

BAND LEADERS

JULY

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WOODY HERMAN



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We, upon whom you have placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

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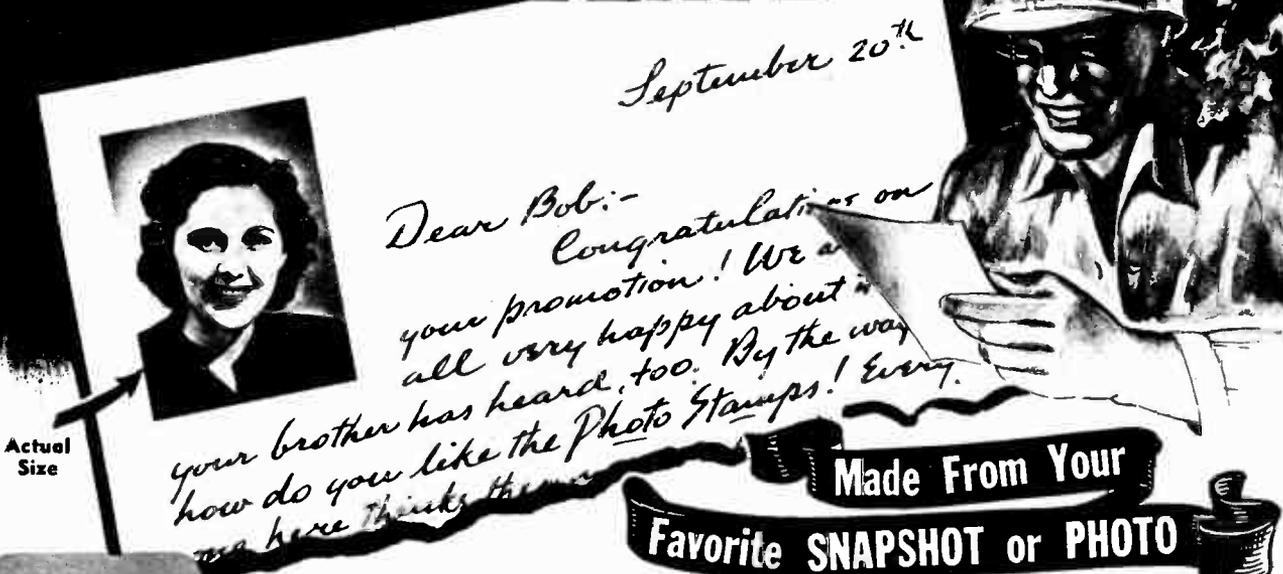
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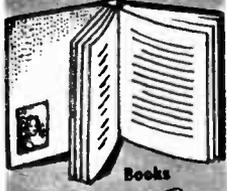
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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

FRANK SINATRA may be overseas, probably in the South Pacific, by the time you read this. The Voice has been anxious to make a war-area tour for a long time but until now his booking contracts had kept him in the States. . . . Other music names set to hop the oceans wide for front-line dates include BING CROSBY, and the bands of HAL McINTYRE and COUNT BASIE. . . .

MILDRED BAILEY, doing radio guest shots from the West Coast as this is being written, may return to New York City to start another show like her CBS "Mildred Bailey and Company," the favorite of jazz fans last year. . . .

PHIL MOORE's small jazz group, which got its start (like so many other superior bands) at *Cafe Society* in Manhattan, is skedded for a flicker deal. Phil first came to big-time attention with his hit tune "Shoo Shoo Baby," written for LENA HORNE. . . .

Greatest jazz discovery of the year (as far as this writer is concerned, anyway) is pianist ERROLL GARNER, who has been working in the clubs along the fabulous 52nd Street. Garner's a youngster with tremendous talent. To date, sad to say, most of his records are on hard-to-get labels, but one of the biggest wax houses will soon release Garner platters for your attention. . . .

BETTY JANE BONNEY made her record debut on Victor recently with a "limited edition" record, distributed only to New York and New Jersey dealers. We predict nationwide distribution of the platter in the near future. . . .

ALEC WILDER, perhaps the best of the jazz writers, has penned a special production number for BENNY GOODMAN's clarinet. . . .

HARRY JAMES, his wife (and if you don't know her name, where have you been?) and baby may spend the whole summer in New York digging the local sights. . . .

Don't ask me how he does it, but BENNY GOODMAN has built another wonderful band. Good musicians these days are scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth, but BG and his magical clary dug up some youngsters that really make with the music. Maybe it's because so many good musicians like to spend their time listening to Benny that he always pops up with the cream of the hot crop. For pictures of the new outfit, see the next issue of **BAND LEADERS**. . . .

