

Music Is Combatting Communism!

Latest AFM Ruling Hits At 'Canned Music'

New York—In a new move evidently aimed at "canned music" shows—specifically, disc jockey programs—an official notification was sent out to all booking agents by James C. Petrillo recently forbidding artists to transcribe cuts for pseudo-"in-person" purposes.

At the Santa Barbara convention, the memo revealed a resolution was introduced, since adopted by the Federation, prohibiting members, and especially leaders, from recording their voices for use in connection with deejay shows "wherein the illusion is created that the leader is presented in the studio in connection with the playing of his records or otherwise."

Immediate result of this will be the dropping of a gimmick, used with increasing frequency by record companies, of sending out special tracks cut by bandleaders to be used with programs of their records. Stan Kenton, Ralph Flanagan and many other name leaders, as well as singers like Billy Eckstine who are AFM members, all of whom have frequently sent out special discs of this type, are affected by the ruling.

Lanza Fights With MGM

Hollywood—Mario Lanza, evidently out to emulate his conception of a great opera star with a burst of temperament, failed to show for the start of his next picture at MGM, *The Student Prince*.

After several weeks of battling over issues that no one was able to clarify, MGM announced that the production, on which pre-recording and other costs already had run up to several hundred thousand dollars, was "postponed indefinitely" and that "appropriate legal action would be instituted immediately" against the singer.

Because Lanza's appearance as co-star with Gisele MacKenzie on NBC's Coca Cola series, was contingent on MGM permission, he was also off that engagement at this writing.

Big Show Has Hit The Road

New York—The Big Show is rolling.

Sarah Vaughan, Nat Cole and the Stan Kenton orchestra completed their last individual dates last week and played the first concert of the series Sept. 19 at the Onondaga War Memorial Auditorium in Syracuse, N.Y.

The troupe then headed north to play its second date the following night in Toronto.

DOWN BEAT

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ARMSTRONG AND JENKINS, that unlikely pair who turned out to be a perfect team for best-selling records, are seen here at a party thrown jointly for Satchmo and Gordie during their joint engagement at the Paramount theatre. Decca records and the *Pittsburgh Courier* combined to throw the shindig.

Spinning With Web

Why Can't We Use Top Singers To Help Bands?

By HAL WEBMAN

Not too many years ago it was a general practice in the record business to place or pair off a singer with a band, those being the days when bands were the thing.

It just occurred to us that now is the time to make the switch. Why not pair off bands with singers? Not bands that already are recording, for we assume that is the years of pruning that have gone by, but those bands which still own record contracts and are units whose sales justify the contract.

It must be admitted that this brainstorm is not without inspiration. And that the credit for the idea really belongs to someone at Decca Records, more than likely

recording boss Jimmy Hilliard.

We received a record by the Mills Brothers a few weeks ago, of an old song, *Glow Worm*, with new lyrics (Johnny Mercer's) wherein band credit was given Hal McIntyre's orchestra. Now Hal has always had a good band but hasn't had much luck with records since his early days on Bluebird.

Results Already

But this is what this record is doing for Hal. Actually, this is what it has done for Hal. He was working the Blue Room in New Orleans when the record was issued. Business in the room was (Turn to Page 19)

Kenton Set At Rustic Cabin

New York—Stan Kenton's latest orchestra, making its long-awaited initial Eastern location stint in the New York area, has been set for 10 days at the Rustic Cabin in Englewood Cliffs, N. J., opening Nov. 21.

The Kenton band will also be heard in Manhattan Oct. 11 as part of the Big Show presentation at Carnegie Hall.

Voice of America Shows Bring Universal Harmony

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—Here's bad news for the Kremlin—music is fighting Communism!

Ever since the reds started their arrogant attacks on our "decadent, capitalistic" music, our answer has rung forth in a loud, potent voice—the Voice of America. Today this State Department organ, which succeeded the wartime OWI, is beaming an ever-increasing barrage of programs comprising everything from pop music and jazz to folk music and classics, to countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

While the commies yell bloody murder, in *Isretia and Prada*, about "unhealthy art brought to our country from America." "vulgar American ditties," "convulsive boogie woogie" and "jazz, the music of spiritual enslavement," our music can be heard speaking eloquently for itself.

Here's How It Happens

On a lightning tour of the world at any given moment to inspect VOA methods, here's what you might find. An audience in darkest Africa listening to a program of American college songs. A group of schoolkids in Sweden tuned in to a program of folk songs by kids in Great Neck, Long Island. An eager group in Eastern Germany crowding around a radio to enjoy a concert by the Denver Symphony. A Tasmanian audience catching up on the song hits via Martin Block's international version of his *Make Believe Ballroom*. A crowd of Bombay swing fans keeping up with developments from Birdland to Dixieland via *Jazz Club U.S.A.*, with a cat named Leonard Feather.

Commentaries in at least 30 languages are devised for these shows. A few music programs go on VOA's short-wave shows from here, but many are packaged on 16-inch discs and shipped overseas for local transmission, to insure good reception.

In the popular field, Joe Stalin's (Turn to Page 19)

Bessie's Myth

New York—Confusion was thrice confounded when *Jet* magazine published a big feature called "Musicians Don't Die In Bed."

According to this story, Bessie Smith died in an automobile crash "just below Clarkdale, Miss." (page 40). But "Tennessee hospitals refused to give her first aid" (page 41) and she wound up "bleeding to death in a Kentucky street" (page 68).

Any other states want to stake a claim?

Eckstine, Basie To Tour South

New York—Billy Eckstine and Count Basie's band, after they complete their current concert tour with George Shearing's Quintet, will jointly continue the talent merger for their second annual southern one-nighter tour.

Tour will probably kick off shortly after the first of the year, and will likely follow the same path the team took earlier this year.

Following the southern one-nighters, Eckstine is scheduled to make his first European trek, with a pencilled-in date slated for London's Palladium sometime in April.

New TV Show For Patti Page

New York—Patti Page will remain on TV after she finishes her current twice-weekly show on CBS. She will shift to NBC on Oct. 8 to begin a bi-weekly half-hour show for Scott Tisue.

Show will be seen every other Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. Co-featured with her on the video presentation will be comic Frank Fontaine.

Between video shows, Patti will be free to play a full schedule of night club, theater and one-night dates.

May In March At Cafe Rouge

New York—Billy May's band finally has been signed for its first Gotham location stand. The band will hit the Statler Hotel's Cafe Rouge on March 9, 1953 and will stay in the room either two or four weeks. Band's last showing here was at the Paramount Theater.

May's next important location will be at the Palladium in Hollywood where he opens on Oct. 7. Meanwhile, the band has been doing excellent business on the road.

Vince Dailey Dead

New York—Vince Dailey, who managed brother Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, died Sept. 3 at the age of 44. Funeral services were held Sept. 8.

Dailey's untimely death was attributed to cancer.

Double Pact; Decca-Univ. Signs Monet

New York—Capitalizing for the first time on their virtual merger, Decca Records and Universal-International Pictures are about to embark on a joint effort to promote a new name by way of both records and movies.

The lucky guy is a lad named Robert Monet, who at pretime had completed signing both his contracts and was being readied for his first record dates. Both firms will work on the singer's records to sell his name as a movie personality, and when he makes his movie, they will drive on him via pictures to solidify him as a record name.

The Monet deal is strictly experimental, but could be the forerunner of many similar arrangements if it is successful.

Cover Subject

Tony Bennett has proved to be no flash-in-the-disc. There were many who felt that Tony wouldn't make it after *Because Of You* and *Cold, Cold Heart* had worn off. But his record sales and his personal appearance itinerary provide ample evidence that he is here to stay.

Tony just finished five weeks at the Roxy Theater in New York, where this Bob Parent cover shot was taken. And on Oct. 2 he opens at the Copacabana, his first major night club gig in the big city, for four weeks.

'Down Beat's' Five Star Discs

The following records represent the cream of the past two weeks crop. See pages 4 and 10 for complete record reviews.

POPULAR

- *TERESA BREWER-DON CORNELL — You'll Never Get Away (Coral 60829).
- *CAMARATA — Yaradero (Decca 28376).
- *NAT (KING) COLE — I'm Never Satisfied Because You're Mine (Capitol 2212).
- *DORIS DAY-DONALD O'CONNOR — No Two People (Columbia 39863).
- *EDDIE FISHER — Outside Of Heaven Lady Of Spain (Victor 20-4953).
- *FRANKIE LAINE — The Ruby And The Pearl The Mermaid (Columbia 39862).
- *MILLS BROTHERS-HAL MCINTYRE — The Glow-Worm (Decca 28384).
- *KAY STARR — Comes A-Long A-Love Three Letters (Capitol 2213).

RHYTHM AND BLUES

- *LLOYD PRICE — Ooah-Ooah-Ooah (Specialty 440).
- *THE RAVENS — Rock Me All Night Long (Mercury 8291).

*Will be reviewed in next issue.

By Billy Eckstine

Show & Movie Tunes Are Saviors Of Song Business



Mr. B. and fan club representatives.

By BILLY ECKSTINE

Shows are saving the song business. The guys that write Broadway musicals and movie scores are the only ones making the effort to create something decent, even something original in their songs.

Those other writers, the guys who just hack out songs for the sake of making a living, aren't doing anything constructive. They sit around and think up a gimmick a day. They're looking for sounds instead of ideas. The result is, well—look around at some of the hit songs. These are songs?

It's just a good thing there are fellows like Berlin, Porter and Rodgers and Hammerstein around to build up a singer's courage every year or so. But some of those great songwriters actually are afraid to write songs between shows or movies, or if they aren't fortunate enough to get assignments like those, they just aren't writing at all. It boils down to this: these great songwriters are afraid that they'd be wasting their time trying to write classy tunes when the public is eating up the junk that's being offered them now.

Not So New

The same things holds true for new bands, that is if you can call these bands "new." The ideas the new leaders are selling are not new ideas. They are modifications or direct steals of ideas of the great bands of the swing era. Like Billy May. He's borrowing from Lunceford, only he can't hold a candle to what Jimmie used to do. The beautiful things that Willie Smith used to do with Lunceford, now they're all slurs. They slur so much it begins to irritate. I'm sure it will begin to bother the public like it does me, even though Billy is doing great on the road.

(Turn to Page 18)



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The Blast

Chicago—When Johnnie Ray dropped by the Blue Note one night to hear Stan Kenton's band, his party was seated at a table just in front of the stand. Ray leaned back expectantly. Stan gave the downbeat, and the band blasted into one of its Latin screamers. Ray sat up, removed his hearing aid, then leaned back again.

Civilian Anderson Pens B'way Show

New York—Leroy Anderson was discharged from the Army recently and immediately went to work on the Broadway show he told the Beat (June 4) he would like to do when he returned to civvie.

He is working on a score for a musical version of successful legit-movie comedy, *My Sister Eileen*.

Anderson is also busily preparing some new material for still another album of originals, which will be recorded by Decca. It will be his third such effort.

A Long, Long Time From Kenton's April To Sept.

Chicago—In the short time that elapsed between Stan Kenton's April and September location stands here, he almost completely reorganized his band. And, quite frankly, he had to. His April outfit was simply too inexperienced and lacking in jazz talent to do a good job. So Stan made wholesale replacements, reorganized sections, added and discarded material, and finally pieced together what may well be the best band he's ever fronted.

Every chair is now occupied by a musician who knows what's happening at all times. There is none of the fumbling, complete differences in conception, and inability to get off the ground that marked this band's predecessor. Thus there is less reliance placed on the old warhorses like *Love for Sale*, *Peanut Vendor*, and the like, and more willingness to try new Gerry Mulligan, Bill Russo, and Johnny Richards scores.

Top Solo Men

The presence of new stars Lee Konitz and trombonist Frank Rosolino, plus veterans Conte Candoli and Maynard Ferguson, also gives Stan a chance to showcase soloists with the full knowledge that they will measure up to the accolades Stan is wont to employ in introductions. It was most embarrassing to discerning listeners a few months ago to hear a man introduced as "one of our great future stars" and then to realize that the future was still a considerable number of years away.

And Stan made an unsung but invaluable switch when he brought in drummer Stan Levey. Though there was a feeling that Levey, who has played in small combos almost exclusively, might be too light for the Kenton powerhouse, that fear was dispelled immediately. He is sure, flexible, and a swinger, never lets the band bog down under its own weight.

Still Heaviness

For there is still a lot of the ponderousness that has been almost a Kenton trademark over the years evident in this crew. Layer after layer of sound is yet occasionally employed, capped by five blasting trumpets (led by Childers, Ferguson, and Candoli). But to those who used to complain that that was all they heard from Stan's bands, we

point to some of the new scores like Mulligan's *Limelight* and Russo's *Bill's Blues and Sweets*. Effective use is made of dynamic shading and sections moving contrapuntally, and lots of room is left for solo improvisation.

The band is an eager one and a confident one. Several men told us that when it's right, they feel it's the best in the country. That's probably an overstatement at this point, as they still lack the unit feel and easy familiarity with the book that comes only from working together over a long period.

Long Steps

But Stan certainly has taken some long, positive steps in that direction. We, along with many others, have often been dismayed by his idea of what constitutes "progressive jazz," but this band we'll buy. Provided it doesn't, like other Kenton editions, become hopelessly enmeshed in *Cities of Glass*, *Somnambulisms*, and *Artistry in Something or Other*.

—Jack

CV Prepping New Big Band

Philadelphia—Charlie Ventura, still operating his Open House outside Camden, plans to reorganize a big band for the first time in two years and will break it in with a long stint at his club.

Band was being lined up for a Sept. 19 opening, with five brass, five saxes, three rhythm and a girl singer. Charlie will use much of his old big band library, supplemented by new scores from Manny Albam and others.

Negotiations are in progress for a Mutual wire to show the band off from the Open House.

SONGS FOR SALE

.. Starring ..

STEVE ALLEN



The New York Crime Commission reported the other day that one way in which members of the big-time criminal syndicates are covering their old tracks is by engaging in legitimate enterprises.

Needless to say, when a criminal is engaged in a legitimate enterprise, it's only a matter of time till the enterprise assumes a shady aspect. Not many people in the music business seem to be aware that the Ugly Men are moving into the field to stay. In the long run it could mean that the crooner sweepstakes will acquire the taint of the fight racket.

The syndicates, already firmly entrenched in the night-club, liquor and juke box industries, have been signing up promising young vocalists right and left and so far the gimmick has paid off handsomely. While they have no actual connection with the major record firms, the Ugly Men can still guarantee a record executive that their boys' discs will be given a great juke-box ride and a heavy and expensive publicity push. Also they've shown pretty good taste thus far and have signed up several singers who are top-rate performers.

Some of the singers, however, are reported unhappy over the fees exacted by the Ugly Men behind them who are, naturally, not content at all with an agent's usual 10 per cent.

A few crooners are cut three or four ways in a managerial arrangement that smacks of the Primo Carnera era. In precisely the way that Carnera was pushed into the heavyweight championship by the mob, who pulled the trick by a series of bouts with pushovers or by outright fixed fights, some of today's singers are being shoved into the big-time by a combination of juke-box support and juicy night-club assignments.

In any instance where established record firms show lack of interest in a singer, the Ugly Men has shown that it is prepared to force the issue by tying in with independent firms or by footing the bill for a recording session and then peddling the masters.

It's not perhaps immediately evident, but the situation bodes no good for the music industry.

At one time a singer could handle a heckler with a deft quip or a plea for cooperation. The other night at a Philadelphia night-spot a noisy customer who badgered one of the Ugly Men's "boys" was told "Keep your mouth shut or you'll get your arms and legs broken."

Here we go again.

Swingin' The Golden Gate

If The Stars Only Knew What Press Agents Do!

By RALPH GLEASON

San Francisco—In the course of writing and editing a popular music page in a metropolitan Sunday newspaper (*The San Francisco Chronicle*) during the past two years, I have managed to get myself on almost every publicity list in the music business.

Every record promotion flack from Buddy Bach to Beep Roberts keeps my mail box stuffed with items on his clients. A steady flow of printed matter from the record companies adds to the general accumulation. In addition to this, I have been working rather closely with the librarians and jockeys on 15 Bay Area stations during this time and the result is that I have had an opportunity to look at the kind of things they (and I) receive from the music and record business. The overall look at, say, a week's accumulation of this material is very revealing.

Working In The Dark

Few record company publicists have any idea what competing companies produce. Few record promotion flacks do either, I suspect, and I'm sure few, if any, of the regular band publicists know what their product is competing against in a radio station.

But every one of you should take a day off and study the mail of the best known jock in your area. You'll learn a lot. But more than that, every bandleader, singer, or recording artist should take a good look at what his flack is sending out about him. Not from the standpoint of the content, but from the standpoint of WHETHER IT IS OF USE TO THE GUY WHO GETS IT. Promotion of records or artists through the mail is nothing more or less than the good old "send one dollar" type of direct mail advertising.

