

AUGUST, 1949

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Beat

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MODERN MUSIC MAGAZINE

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pages 16 & 17

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Last month THE NEW BEAT was given a great welcome by fans and stars alike. Here's VERA LYNN at Decca studios, sharing her copy with American visitors, maestro FRANK DE VOL and and singer JACK SMITH.

THE NEW BEAT — AUGUST, 1949

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Medley

A commentary on Trends, Tendencies & Associated Topics Affecting Musical Affairs

THANKS, thanks, and thanks again for all the kind wishes, messages of congratulation and friendly comments we have received by every post since our first issue appeared a month ago.

The rush of subscription orders, many of them from professional musicians and famous entertainers, has exceeded our most optimistic expectations, and trade requirements indicate that there's already been a heavy pressure of standing orders.

That's the way we like it. It gives us sound reason to make the mag. the way you like it.

British Film Musicals

EVERYONE associated with band business is pretty sick that British film studios have never managed to produce a successful musical picture.

While America has dominated the screens with films extolling U.S. outfits our own orchestras have never had a show worth mentioning.

Those efforts our movie men have made in this field are more charitably

forgotten. As for attempts to feature a band, apart from some sorry hotch-potch jobs with a string of variety acts, it's never happened.

True, bands occasionally appear in British pictures, but only in a very subsidiary capacity—to give veracity to a ballroom or night-club sequence

Ridiculous Sound Dubbing

Even on these occasions the sound dubbing is usually made so carelessly that the whole thing is blatantly ridiculous. We recently saw a film with Kenny Baker shown in full trumpet voice. That's well enough, but the sound accompanying the scene was unmistakably Johnny Gray on tenor!

Without relenting in our prayers that Mr. Rank will eventually recognise, as America has proved, that bands make good and popular screen material, we're looking with keen interest towards a forthcoming production on the Ealing Studios' schedule.

Memo to Mr. Ennnett

Writer E. V. H. Ennnett, who wrote the

script for that grand comedy, "Passport to Pimlico," is now engaged in preliminary work for a film to be titled "Dance Hall."

Now we are anxious to find out if Mr. Ennnett has been informed that the focal point for attention in any dance hall is the bandstand.

Hitherto, pictures built around dance hall settings have tended to show them as gathering places for spivs, low lifers and crooks. It is to be hoped that Sir Michael Balcon's unit will set out to correct this libellous representation with a more faithful likeness to reality.

It is also to be hoped that Ealing will take this grand opportunity to present one or two of our leading bands in a manner consistent with their reputations and popularity. That's one shrewd way to command attention and respect in the American market.

That Press Boycott

THE report of the Royal Commission on the press, in which it is inferred that newspaper policy is not subject to advertiser influence, is quoted by a reader who challenges our suggestion that bands are neglected by newspapers because they are not advertisers.

The same correspondent states that newspapers give plenty of space to radio even though the B.B.C. is not a large-scale advertiser.

It seems unnecessary to point out that the Com-

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KENNY BAKER, who seemed, by reason of faulty film sound-track dubbing, to be giving an amazingly authentic imitation of Johnny Gray on tenor.



mission's report referred to "policy" in a broader sense. It does not and, in view of the facts, it cannot, argue that advertisers are not supported in editorial columns.

As to that radio angle. Although the B.B.C. only indulges in occasional press boosts for "Radio Times," radio manufacturers, in total, are bookers of quite a handsome amount of space.

The Indirect Association

It isn't always an immediately obvious association that ties ads. up with radio. We just picked up a copy of a London evening paper carrying an advert. for hearing aids a few inches from the broadcasting programmes.

See what we mean!

Now there is nothing reprehensible in siting an ad. where it is likely to be most effective. That is a common-sense procedure with which we have no argument.

Our point was, and is, that newspapers—with certain notable exceptions—do not deal with dance bands in their entertainment coverage. That complaint, and the inferences we drew from it, still stands.

Record Exchange Scheme

HERE'S a new and novel service for gramophone record collectors, just launched by Len Daniels of "Mastercraft."

At his Soho Street shop Len is now operating a record exchange business, through which you can take along any of your discs

which have outlived their interest and, with a reasonable adjustment of values, swap them for items on an extensive catalogue.

The plan should gain great popularity and it might be as well to get in early. We've browsed through the lists and inspected the records in stock. Surfaces are absolutely as new and the range of selection covers all tastes.

Cementing The Entente

IN the past few weeks London has been brighter for the presence of Benny Goodman and his grand team of entertainer.

Something of a sensation was caused by Benny's unheralded visits to the Peldman Club and Club Eleven. Subsequently, dancers Nix and Taylor, singer Marcia Lutz and others of the entourage have been frequent visitors to these popular spots.

We've had some fine times with the gang and we're regretful that their stay in England has been so brief. Nevertheless, in the short time they've been here they have done a great deal to strengthen the bonds between musical fraternities of both hemispheres.

NOTICE: This magazine should now be available from all W. H. Smith's branches and from leading newsagents and music dealers everywhere. If you have experienced any difficulty in obtaining this copy will you please report the circumstances to: **CIRCULATION MANAGER, THE NEW BEAT, 8 DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.**

A PORTRAIT OF BENNY

Bluff, rugged and genial—much less stern than his photographs usually make him appear—Swing King Benny Goodman has been dominating London's musical scene these past few weeks like the colossus of jazz he so truly is.

Benny's restrained charm of manner has been commented upon in the lay press and it is already obvious that his welcome visit has done a great deal to advance the status of dance music in the eyes of the general public.

Looking considerably younger than his 40 years, the great clarinetist is a model of quiet good humour. His modest, easy going friendliness is bound to add worth to the respect he commands wherever music is understood.



Marcy Lutes

A glamorous decoration for the Benny Goodman Palladium show was pert, brunette singer Marcy Lutes, born in Indiana 22 years ago.

Soon after she started her singing career Marcy moved across to Chicago where she was working with small groups at the Argyle Club.

After this she went to New York where she was spotted and signed as vocalist for the Ray McKinley Band, with which she remained for close on a year. Subsequently she had her own solo spots in club cabaret and television programmes.

When Benny picked on her to accompany him for his European tour, she jumped at the chance and is thoroughly enjoying every minute of this excursion to far away places.



THE GOODMAN REVUE

Benny Goodman walked out onto the Palladium stage, taking over the baton gracefully surrendered by Woolfie Phillips, to front a specially augmented Skyrockets Orchestra and face an audience somewhat dubious about the prospects of this latest effort to present modern music to a variety public.

Some fifty minutes later, while Benny deferentially acknowledged an ovation only comparable to Danny Kaye frenzy, all doubts were gone with the wind. The Goodman Revue, peak of a grand all-round bill, had clicked as solidly as it deserved—and that's saying a heck of a lot.

For music types—and the first-night audience numbered them thicker than grass in Hyde Park—the Sextet routines brought wildest delights, Benny's clarinet making easy play with dazzling arpeggios and **Buddy Greco** (piano) and **Tommy Pollard** (vibes) taking other solo spots, while **Pete Chilver** (guitar), **Charlie Short** (bass) and "Flash" **Winston** (drums) manfully breasted the flood released by the master.

We revelled, too, in **Kenny Baker's** wonderful solo efforts with the full band. In complex arrangements, taken at a rattling pace, he contrived to be **Ziggy Ellman** and **Harry James** as well as his inimitable self. His was a terrific contribution.

Herkie Styles, Benny's comedy man, made a great personal triumph. We were present at Maxie's Lex Restaurant in Brewer Street after the show, when all the patrons rose spontaneously at Herkie's entrance and gave him a special round of applause—a demonstration of a kind we have never witnessed before.

Nicks and Taylor, the fast-stepping dancing duo, had too little time to satisfy the majority of the audience, and **Marcy Lutes** and **Buddy Greco** scored with their vocals.

It would be ungracious to ignore the important work put in by the Skyrockets Orchestra, who had **Johnny Dankworth** and **Harry Roche** added to their line-up, as well as those boys already named.

They tackled difficult chores with highly commendable results. If it wasn't the Benny Goodman Band, at least it was a grand and memorable musical feast.

Buddy Greco

Carrying a very heavy part of the programme on his young shoulders, 22 year old **Buddy Greco**, who plays piano and takes vocals in the Goodman stage presentation, is a good looking, stocky fellow whose crisp wavy hair surmounts the handsome tan of his features.

Buddy has been in show business since his fourth birthday, when he was already taking part in radio song programmes. He has been with Benny for the past year, and has been responsible for three or four of the band's arrangements, though he points out that he has only engaged in this latter activity for the kicks it gives him.

Other members of the Goodman Revue, as presented at the Palladium, were **Walter Nicks** and **Francis Taylor**, two young coloured dancers from the Katherine Dunham School, and **Herkie Styles**, a quick-fire fresh comedian with a highly individual line that should take him right to the top.

Jean Thielemans, a competent mouth-organ exponent, Benny's latest discovery, was introduced for a "Stardust" routine.