ROY ELDRIDGE, the star trumpet in ARTIE SHAW's band, was thinking of stepping in front of his own crew when we went to press. . . .

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BETTY JANE BONNEY



ROY WILLIAMS

BAND LEADERS

JULY, 1945

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"Ceilings" are saving you money



* 64 months after war started

It's a far longer and more expensive war than the last one—but this time the cost of living hasn't been allowed to get out of hand. If you're ever tempted to grumble at price-and-wage controls, look at these charts—and DON'T. They're one reason to bless ceiling prices... and to check 'em whenever you shop. (They're posted for your protection!)

Rationing gives all a fair share



The Millionbucks get no more points than the poorest folks in town. Necessities are rationed to see that each gets his share. And rationing also keeps prices down: without it the fellow with the biggest wad of dough would have a terrific edge. Share and play square ... pay points for everything you buy. (And shun black markets like the enemy they are!)

— and the money you DON'T SPEND helps hold living costs down

The plain bread-and-butter fact is this: there's about \$1.50 in people's pockets for every dollar's worth of goods in the stores.

Splurge—buy anything you don't actually need—and you put the heat on everything to rise all along the line.

Save—deny yourself something you want but can get along without—and you help yourself a little today and a lot tomorrow.

Squeeze that budget. Squeeze a little more money into your savings account. Squeeze a little more into insurance. Squeeze yourself into buying another War Bond today... and every month from now on in.

Wise enough to harness your money for your own safety?

ONLY YOU CAN DO IT.





DINAH SHORE

Star of "Dinah Shore's Open House" heard Thursdays on NBC

by Paul Vandervoort II

ORE 'NUFF

CERTAINLY top chanteuse Dinah Shore should be able to give helpful, dependable advice to talented young people who are eager to become successful singers of popular songs. So . . . we asked her to give you the benefit of her own experiences. Here's her story, as told to our Hollywood Editor:

"I don't claim to be an authority on the subject," Dinah began smilingly, "but if I can help someone by telling of my own experiences, I'll gladly talk about them.

"From my own experience, encouragement means a lot, I know. Like all kids who want to sing, I was just another unappreciated unknown in my home town. And I had one handicap most girls don't have. Daddy wouldn't let me sing with bands. He didn't think it was nice.

"But I had a ukulele, and I'd sing every place they'd let me—in school, at parties, picnics . . . anywhere anyone would listen. That is one thing, I think, every singer should do.

"If you're convinced you really want to sing, then sing at every opportunity, and if opportunities don't appear, make them. And don't worry about the pay.

"I sang on the radio down home for nothing, just to be heard, and to hear myself (I would have records made off the air, and listen to them for hours, trying to improve my style).

"You don't really know how you sound until you hear yourself on a record. Then, like I did, you can pick out what you like and keep it, discard what you don't like. That way you develop a style.

"Singing on the radio is most important, too, because whether you sing as soloist or with a band, you must have mike technique, and learn to avoid mike fright.

"The engineers can help you wonderfully. An engineer at WSM in Nashville was awfully kind to me. I was singing duets with another girl, and sang so loudly I had to stand four feet behind her.

"The WSM man—his name was Shelton Weaver—got interested in me . . . taught me how to sing softly, and use the microphone correctly.

"It gave me more confidence, which is certainly something every singer should have. I don't mean you should be so confident as to appear egotistical, but you certainly shouldn't be as timid as I was in approaching Paul Whiteman.

"'Pops' came to Nashville once, and I made up my mind to get an audition with him—he'd discovered so many people. With another girl, my accompanist, I went to his hotel, and walked around the block ten times, trying to get up nerve to go in. But I was too scared to do it.

"Another time I flopped in an audition at CBS, after I'd gone to New York, because I was so scared that, when I opened my mouth, I couldn't sing a note. I just grabbed my music and ran.

"My troubles just began, in fact, when I went to New York. After a while I succeeded in getting an audition with Tommy Dorsey. I was fresh out of Vanderbilt and very collegiate. I went to the audition wearing floppy socks, saddle shoes and a sweater.

"Tommy was awfully nice, but he didn't hire me. Band leaders want their vocalists to look chic, and be charming, as well as to be able to sing.

"So my advice is, always look your best. Wear clothes that are feminine and suited to your personality. Make the most of your good points by judicious use of make-up—but don't try to get personality from a make-up box or flashy, super-sophisticated clothes.

"And always be well-behaved. All the outstanding girl singers I know are charming, well-mannered girls. I do not smoke or drink and I feel indulgence in unfeminine things causes a girl to lose her womanly qualities and dignity.

"If you can't succeed with talent, bad behaviorism will never do it.

"You can't expect to be a star overnight, either. Things just don't happen that way, and you mustn't get discouraged. I spent my last dime once for a bus ride I thought would bring me a \$25 job. But it was canceled at the last minute.

