

BAND LEADERS

MAY

15¢

(Canada 20¢)

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



***Betty Grable
and
Harry James***



World Radio History

JIMMY DORSEY

BAND LEADERS

MAY, 1944

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

ARTIE SHAW'S Navy band, the Rangers, will probably be en route to foreign waters again by the time you read these lines. Shipped home from the S. Pacific area in time to spend winter holidays with their families in the United States, the Rangers may make a stopover in Europe on this next trip to entertain music-hungry Servicemen there before heading for N. Africa . . . And a hot tip also says that leader SHAW already has conceived a startling, original musical idea around which to build a new band after the war . . .

TEDDY WALTERS, the sensational young singer and guitarist discovered by **TOMMY DORSEY**, was having contract trouble with the band leader at press time . . .

HELEN FOREST, last with **HARRY JAMES** isn't the only comely gal singer currently trying out on her own. **AMY ARNELL**, who used to sing with **TOMMY TUCKER**, and **ANITA O'DAY**, one-time **GENE KRUPA** chirper, have each embarked on solo theater and night spot dates . . . Business was so good, you can look for **COUNT BASIE'S** band to play a return engagement at the Hotel Lincoln in NYC come springtime . . .

WAUGHN MONROE, given a 4-F rating by his draft board, is out on the road again with a newly organized band. Other band leader 4-F's recently



Amy Arnell

were **TEDDY POWELL** and **HAL McINTYRE** . . . The bands of **ABE LYMAN**, **BENNY GOODMAN**, and **CHARLIE BARNET** are all planning over-

seas junkets with USO camp shows . . . **WILL OSBORNE**, who broke up his band under doctor's orders, will be at your local bandstands soon with a brand new outfit . . . **SKIP NELSON**, abandoning attempts at a solo career, is back in the band ballad business. He replaced **BILLY LEACH** in **GUY LOMBARDO'S** orchestra . . .

A must on your record list this issue are the recent sides cut by hot tenorman **BEN WEBSTER** with **WOODY**

(Continued on page 64)

Record Date

by Paul Vandervoort II



Sax section rehearses a passage under the watchful eye of Kenton himself, who does virtually all his own arranging. Stan leads his "artistry in rhythm" band from the piano.

DIDN'T get any fancy, engraved invitation to the session.

Dave Dexter of Capitol Records just said: "Look, Stan Kenton's cutting four sides for us Friday. Why not drop around?"

So I told Dave "O.K.," and Friday found me at Capitol's recording studios on Western Avenue in Hollywood.

It was 4:30 P.M., and I figured to catch the session and still make an early dinner with the little woman. Platters, I learned, just "ain't" made that way. Let me tell you about it.

When I walked in Studio A, Stan's band boy, Gabe, was setting up equipment. Casually but comfortably dressed in typical Hollywood sports clothes, the guys in the band blasted away in nine different keys as they warmed up for the session.

Amusedly I noticed Bob Ahern, Kenton's guitarist, crouched desperately over the piano, attempting to tune his git-box in the din.

Stan and I shouted greetings in this bedlam and I joined Dexter, Johnny Mercer and Glenn Wallichs, Capitol execs, and Carlos Gastel, Stan's personal manager, in the control room.

"Here are the tunes," Dexter said. "Do Nothin' 'Til You hear From Me," a Duke Ellington original, first written by Duke as 'Concerto for Cootie.' It's arranged by Frank Comstock.

"The other sides are Kenton originals, all arranged by Stan. 'Eager Beaver,' 'Harlem Folk Dance,' and an untitled tune for which we may run a contest to get a name."

Stan came into the control room, and with Engineer Benny Jordan, began to line up the band for balance. They had the boys blow passages on their horns and take different positions about the mikes while they determined each sideman's exact spot.

Once a belly laugh disrupted proceedings when a trumpet man, perched high on a stand with the brass team, moved backwards too far, lost his balance and hit the floor with a crash.

Mostly though, getting balance was a serious business. Stan and Benny painstakingly positioned each man individually, then advanced by sections, finally had the whole band swing out.

Using the talk back system, Stan would direct from the control room. He'd say: "All right, I'll kick you off from in here," or, "On the downbeat, let's go," listening critically as the result came over the control room loudspeaker. Then he'd go out to the band and make needed changes.

Determined to get perfect balance, he was unhurried. As time ticked away, the boys from Capitol began to rib Gastel about "paying overtime." Carlos took it goodnaturedly.

Then, the balance was just right, and Kenton signaled: "O.K., let's cut one."

The boys put up "Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear From Me." Stan went to the piano. Red Dorris had a vocal spot in the tune, so he went up to a mike, gave Benny a level on his voice.

Benny called the cutting room: "Set up for a master." Pretty quick a white light topped on over the con-



At the mike is Howard (Red) Dorris, recording "Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me." Red also plays fine tenor sax.



In the control room, supervising the band's balance, timing and other all-important details, sit Dave Dexter, Johnny Mercer and Glenn Wallichs of Capitol. (Left to right.)



Time out while the boys go next door for coffee. Kenton (extreme right) relaxes with Eddie Meyers, Dick Morse, and bass-player Clyde Singleton. (Right to left.)

trol room. Stan shushed the band, flashed a quick smile at us in the control room.

Everybody became tense. A red light flashed. Dexter flicked on the disc-timing clock. A swift, silent downbeat by Stan and our loud speaker quivered with exciting sound as the band rode out. This was it—a record was being made.

That's how it was.

A tense, wearing business, mixed up with some laughs to ease the strain. There was the time, for instance, when almost at the end of a fine and frenzied master, came an unexpected "solo" when the bass accidentally fell off the stand with a loud "Ka-boomp."

And the piano solo that wasn't there nixed another platter, when Stan's dash to the piano from his conducting position was seconds too late. Kenton's discomfited look was a killer.

Between cuttings we'd all listen to the playbacks. Maybe Stan, the perfectionist, would spot a "clinker" and another "take" would be made. He'd rehearse a difficult or striking passage over and over until it suited him. The band really perspired, but gladly, because they respect Kenton's musicianship.

Gabe bought cokes for the boys, and midway in the session we all "took ten" for coffee and sandwiches. A new Mercer tune may have been born then, for Johnny pondered over the piano during the break.

Stan and I looked in the cutting room, where the master records are made on a thick substance called wax, but actually a compound. A metal disc known as a "mother" is made from the master, from which are produced matrices used to press the finished records.

While it's interesting to know records have mothers, the real thrill of a record date is listening to the band

(Continued on page 62)



Stan checking the thick black "wax" which captures the sound of his band and enables it to be pressed on regular records.

Listening to a playback are Kenton and Paul Vandervoort, noted band authority and West Coast representative of BAND LEADERS Magazine.



Taking a rest at the end of the six-hour session, Kenton wipes his perspiring brow and calls it a day. His "Eager Beaver" already is a bit platter.



A Change of Pace

JUST name it and Will Bradley, top trombone, will produce it—swing, sweet, hot, lazy or boogie woogie. Will Bradley came up the hard way, playing, at various times, with dozens of bands featuring dozens of styles and the result is a leader in front of a band that can play anything, any way you want it.

It's true that Will played at various times with various bands, and in the early thirties he often worked with a half a dozen different bands in one day. Those were the days when Raymond Paige, Nat Schilkret, B. A. Rolfe and Freddie Rich were top names, and the featured artists were such names as Glenn Miller, Jack Jenny, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and Will Bradley. There were not enough trombone artists to provide one each exclusively for the big bands, so Will Bradley rushed from band to band with his instrument under his arm.

No two orchestras played exactly the same way and by virtue of playing with so many outfits, Bradley learned as many styles. Today he believes it was the greatest training in the world, but it kept him and his trombone hustling while it was going on.



Terry Allen, featured with Will Bradley and his orchestra.



Charming Lynn Gardner, Will's vocal lovely.

It's only within the last two years that Will Bradley thought he was experienced enough to head his own aggregation. Results show that he waited just long enough to guarantee lasting results. He is the leader who translated boogie woogie style from piano playing to wind instruments, and it worked.

"Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar" was the first Bradley sock success, followed by "Bounce Me Brother With a Solid Four," another highly popular recording.

Will Bradley and his band have recently been wired for sight as well as sound. His work was chosen from among the nation's ace orchestras for "soundies," the new

three minute sound films which appear on juke boxes throughout the country. Bands go through their paces in plain sight of the whole room—television with band music. Minoco Production Inc., is responsible for this mechanical miracle.

Born in Newton, N.J. a little more than thirty years ago. Will Bradley came from a musical family. He decided on the trombone and learned its tricks in double time, despite the warnings from his father as to the difficulties of this instrument.

Will first appeared professionally in a vaudeville unit and debuted as trombonist in a band with Milt Shaw's Detroiters, where he met his famous drummer, Ray McKinley. Shortly after this, Bradley and his trombone appeared in New York where the hectic six-a-day performances began. It was at that time also that he did some recording with the famous Red Nichols' Five Pennies.

One of the proudest moments of his life, he says, was when he was notified that Ray Noble had selected him as trombonist for his first American band. Glenn Miller was also playing in this orchestra at that time. Will returned to the CBS houseband for awhile after leaving Ray Noble and then took his band out under his own name.

Well in the lead of the new boogie woogie trend now sweeping the country is the Will Bradley orchestra with the aforementioned "Beat Me, Daddy," etc., plus such items as "Celery Stalks at Midnight."

Among the most recent of the boogie woogie numbers are "Rockabye the Boogie, Put the Eight Beat to Bed," "Three Ring Ragout," and "This Little Ickie Went to Market," all current record successions of the Bradley outfit.

"Boogie woogie is a style of playing," says Ray McKinley, drummer extraordinary with Bradley before he entered the Army; "and it's just as old as jazz music itself."

McKinley recalls how he and Will Bradley have been excited over this style of music for years, and had been listening for instruction to old worn records made by the famous boogie woogie daddy, "Pinetop" Smith, who was the rage around Chicago during the late Twenties. Ray emphasizes the good fortune of the present Bradley band in having Bob Holt as their pianist, one of the few men in the country able to cope with intricate boogie patterns.

"You need wrists like steel," instructs Ray, "and the left hand gets a terrific workout."

In his spare time Mr. Bradley composes serious music. In addition to composing music, rehearsing his band, listening to records of the old jazz bands and the recordings of the works of the classical masters, Will Bradley will also talk about music, any kind, for hours on end.

The Bradley collection of Dixieland style jazz records is famous in the profession. His greatest pal was his drummer, Ray McKinley, of whom he says "he's the greatest drummer alive." The records of this mutual admiration society are completed when it is known that McKinley considers Bradley's the "top trombone of them all."

Modest and unassuming in manner, Will Bradley likes to wear collegiate sports clothes and drink beer. He likes all kinds of sports, movies, spaghetti, and Disney films. Although now more than 30, this "young man with a band" looks about 22.

Will is happily married and the father of two children. When in New York he lives with his family in their home on Long Island, and he will back all comers into a corner to give them the low down on his home and his youngsters.



Will Bradley

MELODY MASTER

By
*Gretchen
Weaver*

THE Duke doesn't call it jazz.

"I call it music," asserted Duke Ellington in an interview recently. "I speak of good music or bad music, not jazz or non-jazz."

There, according to such eminent musical authorities as Percy Grainger, Leopold Stokowski and Basil Cameron, speaks Ellington, the musician. Not Duke Ellington, jazz band leader, but Edward Kennedy Ellington, foremost composer and interpreter in America, who gives great music to the people.

And Duke Ellington, melody master, gives generously. In his more than 20 years as a musician he has produced more than a thousand compositions. The ancient lament of the African, the woe of a people in bondage, the chant of chained workers on levees and in fields, new life for the freed Negro in the north, the hum and bustle of traffic at a busy city intersection, the sluggish wanderings of a mighty river, life comprehended in extraneous aspects—all these are expressed by Ellington in music.

"Many people call it jazz," repeated Mr. Ellington. "I just call it music, authentic American music."

"I," stated the reporter, "am a student of what is known as 'jazz.' Your work would be included in music generally so-called, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Ellington nodded.

"So," continued the reporter, "what should I do? Should I read books, listen to bands, go to lectures, or what?"

"The thing to do, I should think," answered Mr. Ellington after a moment of thought, "would be to listen to records and to bands playing. Perhaps in some cases more can be learned by the students from records than from actually hearing the band play in person. For instance, when we play a number we naturally play it as well as we can. But performances may differ, and there might be something in any one single performance which I would change if I could play it over again. But once a number is played, it's over for that time, and too late for revision.

"On the other hand when we play for a recording,

if there is one little thing to be changed, I change it, and we play the number until it is exactly as it is meant to be."

Mr. Ellington personally okays every recording that goes out under his name, and the released job is as nearly perfect as human skill can make it.

Nodding affirmatively at "Jazzmen" and "Record Book" as background reference books for the serious student, he seemed disinclined to put too much faith in books. Other professional authorities on music forms have been quoted as saying that texts on the jazz idiom generally place too much emphasis on small bands improvising in the Dixieland manner, rather than on arranging and orchestration.

"Listen to music, to bands playing in public and on records," he continued.

"Let music reach the heart by way of the head," concluded Mr. Ellington. "Then it means something. Then



*The Duke and
the boys.*



*The Duke,
Count Basie
and Lena Horne*



you can tell what you are listening to, why you should listen to this rather than that, and you begin to develop a critical ability of your own."

Reading criticisms of music in magazines devoted to technical discussions of the art is helpful, he said, and so are jam sessions, where individual performances may be heard and checked.

In the past year Duke Ellington and his band have been heard in concerts in New York's Carnegie Hall, in Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington and Chicago.

The concert in December at Carnegie was Mr. Ellington's second in that august chamber dedicated to the highest forms of music, past and present.

At that concert Ellington played his, to date, most ambitious opus, "Black, Brown and Beige," in three movements. An audience packed to the very windows of the Hall listened for fifty minutes to a history in harmony of the African in America and his hope for the future. A text, recently authored by Mr. Ellington, is as much a part of this work as are the librettos which opera enthusiasts find indispensable.

The first audience ever to hear "Black, Brown and Beige." were not, as they thought, the intellectual music lovers who made up the Carnegie Hall audience, but an equally enthusiastic group of Ellingtonians from the Rye, (N.Y.) High School. This privilege was secured for the students in that school by their principal, Mr. J. T. H. Mize, a jazz scholar and Ellington admirer for many years. Mr. Mize simply wrote to Mr. Ellington, suggested that a try-out performance would be stimulating for the band and a great honor for his classes, and added that he would pay what the department could afford. Whereupon Mr. Ellington packed up his band, and the Rye High School was in the news.

A new work was heard in December in Carnegie, a piano concerto largely featuring Duke himself, in five parts, called "New World A' Comin'" from the book of the same name.

Still other Ellington works included in the concert were "Sophisticated Lady," "Creole Love Call," "Don't Get Around Much Any More," "Black and Tan Fantasy" and "Mood Indigo."

In this, as of other Ellington concerts, critics speak of the "interpretation around the tonal possibilities of each instrument in his orchestra."

"His choice of instruments for a musical idea is so correct that it could never be improved by re-arrangement. What is given to a clarinet could never be played by piano or saxophone because Ellington has obviously taken into first consideration the peculiar tonal range and color of that instrument."

His work has been compared to that of Sibelius or Debussy, and Stravinsky, the great modernist, admits a distinct Ellington influence in his work.

Psychologists studying the strange fascination which popular bands, their music and their leaders, hold for the younger generation, are astounded that his complicated arrangements and orchestrations are in the preferred lists for the young people.

In yearly popularity polls, the band fans choose the best—the music of Ellington and his band.

Outstanding and characteristic features of Ellington music are the empty bars spotted about the compositions which allow for individual improvised solos for various band members; improvisations, it might be said, strictly within the boundaries of the arrangement, or, in the jazz idiom, within the framework of the Ellington conception.

The Duke believes that the concert hall is the ideal place to present jazz or popular folk music. The customers come, he says, only to hear the music, not for dancing, dishes or floor shows. Such an audience wants to hear the music and nothing else. At his first Carnegie concert an audience stayed three hours after closing time to applaud and hear more and more and more. It must have been the same audience for the second affair.

(Continued on page 59)

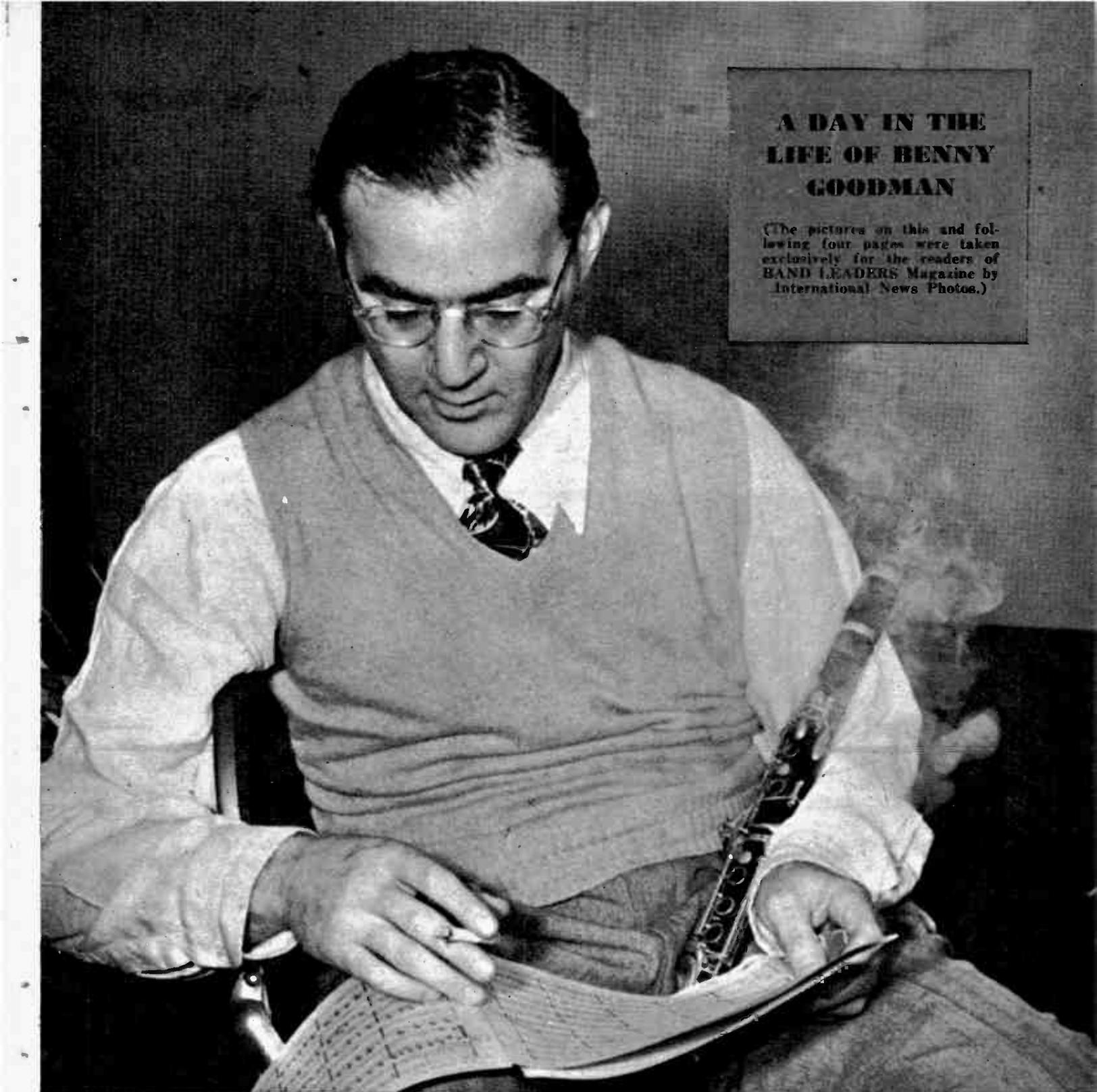
*Rochester, Red Skelton
and Duke Ellington*



*The Duke as he appeared
in "Cabin In The Sky."*



Bea Wain



**A DAY IN THE
LIFE OF BENNY
GOODMAN**

(The pictures on this and following four pages were taken exclusively for the readers of **BAND LEADERS** Magazine by International News Photos.)

