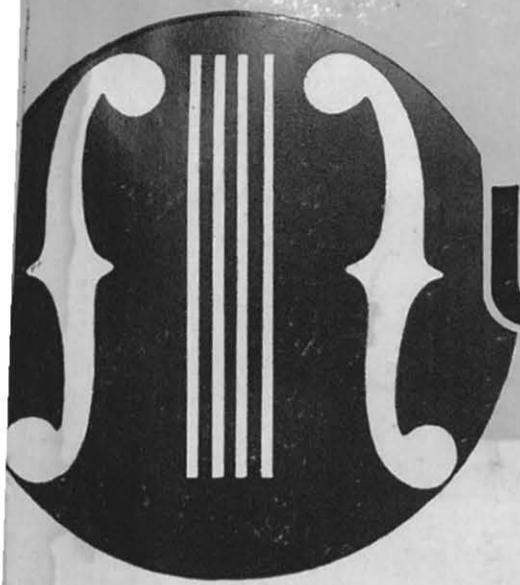
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Con'l-Feather Disk Hall Six

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Continental records, on a jazz kick, used Edmond Hall Sextet for a date February 18, and has Mary Osborne, jazz guitarist, set for its next session. Leonard Feather is supervising talent and recording.



MUSICRAFT RECORDS

RELEASE No. 4

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Walter Gross & Orch.

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PHIL MOORE FOUR

15055 OL' MAN RIVER • I'VE GOT SIXPENCE



GORDON MACRAE

Walter Gross & Orch.

15053 FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS
• EVERYBODY KNEW BUT ME



HARRY GIBSON

347 WHO'S GOIN' STEADY WITH WHO • WHAT'S HIS STORY



BILL GOODEN TRIO

• 343 I LIED TO YOU
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LEONARD FEATHER'S BLUE SIX

• 348 SCANDAL-MONGER MAMA
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NEW YORK

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LOS ANGELES

EXPERTS WRITE OF BRITISH JAZZ

A FAMOUS
PIANIST



A FAMOUS
NOVELIST

ARRIVING back in New York after fourteen months in Europe with the Glenn Miller A.E.F. Band, pianist Mel Powell has been reminiscing to our New York correspondent, Leonard Feather, in the American "Esquire."

Voted the best new star in the armed forces by "Esquire's" board of jazz experts last year, and coming over here in the first American swing band to visit Europe for many years, Powell was lionised and given unique opportunities for contacting European swing stars at close quarters.

His comments are crisp, curt and sometimes crude. We quote some of them here as an interesting sidelight on how British and Continental jazz apparently looked to our cousins from across the herring-pond.

IN Paris, where he recorded for the Hot Club de France with colleagues Ray McKinley, Peanuts Hucko and Bernie Privin, he was escorted to hear all the local star musicians. Of guitarist Django Reinhardt, he says:

"Tremendous talent, but hybrid—gypsy music, not real jazz. French musicians were sensitive that what he was playing was an adulterated form."

Of the Germans, he considers their musical ideas to be "completely militaristic."

It was, he states, in England that he found the best musicians and the most interest in jazz, and he was fortunate in meeting Lady Brown (formerly known as Mrs. Elma Warren and the sister of Gerald drummer, Maurice Burman), who was able to give him expert guidance around the London jazz world.

"I had a narrow, limited view of the scene," he reports, "but I found plenty of talent."

For instance, there is nothing simulated or synthetic about the trumpet style of Kenny Baker, who's a sort of local Harry James. Or George Ghisholm, who's the local Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden and Jack Jenney rolled into one.

"Then, one night at the Plaza Theatre, a young blind boy came backstage to meet me, and we went on to the Swing Club to hear him play some terrific piano—very Tatum-conscious. Name's George Shearing."

"One night at the Swing Club we were jamming a few numbers when a small, thin kid about ten years old . . . asked to sit in. He asked me how I liked drummers to play for me, and went through all the formalities that veteran musicians go through when they first meet. Then we played Sweet Georgia Brown, real fast, and that kid played the most amazing drums I'd ever heard! I never saw such stamina and such real talent in a kid his age. Boy, would he look good in the centre of the stage at Radio City Music Hall!"