"And I was fired from a national network show because I couldn't sing 'loud and fast.' But, a few years later, the same company hired me back as a guest star!

"I couldn't sing 'loud and fast' because it would not have been sincere. Sincerity is something every vocalist must have to succeed. I feel part of every song I sing, in some way identifying myself or someone I know, with the meaning of the song.

"For instance, when I sing 'You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To,' I think of my husband. Or, if I'm

(Continued on page 60)

McIntyre,



(Above) Hal McIntyre has proved himself to be an able and accomplished morale builder. Here he is in action, giving forth with a solid solo on his sax which will be heard, via V-Discs, around the world.



(Above) Joe Weidman does a fancy bit of trumpeting, accompanied by Ralph Tilken, drummer with the McIntyre band. In the background, left to right, Captain Robert Vincent, Sgt. George Simon, T/Sgt. Tony Janak and Cpl. Jack Hurdle.



(Above) Although Hal McIntyre considers playing for service men and women his first line of duty, he and his boys keep civilian dates now and then, too. Here they are playing at Hotel Commodore.



(Right) Lovely Ruth Gaylor of the McIntyre Music menage, who looks "an awful lot like a real purty little gal in Waco," is the girl responsible for the smooth handling of vocals wherever the band plays.

Music and Morale

• by Betty Brownley

In all the world there is probably no greater morale booster for fighting men than music—good music—music that they love. And in this country there is probably no music-maker in the business who has brought more pleasure and comfort to the men and women in the armed forces than Hal McIntyre. Hal and his band have entertained at army camps, naval stations and marine bases from Presque Isle, Maine, to San Diego. McIntyre was the first band leader to take his organization into the Carlsbad district of New Mexico to play for servicemen there.

Mac has learned the meaning of music to these men and women—it means memories of happier days gone by, hope for days to come. The personal appearance of an orchestra before one of these groups accomplishes a lot—records made by the country's top bands serve a similar purpose. Records are perhaps more important in a way—they reach a greater number of listeners.

And Mac knows about making records. Not only from his own *Victor Bluebird* recordings which are distributed widely in camps, but from the innumerable V-Discs and other records he has cut for Army Special Services.

Recently the McIntyre band was chosen by the Mutual Broadcasting System to be featured on a thirty minute record called "Memories of Manhattan," made

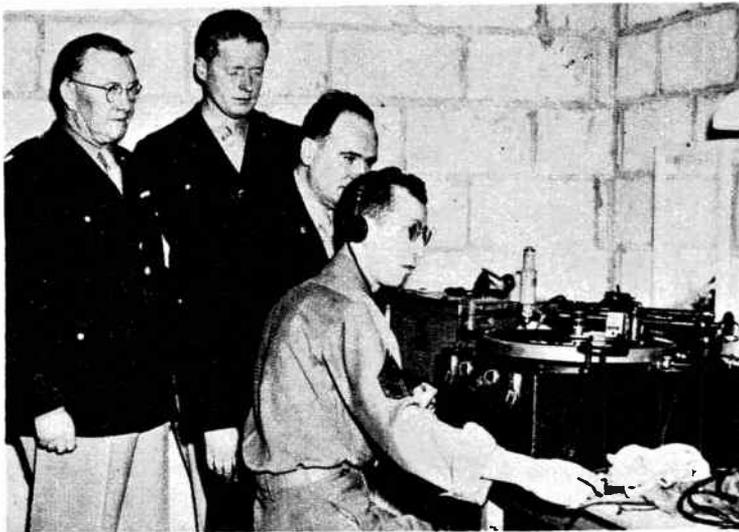
at the request of the War Department, to be sent overseas.

Hal McIntyre was also the first band leader to record audience-approved V-Discs. At the invitation of the Army Special Services Division, McIntyre took his band to Mason General Hospital at Brentwood, Long Island, where he entertained recuperating battle-weary servicemen and, in the process, recorded V-Discs for the first time before an audience. That was one day that won't soon be forgotten—by the fellows at Mason, by the men overseas who heard that record, or by the members of the band.

Ten a.m. is pretty early for an orchestra to be up and about, especially if they finished their last set at two o'clock the night before, but that was exactly the situation when seventeen yawning members of the McIntyre organization and Mac himself boarded a bus in New York bound for Brentwood, Long Island, to keep that date with the hundreds of fellows at Mason General, and the hundreds of thousands more who would hear the records they would make.

For the first ten minutes after the arrival of the band the whole place resembled an assembly line working at top speed. Army personnel busied themselves helping the boys get music stands in place and instruments

(Continued on page 64)



(Above) Lt. Col. Howard Bronson, Lt. Joseph Parrett and Capt. Robert Vincent watch T/Sgt. Tony Janak recording V-Discs, as they listen to the music Hal makes for the GIs.

