

# BAND LEADERS

**JULY**

**15¢**

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

**INA RAY HUTTON**

# YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR! At Once!



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## FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm Part of Contents

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# BAND LEADERS

## JULY 1944

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## DID YOU KNOW THAT..

ONE of the big publishing firms is bringing out FRANK SINATRA's autobiography. Incidentally, biogs of both HARRY JAMES and WOODY HERMAN are available on the newsstands, while lives of other leaders are in preparation... Sad news indeed that BENNY GOODMAN has broken up his band... Singer ELLA MAE MORSE has been penciled for two more pictures at Universal... You can watch for BILLY ECKSTINE to climb that rocky road to fame—but fast. Already a hit in night clubs, the young singer is set for an MGM contract and will probably be given leading roles opposite LENA HORNE...



Lena Horne

Musicians serve their country too. More than one member of the RANGERS (ARTIE SHAW'S naval band) have been given medical discharges, including leader SHAW. THE RANGERS saw plenty of action during their twelve-month S. Pacific tour... If young soldier SAMUEL BARBER doesn't turn out to be a Beethoven of our day, this columnist will be surprised. BARBER's two symphonies are tops... Many young band vocalists are venturing out on solo careers but it took former band leader BOB ALLEN to pull a switch. He junked his



Artie Shaw

orch to sing with TOMMY DORSEY'S crew... TRUMMIE YOUNG, once featured singer-trombonist with JIMMY LUNCEFORD'S band, is clicking with his own small orchestra... Swing music is becoming television conscious and plans are underway for a series of televised jam sessions featuring ace jazzsters...

Decca has released FRED WARING'S first recording in some time. Best of the two sides is the catchy jazz novelty "Tess's Torch Song"... Music celebrities like to keep souvenirs same as the rest of us. GINNY SIMMS saves all her school report cards, RAYMOND SCOTT, an amateur inventor, has the first mechanical gadget he cooked up, and band leader HIMBER

(Continued on page 56)

OZZIE NELSON  
HARRIET HILLIARD



# Mr. and Mrs. MUSIC

By VAN PAUL

**I**T DOESN'T say so on their marriage license, but Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are MR. AND MRS. MUSIC.

Easily the band world's outstanding husband and wife team, the popular band leader and his lovely wife have made such a successful career of musical teamwork, the title fits them perfectly.

When you meet Ozzie and Harriet, it's easy to see why their musical and marital partnership has clicked. They are as solid and unaffected as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Public.

In fact, the special material they use on the radio, and for stage and dance engagements, is based on things that happen to ordinary people in everyday life.

Ozzie writes the musical skits he and Harriet do, and says:

"People always get a kick out of hearing the familiar things of life kidded. We take typical happenings and situations, exaggerate them a little and fit them to music.

"We try to slant our material so listeners will say 'Remember, that happened to us,' or, 'Isn't that just like Joe and Mabel.'"

Ozzie admitted with a grin that some of his best material is inspired by happenings in the Nelson household, or remarks of the Nelson sons, David, 7, and Ricky (Eric), 3.

The Nelson-Hilliard home is in the heart of Hollywood, chosen for its central location to the studios.

"It's a big, rambling house," said Harriet, "but we love it."

It also has a "Fibber McGee hall closet," it seems, for Harriet was nursing an injured foot, suffered, she said,

when the door was opened and "a whole mess of stuff, raquets, and whatnot, jumped out at me."

Cribbing Fibber's line, she added jocularly: "I gotta clean that thing out, one of these days."

Of course, she was only kidding, for Harriet is an able mother and housewife, as well as a great singing comedienne.

"My home is my hobby," she said, "and I like everything about it." She supervises running of the household, plans the furnishings, and likes to cook and bake, when time permits.

Mr. and Mrs. Music don't have a lot of leisure time, for preparation of their radio program and picture commitments keeps them busy.

Ozzie, who was a varsity quarterback in his college days at Rutgers, now confines his sports participation, he said, "to playing a lot of tennis." "He's a tennis fiend," Harriet remarked dryly.

For less strenuous leisure occupation, Ozzie enjoys reading; his favorite author is Charles Dickens. And reading Dickens aloud has tagged young David and Ricky with amusing nicknames. They now call themselves "David Copperfield" and "Mr. Sheffield," after two Dickens characters.

Another favorite "character" of theirs is "Junior," alias Red Skelton, with whom Ozzie and Harriet broadcast over NBC. Red, a frequent and favorite visitor in the Nelson home, admits though, that "Junior" gets topped on occasion, by the unexpected remarks of those two manly little chaps, David and Ricky.

Recently, at breakfast, one of the boys passed his plate to Ozzie to be refilled. "More waffle, son?" Ozzie asked. "No, more syrup," was the answer.

The children seldom see or hear their parents broadcast. Ozzie has a transcription of the program made, and it is brought home and played early in the evening to avoid exciting the boys before bedtime.

And bedtime for the children is one of the nicest moments in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Music, when Ozzie and Harriet join the boys in family prayers, while playing the John Charles Thomas phonograph recording of "The Lord's Prayer."

After the children are in bed, Ozzie and Harriet may discuss music for a forthcoming broadcast, or go over scripts of movies in which they are playing.

"The format of our radio show gives us two spots for which to provide musical material," Ozzie said. "So we use one to sell the band in a purely instrumental number, the other for the duets by Harriet and me.

"In selecting the material used, I usually get together with my pianist two or three times a week, and we go over new and old tunes, and discuss their possibilities.

"The selected numbers are scored for the band by my arranger. I write the special lyrics to be used, and the band gets together for rehearsal."

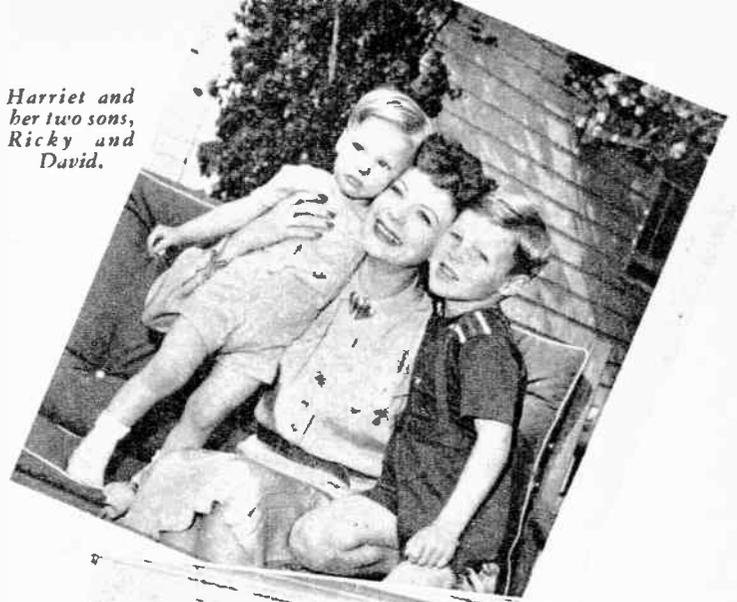
A Nelson-Hilliard rehearsal is pleasantly informal. Good humor reigns, and everyone is relaxed. In a quiet tone, Ozzie talks over the arrangements with his sidemen—tells them what he wants. And gets it, not by martinet methods, but because his men respond to his firm, but "right guy" attitude.

After Ozzie rehearses the band number, the band "takes five" and good-natured kidding is joined in by Harriet and Ozzie. A visitor gets the idea it is fun to work with them; that they are real people.

This opinion is confirmed when they go to the microphone, Ozzie with his arm around Harriet, and blend their voices, as they have their lives and inspiringly successful careers.

It's a perfect picture of two swell people—MR. AND MRS. MUSIC.

Harriet and her two sons, Ricky and David.



Ozzie and the family in their Hollywood home.

Harriet watches her son, David, practice his piano lesson.



Ozzie romps with the boys.





World Radio History

*Tommy Dorsey*

# Swingin' Round the Clock

With Tommy Dorsey

THE photographs on this and the following four pages take you through a busy theatre day with that Sentimental Gentleman of Swing, Tommy Dorsey.

Tommy likes his audiences as much as they like him. During T. D.'s last engagement at New York's Paramount Theatre more than three million fans flocked to listen to the music of his magic trombone.

Dorsey's fans adore him for his music, needless to say, but also for the fact that he always has something up his sleeve in the way of entertainment. During the engagement at which these exclusive pictures were taken for *Band Leaders* magazine, T.D. pulled Gene Krupa from his bag of musical surprises. Krupa's unannounced appearance resulted in tremendous ovations and after each performance he was forced to make a speech. This is but one example of T.D.'s superb showmanship.

The mining towns of Pennsylvania knew of Tommy Dorsey long before the jitterbugs or society's dancing debs. Then he was the little boy in the band—his father's brass band.

Since early youth Tommy has played professionally. He is now recognized as an outstanding authority on swing music. He bubbles with energy; likes baseball, tennis and riding; lives in the country; is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 170 pounds.

These pictures show you Tommy Dorsey, not only as his fans see him on stage, but relaxing between shows backstage. Here we go 'round the clock with a master of swing!

(See following pages for more exclusive T. D. photos.)



(Above) Giving out with five shows a day is no easy task, even for an old band like Tommy Dorsey. The camera catches him taking a nap between shows in his crowded dressing room during a recent engagement at New York's Paramount Theatre. And even when he's catching up on his sleep Tommy sticks close to his faithful and famous trombone.

(Below) Tommy is so devoted to his beloved trombone that he doesn't let anyone else handle the musical instrument with which he has thrilled the hundreds of thousands of his wildly loyal fans. After every appearance he polishes the metal with loving care, until it gleams with shimmering, iridescent beauty.

(Lower right) Tommy and the ace drummer, Gene Krupa, having a little jam session of their own in Tommy's dressing room. T. D. pulled a complete surprise that received tremendous ovations when he presented the unannounced Gene Krupa in the great drummer's first theatre appearance since he disbanded his own orchestra.





**SWINGIN' ROUND THE CLOCK WITH TOMMY DORSEY**

*(Continued from preceding page)*

*(Above) "You're getting better with every visit," Robert Weitman, the general manager of New York's Paramount Theatre, tells Tommy. At the same time Weitman is presenting proof of his statement by revealing receipts of the first day of Tommy's ninth appearance at the Paramount.*



*(Above) "What do you think of it?" asks vocalist Betty Brewer of a new musical number she has just sung for Tommy Dorsey. She acted as her own accompanist on the miniature piano in her dressing room.*



*(Below) A serious moment! Maestro Dorsey gives out with a solo. Tommy's playing days go way back to the time when a very little boy he played in his father's brass band. People who knew him "when," as they listen to the inspiring T. D. of today in a theatre, on the silver screen, the radio and his phonograph records, remember a proud little fellow, reaching almost arm's length to work his glittering slide trombone as he did his best to keep up with the Dorsey, Sr., band.*

*(Above) While Pete Candoli and Sal La Parche, trumpeters in the Dorsey band, play some fast gin rummy, that ace violinist, Bernard Tinterow, kibitzes as he plays a little solitaire of a different kind. Between performances the bandsmen go all out for relaxation—each in his own way.*

*(Below) Some of the boys in Tommy Dorsey's band never seem to get enough of playing. Here they are whooping it up backstage just before their next scheduled appearance on the great Paramount stage. From left to right: Denny Suidole, Tommy Pederson, Dale Perce and Ted Satterwhite.*





(Above) After an enthusiastic introduction by Tommy, Betty Brewer, the Dorsey band's girl singer, starts rounding one vowel after another. Tommy is no mean discoverer of talent, for it was he who helped make Frank Sinatra famous. "The Voice" appeared with him during several previous engagements at the Paramount Theatre where these pictures were taken by Schulman-Rheinhart.

(Below) Tommy's ball fiddler, Sid Block, isn't as big as that bass viol, but the boys in the band have never known him to miss a thump.



(Above) It's Dorsey's solo on his famous trombone, but the pianist, Milton Rashkin, couldn't curb his curiosity when the International News photographers were taking these pictures for BAND LEADERS Magazine from the front row of the Paramount Theatre.

(Below) The boys in the brass section of Tommy Dorsey's band are caught by the candid camera just as they are about to go into action.



(Above) If you look closely you can see Gene Krupa beating it out to the accompaniment of the violin section of T. D.'s orchestra.

(Below) While relaxing before 4,000 fans in the Paramount Theatre, Tommy Dorsey turns an admiring glance toward Gene Krupa as he pounds away on those famous drums of his.

(Continued on following page)



**SWINGIN' ROUND THE CLOCK  
WITH TOMMY DORSEY**  
(Continued from preceding page)

(Right) Never a performance but what Maestro Tommy Dorsey is mobbed by his autograph seeking fans. And never before in his meteoric musical career has this inspired and inspiring band leader attracted greater crowds than he does today.



(Left) The usher is having a hard time of it as he vainly tries to coax these jiving hepcats back into their seats.

(Below) Another young set of Dorsey enthusiasts dancing in the aisles at one of the performances of the great swing band.



Mobs of Dorsey fans stretched around the sides of the Paramount Theatre on Times Square, waiting to get in and hear Tommy's magic melodies.

*(Below) Varying degrees of emotion are expressed by the faces of these fans as they listen to the Sentimental Gentleman of Swing. For instance, there's the look of studious concentration, the one of relaxed ecstasy at the extreme right, and the girl who seems to be literally on the edge of her seat.*



*(Above) These young fans seem reluctant to break the spell cast by the band's last number, but demonstrate their desire for more of the same with their dreamy-eyed applause.*



*(Above) And here in this remarkable close-up taken during one of his tremendously popular performances at New York's Paramount Theatre, the bands of T. D.'s fervent followers clearly express the intense joy they get from listening to his band.*



*(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Dorsey snapped shortly after their marriage. The glamorously lovely Mrs. Dorsey is the former Patricia Dane of the movies.*

*(Left) Tommy Dorsey chatting with a friend outside the Paramount Theatre while the usual crowds of his fans mob the box office.  
(The End)*



Three leading exponents of jazz (left to right): Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Pee Wee Russell clarinet.

# CONTENTED

*The One and Only Pee Wee Russell Is*

PEE WEE RUSSELL, an almost legendary figure of jazz at 37, is what might be called, with due respect, a contented clarinetist. What he wants is a place to play his instrument in his own way with congenial musicians—and he's got it. He's been at Nick's seven years and he hopes to stay there.

"Why should I leave?" he asked, mildly astonished at my question.

The elite of jazz, the top characters in an art which commands a fanatic following, are all flocking these nights to a favorite hangout of theirs, and though this is a story about Pee Wee Russell (so called because he's so tall), it must also be about the place where he plays. The place is Nick's, haunt of the "Old Guard" of jazz in New York's Greenwich Village.

It was half after midnight when your reporter settled down for a chat with Pee Wee Russell at a ringside table, between the corner of the bandstand and the right-hand piano. The band had just finished playing a set and the customers were still buzzing. The place was packed, dim and smoky. The three pianos which fence the clients from the bandstand were all operating, Nick himself at one of them, his fingers flying up and down the keyboard while he carried on a conversation at full voice with an admirer hanging over the top.

Waiters rushed about the crowded place with full trays of beers. They often arrived at the tables which had ordered them with less than enough, due to the informal habits of the standees who picked them off the trays going by.

"It's all so difficult," moaned Russell, rubbing his forehead and frantically massaging more wrinkles into his face. "I don't know what you want me to say."

"Let's start with your start," we told him. "What about the vital facts, such as where you were born, what you wanted to do as a boy, and so on?"

"Well," muttered Pee Wee, "I always played the clarinet. Also the piano and drums."

"Where was that?"

"Oh," replied the badgered Pee Wee in a low voice which had to be raised to a shout due to the sudden

*Pee Wee is caught by the candid camera as he plays himself right out of this world.*



*Pee Wee hits a high note for a group of entranced youngsters at the Little Red School House in New York's Greenwich Village.*

The great Louis Armstrong (center) weaves his magic spell of music for an audience of delighted school children, accompanied by Pee Wee (left) and Eddie Condon (right)



Pee Wee and Joe Sullivan giving out with good hot jazz at one of their jam sessions.

# CLARINET

*Interviewed By Gretchen Weaver*

fortissimo on the pianos and a gradual moving up of the customers around the interviewing table. The kibitzers were asking each other "What's he saying?" "Who's that?" "What's cookin'?"

"Go on," yelled your reporter over the general din, and Pee Wee then talked directly into our ear.

"I was born in St. Louis, in 1906, not 1806 as you might think to look at me. I was raised in Oklahoma and am one-sixteenth Indian. Do you WANT that kind of stuff?" he broke off to ask anxiously.

Reassured, he continued, "I went to Western Military Academy at Alton, Ill., and started the clarinet there.

"Then Missouri U put up with me for about two years and afterward I studied clarinet with Tony Sarley of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra."

At this point, Miff Mole, leader of the group playing at Nick's, battled his way through the crush to where Pee Wee and the reporter were talking as though at the bottom of a football scrimmage. He mentioned that the band was on again.

"Back when this is over," murmured Russell. His place was taken at the reporter's table by Nick. The mob followed Pee Wee and Miff back to the pianos where they could watch as well as hear the band.

"How does it happen," Nick was asked, "that you have all these top-notch jazzmen here? Is it the policy of the place, or what?"

"Where else would they go?" asked Nick in his turn. "This place is home to them. They can play as they like, and they are not bothered with sitters-in or with requests.

"Requests . . ." and here Nick came as near snarling as he could manage. Nothing makes me hotter under the collar than Spanish and tango requests. If they want Spanish requests let 'em go somewhere else. Here we have jazz and ONLY jazz.

"Y'oughta talk with Eddie Condon. He's got millions of anecdotes, been in the business since he was 14, knows everybody, has played with everybody. Talk with him."

"How long have you been here in this place?" we inquired, choosing to ignore his suggestion. It was our

(Continued on page 63)



Miff Mole, trombonist and leader of the band at Nick's—New York's famous hang-out for the jazzmen—does a bit of barmorizing with Pee Wee.

*He hasn't*



**Glenn Miller**

# *changed a bit!*

SAYS MARION HUTTON

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH HER  
EX-BOSS, GLENN MILLER

**A**S I expected, Glenn Miller hasn't changed one bit since his transition from a civilian to a Captain in the U. S. Army. He's the same methodical, business-like, likable "boss" that he was in the days before he shouldered the double silver bar. I got this impression from personal observation and from random conversations with members of the Army Air Forces Orchestra which Glenn directs.

Recently, upon notice that I had been honored with the title of "Official Singing Sweetheart of the Army Air Forces Orchestra," I paid a call to a pre-broadcast session at the Vanderbilt Theatre in New York City, while Glenn was putting the uniformed boys through their musical paces. I was further honored by being asked to sing a couple of songs for the assembled studio audience. I can't begin to tell you what a terrific thrill I got from those few minutes doing a number with Glenn Miller once more!

Instead of keeping my mind on the lyrics of the song I was rendering, my memory played tricks with me and there I was recalling the very first time I uttered a note with Miller's band up in Boston five years ago. I was reliving our first big theatre date, one that I will never forget. I was so anxious to do well that when my turn came to deliver my specialty, I just couldn't remember the melody, the arrangement or the words. Glenn, always in command of the situation, stopped the band, walked over to me to utter a few words of encouragement and we started all over again.

