

# BAND LEADERS

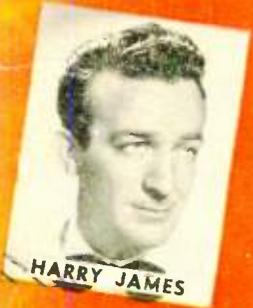
NOV.

(Canada 20c)

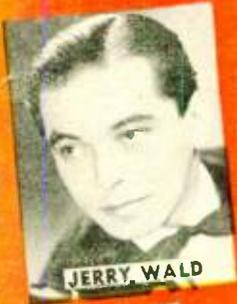
PRESSE



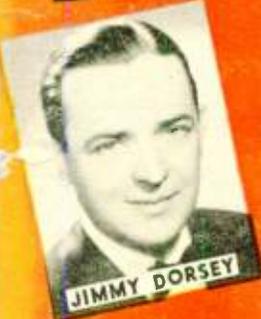
PICTURES  
AND STORIES  
OF THE  
TOP-FLIGHT  
BAND  
LEADERS



HARRY JAMES



JERRY WALD



JIMMY DORSEY



MITCHELL AYRES



*Kay Kyser*



# BAND LEADERS

NOVEMBER 1943

## CONTENTS

NICE TO COME HOME TO (Frank Sinatra).....	6
MARY SMALL (Portrait Photo).....	12
HELEN FORREST (Portrait Photo).....	13
MUFFLED SHUFFLE (Henry Busse).....	14
CONVERSION (Gracie Barrie and Paul Warner).....	15
FASHIONS IN MUSIC (Mitch Ayres).....	16
OCTAVE JUMPER (Bob Chester).....	18
WEE BONNIE (Bonnie Baker).....	19
JAM GEMS (Ray Pearl).....	20
ARMY BAND (Aberdeen Proving Grounds).....	21
DANCE WITH JOY (Jimmy Joy).....	22
SWING IT POLITELY (Freddy Martin).....	23
STARDUST OF SONG (Baron Elliott).....	24
REPEAT BAND (Mal Hallett).....	25
WILD ABOUT WALD (Jerry Wald and Lillian Lane).....	26
A SPREAD OF FAVORITES (Eight Popular Band Leaders).....	30
DOUBLE TIME (McFarland Twins).....	34
BOSS OF THE BLUE (Paul Whiteman).....	35
RHYTHM IN A TOP HAT (Al Donohue and Patti Farnsworth).....	38
REMEMBER THE TIE (Del Courtney).....	40
ALL FOR A LADY (Tommy Dorsey).....	44
CLOWN PRINCE (Milt Britton).....	45
VAN ALEXANDER (Portrait Photo).....	48
STAN KENTON (Portrait Photo).....	49

## SPECIAL FEATURES

ALL THIS AND BETTY, TOO (Harry James).....	4
CONVERSATION WITH JIMMY (Jimmy Dorsey).....	8
A HIT IS HATCHED (Will Osborne).....	10
IDOL OF THE A. E. F. (Dinah Shore).....	28
BIG TOP BAND (Merle Evans).....	32

## DEPARTMENTS

DID YOU KNOW THAT?.....	3
HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND.....	36
BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON.....	41
WAXING WISE.....	43
WIN A \$25.00 WAR BOND (Contest).....	47

Editor in Chief, Harold Hersey      Editor, Esther Van Sciver  
 Associate Editors, Margaret E. Winter, Dorothy Hope Anscomb  
 Art Editor, George A. Weaver

November, 1943—Number 7. BAND LEADERS is published bi-monthly by Comic Corporation of America, Mount Morris, Illinois. Editorial and Executive Offices: 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Single copies 15c (Canada 20c). Six-issue subscription 75c (Canada \$1.10). Application made for transfer of second-class entry from the post office at Springfield, Mass., to the post office at Mount Morris, Illinois. Copyright, 1943, by Comic Corporation of America. The contents of this magazine may not be reproduced without permission.

## DID YOU KNOW THAT..

**H**ELEN O'CONNELL will do only a few more theatre dates before she retires at least temporarily to take up a career as housewife . . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL's pianistics with ARTIE SHAW's Navy Band at Pearl Harbor so intrigued the officers there that they asked him to stay on with a band of his own when the SHAW unit pulled out for parts unknown . . . . BOBBY SHERWOOD, who is definitely on his way to the top and in short order, got his real break from the support of the kids who idolize his work and band; this made other people, including the booking agents, conscious of him . . . . STAN KENTON and his orchestra have been contracted to supply musical backings for the BOB HOPE air-show when it returns to the air this fall . . . . MARY-



Blue Drake

LIN DUKE, who sang for so long with VAUGHN MONROE's band, is lined up for a radio program of her own . . . . and when you see VAUGHN himself on the screen soon, he's likely to be cast as a romantic cowboy . . . . young band leader HENRY JEROME got his first big break when he was booked into the Hotel Roosevelt in Washington not long ago and many outsiders are watching to see him take a hop-skip-and-a-jump to the top of the name band pile . . . . DUKE ELLINGTON is writing the score for a musical version of Aesop's Fables which will hit Broadway sometime soon . . . . BOB ASTOR is rated as one of the best-looking young maestri and nobody can understand why he



Dick Haymes

hasn't been picked for movie work . . . . MITCHELL AYRES, who has shortened his name to plain MITCH, finally got a chance to show off his talent and good looks in his movie with the ANDREWS SISTERS and a lot of people are saying that it's about time . . . . BENNY GOODMAN's bandboy, POPSIE, never takes his eyes off the King's priceless clarinet, no matter whether the band is

(Continued on page 47)

# ALL THIS AND

# Betty, Too!

Harry James, the nation's No. 1 trumpeter, is interviewed by Gretchen Weaver.

"O HARRY!" "Harry James!!!"  
"HEY. H - A - R - R - Y  
J - A - M - E - S!!!"

Fifty kids can make a lot of noise and they were making it outside the Columbia Playhouse in New York, as Harry James, the nation's No. 1 trumpeter, streaked out of his taxi and bolted for inside and the broadcast. There waited the band, holding or hung about with instruments: numerous stage hands, your correspondent, and a man with a bubbling coke.

"H'lo," remarked Harry, raising one hand in salute and reaching for the coke with the other, never pausing in his ambling progress to a dressing

room just off the narrow corridor. An imperious wave summoned me, and the month-long chase was over. There, his long legs parked on the bench where he rested, was The Presence himself. I'd at long last gotten that interview!

"H-A-R-R-Y!!!! O Harry. Hey. Look here! Sign THIS!! Harry James," sounded through the four-inch opening where the window faced on the lot outside. The kids again. Through the dark crack which connected the lighted room containing Harry James with his worshippers outside, suddenly appeared scores of hands each one holding a picture or a piece of

paper. Their clamor grew deafening. "Shhhhhhhhh," said Harry fiercely and as one accustomed to obedience. The noise shut off at once, the hands disappeared, and a row of eyes appeared along the whole length of the opening.

With a genial wave in the general direction of the shining eerie row gleaming along the window crack, Harry settled down to talk.

"How is it," we said, "that your band is referred to as a 'hot' band? Most of your reputation seems to be built around sweet arrangements, and what about the strings?"

"It isn't a 'hot' band, or a 'sweet' band," he answered. "You can't type a band that way, or if you do, you limit your audience appeal so that you won't last long."

"So what?" we said.

"So this," says Harry. "My band plays music. It's a band that can play any kind of music, depending on where we are, who is listening, and what the listeners want—hot, sweet, swing, or what. You've seen the band, you know we have trumpets, trombones, saxes, and strings—a set-up for any variety of music."

Previous to the actual meeting with the virtuoso who lifts his trumpet to his lips to produce the impression of airy spring winds set to harmony, we had dined at the Astor Roof, to hear the Music Makers and soak in atmosphere. There it was noted that while the dancing occasionally broke into a mild rug-cutting, the tone of the assembly was calm. The customers were young, for the most part.

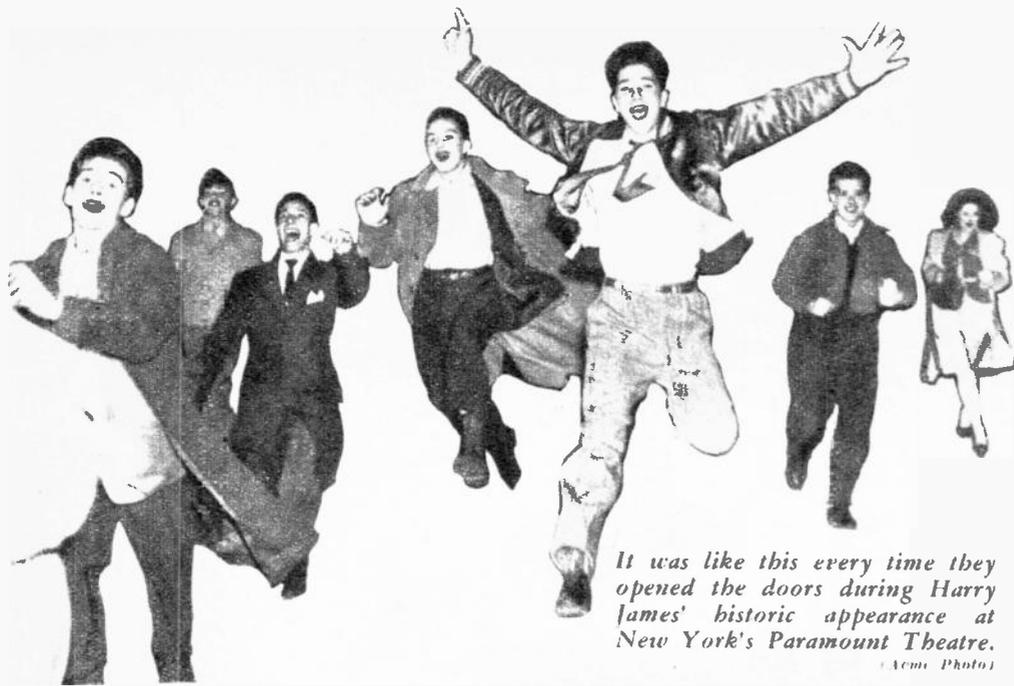
"Why didn't the youngsters tear down the house?" we asked. "Where is this energetic yelling and stamping



To  
Band Leader  
Red Wilson  
From  
Harry James



Harry and the Boys



*It was like this every time they opened the doors during Harry James' historic appearance at New York's Paramount Theatre.*  
(Acme Photo)

we read about in all the newspapers?"

"It's different music," replied the maestro. "At the Astor we have been playing gently, quietly, softly. People over there have been eating and talking and we provided a musical background."

"At the Paramount, on the other hand, the main concern of the audience was with the music itself. That audience wants music that fills them up, music that gets right into themselves, moves them, becomes part of themselves."

"Most young people want to know how to play the trumpet like Harry James," was the next topic. "What would you say to that idea?"

"Practice," answered Harry briefly. "Practice and then more practice, for weeks and months and years."

"Is it art or genius, or just practice that makes the master trumpeter?" we queried. "Can any young person with a natural talent plus your recommended years of practice learn to play the trumpet well enough to land a job with a big time band?"

"Largely," James asserted, "it's hard work. Any musician with talent, years of practice and the luck to be in the spot where the band needing a trumpeter is, can, in time play with the best."

"And, speaking of that," he went on, "it's easier to get the breaks in the band business than in most others. Musicians are always on the look-out for new talent. One of my men may hear of an instrumentalist playing almost anywhere. When he hits that neighborhood he goes to hear him."

"The word gets around, and if the man is good he'll be heard by dozens in the course of a few months. When there's a vacancy he'll be remembered. When he gets a job the other men feel

responsible for him and his performance. This makes for a spirit of friendliness and cooperation. Every man in the band is a talent scout with a sincere respect for the other fellow's performance as a musician."

"But," he concluded, "he must be good, and if he's good, he's bound to be heard."

Talent raids have been making the news lately and we asked if the James crew had suffered. It has not. Don Boyd, trombonist leaving that night for service in the army and taking a busman's holiday listening to the band, expressed it pungently at the dinner table.

"They don't leave Harry," he grinned. "When they get with James, why would they go anywhere else? Where else is there to go?"

"What about girl instrumentalists?" we inquired next. "Will the manpower shortage place girls in the James organization?"

The lanky leader shook his head again. "No. I don't think so. There are a few good girls in the business but I don't think they can stand the pace. It's too much of a strain and I don't think girls are suited to night after night performances. They can't take it, in my opinion."

"Do you like your job?" we asked.

"Love it!" he snapped back.

"What would you like to do if you weren't leading a band?"

James looked confused for a moment and then laughed. "I don't know. I've never done anything else. It's all I ever wanted to do and I grew up

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry James from now on—that's Harry and Betty Grable, co-stars of this year's most romantic marriage.*

with it. My background's a little different, you know. My father was the bandmaster with a circus and I started young."

At this point voices were lifted in the corridor, musicians began to rush in and out, and the name "Mel Allen" was heard. Harry James brightened like a kid who actually sees Santa Claus approaching. He said, "There they are. We get our kick from talking to and knowing baseball players."

The long legs began to twitch ominously, he pulled feverishly at the remnants of his coke, and despite his enchanting deference to your correspondent, his eyes began to search the doorway.

"Is it true that you're a rabid Dodger fan, almost to the goofy point?"

"Of course!" from James.

"And do your boys play baseball and are they organized into teams and do they often actually play on the road?"

"Yes, yes, sure."

"Who is that out there?" we asked.

"Is that Mel Ott?"

"No. I think it's Allen," said James quickly, apparently restraining himself with difficulty from rushing to the door, "and some of the Washington Senators."

Nobody was hindering the ball players from approaching James, and they were in. Introductions were hastily mumbled even while the bronzed Senators were shouting, "We came to see what YOU'VE got on the ball, Harry."

*(Continued on page 46)*





**T**O hear him sing it—"You'd be so-o-o nice—" you might think that you were the only girl in the world and Frank Sinatra the only boy. Oh, boy! YOU and fifty million other women!

The personal touch is the key to the very individual style of "America's Number One Vocalist," star of YOUR HIT PARADE, and a new screen star since "Reveille With Beverley." Frank never tried to imitate anybody—not even Bing Crosby who was his inspiration; his style comes of being completely and simply himself.

Need we add that the Sinatra charm is in the exuberance of youth—the wistful and unsophisticated manner of the boy who gives out with pure melody and forgets the vocal tricks?

Frank puts it this way: "Too many male vocalists merely mouth the words of a love song. Music is the background," says Frank. "The words tell the story. A love song is an emotion created basically and therefore the approach should be subtle and sincere. Every great actor feels the meaning of a role deeply before he can give a correct portrayal. The vocalist should keep this in mind when he sings a love song."

It's as simple as that—according to

Frank. According to us, simply phenomena!

But maybe the most amazing thing about Frank is that he didn't start planning a musical career at the age of three, amazing, yet right in line with the complete naturalness that has put him atop the entertainment horizon.

True, he did sing with Hoboken's Demerest high school band, but before he took singing seriously, he went after an active career—two of the most active, in fact. At high school, while he was taking honors on the championship basketball team and trophies for swimming and track, his mind was set on being an engineer.