The entourage was completed by offstage personnel: **Chico Farrell**, arranger; **Bobby Brennan**, publicity; and **Elliott Wexler**, manager.



Oscar Rabin and Harry Davis meet Frank Sinatra during an American vacation

SILVER JUBILEE OF RABIN-DAVIS PARTNERSHIP

A QUARTER of a century is a very long time for any association to stand up solidly against buffetings of fortune and the strains and stresses of a thousand and one causes for friction and disputation. In show business, with the added imponderable of notoriously sensitive temperaments, the thing is a miracle. It just can't happen. But it has!

That it has happened in the case of the Oscar Rabin-Harry Davis partnership is something well deserving heartiest congratulations from all dance music fans.

And we're not solely concerned with the sentimental angle, happy though it is to find a friendship of such well-proven lasting value. We're also very much concerned to salute a twenty-five year union (anniversary this month) that has made great and memorable contributions to our particular form of entertainment.

The historic alliance was based more on goodwill than anything else when Oscar and Harry first came together back in 1924, for both of them were out of jobs and up against it at that time. Maybe it was partly this fact which dictated that their first band should be on a co-operative basis—

the first to operate on these lines.

As a five-piece unit, with Harry playing guitar, it was booked into Southend Palace Hotel by Marius B. Winter and stayed there some eighteen months before transferring to Hull Palais, where it grew, in course of two years residence, to an eight-piece.

Next two years, now nine-strong, they were on the stand at Wimbledon Palais, before shifting into the Royal Palace Hotel, South Kensington, where they played opposite Paul Specht, Hal Kemp and a number of other famous visiting American outfits.

Next move took them into the Astoria Dance Salon in Charing Cross Road. They followed Billy Cotton in and their supporting band was a unit known as Joe Loss' Harlem Band.

They spent seven years at the Astoria. "Another fortnight," says Oscar,

"and we'd have considered it a regular job!" The run was so successful that they turned down an offer to go into Ciro's.

It was during the Astoria engagement that they obtained time out to play for a private dance. The dance organisers were insistent that a leader should front the band.

Hitherto they had dispensed with this idea, but the customer is always right, so Harry was elected to do his stuff with the baton. Well, the Davis personality registered so well that he has had to carry on that way ever since.

When Hammersmith Palais proprietors were looking round for a sound and steady band attraction to open their new hall they just naturally picked on the Rabin-Davis set-up. From here they supplied those popular direct line outside broadcasts, carrying on a connection with radio begun as early as 1926!

Since 1939 the band has been perpetually touring, with an amazing consistency of success. They claim to have played every

STORIES BEHIND THE RECORDS



important variety theatre at least ten times and state that there is no town of any size in which the band has not appeared.

In a list of important private engagements, too long to detail, stand out twenty annual bookings for the Star Ballroom Dancing Championships and the two latest Chelsea Arts Ball occasions.

Quite a procession of celebrities have played their parts in the Rabin-Davis story. Bandleaders Harry Gold, Ken Mackintosh, Don Smith, Eddie Palmer and Johnny Swinfen were at one time or another in the instrumental line-up, while Ted Heath and others came in for broadcasting sessions.

Wally Scott, Derek Abbott, Bernie Fenton and oh so many more musicians saw service with them.

Among the vocalists, Harry's famous daughter, Beryl, began singing for them when still only nine years of age. Other singers to enhance their reputations under the R-D banner were Alan Dean, Terry Devon, Dianne, Bobby Young, Cyril Shane, Bob Dale, Ken Beaumont and Joy Conway.

Sam Browne was featured as vocalist in the band's very early recordings on Homophone label.

From 1941-44 the band waxed for Decca, and subsequently their recordings have been on Parlophone.

Well, that sets down a whole lot of facts, but it is hardly enough to illustrate the profound services the partnership has rendered to the profession.

Theatrical types have christened them the "Gold-dust Twins," but there has been more than luck behind the strikes they have made. Throughout the extensive cavalcade of their experience they have consistently maintained a fine standard of both musical offerings and presentation.

(Cont. in next column)

IF you'd been sitting alongside yours truly you'd have observed a slow grin chasing over the Jackson countenance when I read the enthusiastic review of the Johnson Brothers record in last month's NEW BEAT.

Not that these fine performances of "Portrait of Jenny" and "Deep As The River" were undeserving of enthusiasm, but I was tickled by the reviewer's heralding of the group as "newcomers."

Strictly speaking, I suppose that as a group the act is new. Nevertheless, the boys who made up the team are experienced and well-proven artistes.

You'll appreciate just what made the quality of

this fine Decca disc when I tell you that the Johnson Brothers comprise Johnny Johnson, Benny Lee, Alan Dean, and Don Emsley.

Johnny turned out the vocal arrangement and Bob Farnon welded the whole thing together with a fitting orchestral backing.

Study In Resource

I hardly ever see the name of the Andrews Sisters on a record without harking back to a yarn, which, if phoney, is still good enough to be true.

Most of you have heard about the famous Bernard Brothers, who mime with hilariously funny actions to other artistes' recordings. If you've seen them you'll know that one of their best routines is that in which they appear as the Andrews girls.

It happened that George and Bert had just finished a Hollywood night-club engagement the week before LaVerne, Patti and Maxine came in. By a stroke of bad luck one of the charming trio lost her voice.

Naturally the management were somewhat distressed when it seemed they must disappoint a very large audience, but the crisis was averted when LaVerne announced: "We will give you the Andrews Sisters' impression of the Bernard Brothers giving their impression of the Andrews Sisters."

With the aid of an off-stage turn-table and some of their favourite recordings they turned in a show that had the customers crying for more.

With considerable skill they have contrived to cater to varied and swiftly-changing tastes, calling forth high respect from admirers of widely different styles. Fans of both Swing and Sweet pay equal tribute to their abilities.

Yes, twenty-five years of successful service to the public is a record to be proud of, but don't get the idea that Osear and Harry are now settling down to a future of sentimental recollections.

You can forget the calendar evidence, because meeting them you find that they are both young, alert and go-ahead as any beginner at the batoneering game. They are easily good for another twenty-five years—and if they spend them in the same way the result will be good for us all.



Chico

MARX MUSICAL

Chico and Harpo
relate their experiences to
New Beat editor ALAN FLETCHER

When I mumbled a formal "Pleased to meet you" on being presented to Chico and Harpo Marx, I let loose the understest of all understatements.

Truth is that I have been a rabid worshipper of the inspired Marxian craziness ever since their first screen opus, "The Cocoanuts," flashed before my entranced eyes, heaven knows how many wars ago.

In actually meeting two of the fabulous funny men in person I was attaining one of my dearest ambitions.

In these circumstances it was not easy to keep my mind on the business in hand—the acquisition of copy for this magazine. You can set it down to the understanding and friendliness of my hosts that these pages came to be written.

It was Harpo, forsaking his character dumbness, who sketched in the beginnings of the story

"We all started as singers," he told me, "as sopranos.

"Groucho had the best voice and was first to appear in public. He played a benefit when he was only seven years old.

"Then he went out on the road as one of a trio of kid singers, featuring in what we used to call Oleos—the vaudeville intermis-

sions in old-fashioned barnstorming melodramas.

Ned Vaughan, a producer who later took over the entire musical side of the famous Ziegfeld shows, came along and re-shaped the act, sending it out again as 'Ned Vaughan's Nightingales.' It now consisted of Groucho, Gummo (a Marx brother you've never seen), Mabel O'Donnell and one other, with Mrs. Marx on hand as manager."

Here Harpo broke the order of his narrative to slip in one of those asides that prove we lose a lot of laughs because he plays mute in his professional work.

"Mabel had a lovely voice," he said, "except when she sang flat." He paused, thoughtfully, and then went on, "Come to think of it, she sang flat pretty near all the time."

Apparently the unfortunate Mabel was also afflicted with a glass eye—a handicap Mother Marx resourcefully concealed by providing her with a kind of Veronica Lake wig.

Around the time the "Nightingales" were booked into Coney Island, Harpo was earning his keep as a bell-hop at the Saville Hotel, New York. When mother looked him up she was dismayed to find him

looking sickly and undernourished.

Her maternal instincts compelled her to incorporate him into the act so that she could keep her eye on his welfare.

This meant a further change in the troupe, which became the "Six Mascots" and featured Groucho, Gummo, Harpo, Mabel, Mother and an aunt.

"Auntie had four beautiful notes," relates Harpo, "D, E, F and G. Nothing over and nothing under, but those four were really beautiful.

"We soon became known as the Stove act on account of we only had one range! Yes, auntie was a note miser."

Next development changed the whole set-up into a school act, and brought Chico into the line. From this emerged "Home Again"—the brothers plus a company of 15—which was worked out around Chicago for 3 or 4 years before moving into the Palace Theatre, New York.

A dispute over bookings on the rival Keith and Schubert theatre circuits brought the boys their first big break.