PIED PIPER OF SWING

NO ONE as yet has successfully analyzed the swing fever that started to take on epidemic proportions with the appearance of such band leaders as Benny Goodman. The crush of crowds still continues at every personal appearance of Goodman and his band; his audience is either transfixed to immobility or raised bodily from their seats and impelled to ecstasies of dancing in the aisles. As irresistible as the famous Pied Piper of Hamelin, B.G. mobilizes with his magical rhythm the youth of an entire nation.

The jazz that has made Benny Goodman's name revered among the juniors isn't the only medium of his accomplishment. He was recently appointed to the faculty of the Juilliard

Institute of Music, and he has appeared as clarinet soloist with the leading symphony orchestras.

Although he blows silvery notes on his silver clarinet, he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father was a poor overworked tailor and young Benny was one of twelve children. At six he was a child prodigy on the harmonica. When he was eleven his father managed to scrape together the funds for a clarinet and some lessons. It was a long time before Goodman hit the jackpot, but now he is an institution, and his recordings are broadcast to the armed forces overseas at their request.

These exclusive photographs show you Benny Goodman with his band, his family and his followers.



The great B.G. explains to the boys just how those next few bars should be "put over." His first instrument was the harmonica, which he tooted at kindergarten age.



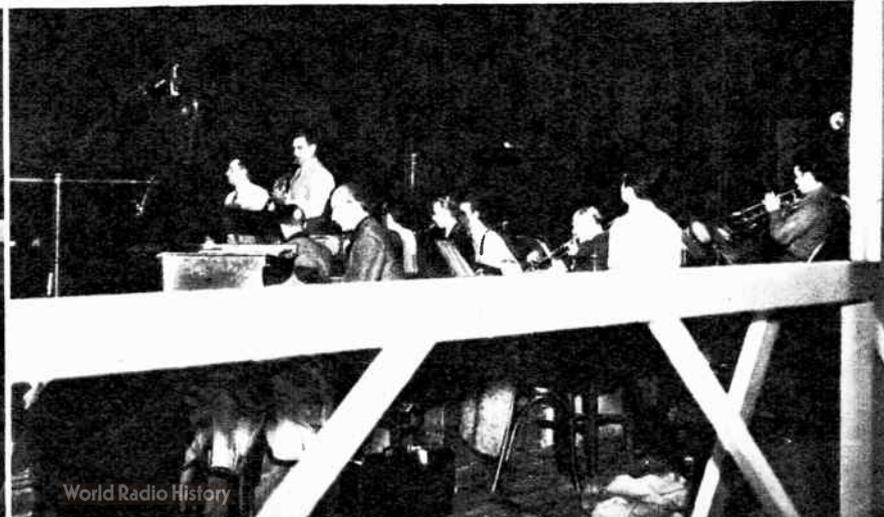
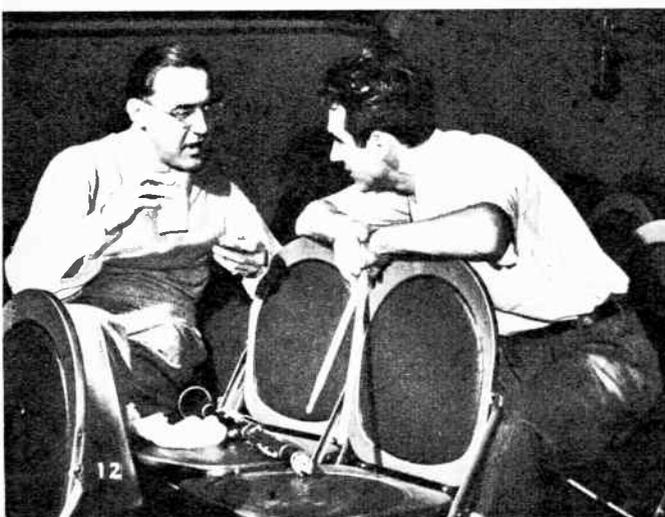
Benny Goodman's band is so well trained that they accompany him when he solos on the clarinet, with little or no conducting. They are shown here during a jam session at rehearsal.



He sings too! But he doesn't play himself up as a singing batoneer. Here he is making a recording with his band.

The rehearsal-recording sessions are long and wearying. During a brief recess, Goodman is seen munching on a sandwich while talking over plans for the band with one of the boys, Gene Krupa. The popular drummer left B. G. soon after these pictures were taken to join the Tommy Dorsey band.

Done with mirrors, this picture is the reflection of the Goodman band during a hot jam session which is being recorded. The maestro himself is soloing on the clarinet. From the ranks of Benny Goodman's band have come such headliners as Harry James, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Bud Wilson.





The Goodman trio goes to town, giving the rest of the boys a breather. Benny himself on the clarinet is accompanied by Gene Krupa on the drums and Jess Stacy at the piano. The King of Swing has performed as guest soloist with the leading symphony orchestras of the country, including the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic.



After completing a recording for the Servicemen on foreign battlefronts, to be sent out by the Office of War Information, Benny Goodman (left) listens critically to the performance of his group. He is a bug on perfection and the technical performance is no less important than the spirit of swing itself.



In the control room after the O.W.I. recording has been made, Benny Goodman joins the sound engineers, producers and technicians in the first audition of the record.



Man Friday to Benny Goodman is "Popsy." Nobody knows him by any other name. He packs the musical instruments, brings in lunch for the boys during a long rehearsal session, finds lost music and collar buttons, etc. Goodman and "Popsy" are shown here checking on the instruments that have been packed for transportation to the next engagement.

Singing star of the Goodman household is the seven month old daughter Rachel. Right now she is neither a husky blues singer nor a lyrical coloratura, but her crows and cackles are music to the ears of proud papa.

At her age, Benny Goodman had never seen a piano, but his infant daughter makes a dive for the black and white keys that produce such satisfying sounds. The proud parent is convinced she will be a child prodigy—as what p.p. isn't?





High spot in the day of the King of Swing is feeding lunch to his daughter Rachel. The relish with which the baby is downing her vitamins seems to have whetted her daddy's appetite.



Benny Goodman's fans might resent the baby's indifference to her daddy's goodbye kiss as he leaves for the studio, but the photographer with his strange contraptions is a more interesting curiosity to Rachel.



Little Rachel and her mother are ardent listeners to Benny Goodman's records. He rarely has time to perform at home, and the disks are their only means of hearing him except over the radio. Rachel recognizes her daddy's music.



At the age of 16, Goodman made his first recordings. Now his recordings of those early years are collector's pieces. His busy schedule keeps him occupied with movies, radio performances and personal appearances, relegating the recordings to a minor spot in his program. This photo shows the King of Swing as he appeared in a movie with a section of his band.



Unprecedented scenes, of which this is one, occur at every performance of Benny Goodman's band which is attended by the swingsters of the younger set. Carried away by the rhythm, this couple in the audience at the New York Paramount theatre left their seats and staged shags and Susie-q's in the aisle.

Crowding the Pied Piper of Swing, the mob of fans leaves its collective seats at the end of the performance and surrounds the maestro as he and his band are being lowered below floor level on the disappearing platform at the New York Paramount.

And what is more appropriate than that the King of Swing should crown the Queen of the Dance at a dance carnival staged at Madison Square Garden? Flanked by band leaders Charlie Barnet (left) and Larry Clinton (right), Benny Goodman places the crown on Joyce Matthews, the "Queen."





This is what Benny Goodman's swing does to people's feet, whose owners never danced before. They are listening to the orchestra whose performances lift swing addicts bodily from their seats and send them swinging in the aisles



A row of swing addicts listening entranced to the rhythm of Benny Goodman's great band in New York's Paramount theatre. The feet shown here are only a few of the hundreds that involuntarily kept time with the music. Fans actually left their seats on the waves of the rhythm.



Benny Goodman's music either gets them moving irresistibly or stops them in their tracks. These dancers stop to listen to the limpid melodies Goodman produces from his clarinet, accompanied by the band.



This is the kind of crush that occurs at theatres when B.G. and his band make personal appearances. This scene was enacted as the crowd pressed forward when he played at a theatre on Times Square. Ushers were swept off their feet.

The Pied Piper of Swing has an entire generation following him in greater numbers than did his prototype of Hamelin. Some are entranced, others frenzied. He has come a long way since he played the harmonica in Chicago's penny whistle league.

The great B.G. takes off on a solo flight at New York's Hotel New Yorker.

Benny Goodman poses with a section of his band during the filming of a picture in Hollywood.



The Famous Band Leader's Life Story as Told In His Own Words

JUAN JAMS IT

Jan Garber's hitherto
unrevealed answer
to why he turned
from Sweet to Swing

BASEBALL is still my favorite sport, although you can blame baseball for me being a musician. I was knocked right out of baseball right into music. It all happened when I was studying the violin against my wishes but just to please my parents. Incidentally, I was batboy for the Philadelphia Athletics at the same time.

I had been a batboy for sometime when I was finally given a chance to catch during batting practice before a regular game. Naturally, I wanted to see how many people were watching me. The first ball pitched was a foul tip and I was watching the stands. I caught the ball with the end of my nose instead of the catcher's mitt. When I woke up I was in the club house dressing room with a nose as big as a balloon—at least it felt that way. Then and there I decided that my parents were right—I should be a violinist. At least a violin wouldn't jump up and sock me in the nose!

And if you imagine I didn't become serious about my violin you have another think coming. I attended Coombs Conservatory in Philadelphia where I studied under Shraddick and even went so far as to play in the Philadelphia Symphony, and acted as Concert Master on one occasion.

At Coombs we had a small dance orchestra that used to go over to

Swarthmore College and play for the girls every week. It was there I fell in love with dance music and it may have been that the girls there helped me fall in love—with dance music. I couldn't think of one good reason why I should sweat and strain with long-haired music when dance music was such fun.

So a friend of mine, Milt Davis, and I organized a six-piece dance orchestra and went to work in a Washington, D. C. hotel. Some very good people visiting in Washington heard and liked us and asked us to come down to North Carolina to play for them. We were overjoyed. Bought a big old Chandler and started out. Mud, rain, no road signs and bad weather meant nothing to us. When we arrived we had to play in an old tobacco warehouse, but it didn't matter. There were a couple of thousand people there who had traveled from miles around to hear us play. The louder we played the more they liked it. And we really gave out!

That was such a successful venture that we played many more one-nighter stands. And because the people liked it loud we added more men and even clown suits to our wardrobe. The payoff was when we all put on our clown suits and the piano player stood up with his back to the piano, beating it out; I lay on the floor, kick-

ing my feet in tempo while playing my fiddle and the rest of the boys stood on chairs and played.

We grew and grew until the band had 18 pieces and we arrived in Florida during the boom with a sizzling hot jazz band. Everything was on the up and up in Florida and I zoomed right along with it . . . but everything ended with a crash. All I had left was the noise from the boom!

So we started back up north, playing dates here and there.

Then came the light! A friend in Cleveland visited me while I was playing there and took me out to hear a little sweet band at a small night club. I was so impressed with the way the band played "Tea For Two" I tried to buy the whole band right then and there. But it took some time to complete negotiations.

I began to hit it lucky. We played at the Trianon in Chicago one night with Wayne King and the owner of the ballroom thought the people were clapping for us. In reality, they were applauding because it was Wayne's turn to play. Anyhow, we were signed at the Trianon for 5 years!

A yeast company put us on the air because they thought we were a rising young band. We sold their tablets until the Federal Communication

(Continued on page 62)

*Bob Davis—who sings
with Jan's great new band.*



*Jan's exquisitely lovely
vocalist—
Liz
Tilton.*



THE BOYS IN THE BANDS

THE OLD BAND

THE NEW BAND

(Left to right, back row): Jack Barrow, Don Shoup, Doug Roe, Rudy Rudisill, Jan Garber (Center), Jerry Large, Fritz Heilbron, Norm Donohue, Charles Ford. (Front row): Lew Palmer, Ken Large, Tony Allen, Russ Brown, George Fortier and Freddie Large.

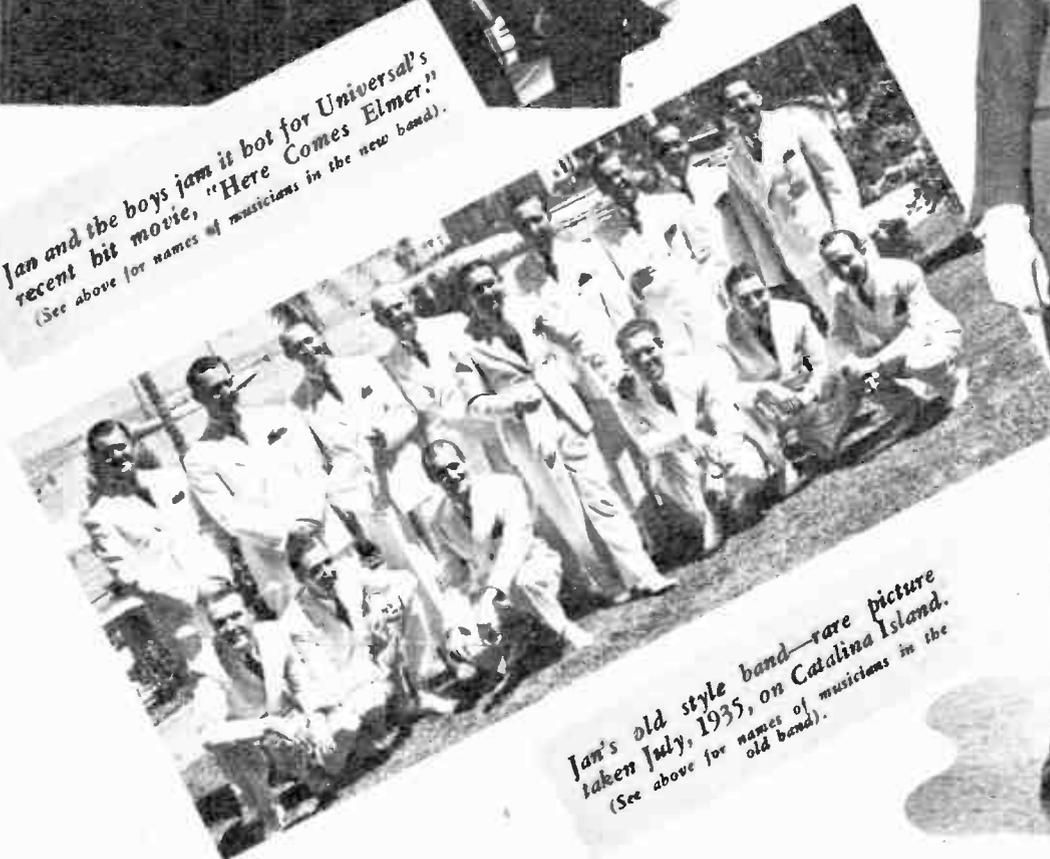
(Left to right) George Annis, Francis Annis, Eugene Connie, Bob Milliken, (M. Winter, unseen), Lenny Sims, Dean Sayre, Hugo DePaul, Joe Zammar, Arlyn Dupre, Jack Dougherty, Charles Ford, Bill Kleeb and Jan Garber.



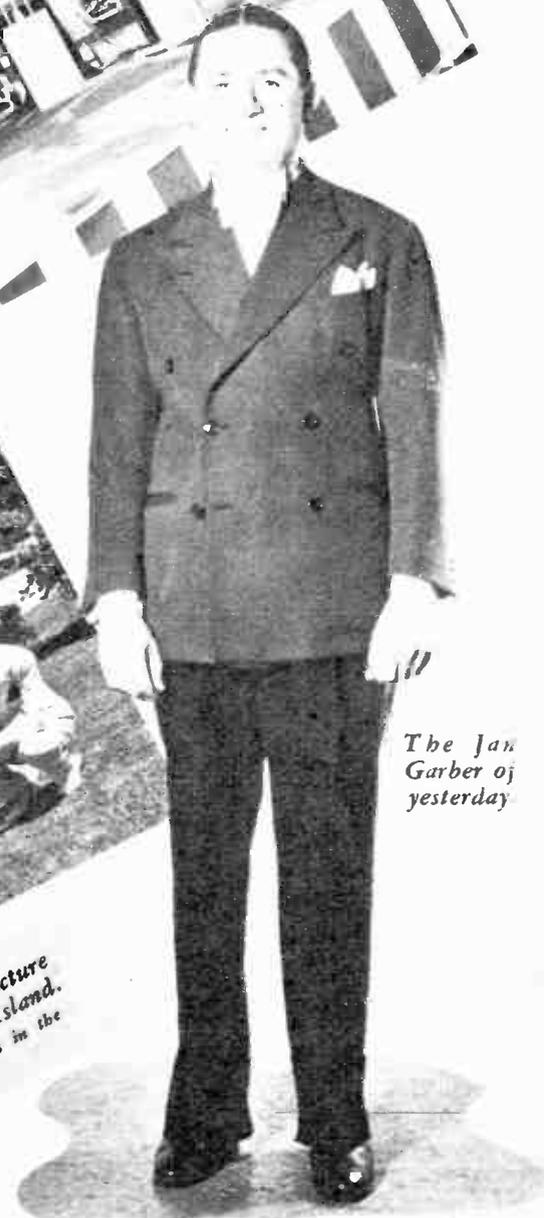
The Jan Garber of today.



Jan and the boys jam it hot for Universal's recent hit movie, "Here Comes Elmer." (See above for names of musicians in the new band).



Jan's old style band—rare picture taken July, 1935, on Catalina Island. (See above for names of musicians in the old band).



The Jan Garber of yesterday.



NO EASY ROAD TO
Success
says Songstress

Mickie Roy

Mickie Roy

IF YOU want to sing with a band, prepare for plenty of heartaches and lots of hard work.

Success never comes easy in any field—but that axiom is doubly true in the music business. I think I should know. For I realize, more than anyone else, how far I must travel yet to succeed completely.

Tough breaks and a singing career are, somehow, inextricably related. Scarcely more than a year ago I was singing with Sonny Dunham's band in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker. It was my first time in the

boring at others. You meet people and travel a lot—but much of the time you are just plain lonesome. You don't have much time for dates or romance, for when other girls are stepping out with a "big moment," you're up there on the bandstand, hard at work.

And how do you get started as a band singer?

Lots of ways. If you know a band leader, musicians in a name band, song pluggers or music trade paper writers, you've got a good start. They can tell you which maestros are looking for vocalists and advise you how to contact them, by mail or in person.

The best way to get an audition is to make a sample record of your singing voice at any recording studio, and send it to the leader for whom you wish to sing. Only a piano accompaniment is needed and the cost is small.

Such a disc gives a leader a chance to ascertain what type of voice you have, how you phrase and enunciate, how good your "ear" is, and other points he must know. He can

listen to your record at his convenience and save his time and yours.

Because a singer's looks are as important as her voice, it's a good idea to send a new photograph of yourself with your "sample" record. The test disc, if impressive, will lead to an "in person" audition with the band leader seeking a new singer.