The second shot at a career started with an after-school job delivering editions of the *Jersey Observer*. Bound to be a reporter, after gradua-

tion he got a place with the same paper as copyboy. When a junior sports writer left, he was given a job covering collegiate sport events.

About this time, and about time too, the girls started figuring in the Sinatra picture, well—one girl anyway. Her name was Nancy.

Nancy and Frank went to hear Bing Crosby at a local theatre one night. That did it. Determined to resign from the newspaper job next day, Frank put all energies from then on toward being a success at this supreme career.

The "natural" thing to do at this point was to apply for an audition with an Amateur Hour, so he went to see Major Bowes. First prize on the air got him touring with a Bowes Unit. But after three months he was homesick for Hoboken—and Nancy.

Just to be heard, he sang on a small local station for no pay. The right people did hear him. When an offer came to sing at the Rustic Cabin in New Jersey, Frank took the job. And, naturally, he celebrated by getting married.

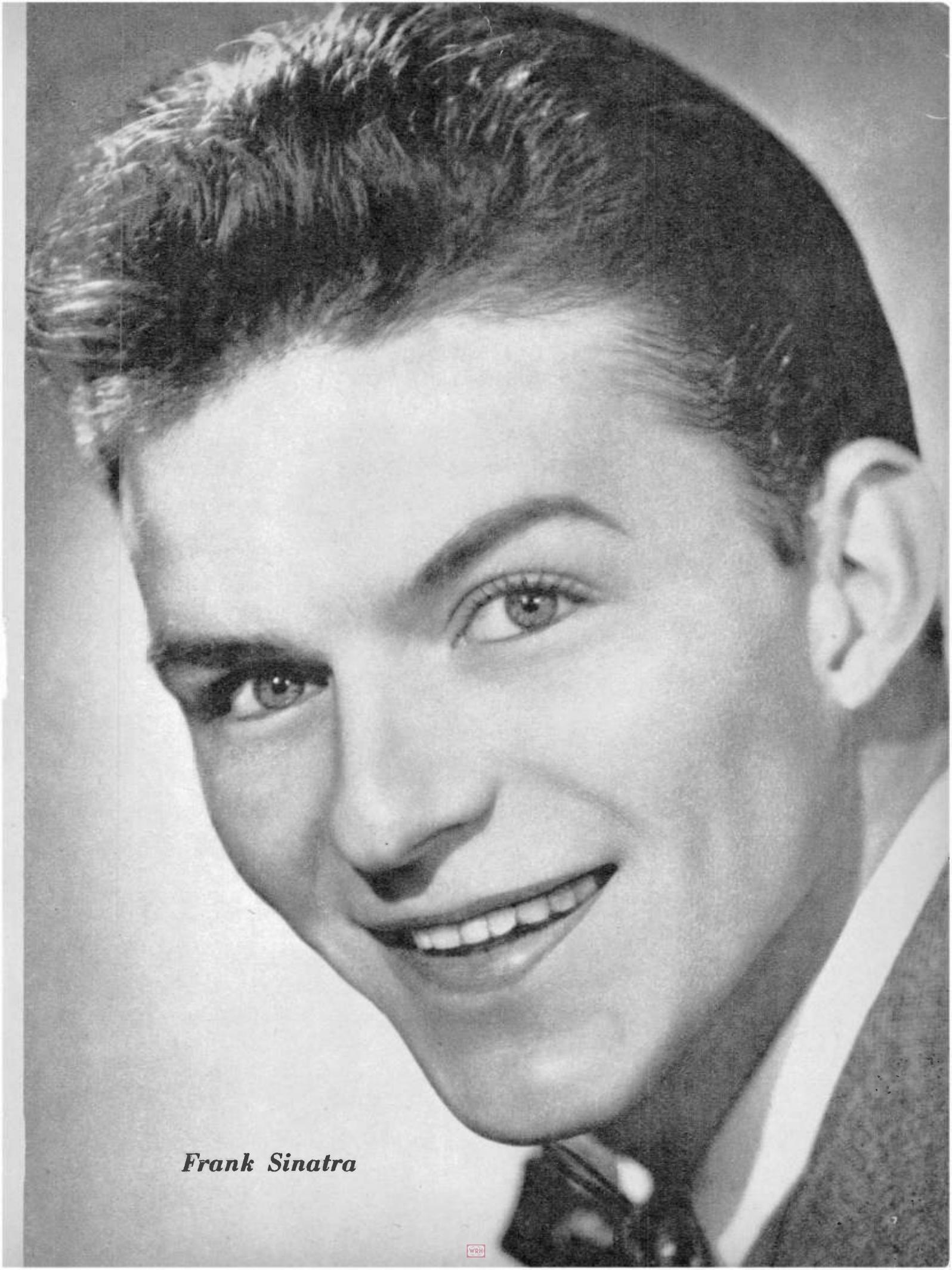
First thing you know, Harry James had signed Frank with his new band. But when Frank met Tommy Dorsey, the Sinatra furore really started. That voice was soon "thrilling millions" after he'd recorded for Tommy the top Sinatra hit "I'll Never Smile Again."

No musical personality in years has captured the public's admiration the way Frank Sinatra has. Wherever there's a radio poll, it's always this twenty-five year-old songster who takes first place.

"You'd be so-o-o nice—" sings Sinatra wistfully. And he does mean you—all fifty million of you!



*Frank Sinatra takes time out to pose with his family: Nancy, his wife and two and a half year old Nancy Sandra.*



*Frank Sinatra*

# CONVERSATION with Jimmy

LET'S go to New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, main floor, Cafe Rouge, where Jimmy Dorsey's band is playing "As Time Goes By"—

For five years, now, the Penn and Jimmy have been as one and inseparable for all the loyal followers of America's favorite sax man and band leader.

The Cafe's not really so rouge, especially in the summer when it goes in seriously for pale green, but there's a red and silver backdrop for the ork platform. And there's a marvelous rug to sink your feet in on the way to the dance floor. Rouge or not, the Cafe's out of this weary world—

But this is no dream. It's nine-thirty. The band is ready to break for ten minutes, and Jimmy, plaid jacket and all, is heading our way.

We hold our breath while Jim says "Glad to meet you!" And out of the corner of one eye, spot the other couples looking our lucky way.

"I don't know whether I'll be able to answer your questions," says Jimmy smiling doubtfully. What questions? Oh . . .

## THEN WE ASKED . . . AND JIMMY SAID

*Say something about sweet music.*

Ugh! I never did like the sickly stuff and I never will.

*Ever get on the floor yourself? Jive, for instance?*

I'll stick to the tenor sax and clarinet—that's the only way I can make the dance floor hot. 'Fraid I'm not much of a dancer. I like to watch though—I ought to. (He's shy, too—notice?)

*Do you always play what you like?*

No, it depends on the section of the country what we play—the kids get what they ask for.

*How about theatres? Their programs are pretty set, aren't they?*

That's the trouble with a long theatre stretch. You can't vary enough. The band goes stale and flat playing the same songs. Like the thirteen weeks' run when we played nothing but "I'll Never Smile Again."

*What was your first big band job?*

With the Scranton Sirens. (Sounds hot from the start!)

*Ah, a small town boy! Where would you rather play now?*

I like the Penn and the Roxy in New York, and in California I like the Paladium. (Jim set an all-time record at the Roxy this May: \$712,000 the first week. *That*, he should like!)

*Where is your real home?*

Lansburg, Pa. My wife and daughter Julie Lou live there. She's eleven now, and you might say they're my favorite hobbies.

*Any other hobbies?*

Golf—and another girl. A brunette named Vicky—she travels with the band. (She is a cocker spaniel, folks.)

*Does an ork leader ever get a vacation?*

We used to be able to work in a week's vacation between shows—no more. There are always requests from camps and USOs in the vicinity. I like to play for the boys in my free time, otherwise I like to play golf. My game's not so good, though. (Only in the consistent 70s, he didn't say!)

*No band ever gets any glory for camp entertaining, and they don't want it—but what DO you get out of it?*

We get tired. No matter how much you enjoy music, playing an instrument is still hard physical labor. But we'll never turn down a camp. If they like us, that's all we want to know.

*When did you first start recording?*

In 1933. I don't remember the first record, but firsts were "Weary Blues," "By Heck" and "Stay on the Right Side of the Road," a Bing Crosby vocal.

*What's new on your records since O'Connell and Eberle did "Brazil"?*

We like "Murder," "Let's Get Lost" and Bob Eberle's "Only A Rose." Kitty hasn't been with us long enough to make any records, but she will.

*How do you pick a song to record?*

When we get an especially good arrangement we make a record. Not just a pop tune or one the pluggers say is coming up. We try to make the hit with our arrangement. (J.D. won't budge an inch—it has to be good or not at all. A man of high jive standard he!)

*On tour did you ever find a kid with a good tune?*

If we pick up a song on tour, it's usually by an accomplished musician. In Detroit one time we did get "All Alone and Lonely" but the writer had been in the business. Mostly we let the publishers find the songs.

*Ever find any musicians, though?*

That's different. With Tommy and later alone, there's been Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak, Bob Crosby, Freddy Slack, Ray McKinley, Will Bradley and Bunny Berigan. (That really is different!)

*How did you like the comic background of "I Dood it"?*

That picture was fun to dood, but personally I like my humor subtle. (Jim's got another picture scheduled with M.G.M. for this summer when he plays the West Coast again.)

*What do you think of women band leaders?*

I'd rather not say. (Jimmy Dorsey is subtle, 'All right!)

(Continued on page 42)



*Jimmy Dorsey*



*Left to right: Helen O'Connell, Connie Boswell, and Kitty Kallen. (W. M. Smith Press Service)*

# A HIT IS *Hatched*

**W**ED never have known that Will Osborne is short for William Osborne-Galbraith, if brother Bruce of the Royal Canadian Army hadn't happened along. Will just doesn't talk about that. The boys are of an old Canadian family with a British crest for background.

Luckily, Captain Galbraith felt like talking when we cornered him at the Piccadilly Hotel during his brief New York stop-over. He was in a reminiscent mood when we found him

surrounded by the bandmen and musicians who make the "Pic" a habit, and perhaps because of all the old acquaintances present, he was waxing nostalgic about the good old days when he toured with the band as Will Osborne's manager.

"Captain," we said, "Will Osborne may want to forget the crest since he's been playing for the great American masses, but we'd like to dub him Lord Lyrical and give him a new crest—saxophones rampant on a field of mid-

night blue. How about you helping us add up the stars for Will's escutcheon? Tell us the story, Captain!" And with a strong British accent (Will lost his years ago), Captain Galbraith began.

"My story about Will has pictures," he said, producing a sequence of his own candid camera shots. "These are of Will and Dick 'Stinky' Rogers writing a song. (*Editorial note: you'll find them down the right side of the opposite page.*)

"What song?"

"This one happened to be 'Between Eighteenth and Nineteenth on Chestnut Street', the Philadelphia address, you know. Will and Stinky worked together playing and composing for seven years."

"What's Stinky—I mean what's Dick Rogers doing now?"

"Will and I set him up with a band of his own a while back and I hear he's doing a bit of all right."

Bruce Galbraith who everybody says isn't at all like his brother, except maybe for a slight family resemblance around the nose, doesn't look or act as if he'd managed a dance band for years. A very dignified fellow—

"I like popular tunes well enough," said Bruce, sensing the next question, "but off the record, I don't always like the way they get written. Take a snatch of classic melody, hang on a blatant title, sweat out some sentimental words and sweat more to get the thing published—usually at your own expense!"

"Is the way Will and Dick work any different from the usual tin-pan alley song writers?"

"I like to think so. A song of theirs is a ninety-day wonder from the idea room to the dance floor. They don't so much hatch a hit, although that's what we call it, as brew one—and sister, I mean with coffee! Remember this: writing songs is as much a business as playing them, and twice as hectic. No good song was ever written in a barroom atmosphere. Will keeps going with coffee in the composing room. When it's over—well . . . .

"They say sometimes the words come first and sometimes the tune. With an ork leader it's usually the tune. Maybe somebody throws a tricky title at him and he builds the music around the idea—that's what happened with 'Chestnut Street'. When Dick and Will go into conclave they usually stick to it at least until the basic theme is right.

"With most song writers, if the publishers don't take to a number easily, it's dropped and another one started, unless they have a special feeling about the song. Of course a popular ork leader is half way to being a popular song writer if he's any good at all with a tune. Will is—he studied music here.



**WILL OSBORNE**

## Captain Bruce Galbraith talks about his brother—Will Osborne—with our Associate Editor, Dorothy Hope Anscomb

in Canada and in London and Paris. (Not singing though, it would have killed his individuality.) A leader can introduce what he's written without bothering about song pluggers, and if it is good, it's got a better chance to go. Will's had some nice hits—like 'Wouldst Could I But Kiss Thy Hand, Oh Babe!'

"Thanks, Captain! But hasn't Will's style changed lately?"

"Not really. The slide music that Will had patented three years ago after it took at the Chicago Black Hawk was a natural outgrowth of what Will's stood for all along. He was always pioneering for sweet, you know. In 1926 when he was nineteen, he started a six-piece ork of his own here in the United States because he got tired of drumming for a jazz outfit. It just happened that his voice was right for the megaphone. The whispering ork and the crooning leader combo got Will on top in 1930. He was doing fourteen broadcasts a week then on the five major nets. And he is a musical experimenter, too."

Bruce was really warming up to the subject at this point. "Will tried out the four-man sax section, added a baritone to the usual two altos and tenor and popularized the sort of music where the lead sax takes the melody on the tenor!"

"Will's new 'Hollywood Band' has a perfected dance rhythm, *we think*, and the mechanics of his style cannot be imitated. Will always did have a finger on the public pulse beat and he took his rhythm from there. He's kept a complete list of his radio fans and just those on record number over a million and a quarter. When he found the trend was back to melodious music, when he heard the dancers calling for the sweet-smooth numbers in his repertoire most often, he went to work on his style again. What happened was so entirely new that for the second time Will was able to introduce a musical sound and theory that was his very own. This new jump dance style has more depth and mellowness than the whispering-croon style ever had.

"Will's quiet. He speaks very softly for such a big lively fellow. Music is his greatest interest in life—music and fast cars that he always drove himself." Bruce sighed. "Well—he still

has his music. The food shortage won't bother him though; he never eats very much. And the tough schedules now, working in camp shows between regular engagements won't bother him either, he only sleeps five hours a night."

"What about you?" we asked. "Could we have a picture?"

"Here's one, but don't print it. I'm just Will's brother."

"Who's the dog in the picture?"

"I hope you mean the Newfoundland. His name is Denver. Denver is another long story. He's like me—traveled with the band for years—as mascot. Will's always been superstitious. Denver even had a part in the show when we played theatres—did an imitation of Shep Fields' Rippling Rhythm—it always got a big laugh. All the fans knew him. I used to take care of Denver along with the rest of the baggage. He was kind of big to pack in a hurry—weighs 144 pounds, but he's traveled half a million miles with us."

"You mean he isn't with the band any more?"

"No, he's been unofficially attached to the British Army Staff. I think the poor brute likes me. He went on a hunger strike when I joined up." Bruce looked terribly worried for a minute. He was trying to figure out how to get Denver on an airplane for California and still stay within his luggage limits. "I *could* ship him cold storage," he said thoughtfully.