While Keith's were standing them off as a sort of disciplinary measure they received an invitation to play 4 weeks in Phila-

BROS' MEMORIES



Harpo

delphia. They clicked in such a big way that the 4 weeks stretched into twenty-one before they answered insistent demands to return to New York as stars.

Then followed the smash stage hits, subsequently screened, "Cocoanuts" and "Animal Crackers." From there the story is common knowledge.

Nevertheless, there are some interesting sidelights on Marx activities perhaps not widely known.

Chico is the only one of the brothers who is a musician in the fullest sense. In spite of his brilliance with harp, piano and clarinet Harpo can hardly read a note of music.

I had vague remembrances of Groucho playing a guitar in one of their films. When I mentioned this Chico grinned widely.

"Yeah," he chuckled, "that was when he proved himself the world's worst guitar player. I tell you, the reason I won't go and eat at his house is because it would mean listening to Groucho playing his guitar."

It was news to me that Chico ran his own band during the war—and ran it with conspicuous success. With George Wetling on drums and Marti Marcello on trumpet it had a line-up of fine star instrumentalists.

The band opened at the Black Hawk in Chicago—where it enjoyed the advantage of 13 air shots a week. Featured vocalist was a local lad, still attending high school—a boy named Mel Torme.

For two and a half years Chico led his band round the country, playing theatres, dances and one-nighters, culminating in his nomination to play for the graduation exercises at Notre Dame University.

Once attaining this jealously sought distinction he felt there was nowhere further to go, so he quit the band business.

Chico's preference in band styles is for the Freddy Martin pattern. Both he and his charming secretary have also high praise for an outfit led by one Emil Coleman.

Home life at the Harpo residence is livened by frequent jam sessions, in which Ira and George Gershwin have joined and Benny Goodman is still a regular.

It was at one of these impromptus that Harpo produced an old and battered clarinet he'd picked up at a second-hand dump.

B.G. tried it out, looked it over and then insisted on taking it home for further inspection. A few days later the mailman called on Harpo with a parcel containing a brand new 250-dollar clarinet and a note from Benny explaining that he intended to keep the junk instrument.

Seems that since that date it's Harpo's museum piece that Benny has wielded at all his most important concerts and broadcasts. Harpo considered asking Val Parnell for

a programme credit while B.G. played at the Palladium.

Another nice story concerns the time Chico and Jose Iturbi were together for a broadcast in Hollywood.

Iturbi wanted to know how Chico does that extraordinary run up the entire keyboard. Chico obligingly demonstrated and Jose practised, practised and practised, but he just couldn't get the darned thing right.

The outcome was that his hands became so sore he had to cancel a concert arranged for the following evening.

For me it was a considerable surprise to discover that Chico achieves all those fascinating piano tricks without being double-jointed or having freak bone structure.

Another thing, he can lay off playing for two or three months and bring his hands back to full playing suppleness by the simple expedient of dowsing them in near-boiling water.

It was while Chico was imparting this last useful tip that the call-boy made his imperative statement—"Five minutes, Mr. Marx"—my exit signal.

Before closing the subject, I want to pass on Harpo's apologies that he was only able to arrange one week at Birmingham and no other provincial appearances.



Helen Mack

Maybe looks are not everything, but it's certainly pleasant to find a good voice accompanied by a lovely exterior, as in the case of that very promising British songstress, Helen Mack.

Helen, who has been seen and heard around on Nat Gonella's dates, has lately been improving the view at Churchill's fashionable niterie.

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

★



Ethel Smith in the Walt Disney fun feast "Melody Time," released this month

THERE are two musical films for general release this month, both of them are of high significance.

We have already discussed Walt Disney's "Melody Time." A reminder that it will soon be going the rounds should put you on your toes.

Just one point additional to our earlier comments. Don't run away with the idea that you're going to SEE Dennis Day, the Andrews Sisters, Frances Langford, Freddy Martin, Buddy Clark, Fred Waring and the Dinning Sisters in this picture.

These folks do not put in an appearance, but you do have the rich satisfaction of hearing their artistry in a sound-track accompanying some of the most delightful fantasies Disney has ever created.

Ethel Smith and Roy Rodgers are allowed to show themselves, the latter along with young Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten.

"Words and Music," M.G.M.'s giant production based on the partnership of songwriters Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, is the vehicle for another dazzling parade of famed melody makers.

Perry Como, Lena Horne, Mel Tormé, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Betty Garrett, The Black-

burn Twins and Ann Southern, all get vocal opportunities in the cavalcade of twenty-four R and H numbers.

Songs you will hear include such great favorites as "You're Nearer," "The Lady Is A Tramp," "Blue Moon," "Mountain Greenery," "My Heart Stood Still" and "There's A Small Hotel." They all come back with all the joy of happy memories.

Cyd Charise and Dee Turnell look divine and dance that way in a lovely ballet routine to "On

Your Toes," but the most effective scene is that in which Gene Kelly and Vera-Allen dance an exciting ballet drama, apache style, to "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue."

Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney play Rodgers and Hart, respectively, and Betty Garrett and Janet Leigh add heart interest.

The story, such as it is, steps along briskly enough, without obtruding overmuch on what is correctly described as "A Feast Of Gorgeous Entertainment."

The new Danny Kaye picture, "A Song Is Born," opens at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on August 11th. With its line-up of five star handleaders it has such exceptional musical interest that it has been given our centre-page spread.

No, Perry Como has not really been to London—This scene, with Mickey Rooney, Cyd Charise and Tom Drake, is just a movie sequence from M.G.M.'s "Words and Music"



ROY ROGERS, as he appears in R.K.O.'s "Melody Time" is one of the artistes popularising

THE FOLK MUSIC OF AMERICA

In the vast territories of the United States of America there is space and to spare for devotees of all forms of musical expression.

Thus, pop, progressive jazz, ragtime, Latin-American and boogie each enjoy temporary booms of wide popularity, but can still retain sufficient devotees, even in lean periods, to keep the particular style alive.

But while these varied modes are blown this way and that in the fickle breezes of public favour, one style lives on through the years. The Folk Music of America.

IN the language of contemporary opinion it's dead corn. Simple melodies, their origins sometimes lost in the mists of time, twanged lazily on old guitars. Maybe an occasional fiddle harmony above the line, but more often strings, harmonicas and maybe accordions all clinging to that main theme and repudiating even the vaguest suggestion of anything so sophisticated as an "arrangement."

But in chief the instrument of Mountain music is the oldest instrument known to man—the good old vox humana.

Yes, while more modern tempos have been given their transient vogues, the hill-billy has always been there in the background. Never very far back, be it said, for right through the Whitman, Ellington, Armstrong, Dorsey, Miller and Kenton heydays, sales

of sheet music and gramophone records of music from the wide West have still been riding high—still proving the most reliable and steady stock to feed the public appetite.

And the appeal is by no means confined to the rolling plains where this music was first born. Somehow, the folks who people those great concrete cliffs that make up an American city, the twentieth-century troglodites—somehow even they find themselves responding to the simple sentiments, quaint humour and easy rhythm of the hill songs.

Indeed, it is notable that some of the present-day composers and lyricists who work in the folk music style have never been further West than the limits of the New York subway. They are opportunists cashing in on an undying demand. Who knows, they may find the

excursion into other moods productive of new sets of values.

It is easy for the moderns to deride and ridicule folk music. If it were not so they wouldn't do it, for to-day's generation is far too effete to undertake anything calling for effort. They point to the relative complexity of more recent styles as if complexity were, of itself, something worthy of awe-struck admiration. Too often, they will neglect merit unless it is tricked out with unnecessary elaborations.

My own belief is that any music or musical style that survives the test of time must have a virility of its own. Moreover, it is obvious that music called forth out of the adventures of hardy pioneer stock must have something of the qualities of its originators.

Take a look at the lyrics

Bandleaders **Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong and Lionel Hampton** are all involved in **Danny Kaye's** latest movie frolic, "A Song Is Born," produced by **Sam Goldwyn** for release by **R.K.O.** Other musical celebrities featured include **Mel Powell, the Page Cavanagh Trio, the Golden Gate Quartet, Russo and His Samba Kings and Buck and Bubbles.**

Danny, playing **Professor Frisbee**, is in charge of the **American section of a History of Music.** His ideas of up-to-the-minute jazz are sadly dated until **Buck and Bubbles** introduce him to **Swing, Jive and Boogie.** Intent on getting the true low-down, **Danny** invites the several maestros and musicians to be his house guests. The party also includes a lovely torch singer, **Virginia Mayo.**

Naturally, a love interest crops up, complicated by the dark doings of an underworld character jealous of **Miss Mayo's** affection for **Danny.** How these complications are smoothed out with the softening (?) effect of a grand all-star jam-session makes a wonderful climax to a picture no music fan can afford to miss.