"His name is Vic Feldman . . . a real unspotted kid, but he knows all about Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa and everyone. By the time we got through, I was asking how he liked pianists to play for him!"

Later, Powell heard Stephane Grappelly and was not very much impressed. "No beat." He was impressed, however, by the "authentic American accent" of Beryl Davis. And by the fact that the best tenor sax player in England, in his opinion, was a girl whose name he had forgotten, but who, we can tell him, is Kathleen Stohart.

As for clarinetists, "There's a complete deficit in local Benny Goodmans," he asserts.

Mel had not, according to "Esquire," yet decided on what he would do when he got out of uniform—whether to form a band or concentrate upon composing and arranging.

"One thing I do know," he stated: "I'd like Sir Ulick and Lady Brown to come over here some time so that I can show them round the jazz spots. They certainly owe them some hospitality."

MORE and more famous people are taking an interest in swing, and among them is that best-selling novelist, Louis Golding, whose "Magnolia Street" is only one of a long string of successes on both sides of the Atlantic.

Shortly before Christmas, and for the first time in his life, he attended a Swing Concert at the Palladium, and listened to Ted Heath. A few days later, he went on the air to America and, as a self-confessed swing fan, told them all about it.

Knowing that his comments would be of interest to readers, the MELODY MAKER has succeeded in obtaining his script, and reproduces it herewith.

THIS is Louis Golding in London's B.B.C., saluting his listeners in America.

This week began with a Swing Concert held at the Palladium, one of our biggest music-halls, under the baton of a Mr. Ted Heath. Now, you may think me an old fogey, but I'd never been to an exclusively Swing Concert before, with a dose of jam right in the middle, to put us in the groove, to hep us all up. (I hope I've got the words right.)

I don't quite know what sort of an audience I was expecting. I had an idea that males would be wearing zoot suits, and the females . . . I don't know: glass bangles, cowrie shells, saucepan-lids for hats? But it wasn't like that. The audience was very hushed and respectable, and not by any means all young, either. I said to myself:

"You know, this must look awfully like the crowd of celebrants who came to worship at the shrine of Wagner, when the diehards execrated his name, and George Bernard Shaw marched against them, his beard flaming like a red banner!"

"What," I asked myself, "is Ted Heath going to look like, who's going to spread all this jam? A medicine man beating a drum made of human skin? A dynamo humming in the Boulder Dam works?"

No. He was as gentle as a child's doctor. The smile was different. The baton made deprecating movements. But I must say he rode a whirlwind and unleashed a storm! I must say I swayed my shoulders and beat my heels like mad as the music got hold of me. In fact, I must say I enjoyed it.

And, above all, I enjoyed the playing of a young, cherubic gentleman at the drums, Mr. Jack Parnell. With what a sweet smile he started tapping those things—and how grim his jaw was, how fiercely his eyes glared in his jammy climaxes, when the drums thundered like a storm in the defiles of Chamonix!

Well, thank you, America. Without America there'd have been no swing, Mr. Jack Parnell.

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Two Smash RACE RECORDS by
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 BLUES
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NEW YORK MUSICRAFT CORPORATION LOS ANGELES

NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS

Saturday, March 9, 1946

Clyde Bernhardt Now Singing The Blues On Musicraft's Program

CLYDE BERNHARDT

A King Oliver alumnus is Musicraft's new blues star, Clyde Bernhardt.

Born in 1912 in High Point, N. C., Bernhardt joined King Oliver as a

trombonist in 1931. One day the king heard Clyde singing the blues to himself in the bus as the band was making a cross-country tour. Clyde was persuaded to give a command performance for the King that night, and, accompanied by the band, Clyde broke up the show! After that, Clyde sang blues (as well as playing his horn)—with

Marian Hardy's Alabamians, with the bands of Billy Fowler and Vernon Andrade. In 1937 he joined Edgar Hayes' band and toured Europe where he was a favorite singer of the many hot jazz fans on the continent. He recorded for Decca with the Hayes band and was featured on "Sophisticated Swing," "Stomping at the Renny,"

"Without You," and "Mississippi is Calling Me."

