

BAND LEADERS

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Betty Hutton



Sonny Dunham

World Radio History

BAND LEADERS

JANUARY 1944

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

WHEN HELEN FORREST leaves HARRY JAMES she will go on her own as a radio, theater and screen single act. We'll take a short bow for predicting it here first, despite all denials from interested parties. . . . Speaking of predictions for the new year, the contender for 1944's top crooning honors is PERRY COMO. He'll get the biggest build-up you've ever seen, in spite of the frantic activities of one FRANK (10,000,000 Sighing Young Gals Can't Be Wrong) SINATRA. . . .

Hats off to Count Basie for his New York City Hotel Lincoln date and to DUKE ELLINGTON, DON REDMAN and CAB CALLOWAY for the wide acclaim they've been getting recently. . . . You can also look for EARL HINES' new ork, which features an all-girl string section, to wangle a tasty Gotham bandstand spot very soon and that's a scoop. . . . GENE KRUPA's tough breaks seem to be at an end. If the hide-pounder's appeal in 'Frisco on a felony rap is upheld, you can look for Gene to fall in line with Uncle Samuel's troops.



Helen Forrest

Old Dame Rumor still insists that the bands of BOB ALLEN and VAUGHN MONROE will soon be scattered to the proverbial four winds with both leaders set for movie flings in Hollywood. . . . Wiseacres, thinking



Mal Hallett

how tough the musician replacement situation is these drafty days, have a new one. They say that violinist JOE VENUTI is organizing a new draft-proof band: 14 chimpanzees and a tambourine—haw! . . .

It's not safe to kid SHEP FIELDS (one-time Rippling Rhythm maestro) about his all-reed band being a novelty because it isn't. If you could see the cats at New York's Park Central jumping to the hep dancapations of SHEP and the boys, you'd agree. . . . CARMEN CAVALLARO, the suave pianist, gave up his sweet band for a few days recently in favor of one that had a little more swing, but after

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SOLID SLIPHORN



Sliphorn and shadows—Tommy Dorsey and his world-famous trombone.

THAT solid sliphorn sends 'em. Dance dates, records, radio—it's the same. Tommy Dorsey is solid with the hepcats. Being hep to this, M-G-M has signed T. D. to a long term contract, calling for him to spend a lot of time in Hollywood making films.

It had to happen that way—for inheriting his father's musical talent Tommy Dorsey's musical career was cut out for him before he was born. In fact, the editor of the paper in Mahoney Plains, Pennsylvania (where Tommy was born) added this line to Tommy's birth notice: "Town Band Please Note."

The town band took notice all right, just as Hollywood did a lot later. For Tommy, and brother Jimmy played with the band (their Pop was the leader) while they were still in grade school.

Then they organized their own band, "The Wild Canaries," which went big in their home town, but flopped in Baltimore. On advice of their Dad they then studied more, before further offering their "songs" to the public.

So, before long, the then-sensational "Scranton Sirens" picked them up and they began a ten-year career in the Big Time, swinging out with one name band after another.

In 1934, the brothers formed their famous Dorsey Brothers orchestra, a band which included such jive artists as Bob Crosby, vocalist, tram man Glenn Miller and drummer Ray McKinley, all destined to become leaders of their own bands.

A plentitude of leaders, in fact, put Tommy and Jimmy at the head of their own organizations. For after two years of beating off the band as co-directors, Tommy and Jimmy decided two leaders were one too many and Tommy left to form his own unit.

Once jive fans dug Tommy and the band, they were in. And Tommy's success being so sensational, what else could Hollywood do but take notice, for they deal in sensational stuff out there!

Tommy's first movie was "Las Vegas Nights" in 1941, followed by "Ship Ahoy" in 1942 and "Du Barry Was A Lady", "Presenting Lily Mars" and "Girl Crazy" in 1943.

"Girl Crazy," where Tommy and the band join Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in some swell Gershwin tunes, provides T. D. with plenty of opportunity to slide that solid horn.

The story is built around Mickey's efforts to keep open a small Arizona college, where his father has enrolled him to cure him of being "girl crazy."

Judy Garland is the granddaughter of the college dean, and when decreased enrollment threatens closure

of the college, Mickey, Judy and their pals decide to hold a rodeo, with national publicity, to put the college on the map.

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra furnish the music, help put the shindig over with a bang and the school is saved as enrollments pour in.

The band's specialty is "Fascinatin' Rhythm" and other tunes are "Treat 'Em Rough" with Mickey and June Allyson; "Bronco Busters" and "Embraceable You," with Judy.

With Mickey, Judy, Tommy and the band dolled up in western outfits, the finale "I've Got Rhythm" has Tommy on tram, Judy singing and Mickey clowning.

While the pic was being made, Tommy and Harry James did some clowning, themselves. Name bands were underfoot all over the lot, what with Jimmy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, Duke Ellington, Harry and Tommy working on different sets.

So T. D. and Harry pulled a prime rib on Kay. Unknown to him, they planted themselves in his brass section, during rehearsal one day, and blew some of the sourest jive in history until Kay caught on.

A visit to brother Jimmy's set, though, turned out to be sweet music for Tommy, wedding music, in fact. For there he met lovely Pat Dane, M-G-M actress, and after a whirlwind courtship, married her in Las Vegas.

While Tommy first said "Hello" to his pretty wife when working in "Girl Crazy," he also said "Goodby" to his featured trumpet man, Ziggy Elman. Ziggy reported to Uncle Sam right after completion of his stint in the picture with the Dorsey band.

With five big numbers in the film, the band spent a lot of time on the lot. The finale "I've Got Rhythm" alone took two weeks to finish, and filming of all numbers was preceded by rehearsals and recording sessions.

Used to working nights, the band found its daily schedule turned upside down. Tommy and the boys had to be on the set, made up and ready to work at nine in the morning, and shooting continued until six, except on broadcast days, when work stopped at four.

But Tommy takes movie making in

his stride, for playing is never "work" to him. Ever since the town band took notice, he's loved it, and he never gets tired of sliding that solid sliphorn.



Tommy Dorsey, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and some of the slick chicks in the M-G-M picture "Girl Crazy."



Betty Brewer, the talented and lovely vocalist.



Number One musical combination: Tommy and Judy as they appear in "Girl Crazy," M-G-M's super-super colossal production.

HI DE HO!

By
Margaret E. Winter

CAB CALLOWAY is one band leader who likes to be well dressed. We'd been told that he is so conscientious about his clothes that he makes twelve appearances in different pastel-tinted garments during a single evening.

Cab confirmed this when your reporter interviewed him just before he left New York's Park Central Roof for a swing around the country.

Question: "Is it really true that you change clothes a dozen times in one evening?"

Answer: "Well, I've always liked to be well dressed and all the time. So, if I have to change a dozen times in one evening's work to keep looking immaculate, I'm willing to do it."

Fixed by the unbelieving eye of the reporter, Cab grinned.

"It's a matter of health too," he continued. "Leading a band is hot work. I don't want to catch cold."

That accounted for the numerous changes between numbers and also explained the more than 200 suits from which he nightly makes his choice.

He's a designer, too, he told this reporter, and all his suits are custom tailored to conform with his choice of color and design.

The midnight blue, gleaming white and rainbow-hued evening choices, are original Cab concoctions. His clothes are also made longer in the coats and roomier than standard garments. This extravagance does not extend to his daytime suits, however. As Mr. Cabell Calloway, solid citizen as well as sender, and proud daddy to a darlin' little daughter, he dresses ultra-conservatively.

"What is your idea of the origin of the zoot suit?" was naturally the next question.

"I think it came from the picture 'Gone With The Wind,'" he replied. "Remember the suit Clark Gable wore in that film? It had the long coat, the fancy watch and the peg-topped trousers. Young people now don't go for frills at the neck, and the pork-pie hat is new, but the outline came from there."

"And the name? What really is a 'zoot suit'?"

"Well," asserted Calloway, "it's nothing really. 'Zoot' in musicians'

language is 'suit'. So it's a 'suit suit'. It's just one of those things."

"It's generally thought that you originated most of the 'jive talk' associated with swing bands," he was told. "What's your story there?"

"Yes and no," he said. "'Jive talk' actually is just trade talk between musicians. I sort of gathered it together and put it down. All musicians use it as part of the trade, some more and some less."

A new edition of the famous "Catalogue" will be out soon, he admitted, the new one to be called "Cab Calloway's Jive Dictionary." This will also inform the fans that "swing band" is an outmoded appellation. It's "jazz band" now.

"Dig with some jive-talk," we urged.

"Well," and Cab searched for a typical phrase.

"A 'cat' is a man," he began, "and a 'mellow' cat is, well—he's alright, he's a good guy."

"More," urged the jive student. "A 'queen' is an eligible girl," he went on, "the No. 1 girl-friend."

"The cat's got his boots on," he finished up triumphantly as if he had then explained everything. The reporter was completely bewildered.

"That means, 'the man understands', 'he's ready for anything because he knows what it's all about,'" translated Cab.

"Jazz," stated the King of Hi De Ho, "is a natural feeling. It's a release for all those rhythm instincts which are a part of human beings. Jazz is just the modern expression of that instinctive feeling. Right now it's more dressed up than it used to be."

"Where is jazz going?" your reporter quizzed. "What next?"

The answer to this was immediate and unmistakably emphatic.

"The way I see it, there is no way for jazz bands to go, but up. They get better and better all the time."

"In ten years' time I believe the normal band will have forty or fifty musicians, all artists. Jazz will be a highly technical art and none but the best will be accepted in bands."

"I think the man who sees this is Glen Miller. Notice his Army band right now. He has forty men in his group and in my opinion this is the

beginning of the band of tomorrow."

Asked to account for the great technical advance made in the popular ork field in the last five years, Mr. Calloway said he thought that radio was responsible for the whole thing.

"Radio educated the young people," he said, "and in turn the bands must be so good that the fans won't be able to detect a single flaw in the performance. Anything short of perfect won't go with the listeners."

Maestro Calloway didn't fall into his position as chief cat in the band world. He struggled up there.

Born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1907, he beat Father Christmas to the date line by just two minutes. Cab is named for his father and grandfather.

When Calloway was six the family moved to Baltimore where his father started practice as an attorney. It was the dream of his life that young Cab should also dish out legal advice.

After a boyhood spent in study, voice practice and the traditional American newspaper selling, a family conference decided on a move to Chicago. His sister was with a theatrical troupe and Cab filled in with the chorus while attending Crane College and studying law.

A taste of the footlights was the cue for Cab, and although he obtained his law degree, he knew that show business was for him.

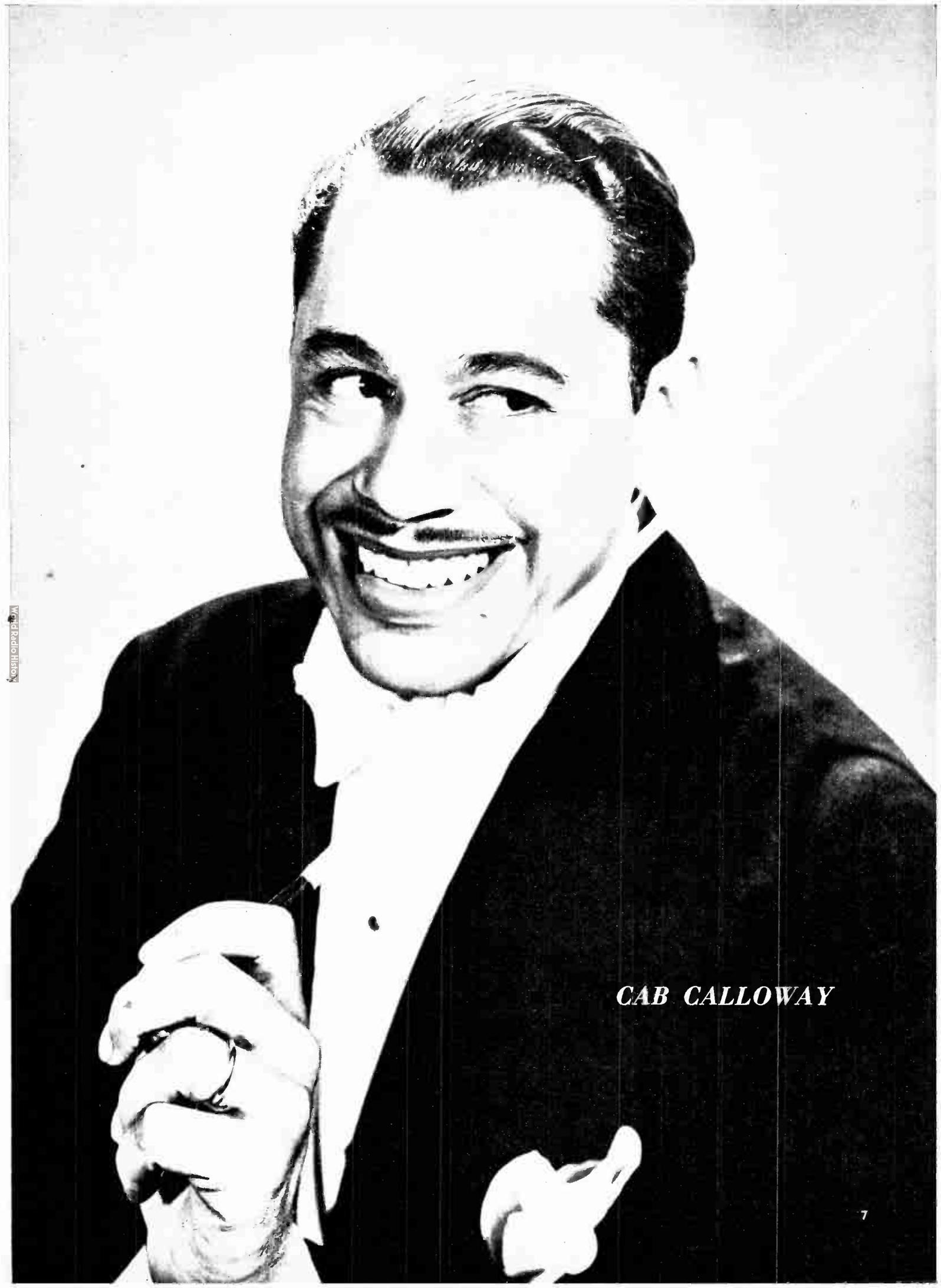
An engagement at the famous Chicago Sunset Cafe gave him his chance to develop, for during his stretch there he understudied and filled in for nearly every player in the company. Jam sessions decided his future career in front of a band, and during the prohibition era of night clubs he made his debut as leader at the Sunset.

His fame spread outside Chicago, and the Savoy Ballroom in New York yelled for Calloway. There he flopped. The band broke up and Cab stepped into an all-colored musical where, on opening night, he took ten calls after doing "Ain't misbehavin'." Irving

(Continued on page 46)



LONG LIVE
THE KING
OF HI DE
HO!



CAB CALLOWAY



A child genius of the clarinet and alto sax, Woody Herman, at the age of twenty-seven is regarded as one of the country's finest musicians. Formed his own band in 1937. Became a father in 1941, when his wife presented him with a daughter, Ingrid. He's been recording for Decca since 1938. Weighs one fifty, has dark brown curly hair. Reads wherever he can, mostly just before he falls asleep. Milwaukee should be proud of its native son!

WOODY HERMAN



JOAN MERRILL

Trim, brunette, tall, lovely, and talented songstress of stage, screen and radio—that's Joan Merrill. She's guest-starred with Fred Allen and starred on her own radio show. Joan appeared in the Broadway success, "Priorities of 1942" and made a hit in Columbia and RKO pictures. Born in Baltimore just about Armistice time in 1918. Joan's the wife of Lt. Tex Seeger, U.S. Navy, and her brother Joe has been on Guadalcanal since we took over.