"A Song Is Born" is based on the story "From A to Z," by **Billy Wilder.** Orchestrations are by **Sonny Burke** and musical direction is by **Emil Newman and Hugo Friedhofer.**



"A Song Is Born"



Alone among these musical celebrities, **Benny Goodman** has a place in the dramatic cast. He plays **Professor Magenbruch** and in this role is responsible for some of the choicest comedy moments.

Other screen stalwarts contributing to the fun are **Hugh Herbert, Steve Cochran, J. Edward Bromberg, Felix Bressart, etc., etc.** **Harry Babin, Louie Bellson and Alton Hendrickson** feature on bass, drums and guitar respectively.

"A Song Is Born" opens at **Odeon, Marble Arch**, on **August 11th**, and is due for general release later in the year.

U.S. SWING SLANT

T.V. Threatens Radio Wipeout Show Biz In The Doldrums Sinatra As Disc-Jockey Haymes - Carless Waxing Duo Kenton Come-back Campaign and other American news reported by STUART S. ALLEN

IT'S August again and a big hello from Hollywood to all of you

Not a great deal has happened here in the Stateside music world since last I penned this column, and with the weather behaving in the way it has—almost a constant ninety degrees — no-one would have cared anyway whether the greatest revolution in music happened or not.

Actually, nothing of the sort has taken place and things always quieten down during the summer months—except that this summer seems to have been a lot quieter than usual

All the big radio shows go off the air for their summer vacations at this time of the year and the stars and musicians either spend secluded holidays or go across the country on long personal appearance tours to earn a little cash to pay their income tax bills and also whip up a little interest for next season.

But maybe you've also heard the stories, which I believe have been drifting across the Atlantic, that radio is dead. Well, as things stand, that may very soon be the case in America.

Personally, I think there is still a lot of life left in the old lady, but those who seem to be a little better informed on the subject assure me that it is only a matter of time

before radio will consist entirely of "soap operas" and disc-jockey shows.

Television, or TV as it is called out here, is going to be the big thing in the autumn when the normal radio season begins again.

Although most of the big stars will be back on the air, a lot of them will have lost their sponsors, which, for your benefit, means that instead of talking in thousands of dollars a week they will now have to talk in hundreds.

Money is getting a little short and public places of entertainment are really suffering. As I told you last month, most of the big places here shuttered for good, with only the long-established emporiums managing to weather the storm. Well, at the time of writing nothing has changed at all except the bands and acts.

As I said above, most folks are either on holiday or are on tours.

Jack Smith and Frank De Vol, who do a five-show a week schedule, are in Europe. Dinah Shore, who is on the same show, is out of town. Bob Crosby, the Modernaires and the Andrews Sisters, who do the five a week "Club 15," with a re-formed Bob Crosby Orchestra and vocalist Virginia Maxey, the Modernaires and the Andrews girls are in New York, while Jerry Gray rests in Hollywood

Frank Sinatra, who has

lost his weekly "Hit Parade" show, much to his own relief, and is to return to the air as a disc jockey for one sponsor and on a five-show a week series, similar to "Club 15," in the autumn, is on the road with the Page Cavanaugh Trio.

Dick Haymes is in New York making records and a few personal appearances while his attorneys attend to legal matters affecting his divorce which, incidentally, was the reason Dick regrettably cancelled out his Palladium engagement at the last moment, much to the surprise of everyone here.

Dick recorded with Dorothy Carless the other week on "My One and Only Highland Fling," from the Astaire-Rogers M.G. Musical "The Berkleys of Broadway."

Russ ("So Tired") Morgan is at the Hollywood Palladium and seems to be doing average business. Russ has an adequate band and has plenty of hit records to back him up. He is in for eight weeks instead of the usual four or six.

After Morgan leaves, Freddy Martin, Woody Herman and Frankie Carle are scheduled for appearances, by then Tex Beneke will also be back in town—minus his strings

Peter Potter, husband of Beryl Davis, who, by the time you read this, will

of some of those traditional hill-billies and you'll find they are concerned primarily with the realities of existence. Riding the great wide range: men have little time for frivolous and inconsequential nonsense. The songs they sing are as rugged and real as the countryside over which they drive their herds.

There's a whole world of difference between a lyric penned to snatch a hasty royalty and a lyric bled from the heart of experience. It's the difference between artful sophistication and artless simplicity. The former is more clever, but the latter is, and sounds, more genuine and therefore more truly appealing.

With very few exceptions modern lyrics concentrate upon one theme only. Love, or sex, is the inevitable subject of practically every song turned out.

I've nothing against love, or sex. But the attention it gets in present-day songs is out of all proportion and indicates some pretty unpleasant fixations and obsessions in Tin Pan Alley.

Sure the cowfolk sung about love on occasions,

but somehow they never got around to making it sound like the mawkish, maudlin rubbish we get nowadays.

They sang about the eternal verities, about life and death, about the earth they trod and the sky overhead. They sang about their cattle, their horses and their comrades. And whatever they sang—they sang robustly, like men.

Maybe that's the key of the whole thing, that robust spirit. It is certainly more virile than the drooling sentimentalism of the moment.

Then again, many of their songs had a real story to tell—about an out-size round-up, a local rodeo, an overland trek or the building of a railroad. In a way they recorded history in the making.

Others among the songs were just a pleasant way of passing on a piece of rough-hewn, rock-solid, honest-to-goodness philosophy.

Admittedly the hillmen had a larger and more romantic landscape to inspire them than the man who scribbles his lines in a flat or office. It would be hard to wax romantic about the Corporation

tram service in the same way the old-timers could weave a lyric around the stage-coach.

But it's a healthy sign that the public still goes strongly for the songs of the range, and though some of the latest numbers in mountain idiom are frankly counterfeit, they still manage to go a long way towards capturing the old spirit.

Among the recent big hits you can find "Candy Kisses," "Cool Water," "Riders In The Sky," "Careless Hands," and the Andrews Sisters success, "Bitin' My Fingernails and Thinkin' of You," while the British "Put Your Shoes On Lucy" is in the same strain.

And now, sweeping America like a prairie fire, comes the revival of the old ranch square dances, to the accompaniment of the real corn-belt stuff.

Makes you think that those Riders in the Sky, who first hummed their rhythms and improvised their songs while they blazed new trails through the sage brush, must be smiling a little contentedly that they've achieved immortality in the folk music of America.

B.B.C. "Riders Of The Range" team — British exponents of cowboy rhythms. L. to R. Paul Carpenter, Carole Carr, Jack Fallon, Cal McCord and producer, Charles Chilton



have welcomed the stork, has been conducting a big campaign on his daily four-hour disc show to get Stan Kenton to re-organise his band. He and all the jocks have been playing Kenton records to whip up enthusiasm and you know what?

I do believe that Mr. K will get another band together in the not too distant future. I have not been able to contact him personally up to this moment, but I hope to have a message from him very soon, possibly in time for next month's issue.

* * *

Ella Fitzgerald, every musician's favourite vocalist, according to an average of my weekly MELODY MAKER polls, hit town a week ago and after a Club appearance, went on to the Million Dollar Theatre.

Ella is plugging her latest record release in the States at the moment, which happens to be none other than the old favourite, "Old Mother Hubbard," the Ray Ellington original.

Folks like it here, al-

though personally, great as she is, Ella still doesn't touch Ray's own version in my opinion. Pity Ray's won't be issued here, although Ted Heath's London version might be.

Tony Martin has a great new recording called "Circus." It won't be a hit but might become a big seller since it is on the style of "Ballerina" and "Matinee," and was written by the same team. Tony is really wowing audiences all around the country and is terrific on TV—he'll be in London later this year—all being well.

* * *

Everybody is singing the songs from a brand new score right now.

The show is "Miss Liberty," and is by Irving Berlin. From what I hear from New York, it is another smash hit in the "Annie Get Your Gun" tradition.

Songs you will hear eventually are "Home-work," "Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Walk" (Frank Sinatra and Doris Day have a tremendous version of this lovely waltz), "He's Not The

Man For Me" (Doris Day and Dinah Shore duet this original type of song and have made it a big hit) and lots more.

This score, together with that of Rogers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific" and Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate," have cornered all the good tunes on the air these days.

Regarding musical pictures, Bing Crosby's "Connecticut Yankee" album is the next biggest seller. This picture is scheduled to be the year's biggest box-office hit—something no-one here in Hollywood film circles can quite understand.

* * *

Nat King Cole has just issued a new album featuring his new outfit, which is now known as King Cole and his Trio. The fourth man being Stan Kenton's bongoes player, who joined the group after the Kenton group disbanded.

The Trio sounds nice but not terrific—nothing happens here any more although Nat Cole is still one of my favourite recording artists.

Nat and his group will appear in concert with the Woody Herman band in Hollywood this month, winding up a very successful tour across the country in which they did the same thing.

I understand Woody's band has improved a great deal since I last reviewed it at Christmas time. Reports reaching me from the road assure me that it has now settled down a lot more and is more like the band of old, although I doubt that it will ever again reach such heights.