There, during a rehearsal of his band, he will watch you work, observing your personality, how you wear clothes, exhibit poise and "sell" a song.

Sometimes a leader will audition several girls at once. Then you really have to "give out" and solidly. But competition usually brings out the best in anyone, whether it's for a chirping berth with a band or a job selling cosmetics.

Even if you get the job, you'll face plenty of tribulations. Every band must take to the road—even in wartime—and a girl can get awfully lonesome in a strange city, without friends,

Being the only girl in a male organization has its problems, too. You solve them by always conducting yourself in a manner to earn the respect of your fellow musicians.

You must learn teamwork, and forget (above all) temperament. Because your own success depends on the success of the band, you must be willing to subordinate personal desires to the good of the whole band.

Sometimes the song you are aching to sing, because you feel it is so "right" for you, is given to another vocalist or arranged as an instrumental number.

Then you must simply swallow your disappointment, keep smiling and give all you've got to the tunes assigned you. Maybe next time you'll get the break.

Keeping up your personal appearance while jumping from town to town, and riding buses to and from one-night stands is no easy matter. Your coiffure should be attractive and appropriate to your own type of personality, but simple enough to keep it looking well under adverse conditions.

Besides selecting your wardrobe to enhance your appearance, thought must be given to its durability and the ease with which you can launder and iron the apparel you carry on the road.

A little trade secret among girl singers (especially on the road) is to wear their floor-length gowns with a dark colored hem to avoid soiled looking costumes. Some bandstands, you may be surprised to learn, aren't too well swept.

When not on the road and in spare time while on location, a girl singer

(Continued on page 62)



Mickie riding with Nappy Lemaire, guitarist also with Eddie Miller's band, stops for one night's performance at San Diego, California.



Mickie enjoys playing records. Candid photo of Eddie Miller's lovely vocalist.

Big Town and I was really scared.

Sonny brought me from California to Manhattan to take over Ray Kellogg's singing spot with the band. Sonny already was featuring a girl, but his idea was to present two femme wrens.

But, what with one thing and another, it didn't work. Molehills into mountains grew. Matters of billing, fan mail and other behind-the-scenes angles are confusing, when divided between two "canaries." So after about six weeks I left Sonny to return to California and join the new band Eddie Miller was shaping up.

The unfortunate New York experience was a nightmare at the time. I felt I had failed miserably. But it was good for me. It taught me that one must take the good with the bad. In the long run they balance up pretty well.

Girls with singing ambitions, then, must face it. It's a tough, disheartening road to travel; exciting at times,

MEET MICKIE ROY

Black-haired, green-eyed and just 22, Mickie Roy has been singing with the fast-moving Eddie Miller orchestra in Hollywood for a year.

Before becoming Miller's number one vocal lovely last year, Miss Roy sang with Sonny Dunham's band in theaters and at Gotham's Hotel New Yorker. With both Dunham and Miller she has broadcast over the NBC, CBS, Blue and Mutual networks.

Born in Kansas City, Miss Roy now calls Albuquerque, N. M., her home. She has been in Hollywood two years. Her favorite singers are Ella Fitzgerald, the late Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Lee Wiley and Helen Forrest.

Her favorite band is Duke Ellington's, with Count Basie, Benny Carter and Teddy Wilson runners-up. Her favorite musicians are Eddie Miller ("by far," she says), Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter.

HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By Paul Vandervoort II



WAC Sergeant Gloria Bowie visits Sammy Kaye during filming of the movie, "Song Of The Open Road." (Rogers Production)

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THAT BAND'S HERE AGAIN—so sez Hollywood, as the orks roll in one by one, to make more and more films and set a pace that may break last year's record boom in band films . . . Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Jimmy Dorsey, to name a few, are '44 repeaters, and it looks like ol' Glamourtown's on a band binge again, with 126 musicals announced for production . . . The Herman Herd and Calloway Cats double up in the Andrew Stone production "Sensations of 1944." And with those two bands, the flicker is bound to be a sensation . . . Georgie Jessel is producing a lavish music film at 20th Century-Fox loaded with tune talent. He's just got Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Dick Haymes and Perry Como—that's all. The title's "Kitten On The Keys." . . . The Glenn Miller pic about musicians, "Orchestra Wives," having been so successful, Fox is set for another smash hit in the same vein, with "Moment For Music," starring Benny Goodman. Studio says the yarn, which is about a trombone player and guys in a band, is a semifictional story of BG's life. No, Doris, Benny will NOT play the trombone, but there'll be plenty of the Goodman clary.

STUFF OFF THE CUFF—Spike Jones calls my attention to a new instrumentation he's using, namely, tuned Flit guns for the Saliva Sisters to play in "The Glow-worm." O.K., Spike, but can they double on STING bass in the Mosquito March? . . . When M-G-M readied the script of "Young Man With A Horn," they said "maybe" it would be Harry James next for them. Maybe, because they had no word from Uncle Sam productions, whose talent scouts on the draft board tested Harry for "Young Man With A Rifle."

EXTRA GOOD BREAK—Paul Carley was an extra on JD's "Four Jills and a Jeep," when Jimmy discovered him . . . Jitter champs Stanley Catron and Kaye Popp introduce a new dance to Sammy Kaye's swing and sway in "Song of the Open Road." . . . It's called the Rhythmic Tick . . . Peachy Platter—The Benny Carter disc of "Hurry, Hurry," for Capitol, with Savannah Churchill vocal . . . Tabbed for spots in Universal's "The Merry Monahans," are perennial tune faves "Some of these Days," and "Rose Room" . . . Band spots are being shaped up for M-G-M super-musical "Ziegfeld Follies."

AROUND THE LOTS—G. I. Janes got the break during Sammy Kaye's movie chores on "Song of the Open Road," for Charles Rogers productions, when Sammy hosted a gang of Air Wacs. Sammy had the girls brought

to Hollywood from their desert post, took over The Bit Of Sweden for a dinner, after which the boys in the band danced with the Wachicks . . . Which reminds me—the title of Les Brown's first Paramount pic is "Bring On The Girls" . . . Speaking of titles, Freddie Slack's last film before donning navy blues was prophetically called "Seven Days Ashore." Before he left R-K-O, Freddie said that "Ready, Aim, Kiss," "Sioux City Sue," and other tunes he does in the picture have "all the earmarks of hits" . . . Universal added Teddy Powell's fine band to the solid series of shorts studio's been doing with name orks . . . Already world-famous, the town's noted dance palace gets the film glorification treatment in "Hollywood Palladium"—film to be produced by Palladium prexy Maurice M. Cohen. Being a rendezvous for the stars as well as the hepcats, it's only natural the "Pally" should "star" in a picture, too.

SWINGONYMS: "Swinglish"—jive talk. "Hari clari"—corny clarinet player "murdering" himself. Send YOUR swingonym . . . **BANDying WORDS**—Visited "Take It Big" set to watch Ozzie Nelson. Missed seeing him when shooting schedules changed, but enjoyed swell gabfest with Mrs. Ozzie, Jack Haley and Ozzie co-workers in the film. Amusing casting set-up in this film has Ozzie and Jack as rivals for Harriet's hand. Story action takes place on a dude ranch Jack thinks he's inherited. Haley's right at home, too, with the horses and all, as he and Harriet play a vaudeville team in which Harriet is the trainer, Jack the rear end of a comedy horse . . . Ozzie and



Richard Lane and Jack Haley getting a horse laugh in Paramount's "Take It Big"—Ozzie Nelson in center.



Les Brown—just signed for two pictures with Paramount.

Ozzie Nelson and his work as they appear in Paramount's "Take It Big."



Glamor in a bundle: (Left to right): Helen Forrest, Betty Hutton and Janet Blair.

Harriet have some cute musical spots, and the band gets a good play. Harriet solos on "Love and Learn," teams with Ozzie in "I'm A Big Success With You." Harriet was a big success with set visitors, too, I noted. She had a gracious word and smile for set-visiting Service lads who clustered around for her autograph, with one proud lad proffering his discharge papers for her signature.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN FOR—the Spivak spots in "Pin-up Girl," which add lustre to Charlie's already glowing star . . . The swim-boogie number in M-G-M's "Mr. Co-ed," which has 32 aquacuties SWIMMING a boogie-woogie routine It runs 7½ minutes, a record for musical numbers in films . . . Director George Sidney let band leaders Harry James and Xavier Cugat go to town in "Mr. Co-ed." Harry does a trumpet specialty, "Hora Staccato," knocking off nine hundred notes in ninety seconds on his horn. Cugat introduces a new Latin-American dance rhythm, the Venezuelan "Joropo," and the pic is packed with band numbers . . . In another film from the same lot, "Two Sisters and a Sailor," June Allyson sings a tune to Harry . . . Band leader Phil Harris and lovely Alice Faye were at a Hollywood restaurant not long ago when, as it happened, Lt. Bauscher stopped by the table for a brief chat. The photographer who snapped the picture (see below) little realized that this would be the last ever taken of this brave U.S. Army pilot from Central Valley, N. Y., for he was to meet death in the air only a short while afterward. . . Be seein' you 'round next issue.



(Left to right): Ozzie Nelson, Jack Haley and Harriet Hilliard—right on the beam in Paramount's "Take It Big."

Lt. Frederick W. Bauscher, Jr., chats with Phil Harris and Alice Faye at a Hollywood restaurant.



Helen Ward—vocalist with Harry James during his recent engagement at the Hollywood Palladium.



Swing It Sweet

DEBONAIR is the word for Frankie Masters. Smooth, human, easy to talk to, he'll tell you the story of his early venture into the banking business with a reminiscent twinkle in his pleasant gray eyes.

Like a million other kids, Frankie started making music just for the fun of it when he began doing things with a flute. Later he discovered the banjo and that was when Frankie first asked himself the age-old question, "Does music pay?"

Maybe yes, and sometimes no; at any rate he didn't have to come to the great decision at seventeen. He went to the University of Indiana where he earned his way through the prescribed courses for a would-be banker in economics and finance, strumming the banjo at fraternity dances. Fate stood blasting, now hot, then sweet, in Frankie's ear but the musical king of the campus couldn't be sure he heard what he heard. He decided to think it over.

In the meantime, good news about him and his college band was going the rounds. The result? A three months booking on the liner President Madison that cast anchor in every fabled port in the Far East. It was a swell adventure, but not so many fellows can afford to ignore that old sour-puss, Dollars-and-Cents.

Anyway, Frankie couldn't

So it was that when Maestro Masters got back to the U.S.A., he made a move to settle down in his chosen, he thought, profession. He even went so far as to get himself a job as a teller. And here's where Frankie's banking career begins and ends.

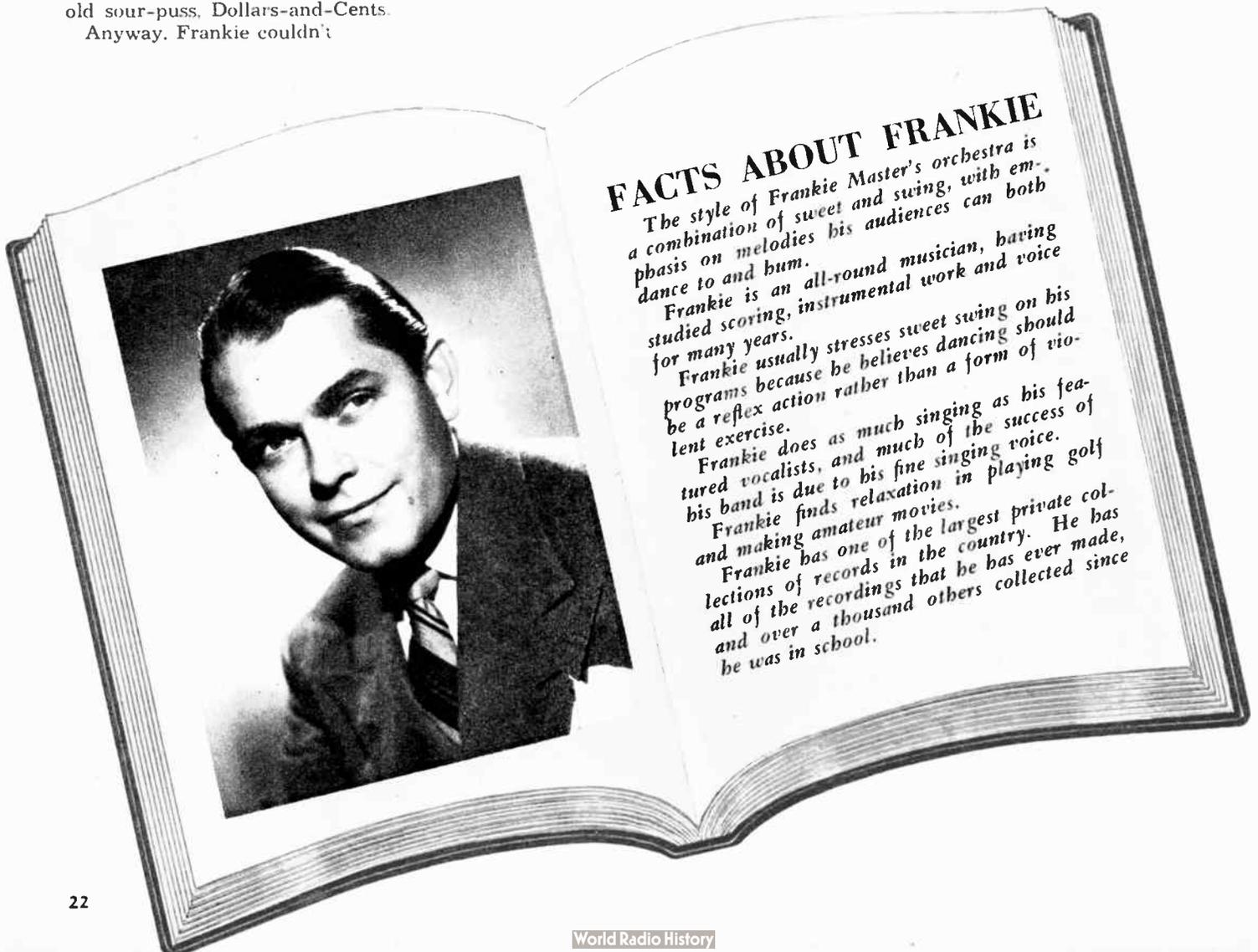
At first he tried doing dance engagements on the side, a sort of avocation, but then one fine day he tossed his hat and his ledgers over a handy windmill, and that was permanently that!

From then on, Frankie made with the music on a bandstand instead of making with the change behind a bank teller's window'

He hit Chicago when old Chi was the hottest spot on terra firma. Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Fats Waller were contributing to American musical history, and practically everybody else was out painting the town.

Frankie stayed around the Windy City for the next few years playing here and there and getting hep to the various musical styles. Finally, he formed an organization of his own and started sessions in and about Chicago's niteries.

His barnstorming didn't last so long. Shortly, he and his band were on contract in the famous Hotel Stevens.



FACTS ABOUT FRANKIE

The style of Frankie Master's orchestra is a combination of sweet and swing, with emphasis on melodies his audiences can both dance to and hum.

Frankie is an all-round musician, having studied scoring, instrumental work and voice for many years.

Frankie usually stresses sweet swing on his programs because he believes dancing should be a reflex action rather than a form of violent exercise.

Frankie does as much singing as his featured vocalists, and much of the success of his band is due to his fine singing voice.

Frankie finds relaxation in playing golf and making amateur movies.

Frankie has one of the largest private collections of records in the country. He has all of the recordings that he has ever made, and over a thousand others collected since he was in school.

From thence he went to the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. After a season in Gotham, he left on a cross-country theatre tour with Betty Grable and Rochester.

Masters is a triple threat man with an angle all his own. Both the naive and the sophisticated find him charming. He doesn't go in for musical eccentricities. He stresses melody, tantalizing rhythm and appealing vocals, many of which he sings and writes himself.

Frankie says writing songs is a mighty mysterious business. For example, he insists that his delightful "Scatterbrain" just wrote itself. It happened this way: In the band there was a trombone player who used a peculiarly catchy warm-up scale. Frankie thought he detected a real tune in the musical meanderings. He put it down on paper, added a few bars to round it out, and sent it to a friend, with the inquiry, "What can you do in the way of a lyric for this scatterbrain idea?" Inside of two weeks the song was published under the title, "Scatterbrain". In two more, it was sweeping the nation. In three, it had made the Hit Parade and, one might say, another chapter was inserted into the harum-scarum history of American song.

"Scatterbrain's" popularity reached international proportions. It is still popular in England where its composer has a contract to appear as soon as the war is over.

Frankie tries to steer his band in the middle course between swing and sweet and likes a change of pace to keep his arrangements and recordings from falling into a certain groove. As a result, he has built up a large following among platter fans from coast to coast. His Okeh records, over a hundred of 'em, are favorites with swing addicts as well as those who prefer their music on the sweet side.

When Masters invaded New York, the years of study, his careful selection of good musicians, plus his own appealing charm, began to pay off in bright lights and big time success. At one elite New York hostelry with a reputation for being harder to crack than the proverbial coconut, Masters and his band clicked consistently for more than a year. From then on it was one engagement after another, theatres, hotels, radio shows, ballrooms, ad infinitum, until came the war and he began an extensive tour of Army Camps that has clocked up an additional 5,000 miles on his already lengthy travelog.

Frankie's mileage record dates from shortly after he was born when he made the trek from his birthplace, St. Mary's, Virginia, to Robinson, Illinois, where he spent what is known as those formative years.

Masters has that intangible something recognized as originality. He is responsible for many innovations in modern orchestral music. He was the first band leader to introduce speaking lines at the beginning of a record ("This is Frankie Masters and his orchestra"), a device which since has been followed by the nation's top bands.

He was also the first to use intricate lighting effects to dramatize songs, with which he scored a sensation on "Dancing In The Dark" and "Ten Little Bottles." He was among the first to invite audience participation in singing with his orchestra and augmenting his own vocals, giving out that gay invitation: "Sing a Song with Masters."

You wouldn't think the guy could do much else. But, true to the old saw about the busiest people having the most time, Frankie has a flock of hobbies. He relaxes with a "poor" game of golf he says, and pretty good amateur photography.

He's an enthusiastic student of classical music and, on occasion, just for the fun of it, he slides a symphonic compo in among the popular arrangements at his theatre, ballroom and Army camp shows.

"Naturally, not a long and heavy symphonic work," he explains, "but a bit from Debussy, or excerpts from

Tschaikowsky or even Wagner who wrote some of the most sentimental love music ever composed. Audience reaction is always favorable. Young and old, jivesters included, and especially the boys in camp, prove they're ace discriminators between the trivial and the lasting in music."

Judging from the Masters' test, there are millions of intelligent Americans who can take their classics on the same menu with swing and really appreciate the merits of both.

Frankie also likes to read anything and everything, but especially Hemingway, de Maupassant and Sinclair Lewis. On the legitimate stage, he always tries to find time to see the shows Gertrude Lawrence, Maurice Evans and Victor Moore are in. In the field of dapping, he considers Paul Draper tops. For screen stars, he raves about the performances of Ida Lupino, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant.



But Frankie Masters' interests are not confined to the theatre and the arts. He also follows the sports and attends football and baseball games and boxing matches whenever he can.

By and large, he has a genuine liking for most of the things in life that appeal to all Americans, which undoubtedly accounts for his universal appeal for the young, the middle aged and the old!

If you're interested in vital statistics: Frankie is in his early thirties. He is 5 foot, 10 inches; slim, with gray eyes and brown hair, and he's married. He also has a feline mascot called Squeak.