"So long, now," said the Captain. "I have to phone Will before I leave and see how things are going at the Earle in Philly."

"By the way, Will's supposed to report for induction on June 10th, so by the time this is read he'll be in uniform—and maybe out of uniform again, too, because he'll be over-age in November. The band will break until they get it figured out."

Better and better stars for Will's escutcheon!

- 1—Having just cooked up a new tune, Dick Rogers and Will Osborne work on the lyric.
- 2—Dick listens while Will reads the final draft.
- 3—Now it's Will's turn to listen while Dick plays and sings their new ditty.
- 4—And then! The smile that won't come off! A new hit is hatched!





How big is Mary Small? So big! Baltimore's wide-eyed little girl songstress has been in big town broadcasts a long time—on her own—and with Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Ben Bernie, Andre Kostelanetz and Fred Allen. Her name's been in neon over New York's Paramount, Strand and Capitol. She's shone in Chicago, Washington, Detroit and Boston. A big girl in every way now, Mary rates as the first acknowledged musical comedy find since Ethel Merman and headlines in the Broadway musical "Early To Bed." Next address for Mary—Hollywood, Calif.

*Mary Small*



"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium?" Could Be! This is Helen, lady of the same name and as fair as the Queen of Troy, we'll bet. When Harry James opened at New York's Paramount on April 21, not the least attraction for the swarming fans of his band was the new face of vocalist Helen Forrest. This is her first official photo since the nose operation and even beauty-ridden Hollywood has to admit that Helen is one of the most beautiful band stars that be!

*Helen Forrest*

**A** BASEBALL injury to the left hand is responsible for "Shuffle Rhythm" and the now standard trumpet mute. As a young kid in Holland, Henry Busse's parents set him to practicing on the violin. He preferred the free life with his pals and thought that he'd get out of playing the fiddle when his left hand was hurt in a game. But his fond parents immediately dug up an instrument that could be played with the right hand—and a trumpeter was born!

Henry finally wound up in the good old U.S.A. and

with Paul Whiteman's band. It was then that he discovered that an entirely new musical effect could be produced when a kazoo was stuck in the end of a trumpet. The kazoo was succeeded by a curved piece of wood built to fit, which later became the mute as we know it today.

"Shuffle Rhythm"—trademark of Henry Busse's band—is another of his originations. The effect is produced by a slight anticipation of each beat in the music.

In 1928 he left "Pops" Whiteman, Dean of Jazz, and formed his own immediately successful organization.

His theme song, "Hot Lips," is his own composition. The continued popularity of this number is a constant surprise to Henry. He pointed out recently that it's more popular now than when he wrote it back in 1922. He has also authored such good tunes as the "Wang Wang Blues" and "Let's Sail To Dreamland."



**BETTY  
BROWNELL**

*Adds to the charm  
of Henry Busse's  
Music*



**HENRY BUSSE**

**MUFFLED SHUFFLE**

# CONVERSION

"I'M TAKING OVER," is Gracie Barrie's theme song—written especially for her—and dedicated with love to the girl band leader who's made a wonderful showing in War time. Salute to a wife who is doing her husband's job—but good!

Musical comedy favorite Gracie Barrie has caused some of Broadway's Little Timers to shake their touselled heads. But to the Big Timers, her conversion from solo spotlight stardom to the leadership of hubby Dick Stabile's band is regarded as evidencing a new trend in entertainment, in compliance with the requirements of a nation at War. Whether other stars will follow Gracie's example when she stepped down to share her fame with an orchestra, is no longer much of a question. Now, the powers that be in show business are asking only, "How soon?"

Gracie's working a heavy swing shift these days. The end of June she finished off a nice four-week run at New York's Paramount along with Frank Sinatra. After a week's rest in upstate New York she headed south to spend July at the Frolic's Club in Miami.

Of course Gracie's been a star since she was a kid and the professional explainers of angles may find the answer there.

Brooklyn born, Gracie was only thirteen when she made

her debut as a solo singer on a local radio program. It took less than a year for her to reach stardom—a grind commonly characterized as "leaving a broken heart for every light on Broadway." But—the Gerry Society stepped in and so Gracie had to take to the road where less strict regulations against youth did not prevent her from appearing on the stage.

With Ella Logan, another talented singer on the upgrade, Gracie went to the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles to sing with Abe Lyman's orchestra. It was then that she met Dick Powell for the second time. They were featured together in the movie, "Footlight Parade." It had been Dick, master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre where she had appeared on the same billing, who assured Gracie of ultimate success.

Only a few years ago Gracie met and married another entertainment favorite, band leader Dick Stabile whose big band she was featured with as vocal attraction. Her career as a wife matched the brilliance of her career in show and band business disproving another popular theory along Broadway—"Two stars can't marry without temperament coming between them."

Paul Warner is one of the featured vocalists who've gathered laurels with Gracie. And to sing for Barrie, top girl leader-vocalist, wouldn't you know he'd be good!



*Gracie Barrie*

*Paul Warner*

**M**ITCH AYRES likes the life. "If I had it all to do over again I'd still be a band leader!" he says. Lucky the fellow who can look at himself and his work and say that. So say we all, if we could all be as deservedly popular as he is!

Mitch (Mitchell rationed his name) is one of those leaders who really lives up to the name of their musical group. Whatever the "Fashions in Music" may be at any given time, you'll find him giving with everything he's got—if anything, just a little ahead of the latest in modern music. He's so hep to every subtle change in the public mood that the way he plays some pop melody you've heard over and over again would make you think it was being played for the first time—that's stylizing the raw material of the tunesmiths!

He's the sort of leader—and he's got the sort of band—who moves into a spot for four weeks and stays there for seven months. That's what they did at New York's Hollywood Restaurant soon after Mitch left Little Jack Little's band and formed his own. Then on to Broadway's Paramount and the Strand. In the meanwhile, the Ayres' fashions were making such a hit on the radio that the band's booked solid, week in week out, from one year to the next.

Born on the Dodger's end of the Brooklyn Bridge, Mitch stayed there long enough to go through New Utrecht high school. Although he played the fiddle, his leanings were on the athletic side. But by the time he'd graduated from Columbia U. with high honors in baseball, football and basketball, he'd become so enamored of music that he gave up the idea of being an instructor in physical educa-



*Dick Dyer*

tion and went all out for the fiddle!

We didn't get around to asking him, but we'll bet he's proud of those notices he got after his concert at Brooklyn's Academy of Music. He had to give up a serious musical career because of money troubles—not that he regrets it! Perish the thought! But people are apt to forget that Mitchell Ayres, like so many other band leaders, is so fine a musician that he can play the classics with the best of them! Rate him along with Benny Goodman and with such truly great artists as Harry James and Tommy Dorsey.

His first job was as violinist in the Roxy Theatre orchestra. From there he doubled back into the field of serious music with the St. Louis Symphony under Erno Rapee's baton. Jobs with Jimmy Carr and Little Jack Little followed.

It was along about then that Mitchell Ayres began thinking that he'd just about served his apprenticeship in the other fellow's band. Why not one of his own? The fates have a way of doing things. Just at that moment there was a group of musicians looking for a leader; they talked matters over; and both parties to the agreement that was signed are as happy today as when they joined up.

The story behind the story of Mitchell Ayres and the boys is one of the unique tales of the band world.

It was just a case of a group of bandmen getting smart. They'd decided that under the set-up of things in 1936, as individual musicians they were getting nowhere fast!

All these boys felt that the betterment of their financial security, musical output and public recognition was impossible under the conditions that had prevailed up to that time.

So solidarity was the answer—cooperation. The group decided to organize. Collectively they assumed the responsibilities of an organization, resolving to subjugate their personal ambitions toward the building and maintenance of a musical group. They assumed that success would follow. And well they might with so sound a working principle. They had brought success and shekels to band leaders under whom they had worked as individual artists and they felt that they could do it again, as a corporation in which all would share in the profits as well as the playing.

Having Mitchell Ayres as their band leader and president, they then set about to make changes in the style and presentation manner. Committees were set up to take charge of the business of the organization.

A music committee was appointed whose duty it was and is to select numbers to be played and to pass on

the acceptability of arrangements.

The business of the group is carried on at weekly meetings during which the membership may suggest changes in the musical, financial and general business aspects of the corporation.

A financial committee investigates the status of the corporate investments and manages to set aside weekly sums in trust for each member.

Sloppy dress on the stand is fined, and any transgression of the rules of behavior is also fined. There's very



*Johnny Bond*

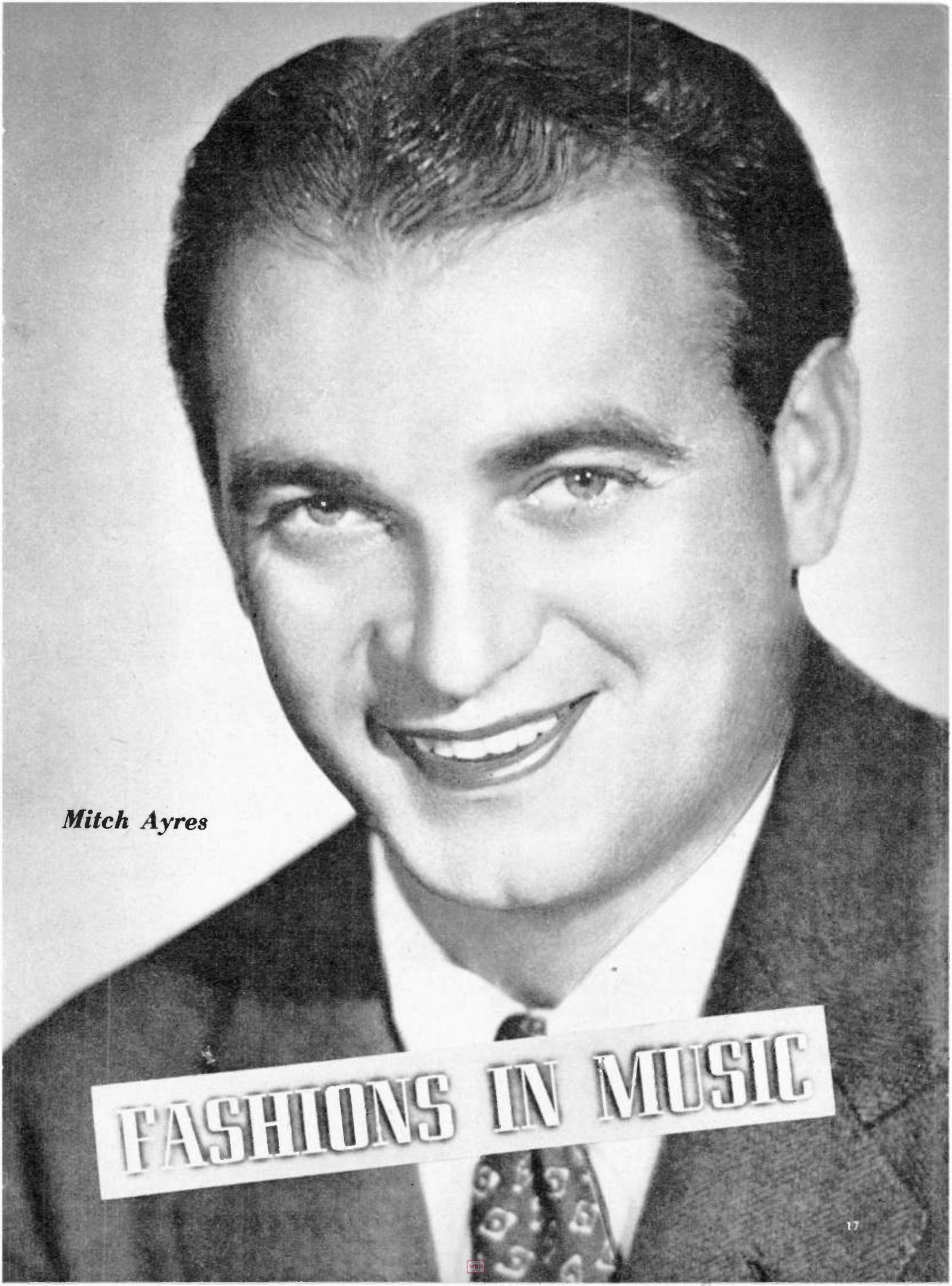
little money in that fund.

This band has a slogan which, condensed, reads: "Please everybody all the time if possible, and if not, as many as you can."

Mitchell Ayres explains his musical versatility by this simple formula: "In order to please all the people all the time, employ the biggest possible variety of selections, yet adhere strictly to the style-pattern of presentation that is characteristic of the orchestra."

To do this properly he uses a musical library that is valued at more than \$40,000 from which he may select thousands of tunes and arrangements whether they be popular, novel, semi-classical or request numbers. In every broadcast at least one novelty tune will be found interspersed with popular or standard melodies.

Himself director, creator and violinist of "Fashions in Music," Mitch features the "Strictly-in-the-groove" Johnny Bond; Dick Dyer, the "Sentimental Baritone"; pretty Ruth McCullough; the Trumpet-Ayres and the Glee Club. And if there's anything Mitch Ayres doesn't feature—it just isn't in fashion.



*Mitch Ayres*

**FASHIONS IN MUSIC**



*Bob Chester*

## OCTAVE JUMPER

**B**OB Chester, leader of "The Nation's Newest Sensation," always had the big kind of money—now he makes it! Bob, whose step-pa is retired head of Fisher Body Corporation, preferred the rocky road to Big time to a soft spot behind a desk. After graduating from the U. of Dayton, a finance major, Bob landed a job with Paul Sprecht's band before organizing his own outfit in 1935.

The boys Bob lined up were strictly unknown—until then. Booked into the Detroit Athletic Club, they stayed eight months.

Bob authored "Octave Jump," (selling 100,000 copies—) he wonders why nobody ever sings the lyrics. Bob's married to a schoolmate whom he'd missed meeting in school. It didn't happen till Cupid Krupa brought them together.

# Wee Bonnie

**W**EE Bonnie "Oh Johnny" Baker is back —with a smack (smack, as in *hit*, is what we mean!) All by herself this Baker girl is hitting them hard right along the line from Chattanooga to Birmingham. While the Navy takes care of Orrin Tucker, the leader lad who discovered Bonnie and gave her a rush trip to fame, Wee B. is playing the famous Kemp circuit. It just happens that Tommy Reynolds and his band are making the same stops; but let it be known that Bonnie is not a vocal with *any* dance orchestra. Strictly solo and absolutely independent, is her billing.

But no matter how independent of bands Bonnie is at the moment she is definitely dependent on "Oh Johnny" who is traveling with her; for there's a song that has stood the test of years and repeated attempts at murder, but is still posted with the great American "request" numbers. Baby style, as none but Bonnie can gurgle it, is what turns strong men to putty. And since the little girl with the big sigh at the end of the first chorus *looks* like she sings, it adds up to OOOoo on the audience side, too.

We're glad you could "sit still a minute" for this picture, Bonnie, because—Oh Johnny!

We'll be looking for you, come October, in Monogram's movie "Spotlight Revue."