(Below) Master of two instruments, Hal McIntyre temporarily holds his saxophone in abeyance, and turns to his famous gold-keyed clarinet during his performance for servicemen at Brentwood, L. I.





LIONEL HAMPTON

Nervous Music

by Bob Earle

LIONEL Hampton's band is a "nervous" band . . . an exciting band. It makes your stomach get all twisted around. It makes your hands shake and it makes you laugh, nervously, when someone blows a high note or when the rhythm section goes "bom bom bom bom bom . . . paah" as it so often does. In fact it makes you pretty nervous and excited even when you think about it. And, when you write about it, you hit the wrong keys on the typewriter!

Maybe it's because of Lionel—anyone who knows him will tell you that Hamp is always keyed up when he's around good music . . . even more when he's with his own band. A man has to be keyed up to play the kind of music he does—and that's probably what starts the vicious circle. Music makes Hamp get tense and excited and when he's in that state he can play a mess of vibraphones—and that keys up the band and the crowd—and the whole thing automatically affects Lionel again and he's even more keyed up. That must be it.

Anyhow, it's a nervous band and I'm nervous writing about it.

Lionel doesn't only play vibes in his band. He's a master drummer and once, if I remember correctly, billed himself as the "world's fastest drummer." He also plays piano. He can, if forced to it, play a certain amount of straight piano, but prefers to play two-finger piano, using his index fingers like mallets and pounding the keyboard as if it were a set of vibes.

In fact, Hamp can play anything that's rhythmical. He can play organ, xylophone, bells—anything like that. One time when he was on the air at Station WWRL in Long Island, New York, with disc jockey Symphony Sid, he showed off by playing piano, organ, bells and chimes . . . everything in the studio except the radiator pipes!

Hamp was born in 1913 in Louisville, Kentucky, attended high school in Chicago, and first played in a band in 1932. The job was at Frank Sebastian's famous *Cotton Club* in Culver City, as drummer with the amazing Les Hite band, a crew which turned out, in the course of its checkerboard career, many an excellent musician.

Hamp was with Hite for four years when Benny Goodman, playing a date at the old *Palomar Ballroom* on Second and Vermont in Los Angeles, heard Lionel and worked him into his own band as a special attraction. It was then and there that the original Benny Goodman Quartet, the first "band within a band," was formed. The group consisted of Lionel, Benny, Teddy Wilson, and Gene Krupa . . . four of the most important names in music today!

When Hamp went with Goodman, in 1936, he was already accomplished on all of the instruments he plays today. He had discovered how to work a vibraphone when Louis Armstrong was fronting the Hite band—during takes on "Pennies from Heaven." With Goodman he played them all, but concentrated on vibes because of Teddy and Gene.

All the while Lionel was with Benny he wanted to form his own band. As a temporary measure, he made a lot of Victor records under his own name using pick-up bands composed of Goodman musicians, the King Cole Trio, or anyone who was available.

Then, in 1940, he finally took the step. He had been playing with Goodman at the San Francisco World's Fair and, when B. G. went down to Los Angeles, Hamp decided to cut out and organize a band of his own.

That first outfit was frantic. Right from the start it was nervous . . . and exciting. Not scared, you understand. Just nervous music! Hamp had picked up some fine arrangements and the band polished them. There weren't very many, but there were enough for an evening . . . if you played each one several times.

Besides some originals, he featured a couple of arrangements which Floyd Ray's Pacific Coast band had recorded for Decca and which had been big successes. Lionel was smart enough to know that if you played arrangements the people knew, your chances for success were that much greater. So part of the time the band was playing like Lionel Hampton . . . and part of the time like Floyd Ray. Both were good.

Now, in Benny Goodman's quartet Lionel hadn't been too excitable. He had played hard and well—had taken to humming nervously as he played—but he wasn't really nervous until he got his own band. It was probably because with Goodman he had been held down. The music the quartet played was subtle. Teddy was subtle. Gene was. Benny, too.

Many times Teddy would play a subtle lick . . . Benny would fall in with it, along with Gene and Lionel . . . and then the crowd would see the four of them laugh as if at some hilarious

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THE BEAT OF THE

THE BEAT of the drum has been heard for centuries and centuries. Man has used it in peace and war, in happiness and sorrow. The roll of drums has been used to pay tribute to a nation's heroes, and to drum traitors from the ranks of its army.

Primitive man used a drum as a form of communication, later it was used by craftsmen and tradesmen to call attention to and stimulate the sales of their wares.