KENTON is CLICKING by Van Paul

Stan and the boys doing a musical for Universal Pictures.



Stan Kenton

STAND back, chillun, and let a prophet proudly swell his chest while Stan Kenton and his solid band beat it out. For two years ago, I'm brash enough to brag, when the band was still unknown, I tabbed the Kenton brand of jive as top of the heap stuff.

Well, guys and gals, when you've got the Bob Hope show, contracts for movies, and you rock 'em in the jive

palaces and theaters, you are definitely at the top.

I first dug Stan in the band's initial engagement, at Bob Murphy's Rendezvous Ballroom, Balboa, California. The Kenton style got me. Then—bang!! A couple of years rushed by, and there I was, watching Stan make

pictures; talking to him in his dressing room after a smash stage show; and hearing him with Bob Hope.

The guy deserves to be up there.

He made it quicker than some, but getting to the top was no bed of roses. The band had plenty of tough sledding and caustic cracks from a few critics, and others who didn't like the ork, didn't help either.

But Stan held the band together in rough going, ignored the critics, and his faith in himself and his musical ideas has been justified.

Sure, you can still hear beefs from die-hards who don't ken Kenton, but maybe they are squares. Anyhow, a Hollywood authority on swing, and a Kenton fan, told me privately that he thinks Stan is twenty years ahead of his time, and headed for even greater things.

Strictly speaking, Stan started his march upward when he began to take piano lessons at seven. But his early years hardly gave any inkling of his future keyboard artistry, for he was so indifferent to piano he switched to trumpet at twelve.

The trumpet urge lasted only a year and he went back to piano. But this time in earnest. So in earnest, that one year later, at fourteen he was playing professionally.

Soon he was getting jive-wise and boning up, too, on the know-how of arranging. He worked as a single, did club dates, pickup band work, and shows. With a tub-man and boy who played clarinet, he formed a trio. The clarinet player has his own band now, too. He's Jerry Wald.

Taking jobs as they came, Kenton worked his way from places little more than "joints," to the swank Earl Carroll Theater-Restaurant in Hollywood, where he served as assistant conductor to Manny Strand. Gus Arnheim used Stan's talents, too.

But Kenton, knowing he could never develop his ideas unrestricted under other leaders, formed his own band in 1941. West Coast hepcats went for the ork, and the Balboa job was followed by a December stay at the Hollywood Palladium. The band seemed to be set.

Uh-uh! When Kenton played the Meadowbrook, and the Roseland in New York, the band didn't seem to catch on. Sometimes, during 1942, things were so bad, Stan had to pass out eating money.

Then, early in 1943, things finally began to break. Ernie Byfield put the band in his Panther Room in Chicago's Hotel Sherman. From then on the Kenton organization began riding.

This summer, loyal California fans welcomed Stan home like a native son, though he was born near Wichita, Kansas, when he played a return date at the Palladium, while doubling theaters and the movie studios, doing pix for Universal and Paramount.

Bob Hope, proved he was hep, by choosing Stan to replace Skinnay Ennis. The deal dated from Kenton's appearance on the Hope closing show of the 1942-3 season.

Appearing in Cleveland simultaneously with Hope, Kenton and band subbed for the Ennis gang. Hope was so impressed, he told his agent to open negotiations for signing Kenton as a program regular.

When Stan went into the Palladium, he also had a contract for the Hope show in his pocket.

Stan Kenton is now a very busy fellow, but not too busy to remember people who knew him when. I heard him chuckling over some old snapshots and kidding a friend he hadn't seen for years, about a "turkey" show they'd been in.

He is loyal to his friends; appreciative of the efforts which helped him to success. Tolerant, too, of his critics, respecting their rights to their opinions.

Yes, Kenton is clicking. He's come a long way since he played in a taxi dancehall for chicken feed, but if you imagine his troubles are over, you aren't groovin'.

It seems even a top band leader is just another guy when it comes to renting a house in California's jam-packed defense area. For awhile, Stan's wife, Violet, and his cute two-year-old daughter, Leslie, were wondering why, if he was so good at arranging, he couldn't "arrange" to find them a roof for their heads, sooner.

Stan says maybe the landlords didn't dig his jive. But he should care, the hepcats do.



Stan Kenton's vocalist, Dolly Mitchell, is certainly easy on the eyes and ears.



Howard ("Red") Dorris, featured instrumentalist and vocalist with Stan's band.



LOU BREESE—There's plenty of class in the Lou Breese brass! In fact, that Breezy Rhythm of his is classy any way you look at it . . . to listen to it is to dance to it! Over in London he's been rated tops for a long time. Now he's over here and smashing all records at Chicago's Chez Parée since 1942. There's an enduring quality about his music!



EDDIE MILLER—No list of the great sax men is complete without the name of Eddie Miller. It must be so if both Benny Goodman and Paul Whiteman salute his genius! Eddie accepted a man-sized job when he took over the Bob Crosby crew, with drummer Nick Fatool, Matty Matlock on clary, plus Eddie the King on sax.



LEO REISMAN—Leo Reisman rates high with the dancers. He sure can create a romantic atmosphere with suave arrangements. And it isn't done with mirrors, either—it's done by the magic of his music. One wag said "about the only party he's missed as featured player was the Boston Tea Party."



LOUIS PRIMA—Even as a youngster, Louis Prima had his own band. And how this gentleman does get around:—hotels, theatres, broadcasting, recordings, and the movies are all part of his regular routine. Moves from one triumph to another. The way he plays trumpet, no one can touch him on the ad-lib stuff.



BERNIE CUMMINS—Handsome Bernie Cummins and the Cummins' brothers have a different slam on the band business. Bernie calls it "The Business Man's Tempo." As he says, "It must appeal to the ears and feet rather than just the ears." Their versatility and popularity makes 'em new friends every time they play.



GEORGE OLSEN—Everybody knows George Olsen. He's been right there in our hearts since the beginning of the dance band business. That smooth Olsen is the result. The Olsen five grows on you—you can't hear enough of it! He's quite a star maker, too—witness a few names: Fred McMurray, George Murphy and Helen Morgan.



FRANKIE MASTERS—Being a Guest star is nothing new to Frankie Masters. He's even Guest-starred on the poet Eddie Guest's program! And Frankie seems to have absorbed some of the optimistic viewpoint of this well-known versifier. As a composer, arranger, conductor, singer, musician, Frankie is decidedly Big Time.



RAYMOND PAIGE—Why not music the American way? This has been the contention of Raymond Paige for a long while. He has a soft spot in his soul for newcomers, doing a lot to encourage 'teen-age kids. Helped Dick Powell, Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell up the ladder of success—and he began his career with a \$3.50 violin!

TWO TON TINY

TINY HILL took a look at his big sport watch. It was 2:00 in the afternoon—early in the day for a band leader to be awake, but you could tell Tiny had already been up and doing for hours. He was absolutely beaming with good health, good grooming and good will.

Tiny was wedged in a chair at the Frederick Brothers booking office in the RKO building, working on details for his next nationwide tour. Over an open-neck shirt and slacks he had on a light tan balloon-cloth ski jacket perfectly tailored.

Tiny has big brown eyes that are wide open and sparkle in a birdlike way. His dark brown hair is luxuriant and never a whit out of comb. He would probably hate to have it said that he dimples in a very dapper manner when he smiles.

Stop a moment and take a good look at the picture below. Tiny was mighty proud of those zoot suit overalls. Recently he donated them to the war effort and likes to theorize on how many single pairs of mittens have resulted from his contribution. As far as Tiny is concerned, dressing zoot-style is just no darn good any more.

"Hullo again," Tiny drawled and clambered to his feet. Tiny walks slowly and with slide rhythm—a side-to-side motion that is very appropriate to his musical style.

No matter where you find Tiny he's always on his way to somewhere else. This time it was the musicians' union. "Local 802 is having a meeting," he explained. "I've got to go now. Be seein' ya."

For a 365 pound fellow, Tiny gets around and fast. We would point out that Tiny and his band are going places, if it weren't so obvious to everybody—fans and showfolk. Tiny really runs the business of the band, and when he leads, he shuffles a good line of jive. Tiny Hill gets around all right—and to the best places.

For instance—the Green Room of the Hotel Edison. He'd been spending an extended engagement there doing dinner dance work. On Friday nights he ran over to the "All-Time Hit Parade" broadcast and then back to the Edison.

Tiny is always the genial host, resplendent in tux and chatting at the tables between sessions. It's easy to understand why he and his wife keep "open house" for service men when they're in New York.

The diners applaud and Tiny takes the stand—singing a chorus of sweet lyric or scat lingo—picking up a solo at random on almost any instrument—rug-cutting around on a hot break from the band.

When the "All-Time Hit Parade" goes on the air, Tiny is the life of the party. In a deep purple jacket, he relaxes off stage, slumped precariously between two chairs. He wig-wags at the audience.

The Hill band is on the right side of the platform ready to go with the old-time solid favorites the minute Tiny gives the downbeat.

Tiny is a self-made character—a hep cat with a special body job. He's never been shy about his size and so he's been able to capitalize on it. And why not? Here's a band leader with a good scat voice and good music who has a waistline that makes headlines. So what better catchline for an ork than "Tiny Hill—America's Biggest Band leader"? It's a good band built on a great personality.

In fact, the main thing you notice about Tiny after you've stopped being overwhelmed by his size is the free and easy way he has of expressing himself. Tiny doesn't throw his weight around. It all counts—everything he wears, his every motion, everything he says—and he says plenty.

Harry "Tiny" Hill is a small-town

boy from Sullivan, Illinois, who gained his first popularity in Midwest theatres and dancehalls. His mother is a music teacher. Tiny had to leave State Normal before he finished training to teach commercial subjects because there wasn't any more money. He started earning with a little hill-billy outfit of his own and ended in the Big Time with demand-type dance music. Since he'd just missed being a teacher himself, we wanted to know from Tiny what can be said for the average school's attitude toward popular music.

Tiny was all interested in the problem. "Teachers, as a rule," he told us, "are not enough concerned with the present. They are nice people—

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We don't blame Dorris Hibbert, lovely dancing star, for being overwhelmed by Tiny's zoot suit and five-foot chain.



Tiny Hill



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

GET GROOVIN', FOLKS—it's another session of stuff from the movie lots, and I'll kick it off with an item about Jimmy Dorsey. . . . J. D. and band furnish the jive for jills Carole Landis, Martha Raye, Kay Francis and Mitzi Mayfair, in 20th Century-Fox flicker, "Command Performance, U. S. A.," based on overseas tour gals made to entertain service men. . . .

"Is Everybody Happy?" Nan Wynn is for she has leading fem' role in Columbia pic of same name which has Ted Lewis and band. . . . Dig this sock combination from the same lot: curvaceous Mae West and rumba king Xavier Cugat, in "Tropicana." . . .

STUFF OFF THE CUFF—Title of Benny Goodman film "The Girls He Left Behind" now "The Gang's All Here." . . . Two Ted Weems alumni going places in pix, but at different studios. Perry Como "among those present" and Marilyn Maxwell at M-G-M. . . . Benny Carter, seen in "As Thousands Cheer," is not only a top composer-arranger-leader and master of most instruments, but speaks five languages as well. . . . Red Skelton "dood it." Wrote a tune called "Riding Down the Street with My Gal," which may be heard in M-G-M's "Mr. Co-ed."

Two trumpeters in the James family now. For a kick, between scenes of their picture "Pin-up Girl" Spivak taught Betty to play Harry's theme on a toy trumpet. . . .

HOW'S THIS FOR A BUILD-UP? Paul Whiteman is so streamlined these days, Warner's had to pad "Pops" to make him look like the "King of Jazz" of yore, for his scenes in the Gershwin film, "Rhapsody in Blue." Lots of "Pops'" old sidemen joined him again for band scenes showing Whiteman's introduction of the "Rhapsody in Blue" at Aeolian Hall in 1924. Among them, Al Gallodoro, Henry Busse, Ray Turner, Mike Pingatore, Mischa Russell, Charles Strickfadden and Harold McDonald. . . .

SEEN AND HEARD ON THE SETS—At Universal, Jan Garber and Milt Krasner, cameraman on Jan's short, kidding Liz Tilton, by claiming to be brothers. . . . To Sam Goldwyn studio, to watch Dinah Shore send actors and crew with "Tess' Torch Song." Dinah plays an army nurse (and how's YOUR temperature) aboard an army transport. Another tune she gives with—and how!— is "Now I Know."

The joint is really jumpin' at Universal. . . . Dig this lineup. Count Basie (and Leighton Noble) in Olsen and Johnson's "Crazy House," and the Count in "Top Man" with Donald O'Connor; Wingy Manone in "Hi'ya Sailor"; Alvino Rey in "Larceny With Music"; Andrews Sisters and Mitch Ayres in "Moonlight and Cactus"; Ted Lewis in "Three Cheers for the Boys"; Jan Garber in "So's Your Uncle." . . .

And get with this. Universal will spotlight a dozen or so orks in band featurettes for 1943-44 release. Watch for "South Sea Rhythms" (Harry Owens), "Smoke Rings" (Glen Gray), "Hit Tune Serenade" (Henry Busse), "Sweet Jam" (Jan Garber), "Radio Melodies" (Stan Kenton), "Choo Choo Swing" (Count Basie) and shorts with Louis Prima, Henry King and others. . . .

Sharp idea M-G-M has in "Mr. Co-ed" to showcase Harry James' torrid trumpet. For a spectacular water ballet, lighting effects around the swimming pool change from blue to blazing red flames as Harry begins with a blues theme and rides into a torrid tempo.

Harry and Betty—need we say more?

Lovely Dinah Shore who plays part of Army nurse in Goldwyn's picture, "Up In Arms."



By Paul Vandervoort II

... Harry puts down his horn, too, in this pic, for some good dialogue. He plays a band leader; Red Skelton, a song writer. . . . THREE bands in Monogram's musical "Sweethearts of the U. S. A." Henry King, Jan Garber and Phil Ohman. . . .

I GIVE UP ITEM—Earle Bruce, handsome young singer signed at 20th Century-Fox, got his very first fan letter from a gal who had heard him sing at a party and announced she was selling her collection of Frank Sinatra records. . . .

Nice little story of friendship behind the terrific Eddie Miller band, fave with Westcoasters. . . . Eddie Miller and his git-man, Hilton (Nappy) LaMare, were boyhood pals and grew up together. Have always played in the same bands, when possible. . . . The Miller band, a click in "Mr. Big," is set for more pix. . . . When Fred MacMurray's movie combo swings out in Paramount's "And The Angels Sing," Fred (who once was with George Olsen, Gus Arnheim and the California Collegians) has backing him such solid sidemen as Harry Barris (who was with Bing in the original Rhythm Boys) on piano; Red Stanley on trombone; Nick Cochrane, trumpet; Don Kerr, clarinet. Perc Landers, with Fred in the Collegians, is on dog-house. . . .

... A globe-girdling jive junket is what Kay Kayser, his orchestra, and the College of Musical Knowledge make in the RKO-Radio pic "Around the World." Kay and his gang, Mischa Auer and Joan Davis, tour the world's battlefronts, get mixed up with Nazis, and give with mirth and rhythm. . . .

NOMINATION FOR A NICE GUY—Charlie Spivak. I lunched with Charlie at 20th Century-Fox, and watched him accompany the beautiful roller skating scene in one of "Pin-up Girl's" nightclub sequences. . . . Modest of his own swell work, he was full of praise for studio and set workers. Said it was swell the way everyone cooperated in filming and recording the band to the best advantage. . . . Making pix, Charlie told me, gave him his first real rest in years, with a chance to be home with his family more. . . . **TIP TO M-G-M**—Why not ask Sid Grauman to put print of Harry James' trumpet in cement block in Chinese Theater forecourt which has print of Betty Grable's gams. . . . **AND THAT**, customers, is coda for now. Be right here come next issue with all the latest news and pictures from out Hollywood way. . . .