The second take was fine and I can only attribute my belated good start to Glenn's patient understanding of a scared, ambitious young girl. A lot of other things must have passed through my mind while singing for those nearly three dozen soldiers who were accompanying me and for the hundreds of people who were sitting out front. Honestly, I haven't the vaguest idea of the exact number of recollections that hit me during this spotlighted appearance.

Before my song stint, Glenn and I sat down at a restaurant next door for a quick coke. At the table was Lt. Don Haynes, who at present supervises many of the endless details connected with the smooth running of the Army band. It was like old home week, for Don was Glenn's personal manager in former days. Certainly this was a wonderful sight: two loyal associates of the great band world carrying on, side by side, in the interest of morale building for our great Army. Physically speaking, neither one of them has ever looked so well, nor has their health been as consistently good.

I asked Glenn what he thought of his present Army band. I was proud of it. Musically it is truly wonderful. Glenn's answer was just what I expected. He said: "Marion, I think I have the best and most representative group of musicians in the Army. And everybody knows that some of our top-flight music makers are wearing the khaki uniform of their Uncle Sam. If you get good arrangements and rehearse the boys properly, you can



## **Marion Hutton**

expect fine results. I guess that's why this orchestra sounds pretty good. It does, Marion, doesn't it?"

My answer could never be printed in a couple of sentences or even paragraphs. It took me five minutes to tell Glenn how really grand I thought his boys sounded. And that opinion doesn't seem to be reserved exclusively for me. Radio listeners around the country have expressed themselves through thousands of letters and cards.

*(Continued on page 59)*

# Sweet Trumpet

**A**ND on Spivak it looks good. Success, we mean, and just to make it harder, quick success. It's becoming to Charlie, he's got the character for it.

They loved him at New York's Pennsylvania Hotel. And why not? At that spot's Cafe Rouge this past winter he broke the attendance records held in the past by such band world greats as Glenn Miller, and he followed the bands of and topped the records of the fabulous Dorseys.

What's he got that put him up there in the top two in the band popularity poll? What's with this Charlie Spivak, anyway?

His trumpet, for one thing. The post-

ers say, "The man who plays the sweetest trumpet in the world," and they haven't overstated the case. "Out of this world" is the general conclusion and even Gabriel isn't giving the boys an argument. His band, for another—as smooth and original an outfit as you'd want to hear. His own personality is still another reason why they're lining up behind the red ropes waiting for a chance to hear that heavenly horn.

"I like to enjoy myself and I like to see the customers having a good time," remarked Charlie with a genial beam, interviewed between sets at the Cafe Rouge.

The dancers feel at home with Char-

lie as is easily seen from the way they linger to pass the time of day while he's leading the ork.

On the other hand, just after a trumpet solo taken by Spivak in the middle of a number, the dancers stopped dead to applaud for three minutes.

"Is it as easy as it looks from here?" he was asked.

Charlie smiled again. "It is and it isn't," he replied. "But under any circumstances I don't want the audience to think I am killing myself every time I try to entertain them. I want it to look easy." It does, which perhaps accounts for the number of persons who try to buy and play trumpets after they hear a Spivak program.

Experts explain the whole thing by an extraordinary lip control.

This lip and breath control also explains why he no longer uses a mute.

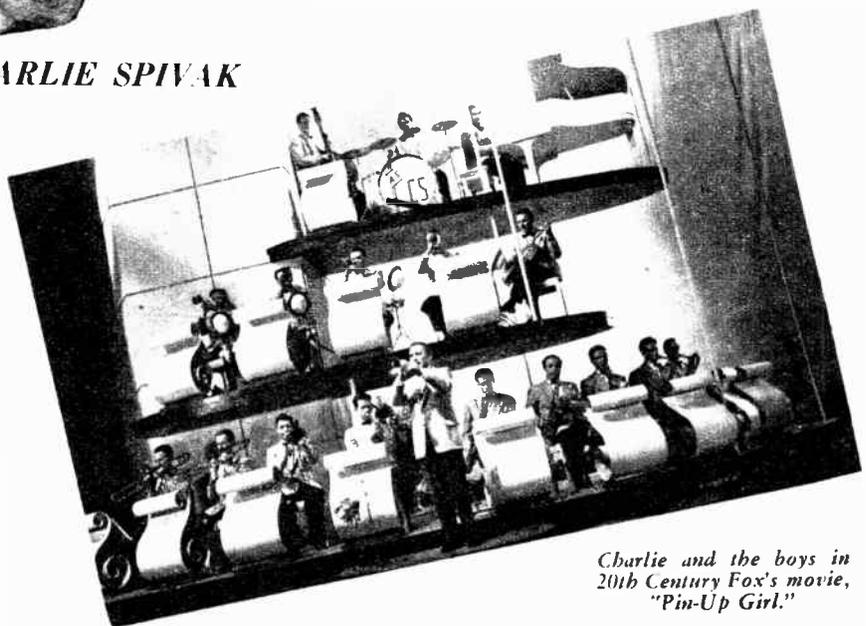
To quote the master himself, "I first made my trumpet work known with an open trumpet. Then, for color, and to change the tone occasionally, I invented what was and still is known as the Spivak Whispa Mute. I used that when I first worked in front of my own organization. Then various critics pointed out to me that I was undoing the work of years by abandoning the open horn policy. So I went back to the open horn."

What Charlie did not say was that he can play as softly and in as many different colors without a mute, as other trumpeters can with a mute. Muted music is now out, as of Spivak's

*By Margaret Winter*



**CHARLIE SPIVAK**



*Charlie and the boys in 20th Century Fox's movie, "Pin-Up Girl."*



*Irene Daye, glamorous vocalist with Charlie's ork.*



*Charlie even takes his trumpet to bed with him when he naps backstage.*

trumpet. It's all a matter of lip and breath, and those Charlie's got.

"Pin-up Girl" featuring the Spivak band, not forgetting Betty Grable, was about to be released when Charlie was interviewed.

"How do you like playing for the movies?" he was asked.

"I love it," he answered. "I hated to leave the place and I'm delighted that I'm going back. I'm going to make two more pictures."

"Is it different from playing to real people in person?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "But it's much like recording. You see when we work we record for the sound film under conditions such as when we make a record. But when you see us on the film we are just sitting there making like we are playing. Our work has already been done and we can enjoy ourselves and watch the stars work."

"I never," he went on, "worked with such pleasant, congenial people. Miss Grable is a swell girl and a fine person, and so were all the people connected with the picture. And California was wonderful."

As mentioned above he is to make two more pictures, and it is easy to see why. There are those who believe he'd have a future as a movieland press agent who had sold himself on his own product.

The "juvenile delinquency" rumpus gets a scornful laugh from band leader Charlie Spivak.

"In the four years I've had my own band," he asserted, "I've never seen a juvenile drunk, but I've seen plenty of adults who had taken far too much."

"I've never seen a so-called youngster start a fight, but there have been a number of disgraceful scraps started by grown-ups. If the young people who come to hear Spivak are delinquents—let's have more of 'em. They're all right."

More formally, he said, "I've never met a fine musician yet, and I've met a lot of concert artists, who didn't see swing and bogie-woogie as much

an expression of indigenous American art as that played in the concert halls by our own composers. After all, the first law of music making is an understanding of all its types—Tschaikowsky is popular, so is Beethoven, Verdi and Brahms, and, by the voice of the people, so are Harry James, Frank Sinatra, the Dorseys and Bing Crosby. If music is popular, it's just what the word implies—people like it—and it doesn't make them mental delinquents or irresponsible if what they happen to like is swing.

"Have you ever watched an audience go to town at the Met. or a concert hall? They yell, wave their hands, stand in line for autographs and get 'high.' These people are not teenagers. They're nice, composed, mature people—adults. Not adolescents, but full grown responsible citizens."

For a quick band leader biog and for the record, the facts are that Charles Spivak was born in New Haven, Connecticut, Feb. 7, 1912, and always knew that he wanted to play trumpet. He studied at Hill House High School there, and later with trumpet tutor (watch that spelling, boy!) George Hyer. His first real job was with the Paragon Orchestra.

He worked with Paul Specht, Benny Pollack, the Dorsey Brothers and with the first Ray Noble band in this country. He became a free lance radio artist after leaving Noble and soon was the highest paid as well as the hardest worked sidesman in the business. It was Glenn Miller who encouraged him to form his own band.

Just four years ago Charlie Spivak first played at the Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge. In intermission when the big name outfit took a rest Charlie meekly led his ten little men on to the stand where they played to no notice and less applause. He was the relief outfit. That's one reason he always feels good when he plays there now. It is certainly a change from the old days.

(Continued on page 63)



*Joel Spivak helps his father in their Victory garden.*



*Charlie, his wife, Fritz, and their son, Joel.*



*Charlie and his golden horn of musical plenty.*

# He Made Good

By Alex MacGillivray

**I**F OUT of a clear sky somebody should call you up and say, "Benny Goodman speaking," what would you think? . . . Exactly! So did Hal McIntyre, the lad who was to be the leader of America's newest and grandest band. But as Hal says, "Darned if it didn't turn out to be Goodman, after all. Wow!"

Maybe he pinched himself before he pulled out of his Connecticut stronghold to journey Gothamward. The next thing he knew, but definitely, he was sitting in the Goodman band which was then playing in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. When he'd floated back to his rustic haunts these sweet words were ringing in his ears, "You've got the stuff that makes top bandmen."

Goodman also advised him to go to see a certain trombonist named Glenn Miller who was organizing a new band. If ever there was a Connecticut Yankee slated for things more exciting and remunerative than a visit to King Arthur's Court, Hal McIntyre's the boy. But he's no day dreamer or castle builder. He already had a pretty good local band of his own and he wasn't in such a hurry to make a change. A bird in the hand, etc. In fact, it took Hal nearly two weeks to decide to audition for Glenn Miller. As it developed, he was the first musician Miller hired for the band that was destined to scale the pinnacle of dance orchestra fame.

However, things weren't all set. Hal was privileged to spend another quiet year 'mid the hills and valleys of his native State. At last, the big moment came. He raced to New York in time to catch a front seat on the Miller skyrocket where he remained for 5 years.

What happened next in the breathtaking ascent of this man who believes in making haste slowly? Hal turns to the diary he's kept since 'way back, and ruffles the pages until he comes to certain scratches set down in August, 1941. He begins to read in that pleasantly humorous voice of his, "Glenn suggested that I give up the best job in the world, with an unlimited future and a lifetime of security, and start a band of my own. I didn't sleep all night thinking about it. I've roomed with Glenn for five years. I've seen the writing between the lines in a story-book rise to fame. There were



*Hal McIntyre*

# ON HIS OWN

enough hardships, frustrations, setbacks, heartbreaks, to make anyone wonder how a band ever does click. However, Glenn certainly did prove there's no limit to success. In the end, I'll base my decision on his judgment. He's rarely wrong."

Turning over another page, we find Hal sadly yet hopefully penning, "Tonight Miller's band opened at the Hotel Pennsylvania. It marks the last time I'll play with Glenn and the boys. Naturally, I'm sorry it's over. Now, I'm strictly on my own. . . ."

It's plain that Hal's the kind of a guy who hates to part with old friends.

The next weeks, the busiest in McIntyre's career, were spent auditioning musicians. He explains, "Of course, we like young men but we don't hold with the popular idea that only young men can give a new band life. Experience and enthusiasm are the ingredients from which great musicians are made."

In other words, Hal believes that youth is a frame of mind. A leader of anything has to have a philosophy and if results are what counts it seems to us that Hal McIntyre's radiant, unprejudiced brand of philosophy is pretty good.

He located several ace arrangers and after prolonged discussion they decided on a formula. "Our plans," Hal told us, "were, first: To concentrate on 'nice' section work with emphasis on the saxes. In music, as in singing, it's the voicing we're after. Second: To experiment with sounds and tones that attract. We were going to try various groupings. For example, my sax with smooth trombones, while the other four saxes played soft background music. Experience with Glen Miller had showed me that a musical trade mark is essential for ballads.

"Third: We decided to be pretty free with the interpretation of written arrangements and to capitalize on those lucky musical accidents that are sometimes the keys to new things. In our swing numbers we intended to pull some surprising contrasts. Last, but not least, we knew that our big problem would be to show people that there is something new under the musical sun. A band needs a musical by-line; a style that means as much to the listeners as the words 'Walter Winchell' mean to the newspapers."

At last the band was ready for action, and pronto. After no more of a

build-up than a couple of road dates in New England, Hal got a sub job at the famous Glen Island Casino at New Rochelle, New York. Westchester County's station-wagon set, those discriminating dance fans whose response can dash or raise a new band's hopes, liked Hal McIntyre so well that the Glen Island management signed him up for five months, including ten to fifteen radio shots a week.

*(Continued on page 59)*



*Winsome warbler, Gloria Van, also excels in the culinary arts.*

*Singer Al Nobel isn't too young or too old but, alas, he's married.*

# TOP *Tenor* SAX

By  
*Alicia Evans*

*Coleman Hawkins*

(Below) Coleman Hawkins in a private jam with Joe Marsala on the clarinet, Art Shapiro plucking the old base, and Hot Lips Page joining in with his magic trumpet. (Below, right) Coleman greets another one of the jazz world's "greats," Benny Carter.



**I**N 1939, when the War swept over Europe, Coleman Hawkins, "World's Greatest Tenor Saxophonist" and America's own contribution to the world of harmony, came home. He turned the key in the door of his Swiss chateau near Geneva, and departed. Europe's loss was our gain. Audiences have been making the most of their musical opportunities ever since.

"It was good to see the Statue of Liberty in the harbor," says Mr. Hawkins. "They liked American jazz so well in Europe that I thought of staying there—but home's best."

Known for years as one of the truly great jazzmen, this was recently made official when he was chosen by a jury of experts and writers to occupy the tenor sax chair in the All-American Jazz Band concert at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. His appearance there with the other top musicians was the occasion for the citizens of New York to pay out more than \$650,000 in War Bonds to see and hear him. More than 8000 fans were turned away from the box office when the old Met filled up.

Currently, Coleman is touring in Canada and the United States with a six-man band, making records, and appearing occasionally on special radio programs.

"After the War," says Mr. Hawkins, "I hope to lead a big band again. I'd like to have about thirty men. Right now it's hard to make any plans, particularly as I like to head a youthful band, and of course Uncle Sam has first call on the young fellows today."

"Where in Europe was American jazz best received?" he was asked.

"Everywhere," stated the sax king. "They reacted differently in different places, but make no mistake, they really love jazz in Europe!"

"Is it true that in England they just go 'Ha' once when they get really tremendously excited about the performance?"

Coleman Hawkins grinned and then he laughed.

"I won't say they stamp and squeal, but then that's new here, too. They applaud as loud as anybody, and then they come around and talk it over after the show. I love English people. They can appreciate a joke, and, man, they can tell one! They've got the greatest sense of humor of any people I ever came across and their humor is as good as it is broad.

"Even royalty likes jazz," he continued. "I played a command performance for the King of England. And I met and talked with the then Prince of Wales in the days be-

fore George V died, at the Chez Florence in Paris and at the Club Anglais in London.

"The Prince really went for jazz, and he bought me a drink—more than one. AT very easy and fine person to talk to.

"I played a command performance for the King of the Belgians, too," Mr. Hawkins went on to say. "He seemed to like what we did."

In the Scandinavian countries they were "just wild about jazz," asserted Coleman.

"You know," he insisted, by now well away on a discussion of jazz all over the world, "there are some European jazz artists playing in the United States at this time. There's a saxophonist from Copenhagen playing in California; there's another saxophonist from Holland playing in New York; and with Fred Waring's band there's a Swiss trombonist. They learned in Europe and came here to play.

"In Holland they really raise the sand when listening to American jazz. They're pretty serious about the whole thing. When a number is over you can tell that they liked it. They make a business of applauding.

"In Germany they were bootlegging jazz by the time I got there. I never played in Hitlerland, but I did hear some good jazz in some of their jazzesias.

"Here's how that worked. Some people would hire a little hall or even a cellar and they'd play jazz there. Then, when the police or army officers, or soldiers came by, the doorman or lookout would press a signal buzzer. When the Nazis came in, the musicians would be meekly playing away at a Viennese waltz.

"In France, where I played many many times, there was a regular jazz cult. There were jazz places, like maybe Nick's here in New York, and the theatres went big for jazz bands.

"As I said, the Prince of Wales—now the Duke of Windsor—liked jazz and he was in Paris a lot. Maybe that has something to do with the popularity of jazz in France. Audiences there really did get excited.

"Here at home audiences get all het up, too, but when you're playing for home folks, you don't think so much about how they behave as you do when they're foreigners."

"And where is jazz heading," he was asked. "Is there any difference between jazz now and ten years back?"

(Continued on page 65)



# WHAT HAPPENED TO PEGGY LEE?

by KENNETH E. OWENS

**Band Leaders Magazine Answers the Question Why a Famous Vocalist Retired—and Then Returned to the Spotlight**

**C**LASS always tells. Recently, though she hadn't sung publicly in two years, Peggy Lee won second place in one national music poll, third in another.

Her friends remembered her solid chirping with Benny Goodman; her famous, best-selling record: "Why Don't You Do Right?" made with Benny. Yet right in the middle of her success, Peggy dropped quietly from the band world.

Ever since, her fans and friends have been wondering "What happened to Peggy Lee?" BAND LEADER Magazine has the answer.

Peggy simply decided to stop being Peggy Lee, the singer, for awhile, to devote her time to being Mrs. David Barbour; to keeping house, and taking care of her little daughter, Nicki, who arrived last year.

But she hasn't forgotten her loyal fans, and soon they'll have the thrill of hearing her on wax again. For she recently took time out from being a wife and mother, to record two sides for Capitol.

Backed by ace jazzmen Eddie Miller, Barney Bigard, Pete Johnson, Hank Wayland, Les Robinson, Shorty Cheroch, Nappy LaMare, Nick Fatool and Stan Wrightsman, Peggy waxed "That Old Feeling," and "Ain't Goin' No Place."

When Nicki is a little older, Peggy plans to do more records, and radio work. But right now, "Why Don't You Do Right?" has been succeeded in her repertoire by lullabies.

Brahms' "Lullaby" is, in fact, Nicki's favorite sleepy-time tune.

"It never fails to bring a pleased smile when I sing it to her," Peggy said. Nicki is also hep to the jive.

Peggy was amused, not long ago, at Nicki's sudden interest in the radio, when Count Basie was tuned in.

Nicki comes naturally by her musical precociousness though, for Peggy herself began singing as a child—professionally at fourteen.

A North Dakota girl, she sang with a college band, did radio work, and had a spot as a singer-hostess in a Fargo hotel.