Dick Gilbert

VERSATILE VOCALIST



1. Little did Richard B. Gilbert dream when he was a boy in Louisville, Ky., that one fine day he'd be known from Coast to Coast as The Radio Troubador—the one and only vocalist to sing with all the bands. Popularity polls reveal that Dick is heard by millions for several hours every day on New York's Station WHN. Dick originated the idea of singing with records and the secret of his success seems to be his uncanny ability to grasp in a split second the correct pitch and timing of popular band leader arrangements.

2. He started his career in a somewhat unusual fashion. As editor of a musical magazine he appeared on various network programs giving awards. This one was to Fred Waring, most popular band leader of that year. Since then Dick's fan mail has become one of the Seven Wonders of radio. He gets $\frac{3}{4}$ of a million letters every year, and it will be bigger than this in 1944!

3. He often has such popular band leader guests as Benny Goodman. So informal is the program and so warm-hearted his host, Dick Gilbert, that before he realized it, the great B.G. found himself singing on the radio for the first time.

4. It soon became part of the day's work to entertain the most glamorous vocaloveties, but so Dick tells us, it was more fun than work to have Joan Edwards and Carol Bruce on the program.

5. Not content with working 16 hours a day, Dick takes some time off to help entertain the boys in uniform by broadcasting a USO dance. His two guests are Vaughn Monroe and Joan Edwards. Dick has entertained at Army, Navy and Coast Guard shows as well as acting as M.C. at the Stage Door Canteen. He recently received a citation from the Treasury Department for selling \$3,000,000 worth of War Bonds. And his campaign to obtain free mailing privileges for all hospitalized veterans is supported by Senators, Representatives and a rapidly growing public.

6. Another in-between avocation in a busy day has been the making of records. Here is Dick at a recording session accompanied by Merle Pitt's orchestra, making the records for the Dick Gilbert Album issued by the Liberty Music Shops.



The only one who sings with all the Bands

7. Dunking doughnuts with Xavier Cugat and lovely Hazel Fernandez, daughter of the Cuban diplomat, was a memorable experience. Incidentally, Dick and Cugat collaborated on a song called "I Love The Conga" and have made several records together.

8. Going to the circus with Twinkle Watts, 7 1/2-year-old movie starlet, ice skating and bowling champion. It was a nostalgic pull back to the days when he saw his first circus. And it was Twinkle's first date.

9. The fan mail was heavier than usual when the Ink Spots brought their marvelous music to Dick Gilbert's program. Incidentally, the names of the Ink Spots are Eilly Kenny, Hoppy Jones, Orville Jones and Bernie Macky (left to right).

10. Dinah Shore took pity on Dick, with all that fan mail pouring in, and dropped by the studio to help him sort the letters. Among his guests have been Vaughn Monroe, Connee Boswell, the Andrews Sisters, Bob Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes.

11. Dick Gilbert's radio program is one of the most popular on the air. That's why Harry James pitches in to help him by taking War Bond orders over the phone. Dick originated the idea of having people buy Bonds direct from celebrities by telephone. Dick's genius consists of making a live music program out of a platter session. By the way, if you'd like one of his photographs, autographed personally to you, just drop us a line and we'll be glad to send you one. Address: Band Leaders, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.



TOMMY TAKES OVER

TOMMY RYAN



Tommy leading Blue Barron's band

BLUE BARRON

Tommy enjoying his favorite sport—fishing.



BOTH personalities involved in this story, Blue Barron and Tommy Ryan, started out in careers far removed from the musical world and wound up as band leaders. Sort of proves that everyone possesses hidden talents that they themselves don't know they have until a certain trend of events leads up to it

Blue Barron started as a booking agent, handling name bands for the proms at Ohio University, his alma mater. He later opened his own offices in Cleveland. Although "The Barron's" band has been associated with sweet music, it was swing that made him solid with the fans. He's always felt that there was too much emphasis placed on swing, and not enough on smooth and styled music. And so he formed a band which featured "music of yesterday and today."

Uncle Sam recently discovered another hidden talent of Blue Barron's—that of being a good soldier. And a good soldier he is, whether in civvies or uniform.

This is where Tommy Ryan steps into the picture. Tommy has been vocalist with Sammy Kay's ork for many years. As a matter of fact, he started with Sammy. He left Sammy last Fall to take over Blue Barron's tremendously successful group of musicians.

Here's success to a top-flight band under the direction of a swell guy! And here's to Blue Barron's success as a soldier. When Victory arrives, may his rifle become a cherished relic and his baton a symbol of fine entertainment for a free world.



Frank Sinatra



Ramon Ramos is a perfect picture of the ideal Latin. Born on a Mexican haciendo, Ramon was slated for a career in the business world, but music came first. It was on a visit to Los Angeles that he formed his first orchestra. From that time on Ramon's star rose steadily and he became one of the most popular of Latin American band leaders. (Above)

Pancho, the one named band leader really has another. Born in Argentina, his real name is Adolfo Roquellos. Widely acclaimed both here and abroad as a colorful personality and a conductor with many new ideas, Pancho's interests cover a wide range. A rabid auto racing fan, he has competed on the speedway with some of the world's greatest racing demons. Some of his happiest days were spent in the Army (before his discharge because of poor eyesight), where he was widely known as "Sergeant Pancho" (Below)



A split-second stopwatch is a clumsy machine if you compare it with the precision of the superb orchestra of Enric Madriguera. This master musician is equally at home whether playing popular songs, romantic concert compositions or exciting South American rhythms

Saludos Amigos



Honored as "Musical Ambassador of the Americas," Enric Madriguera (right) reads the scroll presented to him by Dr. Leo Rowe, director of the Pan American Union.





Maestro D'Artega, long known for his scintillating Latin melodies, has replaced his former musical style with a new all-girl ork that is rapidly becoming one of the nation's hits. The girls have been traveling all over the country and their crowded itinerary included six months of entertaining at various Army camps.



D'Artega and his all girl orchestra.



The Rumba King, Xavier Cugat, seems to be the man most responsible for the popularity of the South-of-the-border rogue . . . rumba, samba, conga; for it was his superb showmanship that fostered the urge among this country's dance lovers. Such songs as "Begin The Beguine," played by Cugat, made North America rumba-conscious and started "Cugie" on his way to the rumba throne which he now occupies with such jovial ease.

For a man to be successful in four lines of endeavor is indeed unusual. Meeting this tall measure is Carlos Molina. Former concert violinist, movie actor and photographer, this suave leader is now the magnet for dancers who can't resist the compelling rhythms of his "Music of the Americas."

Exotic Carmenita, lovely vocalist with Ovando's Pan American orchestra.



Smiling Manuel Ovando is a personal embodiment of the Pan American way. A native of Guatemala, Ovando came to the U.S. for a musical career—but he didn't start right away. He was in the Navy, and for a time in the Merchant Marine. His ork ably combines the latest and best of popular ballads with the finest of pulsating South American numbers.





Grace Barrie



Teddy Powell



Sophisticated leader of the Cascading Chords orchestra, Al Kavelin plays for those who enjoy melodies styled for dancing and relaxation. Al authored that hit tune, "I Give You My Word." Every man in his organization is also an accomplished musician.



Chuck Foster believes that public appeal is one of the most important factors of music. Chuck and his band have been conducting a nationwide campaign proving to the average business man that music is a necessary part of a full life.



Clyde Lucas is a marimba player with a touch of genius. Born in Kansas, he's traveled far and wide ever since. Likes golf and enjoys making miniature airplanes. Frances Langford, Martha Raye and Etbel Merman have sung with Clyde's band.



Modest Joe Rines is a veteran of 22 years of radio experience, and thus is the oldest in length of time of band leaders on the air. Rines claims the distinction, or perhaps the blame, for having introduced the "Lambeth Walk" to America.



Clarinetist Joe Marsala believes in a "down to earth," natural rhythm. His band is not stylized. Arrangements run the gamut—from sweet to swing. His streamlined music is as youthful in spirit as the leader's own appearance.



This young singing maestro made his band leading debut while still at Duke University a few years ago. Six foot tall and handsome, Jack Edwards has had a swift rise and today takes his place as one of the top potential stars.



There are two factors primarily responsible for the rapid rise and success of Gray Gordon. First is the fact that Gray himself is a fine musician. Second reason—top-notch arrangements—product of Gordon's imaginative musical pen.



"You ask for 'em, we'll play 'em" is the musical motto of versatile Don McGrane. He and his orchestra produce music of any tempo and mood. McGrane not only leads the ork, but doubles on the violin and vocalizes too.

TATUM TIME

Tatum Time at New York's pop nightclub, The Three Deuces, with Art Tatum on the ivories, Slam Stewart at bass viol, and Tiny Grimes going to town with his guitar.



WHEN "The Birth of the Blues" first tickled the keys and hypnotized the horns, folks used to say, "If you don't love it, you're gone. Old? You're prehistoric!" Which brings us to Art Tatum, in just the reverse.

If you don't love Art, you've got a lot to learn about jazz. You're still throwing spitballs in your maestro's schoolroom. If you take your beat from Paul Whiteman, listen to modern music's papa saying, "Tatum is a genius." If Fats Waller was your know-everything man, hear these chuckling words, "When that man Tatum turns on the powerhouse don't nobody play him down." If you're the intellectual kind of hepcat, pay attention to Professor Hughes Panassié, of Le Jazz Hot fame, "Art Tatum holds a place apart among jazz pianists. Equipped with an astonishing instrumental technique, he scatters his solos with virtuosity, fireworks, and unexpected harmonies. . . . Moreover, one finds ideas in his choruses which reveal a fine inspiration." (The Real Jazz, 1943.)

Now, we'll put across our own 2 cents: Tatum and his ivories, complimented by Slam Stewart on the bass viol and Tiny Grimes at his guitar, are in New York. Nightly the Art Tatum Trio gives out at the whimsically decorated 3 Deuces just off Broadway. It's a convenient little spot with the greats of the music world, Ellington, the Dorseys, Harry James, et al. and the lads and lassies about town forever waltzing in and buzzing around.

Art Tatum's genius is found in his individuality of style. His superhuman technique and dexterity have won for him the applause of those

who know jazz best. His music has another ingredient, a misty, unreal quality, like something heard in a dream. Perhaps all this is very much like a dream to him. Art, as you probably know, is nearly blind.

Tatum has more than perfect pitch. He has what may be described as a photographic ear. After hearing an arrangement twice, he can play it through without a miss.

Art was born in Toledo. At the age of fifteen, his parents started him studying the piano under a local teacher. For six years he practiced the classics. After that he went into the jazz field and there's where things began to happen. A great artist had found his true medium.

Tatum's first professional job was at Radio Station WSPD, Toledo. He went from there to airings on Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago stations. Since then, to put it mildly, he's been around. He is one of the compara-

tively few jazz musicians March of Time featured in its movie, "Music in War-Time."

Art's only comment on all the adulation he's received is, "I always do the best I can." And Art Tatum's best is more than good enough.

"Tatum is a genius," says Paul Whiteman—and the entire world of music echoes his words.



JUSTIN STONE is one of the most versatile young men to toss his baton into the band leaders' ring. He certainly tossed it with a sure aim, hitting a four week engagement in New York City's Hotel Lincoln, and another four or five at the Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C.

But we started out to marvel over Justin's versatility. He has, in a word, done practically everything; that is, along creative and athletic lines, everything from writing poetry to piloting U.S. Army fighter planes. He has earned his living teaching tennis, coaching baseball teams, arranging music and acting in the movies.

An able pianist, with a real talent for arranging, Stone has set up the scores for, among others, the Raymond Paige and Andre Kostelanetz orks; the Stage Door Canteen and Dick Powell radio shows.

Stone's life among the flickers was cut short by Pearl Harbor. Like countless other young Americans who halted their careers and offered their services to Uncle Sam, Justin donned the uniform of a U.S. Army Cadet. He enlisted in 1942 and now he's back home again, a casualty of war. But he's up and around, brimming over with the three Vs. and mighty easy on the binoculars.

Six feet tall, weighing 175 pounds, Tin Pan Alley regards him as a natural. He intends to go back to Hollywood but he's in no rush about it. Last time he got into the movies by mistake.

He explains, "I walked into the studio looking for a musician's job and

a casino director had me set as an actor!"

Until then, on the basis of past accomplishments with orks, Stone's calendar is already filled with enough personal appearance dates and radio programs to make a normally tough road a lot easier.

Justin Stone



Jayne Evers, the glamor vocalist with Justin Stone's ork.



**TALENT
PLUS**

THE DEACON



Hal Saunders



Lois Bannerman

YOUR tune request from Hal Saunders, "Alias the Deacon" will give away your secret if you have one. Just ask "The Deacon" for a tune and he'll know all.

When an attractive lady in her thirties asks for a sentimental tune, Hal knows, if her escort doesn't, that she's living over a bygone romance. The request of a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman for a swing number usually indicates to Hal that he's reluctant to admit his age, and that he's accompanied by some lush young chick he's trying to fool. Waltzes or old tunes are generally asked for by oldsters who are feeling mellow at the moment.

Character study by means of song-favorites is just one of the Saunders claims to fame. At five, young Hal was being acclaimed by the critics as a violin virtuoso, but he wanted to be a minister. At school they called him "The Deacon".

In Oberlin College Hal played the violin in the pits of local theatres. Long before graduation he was convinced that his place was on the podium, not in the pulpit.

Next stop: Europe, from which he returned with improved technique, new ideas about music, four valuable violins and an incurable and insatiable appetite for pretzels.

Critics said he would "go places" when he began to

appear in concerts. Hal smiled, for he knew that his musical destination would surprise them. He had become a swing adherent.

To open his show world career Hal signed as musical director for Ned Wayburn's Follies and developed his theory that strings were as adaptable for swing as brass instruments. New York's St. Regis signed the band for its roof while a first major night club engagement was for a two-year run.

Hal's early training gave him the unique ability to play swing and straight equally well. Thus, both hep-cats and moon-eyed girls swoon over him.

The "Angel" plays with the Saunders orchestra, and a distinguished sort of angel she is, sitting at her harp like an artist's dream in her flowing robe, with her gorgeous blonde hair, blue eyes and satin-sheened milk and roses complexion completing the illusion of unearthly harmony and beauty. It's a surprise when she swings out on the harp. She's a jazz artist, too, putting the Dixieland rhythm into Bach and Rachmaninoff. This "Angel" is Miss Lois Bannerman, a true artist with many serious concerts to her credit.

Hal Saunders is described as being one of the most obliging leaders in town, also one of the best-loved as well as best-looking. Husbands are warned to keep their wives away from where he is playing. Miss Bannerman is so lovely that wives are warned to keep husbands away from where she is playing. Despite these warnings, both women and men—young as well as old—are to be found in ever-increasing crowds wherever these two inspired musicians appear.



Virginia Maxey

*The Beautiful Vocalist Now
With Bob Allen's Band*



The man who never runs out of hillbilly songs. Carson Robison, world famous composer of earthy melodies and lyrics. Carson sings his own tune.



Frank Novak (wearing hat) and his ocarina band. Probably the only one in the world, according to Frank.

FIREHOUSE FROLIC

Ed Durlacher, president of the American Society of Square Dance Callers. On the Follies Ed calls loud and fancy with the Song Spinners and the orchestra, forgetting the mike long enough to "promenade, there you go . . . a fast bow and a do-si-do!"



Frank Novak's Rootin' Tooters, featuring gingham-clad Esmerelda.



Comedian Budd Hulick looking pensive, but not for long. He wears a bright red wig, uncombed and uncut.





Frank Novak, versatile maestro of the Hook 'n Ladder Follies, plays a violin. The attached horn is not a gag. It is there to amplify the sound.



Ralph Dumke, cheerful m.c. of the musical firehouse.



Frank takes a solo on the ocarina.



THE Hook 'n Ladder Follies is a rootin', tootin' band radio show in full costume. It's heard on Saturday mornings at 11:00 over the NBC network.

This fast-paced affair is the dream program of Frank Novak who, together with his 18 piece orchestra, play 150 instruments, legitimate and otherwise. Frank alone plays 40. Some of the little groups within the ork have folksy monickers such as "The Kalamazoo Clothoppers", "Missouri Mule Skinners", "The Sweet Potato Peelers". This should give you an idea of their unrinhibited goings-on, unless you've already heard

them on the air; if so, you don't need any words of ours.

Ralph Dumke is m.c. and the featured attractions are: Carson Robison; the Song Spinners; Ed Durlacher, ye old square dance caller; Travis and Margaret Johnson; and comic Budd Hulick. Last but not least there is Frank Novak and his versatile orchestra. Frank's trick arrangements set off a veritable musical 4th of July.

Altogether, Hook 'n Ladder Follies is a rousing, rambunctious variety show. These pix give you a glimpse of the headliners and some of their hi-jinks.



Lovely Margaret Johnson who sings with the Song Spinners. Blonde and blue-eyed Margaret also does the arrangements. She's from Texas and married to Travis Johnson.

The Song Spinners. Left to right, Travis Johnson, Bella Allen, Margaret Johnson, Len Stokes and John Neber.



BLUEPRINT

for Tame



Herb Miller, his trumpet and his orchestra.



Herb Miller

HERB MILLER is a child of the Age. He has introduced into the realm of popular music the compass, the slide rule and, especially, a right angle. In other words, Herb belongs to the school that goes in for drawing plans on paper—and then carrying them out!

Several seasons ago, when he was playing trumpet with Charlie Spivak, Herb began sketching out his plans for a band. He was, of course, dreaming just like any other potential band leader dreams, with a difference. He had the advantage of seeing his future unit right there before him, on paper. That gave him courage. It gave him a feeling of power, which his ultra-modern soul could not get out of building castles in the air. When we learned that Herb and Maestro Glenn Miller shared the same Dad and Mom we understood how it was that young Herb, even more than most intending-to-be band leaders, needed a particular kind of courage with a high-octane base.

Herb Miller's blue print for an ideal band has become a reality—and what a band! Featured entertainers include Herb himself and his triumphant trumpet; Frankie

Schenk, pianist and arranger; comely singer Mary Lou; and Dimpled Danny Baxter, another valve pusher who also pours out a mean vocal.

Herb's snowball of success started rolling when he and his band were selected to open the new Aragon Ballroom at Ocean Park, California. While appearing so close to Hollywood it was only natural that an attraction of this caliber would be covered by the movie talent scouts. That was straight luck. But it was more than luck that got Herb Miller and his band a featured part in Monograph Studio's current musical, "Spotlight Review," co-starring with such bright lights as Bonnie Baker, Frank Fay and Billy Gilbert.

BAND LEADERS OF TOMORROW



Paul Whiteman, director of the blue and affectionately known as "Pops", puts a youthful member of Interlochen through his paces. Said he, "the camp is tops!"

By Clyde B. Fitzgerald

INTERLOCHEN—Michigan's answer to the musical youth of America; where swing is king and the queen takes the high note! Here, in this amazing musical democracy the National Music Camp's summertime frolics hit high (C). And do the campers love it? Yeah man! But then, who wouldn't? For Interlochen's secret of musical leadership is, "Be wise, specialize—with specialists" in a land where natural beauty and music could never be but truly American. Add to these accomplishments the summer school's endowments in the field of fine character and fellowship and you have Interlochen.