Those stars of song, the Andrews Sisters: Maxene, Patti and LaVerne, now being seen in Universal's "Moonlight and Cactus."

(Left to right) Phil Harris, Jerry Colonna, Warrant Officer Skinny Ennis, Count Basie and Fred MacMurray, broadcasting at a CBS Command Performance in Hollywood.



Paul Whiteman as he appears in the Warner Brothers production, "Rhapsody In Blue."

Kay Kyser who makes another bow in the RKO-Radio movie, "Around The World."



Jan Garber and his ork in "Here Comes Elmer"—a Republic Picture.

SWOONMAKERS

of the Swing Age

YOUTH is worrying Age a lot these days. It always has. It always will. There is nothing unnatural in this concern over youth but sometimes Age goes a little too far. It ought to confine its criticism to such matters as juvenile delinquency and education. But when it comes to recreation, to youth's wild-eyed, warmhearted, jitterbugging adoration of singers like Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, Perry Como and the others, Age simply becomes the little old man who wasn't there. Dignified alarmists stir up a tempest in their teapots when in reality the only thing to be even mildly disturbed about is the sad fact that Age forgets it, too, was once young. Our seniors are a bit prone to sit on the sidelines, when they can no longer cut a rug, and criticize the Lindy Hopping ecstasy of healthy girls and boys.

Everyone knows how people went crazy over Rudy Vallee during the Jazz Era. Now, representatives of that only yesterday may be seen gyrating and shouting in frenzied excitement at a Dodgers' baseball game, but this is an expression which Age, for some mysterious reason, understands. When it listens to Swing the nose of Age grows surprisingly long and distinctly blue. The Jazzbos of yesterday glare down in contempt on the Swoonmakers of today.

Well, let's be generous. There are many things about Age which we'll never understand, we hope! In the meantime, the Swoonmakers take us "right out of this world." So What?

Yes, we've decided to be generous. All the same, it's hard to overlook the fact that our own Frank Sinatra, who was patronizingly described in one great magazine as "a kind of musical drug—an opium of emotionalism," was recently invited to vocalize by New York's Philharmonic. We're told they wanted to make up a deficit. Well, well! If serious music lovers aren't loyal enough to support their own pet organization, it would be in better taste if they didn't vent their spleen on a popular singer whose followers go all out for him on the radio, the records and in the movies.

Frank Sinatra packed 'em in at the Hollywood Bowl when he sang with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Under a full moon, with the photographers' flash bulbs popping away, his *ten thousand* listeners lost their heads completely. Incidentally, there were many older women in the audience who became just as hysterical as their sisters under the skin. Again, so what? This is a Democracy where you can show your feelings in any manner you

(Continued on page 46)

FRANK SINATRA





PERRY COMO
SUNNY SKYLER



DICK HAYMES



JERRY WAYNE



Donna Wood is featured with Horace Heidt and the Musical Knights. (Kriegsmann Photo)



Tony Pastor's pretty little vocalist, Patti Powers. (Bloom Photo)



Ella Mae Morse sings on Johnny Mercer's NBC program—and how! (Reed Photo)



VOCAL♥VLIES

Sherry Bergan is Carvel Craig's talented vocalist. (Morris Photo)



Lucille Lianwood vocalizes for Bobby Sherwood. (Kriegsmann Photo)



Mickie Roy, the vocalist with Eddie Miller's ark. (Kriegsmann Photo)



DEEP IN THE HEART OF

A Tribute to Ewen Hail by an Old Friend

A TRUE son of Texas—that's Ewen Hail! He and his orchestra have become such a fixture down there in the State of the Lone Star that they hate to let him go. But his latest recording "Miz O'Reilly's Daughter," the music he wrote for his theme song "The Lavender Cowboy," and his radio broadcasts, bid fair to uproot him from his native soil. We wouldn't be at all surprised to see him touring the country in the near future, and ending by taking over his too-long delayed place among the name bands along Broadway. This prediction isn't based on the fact that Ewen has been your editor in chief's friend for many pleasant years—it's the fact that he's got what it takes and gives out with the sort of mood-producing music that sends his loyal fans straight to a Seventh Heaven of delight.

He's hated to get too far away from that ranch where he was born and raised. Last time we saw him he was trying to crowd that big frame of his into one of those little cubicles they laughingly call a "room" at the New York hotels. He'd come up on a brief business trip, and had just received a handsome royalty check from Bob Miller, over at 1619 Broadway, for his latest song "Miz O'Reilly's Daughter." We adjourned to a table in a favorite haunt of ours and were soon well out on the beam with a pleasant evening of conversation ahead of us. I could understand his desire to get back home and breathe some clean, fresh

air. I sympathized with his aversion to the weeks and months of travel that his dawning fame demands. But that isn't the way it works, Ewen. They're paging you all over the good old U. S. A. and you might as well accept your destiny.

The fame that we've predicted for him all along rests lightly on his broad shoulders. Keep an eye on Ewen Hail, you devotees of native American folk-song. "Miz O'Reilly's Daughter" isn't the first song which deserved success, as all those who cherish his musical rendition of "The Lavender Cowboy" well know. His recording of this number, its publication by Bob Miller, and Ewen's playing it at every performance, has contributed largely to its popularity. This Western ballad has been sung a myriad times on radio from Coast to Coast, often without permission, it should be added, and without credit to composer or writer of the lyric.

Yet no matter where his fame takes him, Ewen's heart will always be—to quote the poet, Frank Deprez—"down in Texas on the Rio Grande." It's in his blood. I ought to know for I, too, was born in a Western state. And though Montana is a long way from Texas as the crow flies, it's really only a short distance in the sense that a common interest in his

fellowman binds everyone out there beyond the Mississippi in comradeship and loyalty to the undying spirit of the real America!



Ewen Hail



The boys in Ewen Hail's band do a vivid interpretation of their theme song "The Lavender Cowboy."



Ewen Hail and his vocalist, Peggy Paull, at the Palace Hotel in Fort Worth, Texas.

BAND LEADERS

in the Making

By GRETCHEN WEAVER

YOU, too, can become a band leader—if you have talent, time and training.

This assertion was made in an exclusive interview with Mr. Lawrence Perry, assistant director of the Band Workshop, and a teacher in the famous Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

Without talent, according to Mr. Perry, no amount of training will show much musical profit.

The time element depends on what the training of the would-be band leader has been. He has his choice of two schools.

The Band Workshop, under Mr. Perry's direction, is only for special advanced students and meets daily for six weeks during the summer, beginning July 5. It isn't enough to decide on the course—the aspiring baton-waver must satisfy the faculty that he is advanced enough to take intensive training, and for that purpose he con-

sults with instructors during the registration period, the last week of June.

Thereafter, if accepted in the Workshop, the student learns band leading complete with hand signals; arranging; and also studies problems connected with military band and the organization of orchestral groups in factories.

"In industrial plants," said Mr. Perry, "music is regarded as a morale builder."

The fee for the Workshop is \$25, and, of course, living expenses for the six weeks' period.

For the student just starting, however, the time element is different although the talent requirement remains the same. The serious-minded leader who is just a beginner must spend three years' hard work learning band leading in addition to filling in a musical background. The cost of this course is about the same as an equal length of time in a college.

"Leading a band," said Mr. Perry, "in the regular three-year course, is one part of a plan of study. When it's a dance band, it's called band leading. When it's a large orchestra playing classical music, it is called conducting."

"But," asked the reporter, "have all the big band leaders of today had this training?"

"Most of them have," he replied. "Andre Kostelanetz and Emery Deutsch, for instance, were graduated from Juilliard."

"Others, to name Harry James and Benny Goodman as two who are in the public eye, have that extra helping of talent which means that they are able to succeed any way. It is certain that both these men, outstandingly fine musicians, had private training in band leading."

"So the would-be leader is in," the reporter said. "What next? What special things must he be able to do

Mr. Lawrence Perry confers with a band leader of tomorrow.



ATTENTION!



A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE!



ACCENT THE BEAT!



A LITTLE SOFTER, OVER THERE!



PLAY LIGHTLY . . . AND SOFTLY!





The class in conducting at work in front of a blackboard.

At last the great moment arrives! Peter Sirch, one of the students, has his first try at conducting an orchestra.



or be when he breaks out?"

A band leader must be, first of all, a leader of men, Mr. Perry said. A man may be a fine musician, but if everybody hates him and he has no authority to make men work for him, he won't be a successful leader.

The lad who's up there with his little stick must, if graduated from Juilliard, play more than one instrument. A working knowledge of the piano is a "must." Most band leaders play at least three or four instruments and are masters of at least two.

The notes the band is playing may sound alright to the customers, but the leader must KNOW the going is smooth. He must be able to hear what's going on with every separate instrument.

"Some men have this talent naturally," and Mr. Perry interrupted himself as he was listing requirements for the fellow out front. "It is said that Harry James, for instance, has perfect pitch. It would seem that he's just born with a musical ear."

The ability to read a score all the way down is another item the student will have learned when he is ready to sign on the dotted line. Notes for parts for each instrument playing in an orchestra are written up and down the page, and one sweep of the eye tells the story to the accomplished leader.

The last technical requirement is that of arranging music to fit the size of the band, what instruments to use, and the special talents of the players.

Most bands, according to leaders interviewed, travel with their own arrangers, but the boss has to know that the arranger is doing a right job.

"The rest of the deal is practice," asserted the authority.

Most people think band leading is a series of hand wavings and funny

faces, and in greater or lesser degree, it is. Certain signals are universal, however, and the pictures tell the story.

As "c-a-t" always spells "cat," so, holding both hands up always means, "Attention."

"A little louder, please" is an important signal. The right hand shows that the speed of the production is to go as

usual, while the left hand signals, "more noise, and this means you."

When the players feel they can ignore the leader and begin to operate on their own, the cue is "Accent the beat," which pulls the career characters and jam merchants back into line.

"A little softer, please" says the open hand, while the other hand keeps on beating out the time.

"Play lightly," is the high sign from the chief with the stick, and that means lightly, not only in volume of sound, but in style or manner of playing. Clean-cut buoyant notes are wanted, not loud smudgy ones.

The players in the orchestra must be able to play the notes and watch the leader, Mr. Perry concluded.

"The rest of the responsibility for good music is up to the leader."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

(Be sure to read the second and concluding part of this article in the next issue of BAND LEADERS Magazine. It offers further details and pictures to those who wish to study band leading at one of the country's leading schools of music.)



Lenore Radin, caught by the candid camera as she leads a group of musicians at the Juilliard school in New York City.

(All pictures on these pages by International News Photos.)

CANADIAN Swing

PAUL FIRMAN, Canada's favorite swing leader gets his biggest thrill and best hand playing for the younger, more appreciative, if more critical, dancers. Paul (he somewhat resembles our Paul Whiteman, doesn't he?) has been luring ten thousand young people week after week to the famous pleasure spot, Hanlon's Point, Toronto Island, for each Sunday night Firman session. That's why Paul is credited with making Hanlon's Point the Canadian equivalent of our Glen Island and Meadowbrook.

Paul analyzed for us the special dance-beat that he created. The Firman band is built from drums on out, with the next emphasis on lead trumpet, piano and brass, in that order. From this strong percussive base, Paul sends the melody with a hot trumpet and tenor clarinet.

As all good swing bands should be, the Firman band is small and every member shines. There is a trumpeter, Jimmy Reynolds, called "most successful sideman in Canada." Al Bleue, "Master of Drumology;" pianist-arranger, Bill Isbister, himself a leader; two hundred pound basest Joe Niosi who's had lots of offers from our band leaders. Sweet frosting for the Firman jive is by Doug Kent, liquid tenor "from the Golden West" (The West of Canada is that way, too) and lovely Helen White, guitarist and Toronto beauty queen.

About the jive leader himself—Paul was born in a little town called Brighton in Ontario. He learned piano at three and won a degree from the Toronto Conservatory when he was fifteen. About then he became interested in the alto sax playing of a colored boy, bought the horn and straightway became the strongest lead alto player in



PAUL FIRMAN

Canada. But for fifteen more years music was just a hobby with Paul. Then quite suddenly he roused himself, whipped up a band, auditioned at the Masonic Auditorium, opened within a month and just for a starter, smashed all attendance records available.

That's the story on Paul Firman, first favorite band leader up Canada way—and that's how a solid idea for manufacturing swing and a super collection of swingsters got this band grooved for Canada's young dancers.

PAUL AND THE BOYS



ANNA MAE WINBURN



BRASS SECTION



RHYTHM SECTION



SAXOPHONE SECTION



A Anna Mae Winburn and her International Sweethearts of Rhythm are becoming more popular every day, but more important, they're dispensing better-than-ordinary swing. Since they played opposite Fletcher Henderson they've spotted plus brass and sax sections and plenty of glamor. They're going places! A combination of charm and musical ability in this case results in solid sock stuff. As the only recognized colored all-girl orchestra in the Big Time, Anna Mae and her Sepian Swingettes, have unintentionally revived the "gal's-place-in-the-home-versus-the-bandstand," question. Exotic Anna Mae and Evelyn McGee share vocal honors.

SWEETHEARTS OF RHYTHM



ANNA MAE WINBURN AND THE BAND

HERE THEY Come



(Left) Whenever the WACs at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, swing out on parade they march to the cadence of their own band. The leader is Master Sergeant Mary T. Nelson. When the day's work is over they provide the training center with a concert orchestra, or a dance band which ought to be mighty good since Sergeant Nelson confesses she has a touch of the jitterbug in her heart!