*Benny Goodman and Peggy Lee share a joke at the Hollywood Palladium.*



*Peggy and her daughter, Nicki Lee Barbour.*



*Peggy surrounded by the ace jazzmen who backed her on a recent Capitol recording session. Standing (left to right): Les Robinson, Eddie Miller, Barney Bigard, Nappy LaMare, Peggy, Hank Wayland. Seated: Nick Fatool, Shorty Cherock and Pete Johnson.*

"It was one of those 'Dale Carnegie' sort of jobs," Peggy remembers. "I used to learn the favorite songs of the patrons, and jot them down in a little book. Then, when they came in, I'd greet them musically with their favorite tunes."

Later on, Peggy began "winning friends and influencing people" (you're welcome, Mr. Carnegie) in Hollywood, where she "went for a visit to see the country," but wound up singing.

Her first job with a name band, though, was in Minneapolis, where she joined Will Osborne. But California called again and presently she was singing there once more, this time in Palm Springs.

Peggy's big chance was then just around the corner—in Chicago, if Chicago can be said to be around the corner from Palm Springs. Anyhow, a wealthy Chicagoan, who heard her singing in Palm Springs, arranged for her engagement at the Ambassador Hotel in Chicago.

There's where she met Benny Goodman, by literally bumping into him in a doorway. He said: "Hello." She said: "Excuse me."

BG was playing at the Sherman Hotel, and soon Peggy got to know him pretty well. But he never mentioned her singing and she came to the conclusion he didn't like it.

So one day when she was told Goodman had called and wanted to talk to her, she thought it was a gag and refused to believe it. Finally, though, she learned it wasn't a joke, and did go see Benny. To her mystification, he didn't say a word about singing—just played some records and asked her how she liked them.

"Fine," said Peggy, still wondering what it was all about.

Then it came. "How would you like to sing with my band?" Benny asked casually.

**HOW WOULD SHE LIKE IT!!**

"I just fell out of the door," is the way Peggy fervently describes her reaction.

So Peggy went with BG and became a solid click.

*(Continued on page 62)*



*Peggy's winsome smile is as pleasing to look at as her thrilling voice is to listen to!*



Cab Calloway and Woody Herman clowning between scenes during filming of "Sensations Of 1944."



Bob Chester and his band in the new movie featurette, "Fellow On a Furlough."



(LEFT) Martha Tilton, who'll be heard with Teddy Powell's ork in a new movie produced by Will Cowan.



Our candid camera catches the King of Korn, Spike Jones, as he adds a typical note to one of his frenzied musical interpretations.



Mel Thorne shows how he beats it out with Ricky O'Bannon and his Rhythm Riders in Universal's "Pardon My Rhythm."

Now known as Dona Drake, this luscious bit of femininity once led her own band under name of Rita Rio. She's currently being seen in Monogram's movie, "Hot Rhythm."

(BELOW) Peggy Mann, who placed third in recent nationwide popularity poll, singing with Teddy Powell's band in a Universal picture.



# HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By Paul Vandervoort II



(Right to left) Benny Goodman, Paul Vandervoort II—our Hollywood Editor—and James Cardwell, gabbing on the set of "Sweet and Low-down," 20th Century-Fox film.

**L**ATCH ON, cats and kittens, for another whirl around the Hollywood scene. . . . The stuff is "Sweet and Low-down" at 20th Century-Fox, and the flicker has a double order of BG, with the King of Swing not only playing his clary, but making with the acting as well. . . . I visited Benny on the set, watched him read his lines like a veteran. The original plan to make the film a semi-fictional story of Goodman's life has been shelved, but the picture is based on typical band experiences and incidents similar to those in BG's career. . . . Amusing behind-the-camera story is that James Cardwell, romantic lead opposite Lynn Bari and Linda Darnell, used to hang around a Camden, N. J., theater his uncle managed, and run errands for Goodman when he played there. Now Cardwell's Benny's co-star. . . . BG's 88er, Jess Stacy, plays himself. The role of Popsie, and Goodman's famous band boy, gets plenty of laughs as played by Jack Oakie, and prominently spotted are the Pied Pipers. . . .

**STUFF OFF THE CUFF**—Spike Jones and City Slickers set for M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies" . . . Alvin Rey talking picture deal for himself, Stringy and band. . . . Sammy Kaye has given away over 15,000 batons in his "So You Want To Lead A Band" stunt. . . . Ex-gal-band leader Rita Rio changed her name and profession, and as Dona Drake is doing alright as a movie glamor girl. Her latest, Monogram's "Hot Rhythm." . . .

A Sinatra fan sent Frankie part of a quilt she made and asked him to autograph the bow tie which formed the quilt's main theme. . . . "Evenin' folks, h-y-all" is now the name of a bomber, Kay Kyser has learned from its crew. . . . Jimmy Dorsey has the musical chores in the Abbott-Costello film for M-G-M. about the mystic East. . . . Charlie Spivak, a standout in "Pin-up Girl," returns to Fox in "Something For The Boys," and on the same lot, Benny Goodman is set for "The Bandwagon," the Gregory Ratoff musical to be filmed later this year. . . . At M-G-M, Pete Smith has something for the jitterbugs, in his short "Groovie Movie," with jitter champ Arthur Walsh featured, and a musical background of jive recorded by ace names (sorry, I can't reveal them) of the band world. . . .

**ADD SWINGONYMS**—CORNoisseur: lover of corny music; a square who "ain't" hep. . . .

**SEEN AND HEARD ON THE SETS**—To Andrew Stone Production, to watch Woody Herman and Cab Calloway do numbers for "Sensations of 1944." Talked with Woody on the set where he was working with Eleanor Powell, and met his singing protege, Frances Wayne, who made nice debut at the Trocadero during Woody's picture stint. . . . Woody has a fat acting part in "Sensations," does some singing, hoofing and plays a mess of clarinet. All this and Herman's Herd, too. . . . Cab told me he's out to make the

nation hep, with a number called "Mr. Hepster's Dictionary." The scene uses a huge jive dictionary from which Cab explains, in song, all about jive jargon. For a novel switch at the end, a "hepcat," represented by an animated cartoon of a cat, comes down off the screen, joins Cab in his routine. . . . And another musical sensation in "Sensations" is torrid pianist, Dorothy Donegan. . . .

**STOPPED BY UNIVERSAL** to visit Joe Reichman, doing a musical short on a night club set, and Bob Crosby, making "Pardon My Rhythm." Both maestros had stories to tell on themselves. . . . Joe related how after several visits to Sunny California, he and Mrs. Reichman decided to buy a home here. And the day after they moved in, floods (Chamber of Commerce please note) and power failure forced them to move back to a hotel. . . . Bob's yarn was strictly band leader stuff. He said Director Felix Feist asked him during one scene why he didn't look at the band while directing them. Bob grinned and said: "I told him that when I first got my own band, I was AFRAID to look at them, and after that I just got in the habit of looking out front". . . . Also gabbed with Mel Thorne, sensational young drummer turned actor, who has the juvenile lead in "Pardon My Rhythm." Watch for Mel to go places, for he has a nice personality, plenty of acting and musical talent. . . . And speaking of musical talent, Universal is still turning out swell musical shorts, with Jack Teagarden, Bob Chester, Teddy Powell and Joe Reichman being recent subjects. . . .

**CHIRP CHATTER**—Ella Mae Morse set for a film. . . . Spike Jones Slickerettes tested by Paramount. . . . Martha Tilton's only superstition—spilling salt. . . . R-K-O signed Frances Langford for two films a year. . . . Gale Robbins, ex Ben Bernie chirp, debuted in movie, "I Married A Soldier". . . .

**SONGSMITH STUFF**—Bobby Worth did title-tune "Fellow On A Furlough" for Bob Chester short. . . . Mack Gordon and Jimmy Monaco clefted six songs for "Sweet and Low-down," and BG, himself dreamed up tune called "Rachel's Dream," after his daughter, Rachel. . . . Songwriter Don George finally met Universal music supervisor Don George; he's the guy whose mail is continually mixed up with his. . . . Cab Calloway, Jack Palmer and Buster Harding teamed on "We The Cats Shall Hep You," for "Sensations," with Al Sherman and Harry Tobias doing rest of film's score. . . .

**WANT TO BE A MOVIE STAR?**—Then sing with a band. Four ex-band vocalists, Dick Haymes (TD), Perry Como (Ted Weems), June Haver (Ted Fio Rito), Vivian Blaine (Art Kassel) have leading roles in two current 20th Century-Fox films. . . . And so, so long for awhile, from the Old Bandstander out Hollywood way. . . .

A STUDIO PORTRAIT OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL SINGER

*Nan Wynn*



**S**O THERE I was blissfully spinning a Duke platter, and comes this note from the boss, saying: "Hey, you, stir yourself and get me a Bing Crosby story—and be sure it has a new angle."

I heave myself wearily off the chair (all Hollywood correspondents, male, are perpetually tired from chasing blondes—professionally, of course) and start walking the floor, muttering: "new angle, new angle."

What can I write about The Groaner that hasn't been told a dozen times. Fancy shirts? No good, been done. Horses? No good, been done. Offspring? Same story. And so, on and on.

This heavy thinking is rapidly driving me nuts, so I mosey over to Paramount where Bing is making a picture, and buttonhole one of their hirelings.

"Say, you know anything NEW I can write about Bing?" I ask hopefully.

The guy goes into a huddle with himself, a minute, and while he is in conference a blonde passes. I make a mental note of unfinished business.

Then the guy comes out of his trance and yelps: "I've got just the angle for you. Write about SINATRA!!!"

I just fall flat on my face.

"Are you crazy?" I ask in amazement, on coming to my senses. "In the first place Frankie works for R-K-O, and besides, he's Bing's rival."

"That's just it," beams the guy. "That rivalry has been good for Bing. Why do you know, since Sinatra came up, Bing's fan mail has jumped something terrific. And more keeps pouring in all the time."

And the guy's right.

It seems the horde of loyal Crosby fans, civilians and armed forces, alike, have taken pen in hand to write Bing, vociferously assuring him that he's still tops with them, Frankie, or no.

They had become so used to seeing

King Bing roll along, year after year, in his easy-going style, that when competition appeared over the Blue Horizon in the shape of Sinatra, there was a shocked pause for nation identification while the horrified Crosby fans identified Sinatra as Bing's Frankie-stein.

Immediately the fan letters began to flood in, and one theme is predominant, the writers want Bing to know, that as far as they are concerned, he's still King.

Sinatra's presence in Hollywood served to point up the "feud," which to Crosby and Sinatra fans is a red hot issue.

Actually though, The Groaner and The Voice are the best of friends, have appeared together at patriotic assemblies, ribbed each other on the radio, and even sung together.

Sinatra-Crosby gags have been flying thick and fast, but the one Bing's buddy, Bob Hope, pulled on the set of their latest picture: "The Road to Utopia," is a classic.

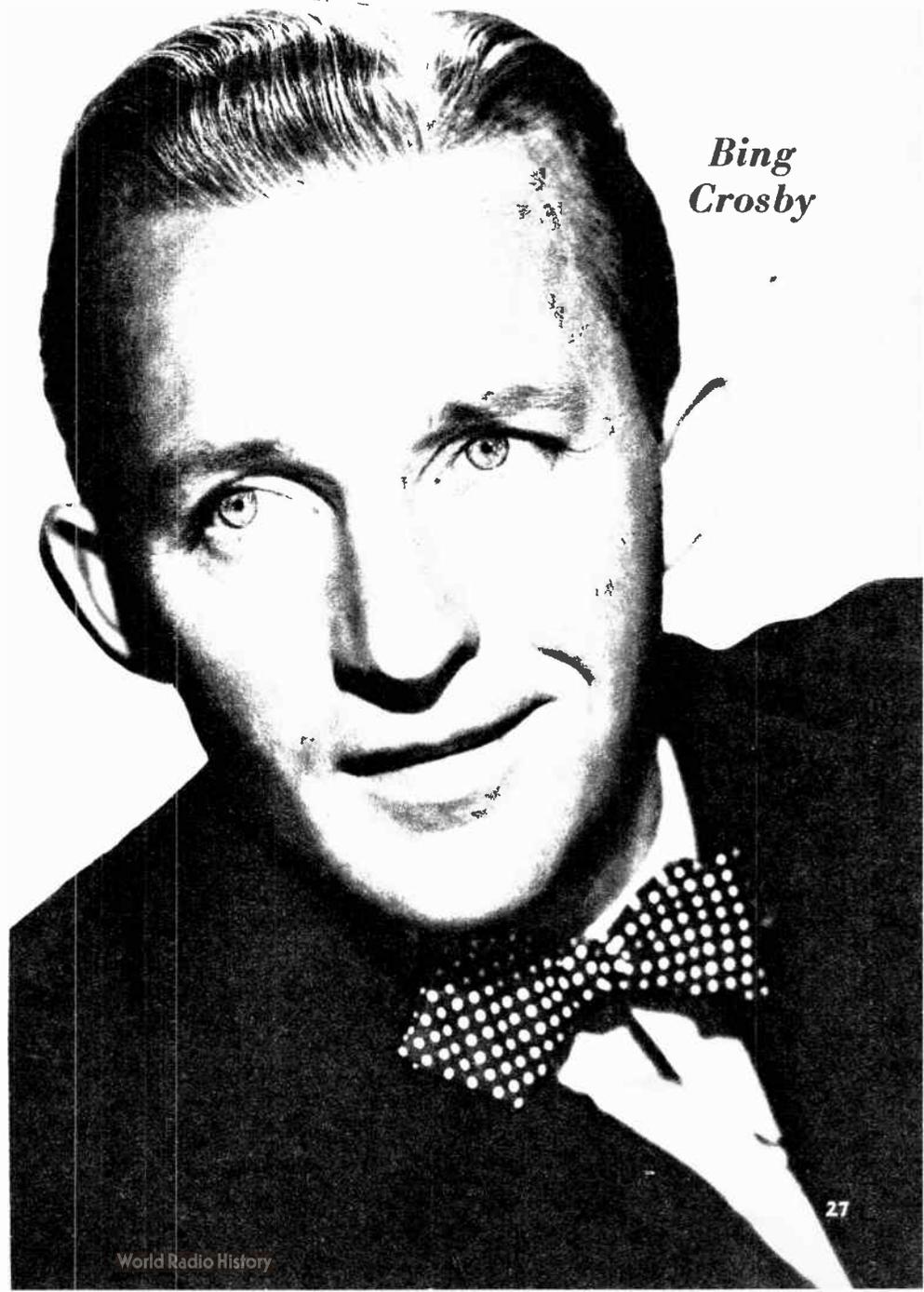
When Bob caught Bing laughing heartily between takes, one day, Hope cracked:

"Bing, you look as happy as though you had just been appointed to Sinatra's draft board."

A good quip, but as Crosby and Sinatra both know, there's room at the top for each of them. Frank gets the swooner trade, and his share of the independents, but brother those Sinatra-fans better not make any cracks about Crosby or they'll have to whip their weight in the mob that strings with Bing.

O. K. guys and gals, come out punching, but let ME out of here.

BY HAL CARRUTHERS



*Bing  
Crosby*

**KING  
BING**

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 ...pounds and is one inch shy of being a  
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# BAND



(Above) Morton Gould, well-known work leader, looks on as Jose Iturbi plays his latest composition, "American Concertette." Iturbi, famous pianist and conductor, was guest star on Cresta Blanca's radio program when Gould's composition was introduced to the world by a fifty-piece orchestra.



(Above) Jimmie Lunceford is the only band leader we know of who holds a pilot's license. He's shown here with aviator Sabarsky getting ready for a flight. Handling his own plane is Jimmie's favorite pastime. Nicknamed "Piggie," likeable, inspired Jimmie weighs 194 pounds and is one inch shy of being a six-footer. Plays guitar, saxophone, clarinet, trombone and flute.



(Left, above) As the candid camera saw Morton Gould when Jose Iturbi was playing his composition, "American Concertette." (Above) Nat Towles is very much in the news these days. He and the boys are playing for enthusiastic audiences everywhere during their tour of the Middle West.



(Left) Another candid camera shot taken on a musically historic occasion, but this time we see Morton Gould playing his composition, "American Concertette" while Jose Iturbi listens. (Right) Raymond Paige, band leader of the Blue network, plays "Life of a Toy Hero." He wrote this piece at the request of the world's tiniest vaudeville team, Lester and Stanley.



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*Xavier Cugat*

**W**HEN Georgie Auld, front man for the most popular white band ever invited to Harlem's Home of Hot Bands—the Apollo Theatre—marched away to the wars, the fans cheered.

Now that he's returned to civilian life again, the fans are cheering louder than ever. Georgie Auld can't lose.

"Army life is okay" he told the BAND LEADERS' reporter, when interviewed just after another sensational performance at the Apollo. "Leading a band is okay too, and I know more about that business."

Queried as to his plans, the recently returned young leader said that he was taking his great new organization on a theatre swing around the country. With winter coming on, he was headin' South. Army camps and U.S.O. clubs will hear the Auld music on demand, he added.

Georgie is one musician who started out playing "sweet" or "legit" on the alto sax. He played that style because he liked it. He kept on liking it until he heard a record by Coleman Hawkins. Hawkins was his downfall and he switched to tenor sax and a hot delivery.

The hot tenor proved a winner for Georgie, and in quick succession he played for such jazz leaders as Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman.

Georgie Auld was born in Canada in 1918. His family moved to New York, and soon thereafter he received a scholarship to study sax under Rudy Weidof. At 14 he was

starring with a Canadian band, and at 16 he had his own small band in New York's Greenwich Village.

His favorite bands are those headed by Duke Ellington and Count Basie; he likes to listen to the radio, especially the comedians, and while not particularly athletic, likes swimming and riding.

Of his own style of playing, so outstanding among great musicians he says, "I play the way I feel, naturally."

"In playing, I use a strong attack. I bite, punch out notes. And, most important, I always play on the beat. I never really know how I'm going to play a solo, but I always use plenty of drive and attack."

Featured with his new band, Auld presents Miss Ann Salloway, 17-year-old vocalist, and beautiful. Miss Salloway is a New York State girl, and made her singing debut at the age of four at an Elks dinner. Her singing impressed the late Ben Bernie, then playing a date in Schenectady, N.Y., and he recommended her for a radio program.

New York first met Ann when she sang with the Sandy Spear outfit at the New Pelham Heath Inn. She is five feet three inches tall, with dark brown hair and eyes, and is a great swing fan and an enthusiastic record collector. She loves sports, swimming in summer, and she may be seen at the various ice rinks about town when the band plays New York. She shares her employer's enthusiasm for the Ellington and Basie bands.

