

BAND LEADERS

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Mickie Roy



BOB ALLEN



BOB ASTER



NEIL BONDSHU



DUKE ELLINGTON

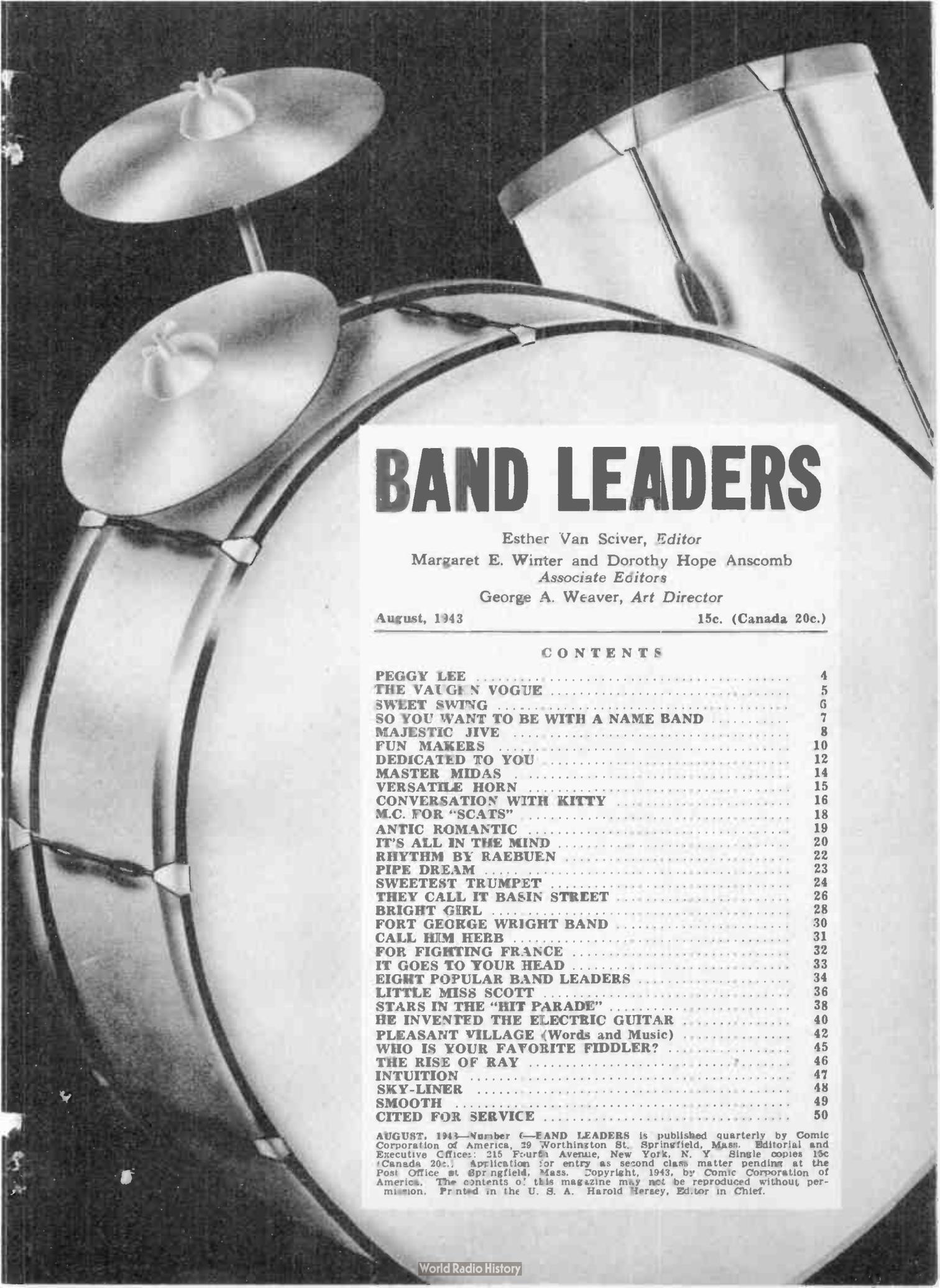


ALVINO REY

**PICTURES
AND STORIES
OF THE
TOP-FLIGHT
BAND
LEADERS**



Les Brown



BAND LEADERS

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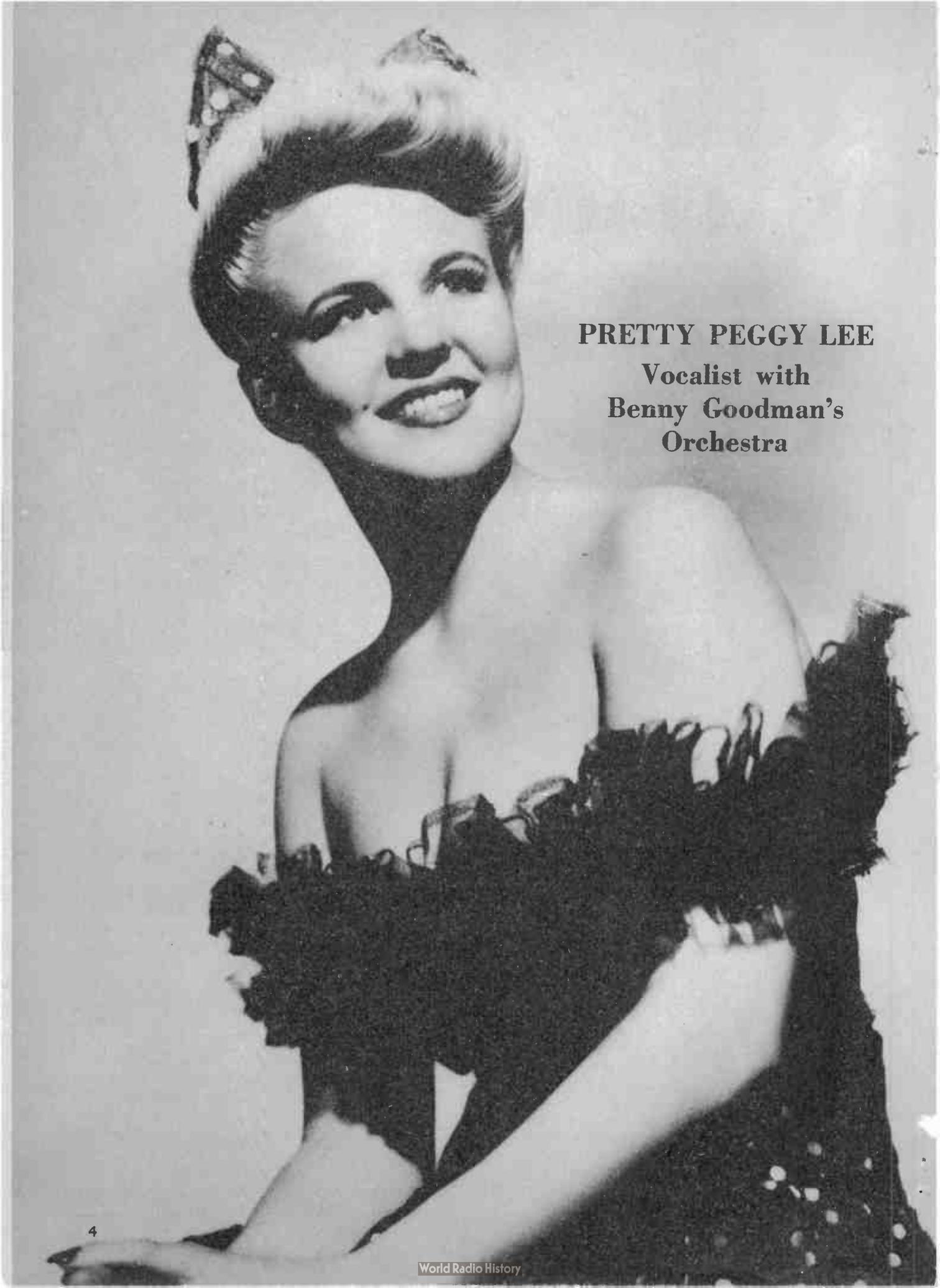
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PRETTY PEGGY LEE

Vocalist with
Benny Goodman's
Orchestra

THE VAUGHN VOGUE



Vaughn Monroe

*Maryun
Duke*



VAUGHN MONROE had a hard time making up his mind.

First, although a professional musician since the age of eleven, he went to Carnegie Tech where he was graduated as an engineer. With his degree in his hand, he decided to join a band.

As baritone vocalist and trumpet player he clicked pronto, and his boss advised him to form his own outfit.

Vaughn roared. He wanted no part of a leader's work and worry. The boss said, "Organize or you're fired." Faced with two bleak choices, Monroe stepped in front of his own men and there's where he's been ever since—right out in front.

Born in Akron, Ohio, Vaughn first appeared as trumpeter with the public school band. After the family moved to Cudahy, Wisconsin, the boy became an all-around high school athlete, doubling as singer and trumpeter with the high school band.

After graduation from Carnegie Tech in '33, Vaughn looked down the hard road to profes-

sional engineering success, looked away, and from '33 to '36 sang and tootled with Austin Wiley's orchestra.

In 1936 he quit Wiley to play with Jack Marshand's Society Band and it was Marshand who liked him so well he wanted to create a Vaughn Monroe vogue. Marshand succeeded, despite the struggles of his leading character.

In 1940 the Monroe vogue got style-smart and there were changes made.

"I reorganized the band so that it would have mass and class appeal," concludes the handsome, broad-shouldered front man, whose reshuffled tone combinations have skyrocketed the outfit to fame.

Vaughn's ambition is to become and to remain a success as a band leader. That achieved, he hopes to retire some day to his farm in New Hampshire.

Only twenty-seven, this band-world veteran's hobby and enthusiasm outside of his own professional work, is reserved for flying and outboard motor racing. He also plays good games of golf and tennis, and swims and rides horseback for fun and the exercise.

Vaughn Monroe is of German-Irish-Scotch descent, six feet two and 195 pounds, with blue eyes and brown hair.

IT ISN'T every orchestra leader that gets advice from Leopold Stowkowski. Matter of fact, only one dance band leader was so honored—Jan Savitt.

In the first place. Jan Savitt was no stranger to Mr. Stowkowski. He had been concert master for that dean of the musical world when he was sixteen. When, four years ago, Savitt decided to organize his own outfit, he had the master's blessing. After a season with that band, Savitt decided to recast his instruments and added strings, strings, strings.

"I believe in strings for popular orchestras," Mr. Savitt says. "I was a violinist originally and I always had a leaning that way."

When Stowkowski heard what Savitt had done he looked disappointed.

"Why?" asked Jan.

"Because, son," he said, "you had such a fine dance band—the strings make it too sweet."

Then the band played a set of numbers; Stowkowski listened and looked. "I see what you mean—you still have a fine band," he said.

Jan Savitt's band, recently booked for a two-week run at the Astor Roof, turned the run to a nine-week marathon—definitely sweet.

It is the opinion of this young leader that the War has changed the youth of the nation from a crowd of jitterbugs to a well-organized group of young people intent on winning the War. They have traded in their zoot suits for uniforms and hysterical music doesn't fit the mood.

Savitt is a musician and the son of musicians. His father conducted one of the Czar's Imperial Bands. The family came to America when Jan was an infant, and on his fourth birthday the boy began to study music seriously. He earned the

degree of Doctor of Music at the Curtis Institute of Music when he was fifteen and at sixteen he was with the famous Stowkowski. He held that spot for seven years, eventually winning the distinguished Gold Medal of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Lately Jan had the peculiar experience of attempting to tune in some news over the radio and being able to connect nothing but his own music.

He tried WMCA and out—Jan recordings there. WNEW was also answering requests for Savitt records. He had the same luck with WEVD and WOV as well as WPAT. He gave up the news efforts and wandered into Mrs. Savitt's room where she was playing "You're Wrong", a Xavier Cugat record.

Repeated engagements at the Army camps have convinced the leader that the boys in uniform like sweet music and sentimental ballades—at least that's what his requests show.

Lorraine Benson



Sweet Swing

Jan Savitt



SO YOU WANT TO BE WITH A *Name Band*

Last month Benny Goodman said "Now is the time for talented kids to get into the ork business." Here Tommy Tucker gives you the other side of the story—in detail.

IT IS a glamorous job, being with one of the better name bands that tour the country, stopping at the best hotels, traveling in your private railroad car, getting big salaries; in plain words, having the world at your feet. **THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.**

Let's take the case of Tommy Tucker and his orchestra, one of the better "name" attractions, known from coast to coast for his "Tommy Tucker Time" music. It sure goes big with the fans. And look first at the leader's job—especially today. A good outstanding band must have the best musicians grouped for the uniform blend required—in spite of draft boards. It is up to the leaders to get the men

And a leader has to worry about accommodations. The government ruled out bus travel for bands, a Pullman is out of the question, and coach seats are rare. Many a leader spends many a sleepless night hoping that the 1:10 train will arrive at least by 3:59½. Then there is the small item of getting hotel rooms. Nearly every town where a band is booked is already over-populated with War workers, and to get A room, let alone rooms for a band, rates a mention in Ripley's column.

Suppose you are a girl singer. All you have to do is learn a few songs, don an evening gown and comb your hair? Amy Arnell

who sings with Tommy tells a different story. She must visit the hairdresser twice a week. She must get and have ready at all times many changes of costume. She must work out her tricky vocals with the arranger, pose for pictures, appear at benefits, play Army camps, and when on stage always give a grade A, top-notch performance, or the little "knocking bird" will go to work.

