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THREEPENCE

THE INKSPOTS ARE COMING HERE IN SEPTEMBER

WITH the London air buzzing with sensational rumours of famous American stars of the jazz firmament who are likely to visit these shores in the near future, THE MELODY MAKER is able to state authoritatively that the famous Ink Spots have been booked to appear in the West End early in September.

Negotiations for the Ink Spots' appearance have just been finally completed by Foster's Agency (Harry Foster and Leslie Macdonnell) to whom they are exclusively signed up for their English visit.

Leslie Macdonnell, in an exclusive statement to the "M.M." said: "My partner, Harry Foster, has just returned from a lightning trip, flying all the way to New York and Hollywood. The first obvious result of his visit will be this sensational and long-awaited visit from the Ink Spots. "I can assure you, however, that there have been negotiations with many other stars and celebrities, and other news items will follow shortly which your readers will also find of the greatest possible interest."

Refusing to be drawn any further for the moment on this subject, saying that too much publicity now might ruin negotiations with several important artists, Leslie Macdonnell continued:

U.S. WANTS VERA

"It has always been my opinion that without new faces international entertainments must ultimately collapse, and in this connection it is interesting to know that whilst we have been, and are, negotiating for various American stars to come here, we are also doing our best to fix several of our top-line English artists for visits to America.

"It may interest you to learn that one celebrity for whom big offers are being made for an American tour is Vera Lynn. Also negotiations are still proceeding for a trip to the States by Denny Dennis. In regard to the dance band angle, several astute American bookers are angling for Ted Heath, but you know the difficulties there as well as I do.

"Anyway, I do hope it will be possible to iron out the A.P.M., M.U. exchange difficulties, as I am sure Ted would give a great filip to the British dance band profession once the Americans heard him in person.

"In the light music sphere, by the way, the Americans want to hear Albert Sandier and Rawics and Landauer."

CHURCHILLS BAND ON THE SCREEN

JACK JACKSON'S Band at Churchills Club is shortly to be featured in some interesting film sequences. Made by Condor Film Productions, and entitled "Eyes That Kill", the film, story of which is built around the life of Nazi chief Bormann, is nearly ready, and will be trade shown in a few weeks.

Striking shots actually taken at Churchills show the band all out in a spirited version of the traditional 12-bar blues. There is also a number spotlighting young vocal star Helen Mack, in "He's Funny That Way."

Helen found time for the film—and also for some overseas broadcasting with Sandy MacPherson—whilst also rehearsing hard for her opening this Saturday (31st) with Nat Temple and his Band at Butlin's, Skegness.

At Churchills, incidentally, further changes of personnel are imminent, since the two remaining original members, guitarist Pete Chilver, and bassist Jack Fallon, leave this Saturday. The name of the new bassist has not come to hand as we close for press.

We understand that the Churchills Band will not feature a guitarist in future, Jack Jackson's intention being to add a singer instead.

GOUGH LANDS CZECH SEASON

AFTER a season spent leading his own six-piece doing classy gigs in the Midlands, ex-Roy Fox altoist, Geoff Gough, has landed a plum assignment, inasmuch as he is to be the first British leader to play a resident berth in Czechoslovakia since pre-war days.

Geoff is taking his band to the Carlton Hotel, Mariánské Lázně (formerly Marienbad) for a three-months' season. This engagement came about by virtue of the fact that the owner of the Carlton spent the war years as a refugee guest in Geoff's home.

Provided all formalities are completed, the band will leave London to-morrow (Friday).

LEW STONE PICKS HIS 28-PIECER

FAMOUS bandleader Lew Stone who, as reported in the MELODY MAKER (May 17), is Musical Director of the much-heralded stage production "Annie Get Your Gun," has now fixed the personnel of the 28-piece orchestra he will be conducting in the pit of the London Coliseum.

The line-up comprises: Harry Smith, Norman Maloney, Arthur Birky, Alf Morgan and P. Keeble (reeds); Geo. Taylor, Geo. Swift and Leslie Stone (tpis.); Joe Cordell and J. Quinn (tubs.); Jack Nathan (pno.); Tiny Winters (bass); and Jackie Greenwood (drms.).

Apart from the above established king-pins of the dance band profession, the orchestra includes M. Jaffe, M. Taylor, U. Mostosi, N. Newitt, H. Martel, Leo Beer, D. Levin and A. Corum (vins.); C. Lake and O. Rawson (vias.); F. Pecorini and J. Brady ('cellos); Jock Ellory (flute); E. Hoare (oboe and cor anglais); and A. Barnes (French horn).

Credit for booking such an impressive array of musical talent must be given to Reginald Burston, Musical Adviser to the Stoll Corporation.

On Monday next (June 2), Reginald will be taking over from American conductor Salvatore Dell'Isola as M.D. of the Drury Lane musical "Oklahoma," when the latter returns to the States.

Hunt's Big Margate Break

A BIG break has come the way of Tommy Hunt, whose orchestra has been chosen to play for the Mayor of Margate's reception to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet at the Winter Gardens, Cliftonville, to-day (29th).

The band is also fixed to play at the Pavilion, Redcar, for one week commencing June 9, followed by the Pier Pavilion, Cleethorpes (16th), and the Seaburn Hall, Sunderland (July 7)—each for one week.

With Tommy Hunt leading, the band now comprises: Arthur White (piano); Percy Jeffs (bass); Roy Simpson (drums); Johnny Shakespeare, Ray Coleman and Doug Senior (trumpets); Roy Bevan and Johnny Raymond (trombones); Reg Brewster and Jack Slade (altos); Jackie Chalkes and Laurie Bunker (tenors); Dudley Smith (baritone); and vocalists, Pat Cooper and Billy Lang.

BUDDY'S NEW BASSIST

A CHANGE in the line-up of Buddy Featherstonhaugh's Quintette at the Gargoyle Club, Dean Street, W., brings in Johnny Hawksworth (bass); who was with Buddy's R.A.F. Band at Eastchurch, in place of Roy Dexter.

This is a perfectly amicable arrangement to allow Roy to take up duties with Nat Temple at Butlin's Camp at Skegness, for the summer.

Originally on one month's trial, the Buddy band has so pleased both management and patrons of the Gargoyle, that his contract has been extended for an indefinite period, and on June 12 from 12.15 to 1 a.m., the quintette will broadcast direct from the Club over Radio Diffusion Francaise.

JOHNNY FRANKS FIXES WITH TRIO

SWING-FIDDLER Johnny Franks, whose outfit was displaced owing to the recent closing down of the Nuthouse niterie, has fixed up again, and starts at the Brayhouse Club, off Jermyn Street, next Tuesday (3rd).

A change of jobs has meant reducing the size of the band, and for the moment Johnny will take in a trio only.

With himself on electric violin, the other members of Johnny's trio will be electric-guitar expert Jimmy Mack and pianist Jack Paines.

JAZZ RALLY IS ALREADY PACKED OUT

THE announcement in these columns last week of the MELODY MAKER-Columbia Jazz Rally of 1947 at the E.M.I. Studios on Sunday, June 29, has created one of the biggest avalanches of post that even this busy office has ever known.

The first letters began arriving a couple of hours after the MELODY MAKER came out on the streets, their writers having sent them round by hand, or express letter, or—in the case of one Army unit—by dispatcher!

By Friday evening we had received nearly 2,000 letters, and over the week-end this figure was more than doubled. So PLEASE DON'T WRITE IN FOR TICKETS! Every single ticket has gone, and the problem now is to try to accommodate as fair a proportion as possible of the people who applied.

The MELODY MAKER is at present discussing with the Columbia Recording Co. the possibility of throwing open other of the E.M.I. studios to ticket applicants on the day and having the proceedings relayed to them by loudspeaker.

In this way, it will be possible to satisfy more applicants, and our readers may rest assured that we will do our best to give as many people as possible a chance of hearing the show.

Tickets will be going out later this week, and our leading swing musicians should by now be receiving the list on which we are asking them to select three players on each instrument for participation in this historic Jazz Rally. Look out for their selections in a forthcoming issue of the MELODY MAKER.

MENZIES TO STAR IN NEW FILM

THE many fans of piano-vocal personality Hamish Menzies will hasten to congratulate him on his latest break—the leading rôle in a new British film.

Hamish, who scored a big personal success as the bandleader in "Dancing With Grime," has now been chosen to star in a new Concord Production, "A Man's Affair," which goes on the floor early in June, and in which he will play the leading rôle of a Scottish miner.

Hamish is also writing some music for the film—just to show that film-acting will never entirely supplant the music business, which is his first love.

Lewis Signs New Trumpet

TO-DAY (Thursday, May 29), Vic Lewis and his Orchestra come to the microphone for half an hour's carefully selected programme (5.45-6.15 p.m., Light).