*Bonnie Baker*



*Below right: With the boys who keep Ray Pearl's name bright since he went to war, is Walter Bloom, south-paw guitarist, an unknown until he hit Ray's rhythm section and vocal trio.*

*Below left: Eddie Santini, newcomer with the band, trumpets, clowns, and joins the "Three Jewels" in straight and novelty vocals—all in the style Ray made famous—all in the 2-beat tempo.*



# JAM GEMS



*Above right: Ray Pearl's handsome baritone, Buddy Madison, now takes charge of "Musical Gems" because he's tops with the band boys and fans—Buddy's just holding on till Ray comes home.*

*Above left: Bob "Tiny" or "Blimp" Berkley, one of the finest slide trombonists going, is fondly "Mr. Five by Five" to his brother musicians. And it's Bob's favorite song.*

**O**NE of the Army's finest "jump" bands is knocking 'em out at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland! Led by Master Sergeant William Phillips, whose twenty-three years in the Army were spent with every type of musical organization, this outfit has been going strong since the fall of '41, playing at camp parties and dances, USOs in Baltimore and Havre de Grace, Maryland, and radio variety programs on stations WITH and WFBR.

The band's style is modeled around the best of Ellington, Basie and Lunceford, and a staff of four arrangers has produced a number of spectacular orchestrations. Although it's essentially a "powerhouse" outfit, with that old Basie bounce in the

rhythm section, the boys play popular ballads in a distinctive manner, and for dancing it's hard to beat in any league.

This gang is made up of top-notch musicians formerly with Lucky Millinder, Tiny Bradshaw, Kenny Baker, Johnson's Happy Pals, and a number of popular local outfits in the east. Lineup is as follows: Saxes: Eugene Morris, Arthur Garner, Clarence Fields, Ellsworth Blake. Trumpets: De Witt Cooke, Reuben Woods, James Morrow. Trombones: Don Williams, James Ricketts. Piano: Harry Bagby. Drums: Paul Kelsh. Bass: Hugh Thomson. Vocals: William Jameson and James Moseby.

Dinner music for GI "cats" is played at an Aberdeen Mess Hall jam session by the Ordnance Replacement Training Center's "Nameless Wonders" (below) A Smooth number is worked out by Cpl. James Covington, one of a staff of four arrangers (upper right), and it's played by the brass section while Master Sgt. William Phillips gives 'em the beat (lower left).





JIMMY JOY

## DANCE WITH JOY

Fifteen years of conducting his orchestra has neither changed the youthful appearance of Jimmy Joy nor his generous spirit. With him as with the poet Keats whom he loves to quote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." He's keen on baseball and football; he golfs and swims; and he's not particular what he reads just so it's interesting.

He's made novel arrangements a feature of his band. They get a great kick out of playing on toy tea kettles and pop bottles, with the whole group blending their voices in the glee club manner.

Jimmy was a boy wonder. Born James Monte Maloney, in Mount Vernon, Texas, he earned his first money at the age of 12 playing clarinet

at a county fair. His professional name results directly from his engaging smile.

Graduating from the local high school he decided on an engineering course at the University of Texas. This didn't click with him, so he ended by getting a degree from the School of Administration.

It was in the cards that he'd form his own band. But at first they didn't get around much. They were so good that wherever they played they just seemed to stay there—sometimes as long as two years! It's only recently that he and the boys have spread themselves beyond the borders of the Lone Star State. But the more the rest of the country hears them the more they want!

## SWING IT POLITELY

When the recordings of one band sell more than a million platters in a year, that band's got something. Especially if it's Freddy Martin's band! Probably the most popular record this smash recording outfit ever made was their arrangement of 32 bars of Tschaiakowsky's classic "Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor."

Friends warned Freddy against making pop renditions of the classics. But "classics to the millions," said Fred, "even if only 32 bars worth!"

Freddy's parents died when he was four and his childhood was spent in the Knights of Pythias Orphanage in Springfield, Ohio. Recently his whole band assembled at the orphanage and Freddy gave one of the best performances of his life.

Freddy's tall—5' 11", very dark and—need we

say more? Married to the former Lillian Reardon who became Mrs. Martin after a week's courtship, Freddy sees to it that their nine-year old son Fred Junior has all the fun he missed as a kid.

When Freddy was 16 life looked up. An aunt took him home to Cleveland where he bought a saxophone and paid for it by delivering groceries. For awhile he wanted to be a newspaper reporter, but quit after three weeks study to go to Finland with a military band.

Later he worked behind various leaders before organizing his own orchestra in 1931, selling his service to the Bossert Grill in Brooklyn and progressing rapidly to the coveted roof spot.

Swing it politely, Mr. Martin—a million records can't be wrong!

FREDDY MARTIN



# Stardust of Song

**S**TARDUST from Pittsburgh! Who would have thought it? Baron Elliott's band of "Star Dust Melody" fame can thank Pitt for their start up the stairway to the stars.

Charles (Baron Elliott) Craft was born in the Troy Hill section of Pittsburgh twenty-nine years ago, where he attended Holy Name and Allegheny High Schools. In 1934 he organized his orchestra with classmates. All the boys are Pittsburghers and proud of it. Pitt's William Penn Hotel has been a last stop from the top for many a name band and so it wasn't surprising that Baron left there bound for big doings in Chicago.

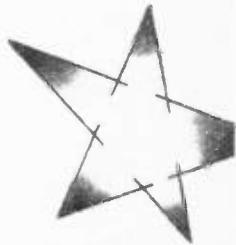
Baron himself plays saxophone, flute, clarinet, violin, and viola. The orchestra is a 12-piece outfit and nearly every man doubles on another instrument. Although equipped for any request, they specialize in sweet music as Stardusters should.

Sports are the Baron's hobby; he plays football and basketball, now that he's given up baseball as a profession. From bat to baton is the Baron's story.

It was a great blow to Pittsburgh school baseball fans when Baron Elliott hung up his spikes in mid-season and signed to toot the sax for station WJAS. Now he and the boys play coast to coast three times a week for CBS but his first fans have never forgotten that Baron's right arm pitched a sweet game for his school team before it waved a baton in tempo.



**Baron Elliott**



*Mal Hallett*



# REPEAT BAND

**T**AKE an encore, Mal Hallett, take two! It's the music that satisfies! The customers hear Mal once and they want to hear him again. They want their friends to hear him, so every repeat performance by the Hallett Band means more moola for the nitery lucky enough to grab this attraction back again.

At the early age of twelve, Mal was an outstandingly promising pupil of Emanuel Oudricek at the N.E. Conservatory where a brilliant future as a musical director was foreseen for him. A native of Boston, Hallett's first appearance with his own band was at the American House there. He swept the sturdy bean-town sons off their feet and has remained a favorite local boy throughout the years.

Broadway gave in next, but the pioneers from the Hub soon followed Greeley's advice and started west. Attendance records were broken en route and the victorious march of the Hallett orchestra was stopped only by the Pacific Ocean. For three months they played to movie celebrities in the famous Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood.

# Wild



*Lillian Lane*

**J**ERRY WALD is one outstandingly successful leader who has never worked for any impressive list of big names in the popular band world, nor beside any of the star performers of the day! He's never wanted to play in any style but his own—and he hasn't! And he's never led any outfit but his own since he started playing in public!

You've been hearing him on the air and on Decca records for quite awhile now and from what you're saying, 'twould seem that something sensationally different and dynamic in music had been created by Jerry Wald and a supporting cast of top-flight performers.

Having heard him—and liked him—how's about meeting him face to face?

He's one of those durn goodlooking, dark-haired, olive-skinned chaps. Fact is, he bears a strong resemblance to Rudolph Valentino of the silent film era. Need we say more?

It's just about twenty-five summers ago that he was born. Newark, New Jersey, can well afford to be proud of

another famous son!

Hobbies? Yep. He goes in for tennis, golf, gin rummy and photography.

It's musical history that a band, led by a clarinet-playing wizard, comes along every few years to cop nationwide attention. Back in 1935, it was Benny Goodman—in 1939, Artie Shaw—in stormy '42, Jerry Wald. And if present indications are any criterion, Jerry is almost certain to equal the exploits of his colorful clarinet-tootling contemporaries.

Starting off at the age of ten, Jerry and his clarinet were featured on radio's Station WOR. He stepped right out of Weequahic High School after forming his own band of 'teen-age musicians, and shortly thereafter followed the good old adage, "Go West, young man, go West!"

He was nineteen then. Out in California he gathered a four-piece combination together, entertaining Hollywood stars at various affairs. His pianist was Stan Kenton, now one of Jerry's band-leading rivals.

Homesick, Jerry returned to New-

ark. With the help of an "angel" who put up the money for the venture, he formed another band. But he and the silent partner differed in a firm though friendly way over their musical ideas. After compromising for about a year, Jerry finally gave up. But in the meanwhile a couple of interesting events had taken place.

While Wald was playing at Child's Broadway restaurant, Artie Shaw, who'd heard of Jerry's extraordinary skill on the clarinet, 'dropped by one evening to hear him. So much did he enjoy the twenty-two year old's performance that he generously gave Jerry a dozen of his best-known arrangements. And if you know about how zealously band leaders regard their pet arrangements you'll get some notion of Artie's admiration!

It wasn't long before word had got around town that a new genius had appeared on the scene. Result: one of the biggest agencies, the General Amusement Corporation, offered him a contract. He signed and they shipped him out to California again where he fronted a new band composed of students in the City College of Los Angeles. Wald liked the crew so much that after making a few changes in personnel, he took them on an east-bound tour. He got a big hand everywhere as he spun magic melodies on his clarinet: at the St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio, Texas—at the Blue Moon in Wichita, Kansas—at the Gingham Garden in Springfield, Illinois—at the Raymer Ballroom in Boston. It developed into a regular triumphal tour!

But when he and the band reached the Rosemont Ballroom in Brooklyn, they started breaking attendance records, just as he's been doing ever since. But tragedy stepped in. The ballroom caught fire sending their instruments and their nice option renewal up in smoke.

Lou Bricker, the owner, brought Jerry over to New York's famous Roseland Ballroom. There, Mrs. Maria Kramer whose Hotel Lincoln has launched many bands to fame and fortune, heard Jerry and signed him for that hostelry's Blue Room. Another attendance record broken! More than that, he broke all the attendance records set by Harry James, Artie Shaw, Charlie Barnett and Count Basie. He held forth at the Blue Room

# About Wald

for five months. The longest any of his glittering, renowned predecessors had stayed there was five weeks. Something to live up to, eh what? But he's kept on climbing in public favor. He's the sort of person that keeps faith with every musical promise he's ever made!

So rapidly did Jerry catch on, once he'd shown hardboiled New York that he could take over a spot and hold on to it, that Decca signed him to a contract right in the teeth of the record shortage due to War priorities. His recordings sell like the proverbial hot cakes.

The Blue Network was only too pleased to have him join their Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands.

But he was an old hand at taking over the mike by then. Countless CBS and Mutual Network broadcasts were proof of that.

And he's a top favorite with the stage, screen and socialite lovelies who frequent such New York night spots as the Stork Club, "21," and Lindy's. But we doubt that their adoring praise is half so sweet to him as the way he's been taken to heart by loyal fans all over the country.

He sure has gone places and done things in the short space of six years!

What's he got that so many of the others haven't got? Well, for one thing, he plays 'em hot and sweet with equal facility. According to the latest statistics, the listeners—not to speak of the dancers—although divided about half and half in their preferences, are as one in their loyalty to this brilliant clarinetist and band leader.

Jerry has that master touch that is so distinctive a mark of genius. And he possesses that most elusive thing known as "charm"—as rare indeed as a sense of humor which, incidentally, he also has to a high degree. Those who'd never seen him before learned of his charm when he appeared in Paramount's movie, "Follies Girl."

After all, it takes more than a great musician to make a great band leader, but Jerry displayed an early predilection for the baton. That he was good from the very start is proven by his having been chosen leader of the Weequahic High School band, and his selection by Los Angeles musicians as their leader when he'd been on the West Coast only a few weeks.

## Lillian Lane

Lillian Lane, the litling lovely featured along with Jerry Wald's clarinet, is the daughter of a Fort Wayne, Indiana, minister. Although scarcely out of her teens, singing in public is no novelty to Lillian. She sang in church choirs and had plenty of encouragement at home from an ample family of five brothers and two sisters, all of whom sang professionally.

While attending Concordia Lutheran College, Lillian worked as librarian of radio stations WOWO and WGL in Fort Wayne. She frequently sang with the studio orchestra. When the orchestra was picked up in 1941 on a coast-to-coast hook-up, she received

several offers to sing with name bands. She was *that* good.

Did this cause an upheaval in the Lane home? We'll say it did. But after a lot of argument pro and con, her father's consent was secured and arrangements finally made.

Lillian began broadcasting and recording, too, and it wasn't long before she'd made a real place for herself in the world of music. She joined Jerry Wald last year.

Statistically speaking, Lillian's five feet, four inches tall. She weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She plays tennis, rides horses and enjoys making her own arrangements.



Jerry Wald

# Idol of the A. E. F.

by Margaret Winter

**D**INAH SHORE, Blues-Singing Idol of the A. E. F.'s, and America's One-Woman Entertainment Industry, wants to help win this War. In addition to spending half of what she can keep of her \$115,000 yearly earnings on War bonds, Miss Shore works not less than fourteen hours daily—professionally and for free—at her job of keeping up morale.

A recent check-up shows that the husky-voiced singer holds a record for "command performances"—those all-request programs short-waved to the fighting men abroad.

"Singers have been told that they play an important part in our fight for victory," says Dinah, "and I'm glad that my profession enables me to do something in this grim battle. I can't help in the factories, but I know that many defense workers bring their radios with them. If one of them tunes me in and likes my efforts, I'm happy."

The War, and her part in it, have radically changed her conception of singing, she asserts.

In the beginning a struggling artist, she wondered if she'd chosen the right career. When she got her start she only hoped that people liked her songs. That her efforts might prove of national value never occurred to her.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and singers and entertainers heard that they had a great part to play in keeping up the morale of the fighters and workers. That was when Dinah Shore moved into action, singing with all her might. She's been doing it ever since, and the more she sings the better her world-wide audience seems to like it!

Recently Dinah worked on a picture in Hollywood, with Eddie Cantor, "Thank Your Lucky Stars." She was heard on two weekly radio programs last winter, only songstress to be sponsored twice a week. At odd times between her regular appearances, she

sings at Army camps and benefits. In addition to the commitments listed, in one day recently, Dinah sang seven soldier shows.

Hollywood cafe society gets a brush-off from the Doughboy's Dinah, who is too busy elsewhere. When she isn't involved in another angle of wartime entertainment, she may be located going to, in, or coming from, the soldier's canteens.

"Hiya, Soldier. My name's Dinah," has stunned more than one of Uncle Sam's boys, who found, when he re-

Dinah Shore and Bill Lawrence who produced her BLUE network program (right) and welcomed at a bond rally in her hometown, Nashville, Tenn. (below)



gained the power of speech, that it actually WAS Dinah, last name, Shore, in person.

When it comes to titles, medals, honorary memberships and officer-ships, Dinah tops them all. She shares one title with President Roosevelt. She is the "Girl With the Most Charming Smile," and the President

is the "Man With the Frankest Smile" (oops!!!), according to the Borough Dental Society of New York.

