

# Melody Maker

incorporating 'RHYTHM'

Vol. XVII. No. 392

JANUARY 25, 1941

THREEPENCE

LARRY CLINTON'S  
LATEST SENSATION  
**THE PRISONER'S SONG**  
as Broadcast by  
KEN JOHNSON and TEDDY FOSTER.  
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Wright House, Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

## EXEMPTION OVER 28?

### Leaders To Ask For Action By Ministry of Labour As Call-Ups

## JACK PAYNE CAPTURES ARTHUR YOUNG

ARTHUR YOUNG IS TO JOIN THE JACK PAYNE ORGANISATION AS FEATURED NOVACHORD-PLAYER, PIANIST AND ARRANGER.

This is a major capture for Jack, and will still further enhance the versatility and musicianship of the band with which he is providing such bright and interesting programmes over the air.

As arrangements stand at present, Arthur will broadcast with Jack Payne from next week onwards, and since he is the premier Novachord player in this country, and one of our most outstanding and original musical personalities, his additions to the programmes will be keenly awaited.

Since his air raid accident and departure from Hatchett's, the MELODY MAKER has been inundated with inquiries regarding Arthur's plans, and the welcome news that he is to be heard again regularly on the air throughout Jack Payne's indefinite season at the B.B.C. will undoubtedly cause universal satisfaction.

Apart from his regular appearance in the various programmes, Arthur is being heard with Jack Payne in "The Young Idea"—a special modern feature devoted to his work—on February 3 (7.15 to 8 p.m.).

In this, he will play his new composition, *Politics*, as a piano-duet with Peggy Cochrane.

### In Khaki

## EDDIE CARROLL

BANDLEADER EDDIE CARROLL is the latest famous dance band personality to exchange baton-dress for battle-dress.

He is now a member of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, training for a commission somewhere in Wales, and his regimental number—10530159—also probably represents the number of fans who will want to wish him the best of good luck in his new career.

## HARRY ROY'S S.O.S. : DRUM AND BASS GO

IN the midst of one of the most successful tours of his career, Harry Roy finds himself suddenly in desperate circumstances owing to the call-up affecting two members of his band.

These are his drummer, George Fierstone, and bass-player Al Burke, who are expecting their papers at any moment.

Harry, who has been broadcasting all this week, and next week stars at the Bristol Hippodrome, has an extensive tour ahead of him still, and men who consider themselves fitted for these two vacancies are asked to contact him through his London office, 1, Norris Street, S.W.1.

## Art Gregory on Tour for ENSA Wants Trumpets

ART GREGORY, for so many years leading at Murray's Club, Beak Street, W.1, is now out on an extensive E.N.S.A. tour of Garrison Theatres, and has left his pianist, Art Thompson, in charge at Murray's during his absence.

Art, who is one of the pioneers of E.N.S.A. troop entertainment, is leading a nine-piece band with Jim Nolan, comedian; Diane Boyd-Jamieson, featured dancer; and Daphne Adeane, Lyn Bari and Cyril Daniels vocalising.

Playing this week at York, he finds himself in urgent need of two good trumpet players, owing to the call-up, and invites applicants to contact him through the MELODY MAKER.

### In Air-Force Blue

## SID PHILLIPS

THE R.A.F. received a distinguished musical recruit this week in Sid Phillips. He reported on Monday, when he was duly attested, received his knife, fork and plate, and a day's pay.

It is probable, however, that his duties will be concerned wholly with the musical side of the R.A.F., and the MELODY MAKER understands that Wing-Commander O'Donnell will utilise his services as an arranger for the Central Band, now engaged on concerts all over the country.

He will be the second member of the family to join the Forces, for his younger brother Wolfe is first trombonist in the R.A.M.C. Band, and has already done a good deal of arranging.

Wolfe Phillips formerly played with Ambrose and Jack Hylton, and a *Rhapsody* which he composed specially for the R.A.M.C. Band has been a special feature of its concerts at various depots all over the country.

For the benefit of those students of arranging who have been following Sid Phillips's hints on this complex subject, we are glad to be able to say that these will be continued in the next issue.

## LESLIE MACDONNELL

LESLIE A. MACDONNELL, famous chief of M.P.M. Entertainments Corporation, Ltd., is now a Pilot-Officer in the R.A.F.

He left London recently in order to undergo three weeks' training, but is expected to return at the completion of his course.

Arrangements have been made whereby he will continue to represent his clients, among whom can be numbered such stars of international repute as Artie Shaw, Fats Waller, Geraldo, Jimmy Dorsey, Carroll Gibbons, Glenn Miller, Oscar Rabin, Louis Armstrong, Joe Loss, etc.

### GUITAR WANTED!

DUE to broadcast all next week, Billy Cotton finds himself, at the last moment, stuck for a guitarist.

Any available frettist whose experience and ability are up to the high standard associated with the Cotton band should wire or phone the "M.M." immediately.

## Decimate Profession

SERIOUSLY CONCERNED AT THE RAPID DEPLETION OF TALENT IN THE MUSICAL PROFESSION DUE TO THE EVER-INCREASING INTAKE OF MEN INTO THE ARMED FORCES, THE DANCE BAND DIRECTORS' ASSOCIATION IS TO TAKE ACTION AT A MEETING ON SUNDAY (26th).

The meeting will discuss a resolution asking for exemption for all musicians over the age of 28, and a deputation is to be sent to the Ministry of Labour urging this measure.

The MELODY MAKER has discussed this subject with leading members of the profession, and the consensus of opinion appears to divide itself into three schools of thought, all of which will be represented at the meeting.

On the one hand, all leaders are agreed that the dearth of good men is reaching most alarming proportions.

that the suggested resolution is too wide in its scope.

The exemption age, it claims, should be at least thirty, and should then be confined only to "corner men" (section-leaders, multi-instrumentalists, musician-comedians, etc.), whose departure would entail an irreplaceable loss to the entertainment value of a band.

### KEY-MEN DEFERMENTS

The MELODY MAKER is able to reveal that, in cases of certain such key-men, official representations by the interested bandleaders have already resulted in deferments of service, and these precedents might well point the way towards an alleviation of the problems with which the profession is faced.

The third school of thought says quite bluntly that there's a war on, and that the troubles of bandleaders and dance bands generally are entirely unimportant compared with the job of winning the war.

### CONSCRIPTED LABOUR

It is unfortunate that the Dance Band Directors' Association should have chosen this week in particular to press its point, since it coincides with Mr. Ernest Bevin's statement of his intention to widen the extent of the call-ups, and to conscript all non-productive man-power for war work.

### NO MORE BANDS

This might be uncomplainingly accepted as an inevitable result of the war were it not for the fact that the Minister of Labour and other responsible officials are so forcibly stressing the importance of entertainment as a means of keeping up civilian and Service morale.

Furthermore, the beneficial effect of this form of relaxation upon factory workers engaged in maximum output for long hours each day has been abundantly proved.

"How can we provide entertainment," asked a well-known bandleader, "when every day sees another of our boys going, with no one left of a suitable standard to take his place?"

"If all musicians up to thirty-six are called up, there won't be any dance bands left!"

The opposing school of thought feels

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# U. S. ASCAP WAR MAY CURTAIL DANCE AIR SESSIONS

## Latest News from New York

**T**HE fight between ASCAP and BMI has now reached a crucial stage. At the time of writing, all the outside dance band broadcasts on the four big radio networks have just been converted to a 100 per cent. non-ASCAP diet, and the results are pitiful.

John Kirby's broadcast on Sunday consisted of items by Brahms, Chopin, Schubert and Liszt. Every bandleader on the air has been dreaming of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair because she is in the public domain.

The few so-called popular tunes that do creep into the programmes are either those that BMI has already done to death, such as *Practice Makes Perfect* and *There I Go*, or else tunes that don't mean a thing.

A natural result of all this is that the public will soon lose interest in dance band broadcasts, and there is already talk of cancelling many of the late-night programmes. That ASCAP music is utterly indispensable has already been painfully proved, but no signs of mediation have arisen to suggest that the problem will be solved for some weeks yet.

### FEVERISH WAXING

In the meantime ASCAP continues to admit new members; bandleaders Jimmy Dorsey and Benny Meroff have just been added to the year's additions, which already included Benny Carter, Ella Fitzgerald and Edgar Sampson.

At least 140 new writers have been accepted during the past year. The record number being a direct outcome of the threat of BMI's competition.

Activities in the record studios are as feverish as ever, with many sessions of special interest to the hot fans. Jack Teagarden, who is expected to sign up with Columbia again shortly, filled in the interim by making an all-star date for Steve Smith's HRS label, with Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Billy Kyle, Brick Fleagle, Dave Tough, and Billy Taylor.

Hot Lips Page, who has never earned sufficient recognition as an outstanding blues man, was featured in an unusual date for Bluebird, featuring himself on vocals, trumpet and mellophone, accompanied only by electric guitar (Teddy Bunn) and bass (Bass Hill, who returned recently from Europe).