Vic will feature the famous "Darktown Poker Game" again, in response to many requests. Incidentally, Vic will shortly be recording this number under the band's own recording label "The Vic Lewis Society."

Future Vic Lewis dates are as follows: Week of June 2-7, Pier Pavilion, Redcar; week of June 9-14, at Seaburn Hall, Sunderland; Sunday, June 15, concert at Harrogate; Monday (16th), Plaza, Derby; Tuesday (17th), City Hall, Sheffield; Wednesday (18th), Parr Hall, Warrington; Thursday (19th), St. George's Ballroom, Hinchley Hall, Leicester; Saturday (21st), Riverside Gardens, Belper.

Jimmy Skidmore is now fit and back with the band permanently for all future dates. Vic would like to place on record his grateful thanks to Kathleen Stobart for coming so readily to help out during Jimmy's recent illness, and fitting into the Lewis sax-section with so much competence and charm.

Ex-Leslie Hutchinson coloured trumpet star, Vernon Thompson, is the newest recruit to the Vic Lewis Band. Phone number of Vic's London office, by the way, is Museum 7398.



The latest picture of the Ink Spots, which has just arrived from the States. It was brought across the Atlantic by agent Harry Foster when he saw from New York last Friday.

FRENCH JAZZ CLUB BAND HERE TO BOOST CHEESE!

TRAVEL delay upset what had promised to be a most unusual publicity exploit last Tuesday, May 27, when the George Kay Band from the Jazz Club of France were to have attended a cheese-tasting party in Mayfair, London.

The French Cheese Exporters' Association, known as S.E.V.N., planned the party at Gunter's Restaurant, and it followed a programme of films about the cheese-manufacturing areas of France which was presented at the Curzon Cinema in Mayfair. It had been planned that the Jazz Club Band would appear on the Curzon stage and afterwards accompany the cheese-tasting, but during the afternoon the organisers announced a breakdown in the air service which would delay the musicians' arrival for a few hours.

In their absence Madame Yvonne Blanc, well-known pianist and bandleader from Paris, whose orchestra had provided background music to one of the films, entertained the audience with a selection of piano

solos that included "The Man I Love" and "My Guy's Come Back."

Late in the afternoon the band arrived at Croydon and, as we went to press, the MELODY MAKER learned that they were to attend a reception given by S.E.V.N. at the Piccadilly Hotel.

The man responsible for this publicity innovation is M. Didier Petyt, who represents both the cheese trade and the Jazz Club Francaise, of which he is president.

SWINFEN SWITCH

AFTER a run of several months, trumpet Dennis Rose has left Johnny Swinfen's Band at Hammersmith Palais, to concentrate on various freelance activities, which include sessioning with his tenor cor. His successor at Hammersmith is Dennis Shirley, promising trumpeter late of the George Evans Band, whose war-time experiences include a very hard spell as a P.O.W.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Edited by CHRIS HAYES

A RECENT "clash"—in a sporting sense—between Oscar Rabin's Band and Freddie Mirfield's "Garbage Men" resulted in a burst ball with the score 3-0 at football, whilst, continuing the battle on the cricket field, the Rabin team were all out for 23 runs, against the Mirfield close-of-play total of 50.

These games took place on the East Coast, when the Garbage Men were playing Grimby and the Rabin Band Cleethorpes.

PLEYDELL WANTS PIANIST.—Telephoning the Melody Maker from the Isle of Wight, sax-leader Ronnie Pleydell points out that he will be at the Ocean Hotel, Sandown, until mid-June, when he will move to the Headland Hotel, Newquay, for the remainder of the summer. Ronnie, who visits Newquay to-day (Thursday, May 29) for one day to broadcast from the Headland on West of England Home Service (10 p.m.), requires a sound pianist and asks applicants to wire him c/o the Ocean Hotel, Sandown.

HOT CLUB'S NEW RECITALIST.—Another jazz concert to be given by the Hot Club of London, at King George's Hall, Adelphi Place, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, on Saturday (31st), will introduce a new recitalist, Laurence Green, of the Army Educational Corps. Also appearing will be North London's up-and-coming John Hain's Jelly-Roll Kings, and George Webb's Dixielanders, with Humphrey Lottleton putting aside his cornet for clarinet duets with Walls Fawkes.

SEASIDE SWING.—To all swing fans visiting Dorsetshire on holiday, the Swanage Rhythm Club, which has captured Albert McCarthy as its president, offers a warm welcome and a lively show every Monday night from 7.30 to 11 p.m., it being one of the only two rhythm clubs in the county, the other situated in Dorchester. For full details, drop in line to Publicity Manager, Frank Hackwell-Smith, "Elwyn," Stafford Road, Swanage.

SHEDDING KHAKI.—Good luck to elec-guitarist-vocalist Ron Hollyman, who shortly leaves the Royal Signals after serving overseas for three years. Due home early in June, Ron, who is well-known in North London and was with Bobby Hind for over three years before entering the Army, would like his old friends to contact him at "Edinburgh Castle," 57, Mornington Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1 (Eus. 5812), especially Len Owens, Geo. McCallum and Tony Lofthouse.

FOREIGN STAMPS WANTED.—To occupy him while he is recovering from a serious illness, East Ham bandleader Dave Weedon has started to collect foreign stamps, and would greatly appreciate receiving any samples anyone can spare, at Ward K.G.I, Royal Sea Bathing Hospital, Margate, Kent, where he has been in bed for a year and fears it will be another twelve months before he can get up.

CALLING MR. TOWLER.—Reader S. M. Greville, of 64, Egham Crescent, North Cheam, Surrey, seeks the whereabouts of an old friend, Mr. E. T. Towler, who served with him in the R.A.F. at Hornchurch and occasionally wrote articles for the Melody Maker. He believes Mr. Towler lived at Ramsgate before the war and moved to Elm Park, Hornchurch, when called-up.

CAROLLING CARROLL FORMS TRIO.—Blonde vocalist Kay Carroll, who made her bow with Teddy Joyce and during the war gigged for Bernard Rabin and toured USO with Miss Ferris, has formed a novelty trio, using rhythmic stringed accompaniment to her sophisticated singing, with Jack Ray on guitar and Alf Gee on bass. With her eye on cabaret and Variety, Kay has started off well, appearing on the same bill as Billy Cotton and going down well recently at the Nufield Centre.

HOT CLUB FOR BRUM.—Invading the Midlands again, the Hot Club of London make a special visit to Birmingham on June 14, when local promoter, Louis D. Brunton, puts on a big concert at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall, compered by James Asman and starring George Webb's Dixielanders, Tony Short, Fred Randall's All-star Jazz Group, Bill Bramwell, Humphrey Lottleton-Wally Fawkes Quartet, and Brum's own Gut Bucket Six. At similar concerts all over the country, Louis Brunton promises big attractions, including the Australian outfit, the Orahame Bell Dixielanders.

WELCOME HOME TO VICTOR SILVESTER, JUN., son of the famous strict-tempo bandleader and ballroom-dancing expert, who was demobbed recently after service in the Hampshire Regiment as a captain, being for a year prior to his release second-in-command of the B.P.N. radio service in Northern Italy. Before his enlistment, Victor, Jun., was with the B.B.C. on recorded programmes. He has now taken over the orchestra department of the West End agency, Silvester-Grasso Productions, Ltd., which his father has formed with violinist-bandleader Oscar Grasso.

KING WILL SING IN SCOTLAND.—Attractive soprano Olive King, who toured West and East Africa and the Middle East for ENSA and was principal boy in the B.A.C.R. Christmas pantomime, "Dick Whittington," opened at the Opera House, Dunfermline, for the summer season on May 28. Olive, who was interviewed as a much-travelled artist in "In Town To-night" on the air, sang on occasions with Lou Sherman and the Imeson Brothers Orchestra at Murray's Club, W.

FAIRBANKS BOOKS RAMON.—Appointed musical director of the Fairbanks Hotel, Jersey, Channel Islands, Maurice Ramon opens with his Havana Club Quintet on June 14 and remains until October, dispensing dinner and dance music and cabaret, altering his show every three days. Maurice, who drums, sings, arranges and plays all sorts of native instruments, leads Harry Slinger (saxes, etc.), Chris Charlesworth (trumpet, arr.), Fred Wearing (pno., arr.), Ray Savidge (vibes, xylo, drums), Jackie Thomas (elec. gtr., bass), Marie Tudor (vcl., dancer), Johnny Corrigan (compere, etc.) and Tommy Sear (stage manager).

SICK DRUMMER'S KIT FOR SALE.—Detained in Redhill Hospital, Edgware, until he can be accommodated at a sanatorium, Billy Mills, drummer with Derek Neville, until his health cracked, wishes to sell his equipment, to provide for hospital expenses and replacements when he recovers. He has an almost new complete Premier "Crystal Flash" kit, worth at least £100, and an extra bass drum worth £20. Anyone interested, please ring Derek Neville at Park 7187.