It was the first means of musical expression by man, and has always been the basic element on which all music is built—rhythm. Through the ages, the beat of the drum has been as closely allied with man, in many ways, as the beat of his heart.

My own theory, in fact, is that primitive man discovered rhythm by hearing his heart beat and, being imitative, began beating out a crude rhythm on whatever happened to be handy.

Later, he may have discovered the principle of the drum by accidentally knocking against a hollow log, or by beating himself on the chest.

At any rate, the drum was one of man's first inventions, and he used it to express his moods, as a means of communication, and to entertain himself.

Now, hundreds of years later, it is still being used much in the same way. Great composers have recognized the value of the drum in sustaining mood. Berlioz, for example, scored parts for sixteen kettle-drums and ten drummers in his "Requiem."

And while radio, the telephone and telegraph have supplanted signal drums, nevertheless, in some remote parts of Africa, native drummers still beat out rhythms that bear messages from village to village.

I have been intensely interested in the native drummers of Africa for many years, and one of the most interesting experiences I've had was while playing with some genuine native African drummers.

This happened during the last World's Fair held in New York. I was playing there with my band at the time, and used to listen to the native drummers who were part of the sideshow operated by Frank "Bring 'em Back Alive" Buck.

In order to become better acquainted with their art, I attempted to become friendly with them, but, at first, found it very hard to gain their confidence.

Later on, when they realized my intentions were serious, they taught me many of their beats, and even sat in with the band.

A curious thing about native music, I discovered, is that while much of it follows the four-four pattern of modern dance music, the natives seem to count it in multiples of three.

My interest in this type of drumming was first seriously aroused when I obtained some records of native drumming which had been made by the Ross-Denis expedition.

I played these records over and over, and realized what wonderful rhythmic excitement stemmed from the Dark Continent.

That this should be, is not so strange. All of Africa is full of rhythm. Have you ever watched a walking elephant swaying slowly from side to side, in perfect rhythm, like a giant metronome?

I don't think it is going too far to assume that the African native, himself, has noticed this, and made it the basis of one of his beats. For I believe that many of his rhythms have been adapted from jungle noises and other sounds he hears.

The sounds of civilization, for example.

I know this sounds illogical, but in the records of which I spoke, is a rhythmic beat which sounds strangely reminiscent of the gasoline age.

(Continued on page 58)



DRUM

by Gene Krupa



COMO & CO.

What does a crooner do all day? Well, if it's Perry Como, he's a very busy guy, as you will see in this picture story. Our cameraman followed Perry around on a typical work day in New York, which started at one o'clock in the afternoon and didn't end until two o'clock the next morning, and recorded the "Como-tion" for you.

(Below) One o'clock in the afternoon . . . the phone rings . . . and it's time for Perry to rise and shine. He showers, then has a light breakfast of toast and coffee.



(Below) Breakfast over, between phone calls Perry finishes dressing and takes a quick gander at son Ronny's artistic efforts. Ronny is the No. 1 Perry Como fan — he never misses his pop's radio broadcasts.



(Below) Three o'clock—Perry starts his three-hour rehearsal at NBC. He goes over songs with conductor Ted Steele, rehearses script with rest of cast, confers with the producer, and listens to playback of rehearsal recording, so that he can catch anything not up to par.



(Below) Six o'clock and rehearsal is over. Perry takes time out to go backstage and grab a quick sandwich and coffee with Mary Ashworth, the feminine vocalist on the "Chesterfield Supper Club" program. Then, back on the job, to get last-minute script revisions and instructions from the producer and to make final preparations for the actual broadcast of the program.





Every time Perry enters or leaves a broadcast studio, he is mobbed for autographs by his loyal bobby-sox fans. Our photographer nearly got trampled to death when he took this picture! But, Perry came out unscathed.

[Below] Seven o'clock—on the air. After the program, Perry m.c.'s a forty-five minute show for the studio audience and sings the numbers they request. Then, he grabs a taxicab, and hurries across town for a guest shot.

(Below) It's eight-thirty and Perry's on the air again—this time on "The Air Theatre" over WMCA—guest-starring for popular platter jockey Jerry Lawrence.



COMO & CO.

(Continued)



(Above) Nine-thirty finds Perry having a quick dinner at Toots Shor's famous restaurant. With him are his agent, Dan Hollywood, and our own Jill Warren. Perry only has soup and coffee because at eleven o'clock he must do a repeat broadcast for West Coast listeners.



(Left) Midnight—the curfew hour—marks the end of his broadcasting for the day, so Perry sends a page boy out for a milk shake and sandwich, then relaxes for a few minutes in the studios, swapping a story or two with his pal, movie actor Michael O'Shea.