Titles made were *Thirsty Mama Blues*, *Evil Man's Blues*, *Just Another Woman*, *My Fightin' Gal*, and an

instrumental by Lips called *Do It If You Wanna*.

Count Basie returned to the studios for another Okeh date. Lester Young failed to show up, and a hurried substitution was made in the person of Paul Bascombe, from Erskine Hawkins' Band.

### 6-FIGURE GLENN

Tab Smith has again rejoined the band on fifth sax, his place in Lucky Millinder's bunch being taken by Ben Smith. Titles waxed by Basie included an original *Buster Harding Blues*, *Walkin' The Blues*, and a satirical song featuring Jimmy Rushing titled *It's The Same Old South*. Basie is still not working regularly, and plans are uncertain.

Jimmie Lunceford is set to make his first session for Decca this week since his return to the company which originally made him a big name on records. Jan Savitt has left Decca, and starts cutting 'em for Bluebird in a few weeks.

Glenn Miller is reported to be getting a fabulous six-figure sum for the services of his band in a forthcoming Sonja Henie musical picture. Miller leaves New York's Pennsylvania Hotel on January 19 and one-nights his way out to the coast, where the movie will be made during March and early April by the 20th Century-Fox Co.

Joe Sullivan's little bunch at the Famous Door has acquired two new men in Albert "Nick" Nicholas (clarinet) and Manzie Johnson (drums). The other members are Claude Jones, Hayes Alvis, Joe Thomas (trumpet), and Sullivan.

Art Hodes' Band, which is playing at one of the Childs' restaurants—the equivalent of a Lyons' Corner House—now has George Brunies (trombone), Tommy Gonsoulin (trumpet, formerly with Krupa and Shaw), Rod Cless (clarinet, ex-Spanier), Rollo Laylan (drums, ex-Berigan), and Hodes at the piano. They have not yet recorded, but Hodes cut several sides with a largely



similar group for the new Signature label.

There's another Ellington band on the horizon—but it's a very different proposition this time, and nothing to do with the family that produced Duke or Mercer.

Miss Judy Ellington, former vocalist with Charlie Barnet, who had lately been doing a solo act in a 52nd Street spot, has decided to front an all-girl band. Oral Johnson, who was in charge of Rita Rio's similar aggregation, will help Judy in the difficult task of getting this combination together.

Bon Bon and Eddie Durham, former vocalist and arranger with Jan Savitt respectively, are currently in Washington trying out their idea of teaming up together, with the popular singer as front man for Durham's band.

Johnny Owens, former Charlie Barnet and Raymond Scott horn man, has moved into Woody Herman's trumpet section in place of Bob Price. The band has just reopened at the New Yorker Hotel.

Joe Bishop, flugelhorn and arranger for Woody, who was taken seriously ill a few months ago, is reported improving, but is still in hospital and will not be able to play again for possibly a year.

Ivie Anderson, in town this week with Duke's band at the Apollo, reports having just received a letter from Louis Bacon, still in Amsterdam with Willie Lewis at the time of writing. The band was working three days a week, and Willie was hoping to arrange passage for a possible job in Lisbon.

Many of the American musicians who returned here last year are having untold difficulties in getting back into the music game. Leon Abbey, once a big name throughout Europe and India, has had but two weeks' work in the past year. Fletcher Allen, one-time tenor star and arranger with Louis Armstrong's band in London, was last heard of as a labourer working on the docks, right here in New York.

Hazel Scott waxed her album of "jumping classics" for Decca last week, bringing her remarkable technique to bear on de Falla's *Fire Dance*, Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*, Percy Grainger's *In a Country Garden*, Liszt's *Second Rhapsody*, the Chopin *Minuet Waltz*, and a Bach *A Minor Invention*. Drummer J. C. Heard, from Coleman Hawkins' jam band, accompanied.

## BETWEEN TWO FIRES

There's no "damping down" of the rhythm when these A.F.S. men seek relaxation between blitzes. A bit of jazz is the sort of "hot stuff" they like!

## TRUMPET TIPS—No. 24

If you have been following these notes since they started, and practised regularly as you ought, it's high time your trumpet had a clean-out.

Here's how:

Get a large jugful of warm (not hot) water. Mix a bit of ordinary washing soda with it (half a dozen crystals). Remove the mouthpiece and stop up the mouthpiece tube with the forefinger. Up-end the trumpet and pour some of the warm water into the bell.

Shake the trumpet about so that the water is agitated inside it.

Remove the finger from the mouthpiece tube and let the water drain out.

Repeat the above several times. Rinse with sodaless warm water.

### OUTSIDE, TOO

Then take out each of the valves and clean them (not forgetting the holes) with a soft, clean cloth. Oil with valve oil (do not spit on them to lubricate them—it's a dirty habit and not half so effective as proper oil) and replace. Clean out the caps (not forgetting the small holes in them) at the bottom of the valve casings.

Take out all the slides, clean them separately, lubricate with a spot of vaseline and replace.

Treat the mouthpiece with warm water and clean out inside the throat with a pipe cleaner.

If you want to clean the outside of the trumpet there is no reason why you shouldn't. But DON'T use a fierce metal polish, as this only wears away the brass or plating and makes the hands black. Use jeweller's rouge, plate powder or one of those prepared silver-cleaning cloths.

And if anyone tells you you shouldn't clean out the inside of a trumpet but should get a "lining" on it—tell him that idea went out with the Ark.

## BASS TOPS: Bass-students are here given representative discs of a dozen of the most famous bassists

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**VIOL DOINGS!**

Somewhere in Lincolnshire there's an R.A.F. dance band that, judging from the above picture, seems to be pretty happy at its work.

The boys are mostly ex-semi-pro. members of the London Gig Club, who played together before the war, and they include A.C. Ron Miller, whose achievements in "M.M." contests need no recalling.

The boys in the photo are (left to right):—"Dripper" Orton (alto, clar.); Art Learner (bass); Roy Cooper (drums); Ted Marsh (piano); Ron Miller (trumpet); Cyril Glover (alto, clar., violin); and (under the bass) Reg Briggs (tenor, clar.).

The band augments to twelve when acting as pit-band for concert party work, and these boys also form the basis of the station's military band.

**DRUM DOPE  
No. 22**

**TRIPLETS** are the principal stumbling block to young drummers having trouble with their reading. Nor are they susceptible to the "splitting up" process I have described in the past two issues—in fact, this analysis trick only makes them worse.

The only way to cope with triplets is to get the right mental slant on them—practise them at odd moments of the day; when you are walking along, fit them to your walk, fit them to the wheel-beats of a train, to the ticking of a clock, in fact to anything that has a regular metre.

The essential part of the idea is to get used to going *against* the beat. The best way to do this is to get three beats into every half bar.

Thus, beat a slow two with your foot, and between each beat of the foot tap out three beats with the hand. (Sometimes you will find it easier to say the beats—"da-da-da, da-da-da," etc.)

It is easy enough to get in quick triplets (such as triplet quavers), but comes hard to some people when they try to get in triplet crochets against four-four.

Yet after all it is precisely the same thing, only at a slower tempo. Try to get that fixed in your mind.

You will eventually get so adept that you can get in three triplet minims to a bar of four-four—and that is hard.

Another way you can try is to imagine you have two bars of three-four stuck into the middle of a four-four chorus—that helps some people better than the other way.

Having got the rhythm of the three against four firmly fixed in your mind by constant odd-moment repetition, you will find you can read triplet phrases easily.

On two nights a week the Excelsior Ballroom, Edinburgh, used to be given over to private bookings, but in consequence of the boom now being experienced it is being devoted to public sessions every night of the week.

Harry Murray holds the musical fort, and under his leadership on alto sax are Nick Ivanoff (tenor), Stanley Clayton (trumpet and bass), Al Weston (piano and accordion), Ronnie Murray (drums) and Netta Guild (vocals).

**BENNY CARTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.**

\*\*\*\**Pom Pom* (Carter) (Am. Decca 67782) (Recorded May 20, 1940).

\*\*\*\**Serenade To A Sarong* (Carter) (Am. Decca 67784) (Recorded May 20, 1940). (Brunswick 03088—3s. 8d.)

**BENNY CARTER**, the composer, arranger, leader and soloist all shine equally brilliantly in both these sides.

So far I have been unable to obtain the personnel of the band, but you may take my word for it that it once again reflects Benny's flair for knowing not only how to choose his men, but how to build them into an outfit that combines style and feeling with a more than ordinary musicianliness.

*Serenade To A Sarong* is a slow, melancholy piece. If anything is more entrancing than the melody itself, it is the way Benny has scored it.

Apart from a short intro. and coda, there are only two choruses; but when you have heard the side you feel you have had a musical feast, and that anything more would be merely superfluous, so full of rich colour and harmony is it.

For the first chorus the reeds take the first and third eight-bar phrases, and the feeling with which they play is an end in itself. The same may be said for the trumpet, which takes over the melody in the second and fourth eight-bars.