Same Routine

Instead of asking the guy who gets the letter to send you a buck for somebody's Herbal Medicine, you are asking him to play the records of your client. And if what you send him is of no use to him,

it goes right into the wastebasket but it also, after a sufficient amount builds up, annoys the blazes out of the jockey, librarian or reviewer.

If the record artists could see some of the impossible crud that is mailed out in their name, they would slit their throats. To begin with, there is probably more money wasted on postcards saying "watch for Elsie Outhouse's new NUTZ platter of *Take Me, For Heaven's Sake Take Me*," than there is in one entire government department yearly. Do those postcards ever get the record played?

Must Be Of Service

Record promotion material must be of service to do any good. It should be readable, clearly written and offer the jock or librarian or reviewer something he didn't know. Or something he can put to use in building a program or writing a review. A good biography of a client is an absolute must. Many a station program director has cancelled a 15 minute or half hour show because he couldn't put together a running story of some artist. Decent pictures (not cut, gimmicked shots) are necessary, too.

Are there good things being done? You bet there are! The tuncart that the Ralph Flanagan office sent out a couple of years ago is pinned to the wall of half the record libraries in the country. Frankie Carle's newsletter is read by people who never play his records ordinarily, but try to work one into their shows out of gratitude. Some flacks give fast, efficient service plus readable material.

Record Outfit Help

Capitol's card index biographical service is a daisy, and the other major record companies have good publicity apparatus, too.

(Turn to Page 19)

When You Hit The Road With A Band, The Road Hits You Back; Take It From Chubby!

By CHUBBY JACKSON

Have you ever stopped to think what happens to a band of guys when they head east, south, north, west into what musicians call the blessed territories?

Yeh! Whatta thrill to stand in a crowded terminal, with stardust in your eyes, watching your favorite bus load of musical champions wheel out. You wave madly goodbye to them—they in turn wave feebly back and grunt a word visible only to the eye of a lip reader—"help!"—

Very few people on the outside realize the dues paid daily and nightly by the chaps on the bandstand. All looks well from front as your favorites go through the paces. Everybody had such fun! However, let's explore the same scene from the bandstand, through the eyes of the musician. What a completely different picture!

The life of a road musician could be beautifully explained on, perhaps, that radio-TV show, *We, the People*. As far as a vocation is concerned, we, as musicians, lay claim to one of the most unusual ways of making that buck. Some musicians go on and on forever. They love their road work. Some get fed up with the monotony, and end up in a radio studio or on some steady job outside of music just to settle and squat!

Hit the Road

Both schools are right whatever direction they take. Let me illustrate just what the one-nighter is, its good points first.

Barnstorming best defines the one-nighter. In other words, one night here, and one night there. A big name band, with the help of its booking offices, lines up a tour from coast to coast, from your major cities to all tiny outposts big enough to round up enough customers to pay the band off.

Bands travel differently. Some in a bus, some in private cars belonging to the leader (or the boys), trains, and once in awhile an air flight, when the distance is too far on the ground to make the next jump. It all adds up to the same story—the downbeat is given, the boys are ready to go.

The usual working period is from four to five hours on the stand continuous, with a half hour off near the climax of an evening.

Money!

Bandleaders as a rule love the one-nighters. It represents security to them. Every night a certain guarantee insures making payroll for the band and a few extra for him. On a location, the bandleader is apt to break even or perhaps lose money. Consequently it's easy to understand the viewpoint of the gentleman in front of the band.

In questioning most musicians about the good points of the road, they'll all tell that it affords them the chance to travel all over the U. S. and make new friends. Especially during the summer months—you visit all the choice parks and lakes in some of the most scenic spots in the world. It broadens your education without a doubt. It gives you a clearer social and political picture, and in the long run, makes you quite a composite fellow.

A decidedly positive factor is that the musical traveler gets to meet other musicians in the outlying territories. Those poor fellows offer a real problem. They are confronted with a lack of correct instruction, insufficient equipment, nobody to talk personal musical problems over with, etc. They idolize the boys in the name bands, and when the bands come through, it's a national holiday for the locals.

The Local Boys

From the beginning of the night through the intermission and long after the job is over, the boys hang out with the local boys. At times, reeds, mouthpieces, strings, and, sometimes, arrangements handed out freely. Tips and advice are the rule of the evening. In its own way, it's a magnificent gesture for a deserving group of less fortunate musicians.

Of course, we get to visit their homes, and end up being invited for a home cooked meal. Every now and then, that really helps a restaurant-tired stomach. Their families also show deep appreciation.

(Turn to Page 12)

Union Explains '47 Benefit Ban

Hollywood—Local 47 officials are somewhat irritated with the big headlines and inferences contained in trade paper stories dealing with their recent edict barring local musicians from making gratis appearances on "telethons" and other types of TV and radio benefit shows.

Doc Rando, onetime saxman with the original Bob Crosby band and now a member of the local's board of directors, told *Down Beat*:

"Local 47 will continue to lend support as always to worthy fundraising projects, but we found that our members were being pushed around on these things while other workers, such as stagehands, electricians and such were, on at least some occasions, drawing full pay.

Wasted Hours

"And there were cases where musicians, donating their services, were told to be present early in the evening and then were kept sitting around for hours—even all night.

"The leaders and so-called big stars on these things always get valuable publicity out of them. The publicity angle means nothing to a sideman."

Rando said that the Local 47 ban specifically excluded the forthcoming City of Hope telethon benefit because approval had been granted months ago and "we wouldn't go back on our word."

He said that in the future Local 47 would consider appeals for assistance in charitable benefits but would supply the necessary musicians and pay them from the union's welfare fund.



RECENT BIG PROMOTION between WINS' Brad Phillips and name singers brought a flock of stars to the Castleholm restaurant in Manhattan to be briefed on the tie-ins for the *Singing Battle Royal* of which Brad is moderator. L. to r. are Alan Dean, Tommy Edwards, Gene Williams, Johnny Hartman,

Dick Haymes, Brad Phillips, Eddie Fisher, Danny Winchell, Stuart Foster, Richard Hayes, Steve Lawrence, Danny Davis, Tony Bennett, Johnny Parker, Art Lund, Larry Douglas, Ricky Vallo, Al Martino, Rusty Draper, Danny Sutton and Jimmy Saunders.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

Frankie Laine wrote us from London that "the Palladium (date) is the greatest thrill and experience that ever happened to me in my show biz life" . . . Claude Thornhill in town and will reorganize here around Oct. 1 . . . Tommy Dorsey teed off the name band policy resumed at the Hotel Syracuse with a big week which began Sept. 9 . . . Hobby Hackett's quartet replaced Max Kaminsky's group in Childs Paramount restaurant; Max was in the spot for 28 weeks and established a solid supper business for the low-priced beany . . . Alex Alstone will be breaking in a new band, his first, when he opens the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room on Oct. 1.

The Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne band will make its first local location showing with a date at the Rustic Cabin opening Nov. 4 . . . Charlie Barnett, after cutting 12 sides for Norman Granz in New York, took off for two weeks of dates at Air Force bases in Newfoundland . . . Shorty Sherock, trumpet with Jimmy Dorsey for the past three years, cut out to form his own band in California . . . Royce Goodrich, new baritone, signed with King Records and did his first date with Joe Lipman's studio orch . . . Johnnie Ray, drummer with Joe Bruce's combo at the Orchid Restaurant in Jackson Heights, Long Island, wants it known that he's not the same Johnnie Ray who was picked up on drunkenness charges in Boston and Minneapolis recently.

CHICAGO

Patti Page's *I Went to Your Wedding* jumped to the top-selling record in the Windy City exactly 10 days after it was released . . . Vet Dixie pianist Art Hodes is back at Rupneck's with his band . . . Another in a succession of impressive local singers to emerge is Audrey Morris, playing piano and singing at the Copa, same spot from which Jeri Southern stepped out into the big leagues.

Herbie Fields, with an eight-piecer, and Buddy Greco follow the current Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne bill at the Blue Note . . . Billy Daniels had a good week at the Chicago theater . . . JATP hits here on Oct. 12 at the Civic Opera . . . The Ronalds Brothers, comedy trio, breaking up furniture and houses at the Cairo, where they had another option picked up.

HOLLYWOOD

Al Haig, pianist with Dizzy on some of the latter's great Guild discs of the '40s, was assembling a new trio here at deadline. Was set to follow Red Norvo at The Haig Sept. 4 . . . The Haig's Tuesday night sessions, recently vacated by Gerry Mulligan, who took his new no-piano combo north for a stand in San Francisco, now feature tenor man Wardell Gray assisted by Joe Mondragon, bass; Jimmy Pratt, drums; Marty Paich, piano.

Stan Getz in town for a date at the Tiffany, sharing stand with Anita O'Day. Getz working with a rhythm section comprised of local men . . . Jack Teagarden's All-Stars now on a seven-night-a-week schedule at the Royal Room, and attempting to comply with Local 47's six-night rule by having at least one sub in the lineup every night (and no one is happy with the set-up).

NEW ORLEANS

The annual New Orleans Jazz Club festival, slated for Sept. 28, is enjoying its largest advance sale ever due to extremely good promotion and a good

bill; Sharkey Bonano, George Lewis, Paul Barbarin, and Johnny Wiggins will front the bands. Lizzie Miles will sing . . . Hal McIntyre, fronting his beat band yet, did great business at the Hotel Roosevelt's Blue Room . . . Russ Morgan followed . . . Christine Martin, finest singer in this area in selling a quality ballad, has given notice at the Brass Rail to open her own club. Pianist Freddy Crane will continue with Christine.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Woody Herman concert with Dinah Washington at the Oakland Auditorium Arena Oct. 12 is causing more talk than anything of its kind around here in ages. The Herman Mars discs are being played locally by jocks who never play anything any more frantic than Art Mooney and the addition of Dinah Washington has insured a large draw from the heavy Bay Area Negro population . . . Dick Bock in town with the Gerry Mulligan group for a fast week at the Black Hawk. They were followed by the Red Norvo Trio . . . Otto Cesana, who was raised in San Francisco and whose mother still lives here, spent 10 days in town in August hustling his Columbia LP.

BOSTON

Lennie Tristano followed Billie Holiday into Storyville for a week starting Sept. 12. Erroll Garner's trio is set for the 19th . . . The Wild Bill Davison band opened to good business at the Savoy on Aug. 29. It included Eddie Phyfe, drums; Ephy Resnick, trombone; Joe Barry (better known to initiates as Joe Barifaldi), clarinet; Charlie Træger, bass; Dean Dewberry, piano.

The *One Night Front*: Jimmy Dorsey covered the territory in late August, followed a week later by his brother . . . Vaughn Monroe has been touring extensively prior to opening at his mansion, The Meadows, in Framingham . . . Young Cindy Lord hit Hampton Beach, among other one-nighters, with Ted Herbert's band . . . The Shore Gardens at Nantasket didn't make it as a big band stopover.

MONTREAL

Yvonne Lenuze, ex-Ellington singer now living in Montreal, airing weekly for CBC International Service with Neil Chotem, piano; Jack Kostenuck, bass, and Wilk Wilkinson, drums . . . Jazz Workshop concerts drawing capacity crowds to the Chez Paree; most recent Saturday afternoon sessions featured singers John Lands and Yolande Lisi, and groups headed by Rutch Watanabe (ex-Hampton trombonist), Valdo Williams, Buzzie Bley, Art Roberts . . . Seville Theatre, following Billy Daniels' record-breaking stint, brought in Canada's Four Lads, and the Ink Spots.

LONDON

Ted Heath, Cyril Stapleton, Jack Parnell, Johnny Dankworth, Ray Ellington, Humphrey Lyttelton, Freddy Randall and Jimmy Walker will lead their bands at Britain's red letter event, the Jazz Jamboree . . . venue: London's 4,000-seater Kilburn State Theatre. Date: Oct. 12 . . . Music by U.S. songwriter Hugh Martin and singing by British singer Johnny Brandon will spark *Love From Judy*—a musical version of Daddy Long Legs—which will tour before an autumn opening in the West End . . . Harry Klein, young baritone and alto star, is to follow poll-winning tenorman Ronnie Scott on a tour of Iceland.

Lawrence Junks Tour: To CBS

New York—Elliot Lawrence has junked his projected concert tour in favor of a radio deal. He was due to start Sept. 15 on the early morning Jack Sterling show over CBS.

Program, which is part records and part live, features Elliot with a quartet. Mary Osborne, guitarist who has been leading her own trio around New York, will sing and play with the unit, which will be completed by two sidemen from the big Lawrence band, drummer Tiny Kahn and bassist Buddy Jones. Show is heard from 5:30 to 7:45 a.m. six days a week.

The projected joint tour by Lawrence and singer Don Cornell, which had been virtually set to start Sept. 25, was in abeyance at prestime with no substitute band set.

Instruments On LP—5

Woodwinds—With Some Extra Added Attractions

Continuing last issue's installment devoted to woodwind (and French horn) ensembles, we now have another batch of the same, except that here the three or more winds are augmented by other types of instruments—usually strings

or a piano, but sometimes by brass and/or percussion. Occasionally, indeed, we verge closely on the chamber, if not symphonic, orchestral category, but in all cases there is considerable prominence given to the woodwinds themselves.

While there aren't any concertos here in the strict sense of the word, the close equivalent in the "Sinfonia Concertante" or some types of "Concerti Grossi" where several soloists (rather than one), or even one or two "choirs," are featured . . . J. C. Bach's Sinfonia in E flat, Op. 18, No. 1, for double orchestra (one featuring oboes, horns and bassoons with strings, the other

two flutes and strings), Cincinnati Symphony under Thor Johnson, London LL 405 . . . Boccherini's Sinfonia Concertante (starring Sidney Sutcliffe, oboe; Cecil James, bassoon; Edward Chapman, horn), London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas, Westminster WL 5077

. . . Handel's Concertos a Dus Cori (two wind choirs with strings), Copenhagen Collegium Musicum under Lavad Friisholm, Haydn Society HSLP 1049 (Beat-reviewed elsewhere in this issue).

Frank Martin's Concerto for Seven Winds, Percussion and Strings (the exact scoring isn't given on

the disc-envelope notes), Winterthur Symphony under Deszarzens, Concert Hall CHS 1109 . . . Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E flat, K. Anh. 9 or New K. 297b, starring oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, by the Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group (the soloists aren't named), Westminster WL 5020; also by the Pro Musica Orchestra under Reinhardt (soloists: Fritz Fischer, Ernst Flakus, Hugo Gehring, Gerhard Goermer), Vox PL 7320; and also by the Austrian Symphony (soloists unnamed) under Woess, Remington 199-54 (and of course in various 78 rpm versions) . . . Karl Stamitz's Sinfonia Concertante in F major, starring flute, oboe, clarinet and two horns (soloists unnamed), Vienna Symphony under Swoboda, Westminster WL 5017 . . .

Woodwinds & Strings

Next a batch of chamber (some perhaps chamber orchestra) works, which include strings or other instruments as well as woodwinds: The Vuataz arrangements of Bach's Art of Fugue and Musical Offering conducted by Scherchen in London LLPA 2 and Westminster WL 5070, respectively, include some sections for combined winds and strings, and in the later discs the wind players are Wanasek, flute; Wachter, oboe; Noblinger, English horn; and Killinger, bassoon . . . Beethoven's Septet in E flat, Op. 20 (clarinet, bassoon and horn with strings), Pro Musica Group, Vox PL 6460.

Woodwind Concertos

Berg's Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano and 13 Wind Instruments (piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, E flat clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, double bassoon, two horns, trumpet and trombone), Paris Chamber Orchestra under Leibowitz, Dial 9 . . . Paul Bowles' Concerto for Two Pianos, Winds,

and Percussion, Gold and Fildale (with Mitch Miller, oboe; Reggie Kell, clarinet, L. Schaller, bass clarinet) under Saldenberg, Columbia ML 2128 . . . Manuel de Falla's Harpsichord Concerto, Ralph Kirkpatrick and Schneider Ensemble (Miller, oboe; Samuel Baron, flute; Harold Freeman, clarinet), Mercury MG 10012 . . . Janacek's Concerto for Piano, Strings and Winds, Rudolf Firkusny and Ensemble (scoring and players unspecified), Concert Hall CHS 1076.