# The Heat's On Again!

YOUNG MAN WITH A SAXAPHONE

*Top band leaders are going to have some tough competition from a young man with a horn—a saxophone to be exact. This young man—and he's only 24 years old—is Georgia Auld, and although his new band is less than twelve months old it has all the earmarks of benefiting by its leader's 15 years of musical experience. It's in the groove and plenty solid. Georgie plays tenor, alto and soprano sax with that touch of genius which made him famous. The band is hot—it has plenty of jump—and when Georgie closes his eyes and bears down on the sax, he lifts his audience right out of their seats.*

Ann Salloway



Georgie Auld

### THE ARMY CHANGED ITS MIND

*(Right) When the Army changed its mind about Chuck Foster he reorganized his band and began civilian life all over again at the Chanticleer in Baltimore, Maryland. His band was chosen for the Academy Award of 1941. The award was presented on a nation-wide broadcast with the President of the United States as guest of honor. Chuck is one of the few band leaders who has been distinguished by appearing on the same program with the President.*

*Public speaking is another one of Foster's achievements. He has spoken at business men's clubs in the different cities he's played. His usual topic is, "Leading a Band is a Business."*



### FAVORITE OF OUR FIGHTING MEN

*(Left) It was a proud day when dainty little Yvette of the gilded night clubs went to war. Yvette, with her shining hair and sparkling eyes, gave one hundred and fifty overseas performances and covered fifteen thousand miles by truck, plane and jeep. Her trip was so satisfactory that people are saying when the War's over Yvette will be one of our veterans' favorite singing stars. Certainly thousands of soldiers will come back with a bright memory of her in their hearts.*

*Born twenty years ago in Birmingham, Alabama, Yvette is still single and she says she has no immediate marital plans. However, one never knows, does one?*

### ALL THAT IS YOUNG AND GAY

*(Right) Bow down, all ye hopefuls, to Her Most Charming Majesty, Queen of Radio Land, beautiful Joan Edwards. She sweeps on the stage with a smile in her eyes and goes on the air with a laugh in her voice. She is, indeed, the symbol of all that is young and gay.*

*Discovering the realm of radio at sixteen, Queen Joanie can now look back on a list of victories that would do credit to a veteran twice her years. With it all, she has managed to have a personal life. Last fall, on her first vacation, she became the mother of Judy Ann whose proud father is Julie Schachter, one of radio's leading violinists.*

*Now, Joanie's back again on "Your Hit Parade."*



### DYNAMIC PERSONALITY

*(Left) There is never a dull moment when Chuck Foster's singing sister Gloria takes the spotlight. Gloria has been acclaimed as one of the most dynamic personalities ever to grace a handstand. Her gowns, which she designs herself, are a delight to the eye. Her latest creation is called "Morale" and she tells us her idea was "something for the boys." Gloria's voice has often been likened to Dinah Shore's, her appearance to Olivia De Havilland's. Well, that's very nice, but we'd like to say that she reminds us of no one so much as her own entertaining self, the inimitable Gloria.*





Jack Teagarden

# THE MAN WITH THE BLUES IN HIS HEART

By  
BOB BAXTER



Jack leads his band in the Universal pix, "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

THEY call him MR. T., JACKSON, BIG GATE, and The Man With The Blues In His Heart. He comes from Texas, but his jazz trombone belongs to all America. He's Jack Teagarden, the man who's "got a right to sing the blues."

Mr. T. is a musicians' musician. He is also the hepcat's delight. He is also a big, good-natured guy who is happiest when sliding that tram and singing those blues.

"I guess I've got a right to sing the blues," he grins, "I've been singing 'em long enough."

That he has. Up and down, and across the land. With Ben Pollack, "Pops" Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Bix, Fats Waller, Red Nichols, Bessie Smith and other greats.

On record, over the free air, or maybe just jamming for kicks in a Harlem cellar, Big Gate has poured out the sagas of Beale Street, Basin Street, the melancholy laments of the deep South, from his golden horn and expressive voice.

Jack says the blues "just come natural" to him. "After all," he points out, "the blues are practically the national anthem in my part of the country."

Teagarden was born in Vernon, Texas—the Jack comes from John, his middle name. At five he studied piano, switched to trombone two years later. At sixteen he was good enough to join the fabulous Peck Kelley of Houston, in whose band he met and played with Pee Wee Russell and Leon Rappolo.

Jobs with Willard Robison and Doc

Ross followed. But a flood and a shooting scrape sparked Jack's departure for New York and the big time.

Just about the time a terrible flood visited disaster on Texas, Jack happened to be a witness to a gun battle fought in a place he was playing. Not wishing to be mixed up in either the flood or the fight, he beat it out of there.

"I figured it was a good time to leave," he laughs.

Jack hit New York in 1927. He knew Wingy Mannone, roomed with him, in fact, and when the word got around about Jack's great tram work, he was in.

He joined Ben Pollack's famous big band, made a flock of records with just about everybody who was anybody, and had a standing offer from Paul Whiteman years before he joined "Pops."

The Big Gate has a lot of memories of that era.

"Fats Waller and I were inseparable at one time," he reminisced. "We used to wind up in Harlem nearly every night for a jam session."

Connie's Inn was another favorite hangout. Jack forgets the name of the band, says it may have been Johnson's, but recalls that "it was our

favorite band and a gang of us hung around there all night sometimes."

Jack, who's practically a legend, himself, has a story to add to the Bix Beiderbecke legend, too.

"Bix called Tommy Dorsey and me for a record date, one time," he related, "on which he intended to use two trombones. Then he forgot all about us, and called two other trombonists. Well, four of us showed on the date.

"Nobody knew for sure whose date it was then, so we fixed it up by two of us doing one side each."

And here is the true story of how Jack began to sing the blues.

"It was on a record date for Victor. Scrappy Lambert had been set to do the vocal, but hadn't come in yet when they were timing one of the sides we were making. So I got up and sang the lyrics just so the arrangement would come out right.

"The Victor manager heard me, and said 'Hey, I'll buy that,' and that's how I got started singing."

And he's been singing ever since. On his own since 1940, when he cut out from Whiteman (whom he characterizes as a "swell guy") to form his own band.

Jack owns a home in Long Beach, and for the duration, long tours being a headache, he's concentrating on movies, records, and west coast engagements.

But he tells the story of one tour with relish—the tale of the two Greenvilles.

"We were playing a job at Greenville, N. C.," Jack said, "and I put the boys on a train and started to drive there. I didn't pay any particular attention to the route we took, and the first thing I knew, I got to Greenville and found I'd driven clear across North Carolina to Greenville, South Carolina.

"Well, there were no trains I could take, so I scuffled around and chartered a pilot with a Piper Cub. We were forced down twice on account of rain, and the last time they grounded us because it was dark and we had no running lights.

"So I hired a kid with a motorcycle and rode a hundred miles on the back of that bike, through the rain, to get to the job."

Yes, Mr. T's had plenty of kicks out of the game. He says the biggest thrill he's ever had was hearing Louis Armstrong for the first time—on a New Orleans riverboat. He thinks if anyone has influenced his own style, it is Louis.

*(Continued on page 59)*



*Jack and some of his boys look over a new tune.*



*The Man With The Blues In His Heart.*



*(Back row, l. to r.) Art Shapiro, Joe Sullivan, Jack, Dave Mathews. (Seated l. to r.) Jimmy Noone, Billy May, Zutty Singleton and Dave Barbour.*



*Jack leads his boys in a jam session on the bus en-route to a one night stand.*

# HAPPY

## MR. LEWIS?

By Dorothy Anscomb

**T**WENTY-FIVE years on the road, fifty-two weeks a year, seven days a week, five shows a day—whoof! We should ask, are you tired, Ted Lewis?

New York's Hurricane isn't such a jumping barn-dance any more since you left to go back on the road. But your six weeks were stretched out to seven months, we should be satisfied, and they can use some happiness medicine where you're going.

We've got a lot of serenading to do, Mr. Lewis. You can see how much the kids out front like you. But the kids you've left behind can write you a letter.

Remember, Mr. Lewis—you were rushing off to your club to rest up between the bond selling and ball tossing at the Hurricane. It wasn't a top hat but a gray fedora you had pulled over one eye. You were flashing that cane though, and the Lewis strut was the very same.

"What keeps you young like this?" I asked you, and I thought it might be a special secret elixer. You said "Simplest thing in the world. I just associate with young people." Ever since you went crazy for a circus parade and a brass band and turned the flare and the blare and the clown laughs into a style of your own, you've wanted to keep that wonder of a kid at the circus in the way you watch life go by. And so you are young.

"Look, look," you shouted (there was the circus at the Hurricane) "Look at that girl—her shirt-tail is out!" And I looked. She was jumping the lindy with a sailor boy and sure enough, round and round the blue and white striped blouse was floating on the breeze. *That's all, brother.* No surprise—but such a pleasure! You stay with us, Mr. Lewis.

She came over to our table, a pretty girl from your home town, Circleville, Ohio. And she began to talk about the farms you both have back home. "I just lost a hundred head of pigs" you said—about time I got moving west again so I can stop off at Circleville and see how my manager is making out with the farm." There's always been time to see your farm—on how many trips west? Hundreds! You've played every city and town in forty-eight states and you settled down where you were born with the people who knew you when you were a one-man show in Circleville's nickel theater. You went from carnivals to cabarets to cafe society, and you're still a

(Continued on page 32)



*Ted Lewis*



The famous invitation to happiness rings out as Ted Lewis takes the spotlight. (From the Universal movie, "Three Cheers For The Boys.")

# NO. 1

## SINGING QUINTET



"**H**AVE I Stayed Away Too Long?" inquire the Song Spinners musically. The fans answer that question in the affirmative, for any time this quintet is heard over the air, it's sure to be a week since they were previously heard. They appear once a week on Saturday mornings with their program "Hook 'n Ladder Follies."

Ever since the song spinning quintet got their first break over the air on an NBC sustaining program five years ago, they have been moving steadily ahead. In addition to their Saturday morning appearances they have made a number of best-selling records, and have been seen in many "Community Sing" shorts. Only recently they reversed the usual direction of the success story when they were obliged to turn down an offer to appear in a soon-to-be-seen Dick Haymes-Tommy Dorsey picture, because of New York commitments.

In addition to the customary selection of skill, talent, beauty and ability found in any successful harmony group, The Spinners include in their personnel a singer who is a Powers model. She is Margaret Johnson, wife of Spinner Travis Johnson. Margaret is also the mother of two children, an arranger and singer with the quintet, a musician,—and she can cook too. This love affair started in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, where both par-



*The Song Spinners caught in a musical moment—right in the middle of some close harmony. Seated, Margaret Johnson and Bella Allen; left to right, Len Stokes, John Neher and Travis Johnson.*

ties to the contract studied, and from which college Margaret received her B.A. and Bachelor of Music degree at the same time. Travis studied business administration.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson find time to

lead occasional community sings at Camp Joyce Kilmer, N.J.; and every Monday Margaret may be found playing her guitar and singing in an Army hospital for the soldiers' entertainment.

# BANDS IN UNIFORM



After enlisting the wild enthusiasm of New York's Coconut Grove dancers for three years, Buddy Clarke and his entire band are now enlisted for the duration with the Maritime Service. This is one of the few cases where an entire orchestra was taken over for the War effort.

Lt. Clarke and the boys are top-flight musicians with an enviable history of breaking records wherever they've played. Lt. Buddy Clarke is more than tall, dark and handsome, he's a regular fellow and a great master of melody. Hats off to a real American!



Aberdeen Proving Ground  
Detachment Orchestra

**T**HE Proving Ground Detachment Orchestra of the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, was started not so long ago with few members and little music, purely as a leisure time activity. Today the orchestra has fourteen members, the repertoire is large and varied and the group is rapidly becoming known as a first rate dance and entertainment unit. The ork plays for the WAC Detachment, Officers Candidate School affairs, the Non-Commissioned Officers Club and the Aberdeen U.S.O. Now the group forms the hub of a program of recreational activities for the many civilians engaged in War work in the nearby towns. Each man in the orchestra has assigned duties in some technical phase of warfare in the Ordnance Re-

search Center on the post. Rehearsals and jobs are never allowed to interfere with scheduled assignments, but the boys in the band carry on, swinging it hot or sweet whenever they can.

The following are the members of the Proving Ground Detachment Orchestra: Saxophones—Pfc. Peter Pappas, Pfc. Joseph Duff, Cpl. Harry Smith, Pfc. Joseph Albabo and Pvt. Harry Jorgenson; Trumpets—Pvt. Frank Russo (leader), Pvt. Roger Kent, Sgt. Paul Day, Cpl. Fred Aurretto and Cpl. Ralph Payne; Piano—Pvt. Angelo Papa; Drums—S.Sgt. Joseph Bator; Guitar—Cpl. John Peters; Bass—Cpl. Douglas Foight; Violin—Pvt. Seymour Waxman. (See picture above)



Buddy Clarke and the Boys  
in his Maritime Service Band



### THE BOMBARDIERS (Below)

From left to right the names of the men are as follows: Front row: Howard Mosier, Bob Kramer, Gerry Fruiterman, Larry Regensburg, Hank Kmen, Phil Sobel, Sid Kent and Al Yanchuck. Back row: Roy Blakeman, Ruby Melnick, Hal Kaelin, Irwin (Red) Berken, Sully Childs, Joe Peacock, and Harold Gray at the piano. The bulk of the arranging is done by Roy Blakeman and Harold Gray. Leader at left: Cpl. Max Krebs.



## Army Double Time

**C**AMP GRANT, Illinois, has a number of crack entertainment units known to civilian as well as soldier audiences. One of the busiest and best known is a 14-piece swing band called the "Bombardiers." (See above, right.)

Unlike the MRTC Band, whose members devote their full time to music, the Bombardiers—with one exception—is made up of trainees who get up early in the morning for calisthenics, spend the day in class and drill, take 25-mile hikes and do their turn at KP.

Some of its members come from big name bands; others had their own dance orchestras, and the remainder played in high school and college bands. All have one thing in common—they love music.

Organized in August, 1942, to provide musical accompaniment for the camp's popular War Bond show, the Bombardiers changed personnel with the conclusion of each training period. But audiences who hear their music in camp or on tour will tell you the band's rhythm is all that can be desired.

Pilot of the Bombardiers, who now play for the weekly dances and battalion shows in addition to accompanying the bond show, is "a guy from Brooklyn" named Cpl. Max Krebs. He stands only five feet four inches in his GI shoes, but his Bombardiers swear that Krebs is every inch a musician.

Krebs, only member of the band who doesn't go on hikes or do KP, came here as a trainee in the 31st battalion some 20 months ago. Before donning the uniform he led his own orchestra and doubled with the trumpet and as vocalist in and around New York. When the bond show was formed by Lt. Col. Harvey E. Wilson, the camp bond officer, in March, 1942, Krebs joined the cast as a singer.

The show proved an instant success in stimulating War Bond sales among the military personnel. Its fame spread outside the camp boundaries and Colonel Wilson soon was flooded with requests to take the show on tour.

Proud of his Bombardiers, Krebs sometimes overlooks minor infractions of rules. On one occasion his guitarist fell asleep in the midst of a rumba during a GI dance in the Service Club. "I just let him sleep out that number,"

says Krebs, "but woke him up for the next selection."

Having been a trainee himself, the leader realizes only too well the difficulties of keeping one's eyes wide open after a 25-mile hike or a tough day on KP.

"These men are true musicians and give everything they have," declares Krebs. "Some of them have been with big name bands, and all are expert instrumentalists."

He pointed out Pvt. Jerome C. Pugsley, the Bombardier's bull fiddler, as an example. Pugsley, who is 35 and comes from Chicago, played the bass viol with Buddy Rogers, Bob Chester and Jackie Heller.

Pvt. Albert A. Kullick, the drummer, formerly beat the tom-toms for Guy Lombardo, Glen Gray, Bunny Berrigan, Enric Madrigera and Henry Busse. Kullick is 28 and a native of New York.

The Bombardiers' pianist, Pvt. Charles H. Kyner, 37, also of New York, pounded the ivories for Lew Breese, Raymond Scott, Enoch Light and his Light Brigade.

Pvt. Jacob Katz, 36, of New York, and Pvt. Milton Goldinher, 22, of Atlantic City, N. J., played trombone and trumpet, respectively, in pit orchestras with stage shows. Katz spent most of his 15 years as a musician in burlesque theaters, with such G-string artists as Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio and Margie Hart peeling themselves to the skin with his music. Goldinher was with George White's "Scandals," "Crazy With the Heat," and other shows.

Pvt. Charles Van Alstyne, 31, of Chicago, has been a trumpeter in dance bands 15 years. Pvts. Eli Berezow, 22, of Brooklyn; Joseph F. Labate, 18, of Bayonne, N. J., and Raymond H. Shinn, 19, of Runnymede, N. J., had their own dance bands.

Pvts. Art Heimbürger, 21, Saginaw, Mich., and Fred Trader, 24, of Dubuque, Ia. played with college bands, while Pvts. Larry P. Schenck, 19, of Vineland, N. J., and Clarence R. Stevens, 18, of Corning, N. Y., made music with high school bands.

"These men not only are good musicians, but good soldiers as well," boasted Leader Krebs. "And what's more, they are devoted to their families. They spend every spare minute during 'break' periods writing letters to the folks at home."

# FOUR BOYS AND A

# Guitar

**THE  
MILLS  
BROTHERS**

By  
*Owen A. Edwards*

**T**HE Mills Brothers, John, Harry, Herbert and Donald, are annoyed. Ever since they returned to the United States some darned ignoramus, who must think North America is the only inhabited continent, has been trying to say they're staging a comeback! John, Harry, Herbert and Donald would like everybody to know that they never left the big time once they arrived. They just added about 25,000 miles of geography to their fame and that took a couple of years. After all, we can't be every place at once!

They toured Europe three times and also covered Australia and South America. They are one of the few American acts that has played a command performance for the King and Queen of England.

They were at Gibraltar on a British boat the day War was declared. The boat was completely blacked out, portholes painted over, gas masks issued and then, after a week, it sailed. Nobody knew where they were going until they docked at Piraeus, the port of Athens, Greece. After a few more days they pulled out of there and the next stop was Singapore.

"Weren't you kind of nervous?" we asked.

"No," said John. "We were only nervous once and that was the time we forgot our kazoo."

"Kazoo?" we inquired.

John nodded solemnly. "We had a kazoo before we got our guitar?" he explained.

The boys all agreed that the nearest they ever came to being paralyzed with fear was the night they appeared on the stage of a small town theatre, their first professional engagement, and found that they had forgotten their kazoo. In those days they were known as Four Boys and a Kazoo.

They were stymied. The critical audience began to get restless.

Desperate, John cupped his hands over his mouth, and to the surprise of himself, his brothers and the audience, produced sounds similar to that of the missing kazoo.

They still remember that night and their first success. The kazoo imitation went over solid, and soon all the brothers were imitating musical instruments, until their repertoire included trumpet, trombone, tuba, saxophone, clarinet, bassoon and oboe. With a guitar for rhythm, the quartette was able to sound like a whole orchestra. And that is how the Mills Brothers happened to start their unique and world-famous act.



Judy Carroll  
The "Lucky" Vocalist.

Lucky  
Millinder

# a Lucky COMEBACK

By INEZ CAVANAUGH

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY" Lucius Millinder was throwing his weight around in the Windy City when the average kid of seventeen was brooding over cube roots.

Millinder wiggled his way into a job in one of the lush, plush gaming establishments frequented by the characters who made Chicago "Capone-land" during the Terrible Twenties. None other than Al Capone, who had lost heavily this momentous evening, gave Millinder the tag which has stuck to him ever since. Dancing in and out among the tables, balancing trays laden with liquid refreshments, Lucius noticed the "big boss" was not doing so well. "Let me rub the dice for luck," he blurted, on a hunch. It worked. Capone recovered and won forty thousand berries.