**GROWL TROMBONE**

The second chorus opens with a growl trombone taking the lead, but, effective as this is, it is inevitably eclipsed by Benny's lovely alto playing in the second and fourth eight-bars. For sheer beauty of melody and perfection of execution, the maestro almost eclipses himself in these two rhapsodic passages.

As a composition, the faster *Pom Pom* is—shall we say, if only for the sake of comparison?—on rather less extravagant lines, but it has the true Carter gift of melody of the right sort, and is again most attractively arranged.

In addition to the aforementioned much more than averagely competent ensemble, and good solo playing by the tenor, trombone, and clarinet, there is a grand chorus by trumpet. Probably this is by Benny himself. If so, he is playing better trumpet than ever. His tone is more crystal clear, and he is playing with even more drive. Add that to what Benny has at any time to say on his trumpet, and the answer's a peach.

\* \* \*

**ARTHUR YOUNG'S SWINGTETTE.**

\*\*\**All Over The Place* (Gay, Eyton) (V by Dick Fullerton) (Decca DR.5169) (Recorded December 11, 1940).

\*\*\**Yes, We Have No Bananas* (Silver, Cohn) (V by Dick Fullerton) (Decca DR. 5170) (Recorded December 11, 1940). (Decca F.7687—2s. 5d.)

THE usual "commercial" performances, but if we must have them "commercial," let's have 'em like this.

Arthur Young's sprightly Novachord playing and the nice spot of vibrato in *All Over The Place* are not the only good points. The records have a danceable rhythm, the ways of treating the

**CARTER AND ONIONS!**

**EDGAR JACKSON'S Record Reviews**

numbers are good, and the going is generally as easy on the ear as it is on the old grey matter.

The "Yes, we have no onions" line in the banana saga is an idea which might well have been carried farther. Why not a whole topical chorus on Yes, we have no oranges and lemons, and apples and caviare, and mighty little butter, fish, meat, tea, sugar, and sleep?

Or a patriotic refrain?

Here's one I'll sell to Lawrie Wright if he'll pay me what I think it's worth. It ought to go quite well in the local panto:—

*Yes, we have no h-honions;  
We have no h-honions to-day.  
We've Hitler and Mussio  
Both blitzing us, jus' so  
We'll crumble and fade a-wa - - - y.  
But we've an Air Force, Army and Navy,  
(Cue for chorus to arrive, dressed as*

*everything to do with National Service, from W.A.A.F. Commandants to Fire Watchers, with dog wearing steel helmet marked "Will someone please direct me to the nearest lamp-post in this so-and-so black-out.")*

*Who'll pound them to gravy.  
(Sure-fire line for vociferous cheers from audience.)*

*And then we'll all get our honions;  
Though we can't have honions to-day.*

*I'm sorry about this quite unwarranted outburst, but I've just been listening to a relay of a pantomime on the radio. Verb. sap!*

\* \* \*

**JIMMIE LUNCEFORD AND HIS ORCHESTRA.**

\*\**Minnie The Moocher Is Dead* (Muscgrove, Taylor. Arr. Segure) (V by The Dandridge Sisters) (Am. Columbia WCO.26937) (Recorded June 19, 1940).

\*\**Pavanne* (Gould. Arr. Segure) (Am. Columbia WCO. 26939) (Recorded June 19, 1940). (Parlophone R.2778—3s. 8d.)

Lunceford directing Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Ted Buchner, Earl Carruthers, Dan Grissom (reeds); Gerald Wilson, Paul Webster, Snookie Young (tpts.); Elmer Crumbley, James Young, Russell Bowles (trmps.); Edwin Wilcox (pno.); Al Norris (gtar.); Moses Allen (bass); James Crawford (drums).

**ALTHOUGH** her name gives no indication of the fact, Minnie was the child of one Cabell (Cab to you) Calloway. He produced her some time in the early 1930's.

Coming to England with Calloway and his orchestra shortly afterwards (Brunswick 1339), the hussy soon found her exploits at kickin' the gong around with a certain Smokey Joe being broadcast to all and sundry by Roy Fox, ably abetted by Nat Gonella (Decca F.2834).

Nevertheless, in spite of all, she managed to get married (authority: Nina Mae McKinney—Brunswick 01468), and later news of her wedding-day anniversary celebrations (such goings hon, me dear) was received from Fletcher Henderson (Parlophone R.2301).

Now, out of the blue—the blue of a Parlophone label—comes the statement that Minnie is . . . dead!

Although Minnie is one up on most of her kind, if only because she has had a duly chronicled demise, while most of the others aren't even allowed to die, they just fade away, I can't help feeling that Mr. Lunceford and the Dandridge girls might have broken the news a little more circumspectly. The levity with which they tell us the story is downright irreverent.

**JAZZ-STREET MINNIE**

But perhaps that's what Minnie has to pay for not having been born in Jazz Street. Although some may have seen her as a child of the famous Avenue, she was in fact no more than an offspring of Tin Pan Alley, and no one much ever seemed to bother to dress her in any other attire. They haven't departed from this, even for her obituary.

The Pavane (or Pavana, as it is in Spanish) is a stately dance of Latin-European origin, in which the dancers used to dress up in elaborate costumes.

Whether it has any connection with this *Pavanne*, I don't pretend to know.

It may have. The composition is far enough from what a jazz compo. should be to be a reflection of French or Spanish music. The only connection the side has with real jazz is in the arrangement (more or less) and the usual Luncefordian performance. Neither of which features seems to be adequate reason for putting the performance in the "Rhythm-Style" Series, or buying it.

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# BRAND'S

**L**AATEST news from ex-Romany and Harry Roy tenor player **MOSS** Kaye exudes enthusiasm for his war time job.

He has been lucky enough to secure a really grand job in the famous band of the 17/21st Lancers, and writes: "I am absolutely spellbound by the sheer interest of my new venture in life."

"The band flits through immense works by Beethoven, Bach and Co., and yours truly merrily swings along with them."

"Although this is an absolutely new venture in the realm of music to me, having always been a strictly 'jive' tenor man (and I must admit I still yearn for an honest-to-goodness bash), this is wonderful practice, and the course I had with the eminent Charles Draper is now coming in mighty useful."

His cousin, that fine clarinettist **SID MILLWARD**, always urged Moss to study legitimate clarinet, and now he's reaping the benefit of that wise advice!

He wants me to express his very best wishes to his ex-comrades in the Romany and Harry Roy bands; so drop him a line, you lads. We'll forward letters.

You all know **GORDON BEESON**. The son of a London bandmaster, he served for several years with Messrs. Besson's and Hawkes, and was one of the original staff with Ben Davis in Charing Cross Road, being associated with that firm for over eleven years.

He began making woodwind instruments as long ago as 1914. Now he is opening up in business on his own, with the motto that he has adhered to all his life—Not as cheaply as possible, but as well as possible.

He tells me that he has bought the entire stock of Selmer's saxophones and clarinet pads, and is prepared to deal with any make of instrument.

With testimonials from such people as Dorsey, Pogson, Carter, Armstrong, Harry Karr, and Howard Jacobs behind him, there is little need for me to wish him luck in this new venture.

Enough to say: "Carry on the good work!"

To emphasise the nation-wide scope of this feature, let me turn to Long Eaton, where **BASIL HALLIDAY** and his boys have been playing to phenomenal business at the Rialto Ballroom.

Basil leads from piano, with Jack Smith (alto), Edgar Townshend (tenor), Eric Crowe (trumpet), Al Starr (accordion and 2nd piano), Frank Smith (drums), Harry Smith (bass) and Cyril Frost (guitar).

And the band is usually augmented



# ESSENCE

of the Rev. E. Ecclestone Potts, C.F., who is in charge of all productions and further tells me this: *That any trumpet players or saxophonists about to join up, or wishing to transfer, who would like to join Tommy's group, should express this preference, and their request will be submitted to the Colonel.*

Have you heard of Darkie and his Club Band? If you live anywhere around Harrow, you will have. These boys are the resident band at the Railway Hotel, Wealdstone, playing there every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and in addition, almost every Saturday is booked somewhere or other.

In fact, eight jobs a week are nothing unusual for them.

But the most unusual thing is that,

Adding glamour to Harry Roy's stage show is **KAY HARDING**, who made her stage debut with him last year. Hear her on the air this week: see her at Bristol Hippodrome next.

with well-known dance-band stars in the Forces stationed locally. People like Eric Whitley, George Clouston, Vic Knight, Eric Tann and Ronny Rand have sat in with Basil's boys, and Keith Paice, formerly with Reub Sunshine and Billy Merrin, is often to be heard giving piano solos.

Altogether, it is not surprising that between 300 and 450 people turn up every night to dance at the Rialto.

When **TOMMY ROBBINS** left Murray's and civilian life and became Drummer Tommy Craze, of the 8th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, it wasn't long before he was asked to form a band.

But, out of the whole battalion, this fine guitarist was able to muster only one sax, one drummer, one pianist, and one guitarist, besides himself!

