

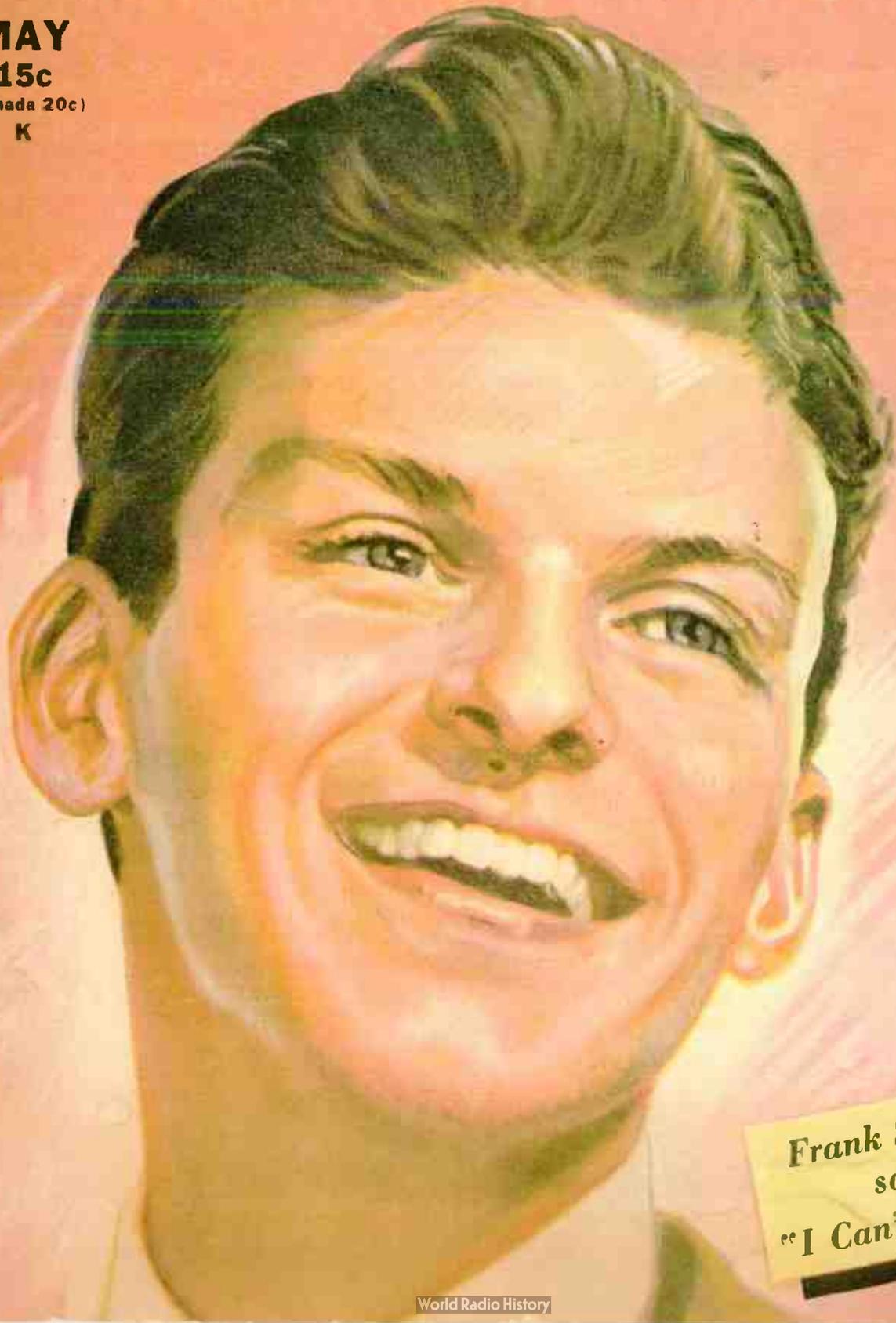
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BAND LEADERS

MAY, 1945

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

THE strange disappearance of MAJOR GLENN MILLER while flying from London to Paris stunned the entire music world and the leader's countless fans. As this column went to press, relatives and friends of MAJOR MILLER were still hopeful of his safety. . . .

DICK LASALLE is doing a good job of leading the NEIL BONDISHU ork which he took over after Neil's recent death. . . .

If you're wise, you'll tune in to CBS every weekday eve and catch the newest singing heart throb, tenor DANNY O'NEILL. . . .



Perry Como

We're anxiously waiting for V-Day, so that (among other things) we can really enjoy radio programs. The big-wig radio manufacturers promise us reception free of static, interference and fading

—natural color music—through the magic of Frequency Modulation. "Your Coming Radio," a 28-page four color booklet issued by General Electric, tells the story. We'll see that you get a free copy if you drop us a postcard. . . .

Drummer BUDDY RICH told me over the phone the other night that he may or may not step out front with his own band sometime in May. Featured

with TOMMY DORSEY where he makes plenty moola, BUDDY isn't too sure that this is the right time to build a swing crew. . . .

BARNEY BIGARD, whose magic clarinet graced DUKE ELLINGTON's band for so many years, is starred on some new Black and White disc label sides. . . .

The death of another great clarinetist, ROD CLESS, was a heavy blow for two-beat jazz fans. ROD, never one to grab the limelight, did most of his music-making in downtown New York City at Nick's and The Pied Piper night clubs, where he won the admiration of many jazz enthusiasts with his quiet manner and hot clarinet. . . .

South America's leading composer of



Ginnie Powell



Jimmy Palmer

long-hair music, HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, informed me in a BAND LEADER's interview that jazz is "magnifique!" He plans to write a hot suite for LARRY ADLER, the man with the harmonica. . . .

Insiders say that FRANK SINATRA left the "Hit Parade" program because he didn't like the tunes he had to sing. . . .

MONICA LEWIS is knocking out network listeners with her easy-on-the-ears vocals on the "Music That Satisfies" show. . . . The Riobamba, Manhattan night spot, may bring in sultry LENA HORNE to give its floor show zing. . . .

There's another new record label available. It's called Guild and singer DICK BROWN and band leader BOYD RAE-BURN make their wax debuts on it. . . . Incidentally, BENNY GOODMAN will record with a big, pick-up band for Columbia any day now. . . . EARL HINES, who fronts a groovy band and plays stupendous piano, is talking about doing a series of jazz concerts a la DUKE ELLINGTON. . . .

SONNY DUNHAM is plotting a few changes in his band. He'll add a vocal quintette and change his instrumentation from the conventional seven brass (four trumpets and three trombones) to five brass (four trombones and one trumpet)



Thelma Carpenter

. . . PEGGY MANN's vocals over the Blue network make swell afternoon listening. She sounds even better now as a single than she did when she chirped for swing orks. . . .

Hipsters are digging the powerful attack of JAY McSHANN's band from Kansas City. Jay came out of service recently to reorganize, and started off with a date at the Downbeat Club on 52nd Street, real home of the swing-cats. . . . The CASA LOMA band is auditioning young hopefuls to hold down the singing spot left empty when lovely EUGENIE BAIRD left to join the BING CROSBY show. . . .

TONY PASTOR says that he's got a successor to his biggest hit, "Let's Do It," but adds that he wants it to come as a surprise and won't give details. . . . Singer THELMA CARPENTER broke it up at the veddy smart Ruban Bleu Club in NYC where she took over the star spot in the show after leaving COUNT BASIE's band. . . .

An interesting new aspect to the jazz world is the number of successful concerts which are being held around the country. Besides the already-famous ED-DIE CONDON programs which originated in Carnegie Hall, promoters all over are finally showing a real interest in the true jazz beat and booking small hot combinations as well as the big name bands. . . .

WOODY HERMAN's unbelievably exciting crew at long last is getting the recognition that it deserves. Almost every one of the many band popularity polls conducted for 1945 found WOODY and his gang smack on top of the list: the swing outfit of the year. Though each member of the HERD is a splendid musician without exception, most praise must go to the solid, dynamic rhythm section, made of pianist-arranger RALPH BURNS, drummer DAVE TOUGH, bassist CHUBBY (the BEARD) JACKSON and guitarist BILLY BAUER. These cats really rock! . . .

LES BROWN and arranger BEN HOMER have collabed on a beautiful ballad called "Sentimental Journey" . . . DUKE ELLINGTON's "Cotton Tail" is this issue's recommended jazz-classic recording. It's fast, frantic, altogether wonderful but also hard to find in these days of shellac shortages. If you can't buy it at your favorite disc shop, dig up a record-collecting friend who owns a copy and swap him your next month's allowance for it. . . .

Don't be too amazed if you hear many of last year's best tunes being sung by PERRY COMO on his CBS show. The singer is vocalizing requests made by overseas servicemen and the boys on the other side of the water are many months behind us in song favorites. . . .

One press agent says that the Strand Theater in NYC had to call in carpenters to repair seats after LIONEL HAMPTON's last run there. The Hamp's fans got so excited that their stamping feet really broke up the joint. . . . Singer MARION HUTTON's three-year-old son, Jack, will do a bit in the forthcoming film, "Stork Club" in which sister BETTY HUTTON and ANDY RUSSELL are co-starred. . . .

Skyscraper trumpeter ZIGGY ELMAN will form his own band. You've heard him swinging along on BG and TD discs. . . . Another soon-to-be band leader is altoist JOHNNY BOTHWELL, show-piece with the BOYD RAE-BURN jumpers. . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL is back in Hawaii, fronting his Navy band . . . and ABE LYMAN, like BOBBY SHERWOOD, will organize his next ork on the West Coast. . . .

The INK SPOTS settled their contract feuds and played the New York Paramount Theater after all. . . . Most of the guys who made the old BOB CROSBY DIXIELAND BAND a crack crew are planning to get together again with drummer RAY BAUDUC waving the baton. . . .

TEDDY WALTERS, JIMMY DORSEY's singer, is a master of the jazz guitar and a lot of his fans are wondering why maestro JD doesn't give the vocalist more opportunities to make with the git-box. . . . JIMMY PALMER, the good-looking singer who took over GRACIE BARRIE's band and did a good job of it, is a natural bet for the movies. He combines a fine vocal style with a charming on-stage personality. . . . JERRY WALD's band will record the theme music from the mystery film "Laura". . . .

Band that's coming up the fastest right now is under the hand of singer BILLY ECKSTINE, who once did vocals with EARL HINES, you'll remember. It was his version of "Jelly, Jelly" that first brought Billy into the limelight. . . . Crooner PHIL BRITO spends so much of his time doing shows for servicemen that Broadway keeps wondering how he manages to keep up his regular recording and radio work. . . .

RED McKENZIE's first vocal records in many a year will be released soon by Commodore. Red was one of the first jazzmen, though he played "hot comb" instead of sax or trumpet. . . . Trumpeter WINGY MANONE, until recently working with a small outfit on 52nd Street, organized a big band for theater dates. . . .

Surprise kick of the year came up when clary-tenorman HERBIE FIELDS took a chair with LIONEL HAMPTON, after busting up his own outfit. If there's anything more exciting on the jazz scene currently than Herbie and ARNETTE COBBS swapping alternate, breath-taking solos, you'll have to name it. . . . New York may have a new, giant dine-and-dance spot featuring the ace name bands, if the plans of a big money syndicate work out. . . .

HAL McINTYRE made a swell impression with his first commercial network show. Let's hope that he lines up another one right away so all of us can hear those excellent RUTH GAYLOR and AL NOBLE vocals regularly, not to forget Hal's own classy alto-saxophone. . . . If somebody came up to me on the street, pulled out a gun and asked: "Who's your favorite vocalist?" the chances are ten-to-one

(Continued on page 64)



Jerry Wald

I can't forget

by

*Jack
Linton*



SOMETIMES when I think of everything that's happened to me since I decided to be a singer, it seems as though I've been living in a great, big wonderful dream. Every once in a while I get in a reminiscent mood and sort of take stock of my memories. And I guess when I add them all up, I've got more than my share of good ones. But there are other memories, too.

In the past couple of years, I've made many trips back and forth from New York to California. But I can't forget my first trip to Hollywood, in 1939. I had just joined Harry James' orchestra and we were going out to play the then-popular Palomar Ballroom. Nancy was with me, and we couldn't have been happier.

Though Harry's band was new, we felt sure that a successful engagement at the Palomar was all we needed to put us up on top. But, when we got to Denver, our high spirits took a sudden nose dive. We were told that the Palomar had burned to the ground! You've never seen an unhappier bunch of musicians. Harry wired ahead immediately and fortunately was able to arrange a two-week booking at the Victor Hugo Restaurant in Beverly Hills, which at that time was an ultra-ultra dine and dance spot. So we felt better, knowing we had some place to play.

But when we arrived in Los Angeles, Harry was slapped with a subpoena for a lawsuit. It seems that

when he was in Hollywood with the Benny Goodman band a year earlier, his roommate had smashed up a U-Drive car in an accident, injuring one of the occupants of the other car. The automobile had been signed out to Harry, so he was the one who got sued. His earnings were attached, and he had no way of paying any of us.

I was really worried because Nancy was expecting little Nancy, and we didn't have a cent. We were living in an apartment in Beverly Hills, which we shared with two of the boys in the band. Nancy is a terrific cook, so when any of the musicians would round up a dollar or so, I'd rush out and buy hamburger or something and she'd whip it up to go as far as possible. This was way before points and meat shortages, but we had our own rationing system. We hadn't written home for money because we didn't want my folks or Nancy's to know what was going on.

Luckily, when we closed at the Victor Hugo, we were signed for the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. Everybody was okay in the pocket-book department once more, and I was no longer singing on an empty stomach.

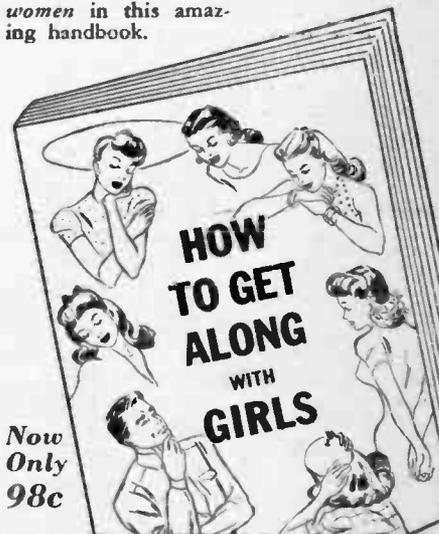
In looking back on that period of panic, I can truthfully say it was full of happiness—in spite of the trouble and hardships we had. It's one of the things I can't forget—and besides, I wouldn't want to, anyway.

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Johnnie
ON THE SPOT

by Jill Warren

Johnnie Johnston



The Johnston photograph album boasts this family portrait of Johnnie, Dorothy, and their two year old daughter Julie.



Monica Lewis and Johnnie came early to rehearsal just to hear a new tune of their colleague, band leader Paul Baron.

SIGHS, swoons, screams—confusion, cops, commotion—girls, girls, girls! When you run into this state of affairs you automatically think Sinatra must be around somewhere. But lately you can't be too sure, because the cause of the hysteria is liable to be Johnnie Johnston, one of the newer crooner sensations to delight the hearts of America's bobby-sox brigade.

As far as his career is concerned, you can safely say that Johnnie has all the requisites to rate the term "crooner click"—fan mail and fan clubs, records, his own radio show, and successful night club and theatre appearances. Most of his fellow croon boys just stepped off a bandstand into the solo spotlight and bingo, success! But in Johnnie's case it wasn't so simple. Oh, he served time on a bandstand all right, and worked on radio, besides doing a stretch in Hollywood. But there's more to the story than that.

I first met Johnnie in California in 1941, when he was singing on a sustaining program over N.B.C. But, one night in New York, over a plate of spaghetti, I learned a lot of things about him I didn't know before. We were having dinner, after his Chesterfield show, at Villa Nova, Johnnie's favorite Italian restaurant. Though there were throngs of his fans waiting outside, it was quiet in the cafe, and Johnnie was in a talkative mood, so I just listened.

"You know, sometimes I can't believe everything that has happened to me since I came to New York. It's been almost too good. When I left Hollywood, they told me I was through—that I'd have to begin all over again in the East. So that's exactly what I did. I forgot all about what I'd done in pictures and just began auditioning everywhere, like I had never had a job. The first thing I knew I had about five!

"But, in looking back, I guess it's about time something solid happened to my career. I've been beating my brains out for a long time. So often in the past when I thought I was finally set—Crash! everything was off, and I'd have to start over again from scratch."

"Let's start from scratch right now, Johnnie," I suggested, "and go back to the beginning."

"You mean way back?" he asked, laughing.

"Yes, all the way."

"Okay," he smiled, "you asked for it."

And I'm glad I did, because I really found out about this Johnston guy. Though he was born in St. Louis, Johnnie always considers Kansas City his home because his family moved there when he was four. Papa Johnston was a restaurateur and Mamma, in addition to caring for Johnnie and his older sister, Myra, was a champion bowler. She was famous throughout the Midwest for her high scores.

Mrs. Johnston also played the piano, and found time to teach the children to sing. Johnnie and his sister used to appear as a kiddie team at local functions. His parents were divorced when he was ten, and Johnnie remained with his mother. He grew up in Kansas City . . . attended Westport High School there.

To look at Johnnie now—six feet tall and powerfully built—you'd never think he was once too light for football. But, at fifteen he weighed only one-twenty-four, so he went in for basketball, track and boxing. As a member of the amateur Heart of America Boxing Team, he fought thirty-nine bouts, winning thirty of them. On the quieter side, he liked pocket billiards and, at one time, held the world's junior championship.

"In 1932, when I was seventeen, I decided to leave home. Mother wasn't having an easy time of it financially, so I thought it was time I went out on my own. After school I had worked as a delivery boy, sold papers and set up pins in bowling alleys. But I wanted to earn some real money and, besides, I thought it would be fun to see what was going on in the rest of the country. So, with no money in my pocket, and my ukulele (which I had learned to play in school) under my arm, I started out.

"I hopped a freight train headed for California. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I got a job as a bus boy in the Universal Studio Cafe. I wanted to get a job singing somewhere, but I had no luck, so I hitch-hiked to San Francisco and signed up on the S.S. Mariposa as a kitchen boy. I made two round trips to Hawaii, Australia, China, Japan and India. I landed back in Los Angeles on March 9, 1933, the day of the big earthquake."

Listening to Johnnie's story, I couldn't help wondering about his mother. "Wasn't she worried about you?" I asked.



Guitar in hand, Johnnie, at rehearsal, runs over the music for a song on his "Music That Satisfies" broadcast.



To keep in tune with the romantic song Johnnie's about to sing, he and Jill Warren strike a romantic pose.

"Oh, no," he answered instantly, "I always wrote her regularly and kept her informed as to where I was and what I was doing. I suppose all mothers worry some, but I didn't get into any serious trouble, and she knew I could take care of myself."

Johnnie still wanted to sing, but nobody in Los Angeles wanted to listen to him—so once again he jumped on a freight train and came East. Arriving in Chicago broke, he spent his first night sleeping in Grant Park. In the morning, he set out to look for a job and found one at the Mayflower Doughnut Company, folding boxes for the gigantic sum of fifty cents a day plus two meals.

Johnnie wanted to save some money to pay down on a ukulele—some culprit had stolen his other one in Los Angeles—so he continued to make Grant Park his address for two weeks. Folding doughnut boxes becoming a little boring, he began selling novelty matches from door to door. This paid him two dollars a day and he was able to get a room and finish paying for the ukulele.

"By this time I made up my mind I was going to get a job singing, or else. Prohibition had recently been repealed and many bars were opening. I started working as a 'stroller' in the beginning—playing and singing one spot after another just for tips. But pretty soon I began making a salary. During the next two and a half years, I think I worked in every saloon, tavern, and alleged night club in Chicago. I finally made enough money to buy a guitar and join the Musicians' Union."

In 1936, Art Kassel heard Johnnie, and hired him to play in the band and sing solos. Now that he had a steady job, he wanted to marry the girl he had been going with for three years, Dorothy Marubio.

"Dorothy's folks were against it," Johnnie recalls, "because I was a musician and had batted around so much. But I convinced them I'd take good care of her and they finally relented."

Johnnie left Kassel a few months later to join Roger Pryor's band and stayed with Pryor until he got a chance at radio, in Chicago, in 1937. He started on the Ransom Sherman program, "Club Matinee," over N.B.C., and later switched to the "Breakfast Club" show.

"I also did many sustaining shows in Chicago, and thought that I was at last set for a career in radio. But, in 1940, I developed a bad case of sinus trouble (which later was to keep him out of the Army) and the doctors said the best thing for me to do was to go to California. I hated to leave, because it meant beginning all over again.

"In Hollywood I got a sustaining show, and started thinking about pictures. Nothing happened until 1941, when I did some recording for Columbia, for their film, 'Penny Serenade.' I was merely a voice on a phonograph record for one scene. But, this led to a chance to dub the singing for an actor in the Paramount movie, 'Sweater Girl.' I made a test recording, and the first thing I knew I had the part myself. When the picture was finished, Paramount gave me the leading role in a musical called 'Priorities on Parade,' and signed me to a long contract. I rented a house in the San Fernando Valley because Dorothy was expecting a baby."

Hollywood has a funny way with careers sometimes. Though Johnnie sang the big hit, "Old Black Magic," in the film "Star Spangled Rhythm" (which won him a Capitol Recording contract) and worked in several of Paramount's budget pictures and musical shorts, nothing sensational happened for him, and the Johnston movie stock didn't rise on the cinema ticker tape. Paramount kept picking up his option, but they didn't give him anything to do. He spent his time singing at the Hollywood Canteen and doing camp shows.

"I was a guy who was used to working, and the inactivity made me restless. So, in the summer of 1944, I got out of my contract. I thought of trying another studio, but my agents told me no other studio was interested in me and the best thing I could do was forget pictures."

Once more Johnnie was faced with starting anew. There was nothing for him in Hollywood, so he decided to try New York—radio, the stage, night clubs, anything. He left Dorothy and his baby daughter, Julie, in California, and headed East. The only thing he was sure of was one guest spot on the "Basin Street" radio show, which his agents had lined up for him from California.

(Continued on page 59)

by ELRAC BRISBON

BARNSTORMING WITH BROWN

COLD facts, these, to prove that trouping with a band today is not all peaches and cream. Let's take Les Brown and his Band of Renown as a fair example. Recently they sandwiched in a neat set of one-night stands between their regular engagements, and here is the tale that Don Kramer, road manager for the organization, is telling around town.

First, a word about Don's job—or the job of any manager, for that matter. A good manager, and Don is of the best, is a combination of hard-headed business man who knows all the ropes, all the angles and all the right people; a severe critic and a good friend; an ambassador of good will and a diplomat; a practical psychologist; a father confessor; a top sergeant and a reet guy. Easy job to fill, isn't it?

Think cigarettes and beefsteaks are hard to find these days? Have you tried recently to pick up a block of nineteen of those little pink Pullman tickets that entitle you to a ride on the rattler and a good night's rest at the same time? They're about as hard to get as nylons! Don got them, and the call went up on the board: "Grand Central, 8:15 p.m. Sleeper to Rochester, Temple Theatre. All baggage ready at 11:30 a.m.—but ready!"

From where you sit it may look like a simple little trick to ready a nineteen-piece orchestra for the road . . . all the boys pick up their respective instruments; the canary is packed in cotton and put in her cage, with a little lettuce to nibble on during the trip, and then—shuffle off to Buffalo—only in this case the first stand happened to be Rochester.

Definitely, we can tell you, this isn't the picture at all. An orchestra the size of Les Brown's will easily fill half of a regulation baggage car with instruments and paraphernalia. There are stands, made to collapse, and it will take four good big crates to hold them. There are the instruments. You don't carry drums or dog houses in your vest pocket. There is the electrical equipment, trunks filled with orchestrations, ditto filled with wardrobe, and maybe a crate of drapes or drops.

No, Jackson, they don't carry their own piano—but often they wish they did! Backstage chill and the drafts and dampness of a great auditorium can do deplorable things

In which we dish out a few facts about the fun that band managers have when they take the boys on tour, using as examples and illustrations the happenings on a recent jaunt taken by Les Brown and his Orchestra, and borrowing his manager, Don Kramer, as the lay figure with which to develop our thesis.



LES BROWN →
(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



The tall lovely at the left is Doris Day, giving out with her golden voice. Above—always in the middle!—is Don Kramer, manager of Les Brown's Band of Renown who plays a very prominent part in this story. Left is Ted Nash who seems to be doing a bit of truckin'. At the right is trombonist Dick Noel.



It takes more than cold weather to chill Butch Stone's sense of humor. Here he stands, ready to coo through the mike and make the customers roar with laughter and beg for more.



(Above) Les Brown in action, taking a chorus on his sax. Who would say that Doris Day, who patiently waits for her cue, had battled snow and storm to be ready for the down beat? "Some trouper!" say the boys of the band—and who could pay a gal a better compliment? Left—but only in the picture . . . are some of the boys. The man in the mink-lined ulster wearing the jaunty hat is Cy Baker. Next, to the right is Gordon Drake. The Arctic explorer is Ted Nash. Slightly hidden is George Weidler. Bandboy Wally Cochran wears his stocking cap. Dick Noel wonders why he left California.



BARNSTORMING

to a piano. That's just another little thing that the manager has to worry about.

It's 7:45, the night of departure. Allah be praised, the truckers were on time, the load is safely aboard the baggage car, and the baggage car is with the train. Remember this, in case you become a manager some day: Baggage and troupe must go on the same train. That's rule Number One! Sad stories are told about the things that have happened when this rule has been disregarded.

The gate at Grand Central is jammed as usual—servicemen and the traveling public. The population in wartime is like an aroused ant hill, constantly in motion. The barrier is opened and the servicemen go in first, as it should be.

Car number and berths have been assigned. Les Brown, Don and band boy Wally Cochran are at the gate counting noses. Like the animals into the Ark pass the members of the ork. Don counts and checks them off. Here's lovely Doris Day!

"With your troupe?" The trainman at the gate beams at her appreciatively.

Don nods.

"The boys won't be looking at the Hudson River scenery with her on the train!" sagely comments the dignified New York Central man.