Lucius was ready with the second "comeback" when a grateful nightclub proprietor sought to show his gratitude. "I WANT A BAND!" was the Lucky one's snappy rejoinder. He got it.

Up to now, Lucky has had all of ten bands. By his own admission, he couldn't read a note or play an instrument prior to band number six. However, the best arrangers and sidemen in the business credit him with one of the best "ears" in the music field.

Born in Anniston, Alabama, thirty-two years ago, Lucky travelled all over America and Europe with his theatrical-performing parents. Stints as master-of-ceremonies, leg-man for chorus cuties, holder-of-the-coat for dance directors in Chicago cabarets, tank town training in his parents' entourage, developed his sure-fire flair for showmanship. It was in his blood.

Lucky has been described as "an eccentric who is crazy like a fox." Box-office figures supply the proof. Well liked by fellow musicians, Millinder has always grabbed the best men available for his band and can always be depended upon to give a good show. His cavortings in front of his ork are always "knock-out" laugh-getters and he keeps his audiences in a happy frame of mind. Tambourines, hand-springs, cocked-hats, lighted batons, fancy tails and white tie, or anything at hand are brought into play when the mad Millinder goes into his dance.

Successive flops throughout the years have never discouraged the invincible Millinder, who seems to have the resiliency of an India rubber ball—no matter what prevailed he always came back stronger. His excellent Decca recording band of today, one of the top entertaining units in the country, is certainly another—LUCKY COMEBACK!

# Shining Light



*Enoch Light*



By  
*Isabel  
Westlake*

*Enoch Light and lovely Marguerite  
Chapman of the movies leading a rally  
in honor of Gold Star Mothers, at  
Providence, R.I.*

**A** BRIGHT musical Light has been shining on Broadway through the winter evenings. Enoch Light, one of America's most popular orchestra leaders, was at La Conga. Dancing moths from everywhere were delightedly beating their wings to the throbs of the Light violin and his bandsmen.

The dancers' enthusiasm has only been exceeded by the maestro's evident pleasure. And he has something even more wonderful than his current success to please him.

Enoch is back from a bout with Destiny. An automobile accident nearly robbed him of his lease on life. For ten months thereafter, he was hospitalized, undergoing painful operations. So you can understand how it is that nobody can possibly be gladder to have Enoch Light back in the musical world than Enoch Light is himself.

Enoch Light is right on top again. His orchestra was chosen to break the all-rumba tradition of La Conga and, what is even more significant, he has succeeded in getting the Manhattan Latin to dance the American way. No inconsiderable accomplishment!

When your reporter interviewed Enoch Light, talk about the Sinatra-Rodzinski free-for-all on the virtues and vices of dance music was still in the breeze and we just naturally asked Enoch what he thought.



(Above) Enoch Light presenting awards to Waves at a Bond Rally at Davisville, R. I. (Right) Leslie James, currently adding her loveliness as well as her melodious voice to Enoch Light's orchestra.



Hi jinks when comedian Milton Berle leads the band at New York's Hotel Taft. Maestro Light, left, looks amused at the antics of the irrepressible Berle.



Enoch Light's original ocarina trio. Left to right: George Terry (Army), Alden Muller (Army) and George Vaughn (Navy).

After a moment, he said in his friendly way, "Almost all young people start to become interested in music by beginning with the popular type. At worst, popular music might be the sugar coating on a healthful medicine. At best, it is a medicine itself getting youngsters interested in each other, working for tolerance, the democracy of the dance orchestra."

We ventured to inquire, "Medicine? We don't like medicine, much. Couldn't you call it something else?" Enoch laughed, explaining, "That's our medical background. You see, I studied to be a doctor."

"Did you, now!" we exclaimed. "Can more be told?"

Enoch laughed again, glancing around at the musicians who were just coming back to the bandstand.

"I hate the name Enoch," he confided.

"There's always Enoch Arden," we babbled.

"I can't help that," he replied. "I personally hate odd names. All the same, I'd never change it. I got it from my grandfather and he was one of the settlers of Pittsburgh."

We hurried on, "There was something about medicine." "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "But I learned to scrape the cat-gut long before that. Back in Canton, Ohio, where I was born."

Later on, we learned that during Enoch's study of the old sawbones he never lost sight of the fact that music, also, hath charms to soothe. While he was at Johns Hopkins he organized his first orchestra, the Blue Jays. From then on he devoted himself to music instead of arteriosclerosis.

Within a few months he had done so well that he was sent to Loew's Gaumont Palace in Paris, France, where he played an all time record of thirty-six weeks. Then, after a tour of Italy and Switzerland, he returned to his home stamping grounds, playing at New York's Paramount, Hotel Taft and on several Coast to Coast tours.

Not the least of Enoch Light's attributes, judging from the way his fans have flocked to La Conga, is his friendliness. Why, there's not even a song pluggger known to have a harsh word for him.

# NO STRINGS FOR

# *Holiday*

By DONNA JEAN

*Billie  
Holiday*



**B**ILLIE HOLIDAY, the beige beauty that so many have voted first girl vocalist this year, likes a trumpet behind her, Roy Eldridge or Buck Clayton preferred "because they don't drown a girl out—and well, they're the best horn men!" And Billie isn't having any strings on her musical gift either.

No strings? Maybe Billie doesn't mind a little bass-slapping from the Al Casey boys at New York's Onyx Club where she does "Do Nothing"—but with a heartbeats in her voice every night. And maybe Billie's got a tie in California. Her husband is doing defense work out there, and the phone bills are terrific.

But if you ever wondered whether an entertainer could stay off the band wagon and go her own way on the lonesome road to fame, you know it can be done now.

And now it can be told. Billie sings for anybody who wants to hear. She's happy as a skylark if you like her—if you don't: "Listen," says Billie, "I've got to sing, even if it's only for me and my Mouchie." This Mouchie is a sweet little fox terrier that Billie's husband gave her six months ago, and

Mouchie is always waiting in the dressing-room for Billie to finish with the customers. Mouchie had just upset her water dish when we walked in, and Billie, pale blue satin dress and all, was wiping up the floor.

We remembered Billie from her old recording of "Strange Fruit." Not the song a girl would choose who was singing what they want, and so we asked about it right away.

"It was a poem," Billie told us. "A school teacher wrote it and I composed the music."

Billie has written many songs since then: her famous "Billie's Blues," "Fine and Mellow," "Somebody's Always on my Mind" and yet unpublished "Don't Explain." Billie does all her own arranging although she can't write a note. Her arranger, Don Mendolsohn is in the Army now, but Billie calls him (more phone bills) when she's worked out a new number, hums her arrangement over the wire and gets it back from Don on five lines and four equal spaces.

There have been no musicians in Billie's family until Billie. They moved from Baltimore to Harlem when she was very little, and at fourteen she was

singing in Harlem's Log Cabin. When the paint was still wet on New York's Downtown Cafe Society, Billie started her career in big time. She stayed at the Downtown for four years.

The movies have tried to hand Billie a mammie role. They're still trying. And Billie's still refusing. She wants a part in a good straight musical. "Not many lines," says Billie; "I'm no actress. But I want a chance to sing the right kind of songs for me."

Soon, she's going West again, and we'll bet she'll get her part.

And then of course we wanted to know "how was that famous jam session at the Met last winter?" Billie was enthusiastic. "They liked me," she said, and you could see she was still surprised. "I was watching an old lady in one of the boxes all the time. She kept looking at me through those eye glasses on a stick, and she never smiled. I was getting very nervous. I thought, when I get up to sing my 'Blues' she's going to get up and walk out. Well, that lady applauded as loud as anybody. She stood up and shouted!"

So do we all, Billie!

# Romantic BATONEER



**J**OSE MORAND, talented leader of the famous Decca recording orchestra, owes much of his present success to the foresight and ambition of his mother.

Shortly after the Morand family moved to New York from Tampa, Florida, where Jose was born, Mrs. Morand began the musical education of her son. Despite his youthful preference for ball games and movies, Jose's mother persisted in her desire to train him for the concert stage as a violinist. Jose had no choice in the matter and today is very thankful that he didn't.

At eighteen, in order to secure finances to continue his studies, Jose began to play professionally. For four years his violin was one of the features of Al Donahue's orchestra. While with this band he began to make arrangements as well as to play, and soon won a reputation for the sparkle and vitality of his smooth dance numbers.

Other engagements as a violinist and arranger followed until two years ago, when Morand organized his own orchestra to record for Decca, he became the overnight sensation of the music world.

Specialist in southern rhythms, Morand recently aroused much controversy by claiming that Americans make much better conga dancers than most Cubans. "Congas require a lot of energy," he explains, "and Americans have that to spare. A good many Cubans lack it." Jose may be just a Latin from Florida but he's been around and he knows what he's talking about.

And now listen, gals, Jose is that rara avis, the eligible bachelor. This, being leap year, it's your privilege to look into the matter. He eats sparingly which is a big help to the young wife. He also likes to dance and he's naturally slender, no girdles here. Ah, me! we fear Jose's just too hep for easy pickings. We suspect he's on to our whims and our wiles. However . . . faint heart never won handsome gent, did it, gals?

*Jose Morand*

**G**LEN GRAY is one of those rare band leaders who'll never outwear his welcome in the world of music. Ditto: his Casa Loma orchestra, no matter who happens to be playing with him—for they're bound to be good so long as Glen picks 'em and leads 'em!

The Casa Lomans were among the original pioneers of swing. They've been pioneering ever since the early days—long before the Era of Big Name Bands—on radio shows and Decca recordings for all that is best and enduring in popular American music. Nowadays they're starred every Saturday on the Navy Bulletin Board radio show on a Coast-to-Coast Mutual hook-up.

The movies, too, have improved the entertainment values of productions—just as they have with so many other leading batoneers—by enlisting the services of Glen and his boys in such all-star musicals as "Jam Session" (Columbia), and "Smoke Rings" (Universal). And from what the proverbial little bird tells us, there'll be more of the same. Hollywood certainly ought to thank its new lucky stars from among the band leaders for contributing their great talents to motion pictures. Indeed, something *has* been added in the way of lustre to the silver screen by the ever-increasing appearances of the great men of music in the movies!

Tall, handsome Glen was born in Roanoke, Va. He was an apt student, graduating from high school at the tender age of 15. Only the Armistice prevented him from being one of the youngest officers in the First World War.

*Glen  
Gray*



For, at 15 he was six feet tall and his fine rating at high school qualified the patriotic youngster for officer's training. The War ended two months before he was to receive his commission.

From that point on, school didn't appeal to Glen. Restless to go places and do things, he got himself a job with the Santa Fe railroad as a freight hustler. Within the short space of four years he'd worked his way up to the responsible position of Station Cashier.

Although there "was music in his heart"—as the saying goes—Glen's sister was the musician of the family. She started playing the piano at the age of 6. Glen, although he didn't begin so early, made up for lost time once he got started. He bought a second-hand alto saxophone, even when he was in high school, with money he earned at odd jobs. Outside of playing the instrument, seemingly for just the pleasure of it, he gave no serious indications of following a musical career. Imagine the surprise his parents must have felt when he suddenly formed his own junior ork known as "Spike's Jazz Band." He's been known as Spike ever since. This rootin', tootin' group earned quite a reputation at school functions around Roanoke.

But when the future leader of Casa Loma fame started working on the railroad, his after-working-hours hobby of music began taking such a hold on his fancy that he gave up the position of Station Cashier that he'd won by sheer grit and determination, and with the few dollars he'd managed to save, went to Chicago to study at the American Conservatory. Jazz had come up the Mississippi River from New Orleans by then; it was only natural that Glen wound up playing with Frankie Trumbauer, Bix Beiderbecke and other jazz immortals of that period.

In 1924 he joined another jazz great, Jean Goldkette as saxophonist for the Orange Blossoms. Five years later the Orange Blossoms became the Casa Loma orchestra. Incorporated under that name, with Glen as the President, saxophonist and leader, the band made the big trek to New York. Somehow, with haphazard jobs, Glen's band weathered the depression and emerged as one of the nation's top orks. It was Glen's enthusiasm—not to speak of his inspiring leadership and musical genius—kept the band intact during those trying years when so many others fell by the wayside.

The Casa Lomans went in for swing long before the word was known. Such tunes as "Smoke Rings," "For You" and "Talk Of The Town," achieved nationwide  
*(Continued on page 62)*

# Swing PIONEER



By  
Dave  
Fayre

**O**MAR KHAYYAM once said it, "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou." But he left out one thing: some good solid records to chase your blues away. And speaking of blues, high on our recommended list is the Decca album of "Blues On Parade," featuring Woody Herman and his swell-elegant band. The album features 6 records, 12 sides, and each side better than the other. Such numbers as "Laughing Boy Blues," "Blues Upstairs and Downstairs" and "Caliope Blues" are contained in the terrific album. At the time this album was waxed some years ago, Woody was as great as he is today.

This album shows why Woody Herman's band in a few short years rocketed to top position. On the recording of "Laughing Boy Blues," Woody is featured as the vocalist. What makes this particular disc so unusual is the fact that Sunny Skylar, then an unknown, is the laddie that does the laughing behind Woody's vocal. Sunny, as you know, is the composer of "Besame Mucho," and is also a featured radio singer. For something just a little bit different, we highly recommend this album.

While on the subject of albums, we'd like you to dig Victor's new collection, "Up Swing," featuring TD, Glenn, Benny and Artie. Yep you guessed it—Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw—all these four debonair gentlemen are represented in this album. Tommy Dorsey with his ever popular version of "Song Of India" and that swingeroo "Yes, Indeed." Glenn Miller sending the cats with "Tuxedo Junction" backed by "String Of Pearls." Benny Goodman rocking along with "Stompin' At The Savoy" coupled with "Don't Be That Way." And finally that band of Bands, Artie Shaw, with two of his best numbers, "Begin The Beguine" and "Lady Be Good."

This album was released by Victor in response to the growing demand for some of the old tunes by these four great swingmasters. It represents eight memorable years in the saga of swing.

Bands may come and bands may go, but Guy Lombardo, like Ol' Man River, just keeps rollin' along. Evidence of his never-ending popularity are his recordings of "Take It Easy" and "It's Love, Love, Love." These tunes are really sweeping the country, and Guy does the best possible job on them. He adds that certain something that means the difference between an outstanding hit and a mediocre sale. The songs themselves are something different in the popular vein, featuring a rumba tempo with a bit of a humorous flavoring.

Making his debut on the "Musicraft" label, Phil Brito comes through with three records that are on the best seller lists. "My Heart Tells Me," "By the River of the Roses," and "Besame Mucho" are the numbers that are enticing the nickels to the juke boxes and keeping the registers ringing in the music stores. Backing Phil up on these waxings is Paul Lavelle and his ork. They do a magnificent musical job! Paul uses 15 violins—and they really go to town. Phil has a very pleasant voice and through the medium of these records, adds his name to the list of swoon singers that are keeping the femmes in hysterics. We might add that Phil has also waxed "Torna A Sorrento" (Come Back to Sorrento), for Musicraft. This little ditty was originally recorded for Okeh by Al Donahue and his band with Phil doing the vocal honors. The demand for the record was instantaneous, but unfortunately, not enough were pressed to meet the demand. Musicraft, wisely enough, has now seen fit to make another recording of

(Continued on page 62)



The increasingly popular  
Woody Herman.



A crayon portrait of The  
Duke.

Phil Brito, Balladier of the  
Blue.





*Considered one of the most versatile band leaders in the busy world of music, Joe Ricardel, songwriting orchestra leader, is a master of the violin, trumpet, saxophone, clarinet and vibraphone. The popular song of not-so-far back "Wise Old Owl," was composed by Ricardel and he currently has several new tunes with publishers.*



*Dean Hudson, a protege of Tommy Dorsey, is appraised by critics as one of the coming band leaders with the greatest melodic possibilities. Recently given a medical discharge from the Army, Dean is extremely popular with collegemen from coast to coast, especially in the South; which is no wonder, since he's an alumnus of the University of Florida.*



*Handsome band maestro, Neil Bondshu is a native of California. Organized his first band to play at dances for his fraternity. Started his career in the orchestra world and turned out to be a record-breaker. Possesses a sure-fire formula for success:—exciting arrangements, thrilling dance music and the famous Bondshu piano technique.*



*Tony Pastor will always be a magic name on the roster of great band leaders. With that suave, professional touch that is so typically his, Tony has gathered about him scores of musicians—always the best. There is a kind of legendary aura about Tony. The musical world owes much to his creative leadership.*



*"Night club patrons don't just come to sit and drink. They like to dance and they have definite preferences in dance music," says Nat Brandwynne. Nat's been in the music world since he was thirteen, so he should know. At that early age he was part of a two piano team with Eddy Duchin.*



*"Wild Honey," George Hamilton's theme song, has taken on a new significance in these times. The name was adopted by the crew of a Flying Fortress, and now a giant bomber bears the name of "Wild Honey." George composed the song in 1936 and it has been associated with his fine orchestra ever since.*



*While taking a pre-med course, Orrin Tucker, now in the uniform of Uncle Sam, headed a small band to help pay his tuition. He was heard by Gus Edwards, who promptly offered him an engagement in New Orleans. Orrin succumbed to the temptation and abandoned the scalpel for the baton. Warmth of personality and musical versatility are the keys to his success.*



*Running an orchestra according to Ray Herbeck, is a business—and a pretty big business at that. So in directing his orchestra he borrowed a precept from successful practitioners of big business: "The customer is always right." He's spent years finding out what his customers like and that's what he gives them.*

# I've never had time

## THE LIFE STORY OF ROSALIE ALLEN, RADIO'S NEW SINGING STAR, AS TOLD TO ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

I STILL wonder if any moment, now, I won't waken to find it's all a dream that I'm singing over a vast network; that I'm making recordings for a big company and appearing on the stages of dozens of theatres. My smart, little apartment, my lovely clothes, the nice fat check I send my family each week, the money I'm saving to buy them a farm, all seem like something that could happen only to Cinderella and I'm apt to shiver slightly when I hear a clock strike twelve.

But it's all true and it came true the hard way, with no time out for play or for love. And looking ahead at the long road I still have to travel, I don't believe there ever will be time.

Maybe that's a sad thing for a girl of twenty to face but when I think back over the way I've come, I can say again what I've been saying all these years: "Nothing can stop me."

I don't remember when I first said those words or when I first knew, for sure, that I wanted to be a singer. But it was when I was just a thin, little tow-headed girl—one of eleven children—living near the Pennsylvania coal mines where my father worked until his health failed.