The "Romantic Baritone," the boy vocalist who is supposed to make each little girl's heart go flutter-flutter—what a tough job that is! He must be the suave personality boy with the sunny smile. Above all he must sign all autograph books. Let him, just unintentionally, "sluff" one off and it spreads like a forest fire that he went "tall millinery" or high hat, so to speak.

So you aspiring young maestros, hopeful swing singers and tuneful baritones—you that are saying—"If only I had a chance—I'd show 'em!"—if you have a good job, see your friends regularly, and all you have to do is walk home and go to sleep in your own soft bed, the advice that we leaders, singers and musicians will give you is to **STAY HOME—"UNTIL THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ALL OVER THE WORLD."** Because it's a mighty tough clam-bake today, and **"THAT AIN'T NO KIDDING, JACK."**



Tommy Tucker



Amy Arnell



Donald Brown



**Duke
Ellington**

MAJESTIC JIVE

“GET off now—sock it,” are the soft-voiced orders from the piano bench.

And from the Cotton Club, '33 to Carnegie Hall, '43—Duke Ellington, the “man who has done most to shape the tendencies of modern dance music”; the greatest exponent of a new jazz that “touches the frontiers of tomorrow,” gets off and sends them with an inspired madness that has put swing forever in its place as *the* original contribution to modern music of the unadulterated American Way.

Since jazz or swing first took a blue note from the deep south, a hot tempo from a Latin strain and added a boogie base, that prophet of the modern beat, Ellington, the Duke, has not been without honor in his own land.

And since the instinct for the broken tempo that is the negro's special heritage joined with a genius for wild and melancholy piano interpolation, Ellington, the King of Swing, composer and performer, has never been without applause in his own time.

Edward Kennedy Ellington, Aristocrat of Jazz, and “the Duke” since high school days in Washington, D.C., turned down an art scholarship at Pratt and took up his second love, music, because he had to earn a living. He was soda jerk and fill-in pianist at the Poodle Dog.

Completely without training and unable to read music, the Duke had to improvise his melodies and work out his own arrangements from the start. After “Doc” Perry had heard and coached him, Duke asked Russell Wooding, conducting Sunday jazz concerts, for a chance at one of the five pianos.

Wooding was stern. “You couldn't reach this music,” he said. “You'd be wandering all over the place with your funny fancies.” But after more study Wooding *did* give Ellington a job—and a warning to play legitimate piano, as writ. The Duke stuck it out—almost. In a pause, he saw a beautiful spot for an Ellington break.

After Duke was fired he got a job directing one of Doc Perry's orks. In '23 he joined Wilber Sweetman and left two years later to try New York with five men of his own.

It was the summer of 1926—a hot and humid night after performances; musicians had put up their instruments and joined music publishers,

song-pluggers and newsmen in a cellar night spot off Times Square—the Kentucky Club.

Duke and his five were playing jazz like nobody had heard before—jazz that strayed from the “Dixieland” pattern—jazz that wasn't polite heart-balladry. From then on, Ellington was not an amusing novelty, he was a serious factor in the flux of popular music, to the noise and tumult of his own rowdy dance repertoire.

For Irving Mills heard Ellington that night. And Mills backed him to the limit—an enlarged band—records in circulation and radio contracts. Ellington was out of the black and tan and into the Cotton Club—which straightway developed a shiny Park Avenue and Broadway clientele. Already the Duke had struck off *Mood Indigo*,

Limehouse Blues, Three Little Words and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*. Florenz Ziegfeld glorified Ellington rhythms in "Show Girl" and RKO signed him for shorts.

In 1933 came the triumphal return engagement at the Cotton Club where Duke brought the great, unforgettable hit, "Stormy Weather". And the Duke was tops. And the Duke took ASCAP honors in 1935 with another immortal—"Solitude". He won their medal again in '39 with "Caravan", and in '40 with "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart".

But in those ten years between Cotton Club and Carnegie Hall, Duke took the harder steps to renown among the great of modern music here and abroad. Although English critics had been cheering Ellington for a long time, Percy Grainger, music director at N. Y. U., started things over here by bringing Ellington's band before his music classes. Grainger stated the case for Ellington perfectly when he said, "The nature of real talent is not to go along the road which it already knows. Ellington has melodic invention, orchestral brilliance, and he writes naturally, for instruments alone."

Dig this Grainger critique, as he sets aside the most brilliant flights of Rimsky and Straus' orchestral fancy as equalled if not surpassed by many Ellington passages.

"—a blazing parabolic trajectory, tail-spin and swoop of clarinet, saxophone, or whole woodwind choir, a delicate bird-like fluttering or vigorous statement of the piano—a monkey-like chatter

and stutter of the trumpets, a pattern, half melodic, half rhythmic used ostinate fashion on the tubular bells, cymbals or suddenly percussive piano."

The Duke that played for Grainger and the Duke of Windsor, makes his band of three trombones, three trumpets (all of whom double on clarinet), a banjo, a bass player, drums and piano. Besides eerie gourds for the jive and mutes for the sweet music. This pianist-conductor who refuses a baton, not only composes most of his numbers but himself arranges and interprets all he plays. The finished product is the expression of Ellington, not a jumble of mixed talent.

The unique cross rhythms, the counter melodies with strange and broken tempos are attempted by none but the Duke. For him, the ballad takes on a plaintive jungle beat.

The Ellington masterpiece, however, is a five part symphony expressing the evolution of his race; a great part of his time and money is given to raising the status of the negro. He is a life member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; and Grand Band Leader of the Colored Elks. America's largest colored weekly, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, gave him permanent title to King of the band poll because he's monopolized all honors for years. Yet, Ellington, the Duke, and Ellington, the King, is still the same self-effacing modest fellow he always was before he wrote a screen play with Orson Welles or played the courts of Europe.



FUN MAKERS

NO ONE grudges Horace Heidt his success and there is no doubt in the musical world that Horace Heidt IS a success, of the great big type.

Bad luck took seventeen different swipes at Horace and finally gave up in despair. When bad luck took the count, good luck moved in and Horace, the Heidt, and his Musical Knights have profited thereby.

In his undergraduate days, long before he thought of becoming one of the fabulous figures of the entertainment

world, Horace Heidt was a member of the baseball, swimming, boxing, track and football teams at the University of California. His family urged him to give up boxing, asserting that some day someone would poke him one that would fix up his looks for good.

So Horace stuck to football, and during a game sustained a broken back. It took seventeen operations to cure him. In the meantime he had been forced to give up his ambition to continue in outdoor sports or to make a career as athletic

coach. He had also lost his job at a filling station where he had been working to help pay his tuition.

So, in addition to having endured through seventeen operations, and the sacrifice of his ambition, the young man was jobless. He thereupon organized a band which he called the Californians.

The Californians built up a local reputation—and that took care of college expenses. After graduation the problem was whether or not to continue, which problem was solved when an agent booked them on a tour through California cities.

From that start the band toured the country, hitting all the big towns and so into New York and the Palace Theatre.

The Palace led to a European tour, where they played all the famous cities, and where they played American jazz at the Paris Opera House.

On their return to the U.S.A. they found that vaudeville had died in their absence, and that bookings for their particular brand of music spiced with novelties were out. In Tin Pan Alley Heidt was a “has-been” at less than thirty. Radio was the big thing, and musicians, good ones, were a dime a dozen all over the country.

But Horace Heidt saw the handwriting on the wall and interpreted it to mean that what radio was looking for was Horace Heidt and his spectacular style. Nobody’s fool at any time, Horace also realized that to be tops in radio required

Horace Heidt



reorganization and an entirely new style.

Two years on the reconstruction job and Horace thought his organization was ready for the air. So did all the potential sponsors that listened—and once more the wise guys thought Horace Heidt was through. Then came an audition with the Stewart-Warner people, and a contract; the boys started making records and in a year the records and the band were best sellers.

Recently Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights became American household words when they were part of the famous "Pot 'o Gold" program, and currently the boys are heard on Tuesday evenings. Not so long ago Horace began still another career—this time cinematic.

The pundits who analyse and find reasons for things have stated that one of the reasons for Heidt's stupendous success as an entertainer is his versatility, carried over into his idea of what's fun for the people. He always wanted to be an all-round man in whatever he undertook and his band reflects that attitude. Heidt heads a band full of individual stars—one of whom, Frankie Carle, now headlines along with Heidt himself. If the customers don't like one they're bound to like another. There are plenty to choose from and everybody can be satisfied.

Horace Heidt, hit-picker, is responsible for some of the

great tune successes of the day. He grabbed "Ti-Pi-Tin" out of a New York luncheon party where a then unidentified woman was playing the tune. Heidt heard, spoke to the pianist, a composer famous in Mexico but till then unknown here, and asked for the privilege of introducing the song. From then on all the composer had to do was wait for the checks. Other song sensations were "South of the Border", "Falling Leaves", "Lover's Lullaby" and "America, I Love You"—all caught by Heidt.

Even his hobby is musical, and Horace Heidt owns the finest collection of miniature musical instruments (that work in tune) in America. At Christ-

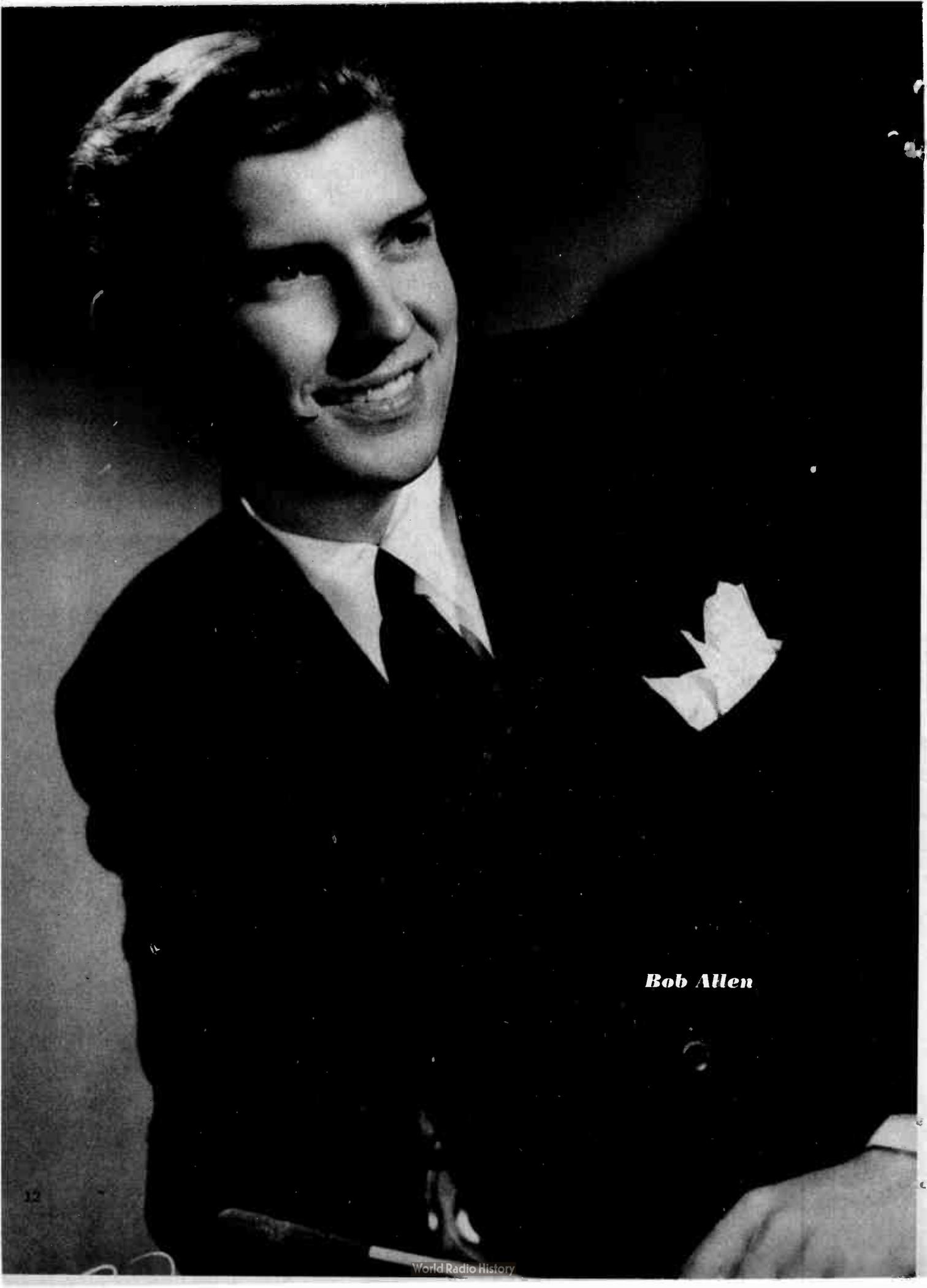
mas time the leader portions out the toy instruments to his bandmen and they play "The Toymaker's Dream", Heidt leading with a tooth pick.

The leader of the Knights is a typical American in appearance. He's about forty years old and his style as Master of Ceremonies is friendly, easy-going and informal. Occasionally he will out with a set of Indian clubs and start a juggling act during a number, or again, he may appear on the floor with a partner in a burlesque ballroom dancing act. Then a whirlwind finish may be put on by Heidt with his baton in a triple-fancy twirl routine.