In 1942 she was flown to the President's Ball to sing, and in March, 1942, she was recruited by the Treasury Department and flown to hometown Nashville, Tenn., to promote the sale of War bonds and stamps. Soldiers from Forts Bragg, Dix and Jay have welcomed her plane when she arrived to sing for them at their camps.

To look at, Dinah seems scarcely big enough to carry this gigantic personal program. She weighs 118 pounds, which pounds are deftly distributed over 5 feet 6 inches. Her waistline is only 21 inches—smallest in the radio business. Her eyes and hair are a warm brown, and her generous and lovely mouth emphasizes that genuine southern charm which has proven such an important personality asset.

Dinah Shore likes clothes. She dresses simply but well—so well that the Fashion Academy voted her one of the ten best-dressed women in the country. This does not mean that she necessarily buys only the most expensive clothes.

Quoting the young lady, "Just because I earn a lot of money doesn't mean that I must have a mink coat. I'd rather have, for instance, a good



beaver coat, which costs less and wears a whole lot better."

Any actress knows that the proper use of well cared-for and graceful hands counts in her performance, and Dinah has learned this lesson so well that she was voted one of the five women in the country with outstandingly beautiful hands.

Dinah was born Frances Rose Shore, in Winchester, Tenn., but was "raised" in Nashville. As a youngster she sang at local affairs and at fourteen decided she was ready for a professional debut.

Deciding that a cabaret on the outskirts of the town was the logical spot, she made secret arrangements, and, on the night, smuggled out herself and



At a bond rally.

**DINAH SHORE**

**Dinah Shore—Darling of the Doughboys and one of the most popular girl singers with the folks back home. You meet the real girl behind the famous husky voice in this exclusive article.**

her sister's best evening dress. She was much surprised to find her parents at a ringside table. They snatched her home after one number, but she collected ten dollars.

Unlike many popular singers, Dinah is a musician. She studied music and it was while she was studying that she got her first job, over station WSM.

In the meantime she was a student at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. Three months after she had taken her degree in Sociology from that institution, Miss Shore was on her way to New York. That was in 1938.

In New York, the toast of Tennessee had a thin time for a while, and the best she could get for the first three months was a cakes and coffee job on a local station. One blue New Year's eve when the going was particularly tough, she almost decided to quit.

Just then the breaks came. N.B.C. signed her as a sustaining star; and as an exponent of blues singing, she became "Diva of the Blues," of the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. She made a guest appearance with Rudy Vallee and then another. Eddie Cantor heard her, and she is now in her second season with that veteran picker of winners.

As to the style in which the Queen of the Juke Boxes sings, Dinah says that she realized early in her career that she must choose and specialize.

"There are three 'styles,'" she declares, "Ballad, swing and blues."

Ballad singing, she says, is the most commercial, a calm sort of straight rendition, requiring more feeling than actual voice.

She continues, "The swing singer is generally popular with the younger set only. Tonal quality and diction are sacrificed to rhythm. Personality is all-important in this type of singing.

"I chose the third style—the Blues. I think it was because it was the hardest. A blues singer must be at top form at all times because her followers are the most critical. Diction must be perfect because blues lyrics are indispensable and often more important than the melody."

Singing this style of song brought  
(Continued on page 46)



What's this "Strong Appeal" in Bob Strong's band? Take a leader versatile enough to play piano, violin, saxophone, oboe, English horn and clarinet—one that creates a style and gains variety with tunes of his own composing—add a "production" band initiated to the 1/5 second timing of the studio centrals. That's "Strong" and that's solid!



For Jack Jenny, duration leader of Bobby Byrne's band, nothing is so relaxing as "sitting in" with the boys at any back-room session way out yonder in the high grass, far from midtown Manhattan. Rated in the Trombonist's Big Three with T. Dorsey and Teagarden, Jack is one Big-timer who loves the little towns.



Barry Winton got a new slant on music when he moved across the Atlantic. Barry was born in London and brought up to be a virtuoso of the classic violin. Then New York gave him the inspiration for syncopation; Barry rigged up a band and now he's fiddling real American in Manhattan.



Glen "Casa Loma" Gray has but three original bandmen who haven't joined up with Uncle Sam. But that original Glen Gray style is still kicking strong—at New York's Pennsylvania Hotel from July to October. A salute from the Navy went to Glen for being on their show exactly one year. In all—a nice service record.





**N**EXT to running off with the circus itself, we've always wanted to go behind the scenes. And there we were at long last amid all the hubbub just before The Greatest Show On Earth takes to the arena!

And we were fulfilling another lifetime ambition, too—meeting Merle Evans, Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey's band leader who's never missed a performance in all his twenty-five years with the circus. We just stood there and gaped and listened to the tall vigorous fellow in all the glory of his white and gold regalia.

A regular he-man. His skin tanned as though by the Western sun. And

with the merriest pair of hazel eyes you've ever seen!

Quite a record, we'd say, never having put down one's trumpet—which he calls a cornet, by the way—in a whole quarter of a century. And two three-hour shows a day, standing straight in front of his boys in red and blue; taking the lead for every number, directing, back to the band, as he plays.

"Never try to smarten up a circus," Evans told us. "And that goes for the band as well.

"The circus has a fundamental pattern—the circus band has a background and a function. It's the only

show that doesn't depend on sex appeal and the only band that doesn't have to be romantic. Musical coordination with our show must be on the tick. There are 175 cues," said Merle, leafing through the fat score. "A lot of it's popular stuff that varies from year to year, of course, but the style doesn't." Merle Evans has been smart enough never to change the style of circus band music. When he hears a new song, for him, it's cubbyholed as elephant or horse or cat or aerialist music.

For aerial acrobatics, "A Touch of Texas"; for the smooth high swingers, "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," "Tonight We Love," "As Time Goes By." For the juggler, "It Seems to Me I've Heard That Song Before." For the liberty horses—"I Am An American" and "Rosalie." "The Pennsylvania Polka" for the skaters and for Lalage and the aerial ballet, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," and "You Are Always In My Heart." All timed to the tempo of the three rings of excitement.

"I'm one of the few men in the band business who have played the real showboats, cabarets, summer concerts, minstrel and medicine shows and all the circus bands from the Buffalo Bill 101 Ranch Circus, the Christi and Lee Brothers, to the Big tie-up of Ringling and B. and B." But Merle takes no personal credit for his success. It was something he couldn't help doing.

When Merle was eleven and lived in Columbia, Kansas, the townfolk decided to start a local band, buying instruments by mail order and handing them out by size to the neighborhood kids. Merle got the trumpet and finally resigned himself to it, although he'd have liked much better to play

*The Big Top Band in all its glory.*



drums. When he was fifteen, a carnival came to town and he got a whiff of sawdust that stayed with him ever after.

Merle has eight or nine old Sousa and Prior men with him, and the number of musicians who've gone on to big time from Merle's group is wonderful to relate: Don Baker, solo sax with the U. S. Navy Band—Bill Kir-



chies, trumpet for Ted Lewis—Bill Hamilton, lead sax for Vincent Lopez and now leading his own band—AND (trumpet fanfare, please) Harry James.

Harry's dad, Everett James, led a circus band himself back in Beaumont, Texas, for the Christi Brothers; and Harry played his first job with Merle, an old boyhood friend of papa's. He played the drums!

If you're wondering how a circus man spends his winters, Merle goes to the Baptist Institute's Hardin-Simons University at Abilene, Texas, where he leads the fifty cowboys and fifty cowgirls of their famous Western band. They back a fine football team and take the field between halves along with a trick-rider outfit.

Merle married an aerialist and horsewoman who's now retired from the arena but who still troupes along with Merle. The rest of his family consists of Mr. Boots, a black pekinese.

One of the things Merle treasures most is his memory of thirteen years trouping with Lillian Leitzel, the great aerial performer, and he still has every score she ever used while they played together.

Yes, let's hope they never smarten up the circus or the circus band, because, after all, you can't improve on "The Greatest Show On Earth!"



*Merle Evans sounds off for The Greatest Show on Earth!*

# DOUBLE TIME

**T**HE McFarland Twins, with "Music That Wins" can't lose. Neither can the customers. Whatever they want—sweet or swing, this band has it; for the double-timers are alike only in looks—one's sold on sweet and the other's a fast cooker.

For five years the McFarland Twins, George and Arthur, comparatively new at the maestro game, were featured saxophone soloists with the Fred Waring organization, and their comedy and novelty acts were high spots in the Pennsylvanians' entertainment. George featured sweet music and Arthur preferred swing.

Now both in front of the band with their instruments, they use unique arrangements to produce "Sweet and Swing Time." The folks must like it because the McFarlands premiered at

the Rainbow Grill in New York and stayed there six months before hitting the road.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Georgie and Artie went to grade school in Orange, N.J., to high school in St. Louis and were graduated from Wayne University in Detroit with scholarships in business administration.

At the University they organized their own dance orchestra and for four years played the usual proms, society dance dates and local lodge meetings.

In the business world they got into trouble right away. George was secretary to the big boss at General Motors and Arthur was similarly

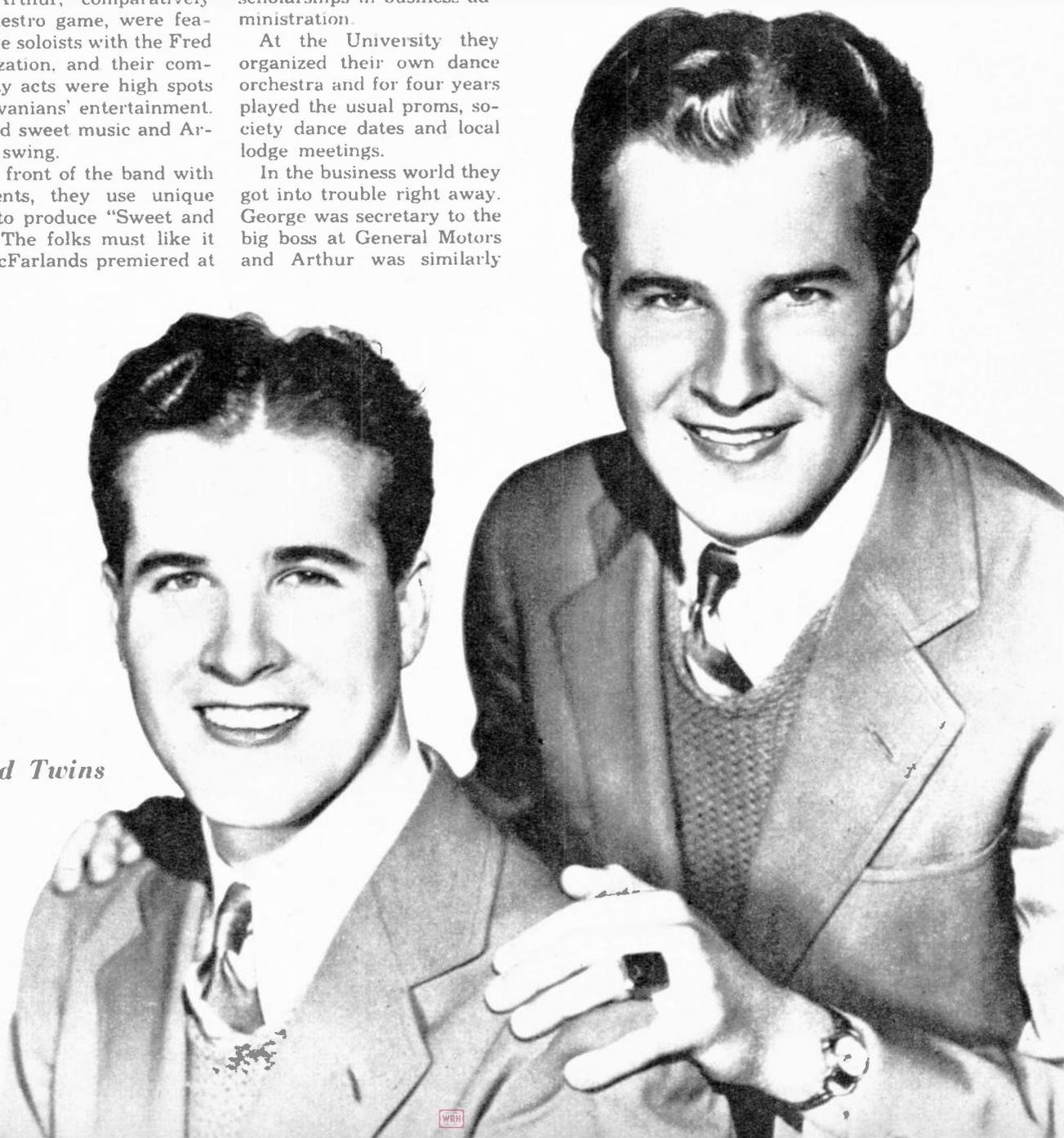
employed at Graham Paige. When George talked back to Art's boss, Art got the air, and not with a sponsor.

Art's boss, it seems, was making merry in a local nitery when he spotted the chap he thought was Art dining but a few tables away. In a voice audible to his swank guests he gave out with orders for the next day. George turned a cold eye on the gent and floored him with "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Soon after this the twins decided they'd rather take orders from Fred Waring than from motor magnates.

Brass and saxophones are first in Art's portion of the band, while woodwinds, muted brass and electric guitar are used in George's sweet arrangements. Featured with this orchestra is the glee club—one of the finest in the country and a favorite on the radio.

*McFarland Twins*





## BOSS OF THE BLUE

**T**HE master minds of the Blue network needed a coast-to-coast music director. So? Only one man in the United States completely symbolizes modern American music—the mythical Mr. Whiteman!

Today Paul Whiteman is launched on a great new career, one which offers him larger opportunities than ever before. And with him as Director of the Blue, come 7000 special arrangements valued at five million dollars.

Others have contributed to the music of this era, but it was Whiteman who correlated their individual efforts into one mighty musical pattern.

“Pops,” as he is affectionately known, has gone in for victory farming in a big way. He owns and operates 700 acres in Rosemont, N.J., where he grows barley, wheat, corn and alfalfa, and is as much loved by his farmer neighbors as he is by his associates in the musical world.

Ever since the last war “Pops” has been tops. He’ll go on being tops as long as he waves his baton, guides the musical destinies of the Blue network or farms his land down in Jersey. For, actually, it is the Blue network that was honored when Paul Whiteman accepted the director’s job.

# HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By PAUL VANDERVOORT, II

**G**REETINGS CUSTOMERS—gather 'round the bandstand and dig the dope from Hollywood. The glamour burg is really jumping, what with bands buzzing on and off the movie lots. Hollywood is hep—and from what I hear around the studios—it's only the beginning, kids—Columbia pictures grabbed a swell title, "Jam Session," and Producer Irving Briskin proved a boon to bandkind by spotting Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, The Pied Pipers, Jan Garber, Teddy Powell, Jan Savitt, Glen Gray in the flicker—When ol' Satchmo' recorded "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," he really knocked himself out, using no less than four dozen hanks to mop his brow. What a laundry bill he must have—Alvino Rey and the

Louis Armstrong in a scene from the Columbia production, "Jam Session."



boys commuted from Vega Aircraft in Burbank to do "St. Louis Blues" for their spot.