About that time, too, I longed for a doll and I used to make up lullabies to sing to the dream my empty arms cradled. But there was never quite enough money for food, much less for toys, and I didn't dare even to hope. Finally, though, with pennies I earned by helping neighbors with housework and a little money my father managed to give me, I actually got my doll. With long golden curls, blue eyes that opened and shut, a white ruffled dress and tiny little patent leather shoes, she was so beautiful

### ROSALIE'S PHOTO ALBUM

(Picture, upper left)  
*Rosalie attends her first grown-up party at the age of fifteen. She was the baby of the troupe playing on Station WORC in York, Pa., and the entertainers had a big Thanksgiving dinner following a show put on for the local Salvation Army.*

(Center, left)  
*Rosalie wearing her very first cowgirl outfit.*

(Bottom, left)  
*Rosalie had always wanted a fur coat, but she wanted to earn it herself. And so she did. She was singing on radio stations all over the country, but she never had anything left over after sending money home to her family. Finally she paid \$10 down and \$5 a month all one summer and blossomed out like this on the first halfway cool day of fall.*

(Opposite page, left)  
*Rosalie was certainly proud the day she had this picture taken with Roy Rogers, the cowboy star.*

(Opposite page, right)  
*This is the Rosalie of today as she appears on her regular radio programs over stations WNEW, WOR and WABC in New York City. Just a few years ago an unknown young girl of fifteen singing on a local station—now she appears with the big bands in theatres from Coast to Coast, or works with her own band as a recording artist.*



for marriage

Jim - Bob -  
Jack - Sami

at



Tom

George



she brought a lump to my throat. But almost since I could walk I had been helping Mother iron and scrub; I had fed the chickens and milked our cow. There had never been time for anything but work and now that I had my lovely doll I didn't know how to play with her. Tenderly I put her back in her box and closed the lid softly as a tear fell on my small, work-roughened hand.

I never saw my doll again for before I had a chance our house burned to the ground one cold September night while we were visiting at a friend's.

I remember watching the terrible, bright beauty of the flames working their destruction and to my nine-year-old eyes, it seemed like the end of the world. Then the words I had somehow learned in poverty and hardship came to my lips. I shook a small fist at the flames. "Nothing can stop me," I defied them.

Next day while neighbors sheltered the rest of our big family, I got work at a nearby restaurant and went to

board there. My salary was \$2.00 a week and I walked the three miles to and from school so I could save bus fare and turn the whole amount over to Mother.

After school, while I washed endless stacks of dishes, I listened to the radio and memorized song after song. I practiced constantly and even mastered the melodic trick of yodeling. Soon I was performing at local banquets, for there were many who loved music in our Polish community and wanted to encourage me. I was very happy then for it seemed to me that I was really on my way to becoming a singer. But after a few months the small house my father built with the fire insurance money was completed and when I moved back home my mother began to oppose me.

Like all the other women in our hill country, she believed that girls should stay at home until it was time for them to marry. Then they should raise a family and stay home some more.

(Continued on page 64)

Al Trace joins in a cuckoo quartette of Silly Symphonists.



AL TRACE

(Left) Vivacious Toni Arden, vocalist with Al Trace and his band.



# Laugh SALESMAN

**T**HEY'RE crazy about him out in Chi—in fact, anywhere he sets up his act—Al Trace and His Silly Symphonies, who played in and around Chicago for more than twelve years. It wasn't until last winter that the Windy City fans consented to giving him a short leave of absence for his spectacular appearance at New York's Dixie Hotel.

Al Trace and His Silly Symphonies are a heart-warming and rib-racking combination of band and vaudeville act, complete with props, funny situations, freak instruments, serial comedy acts, and comical songs. It is rumored in the silliest symphonic circles that Al's leave may be extended for the benefit of laugh-hungry Big Towners.

In his pre-silly days Al was a baseball player and played professional ball for several years. In baseball he made such a big reputation that he was able to go into Big Business as a bond salesman in the boom days of the twenties. When the bond business went bust Al decided to sell his laughs by themselves, rather than giving them away free with bonds and he went into show business as song writer and impresario.

During the last five years Al and his band spent eight months each year at the Ivanhoe, on Chicago's North Side. The Ivanhoe is considered by inhabitants of the Windy City to be its most outstanding neighborhood spot, with a varied clientele, a real homey place for solid citizens in their middle thirties.

Before the Hotel Sherman featured name bands exclusively, Al played there every Saturday night, a home-town boy making good with the fun. For three years he played in the Old Town Room of the Sherman, as well as in the College Inn of the hotel.

On the bandstand Al and his men work in their regular band uniforms; however, they carry several trunkloads of props and costumes with them, as well as a quantity of freak instruments. The main entertainment consists of situation-building plots and the rehearsals must be long in order to create slick production numbers.

Says *Billboard*, "For a small outfit, this one pushes out more music than lots of bands twice its size, and the danceability is there with all the angles."

# His *Voice* is his fortune...



**Billy Eckstine**

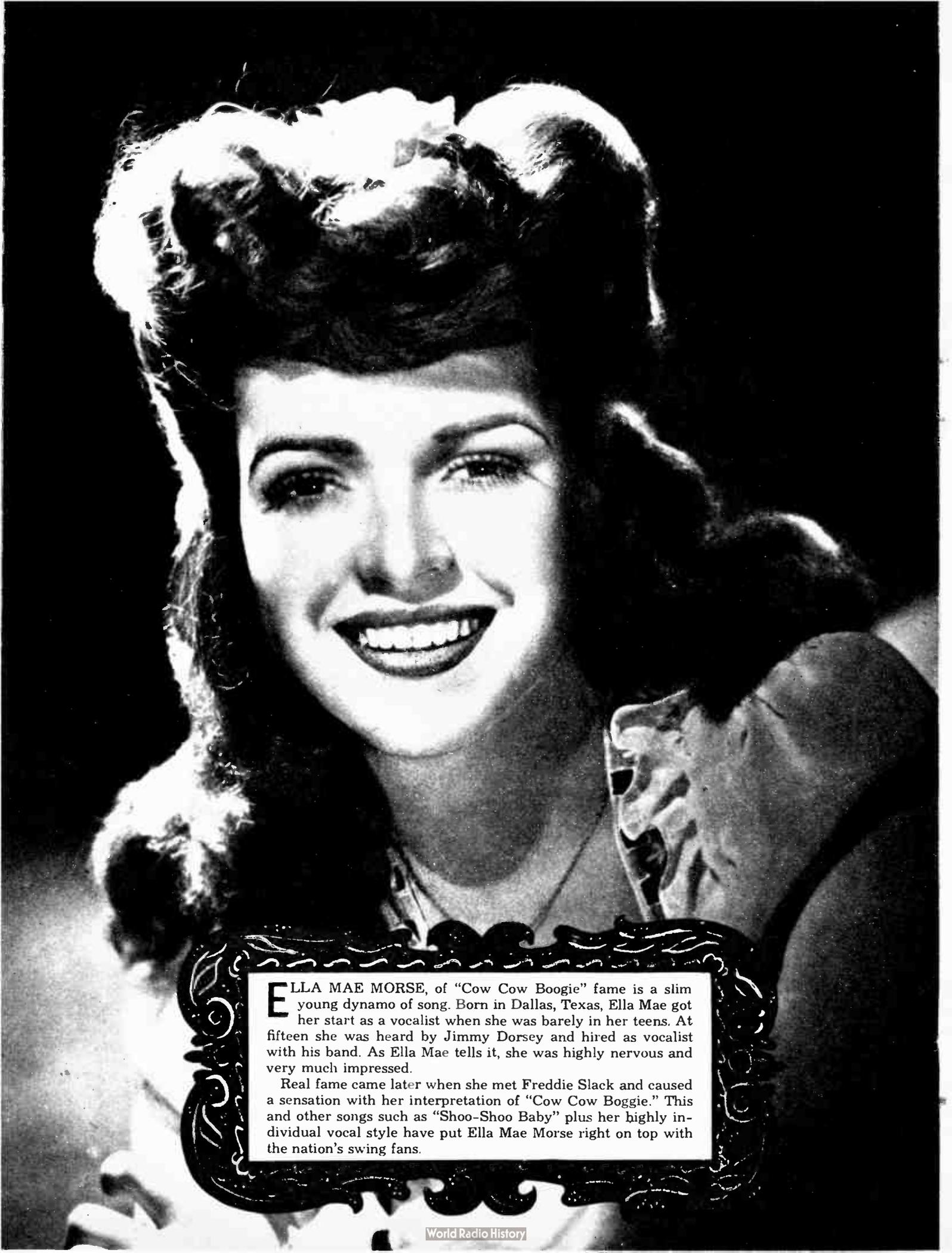
**W**HEN he won an amateur contest in 1937, Billy Eckstine was convinced that his voice was his fortune. With the object of giving fortune a chance to find him, he immediately left Howard University and set up in business as a singer. Currently the citizens are hearing and applauding his recordings of "Jelly Jelly" and "Stormy Monday Blues," which he wrote as well as warbled.

Until his recording successes of the past year, Billy Eckstine's professional path was strewn with almost everything except success and fortune. At the start of his career he appeared with several obscure bands in Washington, D.C., and then took a job in Chicago, where, in 1939, he met and joined Earl Hines and his orchestra. He learned to play trumpet while with Hines and played well enough

to take the trumpet spot in addition to his vocal chores. With one short intermission when the Hines outfit broke up and then reorganized, Billy stayed with Hines until 1943.

Less than a year ago Eckstine decided to go out on his own again, and his first theatre date in Philadelphia broke all house records. His voice draws favorable comment from the jazz experts and he has won—and will win many more—"favorite male vocalist" polls all over the country.

Billy enjoys watching and playing football and baseball, reading cowboy stories, and playing with his dogs. At one time or another he has had a bird, a collie, a bulldog and half a dozen "mutts," besides his current pet, a Doberman-Pinscher, named "Commando."



**E**LLA MAE MORSE, of "Cow Cow Boogie" fame is a slim young dynamo of song. Born in Dallas, Texas, Ella Mae got her start as a vocalist when she was barely in her teens. At fifteen she was heard by Jimmy Dorsey and hired as vocalist with his band. As Ella Mae tells it, she was highly nervous and very much impressed.

Real fame came later when she met Freddie Slack and caused a sensation with her interpretation of "Cow Cow Boggie." This and other songs such as "Shoo-Shoo Baby" plus her highly individual vocal style have put Ella Mae Morse right on top with the nation's swing fans.

# DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Chick Webb

by Bob Garrison



**J**UST off Times Square is a spot well worth a visit. Should you feel like your feet are in good working order, and you'd like to swing out—try the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln.

Isabel and I gave the Lincoln a try, and the scenery—azure as can be—sort of gets you. A swell gent played piano there that evening; had a solid band too. The terrific four-four Count—Count Basie—jived out “Mister Five by Five,” and we were satisfied.

I had hopes of learning a bit of inside material on the late Chick Webb, from the Count, but His Highness, surprisingly enough, didn't remember ever playing with Chick. However, he admitted, “Chick had ideas far in advance of his day!” What else could the Count contribute? He smiled and stated simply, “Solid,” and that describes his opinion of Chick Webb, perhaps better, than in a dozen carefully chosen words.

But you want to know all about one of the greatest drummers of all time—Chick Webb. First thing, he was a kind man. Perhaps the poor physical condition that afflicted him, from birth and on through life, gave him an understanding of others' ailments.

Chick was born in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. He was crippled; could not use his legs. He had tons of spirit—peddled papers by the time he was 12 years of age. Following a delicate operation, CW could walk, but his size remained small—a puny man with boundless energy. Did that hold Chick Webb down? Not that man! He beat out his licks on a miscellaneous set of skins and managed to tap out bewildering tempos in his spare time.

As most talented kids think, and where they usually go, New York City, that's where Mr. Webb went, minus fanfare. His early days in New York were not particularly happy ones. He grew ill—an illness that persisted in following him. Harry Richmond gave him a “break” at the popular Black Bottom Club. The well known “flutter” trumpeter, late of Benny Goodman's Orchestra, Cootie

Williams, roomed with Chick. When the boys were low on funds, the drummer boy would turn in his drum set for a bit of ready cash. Cootie and Chick, in this way, by helping each other, renewed their courage.

On the campus where so many bands found initial success, Princeton University, Chick Webb also created a favorable impression in 1936. A college publication remarked, “The brass section sends out in good ol' gut-bucket, barrel-house, boogie-woogie style, with plenty of punch and zip. . . . The reed section is equally as wonderful as the brasses. . . . The rhythm section is the finest section in this out-of-the-world outfit. On drums is ‘Chick’ himself. He sits ensconced on a throne, high above the rest of the band and so completely surrounded by his miscellaneous collection of drums, blocks, and bells, that at times only the top of his head is visible. He is the best colored parchment man in the business and in his time has backed Louis Armstrong” . . . .

The famous Savoy, in Harlem, was the Chick's stomping grounds. Year in and year out, successful return engagements were held at the Savoy for Chick and Ella. It's about time Ella Fitzgerald enters the story. The story about Ella joining the band sounds almost too movie-like to be authentic, but it's what happened. At the age of 16, Ella sang on one of Chick's talent programs, at the Manhattan Casino. The great little man realized he had the makings of a great jazz singer in Ella, so he patiently trained her, built arrangements around her, and featured her. Chick showed Miss Fitzgerald off to the critical fans at Yale, and she stopped the show. This collegiate success was followed with greater fame found at the Savoy, the Cotton Club, Connie's Inn, the Roseland, and a North Shore Gardens Ballroom date, in Massachusetts. Chick Webb always managed to get mixed up in sensational “Battles of Swing” and usually came out on top. One such session went on during April 1937, when the Duke and the

*(Continued on page 61)*

# DID YOU KNOW THAT...

(Continued from page 3)

carefully saves all his old cook books. That's what the press agents say, anyway . . . That fine voice you've been listening to over CBS these Thursday nights belongs to HARRY COOL, formerly featured with DICK JURGENS . . .

MITCH AYRES was lining up for that khaki drape at press time while band leader BOB ASTOR, medically discharged, was back in civvies, planning a new band . . . PHIL MOORE (he wrote "Shoo Shoo Baby") is going serious on us with a recently composed nine-minute "Concerto for Trombone." TOMMY DORSEY will feature it . . . JIMMY DORSEY and his band will be spotlighted in the next ABBOTT and COSTELLO flicker . . . Even though young leader HERBIE FIELDS is having trouble getting his crack band going (uninspired booking was the original trouble), the inside dope is that when he does hit his stride, HERBIE will sell like the proverbial hot cakes . . . Hot tenor-man GEORGIE AULD and his band are in line for a radio commercial and that ain't bad for a comparatively new band . . .

Nobody can figure out where INA RAE HUTTON is digging up all those wonderful and young swing musicians. While many orchs have been on the downgrade because of draft inroads and many others



Lee Castle, popular trumpeter band leader.

have even broken up, INA's orch improves every day . . . The crowds standing around the bandstand at the Hotel Pennsylvania, digging FRANKIE CARLE's scintillating piano were thaaaa-aaaaat deep the nights we visited the spot. CARLE uses a wonderful sweet-swing band style that has brought his band to the top incredibly fast . . .

BOYD RAE BURN's vocalists, DOROTHY CLAIRE and DON D'ARCY sang with SONNY DUNHAM's band before joining the young sax tootler . . . If you're not catching those wonderful afternoon RAYMOND SCOTT CBS broadcasts, you're missing a treat. SCOTT has done what many believed couldn't be done: he has created a live, jumping swing band in a radio studio. Most radio orchs sound anemic but the SCOTT boys really beat it out like mad . . . MARY LOU WILLIAMS, one gal who can really play jazz piano in our opinion, is featured on some currently available Commodore records . . . RED NORVO's little jazz unit playing the Prevue Club in Chicago has caught on so with the local jazz gentry that RED has been asked to stay as long as he likes at the spot . . .

And, speaking of small jazz bands, those long-neglected outfits may soon find a new lease on life. The William Morris booking office is planning to send out five and six piece hot units to tour the country, playing jam sessions from town to



Ben Webster taking solo with Woody Herman ork during recording session at Decca's New York studios.

town . . . The LYTTLE SISTERS, once featured with HAL McINTYRE, have found themselves a new singing style that is little short of marvelous. Rehearsing like fury right now, they'll soon unloosen their new manner of singing for your benefit. Ten to one, you'll be as knocked out as we were when you hear it . . .

EDDIE CONDON's Jazz Concerts in NY's Town Hall were so successful that the networks are already trying to line up the programs for broadcasts next season . . . It's a pleasure to report that PHIL BARTON (whose work we first praised months ago) is singing with trumpeter LEE CASTLE's band . . .



Skip Nelson, featured vocalist with Chico Marx's band.

BOB ASTOR's youthful, mid-western band takes over N.Y.'s Glen Island Casino stand for that spot's first dance date in over a year . . . If you're a disc collector (and if you can still find a place to buy the good records) get your local platter-shop to hunt you up one of STAN KENTON's first waxings: "Gambler's Blues." It really comes on like "Gang Busters" . . .

Former band leader DOLLY DAWN is making her first full-length picture on the Universal set . . .

Maestro DENNY BECKNER's mad cavortings in front of his band had New Yorker's in the aisles during DENNY's recent N.Y. engagement. A lot of people think that the comic leader is the next KAY KYSER . . . The welcome addition of words to DAVE ROSE's "Holiday For Strings" has heightened that tune's popularity . . . BEN WEBSTER, who once played with DUKE ELLINGTON, can be heard now with RAYMOND SCOTT over CBS, as well as on current WOODY HERMAN recordings . . . So long, for now --be seeing you come next issue . . .

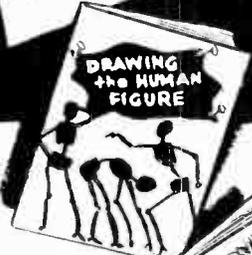
DICK DODGE.



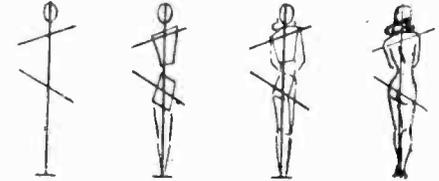
Herbie Fields is now hitting his stride with a crack band.

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# BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By Don Terrio

**B**AND move being followed by many Chicagoans is the Eastern tour of Eddy Howard, one-time singer with Dick Jurgens, who has won quite a following while playing at Chicago's favored Aragon Ballroom. The bookers decided Eddy had made a name for himself in the Middle West through his ballroom, radio and theater work, and that he'd be popular in



*Doris Donovan, featured vocalist with Don Reid.*

the East through his Columbia and Decca records. His friends turned out to jam the Aragon for a good-bye party on Easter, and a few of Eddy's close pals are keeping his horse "Silver" in riding trim for him until he returns to Chicago. . . .

Aragon's new bands are George Olson, who brings along comely Judith Blair, and Buddy Franklin. Buddy beat the wartime shortage of musical manpower by adding a trio of girl violinists to his band . . . and don't be surprised if there are more this year. Debutante vocalist Harriet Collins played minor motion picture roles before joining Buddy. . . .

Last summer, vacationists at Lake Lawn resort on Lake Delavan, Wis., held a reunion at the Trianon when Don Reid opened there after Lake Lawn closed. His stay was successful, and some of the same crowd came again for his recent third Trianon opening. Pretty Doris Donovan remains his maker of pretty words. . . .

That parade of bands in and out of

the Panther Room at the Hotel Sherman continues. Sonny Dunham, the lad with the fancy set of lip muscles (their shape is called an "embouchure") which enable him to flip back and forth from trumpet to trombone with the greatest of ease, comes in with Dorothy Claire on May 19. Then on June 16 Woody Herman unleashes his clarinet . . . there have been some changes in the Herman crew, but Woody still features his popular "Woodchoppers" and the Four Woodmen. Charlie Spivak brings along his trumpet and Irene Day on July 14 . . . he invented his own mute, now has it patented. . . .