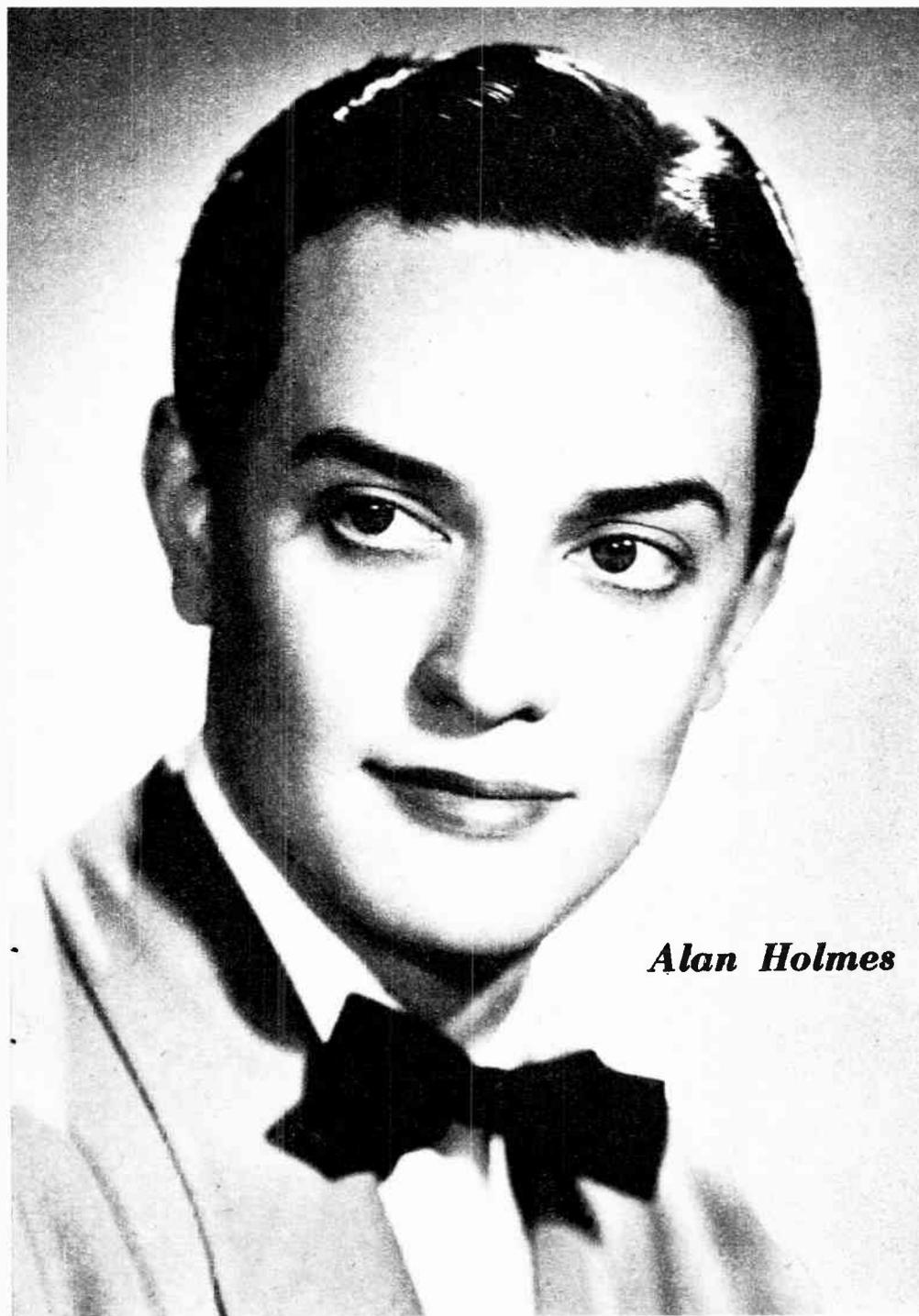
(Above) The snare drummer of the WACs' band at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, is Auxiliary Vernagene Wickstrom. She and the other musicians make 'em step high, wide and handsome! But their music doesn't just go round and round and come out here without rehearsals. Four and five hours practice a day is necessary, and that doesn't include the voluntary jam sessions held in the barracks at night. That's where the juke box tunes get a going over, too.



(Above) "They shall have music wherever they go!" ordered Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, commander of the WACs. She recognized the importance of the rousing strains of a military band to lift the spirits, stir the blood and put a spring in the step of our women in the Army. Many who had won enviable positions in the music world accepted the challenge. And here are some of them on review at Daytona Beach down in Florida.

(Below) Headed by Chief Leader Marybelle Nissley, the WACs' band at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, moves into position for evening parade. Long after the War is over, thousands of khaki-clad women will remember when they marched to the martial strains of this fine band. They'll know, too, that they had a part in the victory and a share in the peace.





Alan Holmes

ONE MAN BAND

A "ONE MAN BAND" we have, and it's not a comic act this time. When Alan Holmes sounds off with his dozen or so instruments at the head of his six-piece orchestra where every boy is a double or triple artist, it ain't no foolin'. It's something very real in the way of musicianship!

Young maestro Holmes, only in his middle twenties, plays alto and tenor sax, violin and trumpet, trombone and valve tenor trombone, alto upright horn, clarinet and bass clarinet, ocarina, flute and piccolo. Twelve, count 'em! Maybe you've guessed that his hobby is learning new instruments and his goal the mastery of every instrument that belongs to a dance band. As a matter of fact, Alan

would like a sound-proof barn on the farm he's going to own someday—just to practice in!

Practice has made Alan perfect. When he was a kid in Gloversville, New York, his folks liked his instrumental interests. It kept him out of mischief, so they encouraged him to "fool around" with saxophones and violins. In his last year of high school Alan was already playing sax with local bands. But sax and violin are the only instruments he's ever had a lesson on. The rest he just "picked up and started to blow into." Says Alan, "What I couldn't figure out from instruction books I had the fellows in the band explain—and come to think of it—I must have been an awful pest."

At Rider College in New Jersey, Alan studied business administration and financed his first year helping an undertaker. But the second year, looking for a livelier business, he organized a band that lasted through school and afterwards. That is—it lasted until Blue Barron decided that Alan Holmes had a good novelty act for his band—playing twelve instruments and taking vocals too. Tommy Tucker had the Holmes ballad style for some time after that; the style made famous on Tommy's disc "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire." Later Alan played with Ben Bernie. But no matter how much the name bands liked the name of Holmes linked with theirs, Alan had the leader instinct too strong in his soul to stay a sideman long. So before you knew it he was fronting his own boys again—only this time it wasn't kid stuff; he'd learned how to carry on in big time band spots. Could be the four years of business administration have as much to do with the Holmes band rating as Alan's twelve instruments.

No need for Alan Holmes to fret about the manpower shortage—he can always stay in business as a novelty act all by himself. But he does like the trio and quintette work his boys do on the vocals—all of which heightens the novelty angle and this is the peak point of the Holmes manner anyway.

Conversation With Johnny

LAST NIGHT I talked to Johnny Long at the Hotel New Yorker. I had talked to him before, backstage at a Newark theatre. Johnny Long is Big Time now. But I have a feeling about Johnny and his band that has nothing to do with the number of starry places he plays.

Part of it is Johnny himself. The way he talks—very fast for a Southerner. The way he never stops smiling. In front of the band Johnny doesn't use a baton—you can almost say that he leads them with his smile.

Part of it is the way the boys watch Johnny instead of the music—and smile back at him. And the music itself. They jive, but it's no professional jam session. They

have technique and original arrangements, but they're not a "strictly Broadway" group. And they have suavity, but they're certainly not a sophisticated night-club outfit. The "What is it?" wouldn't let me be.

And then—the lights went low. All the boys stood up together and sang the haunting "White Star of Sigma Nu."

And I understood why "place" didn't matter. The dancers out there on the dimmed floor were dancers at a prom. All Johnny's dancers everywhere are. And the carefree, one-for-all spirit of his band is the best that a fraternity means.

Then they fell back into a pop dance tune again. And

Marilyn Day, Johnny's beautiful vocalist, recently sang her way into a Hollywood contract. Good luck, Miss Day.



Johnny Long



Johnny sure has a way with him—the way to ever increasing fame and fortune!



When Johnny laughs the world laughs with him, so it's not surprising to find our former Associate Editor, Dorothy Hope Ancomb, laughing like the rest of the world during her conversation with Johnny.



Johnny takes a personal interest in his audience, especially the newly-married. This starry-eyed couple just had to stop dancing a moment to tell him how much they enjoyed his music!

I knew what "collegiate" means in the way of style. In that one song Johnny's tempo changed—it was like the gay wild music before the big game, fading into the last notes of one's Alma Mater played across a shadowy grid-iron.

The boys who started together as "The Collegians" of Duke University have never lost the team spirit and the feeling of "happy days."

I talked to Johnny Long last night, and I think that I danced again with my best date at the Fall Cotillion.

Then We Asked—and Johnny Said:

What was your major at Duke, and were you a grind?

I was an English major, Class of '35. No, I crammed. I still like to read poetry, though.

Duke has fostered other band leaders, but who?

Les Brown had the "Duke Blue Devils." Hal Kemp and Kay Kyser come from the same section of good old North Carolina.

Where were you born in the South and do you like to play in Dixie now?

I was born in Newelle, North Carolina, twenty-eight years ago and I always like "going home" engagements. Have you any pet superstitions on opening night?

Every night I carry my trusty rabbit's foot. (You wouldn't kid us, Johnny?)

On a night off whose band would you like to dance to and what song?

Tommy Dorsey playing "All The Things You Are."

Ever write a song yourself?

I wish I had time; it's an ambition of mine and maybe I shall do one soon.

Who do you think has done most for popular music recently?

Duke Ellington is my favorite band leader and he's put jazz on a high plane. But Sgt. Dave Ruse (Judy Garland's ex) is my idea of the band leader of tomorrow. His "Holiday for Strings" is great.

How do you relax between shows?

I listen to symphonic records and smoke—too much.

Ah, read any good books lately?

I just finished "The Song of Bernadette" and now I'm reading John Carlson's "Under Cover" if that gives you an idea.

What's your favorite classic piece?

Debussy's "Clare de Lune."

What do you say about the hill-billy fad?

Nothing is trite or corny to me if it's good music and some hill-billy stuff is. The rest of it—well, it's a real part of American life and that makes it interesting.

No connection, but what do you think of Joe Venuti?

If I could play hot fiddle, I'd like to be able to play it just half as well as Joe.

Will you be an exception among band leaders and give a candid opinion on jitterbugs?

Sure, jitterbugs are to popular music what standees are to the concert and opera—they're what make it alive and important.

Incidentally, what kind of a girl do you admire?

She certainly doesn't have to be a beauty. It's charm, I think, and to me that means refinement, nice conduct at all times and never loudness.

How are you on details?

No good. That's why I have a secretary. Her name's Annette Richmond.

Do you memorize the music?

The music is always there, but after we've played it awhile, it's as good as memorized.

Where and when do you rehearse when you're playing a hotel?

In the ballroom or dining room after closing, two to four in the morning. Sometimes it's from three to five in the afternoon.

Ever have to be stern at rehearsals?

Somebody's got to be boss. We know we have to work and we enjoy working together. If you assert yourself like a gentleman you get results.

That you do, Johnny, that you do. "Get out that old silver goblet with Duke written on it" and we'll all drink a toast to your team!

(SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN ROTHSCHILE)

AIN'T HE ZANY!

KEY MAN in the sharpie Spike Jones combo is Willie Spicer, a figment of the master's brain, no less, who gets paid with rain checks to play a mean birdophone, sweep up after the show and handle all press releases.

We called on Willie Spicer. "Willie," we asked, "without giving away any professional secrets, what is the dope on Spike Jones, *the inner man*? Ain't he zany, or ain't he?"

Willie sniffed softly and let out a sound like a muted birdophone.

"Spike," he said, "more properly Lindley, is a dignified fellow with but one thought in mind, the promotion of good music, even great music. Remember Cesar Franck—remember Ravel—all innovators—all scoffed at in their day. Spike can take it, though—because while he's carrying on his musical experiments he's having fun and getting paid for it.

"You can mention too," Willie confided, "that Spike was born at Long Beach, California in 1911, although these are facts he tends to deny. But he could beat a sharp drum, even as an infant. This drumming went on all through his school days; even as a boy he had his own dance band. Now he plays serious drums for John Scott Trotter and Bill Mills on two networks.

"I consider myself responsible for the 'new' Spike Jones. The boys were whooping it up in my back room one night and the green corn grew all around. Victor's West Coast manager poked a contract under the door and they took off sixty seconds to sign up before recording 'Red Wing,' 'Barstool Cowboy,' 'Clink, Clink, Another Drink' and 'Der Fuehrer's Face' for Bluebird."

Willie will say anything about Spike but when questioned about himself he becomes very coy. "We know you're the man who helped make Spike Jones," we told Willie, "but could *anything* induce you to leave him?" Willie wheezed a few raucous bars of "Pass the Biscuits, Mirandy" before he answered that one.

"I'm not the marrying kind," he said finally, and that was all we could get out of Willie Spicer on the subject of himself.

... But they all finish together!

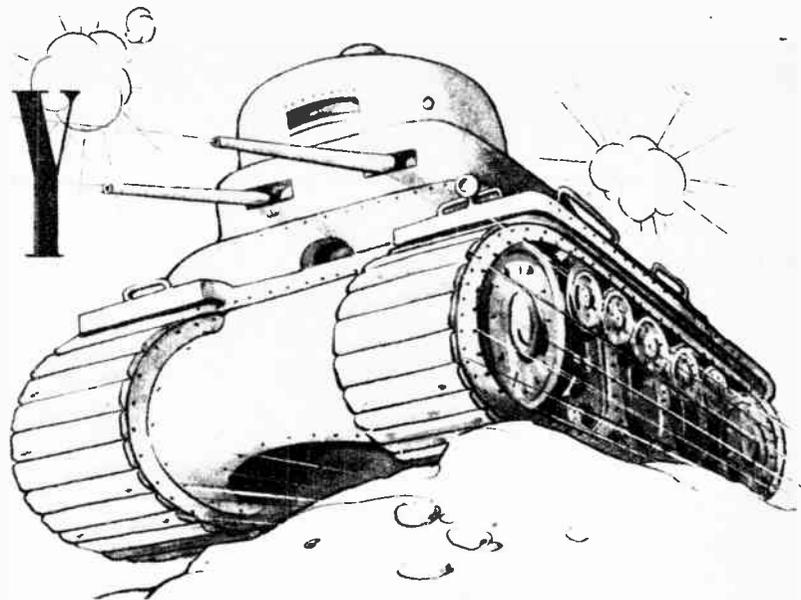


SPIKE JONES

VICTORY

with

MUSIC



THERE'S certainly something about a band that gets you, especially if it's a military band. Whenever we hear the ruffle of drums, or a popular war song filling the street with its reverberating echoes, our hearts fill with pride as we stand on the sidelines and watch the boys go by.

But did you ever really stop to think what this music means to our men in uniform? When they're on parade it's easy to imagine their feelings, because you're right there sharing in their emotion. But how about when they're off in camp—when they're boarding a transport that will carry them to one of our distant fighting fronts on the frontiers of the world—when they're waiting to go into action—when they're back in camp again getting a much needed relaxation from the torture of modern warfare?

Music is as important to the soul of a soldier, a sailor or marine, as food, clothing, shelter and medical care are to his body, as rest and freedom from worry are to his mind.

It is not too much to say that the man who wrote the *Marseillaise* played a wellnigh equal part with Napoleon in the winning of his campaigns. Who can measure the importance of "Dixie" to the bedraggled, yet still courageous forces of the South in

1864? And other songs of lesser musical greatness have contributed to the morale of men who march off to war.

It doesn't matter whether the music used is "hot," a "hymn," "classical" or "popular." If it gives the lonely soldier a lift, what else matters? Let 'em sing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" loud and long—or its counterpart, today's "Dirty Gerty From Bizerte"—just so it makes 'em happy, and as far as we're concerned, they're army songs, anyway.

No doubt about it, music will help win World War II just as it has done in all our wars. Hats off to those who have written and continue to write the songs that have inspired us to victory.

Let's fade back to 1725. We were fighting the Indians then. Many heroic deeds come down to us from those early days as part of our national heritage—even before we'd won the Revolutionary War—to tunes of old songs with new words by Tom Paine and other patriots. Then an anonymous American author wrote one of the first of our war ballads, dealing with Captain Lovewell's heroic attempts to subdue the Indians.

The most famous song creation of the War of 1812 was *The Star Spangled Banner*. Historically minded BAND LEADERS readers will be interested to learn our National Anthem uses the melody of *Anacreon in Heaven*, a popular old English air. If you had been a soldier in those times, you would have hummed and whistled "Hey Betty Martin," or the "New Yankee Doodle Dandy" to the tune of the original "Yankee Doodle." You would have made up a few choice verses yourself, and you would have liked "The Yankee Girls" to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," as we all like the Yankee girls.

There was plenty to sing and shout about at the conclusion of the Mexican War, but from a glimpse of the dusty manuscripts of the times, more shouting than singing seemed to be

the order of the day.

The Blue and the Gray waged their own all-out struggle in the 19th century, and the tide swung from one side to the other. Brave young lads shouldered muskets, heavy artillery boomed into action, and in the midst of it all, Julia Ward Howe, in 1861, wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and inspired the brave men of both sides with her song. The folks up North sang "John Brown's Eody" to buoy lagging spirits. Such war songs as "Marching Through Georgia," the "Battle-Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" made the troops feel more like double-timing. Popular Stephen Foster, with light melodic melodies and simple lyrics, captured the musical heart of everyone with his "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair," and similar tunes that still warm our hearts and lighten the steps of brave American troops.