Small wonder King Public has knighted him.



Frankie Carle



Bob Allen

DEDICATED TO YOU

BOB ALLEN'S band, less than two years old, started at the top and stayed there. Nobody disputes the assertion that his outfit rocketed to the head of the line in less time than it took the more ancient aggregations to get started.

This sudden success is no surprise to Bob. He planned it that way and would have been completely flabbergasted if he had failed.

Bob was vocalist for eight years with the late Hal Kemp, and, upon Kemp's untimely death, Bob decided to form his own band. Working with his personal manager, Dick George, himself a unique fellow, Allen planned his new orchestra, bustled about getting an opening date, selected arrangements and pondered and prepared publicity. A month before the opening, the Bob Allen band was ready.

Following two weeks of intensive rehearsal, they opened at Buskeye Lake, near Columbus, Ohio. Ten days later executives of General Amusement Corporation flew out to hear the results of all this skillful preparation. A month later Bob opened in New York.

Just a year after his first appearance in the big town Bob Allen has been selected to replace one of the tops in the trade, the great Glenn Miller himself.

Glenn was quitting the Pennsylvania Hotel's Cafe Rouge for his job with the Armed Forces, and the manager was looking about for a worthy successor. Bob, then playing at a suburban night club, was the surprise choice.

Bob, the typical American youth in appearance and ambition, was born twenty-eight years ago on a farm in Allendale, Ohio. His early ambition was to be a railroad engineer, but when his singing talent brought him into local prominence, he switched ambitions and studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory.

To help out with expenses Bob worked afternoons and evenings in a drug store. He was still working there and studying when a fellow student who knew Ben Bernie "personally" took an opportunity to talk to the "Ole Maestro" about Bob and arranged an audition. Ben did not hire Bob, but he did give him a letter to Hal Kemp, then playing in Chicago.

With the letter in his pocket and a roundtrip ticket in his hand, Bob started off to see Kemp.

He never used the other half of the ticket. Kemp hired him and for eight years Bob's voice was one of the featured attractions of that band.

An added, even though competing, attraction with the Bob Allen Band is the velvet-voiced Lynn Gardner.

Lynn was discovered singing at a night club in her native Union City, N. J., and her first ace spot was with Will Bradley. From there she stepped to the "Silver Theatre Summer Show".

Dick George, manager of the band and Bob, is a business man by day, a show-business wonder at night, and a big success at both.

After World War I, Dick played piano with many of the top bands of his day. He was at one of the pianos of the band taken over by Paul Whiteman when Paul came East. From playing, Dick went to conducting and led scores of orchestras in the theatres of New York.

Eventually Mr. George went into business, but he never gave up show-business, particularly the musical branch. For a time he published "Swing". When he heard Bob singing with Kemp he marked him as one to watch and he watched him so closely that when the Kemp band was left leaderless he was ready to suggest to Allen that he take a place in front of his own organization.

Lynn Gardner





Gus Arnheim

heim Orchestra, acclaimed in person, on the radio and on the screen; featured in such musicals as "Flying High" and "Puttin' on the Ritz", in demand at America's best dance spots, breaking records abroad at the London Savoy, Les Ambassadeurs in Paris and the Brussels' Royal Hotel.

The helping hand of Arnheim has encouraged and guided to stardom such greats as Donald Novis, Barry Harris, the late Russ Columbo and yes, even Bing Crosby.

And so—composer, band leader, star-maker, and himself the idol of dancers and movie fans, Gus Arnheim truly has the pot-of-gold at his fingertips.

Master Midas

Patty Morgan

"**T**HE Arnheim touch" has never failed to turn up pure Gold—from the keys of his piano—from the wave of his baton—from the push that's shown many a discouraged artist the way to stardom.

Since Gus Arnheim turned from the prospect of college to play piano for silent movies in Atlantic City at nine dollars a week, he's been making right choices. The adapting of music to silent film action started him composing and along came hits like *I Cried For You*, *It Must Be True*, *Sweet and Lovely*, *Was I Wrong?* *I Surrender*, *Dear* and *At Your Command*.

But then came the new Arn-



VERSATILE HORN

LEE CASTLE, hot AND sweet trumpeter, is one musician who listens to his own recordings.

Before he began to play his own solos back to himself as a discriminating listener, it never occurred to the young maestro that he was anything but a hot trumpeter; good—he thought, the best—his admirers insisted—but limited to one style. Much to his amazement he perceived that his instrument could give with the sweet tones and from then on he played both sweet AND hot.

When Lee was only fifteen years old, he played trumpet in a tiny band in a New York club. Unable to read music he played only his own jazz, and the customers began to talk about him. Buddy Harrod heard the talk, came, listened, was impressed and hired the youngster to play at Yoeng's glitter spot on Broadway.

Not long after his engagement at Yoeng's, Lee was working in the houseband of the Roseland Ballroom when Joe Haymes' band was booked into the place as featured attraction. Haymes' trumpeter failed to appear and Lee asked if he could be the substitute. Throughout that engagement Lee doubled from houseband to the Haymes outfit, racing across the floor from one stand to the other.

Thereafter he was featured as trumpeter-hot, with such leaders as Joe Venuti, Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw.

Just a year ago, Castle, as so many sidemen do, organized his own band and took it to the Green Room at New York's Hotel Edison. It was while listening to records of the music

produced under his leadership that he realized he could play sweet as well as hot.

Young Castle was born in the Bronx. His father, a non-professional accordionist, taught Lee and brother Charles their knowledge of music after school, between dinner and homework time. Lee was altar boy at St. Phillip Mary Church then.

At one time Lee studied trumpet with the late Thomas Dorsey, Sr., father of the famous Dorsey brothers, and, of course, later on worked for Thomas, Jr. Most of his 'teen years were spent playing at weddings and local gatherings until he was noticed by Harrod.

As a musician, Lee Castle's life has been greatly influenced

by Louis Armstrong and Bunny Berigan. He cherishes the compliment paid him by Berigan when he said that Lee came closest to Armstrong in mastery of his instrument.

Lee's favorite musical organization is the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra. He shoots a fair game of golf. He does not play baseball, but it's his favorite sport, the role of a fan. Dabbling in chemistry is his hobby. With the band, Lee works hard, once collapsing completely on the stage of the Philadelphia theatre after he had played thirty choruses of the blues. Lee is five feet nine inches tall, dark and hand—(see pix).

Lee Castle



CONVERSATION

Jimmy Dorsey



KITTY KALLEN, bright and new vocal with the great J. Dorsey, is living at "Pennsylvania 6-5-0-0-0" these days while she sings in the Cafe Rouge with Jimmy. So we went to New York's swank Pennsylvania Hotel to put Kitty right on the spot and find out what made such a little girl such a big star in such a hurry.

Kitty was "on the spot," literally and figuratively, we found, when J. D. asked her to take over for The O'Connell. She hopped to the big opportunity, but not without misgivings—Helen had a following, Helen had an unforgettable and inimitable style—and no two girls could be more unlike than Kitty and Helen, for K. K. is tiny and dark and her style is very much her own. But Kitty did wondrously on the vocal spot, notwithstanding, and she gets a big gold star for knowing the answers besides.

Kitty Kalen has been singing on the radio since she was eight, and she has lately sung for Jan Savitt and Jack Teagarden besides free lancing. When Kitty left Teagarden last year she took a position on the NBC staff in the California studios, and out there she roomed with Dinah Shore, her best friend and business advisor. Kitty can't find words good enough to tell the way she feels about Dinah. It was Dinah Shore who talked her into taking the Dorsey job when she felt that she was not up to the O'Connell tradition—now she's creating a tradition of her own!

Kitty Kallen



WITH KITTY

Then We Asked—and Kitty Said

What do you think of while you're singing?

I concentrate on the words and try to put over what they mean.

Would you be able to sing as well for an audience of men over fifty?

I have sung for that kind of audience and loved it—at the Nashville Shriners' Home, and I've never had more appreciative listeners.

Would you like to sing with a woman band leader?

No, and I never will. There just isn't any comparison between men and women musicians.

Who is your favorite ork leader?

Jimmy Dorsey (yes) and then comes Duke Ellington.

Do you vocalists follow the band or vice-versa?

Jimmy's is the only band I know of that really gives the vocalist the breaks. His band always follows the singer.

Is there a special song you treasure for its memories?

"All the Things You Are." It's a great piece of dance music and a memory song for me.

What's your idea of fun and a good time?

A big laugh. I love to laugh. And Coney Island.

Do you get many mash notes and what do you do with them?

Quite a few. I just send each writer an autographed picture.

Who is your favorite movie actor and what does it prove about your taste in men?

Bing Crosby—since I was a little girl, too. (And yes, that IS the type she likes.)

When Kitty Kallen was thirteen years of age, Jimmy played the Earle Theatre in Philly, and ever since she heard him that

first time, Jimmy Dorsey has been the musical idol of her fondest dreams. So, for her, being with the one and only

Jimmy is a dream come true—and lovely, talented Kitty Kallen is just the right kind of a dream girl for the job.

Are you domestic?

I love children and I like to cook and some day I want a little farm in California.

What would you do if the draft for women went through and you had to leave the band? (Purely hypothetical, of course.)

I'd work on a farm. Once I actually planted a half acre of corn and made it grow. You know, you put five ears in each hill and take out two.

What kind of clothes do you like best?

Informal clothes—with something a little frilly always; a hairbow—and blue is my color. (Kitty likes to relax in pigtails.)

What's your favorite perfume?

Rock Garden and Crepe de Chene.

Are song writers or arrangers more responsible for a hit? (Not counting vocalists.)

Arrangers, almost every time. I've been in enough outer offices and heard enough tunes before and after to say that.

Do you prefer to sing on the main streets or the side roads?

I like the city—for its conveniences.

Is the so-called "sophisticated New York audience" really sophisticated? Is there any great difference in audiences anyway?

In general, country people are more appreciative, but all audiences are the same after a couple of drinks.

Did you ever get stage fright?

No, but I got laryngitis which has the same physical effect. Recently I got up to sing and no words came. Helen O'Connell happened to be in the audience. I looked at her—Jimmy motioned to her—and she sang for me.

M.C. FOR "SCATS"



Bob Astor

N'AWLENS, that first cradle of swing, that home of true American jazz, is Bob Astor's home town. Naturally the place had a lot to do with Bob's career and his present musical style. Any kid that was a born musician, and Bob was (his brother before him was a clarinetist), had to feel the influence and the inspiration of those colored bands that played up and down the Mississippi: Don Redman and Louis Armstrong.

When still in short pants, Bob was fooling around with the trumpet. He joined itinerate groups of musicians who played the river ports from the Delta to

St. Louis. Soon Mr. Astor got a place with Louis Prima, "daddy" of celebrities. And sure enough, Bob began to show his real stuff.

He already had a band of his own boys going when the oil boom came to Texas, and right away Astor and Company set out to seek its fortune in that hot and wild and exciting country where money was flowing free. They made a fortune, too, and incidentally learned something about the Commando art of self-defense. But when the boys had their pockets full they wanted home. Bob wanted more adventure. And so, alone, he hit the trail for California.

Showman and scat singer and bright boy of the airwaves beyond the Rockies, Bob got to be M.C. for the West Coast "Make Believe Ballroom" and most popular emceeing scat of them all, due to his ability as an instrumentalist, composer and arranger and his knowledge of people in the band business and the likes of the radio public.

After a while Bob got the yen to stand before his own musicians again.

Nowadays the solid Astor style is called "a Lunceford swing with a Basie beat"—and it all goes back to the New Orleans beginnings—for where else would a great scat singer and boogie master come from?

Jan Garber

JAN GARBER has always had one eye on the audience, like the good showman he is. Once it worked against him, but ever after it kept him on the high road to fame.