After returning from Europe, Clyde joined the band of Jay McShann for a year. Jay's band included three other singers who have since hit the top—Walter Brown, Al Hibbler, and Bob Merrill. In 1944 Clyde went on a long USO tour with the Bascomb Brothers, recorded Dan Burley's "I Hear Somebody Knocking" for Deluxe, and since his return he has joined forces with the Leonard Blue Six to record a great series of blues discs for Musicraft.

Bernhardt's first successful waxing for Musicraft was followed by another great session last week. Two Leonard Feather originals were re-recorded—"Blues Behind Bars" and "Blues Without Booze"—plus a string of Clydes—"Living in a World of Gloom." Backing Clyde was a five-piece outfit—Pete Brown on C. sax, Leonard Feather on piano, Sam Allen on guitar, Al McKibbon on bass, and Eddie Dougherty on drums.

Clyde Bernhardt Cuts Blues For Musicraft

A King Oliver alumnus is Musicraft's new blues star, Clyde Bernhardt. Born in 1912 in High Point, North Carolina, Bernhardt joined King Oliver as a trombonist in 1931. One day the King heard Clyde singing the blues to himself in the bus as the band was making a cross-country tour. Clyde was persuaded to give a command performance for the King that night, and, accompanied by the band, Clyde broke up the show! After that, Clyde sang blues (as well as playing his horn)—with Marion Hardy's Alabamians, with the bands of Billy Fowler and Vernon Andrade. In 1937 he joined Edgar Hayes' band and toured Europe where he was a favorite singer of the many hot jazz fans on the continent. He recorded for Decca with the Hayes band and was featured on "Sophisticated Swing," "Stomping at the Renny," "Laughing at Life," "Without You," and "Mississippi is Calling Me."

After returning from Europe, Clyde joined the band of Jay McShann for a year. Jay's band included three other singers who have since hit the top—Walter Brown, Al Hibbler, and Bob Merrill. In 1944 Clyde went on a long USO tour with the Bascomb Brothers and since his return he has joined forces with the Leonard Feather Blue Six to record a great series of blues discs for Musicraft.

Kirby Walker Records First For De Luxe

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The first recordings of Kirby Walker, outstanding blues singer, will soon be released on the De Luxe label. Supervising the date was Leonard Feather, famous composer and jazz critic, whose tunes "My Love Comes Tumbling Down," "Just Another Woman," and "She Ain't No Saint" were recorded on three of the sides.

Walker was backed by a 7-piece outfit featuring George Treadwell, trumpet, Budd Johnson, tenor sax, Tony Sciacca, clarinet, Leonard Feather, piano, Jimmy Shirley, guitar, Al McKibbon bass, and J. C. Heard, drums.

More recordings by Walker are scheduled to be waxed within the next two weeks.

Kirby Walker Chicago Defender Discs Out 3/30/46

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N. O. Blues Singer Makes Record Debut

"Cousin Joe," described by critics as one of the greatest blues singers to hit New York in years, makes his record debut this week with the release of four numbers by pianist-composer Leonard Feather and his Hiptet. Cousin Joe's real name is Pleasant Joseph and he comes from New Orleans. He has sung at both the Onyx and the Downbeat on Fifty-second Street, and expects to open shortly at another noted hot jazz spot.

On the discs, Joe sings his own blues numbers, "Larceny Hearted Woman," and "Post-War Future Blues," as well as two of Feather's compositions, "My Love Comes Tumbling Down," and "Just Another Woman." The band includes Duke Ellington's sax stars, Al Sears and Harry Carney, as well as trumpeter Dick Vanece, pianist Leonard Feather, guitarist Jimmy Shirley, bassist, Lloyd Trotman, and Cafe Society's ace drummer, J. C. Heard.

LOUIS AND DUKE COMBINE

JAZZ history was made when Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong, two of the biggest names in jazz, joined forces for the first time at a Victor recording session recently.