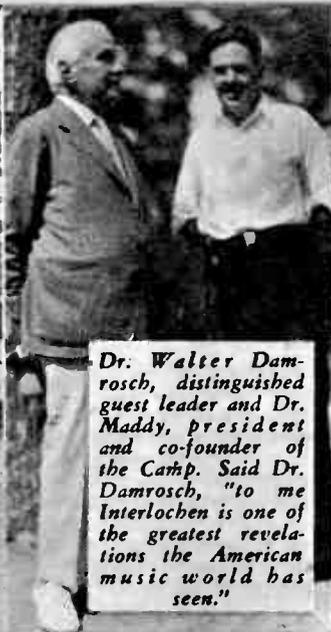
Erik Leidzen, noted American composer, arranger and teacher, at work with his students in the famous Interlochen Bowl. Here the ambitious youthful band leader gains much needed conditioning through a combination of both practical and theoretical study.

The National Music Camp Offers instruction in three divisions, junior—ranging in age from 8 to 13, high school—ranging from 13 to 18, and the college division.





Situated in the heart of Michigan's vacationland, the National Music Camp is located 150 miles north of Grand Rapids, 16 miles southwest of Traverse City and on the main line of the Pere Marquette railroad. U.S. highways No. 31 and No. 131 pass nearby. Passengers may come by bus via Grand Rapids, Detroit or Chicago.



Dr. Walter Damrosch, distinguished guest leader and Dr. Maddy, president and co-founder of the Camp. Said Dr. Damrosch, "to me Interlochen is one of the greatest revelations the American music world has seen."



Junior division is open to youngsters seeking a camp which provides musical opportunity balanced with a complete recreational and health-building program.



Ferde Grofé, noted American composer and arranger, discusses modern music with woodwind instrument class of students who come from all over the country.



The prospective band leader's first step toward membership is to obtain application blank by addressing request to Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, Professor of Radio Music, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.



A good band leader must be versatile. He has to know what the five-wise crave, then give and give plenty! Leadership springs to him through intimate knowledge of all phases of arrangement, instrumentation and his own ability to play.



One of the students takes time out between classes to practice on the tennis court.



Howard Hansen, director of Eastman School of Music, Guy Fraser Harrison and other outstanding members of the faculty are ever considerate of the student's professional future. Famous music schools and colleges stand behind the ambitious student.



A lyrical paradise is this half-thousand acre woodland retreat for the prospective band leader. Bathed by the waters of Lakes Wabbekanna and Wabbekanna in a land where days are sunny, the nights cool and the music hot (and we do mean sizzling)!



Fabien Sevitzy, conductor of Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, at work in Orchestrations class.



Proper carriage and poise with the baton receive special attention in small groups. Above, a beginners class of girl baton-swingers in practice session.



The kettle drums chant and it's swingtime again at Interlochen. Acclaimed as the greatest single adventure in the development of American music, the school, entering its 17th season, has for its theme—"Music In Wartime".



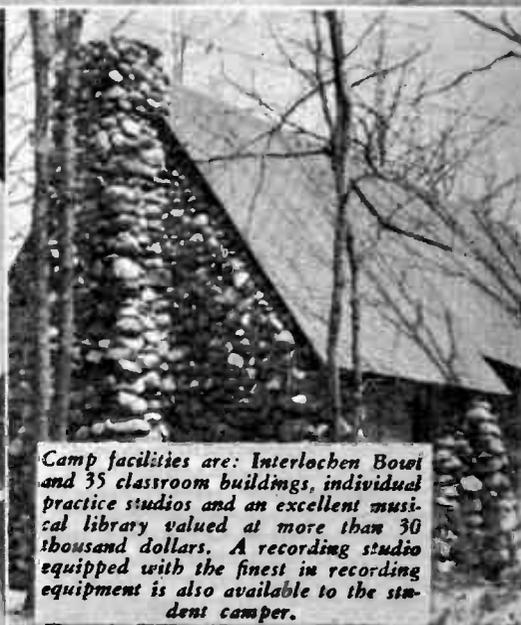
Percussion class: Here again the prospective band leader gains invaluable foundation work. Many students attend the camp on scholarships awarded by their local school organizations. Eligible students should apply to their local music director.



Gustave Langenus, internationally celebrated clarinetist, composer and teacher, at work with a small clarinet group. The Camp, through its affiliation with the University of Michigan, offers the student credits earned toward a degree in the School of Music.



Professor Giddings at work with student clarinet specialty artist. Private instruction is available in all phases of music.



Camp facilities are: Interlochen Bowl and 35 classroom buildings, individual practice studios and an excellent musical library valued at more than 30 thousand dollars. A recording studio equipped with the finest in recording equipment is also available to the student camper.



All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but—fifty-seven days of healthful living, inspiring environment and instruction strikes only one chord—harmony.



Hub of daily enjoyment at the Camp is the mess hall at the Hotel. Here the big Interlochen family, boys and girls, staff and faculty, and visitors including distinguished guests, gather in friendly informality.



Lorin Maazel, child prodigy, who led the National Music Camp Orchestra at World's Fair, calmly awaits his cue at the camp.



The band leader of tomorrow never forgets the thrill of standing in ebony darkness in the pine woods listening to the slumber music which has become the traditional bedtime music of Interlochen—after taps.

BOOGIE WOOGIE MAN

FREDDIE Slack is looking for greener pastures. He tells us he wants to outlive his boogie woogie fame. But the ghost of Thomas A. Edison looks down with a benevolently sinister smile. He—or should you call a ghost “it”?—has Freddie’s “Cow Cow Boogie” on his talking machine, a sleeper hit that swept the country into spasms of joy and catapulted our own Freddie away up there where the Goodman, the James and the Dorsey boys stand.

So, don’t worry, Freddie. Maybe you’ll find greener pastures. In the meantime, boogie woogie ain’t doin’ so bad by you, or us—not so bad a-tall!

Mr. Slack’s life, like many history books, is divided into two parts.

Slack’s first big band was merely a well thought of orchestra heard mostly on the West Coast, and Freddie himself was chiefly famous for the piano job he put over with Will Bradley’s outfit in the recording of “Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar.”

It was not until later that Slack began to cover the lights. He followed “Cow Cow Boogie,” with “Mr. Five By Five” and “He’s My Guy,” two discs that further enhanced his reputation.

Since then, little more than a year, the Slack orchestra has occupied featured spots in the radio, films and vaudeville.

Freddie was one of the famous group of Chicago musicians who played in the Midwest honky tonks during the ill-fated prohibition era when the best of jazz musicians were obliged to earn their livings in all sorts of glitterspots. That was just before radio came into its own and every little night club had a jazz band all its own.

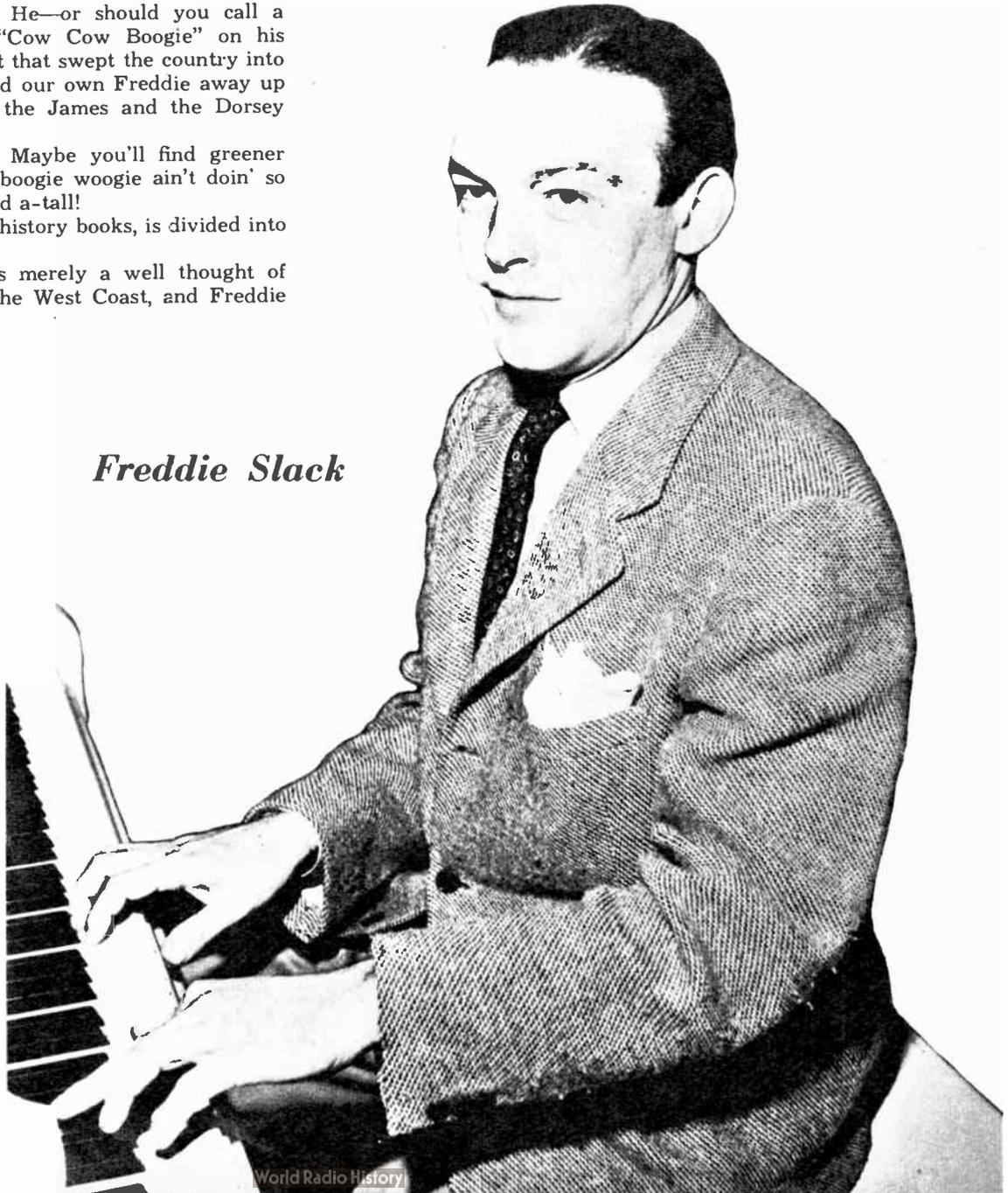
Chicago was the refuge of America’s finest young musicians. Chicago is to modern music what Plymouth Rock is to the United States.

Slack pounded the eighty-eights around Chi until 1931 when he and his mother moved to Los Angeles. Freddie confined his talented activities to the West Coast until recently.

Born in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, his family moved to Chicago in time to give the Lake View High School and the American Music Conservatory an opportunity to record Freddie’s name among their Famous Students. He’s a serious musician but he has to admit that what gives him a real kick is boogie woogie. He respectfully admires Ravel and Delius but when he sits down to do his own composing, he knocks out four and eight beat stuff, strictly in the hep-cat field.

To know that Freddie is one of America’s greatest piano stylists and that his band is a national favorite, is all an admiring public requires. But reporters are proverbially nosy. We nosed around and discovered that Slack also does a little dabbling in the pictorial arts. It’s water colors. “They’re not as good as they might be,” Freddie admits, “but my friends like ’em.”

Freddie Slack



DIXIELAND

Jazz

By
Margaret
Winter



Lionel Hampton



*Lionel Hampton and Duke
Ellington*

STEP right up, cats, ladies and gents, and watch the music being made. With your own eyes you can SEE them do it, with your own ears you can hear it. That's improvisation, composition, happening while you wait and listen.

Time: 11:30 P.M.—just a few months ago!

Place: Famous Door, New York.

Characters: Lionel Hampton, vibraphonist, and his band—who else?

The spot shines down on the 17 piece band of the one and only Lionel Hampton, outstanding exponent of solos for everybody. And solos in the Hampton organization mean music composed and played on the spot. This is the up-to-date version of Dixieland jazz in the old creative tradition.

Take the Hampton arrangement of "Swanee River," for instance. There's Lionel at the vibraphone making with the sticks to beat out his own delicate embroidery on the theme, sweet and round and clear. Now Rudy Rutherford stands up to offer his clarinet contribution. Earl Bostic, alto sax and arranger, gets the spot next. Milton Buckner, pianist and arranger-in-chief, solos in his turn, followed by Arnette Cobbs and Lucky Thompson, tenor sax artists.

Joe Newman on the trumpet takes the crowd by storm and the whole band swings into rhythm together. The fans, seen as row on row of white faces glimmering from the ringside, are tense with strained and breathless atten-

tion, the band roars on, the room rocks, Lionel lifts his right hand high above his head, sweeps it down, and with one final crash the number is over.

Gently patting the dew from his forehead, Mr. Hampton stepped over to the table where your *Band Leaders* reporter was leaning back exhausted but thrilled.

"Like it?" he asked.

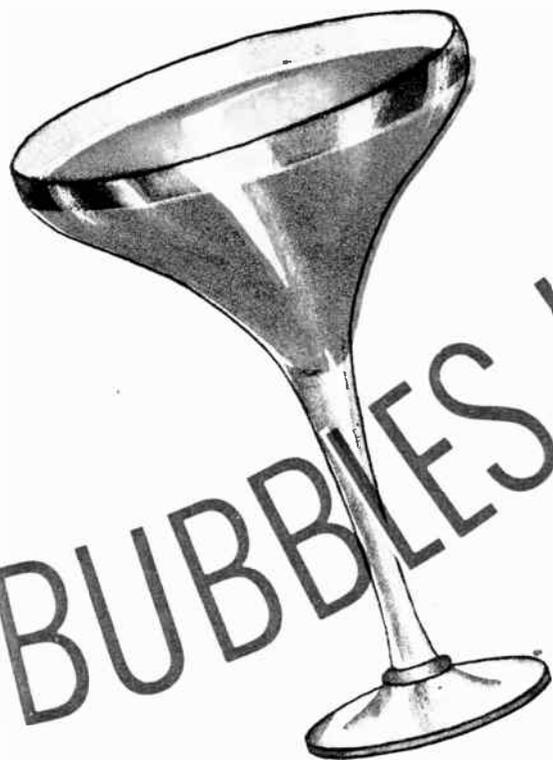
There was only one answer to that and the reporter gave it. The amenities over, the famous leader began to talk about the system which allows most of his musicians to offer improvised solos.

"I want all the men in my band to have a good time," he said. "They are all artists, hand-picked by me. I can trust 'em. The customers like to hear them improvise, and so we all enjoy ourselves."

Lionel Hampton was born in Louisville, Kentucky, 30 years ago, but as his family moved to Chicago when he was a youngster, he was graduated from high school in the Windy City. His first experience with an organized band was as drummer with an organization promoted by the newspaper, the Chicago Defender. This outfit was

(Continued on page 65)

BUBBLES IN THE WINE



By Linda Zutia

OUT of the West comes Lawrence Welk with his new and sparkling Champagne Music. There is a touch of all America in this genial and wholesome maestro. The music is lilting, very danceable and conducted in a friendly, informal manner.

"Champagne," your reporter meditated while listening at the Capitol Theatre where Lawrence had his first New York opening. "Very nice; it lifts you right out of the humdrum and into a warm, gay but plenty hep atmosphere. It's like champagne, all

Every time Lawrence Welk's versatile fingers hit the keys, Champagne Music bubbles up out of his magic accordion.

Charming little vocalist Jayne Walton. She sings in perfect Spanish, too.



right. The only difference being—no hangover from this melodic wine!"

Backstage after the show we found Larry to be a quiet, friendly man, tall and blue-eyed, possessed of a warm smile and a straightforward manner. He's no smoothie, in spite of his music. Doesn't talk much about himself, but watch him pull sparkling magic out of that glittering accordion!

Well, we finally got around to asking some questions and here's what we learned:—

This well-tailored baton waver with the expressive and sensitive hands was born on a farm in North Dakota and for 21 years labored on the family homestead. Larry seems to have been born with the music-making urge in his blood. The Welk family has been musical for generations.

Among the family possessions there was a magnificent accordion handed down from father to son. One night when the young farm boy was about

15, the great moment came. His father solemnly allowed him to play the family treasure. Blissfully happy, young Larry played and played all through the night, to the despair of his family. The next morning he went about his farm chores without any rest, but happy in his resolve to be a musician, someday.

At the time Lawrence started out musically, he could not read music, so he stopped playing with other bands and started his own, a four piece group which played at carnivals and fairs. The small novelty outfit rapidly grew popular in the Middle West.

One early morning in Yankton, South Dakota, Larry got restless and decided to go for a walk. The rest of the boys were still asleep, so he set out alone. On the ramble he went to see the new Yankton radio station, WNAX. While there he was asked to play. Rushing back to the hotel, he woke the slumbering musicians, col-

lected them and dashed back to the studio. They played for half an hour and so many phone calls came in during that time, they were hired on the spot. In those days Welk had a 6 piece band, but the boys played 32 instruments, doubling and tripling. The pay-off was that they stayed with WNAX for 6 years. And it all started with a morning walk!

Established solidly and with a rapidly growing reputation, Lawrence began hitting the big-time. His first prize opening during the thirties was at the smart Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Since it was his debut, he was asked to make a little speech. His nervousness grew and grew; and being the strong silent type not given to impromptu speech, he memorized his little talk. He was to open in the outdoor terrace at eight and go on the air at ten. Time went on. The manager who was to introduce him was still making after dinner speeches. The crucial moment finally came—but so did a torrential and unexpected rain storm. People crowded indoors and Lawrence and the band were left to

gather the rain-soaked music. It was a somewhat providential escape from speech-making.

A widely popular band leader, Lawrence has not lost his fondness for the soil. He is married, has three children and owns a

farm in Omaha, Nebraska. All the youngsters—two girls and a boy, aged 11, 6, and 3—seem to carry out the Welk musical tradition. According to their proud daddy, they all show definite signs of musical talent.

Fishing, golf and riding are hobbies of the busy music-maker. And you can well believe it would be the outdoors that would claim Lawrence Welk. As a child in North Dakota, a pony was his only means of transportation and riding has remained a favorite sport. Entirely out of the amateur class as a cook, he has perfected many recipes and loves to putter about the Welk kitchen in the rare times when he is at home.

Larry Welk is as pleasant to know as his music is to listen to! His door is always hospitably open whenever a friend drops by for a chat—and even a stranger, after spending an evening with Larry, leaves his home with that warm feeling around the heart which

tells him that he, too, has become one of the band leader's lifelong friends.

That famous champagne style is produced by the use of clarinets, flutes and muted brass, and is especially featured in "Bubbles in the Wine," Lawrence Welk's effervescent theme song. Incidentally, it was composed by Lawrence himself. Some of his other compositions are, "How Can I Live Without You?" "Sweetheart Waltz," "Take Me Back to the Farm Again." Larry has also made many discs for Decca.

Chicago's Aragon and Trianon Ballrooms have seen and heard a lot of Lawrence Welk and his music and it's easy to predict that he will come East again and again. He's a solid musician and one to watch.

Asked about his musical tastes, Welk waxed enthusiastic about Tommy Dorsey. We had one last question to spring on the patient Mr. Welk. Our favorite—the future of music—will it be hot or sweet?

"Both kinds of music will always be popular. The sweet has its place along with novelties and hot jazz. For hotels I believe the soft and sweet style is better. Today we have a great deal of variety, and that's as it should be. The trend shifts now and then, first in favor of one and then the other."

1. *The maestro, like all kids at heart, takes to the sidewalk when bicycling with his daughters.*
2. *Preparing a simple dish, but deftly. Larry works seriously on his midnight snacks.*
3. *Lawrence, ably assisted by his young son, works in his Victory garden.*



Smiling Lawrence Welk draws out a high note, leading the fun at Chicago's Trianon Ballroom.



BOB CHESTER combines the profile of a matinee idol with the build of an All-American half-back, and the suave manner of a successful business man. As a matter of actual fact, he's the tenor sax front for one of bandland's best bets of this or any other year.