The train is on the way. Some of the berths are made up but it's a little early for Les Brown's boys to be hitting the hay. Card games spring up, bull sessions in corners. Butch Stone, Cy Baker, and Ted Nash have Dick Noel's attention. Dick, you see, is the youngest in the ork.

"Listen, Dick," states Butch with great gravity. "The West begins at Buffalo. . . Indians and everything. That's wild country . . . wait till you get to Erie—that's where the Eries live . . . one of the fiercest tribes. I always pack a gun out there."

"Don't fret, chum, I'll take care of you if the redskins don't fancy your brand of corn. You forget I come from Cal-i-forn-ia!"

Suave Dick lights a cigarette.

There is some worry about the reliability of the porter . . . will he wake them up in time for Rochester? For, they arrive very early—for orchestra men.



Prelude to writer's cramp—Providence, Rhode Island. Men and women from the Kaiser Shipyards storm the stand after the "Spotlight Band" broadcast. They said they wanted autographs, and Les Brown and Doris Day took them at their word, but we think that maybe they also wanted an eye-ful of the lovely Doris.

WITH BROWN

(CONTINUED)

"Doesn't bother me in the least. I never have to give an early call a second thought." Butch confides. "See this wart? Been on my knuckle ever since I was born. When I want to get up in the morning, I let the wart know the time just before I go to sleep. Right on the dot—and it's never failed—that wart starts to itch. I wake up and scratch it . . . never used an alarm clock in my life!"

Things are quieting down. Les Brown has a pile of music on his lap—he's going over some arrangements. Don Kramer is beaming. Everything's kopasetic!

Just then comes the strident whine of a baby from Lower 2.

Butch Stone sticks his head out of Upper 12. "Jam session." Then silence—as the train races on through the night.

Rochester was swell. Taxis up to the hotel, a big breakfast, rehearsal, and a house packed to the doors. They love that boy Les Brown in that town, and do they show it! The house manager of the Temple Theatre had good reason to be delighted.

Don Kramer, however, had a vague uneasy feeling. "Things are going too good. Never saw it fail! Things are piling up for trouble. I won't rest until I turn the key on that baggage car tonight, and see it spotted where we can pick it up in the morning."

It was an early jump out of Rochester. No soft Pullmans this time, just day coaches—but filled. The baggage car was picked up. Don breathed easier, and found a seat in the smoker.

A group of girls on their way back to school had discovered Les and Doris Day, and autographs were being scribbled on anything at hand as the train sped into Pennsylvania.

"Erie! Passengers out for Erie!" called the trainman. Don was on the platform with his bag and briefcase. Meeting the train were the house manager and the truck. Everything okay! A fine theatre, and a pile of mail awaiting everybody. Hello, a wire for Don Kramer!

"Hey, listen to this! It's from Jimmy Zito. He's got a medical discharge from the Army. Wants to know if we have a place for him. Do we have a place for Zito?"

There was a roar of approval.

"He can catch us in London. I'll wire him to get the first train." Off went the wire starting Jimmy on his way back to the band he'd left eight months before to join the Army.

Rehearsal, and then the show before a big house.

(Continued on page 60)

Thawing out backstage in London, Ontario. On the extreme left is Jimmy Zito, trumpeter, who rejoined the orchestra that morning. Pianist Jeff Clarkson shaves the icicles from his face. Cy Baker does the "London Stomp" to get warm. Carl Berg de-ices his trumpet. Saxophonist Nick Riviello watches Noel putting anti-freeze in his once hot trombone.





A new kind of duet—Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge plays a tune while Artie pushes the valves.



Surrounded by instruments of the trade, Artie Shaw, playing in his own backyard, coaxes a torrid tune from the depths of his clarinet.



That's Artie liding behind the dark glasses and his famous clarinet.



Record-making Artie Shaw and his vocalist, Imogene Lynn.

by Van Paul

WHEN Pearl Harbor was attacked, Artie Shaw was playing with his orchestra in Providence, R. I. He went to New York, enlisted as an apprentice seaman, and was soon in the uniform of Uncle Sam's Navy. His rank was later changed to Bandmaster. Almost a year of his two years in the service was spent in an 85,000 mile tour of the South Pacific.

Admiral Halsey told Shaw that he and his band were worth twenty tons of sulfanilamide to our boys fighting the Japs. Artie would have gone to the European fronts, too, if a medical discharge hadn't cancelled his plans.

Now he's back in civilian clothes and, after months of preparation by Artie (and speculation by fans and professional people alike), the new Shaw band is a reality. Strangely (you can never figure the guy out!) the band, in its debut at least, had no strings.

The lineup (at this writing) is Les Clarke, Tommy Mace, Jon Walton, Herbie Steward, Chuck Gentry, saxes—Tony Faso, Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge, Ray Linn, Georgie Schwartz, trumpets—Ray Conniff, Pat McNaughton, Skip Morr, Harry Rodgers, trombones—Dodo Marmarosa, piano—Barney Kessel, guitar—Morey Rayman, string bass—Lou Fromm, drums—and Imogene Lynn, vocalist.

Harry Rodgers and Ray Conniff are the chief arrangers. The average age of the sidemen is twenty-six. Bands the men have previously played with read like a musical who's who: James, TD, JD, BG, Herman, Barnett, Rey, Teagarden, Henderson, Krupa, Whiteman, and a dozen

others. And (aside, for the benefit of you gals!) seven of them are unmarried. Rodgers, Conniff and Clarke have been with Artie before.

Now back to the boss, himself.

Someone should persuade him to write a book—there is so much of his story that is still untold! Here are some sidelights, though:

Shaw is a native New Yorker, born in the Big Town on May 23, 1910. Neither of his parents were of the music profession.

His first instrument was a saxophone, which he bought with money earned by working in a grocery store. The fellow who sold it to him gave him five free lessons, and Shaw hasn't had a lesson since! Later he switched to clarinet, but his first jobs were with the sax.

Thumbing down his parents' desire for him to go to Yale and become a doctor, Artie ran away from school in New Haven, joining a band headed for the University of Kentucky. The outfit folded, leaving Artie stranded in the "Blue Grass State." He slept in the park, did his laundry in the park fountain, and tried to find a new job.

Entering the public library by chance, his interest in books became so avid, he began to live between the library and the park. After spending the day in the library, he would sit in the park and write until dark, filling up scraps of old paper with a stub pencil—his subjects, anything.

Before long he was back with another band, and then another, and another, but the desire to be a writer still



SIDELIGHTS ON SHAW

Artie Shaw and his new band assembled on the maestro's tennis court for a rehearsal. (L. to R.) Foreground: Dodo Marmarosa, Lou Fromm, Barney Kessel, Artie; background: Harry Rodgers, Ray Conniff, Tommy Mace, Pat McNaughton, Roy Eldridge, Skip Morr, Tony Faso, Chuck Gentry, Ray Linn, Les Clarke, Georgie Schwartz, Herbie Steward, Jon Walton, Morey Rayman. What a treat for neighbors!

burned in him. The summer he was sixteen, though, the musician side of him gained the upper hand. He joined the Musician's Union and began playing around New England. He was in one unit with Rudy Vallee.

Between dance jobs, he continued to satisfy his thirst for knowledge by going back to school, quitting again, hanging around libraries, and pouring out his thoughts on paper.

One of his literary efforts, an essay on the Cleveland Air Races, won him a plane trip to Hollywood, where he met band leader Irving Aaronson, who got Artie to join his band. A coast-to-coast tour wound up in New York—Shaw's first return to his birthplace since childhood.

By this time, Artie's musical ability was such he could have made a mint of money playing his clarinet but, instead, he chose to take extension courses at Columbia University. He still wanted to write. He also took a course in calculus at New York University, receiving the highest mark of any member of his class.

Then he was back in music again, earning \$500 a week on the big networks, and playing for conductors Howard Barlow, Nathaniel Shilkret and others. Very nice work if you can get it! But Shaw soon chucked this musician's dream—retiring to a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

The writing bug, again. He spent a year writing the life story of another great musician—his friend, Bix Beiderbecke. Friends say he was so dissatisfied with his work, he tore up the manuscript. Shaw, the perfectionist!

He returned to New York (the year was 1936) to more disappointment. He couldn't get a job.

A swing concert at the Imperial Theater brought him back to musical fame. His idea of using a string background for his clarinet was a smash hit. Offers poured in on him from everywhere. He was in the big money.

Choice engagements, tours, records, radio programs and movies filled all his time. Too much of it. Suddenly Shaw created a nation-wide furore by junking his band and going to a hideaway in Mexico.

But even there fame sought him out. He picked up a little song called "Frenesi," introduced it on his return to the United States, and it swept into the top song-hit bracket. Then came Pearl Harbor!

Artie is deeply interested in modern art, philosophy, literature and kindred subjects. He is always scouting around in the hope of picking up originals by modern painters.

He numbers many friends among the literati, and enjoys the classics and good modern literature. He has thousands upon thousands of well-thumbed books in his Beverly Hills home.

It is axiomatic in the music business that nobody really knows the true Artie Shaw . . . that's why we can only give you sidelights. Perhaps the complete story of Shaw can be found in the fantastic artistry of his clarinet playing—perhaps we'll just have to wait for that book he's bound to write someday!

MY BOSS *Harry James*

MY boss, Harry James, is a great musician, a grand guy, and a swell person to work for. I've been with him nearly three years now, and I've got my kicks out of every minute of it. So, when *BAND LEADERS* magazine asked me for a story about Harry, I was pleased at the opportunity to tell about my boss.

The trouble is, it's hard to know just where to start, or what to say about such an interesting fellow.

Maybe I'd better start with when I joined the band.

As a lot of fans know, Harry is not only my boss, he's also my legal guardian. Here's the way this happened: I was only sixteen when I joined the band, and in order for me to be permitted to go on the road and play, while a minor, Harry became my guardian.

Our mutual interest in music and baseball (we are both St. Louis Cardinal fans) brought about my association with Harry. We first met while I was with Sonny Dunham, got talking music and baseball, and the next thing I knew I was playing tenor in the James band and second base on the James' ball club.

About baseball, incidentally, Harry's love of the game is well known, but I think I can add a new yarn which is pretty funny:

Before the war, the band traveled by bus. Every time we passed a ball diamond or a good field, we'd stop, get out our baseball stuff and have a game.

One day we parked the bus and stopped for a game in a farmer's field. The ground was soft from a recent rain and, after the game, we found our heavy bus sunk deep in the mud, stuck fast.

One of the boys appropriated a fence post to use under the wheel, and next thing we knew, along came the farmer, mad as the deuce, with a shotgun!

That was one time the famous Harry James music didn't "have charms to soothe." We just took a quick jump out of there—and it wasn't the "Two O'clock Jump!"

Even then, though, Harry didn't get too excited, with a gun staring him in the face. That's one thing about the boss, he's cool. He doesn't go around blowing his top when things get a little rough.

In fact, that's what Harry demands of the band—consistency. He wants the band to maintain a level of excellence . . . not be jumping like mad one night, and brought down the next.

The boys in the band know they are on the beam as long as Harry doesn't say anything. Only when he is displeased does he have much to say. Then he simply points out what he doesn't like and tells you how he wants it.

If he wants a certain phrasing or attack, he'll take his horn and play it for you or sing it to you. He's easy to work for—you just do your job right and everything is fine.

Because Harry used to be a sideman, himself, he knows both sides of the story. A man can be late getting on the bandstand occasionally and not catch it from the boss.

But we have a cute gag in the band to penalize late comers. If a man comes on the stand late, Harry calls out "Champagne." That means the tardy guy has to kick in to the "champagne fund," which is used to buy treats for the band.

Of course, we really don't buy champagne with the money. Harry, himself, is a milk drinker. He drinks an awful lot of milk, and really keeps himself in shape. On the road he eats good, substantial meals and doesn't live on the legendary musician's diet of hamburgers, chili, and coffee.

Besides playing that wonderful horn which, for my money, is the greatest, he needs his strength to cope with the job of being the head of a big business, which is what a band is nowadays.

And this is no kidding: you fans really give him some workouts—we have a time getting him on and off the stand. But it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

As you might suspect, Harry is deeply interested in music. He has a fine record collection, which shows a wide taste—Kostelanetz, Basie, Rose, Ellington, for example. And one of his favorite bands on records is the old Goodman band.

Speaking of records, reminds me of a record date with a story that might interest you. We have a saying in the band, "Let me up," which the boys use to express dissatisfaction or annoyance. If things aren't going right for a guy, he'll pipe up: "Let me up."

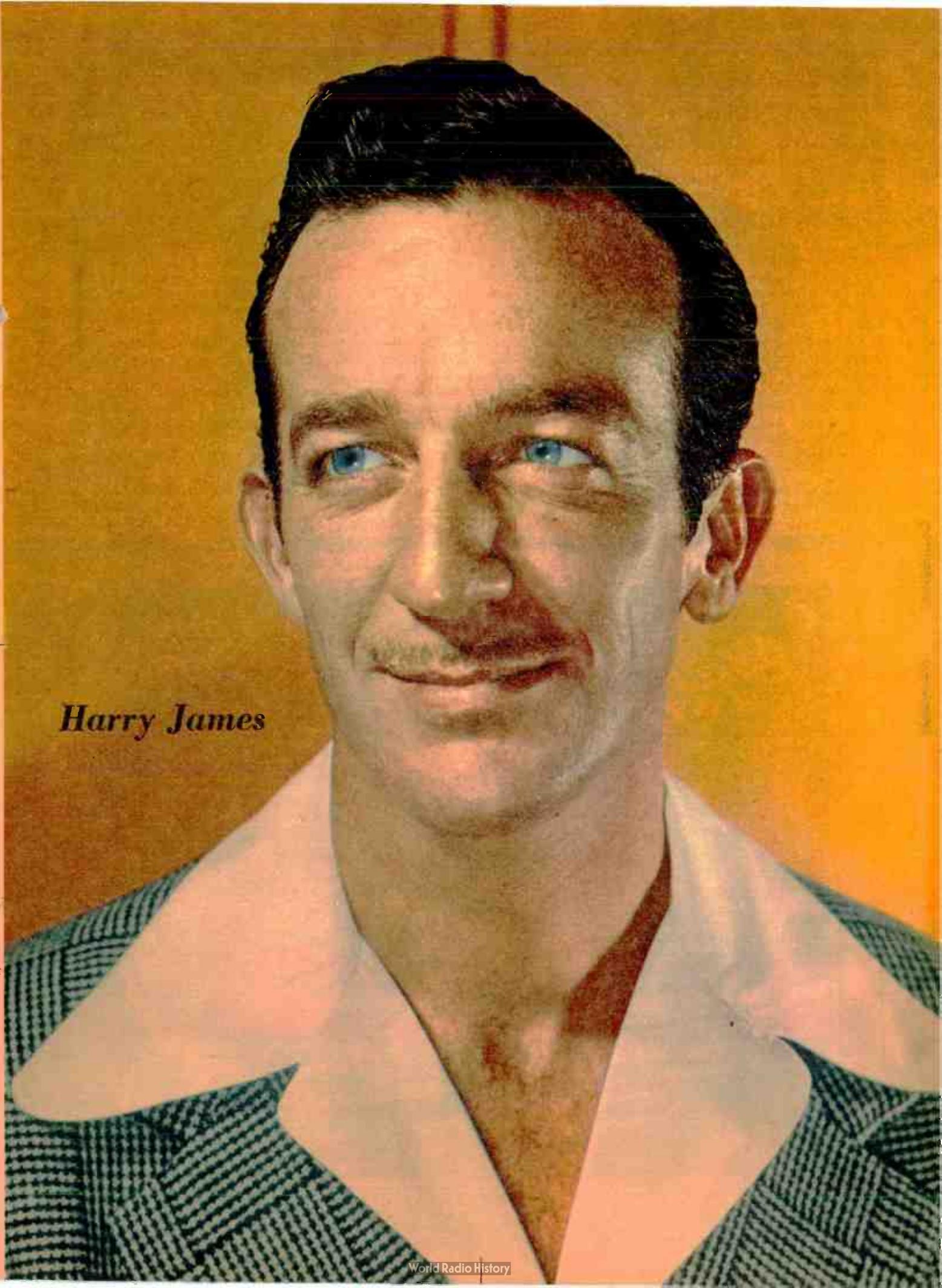
So, we happened to be on this record date, doing an untitled original, and Harry said: "Say, let's call this 'Let Me Up.'" That's how the tune got its name.

Well, here I am just about out of space, and still on the first chorus. Hope this little piece has given you a better knowledge of my boss—if you want to hear more just come around to see us and listen to Harry play. Believe you me, when he takes up his instrument, The Horn speaks for himself!

(Right) The author and the subject, Gene "Corky" Corcoran, and his boss, Harry James.



by Gene "Corky" Corcoran



Harry James

LOUIS PRIMA is two different guys. Let's look at the record—both sides. The Prima who runs on stage when the curtain goes up on his band is one character—the public personality Prima has deliberately created. He stands there in the spotlight, applause beating around him, smiling, shaking clasped hands above his head. He implores “Quiet Please.” He's eager to start making his own special harmonized din.

The other Prima is the boy backstage who still can't believe it, who says of his early years, “I never had any confidence in myself. I never thought I could do anything.”

On stage the gravel-voiced Prima is in there swinging with everything he's got—from the opening note until the boys knock themselves out with “The Blizzard.”

His whole face set in laughter, arms swinging, shoulders moving to rhythm, feet shuffling, Louis urges on his men. Then, horn held high, he makes with the weird, unearthly sweet notes that hush the audience—only to break the tension when he bends low with the trumpet and produces comic deep growls.

The Prima solo over, although the number is not, Louis rests his horn and heckles the bandsmen. All the while he's on the stage Louis is a human dynamo!

How can he keep up that pace? The answer is that Louis *can't*. At least he couldn't if he tried to live his show personality in private. Before an audience, with their help, he sells himself on the idea of a Prima powerhouse. After

a show, he sits for a few minutes, devitalized, thinking things over. It takes a while to disentangle the two Primas. Then the “at ease” Prima takes charge. He's quiet, self-effacing, modest, retiring. The key to this Prima is politeness. The “Pleases,” “Thank yous” and “Would you minds,” upset the usual traditions of business routine.

The clue to the self-effacing angle of off-stage Prima may be found in his paradoxical beginnings.

Raised in the jazzland of New Orleans, Louis' background is authentic. But, in the very home of uninhibited music, Louis started playing classics on the violin! His heart was with the hot men and his hands played “Barcarolle.”

Music ran in the Prima veins, and the harmony that *was* Louis was the bleak but lawless originality of jazz. Circumstances, or Louis' parents, insisted on classics.

So Louis was unhappy.

“My hands were so big,” he said sadly. “When I was twelve or thirteen I was growing fast and my hands grew enormous. I had trouble even holding the fiddle.”

Apparently this effort to force himself into the long-hair department temporarily disturbed the Prima ego. Even after he found the trumpet and made his bid for freedom from the fiddle, he felt ill at ease.

Thus he answers the question, “Why didn't you have your own band until five or six years after you hit the big-time as trumpeter?” with “I never had confidence in myself.”



"I knew," recounted Louis, "that I could play trumpet. I knew that. But I didn't think I could get a band together and lead them and tell them what to do and all that."

That's why Louis played as a single in the old Saenger Theatre in New Orleans for half a dozen seasons.

That's why Louis hustled home after his first bid for big time in New York in 1930. That's why he made the second try only when prodded into it by the visiting Guy Lombardo.

"Get going, Louis," urged Guy. "You've got plenty to offer and New York is waiting to grab it." Louis left, and recognition rolled in.

Louis has confidence now, but he got it the hard way and he doesn't kick it around. On stage his confidence and authority are enough for half a dozen Primas. In the dressing room his assurance is whittled down to size. He holds it tenderly—it's a prize he's won and earned the hard way, and intends to keep.

Even the unsurpassed commotion of the band in performance is paradoxical. In rehearsal there's hardly any noise at all.

"Please," instructs Louis, sending a message to a trombonist practicing upstairs, "would you tell that man to play soft?"

In explanation Louis says, "I always tell my men to practice soft and they'll be able to play as loud as they like in public. They'll also be able to play soft and true."

And so the rehearsal goes on, pianissimo, while Louis listens for off-side blasts.

The brash, darting, quicksilver presence that is Prima in public, might be expected to think little, if anything, of social problems. Not so. Again the Prima personality is double-edged. Louis feels so strongly about enough for everybody that he's written a song about it—"Robin Hood."

"Robin Hood," he says into the mike, "he took from the rich people and he gave it to the poor people."

"Seriously," explains Louis, "it seems to me the fellow had something there. Right now there are a lot of people with 'way too much and a whole lot more people without near enough."

There is no hotter or more rocking organization than the Prima aggregation putting everything into "Sing, Sing, Sing," which Louis wrote. On the other hand, nightingales sing sour in comparison to the drippy sweetness of Prima's "The Story of a Starry Night."

Louis is not a band fan. He doesn't want to be influenced. When he sits down for musical relaxation, he turns to Bach, Debussy or Beethoven.

"Is You Is or Is You Ain't?" could apply to Prima. He both is *and* ain't, depending on which personality he's wearing at the time.

What never changes and what ties the two Primas together is that trumpet—it always is and never *ain't* solid.





(Above) Benny's lively art invades, not only Broadway, but also Hollywood—where he is an old hand at livening movies. A scene from the Universal picture, "The Girls He Left Behind." (Below) Benny Goodman and King of the Woodpile, Red Norvo, who "stole the show," swinging into musical action in this scene from Billy Rose's new smash hit, "The Seven Lively Arts."



A ROSE by any other name smells as sweet" is the philosophy expressed by William Shakespeare in one of his moralistic moods. Had he been at the \$24-a-seat opening of the latest Billy Rose Broadway production, "The Seven Lively Arts" featuring Benny Goodman's quintet, it is quite possible that Willie would have revised his adage to read:

"A Rose with Benny Goodman's name sells a lot of seats."

And Willie would have been as right as the steering wheel in an English automobile!

Benny Goodman has presented himself, his band, his sextet, quintet, quartet, and trio in every kind of a production—from Carnegie concerts to the typical "see what the boys in the back room will have" joints. That he would be successful, however, when the lights went down and the curtain rolled up on a Broadway production, had been a matter of conjecture ever since Goodman's first Broadway effort, "Dream With Music," folded in 1940.

Billy Rose believed that Uncle Benny and his clarinet would sell on Broadway—and he proved it by co-starring him with Bert Lahr, pudgy-faced comedian, Markova and Dolin, the famous ballet dancers, and the wonderfully incorrigible Beatrice Lillie, comedienne. Rose proved, too, that he knows the public taste better than the head taster at Campbell Soups. The audience went wild over the shy, bespectacled Benny—and echoed that enthusiasm at every performance, up to the very day he left the show to fill other engagements.

The first entrance for Goodman was well at the tired end



Benny's

LIVELY ART

by Dal Coda

**Benny
Goodman**

of the first act, when hundreds of men in elaborate costumes and girls in various stages of sequined revelation were dancing, parading, and singing on the stage. The scene was supposed to represent what would happen if Billy Rose ever bought the Metropolitan Opera House—and made everyone feel that this would be a good idea.

The climax of the scene was reached when Benny Goodman—dressed in a black sequin tuxedo with a white sequin stripe down the side of the pants—strolled out from the wings to meet the other men in the quintet who, dressed in white sequin tuxedos with occasional flecks of black sequin, slowly moved through the crowd from the rear of the stage on an automatically propelled platform.

"There's Goodman!" was the whispered cry which went up as he walked onto the stage. By introducing Goodman, one of the stars, late in the performance, Rose built up a suspense climax which actually had the audience looking for Benny in each succeeding scene until, when he finally arrived, it was looked upon as an occasion.

The quintet swung immediately into "After You're Gone," a tune which Goodman has waxed on phonograph records with a quartet and played many times in halls where he wore only a plain business suit sans sequins. He was never, we believe, so enthusiastically received, though, as he was in this elaborate presentation of his music.

Set in a background of super-elaborate stage settings and surrounded by a myriad of beautiful girls and handsome men wearing the most elaborate of finery, the Goodman musical gem was far more appreciated than it could be on a dingy stage in some slightly threadbare theater.

The Goodman combo consisted of Teddy Wilson, piano; Red Norvo, vibes; Morey Feld, drums; and Sid

Weiss, bass, all augmenting Benny and his clarinet. Wilson performed excellently, his fingers strolling tastefully up and down the keys, picking up a shade of melody, dropping it again for an original thought.

Sid Weiss set an excellent rhythm along with drummer Morey Feld and both, in typical Goodman good taste, soloed only slightly and then with extreme discretion, technically perfect, musically subdued, and very much in keeping with the mood of the small group. Benny soared through the scale with his rapid fire clarinet impressions, smiling shyly and happily, stating a musical idea, exploring it, stating another.