Woodwinds & Piano

Chamber works featuring wind instruments along with the piano (and sometimes strings) include: Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, Op. 16, by Etienne Baudo, oboe; Henri Druart, clarinet; Maurice Allard, bassoon; Gilbert Coursier, horn; with Orazio Frugoni, piano, Vox PL 6040 . . . Hummel's Septet in D minor, Op. 74, by Camillo Wanasek, flute; Rudolph Spurny, oboe; Franz Koch, horn; with piano and strings, Westminster WL 5018 . . . Milhaud's Sonata 1918, by Samuel Baron, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Wallace Shapiro, clarinet; and Milton Kaye, piano, Elaine EMS 6 . . . Mozart's Quintet in E flat, K. 542, by Pierre Perlot, oboe; Ulyase Delecluse, clarinet; Jean Devemy, horn; Maurice Allard, bassoon; and Yvette Grimaud, piano, Mercury MG 10031; also by unspecified members of the Vienna Wind Group, Westminster WL 5007; (also various older 78 rpm sets) . . . Poulenc's Sestet, by Harold Bennet, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; David Weber, clarinet; Leonard Sharrow, bassoon; Fred Klein, horn; with Charles Rosen, piano, REB 7 . . . and Rimsky-Korsakov's Quintet in B flat, by Hans Reenizek, flute; Leopold Wlach, clarinet; Karl Oehlberger, bassoon; Gottfried Von Freiberg, horn; with Roland Raupenstrauch, piano, Westminster WL 5019 . . .

Boccherini's Sestet in E flat, Op. 41 (oboe, bassoon and horn with strings), London Baroque Ensemble (featuring Sutcliffe, Chapman and James) under Haas, Westminster WL 5077 . . . Francaix's Serenade (flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, horn with trumpet, trombone and strings), Hamburg Chamber Orchestra under Hochum, Capitol L 8051 . . . Haydn's Divertimento in C (flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, with strings), London Baroque Ensemble (featuring Adney, Sutcliffe, Thurston & Lear, Chapman & Currie), under Haas, Westminster WL 5080 . . . Kreutzer's Grand Septet in E flat, Op. 62, for clarinet, bassoon and horn with strings, Vienna Octet members (featuring A. Bosovsky, Hanzl and Veleba), London LL 420.

Mozart's Serenades require a paragraph for themselves. Mostly they are written for two oboes (or flutes), one or two bassoon with two trumpets and strings, as in No. 5 in D, K. 204, Vienna Symphony members under Swoboda, Westminster WL 5005 . . . No. 7 in D ("Haffner"), K. 260, Bamberg Symphony under Keilberth, Mercury MG 10017, also by Vienna Symphony members under Krauss, Vox PL 6850 . . . and the "Post-horn" Serenade No. 9, Suisse Romande Orchestra under Maag, London LL 502 (Beat-reviewed June 4), also by Vienna State Opera Orchestra members under Sternberg, Haydn Society HSLP 1012 . . .

Then Schubert's Octet in F, Op. 166, for clarinet, bassoon, horn with strings, by Wlach, Oehlberger and Von Freilberg with Vienna Konzerthaus Ensemble, Westminster WL 5094; by the Vienna Symphony Octet, Vox PL 6970; also by Duques, Knitzer and De Rosa with the Stradivari Chamber Society, Stradivari 603 . . . the Spohr Grand Nonet in F, Op. 31, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, with strings, by Bennett, Schulman, Weber, Carmen, Klein, et al., Stradivari 609 (Beat-reviewed elsewhere in this issue) . . . Swanson's Night Music for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and strings, N.Y. Ensemble (featuring Caratelli, A. Golter, Weber, H. Goltzer and Ratner) under Mitropoulos, Decca DL 8511 . . . Villa-Lobos' Choros No. 7 (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, saxophone, violin, cello and tam-tam), Janssen Ensemble featuring Lewis, Gasman, Bloch Moritz and Kretcher, et al., Capitol PB147 . . . and Alec Wilder's Slow Dance and Themes and Variations, Wilder Octet (featuring Miller, oboe and English horn; Julius Baker, flute; Harold Goltzer, bassoon) with the Columbia String Orchestra under Frank Sinatra, Columbia ML 4271 . . .

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Woodwinds & Brass

For real oddities, there are four blithe Haydn Marches for clarinets, (Turn to Page 16)

Shearing Mulling Plans To Revitalize Quintet

By NAT HENTOFF

Boston—"I know," said George Shearing, "that I could use a change of formula, but I don't intend to be scared into adopting change just for the sake of change."

Shearing had interrupted his vacation to take a three-day date at Storyville in East Gloucester in the middle of August and it was there that he discussed his present plans and problems.

"I'm aware," he continued, "that *Simplicity* and *Five O'Clock Whistle* have done better than most of the recent records because they were somewhat different. But bookings are still good; we still draw capacity crowds, so there's no panic.

"It's a difficult problem," Shearing said slowly. "There is the danger that you can cater to the general audience too long and so become sterile. There is the other danger that you can become so advanced that no one will come to hear you. I've always believed it possible to play the requests and still slip a new number in once in a while."

Some New Ideas

Shearing does have some plans for experiments in his recordings. He has an elaborate sound system in his home and has been working with the idea of taping multiple quintet sides. He also has plans for recording with strings and woodwinds.

And a forthcoming MGM album, as revealed in the Sept. 10 *Beat*, will feature Shearing as a classical soloist. "I'm going to record *Claire de Lune*, Debussy's *Arabesque*, *Number One*, Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land*, some compositions by an English musician and friend of mine, Alfred Hickman, and some originals.

"The originals are six miniatures that I originally wrote for my wife to encourage her to return to the piano. They include a cradle song, gavotte, romance, a two-part invention according to the rules, a waltz and a study in octaves for the left hand."

He's Cautious

Shearing has received an invitation to perform the Schumann A minor piano concerto with a major symphony orchestra in December, but he won't accept unless he finds the time to master the score.

"The first part of my vacation I memorized 250 bars out of 871, and that using an antiquated Braille score. Whether I'll have the time to do the rest even with a better copy, I don't know. I certainly will do this right or not at all."

A major part in Shearing's fu-

ture plans will be taken by vocalist Teddy King, who recently cut four sides with the quintet. "She's really an amazing musician," Shearing said, "and one with a lot of poise. That record session lasted three hours and she didn't make a single fluff, though we committed several. She's going to appear with us more and more frequently."

They Know What's Best

As a high-fidelity addict, Shearing is aesthetically not too happy with the leveling off of highs on his records. "But," he pointed out with characteristic business sense, "I'm told by the company that that juke box sound is important for sales. MGM has been very cooperative

and if I insisted, I could have a recording sound that would please the hi-fi. But I figure MGM knows what it's doing."

Shearing continues to be much impressed with the advances of Brubeck and Tristano, both of whom he regards as setting the criteria for what the jazz of the future will be. "It has become difficult," he said "to discuss them objectively because the stand you take on either or both seems to be so emotional a thing with so many people. All I'll say is that both have extremely constructive minds and imaginations, particularly in the way they create lines for ensembles."

Jimmy Ryan Sounds A Blue Note In NYC

New York—Jimmy Ryan, noted 52nd Street night club owner, opened a new spot here Sept. 6, the Blue Note, at 227 W. 46th street, former site of the defunct Habibi club.

Billy Butterfield was set to open the spot with a combo including Ernie Caceres. Pianist Frankie Froeba, now on staff at WNEW, will spell the Butterfielders.



MEETING IN SWEDEN in this picture are two famous American vocal groups, the Deep River Boys (standing) and the Delta Rhythm Boys, whose paths crossed in the town of Gavle. Deepas, long established favorites with European audiences, opened Aug. 4 at the London Palladium. Deltras, in addition to their continental touring, have been stopping long enough to slice records in Swedish, Finnish, Italian and French.

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Video Dance Party Deserves Quick Return To Airwaves

New York—The NBC Saturday Night Dance Party went off the air just before Labor Day. If it didn't expire in a blaze of glory, at least it can be said that it had made impressive steps during its regrettably brief tenure as a summer replacement show.

In fact, the Dance Party had developed from a 30-minute monstrosity into a 90-minute musical. Having tripled its original length without tripling the quantity of extraneous matter, it had actually become a medium for the presentation and exploitation, under favorable conditions, of an impressive string of large and small instrumental outfits.

Most Impressive
Perhaps the most impressive show during the final few weeks was Lionel Hampton's. The band's instrumental numbers and the appearances by Maxine Sullivan and the Calypso Teen Aces group were all impressive.

band, there would be Muggay Spanier's combo or the Shearing Quintet or Slim Gaillard's new outfit, making an appearance in each half-hour segment.

Enterprising Ventures

There were such enterprising ventures as the reunion of Jimmy Dorsey's band with his two former vocal stars, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly—engineered, we suspect, by George Simon, whose hip hand was detectable in many of the show's better moments.

Altogether, there were far more plus than minus moments, and the latter could be attributed largely to the presence of Jerry Lester as emcee. His work consisted mainly of laughing impishly at his own humor and saying "Wonderful!"



THIS FAMOUS THREESOME was reunited for the TV Dance Party: Jimmy Dorsey and his ex-vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly.

No Talent

Chicago—Stan Kenton was telling some young hopefuls the other day not to pay too much attention to people who tell them to give up music because they don't have talent.

"I remember," he said, "when Frankie Laine and Carl Fischer were a couple of hungry song-writers, and would bring tunes for me to hear. Frankie would sing 'em, and I couldn't stand the way he sang. One day he's going over a tune and I said, 'Look, Frank, don't sing. Just let Carl play. I'll follow the words on the score.' 'Sure, Stan,' he said, gentleman that he was, 'That's okay.'"

"Six months later the guy's record of *That's My Desire* has sold a million copies. Whattaya gonna do?"

three times after each act. Half his jokes seemed to be concerned with the failure of the other half to get laughs.

Given less Lester and a continuation of the greatly improved presentation of the music, this show could and should build into a permanently valuable showcase for music on television. It's too bad that just as it had hit its stride it had to go off the air. Another spot should be found for it as soon as possible.

Beneke Band Jumps While MGM Platters Gather Dust

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Oregon—Tex Beneke wants out, of MGM that is.

"The sooner the better," says Texas, relating a sad tale of no promotion, no record sales, and just plain no concern over his band's potential and future. This is news from an essentially quiet-tempered guy, with bad words for practically nobody, at least publicly.

Opening Delayed At H'wd Statler

Hollywood—The Statler Hotel's opening here has been set back from mid-September to mid-October because of some last minute construction difficulties. The change in opening stirred some talk that Xavier Cugat would lose the prize booking. But these reports have been roundly denied by MCA brass, who will collect the commissions for the date.

MCA, incidentally, is well set in the new Statler room with Dorothy Shay, Hildegard and Victor Borge among those slated to follow Cuzie.

Discussing the unreleased MGM sides he had, and what tunes, Tex surmised: "I really don't know. It may be six or eight, or more. Frankly it's been so long since we cut them I've forgotten what they are. They are just not pushing my records. It would be good to walk into a coffee shop sometime and see a Beneke record on the jukebox. Between Portland and Salt Lake City I didn't find one. Just Anthony, Anthony, Anthony.

No Push

"It's nothing personal. I like the MGM people; they are very nice with money and arranging recording dates, studios, etc., but there's

no push. If a picture comes out with a few of my tunes in it, then out come the records. Otherwise, nothing. I want to go with a smaller company, like Les Brown's deal with Coral. I want some firm that will get out in the dust and shove my discs. I won't go back with Victor. I don't care for them."

Since a dearth of news has surrounded Tex recently, you might not know it, but Beneke's band is jumping. The Miller influence is definitely diminishing. Beneke has new arrangers and sidemen. He plays Glenn's tunes mostly in medleys of six to eight ditties, only when requested, "to get them out of the way." Because his original Miller library was confiscated by Don Haynes, he's playing most Miller originals from 75-cent stocks, which "are note for note the things Glenn played."

Says It's The Best

Tex calls his current band "the best in seven years," and it sounds like it. When people criticize the transition from clarinet-led reeds to swing he steadfastly maintains: "The fallacy is that Glenn would have stood still. He wouldn't have. He would have been the most progressive bandleader today, except that people would always be able to understand what he was doing. We play with a semblance of the Miller idea on slow things and with definitely forward-looking ideas on up-tempo."

A few months ago, while in Philadelphia, Beneke received two scores from a Birmingham, Alabama youth, Marion Evans. When he got around to trying them, in the midwest, Tex was so impressed that he wired Evans to "write all he could." The band now has 12 Evans scores and Tex says they'll use all they can get.

Happy With His Men

Tex Beneke is still a very easy guy to make it with. He covered five disc jockeys in two hours, patiently re-told his life story five times (how he fought "the battle of Norman, Oklahoma" during the war). He's happy with his sidemen, most of them unknown. His *S'Wonderful* and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* are selling well.

Beneke did have one other gripe, against bus companies who charter their vehicles to dance bands. "They ask a 1000-mile guarantee per week, at 50 cents a mile. If we played a week in one city it would cost us about \$500 a week to keep the bus parked back of the ballroom. So we finally bought our own bus in July."

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Terry Gilkyson's Unique Career: From Society Lad To Cowboy To Hit Writer

By HAL WERMAN

Someday they'll make a movie based on the life of Terry Gilkyson. His story already has taken ideal shape for a typical Hollywood production—member of the "400," cafe society scion, throws the whole thing over for a guitar and the wide open spaces, becomes a folk singer, a great songwriter, and much to his own chagrin, finds himself making all kinds of money all over again.

That's the story in a nutshell. Of course, there are plenty of sundry details. Like how Gilkyson found that among folk singers there is an unwritten law—one folk singer's repertoire is exclusive to that singer, though almost all of these songs are public domain, or are no longer subject to copyright restrictions. A second singer would not do the first singer's tunes without special permission or acknowledgement from the first singer.

He ran into a practice called song bartering. This actually involved trading songs or interpretations with other singers. "Call it honor among singers, if you will," says Terry.

"Goose" Hit High

It's possible that you may not have heard of Terry Gilkyson. It's quite unlikely that you haven't heard his songs. He first popped up on the scene noticeably in January, 1950, when Frankie Laine recorded a song of his called *The Cry Of The Wild Goose*. From then on there have been such ditties as *Gambella*, *Fast Freight*, *Christopher Columbus*, *The Girl In The Wood*, *The Day Of Jubilo*, and most recently, *Rock Of Gibraltar*. There have been 80 others, some adaptations of traditional folk airs, in the four years since Gilkyson was discovered.

In the Hollywood tradition, Gilkyson is a writer without a musical education. He writes his lyrics first, then frames a melody for his words, writes the melody down in a home-made short-hand number system, makes a demonstration record of the completed song, doesn't write a lead sheet. His publisher takes the song down off the demonstration; that's how they're able to publish his product.

High Society

Gilkyson, of course, also is a singer. He owns a Decca recording contract, but has not yet connected with a disc that has been able to shake loose. He recently made his first movie, *Slaughter Trail*, for which he wrote the score.

Gilkyson was born near Valley Forge in 1916 in a town called Mont Clare, Pa. His father owned and still does own an insurance company. His mother owned the local newspaper. And his name was

Hamilton Henry Gilkyson III. The family was high society, with branches extending into the arts, mostly poetry and painting.

Until 1938, Terry lived the swell life, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In college, he got the wandering itch. And when he graduated he decided to become a cowboy. In 1938, Terry travelled to Tucson, Ariz., got a job on a dude ranch. While he was on this job, Gilkyson first was introduced to cowboy songs. And in the same year, he began to write his first songs, all of them cowboy songs.

The Trusty Guitar

After a year of roughing it, Gilkyson came back home to work for his father in the insurance business, presumably to settle down for life.

But the War spoiled his family's plans. Terry, a member of the cav-



Terry Gilkyson

alry of the Pennsylvania National Guard, went into the Army Air Corps in 1941 and remained in the service for five years. He took his trusty guitar with him wherever he went and claims "I learned a great lesson about folk song origins."

After his Army stint, Gilkyson wound up in California where he took his first vocal lessons. He married shortly afterwards a girl who served as a legal secretary at the

Nuremberg Trials.

Things didn't go well for Gilkyson on the Coast. Rather than return home and determined to make his mark musically, Gilkyson wound up selling water for a bottling company in Los Angeles. He sold door-to-door until Sept. 1948, when he and his songs somehow came to the attention of the American Music Company.

Still, nothing happened until a year later when Wally Brady joined this music publishing firm as professional manager. Brady became entranced with Gilkyson's writings and tried every stunt in the book to sell the songs, but failed. Brady's big pitch was *Wild Goose*. Bing Crosby turned the song down. Vaughn Monroe turned it down. Everyone turned it down.

Everyone but Mitch Miller, who

then was working for Mercury Records and had started some sort of trend with his whip-snapping production of *Mule Train* as rendered by Frankie Laine. *Goose* was intended as the follow-up, and, of course, the *Goose* did right well. Laine's record hit in January, 1950, and from that point the door opened for Gilkyson.