Lou Breese left his 10 men at the Chez Paree to take over the Chicago Theater's 16-piece band. He'll act as



*Eddy Howard has won a great Chicago following at the Aragon Ballroom.*

MC for many of the shows while playing on the stage, and will appear in the pit when another name band is billed. Contract is for a year. Taking over Breese's former band at the Chez is Gay Claridge, recently of the Merry Garden ballroom. . . .

Certainly a place of many names is that night club building on State near Wacker Drive . . . from Rhumba Casino to the Music Box, and now under new management again it's the Shangri-La (the new owners put up 600 shares of \$100 par stock on the market).

Stan Phillips moved to the Band Box when the Music Box closed, replacing Boyd Raeburn who left for Washington and New York hotel jobs—timing was convenient.

Bill Snyder, half of a former CBS

piano team who holds a medical discharge after 14 months in the Air Forces, was booked for the Camellia House at the Drake and moved in when Nick Brodeur went into service. A likeable music maker, he has a master's degree from the American Conservatory. . . .

Art Kassel is expected back in the Walnut Room at the Bismarck when Jimmy Joy says farewell. Eddie Fens now has the show band at the Rio Cabana . . . he's been playing society parties since his Hi Hat club days. Frank Pichel moved in from the Brown Derby to play as the rhumba band.

Among new radio shows using bands is the Shaeffer World Parade, NBC from 2-2:30 on Sundays, with Roy Shield's orchestra and Curt Massey, vocalist and violinist.

So long, for now—see you next issue.



*Mary Jane Dodd, Del Courtney's song-bird at the Blackhawk Hotel.*

## HE MADE GOOD ON HIS OWN (Continued from page 19)

Everything looked fine, only Hal was worried about what his old maestro would think. He says, "Glenn Miller came over to hear the band and I've never been so nervous about anything. But there was no need to be. Glenn thought the band was fine and he held nothing in reserve when he congratulated us."

Hal did reserve his own opinions until several years later when he closed a record breaking engagement in the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore. "Then," he explained, "I knew that half the battle was won."

Hal McIntyre made his first birthday bow at Cromwell, Connecticut, in a family consisting of his mama, his papa and four little sisters; and that didn't mean he was due for any particular coddling! He went to work at an early age husking corn—which, must we observe? hasn't affected his music—and stripping tobacco. He also spent time under a blistering sun picking strawberries at the towering wage of one cent a basket. "You have to be a mole to pick fifty baskets a day," he recalls.

He was ten when he began taking saxophone lessons from Henry Ruff of the Nutmeg State. From sax he went to the clarinet. "A born musician!" you say. But Hal says, "No," although his father did cut capers on the trombone. With Hal, music was something like olives, the taste grew on him. Originally, he learned to play just to have a social accomplishment. For a long time the sounds that emanated from his horn were anything but social. To make matters worse, the tobacco growing gentry of Cromwell were going through a period when musicians were merely tolerated, if not actively resented. Hal and his trombone-playing dad usually found it advisable to sneak off behind the barn for their private jam sessions.

High school—the Middletown H.S. which was just a good walk out of Cromwell—opened up a new world for Hal. A bright new world inhabited by dozens of

kids with the jump and the jive who welcomed a horn man with the gift to organize. In this friendly atmosphere, Hal founded his own eight piece ork (three saxes, a trumpet and four rhythm men) and proceeded to go to town.

From the high school crowd, Hal's band went to local clubs, church suppers, dances and so on. He was in demand but he didn't begin making money until his band, increased to ten pieces and a vocalist, began playing at Lake Compounce, Conn., and found themselves a radio wire. That was how Benny Goodman happened to hear about Hal McIntyre.

When Hal went into Big Time his success was practically instantaneous. At first, his friends in music thought his ideas would be influenced by his long association with Miller but they soon discovered that Hal was strikingly original.

Since he emerged from that "cradle of name bands," as the Glen Island Casino is called, and in less than three years, Hal McIntyre's band has been voted tops by two national magazines; has had three record-breaking engagements; has proved its sensational drawing power in ballrooms and theatres throughout the country; has been featured in one movie with another in the offing; and its platters for Victor have taken their place among the best sellers.

Speaking of platters, Nick Kenny of the N.Y. Daily Mirror, describes Hal McIntyre's rendition of "South Bayou Shuffle" as "A sensational record that packs the kind of a wallop we've already come to expect from this high-riding youngster. The scoring, orchestration and arrangement is superior stuff and the amazing thing is that this band with its relative inexperience seems to be doing it simply as a matter of course."

Not bad for a gent who takes his time, not bad! Especially when you know that Hal can still remember old friends, furtive jam sessions, and picking strawberries under the hot sun. These little things make him just a guy, and who doesn't love that kind of a man?

## THE MAN WITH THE BLUES IN HIS HEART

(Continued from page 35)

Maybe so, but the technique, imagination and feeling of Jack's playing are his own. He wears no man's collar—just plays like "he feels." Sometimes his lack of "commercialism" has made the going rough.

He says, a little chagrined, but not regretfully, that he "would be a wealthy man today," had he bought a now famous song once offered him. But Jack didn't like the tune and passed it up. It wasn't

his kind of music—he couldn't play it from his heart.

But if Jack has the blues in his heart, music is also in his blood. Give him his horn, a gang of musicians and he's solid ready. A friend of his has summed it up like this: "Jack will fluff off a big shot, just to get with the boys."

Keep on "gettin' with 'em," Jackson, makin' the kind of music that only men like you have got a right to sing and play.

## HE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT (Continued from page 15)

I asked Glenn how he felt about the inclusion of strings in his present set-up. You know, we didn't have violins in the old Miller band. His answer to this query was completely unexpected. "In the pre-war band we got along pretty well without strings," he said, "but here we have been trying to do a lot of different things, more or less, experimental, and I don't think we could achieve the rich harmony, tonal color and shadings without the augmented string section."

I had a lot of other things I wanted to ask Glenn: personal things, about his wife and child, of the doings of former members of our organization, but the soldiers were setting up their music and

we had to break up the confab.

Now that I am out on my own, singing as a soloist in the big theatres around the country, many of them the same houses where the Glenn Miller band established attendance records. I get the time to personally meet and in many cases, re-meet hundreds of those loyal Glenn Miller fans, who need no further identification than the simple pin of friendship, a miniature trombone. All of them eagerly await the day when the war clouds will clear away and the gigantic conflict will be ended. They look forward, these young people, to Glenn Miller's triumphant return to the world of music. As an ex-employee and friend, but basically, a fan, I do, too.



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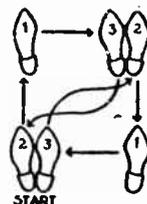
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### DEAR READERS . . .

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Art Hodes has joined our editorial staff as conductor of his own column entitled "The Jazz Record." (See Page 60.) We know that Art Hodes will be of great help to all those who are interested in the real jazz.

Art Hodes grew up in Chicago in the years when jazz, America's true folk music, was in its formative period. Into his thirty-nine years he has packed an intimate association with the development of our native melody. He has played with most of the legendary "greats" of the early jazz age: Louis Armstrong, Bix, Teschner and the great musicians from New Orleans.

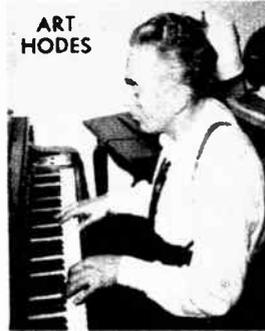
Coming to New York five years ago, he was quickly recognized as one of the greatest white exponents of "blues" piano. He now leads his own band, is constantly making new recordings, lectures, appears on such radio programs as Lower Basin Street, and is one of the editors of "The Jazz Record," a monthly music magazine. A strict purist, a world authority, a supreme idealist, he plays and approves only the classic, traditional form of jazz.

Welcome, Art Hodes! Glad to have you with us.  
The Editors.

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# THE Jazz RECORD



**J**AZZ is the most abused musical term, I know of. There is so much confusion surrounding the name that before I can begin to tell you more about the music itself I must explain my own interpretation of the term "jazz."

Back in the early 1920's throughout the South, particularly in New Orleans, small bands existed, producing a hot music, built around the blues, march tempo tunes, called stomps, and slow-moving tunes called drags. The instrumentation of the bands usually was trumpet, clarinet, trombone, piano, drums, tuba and banjo.

One of the best of those bands was the King Oliver Creole Jazz Band. King Oliver played cornet in this group; at the drums was Baby Dodds; his brother Johnny Dodds played the clarinet; Kid Ory trombone, Miss Lil piano, Johnny St. Cyr banjo, Johnson bass and Louis Armstrong second cornet. The music they played came to be known as jazz.

When Louis Armstrong left King Oliver and became a band leader, he used some of these same artists—Kid Ory, the Dodds brothers, Miss Lil and Johnny St. Cyr. But only for a short time—soon he began using three saxophones and three horns as a background for himself. That was around 1929. Other jazz stars were doing the same thing. About this time the jazz music of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and others became a rarity. That jazz can hardly be heard today. The tradition is kept alive by a handful of musicians, record collectors and writers living far from the source: England, Australia, France. Their names sound like an honor roll: Gene Williams of *Jazz Information*, the best magazine ever published on jazz—Charles Edward Smith and Fred Ramsey, who gave us *The Jazz Record Book* and *Jazzmen*—Gullickson and Wilson who gave us the *Record Changer*; Delauney who wrote *Discography*, the best guide to hot music; Dan Qualey who gave us the *Solo Art* label; Alfred Lion, the *Blue Note* rec-

ords; Milt Gabler, *Commodore* records.

Among musicians who are keeping that kind of jazz alive today, we find Pee Wee Russell, Albert Nicholas, Rod Cless, Baby Dodds, Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, George Brunis, George Wettling, and a handful of others.

Columbia has reissued many of the jazz classics that Louis Armstrong recorded back in 1929. They've also reissued records by Bessie Smith, one of the greatest blues singers of all time. The Brunswick people have also been active in the reissue field; they've made the Pine Top Smith records available. He, by the way, played boogie woogie music that had soul to it.

But aside from the large companies, many small labels have come into being, mainly through the efforts of collectors who thought the music deserved to live. For example, the *Jazz Information* label, *Climax* records, *Signature*, *Jazz Record*, *Commodore*.

Here, then, is where one must look for an approach to the real jazz. Let's take a glance at a recent *Commodore* release—*Georgia Grind* and *Dancing Fool*, featuring Marty Marsala, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Brunis, trombone; Eddie Condon, guitar; Maurice, piano (a pseudonym for the late Fats Waller); Artie Shapiro, bass, and George Wettling, drums. With the opening strains of the *Georgia Grind* side I feel myself immediately being taken into a music where each note has a meaning.

And by all means write and ask me for any information you may want to learn concerning real jazz, recordings, or anything else bearing on the subject. You write me and I'll do my best to answer your questions. But, be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. So long, readers.

## Art Hodes

CONDUCTOR

## DOWN MEMORY LANE (Continued from page 55)

Chick went at it hammer and tongs. When Webb turned on a barrage of stick work, plus sizzling cymbal and high hat stuff, the Savoy fans, 'tis said, cheered. In particular, "Tiger Rag," broke the Duke men's morale, for the evening.

Concerning Chick's technique, he might be classed as the Henry Armstrong of the skins; he was all over the drums, adept and scientific. Davie Tough, also a great drummer, calls CW the greatest drummer of his day, in the June 1937 issue of "Metronome." "Gene Krupa the Great" favors Chick Webb as a model for up-and-coming stick men.

On Tuesday evening, May 11th, 1937, the Goodman-Webb Music Battle of the Century took place at the Savoy Ballroom. This meeting was intended to discover just who was the "King of Swing." 4,000 persons were present that night, and 5,000 were turned away. "Jam Session," in particular as kicked forth by Chick, rocked the house. Taft Jordan, hot trumpet and vocalist, Chauncy Haughton, on alto, and Mario Bauza, all starred at the swing session, along with Ella Fitzgerald.

Chick, like all good artists, was extremely particular about his drums. He spent much time adjusting his set to proper pitch. His contention was that a lower pitch was preferable in orchestra drum work. He was a master of the cym-

bals and a terrific stick and high-hat artist. Few men come even close to his excellence on the snare and bass.

On his "Good Time Society" program on NBC, in 1937, Chick actually received 5,000 letters per week—a very popular man, I'd say, wouldn't you?

Chick Webb made eighth slot on Martin Block's Make Believe Ballroom popularity poll in 1937. At the Holy Cross Junior Prom, Worcester, Massachusetts, in the same year, Webb and the Orchestra were the talk of the town, but good!

As I indicated at the beginning of this "Down Memory Lane" story, Chick Webb was a kind man. He helped Ella rise to fame as she helped him to get well with "A Tisket a Tasket." He consistently played precision drums "with" his band—not against them, and he lent a helping hand to a former member of his band, the famed "git" man, Johnny Truehart, who became ill. Chick personally sent him to a convalescent home, at Saranac Lake. But better than that, the "big little man" assured him of a job with his crew when he returned.

Too bad CW had to pass away in June 1939, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, the place of his birth. Now that I think it over, Count Basie spoke true words that evening in the Blue room of the Hotel Lincoln, when he described Chick Webb as **SOLID!**



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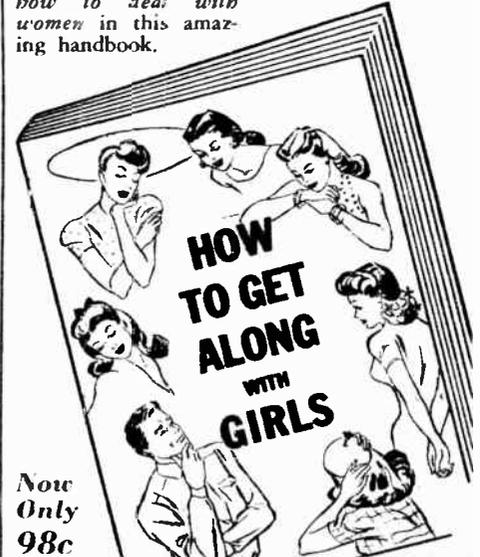
"Sure he's good but can he do the Boogie Woogie Blues?"

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## QUESTION OF THE MONTH:

How can I obtain a photograph of my favorite band leader, instrumentalist or vocalist?

### The Answer:

Most members of the band world will gladly send you their photographs upon request. We suggest you write your favorite a note and ask for the photo you want. But remember that everyone is mighty busy these days—so it may take a little while before your letter is answered.

### Address List Now Available!

Since we are unable to supply photos ourselves—except in special cases (see next item)—and just haven't the time needed to forward your letters (we're all busy rounding up new features and pictures for future issues of *Band Leaders*)—we have compiled a list of names and current addresses of leading band leaders, instrumentalists and vocalists, so that you can write them direct and secure their photos or any information you want. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will send you the current **BAND LEADERS ADDRESS LIST** upon request. There is no charge for this service.

## GOOD NEWS

### For Sinatra's and James' Fans!

By special arrangement, we can send you, by return mail, an 8¼" x 10" glossy photograph of either Frank Sinatra or Harry James free if you subscribe now for 8 issues of *Band Leaders*. State choice when sending subscription remittance of \$1.00 (Canada \$1.50). If you want both pictures, mail us \$2.00 (Canada \$3.00) for a 16-issue subscription. Present subscribers may take advantage of this offer by placing a new subscription at this time. Send your order to: Dept. 744, *Band Leaders*, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

### Regarding Back Issues:

We have some copies on hand of the January, March and May 1944 issues. While they last, you may obtain them at 15¢ a copy. If your order arrives too late, we'll arrange to send you the next issue (or issues) in place of the back number (or numbers) requested—or extend your subscription—as the case may be.

## BAND LEADERS

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

## WHAT HAPPENED TO PEGGY LEE?

(Continued from page 23)

But she remembers how nervous she was. "I sang very badly, I was so scared," she recalled. Several times she wanted to quit, but Goodman told her he had confidence in her, urged her to stay.

Today she is grateful to him for helping her up the thorny path to success. And she wants her fans to know, too, how grateful she is to them, for remembering her.

Peggy met her husband, Guitarist David Barbour, while singing with BG at the Hotel New Yorker. She fell over Dave's feet ("I meet more people that way," she says) in the hotel, when he came to hear the band.

Later Dave joined Goodman, their romance blossomed and Peggy became Mrs. Barbour.

So that's what happened to Peggy Lee. She just took a vacation from a successful musical career to embark on another as wife and mother. The Barbours have settled in Hollywood, where Dave is recording and doing radio work.

But Peggy hasn't given up singing—far from it. The Capitol record date is the first of many she expects to fill. She especially wants to make some platters with her husband and "favorite guitarist."

You can bet they'll "do right" by them.

## SWING PIONEER

(Continued from page 46)

popularity through the playing of Glen and his bandsmen.

Glen was the first swing band to go on the air for a cigarette sponsor—in 1933. His Decca recordings made him solid with the platter fans. He established house records on personal appearance, cross-country tours, playing the important theatres, supper clubs and ballrooms in all the large cities. And Hollywood has starred the Casa Loma boys in several movies.

Glen is married to Marion Douglas, whom he met while playing at a theatre in Plymouth, Mass. They have one child, a son, Douglas Cunningham Gray. Essentially a family man, he takes his family with him on his tours whenever possible. He enjoys hunting, baseball and golf, has grown to six feet four, weighs 220 pounds, and he keeps in perfect physical condition through gym work.



"You and your Frank Sinatra!"

## HAPPY, MR. LEWIS?

(Continued from page 36)

square guy from around town (you liked that). When Circleville needed a recreation center for kids a while back, you were the biggest contributor, and they named the park after you because they are proud of all you've done for Circleville. To the folk there, you are still Teddy Friedman whose father ran the clothing store. And you have never legally changed that name. All your checks and contracts are signed Theodore Friedman. And so you are happy with kids around you and the band, and everybody happy in your own home town.

And if money makes you happy, there it is. You've always been the highest paid band leader at any club. And in theatres, the few leaders who have topped you have varied from year to year.

And then you're interested in everyone you see—the lady at the side table—"that's a nice hat she has on . . . I know all about hats," you said, "I used to be in the business. My mother was a milliner." And from the boy who's done his best business with silk, silver-lined millinery, that's a compliment to cherish.

You got that top hat in Rector's kitchen from a colored cabby named "Mississippi," won it fair in a crap game. And, same, place, same time, you got your big inspiration out front. You waved the hat at them with "Is everybody happy?" And from the day of the girl in spats to the day of the girl in slacks—you know the answer!

We're glad that a fellow who's been around town since before the first income tax is still playing on our side. Icky will be banana oil to the next generation—but Mr. Lewis—flash that cane, wave that hat and strike up that loud band and everybody will still be happy. *That's all!*

And doesn't that make you happy?

## WAXING WISE

(Continued from page 47)

this standard favorite, and it is our prediction that this record will remain a favorite long after other pop tunes are gone and forgotten.