Bob comes by that business-like bearing naturally, as he majored in finance at the University of Dayton, Ohio, and is a member of a family that takes finances in its stride. His stepfather is the retired head of the famous Fisher Body works; he naturally trained Bob to follow along to an executive desk.

The football physique is the result of athletic training while in college, where he starred in baseball, claiming a one-hit shut-out as his supreme achievement. Following that performance he was approached by baseball scouts from several major leagues, including the Detroit

Tigers and the Boston Red Sox. Pie Traynor, one of baseball's truly "Greats," once asserted that Bob had enough speed and steam to give trouble to the heaviest hitters in the majors.

Bob's good looks, blue eyes, and six feet two inches of height are just an extra added attraction in the line-up of his qualifications as a popular leader.

It was during his college days that Bob became interested in modern music. He read everything he could find about the late Bix Beiderbecke, George Gershwin, the Dorsey brothers and Ferde Grofé. Meanwhile he studied tenor saxophone.

Refusing family offers of financial assistance, Bob played with Pollack, Irving Aaronson, Arnold Johnson and Ben Bernie until 1935, when his saxophone playing was attracting popular as well as musical attention. He selected unknown musicians, whipped them into the Chester style, and from then on the going was smooth.

Miss Betty Bradley, Brooklyn brunette and featured songstress with Bob Chester's band, comes from a "show business" family and has been vocalizing since she was 12. At 19 her name is in lights, and fans as well as family believe she is on her way to top billing in her own right.

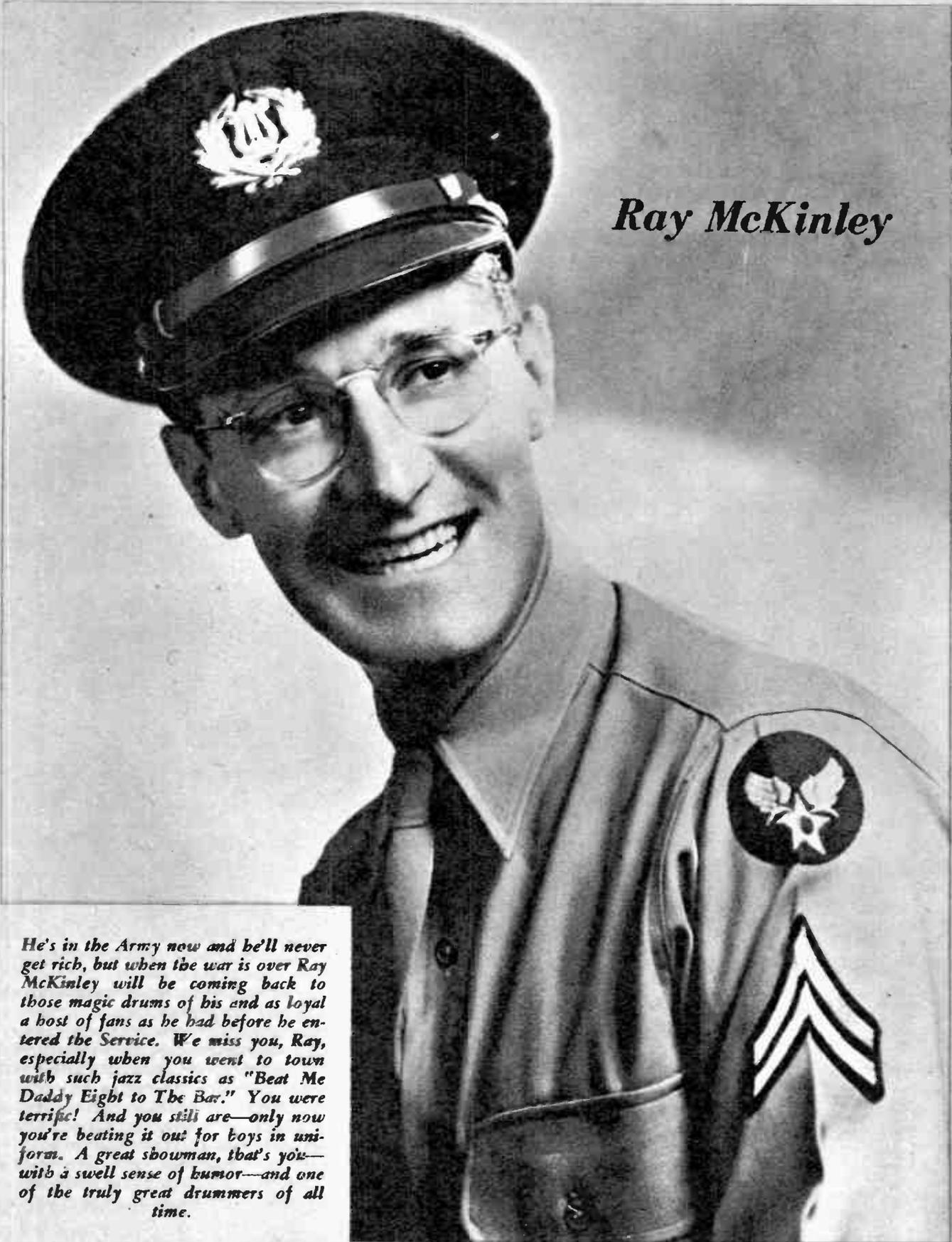
ALL OUT FOR

Rhythm

Bob Chester

Betty Bradley





Ray McKinley

He's in the Army now and he'll never get rich, but when the war is over Ray McKinley will be coming back to those magic drums of his and as loyal a host of fans as he had before he entered the Service. We miss you, Ray, especially when you went to town with such jazz classics as "Beat Me Daddy Eight to The Bar." You were terrific! And you still are—only now you're beating it out for boys in uniform. A great showman, that's you—with a swell sense of humor—and one of the truly great drummers of all time.

SERVICE



THE ARMY GROOVE

DOWN at Fort Knox, Ky., there is a smooth, hot little band with a long name. It is the Armored Replacement Training Center Special Service dance band. The ARTC band, a voluntary outfit, plays for the enthusiastic soldiers at bivouacs, dances, shows, and anywhere and everywhere trainees are gathered. In addition, the band also plays at nearby Louisville for Servicemen's dances and shows.

Getting the boys together all at the same time is quite a problem for the leader, Sgt. Charles Ginsberg. He has more to worry him than just leading. Usually, some sax man is on K.P., or a star trumpet man is out driving a tank in a bivouac area—and they have to be rescued and rounded up in time for a dance.

Sgt. Ginsberg, in civilian life, was featured violinist with Eddy Duns' door's band. The pianist, Pvt. Hank Houston, formerly played with Milt Herth. Pvt. Dan Bonjicarian, 4th from left, top row, was trumpet man with Milt Writton and Louis Prima. In fact, most of the members of this popular group were professional swing men in their civilian days.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

A MARINE unit, somewhere in the South Pacific, jamming it in the jungle. Dressed in fatigues, the boys relax with a little hot music in the tropics.

Directing the 12-piece dance band is T/Sgt. Richard A. Linden of Hollywood, California. T/Sgt. Linden, whose gyrations as leader give the Marine audience plenty of laughs, was a flutist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra until he joined the Marine Corps.



JIVE!



SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

A COCOANUT grove camp somewhere in the vastness of the South Pacific islands is the scene of this Marine concert. A touch of jive, martial music and even long-haired stuff gives the boys a lift and a sense of familiar things in a strange jungle setting.

Master Technical Sgt. Harry Norvell, USMC, of Oklahoma, and a veteran of 17 years in the Corps, is shown leading his concert band of 28 pieces. The 85 piece band with this Marine unit is often split up into concert bands and even to swing groups of 12 pieces. Brass and reed quartettes are also used for religious services. Master T/Sgt. Norvell is one of four Marine band leaders here responsible for the enthusiastic acclaim given the band for its performances "in the field."

NAVY BALLADIER

DEL CASINO, popular band leader who joined the Navy well over a year ago, was among the first sailors to be sent to Bainbridge, Md., for recruit training. Despite a full schedule as a boxing instructor and a member of the Welfare and Recreation staff at Bainbridge Naval Training Station, Del still finds time to keep his hand in at the orchestra game and to give out with a ballad or two for his mates.

Del says that when he joined the Navy he planned to put all his musical inclinations behind him, but now he thinks there's a big need in the Services for entertainment, and that's the reason he's always ready to lend his talent to any station show or shindig that comes along. And the boys and girls really go for Del, too.



Del
Casino

DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Fats Waller

by *Bob Garrison*



A candid shot of the late Fats Waller at the piano.

A CERTAIN steamship was ready to leave for foreign ports and Ted and I were checking on final repairs, when a crew member came into the cabin with "Just heard on the radio—Fats Waller died on a train, coming back from Hollywood!" That sad news brings forth another DOWN MEMORY LANE article I'd rather not have written, for the living Mr. Waller was such a joyful bunch of jive. The "harmful little armful" will be sorely missed at a time when we need his playful little antics more than ever.

I don't suppose you had any idea that Fats' father was a Baptist minister: that his grandfather played the fiddle: that his mother played piano, organ, and sang?

Thomas Wright Waller made his first personal appearance on May 21, 1904, in New York City. Playing the piano and organ were duck soup to FW at the age of 10; his math was a bit icky to him; music solid! He attended the same High School, De Witt Clinton, as did Mel Powell years later. In those days, he filled in at the organ in the spacious Lincoln Theatre, where his playing brought him a steady pipes job.

More than anyone else, James P. Johnson, great blues pianist, taught Fats that extra terrific stuff for the piano, and later on collaborated with him on a show titled "Keep Shufflin'," given in '28.

"Squeeze Me" is generally regarded as Fats Waller's first song, written about the time he was first performing at Harlem bright spots, where and when he began meeting geniuses like "This is the Army" Berlin and "Rhapsody in Blue" Gershwin.

Bessie Smith really put across the blues in '26, with the Wonderful Waller tickling the ivories, but this tour ended with a return to the Lincoln with the Waller band in 1927.

In agreement with the Government's paper conservation program, I'll not attempt to list the big man's compositions in full, his orchestra or, small ork style, his vocal characteristics, his record hits; those things are up there in the Musical Hall of Fame. Remember "Honeysuckle Rose?" Remember that powerful bass he played, and that melodic right hand? Remember, how he could jive with his orchestra, and how he would slyly reword so-so songs into interesting tid-bits? Who will ever forget those things?

Usually with the catchy lyrics of Andy Razaf, Fats scored with the "Hot Chocolates," in '29, which show featured "Ain't Misbehavin'." Mr. Waller went Continental on us in brilliant tours, in '32, '38 and '39. He broke records at the Kit Kat Club and Palladium, both in London, at the Moulin Rouge, in Paris, and throughout the Continent. WLW, Cincinnati, featured him in '33; WABC, New York City, picked up the air time of popular Fats Waller after that. He played on the tremendous Notre Dame de Paris organ on one of his Continental tours. Following the last tour, he appeared in the movies "Hooray for Love" and "King of Burlesque."

Thomas W. (Fats) Waller, 39, died on December 15, '43. The supreme composer-clown-concert-pianist-singer, favorite of two continents, and composer of the popular Broadway show, "Early to Bed," the man who found fame in swing, but enjoyed the classics, has passed away!

BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By Don Terrio

Meet Don Terrio

Our New Chicago Correspondent

Don Terrio, of Oak Park, Ill., did band publicity work at Purdue University, where he was editorial director of the daily Purdue "Exponent" until his graduation in 1940. Now employed in an essential industry in Chicago, he keeps in touch with band activities in and around that city through his volunteer work with the Servicemen's Center. Don does free lance writing in his spare time, and his recent sales include articles to This Week, Rotarian, Coronet, Kiwanis, Extension, Hotel Management, Future and other magazines.

"GIVE us 'Star Eyes,' Jimmy!" is often the call at the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room these days, where the customers remember what a fine job that Dorsey lad and his boys did in the movie "I Dood It." Kitty Kallen is getting more compliments on her looks than ever, and new vocalist Paul Carley replaces Army-ized Bob Eberly. Jimmy gives his sax a workout until March 23, when Teddy Powell moves in. He had his tenth birthday party with cake, candles, ice cream and everything on February 29—yes, Jimmy is a leap year baby!

Staying on at the Blackhawk, Del Courtney reports, "We're getting more and more requests for rhumbas as the country becomes increasingly South-America conscious." Keeping the 'hawk warm with his vocals is Bob Reed, who left a fireman's job in Louisville, Ky., to join Del.



Al Kavelin, sophisticated rhythm-maker at the newly opened Rio Cabana.

And if you do like variety in your dance tempos, you can paddle your no-gas-needed canoe out to the middle of the Chicago River between State and Wabash and go "Eeeny-meeny-miney-moe." On the north bank, Al Kavelin makes with the maracas for rumba rhythm at the newly-opened Rio Cabana (Harry's New Yorker Cabaret before its two-year closing). And on the south bank, Boyd Raeburn's crew bounces out with the sweet and swing at the also newly-opened

Music Box (Rhumba Casino before its two-year closing). Raeburn left the loop Band Box stand under the baton of Stan Phillips, and by the time you read this Boyd may be wearing the Navy blue. His band's new vocalist is Sharon Leslie, pert chirp from Decatur, Ill. Ginnie Powell, his former sweetnoter, is now with Jerry Wald—still under Boyd's management.

"It was so nice of them to name it for me!" said Camilla Lane, vocalovely for Ran Wilde, when she happened to walk by the Camellia House in the Drake. Ran is keeping dancers happy at the Palmer House, with Hildegard as the show headliner. Further south, on Michigan Boulevard, Neil Bondshu remains at the Blackstone.

Man-about-town these days is Lew Diamond, who plays fill-in spots at the various nighteries and special club dates. On Monday he hits the Empire Room, Tuesday the Blackhawk, Thursday the Chez Paree, and Saturday afternoon the Panther Room. His two songstresses, Jerrie and Jayne McGay, are really look-alike sisters with a technique that keeps the check-payers happy.

Three long-term Chicago bands are Jose Manzanares, in the Pan-American Cafe at the LaLSalle Hotel since 1941, Lou Breese at the Chez Paree, and Lawrence Welk in his 12th engagement at the Trianon Ballroom. The Pan-Am is featuring a tango and rhumba club with Saturday afternoon instructions. . . . Lou has a new NBC program being aired at 6:45 on Wednesdays. . . . Welk's Spanish-singing chick, Jayne Walton, is much of a movie fan but has "no ideas" on



Neil Bondshu is a nine-months-of-the-year favorite at the Blackstone's May-fair Room.



Jerrie and Jayne McGay, pretty sister tunesters with Lew Diamond.

taking up a screen career, she says.

Always a hit with Jimmy Joy's band at the Bismarck hotel is "Snozz" Dunn, who does a very clever number in which his marionettes work the valves on his trumpet. Betty Burns and Jim McDonald furnish the vocals, and Jimmy is still being asked "How do you do it?" when he plays his two clarinets at one time. Art Kassel, scheduled for one nighters and theater dates, may be returning to the Walnut Room soon.

And there's the dope from Windy City and Midwest way. Hold down the dance floors, and we'll see you next issue!



Dorothy Lamour

DOROTHY Lamour has become such a favorite with the movie fans we're apt to forget that she got her start in the band world. While modeling in a Chicago department store she was persuaded by a friend to sing at a celebrity night at a hotel. Herbie Kay happened to be there at the time. He liked her voice so much that he asked her to sing with his ork. She accepted his offer. And he liked her so much that he also persuaded her to marry him. Then she went to Hollywood and became a picture star and was later divorced. So-o-o, although she no longer sings with a band we think she has a lovely voice and, being somewhat prejudiced in favor of her radiant loveliness, we decided to bring her back to the band world for this issue. Glad to have you with us, Dottie.



(1) (Right to left): Captain Glenn Miller, Corporal Ray McKinley and Corporal Broderick Crausford always get a big kick out of broadcasting Captain Miller's program, "I Sustain The Wings"—one of radio's truly great features. Captain Miller, in the years that he reigned as one of America's top-flight band leaders, commanded the respect and admiration of the public and performers alike. Among the first of the "greats" in the musical world to join the Service Captain Miller has continued to direct his Army band in "the grand manner"—ever the hallmark of genius! (above)

(2) Lieutenant Rudy Vallee of the United States Coast Guard, photographed during a War Bond rally at Philadelphia's Signal Depot. (Left to right): Colonel G. L. Thompson; Brigadier General A. A. Harmer, the Commanding General of the Philadelphia Signal Depot; Lieutenant Vallee; Colonel E. V. Elder and Colonel F. E. Eldredge. Singers may come and singers may go, but Rudy goes on forever! His myriads of devoted fans will flock again to his radio programs and stage appearances when the lights go on once more all over the war-torn world. (below)



BAND LEADERS IN UNIFORM



(3) Seaman First Class Artie Shaw was busy with his duties on mine sweepers and net patrols off the Rhode Island coast when he was promoted to Band Master. He hadn't expected this. But when he got his orders to recruit a professional band, he did a swell job. Every musician came in as an apprentice seaman and went through the Bluejacket's Manual like anyone else—the result, a strictly Navy outfit! This photo shows him doing a bit of solo work for the boys on a transport bound for the War zone somewhere in the Pacific. (above)

(4) Eddie Duchin is sworn in as a Lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve. The oath is administered by Rear Admiral John Douns, Commandant of the Ninth Naval District which includes the Great Lakes Training Station where Lieutenant Duchin assumed his duties as Band Master. It is thrilling to see the magic hand that has performed such miracles on the piano being raised as Eddie Duchin swears allegiance to the Flag in his last appearance in civilian clothes. Under his inspired leadership the Navy has built up another splendid band in the service of Uncle Sam. (below)



A DAY WITH MRS.



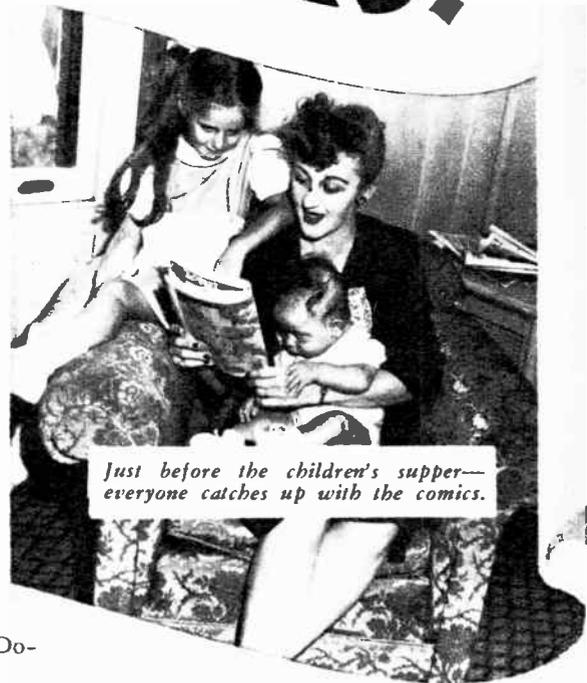
An informal pose of Paul Joseph Cavallaro, the real boss of the household.



Mrs. Cavallaro sets the table for lunch.



Mrs. Cavallaro and Dolores greet Daddy when he gets home for lunch.



Just before the children's supper—everyone catches up with the comics.

BRRR—r-i-n-g!! Wah—W-a-a-h!!! Six o'clock any morning, and Mrs. Carmen Cavallaro's double life begins. She admits it.

"Certainly I lead a double life," she asserted when asked this leading question recently in her temporary New York apartment home. "The wife of any man in the public eye must lead a double life, and when the man is Carmen Cavallaro, band leader, one is a glamor life and one is as wife and mother.