"Little King"

Gilkyson's song output has been as varied as the classification of "folk" could suggest. Those who know Gilkyson and his work are particularly enamored of a song called *Little King*, which in song circles is taboos as "uncommercial" but which is certainly one of the most touching ballads about children and God that has been produced in our time. The other

(Modulate to Page 17)

Spotlight on RAY POHLMAN



Ray Pohlman's guitar helps create that distinctive, danceable and popular sound called the Billy May band. Ray plays a heavy schedule, really appreciates the energy-saving *Miracle Neck* of his Gretsch Syn-



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Left: Frank DeVol with Milt Holland at his *Leedy & Ludwig* outfit. Visit your *Leedy & Ludwig* dealer to see these "world's finest drummers' instruments" at no obligation—or write for free catalog. Address department 1019.



WORLD'S FINEST DRUMMERS' INSTRUMENTS



Kenton Hits The Hot, Hot Road

A WARM WELCOME in the south was what Stan Kenton wanted, and he got it with a vengeance. It was 105 degrees when he left Raleigh, N.C. en route to Charlotte, where he played a one-nighter at the Armory. Pix taken by Gene Howard, former Kenton vocalist and arranger, now Stan's advance exploitation man, show a typical story of a band on the road. Top left, Stan checks out of hotel while road manager George Morte loads trunk to car; center, Stan stops for gas;

right, Stan, Morte and personal manager Bob Allison stop for watermelon. Second row, left: on the job, Bill Russo (r.) explains trombone part to newcomer Bob Burgess. Center, Stan interviewed by Kurt Webster of WBT, Charlotte. Bottom left, Stan checks balance prior to band's weekly NBC Concert In Miniature show. Above, the band in action; Conte Condoli stands up for solo. See page 2 for a review of Kenton's reorganized crew.

Choir, the forces employed much in the manner which made *Shrimp Boats* so big a hit.

Autumn is the lovely ballad drawn from the Woody Herman instrumental written by Ralph Burns and sized for an eloquent lyric by Johnny Mercer. Miss Stafford sings it gracefully, almost reverently. (Columbia 39838.)

June Valli

- ★★ *Mighty Lonesome Feelin'*
★★★★ *Taboo*

June opens up wide on *Taboo* to try to ring up a follow-up to *Strange Sensation*. With the help of a windy, pseudo-exciting Harry Salter background, she should attract a good amount of attention with this bravura effort.

'*Feelin'* is the more conventional side of the coupling, sung reasonably well with a slick Salter background. (Victor 20-4900.)

Sarah Vaughan

- ★★★★ *Say You'll Wait for Me*
★★★★ *My Tormented Heart*

Sarah gets a rare chance to demonstrate some of her range on *Wait*, an imported ballad which seems to be taking hold in scattered areas. *Heart* is Toselli's Serenade with a new lyric. Sarah stays in her lower registers for this one and sounds better than she has in ages on records. Percy Faith provided chorus and orch for both sides. (Columbia 39839.)

Lawrence Welk

- ★★ *Cocacnut Groes*
★★ *Rustic Dance*

Grove is a semi-thriving revival done pleasantly in Welk's danceable micky style. Roberta Linn sings it. *Dance* is a familiar public domain air which provides Welk with nice simple fare for his squeeze box. The elder dance set should appreciate the effort. (Coral 60813.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Pete Daily

- ★★ *Yelping Hound Blues*
★★ *Clarinet Marmalade*

It's hard to tell to what degree the musicians are kidding themselves and/or their customers on sides like these. It's all good-humored primitive jazz with the traditional instrumentation, and, on the second side, the traditional arrangement. Pete Daily's cornet, Warren Smith's trombone, Rosy McHargue's clarinet, Skippy Anderson's piano and George Defebaugh's drums are the detonating agents. (Good Time Jazz 68.)

Buddy De Franco

- ★★★★ *Carioca*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Two superior sides featuring just clarinet and rhythm, the first number as successful commercially as the second is musically. Kenny Drew's piano is outstanding on *Things*; Art Blakey's drums team with Buddy for a climax in the old Goodman tradition on *Carioca*. (MGM 11303.)

Lionel Hampton

- ★★★★ *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*
★★ *12th Street Rag*

Cut in 1937, *Sunny* was famous for its opening chorus by Johnny Hodges. Hamp's vocal second chorus lowers the general level, his vibes bring it back up. *Rag* sounds strangely dated. Waxed in 1939, it has a sad rhythm section, inferior solos by such superior Ellingtonians of that day as Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Rex Stewart, and a lot of Lionel's machine-gun-single-notes piano. (Victor 420-0014.)

James Moody

- ★ *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*
★★ *Hey Jim*

Moody's thin, quavering alto fingers its way nervously through *Until*, a performance utterly without distinction. *Jim* has Babe Gonzales singing in boppish phrases about an alleged new craze in Harlem. He is followed by a good bop trumpet, and a tenor solo by Moody. (Mercury 8290.)

Turk Murphy

- ★★ *Mesa 'Round*
★★ *Oh Daddy*

Perhaps these belong in the pop section, since they delve so far back into history that they're in the barroom-music or just-around-the-corner-from-western-music category. *Daddy* features the big, Benjie-Smith-era voice of one Claire Austin. There's a whole passage of melody played on what sounds like a sousaphone on *Mesa*. (Good Time Jazz 69.)



DINAH'S STILL FINER than any of her contemporaries for the countless fans who welcomed her back recently to her regular television show, reviewed in this issue. Dinah's still a potent factor in the RCA Victor talent roster, too.

Kid Ory

- ★★★ *Down Home Rag*
★★★ *1919 Rag*

Best of the recent releases on this label. The old-timey music has enough guts to assure you the guys are taking themselves seriously. Old folks will nod their heads rhythmically to the simple strains of the *Down Home Rag*, with Mutt Carey, Ory and Darnell Howard in the front line, plus an unashamed four-piece rhythm section with one of them new-fangled guitars replacing the banjo. (Good Time Jazz 70.)

Oscar Peterson

- ★★★★ *Willow Weep For Me*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Shades of the old Cole Trio! Aided by Irving Ashby's guitar, Ray Brown's bass, and on the second side Alvin Stoller's drums. Oscar swings lightly and politely. His *Willow* is reminiscent of Tatum's and no less effective. (Mercury 8999.)

Sonny Stitt

- Nico Work If You Can Get It*
Our Very Own
There'll Never Be Another You
Later
Ain't Misbehavin'
After You've Gone
Stairway To The Stars
Blasin'

Album rating: ★★

Except for choruses on *Work* and *Gone* this is a rather lackluster sampling. Sonny Stitt at work on tenor sax. Remainder of the album is largely given over to slightly echo-chambered sugary tenor lead solos, mainly intended for commercial r & b customers.

There's not much meat in the music. Most of the sides were previously issued singly. The Gene Ammons band, recently disbanded, backed *Gone* and *Our Very Own*; recall the sides were done with rhythmic *Work* is the standout side in the album. It spots a brief, but tasty bit of Stitt's piano finesse. (Prestige PRLP 100.)

Lu Watters

- ★★★ *Sweet Georgia Brown*
★★ *Irish Black Bottom*

The Yerba Buena Jazz Band grazes roots merrily as the band leads it on a conducted tour through familiar territories: the MacArthur standard, and an inconsequential Louis Armstrong happened quarter-century ago. Consider Satchmo's original version the most interesting to collectors. (Bluebird 483.)

Jimmy and Mama

- How Long Blues*
Makes Me A Pallet On The Floor
Monkey Woman Blues
Four O'Clock Blues
Santa Fe Blues
Yancey Special

Album rating: ★★

Of more historic import than of musical interest are these final recordings made of Jimmy Yancey one month before he died in mid-1951.

interest are these final recordings made of Jimmy Yancey one month before he died in mid-1951. Mama Yancey plays the major role in the album, since she is featured on five of the six selections wailing now standard Yancey blues. She sang on this occasion with a persuasive charm in the traditional blues shout style.

Jimmy did his evergreen *Special* and provided tasteful piano on the other sides for Mama's shouts. His style, basic in jazz, even in 1951 had a homespun simplicity and sincerity that was typical of the beginnings of jazz. Israel Crosby provided Gibraltar-like bass support on these sides.

Researches into the beginnings of jazz will find this album enlightening as well as a warm experience. (Atlantic LP 130.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Johnny Ace

- ★★★★ *My Song*
★★ *Follow The Rule*

By now the first side will have proved its five star-rating by racking up five-star sales. It's a simple melody, constructed melodically and harmonically just like *So Long*. Although the singing, the balance and the performance of the accompanying Real Streeters are distinctly inferior to Dinah Washington's and other later performances, this is the one that started the whole thing. Backing is an indifferent shuffle blues. (Duke R 102.)

Hadda Brooks

- ★★★ *My Song*
★★ *I Went To Your Wedding*

Hadda's first recording since her return from London has her providing coverage of a couple of rapidly ascending tunes. *Song* is an r & b item which suits Miss Brooks several notches better than *Wedding*, a countryish pop. Small band backgrounds are adequate. (Okeh 6910.)

Red Callender

- ★★★ *Lonesome Rebecca*
★★ *Blues For J.T.*

Big, deep unison reed sounds and a slow rocking beat make *Rebecca* one of the better recent r & b instrumentals. The Sextette becomes a Fourtette, as the label calls it, for *Blues*, which features Red's bass, Eddie Beal's piano and somebody's guitar in some average ad libbing. (Victor 20-4908.)

Monte Easter

- ★★ *Postal*
★★ *Bourgie*

endowed with lyrics by a Mr. Otis (not Johnnie) and is here sung by Miss Pat Reed. She shows promise as a junior league Billie Holiday, but her voice, dubbed in New York after the band part was cut on the coast, is poorly balanced. Coupling is a nondescript r & b shuffle blues. (Discovery 1202.)

Bulee Gaillard

- ★★ *I Know What To Do*
★★ *St. Louis Blues*

The "Southern Fried Orchestra," as the label calls it, is simply Slim Gaillard on his rhythm and blues kick, with all the appropriate sounds—everybody blowing as loud as possible and Slim singing some fairly convincing blues. (Mercury 8998.)

Eddie Jefferson

- ★★★★ *Body And Soul*
★★ *I Got The Blues*

It had to happen. King Pleasure's *Moody Mood* made it, and now littler Kings, lesser pleasures and moodier moods are springing up on other labels. Jefferson makes due acknowledgement to Moody in his fantastically involved lyrics to *Body*. An example of what goes on: he gets the phrase "loving you is the easiest thing I ever want to do" into two beats of one bar! If only a singer would come along who can do this kind of stuff in tune, the idea would be a musical hit too. *I Got The Blues* in Lester Leaps In with lyrics. (Hi-Lo 1413.)

Julia Lee

- ★ *Goin' To Chicago Blues*
★★ *Last Call*

Capitol, putting its little toes back into the rhythm and blues tide after a long absence, digs two unissued Lee sides out of the files. They are well sung, but contain none of the earthy, fortissimo sounds essential to almost any rhythm and blues side nowadays. Nor do they have any of the double-meaning lyrics that used to sell Julia. Band is stodgy and listless on both sides. (Capitol 2203.)

Jimmy Liggins

- ★★★ *Brown Skin Baby*
★★★★ *Dark Hour Blues*

Liggins "Drops Of Joy" comprise an expert little crew. *Brown Skin* is removed from the routine by the standout band work, which includes some expert striding tenor working out in the buck dance (or rhumba blues) formula. *Dark Hour* is a moody slow blues, sung well by Liggins, again played splendidly by his crack band. (Specialty 434.)

Jimmy McCracklin

- ★★★★ *My Days Are Limited*
★★★★ *She's Gone*

Jimmy's blues are the real thing. Both his voice and the combo with him ring true from the first bar. The pessimistic slow blues seems the likelier item, though the coupling jumps zealously with gutty tenor, piano and guitar work as Jimmy tells a typical story about his absent mate. (Mercury 1605.)

The Ravens

- Midnight Long*
Let's Get Together
Don't Let Me Be a Lone Star
Rock Me, a Little
Let's Get Together
Let's Get Together

Sept. erior sings fur-abuff

True Travel Tale Told By Band Biz Baedeker

(Jumped from Page 3)
tion for the help you're offering their son. You leave and jump right back on the bandwagon. The next set of local boys, hundreds of miles away, are awaiting the same treatment. This is an endless caravan, but it is one that's good.

Modern Times

On the other hand, the 1952 musical gypsy is vastly different from his predecessors. For one thing, a few years back, an itinerary generally included at least 26 weeks of theaters, a good three months of location spots—like hotels or nightclubs. The rest of the year was spent on the one-nighters. Hmm!

Today, the scene is reversed. No theaters except the New York Paramount and one or two locations of any consequence. The rest of the year is spent doing nothing but one-nighters. The bands are chock full of poor little map-happy boys chanting the route number blues. Come what may, rain, sleet, icy roads, bad roads, detours, motor breakdowns, accidents—make the gig! Unwritten law amongst the boys—make the gig!

Few Accidents

We've lost a few of our boys in accidents, but the percentage is low. Since the war, hotels have hiked prices and they're not looking to do anything but keep hiking. The kids travel their usual mileage, 150 up to 400 miles three or four nights a week after the job to beat the day rate at a hotel. Actually you save a day's bill by doing that. Any kind of saving is important with the present day salaries.

Oh boy! money is quick to go on the road. You have your valet service two or three times a week—your weekly laundries, garage bills, hotel bills and food and beverage. Believe me, in certain parts of the country, the taste of food and water could scare you out of a month's growth. There's not too much left at payday for the average roadman. It's practically an impossibility to be married and stay on the road.

Youth

A younger musician has an altogether different attitude from the older boy. The youth is so excited by the fact that he's in a name band and seeing new territories and faces, that he personifies pure contentment. The old guys grumble and groan and stoutly talk about this and that last tour, etc. He's been on the road the years of his life and the guy reaches a maturity that his

collapse, sleep or visit a local pub and sip till you stagger back to the hotel—a free day to indulge in social activity. You could call the road the lonesome road, and not be far wrong.

The steady talk among the boys, aside from music, is the everlasting hope that maybe the booking offices will recognize a commercial value to their band, and help them by landing a TV show, or a package concert show, or create some more locations, just so they can sit down a moment.

Most of the boys don't know too much about the workings of big business. They can't understand why record companies aren't more cooperative with instrumental bands. They can't see why vocalists get all the play. Only when they seek out their leaders and question him do they get the true picture and answers.

See You Soon

The one real hobby of the musician is trying to make his band, or better yet, his particular section, sound better. Many traveling hours are spent in discussion of how to iron out inside-the-band problems.

One thing is funny! You can ask any bandsman after he's well into a tour—"Where were you playing last night?" For money, the majority can't answer it. They hem and haw, and finally have to take out their written itinerary to check the date.

Despite all the pros and cons of the one-nighter, musicians come and go and American music marches on. Along with all the hardship, it's the greatest ball that this writer has ever known, and my advice to all young musicians is to study hard, concentrate on accuracy, and I'll soon be seeing you on route 66—Carry on!

The Coolest

A special Beat prize for the phoniest press agent item of the year is hereby awarded for the following item. It was printed, apparently with a straight face, in Leonard Lyons' syndicated column:—

There's a feud on between Zooty (sic) Sims, who wrote Shim Sham Shoop, and Billy Terle...



Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer And Miller Partnership Recalls Eberly-O'Connell Era

By Jack Tracy

We think you'd have to hark back to the days of Eberly and O'Connell and Sinatra and Haines before you'd find a pair of band singers as good as the team currently employed by Ray Anthony—Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer you've probably heard quite a bit of, as his assuring baritone voice has already been featured on numerous sides with Ray and for two years each with Charlie Spivak and Eddy Duchin. But Marcie might be a stranger unless you've listened to her swinging *Singing in the Rain* or her warm, impelling *You're Driving Me Crazy*, both with the Anthony band.

Sensible

And it's a pleasant surprise to speak to these two level-headed youngsters. They have ambitions, sure, but they realize that they'll do much better to stay with the band and be seen and heard by thousands of people every month. In the meantime, Anthony realizes their value to the band and features them singly, as a duo, and in the choir. Thus everyone's happy, everyone's making progress.

Started Early

The 27-year-old Mercer started singing in high school, where he led his own dance band. His first real break came when he entered the maritime service and won an amateur contest on the base. He was assigned to the station band and was heard twice a week on coast-to-coast CBS.

Tommy joined Spivak in 1946 after his discharge and remained for two happy years. Then Duchin beckoned from New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

He joined Ray in January last year and has been content ever since. "It's been great," he says. "Ray has given me a chance to sing both ballads and rhythm tunes and even choir numbers—gives you an opportunity to be versatile."