One of last week's hottest affairs was the wedding reception, at Fisher's Restaurant, W.I. on Thursday last (22nd) of the Winstons and late Law Stone pianist, Art Day, who earlier on, at Battersea Register Office, had married Miss Joan Miller, late of the "Modernaires." They met when the Modernaires vocal team were on tour with Winstons, whose when Jean has appeared as solo vocalist with Tommy Sampson's Band at the Eldorado Ballroom, Edinburgh, L. to r. in this exclusive "M.M." picture you will see Jerry Bowman (Winstons tenor stylist); bride's father Bert Miller; Jean; Art; Joe Nushbaum and Cyril Stapleton. Eric Winstons, being too rushed with his preparations for his band's Porthell opening to be present, we asked Cyril Stapleton (to whose band the guests danced) to step into the picture instead.

M.U. TO BLAME?

I HAVE read with interest your leaders concerning the shortage of work in London. As there is a similar state of affairs existing in this district, I have given the matter some thought and have arrived at these conclusions, which may come as rather a bombshell.

I am convinced that the fault lies with the M.U. For years they have concentrated on raising prices for musical services, which is a very laudable object providing they know when to stop, but it is becoming increasingly evident that they do not know when to stop.

Their cry has been for more money and still more money, with never a thought as to where it is to come from. As far as I am concerned here, this winter has shown that promoters, being unable to pay the price I am compelled to ask as an M.U. member, have not run any dances. And this state of affairs is not confined to my neighbourhood.

Don't think for a moment that I want to see a return to the old 10s. a night days. I would sooner play for 40s. than 20s. any time, but I would sooner play for 20s. a night than sit at home playing with the cat. I would suggest that the M.U. now asks itself the question: "Where are these high fees that we are demanding going to come from?" Or don't they bother about that? Incidentally, last winter was my first as a member of the M.U. and it was my worst for work in 25 years' experience.

Finally, a point about undercutting: What is to be done about the leader who quotes the minimum rate and then, to make sure of retaining the services of two or three cornermen, pays these men over the rate for the job, while the other musicians and the leader receive under the rate?

BERNARD HEARD.
Gorleston-on-Sea.

PLUG FOR PLEYDELL

MANY thousands of people fortunate enough to have danced to Ronnie Pleydell's "eight-piecer" during their all-too-short season at the "Ballroom," Bournemouth, will appreciate to the full your Sammy Quaver's thoroughly deserved praise of this out-of-the-rut band. They certainly are "the tops."

And why the B.B.C. recently put them on the air at an hour in the morning when most people are either already recovering from the 8.15, or still washing behind their ears, passes ordinary understanding. Surely people at Portland Place can recognise undoubted talent when they hear it?

Anyhow, most music-lovers here in Bourne-mouth—and I live in West London since their great success at

Letters to The Editor

the Hammersmith Palais—will be looking forward to their regular appearance in the evening broadcasts.

R. S. AMSON.

SEMI-PRO RECORD?

I WONDER if any other musicians can equal my claim to be the oldest-established semi-pro-leader in the business.

For the past fifteen years my five-piece band, led down a resident engagement at Beale's Restaurant, Holloway. During this time we have played a total of some 2,350 public and private dances, both at Beale's and elsewhere.

I formed my band in November, 1934, and since then it has been operating with virtually the same personnel.

The boys with me comprise S. Dawson (drummer, with me from the start); W. Mawby and B. Parr (trumpet and bass respectively, who both joined in 1937); J. Dellino (alto and baritone sax, with me since 1938); and myself (piano). Vocals are by Jean Marion and myself.

The band is run on a co-operative basis, and my experience of this is such that I wholeheartedly support the favourable views that have been expressed upon them in your columns.

LEN HENSHAW.
Beale's Restaurant, Holloway.

OSCAR FOR YORKE

JUST a small Oscar to Peter Yorke for a welcome change in sax tones in his Sunday afternoon "Sweet Serenade" broadcasts—quite a change from the stodgy reed sections of even the big-name bands.

Attention, producers of "Band Parade": I've bet a pal or mine that "The Anniversary Song" and "The Old Lamp-lighter" will be featured again next week. Don't let me down; they've been played in at least the last four strings.

J. M. FISHER.
Wandsworth Road, Clapham, S.W.3.

PROVINCES WILL VOTE

DELIGHTED to read this week's front-page news (British musicians to challenge American)... but would be very interested to know how many of the letters sent out to top-ranking jazzmen will be delivered any further afield than Greater London!

Apart from the musicians themselves, however, surely we have the world's greatest record critic and jazz authority here in Edgar Jackson?

STAN WEAVER.
Bowring Park, Liverpool.

CALL SHEET

- (Week commencing June 2)
- Ivy BENDON and Girls' Band, Empire, Middlesbrough.
 - BLUE ROCKETS, Pier Pavilion, Cleethorpes.
 - LEN CAMBER, Empire, Oldham.
 - Bianche COLEMAN and Girls' Band, Pier Pavilion, Sandown, I.O.W.
 - BILLY COTTON and Band, Empire, Newcastle.
 - Merton FRASER and Harmonica Recalls, Theatre Royal, Dublin.
 - GERALDO and Orchestra, Empire, Fimbury Park.
 - Henry HALL and Band, Empire, Leeds.
 - Joe LOSS and Band, Empire, Chiswick.
 - Felix SCHNEIDSSON and Hawaiian Serenaders, Empire, Wood Green.
 - Ed HOLLWARD and Nixits, Winter Gardens, Merccombe.
 - Oscar RABIN and Band, Green's Playhouse, Glasgow.
 - Charles SHAWWELL and Orchestra, Hippodrome, Bristol.
 - SQUADROSMAS, Burtin's Holiday Camp, Clacton-on-Sea (seasop).
 - STARDUSTERS, Sanson and Hercules Ballrooms, Norwich.
 - Nat TEMPLE and Orchestra, Burtin's Holiday Camp, Skegness (seasop).

BROTHER'S DEFENCE

I WOULD like to come to the defence of my brother, Nat Burman. Both Rex Swain and Royston Low have attacked him on two counts, in advocating more freedom for the tone of a bass drum. Nat suggested one should listen to a brass-band drummer. Why not? Dance music today is inclined to be top heavy because of greatly enlarged brass sections with their attendant increase in range. So much so that some American bands are using two basses. Obviously the drummer of today has to think of ways to equal things up. Nat suggests legs use of sacks and carpets, and points to the brass-band drummers who can control their volume. As a matter of fact, Jack Cummings has been playing with an undamped drum for years. He seems to get by. Jack Farrer, too, I believe, favours that style; he doesn't do so bad, either. I recorded "Concerto for Drums" for Geraldo with the playing side of my bass drum entirely unfettered, and if I may say so it recorded perfectly; in fact, Ray McKinley remarked to me particularly on the excellence of the bass-drum tone. I would like Royston Low to know that I have tried my "nice rich" bass drum in the B.B.C. and the recording studios, and I can assure him I am not at all unpopular with the engineers; that goes, too, for both Jack Cummings and Jack Parnell.

On the second count, they take exception to the use of one stick in one hand and a brush in the other, which Nat has a preference for in his particular job. Well, now, I would say that it doesn't really matter what you use as long as you use it in the correct place, get a good tone and a good beat. For example, the drummer on the recordings of the Five Spirits of Rhythm used a pair of wire brushes on a suitcase. He got a remarkable beat. Not everyone could do that. Rex Swain says he tried this one-stick-one-brush, and he got the effect of the sound of floors being scrubbed to the accompaniment of hallostones on glass. That really is a pity. On the majority of Glenn Miller's sweet and semi-rhythmic recordings, Maurice Purtill used just that combination: a stick in his right hand and a brush in his left hand. It all sounded pretty good to me, and I think to everybody else.

So, Messrs. Swain and Low, it would appear to me that in the final analysis it all depends on the player.

MAURICE BURMAN.
Montreux-Tarritet, Switzerland.

all "discovering" the new "Miller" group. Never dream "Hits and Pieces" was so popular. Harry Kaye cut first solo discs for Regal Zenophone. Waxed "Beware My Heart" and "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love," and did a bang-up job on both. Charlie (Lamp-lighter) Tobias and Peter de Rose just cuffed a new beauty and a cert. in "As Years Go By." They tell me Marilyn Williams was a real smarty on America's current No. 1 hit, "Mam'selle." Caught Johnny Denis outfit dispensing an up-to-the-minute brand of datsanation at the swank Northumberland Hotel, Cliftonville, Margate, with my pin-up-of-the-week, Billie Campbell, socking the customers good and hard with some great warbling. When would you choose for your breakfast time, lunch hour, tea time and late night music? Let's have your cards, fellers. They'll be interesting.