* * *

The Mello-Larks got a great kick out of reading last month's NEW BEAT. It so happened that three of their musical shorts were reviewed in that issue and they have asked me to thank the reporter for being so kind.

(Cont. on next page)



Maestro FRANKIE CARLE looks over an old number with songwriter HARRY WARREN while the "New Beat" Hollywood photographer grabs a picture. Warren was writer of such hits as "Lullaby of Broadway," being revived as title tune for a new 20th-Century Fox Choo" and "You're My Everything," the latter now "Atcheson, Topeka and Sante Fe." "Chattanooga Choo musical.

U.S. SWING SLANT

(Cont. from previous page)

I met producer Will Cowan at Universal-International last week and he told me he has another big batch of shorts scheduled for immediate release—they include the Merry Macs, Modernaires, Gene Krupa, Russ Morgan, Freddy Martin and a host of others.

By the way, although that "Make Believe Ballroom" flick has a host of stars in it, it is just about the worst picture I have ever seen and is so embarrassing I nearly walked out in the middle.

I saw it with Art Thompson and we only sat it out to see if the producers did a better job on the artists who came later in the picture. Unfortunately they didn't.

Of course, you will see it anyway, but don't forget I WARNED YOU—IT'S A HORROR IF EVER THERE WAS ONE.

* * *
Before he left for Europe, conductor Frank De Vol told me of a plan he has to record a disc for Capitol release using a special orchestra of Hollywood All-Stars.

Proceeds would go to charity and the personnel would consist of such personalities as Fred MacMurray, Tony Martin and Dick Powell on saxes; Buddy Rogers and Charles Winninger on trumpets; Jerry Colonna, trombone; Mickey Rooney on drums; Dianna Lynn on piano; Sunny Tufts on bass, and Ruth Naag (Betty Grable to you) on vocals.

Then there are such people as Phil Harris, Ozzie Nelson and Jack Benny to fit in somewhere! I also hear that Robert Mitchum is no mean guitarist.

* * *
Capitol's biggest selling gal vocalist, Margaret

(Cont. in next column)

Big BBC Experiment TRANSCRIPTION PROGRAMME from NEW ORLEANS

WITH an enterprise that will surely confound some of its severest critics the B.B.C. has lined up one of its most exciting dance music airings for broadcast on August 20th, a half-hour session with the New Orleans Jazz Club.

Specially recorded for British listeners by B.B.C. co-operation with WNOE network, the programme will be the real stuff from "Way Down Yonder —" featured by local boys

who have been reared to the Dixieland formulae.

Some indication as to the merit of the instrumentalists may be gathered from the fact that the hand-picked group will include ace clarinetist "Faz" Fazola, who is to Dixie what Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw are to Swing.

New Orleans Jazz Club was founded last October by Dr. Edmond Souchon, who aims to perpetuate local interest in the blues and ragtime cradled in this historic town. Meeting place is in Royal Street, in the French Quarter, and the Sunday afternoon rallies are becoming "must" dates for pilgrims from far distant parts.

It was at one of these gatherings that the B.B.C. recording was obtained, so that authenticity in atmosphere as well as music should be faithfully passed on.

Only the future will reveal whether this welcome innovation signals an awakening adventurousness in radio dance music presentation. If it does so, nobody will be better pleased than readers of THE NEW BEAT.

Don't forget the date. August 20th, at 6.30 to 7.00 p.m., in the Light Programme.

Best wishes for some really good listening

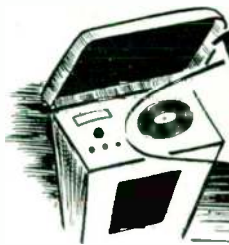
PETER WOOLAS.
Note: Peter Woolas will be back next month with news and gossip about the London Clubs.

(Cont. from previous col.)

Whiting, has been voted most popular girl singer by no less than eighteen colleges this summer. Maggie has just moved into a new house and will feature on the Jack Smith Show next season, alternating with Dinah Shore.

Allan Jones will begin a big Coast to Coast tour of the Schubert Theatre circuit in November. He will return from Europe in August or September and then take a long and well-earned rest before resuming the reins of the business. . . .

Maestro Eddy Howard has given all his band a month's vacation throughout August. Reason — both his wife and those of four of his musicians are expecting the stork about the same time. How could any band be expected to give of its best while its principal sidemen and the leader were working under such a strain!!



Round-Table Conference

Star Ratings —

**** Outstanding

*** Very Good

** Good

* Fair

BAND RECORDS

Take it from here for news of interesting band numbers featured in recent release lists.

*** *High On A Windy Hill* (PARL R3209), a Whitney - Kramer original descriptive piece gets a pretentious Vic Lewis treatment, with Ronnie Chamberlain's Alto spotlighted. An interesting theme curiously combines suggestion of Delius and Ravel influence. It isn't dance music, but whatever else it isn't, it certainly is distinctive.

Some of the Kentonesque noises in *"No Orchids"* come over like a rather messy mass on my radiogram. Nevertheless, the side has strong interest for Kathy Stobart's tenor playing.

*** **Lionel Hampton** presents *"Hamp's Boogie-Woogie No. 2"* (BRUN 04244), with the recipe much as before—insistent repetitive phrases, fine piano, and a solid beat throughout.

The Maestro is again at the keyboard for *"Central Avenue Breakdown"* and the number is showcase for some of the most exhilarating fingerwork you've ever heard. Definitely, a good record.

* Vide his Jazz Club duties **Harry Parry** has built a public for his goods. Few outside this public will be excited about *"Bugle Call*

Rag" and *"I'm A Ding Dong Daddy"* (PARL R 3209).

The first side has H.P.'s "Ragtimers" going all out to cash in on the Pee Wee Hunt revolution. Nice trombone (Jock Bain) and effective sousaphone. As for Harry's clarinet—well, we've been listening to Goodman, so maybe we're biased.

** Whatever you think of the organ as a dance-band instrument, you've got to hand it to **Jimmy Leach and His Organolians** that their records are eminently danceable.

"The Monkey And The Organ Grinder," a pseudo Neapolitan novelty, and *"A-You're Adorable"* (COL FB 3505) should be popular with the ballroom steppers.

*** **Ralph Mendez** has his excellent orchestra along for *"Dark Eyes"* and *"Estrellita"* (BRUN 04193), but the sides are chiefly notable as demonstrations of his fantastic trumpet artistry.

If you never take note of another hint in this column, at least do yourself a favour and get this record.

*** First waxing of the big U.S. hit *"The Huckle-Buck"* to come our way is **Benny Goodman's** version (CAP CL 13125). There's some lovely restrained clarinet from Benny himself, handsome trumpet by Doug Meitome, pert piano by Buddy Greco and a compelling ensemble ride as well as the instructive chorus by "The Singers."

"Having A Wonderful Wish" brings Buddy Greco

to the vocal mike for that blue lyric from "Sorrowful Jones."

** Sweet-corn from way back, redeemed by pleasant vocalist Tim Reardon. That seems the kindest way to describe **Jan Garber's** *"Everywhere You Go"* and *"I Don't See Me In Your Eyes"* (CAP CL 13124). Still, of its kind it's another one for dancers.

Why import this sort of thing when so many of our palais outfits are all-too-ready to serve it?

*** **Ted Heath** gives his vocalists the limelight this month, with excellent results.

Jack Bentley's *"Smoothy"* (DECCA F 0167) unites Lydia Macdonald with Jack Parnell, surely discovering thereby that they might do further work as a team.

The smart lyric and bright tempo is out of the ballad groove in which Lydia has hitherto been wedged. She grabs the chance to show a surprising new angle on her ability.

That efficient group, the Kordites, support J.P. in the bouncy *"Dry Bones"* nonsense introduced by Danny Kaye. Great coupling. The disc should be a best-seller.

*** Another opus from the fertile Bentley brain — the comedy *"Oliver Twist"* routine so popular in **Ted Heath's** stage show — is now preserved in record form (DECCA F9186).

Paul Carpenter gets label billing, while the rest of the boys sharing the fun are tagged "Ye Olde English" (Cont. on next page)



A recent photo of the Ted Heath Band in full session at the London Palladium.

Gentlemen." Of course—this is a MUST.

Jack Parnell, whose singing shows an enormous increase in confidence over his work of twelve months back, capably tackles "Get Out a Town Before Sundown" against one of those riding orchestrations the Heath crew handle so well.

** Back to Dixie, this time with Harry Gold in "Blue Ribbon Girl" and "The Ghost Of Old Man Mose" (DECCA F9171).

With his own hand in the composition, it is not surprising that the "ghost" number should prove a first-rate vehicle for Geoff Love's

character vocalising. It's a good novelty and should be accepted favourably.

*** Two different piano styles are offered on the latest Freddie Martin release (H.M.V. B9782).

For "Jungle Rhumba" Barclay Allan is at the eighty-eight. He turns in a performance in Carmen Cavallaro fashion for a piece full of absorbing atmospheric touches.

Jack Fina solos in a rhythm arrangement of the "Grieg Piano Concerto."