A rough and tough old Army Colonel told me that "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" set the pace for our fighting men during the Spanish-American War. That same song kept faith burning brightly at home.

World War I inspired many and varied types of war songs. During that bloody struggle, Tin Pan Alley put out such patriotic hits and bits as "Over There" by the masterful super-patriot, George M. Cohan, Broadway luminary recently deceased, and also a hit, "My Buddy," by Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson. "It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary" and "K-K-K-Katy" were World War I products. What fame and inspiration "Parlez-vous" gave to Americans in France, no one can measure in mere words. Muddy faced troops on far flung European fronts found time to sing "Bring Back My Kitchen to Me" written by a fighter on the Ypres front in Belgium, Dewey Root. Swing cats will recognize the title "Good Morning, Mr.

(Continued on page 44)



IDA JAMES



They call Erskine Hawkins the 20th Century Gabriel (see picture, lower left). A few years ago, Hawkins brought his 'BAMA STATE COLLEGIANS up North to play in Asbury Park. Shortly, thereafter, came smashing successes at the Harlem Opera House and the Savoy Ballroom. The vocalist, Ida James (upper left) projects her sweet personality into her singing and captures the hearts of millions across the nation.



ETHEL WATERS

Ethel Waters (above) is more than a great singer—she's an institution. Don't take our word for it—ask the critics—ask Joe Louis. It's difficult to pin any one success on Ethel's shoulders—her hits like "Dinah" or "Stormy Weather" run in dozens. Through sheer merit she's risen from a five dollar weekly salary in her 'teens to become one of the highest paid and most popular singers.



ERSKINE HAWKINS

(Right) The Inkspots started from scratch. They've swept everything before them since their early days as porters at New York's Paramount where Moe Gale discovered them one day singing in the basement of the theatre. They went on NBC, stayed there for five years. "If I Didn't Care" is the song that made 'em famous.



THE INKSPOTS



FLETCHER HENDERSON

(Left) Along with the great "Duke" and "Satchmo" goes the equally famous name of Fletcher Henderson. "Fletch" has been the guiding hand to fame and fortune of many a star of the music world. His arrangements, his pianistics, his band, his dignity, and his genius become more and more important as time goes by.

(Below) Remember how the Famous Four: Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton used to send you. Who can forget those days? Lionel still does a lot of stick work with his own solid swingsters. On drums, piano, vibes, as arranger, he's terrific. Lionel is strictly out of this world.

LIONEL HAMPTON



(Below right) Some call Coleman Hawkins the greatest sax player who's ever lived. He started with Fletcher Henderson, but he's been going places and doing things in a big musical way for years on his own. No man cuts a smoother jive.

(Below) Ex-Benny Goodman star, Teddy Wilson, is one of the truly inspired improvisors of today. When he sits at the piano, with eyes closed, fingering catchy melodies made up on the spur of the moment, then something new is always added to musical history.

TEDDY WILSON



COLEMAN HAWKINS

PIN-UP BOY

By Ginny Fields

SINCE the boys are always choosing the "girl whom" they'd like to be marooned on that ancient desert island with—and more recently, stuck in a blackout with—the girls have decided on a "pin-up boy." Who'd they nominate? Why, band leader Bobby Sherwood, of course!

Tall, blonde and very handsome Bobby Sherwood is a more than satisfactory answer to many a maiden's prayer. The young band leader with the broad shoulders and quiet manner is not only attractive, he's an accomplished musician as well. With equal ease and ability he plays trumpet, guitar (has often accompanied the famous Bing) and on rare occasions, the trombone. He sings, too, in a style that is completely his own and Bobby's vocal of "I Don't Know Why" has sent many femme-fans out of this world.

Bobby Sherwood's band has soared to the top, an understandable phenomenon, when you start counting his fans. "Elk's Parade" the first record made with his own band, was an instant and nationwide success. Once the kids dug that solid beat Bobby was *in*, and to stay!

Certainly the boyish band leader will always have a host of admirers. He's both a fine musician and the owner of an irresistible, photogenic smile!!

Bobby Sherwood



Henry Jerome

By Harriett Carroll



SUCCESS STORY



"IF YOU'RE looking for the story of a band leader who made it the hard way, I think you've got the right guy." So said young, good-looking Henry Jerome when this reporter told him that she wanted an interview.

From Norwich, Connecticut, High School dance dates to the Blue Room of New York's Lincoln Hotel is a long jump, but Henry made it after a series of set-backs that would have discouraged the average band leader and made him feel that selling insurance was probably the best bet after all.

"I don't mind telling my story, but I certainly wouldn't want to re-live it," Henry said, laughing, when we had settled ourselves in his attractive living-room. Henry (he's not married, gals!) lives with his mother who helps him with the mountain of detail work that is the unglamorous part of band leading.

"I formed a band in 1931 during my first year of high school," he continued, "and until the war most of the original group was still together. That must prove something, considering that our first winter in New York was spent living in a warehouse, sleeping on the floor without blankets, and living on coffee without cream." (It seems the club the boys were hired to play in folded on the night they hit town, fresh from Connecticut, none of them over sixteen!) "The ironic part about it was that while we were so broke, I was attending the Juilliard School of Music. I'd paid my tuition in advance because I thought we would be all set in our job and wouldn't have to worry about living expenses."

By March, when they had just about given up, the band began to get jobs in the city and later at summer resorts with lay-offs in between that didn't discourage the boys, merely made them more determined to stick together and get somewhere! Occasionally they worked *too* hard.

"We played at one Greenwich Village club where we ground it out from 6:30 to 4:00, three shows a day, seven days a week," Henry recalled with a shudder. "After five months we were so weary of the grind that we grabbed at a chance to play in the country just as much for the rest as for the job."

The rest of Henry Jerome's story is pretty well known to the many New Yorkers who heard him at Child's restaurant in Times Square and listened to his broadcasts from there; to the fans who crowded Pelham Heath Inn to dig the now enlarged band; and to the pleasure-seeking mobs that filled the Roosevelt Hotel in Washington, D.C. And finally, back to the "Big Town" where the trumpet-playing leader and his band clicked solidly with the customers at the Blue Room. Certainly the fine, danceable, versatile band featuring vocals by Kay Carleton and Charley Karroll, plus the sweet horn of band leader Henry Jerome is slated for the top . . . and soon!

What does Henry have to say about it?

"We finally seem to be getting the breaks that we've been working for since the winter in the warehouse, and we're all pretty happy about it."

So keep your eye on Jerome while he finishes that "success story."

WHAT to do on a stuffy night? That question presented itself one night last summer, so I dropped into a swing club—a jive joint—to see what was cooking. After a half hour of just listening to records, I started to leave, but Janie and Will Justice (*) stopped by my table, and we chatted. Janie's a blonde—sings with a Philly band. Will's been playing sax with name bands—good style—good hot man. As I say, they parked at my table, and we watched the jits jam out on the floor.

I hadn't seen the two kids for a heck of a time, so we threw it a bit about music in particular. Meanwhile the usual Dorsey and Goodman records blasted the stuffiness of the evening. Helen Forrest sang a vocal. I told them a little story about her early days at Atlantic City. Janie gave out with Philly band memories, and so it began.

Came a peach of a trumpet break, and we tried to guess who the trumpeter might be. Janie thought it was Ziggy Elman, but I thought it was Roy Eldridge. Will said it was Sonny Dunham. He knows his musicians—it was Dunham all right. Then the needle found a hot Goodman disc and another trumpet solo. The box was filled with trumpeters that night. Out of the smoke, Will asked Janie to name her favorite trumpeter. She replied, "I like Spivak." He asked me my favorite; I told him, "Sonny Dunham."

"Any of you hear of Bunny Berigan?" he asked. Janie contributed, "that break he took on 'Marie'—Bunny's best record—is out of this world." Then the story came. Will had played with Bunny's last band. So began a word jam session—just the three of us—giving out with Berigan talk.

Janie asked, "What's the story behind Berigan? With what bands did he play? What kind of a guy was he? What kind of a life did he lead?" and on and on. You know women, when they start asking questions. But Will knew all the answers, and the juke box played and played.

"Bunny Berigan was an all-around-swell-guy," said Will. "He was too darned good-natured for his own good, though. He lent a helping hand to plenty of newcomers, and he was always good for a touch from a down-and-out guy. Yes, I played tenor sax with his last great band. We hit our peak at the Hotel Roosevelt, Jacksonville, Florida. Say, when that band was on, I got a terrific kick! It really jumped—believe me! During one of our last dance dates, we played a set without Bunny on the stand.



DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Bunny Berigan

by Bob Garrison

A second before his chorus came up, there he came a-runnin' and jumped on the stage. Right off, he hit the stratosphere and those high notes, right on the button. He lived the music he played!"

"But what did he do, before you met him, Will? What did he do way back?"

"He came from Wisconsin—Fox Lake—born 1908. His grandpa taught him the trumpet rudiments; was quite a musician himself."

"Did Bunny go to college?" Janie questioned.

"Yes, he went to the University of Wisconsin, for awhile, but left for a trumpet chair with Hal Kemp's band in 1928. He left Hal, after their European tour, and plunger-pushed for 'Pops' Whiteman in the early 1930's."

"I don't see how Berigan could develop a real swing style from playing with Kemp and Whiteman," I told Will.

"Didn't you know Berigan played horn with the Dorsey Brothers, Red Norvo and Red Nichols? He also had a nice crew on CBS a few years ago called Bunny's Blue Boys. Does that answer his swing style background?"

It did, but Janie wanted to know more about his recording of "Marie," and a smooth juke box record set a nice background for Will's answer.

"I'll go on with Berigan's life and then tell you more about 'Marie.' In 1936, Bunny made number one trumpet spot on the 'Metronome' popularity poll. In 1937, he organized a

great outfit with Joe Bushkin featured on piano, Buddy Rich on skins, and my friend, Georgie Auld, on tenor."

Janie again interrupted, "But when did Bunny record 'I Can't Get Started With You?'"

"He made that record for Decca in 1937, if I remember correctly, and he used it for his theme after that."

I contributed, "Bushkin, Rich and Auld were Berigan discoveries, weren't they?"

"They were."

"But when did Bunny join Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra?"

"Well, Bunny tired of band leading, early in 1939, and signed with Tommy. Berigan put life in the Dorsey band, and his trumpet work, during this period, hit a new high in tone and technique. The great man actually 'sat in' on the 'Marie' recording date. He was given a 'break' following the Jack Leonard vocal, and the rest made musical history. Bunny ad-libbed that upper-register trumpet solo! Don't look surprised, he was a great improviser and preached the idea that music on paper is unimportant—it's the interpretation that counts."

I agreed with that viewpoint. That's why Toscanini and Stokowski are great conductors. That's why Benny Goodman is a great clarinetist.

(Continued on page 44)

(*) Musical pen name of Wilbur Joutstra, former sensational swing sax stylist with Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra.

PERFECTIONIST!



Kay Starr—as much a perfectionist with her lovely voice as Joe Venuti is with his violin.

JOE VENUTI

A SNOOTY word for Venuti—perfectionist? Not when you know that he's the violinist who gets the musician's vote for top performance—and who just won our BAND LEADERS contest for favorite hot fiddler. And who, in front of all this ovation, still isn't satisfied with himself or his playing. Perfectionist is the word for him, all right, but also for the record.

"Happiness is a thing called Joe"—Venuti. For when they're not talking about the virtuosity of Joe, they're laughing at his cookooisms. Here are just a few of the stories about Maestro Joe. Sorry we can't tell the one about that night in St. Louis.

The Whiteman-Venuti episode is a classic by now, but we include it here just in case—and because it's so typical.

At the Texas Centennial, Whiteman and Venuti had a dual engagement. Whiteman led, as is his custom, in full evening dress and flourishing his electrically lighted baton. When the spot switched to Joe's band, there stood Venuti kickin' the gong around in flowery shorts, and leading a serious band with a ten foot pole topped by a 100 watt bulb. We don't know what Whiteman thought.

Heard the one about the argument Joe had with his one-time guitarist, the late Eddie Lang? Said Joe, "Our pianist Frankie Signorelli has the biggest nose that grows—it must be—it's bigger than Durante's." A good argument, but Lang insisted that he knew a druggest who had

Frankie beat. After the show Joe and Eddie drove eighty miles to the drugstore and nearly got locked up for loonies when they demanded to measure the pharmaceutical schnozola.

Just to prove that the whole band is ever ready to play all kinds of practical jokes in the Venuti manner, we submit the case of the unfortunate radio engineer.

It seems that it took this certain control man a good two hours to repair a mike before a Venuti broadcast. It was a bad two hours for Joe—he was champing at the bit. When the job was finally done and the control man gave the "go ahead" sign, Joe whispered to the boys before he raised the stick. Band, vocalist and leader moved their lips but didn't utter a sound. The hot pantomime got steadily wilder and hotter as they watched the control room's agitated signals for more volume. At last Joe let go with a burst of sounding brass and swinging violin. The engineer was so relieved he smiled from ear to ear. "It must have been a short circuit on the mike," he was heard to remark for weeks afterward.

Anything-for-a-laugh Venuti, perfect on the comeback as on the down-beat. Perfect on the fiddle play as on the by-play. There's no musician going who hasn't a good story to tell on Joe Venuti. And there's not a musician who won't say, "Yeah, Joe is hot, and he's got the hottest fiddle of them all."

War Baby

SOMETHING for the boys? Make it Ada Leonard! Sure! Bands, romantic vocals, comics, show girls and dream girls, they're all playing the camp circuit and the boys say "Bless 'Em All!" But what makes a Soldier hit? (Meaning also nice for Sailors, Marines and what have we.) What makes a *great* wartime entertainer? Ada Leonard is still the answer.

Good camp entertainment is different from regular Broadway—it's the extra touch of "Sincerely yours" vitality that can jump the footlights and make the shouts and whistles half for syncopated glamor and half "hurrah for our side!" And, if you want to know, here are the good reasons why Ada is the girl they write home about.

Maybe it's only coincidence that Ada entered a world during the last war. Her first cradle was a suitcase backstage, her lullabys the songs of 1918 while the show went on at the Fort Sill, Oklahoma "Liberty Theatre." Papa Leonard led a small combo there and under ordinary circumstances, Mamma sang a song and did a dance for Victory. On the other hand, it might have been Fate, for if that isn't background for a morale girl, we'll eat a Jap!

Three years ago the Chicago U.S.O. was hunting a phenomena—the girl who would be right for a band leader at the camps. She had to be musically talented, otherwise smart, easy on the eyes, and experienced. They couldn't tell her how to go about building a band; she had to figure it for herself. Ada was going fine singing in a night club then; she'd played vaudeville and before that had been a chorus girl.

"Take over, Ada!" the organization told her.

Ada foresaw the shortage of male musicians, so she assembled an all-girl orchestra—but a good one!—complete with a girl arranger, which is a sharp departure from regular routine. Ada herself plays the piano, her sister sings with the band, and, altogether, this group has made the camps jump from the very start. Just goes to show that it takes a girl with ideas and show experience to be a success with our boys in uniform.

Acclaimed by critics and columnists everywhere Ada's is

the only all-girl orchestra to play the "Dance Palace of the World," Chicago's Aragon Ballroom. Top-notch engagements at the world-famous Trianon, Chicago, and the country's finest theaters and hotels are famous glitter spots where Ada has added to the glitter. Many times featured on major radio networks. No wonder Ada Leonard is already beginning to be among the biggest names in the orchestra field today! Keep an eye on her! It's so easy!