They were all amateurs; but with lots of experience behind him, and hard work, he was soon leading a seven-piece outfit that, by all accounts, is as good as anything now playing swing in uniform.

And they do swing—for every session these "Elegant Extracts" play is pure jam from start to finish.

Stationed "somewhere on the South Coast," they play every Sunday at Odeon Theatres for the Spitfire Fund, put on concerts produced by **LESLIE FREWIN**, late of the Streatham Rhythm Club, and were responsible for an entire pantomime over Christmas.

They are probably the only Army dance band ever to have played an entire week at one theatre. This was at the Dover Hippodrome.

Tommy pays high tribute to the work

apart from their leader, E. A. (Darkie) **HITCHCOCK**, all of them are under 20.

The line-up is: Gerry Murray (trumpet) in whom, I understand, Joe Loss is interested, Bill Reid (drums), Stan Towers (piano), Jack Sherry (guitar), Bob Huxstep (alto and clarinet), Grahame Deagen (accordionist) and Ron Hollyman (guitar and vocalist).

What's more, these lads are willing to give their services free of charge for any charity that may be interested.

Sad news from **HARRY PACKHAM**. Not so much that he has been for several weeks in R.A.F. hospitals—that doesn't seem to worry him half as much as the fact that a small, but greatly treasured, section of his record collection has gone west in a recent blitz.

At the outbreak of war he sent them out of London to what he thought was safe keeping. And now he learns that six hundred have been blown up, including a complete set of all Fred Elizalde's Decca, Brunswick and Parlophone recordings.

Luckily he has a duplicate set elsewhere, with the exception of Adrian Rollini's *Dixie*, on British Brunswick and Fud Livingstone's transcription of *Singapore Sorrows*.

All of us who have heard these—probably the best examples of British swing ever waxed—will sympathise with Harry. And he begs me to ask if any of you have any copies to spare.

He's willing to pay a fair price for them; so let me know, and I'll pass the information on to him.



# TAKING NUMBERS

A Numerical Interview  
**GEORGE ELRICK**

- How many dart-boards have you given to the Forces? .....
- What is your biggest break at snooker? .....
- How old are you? .....
- How many times have you sung "Thick, Thick Fog In London"? .....
- How many times have you been asked to sing it? .....
- How many instruments do you play? .....
- On how many occasions have you appeared wearing a kilt? .....
- On how many occasions have your legs got frost-bitten? .....
- What is your height? .....
- Weight? .....
- When did you enter Aberdeen University intent on becoming a doctor? .....
- Owing to matters monetary, how long did that ambition last (in years)? .....
- When did you receive an award for best drummer in an "M.M. Band Championship"? .....
- When did you travel in stationery and fancy goods? .....
- When did you form your first professional band at the Beach Ballroom? .....
- When did you leave Aberdeen for London? .....
- When were you a member of the Three Rhythm Brothers with Al Starr? .....
- When did you join Henry Hall's B.B.C. Dance Orchestra? .....
- When did you leave H. R. H. to form a band of your own? .....
- How long did George Elrick and his Music-Makers tour (in years)? .....
- When did you go out with your present solo act? .....
- When did you start recording? .....
- How many broadcasts? .....
- When did you meet Mrs. Elrick? .....
- How many songs have you had published under pseudonyms? .....
- When did you write the "Anderson Stoop," the novelty dance with Flanagan and Allen? .....
- How many football matches have you watched? .....

# CLASSICS OF

by **Bill Elrick**

No. 10.—"Bill Coleman's Blues" and Trumpet Solos by Bill Coleman (Fren)

**A**FTER including two of the American Classic records in this series, it seems only right that I should include one that was made in France, where so many good records were made in the year before war.

I rather think a few people will criticise me for the choice of record, but I honestly think this is the best I could have chosen, even though it's going to be difficult for me to talk about.

Bill Coleman is one of the jazz trumpets. That's my opinion, at any rate, and I know that a number of the swing intelligentsia agree with me.

His singing may owe a little to Armstrong, but his trumpet-playing is all his own and a very fine individual style it is.

Imaginative, delicate, yet with that full attack and fire that all the great coloured players have, and, above all, he has that gift of flaring way out from the brass ensemble to cut some fantastic solo.

### NO DJANGO-ITE

In the Blues, he is in his most restrained mood and plays muted all through.

I can't say that I like Django's accompaniment; adequate, I suppose one would call it, yet I must confess to a little bias in this case as I am no great lover of Reinhardt; he's far too mechanical for my taste.

Coleman plays the blues with great feeling; his phrases are short but very much to the point, and he builds up the record to a perfect climax.

The other side is different in every way, and is really "just one of those things."

In the first place, a full rhythm section makes a devil of a difference, and this section is very good, with full marks going to the bassist and

**Personnel:**—(a) Bill Coleman (trumpet); Django Reinhardt (guitar); (b) Bill Coleman (trumpet and vocal); Stephane Grappelly (piano); Joseph Reinhardt (guitar); Wilson Myers (bass); Ted Fields (drums).

drummer, Myers and Fields, respectively.

Bill takes the first chorus—open trumpet this time, and a grand solo.

He keeps close to the tune, but swings out and follows

### "DOG-IN-THE-COLET" PANNED BY

**I**T is surprising indeed to find a presumed jazz fan protesting against the reissue of unobtainable recordings, as does Stephen Miller in your current issue, on the grounds that collectors' items might thereby lose their value.

Mr. Miller seems to take jazz like a philatelist his stamps, and expresses an attitude akin to snobbery.

Surely a man interested in the progress of jazz should be eager to have the best things heard by as many as possible, instead of being packed away in glass cases, while the market is swamped with current recordings which are tending to make jazz more and more "commercial."

H. B. FISHER.

Croxley Green.

\* \* \*

**W**HILE I appreciated the information contained in Stephen Miller's letter, I think he must establish a new high for selfishness.

Having been a jazz enthusiast for a number of years, I am lucky enough to possess all the Billy Banks recordings, and the majority of the better-known Chicago discs, but even though it meant the reduction of the monetary value of my collec-

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# JAZZ

ott  
nd "Indiana."  
ch Swing 42)

with a swell vocal that only Louis could have bettered. Listen to Grappelly on piano behind—another surprise for those who only associate him with violin. Coleman takes the last two choruses—terrific trumpeting with a tone that has to be heard to be believed. I hope you will hear this record if you can and find a few superlatives for yourselves.

## THE-MANGER ORS" ARE Y READERS

tion, I should be very pleased to see them reissued, so that more recent enthusiasts could study and enjoy these grand recordings. And after all, if one really appreciated the records as jazz, one would not desire to sell them, anyway, regardless of value. Such a basely commercial outlook is to be deplored by all who have the better understanding of jazz at heart. E. S. TONKS. Birmingham.

\* \* \*  
AS a member of the "younger generation," and consequently a comparatively new collector, I was amazed at the "dog in the manger" attitude of your correspondent, Stephen Miller. Does Mr. Miller wish to prevent the present generation and all future generations of jazz students from enjoying that jazz of which we read so much and can now only appreciate through the medium of the gramophone? I sincerely hope, as I feel sure that the future of jazz depends on it, that your correspondent's limited outlook is not shared by anyone else. R. H. C. STURGESS. Langley, Bucks.

# ★ — "MIKE" — ★

## MORE ABOUT ELIZALDE

I AM quite used to hearing that readers cannot make head or tail of some of the things I write in this column of mine, but I consider things have gone a little far when I can't understand them myself.

As I never give jazz a thought between writing one article and another, I make a habit of finishing each piece with a code-phrase to remind me what I had in my mind to write about the following week.

Last week, however, I wrote a code-phrase about Elizalde's personality having "quite a lot to do with Mr. Jenkins' opinion of the paucity of British jazz"; and I have forgotten the key to the code.

On the face of it, this assertion doesn't make sense, for surely Fred's personality and his music ought to have enriched British jazz. Therefore the only thing I can do is search for the paradox; for there must be something paradoxical behind that thought.

I wrote, during the course of my article last week, that "Fred's personality is nothing to do with what Stanley Nelson considers the neglect of his importance as a figure in jazz."

### PERSONALITY

And I still maintain that this is the case—for the purely musical reasons I put forward in that article.

But his personality was such that British jazz in particular remained uninfluenced.

To begin with, Fred was an amateur. I use the word deliberately, because I understand the word to mean one who occupies himself with music because he likes it, not because he has to.

There is a great difference between an amateur and one who is amateurish, and Fred was certainly not amateurish.

But being an amateur, Fred (known in Archer Street as "Elizalade," to rhyme with "marmalade") was able to play as he pleased, and I often wonder if this was not a great drawback in some ways. In my view, this freedom put Elizalde in a category of his own. He offered no instance of the one thing which British jazz has always needed—competition.

If Fred had been more "commercial" in his playing, the other bandleaders would have had to look up and do something about it.