The other half of the duo, Marcie, is the best newcomer to big band singing we've heard in a long, long spell. She's pretty and personable, but not one of those little girls with large lungs and no voice so often hired by leaders to serve as window dressing. She was hired to sing, and sing she does, with a clear, happy sound and meticulous beat. And she spends hours listening to every Ella, Sinatra, Lee Wiley, and Mary Ann McCall record she can get her hands on so that she might study with whom she considers the masters.

Background

Though unheard-of before Anthony hired her, she's had a substantial singing background, including professional experience with Cleveland territory bands, Bob Strong, and a group called the Quintones.

Either Tommy or Marcie would be a great asset to any other band on the road today. In both of them, Anthony has a team that lends much authority to his claim that he possesses "America's Number One Band."

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Chords And Discords

The Johnny Holiday Story, As Seen From A Different Angle

To The Editors:

Your story by Jack Tracy "Every Day Is Holiday For Johnny After Long Wait" seems to me to put Johnny H., nee Parker, on a wrong tack. I realize this is not Tracy's slant entirely, as I have read in other trade columns the same line—"I was told to drop dead, I was a bum," etc. Johnny, perhaps unintentionally, is being unfair to a lot of persons in the business who never tell anyone to drop dead, or that they're a bum.

Johnny should remember—and has never once said—that I'm the guy whose phone he many a night tied up, and at whose apartment he was invited for two successive New Year's eves—and the guy who kept after him, and got him, to change his name!

It's only human, after we get a

Chicago, Ill.

break in this rat race, to want to rub it into the few who might have chided our efforts. But it's more healthy for ourselves—and the business—to recall those who, though they had no piece in the pie, took an interest in our personal projects.

I know a dozen guys who never told Johnny—or Danny—to drop dead, but instead tried to help him. Bill Putnam of Universal Recording is certainly one. Lee Egalnik, the Chicago publisher, is another. Jim Lounabury, the WIND



Johnny Holiday

disc jockey is one more. Irv Victor, Bill Gersh, Johnny Roswick, Johnny's (Danny's) boy Dennis Farnon, Sid Mills, Cliff Farman—and, of course, the Mary Kaye Trio who he says tied Billy Burton down to listen to him!

Having been on the road—and just now returning—I haven't seen him since his Capitol "break." But I have been reading these stories.

Lawdy, he used to tell me himself, for instance, how one Frankie Laine always took him out—and so did the Ames Brothers, he said—to give him some morale-building words.

If a few guys kicked him in the pants—maybe that was what he needed. I also heard him kick a few in the pants to me. Sometimes a kick can shove you up as much as a slap on the back—which in a good many cases doesn't do any more than give you a hack in the chest.

Tim Gayle

Capitol Salute

Capitol Records, Inc. Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Hal Webman:

I have just finished reading the Sept. 10 issue of *Down Beat*. I want to thank you personally for the wonderful tribute you paid to us. I think, since you have taken over, you have given the *Beat* the spark it has needed to make it a real music magazine.

Glenn Wallichs President

True Passion

Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

Down Beat is my favorite magazine. It is my favorite because it always has articles and very handsome pictures of Johnnie Ray. In my opinion, he is the greatest singer there is or ever will be. He sings with true passion. He has a style which surpasses all other singers.

Johnnie doesn't hide his feelings. If he did he wouldn't be as great as he is today. There'll never be a singer like Ray.

Dolores Fitzpatrick

Starry-Eyed

Tokyo, Japan

To the Editors:

I would like very much to see pictures and read good stories on my ol' pal Katherine Starks (better known as Kay Starr) like you had of the Ray Anthony, Billy May and Stan Kenton bands. I really enjoy this new look, but to add a spark, print some stories on Kathy.

Honestly *Beat*, I think you have really improved... In my opinion, you have almost reached the goal of perfection in your magazine.

Believe me, there are a lot of eagerly waiting fans out here for your issues, and they like I, are sort of tired of reading and eyeing Patti Page, Clooney, Crosby, Ray, Stafford, Lee, Vaughan, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, Laine, and a few more greats. We'd like some on "our gal."

Once your magazine starts featuring Kathy, then I will say you have reached the climax in your issues.

Keep up the good work *Beat*, and don't let us down. I'll keep up my reading and you can be sure that I'll be saving my two-bits every two weeks.

Cpl. V. De Rose

Norman's Grants

Chicago

To the Editors:

After reading J. Neller's clam at JATP (August 13, Chords and Discords), I began to wonder what kind of a jazz fan is it that pays to hear, among other things, Flip Phillips' "unbearable sounds," then writes salty letters about same.

Surely Mr. Nelles must have had some idea of what to expect before shelling out four of his good Belgium dollars. Nelles, in calling the JATP audience "regular jukebox listeners who believe that Lionel Hampton has actually the greatest band in his career," obviously overlooked the fact that, without their support, JATP would not be able to travel abroad and, subsequently, a large portion of imported jazz would be cut off from the Belgians forever.

Stay Away

For those Belgians who prefer not to listen to a "poor" Eldridge or a "tired" Young, all they have to do is stay away! Nothing is compelling anti-JATPers to attend this or that concert and I'm sure Granz will not lose too much sleep over it.

Gibes like this one and countless others in the past have always irked me. Why knock JATP? Everybody, including the principles, knows that JATP is 75% showmanship and 25% musicianship. So what? You pay to be entertained, not educated. Leave education to Konitz, Brubeck, Mariano and Tristano—I'll take the crudeness, rashness and excitement of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Bob Perlongo



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Monica Lewis Aptly Cast In 'Remains To Be Seen'

By DON FREEMAN

La Jolla, Calif.—One of the neatest tricks of the week—at least the week that *Remains To Be Seen* was playing at La Jolla Playhouse—was Monica Lewis in her role of Jody Revere, a band singer in the Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay comedy.

Monica, incidentally, is one of several former band vocalists who are taking a whack at the part created on Broadway by Janis Paige—the others being Fran Warren and Marilyn Maxwell.

As appropriate as it may seem for any ex-band chick to play Jody, Producer Mel Ferrer's choice of Monica provided a press agent's dream of coincidence. Except, oddly, that Monica forgot to inform the La Jolla press agent of said coincidence, tipping us off only on the final day of the show.

Enter Mr. Goodman

Anyway, one of the characters in the play is a suave attorney named Benjamin Goodman. As might seem natural, the singer mistakes him for someone else. After a confusing phone call from Goodman, she leaves her traveling band in the midwest and rushes to New York.

There are a number of complications, including murder, but finally Jody—Monica, that is—gets a chance to audition for the real Benny. How does it come out? "Well," she says with a shrug, "he told me to work hard for two or three years, and then maybe..."

That isn't what happened, Monica told us, when she really sang for Goodman some years back. Benny promptly hired her and she sang with the band at the Astor Roof in New York for two weeks.

"Then the band went on the road," she explained. "I was only 16 and my parents wouldn't let me go. So that was the end of



Monica Lewis

my experience with Benny Goodman—until now."

As not too many in the audience were aware, Monica did the singing in the record of *Somebody Stole My Gal* in the play. What she did was string along with Les Paul's electronics technique. First she found a Capitol disk of the song played by Sharkey Bonano's Dixieland group. Next she tape-recorded her vocal, accompanied by the trio employed on her armed forces radio show. The rest was a simple matter of dubbing on tape. Sounded great, too.

Although the venture at La Jolla was her stage debut, Monica is accustomed to audiences in supper clubs and movie houses, where she has made personal appearances

since becoming a film star. Both have their menaces, including in order, imbibing noise-makers and popcorn munchers.

"Audiences at plays are different," said Monica. "They're quieter and more attentive. And that helped a lot. Another big help was the fact that I could use singers' tricks to save my voice. With all the shouting and talking I have to do as Jody, I'd have been hoarse after the first act."

Curiously, Monica had a real life model for her characterization of Jody Revere, who is a kind of hipster with heart.

"She's a singer I used to know, this girl," said Monica. "She's from Ohio, and she used to sing pretty good at one time. You've probably heard of her. Her name? Oh, I couldn't tell you that."



Howard Miller's fans present him with a plaque calling him "America's No. 1 Disc Jockey."

Turning The Tables—XI

Here's A Jock With 160 Shows—All Sponsored

By AUNT ENNA

Howard Miller is a man who has almost as many outspoken convictions about the disc jockey business as he has listeners. And this would necessarily be a considerable number, as Miller is seemingly on Chicago air constantly. Actually it's only between five and six hours a day (only!) distributed between three stations, but one sometimes gets a feeling of near-helplessness when idly spinning the dial and finding Miller all over it. It's not in the least unusual to hear him live on one station and taped on another at the same time.

He undoubtedly belongs on any list of the country's top jocks. To reach this position in just a couple of short years he has worked shrewdly and unceasingly at the job. Though he's spinning records on some 160 sponsored 15-minute segments a week, he still will allow no one else to do any of his programming. He selects each record for every show.

Hears All

And he listens to every record that's released, be it pop, jazz, hillbilly, or spiritual, from a major firm or an indie.

He holds a deep respect for his listeners and for his clients. His conception of disc jockey is "a man who certainly is no god and who has no business telling the public what it should or should not like. And he is also a salesman. There are no artistic clients. All they want to know is 'How many suits can you sell?'"

He drives an inexpensive car because "though I think I have enough money to own a Cadillac, the minute I do I'm in a world apart from the average person who listens to me. He regards me then not as a friend who plays records for him, but a guy who's cashing in on him."

Hates Payoff

He is death on payola. The payoff, he says, has done more to hurt the music and record business than any other factor in the last five years.

"I've had long meetings with publishers and record company executives begging them to quit this paying off to get plays," says Miller. "They're just building a big, ugly monster that can destroy them, and they're shunting off bad music on the public at the expense of good. They'll all get their share of hits over a year's time if they'll just relax. But by paying to get

all the junk played, they're discouraging people who hear the bad from buying any records at all."

Miller has combined these and other beliefs over the last two years with some timely hunches and has parlayed them into a yearly income that doesn't have him worried about where tomorrow's breakfast is coming from.

He was the first jockey to get on Mario Lanza's *Be My Love*. Right after he played it the first time, a station exec called him in and suggested that the record was too far over listeners' heads, and that Howard forget about it. Howard didn't, and the record of course was a huge hit.

He introduced Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz* to the area, and Tony Bennett's *Cold, Cold Heart*, and Al Martino. And Johnnie Ray.

Bad Moment

And Johnnie, incidentally, contributed to one of Miller's more embarrassing moments. Usually self-confident and equal to all occasions, Miller was completely non-plussed right after Ray hit big and decided to make his first-ever TV appearance on a Chicago show. Howard emceed.

Miller, during the course of events, presented Ray some sort of plaque, just like they'd rehearsed it that afternoon.

But Ray, apparently overcome, threw his arms about Miller, kissed him warmly on the cheek, and buried his head on Howard's shoulder.

Your old Aunt Enna saw the show. Miller looked petrified, to say the least.

Incidentally, there's another artist who owes a big vote of thanks to Miller. Howard uses Ziggy Elman's *Bublitchki* as an opening and closing theme on most of his shows, thus the record gets played some 120 times every week. So many requests have been received for it that the side is now a standard seller, month after month, in the midwest.

If the guy gets any more shows, MGM's going to have to open another pressing plant just for *Bublitchki*.

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Di Pardo, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City, Mo., h Donahue, Al (Rice) Houston, 10/2-23, h Dorsey, Jimmy (Statler) NYC, Out 10/18, h Durso, Michael (Copacabana) NYC, ne Ellington, Duke (Earle) Philadelphia, Out 10/2, t; (Howard) Washington, D.C., 10/2-9, t Ferguson, Danny (Robert Driscoll) Corpus Christi, Tex., Out 10/2, h; (Commodore Perry) Toledo, Ohio, 11/24-1/31/53, h Fina, Jack (St. Francis) San Francisco, b Finch, Mack (Flamingo) Lima, Ohio, ne Fink, Charlie (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., Out 10/4; (Statler) Washington, D.C., In 10/5, h Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour) GAC Foster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Out 10/4, h Foster, Sidney (Elbow Beach Surf) Paget, Bermuda, h Garber, Jan (On Tour) GAC Gillespie, Dizzy (Colonial) Toronto, In 10/13 Graye, Tony (Bambo) NYC, ne Hampton, Lionel (On Tour) ABC Hawkins, Erskine (On Tour) MG Hayes, Carlton (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., h Hayes, Sherman (Muehlbach) Kansas City, Mo., h Heckacher, Ernie (Fairmont) San Francisco, h Hefel, Neal and Frances Wayne (On Tour) MCA Herman, Woody (Palladium) Hollywood, Out 10/6, b; (On Tour) GAC Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC Hines, Earl (Oasis) Los Angeles, ne Holmes, Jack (On Tour) JKA Houston, Joe (On Tour) RMA

Howard, Eddy (On Tour) MCA Hudson, Dean (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/7-23 Hunt, Pee Wee (Angelus) Omaha, Neb., Out 10/8 Jacquet, Illinois (Trocaeria) Columbus, ne James, Harry (Rustle Cabin) Englewood, N.J., 10/3-5 Jerome, Henry (Claridge) Memphis, Tenn., Out 10/9 Jordan, Louis (On Tour) GAC Kanney, Jay (Palomar Gardens) San Jose, Calif., h Keene, Bob (Palladium) Hollywood, b Kelly, Claude (Riverside) Green Bay, Wis., h Kenton, Stan (On Tour) GAC King, Wayne (On Tour) MCA La Salle, Dick (Piazza) NYC, h Lande, Jules (Ambassador) NYC, h Lewis, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 10/16-11/13, h Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h Long, Johnny (On Tour) GAC Martini, Ralph (On Tour) GAC Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h May, Billy (Palladium) Hollywood, In 10/7, h McCown, Mac (Jesse's Supper Club) Pine Bluff, Ark., ne McCoy, Clyde (On Tour) GAC McIntyre, Hal (On Tour) GAC McKinley, Ray (On Tour) WA Minnie, Bob (On Tour) JKA Monroe, Vaughn (On Tour) WA Morgan, Russ (Roosevelt) New Orleans, Out 10/16, h Morrow, Buddy (Aragon) Chicago, Out 10/19, b

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The Blindfold Test

Frankie Flips For Jo's 'Jambalaya'

By LEONARD FEATHER

The usual procedure in conducting the blindfold tests is a simple one. After the record is played I ask the interviewee to talk informally to me, to disregard the presence of a microphone and a tape recorder.

Frankie Laine, though, was exceptionally meticulous in choosing his words. Conscious all along that he would be quoted, he announced his lengthy verdict on each disc almost as if he were reading from a prepared script. The comments that follow represent a distillation of Frankie's opinions, which were as long as they were honest.

The Records

1. This happens to be a gentleman whom I consider one of the greatest entertainers and musicians, Louis Jordan. His interpretation on this is not only very good, but very different for Louis, because I think very few people have heard him sing ballads; and he knocks me out no matter what he does. I was very happy to hear him with a really big band behind him, for the first time in I don't know how long, and I also was very happy with the whole background.

The commercial value is something that I hesitate to say on any record. I have now come to that point where I say: Make it! Put it out! See what happens! But if it were a question of my buying this record—I'd buy it! All in all, I'd give it three and half stars.

2. This sounds to me like something I would have loved to do. I think his interpretation was wonderful and I'm almost sure that it's a boy named Rusty Draper, the lad out in San Francisco that everybody's been hearing so much about lately. I think he sings great.

A lot of people have been saying that he sounds an awful lot like me, but from what I have heard I think that he sounds more like Johnnie Ray. The material is more what you have been accustomed to hearing Carl and myself do, but I think that if this had been a song more in Johnnie Ray's pattern you would think he sounds more like Johnnie.

However, be that as it may, I like the record very much. I was crazy about the arrangement. Whoever did it did a wonderful job on it, and of course anything today that has a Latin flavor has a tremendous potentiality, because today that seems to be a big vogue, and rightly so. I'd be inclined to give this one four.

3. Well, I've been racking my brain for as long as that record lasted to remember the title—it sounds awfully familiar to me... I can't remember the title of it.

I like the interpretation; I don't think that it has a tremendous commercial value, at least not for me. I suppose the boys who made the record and who might read this will be awfully mad at me, but I want to be as honest as I can for as much as I know about it.

It could very well be, you know, that everything they're doing on this record just happens to be way beyond my musical knowledge—I'd give it two stars.

4. It's Hamp, or somebody trying awfully hard to sound like Hamp. I think that Hamp is one of the greatest and most sensitive musicians around even though most of the time he's playing in such a bombastic fashion, which is necessary if you know this business. He's a smart enough showman to know that most people can't be as sensitive as most musicians, so he just plays what he feels that they might like.