You still think looks are important? So do we if it's Ada Leonard. Ada sure has a lot to work with—and she works! Practices continually; ditto, the girls in the band. She's an outdoor girl off-stage—a swimmer and thoroughly at home in the saddle of a spirited horse. She enjoys badminton if it's a good, fast game. Doesn't smoke or drink, but she'll never pass up a thick malted. Result: looks and the punch that goes with it.

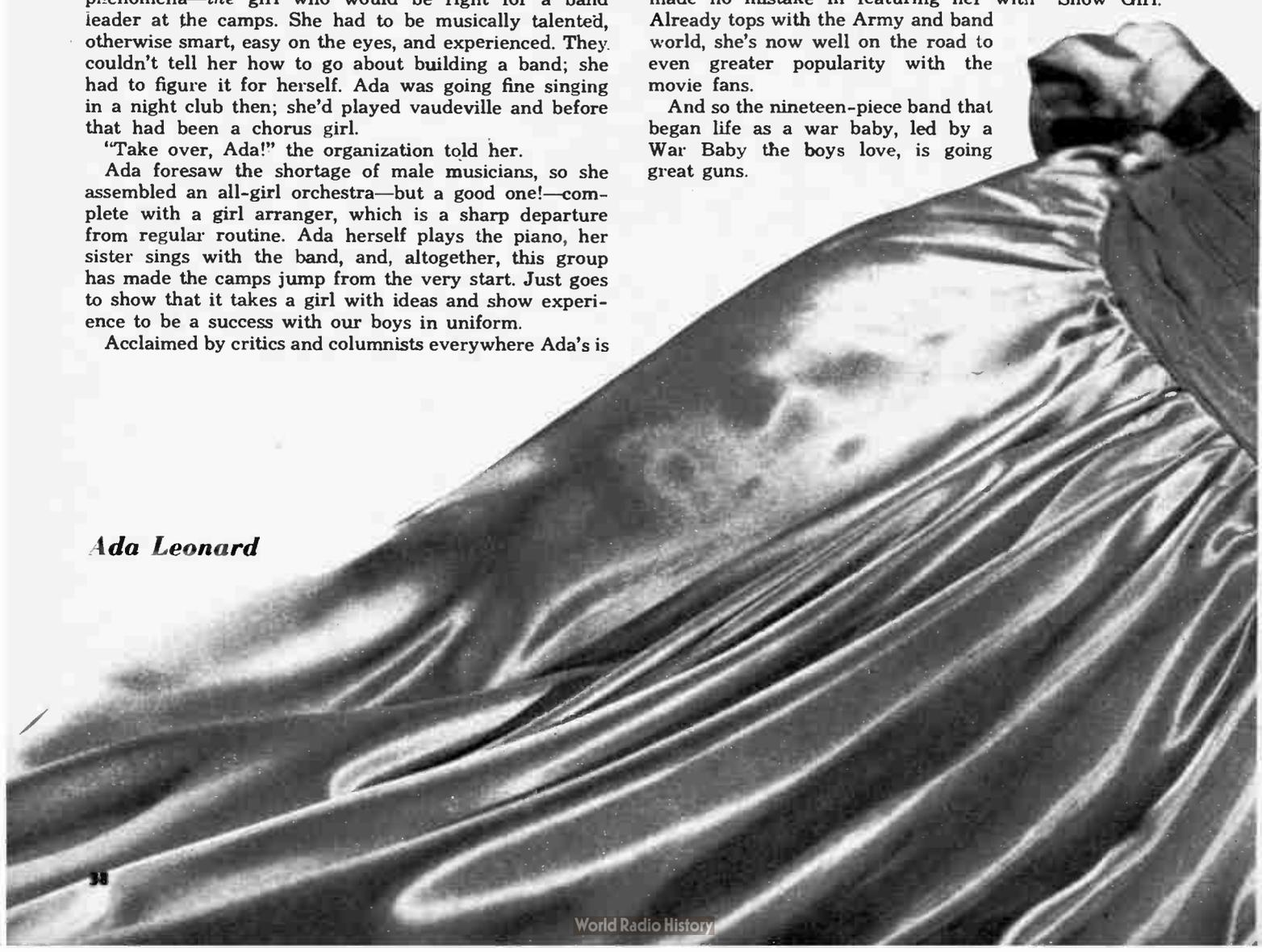
Ada is twenty-five, not married and never was. They can dream, can't they?

All in all, a real girl, with a brother in the Service and a permanent home with her folks in Chicago.

As of today, Ada is heading her Army camp tour West-coastward for another go at pictures. Paramount made no mistake in featuring her with "Show Girl." Already tops with the Army and band world, she's now well on the road to even greater popularity with the movie fans.

And so the nineteen-piece band that began life as a war baby, led by a War Baby the boys love, is going great guns.

Ada Leonard



A suitcase was Ada Leonard's cradle, at a "Liberty Theatre," 1918's version of U.S.O. And a suitcase is her home in 1943, while she plays camps with the All-Girl Orchestra that our U.S.O. asked her to organize.

A War Baby for real, Ada's got the personality that keeps punching—it goes into the quick kick of the band—it gets across the footlights to the boys out front. Ada never lets down for she was born to knock out the battle-time blues!



DID YOU KNOW THAT...

(Continued from page 3)

rehearsing the jump crew decided that maybe giving out with the sweet stuff was more up his alley. If you ask us, he's smart to stick with a band that can play smooth and subtle ballads because the trend is definitely that way and not towards jazz. . . .

Some two thousand members of CHARLIE BARNET fan clubs all over the nation have cooked up a very cute scheme indeed. Comes time for the music trade papers to run their annual popularity polls, the lovers of everything BARNET intended to vote en masse for their favorite leader, thus insuring him top spot in the votings for the country's number one music-maker. Maybe some of you fans with a different choice can take a tip from this. . . .

Hep music circles regard Captain GLENN MILLER's Bluebird recording of *Rhapsody in Blue* as the best thing that the former civilian swing idol ever turned out. . . . SUNNY SKYLAR's fan mail reaction to his Mutual network singing single is increasing by leaps and bounds and is so-o-o-o-o romantic. . . . JOHNNY GUARNIERI, one of the really great



Gorgeous Ina Ray Hutton

pianists, has changed his mind about a lot of things and is set to rejoin the RAYMOND SCOTT CBS band fold. And if you haven't been listening to the SCOTT band, you'd better run to your radio and make with the kilocycles because it's in there but good. . . . They do say that CHARLIE SPIVAK's new picture PIN-UP GIRL is terrific. . . . Up in Boston, they're talking about the swell swing job that SABBY LEWIS and his gang have been doing at the Savoy nitery. . . .

RED NORVO may give up his big band notions because of all the bother it entails, what with transportation problems because of the War, and will probably settle for a well-paid radio studio berth. . . . but LUIS RUSSELL, one of the jazz greats (it was in his ork that LOUIS ARMSTRONG got his name) is busy organizing a new band. . . .

Broadway hears that JIMMY JAMES and his band are next in line for Big Time boosting. . . . LILLIAN LANE, who left JERRY WALD's band to try working on her own, clicked at the FAMOUS DOOR in New York and is penciling a lootful radio contract. . . . The new AL DONAHUE crooner, DON BARRY, is a handsome, six-foot Irishman who should slay the ladies and catch on as quickly as that. . . .

Band leader DEAN HUDSON, out of the service, is anxious to get started with a new outfit but is having trouble finding the right kind of sidemen, as who isn't. They may rib gorgeous INA RAY HUTTON about selling her music via the sex appeal route, but if you'll take time out to dig her band's performance, you'll find that it's consistently grade A and can stand up without any help from the lady leader's loveliness. . . . Singer DICK TODD will soon leave for overseas to help entertain the troops at the front lines. . . . The LOMBARDO brothers are supposed to be more than a little miffed at warbler ROSE MARIE for leaving the band to get married but her replacement, KAY PENTON, is doing a better than all right job with the vocals. . . .

Those wonderful arrangements that JIMMY DORSEY's crew are beating out over the networks are the work of SONNY BURKE, who had a swell jump band of his own not long ago. . . . The Blue network is setting a new show called JAZZ IMPROMPTU, produced, directed and emceed by a young jazz authority from Egypt

named ROGER KAY. . . . ALVINO REY and those members of his band working with the leader in an aircraft plant on the West Coast are in line for a sponsored radio show. . . . BOB CROSBY, who broke up his band to go into picture work, now wants to get back in the band business again. . . . DUKE ELLINGTON record fans will be happy to learn that the pianist still has several as yet unreleased Victor label discs scheduled to hit the retail shops shortly. . . . PAULA KELLY, who replaced MARION HUTTON with the MODERNAIRES, ex-GLENN MILLER singers, is married to HAL DICKINSON, one of the four boys in that vocal group. . . . MANNY PRAGER's stay at a CHILD's restaurant in New York was responsible for his being rediscovered. A young, hep audience are the patrons there and they boosted his stock in short order. . . .

If you've never heard JACK JENNEY's recording of STARDUST (under his own name, not the one he made with ARTIE SHAW) you've really missed a musical treat. Copies are hard to find now though and if



Shep Fields and Meredith Blake, his Vocalist.

Smiling Dan Hudson is looking for a band.

you want one, run, don't walk, to the nearest disc shop. . . . And speaking of recordings, a real classic is the one that BING CROSBY cut at the DECCA recording studio but never released. Seems he blew up his lines and gave out with some highly amusing lyrics. There are just enough copies of the disc around to make it a priceless collector's item. . . . GEORGE AULD (he used to play tenor sax with ARTIE SHAW) has a band of his own that is destined for big things, first of which will probably be a date at New

York's Commodore Hotel, should present plans work out. . . .

If we told you how much time and money KAY KYSER has spent entertaining the soldiers and sailors, you'd think that it was a publicity gag and wouldn't believe it. It's the truth, though, that KYSER's contribution to the morale of the armed forces has been tremendous and he deserves



Kay Kyser

plenty of credit for it. . . . It's surprising that there hasn't been more favorable comment about VAN ALEXANDER and his band. This young leader, who works as hard as anyone we know at his music

and has plenty of talent, seems to have been overlooked by a lot of the critics though not by our magazine, **EAND LEADERS**. It shouldn't be too long, however, before fan acclaim will win him top rank recognition. . . .

TOMMY TUCKER's singer AMY ARNELL, has recovered after a long illness and is now back with the band. . . . MAL HALLETT and his ork certainly surprised the local gentry during their stay in Gotham. The boys in the know went to hear a strictly class B band and came away rubbing their eyes, so improved was this outfit. . . . FATS WALLER, pianist extraordinary, has a list of first class night club dates as a solo act that stretches from here to there. When the FATS broke up his band, incidentally, it was taken over by his tenor man, GENE SEDRIC, who has been playing a successful New York Greenwich Village Cafe engagement ever since. . . . BARRY MCKINLEY, who, a few years ago, was to the public what FRANK SINATRA is now, currently fronts his own band at a hotel spot in the South. . . . ELLA FITZGERALD has a young cousin named ANN CORNELL, who made her right

club singing debut at Cafe Society not long ago. The singer is billed as having a voice that's a cross between ELLA's and that of BILLIE HOLIDAY, which should make it just about perfect. . . .

TEDDY WILSON, despite the fact that he ranks right up there whenever lists of the best pianists are polled, still takes his weekly lesson on the keyboard. . . . MUGGSEY SPANIER, who gave up his last band because of illness, is being coaxed by lovers of the hot to resume his baton waving. . . . Besides being an ace bandleader in his own right, maestro ABE LYMAN also builds bands for other leaders to take over and the word is that he was the man responsible for assembling the new TOMMY DORSEY ork. . . . STAN KENTON may be losing a lot of moola by playing the BOB HOPE air-show, rather than doing theater and ballroom dates, but he's winning himself a lot of new friends with his air-time and don't think that isn't important to a comparatively new band. . . .

HENRY JEROME did so well with his first Big Time venture at New York's Lincoln Hotel that he's scheduled to return there for not one, but at least two and possibly more return engagements. . . . You all-girl band fans will undoubtedly get a boot out of the swing crew that clarinetist ANN DUPONT is rehearsing and which should be hitting your local ballrooms any time now. ANN is the only girl we know who can make a clary turn somersaults in the manner of ARTIE SHAW's . . .

PATTI DUGAN, singing with JOHNNY LONG's band gets our vote as the perfect young band vocalist: she's cute, dresses well on the stand and has a real voice whose simplicity is refreshing after listening to a lot of gals who clutter up their vocals with trick affectations. . . . REDD EVANS, the songwriter who penned LET ME OFF UPTOWN, turned out a nifty for the day that Italy pulled out of the War. Tune is called ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO. . . . The best illustration of just how far BOBBY SHERWOOD's band has progressed in its young career is the fact that it polled right up with the leaders in MARTIN BLOCK's (Makebelieve ballroom) dance band contest. . . . COW COW DAVENPORT, the old-time and famous boogie-woogie gent,



(Above) Old Friends Meet Before the Mike—Mike Cab Calloway and Duke Ellington.



(Left) Gene Krupa

has been signed to a contract by a major booking agency that predicts big things for him, while AMMONS and JOHNSON, also masters of eight-to-the-bar, are set for Hollywood picture work. . . . Monogram Pictures, taking the tip from other studios who have contracted as many bandleaders as they could find, has its own plans for new musical movies and has signed maestro HENRY KING, JAN GARBER and PHIL OHMAN to the dotted line. . . .

Word from the Midwest has it that TINY HILL, who clicked solidly during his Eastern stay, is raking in the coin faster than ever. . . . We don't know what it means but every time VINCENT LOPEZ, a practicing numerologist, consults his figures and tells a friend to change the numbers of letters in his name, something does happen. SUNNY SKYLAR and KAROLE SINGER, both of whom took the advice of LOPEZ on that score, claim that they've been happier and more successful



Jack Jenney

ever since. . . . Despite the War and tough traveling conditions, the music outlook for the coming year is still a pleasant one and 1944 should see a lot of the newer and younger bands establishing themselves permanently as your dancing and listening favorites.

DICK DODGE.



Moonlight Mood

In the true Miller tradition Marion Hutton and the Modernaires broke all the records while on tour. When you look like that, Marion, there's always and always a Moonlight Serenade!



Music On The March

THE soldiers at Camp Lee, Virginia, get a "kick" from the Reception Center Band. The band is rapidly building an enviable reputation throughout Virginia, with camp dances, radio shows and other Army program work. The originator and the guiding force of the band's success is Sergeant Jack Platt, former NBC singer and music teacher. Many of the members play in the band in addition to their other regular military duties. There's Donald M. Gardner, former trombonist with Charlie Spivak, who has been playing the 'bone for 14 years. He's worked with Meyer Davis, Washy Bratcher, Teddy Powell and other fine musicians.

Richard L. Bailey, composer of the popular "Unauthorized Blues," plays piano, accordion and arranges. Dick was a member of Kick Koons' band

and was formerly associated with Richard Friml, Jr. as accordionist-arranger; besides this, he has had several bands around Washington, D.C.

Tristian C. Hauer, towers six feet five inches and plays sweet trumpet in the band. At 22, Trist already has put in a lot of time trumpeting under Benny Baker, first trumpet for the New York Philharmonic, and other known musicians. Hauer played first trumpet for NBC in Washington, not to forget first trumpet for Spivak.

Another towering trumpeter is Ralph E. Phillips, Jr. He studied three years at the Peabody Conservatory. His teachers have been Gustave Strube with the Boston Symphony for 25 years and founder of the Baltimore Symphony; and Lloyd Geisler, trumpet soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington. Phil led his own dance band and also

played with Mike Green and The Townsman.

Another trombone player is 20 year old William F. Decker. In 1939, Tommy Dorsey asked Bill to appear as soloist with his band in Washington. He has been associated with Washy Bratcher's Orchestra and has toured the East extensively. He turned down a trumpet chair with Vaughn Monroe to join the Army.