Once and Ensal—Yank war correspondent Bob Musel, with a couple of big hits in "Pablo the Dreamer" and "Tell Me, Marianne" to his credit, now acknowledged as top-class lyric writer. Showfolk from all over the world converged on the Hotel Astor, New York (4th) at the testimonial dinner to Mrs. M. by the Jewish Theatrical Guild to honour Sophie Tucker's 40th anniversary in show business. We salute you, too, Soph, old gal. Don't be surprised if you hear that all artists, bandleaders, etc., will be barred from radio for one year if found guilty of accepting plug money from publishers, with said pubs, and producers on the carpet. Too, plus more drastic penalties. The Government is on the warpath at last!

Evans and Ossel—Watch out for "You Can't See the Sun When You're Crying." It's gonna highlight the airwaves. Sam Browne had better watch those keys on the Maurice Winnick Saturday night shots. He was way down too low on a couple of jingles last week-end. Dick James in plenty demand by the bands these days 'cos he's solid and consistent. I know a bandleader with hundreds of airings to his credit who'd give anything to get on the halls. He'd even double Tivoli, Hull, and Walthamstow Palace! No takers.

Tin Pan Alley Comes to Doreen Harris for a great job on "Just Before I Fall Asleep" in "Music-Hall" (24th). To Jimmy Leach and his Ork, for a smooth "Cafe on the Corner" shot (23rd). To Turner Layton for a tuncful "Down the Old Spanish Trail" (24th).

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S.O. 3/6

Hits & Pieces

by Sammy Quaver

MUSIC biz dead. The Ally's praying for break in black spell. Can't keep Billy Reid out of this town. Now he has the pubs running around in circles trying to buy his new ballad "First Love, Last Love and Always," led off by the Squires gal in "Northern Music-Hall" (22nd). Agent Alf Preager organised the luxury-coach jaunt for brother Lou's first round-up of the one-nighters. Lou's crew didn't need to walk a yard on the three thousand miles round trip. Late A. U. A. Flash Northern maestro writes: "Why don't you listen to my broadcasts?" I have! They're all talking about "Dear Old Donegal" as a potential Number One, and the Joe Loss arrangement of this lively jingle was a diamond-studded highlight on Band Parade (19th).

EASY TO FIGURE OUT DEPT.—No truth in rumour that Dick Royle and Al Leslie are leaving Peter Maurice Music. They're under contract, brother, see? Looked like something hot was brewing down the corridor at a North London music-hall when publisher Irwin Dash and piano ace Johnny Frans went into a huddle. "I was only a couple of stamp crazies talking over the price of stamp sets." Late U.S.A. Flash tells of band bookers throwing tempting bait for Rudy Valec to make come back and reform his famous Connecticut Yankees. The Alley experts have already earmarked Leo Towers-Don Pelosi's "Stars Will Remember" as a likely standard.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY DEPT.—Reported well-known agent visiting Fimbury Park Empire heard Anne Shelton's mother exercising her pipes in daughter's dressing-room and immediately offered her thirty-two weeks solid at £200 per! Any scribe wanting translation of my slang superlatives, drop me a card. Only too pleased to oblige. "Come right in, buddy," chanted Jackie Cogan when I looked in at the Hackney Empire for a first acquaintance visit. That swell reception from a world-famed star made me wonder about some of our own big-timers.

They should feel ashamed. That was a honeyed noise comin' thru from the Melachrine strings at breakfast time the other morning. Producers who book bandleaders for guest shots should know what instruments they play without having to ask the guys.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE!—It's been a bofo week for my rave-notice Ronnie Pleydell Band. Now they're

Britain's Top Tunes
(In alphabetical order)

As supplied by courtesy of members of the Wholesale Music Distributors' Association in London and the Provinces.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS Lawrence Wright

ANNIVERSARY SONG Campbell Connelly

APRIL SHOWERS Chappell

GAL IN CALICO Feldman

HARRIET Keith Prowse

HOW LUCKY YOU ARE Kessner

TELL ME, MARIANNE Southern

THE OLD LAMP-LIGHTER Irwin Dash

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS Campbell Connelly

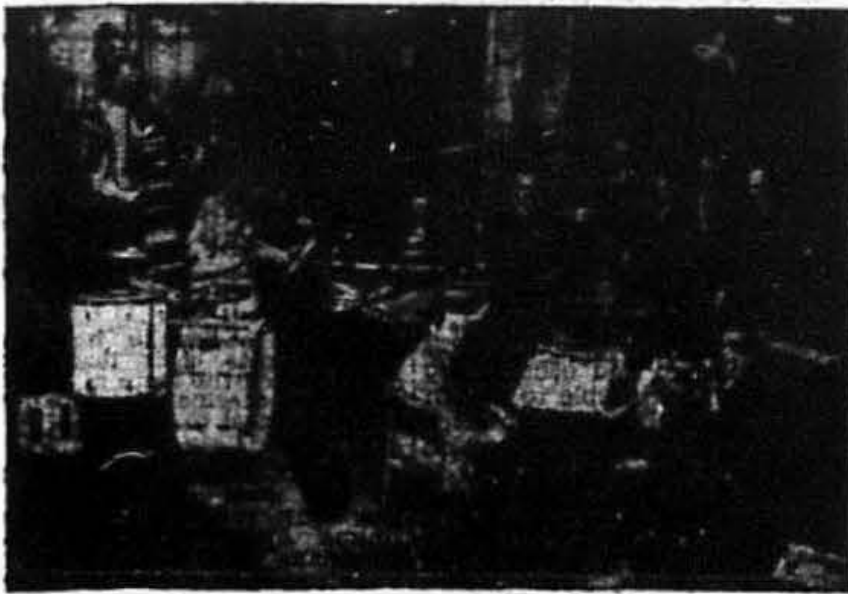
YOU WENT AWAY AND LEFT ME Box and Cox

U.S. HIT PARADE

Here is the list of the seven most popular songs in America during the week ended May 17, as assessed by the weekly nation-wide ballot conducted by the American Tobacco Co. and broadcast in their "Your Hit Parade" programme over the CBS network:

1. MAM'ELLE (4-3)
2. LINDA (1-1-2-2-4-6-8-8)
3. HEARTACHES (2-5-1-1-2-4-4)
4. ANNIVERSARY SONG (3-2-2-1-1-1-1-1-2-2-3)
5. MY ADORE HACHENDA (5-7)
6. HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA? (7-6-3-4-2-2-2-3-3)
7. TIME AFTER TIME

Figures in brackets indicate previous placings. 0—Not mentioned.



Here is the group that on Saturday last (24th) put out the Jazz Club's eagerly anticipated album... This exclusive Muzoer Muzoer picture shows (l. to r.): Geoff Latta (drums); Sam Allen (bass); Pete Silver (tr.); Ralph Shores (pno.); Ray Arnold (tp.); Harry Perry (sax) and (c.); Paul Bennett (alto); Ray Ellinger (vocal); Billy Shores (contrabass); Donnie Wilson (vocal); Wally Street (tr.); Dennis Ross (tp. and tenor sax); and Mark White (producer). A first-rate team worthy of better things than the undistinguished and rather rancous programme that resulted.

THE HERMAN TOUCH

Edgar Jackson's Record Reviews

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

***Stars Fall on Abraham (Mitchell Parish, Frank Perkins) (V by Woody Herman and his Blue Moons) (Am. Columbia HC00222). Recorded-September 12, 1946.

***Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams (Kochler, Moll, Barris) (V by Mary Ann McGee) (Am. Columbia HC00222). Recorded-September 29, 1946.

(Columbia 28222-3. 11d.)

Herman (clar.), with Sam Rubinowich, Myron Folan, Sam Marowitz, Joe "Pip" Phillips, John La Partia (reeds); Milton "Bajonny" Henry, Herman Conrad, Curral Lewis, Walter Conrad (tp.); Ralph Shores, Willard "Bill" Harris, Edmund Kiefer, Lyman Reid (tms.); Red Norvo (vibes); James Scales (pno.); Charles Ziegler (str.); Joe Henderson (bass); Don Leonard (dms.).

ALTHOUGH also issued in the Columbia Swing (sic) Series, these two revivals of hits of yesterday, scored with the accent on the melody and presented to feature the vocalists, really come under the heading of "commercial" records.

But this remark should not be taken too disparagingly.

Even in this "general purposes" music the Herman band stands out as above average in every feature that goes to make attractive music in the modern dance idiom.

It has a character and finish (note, for instance, the perfect performance of the accented quavers in the accompaniment towards the end of the vocal chorus in "Stars") that one seldom finds; and all that it needed to show it at its best in music of this sort is provided in the lucid, colourful arrangements.