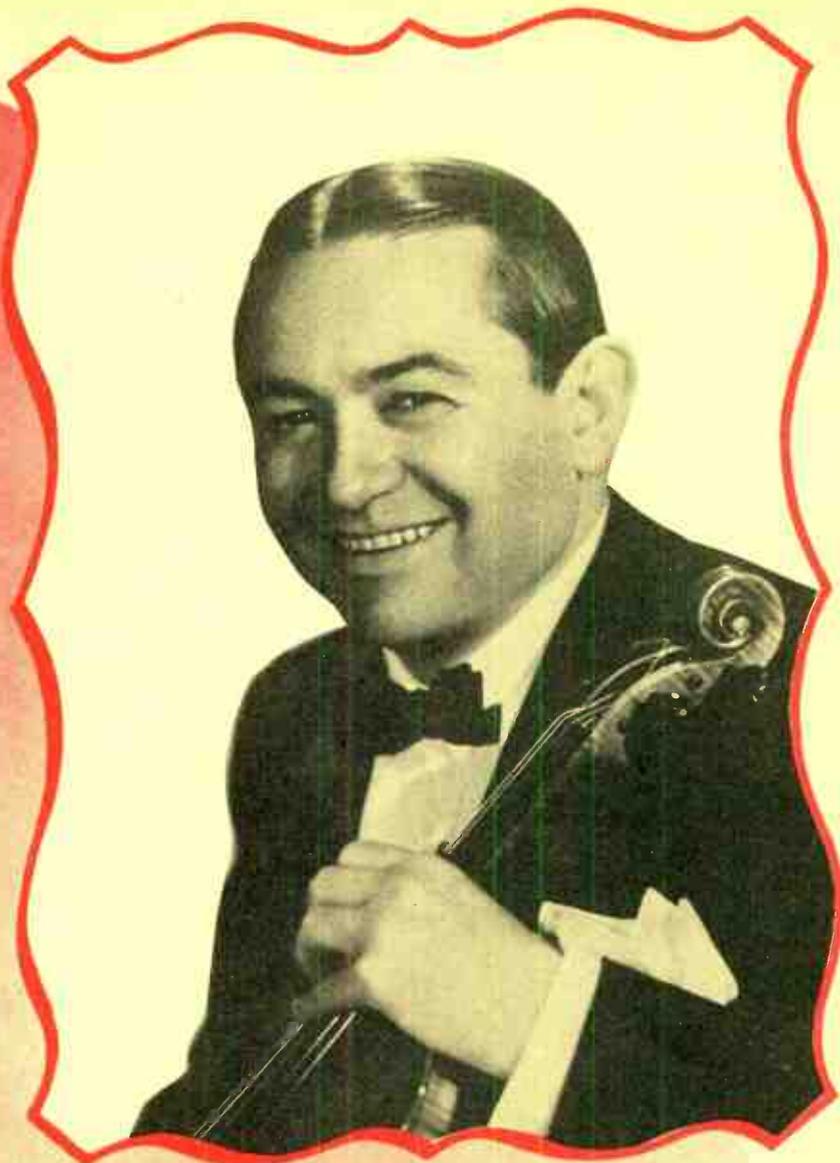
While studying violin at the Coombs Conservatory in Philly, Jan doubled as batboy for his heroes, the Philadelphia Athletics—finally they let him play catch. Once on the diamond, he turned to the stands to look over his gallery and low! he woke up in the locker room and right then and there decided to give full time to his violin. It pays to keep your eye on the ball!

A raw recruit in World War I, Jan's commanding officer found out he'd soloed with the Philadelphia Symphony and put him at the head of a 56-piece A.E.F. band. And he was the kid who a few years back had done take-offs of John Phillip Sousa for the amusement of the neighbors.

After the war Garber had a three-piece string trio, and the energy that had gone into holding 56 pieces together went into horseplay for the customers. Jan Garber was King of "Hokum" in those days. And then, being able to call the trends and adapt himself — he became leader of the first "Hotcha" band.

Still in the van of the latest popular music, Jan Garber is now better known as the "Idol of the Airlines" and noted for his smooth, romantic renditions. Not that he's given up swing! Oh, no! He believes there must be a little bit of swing mixed into the sweetest song. And not that he's stopped clowning!

He's the boy that still has one eye on the customers—and they still have both eyes on the Jan antics. No foul balls ever hit Jan Garber twice in the nose. Proof—he was chosen as one of the first big leaders to star on Coca Cola's "Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands" now featured nightly on the Blue.

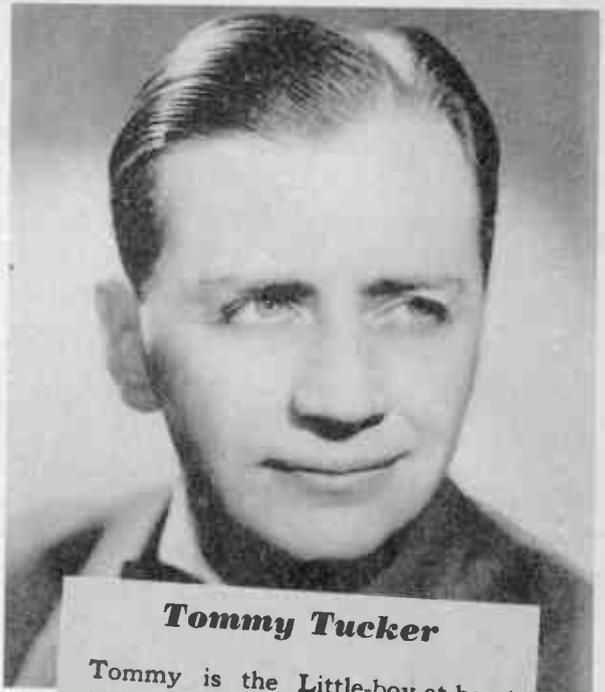


ANTIC ROMANTIC



Gene Krupa

It's easy to see that Krupa's subconscious mind is all for business. He's forever plotting new worlds to conquer with a nice counter-balance of humor.



Tommy Tucker

Tommy is the Little-boy-at-heart type that every little girl loves. Are the push-pulls and ovals nostalgic memories, Tommy?

IT'S ALL IN THE MIND



Abe Lyman

Somehow Abe can't get Barney Google off his mind—not since the time Billy Debeck painted Barney on Abe's drums. (Barney was big then, remember?)



Xavier Cugat

Always the complex personality, "Cugie" runs true to form by injecting a new note of modern abstract design into the old art of doodling.

Are you a doodler? Do you draw funny designs on a scratch pad while telephoning, or on a table cloth when you're dining out? That the best people are doodlers is proven by these examples from the subconsciously guided fingers of four famous hand leaders.

**GENE KRUPA
ORCHESTRA**



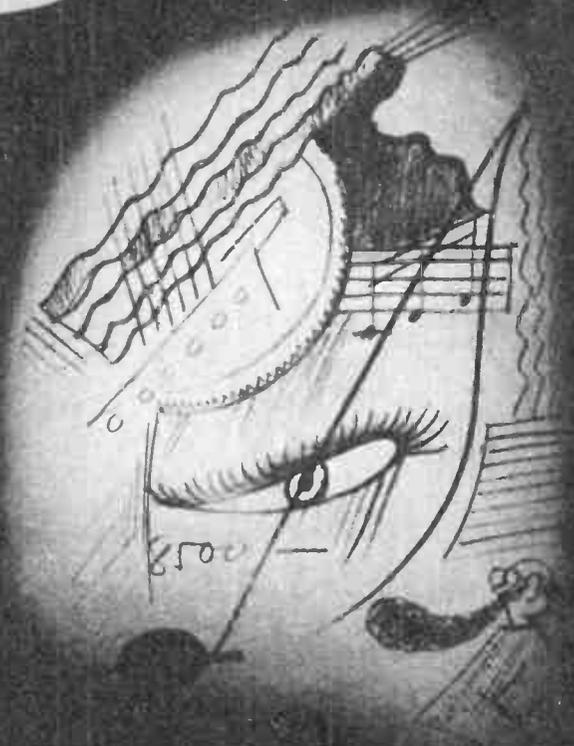
By Gene Krupa

By Abe Lyman

DOODLES



By Tommy Tucker



By Xavier Cugat

RHYTHM BOY RAEBURN

BOYD "Rhythm" Raeburn is one lad who believes in contests. It was a contest that gave him his first contract as maestro, and that agreement was for a year.

When a band contest was announced at Chicago's Hotel Sherman, Boyd entered his student-recruited band in open competition and the group walked away with the top honors. This resulted in a year's contract with a Chicago restaurateur to play at the Chi World's Fair.

With this start the old Raeburn rhythm got going, but good, and today the young leader is by all counts the most popular leader in the West—now he's heading East.

Boyd was born on a ranch in South Dakota and was first interested in music because his dad's hobby was playing cornet. Stirred by his father's example, even though far, far away from the swing lanes, the boy studied piano and clarinet.

As an undergraduate at the U. of Chicago he led a busy life, doing his class work, leading his own band and playing catcher on the University baseball team. An injured finger sidetracked his interest in athletics and he devoted all of his recreational time to the band.

That contest was in '33 and today Boyd Raeburn has a

fourteen-piece band and an outstanding record of successful engagements at ranking spots throughout the Middle West.

With the Raeburn orchestra is Hal Derwin, as featured singer; formerly with Shep Fields. Derwin plays the guitar and makes with the romantic ditties.

Claude "Hey Hey" Humphrey, drummer star of the band, is one of the authentic

swing characters of the present day. "Hey Hey" started as a musician on the old Mississippi river boats and has played with all the famous swing musicians of the country. His nickname comes from his irrepressible habit of shouting "Hey, Hey" during especially torrid drum licks.

The boss' sax solos don't do the general effect any harm either.

Boyd is still a sports fan and he enjoys himself both as a spectator and a player. A home appearance of the Chicago Cubs finds him out behind third base and he sees every college football game in the Midwest that his schedule permits.

Swimming, riding and golf are well up on his list of favorite sports, and he gets a big kick out of taking an old glove to a sandlot and fooling around with the kids.



Boyd Raeburn

ASIDE from a couple of promising newcomers, like Bob Allen and Tommy Reynolds, the War years will probably not see the phenomenal rise of many fresh names.

So says a prominent American newsweekly after a survey of the effect of the War on American music.

This is the story of the phenomenal rise of one of the above: Tommy Reynolds.

Born in Akron, Ohio, twenty-five years ago, Tommy began his musical career taking violin lessons at the request of his parents, when he was eight years old. After three years of study he gave up the fiddle for the clarinet and was his own instructor. Later on he learned saxophone the same way.

Tommy's family moved to South Carolina when he was a youngster and he went to high school there, returning to Akron University for pre-med training. He devoted so much of his spare time to playing the clarinet, however, that he soon recognized where his ambition was and left school to play clarinet with a California band, following that with a spot in the Isham Jones combination.

At twenty, Tommy had his own band of ten pieces in Detroit and toured the South for a year.

In Cleveland he organized his second orchestra and did his first broadcasting from there with

that group. They played through the Middle West and then booked into the Casa Madrid in Louisville for four weeks—and were held over for ten. When that band clicked he turned over the stick to another leader and departed for Boston to build still another aggregation.

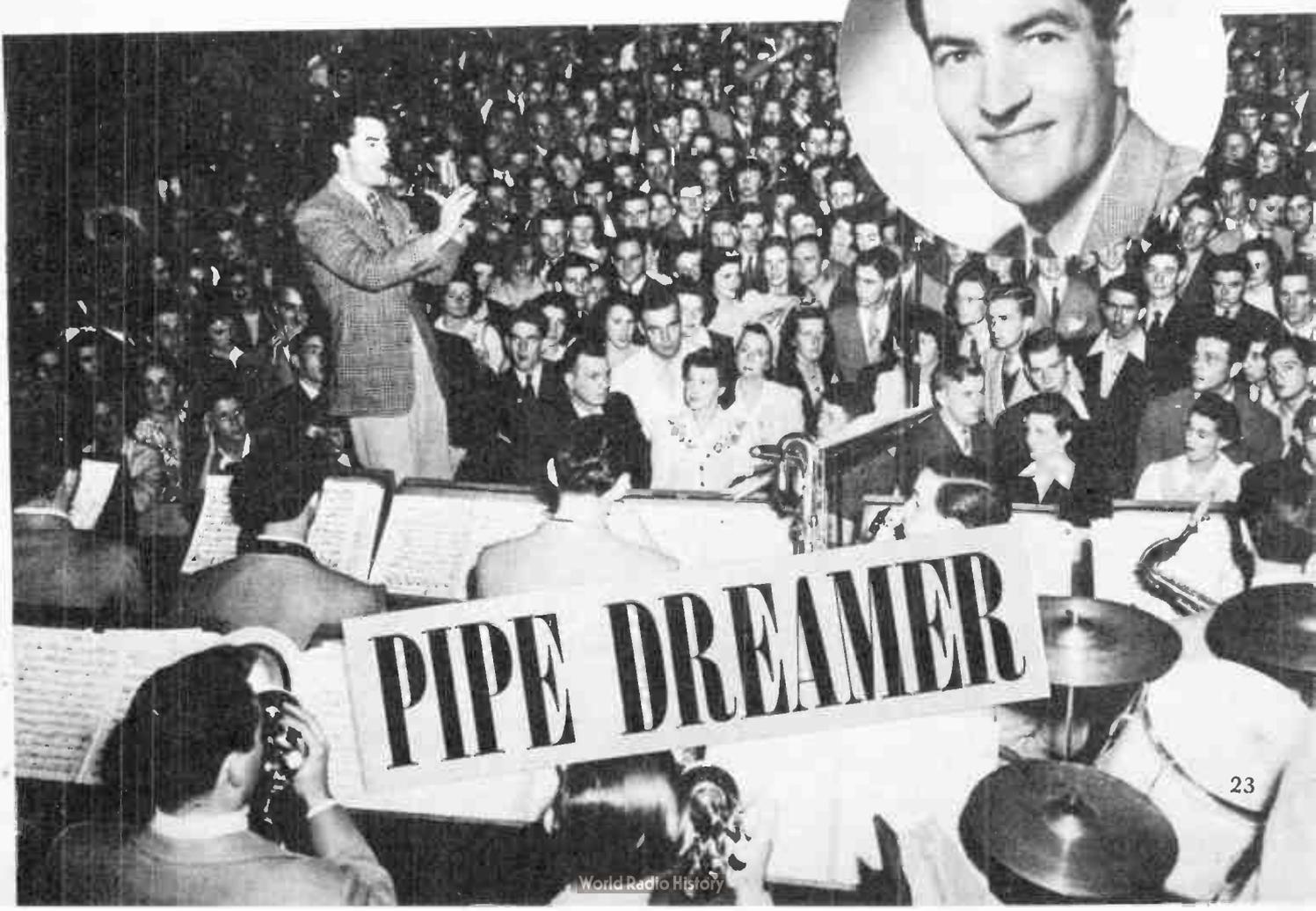
In Boston Tommy decided on the "campus" as opposed to the "commercial" type band and his greatest success has come with this most recent organization. He has played all the big schools in between coveted New York spots.