(Below) Two o'clock in the morning and the Como work day is finished at last. Perry hails a taxicab and heads for home. While he doesn't look tired at all, our poor photographer was all in—had to take a day off to recuperate. Oh for the life of a crooner!

(Below) Twelve-thirty—back to work! Most people have gone to bed, but not Perry! It's time now to rehearse new songs with his accompanist, Billy Bruce. Producer Bob Moss listens to the new tunes and decides which ones Perry will sing for the next program.



EX - *Bandleader*

FROM musician to mustache. That's a fast, in-a-line description of the career of one of America's brightest comedy stars, "The Mustache" himself—Jerry Colonna.

Jerry broke into show business as a kid drummer, later became a trombonist. He once piloted his own band, The Six Jacks, an outfit strictly on a Dixieland kick.

His trip up the road to success as a comedian is marked by jobs with the top band leaders in the country.

Born in Boston, Colonna began playing drums while still in grammar school, got his first trombone when he was about 14. Actually it was not a regulation trom, but a French coutourier horn, one of the most difficult slide instruments to play.

"I bought it in a hock shop for thirty dollars," Jerry recalled. "It had a pigskin case and the man threw in a bunch of mouthpieces. I took it home and made a great start by putting it together backwards. I couldn't figure out why the slide was so far away from me!"

On top of that, the slide was stuck, and when Jerry's mother saw him with his eyes bulging, trying to play the horn, she became alarmed and told him he'd blow his brains out—that he'd better stick to the drums. But Jerry kept at it and, after he got the rust cleaned off the slide and had a bit of practice, he finally learned to play "Asleep In The Deep," by ear.

Before he made much more progress, his friend Tom Deveny, a great trombonist, switched him to a regulation horn and gave him a few lessons consisting, as Jerry recalls, of his sitting in quiet awe while Deveny displayed his own virtuosity.

By copying records of the Memphis Five and Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Jerry began to teach himself.

"Miff Mole was my God," he remarks. "I would play the records and follow the solos note by note. Then, after a lot of practice, I'd join in for a grand jam session."

"Charlie Murray's Six Jacks," was the name Colonna's band went under. "I didn't want my own name on it!" Jerry admits, laughingly.

In the band were Jerry on drums and trombone; Charlie Murray, banjo and guitar; Frank Jordan, guitar; Fred Catino, trumpet; Nate Sheer, trombone; and Harry Wasserman, piano. None of them could read music—they faked all their tunes.

Faking got Jerry in a jam on his first professional job, with Keith Pitman's "S. S. Leviathan Orchestra."

Pitman hired him on short notice, thinking Colonna

(Continued on page 64)

by Jack Bowen

JERRY COLONNA, ex-bandleader and trombonist, as he appears in his comedian role on the NBC Bob Hope show.





Charlie and his wife, Fritzi, on an intermission date during his Commodore engagement.



(L. to R.) Max Schall, Charlie, and Jack Ostfeld, manager of the Spivak music firm.

It's not all Trumpet



by Jill Warren

THE Editor of *BAND LEADERS* asked me to do a story on Charlie Spivak for this issue of the magazine. I asked Walter what sort of an angle he wanted—an at-home story, a personality story—or what. He thought it over a while, then said, "Look, Jill—you know Charlie pretty well—why don't you just go down to the hotel, catch him between numbers, and have a chat with him. Between the two of you I'm sure you'll figure out something of interest to our readers."

So, being a dutiful little reporter, I buzzed down to the Century Room at the Commodore, where Charlie was playing. It was about seven in the evening, and I found a table near the bandstand. Charlie was giving out with one of his "Sweetest Trumpet In The World" solos and, when he had finished, he waved to me that he'd be over as soon as the first dance set was completed.

I sat there trying to think of a whizz of an idea for my story before he arrived. Let's see now, I thought, Charlie is one of the top name leaders, he's famous for his trumpet playing, he makes records for Victor, he plays all kinds of shows for army camps and hospitals . . . but everybody already knows that.

Before I could think any further, Charlie came over and said, "Hi, Jill—how goes it?"

I replied rather meekly, "Well, Charlie, I'm going to do a story on you for *BAND LEADERS*, but I must confess that I'm lost as to a good angle. I figured maybe you might have an idea."

He thought for a moment and was about to answer

me when his personal manager, Max Schall, appeared. "Excuse me for interrupting, Charlie, but I'd like you to check next week's broadcast schedule with me." Charlie took the list of tunes and went over them, making a change here and there, and handed the paper back to Max.

At this moment a photographer tapped Charlie on the shoulder and asked his permission to take some candid pictures of the band during the next set. "It's okay as long as you don't get in the way of the dancers," Charlie replied, smiling.