How to write accompaniments to vocal choruses is not the only thing the arranger knows. I particularly liked the baritone sax against the moving trombones and reeds later in this same side. The idea is as good as it is immaculately interpreted.

BUSTER BAILEY AND HIS RHYTHM SISTERS

**Afternoon in Africa (Buster Bailey, Don Frye) (Am. Master M514).

***Dizzy Debutante (Bailey) (Am. Master M545).

(Parlophone R3088-3a. 11d.)

Bailey (clar.) with Pete Brown (alto); Frank Newton (tp.); Don Frye (pno.); James McLin (tr.); John Kirby (bass); O'Neil Spencer (dms.). Recorded September 17, 1937.

THESE two sides come from the pre-war Irving Mills "Master" catalogue recently acquired by E.M.I. under their arrangement to handle here the more modern "Royal" records, and you will not have to hear "Afternoon in Africa" more than

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I'M GONNA LASSO A DREAM

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EL SAMBA (SAMBA)

PANAMA (RUMBA)

As Recorded by **AMBROSE** on Decca F8753

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once to realise how long ago it was recorded.

The tune was written when Raymond Scott and his descriptive pieces, such as "Toy Trumpet," "Powerhouse," etc., were at the height of their fame, and in being, apparently, an attempt to cash in on Mr. Scott's success, it is more in the nature of a "novelty" than real swing music.

Also the playing sounds old-fashioned enough to be called corny. Even Pete Brown's alto chorus, the best part of the side, can hardly be described as up-to-date, and Buster Bailey, for all his commendable tone and technique, seems to be wearing a bygone.

Nor could one describe "Dizzy Debutante" as being in the most modern style.

But this is less noticeable on this side because the piece, taken at a fast two-in-a-bar tempo, is, for all its suspicious title, more in the nature of a real swing tune, and at least the performance has something of the old-time jazz spirit and drive which so many rightly complain is too often replaced in the modern swing band by what can only be described as a mechanical and purely superficial effervescence.

Also, although both sound rather dated, Frankie Newton and Pete Brown play with real spontaneity—a remark which may be applied to the whole.

CHARLIE BARNET AND HIS ORCHESTRA

**Comanche War Dance (Ray Noble) (Am. Blue Bird OA46053).

***Phyllysae (Dale Bennett) (Am. Blue Bird OA58215).

(H.M.V. 28222-3a. 11d.)

046053.—Barnet (reeds) with Kurt Bloom, Gene Kinney, Neni Bernardi, James Lemare (reeds); Robert Barrett, Bill May, John Owens, Lyman Yunk (tp.); Sped Murphy, Don Ruppert, Bill Robertson (tms.); Bill Miller (pno.); Phil Stephens (bass); CW Leaman (dms.). Recorded January 3, 1940.

058215.—Barnet (reeds) with Bloom, Gene Humphreys, Leo White, Lemare (reeds); Bernie Frivin, Barnet, George Esposito, Yunk (tp.); Murphy, Ruppert, Robertson, Ford Lacey (tms.); Miller (pno.); Bus Eiri (str.); Stephens (bass); Harry "Wally" Gordon (dms.). Recorded December 3, 1940.

RAY NOBLE'S "Comanche War Dance" has proved an irresistible temptation to pile on the "local colour" by commencing the performance with a long-drawn-out drum solo.

It is good of its kind. But you will have to be more partial to such things than I am not to feel that less of it would have been more than enough.

The rest of the side is typical Barnet of the period—rather more notable for reliable playing than for anything startlingly stylish or original.

Towards the end the side builds up to a climax of riffs before young Barnet's alto is featured in the coda to be the most appealing part of the side.

"Phyllysae" is possibly so called because the piece is dedicated to someone whose god-fathers and godmothers decided that at least they would give her

PICK OF THE WEEK For Everybody ANDREWS SISTERS with EDDIE NEWWOOD (piano) AND HIS ORCHESTRA—"The House of Blue Lights" and "Them That Has Gets" (Brunswick 03791). EDUARDO ROS. RUMBA BAND—"Quimbanda" and "Tell Me Again" (Decca F8757).

an original start in life by taking nine letters for a name that most people have always managed to spell with seven.

But don't let that put you off. A rose spelt any other way would smell as sweet, and if the tune is anything to go by, Phyllysae is not without a fragrance of her own.

She is a young lady whose pensive and charming make-up is conspicuous more for richness of complexion than for the attempt to be smart for the sake of it her name might suggest.

Moreover while she does not attempt to be showy, she dresses herself with taste, grooms herself elegantly, and is never without poise.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED REBOP?

asks Geoff Love

Trombonist with Harry Gold



SO I am standing on the corner of Archer Street, and wondering whether to spend twopence on a cup of tea at the adjacent café or to light another cigarette, regardless of expense, when a guy wearing a tie full of unharmonious colour changes sidles up and says: "Lo, Geoff. Nice stuff you played on Jazz Club the other Saturday."

Purring like a music publisher's Rolls, I begin to work out a snappy ad. for the "M.M." re the giving of trombone lessons when another guy, with hair even longer than mine, crosses the horizon and greets me with: "What was the matter with you on Jazz Club the other Saturday? Boy, were you sad!"

Hastily looking down at his case and hoping to see the shape of a trombone, I sadly wonder how much someone would charge to give me lessons. After all this unaccustomed mental exercise, I reach a few conclusions that maybe will interest you—or not.

First, how can we define what is jazz? As I see it, jazz is a musical rhythmic outlet for a person's feelings. If he is happy his playing sounds happy; if he's not feeling so good his playing is likewise. Now who is to say what is good or what is bad in jazz? Surely it is purely a matter of opinion and taste, so I am going to stick my neck out and give my views. You probably won't agree with them, but it doesn't matter so much if you will only listen to them.

I must admit I don't get these guys with one-track minds like the golden-haired, "Golden Age" boys, who maintain that if Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, etc., didn't play it, it isn't worth playing. To me, this is as bad as living down a well: you think all the sky there is in the bit you can see through the hole at the top.

Sure, some of those boys had verve, originality and what have you; but what about the lack of technique and bad intonation

you get on some of those old records? I admit there is an awful lot to be said for the old jazz, for at least those boys were playing from the heart and not the head, but I do feel that all the good things they gave us should be used as stepping-stones to good modern jazz.

Speaking of modern jazz, it seems to me that too many bands nowadays have slipped off the aforementioned stepping-stones and are up to their necks in the wet and drifting with the current. By that I am referring to ReBop, BeBop or what you will. Maybe I don't live right, but I just don't get it. Although I am not a fan of this kind of music, I'll admit that occasionally it's jazz when played by small groups. When Dizzy G., Charlie P. and similar groups get under way they give me a terrific kick, even if they do leave me with a worn-out feeling.

It's when the big bands get going (as in Hampton's "Air Mail Special") that I object. If that's jazz, then I don't want any part of it—a gaggle of guys blow their tops and make horrible noises and it's supposed to mean something!! Sure, it gets a beat and the technique's all there, but why should I have to take aspirin when I listen to music? Surely, irrespective of which school of jazz you advocate, besides getting a beat it should be melodically pleasing.

Enough is too much!

Next we come to Stan Kenton and similar bands. My first experience of Kenton was his "Eager Beaver." I liked it because it had a catchy little riff and a beat. But, after "Artistry Jumps" and the rest of the pile, it's heaven to hear a plain chord of C major with nothing added. Just as I felt when reading "Forever Amber," after the first time you go back to the sign and start all over again. Enough of this kind of jazz is too much; although to me this isn't jazz at all. It's just a commercial proposition—and I think lots of the customers feel the same way, judging by my experience of a recent Sunday morning.

Before I pick up the assorted vegetables, half-bricks and other projected offerings, I'd like to say that, in my own opinion, the only way that jazz can emerge from the maelstrom is by diverting the undoubted but, I feel, wasted technical skill of big band ReBop, etc., and applying it to music that has the feeling, simplicity and, above all, the sincerity that the old jazz had. Musicians nowadays have the knowledge, technique and, underneath that sophisticated veneer, the sincerity—or they are not true jazzmen.

—and DUKE ELLINGTON says:

Hell! we must keep moving

in an interview with the New York Press reported for the "M.M." by Peter Tanner

FOLLOWING his recent Carnegie Hall concert, Duke Ellington gave reporters some of his opinions on jazz of both yesterday and today.

Asked if it was true that most jazz purists consider the abandoned or improvised playing of the 20's the only authentic jazz, Duke replied:

"If that's the thing they like, they're entitled to it. I have an appreciation for a lot of period music. Dixieland is period music. Spirituals are period music. The work song is period music. And they are very important. How else can we date the first world war except by its music? But I don't think you can set it up as the only standard for today. Hell, you've got to keep moving. I don't want to be on a period kick all the time. This is 1947 and you have all these wonderful musical minds like bandleaders Dizzy Gillespie and Boyd Raeburn to represent this period; young minds, progressive minds, active minds that have to be respected, people who are not content to write one song and then sit down and say: 'Look what I wrote, isn't that pretty?'"