At present the Tommy Reynolds band is composed of instrumentalists who average seventeen years of age. This takes care of the draft situation. When these musicians are ready for service he has a long list of trained replacements.

"Pipe Dreams", the Reynold's theme song, is also a Reynold's composition. This number has no lyrics—it is wholly instrumental.

Tommy shares credit for his success with two managers, Harold Oxley, veteran agent of a long line of successes, and the attractive blonde lady who was Miss Alberta Roberts, daughter of the mayor of Baintree, Mass., and now Mrs. Tommy Reynolds.

Tommy Reynolds



Sweetest Trumpet

CHARLIE Spivak's muted trumpet—sweet, haunting, low and vibrant—just had to come into its own! For a mellow horn put Charlie high in the ranks of “favorite” soloists, and has taken the Spivak band far up the scale of the nation's sweetest music-makers.

Once upon a time Charlie was recognized as top trumpeter among the professionals but little known to the general public. Now, at last, making records and breaking records at the head of his own fine musicians Charlie

Spivak enjoys the popular applause he's long deserved.

There were no musicians in the Spivak family until Charlie, nine years old, decided he'd be one. Now there are two—counting Charlie's own young son, Joel, seven, his severest critic, mascot of the Spivak Band and baseball team and a stickler for good music.

As a kid, Charlie didn't agree with his father that a violin would be nice for him; he yearned for a cornet and finally got one—so small that the top

valve could be played with the nose—it was that near the mouthpiece. By saving his pennies, Charlie finally got a good one, and it was an easy step from cornet to trumpet—easy for Spivak.

Instead of going on to Brown University to study medicine as planned, Charlie left his home town, New Haven, Connecticut, to play with the Paragon Band because by the time he'd finished high school he was already a proficient trumpeter. He toured with Paul Sprech and Benny Pollack. When the Pollack boys played St. Paul, Minnesota, Charlie met a pretty librarian and married her.

After Pollack in the musical career of Charlie Spivak, came the Dorsey brothers, and from there on Charlie became **THE** free lance trumpeter of the ork world and the airways, hitting a new high in salaries and seats with good orchestras.

But right at this high point, Charlie threw his chips in and struck out for the big time with a band of his own. That was in 1940. Glen Miller, a pal since the Pollack and Dorsey days, helped him organize, showed him the ropes and pitfalls and started him on the road to success. When New York's *Daily News* chose Charlie to play for their Harvest Moon Ball, they said of the band—“It's young, on its way up and appealing to devotees of both sweet and swing.”

The soft “melancholy” manner that marks the Spivak horn was achieved after six months of experiment with odd rags and pieces of cardboard. Now the trumpet mute is patented and Charlie is made.



Charlie Spivak



Garry Stevens

Spivak got the easy-does-it singing of Garry Stevens almost as soon as the band was built. No radio fan of Garry's will be disillusioned with him in picture or person. Six feet tall, 176 pounds, dark blond hair and blue eyes, the description reads. Like Spivak, without a musical family background, Garry started out to be a trumpeter, working in Washington for CBS, and taking a few vocals until Garry and the directors both decided that singing, not the trumpet, was his forte. Garry heard the Spivak group down in D.C. and got an audition. Also a job. Now the horn's in mothballs for good, for as Garry puts it, "If I can't play that instrument as well as Charlie, I'll just stick to my singing."

The Stardusters too were established before they joined up with Charlie. The three male vocalists had sung together since high school days in Springfield, Illinois. And they've kept together ever since. The original vocalist got married, so June Hutton, sister of the famous Ina Ray Hutton, joined them just before they signed up with Charlie Spivak. June is very small—just five feet and one hundred and six pounds. This bothers her somewhat because she has a great and unsatisfied wish to wear flat evening slippers. It bothers her too

that she can't get down off the bandstand and dance to the boss's music which she thinks is grand. June's cute and twenty-two with auburn hair and brown eyes; she got her start singing with her sister's all-male orchestra. Swimming is her favorite sport and musical comedy her aim.

Curt Purnell is over six feet tall with jet black hair and a terrific smile. He's a champ at sports, especially swimming, although he confesses to being a pretty poor dancer. He enters his hobby shots in an endless number of photo contests that haven't ended in his favor yet, but he keeps on trying because there's only one thing he'd rather do than sing, swim or gab, and that's take pictures.

Harry Wylder is a six foot blond with a boyish grin. He's a studious fellow—reads lots, mostly biography and knows all the big wigs of English and American history. He likes modern harmony but relaxes to symphony. He's a great walker, and tends to dissect and reconstruct in good scientific fashion, anything he can lay his hands on. Harry knows no instrument now, but if he ever learns one it will be the French horn—and he'll be agitating to get it included in the popular dance band.

Glen Galyon, sandy-haired and six feet, is a prototype for an Oregon husky, but he comes from Illinois, too, where besides the trio singing, he was in demand as a top-notch choir boy.

The Stardusters



Among his relaxations are baseball, chemistry, water polo, mid-get auto racing and the movies, preferably Greer Garson. Among his accomplishments are piano-playing, whistling and singing. When it's with the Stardusters, he thinks singing is the best job in the world and hopes to spend the rest of his life at it.

"Scratch a good band and you will find good arrangers," runs the Tin Pan Alley adage. Charlie Spivak agrees. Charlie's a leader who, besides being an accomplished musician, has executive ability and business intelligence. He knows the necessity of a good arranging staff, and he's the first to pass on a great amount of the credit for his success to his arrangers. "Great musicians and great tunes," he says, "aren't enough. The music has to have fine arrangers if it hopes to achieve popularity."

Seems as though that master touch on the trumpet should be almost enough for anybody's success, but Charlie Spivak knows his business.

THEY CALL IT

THE only requirement for membership in the fastest growing organization of music lovers in this country is a simple twist of the wrist.

Just dial WJZ and the Blue Network at 9:15 on Sunday evenings—every Sunday evening—and you're in—a member in increasingly devoted standing of The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. Members of this listening group are a fanatical and jealous crew. They have their own enthusiasms and vocabularies and they listened to Maestro Lavallo in almost breathless silence.

One theory is that the working artists are all experts and the line-up seems to confirm this idea.

Maestro Paul Lavallo directs the woodwind section meanwhile modestly upholding his national musical reputation.

The strictly jazz department is under the personal supervision of Prof. Willis Kelly and his Dixieland Deadbeats.

Newly headlined as romantic-voiced baritone is that good looking Jimmy Blair.

Jimmy was born at Everett, Mass., on June 1,

Paul Lavallo



1916. His parents were musically inclined so Jimmy made his vocal debut early—the year he graduated from Melrose High School. He sang the role of Koke in the class presentation of *The Mikado*.

After three years of study, Jimmy went professional, singing over a Boston station. Several months later he came to New York and landed a guest spot with Fred Allen. That proved a springboard to Hollywood and a place on the old Packard Hour with Johnny Green's orchestra. Shy and boyish in appearance, Jimmy is five feet nine inches tall; weighs one hundred and forty; has brown eyes and fair complexion. By coincidence his favorite color is blue, and he enjoys large doses of tennis when time permits.

As for Paul Lavallo he needed two pokes from the nudging finger of Fate to convince him that he was a musician and not a lawyer.

When Paul was eleven his older brother Michael was director of the Municipal Orchestra in Beacon, N. Y., their home town. The band needed a clarinet player, the family was musical, so Paul accepted the assignment, adding training in the saxophone to the original requirement. Two years later he doubled in the city band and organized his own eight-piece orchestra for local functions.

Despite the easy musical road ahead, Paul enrolled in Law school at Columbia University, paying extra with playing over week-ends. After a year and a day of struggle with legal problems he encountered a pal who mentioned a scholarship in clarinet at Juilliard. Paul auditioned and won. He recognized destiny when it slapped him in the face and at nineteen entered Juilliard. Three years later he was graduated.

Jobs in well-known bands followed, including a full season with a band in Havana, the result of which was his musical composition, "Symphonic Rhumba", recently performed by Dr. Frank Black and the NBC Orchestra. In 1933 Lavallo joined the NBC staff.

Two years later the famous and revered Arturo Toscanini specifically asked for his services as saxophonist when Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" was programmed. When Paul finished his solo, the master cried "Bravo, Bravo", and the rest of the musicians applauded.

Lavalle is married to the former Sally Mae Grant, and they have one son. For fun, Paul golfs, tennises or trout fishes.

When the unmistakable and sonorous tones announces that "Chairman" Milton J. Cross is on the air for Basin Street, it may be known that Milton is indulging his hobby. He announces for a living, but music is his fun.

Mr. Cross slipped into radio by chance. In the crystal-set days of radio, Milton offered his services to the harassed staff of WJZ as tenor soloist and eventually became interested in making an art of announcing.

Three awards confirm the success of his ambition. In 1929 he was awarded a gold medal for diction by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The Poor Richard Club, an organization of advertising men, gave him a medal, and, in 1942, the Metropolitan Opera Association gave him a handsome scroll for his contribution to music. He has been announcing the "Met" broadcasts over the Blue Network ever since their inception.

A born New Yorker, Mr. Cross attended the De Witt Clinton High School before studying music. He is six feet two inches tall, slow-moving and quiet. He says the rumor that he hates



Jimmie Blair

exercise is not based on truth—he just doesn't have much time for it. When he does, he sits on a horse and lets the animal do the work, although he **LIKES** swimming and handball.

No more smoking for Milton, although he sits up nights reading O. Henry and **WHODUNITS**.

BASIN STREET





Ina Ray Hutton

A GIRL orchestra leader must play to the girls and not to their escorts.

This is Rule No. 1 for success in the bandleading biz as given out by Success No. 1 in that field of endeavor. The author of that sophisticated quip is the undulating queen of rhythm, Ina Ray Hutton.

"There isn't a doubt in the world that men would rather see a girl directing a band if only because it gives them the opportunity to look over their partner's shoulders and grin back at them, but that is where the danger begins," continues Miss Hutton.

When a man takes a girl to dinner, reasons Ina, that girl generally has the last word to say about where they shall dine. Therefore she wants to have the women on her side.

Recently organized, the current Ina Ray Hutton Band is now an all-male outfit. This all-male band succeeds the all-girl aggregation because, "although a girl band was easier to look at, the all-male band is easier to listen to." And the current collection of bandsmen is so easy to listen to that today the Hutton Band is rated by such pickers as orchestra leader T. Dorsey, as "the band most likely to succeed this year".

Miss Hutton has a number of definite ideas about how to keep her business and social life separate. Since she is in the glamorous business, this isn't as easy as it sounds, especially when she starts with one of the most goergous faces and "curvatiuous" figures in the show world.

Nevertheless, "Being glamorous is one thing; being a working girl is another," says Ina.

Of course, in the music world, the idea is to combine the two. "However," says Miss Hutton, "as far as I'm concerned, I prefer to let the glamour take care of itself and concentrate on my work." And if the box office receipts are any indication, the customers are willing to settle for that too.

When Ina Ray marries she will be willing to settle down and let one man be the boss in the family. She says that when the day comes she'll be frank to admit the situation. Until it does, however, Miss Hutton is satisfied to wave the stick in front of fourteen men and she wouldn't trade her job for any other in the country.

Ina Ray's natural sense of rhythm is really natural. She is the musical daughter of a musical mother, Marvel Ray Hutton an accomplished pianist.

Always "mad about rhythm", it was the natural

thing for Miss Hutton to lead a band. When the offer came to her she rushed to take the chance to do what she felt herself best suited for.

Ina Ray Hutton was born in Chicago on March 13, 1917, and her first stage appearance was with the famous Gus Edwards at the Palace Theatre in New York. She toured the most important vaudeville houses in the country and gained fame in such offerings as Lew Leslie's "Clowns in Clover" and the last "Ziegfeld Follies".

The greatest thrill of her life was when she stopped the opening night show of George White's "Melody," early in her career, at Philadelphia. Next day her name went up in lights. She had made her big hit in the first jazz number composed by Sigmund Romberg, who wrote "Never Had An Education" for her.

The girl leader sings songs in the torchy manner and her dancing is tops. Her intriguing manner of leading the band, often in rhythm and with dance steps, thrills her audiences.

Mash notes fill her dressing-room table and her fan mail comes from the youngsters of eight and nine as well as from adolescents and adults. "More than fifty percent of my mail comes from

young girls who have dreams of becoming orchestra leaders just as I did." The mash notes, above mentioned, come from men of sixty as

BRIGHT GIRL

well as from boys of sixteen.

Miss Hutton's hobbies are horseback riding, swimming and tennis. She has three life-saving medals, and also a diamond and emerald bracelet, and she can't decide which she prizes most.

The femme leader of an orchestra keeps fit as a matter of business, and when it comes to that angle of the trade Miss Hutton is right in there pitching. Her bewitching figure is not a matter of happenstance, however. She takes good care of it and not an ounce of extra weight is allowed to settle down on Ina. She continually checks her weight and thus learns how her diet and rest system are working. With Ina, they work.

Miss Hutton is five feet three inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eight pounds. She has blue eyes, a saucy nose and a mop of chestnut hair, and freely admits that her younger sister June is prettier and more talented than she.