"It's a double life," repeated the blonde lovely, Wanda Cavallaro. "and it's a double job.

"My home, the meals, the children, (Paul Joseph, 5 months, and Dolores, 7,) is one life. Then there's the thing of being the wife of a man who entertains the public. Both positions have rules, duties and compensations."

As the lady responsible for home comforts and meals served hot and on time, the band leader's wife punches the clock at 6 when the baby shouts for attention.

Odd duties fill in until she is joined for breakfast by Daddy and Dolores. At 9:30 Daddy gets off to work and the arrival of the nurse releases Mommy for lunch planning, letter writing, lunch and walks in the park.

Returned from the park, there is playtime for young Paul and the dinner to arrange for and prepare if the family is eating at home. If only the

children eat in, Mother sits with Dolores.

Bedtime for the youngsters comes early, and soon after seven Mrs. Cavallaro gets ready to go where her husband is, to be with him when possible, and under any circumstances to come home with him when his day's work is done.

"I almost always manage to get to the theatre or hotel where Carmen is playing so that we may return together," smiles this young wife.

As a band leader's wife Mrs. Cavallaro appears with him whenever she can, always is at home when he gets home even if she can't accompany him. Her duties also include being business manager of the band. She takes care of all correspondence, pays bills, makes up the payroll and dishes out the money, and when the band is on tour often travels ahead and alone to make arrangements.

"When do you sleep?" your reporter asked.

"Oh, every now and then I go to bed at eight o'clock with the children."

This description of daily duties applies specifically to the hotel-life routine in the apartment where the Cavallaro family lived last summer when Carmen played the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf and the Strand Theater in New York City; and during Summer months when both children were with their parents.

During the winter months Dolores lives in the family home in Baltimore, Md., with Grandma Ziegler, while

Paul takes to the road with the band.

Sometimes Carmen has Sundays off. There's a regular routine for these periods. Sunday life in the apartment follows the well-known American system. Church, late breakfast, early dinner and plenty of rest. Alternate Sundays Mr. and Mrs. Cavallaro travel to see their daughter.

If, by any chance, the band travels so far away that it's impossible for Carmen to get to Baltimore, or if it's an engagement where the working week is seven days, Wanda Cavallaro always spends one week out of the month with her daughter.

Wanda and Carmen are devoted parents, so devoted that it's difficult to get them, separately or together, to talk about much of anything else other than the children. The conversation may start out on just where the glamor of the band business ends and the personal life of the band boss begins, but it always works around to the youngsters somehow.

Little Dolores, dark, dimpled and dainty, attends a convent school in Baltimore, and studies piano and ballet, performing at regular intervals under the critical eye of her daddy and the indulgent glance of her mamma.

"And will she be a professional?" we asked Mrs. Cavallaro.

"No!" replied Dolores' mother



Mrs. Cavallaro does most of her shopping by telephone.



Day is done. Mrs. Cavallaro relaxes at home, in the meantime tuning in her favorite band leader—Carmen Cavallaro.



The Maestro giving one of his brilliant performances on the piano.

BAND LEADER

promptly. "That is, I do not wish it, nor are we planning for it. If nothing else will do for her she will choose for herself and we'll be glad if she's happy.

"A band leader's wife has no social life," flatly stated Mrs. Cavallaro. "There's no time for it and really no opportunity. My whole existence as well as that of the musicians in the band and their wives must be lived in a world of its own. We are always working, moving around, making arrangements and contacts, and then working some more. There never even seems to be time for my husband to take a vacation."

No mention was made about vacations for the Missus by the lady herself. Speaking of his wife's part in his success as a band leader, Carmen said, "I wish I could take my wife and children away to the shore for a bit of a vacation," making it clear that when vacations are given out, Mom will get hers, too.

Daughter Dolores is a much traveled young lady, although she did most of her wandering when too young to remember it. For the first two years of her life she went along with the band.

Wanda Cavallaro was a Baltimore beauty, the former Miss Wanda Ziegler. Although she changed her name and no longer spends all her time in Baltimore, that part about the "beauty" is just the same.

Carmen Cavallaro's wife is lovely to look at. She's blonde, blue-eyed, slim, about five feet seven inches tall.

Her taste in clothes is conservative but chic. The day she was interviewed she wore a cleverly cut black model topped off with a snowy froth of crisp white lace and organdy at the neck. She never wears hats, as with that hair, who would? Big bows in the hair are as far as she goes with the headgear.

When, as Miss Ziegler, she came to New York eight years ago to visit friends, the last thing in the world she dreamed was that she would soon be a member of the most exclusive fraternity in the world, that group of temperamental artists who make up the American bands. Never associated with professionals at all she was just a visiting young lady from Baltimore.

She met Carmen who was then playing with Al Kavelin's orchestra, and before you could say "jitterbug" she was engaged and married. The first four years of her marriage she tramped around with Carmen when he went from Kavelin to Rudy Vallee, and from Vallee to Abe Lyman. Four years ago he went out on his own and she's been Mrs. Band Leader ever since.

Being the boss's wife doesn't give her any big ideas as to her ability as a critic and idea woman.

"Of course I am critical," she said. "Naturally I notice what Carmen is playing and listen to how he plays it. No one is so good that he can't be a little bit better and I am always ready to notice when a performance goes better than usual, or even if it seems

to me to go less well. But that's all."

"And what," questioned your reporter, "do you do with your spare time? What about hobbies?"

"What spare time?" laughed the golden girl, and then the smile faded, to a sort of amused determination.

"I spend a great deal of time explaining to people that Carmen's last name is spelled C-A-V-A-L-L-A-R-O. That's one thing he is determined to have understood. No 'e' in the last name. All 'a,' until you get to the last syllable which is 'o.' Are you sure you have the name right now? There mustn't be any mistake. Remember, NO 'E' in the last name."

"And would you call your job a glamor one?" we asked.

"The glamor," she replied, "is mostly in the eye of the beholder. Generally speaking, it's hard work. But I love it, and I wouldn't be doing anything else for anything."

In order to forestall offers from band leaders who are at present trying to lead bands with bachelors' batons, Wanda Cavallaro states firmly that her favorite band leader on the podium as at home, is that well-known player of tunes, Carmen Cavallaro. Her contract runs for a double life.

ACCENT

ON

Originality



Bill Bardo



*Dorothy Dale,
Bill's glamorous
blonde vocalist.*



THINK of anything you ever saw happen on a bandstand—think of orks that play hot, bands that play sweet—think of bands that feature soloists, duos, trios, quartettes, sextettes—think of bands that feature lovely girl singers, comics hillbillies, soloists on any instrument—add them all together and you have Bill Bardo and his band.

Bill was born in a small town in upper New York State, the grandson of the court violinist to the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, son of a champion square-dance fiddler and favorite of Henry Ford. Bill's own musical education began at the age of six, but violin wasn't enough; his father wanted him to study singing, trumpet, trombone and piano as well.

He did—and to such good effect that he won a scholarship at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, and studied under Franz Kneisel, Leopold Auer and Dr. Walter Damrosch. His work there earned him another scholarship at Columbia University. It was while he was at Columbia that he started his own orchestra.

There was a period after college when Bill directed his own ork in the smart Continental cafes. Ever since his return from Europe Bill has been earning more and more popular favor with an ever increasing public.

Bill is married and the father of a son. He collects pipes as a hobby—carries nearly sixty of them with him when he's playing the theatres from Coast to Coast.

MELODY MASTER

(Continued from page 9)

Concert tours are nothing new to Duke Ellington, America's Jazz Ambassador, and his orchestra, for they have made two tours in Europe, carrying American folk music straight to the ancient classical strongholds. In 1933 theatres and halls were packed wherever the American composer played.

Returning to Europe in 1939, in war-threatened countries, Ellington played 31 concerts in 31 different cities in as many days. It was during the '39 tour that European critics put it down in writing that the two original art forms to come out of America were Duke Ellington's music and the cartoon character, Mickey Mouse.

As the outstanding Negro musician with a band in the United States, Duke Ellington seems likely to break down the prejudice of the networks which has so far kept any Negro orchestra from playing long term engagements over the coast to coast hook-ups. He recently auditioned a potential powerhouse program with Jimmy Durante, Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth.

Edward Kennedy Ellington was born in Washington, D.C. His father was a blueprint worker in the Navy Yard and provided adequately for his family. When Edward was 6, his parents placed him on a piano stool and endeavored to offer him the advantages of a classical musical training. The boy accepted some

of this, but was soon composing and playing his own work in his own style.

Meanwhile he was also interested in art and so successful was he in this second-string talent that he was offered a scholarship for study at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Duke, so called as a boy and young man because of the style and flashiness of his attire, turned down the art offer to become a professional musician. For the first few years his record was consistent but money-meagre. He was regularly hired and as regularly fired as he insisted on playing Ellington style instead of what was written down for Ellington to play.

In 1923 the young pianist came to New York with five selected men, three of whom are still with him in his present 19 piece group. His first break came in 1927 when he opened at the Cotton Club in Harlem and was an immediate and nation-wide hit. Engagements with Maurice Chevalier, then high man in show business, a featured spot in a Ziegfeld show, and an appearance at the Palace Theatre followed in quick successful succession and the name Ellington had to be reckoned into any summary of American talent.

"Mood Indigo" was the hit of the year 1930, and in 1931 everyone was humming, singing or whistling "It Don't Mean a Thing if it Ain't Got That Swing." That title also introduced the word "swing" in its connection with music to the popular

vocabulary for the first time.

Ellington's most recent show "Jump For Joy" produced on the West Coast, featured Ellington as composer of most of the music, in many of the show's sketches, and also as conductor of his orchestra. This effort brought him to the attention of the movie powers and was also the beginning of his association with Orson Welles with whom he wrote a musical screen play.

Duke Ellington is married and has one son, Pfc. Mercer Ellington, who plays alto horn in the band at Camp Shanks, N.Y. In his own band young Ellington played trumpet and his best known composition is "Moon Mist."

"The Duke" is 45 years old, more than six feet tall and if he is to be judged by the checks, plaids and extreme fashion of his present wardrobe, still deserves his nickname.

Genial, friendly, courteous and objective, Mr. Ellington is too absorbed in music to take to himself any of the aggressive manifestations of conscious success.

"When you listen to Duke Ellington's music you are listening to music created by a genius," says one musical mastermind.

"When you are listening to Duke Ellington talk about music you are hearing a genius talk and you know it," says your BAND LEADERS reporter. "It's impossible not to recognize this."



"It started to bulge so I borrowed my wife's girdle"

\$75.00 For Short Letters

If you like to solve crossword puzzles in your spare time, here's your opportunity to win a worthwhile prize! We will award prizes of \$25.00-\$10.00-\$5.00—and thirty-five of \$1.00 each—all payable in War Savings Stamps—for the best letters received in our current "Brickbats and Bouquets" Contests.

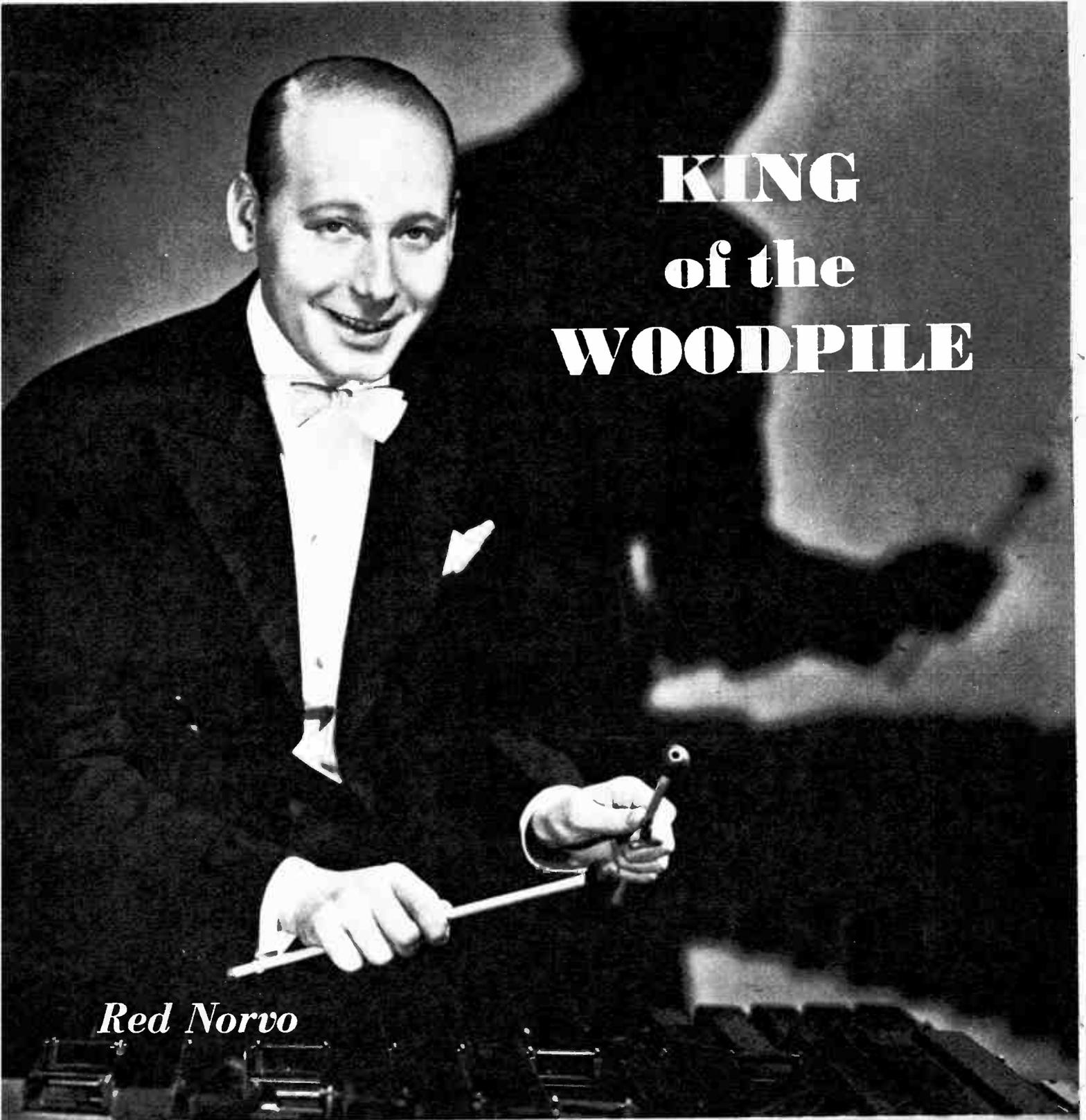
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FIFTY CROSSWORDS

215 Fourth Ave., Dept. BL, N. Y. 3, N. Y.



KING of the WOODPILE

Red Norvo

AXYLOPHONE makes a fellow plenty independent and Red Norvo, the world's most famous xylophonist, wandered in and out of the band business for nearly ten years. Now, he's in, and it looks like this time it's to stay. He has remained in the spotlight of fame ever since 1935. He's one of music's "Greats!"

One of the original white exponents of swing, Red says that his new music expresses the rhythms of today. It has a soft and yet vital tempo, taking the cue from the liquid voice of Norvo's xylophone.

"These sticks," says Red, running his fingers across a pair of hammers, "are my pets. The more I pound them on the woodpile" (meaning the x) "the more I get attached to them. I get the feel of them, notice the rubber

knobs getting softer; and the softer they get the more beauty, intonation, depth and romance vibrates from the xylophone."

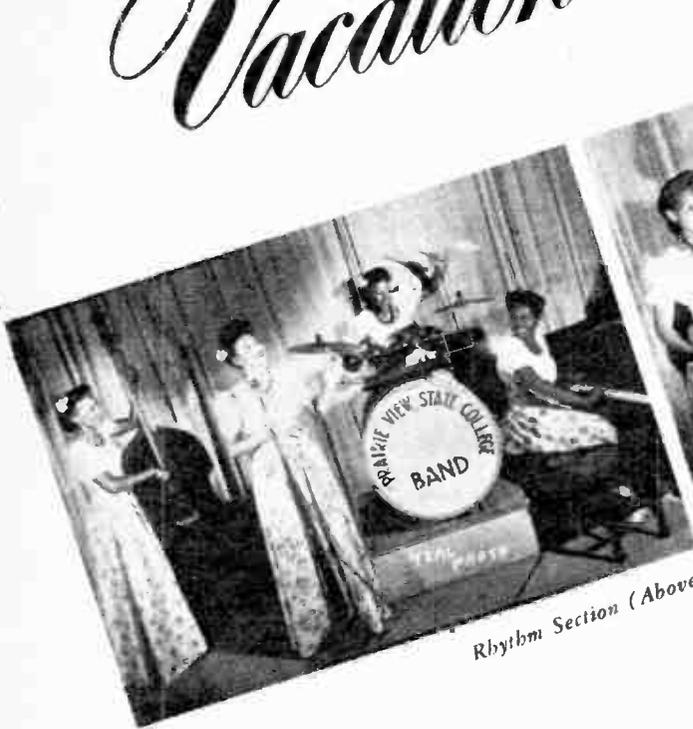
Red uses two "woodpiles," one to rehearse on and one for engagements. The rehearsal xylophone, he keeps that one at home, is his favorite. "It's in a broken down condition," he admits, "but I've been banging on it for so many years that it sounds better than any other."

It was at a movie house in Rolla, Illinois, that Red, age seven, first got the inspiration to play the xylophone. Fascinated by the antics of a pit musician pounding away with the sticks, Red convinced his musical family that here was his life work and—so it was!

Vacation Swing



Director Will Henry Bennett (Above)



Rhythm Section (Above)



Saxophone Section (Left)



Brass Section (Above)

SOMETHING new in swing bands has come out of Texas. An all-girl orchestra, the Prairie View College Co-Eds, who swing it hot and fast.

Under the direction of Will Henry Bennett, the band of attractive swingsters spend their free time—week ends and holidays—touring the Southwest to entertain the armed forces at U.S.O. centers, air bases, camps, reception centers and flying fields. Free time only—during the school year—because all the girls are full fledged college students at the Prairie View State Normal and Industrial College. However, nearly all the girls are music majors and their extra curricular activities not only put theory into full practice, but help build that all important Service morale.

When school closes in June, do you think the girls will relax and go vacationing? Not these super-energetic collegians. They plan to tour the entire country, playing at camps, bases and dance dates.

MEMBERS OF THE BAND

Saxophone Section: Bernice Payne, Charlotte Sims, Best Etta Davis, Melvia Wrenn, Elizabeth Johnson, Betty Jean Bradley. Brass Section: Marion Bridges, Una White, Marcellus Gauthier, Flores Davis, Margret Grigsby, Frannie Drisdale. Rhythm Section: Argie Mae Edwards, Marion Bridges, Helen Coles, Dorathea Williams



The Prairie View College Co-ed Band.



ATTENTION "BAND LEADERS" FANS!!

Dear Readers:

We want to know more about you! . . . what you like, what you do, and who you are. Your answers to the following few simple questions will help us make this an even better magazine for you! If you will answer them, then clip this out and mail it to us in an envelope, you will be doing your editor a great personal favor.