Offensive as this toying with the classics may be to purists, any experiment in the Martin manner is likely to find a ready public.

**** Duke Ellington uses "Rockabye River" (H.M.V. B9785) to focus on Johnny Hodges' magnificent alto work—a sheer delight.

Among other excellent points the side carries some fascinating muted trumpet passages that just beg for constant repetition.

One of the good old good ones, "Beale Street Blues" offers the sort of Ellington music that first hoisted him to the heights in our eyes.

Trumpets are again prominent, with one plain-

tive passage a stand-out feature, reminiscent of the original "Creole Love Call" treatment.

**The "Whiffenpoof Song" (H.M.V. BD1252), a college glee, proves an ideal item for Tex Beneke and The Glen Miller Orchestra, especially with Artie Malvin and The Crew Chiefs on hand to take the lyrics.

Tex himself sings "Pin Stripe Pants." Our record of this has so many flaws it becomes impossible to form a fair judgement.

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ACCENT ON LYRICS

****Dick James** is solo singer, and has the George Mitchell Choir and Don Laruso in attendance, for a neat commercial, *The Organ Man* (DECCA F9172). Very nice treatment of an average number.

The coupling *Meet Me By The River* is of a pattern popularised by Bing and the Andrews Sisters, with The Keynotes and Jack Nathan's Band accompanying Dick's mellow tones.

****From** Walt Disney's "Melody Time" comes this two-sided novelty recording, *Little Toot* (CAP CLI 3119) the dramatic adventures of a baby tug-boat.

Don Wilson, aided by the Starlighters, tells the story against a clever musical score arranged and conducted by Billy May.

****Anne Shelton** revives that war-time heroine *Lilli Marlene* (DECCA F8434), and uses her brilliant artistry to suggest all the homesickness and yearning that carried the song to success.

Tonight I Kissed You repeats the parted lovers theme and again Anne's feeling treatment and apparent sincerity register solidly.

****Continuing** the saga, **Anne Shelton** invites you to attend *The Wedding Of Lilli Marlene* (DECCA F9148). The Wardour Singers and Paul Fenoulhet's Orchestra contribute to a highly pretentious presentation.

We hasten to point out that our rating is for the presentation rather than the number. Let's face it, it's a cock-eyed public appreciation that boosts a piece like this to the top of the hit parade.

No offence, Anne, but we've heard the Kol Nidre rendered with less devout

fervour than you pack into *Hold Me Just A Little Closer Dear*. Somehow the atmosphere of this piece suggested that comparison.

****Bing Crosby** and **Evelyn Knight** join forces in *Everywhere You Go* (BRUN 04139) and with Jud Conlon's Rhythmairs serves a highly palatable dish. The number is a solid click in the States and this disc should hasten its popularity on this side.

How It Lies, How It Lies, How It Lies is a smart piece of light satire tailored to fit the Groaner's sense of humour. The record is a darned good buy.

****Last** month it was Jack Smith, this month it's **Danny Kaye** who gives out on *Coco Roco* (BRUN 04185). Of the two Jack's gains on points, but the legions of Kaye fans will have no cause for disappointment in this brisk and lively offering.

With us, the comedy reverse, *Triplets*, seemed to sag without Danny's visual pantomime. Anyway, hear it and see what you think.

****Going up!** If you want to hitch your wagon to a star of the future catch **Jan Muzurus** singing *No, No, No* (DECCA F9170). In this the boy from British West Indies lends his fine musical voice to another Latin-American opus with Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band.

Edmundo's *Simlau* leaves us no alternative but to further recommend the Peggy Lee - Dave Barbour version.

****Billie Holiday** is in her usual blue mood for *Easy Living* and *Deep Song* (BRUN 04195). She enjoys really polished support from Bob Haggart and his Orchestra.

Maybe these hard days are hardly brightened by misery numbers, but when they have the Holiday touch they're eminently listenable.

****Old Grandpa Al Jolson** can still give the youngsters lessons in presentation. When he takes lyrics like *That Wonderful Girl Of Mine* and *I Only Have Eyes For You* (BRUN 04200) he puts them over
(continued on next page)



MEL TORME
singing "Blue Moon" in
M.G.M.'s "Words and
Music"

CONTINUING THE NEW BEAT RECORD FEATURE

Accent On Lyrics

(Cont. from previous page) as if every word springs from deep and genuine emotion.

If you think this is easy, you're nuts! If you think you like it that way, go buy this record.

***Last month we asked for a better Dick Haymes record to herald his British visit. Well, the British visit is off for the time being, but the better record is here in *Every Time I Meet You* and *There's A Chapter In My Life Called Mary* (BRUN 04167).

This is among the best vocals in recent issues and restores Mr. Haymes to his elevated pedestal.

**The inimitable Kay Starr is with us for *There Aint No Sweet Man Worth The Salt Of My Tears* and *How It Lies* (CAP CL 3127).

This girl has a verve that's all her own and well fitted to these two titles.

***Reggie Goff's vibrant baritone is ideally suited to that big hit *The Streets Of Laredo* (DECCA F9176), and the Stapletons with Cyril Stapleton's Orchestra are on hand to make this a first-class production job.

Completing the platter, *My Bolero* sets the Beaux and Belles alongside Reggie for a not-so-distinguished composition.

***With *Great Guns* (DECCA F9179) Joy Nichols confirms our long-harboured suspicion that she is an individual singing artist of the first order. True, she has the trusty Keynotes to help her out and a bright number to work on, but it's her personal ability that registers.

But Nobody gives her a chance to drop into character—a chore she tackles with easy deftness and happy results. And what's this on the label? "with Johnston and Dean!" Can it be that Johnny and Alan

have formed themselves into a new pair of combinations.

***Did Denny Dennis always have that tremolo in his voice or is it an idea he brought back from the States? To our ears it seemed one defect in an otherwise grand rendering

of *By The Way* (DECCA F9184). It was undoubtedly intentional, because it is echoed in Bob Farnon's skillful accompaniment.

On the flip Denny gives his interpretation to *Every Time I Meet You*, and a fine interpretation it is.

SPATE OF NUMBERS FROM "WORDS & MUSIC"

Tying up with release of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's "Words and Music" picture the record companies are putting out a large issue of Rodgers & Hart favourites.

Taken all-in-all these discs emphasise the rich talents of these two masters of melody. Incidentally, they provide well-taken opportunities for some of the greatest artistes of our time.

Pick where you like from this selection. You're bound to buy some of them, but it's going to be mighty tough deciding which you have to leave out of your list.

"*Blue Moon*" sung, as in the film, by Mel Tormé (CAP CL 13123). The Velvet Fog drapes himself around a plaintive and insinuating theme and delivers some very good goods.

"*My Heart Stood Still*"

"*With A Song In My Heart*"
Dennis Day (CAP CL 13112). Fresh - voiced Dennis gives commendable effect to two winners that easily survive the time test.

"*Thou Swell*"

"*This Can't Be Love*"
Margaret Whiting (CAP CL13115). Maggie has Frank DeVol's aid to help make these slick sides. Again they suggest your library's lacking without 'em.

"*There's A Small Hotel*."

McI Powell (CAP 13114). The pianist we shall always associate with the late and great Glenn Miller follows a concert opening with interesting keyboard variations.

"*Falling In Love With Love*"
Dennis Day (CAP CL 13114). Again Dennis gives authentic musical comedy treatment to a number specifically designed for that medium. You can almost see the chorus ballet in the background.

"*Lover*"

"*My Heart Stood Still*"
Margaret Whiting (CAP. CL 13116). Here's all the Whiting brilliance applied to subjects worthy of her. A truly lovely record.

"*Slaughter On 10th Avenue*"
"Lover"

Diana Lynn (CAP CL 13113). Miss Lynn plays tasteful piano solos with excellent accompaniment from Paul Weston's Orchestra.

"*Lover*"

Les Paul (CAP CL13102). This one gives us Les Paul on guitar with Les Paul on guitar—and so on ad goodness knows how nearly infinitum. In other words, Les has matched and grafted a series of his own recordings so that he plays all parts. An interesting experiment.

PROVINCIAL BANDSTAND

Number Three



PERSONNEL

- RON ORTON — Leader,
Tenor, Soprano, Clarinet.
GEORGE WHITMORE—
1st Alto, Clarinet, Violin.
CURLY BALL—2nd Alto,
Clarinet.
GEORGE LOVEILL—1st
Tenor, Clarinet.
TONY DALBY — 2nd
Tenor.
EDDIE PROUD — Bari-
tone, Clarinet.
AL WOOD—Piano, Piano-
accordion.
RAY EVANS — Bass,
Vocalist.
FRANK STYLES —
Drums.

The band is managed and presented by that well-known Midlands agent and promoter, Arthur Kimbrell, who is always happy to deal with enquiries addressed to him, at 38 Rugby Road, Hinckley, Leics. (Phone : Hinckley 563).