Ina Ray has never had stage fright in her life, and really gets excited when someone mentions good food, especially curried chicken. Her ambition is to top girl batoneers and stay up there.



FORT GEORGE WRIGHT BAND

FORT George Wright, near Spokane, Washington, believes that good music makes a contented soldier.

Center—Soldiers of the "Swing Wing" L. to R., first row: Sgt. Stanley Black, Cpl. Curt Shellenberger, Pfc. Jack James, Sgt. Harry Zinquist, Cpl. Donald Hughes, Sgt. Bill Sullivan, Sgt. Russell Siebert. Second

Row: Sgt. Al Meddaugh, Sgt. Sherman Herrick, Sgt. James Armour, Sgt. Hudson Nieman, Cpl. Royce Eldors, Pfc. Lee Frazier, Cpl. Leon Gonion. Upper left: Sax section. Upper right: Rhythm section. Lower left: Bass section. Lower right: Stan Black, Leader-Guitarist.



**CALL HIM
HERB**



Herb Miller



Patsy Goode

HERB pluralized the name of Miller in big band talk. Lately Glenn Miller's young brother, trumpet-toting Herb, beating the handicap of G.M.'s success, has made a lot of people eat a lot of sarcasm that heretofore had to be countered with his right fist.

First Herb was business manager for Glen; then he took a trumpet seat with Charlie Spivak for a year and by that time he knew enough about both sides of the band business to run his own show. Herb Miller's "Sweet and Go" rhythm has been capturing the midwest and south and is now taking over the west coast before heading east to storm New York. Already high among the new-coming favorites, Herb Miller is a lead pipe cinch to keep right on clicking.

FOR FIGHTING FRANCE



Conrad Thiebault

French patriot as he is a great American, and like his brothers-in-arms, he has risen to the call of Fighting France. His song, flown by bomber to England, is used daily by the BBC in propaganda broadcasts to France.

Thiebault, the good-looking, vibrant radio personality who adds a ruggedness to his charm, took frequent camping trips from his Maine home before the War, relaxing in the great outdoors, cooking and hunting. Now he spends all his time working directly or indirectly for the War effort, visiting camps and naval bases, proving that his voice is as popular with men as with women. Conrad will sing his song on the program welcoming the courageous General Giraud on his scheduled visit to this country.

If there was any doubt in any mind of the value of men in civilian life who can give this much to the morale of the United Nations, there isn't any more. Not since Thiebault gave "I Am A Soldier of Fighting France" to the freedom-loving French and inspired them to "March on! Brave sons of France!" once more!

WHEN Conrad Thiebault, popular baritone of "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" and "The Melody Hour," composed the first song of his career, he had the best inspiration possible. Like the Marseillaise, "I Am A Soldier of Fighting France," was born of a need and at a time when the French were op-

pressed and faction-torn. And like this great Anthem of Freedom, his song has become a battle cry—the marching song of the Free French soldiers.

For Conrad Thiebault, born in this country of French grandparents, brought up on stories of old France and her love of liberty, educated at the Paris Conservatory, is as great a

IT GOES YOUR HEAD

LIKE the bubbles from a glass of champagne the sparkling, zesty bubbles of Lawrence Welk's music rise from the tip of his magic baton and go straight to the top of every noggin within earshot or wavelength.

But the Champagne Music trademark that helped bring Larry to the top hasn't gone to the head of this happy-go-lucky farm boy from North Dakota. Not even after the Fitch Bandwagon and the Coca Cola Victory Program of "Spotlight Bands"!

If you've met him you'll agree with his plentiful fans that for all his busy ork life, Larry Welk is never too tired or tied up to talk and joke with friends and admirers in his most hospitable and cordial manner. It's quite as heart-warming as his music.

And if you've seen the leader himself, nimble fingers skipping gracefully over the keyboard of his thousand-dollar accordian, you'd never guess that these same artistic hands worked from daylight to dark "pitching bundles" or, in free translation, tossing sheaves of grain, on the sun-bleached fields of Dakota for one dollar a day.

This beginning in the hardest of farm life gave Larry the down-to-earth personality that endears him to his fans. And this close contact with life gave him his interest in people and their problems.

While Welk is toasted in sophisticated circles now, he refuses to be formal in his own

performance attire or in the set-up of his band. He's a typical, plain American and proud of it! His father came to North Dakota at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, bringing with him little more than his treasured accordian. Larry, youngest son, inherited the father's love of the instrument and finally inherited the accordian itself.

Playing with small groups in the Black Hills region and as musical director of the pioneer station WNAX in Yankton, S. D., Welk was known as the leader of "The Biggest Little Band in America". It was a six-piece outfit and doing very well even then.

But it wasn't until Welk hit upon his now distinctive style of bubble music that he really hit the big time. The bouncing effervescence caught on right away—it was the compromise people wanted between dance rhythm and flowing melody.

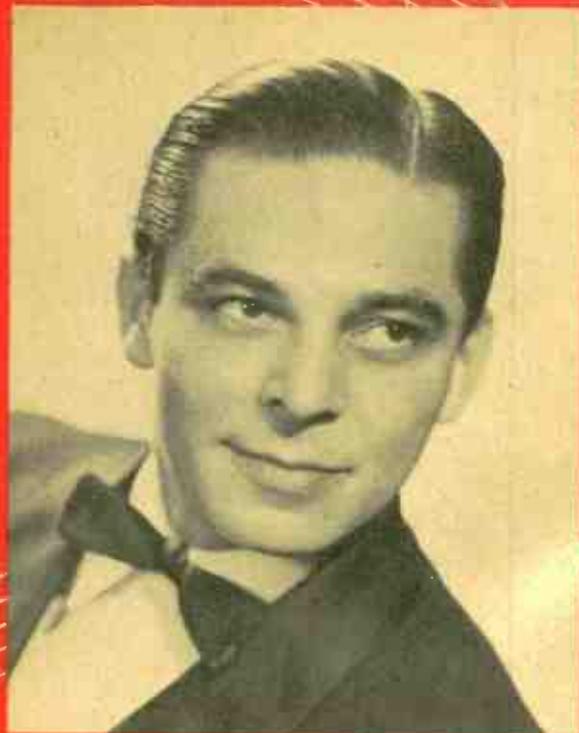
Just one more ingredient was necessary to put Welk on top and that was added when he signed Jayne Walton as "The Little Champagne Lady." (Pictured in the title of this article with Lawrence Welk.) It was hard, getting a vocalist who fitted in with this new variety of music. Jayne has that champagne style. And she can handle more than the sentimental ballads and swing songs. She can sing a Mexican number like a native because, although her mother came from Ireland, Jayne was brought up in Mex-

ico. "Marie Elena's" a Mexican song that Jayne made popular here. Now she goes on popularizing Mexican rhumbas and folk tunes to the hand-claps of the Welk audience.

Larry Welk started out with all the odds against him: continued bad health, little formal education, work that might ruin a musician's hands, inferiority complex; but he turned the tables on fate with equal parts of syncopation and imagination. Now when you hear "Bubbles In the Wine," his own composition and theme song, the four solid chords and the arpeggios running smoothly down the keyboard of the Welk accordian—stand by for a lift right over the rainbow.

Lawrence Welk





JERRY WALD, handsome clarinet wizard, is the Rudolph Valentino type. His band, built in Wartime, 1942, and immediately famous, is proof enough that Wald is the *real thing*.



NEWT PERRY, Yale man, class of '40, was chief bandmaster at New Haven for four years; now I. Newton, Jr., is chief prom-master at all the leading colleges.



RALPH ROTGERS, native of Spain, lived years in Haiti and studied Voodoo rhythm. His "International Orchestra" culls tunes and tempos from every corner of the world.



BOBBY DAY imported real Hawaiian guitars to study—but his own specially built sixteen-string table instrument, gets guitar effects that have made Bobby's band music unique.



BARON ELLIOTT, Pittsburgh's favorite musical son (all his bandsmen are from Pit, too) is now a national favorite. Only twenty-seven, Baron's held the baton for eight years.



LEIGHTON NOBLE leads a band styled to "Tone Color" and individuality, and scores with the softly rhythmic dance strains that are so popular everywhere today.



TERRY SHAND, tall, athletic Texan, is an ex-songwriter who's latest hits now are an added attraction for the swing Shad Band of inspired and inspiring musicians.



JIMMY VINCENT'S "Society Orchestra" has played four seasons at New York's Stork Club. Born in Brazil and educated at Syracuse, Jimmy believes in a small band of quality.



Hazel Scott

LITTLE MISS SCOTT

THE story of Hazel Scott (Cafe Society, BOTH uptown and downtown New York) swing classicist, is also the story of Hazel's mother. Mrs. Scott was not only mother, teacher and guide—she had a band.

In 1933 when Hazel was thirteen years old, this program announcement informed the public what to expect from the Scott family.

"Recital and dance—Mrs. Alma Long Scott presents her thirteen-year-old daughter, little Miss Hazel Scott, child wonder pianist, Friday evening, November 24, 1933, at the Alhambra Ballroom.

"Little Hazel started playing the piano at the age of three. She received her musical training from her mother until recently, when she became a pupil of Margaret Kennerly Upshur. She has been before the public since the age of five.

"Little Hazel is versatile. She sings, dances and plays the cornet; is as fine a player of jazz as of the classics. She is a dancing pupil of Mabel Laws Horsey's Dancing Studio. She composed several melodies, among them 'Black and White Rhapsody' and 'Why Don't You Come Back To Me?'

"She is a member of the Friends Amusement Guild and a featured artist with the Monarch Symphonic Band. She has broadcast a number of times. Rita Burgess Gould, of the Barbizon Plaza, says, 'She is a child wonder and has a remarkable talent.'"

That was Miss Scott at thirteen. At twenty-three she is just the same—only more and better—in her own particular field. Experts not only name her better, but BEST.

One of the few British-born colored stars to have achieved international prominence, Hazel was born in Trinidad, and spent her fourth birthday aboard the ship that was bringing her to this country in 1924.

Hazel's mother, leader of this expedition to the land of jazz, was herself a versatile musician. She played alto and tenor saxophone, clarinet and piano, and she led a girls' band, "American Creolians" in which her daughter played at the age of twelve.

Under Mrs. Scott's supervision, Hazel, during her first few years in this country, began to show signs of that remarkable memorizing talent which has since played such a large contributing part in her sensational and consistent stardom.

As one critic said, "You can't swing the classics unless you know 'em by heart first, and know 'em good."

At the tender age of eight, Miss Hazel was a candidate for a scholarship at the Julliard School, under the sponsorship of a professor who had heard her play and was so impressed that he volunteered his help. The plan did not then ma-

ture, however, as the authorities thought the candidate too young. Later on Hazel did study at the school, and she returns in undergraduate earnestness when special piano recitals are featured there.

It was obvious that little Miss Scott was a musician, but her mother insisted that she get through her formal education before devoting her full time to music, and Hazel worked her way through high school, at the same time appearing in public both on her own and with her mother.

Then, one day in 1936, a friend dared her to take her chances on an audition with the Mutual Broadcasting System. Ninety-seven other aspirants gave up when they were defeated after a brilliant performance by Hazel Scott. Hazel walked out with a contract for six months of sustaining programs clutched in her fist.

By this time, too, the future "High Priestess of Harmony" had started in the night club field, where eventually her talents were to find their fullest expression. Mama also came along.

"I'd stay at the club until 3 A.M.," recalls Hazel, "then Mama would take me home and I'd sleep until 8. I'd just have time to bathe and drink a cup of coffee, then I'd dash to school. I'd come home at 3 P.M. and sleep until 8, then I'd go to the night club. I didn't mind, but some of my teachers used to get awfully angry when I didn't get my homework done."

About this time Hazel began to develop that swinging of the revered classics which just about started a civil war in the Scott family. Hazel would play classical selections for her program with Mutual, ostensibly straight, but somehow she developed a habit of beating out unorthodox rhythms with her foot. Soon these touches began to appear in her playing.

After working in several clubs, Hazel decided on her own band, and picked some of Harlem's specialists as colleagues. They opened and continued successfully at the then State Palace Ballroom in Harlem in March, 1939.

Only a few months after her organization appeared, Miss Scott was an established show business personality. She appeared in television and had an offer to appear in England.

Then came the incident which proved to be the most significant in a life crammed with vital points. Cafe Society, Greenwich Village home of boogie-woogie and blues, had engaged a veteran blues singer for the opening. At the last minute the star failed to appear, and the manager offered to let Hazel fill in for a week.

The famous guest never even got a chance to appear later on. Hazel was in and she stayed in. When the uptown, or fancy, branch of the famous club was established last fall off Park Avenue, they switched the by-then-world-famous star up there and there she is at this minute.

Frank Sinatra



Opera Co., Warnow made a record that still stands, as the youngest operatic musical conductor of the world.

From Concert Master of the Paramount Orchestra, Mark shifted to Columbia where he soon got to be staff conductor—and so on to the Chrysler Show and “We, The People” before Lucky Strike signed him.