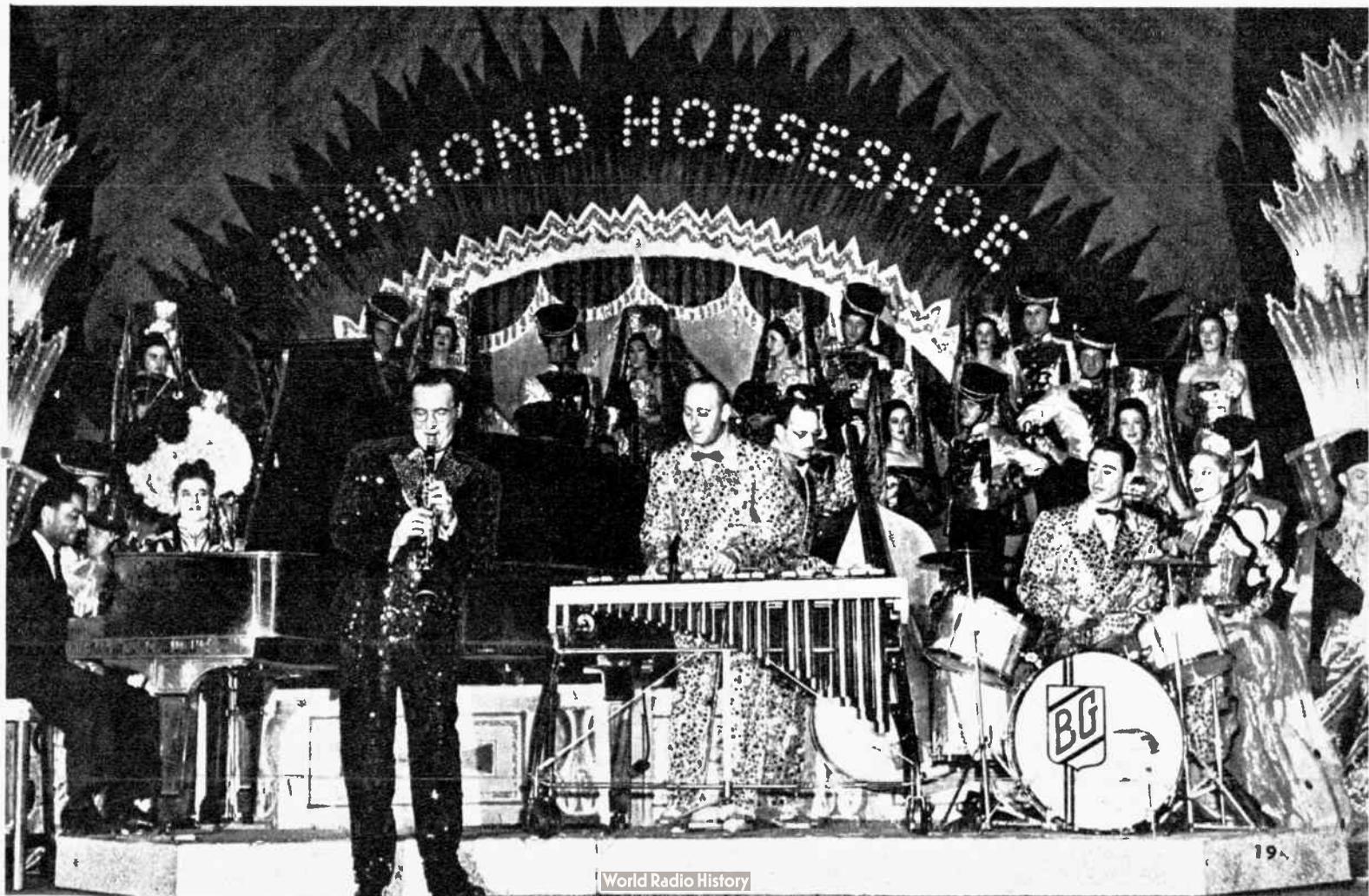
Red Norvo we have saved until the last. Not because Red was the best man in the group, for every one of the five is top-notch. We had saved Red because it was Norvo who stole the show . . . even from Benny. Red, his white tuxedo glistening under his orange-red thatch of hair, has an even shyer smile than the maestro. As the band was slowly floated to the front of the stage and as they came more into view of the audience, Red's happy, smile became wider and wider.

When Benny appeared in front of the group, Red's grin crept still further with pride . . . and when Benny played, the grin went from ear to ear. Benny Goodman is Red's hero. That was plain to see.

When the band played, Red bore down upon the blocks of his instrument, his mallets bouncing happily in delicate little patterns over the double-banked vibes. His shoulders were hunched, his face benign, and you realized that you were seeing a little boy—man-sized, but still a kid—playing vibes while his hero tooted clarinet in front. Besides his shy

(Continued on page 57)

Before the curtain went down on the first act of "The Seven Lively Arts," Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Morey Feld and Sid Weiss appeared and added their own musical art to the other six arts. With a background of glitter, they played "After You've Gone."



Lena Horne and Avon Long in "Liza," the song and dance number which is a feature of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture, "Ziegfeld Follies."



Lena Horne

Lovely Lena

by Bob Baxter

THE music world is full of horn men—those who play “ride” horns, “sweet” horns, “hot” horns, and “blue” horns—but there is only one lady Horne . . . and the spelling is intentional. Yes, I’ve just interviewed the lovely lady of song, Lena Horne.

I listened to Lena’s exciting voice . . . observed her sultry beauty . . . noted her gracious manner and personal charm.

I basked in the warmth of her smile . . . laughed at her ready wit . . . enjoyed her sincere friendliness . . . appreciated her shy modesty.

I marveled at her colorful career . . . which began when she sang with Noble Sissle’s orchestra, and now has brought her movie fame.

You talk to Lena, as I did, and you’ll know why she rose to the top. It couldn’t have been any other way—she belongs at the top of the heap!

My conversation with Lena took place in Hollywood on the eve of a USO tour she was about to make. She had just finished “Ziegfeld Follies” at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and had a radio broadcast to do the day of our talk. Yet, busy as she was, she graciously took time out for the interview.

Lena learned to sing about the same time she learned to walk, so there was never any doubt about her choice of a career. She was born in Brooklyn, attended grammar and high school there, then joined the chorus at the famous Cotton Club.

A friend introduced her to Noble Sissle and, when he had heard her sing, Sissle promptly signed her for his orchestra.

“I was only seventeen at the time,” Lena smiled, “and it was a wonderful experience, traveling about the country, working with fine musicians. I learned a lot.”

It is typical of Lena that she should mention her pleasure at working with her musical associates, rather than her personal success, but, as the politicians say, the record shows she was an immediate success.

Charlie Barnet, impressed by her talent, offered her a contract, and she joined the Mad Mab and his band for more successes. It was while she was with the Barnet band that Lena recorded her outstanding “Good For Nothing Joe” platter.

Singing engagements at the Cotton Club, Cafe Society, and the Little Troc in Hollywood—records with Artie Shaw, and a “Birth of the Blues” album for RCA-Victor—New York shows—and a featured spot on an NBC network show—all these added to her stature as an entertainment personality.

It was only natural that a motion picture contract followed. M-G-M signed her after a member of the studio music department heard her at the Little Troc.

Her pictures to date have been “Panama Hattie,” “Cabin in the Sky,” “I Dood It,” “Swing Fever,” “Broadway Rhythm,” “Thousands Cheer,” “Stormy Weather,” “Two Girls and a Sailor,” and “Ziegfeld Follies.”

That’s from the record.

From Lena, herself, I heard no success story—only tributes of admiration for the abilities of those with whom she has worked, and gratitude for the opportunities afforded her.

She especially enjoyed working with Barnet and Teddy Wilson.

“Charlie had such a fine band,” she recalled, “with all those wonderful saxes.” Lena, by the way, rates the reeds among her favorite instruments.

Working with Teddy Wilson at Cafe Society was another of her pleasurable engagements.

“Teddy is not only a great showman,” she said, “but a marvelous musician besides. He seems to know exactly how you’ll phrase, and can fit his accompaniment to your singing so perfectly.”

Edmond Hall, Benny Morton, J. C. Heard, Emmett Berry, “Red” Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, and Jimmy Blanton are other musicians to whom Lena paid tribute—as well as Horace Henderson, her accompanist and arranger when she goes on tour. Red Callender is also a favorite bassist of Lena’s.

When Lena sings, it is interesting to watch her at the microphone. She is conscious of only one thing—the song she is interpreting—and she sings with the emotion she feels.

In her choice of material she likes to sing standard favorites. She doesn’t think that novelty songs are for her.

She loves blues and sings them beautifully, but modestly insists she is still learning about them. Lena likes symphonic music, too. Fiction is her favorite reading.

Hollywood—the studios and people—interests her. She enjoys making personal appearances and only recently returned to Hollywood from such a tour.

When the Lady is at home, she lives, oddly enough, at an address on Horn avenue in Los Angeles. But the Horne from Horn Avenue is almost a stranger in her own home.

What with hops about the country for personal appearance tours, USO shows, and time out for radio, records and motion pictures, she’s a busy person these days, this lady of the lyrics—lovely Lena.



“Love” is the name of the song, “lovely” the word for the singer, Lena Horne, as she does a solo specialty, for the revue, in the “Follies.”



Frankie Carle

TODAY, with "Sunrise Serenade" (his theme song), "Falling Leaves," "Lover's Lullaby," "Moonlight Whispers," and "My Topic of Conversation" to his credit, piano-playing maestro Frankie Carle is recognized as an outstanding composer. His "Serenade" alone has sold half a million platters.

But, it was only about ten years ago that a minor music publishing executive with a major opinion of his own importance told Frankie: "Why not stick to piano playing, Carle? You know something about that. You'll never be able to write songs. You've got no talent. Why don't you give it up? Oh sure, we'll look at it. . . . We'll let you know!"

That was what the wise guy had said. What he had meant, as nearly as Carle could figure it out was, "Oh, go away and don't bother us. We can't waste time on songs written by nobodies. On your way, chum."

It was incidents like that—topping other, many other, similar experiences—which toughened the will of Frankie Carle . . . made him determine to have his songs published and to start a crusade to get song-hearings for unknowns, once he had established himself as a composer. How could unknowns ever become known, he reasoned, if nobody ever listened to them?

Since his thirteenth year, characters in and out of show business had been urging Frankie to stop composing music.

"I was the underdog for a long, long time," he told your **BAND LEADERS'** reporter.

"I know what those poor devils have to go through to get someone to take them seriously. Actually, it's pure chance or luck that you ever hear a new song. Publishers . . ." and he checked himself, "well, it's all very discouraging.

"So now I say and I can't say it often or loud enough—*give the little guy a break!*

"Naturally," he concluded, "everything can't be good. But it doesn't take any professional musician long to separate the work of uninspired amateurs from talented efforts. And, who knows? You may strike gold!"

Today, Frankie Carle is judge and jury for his own efforts. The boys in his band play what he directs. He can, and often does, try out his own work—he also offers compositions from new writers. Audience reaction decides the fate of the songs.

Of his experience at thirteen, he recalled, "I went to New York, alone, to see Harry von Tilzer. Harry was encouraging, but thought I'd better have a little more experience before deciding on song-writing as a career.

"He got me a job with the Pat Rooney vaudeville unit, and I was scared to death. I took one look at the faces out front and then beat it!

"I was one of nine kids at home in Providence, R.I." disclosed Frankie, "and when I was six, my uncle, Nicholas Collangelo, came to stay with us for a while. He was a graduate of three European conservatories and he offered to teach one of us to play piano. They caught me first!"

Uncle Nick operated the Columbus Ballroom in Providence and there young Frank turned professional at the

HELPING HANDS
across the Keys
by Margaret Winter

age of nine. He played three programs a week . . . for a stipend of one dollar! Another uncle, head of an athletic club, gave him pugilistic training.

By the time Frankie was fourteen, he was stuffed with ambition. He wanted to be a cartoonist, a fighter, a song writer, a pianist, a singer and a mechanic—preferably all at the same time—and had to burn plenty of midnight oil to keep up with his studies in all these fields.

Just as Frankie was whizzing toward multiple success, an accident to his father sent the boy to work. The employees of a department store in Providence still remember the dry-goods clerk who never sold any dry goods, because he was never at his counter . . . there was a piano in the music department. He did sell a lot of sheet music but, despite that, in due course, he was fired.

Finally, family responsibilities, added to other worries, broke the young boy's health. He collapsed with the first of three nervous breakdowns.

"For a year after I was well again," stated Frankie, "I was hidden down front in a movie house, playing accompaniment to the pictures.

"Then I appeared in vaudeville with May Yohe, the original owner of the famous Hope diamond. She was making a stage comeback at the age of 66."

Young Carle's first long-term engagement with an orchestra began in 1922, when he went out with Edwin J. McEnelly's Band. The home location was Springfield, Massachusetts, but they trouped.

"One-nighters," groaned Frankie. "Years of one-nighters!"

Frank remembers Springfield with much affection. It was there he met Miss Edith House, golf champ—who became Mrs. Carle. It was also in Springfield that he chose the number thirteen in a fraternal raffle—and won \$1,000.

"I studied singing there too," related candid Mr. Carle, "but that was just too bad. I also gave piano lessons."

In 1932, he joined Mal Hallet's band, playing along with Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, and Jack Jenney. Came 1934 and he collapsed—nervous breakdown number two.

In 1935, recovered and strong again, he decided on a band of his own for a change.

"I held the band for a year," said Frankie, "then, I joined up with Horace Heidt."

All this time Frankie had been writing songs and hearing ugly remarks from the publishing offices.

Horace Heidt featured the piano work of Frankie Carle, and, as a result of that billing, three of Frankie's tunes were printed. They clicked!

The last, and he hopes, the final, nervous breakdown in the Carle medical history, was in 1941, while he was still with Heidt.

On January 13, 1944, he started rehearsing with his present orchestra—a group consisting of one piano in addition to his own, bass, drum, and guitar; three trombones; three trumpets; five saxophones; and two vocalists. The band has hit the top ranks and, according to poll and public, is still on the upbeat. Platter patrons can listen to his latest numbers on Columbia records, among them "A Little On The Lonely Side," and "Carle Boogie."

His outstanding characteristics are: a very wide smile showing large white teeth, an expression of alertness and intent interest, and a crop of black, wiry, curly, closely cut hair. He is 5' 7" tall, weighs around 136 pounds, and his eyes, well guarded by a lush fringe of extra-length lashes, are dark brown and glistening.

In the likes and dislikes department, it turns out that Frankie likes steak, California, piano playing, pinochle, golf, listening to concert pianists, the number thirteen, and, "for some reason—or any reason at all," Hedy Lamarr.

And, always beating the gong for his personal project, he doesn't think much of successful citizens who won't take the time to "give the little guy a break."



(Above) Lovely Ginny Simms, holding Frankie's five millionth record, congratulates him on his good work.



(Above) Frankie spends a quiet evening at home kibitzing in a game between Mrs. Carle and daughter Margie. (Below) Frankie and Henry Youngman (Sherlock and Watson) hunt for a tune they can get together on.





GOING

Hundreds upon hundreds of band leaders, vocalists and instrumentalists are constantly striving for a foothold on the ladder of success. While we are not prophets or fortune-tellers, the editors of **BAND LEADERS** occasionally spot that "extra something" about an aspirant for band world fame which seems to assure success. Here are two candidates who appear destined to reach the top.

Monica Lewis

PRETTY girl, pretty voice, pretty future. That's nineteen-year-old Monica Lewis, the feminine voice on the "Music That Satisfies" program over C.B.S. and the girl from whom big things are expected.

Monica was signed for the show quite by accident, after executives happened to hear one of her records. But her career isn't an accident—she very carefully planned it.

Though she was born in Chicago, Monica went to New York when she was thirteen, and attended high school there. Her mother was a singer with the Chicago Opera Company and her father was a serious musician, so her early interest in music was on the legitimate side. But she found she could do better with a popular tune than she could with an aria.

Monica's first professional engagement was at a night club in Baltimore, with no less a person in the audience than Dinah Shore. She was scared to death, but Dinah was lovely to her and gave her advice and encouragement.

From her night club debut, Monica jumped to a singing role in the Broadway musical, "Johnny Two By Four"—then to a ten-week engagement at the Stork Club. She also replaced Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman's band, but left Benny to do her own show over WMCA in New York. It was an air check from this program, which won her the Chesterfield spot, giving her the opportunity to sing with Johnnie Johnston.

Talent scouts have tried to convince Monica that her red hair, voice, and dimples belong in front of the movie camera—but the petite songstress prefers to stay in radio, at least for the time being. "I've got a lot to learn yet," she says, "and before I try Hollywood, I want to be sure I'm ready for it."

Well, you've got the right idea, Monica, but at the rate you're going up it shouldn't be long before we see you in motion pictures. In the meantime, keep singing, and we'll keep listening.

UP!



Lee Castle

MR. TRUMPET and His Orchestra. That's the billing they've tagged on handsome Lee Castle, whose new band has been attracting all sorts of attention in the music world. Though the outfit has only been organized a year, they've already played some of the big spots around New York and have been signed to an exclusive Columbia Recording contract.

Lee *should* be a successful leader, if background and name band experience have anything to do with it. As Lee Castaldo, he worked with every top-notch orchestra in the business.

His mother was a singer and his father an accordionist, so it was only natural that he should study music. Lee got his early training in his native New York, but his most important studying was done with the late Tommy Dorsey, Sr., father and teacher of the Dorsey brothers.

Back in 1937, Lee auditioned for Tommy Jr., and T. D. thought he showed such promise that he put him on salary

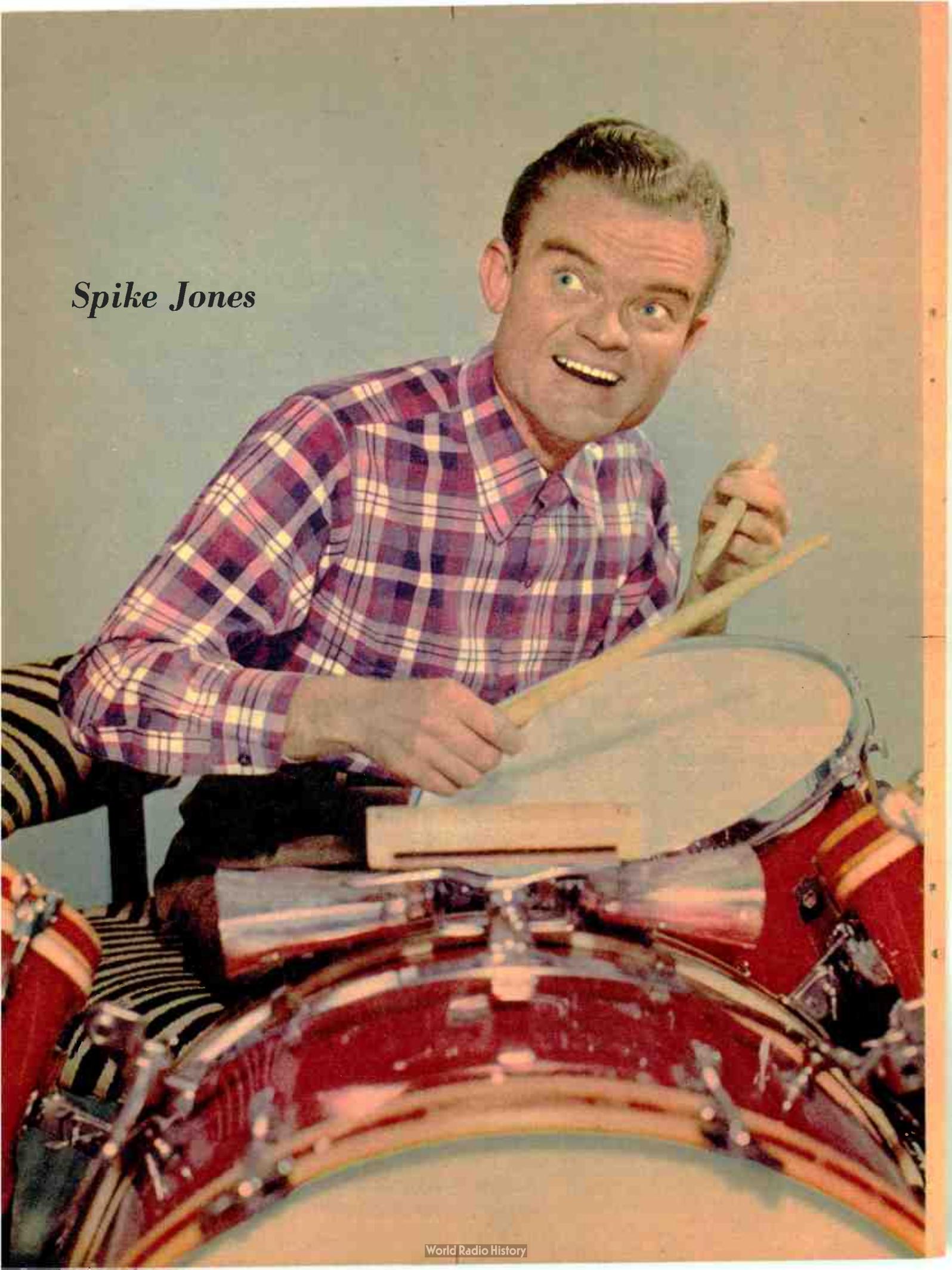
and sent him to Pennsylvania to live and study with the elder Dorsey. Six months later, Lee was a featured artist with Tommy's organization.

Then followed several years as a sideman with the bands of such men as Jimmy Dorsey, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. When the Goodman band broke up, Lee was encouraged to form his own orchestra. He was hesitant because of the wartime shortage of musicians, transportation difficulties, etc., but he finally took the big step with the financial assistance of his friend, Sammy Kaye.

The band clicked immediately at their debut in New York's Pelham Heath Inn, and was later booked into Frank Dailey's Terrace Room in New Jersey, and the Hotel New Yorker.

While playing at the Terrace Room, an announcer dubbed Lee "Mr. Trumpet" and the title stuck with him. Here's hoping it proves lucky, Lee—we'll be listening for your records on our favorite juke box.

Spike Jones



Keeping Up With The JONESES

SPIKE JONES and his zany City Slickers are back home in the U.S.A., and have been there for a few months. The lads are hammering anvils, blowing auto horns, and playing their home-made, bazooka-like instruments for audiences from coast to coast—but the echo of their junk-pile music still rings through the hills and dales of France and over the staid soil of England.

It was sixty-two days after D-Day that the band arrived in England—arrived and conquered! They gave concerts there for a week, while “resting” to go to France, and had audiences screaming with laughter.

On the afternoon of their landing in France, the lads played a show with Dinah Shore—an unscheduled performance which drew a crowd of 16,000 GIs on a barren beach. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Major Glenn Miller were their partners on other shows in the three weeks they were in France.

As to the Spike Jones band, itself, the boys are forever dreaming up murderous arrangements on popular ballads—witness their new disc of “Cocktails for Two,” which turns into a drunken brawl by the thirty-second bar of the score.

The band uses few orthodox instruments . . . prefers washtubs, auto horns, pistols, flit guns, and broken glass. In fact, Jones is one of the first lads to make a tidy income from a washboard without taking in laundry! Musicians to be eligible for this crew must have an instantaneous and noisy sneeze, a raucous razzberry, or a healthy “burp.” Our evidence . . . pictures of the boys back home in an exclusive picture story for you. Presenting Spike Jones and his City Slickers!



(Above) Spike Jones does a delicate job of tuning his twelve-tone cowbells in the backyard of the Jones home in Beverly Hills, Cal. Advantage of this type instrument is that you can build it, tune it, and play it with the same tools—hammer and chisel. When Spike plays, though, even the cows run away.



(Above) “Look pretty for the people,” the photographer whispered, as he snapped this photo of Dick Morgan, banjo player; Carl Grayson, violin and vocal emote; and Red Ingle, whatchamacallit player. See the out-of-this-world expression, inspired by the camera, on Carl’s facial



(Right) Life at the Jones household is, in reality, very calm, cool and collected. The photographer has here collected the cool City Slickers for this calm photo of a typical relaxful afternoon. “Don’t Fence Me In,” shouts Spike, intermittently calling “Fore” as he tries to “send” that ball.



(Left) "God bless you, sir," the Slickers sympathize as Red Ingle bolsters up a sneeze. Sneezes are important instrumental effects to the Slickers! Note the dents in the washboard which Spike uses for a drum. They're the results of a hot jam session in which Spike played with a couple of flit guns.



(Right) Whistle, sneeze, cymbal, honk honk, clang! Spike's all ready for the opening strains of Beethoven's Fifth . . . or is it "Holiday for Strings"? The hat? That's to ward off any eggs or tomatoes which may be inadvertently thrown by neighbors, or a peace-loving audience.



(Left) "It's so pretty we can't stand it," cry the Nilsson twins, Elsa and Eileen (or Eileen and Elsa), as Spike Jones and his "Makes ya wanta blow your brains out" orchestra emotes.



(Right) "Ain't it cute?" scream the twins, over the din created by Del Porter on the assorted flutes and gadgets and Spike at the hammer and board. The mileage on a Spike Jones washboard is about two tunes. After that it falls apart of premature old age.

(Right) "And here's how we sound on a record," brags Spike, as the crew listens rapturously to their own latest disc efforts. All are most impressed except Dick Morgan, who thinks he is Napoleon—a common failing of the Spike Jones' menage.



(Left) "Come out, wherever you are," shouts Spike as he clangs the fire bell, which has been in the Jones family for centuries. It was once owned by his forefather, Smokehouse Jones, who rang that very bell on the day that Nero set fire to the outskirts of Rome, badly singeing her petticoats.



(Right) The music goes down and around and whooo hooo hoo hooo, it comes out here. Country Washburn shows Elsa and Eileen. They call him "Country" because it's so much nicer in the city when he plays his horn in the country, where only the chickens and pigs object to the weird sounds of his music.



(Left) Something new in the line of barbershop quartets—Del Porter, Elsa and Eileen, and Carl Crayson harmonize with sweet notes that delight the ears . . . at least the ears of Del, Elsa, Eileen and Carl.



(Above) "I . . . I . . . fink I'm gonna cry," sobs Beauregarde Lee, Spike's assistant drummer and manager, as the boss gives with a tasteful piano study in discords. It must be pretty sad to make Beau burst into tears!



(Above Right) This could be a dramatic scene from "Anthony and Cleopatra," or maybe the boys are devouring goldfish from the tank. Whatever it is, they seem to be really enjoying their anguish, while silence reigns at long last!

(Below) Even Linda Lou, Spike's daughter, is being brought up to be a washboard maniac. Linda thinks that Daddy (as well as his music) is tops. We agree—despite his zany noisiness, or maybe because of it, he's a great guy!

Spikography

SPIKE JONES, the man, is amazingly like Spike Jones, the band leader. A drummer by original profession, Spike did fairly well for himself in that field, ranking as one of the best studio men in Hollywood. It was there that Spike met Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, when he was a drummer in John Scott Trotter's orchestra on the Crosby show.

Started his slapstick crew while working for Trotter and was asked to disc for Bluebird at that time. His first record, "Der Fuehrer's Face" skyrocketed him to fame, and within a few months he was voted national "King of Corn" in many music polls. Joined Bob Burns radio show, and was on it for some time. Dropped off last year for other commitments. May have his own air show soon.

Off stage, Spike has three loves: his band, his wife, and daughter Linda Lou. He is forever dreaming up new travesties . . . new instruments . . . new gimmicks. He lives in a lovely house in Beverly Hills, California, completely out of character with the Spike Jones personality . . . except for one thing. His doorbell button is wired to a huge cowbell which clangs appropriately when a visitor (or salesman) is at the door!