The New Les Pearce Orchestra

OUR look around the provincial band outfits this month brings into focus a group swiftly achieving popularity even though it lacks the advantage of a six-day resident spot. In fact it is the first semi-pro band to figure in this series.

The Les Pearce Orchestra was originally formed some five years ago around its Bass-player leader. Unfortunately for his musical ambitions other business interests compelled Les to retire from the line-up, which reformed, retaining his name and adding that little word "New."

With a regular Saturday night date at St. George's Ballroom, Hinckley, Leicestershire, the band has won strong local support in this progressive community. Mid-week gigs in Nuneaton and the surrounding areas have carried its reputation over a wider field.

The instrumentation is rather unusual, with five saxes, three rhythm and leader Ron Orton, on soprano and clarinet. Ron and pianist Al Wood are responsible for the special arrangements which give the band its individuality.

The boys are well imbued with that keen enthusiasm which marks the difference between a band that will get somewhere and just another band. They take every opportunity for rehearsal and are entitled to be proud of the size of their library and repertoire.

Next Month — SONNY ROSE And His Orchestra

The Undress Parade

HAVING promised to use my space to discuss male dress I now find that an unusually fine summer is making undress more interesting and infinitely more comfortable.

What an agony it must be for musicians who are slaves to the ridiculous formal attire convention to swelter in sombre evening togs through these torrid evenings. Sadly wilted collars testify to the unpleasantness of the ordeal and nullify any intention towards immaculate appearance.

There ought to be a society for prevention of this sort of refined torture. Bands invariably look and sound much better when the individuals are comfortable.

Near Nudes Vex Prudes

Sour letters have turned up in the national press deploring the tendency for cyclists and others to strip off their shirts to take the benefit of the sun. Strange how some long-nosed busybodies must always be campaigning against anything making for good honest enjoyment.

Provided that essential decencies are maintained—and there have been no suggestions that they are not—there is every sane argument in favour of taking full advantage of this all-too-rare good weather spell. True, the undraped torsos are not always picturesque, but the general health-giving effects of a dose of doctor sun should outweigh the outraged feelings of outdated prudes.

Goodbye to Austerity

At least this year has brought a departure from the previous austerity in men's styles. Thank

heavens we have passed that stupid stage when the "hearties" could brand as effeminate anything more sensibly adapted to warm weather relaxation than a plain cricket or tennis shirt.

It would still take a courageous soul to appear publicly in some of the violent-hued eccentricities

feel free and easy worn in the more customary manner.

Now Shorts are Just That

For too long the idea has persisted that there is something rather shameful about the masculine knee and upper leg, so that shorts was a misnomer for the travesties of tropical attire we used to be offered.

Now you can get a pretty varied range, in cotton, linen and other light fabrics much more pleasant than the old-fashioned drill, and many ingeniously constructed to ensure maximum freedom with all due decorum.

Dashing Blades

Most times I am repelled by male addiction to jewellery and brooch ornaments—always excepting Louis Armstrong's bracelets. Now I admit myself a convert to the very snappy tie retainers devised like miniature ornamental daggers and swords.

These are available in many modern mens' shops over here, but I believe the idea is American in origin. At any rate, Fred Ferrari showed me one that Charlie Chester had brought him back as a present from the States and I noticed the "Chin-up boy" himself had one prominently displayed.

BRUMMEL.

Footnote: *My comments on "Zoot-suited nincompoops" got a few folks steamed up. One character with orange cravat and uniform black glasses wanted to assault Jeff Roy when my colleague showed himself at a Nottingham dance hall. Which seems to prove something—if you see what I mean.*

FAMOUS MUSICIANS EXPOSED

—in one of London's favourite sun-spots. Endell St. Baths.

Saw Kenny Baker, Ronnie Scott, Don Binney and others tanned like Trinder's genuine bedouin Arabs.

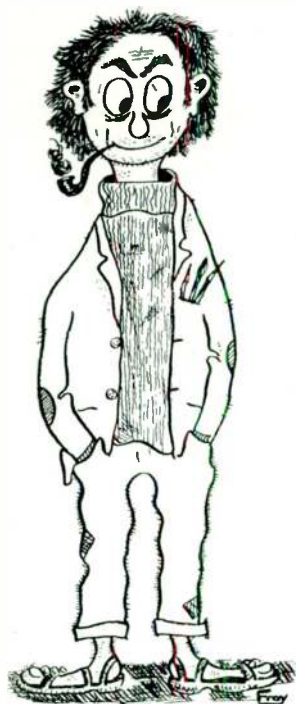
I've seen around, but there are some grand sportive garments litting a happy compromise between plain and gaudy.

To Tuck—Or not to Tuck

Inevitably, the coat-style shirts specifically designed to be worn outside trousers are having a hard fight to gain wide popularity with the insular Britisher. Creatures of habit find difficulty in accustoming themselves to new ideas.

Many of the happiest colour effects, like the designs in two contrasting shades, are only made in this pattern, but there's no law decreeing that the wearer should not tuck 'em in his pants if he feels easier that way.

Myself, I'm so lank that these shirts look ridiculously curtailed if I let them go free as intended. I find they still look and



"I took to carrying a couple of No. 2 paint brushes to fit the Bohemian atmosphere"

I've been poking my nose into other peoples business for the past 26 years and I think I'm qualified to wise you up on a few points.

Around the dance-halls and clubs I often spot a crowd of miserable-looking characters with plenty of time on their hands but no blondes.

Maybe I'm a little snarled up with my statistics, but I seem to remember reading someplace that if all blondes, brunettes, redheads and in-betweens were shared out evenly, every guy would have two and one-third chicks for his very own.

Okay, so you're not greedy, you'll be satisfied with just one blonde, brunette or otherwise. Trouble is you don't know how to go about it.

Well nowadays mister the girls are hep—they

Fellow "Squares" -

by

**JEFF
ROY**

Our staff contributor details his method of getting-by in the company of all-knowing young experts of the jazz coteries.

We cannot conscientiously recommend his scheme for general application, but it's certainly good for some laughs — and maybe contains more sense than is at first apparent.

know the difference between Dizzy Gillespie and Doctor Gillespie. In fact squares just don't rate.

My girl gave me the 100 per cent. brush when I told her that I thought Jack Teagarden was a pull-up-for-carmen on the Brighton road.

Since that day I've worked out a system, I don't claim it's infallible, but if ever you want to get in out of the rain just give it a trial.

Pick Your Groove

First of all, pick your groove. For my lesson today I'm going to concentrate on Jazz. The same angle works equally well with bop or swing.

Trouble with bop is that you have to dress the part, which means a heavy out-lay for drape suits and colourful accessories.

Jazz, on the other hand, is the poor man's music. A tatty sports jacket and corduroys or drooping flannels are uniform enough.

Now pop along to the local bookseller and pick out a book on jazz. I can recommend Pete Noble's "Who's Who in Jazz"—but as the chances are that you won't be able to get hold of this, I'll leave the choice to you.

Okay, you have your book. Now settle back and start to concentrate.

The first thing to do is to memorise the names of half a dozen jazz-men and the instruments they play—or played. You'll find that any number of these Golden Age Champions have departed this life, but don't let that worry you.

You now know that Bix Beiderbecke was a trumpet soloist, born in 1905 and died in 1931. Also on tab is the fact that he played in Chicago and together with His Gang made a recording of "Jazz Me Blues."

Into Action

A little more concentration and stored away in your cranium you have similar information on a trombonist, pianist, drummer and so on. Right, you have your line-up. Let's Go!

Confidently we make our way to the XYZ Jazz Club, which is situate in a crummy cellar, not a million miles from Oxford Street. You pay your fee and enter the hallowed temple of Jazz.

The first thing you have to do is to get acclimatised. The temperature hovers around 144 degrees and you have the unpleasant feeling that you've taken the wrong turning and are

(Cont. on next page)

sitting atop one of the smoke stacks at Battersea Power Station.

If you feel a little dizzy you'll find a little air creeping furtively along the floor, but if you're seen crawling around the deck it might be misconstrued that you are vigorously lit.

Through the fug of tobacco smoke, you finally perceive that all the noise is coming from Joe Whiffle's Jelly Roll Princes who are perched on a small stand way back of the dungeon.

Feverish Atmosphere

All around there are people, standing, sitting, clapping, moaning and jumping—each with a wild feverish look which I guess is 50 per cent. atmosphere and 50 per cent. Joe Whiffle.

In the main they are arty crafty types. The girls wearing off-the-shoulder blouses, floor-length skirts and sandals. The men in the uniform already described.

Quite a number of the males wear beards. In fact, there are so many beards I wonder we're not suffering from hirsute suffocation.

At one time I took to carrying a couple of No. 2

paint brushes in my breast pocket to fit the Bohemian atmosphere, but as Lady Luck would have it, I met a female who had a monopoly on Picasso and Salvatore Dali.

I thought she was chattering about a couple of Humph Lyttleton's sidemen. So I gave that trick up and if it comes to personalities, I make out I design match-box covers.