John Alden Finckel is the Assistant Conductor and arranger for the band. Finckel, a nationally known cello soloist and composer, has played concerts in 350 cities representing 45 states and Canada. He was a member of the Famous National String Quartet, was one of the organizers of the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington; has been associated with the Boston Symphony, Radio City Music Hall, NBC, Columbia and Mutual. He was the head of the Columbia School of Music in pre-Army days.



RICHARD L. BAILEY



DONALD M. GARDNER



JOHN ALDEN FINCKEL

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BAND LEADERS

215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

BACK ISSUES

If you missed any of the following issues of **BAND LEADERS**, you may still obtain copies if you act quickly—while our limited supplies last—by sending us 15c (Canada 20c) for each one you want:

October 1942 Issue

Featuring Kay Allen, Amy Arnell, Georgia Auld, Irving Berlin, Ben Bernie, Rose Blane, Will Bradley, Elton Britt, D'Artega, Tommy Dorsey, Shep Fields, Benny Goodman, Herbie Holmes, Nancy Hutton, Paula Kelly, John Kirby, Chico Marx, Barbara Moffett, Russ Morgan, Red Norvo, Lynn Richards, June Robbins, Savina, Claude Thornhill, Tommy Tucker, and others.

January 1943 Issue

Featuring Count Basie, Charlie Barnet, Bob Crosby, Emery Deutsch, Sam Donohue, Sonny Dunham, Ann Dupont, Bob Eberle, Helen Forrest, Woody Herman, Harriet Hilliard, Harry James, Art Jarrett, Wayne King, Johnny Long, Glen Miller, Momi, Ozzie Nelson, Helen O'Connell, Dinah Shore, Kay Starr, Joe Venuti, and others.

May 1943 Issue

Featuring Nat Brandynne, Irv Carroll, Carmen Cavallero, Jack Coffey, Tommy Dorsey, Skinnay Ennis, Ella Fitzgerald, Chuck Foster, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Marion Hutton, Art Kassel, Herbie Kay, Sammy Kaye, Judy Kayne, Kay Kyser, Jimmy Lunceford, Abe Lyman, Bill McCune, Hal McIntyre, Freddie Masters, Glenn Miller, Bea Perron, Joe Reichman, Carson Robinson, Bobby Sherwood, Ginny Simms, Ethel Smith, Sharon Torrance, Joe Venuti, Griff Williams, and others.

August 1943 Issue

Featuring Gus Arnheim, Bob Allen, Bob Aster, Neil Bondshu, Les Brown, Bobby Byrne, Frankie Carle, Lee Castle, Duke Ellington, Jan Garber, Horace Heidt, Ray Herbeck, Ina Ray Hutton, Harry James, Kitty Kallen, Paul Lavalle, Peggy Lee, Herb Miller, Vaughn Monroe, Ozzie Nelson, Boyd Raeburn, Alvino Rey, Tommy Reynolds, Ted Fio Rito, Mickey Roy, Jan Savitt, Hazel Scott, Frank Sinatra, Charlie Spivak, Artie Shaw, Conrad Thiebault, Tommy Tucker, Mark Warnow, and others.

November 1943 Issue

Featuring Van Alexander, Louis Armstrong, Mitch Ayres, Bonnie Baker, Gracie Barrie, Milt Britton, Henry Busse, Bob Chester, Del Courtney, Al Donohue, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Baron Elliott, Merle Evans, Patti Farnsworth, Helen Forrest, Benny Goodman, Mal Hallett, Harry James, Jimmy Joy, Stan Kenton, Kay Kyser, McFarland Twins, Lillian Lane, Freddie Martin, Will Osborne, Ginnie Powell, Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra, Mary Small, Jerry Wald, Paul Warner, Paul Whiteman, and others.

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VICTORY WITH MUSIC

(Continued from page 31)

"Zip-Zip-Zip" by Private Hogan which was written during the last war at Fort Niagara. Swing saxist, Tony Pastor, recently featured a swing arrangement and a hot vocal of this song.

The Nazi air force rained tons of block busters on England, enough to shatter anyone's morale. What did the English people do during tense hours in air-raid shelters underground? They sang a song you sang not so long ago—a song about bluebirds over "The White Cliffs of Dover," plus most of the songs you've been singing and hearing since this war began. England also has a Red Cross, and Irving Berlin's beautiful "Angels of Mercy," dedicated to the valiant work of the American Red Cross, was too beautiful a song not to gain recognition.

"God Bless America," a revived Berlin song, struck Kate Smith as being a great song, and millions of us agree with her.

Redd Evans, a new name on sheet music, dreamed up "He's A-1 in My Heart," and that catchy song became popular throughout an America, rapidly adjusting itself to sugar rationing and the rubber shortage.

Brown, Tobias and Stept, three familiar names in big time swing circles, wrote "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," which gives a soldier's sentimental viewpoint of the sweetheart back home and vice versa.

I don't know exactly what Rose Johnny Doughboy found in Ireland, but song-writers Kay Twomey and Al Goodhart aren't too worried about the song success "Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland."

BMI published a song by Bill Coleman entitled "Keep 'em Flying," in conjunction with our rapidly expanding air forces.

A recapitulation on the disastrous Pearl Harbor incident was "Remember Pearl Harbor," put forth in music by Don Reid and Swing and Sway band leader Sammy Kaye.

General Douglas MacArthur's dogged defense of the Philippines inspired Ira Schuster, Paul Cunningham and Leonard Whitcup to write a nice tune about a great General, with "Hats off to MacArthur," and this number caught the public fancy at a time when something along the morale line was necessary.

"Last Night I Said a Prayer," a sentimental song of considerable merit, by smooth tenor Jack Fulton and Paul DeFur, has promoted victory.

"What Does a Soldier Dream Of?"—a very good question—is answered in adequate fashion in that song.

A propaganda type number, "This is Worth Fighting For," has received the benefit of excellent arrangements and will long be amongst my favorites.

"There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," enhanced by juke box and radio plugging, is a simple melody with a singable lyric and popular.

I guess none of us will forget "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," a fabulously successful song, presented brilliantly by Kay Kyser's Orchestra and by just about every other musical group.

"I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen," a musical part of Irving Berlin's "This is the Army" extravaganza, is a sweet never-to-be-forgotten-song.

It's very difficult not to overlook some songs that are helping to win victory for us, but as a recent swing song indicates, "Move it Over," for we're rooting for an all-out VICTORY WITH MUSIC.

The End

DOWN MEMORY LANE

(Continued from page 36)

"Suddenly in 1939, Berigan left TD and formed our band. At times his poor physical condition, made more acute by financial disappointments and frequent breakdowns, threatened to halt his brilliant career and break up the band. But he was a trooper through and through, and bounced up many times from the sickbed to play thrilling trumpet. Even after a pneumonia siege floored him, he came back and blew solid stuff."

I asked, "How close were you to Bunny and his playing?"

"Right in back of him in the sax section. I also traveled around with him after work hours and roomed with him. He was a regular guy—had an easy going manner."

Janie: "Who were Bunny's favorite musicians?"

"He liked the work of Louie Armstrong on horn, Krupa on drums and Gus Bivona's reed style. Louie himself said, 'Bunny Berigan is tops for feeling and interpretation.' Bunny's life was filled with glad and melancholy moments, all reflected in his trumpeting. The confusing notes that came from his horn, one on the other, in a constant stream—that's the Berigan style."

"You never knew what was coming next, did you?" Janie added.

"Berigan's style was inconsistent, but this inconsistency makes his trumpet work more interesting. He didn't play like Ziggy Elman, Roy Eldridge, Sonny Dunham or Spivak. He was all Bunny Berigan."

It was getting near the midnight hour by this time and the juke box was silent when we concluded our gabbing about Berigan. Bunny died at New York's Polyclinic Hospital on June 2, 1942, with his good friend, Tommy Dorsey, nearby. Thus ended the lifetime career of another "BB" trumpeter—the other being Bix Beiderbecke.

(Look for another trip down memory lane with Bix Beiderbecke, that other great trumpeter of the musical hall of fame, in the next issue of **BAND LEADERS** magazine.)

The End

TWO TON TINY

(Continued from page 14)

but limited. They dislike jazz on principle. They don't see that some of it is very good music and all of it is the mood of the day, which after all, is more important than anything past. If they'd take a little trouble, they could teach the students to know the good from the bad in popular music as well as classical. Funny, too, when they let the kids sing the American songs of fifty or more years ago without a quaver."

The schools could use a Tiny Hill or two, we think. But we're glad the bandstand has him.

The End

**BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY WAR BONDS**

BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By *DIXON GAYER*

WITH his hair in his eyes, a "hi de ho" in his voice and an amazingly groovy Ogeechee River band behind his baton, Cabell Calloway steps onto the grand ballroom bandstand to dodge confetti and shout "Happy New Year" at as swarming a mob as you'll ever want to see at the Sherman Hotel December 31. "It's gonna be mellooo like a cello," the Cab promises . . . Johnny Long and his left handed fiddle finish a fine engagement in the Panther Room on that night and Cab moves downstairs to pick up the Long baton for the first weeks of '44. . .

Once again the Windy City finds itself in a hep groove. Local Schwartz and Greenfield nighteries threw open their doors after a year of closing, brought in Eddie South's sepia crew, continued the flashy Boyd Raeburn band and are picking from Muggsy Spanier, Coleman Hawkins and Pee Wee Russell for December and January openings . . . Hamilton Hotel jam sessions grabbing every swing star who comes through town for Sunday showings and making stars of their own. Red Allen-Jay C. Higginbotham and their fine band undergoing face-



Eugenie Baird—listening to Muggsy Spanier at the Hamilton Hotel.

lifting as the draft blows mercilessly through the combo. Stuff Smith's gang still cooking on the blue flame. . .

Willowy, blonde and gorgeous is Anita Mason, swing singer from the land of arc lights and superlative phrases, now working upstairs in the Garrick Stagebar vocal department . . . The sweet trumpet of Charlie

Spivak breathes its last mellow tones for the Sherman Hotel this year on the first two days of December. Charlie will not be shaking the snow from his feet, though. He goes on theater tour in the Midwest . . . Bill Bardo also into the Midwest theater circuit, pulling



Kitty Kallen—who stopped off on her way to New York.

himself out of a series of terrific hotel engagements down Memphis way. Sultry Judy Powers says the pretty words to you customers. . . .

Pretty Peggy Paull has turned down renewal of contract at the veddy, veddy Blackstone Hotel because she wants to cut out the sophistication and dig her vocals with a swing band, the hotter the better. So well was the gal liked by the local upper crust that a swank riding and pretzel club is financing her travels to New York where she will work on swing techniques and try to place herself with a hep gentry. . . .

Seen around the Loop: Stan Kenton and his charming wife in Pete's Steak House staring open mouthed at some of the gals from the play "Good Night Ladies" . . . the gals returning the stare. The Kentons are theater-thrilled. The gals were band-thrilled . . . Refreshing Kitty Kallen dashing through town en route to New York for the Dorsey (Jimmy) Roxy theater show . . . Eugenie Baird sipping cokes and catching Muggsy Spanier's torrid trumpet at the Hamilton Hotel jam session between Glen Gray engagements . . . Dotty Claire, personality vocalist with Sonny Dunham's fine band, recalling high school days with a friend at the Sherman bar. . . .

Pianists in town doing a neat bit of competing. Robert Crum responsible for so many cash customers at the Panther Room that, even after 16 weeks already under the bridge, Ernie Byfield is still waving renewal contracts . . . Eggs Royer, finest entertainer in town, uses up his contract at Helsing's Terrace Room come the new year. If the spot has their say he won't leave. Eggs, however, has his eye on other things. . . .

George Hamilton checks into the Cleveland Hotel (city of same) for a quick return after having broken all records for the spot earlier this year . . . Louis Prima, scatman-trumpeter, with his ork and Buddy Franklin and crew both routing their tours to include the Chase in St. Louis. . . .

Chuck Foster filled out a series of theater engagements in the Midwest before packing his tooth brush, comb and extra pair of brown shoes for a duration contact with the Army . . . Eddy Howard, who can still give Sinatra a run for his vocal money, celebrates Christmas day by a return to the ever faithful Aragon ballroom . . . Will Osborne, Mills Brothers, Gracie Barrie and Jerry Wald all packing Midwest theaters through the winter months. . . .

That's finish for this smattering of jive about the jump around the Loop. Let us hear from you cats and be assured that you'll hear from us Behind The Midwest Baton come next issue.



Dorothy Claire—featured vocalist with Sonny Dunham's fine band.

Who's Your Favorite?



Bing Crosby OR Frank Sinatra



\$30.00 In Cash Prizes

For Best Letters!

Fully aware of the current feud between Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra fans, ye editor decided to let the readers of **BAND LEADERS** settle things once and for all! We refuse to take sides—you'll have to speak for yourself! Just write us a short letter of 250 words or less telling us whether Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra is your favorite singer and WHY. We will award \$10.00 in cash to the person who writes the best letter supporting Bing Crosby—another \$10.00 in cash to the person writing the best letter in favor

of Frank Sinatra—and ten prizes of \$1.00 each to the next ten best letter writers. Opinion of the judges is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Winners will be announced in the second following issue. **CONTEST CLOSES JANUARY 2, 1944** and all letters must be post-marked by midnight of that date. Send your letter today to: Crosby-Sinatra Contest, **BAND LEADERS**, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.—you may win \$10.00! We reserve the right to publish any and all letters received.

SWOONMAKERS OF THE SWING AGE

(Continued from page 18)

like, provided you don't step on the other fellow's pet corn. You're free to sit back with eyes closed in dreamy bliss, as they do when some opera singer trills, or express yourself in sighs and moans when Frank Sinatra gives. Yep, it's a free country, ladeez and gents! You pays your money and you takes your choice. But chalk it up in favor of the popular singers that the orchestras they work with don't have to ask highbrow warblers to make up their financial losses!

Now don't say that the swoonmakers aren't to be mentioned in the same breath with the operatic stars. Both have their places in the scheme of things. Said scheme is big enough to hold us all.

The truth is that the human voice is an instrument of great and persuasive power. Look at the way orators have influenced whole nations. It was Billy Sunday's voice that dragged people out of their seats to run screaming down the sawdust aisle and confess their sins in public. Bryan's voice nearly won him the Presidency. In the realm of immortal music, Caruso achieved a deservedly undying fame, and some of Bing Crosby's recordings will also live forever.

With Sinatra, Jerry Wayne, Sunny Skyler, Dick Haymes, Perry Como and the rest, there is an intimate, mood-producing quality about their voices that makes one think that the song is being sung to him, or her, alone. Even on a juke-box you'll see someone gazing stary-eyed at the lighted cabinet as though Sinatra were right there in the room, singing his heart out for the wrapt listener's individual delight. Instead of criticizing this uncanny ability, why not admit that it is an art, in its way as much deserving of praise as the vocalizers of so-called serious music are in theirs? Why compare them in the first place, as so many people do? Let each serve its own purpose.

We can see that some of the "OOHING" and "AAHING," along with the girlish gurgling and jumping up and down in the

seats, might seem to be a bit on the showy side. Maybe we outdid ourselves dancing in the aisles during the now historic appearance of Harry James at New York's Paramount Theatre. Age, which takes a grim pleasure in labeling everything, might call us exhibitionists. We call it "Hep to the Jive" which seems to us a simpler way of saying it.

Youth is taking life in its stride, expressing its newly discovered emotions as often and as energetically as it can. Far be it from us to moralize, all the same we can't help observing that our way of telling the world we've just discovered we're alive is much less harmful than the hip flasks carried by the very young of the early Nineteen Twenties, the jalopy-

ing from one roadhouse to another, the parked corsets at the dances.