As the photographer left, he bumped into the headwaiter, who was saying, "Mr. Spivak, Jack Ostfeld just telephoned and asked me to tell you he'd be here shortly after nine."

"Oh, fine . . . thank you!" said Charlie, and then, in explanation to me, "Gosh, Jill, I'm sorry for all the interruptions. Jack manages my new music publishing firm for me and we've got some business to talk over. Now, where were we?"

"I'm not quite sure, Charlie, but I just had a sudden brainstorm. It looks like you're going to be a little busy tonight—I was wondering . . . how about letting me tag along after you during intermissions, and sort of eavesdrop? I'll bet I can pick up a story somewhere along the line."

Charlie said, "Swell! I've got to talk to some music representatives (song pluggers, as they're known in the trade) after the next group, so sit tight and I'll be with

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CHARLIE SPIVAK

IN THE music business, where competition is so keen most people are content to earn stardom in one of its many branches, Johnny Mercer is the exception. He's a triple-threat man, as the footballers say.

As a *songwriter*, he has been turning out hit tunes for over ten years. As a *singer*, he's a star of records and radio, and has done a little acting in pictures on the side. And strictly as a *business man*, he is one of the Big Chiefs of the platter business—the president of Capitol Records.

It's axiomatic that a three-in-one personality like Mercer must have an interesting life story, and he has. His career has been dotted with hits like "Jeepers Creepers," "Lazybones," "Ac-cen-tchu-ate The Positive," "G. I. Jive," "Blues In The Night," and "That Old Black Magic"—but once he lived a whole week on oatmeal because he was broke.

Though Johnny willingly talks to interviewers, he seems a little surprised that people are interested in the story of his life.

"That's pretty dull stuff," he has been known to remark, when pressed for details. Well . . . that's just *his* opinion!

Mercer is a product of the Old South. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, where his dad, George A. Mercer, was a well-known real estate operator.

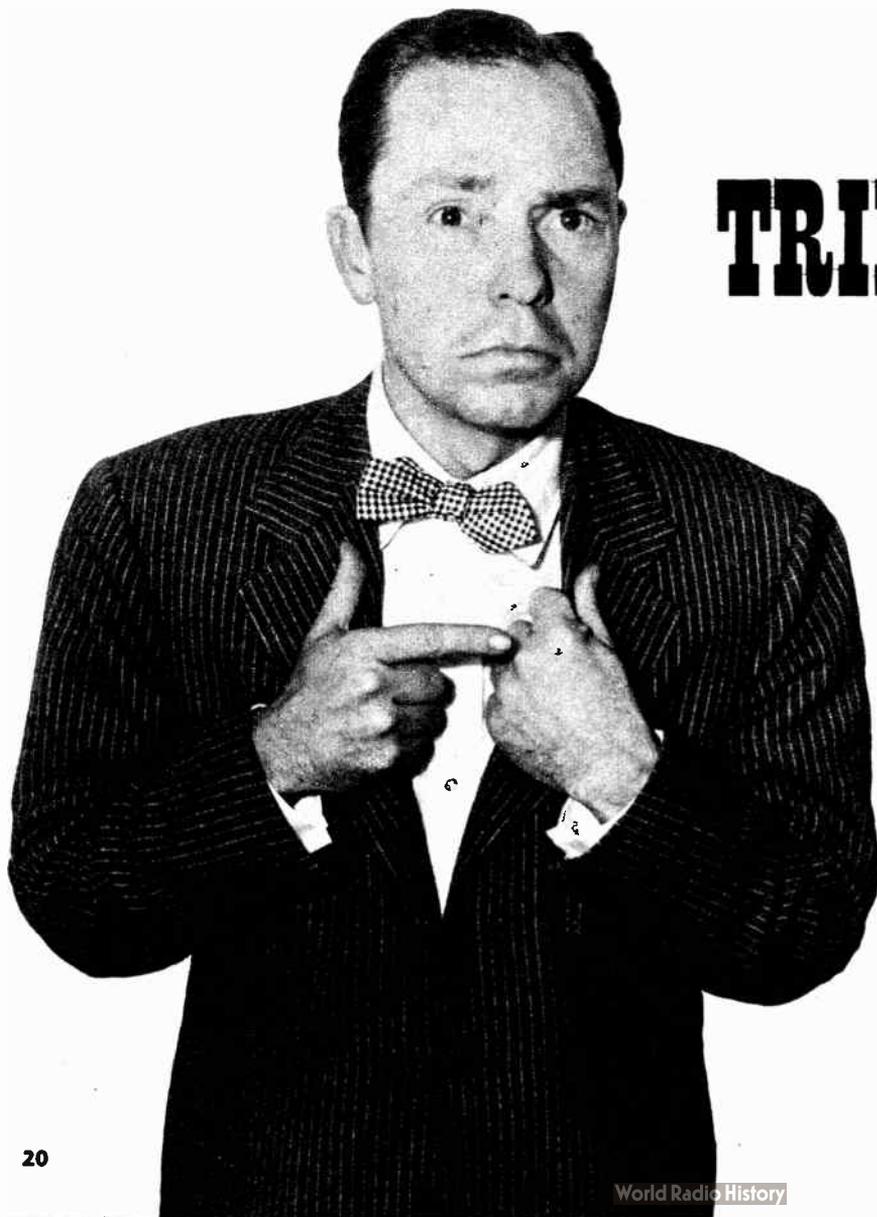
None of the Mercer family—his dad; his mother Lillian; his brothers, George, Hugh and Walter; and his sister Juliana—had musical inclinations. That is, none but Johnny—again he was the exception!