Carl's a Comin

by Dorothy Auscomb

Carl Ravazza



VIENI SU, Vieni Su"! Five feet ten, and eyes of blue. He leads a band, plays violin, and he sings! Yesterday at *The Blackhawk*. Today at *La Martinique*. Tomorrow? You guess. But you'll want to go along! We interviewed brown-haired Carl Ravazza in New York City, where things are happening to him.

His own song, "Waiting," has crashed the "Hit Parade" . . . Four producers have called on him for musicals-to-come . . . *La Martinique* has taken up a six-week option on Carl and his fourteen-piece band—all this while 20th Century contracts and Mrs. Carl Ravazza are beckoning from the Coast. And everybody's wondering what's next on the slate for this up-and-coming maestro, who is only thirty years old.

Carl himself is calm, certain and happy. Everything will be taken care of, in good time. He'll take a musical role and keep on with the band at *La Martinique*. He'll make some pictures, and he'll write some songs. And, whenever possible, he'll head for home in California.

If you've heard Carl sing, perhaps you've wondered why he doesn't just stand up front, leaning on the mike for support, crooning while the audience swoons. Well, it isn't that he thinks two "Voices" too many—the fact is, Carl's had a band of his own ever since high school days. And, he wants to continue with his band—there's never been a toss-up between Carl, vocalist, and Carl, band leader. They go together!

Carl Ravazza's popularity has taken him on a steady up and up ride since 1938. He hasn't been a shooting star

though—and he'll never be a falling one. Carl has plugged hard—and he's gathered a solid audience behind him all the way. They're the ones that crowded *The Blackhawk* in Chicago. They're the ones who knew him by his "Vieni Su" theme song even in high school, when he first began featuring it. They wrote: "What does it mean?" "Play it again!" "Record it!" And so he did, for *Victor Bluebird* in 1938. And he'll do another "Vieni" for Columbia soon, a new arrangement.

"Vieni Su" ("Come With Me") seems to have the "sure thing"—lasting popularity—even as Carl himself. And right now he has New York—full of top vocalists, musicians, and band leaders, many of whom, like Carl, combine all three—guaranteeing his musical fortune!

We believe that a big part of his success lies in his personality. It's like this: Carl talks easily about himself—what he's done and why—and what he wants to do—all with good-natured seriousness that's always on the verge of a smile. See him with his band, hear him talk about his career, and you know that it's been lots of fun for him . . . and it still is.

For Carl, music is fun—but so is everything else. All the while he's been playing toward New York, Carl has
(Continued on page 66)

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ . . . *IN A ROMANTIC MOOD:*

Seems like most of today's records drop into the romantic "ballad" classification. Even jazzists like DUKE ELLINGTON, HARRY JAMES, TOMMY DORSEY and ARTIE SHAW devote a good half of their output to the sweet styled waxings. Vocalists, since the coming of Sinatra, are all important. This is an era of romanticism.

PERRY COMO, the lad on the ciggie program for the networks, sings a romantic coupling of "More and More" and "I Wish We Didn't Have To Say Goodnight" which will make your bobby socks drop way down to your in-step. Another swell Como coupling is "I'm Confessin'" and "I Dream of You." Both are Victor.

HARRY JAMES goes softie with "The Love I Long For" on a Columbia record. It's a subtle ballad sung by BUDDY DEVITO and throbbled by the James horn. KITTY KALLEN says she's "Beginning to See The Light" on the other side. James wrote this tune with the capable co-work of DUKE ELLINGTON, the master. It's a swell ballad and Harry plays it well. As for Kitty, she sings well, she's pretty, and, to fill out the "Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes" theme, if we recall correctly, she has brown eyes. We shall have to look deeply next time and make sure!

A great vocal disc is "I Didn't Know About You," another Ellington ballad, as sung by LENA HORNE with HORACE HENDERSON'S band. The song highlights the Horne pipes (pun not intended) as they have never been featured befo'. "One For My Baby" is the plattermate tune and again Lena's voice stands out like a light in the fog . . . not that Henderson's arrangements are foggy, for they certainly aren't.

SINATRA comes around the bend with "I Begged Her" and "What Makes the Sunset." If Frankie keeps on singing like this he may make a name for himself. Yessir, the Voice proves that he is the undisputed king of the intimate ballad. Let's keep Como and Crosby in the separate class in which they belong. No sense comparing different things.

Decca's ANDREWS SISTERS' disc of the semi-calypto tune, "Rum and Coca-Cola," may have been banned on the webs because of the free coke plug, but it's doing fine on the local stations, thank you. The other song is the hungry saga of "One Meatball." Questionable ballads, but a good record.

"More and More" spotlights BONNIE LOU WILLIAMS' voice with TOMMY DORSEY and the band on Victor. "You're Driving Me Crazy" is the lament voiced by the sentimentalists on the record mate. It's a good coupling. Of the two, "Crazy" is the better.

LOUIS PRIMA is cutting wax as fast as he can over at Hit. His latest as of this scrawling is "What's the Matter, Marie" and "Itsum-Kitsum-Bumpety-Itsum" which, translated from the ancient Chinese, means "Itsum-Kitsum-Bumpety-Itsum." Let's leave it by saying that Prima's the cream a' thuh croppa. Prima means "first" in Italian and Louis knows it.

WOODROW WILSON HERMAN sings "I Didn't Know About You" and does his usual superb job for the Decca disc foundry. FRANCES WAYNE handles the flipover tune "Saturday Night." "Evelina" and "The Eagle and Me" are Deccas by DER BINGLE. Both are from the Broadway hit musical "Bloomer Girl." TOOTS CAMARATA directs the band and is tops. "Sleigh Ride in July" and "Like Someone In Love" is another Bingo and has also been disced by DINAH SHORE for Victor and TOMMY DORSEY for the same wax foundry.

SPIKE JONES and his "City Slickers" wrap up the comedy field in one disc, a Victor burlesque of "Cocktails for Two" which should send you . . . and bring you back. "Leave Those Dishes in the Sink, Ma" is the plattermate, a MILTON BERLE tune. HORACE HEIDT does "More and More" and "Lucky To Be Me." It's on a Columbia and the funny twist is that MEL HENKE, who plays piano



by
*Dave Fayre
and
Cliff Starr*

on the sides, is a new exclusive solo artist for that firm's biggest competitor, Victor.

GINNY SIMMS sings "This Heart of Mine" and "I'm In A Jam With Baby" while EDGAR "COOKIE" FAIRCHILD'S band keeps the background moving and Ginny does her duty in the fore (on Victor).

DUKE ELLINGTON has disced four of his own ballads for Victor. They are "I'm Beginning to See The Light," "Don't You Know I Care," "I Didn't Know About You" and "I Ain't Got Nothin But The Blues." All four are the most sensational ballads on recent wax.

. *IN A SWING GROOVE:*

Let's be generous and classify a few things as swing which may not exactly fall into that category. After all, a ballad in swing tempo can be roughly classed as "swing."

Swing singing is at a high peak when performed by the inimitable prexy of Capitol records, JOHNNY MERCER . . . and especially when the song he is singing is by Johnny Mercer. "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive" is the title.

Columbia has issued a new disc by BENNY GOODMAN'S quintet with JANE HARVEY and MARION MANN handling the vocals. The songs: "Only Another Boy and Girl" and "Everytime We Say Goodbye," both from the "Seven Lively Arts," current Broadway smash hit. Also available are reissues of "Fiesta In Blue," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "My Old Flame," and "How Deep Is The Ocean"—all good Goodman swing numbers.

ARTIE SHAW knocks everyone out with his sensational disc of "'S Wonderful" and "I'll Never Be The Same." If you dare to miss this coupling we'll disown you for life!

HARRY JAMES comes on with his quintet playing "I'm Confessin'" and doing it in that torrid groove which lends itself so well to the James trumpet jive. The full band comes in for the mate, "When Your Lover Has Gone."

PHIL MOORE, the lad who wrote "Shoo Shoo Baby," has disced his latest tune, "I'm Gonna See My Baby" and "Together" for Victor. Phil has a swell little two guitar, bass, drums, piano combo which he calls the "PHIL MOORE FOUR." If you don't eat this one up, you just aren't hungry.

Asch records has come up with a fine album by the 52nd Street jazz combo, the STUFF SMITH TRIO, in which the three romp out with some swell jazz. Also on their list is a new twelve-inch disc by the ART TATUM TRIO—"Topsy" and "Soft Winds." You'll revel in its glory!



(Above) Swooner-crooner Andy Russell, keeping a record date with Capitol in Hollywood, and singing "Don't Love Me." Is he kidding?



(Above) Count Basie and a part of his orchestra making a disc for Columbia—their swell arrangements of "I Didn't Know About You," and the "Red Bank Stomp."



(Above) "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week," a la Frankie Carle, with Phyllis Lynne doing the vocals at Columbia. At the same time, Frankie recorded the "Carle Boogie"



(Right) It's good to see Artie recording again. 's Shaw himself, and "'S Wonderful."



(Right) The Duke and a few of his subjects, at the R.C.A.-Victor studio when they recorded "I Ain't Got Nothin' But The Blues."

SHOW BAND

By Don Ferris

Novelty number? Must be with the gags that seem to be bouncing between Gay and Guest Joe E. Brown.



POUNDING ahead at wide open speed, the racing boat ploughed into the shore, its momentum carrying it right out of the water. The instant it hit, its driver dived forward, tucked into a tight ball, and took five somersaults before stopping.

"Some stunt! Who was that daredevil?" asked a spectator at the boat races on Wingra Lake near Madison, Wisconsin. The year was 1933.

"Why, that's Gay Claridge, that young band leader from Chicago. He's been racing and stunt driving since he left high school a year or so ago," said another man in the crowd.

When we interviewed Gay Claridge recently, he had little time to devote to his hobby—speedboat racing. The commander-in-chief of the stand at Chicago's Chez Paree must keep his ears tuned to a heavy schedule of radio programs and records—he has to be up-to-the-minute on the themes and pet numbers of America's stage, movie and radio stars who are apt to appear at the Chez.

Gay has done three shows a night for a long time, with top singers and entertainers such as Lena Horne, Jane Froman, Mitzi Green, Maurice Rocco, Susan Miller and Sophie Tucker. He has provided the musical background for guest appearances of notables like Danny Kaye, Milton Berle, Morton Downey, Phil Regan, and Jackie Miles.

Born in Chicago, on June 10, 1914, Gay was a three-way "bug" by the time he was a senior in high school . . . on music, boats and microphone recorders. He is still wiry and light, packaged at 5 feet 10 inches and 145 pounds . . . well able to fit into the cockpit of a small racing boat. Gay had a short-lived recording studio after his high school graduation so, when the band cuts a record today, he is able to supervise the engineering.

In his hobby-sport of outboard racing, Gay has done very nicely. A quick look at his cups on a trophy shelf shows that! He came in second at the Governor's Championship Regatta at Madison, Wis., in 1933 . . . first at Stevens Point, Wis., in 1934. He raced and stunted at the Chicago World's Fair, driving up a ramp to go flying through a hoop ringed with fire . . . then smashing his boat into a solid wall, diving out just before it hit.

While in Senn High School, Gay played for many of the student dances. Then, the dark-haired, hazel-eyed bandsman started out to be a dentist at Northwestern University—but his band was so much in demand for fraternity, sorority and school dances by the end of his first semester that Gay decided to become a band leader "for sure" (one of his favorite expressions). Many Chicagoans remember Gay for the dances he played on Sun-

day nights at the Knickerbocker Hotel and the Medinah Athletic Club.

"The break from college parties into the steady field was a hard jump," Gay says. "Most ballroom proprietors think it's not too hard to satisfy your friends, but they have to satisfy cash customers." Gay finally went to Madison, Wis., where he talked the owner of the Chanticleer Club into giving his band a job.

After a few successful months, Gay received and accepted an offer from the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, to play in the Marine Dining Room one night a week, when the regular band was off.

While he was playing at the Edgewater as the "relief" band, Gay also found steady jobs at the Merry Garden and Melody Mill ballrooms—and at the open-air Wil-Shore on Lake Michigan during the summer months.

After Gay had been at the Edgewater for about six years, Chez Paree owners Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson came in one Tuesday night, to listen to Gay's brand of music. On Wednesday they signed a contract.

When he moved to the Chez, Gay added three violins and rewrote his entire music library. He also has four saxophones, two trumpets and three rhythm instruments (drums, piano, bass). When on the air, Gay does some fast moving. From a vocal (he



Gay Claridge, the Show Band's leader, with Lena Horne—between shows backstage 'at the Chez Paree.



Maurice Rocco, boogie-woogie star, Gay, and Benny Rubin.



Jane Froman, lovely singer of the blues, and a favorite at the Chez Paree, with Gay Claridge, maestro and M.C. of the show.

"talks" the fast tunes in tenor—Jack Milton does the ballads), Gay switches to a sax when it's time for the reeds to come in strong. Next, he whips around to the trumpets, where he is a third man for awhile. Then, with a jump, he's at the mike again!

Gay's theme is "This Is Love," which he wrote a little over a year ago with his pianist, Barney Speer. Gay considers Barney to be one of the mainstays of the band.

At his home on Chicago's north side, where he lives with his parents, Gay's pride is Karen, his 150-pound Great Dane . . . when Gay and Karen start batting each other on the floor, the furniture must watch out for itself. Gay's favorite tune is "Sunny Side of the Street," and he says, "I've always liked it, but when I heard Lena Horne do it for four weeks, that really put it on top."

Even more active in his "off" time than when jumping around the bandstand, Gay retains his liking for boats and the outdoors. During the daytime early last summer, you'd have found him hard at work on his power boat in Belmont Harbor. And the police along Chicago's Outer Drive know his motorcycle well, for he often rides it to and from the Chez.

"I'm attempting to develop an all-around band for show work and dancing which will still go over in a theater," says Gay. "I've still got a silver dollar which a little girl who worked at the soda fountain at the Merry Garden ballroom gave me 'for luck.' And, although I'm in love with this job of playing for top shows, I'm still looking forward to the day when I can play for my friends in the ballrooms again."



Gay is so busy, he doesn't have much time for speed boating any more, but he makes up for it by motorcycling to work.

TRIPLE TRIPLE TRIPLE

Treat

The Three Suns



(L. to R.) Artie Dunn, Morty Nevins, and Al Nevins.

ONE sun isn't enough for Uncle Sam's armed forces—they demand, and usually get, *three* of them! In the air . . . on the ground and under the ground . . . on the sea and under the sea . . . you're apt to find the Three Suns, all strictly on the beam—and that's more than you can say for Old Sol!

Al and Morty Nevins and Artie Dunn—the Three Suns to you—are heard in person, or via radio or records, wherever there are servicemen. They have received reports that their songs are listened to at the bottom of mining shafts 600 feet underground . . . high in the heavens as pilots guide their planes . . . on ships and submarines . . . and in camps and bases in remote spots all over the world!

"And," asserted Morty Nevins, "although we're happy to be here in New York City, entertaining service men on leave, it's those fellows out there fighting that we're thinking about."

"You might remember my visiting the Circus Bar on July 10th with my wife," wrote one reminiscent Joe with an A.P.O. address.

"What you probably did not realize was that I caught the Clipper one hour later for London. It was our earnest wish to spend our last few moments . . . for no telling how long . . . listening to the music we both have always enjoyed so much."

Said Morty soberly, "The letters we get, the stories we hear—sometimes we could shout for joy—other times they almost break our hearts.

"We always play requests from servicemen. But, sometimes the men are shy—like the other night:

"We noticed two sailors looking our way and arguing. Finally, one of them came to the stand and spoke to my brother. He asked us to play 'It Had To Be You,' and showed us his watch. Engraved on the back of it, musically, was 'It Had To Be You.' Did we *play* it!"

Jump tunes are generally requested by the younger men. The officers and older men want ballads, or semi-classics.

"We play their songs," commented Morty, "and they sit there remembering."

G. I. Joes overseas, who have no access to radio sets, keep requesting discs cut by the Three Suns.

"They write to us for records," Morty explained, "since with present shortages even soldiers have trouble getting them. Recently we waxed 'How Many Hearts Have You Broken?' and our own first published effort, 'Twilight Time,' on a Hit label—and received fifty or more letters within three weeks, enclosing money and asking for platters—from men at camps, ships, bases and hospitals. Naturally, we returned their money, and sent out as many of the platters as we could lay our hands on—but we just couldn't take care of all the requests.

At the Circus Bar of the Picadilly Hotel in New York City, where they have been holding forth for over four years, we found the Three Suns surrounded by an audience of which more than half were men in uniform, some of them accompanied by their wives or sweethearts. Eyes and ears alerted for service requests, the trio offers about one hundred numbers nightly. In addition, they do around ten radio shows every week, including a Monday-through-Friday commercial, many of which are inscribed on V-discs and short-waved overseas.

The Three Suns deny that they call themselves by that name just to make people ask why.

"Six years ago, when we started, we were all staying with my mother in Brooklyn," said Al, "and one day she looked up and said, 'Here come my three sons.'"

"We needed a name and we worked on that. We knew we had something new in rhythm so we hit on 'Three Suns,' to convey the idea of 'the dawn of a new rhythm'."

Personally, the Suns are as different as the sun, moon and stars.

Al Nevins, for example, plays violin, viola, and Hawaiian electric guitar; collects fine records; likes Sibelius; can cut your hair; and is an expert chef, with his specialties: sea food platter and Egg Plant Parmesan.

Art Dunn is the "quiet" type, of theatrical background, who plays organ and sings. He's been all over the world with his act.

Morty is contact man, the guy who can even get two-on-the-aisle for "Oklahoma" if need be. He's interested in journalism, but right now is sticking to playing accordion and strengthening the tunes of the Three Suns.

In recent months, the Three Suns have appeared on the radio with Hildegard, and on the Hall of Fame—and were seen and heard at Loew's State in New York City. All in all, they're grand music makers—a triple treat for G. I. Joe and Charlie Civilian alike!

by Cal Grayson

JUST when Ray Eberle began to develop his singing voice, he was exposed to clams—barrels of them. Fortunately, he didn't take on their close-mouthed characteristics and wind up as silent as a clam! This experience happened because his dad owned a hotel in a small New York town, Hoo-sick Falls, where Ray was born.

"Dad's specialty was steamed clams," Ray related humorously, "and I was elected to the job of cleaning the things. Every weekend I had to wash seven barrels of them, literally hundreds of clams. And when I got through with that, I had to take them and knock them together, two at a time, to see if there were any bad ones."

"When the clams were cooked, I then put on a waiter's uniform and served tables and, when that was over, I had to wash what seemed like a thousand dishes." He grinned. "Just like those gags you see in the movies."

Between "clambakes"—and not musical ones either—Ray and his brothers Bob and Walt, did manage to get in a lot of vocalizing. They had a trio, and used to sing real "barber shop" stuff, like "My Wild Irish Rose." The whole family was musical, Ray's parents included, so Ray had plenty of opportunity to polish his vocal style.

But it was his brother, Bob, who first broke into the big time.

"I was still 'clamming' at the time," Ray grinned.

"Bob was one of those typical band enthusiasts who hang around the bandstand all night. Sometimes they'd let him come up and sing," Ray reminisced. "Once, when the Dorsey Brothers played near our home town, he sang with them, and one night after they had played nearby again, he came rushing home and said to me: 'Hey, help me pack, I'm joining the Dorsey Brothers!'"

Ray promptly greeted this with brotherly derision. "Sure, I'm Napoleon," he razed. But Bob, with the aid of his father, finally got everybody convinced, and dashed off to join Tommy and Jimmy, at Troy, N. Y.

About three years and several million clams later, Bob Eberly (he spells the family name with a y), at the Hotel New Yorker with Jimmy Dorsey, phoned Ray and invited him to visit him in New York. Ray jumped at the chance and journeyed to the Big Town.

"I was really one of those yucks,



THE EBERLE NAMED RAY

you know," he laughed, demonstrating how he went around staring open-mouthed at the tall buildings.

When Ray walked into the ballroom at the New Yorker, Glenn Miller—just then in the process of organizing the band that was to leap to fame—was sitting at a table with Jimmy Dorsey's manager. As Ray walked by, Glenn did a "double-take," because of Ray's resemblance to Bob.

Learning who Ray was, and that he could sing, Miller signed him, after a quickly arranged audition.

Ray's association with Glenn lasted five years, with Eberle leaving the band shortly before Glenn broke it up to enter the armed services.

Ray then joined Gene Krupa for a

six-month tour to the west coast, winding up in Hollywood, where he was given a contract by Universal Pictures.

His movie stint includes a number of musical shorts, one with Teddy Powell, and parts in features including "Mr. Big," and "This Is The Life," with Donald O'Connor, Susanna Foster and Peggy Ryan, in which he appeared as a band leader.

C. P. McGregor, the Hollywood transcription king, recently signed Ray for a series of radio transcriptions which will be heard nationally. Personal appearance tours are occupying a lot of his time, too.

Ray is married to a non-professional
(Continued on page 59)

DEAN *of Music*

by Dorothy Brigstock



Dean Hudson

IT was with eager anticipation that I watched Dean Hudson, handsome six-footer, approach our table in the Blue Room of New York's Hotel Lincoln.

"You're Dorothy Brigstock, aren't you?" he asked, turning on his famous Arrow-shirt smile.

"Yes," was all I could say in reply, for after that smile I was a gone gal! Mentally determining to find out whether he preferred blondes or brunettes (with my fingers crossed, hoping that his choice was the latter!), my conversational response undoubtedly was a bit slow. However, I didn't completely forget that I was there for business reasons, so I began talking about the subject at hand.

"It's a wonderful band, Dean. 'Whispering' has always been one of my favorites—and your band seems to do something special to it."

"Thank you very much. We aim to please, you know. But there's something not quite right about it yet," he answered with a worried frown.

So I knew that what I had heard was true—that Dean Hudson is a perfectionist . . . and the most diligent of young men . . . that his music comes before anything else—with handsome results!

I learned that there was a time, however, at the beginning of the war, when Dean was driven by a different ambition—that of helping to end the war as quickly as possible. And, if it weren't for a too sharp Army doctor, he'd still be wearing a uniform. Dean, who joined up immediately after Pearl Harbor, had been a second lieutenant in the R.O.T.C. when he was graduated from the University of Florida—so he stepped right into a first lieutenant's commission.

The natural thing for a band leader to do, when he enters the armed services, is to apply for a band-leading position. But Lieutenant Hudson wanted a more tangible contact with the war. So, instead of leading a band, he put to work his hobby—the study and collection of old firearms. In other words, he became an instructor in the operation of small arms and machine guns. He also got the job of calling out the "one-two-three-fours" for early morning physical exercises. If he was a tough taskmaster, it was only because he's so athletic himself—with his background of golf, tennis, football, and just about everything else you can think of. He still thinks nothing of taking a five-mile swim when he's "down home" (Lake Worth, Florida) where there's plenty of room. None of this indoor pool stuff for him!

After a year and a half in the Army, Dean was finally overcome, during maneuvers, by a physical handicap which he had kept secret when he en-

listed. Confined to the base hospital, other slight internal injuries were discovered, and he was forced to retire to the inactive list—one day before his captain's commission was due!

Before he entered the Army, Dean had built up a strong musical momentum. He started off by choosing musical parents, Mary and T. N. Brown—which resulted in his being brought up on music. His mother was a good pianist, singer, and arranger. His father was trumpeter with John Philip Sousa's band; played in pit bands; and was a member of the local symphony orchestra in Norwood, Ohio, where Dean Brown was born. (The Hudson part of his name came later.)

It was Dean's father who taught him to play the trumpet. Later, when the family moved to Florida, Dean also took vocal lessons. By the time he was of the Boy Scout age, he was chosen to participate in an International Jamboree at Birkenhead, England—both as expert swimmer and trumpet player.

In college he continued his music. Although he entered the University of Florida to learn business administration, Dean found time for plenty of extra-curricular activities, too—things like football, boxing, making the swimming team, joining Kappa Sigma fraternity and, as you've guessed by this time, leading a band. His band made the rounds of clubs, private parties, theaters, and schools throughout the South, under the name "Dean Hudson and his Florida Clubmen" (there were too many other Browns around!).

Two extra special things happened to Dean during that period. He met Frances Colwell, one of the prettiest, friendliest girls you'd ever hope to know—and he was discovered by Tommy Dorsey.

Dean arranged to meet the creator of some arrangements which had been sent to him, and which he admired very much. He was surprised to find that the person with the white carnation was just a slip of a girl. When asked if she could sing too, she replied, "I don't know, but I'll try." And she *could* sing! Frances is still singing with Dean's band today, having turned down numerous offers from other band leaders because, like all the members of the band, she doesn't want to leave Dean. "He's such a wonderful boss."

As for T.D., he paid a visit to Dean after hearing his band. The Florida Clubmen were playing for a party at the University of Virginia in 1940, and Tommy was booked nearby. Tommy happened to tune in the "Clubmen" when they played over the local radio station, and he took his entire band over to listen to and meet the band-

(Continued on page 66)



(Above) Maestro Dean with the entire Hudson band. Vocalists Frances Colwell and Phil Michele appear in the left foreground.



(Above) Trumpet-toting maestro Lee Castle obliges with a guest solo for the benefit of Dean Hudson's audience.

(Right) Dean's "discovery," lovely Frances Colwell, who sings and supplies the feminine glamour for his bandstand.





(Above) Phil Spitalny and His All Girl Orchestra make like the Bixby College Orchestra, and give a concert for the school board in Universal's new musical picture, "Here Come The Co-eds."



The "Tailor Maids," are featured in Stan Kenton's new musical short for Universal, singing the ever-popular Latin tune, "Siboney."

by Paul Vandervoort II

GREETINGS GATES! LATCH ON AND LET'S DIG THE DOPE FROM THE HOLLYWOOD AND (GRAPE)VINE . . . FLASH! . . . It ain't so that even the alley cats are wearing dark glasses in Hollywood, on account of all the swing bands are adding string sections—catgut ain't that scarce! But the regular cats are still making the glamour burg jump. . . .