I don't know who the vocalist is, but this particular type of vocal always fractures me no matter who does it. I think the greatest exponents of this particular style are Dinah Washington in the female sex and Ivory Joe Hunter in the male. The interpretation is wonderful, but I do think that he got carried away a little bit in spots here and there, and that the band overshadowed the singer.

The artistic appeal to me was wonderful. Commercially I think this will do very successfully in the race market, but only by a freak, maybe, will it break into the pop field. For myself alone, and I don't



Mr. and Mrs. Laine and friend.

quibble, I give this three stars.

5. Well, Leonard, for me, Nat Cole can do no wrong, even on a song like this... I like it. I'm very sorry now that a year ago, when we got a copy of the song, we couldn't find room for it. I could have done with a change of pace of this kind... I think everybody should have a little change of pace and I think that this wasn't out of line for him to do. You never can tell, he might reach a lot of people that maybe he never appealed to before, although for myself, I can't understand how there could be any people that Nat Cole doesn't appeal to.

I give it three stars because it's Nat.

6. This one's puzzling to me... I don't know who the band is... I don't know who the group is... I don't know who the male vocalist is. I do happen to know the song! This song did not lend itself to this type of interpretation. The eccentricity of tempo and arrangement probably scared the lad a little; he's probably much more of a singer than this record shows. He sounds a lot like Billy Eckstine in the deeper parts, but there's quite a few people around that always sound like somebody else and I'd hesitate to make a guess at this particular guy.

This was a tremendous effort at trying to do something different and to capture the imagination of the listening public—on that basis alone I'd give it three stars, but for my own personal appeal—I'd give it two.

7. This gentleman is one of the top artists in the country no matter what type of song he does. I think Woody Herman is always striving for perfection and ideas—great interpretations. I was especially intrigued by the trombone bit because I was always crazy about those things. They always knocked me out and I was happy to see it used here. This is a little bit different from what I've heard Woody do—I like Woody on things like blues and lovely little ballads that he does so well.

The artistic appeal in this instance is humorous, and so you can't rate it high in a classy way, unless you bend way over backwards. The commercial value is something that might appeal to a small segment of people who like a little humor along with their music and probably the Woody Herman fans—it should—because I'm one and have been for a long time.

I've given this three stars.

8. I happened to be at the session when this was made, and to me it was one of the most wonderful things I have ever heard. In fact, when I heard this record being made I was sick that Mitch Miller hadn't given me the song. But as long as I didn't get it I would rather see nobody else get it than Jo Stafford, because she has been one of my favorite people—one of my favorite singers, for quite some time

Records Reviewed by Frankie Laine

Frankie was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Louis Jordan, *There Goes My Heart* (Decca).
2. Rusty Draper, *Dust Of A Woman* (Mercury).
3. Stan Getz, *The Best Thing For You Is Me* (RCA).
4. Dinah Washington, *Crying* (RCA).
5. Nat Cole, *You Will Never Grow Old* (Capitol).
6. Joe Costa, *All The Things You Are* (Victor).
7. Woody Herman with Duke Ellington's Orchestra, *Cowboy Rhumba* (Columbia).
8. Jo Stafford, *Jambalaya* (Columbia).
9. Spade Cooley, *Swingin' The Devil's Dream* (Decca).
10. Joe Bushkin, *If I Had You* (Columbia).

now.

I love her ideas, I love her voice, I love her truthness and clarity of tone, plus the fact that back in 1947 she was the very first one to ever give me a chance to sing on a major coast to coast program, when she had the Chesterfield Supper Club, and that goes a long way with me, because I have never forgotten that she was the first one to offer me a spot. When we were listening to the playback of this, Jo said she was pretty pleased with the way she had said "Son of a gun!" on the record, because the way I slur things sometimes on records had given the idea to her—which was to me a very wonderful compliment.

You told me not to give any record five stars unless I really zip and this one flipped me on the session. Only one little thing. Some of the listening public might be a little troubled by trying to figure out what some of the words are unless they see it printed. Five stars!

9. You have been playing very wonderful records for me all day, which kind of makes things easy for me. This sounds to me like it might be Paul Nero or Florian Zabach. The man who plays the steel guitar in the back could be Speedy West, whom we use a lot on the west coast when we get a western sound. He does a wonderful job. I think the band on this was wonderful and got a real good swinging feeling.

I thought where they used that last change of tempo, and used the drums to find it for him and steady the whole thing for the fiddler, was very well done and very smoothly done.

Whether it was Paul or Florian, the fiddle was very good. This might have more of an artistic appeal than some of the other records that you played today—simply because a lot of people may feel that the fiddle is more artistic, than some vocals or other instruments. The commercial value is a guess again, though it might capture the public's imagination like *Hot Canary* or *Fiddle Faddle*. Three stars.

10. These are the kind of things that we don't hear much of these days and I don't hear enough of. I like the feel of these quiet, slow tunes and I wish that I had more opportunity to make a few sides with this kind of a combination now and then, because it has the feeling of doing a little quiet, personal, intimate kind of session, for your own kicks more than anything else, and you don't get much of a chance to do that these days.

I have no idea who it is. I like the piano—I like the trumpet except for one note which I didn't understand, and I think the feeling was just wonderful and relaxed and of course the song is an oldie and one of the standards. I hope someday I might have a chance to make it, and I hope what I make on it turns out to feel as good as this one.

The interpretation was very good again. My personal reaction, I guess you know by this time, is excellent. The artistic appeal probably will be very strong for those who still feel strong about the easy swing which was so prominent around 52nd Street a few years ago and which isn't too prominent any more.

The commercial value will be excellent for these very same people, but for the general public, with vocals such a dominating factor these days, I don't know how well it would do in the present record market.

For my own feel I give it three stars.

This Is Zig?

Hollywood — Ziggy Elman, great trumpet ace of the Goodman era (he has one side of a room in his home covered with Down Beat plaques), is forever showing his versatility. His most recent adventure involves his donning a cowboy suit and working as a sideman in the combo which backs hill-billy favorite Jimmy Wakely on his new weekly KNTX video series.

Terry Gilkyson

(Jumped from Page 8)

tunes run the gamut from the rousing to the morbid.

Gilkyson, an exceptionally rapid writer, was one of the first writers "guinea pigs" for a record business practice which has now become more or less common. He was commissioned by record men to produce tailor-made material for certain of their artists. His first such assignment was for the first Laine-Jo Stafford record date. The result was *Gambella*. And Gilkyson's prime patron has been Mitch Miller, now of Columbia Records.

Literate Good-looker

The writer-singer is quite a handsome chap, as the picture accompanying this story will testify. He also is quite a literate person whose tastes are far beyond the reach of the average. He is particularly fond of the classics, with Tchaikovsky his pet composer—"he wrote wonderful melodies," Bach's Chorales rank high on his list of his favored music.

Gilkyson, being a folk-minded guy, has a natural interest in the early jazz period, is particularly fond of early blues, Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong's Brunswick and Okeh records are among his favorites. Duke Ellington's early records represent his favorite instrumental music of a pop or jazz variety.

"I love Duke's *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*—love his piano solo on the original record," added Gilkyson.

Escape Guy

"In my own field, the greatest is Burl Ives. It's a shame Burl doesn't stick to pure folk. And then there's the Josh White. He's wonderful."

His greatest advocate is music man Brady, with whom Gilkyson now shares his own publishing firm. Brady describes Gilkyson as an "escape guy."

"That Gilkyson guy loves fishing. He just hightails it for the wide open spaces when he gets the urge. And no one can find him—except me, that is. But he's the greatest songwriter in the business. He's only been doing it for four years. Give him some time and he'll be right up there with the guys who have the top reputations."

Gilkyson recently bought a home in California in Sherman Oaks, just outside of Hollywood. Among his neighbors are the Frankie Laine. Concluded Gilkyson:

"I'm only down the road from Frankie—I want to be right there if he needs me."

No Europe Tour Yet For Lady Day

New York—Billie Holiday's European tour, which was to have started Oct. 15, has been postponed indefinitely.

Nothing of the deal is said to be an indirect result of Dick Haymes' income tax difficulties, since Haymes and Billie were to have played some dates together in England. Her ex-husband in the Sept. 24 *Rest*, can't leave the

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Video Dance Party Deserves Quick Return To Airwaves



No Talent

Chicago — Stan Kenton was

Shearing Mulling Plans To Revitalize Quintet

By NAT HENTOFF

Boston—"I know," said George Shearing, "that I could use a change of formula, but I don't intend to be scared into adopting change just for the sake of change."

Shearing had interrupted his vacation to take a three-day date at Storyville in East Gloucester in the middle of August and it was there that he discussed his present plans and problems.

"I'm aware," he continued, "that *Simplicity* and *Five O'Clock Whistle* have done better than most of the recent records because they were somewhat different. But bookings are still good; we still draw capacity crowds, so there's no panic.

"It's a difficult problem," Shearing said slowly. "There is the danger that you can cater to the general audience too long and so become sterile. There is the other danger that you can become so advanced that no one will come to hear you. I've always believed it possible to play the requests and still slip a new number in once in a while."

Some New Ideas

Shearing does have some plans for experiments in his recordings. He has an elaborate sound system in his home and has been working with the idea of taping multiple quintet sides. He also has plans for recording with strings and woodwinds.

And a forthcoming MGM album, as revealed in the Sept. 10 *Beat*, will feature Shearing as a classical soloist. "I'm going to record *Claire de Lune*, Debussy's *Arabesque*, *Number One*, Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land*, some compositions by an English musician and friend of mine, Alfred Hickman, and some originals.

"The originals are six miniatures that I originally wrote for my wife to encourage her to return to the piano. They include a cradle song, gavotte, romance, a two-part invention according to the rules, a waltz and a study in octaves for the left hand."

He's Cautious

Shearing has received an invitation to perform the Schumann A minor piano concerto with a major symphony orchestra in December, but he won't accept unless he finds the time to master the score.

"The first part of my vacation I memorized 250 bars out of 871, and that using an antiquated Braille score. Whether I'll have the time to do the rest even with a better copy, I don't know. I certainly will do this right or not at all."

A major part in Shearing's fu-

ture plans will be taken by vocalist Teddy King, who recently cut four sides with the quintet. "She's really an amazing musician," Shearing said, "and one with a lot of poise. That record session lasted three hours and she didn't make a single fluff, though we committed several. She's going to appear with us more and more frequently."

They Know What's Best

As a high-fidelity addict, Shearing is aesthetically not too happy with the leveling off of highs on his records. "But," he pointed out with characteristic business sense, "I'm told by the company that that juke box sound is important for sales. MGM has been very cooperative

and if I insisted, I could have a recording sound that would please the hi-fi. But I figure MGM knows what it's doing."

Shearing continues to be much impressed with the advances of Brubeck and Tristano, both of whom he regards as setting the criteria for what the jazz of the future will be. "It has become difficult," he said "to discuss them objectively because the stand you take on either or both seems to be so emotional a thing with so many people. All I'll say is that both have extremely constructive minds and imaginations, particularly in the way they create lines for ensembles."

Jimmy Ryan Sounds A Blue Note In NYC

New York—Jimmy Ryan, noted 52nd Street night club owner, opened a new spot here Sept. 6, the Blue Note, at 227 W. 46th street, former site of the defunct Habibi club.

Billy Butterfield was set to open the spot with a combo including Ernie Caceres. Pianist Frankie Froeba, now on staff at WNEW, will spell the Butterfielders.



MEETING IN SWEDEN in this picture are two famous American vocal groups, the Deep River Boys (standing) and the Delta Rhythm Boys, whose paths crossed in the town of Gävle. Deeps, long established favorites with European audiences, opened Aug. 4 at the London Palladium. Deltas, in addition to their continental touring, have been stopping long enough to slice records in Swedish, Finnish, Italian and French.

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Video Dance Party Deserves Quick Return To Airwaves

New York—The NBC Saturday Night Dance Party went off the air just before Labor Day. If it didn't expire in a blaze of glory, at least it can be said that it had made impressive steps during its regrettably brief tenure as a summer replacement show.

In fact, the Dance Party had developed from a 30-minute monstrosity into a 90-minute musical. Having tripled its original length without tripling the quantity of extraneous matter, it had actually become a medium for the presentation and exploitation, under favorable conditions, of an impressive string of large and small instrumental outfits.

Most Impressive

Perhaps the most impressive show during the final few weeks was Lionel Hampton's. The band's instrumental numbers and the appearance by Maxine Sullivan and the Calypso Teen Aces group were all impressive.

Ralph Flanagan, Tony Pastor and Johnny Long all acquitted themselves creditably, too. And every week, in addition to the big

band, there would be Muggsy Spanier's combo or the Shearing Quintet or Slim Gaillard's new outfit, making an appearance in each half-hour segment.

Enterprising Ventures

There were such enterprising ventures as the reunion of Jimmy Dorsey's band with his two former vocal stars, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly—engineered, we suspect, by George Simon, whose hip hand was detectable in many of the show's better moments.

Altogether, there were far more plus than minus moments, and the latter could be attributed largely to the presence of Jerry Lester as emcee. His work consisted mainly of laughing impishly at his own humor and saying "Wonderful!"



THIS FAMOUS THREESOME was reunited for the TV Dance Party: Jimmy Dorsey and his ex-vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly.

three times after each act. Half his jokes seemed to be concerned with the failure of the other half to get laughs.

Given less Lester and a continuation of the greatly improved presentation of the music, this show could and should build into a permanently valuable showcase for music on television. It's too bad that just as it had hit its stride it had to go off the air. Another spot should be found for it as soon as possible.

Beneke Band Jumps While MGM Platters Gather Dust

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Oregon—Tex Beneke wants out, of MGM that is.

"The sooner the better," says Texas, relating a sad tale of no promotion, no record sales, and just plain no concern over

his band's potential and future. This is news from an essentially quiet-tempered guy, with bad words for practically nobody, at least publicly.

Discussing the unreleased MGM sides he had, and what tunes, Tex surmised: "I really don't know. It may be six or eight, or more. Frankly it's been so long since we cut them I've forgotten what they are. They are just not pushing my records. It would be good to walk into a coffee shop sometime and see a Beneke record on the jukebox. Between Portland and Salt Lake City I didn't find one. Just Anthony, Anthony, Anthony."

No Push

"It's nothing personal. I like the MGM people; they are very nice with money and arranging recording dates, studios, etc., but there's

no push. If a picture comes out with a few of my tunes in it, then out come the records. Otherwise, nothing. I want to go with a smaller company, like Les Brown's deal with Coral. I want some firm that will get out in the dust and shove my discs. I won't go back with Victor. I don't care for them."

Since a dearth of news has surrounded Tex recently, you might not know it, but Beneke's band is jumping. The Miller influence is definitely diminishing. Beneke has new arrangers and sidemen. He plays Glenn's tunes mostly in medleys of six to eight ditties, only when requested, "to get them out of the way." Because his original Miller library was confiscated by Don Haynes, he's playing most Miller originals from 75-cent stocks, which "are note for note the things Glenn played."

Says It's The Best

Tex calls his current band "the best in seven years," and it sounds like it. When people criticize the transition from clarinet-led reeds to swing he steadfastly maintains: "The fallacy is that Glenn would have stood still. He wouldn't have. He would have been the most progressive bandleader today, except that people would always be able to understand what he was doing. We play with a semblance of the Miller idea on slow things and with definitely forward-looking ideas on up-tempo."

A few months ago, while in Philadelphia, Beneke received two scores from a Birmingham, Alabama youth, Marion Evans. When he got around to trying them, in the midwest, Tex was so impressed that he wired Evans to "write all he could." The band now has 12 Evans scores and Tex says they'll use all they can get.

Happy With His Men

Tex Beneke is still a very easy guy to make it with. He covered five disc jockeys in two hours, patiently re-told his life story five times (how he fought "the battle of Norman, Oklahoma" during the war). He's happy with his sidemen, most of them unknowns. His *S'Wonderful* and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* are selling well.

Beneke did have one other gripe, against bus companies who charter their vehicles to dance bands. "They ask a 1000-mile guarantee per week, at 60 cents a mile. If we played a week in one city it would cost us about \$500 a week to keep the bus parked back of the ballroom. So we finally bought our own bus in July."



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Terry Gilkyson's Unique Career: From Society Lad To Cowboy To Hit Writer

By HAL WEBMAN

Someday they'll make a movie based on the life of Terry Gilkyson. His story already has taken ideal shape for a typical Hollywood production—member of the "400," cafe society scion, throws the whole thing over for a guitar and the wide open spaces, becomes a folk singer, a great songwriter, and much to his own chagrin, finds himself making all kinds of money all over again.