Imagine the Bing and the Duke together on one record. Sounds hard to believe, doesn't it? But it's true, brother, it's true. Back in the dim days, around 1935 B.S. (Before Sinatra), Bing Crosby, who was just starting up the ladder of success, got together with the Duke, who was also making his bid for fame and fortune, and the two of them made the "Saint Louis Blues" on a 12 inch Columbia platter. Columbia has now reissued this disc in the hope of capitalizing on the popularity of Bing and the Duke.

Dick Gilbert, the one man music blitz of New York's Radio Station WHN, has formed a new record company. The name of the company is DIX. Get it? He's made four new records to date. They are: "Maruschka," "I'm Crazy For You," "Take It Easy" and "Thrill of a New Romance." The song, "I'm Crazy For You" was composed by Dick. If you would like to have any of these records, you can write to Dick Gilbert, Station WHN, Broadway and 45th St., New York, N.Y.

In our long association with the music world, and with the general public, one thing has been stamped upon our mind. Everybody and his Brother writes songs. You must be prepared for a great deal of disappointments, and you'll probably be good and disgusted before you're through. But if your stuff is good, and you plug long enough, you're bound to get results.

Be seeing you, come next issue . . .

## CONTENTED CLARINET (Continued from page 13)

intention to interview Miff Mole and Eddie Condon for later issues of *Band Leaders* magazine, but not until we'd talked with Pee Wee first.

"About ten years," he said, "and 22 years in the Village. First I was a musician, but my father wanted me to study law and I did . . . for four years. Wasn't cut out to be a lawyer so I gave it up and started in with a place across the street and then here. I love it. My vocation is my avocation."

Getting to his feet, he said hurriedly, "Be sure and get Pee Wee to tell you how he refused to be fired from Gene Goldkette's band. Or get Eddie to tell you. Gene fired him, so from then on for a while Pee Wee played for nothing."

Pee Wee was taking a solo on his instrument and the audience listened in pleased, critical silence. There is no stamping, squealing or jumping up and down at Nick's place. For one thing, there isn't room for it. They're packed in too closely to do any bouncing around.

His solos over with, Pee Wee returned to our table and continued his saga, punctuating the story with anxious frowns and more face-rubbings.

"Where were we?" he asked.

"You were studying with Tony Sarley."

"Oh yes," whispered Russell, thinking out loud. "Well, I played in a tent show for a while, then went with Herbert Berger to Juarez, Mexico, where we were played in the Big Kid's Palace."

"James Cruze, the movie director was there . . . that was in the early 20's, making 'The Covered Wagon' and he liked the band so much he took us back to Hollywood with him. Rudy Wiedoff was in that band then."

"We made pictures, I forget what, and then we went back to St. Louis. We were playing there when Red Nichols came through town and heard us. Then Red left town. I stayed on with Berger."

"Frankie Trambauer, he was my next boss. Bix Beiderbecke was in that band. Frankie took over Gene Goldkette's band."

"Was this when you were fired?"

"Oh? Oh yes!" said Pee Wee. "But I wouldn't leave so that was alright. I just wasn't paid. Then the band split up. Bix went to New York and I went to Chi-

cago. A wire came from Red Nichols. 'Come to New York' . . . so I went. We made some records with Miff Mole. 'Ida' was one."

Mr. Russell in succession played his famous clarinet with Cass Hagen and the "Five Pennies"; with Paul Specht at New York's Capitol Theatre; with Louis Prima both at New York's "Famous Door" and in Hollywood's "Famous Door."

"Then I got a wire from Eddie Condon and Red McKenzie to come to New York to play at Nick's . . . I've been here ever since."

The band at Nick's now includes many of the names mentioned by Pee Wee: Eddie Condon on the guitar; Miff Mole, trombonist and leader; Sterling Boze, cornet; Bob Casey, bass; Gene Schroeder, piano; and Joe Grassi, (THE Joe Grassi) on the drums.

It is Pee Wee's whim to picture himself as a money-hungry philistine, and to that end, he says, "Nick may be a tough guy to some fellas, but he's always on time Saturday morning with the loot. Signed: Pee Wee."

Nick says, "Pee Wee comes with the lease of this place," doubling up with roars of laughter.

To that Pee Wee Russell says, "Pee Wee and Eddie probably come with the lease, IF Pee Wee's Mary says 'yes,'" And that is also signed "Pee Wee." "Mary" is Mrs. Russell.

As to personalities, Mr. Russell is tall and very, very thin. He's dark and sometimes wears a moustache. His hand generally clutches a short beer, although this may be a prop. The beer never seemed to get any lower in the glass on the night when information was tortured out of him, bit by bit. He is married to a writer. He is about as highly strung and nervous in manner as even a musician can be and still not be measured for a strait jacket.

Pee Wee Russell is, of course, a great, a very great artist. This is a word picture of him as he appears to a reporter who has associated the name "Pee Wee" with the name "Russell" for so long that she never asked him his Christian name. A telephone call to Nick brought the information that the name is Charles Ellsworth Russell, Jr.

## SWEET TRUMPET

(Continued from page 17)

No Spivak story would be complete without some mention of son Joel, 8, who is his father's severest critic, and the youngest song writer in the business. He wrote and later collaborated on the arrangement of "Hop, Skip and Jump."

Young Joel is a Spivak fan, but he isn't therefore blind to the qualities of other outfits.

"Please Dad, would you bring home the latest Dorsey recording," is not an unusual telephone request from the Spivak home in Engelwood, N.J., where Charlie and his wife Fritzi, formerly a St. Paul librarian and another critical fan, live when they're at home.

The band leader is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and features in his own person what can only be called a contented smile. He is fond of sports and his band baseball team heads the band league. He's not called "The Lip II" for nothing. Charlie plays center field. His son Joel is the mascot of the ball team.



"Mother! Mother! How dare you throw that record at Daddy!—It's my favorite recording!"



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Bruce, the editor of *Melody Magazine*, has written a book for you—entitled "SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG?"—telling in simple question and answer form how songs are thought, of, how they are written, how titles are selected, how they are prepared for publishers, and a thousand other facts about songwriting that may put you on the road to fame and fortune!



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When local theatres had amateur music contests and I had my heart set on entering them, Mother put her foot down hard. She enforced her arguments with a strap. I got my way only by slipping out of the house unnoticed, running all the way to town to arrive, breathless, at a shabby stage door that, to me, was the threshold of a world of magic.

Time after time I won the first prize with my singing and sneaked back home without Mother's knowing. One night I reached what seemed like the pinnacle of success. I won \$10.00. It was more money than I had ever seen in my life and I had earned it all myself. I walked home in a haze of happiness and had no idea how late it was till I saw the darkened house and Mother threatening me with the strap. Somehow I got away from her and waved my precious prize money above my head. "Wait," I begged, "You may have it all if you'll only let me go on up to bed." Poor mother knew only too well what the money meant in terms of food for our always hungry family. She gave in, but not without telling me that from then on I was not even to listen to the radio.

After that I used to pretend to go to bed, willing my tired eyes to stay open till the family slept. Then I'd wrap my blanket around me, tiptoe downstairs and lean close to the radio tuned to a whisper. Often I fell asleep listening to my beloved music and only awakened when sunrise told me it was time to feed the chickens.

I was 13 when Fate finally seemed to sit up and take notice of the little blue-eyed girl who kept saying, "Nothing can stop me."

Once again I won first prize on a local amateur program. But this time the show included a visiting cowboy band and the performance was broadcast over a local station. It was the first time I had encountered a "mike" but I was too happy to be frightened. Next day, when what looked like a mountain of fan mail arrived for me, I was still so dazed the band leader had to tell me twice over that he wanted me to join his band and go to Vermont where he had a radio engagement for the summer.

Somehow, miraculously, my mother was persuaded to let me go and, suddenly, I was a hard working professional, living on a careful budget so I could send money home to my folks and save up for my first cowgirl outfit!

With the Vermont experience behind me I went back home and was hired by Gary Montana. With her I did two radio shows every day and at night made personal appearances at theatres and square dances. Along with helping out at home it was a gruelling schedule and everyone I knew seemed to be bent on discouraging me. "Where's it getting you?" my friends asked. "Why don't you give up and get a good job?"

All at once I was sunk. Perhaps I was a fool to think I'd ever be on top as a singer. What did a song, more or less, matter anyway? I was tired and ready to quit.

Then one morning I got a letter. It was from the mother of a five-year-old girl who was dying of infantile paralysis. The child had been listening to my songs and kept asking, "Can't Rosalie, please, come to see me?"

That day I had a dozen things to do but I dropped everything and hurried to that sick baby. She was crying when I got there but before I was half way through the first verse of "Uncle Noah's Ark" she was smiling bravely. By the time I left she seemed so much better her mother hugged me gratefully. "I can't ever thank you enough" she told me.

But it was I who wanted, with all my heart, to thank her. What did a song matter? She had shown me. Now I could never quit. Not while my music can bring help and comfort to those who need it.

Now, if ever I feel discouraged, I think of that little girl who is all well again,—and who along with thousands of other children and grown-ups, is one of the staunch fans who make my work worth while.

Right now that work is harder than ever with USO and Canteen appearances added to recordings, musical shorts and radio. Then, too, I answer all my fan mail—every letter—and get a big kick out of it.

No wonder I get up at 7 each morning and haven't been to a night club in all the months I've been in New York.

I guess it's just as well I never learned how to play; that I always had to help Mother. And speaking of Mother, let me tell you something that makes me prouder than any prize I ever won: She listens to all my broadcasts. She even brags about me to the neighbors.

So now you know why I've never had time for marriage. Perhaps I never shall. But if I should fall in love I bet I'd say what I've said so often before: "Nothing can stop me."

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*This advertisement, contributed to the war effort by this magazine, was prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.*

**TOP TENOR SAX** (Continued from page 21)

"It's heading toward perfection," Mr. Hawkins answered. "Of course there is a difference between jazz now and ten years ago. Jazz is a way of playing, and once it was discovered, it had to get better all the time. There's progress in music and technique as well as in everything else."

The saxophone is not exclusively a jazz music instrument, according to this expert. There are musicians, and good ones, who can play only classical music on the sax.

"Women players might fit in there," he reflected. Mr. Hawkins thus joined that band of top-flight leaders, including H. James, C. Spivak and B. Goodman, who feel that women were not born to be jazz musicians.

"They don't seem to get the feeling," concluded Mr. Hawkins. "But some of them play very nicely, mostly the classics"

Coleman Hawkins was born in St. Joseph, Missouri. His mother was a musician, playing piano and singing in the church choir.

If Mrs. Hawkins had had her way her son would have been a doctor, which is what he thinks he would like to be if he were not already a musician.

"I think I would like to have studied medicine here," he said, "and then to have studied abroad." Eventually Mr. Hawkins thinks he would have gone on into the field of medical scientific research.

At five, Coleman was studying the piano, at seven, the cello, and at the age of nine he was playing the tenor saxophone. When he was only 15 he was playing with that legendary figure of the early jazz days, Mamie Smith. Coleman came to New York in 1924 and joined the Fletcher Henderson band, where he stayed for ten years. Among other outstanding instrumentalists who were with that organization during those ten years was the great Louis Armstrong.

In 1934 Hawkins organized his own

band and left these shores for a tour of Europe which lasted until the war brought him home again. He followed such musical organizations as those of Ellington, Whiteman and Cab Calloway, all of which were sensations on the European continent. He played everywhere except in Germany; sometimes with his orchestra, occasionally, when solo work was called for, setting out accompanied only by his saxophone.

Coleman is and has been surprised and gratified to find that older people as well as young people like his music. This was true, he said, in Europe as well as at home.

"I expected young people to like our music," he explained. "But I was sure pleased when I found that the old folks came along, too, and not only once, but over and over again. Here at home it's mostly the young people who come to talk to the leader, but in Europe, where young people are sort of held down more, it is the older ones who come to congratulate the musician and talk seriously with him."

The great musical mystery of two Hawkins in the jazz world was recently solved by sleuths of the William Morris Theatrical Agency in New York, Coleman Hawkins and Erskine Hawkins are not related. They are not connected with each other at all save by the bonds of friendship, respect for each other's abilities, and their mutual interest in music. For the record then, the two Hawkins are not kin.

Mr. Hawkins' home is now in New York City. As a citizen who spends some of his time just enjoying himself, Hawkins is "strictly a sports fan," he says. He likes all sports, especially baseball.

The Hawkins saxophone may be heard in recordings made with all the outstanding bands of today. Mr. Hawkins has also made arrangements for Fletcher Henderson as well as all his own. Some of his compositions are "Meditation," "Netcha's Dream," "Stomp," and "Oomph-um-Poof," most of which are written to feature his own instrument.



"He's crazy about peppermint."

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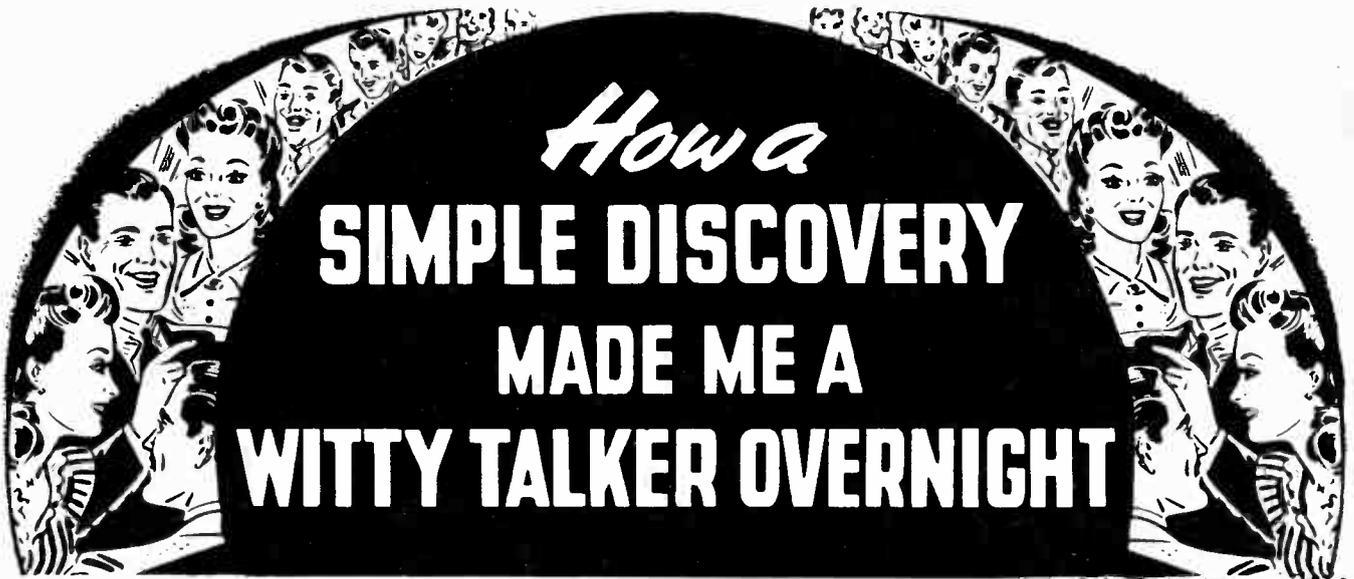
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# How a SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE ME A WITTY TALKER OVERNIGHT

**At Once I Started Making Funny Remarks... My Wisecracks Created Laughter Everywhere I Went... Through This New, Simple Method**

## HERE ARE THE FACTS

"It's easy to be funny, the life of every party, the wisecracker of every luncheon club. Just cram up on gags from Esar's Comic Dictionary."—*Pasadena Star-News*.

"Here is a dictionary built on a new plan of giving witty and humorous definitions of words and phrases instead of the usual serious meanings."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"It is packed with thousands of gags, boners, wisecracks, rhymes, witticisms and comic proverbs."—*Houston Press*.

"Esar's Comic Dictionary will enable one to say or write amusing things on any and every subject, in public or private... Those who aspire to be the life of the party are strongly advised to get their copies early."—*Charleston News & Courier*.

"It's a sort of super Joe Miller gag book which ought to brighten the lives of emcees and toastmasters across the land."—*Springfield Sunday Union*.

"Evan Esar, the editor and compiler of this comic dictionary, is America's greatest lexicographer of wit and humor."—*Keene Evening Sentinel*.

"Having trouble with after-dinner speaking? Does your girl friend prefer a uniform? In a party are you the guy who consoles himself with gin? Then Esar's Comic Dictionary is the cure-all... This compendium of humorous bits is invaluable for writers, speakers and raconteurs."—*Columbus Citizen*.

"It's one of the funniest things I have come across in years."—*Gastonia Gazette*.

"Esar's Comic Dictionary presents a new method of offering a quick reference in wit and humor. Compiled in strict dictionary style, it makes the smart sayings on each word quickly available."—*Salt Lake City Deseret News*.

"Esar's Comic Dictionary might be the standby of all the gag-writers in the world of radio and movie entertainment..."—*Fort Worth Star Telegram*.

**L**IKE almost everybody else, I have an average sense of humor, but I never did anything with it. I always let others occupy the center of conversation wherever I went. I thought these popular persons were much wittier than I was. Then one day a simple discovery showed me how to make ACTIVE (not passive) use of my sense of humor... And since then people turn to listen to me wherever I go. They laugh constantly at my funny remarks. And I am more popular than ever.

This remarkable discovery started several years ago when Evan Esar, America's greatest lexicographer of wit and humor, was asked by friends to show them how to make their conversation sparkle. They asked him to show them how to put into action their own static sense of humor so that they too could be witty among people and quick in repartee.

### An Amazingly Simple Plan

He worked over the problem for years... and finally created an amazingly simple plan. So revolutionary is this plan that it does away with all conversational systems and rules. There is no course to study, no lesson to learn. You actually start making people laugh AT ONCE.

### Available At Last

This amazingly simple plan has at last been made available by mail. It

is in the form of a comic dictionary. It consists of thousands of comic definitions, wisecracks, puns, comic rhymes, boners, epigrams, comic proverbs, gags, etc... It gives thousands of words and phrases... It covers thousands of different subjects and everyday situations... It includes all sorts of people, places, and things... And everything is arranged in alphabetical order from A to Z.

### You Laugh As You Learn

Now all you have to do is this. Each day you spend about ten minutes going over one page of this big dictionary. There are hundreds of pages in it, but you go over one page only. You'll find yourself laughing at the many different kinds of epigrams, comic definitions, wise cracks, etc., on this page. When you are through with it, you have acquired many comic items which you'll find yourself using in conversation and in correspondence. These funny remarks are easy to remember because they are all short. They are never over one sentence long.

### Become Popular Everywhere

Before you know it, in a week or two, you will find an enormous change in yourself. You will be making hundreds of comic remarks wherever you go. Your conversation will sparkle and scintillate. Everywhere people will be laughing at your quips and gags, complimenting you and admiring you.

## EXAMINE IT FREE

Under government restrictions on paper, etc., it is necessary to limit the number of copies of this big dictionary. To avoid disappointment, act while the supply lasts. Hurry! Mail the coupon now! You risk nothing. If not satisfied, return it in 10 days for full refund.

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