The Duke feels that jazz must progress if it is to live and that it must have a mind as well as a heart.

The Duke is certainly able to justify his beliefs, as his music is still way ahead of anyone else in the big band field. His recent Carnegie Hall concert was organized as a tribute to the Duke's twenty years of leadership in the jazz field. The band featured many of the numbers that first brought the band fame. High spots of the evening were the alto work of Johnny Hodges, especially in "Sunny Side Of The Street" and the fine trumpet of Taft Jordan in "I Can't Give You Anything But Love." Jack Teagarden, whose small group with Max Kaminsky and Peanuts Hucko is

currently at the Famous Door, was guest artist and did a fine job on "Solitude" and "A Train." The Ellington band is now appearing at the Paramount Theatre.

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CLASSICS from the CLUBS

- THERE'S still some life in the old alphabet, and here are a few V's, together with the first part of the W's, reminding you of some of the good old tunes you might prefer not to forget:
- Vamp Till Ready C
 - Vivia F
 - Vieni Vieni F
 - Viper's Dream F#m
 - Vol Visto Gaily Star Eb
 - Wabash Blues Eb
 - Waiting for the Evening Mail Eb
 - Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie C
 - Walking My Baby Back Home Eb
 - Walking the Dog C
 - Wang Wang Blues Eb
 - Washboard Blues Ab
 - Was it a Dream? Ab
 - Washington Whirligig Eb
 - Way Down Yonder in New Orleans C
 - What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry Ab
 - What Did I Do to Be So Black and Blue? Eb
 - What Do You Know About Love? Eb
 - What is This Thing Called Love? C
 - What Kind of a Man is You? Eb
- PERSONAL CHOICE.—Jack Parrott, Ted Heath's famous drum man and small group leader, chooses "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" as being a fine old number with a really natural beat.

Carlo Kraemer

Melody Maker

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Editor: RAY SONN

'Corny' and 'Commercial'

WHEN Hamish Menzies wrote that interesting article "What is Meant by Being Commercial?" in last week's MELODY MAKER there was an underlying significance about his argument which represents a new and progressive attitude on the part of the out-and-out swing merchant to the music that he is nowadays called upon to play.

Let us get this absolutely straight once and for all—as Hamish put it so well, the word "commercial" is not synonymous with "corny." You can play a commercial number like "Sweet Adeline" and not be corny; yet you can play "Opus 1" and be as corny as bizas.

The point is, many young musicians fall into the trap of thinking that it is the music you play that makes you corny. That is not the case. It is the way you play the music that is either corny or not.

Actually, the trouble is that the word "corny" is very loosely applied these days. Broadly speaking, it means "old-fashioned" and "hackneyed." More specifically, it implies a lack of understanding of the modern idiom in which a player is endeavouring to play. It suggests a lack of artistry, and an unknowledgeable and unprogressive attitude towards the music which you are trying to play. In fact in musicians' parlance, a player who is corny just "hasn't a clue."

In an argument we were having with a musician the other day, he said that Bing Crosby was corny because he sang so many corny songs. Here is a clear case of confusing the issue, for Crosby is certainly not corny. He has moved with the times, and his phrasing and musical understanding are artistic in the extreme. Again, it does not matter what he sings; it's the way he sings it.

In other words, coming back to where we started, he is commercial, but not corny.

We notice, in judging MELODY MAKER dance band contests, that otherwise excellent bands will sometimes walk through a waltz, obviously saying to themselves: "This music is too corny to be worth bothering about." The result is that they lose the contest and are then much surprised when they are told that the winning band won because it played a corny waltz in a non-corny manner.

Dance music is dance music whether it has a "tear-jerker" title or a title that means nothing but sounds swifty. If you resolve to treat every piece of music with as perfect an interpretation as you can give it, with a due regard to its phrases and its light and shade—you cannot go wrong.

Remember the slogan, "IT ISN'T WHAT YOU PLAY; IT'S THE WAY YOU PLAY IT." and if you only end up by being as commercial as Bing Crosby—well, who wouldn't be?

U.S. and Us

THE MELODY MAKER-Columbia Jazz Rally on June 29 has certainly captured the imagination of the fans, as is proved by the amazing demand for tickets, which more than filled the hall in a day. It is going to be a good show, with music played by our top-liners.

But it is more than that. It is the first organised attempt to put British-produced jazz on the American map—and it is certainly about time.

British dance music personalities just back from the States tell us that the Americans want to know about our bands and musicians. They would like to see them and, while that remains impossible, they would certainly like to hear them.

We have been told that Harry Roy, for instance, would make a fortune in the States, as there is no personality showman-band-leader over there, and that Ted Heath and his Music would be a sensation. We have been told that American disc-jockeys will gladly put our star records over if they can get hold of them.

Well, here is Britain's big chance to show its music off in its best light to America. With spontaneous jazz, recorded in front of a fan audience by the best musicians that the best musicians can pick—the pupils have their big chance of showing the masters that the best jazz is now no longer an American prerogative.

And now— AUSTRALIA

★ LEN FILLIS gives further expert advice to the musician with wanderlust ★

SINCE I commenced writing this series of articles I have not infrequently asked myself why musicians, and others who are contemplating emigration, do not take the trouble to obtain the more necessary and vital statistics from the representative headquarters of the countries to which they are proposing to emigrate: South Africa House, Australia House, etc. Maybe it is that the majority of people have an abhorrence or a phobia of anything that smacks of red tape or the Civil Service—a totally erroneous conception, as I have never found the emigration authorities in these departments anything but helpful, courteous, considerate and encouraging.

On the other hand, it may be that most people prefer to base their decisions on the first-hand knowledge of an individual who has actually experienced conditions in the country in question. Whatever the reason may be, and to curtail this preamble, I do most honestly and sincerely hope that any information I have given (and propose giving) will be of material assistance and guidance to anyone who is seriously contemplating a change of venue; and I reiterate that the conditions that I have endeavoured to portray are in no way exaggerated. I am endeavouring to paint a true perspective of the possibilities which do or do not exist in the Colonies.

Immigration Scheme

As in my articles dealing with South Africa, I shall commence my series on Australia with the initial economic problem. A peculiar anomaly exists between prevailing conditions and terms of emigration to South Africa and Australia, in that the former country demands a security deposit on landing, whilst the latter calls for no deposit at all.

Thus, if you can satisfy the immigration authorities that your reason for travelling to Australia is bona-fide, you can enter the country without any immediate financial apprehensions—provided you have sufficient capital to support you until such time as you obtain employment. Actually there is a scheme operating which enables would-be immigrants, including musicians, to travel to Australia free of charge; this applies equally to their families, provided they are ex-Servicemen and can guarantee their reasons for emigrating. This no doubt sounds very rosy, but I am compelled to enumerate the difficulties and setbacks the immigrant-musician will have to encounter.

FIRST, the standard of musicianship in Australia is unbelievably high. I shall never forget the night when my old friend of the Savoy Hotel days, Frankie Coughlan, came to my dressing-room at the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, and, after a spell of retrospective reminiscing, invited me to the Trocadero to hear his orchestra. After my show I duly arrived at the "Troc" with a somewhat blasé air, fully expecting to hear just another of those Palais orchestras. Standing in the foyer I heard the sound of music—and when I say "music" I mean just everything that that word can convey. I was metaphorically stunned.

When I tell you that I have a profound admiration for the Ted Heath outfit (being in my estimation the most outstanding combination ever known in this country), it will probably come as a shock when I say that Frankie Coughlan's combination left as vivid an impression on my mind—and that was ten years ago—as did Ted Heath's band when I first heard it on my arrival back in this country some five months ago.

I therefore advise all budding immigrant musicians to think very carefully before deciding to break into the music racket in Australia, because to get by there you have to have what it takes, and in no mean fashion.

Particularly do I warn guitarists who are toying with the idea of going to the Antipodes to teach the natives a thing or two. Australia is, without doubt, the

most "guitaristically" minded country in the world; and, without being intentionally derogatory, the efforts of some of the best guitarists in this country are nothing short of dismally pathetic when compared with the work of some of the virtuosi I heard in almost every capital city in Australia. These remarks, incidentally, can apply to almost every type of musician.

When I have made these statements to musicians in this country, I have been invariably and somewhat aggressively confronted with the question, "well, if they are so good, why don't they come over here and prove it?" The answer is simple. The Australian in his natural habitat is a phlegmatic individual, but abounding in self-confidence, and almost fanatic conviction that his country and all there is in it is the best in the world. In short, he knows when and where he is well off. And I do firmly believe he is right.