BANDSTANDING AROUND THE SETS. . . . Out to Universal to watch the **FRANKIE MASTERS'** crew make "Swing Capers." Frankie does a variety of tunes in the featurette, ranging from "Stompin' at the Savoy," to "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Technicians on the set got a bang filming the "ball game" in which Frankie and the boys put on ball caps, do a routine that winds up by one of the gal vocalists knocking a homer. Talked to **MARTY, KAY, PAT and JO**, Frankie's girl quartette, who told me an amusing story on themselves. Set to join a band once, in San Diego, they arrived to find the outfit had disbanded. Sitting glumly in their hotel room, they turned on the radio, wondering what to do next. First thing they heard was an announcement offering women work as welders. "We were so blue we almost grabbed a welding job," Marty smiled. . . .

STAN KENTON was also on the same lot, doing his second short for **U.** Kenton being one of the Old Bandstander's favorite people, it was a pleasure to hang around his set and gab with him between takes. He amusingly recalled how, as a lad, he used to visit the San Fernando Valley with his dad, who wondered what would ever be done with the then desert-like land. . . . Well, they built a movie studio in part of it, and Dad Kenton's little boy grew up to be a musical star there! . . . Producer Will Cowan wisely spotted a flock of Stan's originals in the pic, and you'll hear his theme, "Artistry in Rhythm," "Eager Beaver," and "Mad for a Pad." **ANITA O'DAY** does the vocal on "Mad," and repeats her knocked out version of "Tabby the Cat." **GENE HOWARD'S** assignment is "She's Funny That Way." . . .

RRRRHUUUUMMBA is what I expected to hear when I visited **XAVIER CUGAT** on **M-G-M's** beautiful "Week-end at the Waldorf" set—and I wasn't disappointed. Took

HOLLYWOOD



(Above) When Gene Krupa opened at the Palladium, he participated in a super housewarming party. What could be nicer than best wishes from Martha Tilton, Frank Sinatra and Jo Stafford?



Bob Parrish, former singer at the Bar of Music, discusses the music for his new band with his arrangers, Bill Grey and Margie Gibson, just before he opened at the Club Alabam in Los Angeles.



Walter Pidgeon turns the table (or sketching pad) on Xavier Cugat, and tries his hand at drawing a caricature of the rumba maestro.



(Above) Frankie Masters and his band give out with their own jive version of an old favorite—"Stompin' At The Savoy"—as one of their numbers in a new Musical Featurette for Universal.

a gander at the magnificent set, then spent an enjoyable session talking to Cugie in his dressing room. He was a busy man during shooting of the pic, doing caricatures for a syndicate, making platters, and opening a new nightclub—besides his film chores. . . .

MUSICALAFFS. . . . **OZZIE NELSON** says he knows a trumpet man who retired and bought a roadside inn, and of course he called it "Jump Inn." . . . **GORDON** (San Fernando Valley) **JENKINS** says he heard an awful row at the Esquire jazz concert—two half-sisters were trying to get in on a single ticket! . . . Oh, well, things are tough, all over. . . . They're still talking about that concert, incidentally, even though it happened in January. Esky deserves the praise heaped on him by Hollywood and the music world, for promoting good jazz, furthering racial cooperation and helping a worthy war-service organization in one fell swoop. . . .

STUDIO SHORTS. . . . **GENE KRUPA** and **ETHEL SMITH** team in a novel organ-drum duet in RKO's "George White's Scandals," doing a Brazilian number, "Cho-Cho," with Gene drumming with his hands. . . . **HARRY JAMES** working on the same lot with wife, **BETTY GRABLE**, making "Kitten on the Keys" for Fox, and doing broadcasts over C.B.S. with **DANNY KAYE**. . . . **RAY NOBLE** and **HARRY OWENS** in Republic's "Lake Placid Serenade," **XAVIER CUGAT** in "Mexicana" on the same lot. . . . **PHIL SPITALNY** and his girl band in "Here Come the Co-eds," at Universal. . . . **TED FIO RITO** doing a short for same company. . . . Wonder when some music-wise producer will grab up all the real New Orleans jazzmen around town and put them in an authentic picture about jazz? . . .

COLUMNIST'S DIARY. . . . Catching the rehearsal of the **JACK CARSON** show at C.B.S., and lunching afterwards with **FREDDY MARTIN**. Freddy telling me a yarn about the time he went with a band to Finland, under the name of Bjornson—and got stranded. . . . At **AL DONAHUE'S** home in Toluca Lake, listening to his manager, **FRANK WALSH**, tell a tale of the band's air experiences. Seems they were flying into an army post and flames started shooting from an engine as they circled over the field. The band expected they would have to jump. But when the pilot made a beautiful landing, they found to their chagrin that only a little excess oil had been burning, a routine thing to the pilot. . . . (Continued on page 66)



(Above) Danny Kaye is a very talented young man, but if Ken Niles' facial expression is any indication, he doesn't have the know-how with trumpets, even with a lesson from Harry (the Horn) James.



Cowboys' "Who's Who." Cottonseed Clark, emcee of Columbia's "Hollywood Barn Dance," spins stories of the campfires to Al Sloey, guestar Tex Ritter, Foy Willing, and Jimmy Dean.

BANDSTAND

HE'S GOT FIVE PENNIES

by Jerry Lee



Red Nichols



The new pennies—John Schmidt, clarinet; Eugene Englund, bass; Herb Haymer, tenor sax; Dave Coleman, drums; and Earl Sturgis, piano—with the band's vocalist Wynn Fair at mike.

HE'S got five Pennies, a "Nichols" worth of jazzmen who make a million dollar's worth of music. He's Red Nichols, one of the all-time greats of jazz! Probably the most prolific producer of platters in band history, Red, after a period of comparative inaction, is back again with five brand new Pennies. And cutting more sides of the kind which made him famous!

The new Pennies: Earl Sturgis, piano—Eugene Englund, bass—Dave Coleman, drums—John Schmidt, clarinet—and Herb Haymer, tenor sax—are solid cats.

They have to be, to follow in the footsteps of the Pennies that have preceded them. Pennies like Joe Sullivan, Glenn Miller, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, BG, Jack Teagarden, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, JD, Fud Livingston, Will Bradley, Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon, and many others.

For the fact is that dozens of the top leaders and sidemen of today, now in the big money, were once numbered among the Pennies. A sort of a "dollars from cents" proposition!

The story of the guy behind the Pennies, this Rajah of the Records and Pundit of the Platters, is so inextricably a part of recording history, that Red might have been born in a recording studio.

Actually, his birth took place way out west in Utah, far removed from the platter factories. But his future career was perfectly clear at a tender age—he was playing cornet at the age of three, doing solos at four!

Even though headed straight for musical stardom, Red got temporarily sidetracked into studying to be a general, when he went to Culver Military Academy in Indiana.

His sojourn at Culver brought him an appointment to West Point but, more important, brought him closer to musical fame. While in Indiana, he joined a cooperative band known as The Syncopating Five, went from that to a band headed by Johnny Johnson.

In 1923, with Johnson, he travelled to Asbury Park, N.J. That's when he first got together with two of his most famous Pennies, Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang, playing in the men's room of an Atlantic City hotel.

This is no gag.

"While I was playing with Johnson," Red related. "Joe and Eddie were playing at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Atlantic City, doing classical numbers. On my day off I'd go over there and, after they finished doing this long hair stuff, we'd go back in the men's room between sets, and play jazz for kicks."

Before long, Red had Joe and Eddie in his own band (it still wasn't the Five Pennies) at the Pelham Heath Inn. Others in the band were Dudley Fossdick, Fred Morrow, Gerald Finney and a drummer named Joe.

This band only lasted a few months because the musicians spent more time playing cards than music.



The "Red Heads": (L. to R.) Red Nichols, Jimmy Dorsey, Bill Heid, Fred Morrow, Vic Berton, Dick McDonough, and Miff Mole.

"The manager crabbed because the boys took so much intermission time," Red laughed, "and gave us two weeks notice. The guys got mad and we packed up and quit one night at eleven o'clock."

Red was then in a succession of bands: George Olsen, Vincent Lopez, Sam Lanin and the California Ramblers. Meanwhile he had begun to make record history.

He had record dates on a dozen or so labels—Pathe, Gennett, Columbia, Harmony, Paramount, Cameo, Edison, among others. One of the names he recorded under (there were so many of them Red can't recall them all) was Red and Miff's (Miff Mole) Stompers. Another was the "Charleston Chasers."

Red graduated from the Ramblers to Ross Gorman's band, which was featured in the second edition of Earl Carroll's Vanities. And, about 1925, he and Miff went into partnership as a recording team.

Some of the first sides were for Pathe under the name of the Red Heads (in 1925), whose personnel included Red and Miff, Artie Schutt, Vic Berton, Jimmy Dorsey and Eddie Lang.

About this time Red was also using Wingy Manone, Fud Livingston and Pee Wee Russell. Brad Gowans had a date with him, too, playing the shortest part ever recorded, a two bar cornet break. To add to the fantastic element of the thing, Gowans showed up wearing two unmatched socks, two unmatched shoes and a bearskin coat.

"I liked the way the guy played," Red grinned, "so I had him come in just to play this two measure break."

Until 1927, aside from his feverish recording activities, Nichols was with Don Voorhees in more "Vanities." Then he joined Paul Whiteman, got married the same year. Mrs. Nichols is a former show girl, nee Barbara Meredith.

Red was unhappy in the Whiteman band, and only stayed a short time. Miff was to have gone with the band, too, but changed his mind. So Red asked Whiteman for his release. The rest of the Pennies stayed with Pops—JD, Berton, Lang and Venuti.

Yes, by that time Red Nichols and His Five Pennies had become an actuality. It happened on a record date for Brunswick, and Vic Berton is the one who put the tag on the band. The year was 1926.

"Jack Kapp (Brunswick executive at the time) came into the studio and said: 'What are you going to call the band, Red?'" Nichols reminisced. "Vic Berton spoke up: 'Why not call it Red Nichols and His Five Pennies.'" Everybody but Jack laughed, but he said: "That's it."

It was, too. A tag that became famous the world over.

At the time, Red didn't pay much attention to it. It was just a name to put on the tunes recorded on the date.

(Continued on page 62)



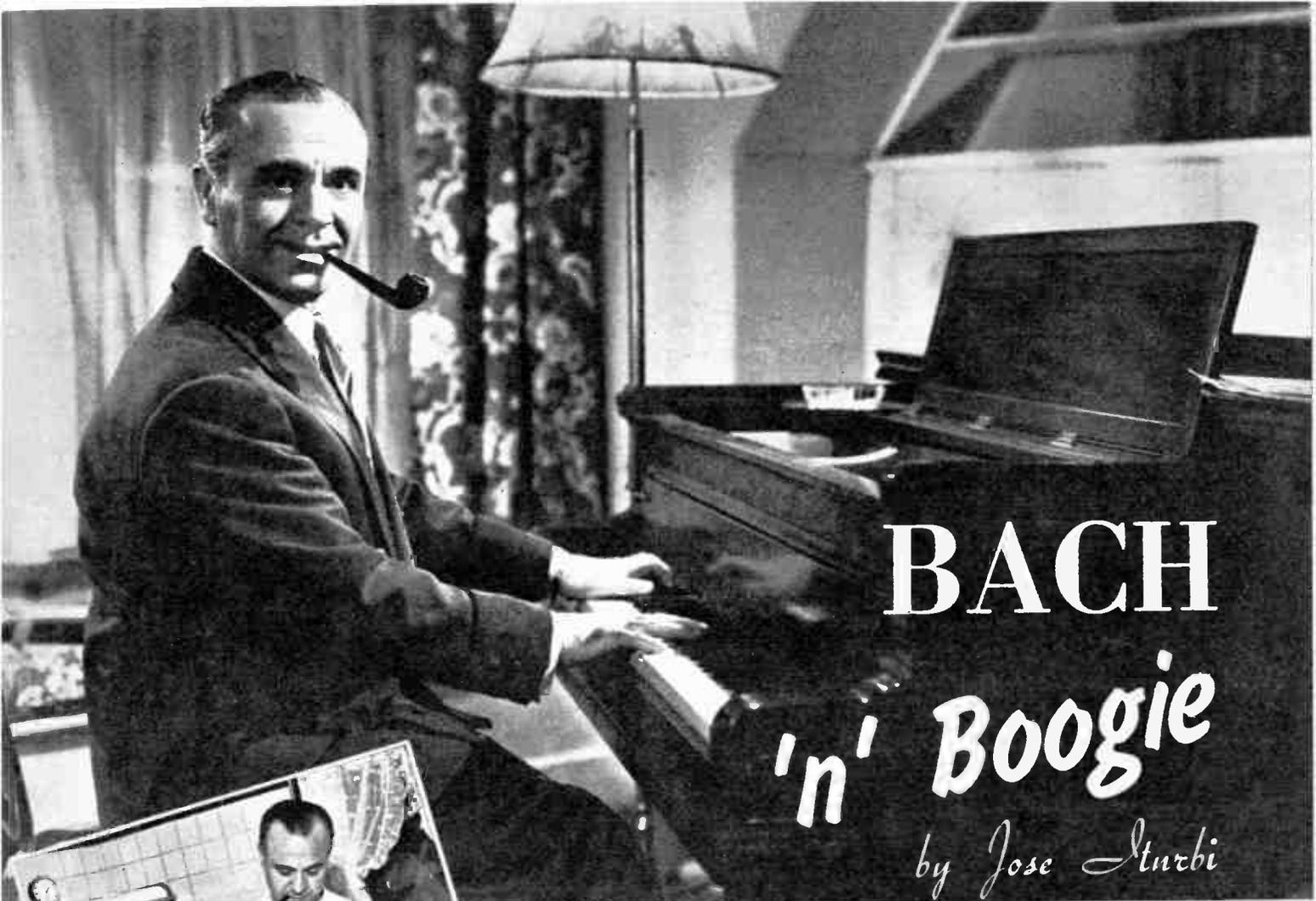
One of the groups Red recorded with was known as "Red and Miff's Stompers." Above is a rare old photo of the combo.

(Below) Another recording group, on the Pathe label, was "We Three"—Composed of Red Nichols, Eddie Lang, and Vic Berton.



(Below) This Columbia Recording sextet, which was under the direction of Red Nichols, was known as the Charleston Chasers.





BACH

'n' Boogie

by Jose Iturbi

When a young student of classical music starts playing jazz, it's usually the occasion of a family argument—with everyone, except the budding artist, of the opinion that jazz will ruin his ability as a classical musician. To settle this argument, we decided to ask the brilliant concert pianist Jose Iturbi for his thoughts on the matter. Here's what he has to say:

IT'S probably because of my own background that I like jazz so much. I started earning my living when I was six years old. I played piano in a church, a movie house, and a cafe. I was playing classical, semi-classical, and hot music—all at the same time!

Playing jazz helped my piano technique. It certainly didn't make me a delinquent. And, I can't believe it affects the young people of today that way either. I cannot understand this idea of linking music with juvenile delinquency.

Even though I'm generally known as a concert pianist, I especially like boogie-woogie—and play it often. Perhaps the reason many people don't like and don't approve of jazz is that they don't listen to it carefully. At a recent concert in New York I played a boogie-woogie number as part of my program. At its completion, I asked the audience's permission to repeat it. They enjoyed it more the second time than they had the first. The longer you listen to jazz, the better it becomes. Each time you hear it you discover new harmonies, new rhythm, new beauty.

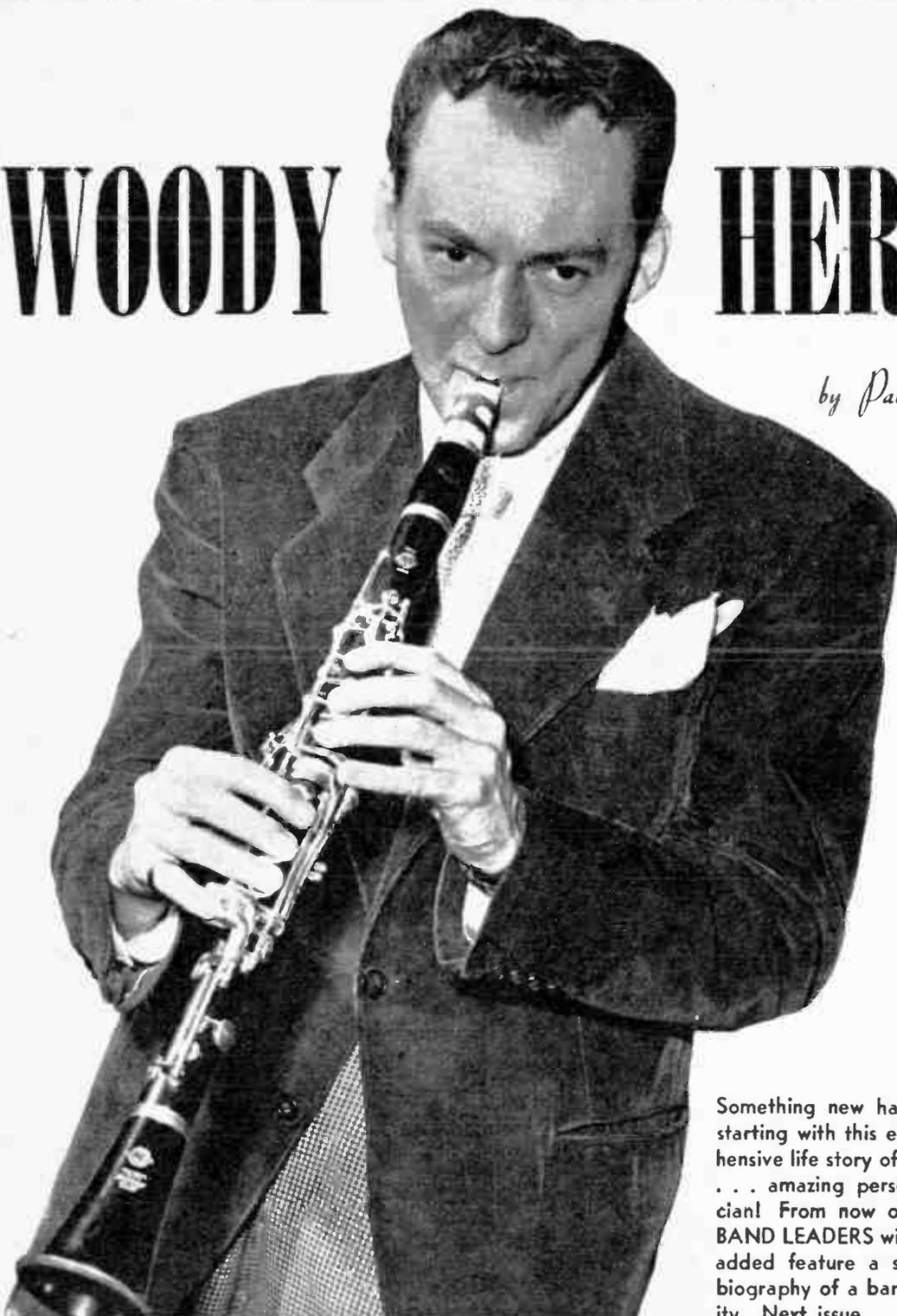
Of course, a few of the so-called juveniles—as well as some adults who should know better—do have an unbalanced idea about jazz. Without studying the classics, they immediately dismiss that type of music as bad, and unquestioningly accept jazz as good, because to them it seems to be the opposite extreme. On the other hand, some

(Continued on page 58)



And he cooks, too! Jose Iturbi concocting one of his Spanish meals for which he has become famous.

Iturbi, about to take a spin on his motorcycle, indulges in one of his hobbies.



WOODY

HERMAN

by Paul Vandervoort II

Something new has been added—starting with this exclusive, comprehensive life story of Woody Herman . . . amazing person, master musician! From now on, each issue of **BAND LEADERS** will bring you as an added feature a similar full-length biography of a bandstand personality. Next issue . . . Frank Sinatra!

BLUE FLAME

(Woody Herman's theme song)

*Lyrics reprinted by permission of copyright owner,
Charling Music Corporation*

Blue Flame, lonely mem'ries, lighting my heart,
Blue Flame, only mem'ries, why did we part?
Ever burning, ever yearning Blue Flame.
Blue Flame burning sorrow deep in my heart,
Blue Flame will tomorrow bring a new start.
Ever glowing, ever growing Blue Flame.

WOODY HERMAN became a band leader more from necessity than choice. Not that Woody wasn't ambitious for musical success. He was. But circumstances hurried up his plans in that direction.

Confronted with the choice (if it can be called a choice!) of going broke or becoming a baton wielder, Woody became a band leader—but quick! One day he was a featured sideman in Isham Jones' orchestra

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—the next he was the leader of his own band. The way it happened was this:

As a member of the Jones musicrew, Herman had been going along nicely, making a good salary, and enjoying the carefree life of a musician.

Then, in 1937, Jones suddenly decided to junk his band and retire from the music game. Woody and the other boys in the band were left stranded, without income. With the leader gone, it looked as though the band would fold up and it would be every man for himself.

This prospect seemed too dismal to Woody. He came up with an idea, which he put up to the other boys in the band.

"Let's stick together and try to build up a band of our own," he suggested, pointing out they had nothing to lose. While it is rather unusual for a sideman to have the ability to lead a band and put it across, the rest of the band decided to give the idea a try. A cooperative orchestra was founded, the assets consisting mostly of youthful enthusiasm and a determination to turn a bad break into a good one.

The boys in the band expressed their confidence in Woody—who had been on the stage for years—by electing him president and leader, giving his name to the new organization.

The first job the band had was at the Schroeder Hotel in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The opening night had a double significance for Herman—not only was it his debut as a band leader, it was also a homecoming. . . . Milwaukee happened to be Woody's home town.

What better place to break in a new band?

Milwaukee is one of the individual and really colorful cities of the country, ever exceptional as a musical center. In the days when Woody's father was a young man, there were dozens of good bands in the city. A really fine orchestra played for the patrons of the mammoth Schlitz Palm Garden, where families went to spend an evening, drinking beer and listening to music. Traveling theatrical companies carried the fame of the fine orchestra which played at the Shubert Theatre, now but a memory.

It is natural that such a community should be prolific of musical and theatrical talent. Appreciation of these arts by their elders served to incline the youngsters of Milwaukee toward careers in these fields, and the list of famed actors and musicians who got their starts in this town is impressive.

OF course, Woody hadn't been around Milwaukee much since he was twelve years old. He'd been too busy touring the country in vaudeville. For Woody was a seasoned professional performer at the age when most kids are still shooting spitballs at the teacher.

While other kids were playing marbles, Woody was playing the saxophone and doing a song and dance act up and down the country.

Meantime, though, his education wasn't being neglected. When vaudeville engagements required his presence away from school, a tutor went along to keep him up on the three "R's."

"I studied in some of the finest theaters in the country," Woody laughed.

Studying backstage and reciting in dressing rooms between turns was interesting, but Woody got plenty of orthodox schooling too. One of the regular schools

which he attended was St. John's Academy in Milwaukee. After prep school, he enrolled in Marquette University, from which he duly received a B. A. degree. But even while he plugged away for his degree, music was still in the back of Woody's mind and it could hardly have been any other way. For to use an old and corny phrase, Woody was a "born musician."

WHEN he came into the world on May 16, 1915, his parents (Otto and Myrtle Herman) didn't immediately recognize this fact. Like all fond parents, they may have had visions of their son growing up to be President of the United States. Anyhow, they gave him a very presidential name, calling him Woodrow Wilson Herman.

By common consent, his name has since been shortened to Woody. After all, Woodrow Wilson Herman And His Orchestra is a little dignified.

"Parents don't think too much about the future when they name their children," Woody smiled, "or mine might have given me a different first name. They wanted to honor President Wilson, but when I grew up it turned out that my girl's family were all Republicans."

It didn't take Woody long to convince his parents that, regardless of his name, he was headed for a musical career. When he was only four he was banging out rhythms on his mother's pots and pans—and by the time he was nine he had begun the study of alto sax.

Being the only child of the family, Woody didn't have any brothers or sisters criticizing his technique or pestering him while he practiced. By the time he was eleven, he was so proficient on the sax he had taken up clarinet. A year later he turned professional and went into vaudeville, as a member of his father's act.

It was no kid act he had, getting by because of his youth, but an adult style routine of singing, dancing and instrumental playing of real merit.

The audiences loved him.

Woody also went in for dramatics, playing children's roles in the legitimate theater. One of his best roles was Booth Tarkington's "Penrod."

Although he had practically lived with his sax and clarinet from the time he was in knee pants, it was really after he was graduated from Marquette that he became a band musician.

HIS first job in a name band was in 1936, with Gus Arnheim, whom he joined after leaving the University. After a time in the Arnheim band, Harry Sosnik signed up Herman, and from the Sosnik orchestra Woody went to Tom Gerun.

While playing in the Gerun band, Woody sat alongside another musician who was also destined for fame. He was Tony Martin, the movie actor.

From Gerun's orchestra, Woody's next move was to Isham Jones, who had one of the top bands of the day. Famed as a composer and creator of an outstanding orchestral style, Jones had one of the most popular orchestras in the country.

It looked like Woody was really set.

Then came Jones' sudden decision to break up the band. What had been a wonderful set-up for Woody and his fellow sidemen turned into a personal misfortune.

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THE ORIGINAL HERMAN HERD, in a picture taken about 1938. (L. to R.) Woody Herman; Ollie Hammond, guitar; Nick Hupfer, violin; Tom Lenahan, piano; Saxie Mansfield, sax; trumpet player, name not available; Donald Farrier, sax; Williams, trumpet; Deane Kincaide, sax; Frankie Carlson, drums; Walt Yoder, bass; Joe Bishop, flugel horn; Bruce Wilkins, sax; Neil Reid, trombone. Hupfer, Mansfield, Williams, Yoder and Bishop were the members of the old Isham Jones band.

Woody solved the problem, as noted, by becoming a band leader. He also made another major decision of his life by popping the question to a beautiful, blue-eyed, red-headed girl. She said "Yes" and actress Charlotte Neste became Mrs. Woody Herman.

They were married the same week Woody became a band leader.

"I always said I would never marry until I was in business for myself," Woody grinned. "Well, I was in business, so I got married."