Warnow is five feet seven with a shock of unruly hair and dark, piercing eyes. He smiles more often than not and his whole face shines with geniality. When there's time, Mark enjoys golf and baseball games; but his big hobbies are a 46 ft. yawl and his musical library which takes up all the spare space in his Great Neck, Long Island, home. Everyone who

STARS IN THE

WARNOW CONDUCTING

FIVE years of Saturday night successes prove that a great idea met a great musician, director and showman when Mark Warnow took the stick that has waved a thousand favorite songs into Tin Pan Heaven. “Orchestra under the direction of Mark Warnow” has long been a boon phrase to big CBS commercials, for Mark has a system.

The Warnow rules that built the Hit Parade are simple and definite—and now building the All-Time Hit Parade—formed to reflect the public's likes and to keep the show always in good taste.

He never changes the set rhythm and tempo of the ten favorites; the melody is never hidden with frills and the listener gets the fun of recogniz-

ing his favorite song right away.

Warnow gives three choruses; the first tells the tune—the second gets a vocal or a big play—the third signs off the refrain.

Balance is gained by interspersing extras that will offset an overdose of same-style tunes.

Mark was born in Russia of talented parents—his father, an accomplished violinist—his mother, a writer. At six, his folks brought him to Brooklyn, and the next year he found his father's fiddle. A great day for Mark—and his father, who took much pleasure in teaching the boy. Mark led his school orchestra for a while but at seventeen he deserted the classics for Berlin and Lou Brown; reason, financial. When he was eighteen Mark was leading a pit ork for “The Music Box Review” and then the “Ziegfeld Follies”. With the old Massel House

knows Warnow likes him—viz: the CBS page boys voted him their favorite conductor and tendered him a luncheon—at the Automat.

VOCALS BY SINATRA

“**O**H, look at him now!” Coming directly from a record personal appearance at the New York Paramount, the man who first won female hearts with “I'll Never Smile Again” for Tommy Dorsey — Frank Sinatra, erstwhile hitmaker, is now hit-interpreter on the Parade.

When Frank joined Tommy Dorsey in 1940 he'd had less than a year's experience in the dance field. In six months he was the talk of the industry and the fans—and he did it all with that *Specially-for-you* kind of romantic singing.

Frank was born in Hoboken, N. J., where his father is a city

fireman. He still lives there now with a wife and three-year-old daughter. He went to Stevens Tech, but overcame his engineering tendencies when Station WAAT signed him in '37. Right away Harry James and Bob Chester put in bids for Sinatra, but T. D. won.

Frank Sinatra is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. He has blue eyes and brown hair but he really is of Italian descent. Naturally he loves spaghetti. He likes to watch football games. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Bergess Meredith and Kath Hepburn. He plays golf and tennis and prefers sport clothes. Politics just do not interest him. Frank speaks Italian and smokes occasionally.

Joan Edwards



"HIT PARADE"

JOAN EDWARDS

FOUR months on the Hit Parade, Joan Edwards, niece of the renown Gus, only took up singing in the first place because there was no radio mar-

ket for a female pianist. She studied piano for twelve years with Raphael Samuel, Gershwin's teacher, but after her graduation from Hunter College, an agent suggested she put some vocals with her playing. She

did and with just a little more study, Joan landed a sustaining spot on a Brooklyn station. Rudy Vallee gave her a guest performance on his show; she clicked and toured with the Connecticut Yankees until, tired of the road, she signed with White-man on the Chesterfield Hour, meanwhile doing more guesting on the air and playing smart New York cafes and hotels.

Joan Edwards has been in two musicals, "Too Many Girls" and "It Happened On Ice".

Joan does all her own arranging—a great feat, but she's proudest of her accomplishments as a fisherman and the effort she's made for safe driving with her safety slogan club. A near accident made her cautious-conscious and since then fans have been helping her fill orders for safety catch-lines.



Mark Warnow

HE INVENTED THE

AT ten, Alvino Rey started his fabulous career by being the youngest "Ham" radio operator in the country—that was when he was more mechanically minded than musical. Science and music merged in Master Rey when Alvino was twelve. He invented the electric guitar at that brave age, although, through some slip-up, it was never patented in his name. Alvino's loss doesn't particularly bother him, however, for he seems happy enough leading one of the outstanding bands of the day as a morale unit in the Vega Aircraft Corporation of California, and spending his spare time inventing more improvements for the guitar (which he still doesn't bother to patent) and operating his amateur radio station.

Alvino was born in Oakland, Cal., on July 1, 1911; he moved to Cleveland as a youngster and was educated in public schools there. Maybe it was because Rey's ancestors were original California settlers, but he never could stay long away from the Gold Coast; that was why he left Phil (Spitalney who gave him his first job) and he's been

going back regularly ever since, for in California Alvino Rey got his really big breaks.

First he joined the NBC staff in San Francisco as guitar soloist and leader of his own orchestra. In 1934 Horace Heidt was playing at the Golden Gate Theatre in San Fran. He asked Rey to join him as featured artist and at about the highest pay of any dance band musician in the country.

Among other Heidt featured stars were The King Sisters. The happy fate that brought the Alvino Rey musicians and the King Sisters together professionally was engineered by D. Cupid himself. Rey and Louise, the eldest sister, fell in love. They were married in May, 1937, and a few months later Mr. and Mrs. Rey and his sisters-in-law left Heidt. Alvino became musical director for station KHJ in San Francisco. This was when he formed his own band. Naturally, the King Sisters teamed up with him. A success out West, they jumped to New York, reorganized there in the spring of 1940 and soon opened in Hartford, Connecticut. In one year they were in and playing big time at the N. Y.

Paramount. After a tour of the East they played their way back to California (of course), were featured in RKO's "Sing Your Worries Away", set a new high at the Palladium, rushed East to play at the Meadowbrook and return New York engagements. Now they are still together and, as you might know, settled in California and urging the Vega workers to new production records.

* * *

The King Sisters are California's own, too, and like Rey, they started in the entertainment field early. With their musical parents, the sisters toured from the time they were tots, picking up the famous King style as they sang along together. Since romance brought them with the Rey band, they've sacrificed all kinds of glittering offers (especially the Hollywood ones) to the cause of musical solidarity and stuck with Rey for better and better. The organization of Rey's band is built on a sound business and solid pleasure, their own and their listeners.

The musical arrangements are worked up around guitar play—it predominates in the theme and almost every number has at least two or three guitar passages, solo by Alvino. It's a distinctive mark for the band and has done as much as the King Sister's singing toward putting Rey in the lead of dance-time favorites.

Best at BOTH Spanish and electric guitars, Rey has a nice trophy to his credit, a gold cup that means much to him because the American Guild of Guitarists saw fit to present it in token of his being their choice for NUMBER 1 GUITARIST.



ELECTRIC GUITAR



Alvin Rey

PLEASANT VALLEY

Words and Music by
SOL FEIR

Moderato

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with a long note on the first beat of the first measure, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment.

F **C**

They called it PLEAS - ANT VAL - LEY, — Way up there in the
(The) peo - ple were so friend - ly, — No talk of war or

Vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is marked mezzo-forte (mf). The key signature has one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands.

F **C7**

hills. — My heart goes out there — you - der, — Where I
hate. — They prayed for peace and con - tent - ment, — And in

Vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The music maintains the 2/4 time signature and key signature.

C7 **G7** **C7** **1. F** **2. F** **F7**

know it's peace - ful still. — fate. — I've
God they placed their

Vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.). The dynamics vary, including piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf). The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

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B \flat F C7 F

got my dar - ling wait - ing, ——— To greet me with a smile. ——— The

B \flat F D7 G7 C7 G \sharp dim. A dim. C7

mem - ry of her kiss - es, ——— Is with me o'er man - y a mile, ——— When

F C7 F

I re - turn to the val - ley ——— No more will I ev - er roam ——— From the

F C7 G7 C7 F

place called PLEAS - ANT VAL - LEY ——— From the land that is my home. ———

DID YOU KNOW THAT

. . . HAL McINTYRE, the former Glenn Miller sideman, and now a top-notch leader in his own right, is such a rabid Duke Ellington fan that he's finding it a problem to break way from Ellingtonish arrangements and get his band in a commercial groove. . . . Singer DONNA MASON, formerly Mal Hallett's vocalist is now a member of the WAVES, out on the West Coast. . . . RAY SINATRA, cousin to Frank, the top crooner of the day, is in line for a conductor's berth at CBS. . . . D'ARTEGA, who is busy organizing an all girl band which he'll front, has had plenty of experience in that field, having organized several female outfits, including the one which had Rita Rio, now the movie star, Dona Drake, as maestra. . . . BUDDY CLARKE, who left the singing end of the music business to become a song publisher, has already changed his mind, and can be heard every Sunday at 6:05 p.m. over the Blue network. . . . GLENN MILLER is organizing some of the crack bands of the country for the Army Air Forces, with men like Mel Powell and Ray McKinley taking the key chairs. . . . GEORGE WALD'S young band is a definite bet for the future and in line for a fast build-up. . . . Handsome young maestro BOBBY SHERWOOD'S sister, Gayle, may take over the vocal spotlight in his band. . . . Although there are more than 138,000 musicians in union locals throughout the country less than 2,000 of them play well enough to work with an ace band. . . . Chief Petty Officer ARTIE SHAW'S band in Hawaii is said to be just as good as any of the units which he led while in civilian life. . . . KAY THOMPSON, of the rhythm singer Thompsons, is now in Hollywood doing arrangements for the movies. . . . TED STRAETER, who does those swell vocal arrangements on the Kate Smith shows is also a bandleader, and recently opened with his band at the Hotel Statler in Washington, where he has two weekly NBC air-shots. . . . CHARLES SPIVAK and his orchestra are en route to Hollywood, where they will make a movie called "*Pin Up Girl*" starring Betty Grable. . . . Comic JERRY LESTER is also a song-writer, with a couple good tunes to his credit. . . . DICK STABILE is now in the Coast Guard and leading a band every bit as good as the one which he turned over to his wife, Gracie Barrie, before he entered the service. . . . CHICO MARX will soon make a movie with his band, but without his two comic brothers, Groucho and Harpo.

. . . The best tunes of all not only go to Carnegie Hall, but because this is a democracy, are available to everybody everywhere. . . . LEAH RAY, who used to sing with Phil Harris and his band, is back in the business again, working over the Blue Network. . . . OZZIE NELSON and his Orchestra made a recent trip East from Hollywood, so that they could appear on Red Skelton's radio show, while he was in New York filming "*Whistling in Brooklyn*" . . . HELEN FORREST, regarded by many in the music business as the best singer of ballads, never took a vocal lesson in her life. . . . WAYNE KING, the champion of waltzes, is now a Major in the Army. . . . ALVINO REY, working with his band in a defense plant in California, is still doing one nighter dance dates and is lined up for a new and big radio commercial. . . . ENOCH LIGHT, the bandleader, has opened a coaching studio for promising musicians and singers at Carnegie Hall, in N.Y. . . . BENNY GOODMAN, whose band started the swing craze, has recovered from his recent slump and is now the talk of the West Coast. . . . SKIP NELSON, who recently left Chico Marx's band to join Tommy Dorsey, became discouraged with his chances of making big-time not too long ago and was ready to go back to driving a truck. . . . HELEN WARD, now with Hal McIntyre's band touring the country, is the same gal who made those fine records with the early Goodman band and left a career as a house wife to come back into the business. . . . PHIL SPITALNY, who recently filmed "*When Johnny Comes Marching Home*," now being released, is set for another movie. . . . BENNY CARTER, bandleader famous for his alto sax playing, is a trumpeter, trombonist, pianist, in fact plays just about every instrument and is a crack arranger besides. . . . STAN KENTON'S is one band which hasn't had the break it needs to get up there on top where it belongs. . . . Although Bandleader brothers TOMMY and JIMMY DORSEY have buried the hatchet, insiders in the music biz expect their feud to flame up again any day now. . . . Chicago jazz man, ART HODES, is at last going to organize a real jazz band and get some decent bookings. . . . JOHNNY "SCAT" DAVIS, who left the band business for a movie career as a leading man, is now getting homesick for one nighters and is organizing a new outfit.

by Dick Dodge

Who Is Your Favorite Fiddler?

Who is your favorite among the many inspired and inspiring fiddlers featured by the top bands?

Here's your opportunity to win his photograph.

HERE'S HOW: Just write us a short note—250 words or less—telling us who your favorite fiddler is and why you believe he is tops. Best twenty letters received by July 30, 1943, will bring their writers the photograph of their choice.

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Missouri; Dotyveau Klein, Ashland, Pa.; Kathleen Loen, Seattle, Wash.; Kent Y. Nakamura, Camp McCoy, Wisc.; Patricia Proctor, W. Los Angeles, Cal.; Leonard Quartaro, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles Rice, Springfield, Vt.; Clementina Scavone, East Elmhurst, N. Y.; Greg Sisljan, Bronx, N. Y.; James Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dean Williamson, Burlington, N. C.



"HE AIN'T SO HOT!"

Subscribe NOW!

Due to conditions brought on by the war: shortage of labor at the printer and bindery—delays in transportation—curtailment of paper supplies, etc.—it is no longer possible for us to state in advance the exact date on which copies of new issues of **BAND LEADERS** magazine will be available. However, we are doing everything in our power to maintain a regular schedule—in fact, we hope to publish on an every-other-month frequency (instead of quarterly) from now on, war-time regulations permitting.

Help us save paper—by placing a standing order with your news-dealer now for each future issue as published (so that he will have sufficient copies on hand without having to return any as unsold)—or by subscribing for **BAND LEADER** magazine. To subscribe, just fill in the coupon below—return it with \$1.00 (Canada \$1.50)—and we'll mail the next *eight* issues as they come off the press.