At Warner Brothers I ran into some sidemen with a sharp version of "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead," which they would like to sing in Berlin for Adolf, personally. You'll see them in "This Is The Army," the great Irving Berlin show, but the Camp TITA (This Is The Army) Swingsters mostly worked with big name bands before joining Uncle Sam. Johnny Mince, Don Matteson, Benny Snyder, Abe Siegel, Jake Koven, Seymour Goldfinger, Sid Robins, Roger Segure (arranger), worked for TD, Jimmy Dorsey, Will Bradley, Bobby Byrnes, Glen Gray, Vallee, Lunceford, etc. Other Camp TITA boys, Jerry Morton, Al Lane (Barnett) Zinn Arthur, Stuart Churchill (Waring), Jack Towne, Les Braun—These lads, with first hand experiences on music as a morale-builder, swing out on their own time at army camps and hospitals.

Herb Miller (Glen's brother) gets screen break in Monogram's "Spotlight Revue," set for October release. Also in pic is Bonny (Oh Johnny) Baker. Yep, she'll give with her inimitable version of "Johnny."

Dixieland style addicts dig THIS one. Who's been hiding his musical light under a bushel of directing stars like Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, etc.? Just a guy who used to play piano with THE Dixieland Jazz Band, that's all. Name of Sidney Lanfield, one of the town's ace movie directors.

Got your hepster's handbook? Cab Calloway's Hep Cat-alogue. Cab wrote most of his hepcat's dictionary while working on "Stormy Weather" at 20th Century-Fox—Jive wise studio hands kept crashing Cab's set to hear him swing until studio carpenters had to build a special grandstand to keep things under control.

Ozzie Nelson, frau Harriet Hilliard and the Nelson crew in "Second Honeymoon," for Universal—Benny Goodman making "The Girls He Left Behind"—and crazy to talk pictures. Uh-huh, the pictures he showed all over the lot of his new daughter, Rachel, born while BG's film was shooting—Salaam, O Jivesters, to M-G-M. This lot is going to town with orks. "Best Foot Forward" has the Harry James' horn riding in technicolor. And bands will hit the screen in "Girl Crazy" (Tommy Dorsey): "I Dood It" (Jimmy Dorsey); "Presenting Lily Mars" (TD and Bob Crosby); "Mr. Co-ed" (Phil Spitalny and All Girl Band); "Meet the People" (Vaughn Monroe, Spike Jones); "Broadway Rhythm" (TD) "Right About Face" (Kay Kyser).

Also nice to know—Universal's 1943-44 "shorts" schedule includes 13 movie productions that are certainly in the groove:—musical two-reelers featuring name bands—Solid—the juke box jive in Deanna Durbin pic, "Hers

## INTRODUCING MR. VANDR- VOORT

Played one finger piano at age 2. Graduated to two hands at 5. Noodled around with trombone, sax, French horn, trumpet, finally settling for guitar and rhythm piano. Had own bands, arranged and played in rhythm sections of other bands, played one night stands in midwest. Favorite all time band—The Duke. Favorite all time tune—"Stardust." Hobby—writing tunes which publishers ignore, the latest being a lady riveter's serenade to her soldier sweetheart. "I Work All Night At Lockheed and Dream All Day Of You."

Right: Glen Gray, another leader of "Jam Session."



Bob Hope and Sid Lanfield (ex-Dixieland Band) in "Let's Face It."



To Hold"—Pee Wee Hunt (ex-Casa Loma) doing a click disc show on Hollywood station—It's nice work and Charlie Spivak got it—working in "Pin-Up Girl" with Betty Grable—Spike Jones and City Slickers due in N.Y. Sept. 26.

Hornmen's Hobbies. Harry James—listening to other bands, particularly TD, and playing baseball—James, incidentally, sends the stars and contract players at 20th Century-Fox. In a checkup of band favorites James was listed the most times in studio player's questionnaires.

Don Raye and Gene de Paul, who wrote "Mr. Five By Five," penned some nice tunes for the Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Jimmy Dorsey picture, "I Dood It." Listen for "Star Eyes" by the Dorsey gang, with Eberle and O'Connell on the vocal. The film has a novelty jump tune called "Lord and Lady Gate," and the terrific combo of Lena Horn and Hazel Scott who will do a duo.

Fred McMurray, who used to toot a horn before he started kissing movie lovelies is back in the biz, at least for the cameras. He plays a band leader and uses his original sax in Paramount's "And the Angels Sing."

Other 1943 band pix include: "Melody Parade," Ted Fio Rito and Anson Weeks, Monogram; "Wintertime," Woody Herman, 20th Century-Fox; "What's Buzzin', Cousin," Freddy Martin, Columbia; "Girls, Inc.," Pied Pipers, Glen Gray, Universal; "Hit the Ice," Johnny Long, Ginny Simms, Universal; "Mr. Big," Eddie Miller, Donald O'

Connor the hep kid, and the Jivin' Jack and Jills, Universal, and more to come.

Digging the Hollywood trend, I'd say the swing is to sweeter swing. Anyhow, this is sure, a nice bunch of listenable "oldies" are hitting the sound tracks out here. This is all to the good, for an old tune is like an old friend. Mix up some of those old musical friends with a bunch of new sharpies and you've got the best morale-builder there is—Hollywood is hep to this, so look for more musicals and fewer propaganda pix. I'll be seeing you next issue. . . .

Benny Goodman his clary and brass choir in "The Girls He Left Behind."



Above: Ginny Simms and Johnny Long in "Hit The Ice."

Left: Tommy Dorsey sways horns with Jimmy on the "I Dood It" set. "What goes?" wonders Red Shelton!



"**M**USIC with class" is what Al Donahue has nothing else but! So say the men who hire and rehire his band.

Mr. Donahue himself calls the music "Low Down Rhythm in a Top Hat" which is about the most poetic catch-line we've heard from an ork leader—a neat way to say smooth, hot, soft and smart.

It's Al, the personality musician, organizer, talent scout and hit-picker—it's strictly Al Donahue who put the top hat on rhythm and the "classy" band in *the top ten!* The way Al's report card looks now—A on both Coasts and A on the campus ballets—Looks: yes, indeed! Talent: lots! Charm: swell!—he's not such a long shot for **FIRST** place any day you want to make bets!

Irish as the shamrock, Donahue is an inch under six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and features a smile that charms the paying guests. Brown hair and the well-known "laughing Irish eyes of blue" help to create the Donahue attraction as well as his Hibernian high jinks—Al doesn't mind taking it and he can dish it out—red hot.

Al has a trick of making the folks out front like him very much indeed. It's those citizens, the young ones who dance and the older ones who sit at the supper tables and dream (or is it the other way around?), who clamor for the Donahue band "back again" and soon. As Al is nothing if not obliging he comes back and back with "the band that always comes back."

Al's had a lot of good vocalists. His band is a proving ground for musical comers and the basic training Al gives is the best there is. He changes singers often, and when they leave the Donahue ranks, they're always headed in the direction of personal success. Witness Paula Kelly who went with Glen Miller, married a Modernaire and may even be back again with Al soon. See also Phil Brito, Dee Keating and Patti Farnsworth. Snooky Lanson, male vocal, however, has managed to stay on the Donahue billing quite a while.

Snooky was born in Memphis, Tenn., where he began his singing career at the age of ten in the home town choir where his mother was soloist. At eighteen Snooky began singing with bands in the south and midwest. For several years he dueted with a dark haired, husky voiced youngster from Nashville. Both kids have done all right. The

girl's name was Dinah Shore, lest we forget. And now Snooky's name is up in lights, too, along with boss Al's. Lanson is five feet nine and 165 pounds of vocalist, tennis player and fisherman. Ask him who he likes in his own field and you'll find out it's Bing Crosby and—oh yes, Dinah Shore.

Penny Piper, the new girl vocal, joined the band while Al was playing the West Coast last winter. Penny got to Hollywood from her home in Vancouver, British Columbia, via real glamor. Previously she had done some singing with Gene Krupa's band.

Out there on the Coast Al did some fancy synco at the Trianon and San Fran's Palace Hotel for a long stretch the while he commuted to the Universal lot where they shot him in a featurette called "Radio Revels."

When Al came East last May to open at the Totem Pole Ballroom in Auburndale, Mass., he took with him only Penny and the arranger from the whole Western group and organized an entire new band for the new engagement. Now there are sixteen boys under the Donahue direction, all of whom have complete confidence in their leader and have learned to coordinate perfectly and match Al's style of music. That's organization!

But then Al has been an organizer of musicians for a long time. A shipping executive for one of the big lines that used to ply between New York and Bermuda engaged Al for a Bermuda resort. It was one of Donahue's first big plays for fame and after that Al began to spread his name and style around thick and fast. Here, too, he picked up the British custom of ending each dance session with the Anthem. By now Al's played "The Star-Spangled Banner" over 4000 times.

So successful was he, in fact, that Furness-Bermuda had him organize orchestra units for all ships of the line. At one time he had more than three hundred musicians working in thirty-eight bands. The War blew that up, among other things. Al is now proud to say that he has one outside man, a piano player on the Albany night boat.

But those Bermuda days were halcyon for Donahue in other ways than mere stupendous musical success. There he met—and soon after married—the blonde society glamor girl of the year, Frederica Gallatin, whose grandpa



*Patti  
Farnsworth*

was Secretary of the Treasury. Chalk this up as successful union No. 1 between the entertainment world and the "400" Of course, Al was always in the upper brackets in his own right and incidentally, the only band leader to rate the New York Social Register, and not just because he looks like a movie star either. Al's four favorite people, Frederica and the three children, are permanently established in a New England type home at California's Toluca Lake, which is one reason Al likes to play the Coast often and long.

Besides being among the ten top band leaders, Al is also voted one of America's ten best-dressed men. And he's probably *the* best-dressed athlete, for Al is an expert swimmer, golfer and tennis player and he goes in for boating, too.

But if Donahue made a hit as a society band leader, it was when he got down to earth that he really won his public. Although Al was quite a man with a fiddle at one time, there are none in his band anymore. Just six brasses, four reeds and the rhythm. Still, it was the fiddle that was responsible for his career, so it merits a big mention here.

Back in Dorchester, the Boston suburb where Al was born, the Donahues decided their little boy ought to learn the violin.

When young Al was in grade school, his parents had another brain-storm. They heard him recite at a Parent Teachers Ass'n. assembly with such glib success on the platform that they decided he'd be a better lawyer than a musician. They made only one error. They let him keep up the violin lessons.

Came college and the question—law or music. The parents were for law. Al wasn't sure which he wanted. He decided on both, enrolling in two halls of learning at the same time: Boston University Law School and the New England Conservatory.

College years rolled merrily on and Al worked hard in both fields, financing himself part of the way with a band organized for local entertainment.

Grasping two degrees and dripping with honors from both schools, Al Donahue turned his back on the musical profession in favor of the safer life with Blackstone and the Law. However, the legal trade was slow in the summer and the band boys Al knew were making out fine playing the resorts.

Mr. Albert Donahue, law clerk, closed his desk one day and signed up for a hotel resort engagement, just for a vacation. That was the end of the tussle. It was a good fight, but the baton won the decision.

"To succeed," says Al, "you've got to *create* the trend." And so the fiddles had to go. It's low down rhythm now but it still has a top hat because Al's hot is never *loud* and hot. He features brasses, reeds and rhythm section for "music in the modern mood" tra-la. Being the musician he is, Donahue doesn't have to blast the customers' eardrums to cover up a smudgy technique. Here's a band that can afford to whisper the hot notes.

"Dance music must be as pleasant to the ear as to the feet," says our maestro, "especially when you're playing a hotel supper room. I hate to strain table conversation over a blaring trumpet."

Al knows plenty about those hotel supper rooms—one in particular, the most important one. Radio City's Rainbow Room is the annual Donahue engagement that Al calls "going home." Al does tame down his brass a lot for romantic melodies, but he's discovered that even at the Rainbow Room, they like some hot to set off the sweet.

The steps that led to the Rainbow Room in the early days of the Donahue band were three. From Al's first engagement at the Hollywood Beach Hotel in Florida, he moved to the Fisher Theater in Detroit where he stayed a year as stage band leader and M.C. A show-businessman had heard him in Florida and wanted a band that could play with a leader that could exude personality. Then came Bermuda and from there on it was the Rainbow Room year after year. The answer is simple: Al has terrific personal charm and concentrates on melody for entertainment value without giving up the rhythm for those who want to beat it out.

A leader with as sound a musical background as Al's is sure to be able to pick a good pop number from the pile, and a leader with Al's strength of personality is not going to be afraid to introduce a tune he likes even when the moguls point thumbs down. Al is given full credit for the recent favorite "Shrine of St. Cecilia." Bigwigs feared it would be offensive. Al knew the number was musically good and not only introduced it on the air, but fought successfully to keep it there.

The Donahue parents were right. Al is one whiz on any platform, whether he's talking or whether he's playing. Easy does it with Al. The notes—he brushes them, but gently onto the musical picture and they—glow—hot. And when you hear that soft and very warm note, you'll know why Al and the band don't have to be loud—they're good!



*Al Donahue*

# REMEMBER THE TIE

**D**EL COURTNEY'S first bosses were a fussy lot. They insisted that a band leader wear a necktie. Del, who made his first professional appearance minus that item, due, not to poverty, but to excitement, now appears à la tie.

A native of Oakland, Calif., and a graduate of the U. of California, Del had the choice of teaching music or playing baseball with Di Maggio and Lefty Gomez. But the six foot one Courtney turned down both careers and opened to big business with thirteen musicians of his own at Oakland's Athens Club.

What's more, he married his favorite classmate, Mary Ann, who's now his secretary. Mary Ann's memo to Del: "Remember the tie!"



# BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By *DIXON GAYER*

**W**OODY HERMAN'S well loved band is rounding out one of their traditionally solid engagements in Chicago's Panther Room of the Sherman hotel. They're just back from making "Wintertime" with Sonja Henie, and they're playing terrific stuff despite personnel changes all over the place. Still featured is trumpeter-vocalist Billie Rogers although Anita O'Day left them to stay on the Coast. . . . Follow-up for Woodrow is Les Brown's fine young crew, settling in the Panther's lair September 17. Knockout in the Brown combo is the Town Criers quartet, originally the Bobettes with Bobby Sherwood and brought from the West by Sherwood less than a year ago. Hal Derwin's vocals are of the Sinatra swoon variety. . . . Most delicious dish and finest vocalist in Chicago is Ginnie Powell, a find of this department, now singing with Boyd Raeburn at the Bandbox. On blues and torch she sings like she looks. Dig the pic this issue for further description. . . . Sonny Dunham, trombone-trumpet playing maestro, and her very solid Lunceford-styled band dip into Tune Town ballroom in St. Louis on September 14. Dunham and Bob Sherwood are competing for honors as the most sensational new band of 1943. . . . Bill Bardo's terrific little jump crew at the Claridge hotel in Memphis is showing off Judy Powers, but

proudly, as sultry a sparrow as ever warbled a tender ditty. . . . Midwest theaters are welcoming quickies this month by the Mills Brothers and Spike Jones, the sepia Paper Dolls and the corn gent from Long Beach, California's little Iowa. . . . Carl Ravazza at Chicago's standby, the Blackhawk. . . . Eddie Oliver sneaked into the Edgewater Beach on an indefinite contract following Russ Morgan, who was on a duration contract. No explanations are in order. . . . Lawrence Welk sitting out a very long 18-week contract at the Trianon in Chi. They love him here. . . . Bob Allen into the Roosevelt hotel in New Orleans. . . . Local Barry Sisters went Hollywood to take over Bob Burns summer show. . . . The Carroll Sisters, from the Andrews' home town of Minneapolis, knocking Helsing's customers for a loop. . . . Will Osborne's swell new jump crew in the Chicago theater September 17. . . . 'Red' Allen, Jay C. Higginbotham, and their most amazing strict jazz crew doing a long term, a deserved one, at Joe Sherman's Garrick Stagebar. . . . Stuff Smith, the

mad violinist, has one of his very best combos at the new Three Deuces. See you next issue with a lot more news of the band world out Chicago way and throughout the entire Midwest. . . and we'd like to hear from you folks in St. Louis, Milwaukee, and as far South as New Orleans. . . .