IT WOULD be nice to say that the business immediately began to prosper and that the band immediately shot to world fame. But it just didn't work out that way.

As far as the general public was concerned, it was able to take Woody Herman's orchestra or let it alone. The new band really had tough sledding during its early period.

There were plenty of times when money was scarce and the "three squares" (and we don't mean ickies!) were not coming any too regularly—but Charlotte wouldn't let Woody be discouraged.

She helped keep up his spirits, encouraged him, and never lost confidence that Woody would eventually hit the big-time.

Woody and the band worked their heads off, and gradually a certain amount of success came to the band—but they still hadn't hit.

"Night after night we played ballrooms, hotels and theaters—and nothing happened," Woody recalled. "The crowd didn't react the way we wanted them to react. We didn't seem to be able to reach them. In the language of show business, they just sat on their hands."

By 1938, though, Woody and the band had a recording contract with Decca, which ran until early in 1945. Now, Woody records exclusively for Columbia.

IN THE beginning, the band leaned heavily toward the blues. In fact, the billing read "Woody Herman And His Orchestra, The Band That Plays The Blues." Woody loves blues himself and he set out to bring this unique form of American folk music to the country. He also composed many blues of his own, in collaboration with other boys in the band. For example: "Blues on Parade," "Blue Evening," and "Blues Upstairs and Downstairs."

Although these tunes are now nation-wide favorites and Woody has become so identified with the blues that fans still request them even though he no longer

carries some of them in the book, it took time for him to popularize his musical ideas.

But Woody and the boys kept plugging away, and gradually began to build up a following. After its break-in at the Schroeder Hotel in Milwaukee, the band went to the Netherlands Plaza in Cincinnati, the Raymor in Boston, The Rice Hotel in Houston, The Trianon in Cleveland, The Hotel Nicollet in Minneapolis, The Edgewater Gulf in Gulfport, Texas, winding up in the Glen Island Casino in New York.

Engagements at the Famous Door in New York, The Panther Room of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, The Hotel New Yorker and the Hollywood Palladium followed, as the band began to gain in prestige and following.

WHAT might be termed the band's first big break came in 1942, when Woody signed with Universal to make a picture called "What's Cookin'." The original idea was to have the band play a few numbers, with Woody leading and doing vocals.

Then, one day, while the film was in production, Woody was waiting around on the set for his turn to go before the camera. To kill time, he started doing an impromptu dance for his own amusement.

The director of the picture happened to see him and, becoming interested, questioned Woody about his dancing ability. When he learned Woody had been a vaudeville hoofer in his teens, he had the story rewritten to give Woody a chance to dance and act, as well as sing and lead the band.

When the picture was released, Woody got rave reviews from the critics. Some of them called the film a personal triumph for Herman. It is interesting to note that two other young stars, Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan, got their first break in the same picture.

Woody has since made other pictures. Impressed by his movie debut in "What's Cookin'," bigwigs at Twentieth Century-Fox signed him for a leading role in the Sonja Henie film musical, "Wintertime."

In this film Woody and the band got plenty of footage, and a swell chance to give with the Herman brand of rhythm.

For his third film, Woody signed with Andrew Stone to make "Sensations of 1945." Cab Calloway was also in the picture, and the two band leaders got together on the set for an occasional game of gin rummy between takes. Woody had an excellent role in "Sensations" which again gave him the opportunity to read lines and dance, as well as sing and play, in addition to leading the band.

His latest picture, "Earl Carroll's Vanities," was made on the Republic lot in the closing months of 1944. Oddly, part of the time Woody was making this picture he was playing his fourth engagement at the Hollywood Palladium, which is just across the street from the real Earl Carroll's Restaurant.

BESIDES appearing in pictures, Herman also has had plenty of air time. He was on the Old Gold show, has played numerous Coca Cola programs, and was heard on the government sponsored "What's Your War Job" which he began in January, 1943.

Herman's own contribution to the war effort has been many-sided. The walls of his office are covered with citations awarded him for his patriotic efforts.

Besides taking his band in person to many Army camps, Naval stations, Marine bases, service canteens, etc., Herman also realizes that men in the service need musical scores for their service bands, and records for camp juke boxes.

Consequently, Woody has sent great numbers of arrangements to service bands, as well as hundreds of platters to service personnel all over the country.

Men from his own band are also serving with Uncle Sam. Walter Yoder, bass; Chuck Peterson, trumpet; Neil Reid, trombone; Jim Rowles, piano; Mickey Folus and Sammy Rubinwitch, saxes; and Mike Vallon, management counsel, are some of Herman's men who have served or are serving in the nation's armed forces.

Without any fanfare, Herman has kept in touch with boys in the band who have entered the service. Whenever he can, he tries to play at their camps.

BEING the fine person he is, Woody never forgets his old friends and associates. One of the finest things he has done, a kind deed for a friend, is little known, but is an example of Herman's great heart.

When Joe Bishop (who, with Neil Reid, trombonist; Walt Yoder, bass; and "Saxie" Mansfield, sax, was a member of the original Herman band) became ill, Woody kept his friend on the payroll for two years, until Bishop recovered.

An arranger, who formerly was featured on the flugel horn, Bishop is the composer of a dozen or so hit songs, including Woody's theme, originally titled "Blue Prelude."

When lyrics (which are printed elsewhere in this story) were added to the theme song, its title was changed to "Blue Flame."

THE Herman Herd, as Woody's band has come to be affectionately known, has always specialized in instrumental originals. Woody, himself, has turned out "Choppin' Wood," "Cousin to Chris," "Blue Ink," and others.

James "Jiggs" Noble, one of Herman's staff arrangers, did "Bishop's Blues" and "Jughead Blues," among others.

Sometimes the whole Herd joins its individual talents in working out a new instrumental. The band rehearses a couple of times a week, and frequently at rehearsal one of the boys will come up with a new riff or phrase which everybody kicks around until a new tune is "set."

Then one of the arrangers goes to work, puts the tune down on manuscript paper, and into the already

extensive library it goes. Frequently, such a tune is recorded and becomes an outstanding hit.

TO DATE, the most popular Herman record which, incidentally, has sold three quarters of a million copies, is "Woodchopper's Ball." This perennial favorite is still going strong in all parts of the world. Surveys by producers of the service air-show "Command Performance," indicate it is the most requested tune among service men.

"The Woodchoppers," of course, are one of two small "bands within a band" featured by Woody. "The Four Chips" is the other. Personnel of the groups has changed from time to time, due to the war and other reasons, so various sidemen have been in the "Choppers" and "Chips."

However, the instrumentation for the "Woodchoppers" is Woody on clarinet, with drums, piano, bass, trumpet, trombone and guitar. The "Chips" lineup, in addition to Herman, is drums, piano and bass.

One of Woody's platters is dedicated to the "Four Chips," with "Chips' Blues," and "Chips' Boogie-Woogie" on adjoining sides. "The Woodchoppers" are heard on a record in "Fan It," and "South."

RECENTLY Woody and the boys have been waxing at a furious rate, and have piled up a large backlog of unreleased records. Just before the band left Hollywood at the tail end of 1944, four sides were cut for Decca.

The titles: "Saturday Night Is The Loneliest Night of the Week," with a Frances Wayne vocal; the Duke Ellington nostalgic "I Ain't Got Nothing But the Blues"; "As Long As I Live"; and "Please Don't Say No, Say Maybe."

An interesting sidelight on this record date is the fact that part of these sides were waxed at the end of a string of one night stands up and down the West Coast.

Arriving in Los Angeles about five a.m., Herman and his men grabbed a small batch of nod, had a quick bite, and hurried to Decca's Melrose Avenue studios to turn out a top-notch bunch of discs.

The high quality of the records is a tribute to the ability of Woody and his band to work under pressure, even though worn from travel and lack of sleep. Consistency is an attribute of the Herman Herd.

In addition to Frances Wayne's fine vocals, inspired tram work by Bill Harris, and marvelous section work by the whole band, the records also spotlight some moving alto sax by Woody, himself.

This is of more than passing interest for, though Herman has been an expert saxophonist most of his life, until recently he preferred, and featured, his clarinet to the exclusion of his sax.

He became so identified with the clarinet, that most music fans had forgotten his dual ability with the reeds. However, since May of 1944, Woody has been bringing his alto more and more to the forefront.

This is all to the good, for he is developing a style that is fresh, newly interesting, and of musical merit.

LIKE Woody's singing, his alto sax work stresses feeling and little nuances of expression and, above all, sincerity.

Herman's singing, by the way, is a good pattern for any hepster to follow in developing a style, either instrumental or vocal.

Few people in the band business have Herman's vocal versatility. Some are known as balladiers, others as jive experts or blues shouters, and many have climbed to fame by their interpretation of novelty or "cute" tunes. Each one has his own particular niche and stays in it.

Not so Herman. Sweet or swing, blues or ballads, novelties or nut songs—he sings them all with equal facility.

He can croon softly at slow tempo, with a sincerity and feeling few others achieve, such things as "Frenesi," "Take Me Back to Sorrento," and "Autumn." Then turn around and shout the blues in down-to-earth fashion on "Riverbed Blues" or "Bessie's Blues." And who can forget that throaty rendition of "Who Dat?"

Boogie-woogie jazz finds Herman scatting along on "Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy," then jumping out of jazz character to sock across, with an abundance of humor, novelties like "Fan It," "Carolina in the Morning," or "Oh Look at Me Now."

NO MATTER in what style or tempo Woody sings, the listener receives the full impact of the tune's original message, as intended by its composer.

Herman has very definite ideas on this subject. Where many leaders by-pass ideas of the composer, substituting their own interpretation of a musical theme or lyric, Woody is the songwriter's friend.

It is his contention that a band or a singer should constantly strive to interpret the song's meaning and mood. "Don't lose the composer's idea," is the guide followed in developing his library.

"Deciding what treatment to give a tune when you add it to the library is more of a problem than the average person realizes," Woody said. "In our band, we study the song carefully before we touch it, trying to 'feel' the idea or sentiment the composer is trying to get across."

"Take a tune like 'Blues in the Night,' for example. It has an obvious feeling of nostalgia, a longing which can be expressed best by the real blues construction. Playing it at a fast tempo, with a lot of hot riffs, would destroy the beauty of both lyrics and music."

Strictly ballad tunes, Herman thinks, should be arranged with the emphasis on the vocal chorus, with the lyrics played up and put over for everything there is in them.

Boogie-woogie things are accorded a treatment at a bright, gay tempo, with the vocals sold in a virile, happy manner. On novelties, humor is the keynote, as a rule, for funny lyrics or a unique melody are usually the song's selling points. Herman strives to present them in a manner to take advantage of every ounce of novelty.

Woody Herman not only plays the blues, he selects music from one of the most varied musical libraries extant.

"In our band," Woody commented, "we try to mix softly romantic ballads, Hit Parade tunes, jump stuff, boogie-woogie, blues, novelties, and the like in a proportion which pleases everyone—the young hep kids and older people alike."

In some bands, the result would be a hybrid of harmonies neither fish nor fowl (or, if you prefer, hep nor square), but like its leader, the Herman organization has a reputation for versatility. The band plays anything well.

TO DESCRIBE the kind of music the Herd plays, "fine music that everyone likes," while an understatement, comes close to being the most apt descriptive phrase. It is impossible to generalize with so versatile an outfit, categorically stating that it plays "swing," or "sweet," or "jump" or "jazz" style. It's a jump band, of course, but it plays wonderfully sweet, too.

However, lest this give the impression that the band is "commercial," in the sense that it plays music poured in a mold standardized to catch the public fancy, it should be emphatically stated that the Herman Herd is probably the most "non-commercial" band in the business.

Good musical taste, or freedom of expression, is never sacrificed for commercial "tricks." Improvisation is untrammelled, inspiration unfettered, and the scores take full advantage of each sideman's style and ability.

Woody uses the conventional big band instrumentation (except for the small featured groups already mentioned) consisting of a five-man reed section; five trumpets; three trombones; and a four-man rhythm section (dubbed by some critics the "All-American Rhythm Section") consisting of piano, drums, string bass and guitar.

Two feminine members of the band are vocalist Frances Wayne, and Marjorie Hyams, vibraphonist. Woody, of course, sings, leads the band, and plays clarinet and sax.

When he steps back to blend with the sax section, a six part voicing is available to his arrangers, for reed effects.

A FEW changes of personnel occur from time to time, due to war conditions, but most of the Herman stars are still intact. The most recent list of personnel available at this writing was as follows:

Woody Herman, leader, clarinet and alto sax; Reeds: Joe "Flip" Phillips, Sam Marowitz (lead alto), Johnny La Porta, Pete Mondello, Skippy De Sair; Brass: Ray Wetzel, Pete Candoli, Neal Hefti, Charles Frankhauser, Karl Warwick, trumpets; Bill Harris, Ed Kiefer, Ralph Piffner, trombones; Rhythm: Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Dave Tough, drums; with Frances Wayne for vocals, and Marjorie Hyams, vibraphones.

Pianist Ralph Burns and trumpeter Neal Hefti are also arrangers, and responsible for many of the outstanding scores in Herman's book.

THE presence of Marjorie Hyams in the band marks the second time Woody has featured a girl instrumentalist with his aggregation. Billie Rogers, a fine feminine trumpeter, was the first girl to be featured in the brass section of a name band, when Herman spotlighted her both as an instrumentalist and vocalist.

Since leaving the band, Billie has organized and directed a successful band of her own.

Woody is also the first band leader to have a bass player who plays a five-string bass. Chubby Jackson, who is also featured in a comedy role, has been experimenting with the five-string bass idea for some time, and has designed an instrument along these lines, for mass production when the war is over.

The innovation has caused much comment among musicians, especially bass players, for the string bass

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has had four strings traditionally, from its earliest history.

Adding of an extra string may revolutionize bass playing, or at least give added scope and power to rhythmic effects and backgrounds. Jackson's experiment is being watched with interest, especially by the Headman of the Herd.

THE Headman, incidentally, is actually that in fact as well as in name now, for Herman's orchestra is no longer a cooperative or corporation band. The corporation was dissolved a little over a year ago, and Woody is now full owner as well as leader of the band.

Aside from Joe Bishop, others from the Isham Jones band or early members of the first Herman band, such as Tram man Neil Reid; Walt Yoder, bass; "Saxie" Mansfield, sax; Steady Nelson, Tommy Lenahan, piano; and Frankie Carlson, drums; are in the service, out of the music game, or with other bands.

The present Herman Herd does not concentrate on the blues as much as the earlier outfit. Blues still have their rightful place in the Herd library, but a more varied manuscript is used today. And each score is as carefully prepared, rehearsed and presented as another.

Woody has exacting ideas about his arrangements. He demands consistency of production and presentation. He wants the band to play a high level of fine music throughout, from opening number to closing number. Not a few "killer-dillers" spotted in lesser or mediocre material.

Herman's method of obtaining what he wants from the band is quite in contrast to that of some of the more temperamental maestros. Calm, and quiet-spoken, Woody directs the band informally.

To get an effect, or correct a phrase, he usually speaks casually to the instrumentalist or section concerned, saying something like:

"Just as a suggestion, why not try it with a little sharper attack," or to a soloist having difficulty with an ad-lib phrase:

"Do you think it lays just right, to make something out of it? Why not just stick a little closer to the melody?"

That Herman's men respond to this sort of leadership is obvious—the proof is in the listening.

HARDLY anyone fails to respond to Woody's friendly personality. Not the back-slapping type, Herman is one of the best liked personalities in the band business.

Good-looking as well as talented, he makes an ideal band leader. Of medium height (5' 10"), he has dark brown curly hair, blue eyes, and weighs about 150 pounds. He dresses well, wears both formal and informal clothes to advantage. He enjoys sport clothes, such as unmatched slacks and coats, wears them frequently.

HIS personal appearance is such that he could hardly be mistaken for a gangster, yet it is an amusing and little known fact of his life, that he actually was, early in his career.

While playing in Chicago during prohibition days, while still a sideman, Herman was walking along a Chicago street one night, with some musician friends, when he was "put on the spot," and shot in the leg.

It was learned later, that he had been mistaken for

a well-known underworld character whom he resembled.

WOODY is far from being any kind of a "character," himself. He is devoted to his wife, and to their sweet little daughter, Ingrid, who was born September 3, 1941.

Having majored in English literature while at college, he enjoys reading, and reads whenever his busy schedule permits. He tries to keep up with all the new books and current affairs. And, like most Americans, he gets his kick from the comic pages.

His favorite sports are horseback riding and ice-skating, and after the war he would like to go in for racing midget automobiles—not as a driver, but backer.

Woody enjoys good classical music, but wishes he had more time to study it as seriously as he would like to do. He owns an extensive record collection, numbering both popular and classical discs. Kostelanetz, Toscanini and David Rose are among the conductors represented in his collection.

Herman also admires Duke Ellington—is especially fond of the Duke's futuristic stuff. It is interesting to note that he was runner-up to the Duke in the swing band classification of a national poll won by Ellington.

Like all musicians, faced with the problems of eating at all hours, away from home and on the road, Herman has an adaptable appetite. However, he is known as a "roast beef eater."

Most of Woody's personal friends are musicians, though one of his closest personal friends is comedian Don Cummings. Dogs (he has a pet cocker spaniel) and horses are his best animal friends.

He likes movies, though he doesn't have much chance to see many, and his favorite star of the movies is Humphrey Bogart. Another star he admires is Joe DiMaggio, the diamond star, and he has DiMaggio's autograph.

For his own fans, Woody has a special secretarial service to handle fan mail and insure prompt answers to requests for pictures and autographs. The address is: Woody Herman, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

THOUGH Woody shuttles between New York and Hollywood, he still has a warm spot in his heart for his home town of Milwaukee, where his dad is now an executive for the Nunn-Bush Shoe company. Dad Herman likes to sing, himself, so apparently Woody's vocal talents are a "chip off the old block."

The elder Herman can be justifiably proud of his son, for Woody Herman and the Herman Herd have definitely hit the musical jackpot, and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. When it happened, it happened quick, but it was the years of hard work and Woody's faith that did it.

"About a year ago," he smiled, "things began to pop. People seemed to catch on to what we were trying to do. Fan mail began to come along fast, the press jumped on our bandwagon, crowds came to hear us and our record sales tripled in a month. The band had caught on—boy were WE happy."

Happy about the present, Herman has his eye on the future, too. It will be a long time before he retires. Meanwhile, his ambition is to keep his band at the top, to continue to produce fine music, to introduce new musical ideas and keep ahead of the crowd.

YOU'RE on!" That's a familiar enough cry to stage folk. It means that the spotlights are burning, the audience has hushed as the house lights dim and the curtain rolls up silently on a world of music and laughter and make-believe.

Band leader Billie Rogers has known the meaning of "You're on!" since she was knee-high to a floodlight. Though she's only twenty-four, the young trumpet player has been taking encores professionally since she was nine years old, when her Dad introduced her to theatrical life by giving her a chair in his orchestra.

I met Billie at the Hotel Roosevelt in Washington, D.C., where her band was playing, to ask her a few questions about her career, knowing that **BAND LEADERS** readers would be interested in the story of the only gal who leads a name swing outfit and plays an instrument too.

First of all, I'd better tell you that Billie is a cute chick with a hip appeal, which means that she's very pretty and has a vivacious personality.

"Whatever gave you the idea of grabbing a baton and getting up in front of a band?" I asked as we sat over cokes in the swanky Victory Room, after introductions.

"And why not?" Billie wanted to know, very logically. "I believe that if a girl wants to take her chance on a career in any field—whether it's medicine, music, or as a milkman—she has a perfect right to that chance."

"I think you're right," agreed your reporter hastily. "In fact, I'm all for it. But how did you come to that conclusion? Most young ladies are content with a home and husband, the way I hear it."

"Well," Billie replied seriously, "you know that I started working in vaudeville when I was very young. And when I went to high school, and later to the University of Montana, music was always my big interest. I played with my brother Les' band on the campus and, after I left col-

lege, it seemed only sensible to me that I work in the field I felt best suited for . . . and that was music."

"Did you have any trouble getting started? Even some top male musicians find it tough sledding at first."

"Oh, I had my ups and downs, all right," Billie laughed. "But that's part of the game. If you fall out of the running just because the going gets rough, well, maybe you never should have made the try in the first place."

"I guess you're right," said I. "But tell us the rest."

"After college, I worked on the West Coast with my own band, playing Hollywood night spots, and then I got one of those swell breaks that everyone dreams about. A Columbia talent scout heard the band and arranged a screen test for me. I made a short subject. Woody Herman happened to see it and asked me to work in his band."

"Which made you the first girl instrumentalist to be featured with a name swing band," supplied your interviewer. "And it seems to me that you made a few good vocal recordings with the Herman Herd as well, didn't you?"

"I did cut a few choruses," admitted Billie with a grin.

"What happened after that?"

"Well, with Woody's blessing and encouragement, I decided to see what would happen if I organized a big band of my own. I rounded up some young swingmen whose work I'd always liked, rehearsed like a beaver, and then went out on the road."

By this time the boys were back on the stand, and the young lady with a horn stood up and held out her hand.

"It was fun meeting someone from **BAND LEADERS**," she said. "I hope you'll find something nice to say about the band in your magazine."

That being the easiest request I've ever had to fill, may I say that Billie Rogers' swing crew is the most promising I've heard for months? As for Billie herself . . . well, it would sound too much like flattery.

LEADING LADY

By Dick Dodge



Billie Rogers



When two trumpeters get together, they talk shop. At least Billie and Roy Eldridge are comparing notes and horns.



(Above) Charlie Spivak takes time out from playing his trumpet to play with his baby son.



(Above) Sonny Dunham, famous doubler on trumpet and trombone, on hand in a record store to autograph his newest records for the customers and fans.



(Above) Jackie Kaye gets his father, Sammy, to help him construct a railroad in an off moment when he's not busy swinging and swaying.



(Above) We can't recall what was that funny, but we're glad Gordon Jenkins and Dick Haymes like the features and stories in our magazine.

(Below) Joan Edwards receives Duotone's 150,000th Star Sapphire phonograph needle, presented by Duotone's president, Stephen Nester.



(Below—L. to R.) Specs Powell, Oscar Pettiford, Red Norvo, Cootie Williams, Mildred Bailey, Paul Baron and Teddy Wilson. The boys were Mildred's guests on her top-notch, hot-jazz C.B.S. show, "Mildred Bailey and Co."



Candid CLOSE-UPS



(Above) George Montgomery does "KP" duty at home, with the aid of his wife, Dinah Shore.



(Above) When two percussionists meet, there are sure to be repercussions. Here they're coming from Gene Krupa and "Hezzie" Trietsch who've traded instruments for a jam session.



(Above) Bob Moss, Director of NBC's Chesterfield "Supper Club Show," gives final instructions to Mary Ashworth, Perry Como, and Ted Steele.

(Below) Glamorous Jane Froman puts the finishing touches on her make-up in her dressing room before going on with the show at the Copacabana.



(Below) Fred Waring doesn't seem quite satisfied with the note just struck by Daisy Bernier during rehearsal for his weekly Blue network show.

SERVICE dance bands have been making musical history during World War II, and one of the leaders among such musical aggregations, clad in the blue uniform of the United States Navy, is Sam Donahue's All-Star Navy Swing Band.

Organized in November, 1942, under the baton of Artie Shaw, these blue-clad swingsters have covered more than 100,000 miles by land, sea, and air in playing for Uncle Sam's fighting men all over the world. Donahue, the young sax-tootin' maestro, took over as leader when Shaw was discharged from the Navy in 1943. Sam originally was deputy leader, arranger, and tenor sax star.

The band departed from the States just a few weeks after its organization by Shaw—was based at Pearl Harbor for three months—then embarked on a tour that covered American island bases from Pearl Harbor to such combat zones as Guadalcanal and Tulagi, throughout the south and southwest Pacific.

Returned to the States for a rest and reassignment, almost a year to the day after its departure for foreign service, the band was placed under Donahue's leadership. And in their few public appearances in the States before going overseas again, Donahue and his bandsmen demonstrated the brand of music that servicemen are acclaiming as the ultimate in jump 'n' jive rhythm.

Arriving in the European Theater of Operations in April, 1944, the Donahue crew was still touring Allied bases there as this article was written, often playing seven

widely separated military installations in as many nights for the Army, Navy, or the troops of Uncle Sam's Allies. Sam and his sailor swingsters also have played numerous special programs via the British Broadcasting Corporation, many of which were short-waved to fighting men all over the continent.

Although he's only twenty-six years of age, Sam has been in the big time since 1938, when Gene Krupa hired him for the tenor sax chair in his band. Sam also starred with the bands of Harry James and Benny Goodman, before organizing his own outfit in 1941. His prowess on the tenor sax won him a legion of fans, and no less an authority on the subject than the great Coleman Hawkins named Sam the finest white tenor man of all time.

Sam was just beginning to scale the musical heights at the time of his enlistment in the Navy. His young band was hailed by music critics during an engagement at the famous Glen Island Casino in the summer of 1942, and big things were in store for him. But, Sam decided to call a halt to his personal career, until that day when the Axis has surrendered to another Sam, America's Uncle.

The Donahue Navy music-makers consist of many of the finest ex-name-band sidemen in the service. Three key members—Bill Nichol, lead alto man, and trombonists Dick LeFave and "Tak" Takvorian—came from Sam's own civilian band. The outfit's powerful brass section includes what could well be called the greatest trumpet quartet in

(Continued on page 64)



ANCHORS ASWAY!

by Jim McCarthy



Sam leads his charges through one of the band's swing specials at an Allied base somewhere in the E.T.O.



(Above) Major Glenn Miller and Sam Donahue, Musician First Class exchanged greetings when they met in London.



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JAZZ can be traced all the way back to ancient Europe and Africa. For hundreds of years Europeans had been developing their music—the colored people of Africa their rhythmic qualities. Finally, the slave trader entered the picture and, in the seventeenth century, brought both together in this country of ours. The Negro came in contact with the music of the French: of the Spanish; and of the Americans who lived in the South, particularly in New Orleans.

Recently a few writers visited New Orleans in an attempt to reconstruct the past and set down the history of jazz. And, because there still are a few jazz musicians alive who practiced their art as a livelihood just before the turn of this century, the scribes enjoyed some success in their efforts.