That's the story in a nutshell. Of course, there are plenty of sundry details. Like how Gilkyson found that among folk singers there is an unwritten law—one folk singer's repertoire is exclusive to that singer, though almost all of these songs are public domain, or are no longer subject to copyright restrictions. A second singer would not do the first singer's tunes without special permission or acknowledgement from the first singer.

He ran into a practice called song bartering. This actually involved trading songs or interpretations with other singers. "Call it honor among singers, if you will," says Terry.

"Goose" Hit High

It's possible that you may not have heard of Terry Gilkyson. It's quite unlikely that you haven't heard his songs. He first popped up on the scene noticeably in January, 1950, when Frankie Laine recorded a song of his called *The Cry Of The Wild Goose*. From then on there have been such ditties as *Gambella*, *Fast Freight*, *Christopher Columbus*, *The Girl In The Wood*, *The Day Of Jubilo*, and most recently, *Rock Of Gibraltar*. There have been 80 others, some adaptations of traditional folk airs, in the four years since Gilkyson was discovered.

In the Hollywood tradition, Gilkyson is a writer without a musical education. He writes his lyrics first, then frames a melody for his words, writes the melody down in a home-made short-hand number system, makes a demonstration record of the completed song, doesn't even have a lead sheet. His publisher takes the song down off the demonstration; that's how they're able to publish his product.

High Society

Gilkyson, of course, also is a singer. He owns a Decca recording contract, but has not yet connected with a disc that has been able to shake loose. He recently made his first movie, *Slaughter Trail*, for which he wrote the score.

Gilkyson was born near Valley Forge in 1916 in a town called Mont Clare, Pa. His father owned and still does own an insurance company. His mother owned the local newspaper. And his name was

Hamilton Henry Gilkyson III. The family was high society, with branches extending into the arts, mostly poetry and painting.

Until 1938, Terry lived the swell life, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In college, he got the wandering itch. And when he graduated he decided to become a cowboy. In 1938, Terry travelled to Tucson, Ariz., got a job on a dude ranch. While he was on this job, Gilkyson first was introduced to cowboy songs. And in the same year, he began to write his first songs, all of them cowboy songs.

The Trusty Guitar

After a year of roughing it, Gilkyson came back home to work for his father in the insurance business, presumably to settle down for life.

But the War spoiled his family's plans. Terry, a member of the cav-



Terry Gilkyson

alry of the Pennsylvania National Guard, went into the Army Air Corps in 1941 and remained in the service for five years. He took his trusty guitar with him wherever he went and claims "I learned a great lesson about folk song origins."

After his Army stint, Gilkyson wound up in California where he took his first vocal lessons. He married shortly afterwards a girl who served as a legal secretary at the

Nuremberg Trials.

Things didn't go well for Gilkyson on the Coast. Rather than return home and determined to make his mark musically, Gilkyson wound up selling water for a bottling company in Los Angeles. He sold door-to-door until Sept. 1948, when he and his songs somehow came to the attention of the American Music Company.

Still, nothing happened until a year later when Wally Brady joined this music publishing firm as professional manager. Brady became entranced with Gilkyson's writings and tried every stunt in the book to sell the songs, but failed. Brady's big pitch was *Wild Goose*. Bing Crosby turned the song down. Vaughn Monroe turned it down. Everyone turned it down.

Everyone but Mitch Miller, who

then was working for Mercury Records and had started some sort of trend with his whip-snapping production of *Mule Train* as rendered by Frankie Laine. *Goose* was intended as the follow-up, and, of course, the *Goose* did right well. Laine's record hit in January, 1950, and from that point the door opened for Gilkyson.

"Little King"

Gilkyson's song output has been as varied as the classification of "folk" could suggest. Those who know Gilkyson and his work are particularly enamored of a song called *Little King*, which in song circles is tabooed as "uncommercial" but which is certainly one of the most touching ballads about children and God that has been produced in our time. The other (Modulate to Page 17)

Spotlight on RAY POHLMAN



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RECORD REVIEWS

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Ratings

★★★★ Excellent, ★★★ Very Good, ★★ Good, ★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting a double sharp (##).

Ray Anthony

- ★★★★ *Rendle's Island*
★★★ *Marilyn*

Randle, (dedicated, to deejay Bill Randle) is an easy-on-the-ears instrumental by George Williams, slightly reminiscent of *Sentimental Journey*. Pleasant muted horn work by Ray and a strong build-up finale. The Shirl-Drake *Marilyn*, despite the inspiration of La Belle Monroe that produced it, is not a world-shaking piece of material. It's adequately performed with Tommy Mercer and the Skyliners featured. (Capitol 2207.)

John Arcesi

- ★★ *Moonlight Brings Memories*
★★ *Wild Honey*

Arcesi, who will be best remembered when he was called Don D'Arcy, makes his Cap debut with a couple of a fairish cuttings. *Honey* is the stronger entry, a big ballad sung in a voice and style strongly reminiscent of Herb Jeffries. (Capitol 2206.)

Coonae Boswell-Artie Shaw

- ★★★ *My Little Nest Of Heavenly Blue*
★★ *Where There's Smoke There's Fire*

Credited to Franz Lehar and Sigmund Romberg, *My Little Nest* will be better known to many than *Where There's Smoke*. Both songs mate-

representative, if not fully satisfying.

Russ Case's backgrounds don't get in the way, are restrained, tasty. (Mercury MG 25163.)

Doris Day

- ★★★ *Somebody Loves Me*
★★★ *Just One of Those Things*

Things amounts to a coverage because of Peggy Lee's recording which lit up the tune anew. Doris sings it well and is backed up superlatively by a Les Brownish arrangement by ex-Brown man Frank Comstock. A dainty modern piano bit, possibly Brown's Geoff Clarkson, helps sustain the interlude between vocal refrains.

Somebody, being employed as a movie title for the coming Betty Hutton flicker, likewise is done with extreme good taste. A brief but handsome tenor bit, sounds like Dave Pell, shines in the instrumental break. A genuinely good musical pop with Doris in peak form! (Columbia 39200.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ *Because You're Mine*
★★★ *Early Autumn*

Billy brings to light the attractiveness of *Mine* as a song, a rather attractive melody mated with an alliterative lyric. B. does a first rate job with it, but he has to buck a guy named Lanza on the song and will probably wind up playing second fiddle to Mario. *Autumn*, of course, is the Ralph Burns melody fitted with fine Johnny Mercer words; Billy tries a little too hard to make something of it, result is just another Eckstine record, nothing special. (MGM 11301.)

Percy Faith

- Jungle Fantasy*
Caribbean Night
Wow-Wow-Wow

Red Foley-Roberta Lee

- ★★★★ *Don't Believe Everything You Hear*
★★★★ *I Gotta Have You*

This is actually a country record. But the material and performance are such that they could easily fall into the pop market. *Don't Believe* is an exceptionally clever boy-girl novelty, borrowed only lightly from the sextet from Lucia; *Gotta Have You* is an above average country blues.

Foley is one of the finest natural singers in the nation, has a tremendous sense of time and beat, and possesses a rich and resonant quality. Roberta is a jack-of-all-styles, holds down her end of the duet in standout fashion. Backing is typical country strings, mainly guitars. (Decca 28343.)

Dolores Gray

- ★★ *Say You'll Wait For Me*
★★★ *Crazy He Calls Me*

Good competent jobs on both songs by Dolores. *Wait* is an Italian import with new English lyrics. *Crazy* is a revival of a fine song that stirred a small amount of noise via a Billie Holiday recording about three years ago.

The latter is a first-rate ballad with more literate lines than is usually found in the average Tin Pan Alley product. (Decca 28336.)

Dick Haymes

- ★★★ *That's the Last Time*
★★ *Tinsel and Gold*

Haymes breezes deftly through a Tin Pan Alley hillbilly bounce tune, *Tear*, and should do himself more good commercially than he's been able to do for some time. *Tinsel* is another phoney hillbilly that passes on the wisdom that it's just as easy to dream of gold as it is to dream about—guess what? It's a shame that Haymes' unquestionably fine talents remain submerged in such second rate material. (Decca 28361.)

Johnny Holiday

- ★★ *O'er Somebody Else's Shoulder*
★★ *If We Should Never Meet Again*

Newcomer Holiday shows some good qualities on *Meet*. *Shoulder* is a passable slicing of a fairly routine tune. Denny Farnon furnished the tasty backgrounds. (Capitol 2201.)

Harry James-Toni Harper

- ★★ *The Melancholy Trumpet*
★★★ *Goin' Home*

Young Miss Harper joins James on the *Trumpet* item, a pleasant trifle which does more for Harry than it does for the fine teen-age thrush. *Home* is a repetitious blusey item which builds a beat largely due to the excellent Ray Coniff arrangement. Harry blows a small amount of his usually rich adept, skillful horn, while Jud Conlan's Rhythmaires serve up the lyrics. (Columbia 39846.)

Mitch Miller

- ★★★★ *Meet Mister Callaghan*
★★★ *How Strange*

Mitch treats *Callaghan*, as you might expect, with harpsichord and French horns featured, chorus very faintly heard in the background. Despite the tremendous competition on this instrumental, his version should do well.

Strange is not the tune from *Idiot's Delight* but a similarly titled, similarly minor-keyed opus from *Bullfighter and the Lady*, credited to Victor Young and Peggy Lee. The chorus makes a larger contribution on this side, singing wordlessly to mid what is, in effect, a superior instrumental. (Columbia 39851.)

Lorry Raine

- ★★★ *You Can't Hurt Me Anymore*
★★ *This Night For Love*

One of these days, Lorry is going to have herself a smash record. Not because she's a great talent—she's a reasonably good pop singer with no particular style. But because she has a fighting guy selling her, grooming her, producing her records with an eye toward her failings. The guy also happens to be her husband.

He is one of the writers on *Love*, in this case would have done better by letting his own song go by the wayside in favor of stronger material. *Hurt* is a professional Tin Pan Alley ballad decked out in a neat arrangement, sung pleasantly by Lorry. This one got the extra star mainly for the pluck of the family. (Universal.)

John Raitt

- ★★★ *Because You're Mine*
★★★ *The Song Angels Sing*

The two major tunes from the forthcoming Mario Lanza movie provide Raitt, a Broadway show singer, with material for his disc debut. *Mine* is the title song, *Angels* is based on Brahms Third Symphony, third movement. Lanza is likely to carry one or the other or both to prominence and this very upstanding competitive version of the same coupling should catch a small share, if only for the titles. (Decca 28337.)

Johnnie Ray

- ★★★★ *Faith Can Move Mountains*
★★★★ *Love Me*

The Weeper should have a two-faced hit on this record. It certainly is his best try since the *Cry* days. The sharp is for *Love Me*, an above average rhythm tune which is handled not only with rhythmic prowess by Ray, but also makes splendid, if near-hidden use of Mundell Lowe's guitar, the remainder of a rocking rhythm section and the Four Lads, who blend well this time. *Faith* is the ballad side and Johnnie puts all of his emotional powers into pouring it out. (Columbia 39837.)

Sauter-Finegan

- ★★★★ *Moonlight On The Ganges*
★★★★ *April In Paris*

The Vernon Duke *Paris* provides master arrangers Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan with an opportunity to paint a sensitive, still vivid canvas. For the first time, the duo employs a voice to fit in with the percussion battery, recorder, etc. But the voice, a soprano, is blended in the whole as an instrument to expand the color potential of the ensemble. Muted trombone, probably Vern Friley, and the recorder, played by Sid Cooper, play prominent roles along with the percussion section and harp in completing the most arresting interpretation Sauter and Finegan have put on wax to date.

Ganges employs what sounds like a kazoo for odd effects, has a good deal of humor, swings pleasantly in sections, is scored for rich color as is all of the Sauter-Finegan arrangements. Musically, both sides maintain the high caliber the boys set with their first four etchings. Commercially, *Paris* and its rich colors should be the key side. (Victor 20-4927.)

Jerry Shard

- ★★★ *Hot Lips*
★★★ *Can, Can, Can*

Shard's multi-tape coupling should do fairly well, particularly since *Lips* still stands as one of the most active standards around juke boxes. Shard, of course, dubs with such instruments as trombone, bells, etc. *Can* is the umpteenth return of the *Can, Can* music of Offenbach. (Capitol 2208.)

Jo Stafford

- ★★★★ *Jambalaya*
★★★ *Early Autumn*

Jambalaya, a five-star selection of Sept. 10, is a superior production of a superior folk item with a Bayou flavor. Jo sings it forcefully against a background furnished by hubby Weston and the Luboff

...n't figure to
...s coupling,
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... five-star

True Travel Tale Told By Band Biz Baedeker

(Jumped from Page 3)

tion for the help you're offering their son. You leave and jump right back on the bandwagon. The next set of local boys, hundreds of miles away, are awaiting the same treatment. This is an endless caravan, but it is one that's good.

Modern Times

On the other hand, the 1952 musical gypsy is vastly different from his predecessors. For one thing, a few years back, an itinerary generally included at least 26 weeks of theaters, a good three months of location spots—like hotels or nightclubs. The rest of the year was spent on the one-nighters. Hmm!

Today, the scene is reversed. No theaters except the New York Paramount and one or two locations of any consequence. The rest of the year is spent doing nothing but one-nighters. The bands are chock full of poor little map-happy boys chanting the route number blues. Come what may, rain, sleet, icy roads, bad roads, detours, motor breakdowns, accidents—make the gig! Unwritten law amongst the boys—make the gig!

Few Accidents

We've lost a few of our boys in accidents, but the percentage is low. Since the war, hotels have hiked prices and they're not looking to do anything but keep hikin'. The kids travel their usual mileage, 150 up to 400 miles three or four nights a week after the job to beat the day rate at a hotel. Actually you save a day's bill by doing that. Any kind of saving is important with the present day salaries.

Oh boy! money is quick to go on the road. You have your valet service two or three times a week—your weekly laundries, garage bills, hotel bills and food and beverage. Believe me, in certain parts of the country, the taste of food and water could scare you out of a month's growth. There's not too much left at payday for the average roadman. It's practically an impossibility to be married and stay on the road.

Youth

A younger musician has an altogether different attitude from the older boy. The youth is so excited by the fact that he's in a name band and seeing new territories and faces, that he personifies pure contentment. The older guys grumble and groan and constantly talk about this being their last tour, etc. He's fed up with the years of monotony. When a guy reaches this point, it's only a matter of time before he says his goodbyes.

Every now and then the schedule reads for a day off. A day off to

collapse, sleep or visit a local pub and sip till you stagger back to the hotel—a free day to indulge in social activity. You could call the road the lonesome road, and not be far wrong.

The steady talk among the boys, aside from music, is the everlasting hope that maybe the booking offices will recognize a commercial value to their band, and help them by landing a TV show, or a package concert show, or create some more locations, just so they can sit down a moment.

Most of the boys don't know too much about the workings of big business. They can't understand why record companies aren't more cooperative with instrumental bands. They can't see why vocalists get all the play. Only when they seek out their leaders and question him do they get the true picture and answers.

See You Soon

The one real hobby of the musician is trying to make his band, or better yet, his particular section, sound better. Many traveling hours are spent in discussion of how to iron out inside-the-band problems.

One thing is funny! You can ask any bandsman after he's well into a tour—"Where were you playing last night?" For money, the majority can't answer it. They hem and haw, and finally have to take out their written itinerary to check the date.

Despite all the pros and cons of the one-nighter, musicians come and go and American music marches on. Along with all the hardship, it's the greatest ball that this writer has ever known, and my advice to all young musicians is to study hard, concentrate on accuracy, and I'll soon be seeing you on route 66—Carry on!

The Coolest

A special Beat prize for the phoniest press agent item of the year is hereby awarded for the following item. It was printed, apparently with a straight face, in Leonard Lyons' syndicated column:—
There's a feud on between Zooty (sic) Sims, who wrote Shim Sham Shoop, and Billy Taylor, who wrote How High The Flip. Each songwriter claims infringement, but both find it difficult to retain a lawyer because their first question to the prospective attorney is: "Do you dig hop?"

Payoff is that the club where Zooty and Billy are working, in whose interests the item presumably was dreamed up, wasn't even mentioned by Lyons!



Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer And Miller Partnership Recalls Eberly-O'Connell Era

By Jack Tracy

We think you'd have to hark back to the days of Eberly and O'Connell and Sinatra and Haines before you'd find a pair of band singers as good as the team currently employed by Ray Anthony—Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer you've probably heard quite a bit of, as his assuring baritone voice has already been featured on numerous sides with Ray and for two years each with Charlie Spivak and Eddy Duchin. But Marcie might be a stranger unless you've listened to her swinging *Singing in the Rain* or her warm, impelling *You're Driving Me Crazy*, both with the Anthony band.