*Eddie Oliver*



*Ginnie Powell*

*Stuff Smith*



**JD JIMMY WENT ON TO SAY . . . .**

. . . a few words to all his fans and especially to those who want to be band leaders someday.

"When I was about eight I started on the cornet because it was the only instrument around the house not in constant use. After I had the cornet down well enough to march in some parades, father gave me a tenor sax with double register key. He felt it was important for a musician to have as many doubles as possible—and he wanted me to take advantage of the newly popular saxophone."

Now acknowledged by all pop and classical musicians and dance fans everywhere as *THE* Number 1 sax man of the world, Jim plays on his favorite E flat alto saxophone notes both above and below the range of the horn—amazingly mellow, impossible notes.

"Believe it or not," wrote Bob Ripley of Jimmy's sax playing, "he can do the four hundred odd notes from 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee' in two breaths!" The headlines were hardly dry when on the CBS "Swing Session" Jimmy did them all in *one* exhale.

"I don't remember when I started the clarinet," says Jim. "I just know I always wanted to play one, and I never took any lessons on it.

"Although cornet was going out, I stuck to it as my third instrument right through the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra and soloed with it on two of our recordings, 'Eccentric' and 'I'll Never Say Never Again Again.' The latter song was the number that broke up the Dorsey Brothers." Jimmy tells that story now because, as he says, Tommy and he have laughed over it many times since.

"Our arrangement of 'I'll Never' had a tricky tempo—if it was kicked off too fast, I was lost on the cornet. One evening at the Glen Island Casino, Tommy kicked it off—too fast. All I played was a raspberry—in tempo! Tommy picked up his horn and walked off the job. And that, my kids, is how I became a band leader."

And here's J.D.'s advice to those of you who aspire to follow his career. "First, be born into a musical home. Both Tommy and I agree on the importance of that. We

come from the only home that produced two band leaders.

"Next, get a good instruction book, no matter what instrument you play, and master every exercise before going on to the next—no matter how difficult it may seem. That's the commonist error among beginners—they find something hard and skip it, going on to what they think will be easier or more interesting. That's fatal. You need every one of the exercises to prepare you properly for the ones to follow.

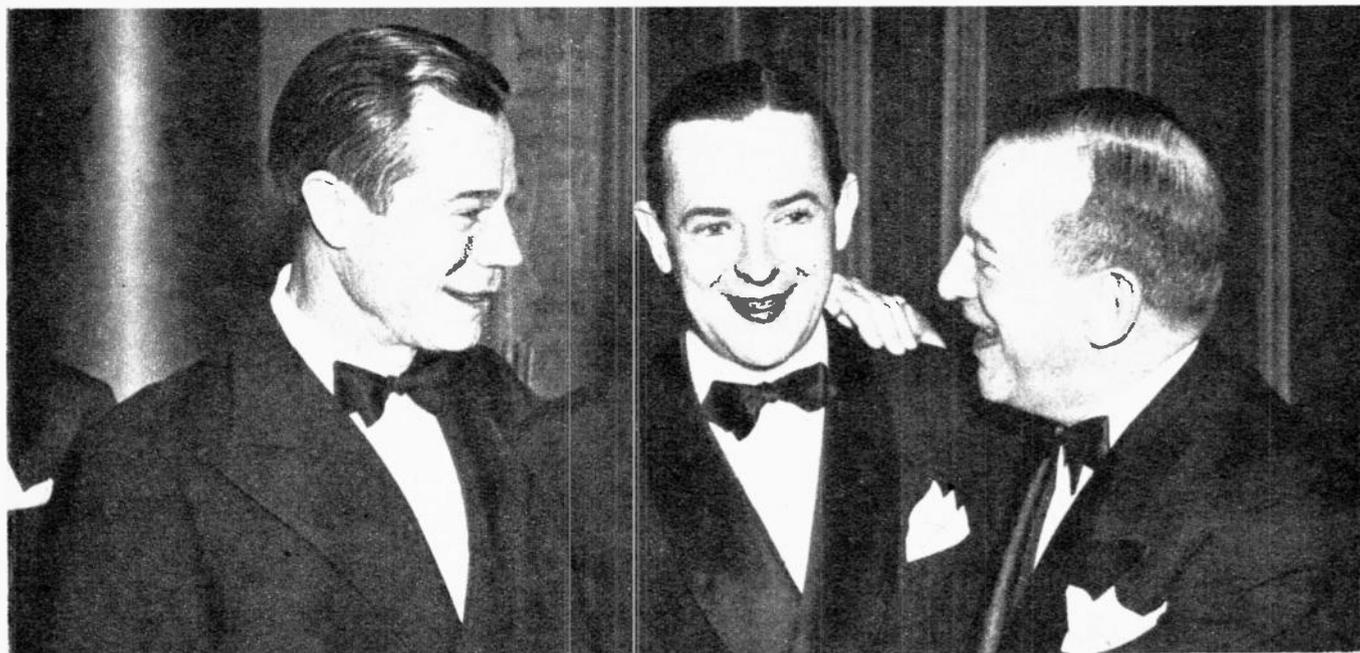
"Another important item is the care of your instrument—especially if it's a reed. With a sax or clarinet, cleanliness is foremost, but a good way to ruin any instrument is to let the dirt gather. Follow the instructions that come with yours religiously. And here's a tip—practice whole notes, sustained notes, for tone quality. The most dexterous 'mechanic' hasn't got a thing if he hasn't got tone."

So obviously Jimmy's "quite a guy" to his brothers of the trade as well as his fans—for he's one musician who never stopped learning or trying to improve his music. Jimmy won't compromise his standards where good music is concerned. It has to be good and well played or Jim just isn't satisfied—his jazz standards are high—so high they command the respect of every boy and girl in the business.

The shy little kid from Pennsylvania has come a long way since he first played for the Scranton Sirens. The rise of Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra to the top of the ladder has been one of the most rapid in band history. Organized just five years ago, the Dorsey orchestra played its first engagement at the exclusive Sands Point Bath Club, a private club on the north shore of Long Island, and scored such a hit that NBC asked the governors of the club who had never before permitted their name bands to broadcast, to let them run a wire in.

During Jim's next job at Ben Marden's Riviera in New Jersey, NBC had the band come into their Radio City studios to continue their sustainings so the series would be unbroken. This had never happened before and has never happened since.

And after that, all we can say is: May "Contrasts," his theme song—and Jimmy—go on forever!



Left to right: Joey Brown, Jimmy Dorsey, and James McCabe, the manager of New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. (Photo by Benmar Studio)

# Waxing Wise

By Dave Fayre

**A** YOUNG sailor lad, hat tilted rakishly, walked into a music store. It was easy to see that jive was his main dish and jitterbugging his shore pastime. He asked the clerk for a phonograph record of "Body and Soul." He was told that the only recording they had was one selling for \$2.50. Why was this? Why weren't there plenty of the 37c records on hand? The answer is that there's a black market in records, just as there is in many other things, flourishing on scarcity due to War priorities and rising demand.

It's hard on our Servicemen. The sailor who told us this story told another story too: about lonely hours aboard ship when a gob's only relaxation is listening to records—when the hand-wound portable phonograph is all that breaks the monotony. At sea, any record, no matter how badly worn, becomes priceless; ditto anywhere in the far-flung army camps all over the world. This particular sailor remembers a time when he and his buddies had only eight records to last them during three months in submarine infested waters. This is why record shops are always full of sailors just come ashore. Each man contributes to the record pool. They can get most of the popular hits, but swing classics—not at all unless they can afford to patronize the black marketeer.

The black market in waxes is doing business in towns and cities all over the country, so it's just as hard on the folks back home as it is on the Servicemen.

What's the answer? It's you who buy 'em and it's you who can put a crimp in the black market by refusing to buy 'em, by declining to pay extra for records and by exposing the guilty dealers. Watch for the jip-lines that the black market dealer uses.

In comes a customer asking for some swing classic. "We haven't got it in stock," says the dealer sadly, "but leave your name and address—and incidentally," he adds, as though by way of an after-thought, "we'll have to get it special and this means it'll cost you more." When the record comes through the fall guy pays.

Cheap acetate copies go fast. For instance, a dealer has a big demand for a certain record that's now unobtainable in legitimate music stores. On his re-

cord he can turn out hundreds of acetates and over the counter he can change whatever the traffic will bear. The customer pays—and PAYS—and the record plays—and PLAYS, say, all of four or five times before it goes dead!

Then there are the scrap records. We saw a little fellow walk into a record store one day with an armload of old discs and explain to the clerk that he'd cleaned out the attic and wanted some cash to buy War stamps. They paid him off and he walked out whistling. After he'd gone the dealer glanced through the pile and spotted "China Stomp" by Lionel Hampton, one of the greatest of all swing classics. Just then a customer walked in looking for that very record. "Yes," said the dealer, "we have a slightly used copy—two dollars please." The customer looked at him coldly. "Fifty-two cents is the standard price," he said and walked out. That's what we call showing willpower in the right direction—or, maybe he just didn't have the two bucks in his jeans.

Numbers that are bringing the best black market prices are Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing," "I'm Confessin'" by Louis Armstrong, and "Cherokee" by Charlie Barnett.

Harry James is still National number one band leader—his recording rate alone proves it. Especially "I had the Craziest Dream" and "I've Heard That Song Before." His recording of "Velvet Moon" backed by "Prince Charming" is deservedly a best seller.

Top vocalist today, Frankie Sinatra, from a just about average singer, has become the ladies' choice. In part this is due to two great Sinatra recordings made for Bluebird about a year ago: "The Song is You" and "Night and Day." Contrary to everybody's idea, T. Dorsey didn't go along on these two trips although Sinatra was with Tommy's band at the time. Alex Stordahl did the accompaniment for these two beautiful records. Not many of them are left in stock, so be consoled with requesting them on transcribed radio programs.

We nominate for the best Inter-American relations booster of the year, "Brazil." It climaxes the Latin-American music craze—and none of its samba-rumba ancestors put over the charm of the southern lands quite like it. Four records of "Brazil" are outstanding: on Decca, Jimmy Dorsey and band in a typical T.D. arrangement. Know what we mean? Remember "Amopola" and "The Breeze and I"? First half, conventional vocal by Bob Eberle, last half stepped up (and up) by Helen O'Connell. Also on Decca, Fred Waring's orchestra doing it in samba time with no vocal. Eric Madriguera did one for Victor, another Samba without words. But listen to Cugat's version on Columbia. His is the most popular, of course, because there isn't a greater master of the Latin-American beat than X. Cugat.

There's another popular trend coming along like the old pony express at full clip. Maybe it's the migration of country folk to War towns; maybe it's a patriotic yen; maybe it's the appeal of a gay tune with a sentimental catch in the lyric. Anyhow, hill-billy-cowboy records have come to stay. Their popularity is well-deserved for they're the real American McCoy—the folk music of today and tomorrow.



# All For A Lady

**D**ON'T let the Eighteenth Century zoot suit throw you—it doesn't bother Tommy Dorsey. T. D. and his band can tootle as well in lace cuffs and periwigs as they do in slacks or mess jackets.

When M.G.M. made "Du Barry Was A Lady" they must have known that Tommy has the right kind of band to play in anybody's dream.

And look who's dreaming this fancy one! Red Skelton dreams he's Louis Fifteenth with Lucille Ball as his Madame Du Barry. And as if this isn't enough, he dreams up Dorsey music that rocks the crystal chandeliers of Fontainebleau.

Skelton antics seem to call for a hot musical background anyway. Both Dorseys now have done pictures with Red. (Jimmy just finished "I Dood It.")

"Do I Love You" is one of the Du Barry songs that T. D.

takes good care of in the picture, but personally we'd like to see a little more of the Dorsey in the film. M.G.M. must have the same idea because they're not letting T. D. off easily after one picture. Now he's working on their version of George Gershwin's "Girl Crazy." And Dorsey fans please note, Tommy's unforgettable arrangement of "Embraceable You" is sure to get a big play all over again. We hope you stay in Hollywood a long time, Tommy.



*Look what our Tommy Dorsey will do for Du Barry! Tommy and the band in M.G.M.'s "Du Barry Was A Lady."*

*Tommy Dorsey*

# CLOWN PRINCE

**L**ONG before the "Mad Musical Maniacs" became one of the most popular of all the wacky rhythm-eers, Milt Britton and the boys had come up the hard way, going through the entertainment mill from blackface trio to full-fledged Hollywood productions. Already they have made such pictures as "Ready Money" for Paramount and "Moonlight and Pretzels" for Warner Brothers, as well as a flock of shorts. And they've hardly started. Give 'em time enough and they'll have the whole world laughing at their crazy antics.

As a boy of fourteen, Milt suffered such an attack of stage fright that it affected his entire career. He isn't scared anymore or at least he doesn't give that impression, but when he and his gang get to going it's a regular madhouse of music, though with just that touch of genius only possessed by true artists.

Milt's laugh panacea is a sure-fire cure for all audience aches and pains. The boys take a beating—but good! In the roughhouse routine that comes between sessions of smooth dance

music (just to prove they can do it), they bring the house down with a great breaking of fiddles and bombardiering with brasses. Please don't ask how they get back into place again for a soft and sweet number!

Yes, if everyone knew the answer there would be a lot more Milt Brittons. That would be okay with us for we're in favor of anything that makes the world a gayer place.

Milt didn't originate the laughing trombone, but he did popularize it on big time. The boys that back him to the last broken collar bone are all top-notch music men themselves. Like Maestro Benny Meroff and Ben Blue. And there's a pantomime eccentric dancer from the Folies Bergere, Cy Landry, who knows how to do fine singing with crazy facial gyrations. Tito is "America's greatest swing accordionist" and Joe Britton is a "sourpuss." For the straight sweet, Dave Van Horn takes the vocal.

It's sure easier to get along in a crazy world when Clown Prince Britton goes into his maniantics.

*Tito of the Swing Accordion (Right)*

*Eccentric Cy Landry (Left)*



*Milt Britton*



## IDOL OF THE A. E. F. (Continued from page 29)

Dinah what she says is, to date, the greatest thrill of her life. She sang "Memphis Blues" before W. C. Handy, most famous of the blues composers. She worked hard and put everything she had into it. Then she waited for the verdict.

"My dear," the great man said, "that song has never really been sung before."

In the business, Dinah Shore is known to have that magic touch which

Brooklyn Dodgers." their first mascot, and she loves it. Football is another favorite, and she likes them both because she can be outdoors and enjoy them.