As it was, they just shrugged their



Fred Elizalde

padded shoulders, as though to say: "Well, let Elizalde get on with it; the public will never take to that sort of stuff," and went along their own well-worn dreary ways.

The bandleaders have been the greatest handicap British jazz could ever have had. I do not have any personal prejudice against them, for the majority are admirable fellows, and very kind to their mothers. But as a race of "musicians" they must surely be an all-time low.

Few of them are capable of reading a score; still fewer of them have any understanding of jazz. And it is pathetic to watch them allowing arrangers to rehearse their bands.

What dignity there would be in the spectacle of a conductor who had to get the composer to run a new work through with the orchestra first before getting to work at his job himself.

Some leaders, indeed, go even farther, and leave all rehearsal of the band to one of its members—as though Toscanini or Beecham were to conduct only at the public performance because all the preliminary work had been done by the second bassoon player in their absence.

Can anybody wonder, then, that alone of all the countries in Europe where jazz was appreciated, this country was the last to get going?

We had every chance to learn about good jazz at first hand from the bands which visited this country, apart from the famous players who were resident when Fred Elizalde was at the Savoy.

The rank and file certainly did learn from these experiences; but they were left in the position of an artist who

rehearses for years without ever reaching the stage of actually giving a public performance.

Some of the younger players certainly would go on to sit in with a band at some night-club when their night's work was done, but this hardly broadened their outlook.

Such sitting-in provided nothing of any greater value than could be derived from playing interminable choruses of the same familiar tunes time after time: *San, Nobody's Sweetheart, Some Of These Days, Avalon, Whispering*, and other conventional stand-bys.

If a pianist, more knowledgeable than the rest, should suggest playing the blues, he met with little response to his twelve-bar improvisation from the rest of the sitting-in players. The blues, to them, meant only *Limehouse Blues*.

While such early-morning busking was quite good practice for the players, it was all rather like bootlegged music—raw, and lacking in subtlety of taste.

When eventually the bandleaders had to give way to public demand for a change from the old sweet-and-dreary animated ballad, it was too late for good jazz. The era of "swing" had started, and by not giving the public good jazz, but what it *thought* was good jazz, British jazz lost a golden opportunity.

### VESTED INTERESTS

Nobody in authority could see that jazz was not just a question of making familiar tunes unrecognisable, but of creating tunes in the first place and for their own sake.


But what can you expect when dance music is in the hands of the vested interests, those vested interests which, so long as one product is making money, will not—even for the sake of prestige—offer the public another one until the public demands it?

The public had been quite happy for thousands of years without the motor-car, but that did not prevent Herr Daimler putting his first model on the road.

No, he put it out because he believed it had possibilities, and he was interested in the machine for its own sake.

Giving the public only what it wants is the most reactionary attitude any artist can adopt. Not only is it reactionary, it is even worse.

It is lazy; and laziness has been the brake on British jazz all along. Laziness—and lack of guts.



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# COMPÈRE WITHOUT COMPARE

"GOOD evening, everyone. "Once again we present to you Gerald's 'Open House,' with Gerald and his Orchestra, Dorothy Carless, Len Camber, and Jackie Hunter. Your compère is . . ."

Yes, you have guessed it, none other than **GERRY WILMOT**, famous twenty-six-year-old Canadian commentator and compère, whose recent addition to Home and Forces programmes has been one of the brightest things to happen to radio in this country for some considerable time.

Take a bow, Gerry, for, whether you know it or not, to thousands of listeners you are one of the principal attractions of the show.

And when you can say that about the man whose script lines are limited to the announcements between the items, then you realise what a 100 per cent. personality voice can achieve when backed by one of the most fascinating accents in the world.

Chosen in May, 1939, as one of the radio commentators to travel across Canada covering the visit of the King and Queen, Gerry first started announcing way back in 1930, exactly one week after leaving school.

In July of that year, leaving Victoria, British Columbia, where he was born, he joined a small radio station in Vancouver, where for seven years he stayed put, gaining experience, and selling every programme he was called upon to handle in a manner that soon made that smiling voice of his a looked-for feature on the station's wavelength.

So great did his reputation grow that, in 1937, a high official of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, listening to Gerry putting over a local baby show on the air with all the ease of the born showman, offered him a job with the Corporation at Montreal.

In April of last year he was chosen as one of the C.B.C.'s overseas representatives to cover the activities of the Canadian Forces in this country.

In a very short time after arriving in London, the B.B.C. arranged with the unit to which he was attached for him to broadcast in both the Home and Forces programmes, with the result that he is probably one of the most popular announcers on the air to-day.

In spite of success, perhaps the biggest thing about Gerry is the fact that he has still remained "one of the boys," and a hell of a nice fellow into the bargain.

Eleven years of high-pressure radio work may have made him lose a little of his hair, but it will take more than one of the largest fan mails in the country to make him lose his head. . . .

Which brings me to the girl accordionist who never knew whether lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition. . . .

Following on Don Destafano's departure from town, accordionist **JIMMIE ROBERTSON** moves in to the Queen's to play for evening sessions.

Jimmie, who is also playing in the pit at the Coliseum for "Aladdin," finds that his chief difficulty is getting away from the last house at the theatre in time to start at 7 p.m. at the Brasserie.

Can't think why he doesn't rub the lamp and have a word with the genie about it. . . .

Look out for **DUTCH AND HIS ACCORDION SWINGERS**, a new five-piece combination consisting of four accordionists and a drummer, that is

## ERIC WINSTONE'S PAGE



Gerry Wilmot introduces glamorous Frances Day to listeners and a Services audience at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse.

rapidly making a name for itself in the Forest Hill district.

With Sylvia Jewell handling the vocals, this little group of players, with an average age of only sixteen years, has played six shelter concerts, seven troop concerts, and three Service dances in the space of the last few weeks, and, judging from their growing reputation, will be even more in demand in the future. . . .

Guest artist with Harry Leader and his Band on a recent Empire broadcast, I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with ace bassist **ALF LEAR**, with whom I used to work way back in the old Luxembourg days.

I always remember how impressed I was by the spectacle of a perspiring Alf in shirt-sleeves giving out a terrific four-in-the-bar at a mid-August rehearsal in a tiny band-room off Denmark Street. It made me hot just to watch him.

Incidentally, Alf is one of those fortunate people who are gifted with a perfect sense of pitch. Play any note you wish, and he will immediately name it for you without the slightest hesitation.

I caught him out on the studio piano, however.

I played D sharp, and he told me it was E flat. . . .

Worried bandleaders in the Edinburgh district who are faced with a shortage of reliable musicians will be

glad to hear that accordionist **VIC VALLELY**, now a lance-corporal in the Royal Engineers, is stationed in that part of the world, and is still able to take outside engagements, providing, of course, that they do not interfere with his military obligations.

Those of you who heard him on the air in his pre-khaki days will need no recommendations from me concerning his fine musicianship, and I shall be glad to pass on any inquiries for his services if you send them to me at Long Acre. . . .

Specialist in incognito, that elusive maestro **PHIL GREEN**, whose Ellingtonish arrangements and elegant accordioning can be heard in the "Rhythm On Reeds" broadcasts, is also airing these days under the title of Don Felipe and his Cuban Caballeros.

My earliest recollections of Phil date back to the days when I was on the staff of the now defunct *Musical News*, and I allowed him to persuade me to dine at a certain well-known Chinese restaurant in Soho.

It was not a success. My own inability with the art of chopsticks contrasted so strongly with the fluent manner in which he proceeded to wield the implements in question, and the business of obtaining nourishment became so complicated, that I entirely forgot to ask those questions which were originally the object of our meeting.

Even at that time, however, he was

## ★ CALLED-UP LEADER'S WIFE TAKES OVER ★ Glasgow Dance Band News

AT the beginning of the present season Ben Reynolds opened up with his band at Dennistoun Palais, but since then Ben has been called up for other duties.

It should be mentioned, though, that the band is still under his control, as since he went away Mrs. Reynolds has been acting as business manager.

Miff Hobson (trumpet) was acting as leader until a few days ago, but has now left, and his place as leader on the stand has been taken by Bill Matthews (trombone).

Still another successful one-nighter was played by Teddy Joyce and his Band at Barrowland the other night.

Glasgow is certainly becoming big-band conscious (Teddy had a 17-piecer), but it ought to be mentioned that, just as at the Playhouse, the resident boys are not rendered idle by the visitors, but play as relief.

More shiftings—this time at the Berkeley—Bobby Thomson coming in on tenor sax, to replace Alf Hopkins.

Alf is on important Government work and finds that the calls of overtime don't fit in with regular sessions.

The Berkeley has a real busy Sunday night, and there have been many popular guest artists to augment the fare

served up by Charlie Stewart's Band to the café patrons.

Filling in at the Playhouse with Louis Freeman's Band, in the afternoons, is Syd Beecham, once with Teddy Joyce, Alec Freer and others.

Syd's services on trumpet would certainly be in demand these days, but his duties in the Special Police don't permit too much gigging.