Sensible

And it's a pleasant surprise to speak to these two level-headed youngsters. They have ambitions to do singles, sure, but they realize that unless one of their releases with Ray fairly catapults them to renown, they'll do much

DID YOU KNOW that at least a fourth of the estimated 20 million phonographs in the United States have three-speed changers?

better to stay with the band and be seen and heard by thousands of people every month.

In the meantime, Anthony realizes their value to the band and features them singly, as a duo, and in the choir. Thus everyone's happy, everyone's making progress.

Started Early

The 27-year-old Mercer started singing in high school, where he led his own dance band. His first real break came when he entered the maritime service and won an amateur contest on the base. He was assigned to the station band and was heard twice a week on coast-to-coast CBS.

Tommy joined Spivak in 1946 after his discharge and remained for two happy years. Then Duchin beckoned from New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

He joined Ray in January last year and has been content ever since. "It's been great," he says. "Ray has given me a chance to sing both ballads and rhythm tunes and even choir numbers—gives you an opportunity to be versatile."

The other half of the duo, Marcie, is the best newcomer to big band singing we've heard in a long, long spell. She's pretty and personable, but not one of those little girls with large lungs and no voice so often hired by leaders to serve as window dressing. She was hired to sing, and sing she does, with a clear, happy sound and meticulous beat. And she spends hours listening to every Ella, Sinatra, Lee Wiley, and Mary Ann McCall record she can get her hands on so that she might study with whom she considers the masters.

Background

Though unheard-of before Anthony hired her, she's had a substantial singing background, including professional experience with Cleveland territory bands, Bob Strong, and a group called the Quintones.

Either Tommy or Marcie would be a great asset to any other band on the road today. In both of them, Anthony has a team that lends much authority to his claim that he possesses "America's Number One Band."

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Chords And Discords

The Johnny Holiday Story, As Seen From A Different Angle

To The Editors:

Chicago, Ill.
 Your story by Jack Tracy "Every Day Is Holiday For Johnny After Long Wait" seems to me to put Johnny H., nee Parker, on a wrong tack. I realize this is not Tracy's slant entirely, as I have read in other trade columns the same line—"I was told to drop dead, I was a bum," etc. Johnny, perhaps unintentionally, is being unfair to a lot of persons in the business who never tell anyone to drop dead, or that they're a bum.

Johnny should remember—and has never once said—that I'm the guy whose phone he many a night tied up, and at whose apartment he was invited for two successive New Year's eves—and the guy who kept after him, and got him, to change his name!

It's only human. after we get a

break in this rat race, to want to rub it into the few who might have chided our efforts. But it's more healthy for ourselves—and the business—to recall those who, though they had no piece in the pie, took an interest in our personal projects.

I know a dozen guys who never told Johnny—or Danny—to drop dead, but instead tried to help him. Bill Putnam of Universal Recording is certainly one. Lee Egalnik, the Chicago publisher, is another. Jim Lounsbury, the WIND



Johnny Holiday

disc jockey is one more. Irv Victor, Bill Gerah, Johnny Roswick, Johnny's (Danny's) boy Dennis Farnon, Sid Mills, Cliff Parman—and, of course, the Mary Kaye Trio who he says tied Billy Burton down to listen to him!

Having been on the road—and just now returning—I haven't seen him since his Capitol "break." But I have been reading these stories.

Lawdy, he used to tell me himself, for instance, how one Frankie Laine always took him out—and so did the Ames Brothers, he said—to give him some morale-building words.

If a few guys kicked him in the pants—maybe that was what he needed. I also heard him kick a few in the pants to me. Sometimes a kick can shove you up as much as a slap on the back—which in a good many cases doesn't do any more than give you a hack in the chest.
 Tim Gayle

True Passion

Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

Down Beat is my favorite magazine. It is my favorite because it always has articles and very handsome pictures of Johnnie Ray. In my opinion, he is the greatest singer there is or ever will be. He sings with true passion. He has a style which surpasses all other singers.

Johnnie doesn't hide his feelings. If he did he wouldn't be as great as he is today. There'll never be a singer like Ray.
 Dolores Fitzpatrick

Capitol Salute

Capitol Records, Inc. Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Hal Webman:

I have just finished reading the Sept. 10 issue of Down Beat. I want to thank you personally for the wonderful tribute you paid to us. I think, since you have taken over, you have given the Beat the spark it has needed to make it a real music magazine.

Glenn Wallichs President

Starry-Eyed

Tokyo, Japan

To the Editors:

I would like very much to see pictures and read good stories on my ol' pal Katherine Starkes (better known as Kay Starr) like you had of the Ray Anthony, Billy May and Stan Kenton bands. I really enjoy this new look, but to add a spark, print some stories on Kathy.

Honestly Beat, I think you have really improved... In my opinion, you have almost reached the goal of perfection in your magazine.

Believe me, there are a lot of eagerly waiting fans out here for your issues, and they like I, are sort of tired of reading and eyeing Patti Page, Clooney, Crosby, Ray, Stafford, Lee, Vaughan, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, Laine, and a few more greata. We'd like some on "our gal."

Once your magazine starts featuring Kathy, then I will say you have reached the climax in your issues.

Keep up the good work Beat, and don't let us down. I'll keep up my reading and you can be sure that I'll be saving my two-bits every two weeks.

Cpl. V. De Rose

Norman's Grants

Chicago

To the Editors:

After reading J. Nelles' slam at JATP (August 13, Chords and Discords), I began to wonder what kind of a jazz fan is it that pays to hear, among other things, Flip Phillips' "unbearable sounds," then writes salty letters about same.

Surely, Mr. Nelles must have had some idea of what to expect before shelling out four of his good Belgium dollars. Nelles, in calling the JATP audience "regular jukebox listeners who believe that Lionel Hampton has actually the greatest band in his career," obviously overlooked the fact that, without their support, JATP would not be able to travel abroad and, subsequently, a large portion of imported jazz would be cut off from the Belgians forever.

Stay Away

For those Belgians who prefer not to listen to a "poor" Eldridge or a "tired" Young, all they have to do is stay away! Nothing is compelling anti-JATPers to attend this or that concert and I'm sure Granz will not lose too much sleep over it.

Gibe like this one and countless others in the past have always irked me. Why knock JATP? Everybody, including the principles, knows that JATP is 75% showmanship and 25% musicianship. So what? You pay to be entertained, not educated. Leave education to Konitz, Brubeck, Mariano and Tristano—I'll take the crudeness, rashness and excitement of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Bob Perlonge

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Turning The Tables—XI

Here's A Jock With 160 Shows—All Sponsored

By AUNT ENNA

Howard Miller is a man who has almost as many outspoken convictions about the disc jockey business as he has listeners. And this would necessarily be a considerable number, as Miller is seemingly on Chicago air constantly. Actually it's only between five and six hours a day (only!) distributed between three stations, but one sometimes gets a feeling of near-helplessness when idly spinning the dial and finding Miller all over it. It's not in the least unusual to hear him live on one station and taped on another at the same time.

He undoubtedly belongs on any list of the country's top jocks. To reach this position in just a couple of snort years he has worked shrewdly and unceasingly at the job. Though he's spinning records on some 160 sponsored 15-minute segments a week, he still will allow no one else to do any of his programming. He selects each record for every show.

Hears All

And he listens to every record that's released, be it pop, jazz, hillbilly, or spiritual, from a major firm or an indie.

He holds a deep respect for his listeners and for his clients. His conception of disc jockey is "a man who certainly is no god and who has no business telling the public what it should or should not like. And he is also a salesman. There are no artistic clients. All they want to know is 'How many suits can you sell?'"

He drives an inexpensive car because "though I think I have enough money to own a Cadillac, the minute I do I'm in a world apart from the average person who listens to me. He regards me then not as a friend who plays records for him, but a guy who's cashing in on him."

Hates Payoff

He is death on payola. The payoff, he says, has done more to hurt the music and record business than any other factor in the last five years.

"I've had long meetings with publishers and record company executives begging them to quit this paying off to get plays," says Miller. "They're just building a big, ugly monster that can destroy them, and they're shunting off bad music on the public at the expense of good. They'll all get their share of hits over a year's time if they'll just relax. But by paying to get

all the junk played, they're discouraging people who hear the bad from buying any records at all."

Miller has combined these and other beliefs over the last two years with some timely hunches and has parlayed them into a yearly income that doesn't have him worried about where tomorrow's breakfast is coming from.

He was the first jockey to get on Mario Lanza's *Be My Love*. Right after he played it the first time, a station exec called him in and suggested that the record was too far over listeners' heads, and that Howard forget about it. Howard didn't, and the record of course was a huge hit.

He introduced Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz* to the area, and Tony Bennett's *Cold, Cold Heart*, and Al Martino. And Johnnie Ray.

Bad Moment

And Johnnie, incidentally, contributed to one of Miller's more embarrassing moments. Usually self-confident and equal to all occasions, Miller was completely nonplussed right after Ray hit big and decided to make his first-ever TV appearance on a Chicago show. Howard mused.

Miller, during the course of events, presented Ray some sort of plaque, just like they'd rehearsed it that afternoon.

But Ray, apparently overcome, threw his arms about Miller, kissed him warmly on the cheek, and buried his head on Howard's shoulder.

Your old Aunt Enna saw the show. Miller looked petrified, to say the least.

Incidentally, there's another artist who owes a big vote of thanks to Miller. Howard uses Ziggy Elman's *Bublitckki* as opening and closing theme on most of his shows, thus the record gets played some 120 times every week. So many requests have been received for it that the side is now a standard seller, month after month, in the midwest.

If the guy gets any more shows, MGM's going to have to open another pressing plant just for *Bublitckki*.

Monica Lewis Aptly Cast In 'Remains To Be Seen'

By DON FREEMAN

La Jolla, Calif.—One of the neatest tricks of the week—at least the week that *Remains To Be Seen* was playing at La Jolla Playhouse—was Monica Lewis in her role of Jody Revere, a band singer in the Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay comedy.

Monica, incidentally, is one of several former band vocalists who are taking a whack at the part created on Broadway by Janis Paige—the others being Fran Warren and Marilyn Maxwell.

As appropriate as it may seem for any ex-band chick to play Jody, Producer Mel Ferrer's choice of Monica provided a press agent's dream of coincidence. Except, oddly, that Monica forgot to inform the La Jolla press agent of said coincidence, tipping us off only on the final day of the show.

Enter Mr. Goodman

Anyway, one of the characters in the play is a suave attorney named Benjamin Goodman. As might seem natural, the singer mistakes him for someone else. After a confusing phone call from Goodman, she leaves her traveling band in the midwest and rushes to New York.

There are a number of complications, including murder, but finally Jody—Monica, that is—gets a chance to audition for the real Benny. How does it come out? "Well," she says with a shrug, "he told me to work hard for two or three years, and then maybe..."

That isn't what happened, Monica told us, when she really sang for Goodman some years back. Benny promptly hired her and she sang with the band at the Astor Roof in New York for two weeks.

"Then the band went on the road," she explained. "I was only 16 and my parents wouldn't let me go. So that was the end of



Monica Lewis

my experience with Benny Goodman—until now."

As not too many in the audience were aware, Monica did the singing in the record of *Somebody Stole My Gal* in the play. What she did was string along with Les Paul's electronics technique. First she found a Capitol disk of the song played by Sharkey Bonano's Dixieland group. Next she tape-recorded her vocal, accompanied by the trio employed on her armed forces radio show. The rest was a simple matter of dubbing on tape. Sounded great, too.

Although the venture at La Jolla was her stage debut, Monica is accustomed to audiences in supper clubs and movie houses, where she has made personal appearances

since becoming a film star. Both have their menaces, including in order, imbibing noise-makers and popcorn munchers.

"Audiences at plays are different," said Monica. "They're quieter and more attentive. And that helped a lot. Another big help was the fact that I could use singers' tricks to save my voice. With all the shouting and talking I have to do as Jody, I'd have been hoarse after the first act."

Curiously, Monica had a real life model for her characterization of Jody Revere, who is a kind of hipster with heart.

"She's a singer I used to know, this girl," said Monica. "She's from Ohio, and she used to sing pretty good at one time. You've probably heard of her. Her name? Oh, I couldn't tell you that."

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Press Agents

(Jumped from Page 2)

The music publishers are better than they were. You get more stuff like Jerry Wexler's Memo and less junk.

True, I got at least 15 Christmas cards last year from people I never heard of, all sending personal, warm greetings, and all with my name and address STENCILLED on the envelope.

True, I recently got a fervent letter from a movieland character who also makes records, mimeographed and with the name affectionately typed in crooked and in different ink.

Woody Came Through

But I also got a great form letter from Woody Herman, well written, intelligently presented and containing information I could use, and it didn't offend my sensitive nature by being obviously a form letter. Hats off to whoever is doing this for Woody.

Remember Frankie Laine built oceans of good will by writing personal postcards; Les Paul and Mary Ford will always be remembered warmly in San Francisco for their personal messages to jocks; Fred Lowery for his personal tape recordings, and that gracious lady, Dinah Shore, for her thank-you notes.

The press agent mob should take a little time out to think of these things. It's public relations. It's direct mail advertising. Done right, it pays. Done half-right, it hurts.

Music Fights Communism

(Jumped from Page 1)

pet peeve must surely be Jo Stafford. In a weekly 15-minute show, playing one record of her own and two requests, she offers Stafford albums as prizes for the best answers to such questions as "What can you do to help preserve world peace?" Also in the pop field, Martin Block's 30-minute weekly show is in its fourth year; the *Hit Parade* broadcasts are taken off the air and foreign-language commentaries added.

Newest and most ambitious in the pop line is the series by Paul Whiteman. It's a history of popular music in the U.S., with personal recollections by Pops, and such guests as Bing Crosby.

Small Town Symphonies, Too

In the classical department, there are complete broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera, and a series called *Symphony Orchestras of the U.S.* to show that not only our big cities have fine symphony outfits. *Music In Industry* presents amateur musician-citizens, aided by their employers—the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. choral group, the Bell Telephone Co. orchestra, and others that imply the spirit of harmony in an industrial democracy.

The recently instituted *Musical Theatre*, with Mimi Benzell as narrator, offers condensed versions of complete operettas and musical comedies from Gilbert and Sullivan to Cole Porter.

Plenty Of Jazz

Jazz to many peoples, is as typically American as baseball. *Jazz Club U.S.A.*, was at first mainly a disc show. It has now been expanded into a weekly live session for which music is recorded everywhere from the Statler Hotel to Stuyvesant Casino.

Music In Our Schools takes audiences all the way through kindergarten to college via vocal and orchestral groups. *Musical Folkways* shows grass-roots Americana, recorded at festivals and special events throughout the 48 states.

Sure, it's a tremendous project, involving hundreds of workers, including field men armed with tape recorders (and with blanket per-

Orks, Singers Good Pairing

(Jumped from Page 1)

just so-so, but the local disc jockeys conveniently were informed of Hal's new disc venture and started pounding away on the band in anticipation of the record. And business wound up on the solid black side as a result.

But more important, here's what Hal will do both for the Mills Brothers and for Decca records: he will be tantamount to a roving ambassador in its behalf. He will be selling the record on every one of his one-nighters, and he works many of them. He will be talking up the Mills Brothers on each of these dates as well, and Lord knows, no artist in this business would shrug off some extra propaganda.

Others Could Do It

The same results would be forthcoming of similar disc matings. And there are many bands who are scuffling to get their name on a record who would certainly be willing to do what Hal did. Mind you, good bands like Claude Thornhill's, Charlie Spivak's, Tony Pastor's, etc.

And, of course, the same practice could just as readily apply to bands under contract. Like Capitol just did with Billy May—he has had records with Nat Cole and, more recently, Johnny Mercer since he became a full-time maestro.

Twofold Advantage

The advantage of using an organized band to back up a singer on a record is considerable musically as well. For who would know better how to pick a tempo for dancers better than a guy who's out there night in and night out doing just that for a living?

We're just submitting this idea as some food for thought. We think the band business is due its revival and perhaps this may be just one small way to help make the sailing smoother.

mission from Petrillo to record anything they like without fee). Thanks to the vast and unremitting onslaught of the Voice of America, music is helping, all over the world, in the grim struggle for the survival of democracy.

Lund Set At Coral Records

New York—Art Lund has signed a record contract with Coral Records after completing five years with the MGM discery. Lund was the first male vocalist to sign with MGM and also produced that firm's first hit record, *Mam'selle*.

The former Goodman vocalist has recorded and has had released his first Coral sides. They were done with backing from Leroy Holmes and a studio band.

The label also signed a new thrush, Karen Chandler, to a term recording contract.

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**On The Cover
Tony Bennett**

(See Page 1)



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