Of course she has favorites among singers. "I think Bing Crosby is incredible," she enthuses. She also goes for Woody Herman, Ella Fitzgerald, Judy Garland, Maxine Sullivan, Ethel Waters and Mildred Bailey.

Until recently, Dinah's New York



Dinah gets as much thrill bringing cheer to the boys in out-of-the-way camps as she does singing before thousands!

puts a song into the success class. Her greatest difficulty, she says, is in selection. Often she is identified with the first song she made famous, "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

The personal touch, that feeling for her audience which makes every listener feel that Dinah is singing straight to him, is an integral part of her success story. She explains that when she says that she sings to one specific person in every audience. When she's "got" one, she knows she has reached them all.

In her private life, for which she now has very little time, Miss Shore prefers baseball games to night clubs. She's been elected "Queen of the

"home" was with a married sister in Forest Hills. Currently she is living in Hollywood and travels from there, living in a suitcase—a trouper's life.

When and if she ever has an evening to herself, she may be found curled up with the proverbial "good book." It will be a romantic novel for a romantic young lady, whose own personal success saga is more adventurous than any writer's invention.

In the meantime, this Dynamic Dinah is doing her own considerable part in winning the war. Defense workers and doughboys, officers and men, generals and draftees, all, according to the figures, sing the same song, "Give us Dinah Shore."

## ALL THIS AND BETTY TOO!

(Continued from page 5)

The interview was over. The top character in the music world today was left to his own personal hero-worshipping, the kids at the window getting double value, and a last look showed Harry James completely absorbed.

Harry James looks like his pictures. He's more than six feet in height, dark, moustached, of a lean and sardonic appearance. He speaks with an air of complete sincerity and listens with interest. Dressed for work he was casually correct, and affecting his own brand of neckwear, a design of what appeared to be ballet dancers in color on a dark blue background. His manner is authoritative, and pride in his organization and achievement characterizes his conversation. Not only does he speak and behave with authority, but he does so justly, for he will appear in the new "Who's Who in America" supplement.

Only 27, Harry James has been working as an artist since he was four, when he was billed as "the youngest contortionist in the circus business."

Born in Atlanta, Ga., where his parents were playing with the Haag Circus, his full name is Harry Haag James. His father was leader of the band, and his mother a bareback rider. Illness put a stop to young Harry's agile efforts, and his dad taught him trumpet. By the time he was in his early 'teens the young fellow was leading the No. 2 band in the Christy Circus.

When the family retired from active circus life Harry looked about for work of his own, and after stretches with the Ben Pollack and Benny Goodman orchestras, formed his own band, with Goodman encouragement and financial aid. Benny Goodman bought a third interest in the band in 1940 for \$4,500. Harry bought it back in 1942 for \$20,000. Now James owns his own band which grosses about a million a year, of which about \$500,000 is his own profit.

On July 2, Harry James and his Music Makers reported at Hollywood where the boss will be featured in two pictures, "Mr. Co-Ed" and "The Tale of Two Sisters."

He's happy to be making more pictures he said, and pleasantly but very firmly declined to comment in any way when it was suggested that a certain blonde movie star, most famous pin-up girl of them-all, might have a part in his desire to reach the West Coast. [Editorial note: The certain blonde girl, otherwise known as Betty Grable, was waiting for him all right. Not only that, she married him.]

Gathering personal items about the national idol at the Astor early in the evening, it was learned from seven different bandmen that "Harry's crazy over baseball. Also over classical music and symphonic arrangements."

Harry James did not mention his book, "Trumpet Studies" which he has written with his father, to the reporter, but beginners are referred to that work for instruction in how to play the trumpet correctly.

America's ace band leader who leaves the customers limp in their chairs after a treatment with the wild sobbing sweetness of his trumpet notes is addicted first of all to trumpet playing, then to baseball lore, and in what leisure time he has, to reading, mild buffoonery, non-drinking, and his own high-strung observance of the goofiness of things and stuff and living.

## DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

(Continued from page 3)

traveling, playing a date, or vacationing . . . RAYMOND SCOTT, experimenting with an electronic tuba, is getting results that amaze even the inimitable RAY himself . . . CHARLIE SPIVAK's recent composition DAY DREAM OF A JITTERBUG is knocking the "sweetest trumpet in the world" fans right out of their front row seats . . . JOHNNY LONG, who plays a left-handed violin in case you didn't know, is penciling a new movie contract and dicking with the radio . . . DICK HAYMES doesn't like to be referred to as either a crooner or a swooner but simply as a singer . . . while it doesn't take long for Frankie Sinatra to get a little bit tired of being kidded about his "Swoonatra" clubs . . . XAVIER CUGAT, king of the Latin-American band leaders, and a good comedian, is also a top-notch artist and has had several exhibits of his work . . . One of the major radio networks will pull a fast one not long from now when they present a show offering the assorted rhythms of five ace swing bands and all on the same program every week . . . Behind TOMMY TUCKER's beautiful theme song lies an equally beautiful story . . . WOODY HERMAN's gal trumpeter and vocalist, BILLIE ROGERS, is the first girl musician ever to take a seat in a top-ranking swing band and play in the section with the men . . . JAN SAVITT used to be a concert master for the great conductor, STOKOWSKI . . . Even though most of the old-timers have left the CASA LOMA band, it still plays some mighty fine music and GLEN GRAY seems to be getting younger every day . . . RUSS MORGAN, who is a very quiet fellow indeed, nevertheless is a man for business and is probably one of the wealthiest leaders in the business along with GUY LOMBARDO and WAYNE KING . . . Jazz fans will be interested in listening to the four new blues which lovely LINDA KEENE has recorded on the SIGNATURE label . . . Speaking of blue, isn't it strange that nobody has ever screen-tested beautiful BLUE DRAKE? (She used to sing for ARTIE SHAW and CHARLIE BARNET) . . . BOB CHESTER's pianist, PAUL JORDAN, is also a crack arranger and one of the most promising of young composers . . . KATE SMITH is said to be angling for a big newspaper syndicate for a series of daily columns . . . GEORGIA GIBBS has been selected by many of the trade papers and critics as the top vocalist of the year . . . Although HENRY BUSSE is referred to as a dispenser of "corn" music, several of his compositions are standard items with jazz musicians when they get together and play for their own amusement . . . ISHAM JONES, who used to have one of the great bands in earlier days, is thinking of making a musical comeback with a name band idea that should be sensational . . . SANDY SPEAR and his band, who were booked into the Pelham Heath Inn last summer to replace HENRY JEROME are certainly making the most of their chance and getting lots of attention from the people who count . . . This month's prediction for people to make the top and soon see their name in darkened neon lights, are a boy and a girl:—ART FORD and MONICA LEWIS, both young, talented and full of the enthusiasm and ambition that it takes to become a Grade A, number one star. . .

—DICK DODGE.

# WIN A \$25.00 WAR BOND!

**H**ELP the editor and win a prize! **BAND LEADERS** is proving a sensation among those who swing and sway . . . sales are increasing steadily . . . but we want to make it even better . . . we're striving for perfection and we need your help! So we offer a \$25.00 (maturity value) War Bond to the person who writes us the best short note of 250 words or less telling us how **BAND LEADERS** could be improved.

Just tell us which features you like the best and why . . . which features you don't like and why . . . What we could do to improve the magazine . . . etc. Mail your letter to: **Band Leaders Contest, Suite 1904, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.** Contest closes November 1, 1943 and all letters must be postmarked by

midnight of that date.

For the most helpful letter received, in the opinion of the judges, we will award a \$25.00 War Bond—with duplicate prizes in case of ties—and all other letters received which are deemed worthy of publication will bring their writers a photograph of their favorite band leader. All letters become the property of **BAND LEADERS** and we reserve the right to publish them in this magazine. Contest winners will be announced in the second following issue.

So mail that letter today—**YOU** may be the winner of that \$25.00 War Bond or one of those fine photographs—and you positively will help the editor make **BAND LEADERS** better and better! We'll be looking for your letter!

**BAND LEADERS, Suite 1904, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.**

## Winners of Your Favorite Saxophone Contest

(Correction: Winners announced in last issue were for trumpeter contest)

Dick Albrecht, Norwalk, Conn.; Lorraine Brault, Woonsocket, R.I.; Joseph Cono, New York, N.Y.; Mary Cavula, New York, N.Y.; Anna May Huson, East Moriches, N.Y.; Paul McLain, Chicago, Ill.; La Vern Owens, Hazel Park, Mich.; David Sweetkind, New Haven, Conn.; Daniel Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; Barbara Zuger, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Florence Baber, Dayton, Ohio; Pat Byorlie, Santa Clara, Calif.; Marilyn Fike, San Mateo, Calif.; Albert Jaroski, Chicago, Ill.; Ola McGhee, Wilmington, Calif.; Evelyn Schaaf, East Hartford, Conn.

Tom Shaker, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Betty Gwin, Muncie, Ind.; Patricia Tunstall, Highgate, Ontario, Ca.; Pvt. Micky Vitale, Camp Croft, S.C.

## ORDER NOW!

Make sure you get every issue of **BAND LEADERS**, as soon as it comes off the press, by placing a standing order with your local newsdealer! Or, if you prefer, send us \$1.00 (Cana-

da \$1.50) and we'll mail you the next *eight* issues as soon as they come off the press.

Act now and avoid missing our next number!

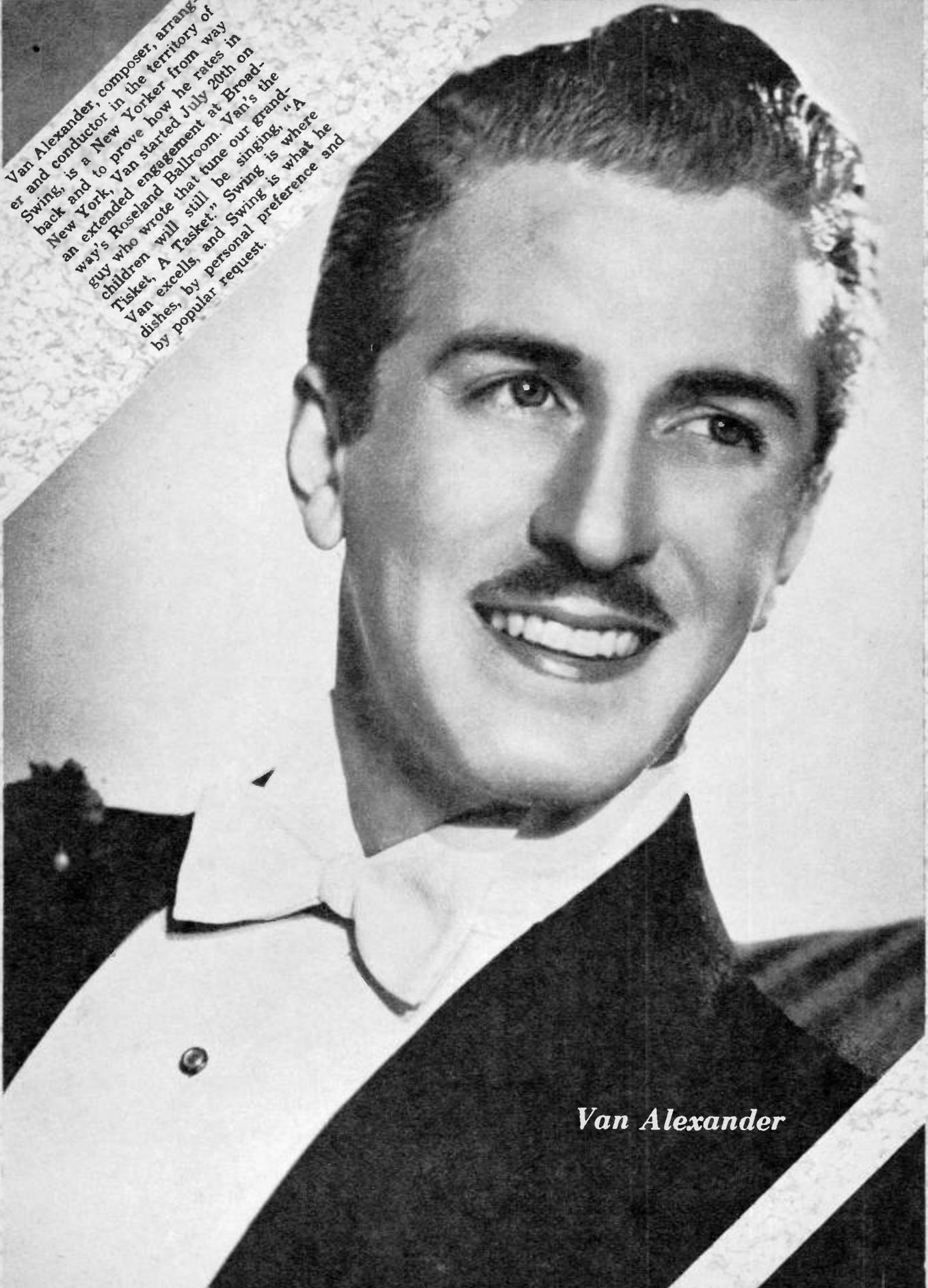
### BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

If perchance you've missed any issues of **BAND LEADERS** (every one is chock-full of pictures of your favorite band leaders, vocalists and instrumentalists) we can still supply you with any or all of the following numbers while our limited supplies last: October, 1942; January, May and August, 1943. Just send us your remittance at 15c a copy (Canada 20c) and we'll rush the copies to you!

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

<b>BAND LEADERS, Dept. 1143</b> 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Enclosed find \$1.00. Mail me the next 8 issues of <b>BAND LEADERS</b> (Canada \$1.50)
<input type="checkbox"/>	Enclosed find \$_____ Mail me the following back issues of <b>BAND LEADERS</b> .
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	State _____

Van Alexander, composer, arranger and conductor in the territory of Swing, is a New Yorker from way back and to prove how he rates in New York, Van started July 20th on an extended engagement at Broadway's Roseland Ballroom. Van's the guy who wrote that tune our grandchildren will still be singing, "A Tisket, A Tasket." Swing is where Van excels, and Swing is what he dishes, by personal preference and by popular request.



*Van Alexander*

Stan Kenton

When they write a new name for Swins, Stan Kenton will show up from the hep vernacular, and "five" are out of the really "jump" and "live" are out of the really improvise, the leaders who can really on the right side. A spontaneous mix-  
 ture of rhythm and melody in Good proportions is Kenton music. It's a rare bird among musicians who can master the fine art of impromptu.



# ings you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:



**1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED**  
Don't buy a *thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything your own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."



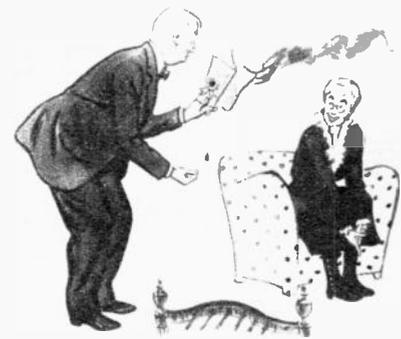
## 2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.



## 3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



## 4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!



## 5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.



## 6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



## 7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

**KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .**

*Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .*

*Make it do . . . Or do without.*

*Louis Armstrong*



*Benny Goodman*