Insularity

I could cite numerous instances where Australian talent has left me bewildered and breathless; so you can take it as an indubitable fact that you have to have either exceptional talent or exceptional luck (or a combination of both) to get by in the land of the "Diggers."

The second snag one is confronted with is the insularity and thinly veiled antagonism prevailing towards "Pommies" (as Britishers are known in Australia). Why this attitude should exist at all is a thing I have never been able to discover; and although I soon realised it was a psychological instinct, I confess to being at a total loss as to why the animosity should exist on the subject, but prefer not to state them. Suffice it to say that the antipathy is a very real one, although on the surface the Australian may appear to be the embodiment of good fellowship and bonhomie.

Briefly, the Australian is inherently self-sufficient, and deeply resents the idea of anyone trying to teach him anything; which

perplexes me as to how they have, despite their dogmatism, ever reached the state of musical perfection of which they are quite justly entitled to boast.

THE next setback—and the most vital—is that of the attitude of the Musicians' Union. Apart from the American Musicians' Union, I think this body must be the strongest in the world, and any visiting musician is thoroughly "vetted" before he is granted even a temporary permit to play with Australian professional musicians, let alone qualify for permanent membership.

After the termination of my contract with the Australian Broadcasting Commission and the Prince Edward Theatre, I applied for membership to the Union, and was informed it would cost me £25 (provided I could produce thoroughly reliable guarantors). As a further example of the strictness of the Union, it cost me five guineas for a temporary permit to appear as a featured artist with the St. James' Theatre Orchestra. And from what I am given to understand, the situation has tightened up considerably since my departure some two years back.

The First Step

So do not indulge in any false hopes that your ability and/or personality will enable you to overcome this very vital problem, because I can assure you that your hopes will be in vain. Every professional musician I met in Australia stands in awe of the Union, and will not even play a charity concert without the consent of this powerful organisation.

So your first and most important problem is to ensure that you will be accepted by the Union, or to find sponsors who will plead your case, because I can assure you that you will never obtain employment unless you are a member of the Union. I strongly advise anyone contemplating emigration to contact the Secretary, Musicians' Union, Castle-reagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W., before making any definite plans.

Even though I went to Australia under the auspices of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, I soon discovered at the termination of my contract that I would have to have a permit to play with professional musicians, and, despite my social popularity, I was literally shunned in a professional capacity until I received my permit from the Union.

Assuming you are prepared to cope with the initial difficulties I have mentioned, I will deal next week with the roster aspects of the situation.

TACTLESS TOPICS by Claude Bampton

On Making a Book

IT'S a far cry from Tattersall's way back to the meditations of a young Chinese student day-dreaming in verse long, long ago in the third century A.D.

This, of course, is not a Confucius story, or even a shaggy dog epic, merely a reference to the musings of a young man who decided in his teens that he would become a Chinese general, annihilate his country's enemies with one fell swoop of his scholar's knife, and, when his task was done, decline a barony and retire gracefully and, as the Chinese always do, modestly, to his cottage in the country.

Of-times that's how I feel, but, with an eye to practicality, one must have saved a few bob with which to make one's exit, and I have come to the conclusion that the only way to repair this omission is to make a book.

And as I know little of dogs and my experience of horses is more or less confined to filly steaks served up as fillet ones, if you get what I mean,

I feel we must turn to music, and I'll lay the odds on minims.

And the odds are that I will lay a level pound with any taker that you can't play a minim; you know, just a two-beat note, one of those minus the ink in the middle.

Of course, there is no doubt that I shall lose a few quid; but on the other hand I feel quite sure that I shall make a few thousand, maybe more than that.

Just an ordinary minim on any note you like, any instrument, at any speed; just one, or, if you prefer, you can have your pick of the best of three.

I think by now that our worthy Editor will think I am romancing again and he'll be reaching for those horrible big scissors, so we'll hasten to elucidate.

My experience has been for many, many years that if one asks an instrumentalist to play a minim there is a sporting chance that he might set himself a tempo, and he might, with luck, commence it more or less in the right place.

This end (any one note, surprisingly enough, having two ends) will perhaps be able to look after itself; the other end, alas, will invariably be another story.

We are taught how to start things in this country, but seldom how to finish them; we learn, also, how to be extremely critical of everybody else, but seldom to be critical of ourselves.

To "release" a note in precisely the right place is just about one of the hardest things I know, and unless we learn to look, and very much more important, to listen, we shall play ourselves blithely to the grave neither knowing nor caring.

And if you care to look at it through American eyes you may begin to see what I mean.

Over there, they call a four-beat semibreve a whole-note, a minim is a half-note, a crotchet a quarter-note, a quaver an eighth-note, a semi-quaver a sixteenth, a demi-semi-quaver a thirty-second, and a demi-demi-semi-quaver a sixty-fourth.

That, then, gives us sixty-four parts to a semibreve, and, therefore, thirty-two parts to a minim.

Now I don't suppose you would start your minim a beat early or a beat late, or finish it a beat early or, of course, as much as a beat late; but, remembering that each beat has sixteen parts, that gives us quite a hell of a lot of different ways in which you might lose your bet.

Wot, no takers?

Oh, well, perhaps I won't get that cottage with the roses round the door after all. Anyway, it was a nice thought while it lasted.

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Personal Points:

Born in London, 1924, Ronnie Chamberlain started musical studies on the violin at ten. After leaving school he took up the alto and later the soprano and clarinet, dropping his violin lessons entirely. Sat in at a Feldman Swing Club session one night and caused such a sensation that Carlo Krahmer immediately engaged him for his own night-club band. When Vic Lewis and Jack Parnell formed their Jazzmen, he joined them and has remained with Vic Lewis ever since. Features on alto, soprano and clarinet and is acknowledged to be one of the finest jazz stylists in this country on all three instruments.

Favourite Musicians: Benny Goodman and Bill Harris.
Favourite Records: "Chelsea Bridge," by Duke Ellington; "Wild-root," by Woody Herman.
Favourite Bands: Stan Kenton and Boyd Raeburn.
Favourite Composers: Debussy, Stravinsky and Ravel.
Favourite Arrangers: George Handy and Stan Kenton.
Favourite Food: Wiener Schnitzel.
Hobby: Music.

Ronnie CHAMBERLAIN



And if you care to look at it through American eyes you may begin to see what I mean.

BRITISH BAND FOR BIG CONTINENTAL WORLD ART-FESTIVAL

A WORLD festival of films and fine arts is being held in Brussels from June 1 to 30 under the patronage of the Belgian Government.

The claims of jazz to consideration as an art form have not been ignored, and the jazz side of this ambitious programme has been left in the hands of a committee of six comprising President Robert Goffin and Secretary Carlos de Radstsky, Charles Delaunay (France), Sinclair Trull (England), C. Pouchkine (Holland) and Albert Bettonville (Belgium).

The festival concludes with a banquet at which the international delegates and film producers will meet, and four bands have been chosen to play for this occasion.

Claude Luter's orchestra will come from France, the Dutch Swing College band from Holland, the Bob Shots from Belgium, and the Freddy Randall Band from this country.

Sinclair Trull, to whom fell the task of selecting an English band, explained to the MELODY MAKER that the committee stipulated that a jazz band had to be taken, and the newly formed Randall band is that in the strictest sense of the word.

The personnel of the band that will represent England at the festival will be: Freddy Randall (tpt.); Dennis Croker (tmb.); Ron Pash (clt. and sop.); Bill Brammell (bass); Eddie Thompson (pno.); Bobby Coram (gtr.); and Harry Miller (drs.).

UNEMPLOYMENT: PUBLIC MEETING

ON Friday last (23rd), the Musicians' Branch of the Communist Party held its first public meeting at Victory House, Leicester Square, and discussed Unemployment and the London Musician.

After an address on the relation of musicians' problems to national and international problems (which pointed out how much the livelihood of musicians depended on the way the public spent its leisure hours, and on how much leisure the people had), another speaker outlined some means by which fuller employment could be obtained.

The following points were made: (1) That 100 per cent. M.U. membership must be aimed at; (2) Musicians have a part to play in increasing and maintaining production; factory concerts should again be organised on a national basis as in war-time; (3) Musicians should be encouraged to play in entertaining the ever-increasing number of holiday-makers and foreign tourists; a plan is needed to help municipalities "sell their wares" and bands of all kinds would clearly fit in that plan; (4) Decentralisation of music should be encouraged and full support given to all town and country planning that includes the building of theatres and social centres. Borough Councils must accept their responsibility and provide such entertainments as open-air concerts, dances, lunch-hour recitals and so on.

The meeting concluded with comments from the floor, some of them heated, and it was announced that similar meetings would be held regularly each month.