Charlie Hamill, saxist and well-known figure in Glasgow's peace-time gig business, has been in A.R.P. work since the beginning of the war, but still manages to fill in an occasional off-night.

Charlie certainly won't be called on to contribute more than he is doing to the present war effort, as he left quite a sizeable part of himself in France during the last fracas. . . .

The visit of Joe Loss to the Playhouse not only pulled in the customers at that hall, but it coincided with a real hefty boom in local ballroom business.

Halls which are normally on "short time," such as the Berkeley, were able to open for extended sessions over the recent holiday period, and practically all city ballrooms reported enormous business. Gigs, of course, just aren't . . .

recording and broadcasting under many other names besides his own, and during one month actually appeared in the gramophone lists under fourteen different aliases, including Joe Paradise and his Music, The Ballyhooligans, and The Beyborders.

These days, in addition to the two programmes already mentioned, he airs regularly with the B.B.C. Salon Orchestra, the Boulevard Players, and the Caravan Players, doing on an average eight broadcasts per week.

Apparently an accordion, when played by Phil under any other name, still sounds as sweet. . . .

In Grimsby recently on an E.N.S.A. tour, that grand accordionist **BILLY FLETCHER**, discovering that lack of finance was seriously handicapping the musical activities of local troops, decided to solve the problem for them by putting on a show at the Tivoli Theatre.

Warned in advance by the manager regarding the hard-bitten qualities of Grimsby audiences, Billy formed a band from the available soldier musicians, and after only one rehearsal put on a show that had the gallery shouting for more.

Good as the whole programme turned out to be, unquestionably the high spot of the evening was Billy's own accordion solos.

Playing *The Lost Chord*, *Light Cavalry*, *Whispering*, and the *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*, he gave a performance that added considerably to his already fast-growing reputation.

After the show he was in the happy position of being able to hand over £68 to the troops in question, and it will be a long time before the lads forget his visit to that quarter. . . .

Denmark Street will seem empty after to-day's departure of **JIMMIE LORDE**, one of the nicest guys in the song business.

On Monday next, as James Lorde-Heyworth, Wireless Operator and Air Gunner, he joins the Royal Air Force, leaving behind him an empty chair in the Professional Department of Lawrence Wright's that will be regretted by everyone in the business.

Starting many years ago as pianist in the "Sparklets" Concert Party on the North Pier at Blackpool, Jimmie spent several years accompanying artists down by the sea in the summer, and making friends at

the London offices of the firm in the winter.

Eventually his popularity earned him the post of Professional Manager, and there can be few acts in show business who have not had cause to be grateful to this very likeable young man.

In the past he has had a major hand in building up such hits as *All The King's Horses*, *Stormy Weather*, *The Last Round Up*, *Song Of The Dawn*, and many others.

Saying *au revoir* yesterday, he asked me to pass on his thanks to all his friends in the profession for their co-operation in the past.

Personally I should say that, in many cases, the profession should thank him. . . .

Friends of **STEPHEN WILLIAMS**, and he has many, will be glad to know that he has now recovered from the injuries he sustained in his recent car accident.

To-day (Friday) will find him back at his old post at Drury Lane, and he will attend the first E.N.S.A. broadcast from their new studio.

I hope that, in the near future, I shall be able to write the same about friend Max Bacon. . . .

Before I forget—will the charming young lady musician who told me in a taxi last week that she was very good on the fiddle, kindly note that I heartily agree with her . . . and please can I have my wallet back?



Jimmy Lorde

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# LETTERS

## B.B.C. PRAISE . . .

WITH your radio critic continually bent on deriding the B.B.C., I feel that a few words in defence of that worthy corporation would not be out of place.

I should like to point out that in the drastic cutting down of what he calls "corny organ broadcasts," he apparently does not realise that he would be depriving entertainment from a far greater percentage of listeners than those that are interested in the Goodman Septet, and surely it must have been a very hard-to-please person who could not find something to suit his mood or taste at Christmas.

B.B.C. producers are doing a good job, and if he is so convinced that the general public are fed up with the quality of broadcast programmes, I suggest he submit to them some of his ideas for better ones instead of his continual pinnings.

After all, rhythm fans form a relatively small proportion, and I think many will agree that we don't get too bad a deal.

**GEOFFREY D. E. HOOD.**  
Anerley, S.E.20.

## ARMY O.K.'s LOUIS . . .

BEING in an out-of-the-way spot in the Army, my "M.M." comes along from home a little late.

In all my experience of reading this excellent musicians' paper, I was never so disgusted or incited to write as when reading a letter by a certain Mr. Gray, of Bolton, who not only insults Louis Armstrong but the intelligence of readers.

If Mr. Gray is under 21, I apologise for taking any such action in writing.

As man to man, may I point out that Ziggy Elman, Bill Butterfield, Muggsy, and may I include Harry James, good as they are in interpreting the music we love, are the first to bow to one whom they acknowledge publicly to be their master on the trumpet.

This is not mere tradition or hero worship. Louis is playing as well to-day as ever. He is still the King of all trumpets, and commercial records to the general public do not alter that one hoot.

I say, without fear of contradiction from any sane mind, that an artiste who plays so wholeheartedly in whatever he does is TOPS.

No, it is not Louis who is to be pitied.

**J. K. BAYS (P.T.E.).**  
West Yorks Regt.

**B.B.C. PAN . . .**

CHARLES CHILTON'S atrocious broadcast on the Five Pennies in the B.B.C. Rhythm Club programme will, I hope, call forth many protests besides mine. It is only fair to say that this was a lapse from the series' usual standard, but it was no less excusable on that account, and would not have been permitted to be broadcast by an outside critic.

A few years ago another recital on the same subject was presented by (I think) E. M. Lytton-Edwards, and the difference between the two was a revelation. After the first, one had heard about the Five Pennies; after the second, one had heard about Charles Chilton.

Presumably his comments were impromptu— which may partly account for their worthlessness and also for the fact that there was hardly a coherent sentence from start to finish.

Only four complete Nichols sides were played, the rest of the time being devoted to Mr. Chilton and to miscellaneous excerpts, including (for the umpteenth time) Bix's chorus of *Singing the Blues*.

One priceless observation was that Bix's music was "Negroid," Trumbauer's band being instanced in support!

I should not have been greatly surprised to have heard that Bessie Smith's Jazz was white!

Mr. Chilton made no attempt to illustrate the two distinct periods of the Pennies' style and prosperity before they sank into commercial oblivion, nor to estimate their musical worth.

He contented himself with saying that he preferred Louis Armstrong and that Nichols' kind of Jazz is no longer played.

I only hope he will not have the presumption to allot the forthcoming Nichols programme to himself, and conclude by offering my sympathy to any listener who may have cancelled previous arrangements to hear this incredible offering.

**H. A. FIELDHOUSE.**  
Blackheath, S.E.3.

**NOONE . . .**

TWO statements in Mr. Parker's otherwise excellent article on Jimmy Noone seem to summarise a lamentable tendency in contemporary jazz appreciation.

Far too many people, these days, dis-

cuss in awed tones the work of such "purists" as Mezzrow, Noone and Bechet, and then dismiss the whole of the output of the last five years in some, oh so clever, phrase such as Mr. Parker's "the wailings of Shaw and Co."

If one demurs, then one is told that one's tastes are "commercial," that one cannot appreciate real, unaffected jazz.

Sheer nonsense! I, myself, derive intense pleasure from the essentially direct and intimately moving style of such as Noone and Dodds—must I, then, close my ears to the really swell discs which are released these days?

Firstly, Panassie's statement "Noone is a thousand times better clarinetist than Goodman."

Admittedly Goodman cannot play such simple and moving blues as Noone—he has admitted so himself—but alternatively could Noone play with such colossal drive as Goodman does in the *Venuti-Lang Farewell Blues*; phrase with such delicacy and subtlety of feeling as the clarinet in the *Trio's Someday Sweetheart*, or produce such a lift as does Benny in his two choruses in *King Porter Stomp*?

Could Noone endure the fantastic over-recording to which Goodman has been subject, and still reveal the same inspiration and comparative lack of clichés as Benny has done?

The Panassie statement is a rather futile attempt to discredit one who, with the possible exception of Hodges, is the most consistently tasteful of all jazz soloists.

Secondly, Mr. Parker's remarkably vague phrase *The wailings of Shaw and Co.*, the "and Co" presumably referring to the swell music which Basic, Herman, Crosby, Lunceford, Spanier and Freeman give us.

To confine one's attention to Shaw alone, do *Comin' On* (a blues played very grippingly and with genuine feeling) and *I Surrender, Dear* (a lovely piece of scoring and interpretation), quality as *wailing*, Mr. Parker?

By all means let us search for the true and sincere in jazz, but let us not go to the extreme of automatically condemning a great jazz artist merely because he or she happens to become a commercial success.

May I quote the words of one who has recorded more "uncommercial" music than any-one else?

"Sure I'm commercial because I've got to be. The support of the ordinary masses for the music from me which they like, alone enables me to cater for the minority of jazz cognoscenti who certainly on their own couldn't enable me to keep my big and expensive organisation going."