This joint appearance of King Louis and the Duke was engineered by Leonard Feather, who was assembling an all-star orchestra from among the winners of "Esquire's" 1946 All-American Jazz Awards.

Both Louis and Duke have well over twenty years' recording experience behind them. Louis has made many records for Victor in the past, but this is his first job for them in more than a decade. Ellington has for many years past been one of the company's best sellers.

Others who took part in the session included Don Byas, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Red Norvo, Charlie Shavers and Chubby Jackson. Four sides were cut, and one of them, "Long, Long Journey," featured Ellington's piano and a vocal by Armstrong. The recordings are to be issued soon in a Victor Showpiece album comprising two 12-in. discs.

Continental Expands In Hot Jazz; Gets Edmond Hall

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Continental Records announce that Edmond Hall's original sextet, as heard at Cafe Society Uptown, will be heard in its first individual recordings on the Continental Hot Jazz series shortly. Hall previously has only recorded with pick-up recording bands. On his first Continental date, recorded February 18, he used his own regular personnel and cut several originals as featured by the band at the Cafe.

Recording of Hall marks the first stage in Continental's rapidly expanding hot jazz activities designed to meet the newly increased production level of this company. Next date to be cut will feature Mary Osborne,

regarded as the foremost girl guitarist in jazz.

Continental is now marketing previously recorded jazz sessions featuring groups led by Cozy Cole, Hot Lips Page (now an exclusive Continental artist), Sara Vaughn, Trummy Young, Slam Stewart and Dizzy Gillespie.

Jazz Is Where You Find It

IN PERSON—Just a year ago, in this section, I deplored certain features of Gene Krupa's new band—the vocal quartet, the string section, the *ersatz* drummer. All these have now been eliminated; Anita O'Day, whose absence I lamented, returned in July. Trombonist Tommy Pederson and tenor sax Charlie Ventura, previously underplayed, are now used to good advantage. All of which doesn't prove that Gene reads this section but simply that he decided, as I did, that a real jazz orchestra would pay him better dividends after all. Gene's ensemble work is superlative, and Anita is her old great self.

ON RECORDS—As usual, much of the best waxed jazz to hand was made by small, ephemeral bands created especially for the recording date. Charlie Ventura (see above) leads one of them in *Ghost of A Chance* (Sunset). The bass sax, that obsolescent giant of jazz, is revived by Joe Rushton in a good jam version of *Carolina in the Morning* (Jump). Pete Brown plays *Fat Man's Boogie* (Savoy), and Freddy Slack has a whole album of boogie-woogie (Capitol). Rex Stewart leads two groups, one featuring some of his co-Ellingtonians in *Ration Stomp* (Apollo), the other a re-issue on the newly-revived HRS label of two sides

with Barney Bigard, Django Reinhardt and Billy Taylor, made in Paris in 1939.

Of the organized small groups, the Vivien Garry Trio, with its amusing *Relax Jack* and the great guitar of Arv Garrison on *Altitude*, (Guild), contends for honors with the similar King Cole Trio in a now slightly over-familiar vein on *I'm a Shy Guy* (Capitol). Eddie Heywood's crisp, highly syncopated sextet does well with *Blue Lou* (Decca).

Big-band jazz is best represented by Benny Goodman's exquisite performance of a recent composition by Sgt. Mel Powell, *Clarinade*, (Columbia), in which, by the way, the Charlie Queener piano solo bears an uncanny resemblance to Powell's own style. Duke Ellington's *Everything But You* and *Riff Staccato* are minor, though good routine Ellington (Victor). Jess Stacy, former pianist with Horace Heidt, T. Dorsey et al., makes his band-leading bow with vocalist-wife Lee Wiley applying her silken vibrato to *Paper Moon* (Victor).

Stan Kenton's excellent new vocalist, June Christy, is not too well represented in her debut with *Tampico*, but you should watch for further samples (Capitol). From where I'm sitting it would seem that a new O'Day has dawned. —LEONARD FEATHER