BILLY DUFFY (who is Ramon, leader of the Latin-American Band, when he gets to Ciro's Club and the Embassy Club each evening), urgently requires several musicians. Instruments needed are trumpet, flute and accordion—all, needless to say, men who have experience of Latin-American interpretation.

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SLAVIN'S DANISH DISAPPOINTMENT

MARTIN SLAVIN, pianist and younger brother of famous London guitarist Archie Slavin, has had a very unlucky break just when he seemed all set for his first job since his Army demob, and the biggest "plum" of his short professional career.

All set to take his own seven-piece band to Denmark, to the Hotel Oylfe, a few miles north of Copenhagen, and on the "Danish Riviera," Martin received a cable just a few hours before he should have started telling him that all was not well, and that the projected trip could not take place.

Difficulties created by the rigid rules observed by both our own Musicians' Union and its equivalent in Denmark are the main reason for the cancellation of the trip.

"I cannot speak too highly of the efforts of our own Musicians' Union, and Mr. Dambman in particular, to smooth things out," said Martin Slavin to the MELODY MAKER. "They really did heroic work trying to help me, and I shall always appreciate how hard they tried to make my trip possible."

Cancellation of the contract means that Martin Slavin has an excellent band, which he has rehearsed for several weeks, on his hands. The boys include such West End celebrities as Frank Osborne (trombone); Ray Davis (trumpet and vocal); John Baxter (clarinet); Duggie Post (alto sax); Charles Scott (bass); and Gordon Barrow (drums). In addition to playing swing, the band has also endeavoured to make a speciality of Latin-American music.

If any enterprising booker or agent is interested in Martin Slavin's workmanlike band while he still has the boys together, Martin's telephone number is Stamford Hill 4500.

Bert Collier: Severe Relapse

A STORY of great grit and determination has ended with the sudden, tragic collapse of trumpet veteran Bert Collier, whose health has suffered a severe relapse just as doctors were marvelling at his remarkable recovery.

While serving with the Army in West Africa, Bert, a splendid musician, who had worked for many West End leaders, contracted an obscure tropical disease and had the additional misfortune to get a lung ailment on top of it. After many months of hospital treatment, Bert discharged himself, believing that his own will-power would do more than the rest and treatment he was receiving.

The doctors warned him of the possible consequences of his premature departure, but Bert went home and almost at once commenced to practise earnestly, resume teaching, and eventually formed a very fine band, comprised of promising youngsters, which he conducted at the Royal, Tottenham, the Lyceum, and elsewhere.

His strength seemed to be building up, and due to being able to play trumpet and re-enter his beloved profession, Bert made enormous progress, which confounded everyone. Alas, it seems he did far too much for a man in his weak state, and the result has been a complete setback, which necessitates urgent hospital treatment again, and definitely the end of his career as a musician.

Rather downhearted, but still smiling, Bert would like to hear from his innumerable friends in the business, who can write or visit him at 16, Argyll Road, Ilford, or telephone a message to Ilford 2592.

EL MARIO'S DATES

THE El Marios All-Girls' Rumba Band goes from strength to strength, and to-day (Thursday) viewers will be able to see them on television.

Under the leadership of trumpet-star Briquette Barrois and coached and rehearsed by arranger Sam Bogen, the girls are also broadcasting on June 11 in "Café on the Corner," while Ramsgate dancers will be able to see them in person on June 23.

Famous singing teacher maestro Mario, who launched the El Marios Rumba Band, is understandably pleased with their success, plus the fact that he has just fixed his pupil, charming vocalist Jean Haye, to sing with Vic Lewis and his Orchestra. Jean is the daughter of band-leader-violinist Reg Pursglove.

RIGHT KEY: With years of broadcasting the straight and dance schools behind him, Robt. Keys is anxious to fix a berth for his Ensemble. He can be reached at 8, Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa.



There was a real dance music atmosphere about the BBC Television Studios at Alexandra Palace on Whit-Monday when Eric Fawcett produced a 45-minute musical play, redolent of the spirit of the dance band business, entitled "Blow Your Own Trumpet!"

The story concerns a dear old maiden lady who achieves fame as an out-of-this-world hot trumpet-player, and, in this "Melody Maker" photograph taken during rehearsal you see members of the cast listening to her going to town while Leo Wright (who really did all the trumpet-playing) stands modestly aside.

The band seen here is Miss Ferris and his Ferryman, comprising Norman Warran (piano); Jack Lovell (bass); Ray Webb (guitar); Hugh Mansfield (drums); Ronnie Hudis (tenor and clarinet); and George Harper (trumpet), with Miss Ferris (who did all the music for the show) standing on the extreme right in foreground.

The others in the front row (l. to r.): Bill Logan (brother of Ella Logan), who played the handleader; Leo Wright; Ray Sonin, Editor of the "Melody Maker," who appeared as himself; Phoebe Hodgson (who played the "Little Old Lady of Swing"); producer Eric Fawcett; and Miss Ferris.

The play was repeated on Wednesday afternoon (25th).

A MUSICAL ROMANCE

MORE than the ordinary romance story lies behind the announcement that trumpet-arranger-harpist Cliff Woodbridge is to be married next Monday (June 2) to Miss Lois Richards at the Finsbury Park Methodist Church.

Torpedoed in the Atlantic back in the war days, the ex-Teddy Joyce, Sid Lipton stalwart, who was then serving as a wireless officer on a tanker, was picked up and taken to hospital in Pennsylvania. There he first met Miss Richards, who hails from Chester, Pennsylvania; the bride ultimately made the trip to England; and Monday's happy event is the direct result.

To bring this sag, right up to date, Cliff is now playing harp at the London Casino in the pit-orchestra for the production of "The Dancing Years."

CARTOON by Betts



"Do you realise that, by maintaining this policy of recorded music, you are seriously endangering the livelihood of professional musicians like myself?"

DON PHILLIPS IS HAPPY!

BRILLIANT young pianist-composer, Don Phillips, is feeling very happy with himself this week because his magnum opus, "Concerto in Jazz," has had two first-class airings during the past week.

Written while he was in the R.A.F. in the Hebrides as an attempt to create serious interest in jazz, "Concerto in Jazz" was played on the air by the Sky-rockets in their recent "Rhapsody" broadcast; and, also, George Crow and his Blue Mariners aired it on "Merry-Go-Round" last week.

Pat Dodd and Jack Rogers were the respective soloists. When Don is not composing, he is accompanist for top-of-the-bill vocal star Monte Rey, whose act is doing enormous business in Variety all round the country.

PIANIST REQUIRED FOR FRANCE.—Dennis Beard, who has just returned from the South of France, where he has been leading a French band on site and baritone at the Palais de la Mediterranee, Nice, for Edward Sommerfeld, who is Musical Director there, would like to hear from any first-class straight-and-dance pianists able to arrange to work in France at a later date. Contact Dennis c/o Ed. Sommerfeld's London Manager Peter Colburt, 59, Panterville Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

GIVVY STREET!—Getting back into harness again is tenor-player Harry Aubrey, just demobbed. As a first step, he is taking on child classes with a couple of friends in Dartford.

ERIC WINSTONE OPENS AT BUTLIN'S, PWLLHELLI

ON Monday last (26th) at Pwllheli, North Wales, Eric Winstone and his Orchestra started their second season for Butlin's. After his first summer at Skegness last year, Eric was most emphatic on the future of holiday camps as a medium for name bands to meet their public, and during the winter he has made a special study of this new entertainment technique.

He claims it is essential for bands to cater for every branch of public taste from the out-and-out jazz fan, who wants to hear "Opus One" and "Eager Beaver," to the older type of dancer, who prefers old-fashioned waltzes to boogie-woogie.

Using a specially augmented orchestra of star musicians, Eric is making a big feature of his new vocalist Dennis Hale—the singer who sings more like Sinatra than Sinatra, and a terrific personal-

ity who is already assured of a tremendous following.

With the orchestra there is also B.B.C. vocalist and Winstone stalwart, Julie Dawn, together with Roy Marsh who, with his vibraphone, will lead the swing section. Rest of the Winstone boys—at Pwllheli are Jimmy Harrison, Bruce Bain and Danny Deans (trumpets); Dick Boothroyd, Bill "Cush" Brown, and Ronnie Snyder (trombones); Harry Varley, Percy Waterhouse, Jerry Bowman, Bill Griffiths and Don Honeywell (reeds); Art Day (piano); Charles Imeson (bass); and Roy Marsh (drums and vibes).

During Eric's absence from Town, the London offices at 23, Denmark Street, W.C.2, will still be very busy during the season, as Eric now holds the sole band agency for the Star Ballroom at Malden, together with several other new halls round the country, and any name orchestras interested in playing these well-organised one-nighters should contact Bernard Reddington, at the address given.

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