(Duke Ellington, *THE MELODY MAKER*, May, 1939.)

**V. L. BELLERBY.**  
Stoke-on-Trent.

**"DON'TS" . . .**

IT was with deep interest and much amusement that I read your "Dance Band Don'ts No. 7," which dealt with the misuse of the mike by some dance bands.

The amusement being caused by my recollections of my personal experiences whilst in attendance at various local dance halls, where in each case the dance band was in possession of a mike.

To state that it was utilised only once in every number would be a gross misstatement; I will venture to give some idea of what happened on several occasions.

Firstly, the whole band began busking, and then a few hurried words were uttered; it was left for the dancers to guess that it was a "Paul Jones" being announced.

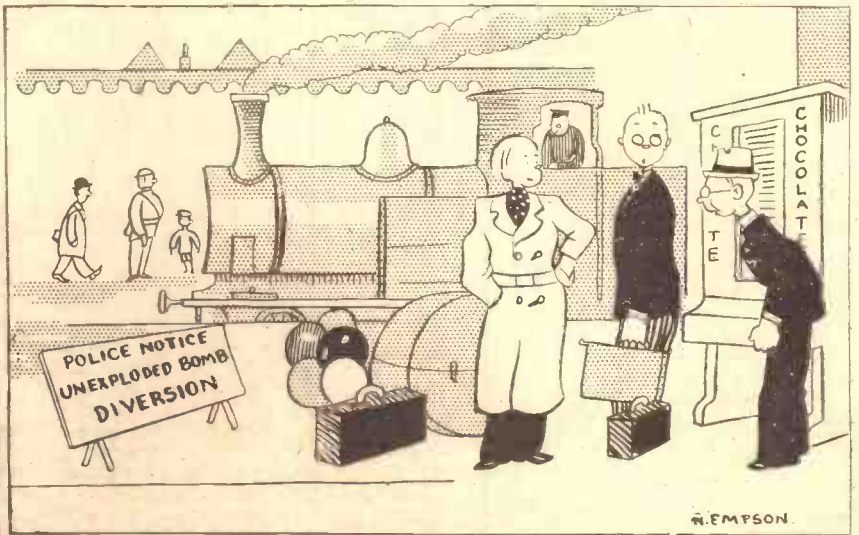
This was followed by the piano, string bass, drums, saxes (two), and clarinet playing the first chorus (after the "walk round"), then the whole thing became a "My turn next" affair, with everyone having a go, playing nothing else but distorted music, and, believe it or not, this would be continued for twenty minutes, and sometimes nearly twenty-five, until both dancers and musicians became exhausted.

On several occasions a violinist would play a chorus, whilst the other members of the band (excluding the pianist) clapped their hands for effects. Wherever the idea came from was indeed a mystery to me.

You expressed some true facts when you made remarks regarding the number of choruses played through the mike by some bands, only I can truthfully say that in one "Jam Session" I have heard almost fifty, with several members of one particular band exchanging instruments — producing disastrous effects, which I believe to be the only true quotation of such a ridiculous idea; and, to crown a wonderful performance, a member of the band would shout, "Come on, you jitterbugs."

In closing, I will just say that if the leaders of the local dance bands would read your interesting and educative articles, the dancing public would benefit immensely.

**G. PERKS.**  
Leamington Spa, Warwick.



BILLY: "Well, if he won't let you go past, you'll just have to wait for a corridor train . . ."

## DON'TS FOR DANCE BANDS—13

WE missed a beat last week—we should have been dealing with tempos. Let's do it now.

I said, in the article before last, that you should not submit to the tyranny of the Tempo Tyrants. Nor, on the other hand, should you forget that you are playing for dancing—which brings us to this week's DON'T.

Don't play at speeds to which it is impossible to dance.

It's all very well to make your tempos fit your tunes, but you should always remember that you have dancers to consider (unless, of course, you are playing for stage purposes, in which case there are no limits.)

It is a weakness of some bands to play some tunes so fast that it is impossible to do anything more than just run round the floor to them—the classic *Tiger* is one of the worst offenders.

And if the ballroom floor is crowded it's impossible to rush round the floor and so nobody gets any fun—except the band.

You can, too, get too slow. Such tunes as *Deep Purple* and *Night and Day* are sometimes so drawn out that even a pair of exhibition dancers couldn't do anything to them.

Remember, therefore, that although you should not be tied down to hard and fast tempos, you must always remember that your primary function as a dance band is to provide music for dancing, and as such you should not exceed reasonable extremes of speed.

## TWO BANDS AT EDINBURGH NEW CAVENDISH

DANCING is enjoying a boom in Edinburgh.

Excellent business is reported by all managers, and it is symptomatic of the healthy conditions prevailing that the New Cavendish Ballroom, which was formerly devoted to private bookings, is now open nightly for public dancing.

The management of the hall is now in the hands of Tim Wright, who is well known all over Scotland as dance band leader and broadcaster, and although he is confining himself to the executive side of affairs he has seen to it that the musical side is beyond reproach.

Two bands have been installed, led respectively by Jim West (trumpet) and Harry Cowan (sax), and the total strength of the two outfits is made up by the following members: Tom Wilson and David Melville (piano), Alex. Middleton and Fred Neill (drums), Jim West and Bill Alexander (trumpet), Harry Dale (trombone), Harry Cowan, Benny Henderson and John Dunn (sax) and Doris Cruickshank and Betty Smith (vocals).

## RHYTHM CLUB NEWS

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Brewis Lush, a former chairman of the No. 87 (Hitchin) Rhythm Club.

He was knocked down by a lorry last week and fatally injured. Our sympathy with his relatives and friends will be echoed by all who recall his fine work for the Club.

No. 36. Mr. G. R. Vandenberg intends re-starting the Walthamstow Rhythm Club, provided sufficient support is forthcoming. All who are interested, and especially instrumentalists, should write to him at 985, Forest Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

No. 41. "On Parade" was the title of the lecture given by Les Thorpe and Murray Collins at the Rhythm Club of Leeds last Thursday. The Jam Session by the Club Swingtette included Harry Jimick (ex-Jack Jackson) and Billy Gerhardt (drummer), and also Len Carrick (bass), Henry Haines (guitar), Victor Conway and Eric Dickinson (pianos), with Harry Steinberg and Stanley Daniels relieving on drums. All interested should communicate with M. Cohen, 95, Gathorne Terrace, Leeds, 8, or attend at the Mecca-Locarno any Thursday evening at 7.30.

No. 57. On December 23 the Newcastle and District Rhythm Club met to hear T. Moroney expound his ideas on clarinet playing. He was followed by Mr. P. Dover on Boogie Woogie.

The Jam Session comprised J. Lawson (guitar), Jack Lee (trumpet), and I. Mitchell (piano). On December 30, Mr. H. Phillipson played some of the "Duke's" discs, and Mr. Widerer outlined his "Idea of Jazz." The rest of the evening was taken up with recent releases mentioned in the "M.M." Phill Dodds played records of Henry Allan, Bix and Trumbauer at the January 6 meeting, and on January 13 it was decided that the Club's future address would be 2, Ellison Place, Newcastle.

No. 150. Last Sunday's meeting of the Mford Rhythm Club included a record recital by Johnny Rouse entitled "Young Man With a Horn," which was followed by Het Hains illustrating the work of Benny Carter on records. A new departure was the miscellaneous recital under the title of "Bring Your Own Discs." On Saturday the Club Jam Group waxed some records, which will be played at next Sunday's meeting, in addition to a record recital, a Riddle-Rhythm Competition, and a Jam Session.

No. 152. The January 19 meeting of the High Wycombe Rhythm Club at the White Hart Hotel found Bill Elliott guest artist with

a selection of Commodore and Blue Note discs entitled "Twelve-Inch Jazz." A Jam Session by the Club Quintet was followed by one featuring Les Wilson (baritone), Ron Meachen (clarinet and piano), Peter Natling (piano), Maurice Goodearl (guitar), Bobbie Lord (bass), Ron Clarke and B. Campling (drums), and Billy Williams (piano and vocals).

No. 153. The first meeting of the Chelmsford Rhythm Club was held on January 12. Record recitals were given by Keith Briggs on the best discs of 1940, by Charles Gustavus on Duke Ellington, and by Jimmy Tunstall on famous tenor saxists. A short Jam Session featured Dave Rumsey (piano) and Keith Briggs (guitar). The next meeting will be at the "Cricketers," Moulsham Street, on January 26, and all instrumentalists are invited to contact Charles Gustavus at 30, Sunningdale Road, Chelmsford.

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JAN. 25, 1941 Vol. XVII. No. 392

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**JERRY DAWSON'S NORTHERN GOSSIP**

**I**N Blackpool last week I bumped into ex-Chappell provincial plugger Russell Kibble. Russ is now serving in the Royal Artillery and thus the mystery of his disappearance is solved.