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THE RISE OF RAY

Ray Herbeck



RAY HERBECK knows that you CAN please most of the people most of the time, because pleasing people is what Ray does best. Ray has worked the one-night stands long enough to realize that the public wants only the best, and he's had a varied enough musical career from the campus of Southern Cal. to "Music With Romance" on the major hook-ups, to know just the way to achieve the best in entertainment.

To begin with, Ray has what the customers like to look at. The whole Herbeck Band has, in fact. All the boys are over six feet and Ray leads off with six feet three inches of blond good looks. He's twenty-eight and an all-round athlete, specializing in baseball. (Used to pitch for semi-pro teams on the road to help band expenses in the early days.) Then he's an extra good golfer and amateur color photographer.

Ray Herbeck is the only "southpaw" sax man in the business, which is the same as saying he's something special among musicians, because of his unconventional fingering.

The average age of the Herbeck boys is twenty-four and they're considered a musically perfect crew. This is vocalist Yvonne's first experience with a dance band. She started out as a dancer and Ray heard her singing to herself in a dressing room backstage where he was playing. He had the same luck with Benny Stabler, mainstay of the brass section and a whiz at impersonating other famous trumpet stars. Ray just stumbled on Stabler. Pure chance like that got Ray most of his present talent.

But the kind of breaks Ray gets are the ones where you have to be on your toes to pick up the cue—and take it. Ray took 'em. Ray got there. Now you see him on top.

Benny Stabler



ABSOLUTE pitch is what makes Bobby Byrne outstanding as a musician and band leader, and with that innate faculty that not one in a hundred musicians have, Bobby has intuition. He knows what he wants and he has an unflinching insight into the right way to achieve his ends. Be it a wife, or be it success in this field of his choice, Bobby can play a long shot or a hunch and have it turn up a winner every time.

Music was the breath of life for the Byrne family. His father led an Army band; and incidentally, Bob may be doing the same very soon. At three his mother taught him the piano. After that he learned flute, piccolo, drums, harp, trombone and 'cello. The trombone won. It gave him an in with the Dorsey Brothers; it got him a place in Jimmy's orchestra, and ultimately it put him at the head of the popular Byrne Band.

In '35 Bobby opened with Jimmy at the Glen Island Casino; and, just turned twenty-two, in May, 1940, he opened there with his own band.

It was intuition that got Bob into the dance

band business. He'd been playing the classics in Detroit's Cass Tech. band where his father got himself a job with the first popular ork he was director of music. When the Dorseys visited Cass, Bob talked to them and went out and could locate—one in a beer garden. He'd never played a bar of popular music before. Then he went with Hank Biagini at the Greystone Ballroom for six weeks until he heard from Jimmy Dorsey.

Same intuition worked to get him a wife. Patricia Farrell, she was. It happened in a Dallas coffee shop on Christmas Eve, '38. Pat had driven thirty miles from Fort Worth to keep the date. Over a cheese sandwich (Bobby still loves *them*, too) she said "yes". This was the second time he'd seen her. The third, in Hartford, Conn., they were married.

So Bobby Byrne really knows what's good for him, and gets it. But unflinching! Right now he knows the Army's the best thing for him and everyone, and you'll be hearing of Bobby in the Service any day now.



Virginia Macey

Bobby Byrne



INTUITION



Sky-Liner

TED FIO RITO has eighty-five hit songs piled up and he's rolling new tunes off the piano every free minute between melodytime at the NBC mike and playing around-the-country engagements.

For Ted's busy band a tour is a vacation.

Ted Fio Rito's percussion is more than a rhythm section—the drums and cymbals are his “warm instruments”; that's part of his new swing treatment—part of the adaptability that has kept him famous for twenty years—part of the “Sky-Lined Music” that gets the fan mail.

Ted Fio Rito

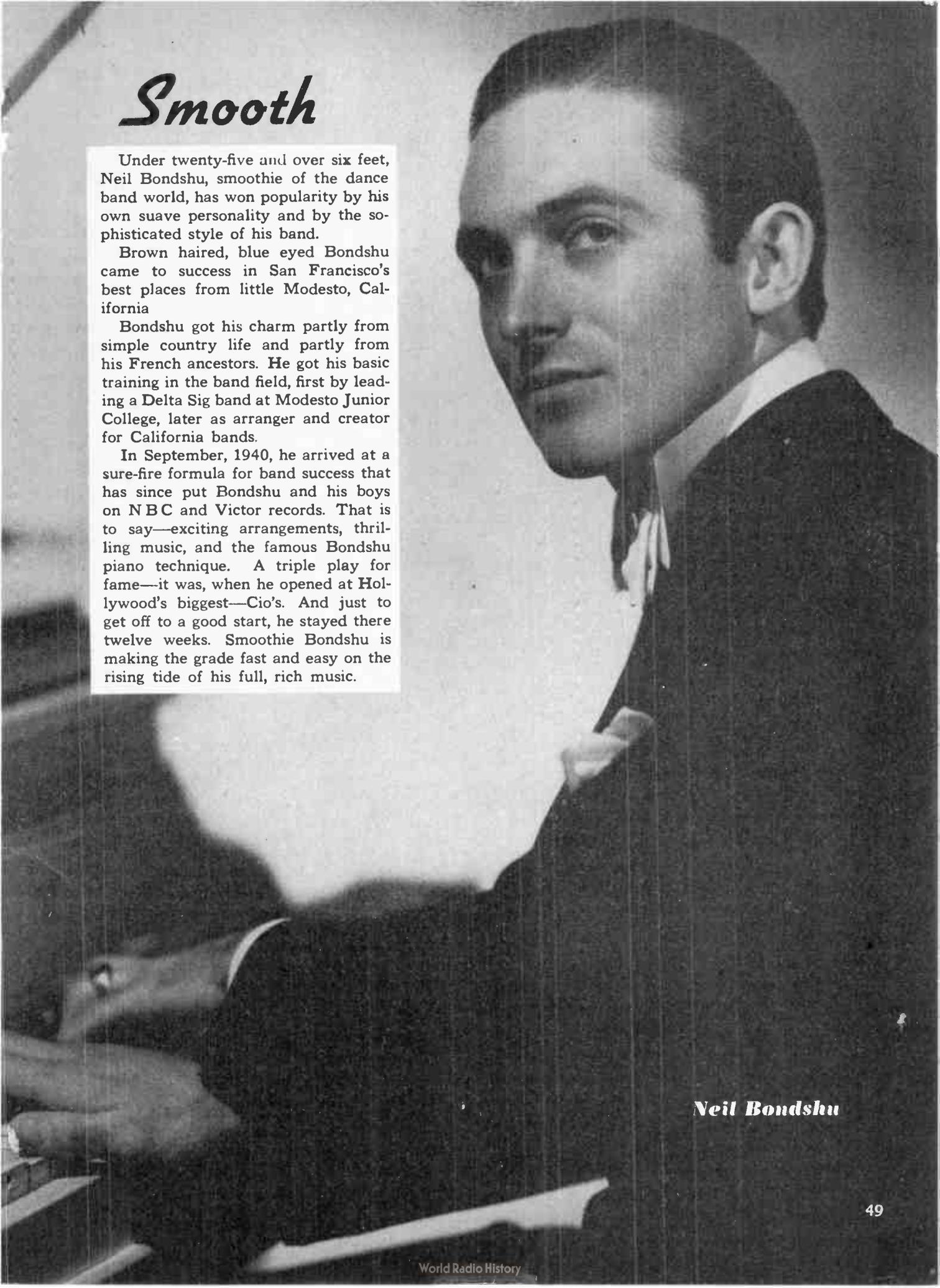
Smooth

Under twenty-five and over six feet, Neil Bondshu, smoothie of the dance band world, has won popularity by his own suave personality and by the sophisticated style of his band.

Brown haired, blue eyed Bondshu came to success in San Francisco's best places from little Modesto, California

Bondshu got his charm partly from simple country life and partly from his French ancestors. He got his basic training in the band field, first by leading a Delta Sig band at Modesto Junior College, later as arranger and creator for California bands.

In September, 1940, he arrived at a sure-fire formula for band success that has since put Bondshu and his boys on NBC and Victor records. That is to say—exciting arrangements, thrilling music, and the famous Bondshu piano technique. A triple play for fame—it was, when he opened at Hollywood's biggest—Cio's. And just to get off to a good start, he stayed there twelve weeks. Smoothie Bondshu is making the grade fast and easy on the rising tide of his full, rich music.



Neil Bondshu

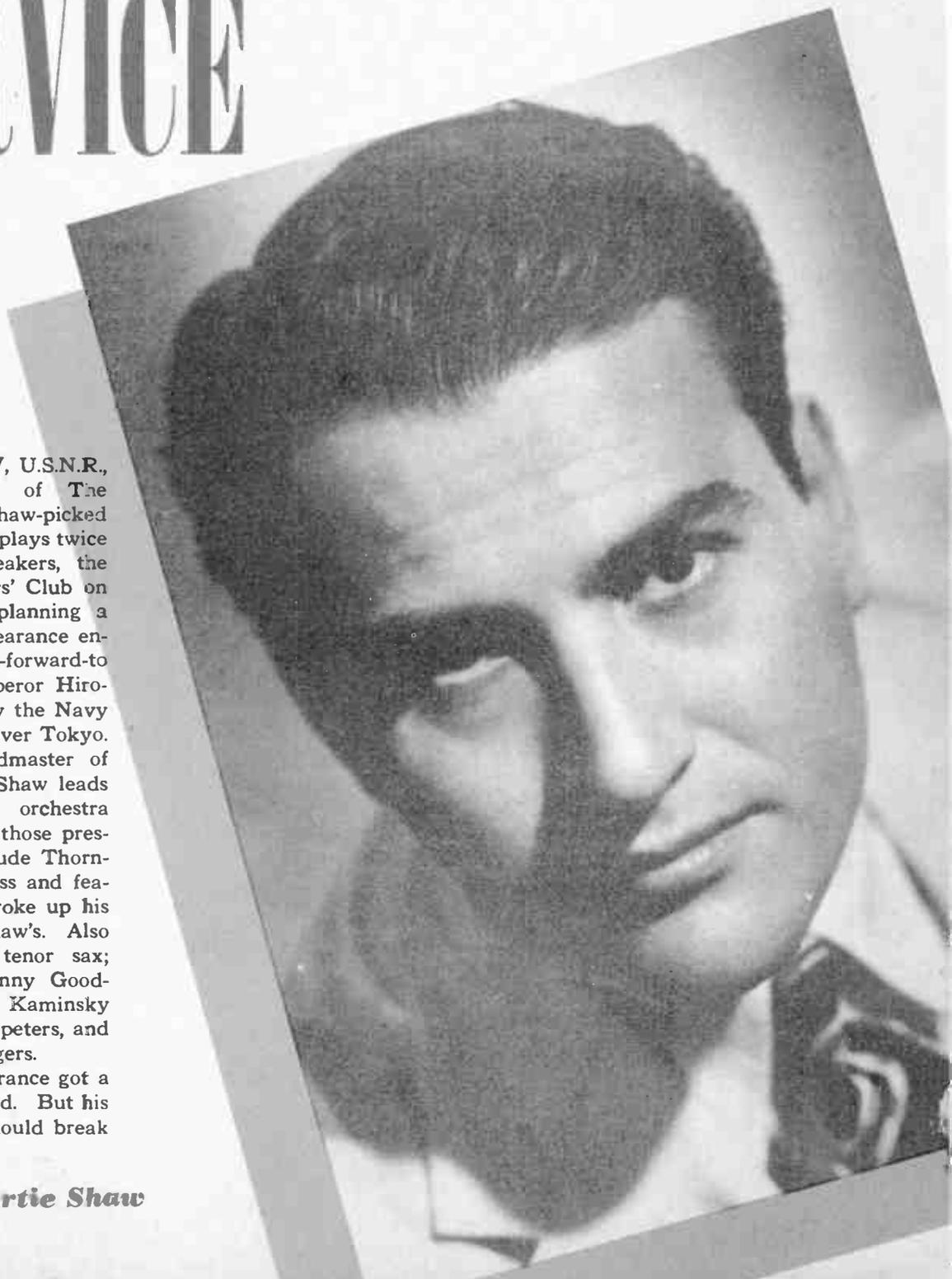
CITED *for* SERVICE

Regularly BAND LEADERS will cite for your attention one of the good orchestra leaders now in the Armed Force of the United States.

ARTIE SHAW, U.S.N.R., and leader of The Rangers, a Shaw-picked Navy Orchestra that plays twice weekly at The Breakers, the Pearl Harbor Officers' Club on Waikiki Beach, is planning a special personal appearance engagement: a looked-forward-to performance at Emperor Hirohito's Palace the day the Navy and the Army take over Tokyo.

When Chief Bandmaster of the Naval Reserve, Shaw leads the seventeen-piece orchestra at the Victory Ball, those present will include Claude Thornhill, seaman first class and featured pianist who broke up his own band to join Shaw's. Also Sam Donahue on tenor sax; Dave Tough, ex-Benny Goodman drummer; Max Kaminsky and John Best, trumpeters, and three leading arrangers.

Shaw's first appearance got a crowd of four hundred. But his date at Hirohito's should break all records.





OZZIE NELSON
And his Orchestra



Harry James

World Radio History