Sincerely yours,

J. Harold Jersey
Editor.

1. Which do you prefer—swing or sweet music?
2. What do you consider today's biggest hit number?
Whose arrangement of it?
3. How often do you buy or get phonograph records?
4. How often do you buy sheet music?
5. Do you play a musical instrument? (Yes) (No.)
6. If "yes," what instrument?
7. If "no," would you like to play a musical instrument, and if so, which one?
8. How often do you go to the movies?
9. What soft drink do you prefer?
10. How long have you been reading "Band Leaders"?
11. Are you in Grammar School () High School () College () Armed Forces ()
12. Are you single () Married ()

Name

Address

NO EASY ROAD TO SUCCESS

(Continued from page 19)

is constantly seeking ways to improve herself. Practicing, vocal lessons (my own teacher is Marie Golden of Hollywood) and other studies occupy one's time.

So you see it takes energy and ambition to make the grade as a singer.

But singing with a band has its advantages. It's the most interesting, fascinating endeavor I know of. And once set, it pays well. More important, a band job leads to bigger things. Radio and pictures are just two channels leading directly from orchestra "canarying."

Personally, my dream of the future is to have a sponsored network program of my own. I think every singer's ambition is to succeed as an individual rather than a member of a group.

I prefer radio to pictures, but perhaps that is because I had my first radio program as a child of twelve, when I sang over Station WDAG in Amarillo, Texas. I've had an affection for radio ever since.

But whatever happens, I realize that even long years from now, after I have stopped singing, I'll know and love and be comforted by the most entertaining Art of all—Music The End

CONGRATULATIONS

to the winners of the Crosby-Sinatra contest!

(Announced in our January, 1944 issue.)

Winner of the \$10.00 prize for the best letter in favor of Bing Crosby is Miss Helen Harchanko of Minot, North Dakota. Winner of the \$10.00 prize for the best letter in favor of Frank Sinatra is Miss Paula Spaeth of Alameda, Calif.

Prizes of \$1.00 each go to the following writers of the five next best letters supporting Bing Crosby: Miss Mary A. Dwinga, Fort Ord, Calif.; Cpl. Barry Callum, Camp Ellis, Ill.; Mrs. John Richter, Springfield, Ill.; Edward Morrissey, Albany, N.Y.; Donn Thompson, Regina, Sask., Canada.

For the five next best letters in favor of Frank Sinatra, prizes of \$1.00 each go to the following: Mrs. Georgia Reams, Taylorville, Ill.; Miss Katharine Riddle, Philadelphia, Pa.; Richard Hart, Chicago, Ill.; Robert Queen, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Patricia Campbell, Rocky River, Ohio.

SELECTIVE
SERVICE
BOARD NO. 3



"Mr. Bosworth, the orchestra leader: How would you like to make a tour of some Army camps?"

JAN JAMS IT

(Continued from page 16)

Commission put a ban on pill-peddling via radio. So Doctor Garber lost his radio commercial.

I had been to California several times with the band and liked it so well I decided to build a home there. Picked out a lot in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills. Boris Karloff has a home right across the road from me but I didn't let that scare me. Dorothy Lamour lived right up the road, so that put me between beauty and the beast. Lamour's beauty offset Karloff's spookiness. All kidding aside, Boris is a wonderful man off the screen.

There is a California legend about the swallows returning to Capistrano. I went to examine this bit of hearsay and ended up with an orange grove just 2 miles from the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano. Here I am with 57 acres of sweet oranges out West and I'm here in the East with an 18 piece hot band!

I changed to a hot band because the old sweet band was slipping and I didn't want to end up in California growing oranges . . . not just yet! I spent a year and \$40,000 changing my style of music and I am sure it was worth it.

The new band has appeared in several movies: "Here Comes Elmer," with Al Pearce and His Gang—a feature picture; a Universal short, "Sweet Jam," "So's Your Uncle," Universal, and Columbia's production, "Jam Session."

We have just completed an engagement at Frank Dailey's Terrace Room in Newark, N.J., and the Roseland Ballroom in New York and, as I write these lines, we're about to open at New York's Hotel Lincoln.

The End

RECORD DATE

(Continued from page 5)

ride, knowing that even after the last solid note has died away, the tune's been captured for listening kicks again and again.

Jack, time flies. Man, does it! It's hard to believe the session lasted six hours. The little woman didn't; she was colder than the dinner potatoes.

"You mean it took this long to make two records?" she inquired suspiciously. "Honest, it did," I said. "Humph, I know you musicians," she said sarcastically.

Remind me to take HER on my next record date.

STAN KENTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Personnel on best record date for Capitol Records, Inc.)

Stan Kenton, leader, arranger and piano; Edward Frank Meyers, 1st alto sax; Arthur Edward Pepper, Jr., alto sax; Maurice E. Bosson, tenor sax; Howard Wallace (Red) Dorris, tenor sax, vocalist; Bob Goga, baritone sax; Karl C. George, trumpet; Raymond Borden, trumpet; Marion Eade Childers, Jr., trumpet; John Thomas Carroll, trumpet; Bart V. Varsalona, trombone; Harry John Farbes, trombone; George Faye, trombone; Robert Edward Ahern, guitar; Joseph Vernon Toscano, drums; Clyde Arthur Singleton, bass; Phillip Shepard, vocalist, was also at session but did not record.

The End

By Dave Fayre

SWING—and we mean sa-wing!—is what in store for you when you get Decca's album entitled, "Five Feet Of Swing." This big musical buy consists of five outstanding 12-inch swing classics by Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Glen Gray, Chick Webb, the Dorsey Brothers and, of course, their orchestras. Jimmy gives out with "Song Of The Volga Boatmen," coupled with "I Cried For You." Jimmy and Tommy do "Solitude" and "Weary Blues." Glen Gray does "Sleepy Time Sal" backed by "Drifting Apart." Chick Webb features Ella Fitzgerald as vocalist with "I Want To Be Happy" and "Hallelujah." Finally Bob Crosby does a terrific version of "South Rampart Street Parade," with a reverse waxing of "Dogtown Blues."

"Five Feet of Swing" is a "must" for your collection. The records were made some years ago and some of the boys in the bands are top-flight band leaders today. On the Dorsey Brothers recording, there's Charlie Spivak with his trumpet Jimmy and his sax, Tommy on the trombone and Ray McKinley on the drums. The Jimmy Dorsey platter has Bobby Byrne on trombone and Freddie Slack at the piano. Two Jordans, Taft and Louis, are highlighted with the Chick Webb ork, Taft on Trumpet, Louis on sax. The Glen Gray recording has Sonny Dunham as starred trumpeter. Yes, a thousand times yes—this is indeed a "must" for your collection!

Also on your list of "musts" is Jimmy Dorsey's beautiful rendition of "Besame Mucho." This tune is already one of the outstanding successes this year. Bob Eberle's the vocalist and does he go to town with this recording.



(Right to left) B. G.,
Woody Herman and
Izzy Groce.



Glen Gray

For some really good listening music, we'd like to suggest the Victor recordings of "Holiday For Strings" and "Poinciana," recorded by Dave Rose and his orchestra. Dave Rose is now Sgt. Dave Rose, who wrote the music for that outstanding stage success, "Winged Victory." These discs are a subtle change from the average type of record and as such prove to be a valuable addition to any collector.

Victor has released another Duke Ellington oldie, with a new title, which looks like it's destined to be a best seller. First they took "Never No Lament!" and made "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" out of it. Now they've taken



"Concerto For Cootie" and made "Do Nothin' Til You Hear From Me." The Cootie mentioned in the title is of course Cootie Williams, outstanding trumpet man, who is featured in a solo.

Do you wanna jump, children? Well, dig Benny Goodman's discing of "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise," featuring Benny's quartet. The reverse side of this Columbia platter is another solid swingaroo, with "Solo Flight," with Charlie Christians on the electric guitar.

The inimitable Johnny Mercer has come through with another "sock" recording for Capitol: The "G. I. Jive" backed by "I'm Going To Sit Right Down and Write Myself A Letter"

Making her debut as a featured artist for Capitol, Ella Mae Morse waxed "Shoo-Shoo Baby," which was sold out before it was released. When we say featured we mean having the band as an accompaniment, instead of accompanying the band as a vocalist

"The trend in the future, as in the past, will be toward the ever popular swing." So one of the smartest men in the record industry, Mr. Eli Oberstein, head of the "Hit" record company, told us recently. "What do you mean?" we queried. "Well," he answered, "you take your hit tunes such as 'My Heart Tells Me,' 'Shoo-Shoo Baby' and 'People Will Say We're In Love': they're above the average melodies, with above the average lyrics. So they become public favorites. On the other hand, you take your real solid jive and hot jazz specialties. You release them now. Years after they drop out of circulation, they become collector's items. When they were available nobody wanted them." "So what?" we politely asked. "So this" he replied emphatically; "we're going to rely on the straight popular stuff. We'll give the public what they want. Two good hit tunes, on each record, by a top-name band. We've got Sonny Dunham, Cootie Williams, Jan Garber, Abe Lyman and Enric Madriguera recording for us now. And our plans include a great many other top bands. Just watch our smoke, buddy."



DID YOU KNOW THAT....

(Continued from page 3)

HERMAN'S band on the Decca label . . . HERBIE FIELDS' new band is being asked for encores. You may have heard of HERBIE when he was an Army sergeant and fronted the band heard on the "This is Fort Dix" national air-show. He's out of the army with a medical discharge, plays all the reeds, sings well and is personable . . .

Singer HELEN WARD did take over HELEN FORREST'S place with HARRY JAMES, as first predicted in this column.

BILLIE HOLIDAY remains in comparative obscurity, working 52nd St. clubs in Manhattan, but don't ask us why. She's only rated as the greatest singer of our day by every critic, that's all . . . The one thing that TOMMY DORSEY is looking for these days (after having made more than his share of discoveries) is a rest. The war-time strain of keeping a smart band together is giving TD, and most of the name band leaders, a real case of the permanent blues . . .

You shouldn't be too amazed if RED NORVO ups and takes his xylophone and himself on a long jaunt to California and a fine spot with a fine new band . . . You can't always believe the press agents. Singer BILLY USHER never was an usher in a movie house, RAYMOND SCOTT didn't get his name out of a phone book, and—but why go on? You get the idea . . . JO STAFFORD, former name band vocalist, is making a neat comeback via the Capitol record route . . . Band leader BENNY CARTER wrote that lovely tune, "Rainbow Rhapsody" that you hear Glenn Miller's band playing on juke boxes these days . . .

It's an irritating puzzle to his followers why JAY McSHANN'S jump-wonderful Kansas City band hasn't wangled some better bookings. If you haven't heard it and would like to get an idea of what it sounds like, dig up some discs that the band made on Decca, especially a record called "The Jumping Blues" . . . The usual controversy raged after DUKE ELLINGTON'S latest Carnegie Hall concert. Seems that the long-hair critics never do guess right. They might do better if they'd give an ELLINGTON composition the same objective eye that they do a new symphony . . .

Saddest musical note struck in 1943 was the untimely death of FATS WALLER, truly a great musician and an imitable personality . . . DEAN HUDSON, trying hard with his newly reorganized band, has original singer, FRANCES COLWELL, back on the stand handling vocals . . . CHARLIE

SPIVAK takes his band back to the Hotel Sherman in Chicago this June . . . If you're interested in predictions for days yet to come, take a gander at band leader VINCENT LOPEZ'S new book, called "What's Ahead" . . .

Captain GLENN MILLER has an adopted son named STEPHEN, in case we forgot to tell you . . . DICK HAYMES, the singer for whom big things are cooking out in movieland, will take over parts originally planned for actor JOHN PAYNE, now in service . . . Hollywood seems to be getting wise to the popularity that singers and band leaders enjoy in movie house outlets, and every day sees more and more music world figures signed to contracts at higher and higher prices. A list of all the chirpers and bands currently penciled to picture deals would take up this column.

HORACE HEIDT, already the owner of the Trianon ballroom in California, is looking for some more dance spots to buy, both in Chicago and NYC . . . The Famous Door nitery in Gotham folded—but don't blame it on LIONEL HAMP-TON'S crew, featured there at the time. The "HAMP'S" band was, and still is, sensational . . . EDDIE CONDON, considered by many to be the greatest guitarist alive, uses an unconventional

ordinary chorus-break-chorus routine, then dig the vocals of MABEL MERCER, former European artist, now singing at Tony's in Manhattan. Most of MABEL'S numbers are originals from the pen of the gifted young composer, ALEC WILDER . . .

The small band that TRUMMIE YOUNG, former JIMMY LUNCEFORD trombone star, is now fronting is such a whirlwind of high, fast and polished jazz that the country's top arrangers are begging to do scores for it and for nothing . . . This department hears that ARTIE SHAW is due for a commission because of his splendid job entertaining Servicemen overseas . . . "Mr. Cinderella," FRANK SINATRA'S new flicker, is a re-write of an oldie called "Room Service." Pic is based on the antics that go on in a hotel inhabited by actors and musicians . . .

New all-vocal recordings featuring lovely LENA HORNE and delicious DINAH SHORE should be spinning around on your phonograph very soon . . . Former band leader BOBBY BYRNE is now a full-fledged Army pilot. He got his wings at Eagle Pass Field in Texas . . . Trumpet star ROY ELDRIDGE, once featured with GENE KRUPA, is forming a big band . . . LEE WILEY, wonderful singer of wonderful blues and the wife of BENNY GOODMAN pianist JESS STACY, is plotting a vocal comeback . . . Congrats, *Band Leaders Magazine*, on the two-color pages in this issue and the beautiful four-color pictures the editor is giving us in the next issue . . . And that's the late news for the minute. See you next issue with more flashes and dashes.

DICK DODGE.



(Above) Young man with a sax—Hal McIntyre.

(Left) Jam session at Jimmy Ryan's New York night-spot—Eddie Condon, Frank Orchard, Bobby Hackett, Al Morgan, Zutty Singleton

four-string guitar. Most guitarists pluck six strings . . .

The switch that JAN GARBER made from lush, sweet music to red-hot jive hasn't done him any harm. In fact, JAN is getting more attention than ever these days . . . ELLA MAE MORSE (famous for her renditions of "Cow Cow Boogie" and "Shoo, Shoo, Baby") stopped every show during her recent theater appearances. Not everyone knows, incidentally, that ELLA is married to band leader DICK WALTERS . . . PATTI DUGAN and GENE WILLIAMS, vocalists with JOHNNY LONG'S band, are singing duets—and meaning it . . .

Time brings its changes in the music biz, too. Of the original CASA LOMA band, only one member, leader GLEN GRAY, remains to hold the fort or, more aptly, the bandstand . . . Blue network director PAUL WHITEMAN will move into NY's Roxy Theater as guest conductor the latter part of April . . . RAYMOND SCOTT'S crack CBS band is in line for a commercial air-slot . . . If you like your ballads different from the too

(Right) Skip Nelson, vocalist with Chico Marx ork



Buy
War
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DIXIELAND JAZZ

(Continued from page 45)

led and taught by Major N. Smith-Clark, to whose teaching and guidance Hampton pays tribute.

Les Hite offered the boy a place in his band as drummer and at 17 Lionel started west with that group. The greatest excitement of that period, according to Mr. Hampton, was when Louis Armstrong occasionally fronted the Hite band.

"That was really something for me," said Hampton, "and I mean, it really WAS."

The Hite organization made records, and as drummer, Lionel had his work cut too. Came the day, however, that Lionel went into the recording studio a drummer and came out a vibraharpist.

There was a vibraharp in the studio and between numbers Lionel tried to play it. So successful were his efforts that at the end of the session, he and the band made a record, Hampton at the vibra-

harp: The number was the now famous collectors' item, "Memories of You."

By 1936 he had his own organization and such artists as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Benny Goodman often sat in. In that year Goodman offered Hampton a place with his quartet as vibraharpist and the offer was accepted.

After four years under the Goodman baton, Lionel again decided to play under his own name. He went south and spent three months hunting talent before he opened, which he did in Los Angeles in Sept., 1940. The Casa Manana date there set him up on the west coast as a recognized leader.

Eastern or New York popular success was slower in arriving, but now that it has arrived it threatens to overwhelm him. Six months ago he packed them in at Loew's State in New York. He moved

into the Famous Door last October, and from there went to the Capital. Meanwhile he was one of the winners of the Esquire All-American Band Poll in which a jury of foremost swing experts selected his work on the vibraharp as top stuff.

Mr. Hampton is married to a former Hollywood modiste. Mrs. Gladys Hampton, has the duties, if not the actual title, managing both Hampton and the band.

Mr. Hampton's vocation, his after-work fun, his relaxation and his hobby are all the same—music. He has, however, two interests outside of his music, his scottie dog, Tempo, and a cat, Swing. These animals are probably the only ones who ever inspired a jazz number, "Tempo and Swing"; and the names of which make up the title of Hampton's music publishing company for recordings, "Tempo and Swing Co."

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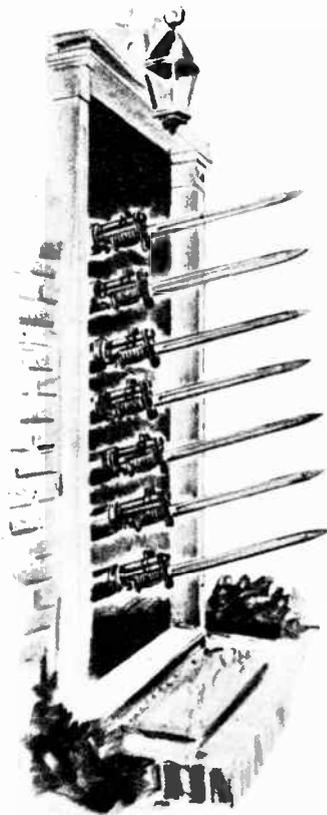
BAND LEADERS

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The fight on the doorstep



THIS WAR can't be won on battlefields alone. One of the most critical campaigns of all must be waged right on the doorstep of every family in America.

This is the fight against higher prices and higher wages. It's a fight that *must* be won... or victories on battlefields will be meaningless.

It's like this. In America this year, our total income after taxes will be about 133 billion dollars. But there'll be only about 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend it on. If we all start trying to buy as much as we can, prices will shoot up.

As prices rise, people will ask for—and, in many cases, get—higher wages. That will put up the cost of manufacturing, so up will go prices again. Then we'll need another pay raise. If we get it, prices rise again. It's a vicious circle.

The Government has done a lot to help keep prices down. It has put ceilings on food and rent... has rationed scarce articles. But the Government can't do it all alone.

It needs your help!

Your part in this fight won't be easy. It will mean foregoing luxuries, perhaps doing without a few necessities. Tough? Maybe... but don't say that where the veterans of Italy and New Britain can hear you!

You *want* to do your part, of course. So do we all... farmers, laborers, white-collar workers, business executives. And the way to do your part *right* now is to observe the following seven rules for Victory and a prosperous peace...

1. Buy only what you NEED. And before you buy anything, remember that patriotic little jingle: "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do or do without."

2. Keep your OWN prices DOWN! If you sell goods, or your own time and labor, *don't ask for more money* than you absolutely must! No matter who tries to talk you into asking more... *don't listen!*

3. No matter how badly you need something... never pay more than the posted ceiling price! Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the required coupons. If you do, you're helping the Black Market gang—hurting yourself!

4. Pay your taxes cheerfully! Taxes are the cheapest way to pay for a war! The MORE taxes you pay now—when you have some extra money—the LESS taxes you'll pay later on!

5. Pay off old debts. Don't make any new ones! Get, and stay, square with the world!

6. Start a savings account. Make regular deposits, often! Buy life insurance. Keep your premiums paid up.

7. Buy War Bonds... regularly and often! And hold on to them! Don't just buy them with spare cash you can easily do without. Invest every dime and dollar you don't actually NEED... even if it *hurts* to give those dimes and dollars up!

**Use it up... Wear it out.
Make it do... Or do without.**



A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America.



CAB CALLOWAY



PAUL WHITEMAN