We now know that, around 1890, BUDDY BOLDEN was considered the king of the trumpet and that, when he felt like blowing, you could hear him a couple of miles away. He led his own band, owned a barber shop, and published a gossip sheet. Some of the greatest musicians of that day were employed by him. BUNK JOHNSON, who played trumpet in one of BOLDEN'S bands and is still blowing away, helped fill in the story.

After BOLDEN came FREDDIE KEPPARD, KING OLIVER, and LOUIS ARMSTRONG, all giants of the trumpet. New Orleans produced the greatest jazz musicians of all time—JOHNNY and BABY DODDS, KID ORY, JOHNNY ST. CYR, SIDNEY BECHET, and JELLY ROLL MORTON are proof of that.

The poorest colored man who wanted to express himself musically found ways of doing it. Not being able to afford a violin, he'd stretch a gut-string on a cigar box and broomstick contraption; not having a trumpet, he'd use a kazoo. Or, if a lover of the bass notes, he'd toot a jug in place of a tuba.

BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON roamed the streets of the Crescent City singing the blues. Washboard bands sprang up, the washboard being used for a drum. Spirituals were sung in the churches and, out of the troubles of a race of people who came up the hard way, the blues were born!

White Jazz, or Dixieland Jazz as it is sometimes called, also produced names that are remembered to this day. JACK LAINE was the big man of his time and, if you were any good at all, you worked for him sooner or later. TOM BROWN, DEACON LOYCANO,



(Above) Rod Cless, clarinetist, whose recent death was a shock to jazz fans.



(Left) The late Jelly Roll Morton, one of the early pioneers of jazz.

The JAZZ Record

by Art Hodes

ALCIDO "YELLOW" NUNEZ, LARRY SHIELDS, EDDIE EDWARDS, HENRY RAGAS, the Dixieland Band—all followed in the footsteps of this man LAINE who had shown the way and, incidentally, was in all probability the first to use a mixed band. Carnivals, parades, dances and outings of all sorts provided employment for LAINE'S men. His first band was called "The Reliance Brass Band and Orchestra."

Thus jazz history was being made—white and colored musicians learning from one another, sometimes even working together, developing a music that would live on forever. Between the years of 1895 and 1920, jazz grew up. But, unfortunately it wasn't recorded—we can only read about that music.

However, after 1920, jazz history began to be recorded on wax, shellac, and victrola records; and so was preserved. Since jazz is music, and music should be listened to, not until recording became an established industry did jazz come into its own.

Truly it's unfortunate that we haven't any recordings of the great jazzmen and jazz bands that lived and reigned between the years of 1895 and 1920. We can listen to almost the entire musical career of LOUIS ARMSTRONG as it unfolds on recordings, but just think how much we've missed by not having any recordings of such legendary stars as LAWRENCE VEGA and BUDDY BOLDEN!

In October, 1917, during the first World War, New Orleans was given a face cleaning, and most of its famous cafes and barrel houses were closed down, forcing most of its jazz stars to look for work elsewhere. The great migration began! From New Orleans, onto the river boats, up the Mississippi they came to St. Louis—to Kansas City. Some went directly to Chicago—others to New York City.

Soon Gennett Records was recording KING OLIVER'S Creole Jazz Band. GEORGE BRUNIS, PAUL MARES and LEON RAPPOLO of the famous New Orleans Rhythm Kings began playing at Friars Inn, Chicago. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band started writing jazz history at Reisenwebers, New York City. From out of the south came MA RAINEY and BESSIE SMITH, two of the greatest blues singers of all time. Paramount recorded the first, Columbia the second. JIMMIE NOONE formed his Apex Club Orchestra. JOHNNY and BABY DODDS soon made Kelly's Stables (Chicago) famous. LOUIS ARMSTRONG introduced his Hot Five on Okeh Records. EARL HINES cut some beautiful piano solos for the QRS label.

All this jazz music was new and exciting to the native musicians up north. In Chicago, MUGGSY SPANIER, JIMMY MacPARTLAND, FRANK TESCHMAKER, and

JOE SULLIVAN—the Austin High School gang—all came to listen and learn. BENNY GOODMAN, PEE WEE RUSSELL, ROD CLESS, JOE "WINGY" MANONE, JACK TEAGARDEN and BIX BIEDERBECKE were just beginning to form their individual styles of playing and all were influenced in one way or another by the music that came from out of the south. Soon they too were recording this "jazz" music.

New names began appearing on victrola labels—RED MCKENZIE, EDDIE CONDON's Chicagoans, WINGY MANONE's Club Royal Orchestra, BIX BIEDERBECKE and his Orchestra. The white musicians of Chicago, Detroit and New York City were really adopting jazz as their own and taking it to heart.

And then came the crash!

The late 20's not only ushered in the depression—they also introduced radio and talking pictures to a wide audience. As a consequence, the small band and the small audience were soon on their way out.

Broadcasting called for a large compact sound—big musical effects. Instead of one instrument taking a solo, using the rhythm section for a background, we soon heard three or even four saxophones reading previously arranged parts and two trumpets and trombone playing in unison.

The music arranger entered the picture. Nothing was left to chance. There was no room for the Jazz Band and its spur-of-the-moment, improvised music. Tin Pan Alley began putting out pop tunes in droves, and this also spelled doom to Jazz. Gone were the jazz tunes; gone was our audience.

The country in general turned to radio and to a new music: "the sweetest music this side of heaven"; "symphonic jazz";

and finally "swing." The most successful bands became those who best fitted the needs of the moment; those who could and would play all the popular tunes as fast as they were released.

Slowly, but surely, jazz music ceased to be a part of our national picture. Those jazz stars who wanted to enjoy life had to put aside their art and enter commercial orchestras. To some this choice was unthinkable, so they turned to other pursuits for a livelihood. A handful struggled on through the years, living from hand to mouth, but sticking to their beliefs.

Then, just when it seemed that Jazz was waging a losing fight for survival, the hot record collector arrived! Books appeared on the subject . . . new jazz recording companies were formed . . . modest magazines were published . . . pictures of the great jazzmen appeared . . . jazz concerts were given and, at long last, a new, small (but intelligent!) audience was born. The real Jazz—our own and only original music form—had won its battle for existence!

The greatest jazz records already have been made. All that remains is for the greatest jazzmen to survive; to come into their own. The music itself, as an art form, will live on forever.

SEND ALONG YOUR JAZZ QUESTIONS!

Beginning next issue, this department will be devoted exclusively to answering your questions regarding jazz, jazz records, and jazz personalities. So, if you have any question at all about jazz, send it along to: Art Hodes, c/o BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y. I'll answer as many questions in each issue as space permits. But, please don't expect a personal reply by mail—I just haven't the time to answer the many letters I receive, much as I would like to do so.—ART HODES

Benny's Lively Art

(Continued from page 19)

humor, Red plays very tasteful music . . . he's a double-threat man!

The quintet played one or two other numbers, too . . . whatever they thought of playing at the moment. All were good. To top it off, Goodman reappeared in the second act to play a classical selection with Maurice Abravanel's pit orchestra. In this appearance, Benny wore a plain black tuxedo—no sequins. He walked out onto the stage, stood smiling at the audience, and fingered his clarinet with embarrassment as the orchestra played the introduction. At the proper moment he started to play. The selection was not too heavy for the audience and received nice attention. Benny played well, of course. At the end of the number, he bowed and walked off stage.

The only thing needed to make these particular doings look like a high school assembly would have been for the principal of the school to walk on stage and introduce Benny before he started to play. The thing, while all right, seemed unnecessary, so far as we were concerned.

But when Goodman and the quintet were swinging!

"He's good," whispered a dowager sitting next to me.

"Never could see that stuff," whispered her escort in retort. The dowager, however, was completely won over, as was proved when Benny played his classical number.

"Now that's more like music!" whispered the same elderly gentleman.

"Not to me, it isn't!" snapped the dowager. "I'll take the swing!"

It seemed to us that a lot of people felt that way. Swing fans were made overnight by the Goodman Quintet at Billy Rose's "Metropolitan Opera House."

Rehearsing for "The Seven Lively Arts" was an unusual job for Benny Goodman. Since there was only to be a quintet in the show, and since all were top-notch men, it was not a matter of practicing a particular arrangement—that could be perfected in one afternoon. More important was the necessity of getting used to playing as a group.

As a consequence, they got together and "jammed" almost daily . . . playing what they felt like playing, working out arrangements just for the fun of it. They also turned their rehearsals to good. They recorded V-discs for the army—records to be sent free to servicemen overseas. They appeared at benefits, in concerts. That was rehearsal routine for the Benny Goodman quintet.

As a footnote we might add that even the rugged Manhattan critics raved over Benny in "The Seven Lively Arts." You can blame the plot of "Dream With Music" for that particular show's quick close. B. G. has proved to everyone's satisfaction that he's a darn good draw for Broadway . . . as he is anywhere. Incidentally . . . the play's good, too. *Love Bea Lillie!*

And a Rose with Benny Goodman's name sells lots of seats today



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QUIZ In Swingtime

UNDER the cauldron I have built a blazing fire and watched the witchy stew come to a slow boil. I have cast a voodoo spell, unloosed my pet vulture, rent the air with a ghoulish laugh. You see, I hate people and I try to trap them by writing impossible quizzes. I have written this one to trap you! I hope you fail, spend sleepless nights trying to think of the answer to Question Five. Bah! (Dixon Grayer is truly harmless. Don't let him scare you. A score of 95 to 100 means that you're a gate; 80 to 95, you're cooking with gas; 65 to 80, study up, kid; below 65, get hep, Jack! Answers are on page 66.—Editor)

ONE: Identify the following band leaders by their identifying theme songs (Score three points for each correct identification):

- (a) "Take the 'A' Train".....
- (b) "Nightmare"
- (c) "Thinkin' Of You".....
- (d) "Auld Lang Syne".....
- (e) "Racing With The Moon".....

TWO: Aha! So you think you're hep to jive talk? So you're an alligator with your boots laced high? Prove it! Answer true or false to the following (Score four points for each correct answer):

- (a) If the slushpumps were playing ensemble with the keys and hides beating a steady tattoo against a licorice stick riff, it would mean that a plumber's band was playing while the locksmiths and furriers were dancing with candy in their mouths. TRUE or FALSE ?
- (b) A band leader who snubs his audience can be called "hincty." TRUE or FALSE ?
- (c) "Don't lay that jive on me" means "Don't play that jive for me." TRUE or FALSE ?
- (d) "Give me some skin, pops" means "Shake hands with me, chum." TRUE or FALSE ?
- (e) If a band is "riding in a mellow groove" they are on tour in a comfortable train. TRUE or FALSE ?

THREE: Musicians have a tendency to talk in rhyme. The following are common expressions. You supply the missing rhyme word and a short definition of the phrase (Six points for each one completely correct, three for either half, two points extra if all are correct):

- (a) Mellow as a; definition:
- (b) Groovy as a; definition:
- (c) Square from; definition:

FOUR: The following definitions are to be deciphered into the names of musical stars as indicated (Score three points for each correct answer):

- (a) "Unhappy landowner" is another way of saying the full name of a band leader now in the service. Who is he?
- (b) "To reckon, compute," is the literate definition of this band leader's first name. He plays piano. Give full name:
- (c) "A current of water running contrary to the main stream" is the definition of this singing band leader's first name. Give full name:
- (d) She is a singer and, though her last name is neither "beach" nor "coastline," it might be. Give full name:
- (e) He is a singer, band leader, clarinetist, and his first name suggests denseness, as in a forest, surrounded by trees and brush. What is his full name?

FIVE: What instruments, if any, do the following band leaders play (Score three points for each correct answer):

- (a) Spike Jones.....
- (b) Sonny Dunham.....
- (c) Vaughn Monroe.....
- (d) Sammy Kaye.....
- (e) Phil Harris.....

SIX: The following vocalists are featured with "name" band leaders. Given the name of the vocalist, can you name the band leader (Score three points for each correct answer):

- (a) Frances Wayne.....
- (b) Teddy Walters.....
- (c) Doris Day.....
- (d) Imogene Lynn.....
- (e) Jimmy Saunders.....

Bach 'n' Boogie

(Continued from page 44)

people think that jazz is bad simply because they like classical music. That's the wrong way to decide that anything is good or bad. It's a common human failing to base one's likes or dislikes on contrasts, but I don't think this should be applied to music—each type of music should be valued for its own merit.

Occasionally teen-agers come to me and ask: "Do you like boogie-woogie, Mr. Iturbi?" When I answer with an enthusiastic "Yes," they are delighted and say something like, "And Bach and Beethoven are no good, are they?" They're usually surprised when I interrupt with, "Wait a minute. That's not what I meant," and go on to explain that I love music—all music.

A music student should not eliminate Bach and Beethoven and Mozart. But, in addition, by all means, bring on the jazz—the boogie-woogie. Only genealogically is it different from classical music. It, too, is made up of sounds, rhythm, melody, and harmony—and certainly has no bearing on the morals of youth.

Back in 1830, the can-can was the subject of much discussion. It was frowned upon by some—considered to be morally destructive. Now in 1945, the question of the morality of this dance is buried and forgotten. Do any of my adult readers know of anyone it harmed? Of course not!

I have been asked why, since I am considered principally a classical pianist, I happened to choose to play the jazz numbers "Blues" and "Boogie-Woogie Etude," for my first Victor recording after the discing ban was lifted. And why shouldn't I? I played it because I liked it—because I knew that many people would like it. The record sold 160,000 copies within six days after its release—so I guess it was a good choice!

The credit for the popularity of "Blues" and "Etude" goes to my sister. Morton Gould wrote the numbers especially for Amparo and me, and we played it the first time together, with two pianos, at the Hollywood Bowl. She has played it many times on her U.S.O. tours, paving the way for me to wax what has proved to be a very popular recording. Morton Gould is working on another boogie-woogie piece, which I hope to introduce soon.

I like jazz because it's the outgrowth of a progressive folk music. Beginning with the primitive music of the Southern negro—continuing with the works of such artists as Stephen Foster—the American folk song is growing up. Composers are stylizing their music more carefully. Men such as Kern, Porter, Gershwin, and Gould have made splendid contributions to music. The things they have done with the raw materials they had to work with, and an inspiration purely American, are terrific. How could such music cause a youngster to be delinquent?

I love to play boogie-woogie for young people—because they really appreciate it. I'm proud to have them in my audience. Not only do they add warmth to the audience and the hall, but they give me, personally, warmth in my heart. You've heard about people who like reflected glory? Well, I like reflected youth. Today's youngsters are wonderful. They have no veil of responsibility to shade their personalities. They're sincere, spontaneous, frank, intelligent, and uninhibited. I love them all. And that is probably my chief reason for liking jazz. This reflected youth catches me up and sweeps me along in its activities. I like being a part of the spirit that goes with it.



George Tuckell

"... Don't Fence Me In!"

Johnnie On The Spot

(Continued from page 8)

"New York was a big place, and there were lots of singers around, so I knew I simply had to make it this time. After my first appearance on the 'Basin Street' program, I made auditions everywhere. Then one of those lucky breaks that come along once in a while, came my way. I did a few songs at the Hurricane night club on one of their Sunday night celebrity programs. Monte Proser, the manager of the Copacabana, happened to be there, and signed me for his club. From then on, everything happened so fast, it scared me."

Johnnie did nine additional appearances on the "Basin Street" show, was signed for the Capitol Theatre for five weeks, and landed the Chesterfield program. Pretty good for a boy who had been told a few months previously that he was all through!

But mere disappointments will never keep Johnnie down. He still has all the ambition and spirit of a high school boy and looks much younger than his twenty-nine years. I suppose his blond hair and tan complexion have a lot to do with it but, more than that, I think it's his sincerity and great enthusiasm. And when you watch him perform, these qualities stand out in his work.

After Johnnie got settled in an apartment in New York, he sent for Dorothy and the baby. He misses California and the outdoor life but, from the way the picture offers have been coming in, it won't be too long before he's back in Hollywood. However, this time you can bet he won't be working in B musicals, or just sitting around. Though Johnnie is happy because they want him back, he's not too anxious to return to movieland—not just yet.

"I guess I'm a little cautious," he says, "but when and if I return to pictures, I want to be sure it's the right thing. I had a lot of heartaches out there. I'm just going to keep working hard and wait and see what develops."

"This is an obvious question, Johnnie, but tell me, how do you feel about your bobby-sox fans? They get a little hysterical sometimes, don't they?" I pointed to a large bruise on my ankle which I had received as we left the broadcasting studio and fought our way through dozens of enthusiastic Johnston followers.

"I think they're swell," he said honestly. "I'll admit they do get a little out of hand sometimes, but they're really

wonderful kids, and I'm very grateful for their loyalty. You know, show business is funny. Right now the crooner craze is the big thing, but you can never tell—next year it might be acrobats or roller skaters. That's why I want to be sure I'm not just in on a pass. Keep your fingers crossed for me, will you, Jill?"

"Okay, Johnnie, but I don't think you have much to worry about. Your real break was a long time coming and, though you've been on the spot plenty of times, you've finally hit the right one. And I bet this time you stay there!"

The Eberle Named Ray

(Continued from page 37)

(her name is Janet) and now calls Beverly Hills his home. He has two cute daughters, Nancy Lee, and Raye Ellen. Two dogs are also part of the menage.

He likes to tinker around home and visitors may find him fixing an ironing cord for Mrs. Eberle, or repairing a damaged tricycle for his daughter. Success hasn't given him any delusions of grandeur, and he is the first to tell a story on himself.

One of his favorites is about the first Coast-to-Coast broadcast he ever made, while with Glenn. He did a song "On The Sentimental Side," which had been popularized by Bing. It had a lot of "boo-boo-boos" in it.

"I was scared stiff," Ray laughed, in telling the story. "But once I got started, I put everything I had into it. I thought I sounded just like Crosby."

"But I found out differently," he went on. "Glenn had a record made off the air, and invited the band up to hear it. I sounded just like Donald Duck and the band was all looking at me, and there was no place to go!"

Eberle has since really gone places, though, as everyone knows, but he is still essentially the same fellow he was back in Hoosick Falls.

His favorite sports are football and baseball, sports in which he starred while in high school. He also likes to play golf, but he says his score is "pretty tired" at the moment, as he hasn't played much recently.

That Ray doesn't take himself seriously, is sort of symbolized by a costume he wore to a party at Lana Turner's recently—he went dressed as Huckleberry Finn.

For, in addition to being a fine singer, he's just a regular guy—the Eberle named Ray.

World Radio History

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A GAIN it's time for that date we have each weekday with songs by Morton Downey. And here's Jimmy Lytell with his orchestra." We had heard that announcement many times over the Mutual Network. We'd listened to and enjoyed the following fifteen minutes of lovely romantic melodies, old and new.

Finally, our natural curiosity impelled us to find out more about the music-makers on the program. We made a date to interview Maestro Jimmy Lytell, the man responsible for Morton Downey's orchestral background. We had lunch with him—and, during one hour's conversation, learned and confirmed many interesting facts about him. We discovered that for over twelve years Jimmy was a member of the original Dixieland Jazz Band, and that he later played with the Memphis Five.

We found out that, in addition to clarinet, Jimmy plays flute, bass clarinet, sax, and piano.

We knew before we met him that he had already entered the ranks of composers with his "Blue Serenade"—we now learned that his newest song, "One Little Glimpse of Heaven," will be featured in a forthcoming motion picture.

Although Jimmy loves all music, his natural inclination is toward popular music, for which he sees a bright and spectacular future. He said, "When we were young . . ." (but don't let that fool you—there's nothing about him to make you think he's anything but young now) ". . . we had to originate our own style. Sometimes it was good; sometimes it wasn't. But today the youngsters are really hep to jazz. The radio has played a big part in their musical education. They can sit down and play a chorus that it took us weeks to figure out. These kids are starting where we hope to wind up—on top. They'll move on from there."

He didn't mean, however, that there aren't top people today. This ace instrumentalist has his favorite clarinetists, too. They are Johnny Mince; Artie Shaw; and Benny Goodman, who Jimmy thinks plays with taste and whose music has a beautiful quality. And Jimmy spoke here as a musician. It had nothing to do with the fact that he and Benny have already arranged a family alliance in the form of marriage of their offspring some twenty years hence.

And that discussion brought us around to the Christmas card we had received from the Lytells, featuring a picture of another, younger Jimmy playing a clarinet. We asked Jimmy Senior about it. By the twinkle in his eye, it was plain to see that his year and a half old son heads the lists of Lytell's Likes.

It was because of his family that Jimmy finally settled down after years of one-night stands, and of directing so many radio programs that his daily routine consisted of dashing from one studio to another. He gave up twenty-six air programs, varying in jobs from sideman to music director, to devote all his working time to one show—the "Songs by Morton Downey" program, so that he would have more leisure time for giving lessons on the clarinet and flute to Jimmy Junior.

We asked if we might watch a rehearsal, and no sooner requested than granted. From a corner of the studio we watched him go into action, talking over music and arrangements with Morton Downey, then leading a splendid twelve piece orchestra. Finally after an hour of indulging ourselves by listening to his music, we reluctantly left the studio humming "All The Things You Are," and scurried back to the office to tell you all the things Jimmy Lytell is—a friendly personality, with an unusual talent, and a background of accomplishment.

Barnstorming

(Continued from page 11)

It was another early hop out of Erie in the morning, back to Buffalo and then across the Border, and through the Canadian Customs and entry routine. Fine men who do this tiresome job—courteous, efficient, and with a sense of humor!

They came to Butch. "Anything to declare?"

"Just my income tax," said Mr. Stone with a dead pan.

"And what have you got in that?" The Customs official tapped the case that Stone was carrying.

"A saxophone."

There was a double take between the two officials. "Are you a saxophonist?"

"I'm sorry, mister, but I am."

"That's tough luck, young fellow. The quota's filled on saxophonists, Algerians, and Patagonians. We'll have to send you back."

And that's the way it went—everybody in fine spirits, a lot of good-natured kidding.

"Is that snow, or are my eyes going bad?" Don was looking out of the window at a hissing, swirling stream of snow that came suddenly, and now obscured even the telegraph poles along the road.

You could feel the train slowing up—held back by the force of the storm.

It was after six that evening when the coaches pulled wearily into Kitchener.

By some miracle, a truck was waiting for the baggage car, now backed on a siding. Don gave them their instructions.

There was no time for rehearsal. They caught a hurried snack at the hotel and found their way to the Arena.

The house was beginning to fill by the time the band arrived, for streets had been somewhat cleared and transportation partially resumed.

When the show was over that night, Don gathered the boys around him. "We've got to leave here at five in the morning. If you can get four hours' sleep between now and then, you're lucky. I'm going to have some sort of transportation at the hotel in the morning . . . it may be only a truck. Now get some sleep."

It was after one when the load was finally stowed in the baggage car. Don got a cup of steaming coffee at an all-night diner—then went back to the hotel for a few hours of rest.

Songs have been written about Three O'clock in the Morning, but nobody ever wrote anything about Five A.M. No graveyard shift looked more sleepy-eyed or heavily-lidded than did the members of Les Brown's band as they piled into the bus that was waiting (thanks to Don!) to take them to the Kitchener station.

The train finally pulled in and they climbed aboard. All day long it crawled along, battling against drifts.

At last, with a final expiring effort, it slid into the London station.

Les Brown and his band piled off the coaches . . . cold, hungry, tired. As they made their way through the drifts into the waiting room, someone let out a yell. In a corner, sound asleep, his coat up around his ears, surrounded by luggage, was Zito. He had beaten them in. The only thing warm in the town was the reception they gave him!

Don took over. "There's only one way to get up to the ballroom where we play, and that's walk—and it's two miles. I'm all for calling the show off, but I just talked with the house manager, and he says no soap. How about it, Doris, do you think you can make it?"

"You've never seen me in action in Sun

RADIO MAESTRO

by Lone Stewart

Jimmy Lytell



Valley. I'm not exactly dressed for it, but here goes. Show me the way, Don." Out of the station door went Doris. You can't stop that girl!

"Make it a race," yelled Les. "Five bucks to the first one there!"

Through the snow they went, along the streets of the town paralyzed by the storm. Don managed to get a small restaurant to promise to deliver coffee and sandwiches.

As the band came in sight of the ballroom, the final spurt began. Big Cy Baker slipped and fell, burying himself in a deep drift. Ted Nash and George Wiedler forged ahead! It was a photo finish—with George winner by a nose!

But—the snow had piled up in front of the ballroom doors to such a height that they couldn't be opened. There the band stood, shivering in the cold.

"Where's Don?"—But Kramer was well ahead of them. He had rounded up a brace of boys with shovels, and they soon tunneled a passage into the ballroom.

At 7:30 Don looked outside. "There won't be fifteen cents in the house!" Then he heard sleigh bells jingling through the streets, and people commenced to straggle into the auditorium, shaking off the heavy snow. In they came—how they got there, Don can't tell you—but by time to ring up, fifteen hundred valiant souls were in the house, and a great stack of skis outside—all lured by the magic of Les Brown's musicmakers.

The band gave a great show—a special tribute to the people of London who wouldn't let a little thing like a blizzard keep them from dancing and listening to the music of Les Brown.

The next stand was Syracuse, where they were to play for the senior prom at the University. It meant another trip through the Customs, so the baggage car was sent on ahead on a three a.m. local. It was Don's job to travel with the baggage car when it crossed the Border.

It was a black, incredibly cold morning when Don and the car arrived at the International line. The band, after walking down to the London station, were following on a later train.

The U. S. Customs official was waiting. Don wrapped his muffler tighter, and together they walked back to the siding where the car was spotted. It was sheathed in ice. They got to the lock—finally managed to get the key in and open it—but the door wouldn't budge. Here was a situation!

"Well!" said Don. Even in tight corners, he never loses his smile.

"This is no time or place for a discussion," commented the Customs man with a wink. "My next move is to find an axe."

He went into a coach—one of the old-fashioned ones, with a glass-covered case containing emergency equipment. The Customs man's gloved fist went through the glass. He took down the axe, and in about six minutes there was a hole through the door of the baggage car large enough for two men to crawl through.

In they crawled, and the formalities of inspection soon were completed. It's an old U.S.A. custom to cut through red tape, or anything else that stands in the way—even baggage car doors!