He answered his call without any "song and dance," and is now quite used to polishing boots and buttons.

With his charm of manner and un-aggressiveness in approaching band-leaders and artists, Russ was a most popular figure in the music world, and his assistance to Dick Royle in making Chappell tunes number one hits will be missed by the company.

I hope he will make "number one hits" on the enemy.

Also in Blackpool I dropped across F.D.H.'s Bert Symes, who is carrying his own firm's catalogue and that of Sun Music.

Bert did his bit in the last war, and is hard at it these days helping keep the business alive in the face of fierce opposition from bombs and black-out.

Incidentally, Bert tells me that young Leslie Abbott, son of his chief John Abbott, is now a member of the R.A.F.

Writing from Southport, trumpet player Haydn Powell tells me of the band which he has formed recently specifically for Sunday concerts.

Composed entirely of professional musicians, and containing a number of well-known names in the business, the band is one in which Haydn has great faith and hopes to do some big things with it.

With himself conducting, the full line-up of his band is:—Geo. Robinson, J. Esplin, Eddie Cromer and G. Coleman (saxes, etc.); Harry Sagar, J. Rocket and T. Merry (trumpets); Ted Stannard (trombone); Teddy Marks (piano); Cyril Antley (drums); Ted Andrews (bass) and Erik Gaskell (guitar). The vocaliste is Miss Wynne Hesketh.

Last Sunday the band made its initial appearance in the Manchester district at the Salford Hippodrome.

Heard last week from drummer Bob Shaw, still on tour with the Eric Maschwitz show "New Faces."

Bob tells me that he is due to report next week-end to the R.A.F. for attestation, so it looks as though it won't be long before he, too, will be lost to the business for the duration.

He tells me that "New Faces" is returning to London in a few weeks when an entirely new edition will be presented at the Apollo Theatre.

For the last couple of years Press and Publicity Manager at the Manchester Hippodrome, Buckland Smith has recently been appointed assistant to General Manager Jas. Early, and his many friends in the business will join in congratulating him on his appointment.

Henceforth "Bucky" will combine the two jobs and thus will not be lost to publicity, which has always been his first love.

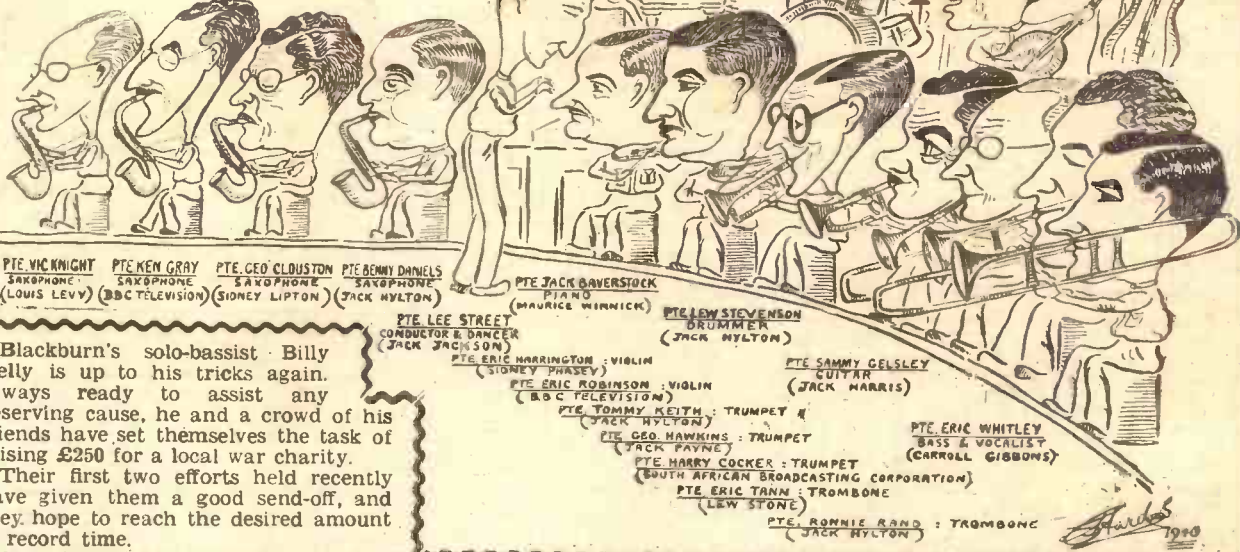
Prior to joining the staff at the Hippodrome, he had his own office in Manchester, and was responsible for the publicity for Sydney Kyte's first successful tour of the country.

He also handled this important side of the business for the Royal Kiltie Juniors, which for a long time was this country's number one juvenile band.

A go-ahead personality, he has been particularly useful to the many bands and artists appearing at the Hippodrome of recent years.

**THE ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS DANCE BAND**

Somewhere in the Midlands this R.A.O.C. Dance Band is doing grand work, and here is a clever caricature of the boys in action. It was drawn by Private C. Hards, C.H.A.



PTE VICKNIGHT (LOUIS LEVY) SAXOPHONE  
PTE KEN GRAY (BBC TELEVISION) SAXOPHONE  
PTE GEO. CLOUSTON (SIDNEY LIPTON) SAXOPHONE  
PTE BENNY DANIELS (JACK NYLTON) SAXOPHONE  
PTE JACK DAVERSTOCK (MAURICE WINNICK) PIANO  
PTE LEE STREET (SIDNEY PHASEY) CONDUCTOR & DANCER  
PTE ERIC HARRINGTON (SIDNEY PHASEY) VIOLIN  
PTE ERIC ROBINSON (BBC TELEVISION) VIOLIN  
PTE TOMMY KEITH (JACK NYLTON) TRUMPET  
PTE GEO. HAWKINS (JACK PAYNE) TRUMPET  
PTE HARRY COCKER (SOUTH AFRICAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION) TRUMPET  
PTE ERIC TANN (LEW STONE) TROMBONE  
PTE RONNIE RAND (JACK NYLTON) TROMBONE

Blackburn's solo-bassist Billy Kelly is up to his tricks again. Always ready to assist any deserving cause, he and a crowd of his friends have set themselves the task of raising £250 for a local war charity.

Their first two efforts held recently have given them a good send-off, and they hope to reach the desired amount in record time.

One of Billy's chief helpers is pianist-accordionist Billy Perkins, father of Walter and Billy Perkins, well-known saxophone and trumpet players, respectively.

Incidentally, Bill junior has recently become the father of a fine baby boy, and grandfather Bill tells me that his lung power shows every indication of still another trumpet player in the family.

Al Bowly and Jimmy Mesene were back in Manchester again on Sunday last to play a concert before going on to Rochdale for the week at the Theatre Royal.

These two boys will have their first "airing" together on February 10, when they will be heard in the "Ack-Ack, Beer-Beer" programme.

A couple of weeks ago, with hardly any warning, the magnificent Sale Lido—near Manchester—was taken over by the authorities along with the Stamford Hall, at Altrincham, home of many classy private dances. Thus two of Cheshire's best known spots are lost to dancers for the duration.

There was no resident band at Altrincham, but at Sale this move has put Percy Pease and his Band temporarily out of a job.

I say "temporarily," because in these times Percy should not have much difficulty in fixing up, and, as a matter of fact, he is at the time of writing already negotiating for a new berth.

Back again in the North, Maurice Winnick and His Orchestra, with the "Dorchester Follies" floor show, is playing this current week at the Empire Theatre, Leeds.

As mentioned before in these columns, this is a very good show indeed, and is still doing big business in spite of adverse conditions.

Compère-comedian Harold Berens—discovered, if you remember, by the MELODY MAKER—makes a great personal hit in the show, and fully justifies all the good things said about him in his early days.

Also in the North these days is the Henry Hall stage show. Henry is playing a series of Odeon dates at present, and is thus able to give his admirers in the smaller provincial towns a chance of seeing their favourite "in the flesh."

Incidentally for these dates, instead of the usual two houses per night, Henry is playing one two-hour show only, and once per week presents his popular "Guest Night," which is, of course, broadcast.

This week he is at Warrington, and next week moves to Burnley and then on to Hanley, playing Sunday concerts en route.

Here is a further appeal for musicians.

Nat Bookbinder is still in need of saxophone and trumpet players for the Casino Ballroom at Warrington. Pay is good and the work easy.

Would anyone interested please contact Nat at the earliest opportunity?

On the same subject—I am still getting repeated enquiries for all manner of instrumentalists, and would be glad if anyone who is free to take a pro. job would write me at 2-4, Oxford Road, Manchester, 1.

**ROCHDALE TO BOLTON**

**F**OLLOWING the departure of Bolton Palais drummer Reg Skirrow for military service, eighteen-year-old Billy Mills has moved across from Freddy Platt's Carlton Band, Rochdale, to Johnny Healey's outfit at Bolton.

Billy, whose stylish efforts have been much admired at Rochdale, will therefore now come under the watchful eye of noted saxist-brother Ernie Mills, who has been with Johnny Healey for some time past.

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