By this time you should have picked out a lonely looking blue-eyed girl.

Purchase a couple of glasses of lemonade, kick a couple of recumbent beards out of the way and sit down beside her. Hand her one of the glasses. If she takes it you are on your way.

Now take a look around and find out what the other characters are doing. If they bounce—you bounce. If they clap—you clap.

Blue-eyes speaks: "Don't you think that Joe is the greatest?" You haven't found out yet whether Joe is the character pounding the ivories or the wild one bashing the bass, so give a non-committal "Ugh, ugh!"

Blue-eyes is quite the little chatter-box: "Don't you think he's the most

wonderful trumpet - man ever?"

Fine! Now you know that Joe plays the trumpet. The moment has come.

"We-e-ll, a little rough maybe, but passable," you say. If you're chock full of courage, you can add that you have heard better.

At this, Blue-eyes will sit up as if you'd slapped her across the kiss—er face.

"How can you talk like that?" she'll yap. "Joe is the greatest jazz trumpet in London, in England, in the world. Why, we practically worship the guy!"

Now is the fatal moment—you must spring your punch line now or you are forever a bone-headed square.

"Well honey, you see it's this way. I have an ideal. For me there is only one trumpet-man—Bix Beiderbecke—and against him nobody else rates."

This will pacify Blue-eyes a little and you can almost see the wheels turning behind that forty-five degrees forehead.

Uncle's Bix Disc

Follow up quickly with a spiel about your collection of Jazz records, about the special "Jazz Me Blues" disc that Bix made for your Uncle Cornelius, who played with him way back in Chicago.

If she asks to see your record collection invent an aged grandmother or a case of bubonic plague in the household. Unlike trousers, this is a point that doesn't improve with pressing.

If you run out of information about Bix switch to one of the other characters, tying up your chatter with the antics of Joe Whiffle's crew.

For example, if the trombonist is taking a solo, talk about Miff Mole—and so on.

You have the idea now? Okay, bud, you're on your own. For myself I couldn't care less. I have the cutest girl-friend—and she hates music.

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Frankly Feminine

AUDREY LOVETT
discusses fair-sex foibles
with attention to the
fads and fashions of the
moment.

The past few weeks have seen the showing of most of the big Fashion Houses Autumn Collections, which forecast the fashion trends for the coming months.

Skirts are still about calf length, and zips seem to be gradually replacing all other fasteners. I see even the Navy may be adopting zips soon!!

Two Into Four

Two-piece outfits are very much to the fore, mainly with coloured skirts and black velvet jackets with flared basques. Matching the skirt a scarf is worn cravat style, thus creating the impression of a complete outfit.

These suits gave me an idea. I looked with fresh interest at my oft-worn two pieces and began alternating different tops and skirts. Now I find I can make any amount of changes and when it comes to mixing colours, no holds are barred, so don't be frightened of contrast.

Tops and Tails

Sweaters and sloppy-joe ideas are being improved upon. I saw many suitable for evening wear. One Dorville model, particularly striking, had a high-rolled neckline and raglan sleeves.

Continuing my delving into our favourite males' dislikes, this month I cornered American visitor **ALLAN JONES**. The disarming smile with which he greeted me slowly faded as I popped the question "Is there any particular female trait or fashion which annoys you?"

Thoughtfully, he replied, "Waal, I don't know, seems to me women dress pretty well these days. One thing, though, I just can't stand women who go around with a cigarette constantly drooping from their lips. Looks so unfeminine. Women drivers, too, are a menace. They should be banned from the roads." This last remark was fervently seconded by Allan's English pianist, Len Edwards. Ladies, you have been warned!



Another novel idea that caught my eye was a tartan jacket giving a wrap over effect, the waistband of which continued on into a scarf hanging down the front of the skirt

Many suits feature the new battle dress top. Although this look, neat from the front, the back somehow seems to stick out in the wrong places.

Fly-away skirt panels at the sides or back are the coming rage and I can imagine the variations that will inevitably take shape. I predict that capes also have a great future ahead, whether short, three-quarter length or long, and some fashion experts are already planning matching skirts and capes.

While on the subject of skirts I must mention that Windsmoor have a large range of new Utility skirts in a variety of lovely colours.

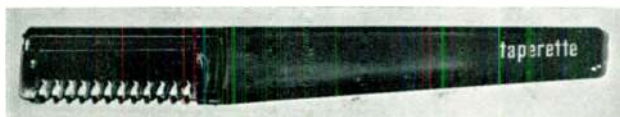
Cosmetic Corner

The most exciting discovery for many a moon is the "Thick and Thin" lipstick idea of Goya's. It is a vast improvement on brushes and pencils for it serves the dual purpose of a thin crayon for the outline and a thick fill-in. No messy hands either when inserting refills—you just push out the whole inside case and fit in new lipstick. This firm also issues a refreshing toilet water called **AQUA MANDA**. For hot weather this is a *must* for all fastidious females.

Lips and Locks

Max Factor have just re-introduced "lip-gloss," which is for dabbing on over lipstick to make it glow—it does too! The effect is even better in artificial lights. Also useful for dry or chapped lips, the cost of 4/1 is a good investment as it will last you for months.

Taking particular note of our hair problems, Richard Hudnut, makers of Three Flowers products, have recently perfected a "Hair Beauty Ritual" Kit which includes shampoo, creame rinse, dandruff lotion and hair oil. The kit is price 10/-, or each bottle can be bought separately, price 2/6.



Richard Hudnut's new innovation "Taperette" (seen above) is for use in shaping and thinning the hair. Quite easy to handle, with full instruction supplied, this is a necessary part of any home perm kit. The price is 4/-.

Actual length 6 1/2 in.



WHERE THE BANDS ARE PLAYING

Bandleaders, Agents and Managers are invited to submit particulars for this feature. While every care is taken to ensure accuracy in details, we cannot accept responsibility for any mistakes that slip through. Readers are reminded that this data does not necessarily represent full activity of bands in the given period, but only engagements confirmed at the time of going to press.

NAT ALLEN

Resident — Hippodrome Theatre, Blackpool.

CARL BARRITEAU

Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Resident — Eldorado Ballroom, Leith. Other days, one-night stands throughout Scotland.

TITO BURNS

Summer Season — Winter Gardens Ballroom, Ventnor. August 3rd — Broadcast, 1.15 - 2 p.m. August 6th — Broadcast, 1.30 - 2.10 p.m.

JOE DANIELS

Summer Season — Savoy Ballroom, Cleveleys.

RAY ELLINGTON

Week commencing Aug. 1st Empire, Hackney. August 4th — Late night broadcast. Week commencing Aug. 8th One Night Stands. August 14th — French Jazz Broadcast. August 28th — Concert, R.A.F., Padgate.

TEDDY FOSTER

Resident — Wimbledon Palais.

GERALDO

Summer Season—Blackpool. August 28th—Sunday Concert, Winter Gardens, Morecambe.

HARRY GOLD

Resident—Winter Gardens, Weston-super-Mare.

TED HEATH

Resident at Winter Gardens Ballroom, Blackpool until August 13th.

August 7th — Concert, Winter Gardens, Morecambe.

August 14th — Concert, Floral Hall, Scarborough.

August 15th — Hammer-smith Palais.

August 19th—"Music Box" Broadcast, 1.15-2.0 p.m.

August 19th—Southsea.

August 20th—Southsea.

August 21st—"Swing Session", London Palladium.

Week commencing August 22nd — Empire Theatre, Hackney.

August 28th — Alexandra Gardens, Weymouth.

VIC LEWIS

August 3rd — Broadcast, 10.50 - 11.30 p.m.

August 6th — Winter Gardens, Ventnor.

August 7th—South Parade Pier, Southsea.

August 8th—Hammersmith Palais.

August 10th — Broadcast, 1.15 - 2.0 p.m.

August 12th — Rex Ballroom, Cambridge.

August 13th — Coventry.

Two weeks commencing August 14th—Band holiday.

JOE LOSS

Summer Season — Villa Marina, Douglas.

OSCAR RABIN

Week commencing August 1st — One-night Stands, South.

Two weeks commencing August 8th — Green's Playhouse Ballroom, Glasgow.

Week commencing August 22nd — One-night Stands, Scotland.

Week commencing August 29th — One-night Stands, South.

TOMMY SAMPSON

August 14th—South Parade Pier, Southsea.

August 17th — Palais, Lowestoft.

August 18th — Sampson & Hercules Ballroom, Norwich.

August 19th—Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford.

August 20th — Town Hall, Reading.

August 28th—Tower Circus, Blackpool.

SKYROCKETS

Resident — London Palladium.

SQUADRONAIRES

Summer Season — Butlin's Camp, Clacton.

CYRIL STAPLETON

Summer Season—Aquarium Ballroom, Brighton.

JAN WILDEMAN

Resident — Cricklewood Palais.

ERIC WINSTONE

Summer Season — Butlin's Camp, Pllwheli.

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