As for the Finale Hoppers' clothes of yesteryear, the less said, the better. We can't bear to remind Age of the things it wore as a young blood in the early Nineteen Tens. Ah! those wide-brimmed straw hats and balloon trousers, those high, neck-choking collars. We may be prejudiced, but we think all this paraphernalia looked a lot less attractive than our own comfortable zoot suits. Nor can we see just why being "sent" by a swoonmaker is very much different from escaping into the Never Never Land of dreams via one of those mush love novels grandmother read when she was a girl.

Come, come folks! Let's not lose our sense of humor entirely. If the girls swoon away when Sinatra tells 'em they'll be so nice to come home to, or says firmly that it must be all or nothing at all, for the third time we ask, So What?

(The End)

HI DE HO

(Continued from page 6)

Mills, astute manager, signed Cab in front of a new band, and this time the combination jelled.

About this time Mr. Mills and Cab decided that special talent required special arrangements and together they beat out "Minnie the Mocher."

European engagements firmly established the unique Calloway style and Hollywood spread his fame evenly over the world when the movie moguls signed him for representative musical arrangements and appearances.

His hobby, for which he rarely has time, is golf, and his collection of wrist watches, some of which are valued at more than \$500, is growing yearly.

His tenth year as undisputed leader in his field finds the Calloway vogue in full and Hi (De Ho) swing.

(The End)



"I'd like to resign, sir. I've just had an offer from Tommy Dorsey."



DICK STABILE

CITED FOR
Service

Following our editorial policy of citing from time to time for your attention one of the great band men now in uniform, we take pleasure in presenting Dick Stabile...

IT'S ALWAYS inspiring to hear the Coast Guard marching song. But as played by the Coast Guardsmen's band, under the direction of Richard Dominic Stabile, it's nothing less than magnificent.

Dick Stabile is a natural for any branch of the Service; he's built to stand the pace and he's got a lot of talent to contribute.

He's all of six feet two and 180 pounds. He's never gotten out of training, for Dick neither smokes nor drinks. He's always been a real athlete, and he's especially prominent as a swimmer and one-time junior boxing champ.

And this is the musician they got when Dick was put in charge of a Coast Guard band.

A boy from a fine old family of Italy whose father played violin and sax with Vincent Lopez. A kid who was born in Newark and grew up in Brooklyn playing drums with a Boy Scout band—who, at sixteen, was already adept on the saxophone and an individual stylist. A man who, having invented and patented a new sax mouthpiece, originated the sax "scream" and trills in chord formation, then set the record for the highest note on the sax; and whose usual playing range covers four octaves—one octave and two notes above scale.

With all this to his credit as an individual player of brilliance, Stabile began the real work of learning to be a band leader. He got first-hand experience on band organization and arranging technique as concert master for Ben Bernie, training himself in all phases of his profession before organizing a band of his own.

The Stabile requisites for the ideal orchestra which, when Dick put them into practice, made his dance band immediately famous, can best describe the effect created by the Coast Guard music, for this service band has the two prime attributes of any great musical group. It has original arrangements that are both technically complex and colorfully harmonious. And it has musicians who shine as individuals and who keep their brilliance when combined as a unit.

How well Dick Stabile has followed his own outline for musical success is doubly proven by the dance fan following he has never lost and by the cheers of the surfmen who have gotten what they want in the way of inspiration and entertainment.

When the Coast Guard celebrated the 144th anniversary of its founding this summer, old Stabile fans had one of the rare chances to hear Dick on the air once again. There was the same kick in the popular tunes that the boys liked best, but interspersed now with the brave and exciting strains of "Coast Guard Forever" and "Semper Paratus" played with all the Stabile baton-power that has made a great dance band into a greater Service band.

Waxing Wise

By Dave Fayre

THIS year more than any other year, records will be the gift for Christmas. For the jive-loving Serviceman and his co-patriot, the WAC, WAF, WAVE, SPAR and Marine, nothing will hit the spot like a good assortment of solid swing records. Naturally, records will not be able to be shipped overseas, but they can be sent to any part of THIS country. The most important thing to remember in shipping records is to have them properly packed. Most music stores will be glad to pack them for you at no extra charge. Properly packed these records will arrive safely and will bring joy not only to the one to whom you send the records, but also to his buddies. In camp, nothing will dispel the gloom like the torrid wailing of Harry James' trumpet, or the smooth licks of Benny Goodman's clarinet or the mellow Tommy Dorsey trombone. And brother, out there in the wilderness, where some of our camps are located, the boys who can't get home for the holidays will be grateful for gloom-chasing records of their favorite music.

Our suggestion for the choicer discs are as follows:

On Columbia, we have the top band of the year, Harry James and his trumpet. Among the better records released by Harry during the past year were "I Cried For You," "James Session," "Velvet Moon" and a re-issue of "All Or Nothing At All" with a vocal chorus by Frank Sinatra. Most stores feature a four-pocket storage album with a picture of Harry James on the cover. These four numbers in this album would please the most discriminating jitterbug as they feature both solid and sweet numbers.

For those who like Latin-American music, Xavier Cugat fills the bill. Both Victor and Columbia feature albums by Maestro Cugat, of rumbas, tangos and congas.

Benny Goodman made a surprisingly good comeback during the past year. His recording of "Why Don't You Do Right" backed by "Six Flats Unfurnished" really had the town rocking for many months. A hep-cat's dream of heaven is Benny's recording of "Sing-Sing-Sing" on a 12" Victor platter. Unfortunately this number is almost impossible to obtain at the music stores. But any of the old Goodman recordings on Victor are simply terrific



Xavier Cugat

and would make a valuable addition to any record collection. Most people don't realize it, but Benny Goodman has uncovered more talent in the way of top musicians than any other person in the band world. In one of his original bands he had such stellar artists as Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Jess Stacy and Ziggy Elman. Now he's had a rebirth and he really sends the crowd.

Victor has two albums that would make any record-bug sit up and take notice. One is an album of Tommy Dorsey's best stuff. Such numbers as "Marie," "Who," "Stardust" and "I'll Never Smile Again," are included in this album. The other album features Artie Shaw and his clarinet. Victor has wisely combined four of Artie's old numbers and four of his new recordings. Some of the numbers featured in this album are "Begin the Beguine," "Back Bay Shuffle," "Moonglow," "Dancing In The Dark" and "Stardust." These albums are a real "must" for your record shopping list.

For those who like their music in a pianistic mood, Fats Waller is the baby. The more we listen to Fats, the more we appreciate what a wonderful musician he is. When he sits down to a piano, the piano just sits up and says "uncle." Especially recommended is Fat's rendition of the "Jitterbug Waltz."

For the collector Decca has a series of albums titled "Gems of Jazz." All told there are five albums in this series and each one features recordings by such top-notch performers as Bunny Berrigan, Gene Krupa, John Kirby, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins and Mildred Bailey. These albums are recommended only for the hot-jazz fanciers.

One of the best discs released during the past year by any company was the recording of "Paper Doll" by the Mills Bros. This number kicked around the dealers' shelves for many months before it finally caught on. Then it rapidly became a best seller and has stayed on top for a long time.

Capitol has more than its share of good records. For a new company they certainly are on the beam. Credit should be given to the brains behind the outfit. Namely, Buddy DeSylva, Johnny Mercer and Glenn Wallachs. These three have combined to create the Capitol record, which has already become a leading factor in the recording industry, and they're destined for even greater glory after the War. Several big name band leaders today owe their success to their recordings on Capitol. Freddie Slack made his debut with a disc of "Cow Cow Boogie" which today is still a terrific best-seller.

Bobby Sherwood can thank his version of the "Elks Parade" for giving him HIS fame. Two other orchestra leaders are destined to hit the top because of their waxings. One is Billy Butterfield with his recording of "My Ideal" and the other is Ceelle Burke giving a strictly instrumental touch to "From Twilight Till Dawn."

The trend in music during the past year was toward sweet music. Most top bands featured a string section for that sweet touch. However, according to most band leaders it looks like we're in for a solid ride this coming year.



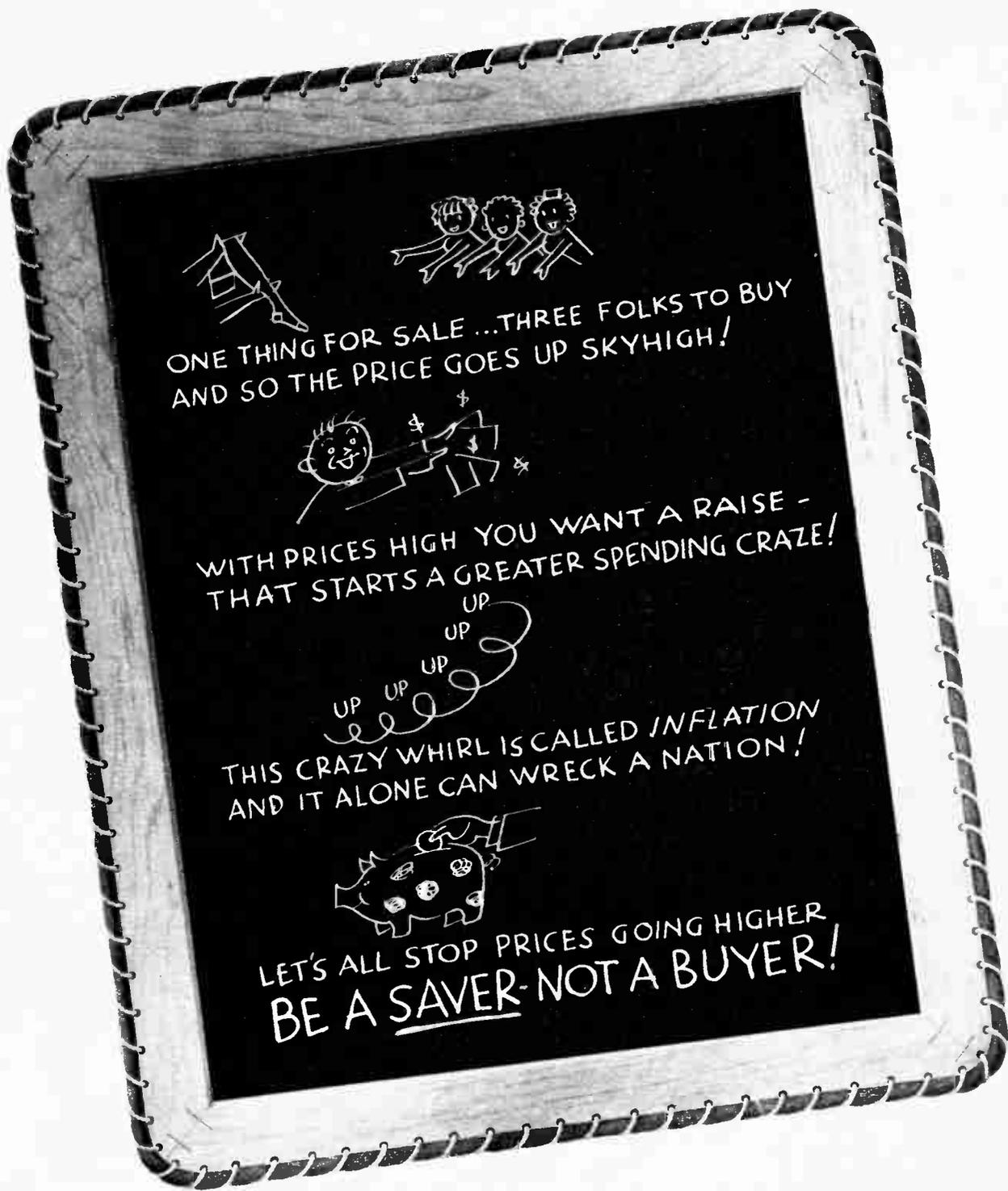
Benny Goodman



Harry James



Jack Teagarden

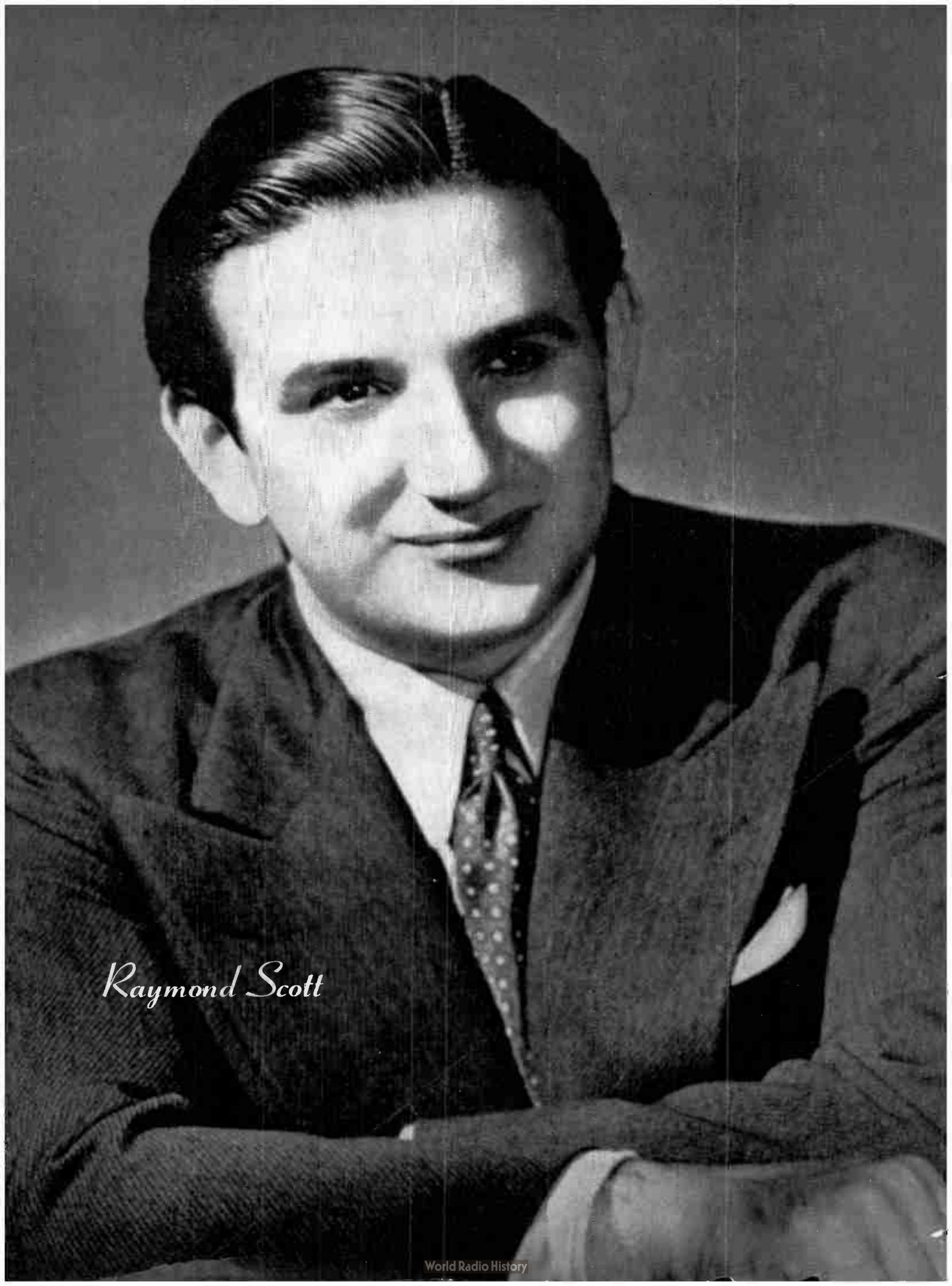


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Keep prices down...use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without

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Raymond Scott



Frank Sinatra