Four hours later, Don and the car were in Syracuse—the baggage on a truck, and Les Brown's road manager in a hot tub.

The band arrived, played the prom and were off early in the morning for Holyoke, Massachusetts, to open with a matinee.

They arrived at the Arena there at 12:30—just in time to set up and start the show.

Then, out of Holyoke, early the next morning, and into Providence, Rhode Is-

land—where they played at the Kaiser shipyards, on Coca Cola's Spotlight Band Program. They left Providence the next morning for Boston, playing at the Claymore Hotel in the evening.

At two in the afternoon, the next day, a New York, New Haven & Hartford train pulled into Grand Central, and out hopped twenty tired people. Were they glad to be back in Manhattan? Butch Stone said that he felt like going up to 52nd Street and Sixth Avenue and kissing the sidewalk. Just why he chose this particular spot, he did not explain.

What about Don? Were his chores over? They were not!

While the rest of the band scurried for their hotels and apartments, it was the manager's job to see that the baggage was safely delivered to their next stand, which happened to be Cafe Rouge at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Now this is only a brief sketch, with some highlights accentuated, of the manager's job. Even when the band settles down for a run, there are a thousand business details to be taken care of—not to mention payrolls, new bookings, publicity, contacts with hundreds of people each day.

Of course, the whole thing looks easy—when Les Brown steps out in front, or lays down a velvet rug with his sax—when Butch Stone steps up to the mike to do "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," as only Butch can do it—when Doris Day warbles "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time"—or when you see Don Kramer just sitting out in front listening . . . it looks so easy! But, hard work and constant rehearsal are back of the smooth performance of Les Brown and his Band of Renown—and no little credit goes to the road manager.

The net of all this is: think twice before you decide to become a band manager—you've got to have plenty on the ball to be a success!

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World Radio History

Fan Stand

SINCE copy for this department had to go to the printer right after our first installment was printed, we had little chance to receive letters. So, we'll have to postpone getting down to real business until next issue. But don't forget—this is your column—send along your letter! We'll try to answer all inquiries received regarding fan clubs—we'll do our best to publish news of your fan club—etc.—as space will allow. But, please don't expect a personal reply to your letter—we just haven't the time or the help to do more than print as many answers as possible in the Fan Stand itself!

"What exactly is a fan club?" That was the question asked in the first letter to come in to the Fan Stand. When I read it, I realized that the title isn't exactly self-explanatory. What does a member do? What is his function? What are his activities?

This time the column will be devoted to a discussion of those very things—the basic factors which make up a fan club. Here goes:

A fan club is much the same as any other club. There are officers who decide the policies of the club and keep it active. These are the president and the vice president. There are a secretary and a treasurer to handle the club correspondence and the club funds, respectively. In the case of a fan club in which the members are scattered throughout the country, it is best to have several secretaries to handle the vast flow of mail which comes into headquarters. One treasurer will suffice, though, because your dues should be small enough to attract more members who can afford to join. All funds must go into the working of the club and there can be no shirking.

A fan club is motivated principally by the desire of a person to make a substantial contribution to the object of his or her interest. If I want to start a fan club for Woody Herman, I do it with one idea in mind . . . what can I do to help Woody Herman? Of course, I also am interested in meeting others who share my enthusiasm for Woody, but my primary interest is in *doing something!*

One of the most imperative things that my Woody Herman fan club must do is to see that my members turn out for every personal appearance, every radio show, and every motion picture where Woody is featured! If I am a

sincere Herman fan (and I am) I will make it my business to attend every Woody Herman personal appearance I can, regardless of fan clubs. Therefore, all I am doing in having a fan club is signing a pledge to do what I want to do, and to urge my friends to do the same.

It is also my duty to buy every Woody Herman record, so long as it fits my personal budget. Records are a mainstay of the band business and a large record sale assures the continued disc success of your favorite. And, you'd be buying the records anyhow, wouldn't you?

Let's put it bluntly: In starting a fan club, you are actually setting yourself up as a publicist for the artist you most admire. You promise to promote that artist in every way you know how, to be a publicity agent for him, free of charge. And your hero appreciates your help more than he can say!

Many is the time a good fan club representation has saved a band or an artist from a bad theater week. If a fan club sees that its members turn out at all theater and radio dates, registering their enthusiasm, it assures the band of a successful show.

The club gives you a swell opportunity to discuss your favorite artist with other fans, for you will be in constant correspondence and personal contact with people who are as interested in your artist as you are. In fact, in time you will become such an authority on your artist that you will want to issue a club newspaper on him.

In other words, a fan club is an organization which purports nothing more than to make still better fans out of its members in the general interest of promoting the artist. It is a club full of avid, unselfish fans who like to talk shop and who are willing to do a man-sized publicity and promotion job for nothing.

Next issue we will announce some of the first fan clubs which have been called to our attention by your letters. If you have a fan club for your favorite band leader or vocalist, or, if you wish to start one, we'd like to hear about it. Through reading this column, others may want to join your fan club. Or, perhaps we can give you some ideas to help you to get a fan club started. So, drop us a line. Address your letter to Vic

by *Vic Lewis*

Lewis, BAND LEADERS,
215 Fourth Avenue,
New York 3, N.Y.

He's Got Five Pennies

(Continued from page 43)

Red went into partnership with Don Voorhees and they had a New York show band and the first house band on the Columbia Broadcasting System. Red continued to knock out platters, more and more of them under the Five Pennies name. He knew he had something—the discs were selling, literally like "hot-cakes."

In 1928, he went to the west coast with Cass Hagen's orchestra, played at Fatty Arbuckle's club. By 1929, he was back in New York. Ben Pollack was at the Park Central Hotel, and Red began using Jack Teagarden, BG and others from the Pollack band on his record dates. 1931 and 1932 found him in John Murray Anderson's "Almanacs" and Gershwin's "Girl Crazy," with his own bands. And still recording.

Then he went out with a big band and from then on it was "Red Nichols and His Orchestra."

But now the billing is once more "Red Nichols and His Five Pennies." Red says he found the name so ingrained in people, he feels that's the way they want him, with the small band that won him success.

He's glad to be back playing the kind of jazz he made famous. His new records for Capitol and transcriptions for McGregor are wonderful stuff in the Five Pennies tradition. On location the band plays a lot of standards, done up in fresh, new ideas.

But get this—Red is *taking music lessons*, from famed teacher Harold Mitchell!

"I'm proud to be Mitchell's pupil," Red asserted. "I never realized before how little I knew about my instrument. I don't think anybody ever gets too old to learn." How do you like that! The guy's terrific, even if he's too modest. The band's knocking 'em out, that's all!

Well, gates, these thousands of platters later, Red is now living in Hollywood, with the Mrs. and cute daughter Dorothy Lorraine (alias "Penny"). His hillside home has a wonderful view of the town (and the future!). He's got Five Pennies and he's happy!

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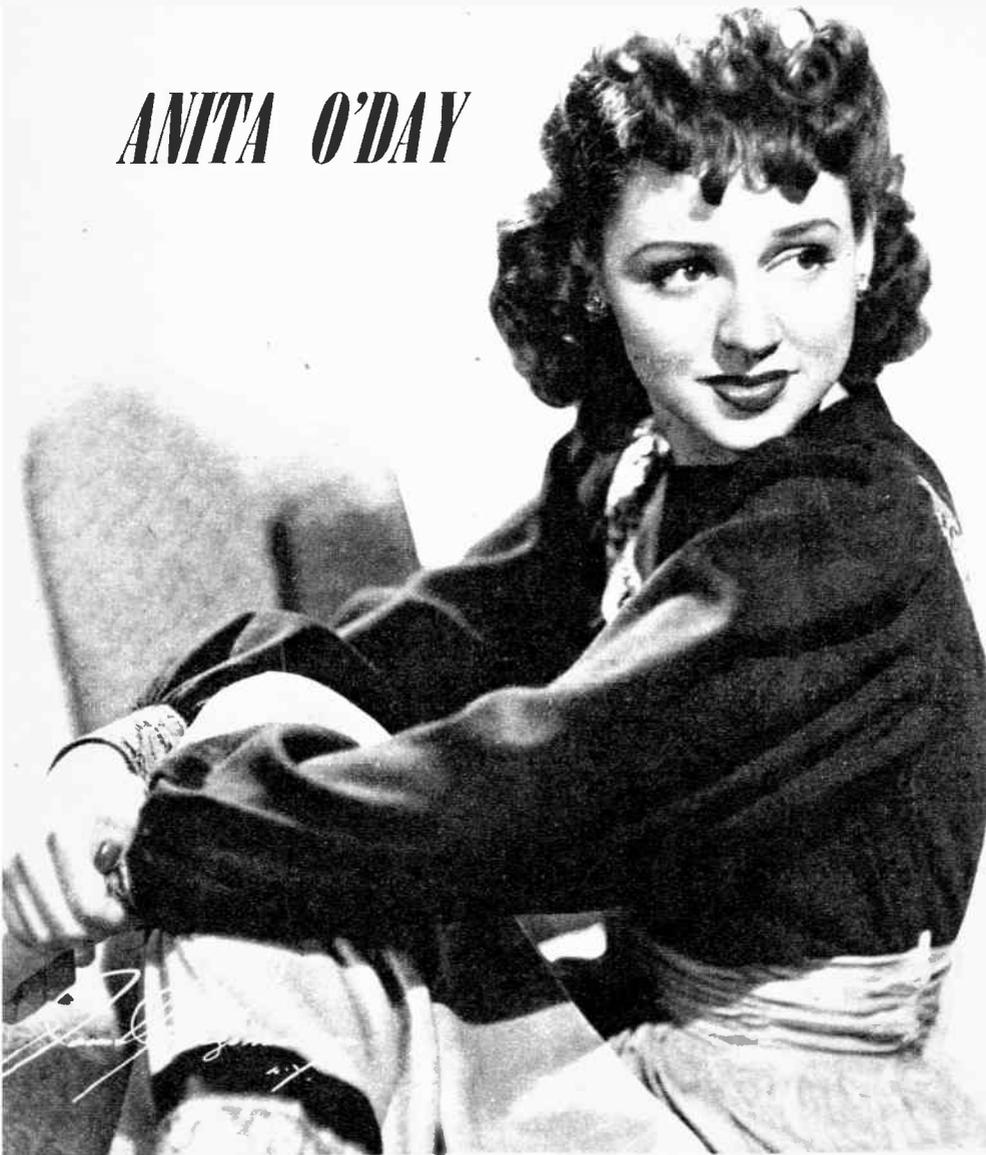
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Did You Know That

(Continued from page 4)

VIVACIOUS red-haired, brown-eyed Anita O'Day has been singing in her own solid style since she was old enough to say, "Windy City." Yes, like many another swing king and queen, Miss O'Day is a native of Chicago, where she began the career that has brought her fame and popularity. A top-ranking vocalist in recent *Down Beat*, *Metronome* and *Esquire* popularity polls, Anita has long been a favorite of "reet" listening and dancing fans throughout the country, and with GIs overseas. BAND LEADERS is happy to join the rest of music-minded America in tossing a big bouquet in her direction.

ANITA O'DAY



that I'd answer: "JO STAFFORD." Her wax version of "I Didn't Know About You" (on Capitol) is enough to make you throw away all your other vocal records. . . .

LEO REISMAN insists that a strong trend back to "sweet" music and away from too-noisy "swing" will soon sweep the country. Reisman's own work is a superb example of what can be done with smooth ballads, strings and muted horns, so maybe that's what gives him the idea. . . .

It's a little early for predictions about 1945's top swing band, but just for the fun of it. I'm gonna bet on STAN KENTON. Any takers? . . . One of the national mags will run an article on "POPSIE" RANDOLPH, band boy with WOODY HERMAN. "Popsie" has set up the music stands for INA RAY HUTTON, BENNY GOODMAN and other leaders and usually manages to get as much publicity as the stick-wavers. JACK OAKIE played the role of "Popsie" in the BG film "Sweet and Low Down." . . .

GINNIE POWELL left GENE KRUPA's band, where she handled vocal chores. . . . CHARLIE SPIVAK still insists that he'll add French horns and mellophones as well. . . . Pianist WALTER GROSS, who headed the music department at CBS before entering the army, has an amazing khaki band. Among others, it features JIMMY CRAWFORD, who beat the hides for JIMMY LUNCEFORD, BUCK CLAYTON, whose terrific trumpet sparked the COUNT BASIE band, and SY OLIVER, whose arrangements helped put TOMMY DORSEY's band on the musical map. . . .

It's my guess that "The Sweater Song" latest tune of the BUCK RAM-HAL KANNER song writing team, will be going places. . . .

Contract with Decca is in the offing for DIANE COURTNEY of the ALAN YOUNG show. . . .

New star is born—LAWRENCE WELK has finally found the "Champagne Lady" he's been looking for for lo, these many months. She is JOAN MOWERY of Waukegan, Illinois. This job, which she got three days after she auditioned for Welk in her home town, is her first one chirping with an ork. . . .

ANITA O'DAY left STAN KENTON's band to work as a single. . . .

As a last-minute reminder, I'd like to suggest that you dig the EDDIE CONDON Jazz Concerts, both over the air (Blue network) and in your own neighborhood, if and when they reach there on their barnstorming tour. . . .

Thanks for all the letters, fans. See you next issue!—DICK DODGE.

Anchors Asway

(Continued from page 54)

any band today, with such ace tooters as Conrad Gozzo (from Claude Thornhill's band), Johnny Best (ex-Glenn Miller), Don Jacoby (ex-Les Brown), and Frank Beach (ex-Jan Savitt). Rounding out the eight-man Donahue brass section on trombones are Tasso Harris and Gene Leetch.

The reed section comprises Bill Nichol, Mack Pierce and Ralph Lapolla, altos;

Charley Wade, baritone; and Joe Aglora and the maestro himself on tenors. In the rhythm section are Rocky Coluccio, piano; Barney Spieler, bass; Buzz Sithens, drums, and Al Horesh, guitar.

Dick Jones is the band's musical director and chief arranger. In civilian life, Dick penned scores for such bands as Tommy Dorsey and Glen Gray. Dave Rose (former tune-twister for Bob Chester and Vaughn Monroe) and versatile Sam also handle a good deal of the arranging chores.

In the past two years, the band has travelled by every known mode of transportation except the submarine. On several occasions, the bandmen were in-

terrupted by air-raids during concerts, shows, and dances, and forced to cast their horns aside and scramble for the nearest foxholes.

On board ship they are assigned battle stations along with the rest of the crew, and many times they've been alerted to their stations while sailing through hostile waters.

Sam hopes to wind up his tour of the European Theater of Operations by tooting his sax in the Berlin headquarters of one Adolph Hitler. Then, after V-Day, he plans to form a civilian band and demonstrate to all America the type of music which is going over big with the boys on the fighting fronts!

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QUIZ ANSWERS

(See page 58)

ONE: (a) Duke Ellington; (b) Artie Shaw; (c) Kay Kyser; (d) Guy Lombardo; (e) Vaughn Monroe.

TWO: (a) False (It means that the trombones were playing together with the piano and drums beating steady rhythm against a clarinet phrase); (b) True; (c) False (It means "Don't try to tell me that, I don't believe it."); (d) True; (e) False (It means that they are "swinging the music" together in excellent taste.)

THREE: (a) 'CELL O—means "smooth," "in the groove"; (b) MOVIE—means same as above; (c) DELAWARE—No reflection on the state, it means "unhep," to not understand or appreciate jazz or swing.

FOUR: (a) BLUE Barron; (b) COUNT Basie; (c) EDDY Howard; (d) Dinah SHORE; (e) WOODY Herman.

FIVE: (a) Washboard is correct but drums will also be credited as right; (b) Trumpet and trombone (both should be given); (c) trumpet and trombone (either may be given since Vaughn does not play both often); (d) clarinet (fool you?); (e) drums.

SIX: (a) Woody Herman; (b) Jimmy Dorsey; (c) Les Brown; (d) Artie Shaw; (e) Charlie Spivak. (These were correct as we went to press. They are subject to change, of course, on a moment's notice.)

Dean of Music

(Continued from page 39)

leading collegian. Tommy had always been Dean's idol. Since then he has also been his friend.

Dean's stint in the Army naturally brought about a lull in his career as musician. However, considering his background, one would think that when he returned to civilian life, his plans for the future might revolve about music. But such was not the case. He thought of it, yes . . . but he realized that popular music is a crowded field, and that organizing a band in war time is an almost impossible task. So, with his business administration book-learning behind him, he decided on a job as manager of one of a chain of Southern theaters.

Just in time to save him from becoming a business man, Tommy Dorsey telephoned Dean, asking him to get a new Dorsey band together in New York. Dean did the trick all right. He built up a super band for T. D. But, after that job was finished, he still had the problem of his own future to settle.

Fate seems to have a soft spot in her heart for Dean Hudson (as who wouldn't?). At any rate, he apparently just wasn't meant to be a theater manager. He happened to be visiting friends at a booking agency when a call came through—an urgent request for a band to play a prom at Duke University. Dean jumped up and said, "Tell him Dean Hudson and his band can come."

He got the job. The rub was that he didn't have a band. That was no obstacle for him, though. A man who could build a band for Tommy Dorsey could surely get one together for himself. The loan of Tommy's address book helped him collect members. That took a couple of days. He

had five days left, a meager \$25.00 bank account, and his own one-room apartment for a rehearsal spot . . . but, he got to Duke right on schedule, and easily justified what might seem to have been a rash undertaking.

Once the group was organized, he couldn't stop making music. And that's why he's still leading an orchestra (consisting of five saxophones, four trombones, four trumpets, piano, bass, and drum) to the accompaniment of a deluge of fan letters. With his theme, "Moon Over Miami," he swings into many a broadcast over CBS and Mutual. He records for Columbia, Musicraft, and Ace. It's all work, but more fun for Dean than chasing small boys out of the back door of a neighborhood movie house.

While we were talking, a soldier across the room caught Dean's eye.

"Excuse me," he said, "I see an old friend," and he left.

The spell was broken. Prince Charming had come and gone too soon—and my original, unspoken question was still unanswered. So, blondes, your guess is as good as mine. But, anyhow, before he went, I saw enough of him to know that his eyes are blue; his hair, blonde and curly; and that he bubbles over with charm and good-fellowship.

Besides all of that, he swings a very smooth baton!

Carl's a Comin'

(Continued from page 31)

been able to stop off for a game of golf, to ski in Winter, to hire a sail boat in Summer. All these things he does well. All these, and cooking too!

"My wife," says Carl, "is a better cook than I am, but I still am a good cook! Lobster," he murmured, "cooked in wine . . . lamb, meat sauce . . . steak for breakfast with mashed potatoes and eggs lightly fried or poached." You can tell he'd like to dash right back to his own Alameda kitchen and to Mrs. Ravazza, who can cook "even better." Mrs. R. is a home town girl, no professional, which is just the way you'd know it would be with Carl Ravazza.

Carl comes from a long line of simple, happy people who knew the best ways to enjoy life. In sunny California; like sunny Italy, the Ravazza home, with Carl's grandmother at the head, resounded to the folk songs of the old country. Grandmother sang "Vieni Su" and it's been Carl's lucky number. Everybody sang. Carl and his sister, Marie, played tunes together, she on her uke and he on a tin whistle . . . later, on a violin.

He was nine when his violin lessons started. After that, he learned to play sax and guitar—but Carl still takes up his fiddle with the band, just the way he used to do with his first high school orchestra.

Besides Carl's fiddle, the high school band had piano, bass, drums, tuba, three saxes, banjo, trumpet and trombone. Nobody read music—everybody played by ear. They worked out harmonies as they rehearsed, and it must have sounded good for, ever since that time, Carl has been with a band.

Carl also sang in high school choruses and in a choir, but he never took a vocal lesson until 1938, when he studied with Bill Hayes in San Francisco, and got operatic with Leo Silvera. Opera isn't on his schedule, though.

For a while, Carl thought he might

like to be an M.D. He studied pre-med at St. Mary's, spending summers at the University of California. It was a good background—pre-med—but what chance did it have when Anson Weeks and, later, fellow-collegian Tom Coakley took Carl on? After St. Mary's, Tom headed for Law and willed his whole band right into Carl's capable hands. There he was, with a career all set up for him!

Since those days, Carl Ravazza has made a specialty of hotel long-stops—swift and sweet tunes, old and new—and young audiences. For vocals, he likes a ballad best. "It Can Happen To You" is his favorite song.

It can happen and it did happen to Carl Ravazza!

Hollywood Bandstand

(Continued from page 41)

With so many bands flying now, airplane stories are going the rounds. . . . BILL CANTALUPO, TED FIO RITO's manager told me another when we lunched at Lyman's. . . . Ted and the band were flying to a camp show, and one of the boys accidentally pulled the rip cord on a parachute, making it useless. So what had to happen but all of a sudden the plane started to lose altitude, and the band was ordered to put on parachutes. While they were frantically searching for another chute, the plane got down to 500 feet—when the pilot suddenly remembered he hadn't switched on his auxiliary tank. . . . P.S. The band didn't jump, and I mean to the ground.

MUSICIANS GET THE BUSINESS and like it. . . . MICKEY GILLETTE, band leader on AL PEARCE'S show, bought lots on Vine Street, where he'll build a sax school after the war, and LYMAN GANDEE, pianist with KAY KYSER, owns a grocery store in North Hollywood. . . .

GOSSIP ABOUT GATES AND GALS. . . . Comedian, gag writer and musician JACK DOUGLAS combines all three talents in a play he wrote, "Sidemen Don't Have Wings." . . . an author, too, is DICK HAYMES' mom, who wrote "Make The Most of Your Voice." She knows whereof she speaks, for Dick is her prize pupil. . . . And did you hear that terrific broadcast a while back, when THE HORN got with DICK, and HELEN FORREST on their airshow to revive hit record arrangements they made when Helen and Dick worked for Harry? . . .

Two Lenas getting breaks in pix, with LINA (she spells it with an "i") ROMAY set for dramatic role in M-G-M's "Kissing Bandit," and LENA (she spells it with an "e") HORNE starring in "Sweet Georgia Brown" for RKO. . . .

JOE GREENE, who wrote the story of the gal whose tears flowed like that stuff, has teamed with FRANK DE VOL, for a new one, "Travelin' Man." . . . GENE KRUPA racked up a couple of odd records at the Palladium, being the first band leader to miss an opening (his plane was forced down) and the first B. L. to broadcast a commercial radio program from the spot. . . . Speaking of the Pally, residents of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis and Milwaukee will be interested to know that Palladium president MAURICE COHEN visited their cities, to discuss post-war plans for building a nation-wide chain of Palladiums. . . .

And that's coda for now from the HOLLYWOOD BANDSTANDER.

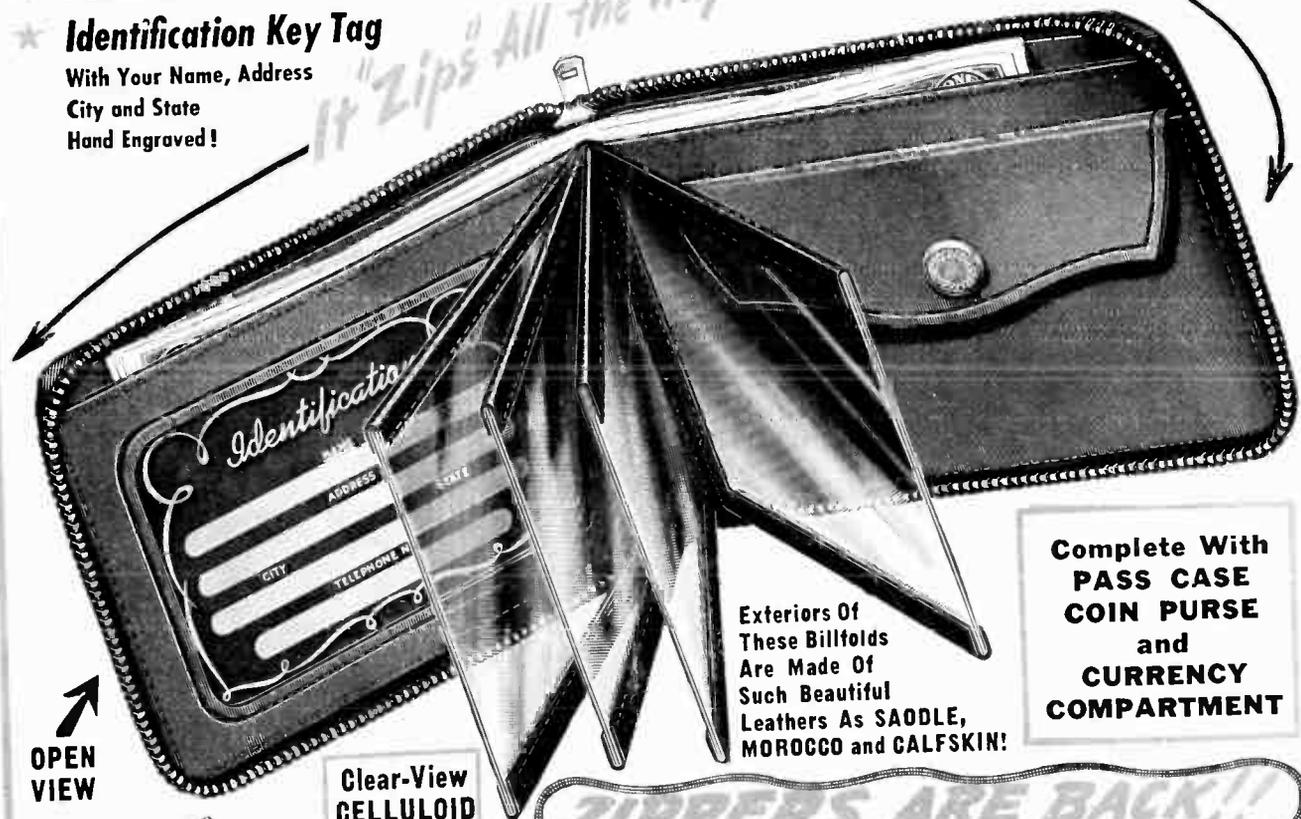
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(Signed) Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones



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