It didn't take him long to decide he had no interest in corner lots, subdivisions or frontages . . . except as a place to live. He pointed in the direction of his future life's work by writing his first song.

He was only fifteen at the time. The name of the song was "Sister Susie Strut Your Stuff." While "Sister Susie" didn't strut her stuff very far at the time, the title was prophetic in that it first revealed Mercer's gift for cleverness in handling words.

Nothing much came of Mercer's songwriting efforts in his home state. He entered Woodbury Forest Prep School in Virginia, attending until he was seventeen. By then he was mixed up in a little theater group and had decided on acting as a career.

So, when the group was invited to enter David Belasco's annual one-act play contest in New York,



TRIPLE THREAT

by Barney Sullivan

JOHNNY MERCER, triple-threat tunesmith—singer, song-writer, and record company prexy—demonstrates how "Ac-cen-tchu-ating the Positive" can make for a happy outlook.

Johnny was delighted at the chance to make the trip. He and his fellow thespians were good, too. They won one of the contest divisions.

When the rest of the troupe returned home, Mercer stayed on. To use a theatrical term, he had become an "incurable ham." However, the "theatuh" easily managed to ignore Johnny's talent.

"I had a lot of bit parts," he recalls ruefully, "just spear carrier stuff."

There may have been method in Broadway's madness, for Mercer's first success in New York came as a result of his talent for tunes, rather than his dramatic ability.

In 1930, he tried out for a part in "The Garrick Gaieties," an annual revue staged by the Theater Guild. He didn't get the part, but he did get an idea for a song, "Out Of Breath And Scared To Death Of You."

The Guild people liked it so well they put it in the show, where it was sung by Sterling Holloway, the star. It was Mercer's first successful song.

Although the song established Mercer as a professional, it didn't bring much financial remuneration
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(Above) When the new grown-up Shirley Temple appeared with Johnny on a radio show, they collaborated on a singing duet. Could it be Johnny's own "You Grow Sweeter as the Years Go By"?

TUNESMITH

(Below) Johnny Mercer really gets around. Back on N.B.C. he shares the spotlight with Der Bingle, standing by ready to exchange quips when Bing finishes singing.



(Below) Johnny's position as president of the Capitol Record Company calls for an executive pose now and then. Here he is "in conference" with the company's musical director, Paul Weston (left).





WEEKEND BLUES

by *Xavier Cugat*

FOR eleven years I've played at New York City's Waldorf-Astoria, right in the middle of the Starlight Roof. But, a few months ago I was in Hollywood—3,000 miles away—and I still was at the Waldorf-Astoria!

I walked onto the set of the "Weekend at the Waldorf" picture in my black suit with the small red stripes. "Too loud, too loud," said "Pop" Leonard (he was the director—the boss).

Okay, I said, so it's too loud for the Waldorf. They got me a quiet suit. I didn't say anything, just grinned. That black suit with those small red stripes had been in the real Waldorf enough times; it wouldn't have minded being too loud for this one!

Then, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted my pretty singer, Lina Romay. I didn't blame them. She is a clever girl, a wonderful singer, and sooch a good looker. So, she is my singer no more. She is now a movie star instead—on her own. What picture? "Weekend at the Waldorf"! Her first big break on the screen came as the temperamental prima donna who sings—with my band!

Funny things like that happen in the real Waldorf too. I have a life contract to play there. But I've been fired twenty times.

Once because of a suit, too. It was a warm night, the

Starlight Roof looked like a bouquet of flowers—women in soft pastels, men in white dinner jackets, my band in white. Only I wore black—such a discordant note!

And if notes, musical ones, get too loud, Mr. Boomer, he fires me—but I'm there for life.

Even where I play, it is mixed up. It is called the "Starlight Roof"—but the Tower rooms are ABOVE it!

That is why, many years ago, when Cole Porter, who was living in the Tower suite, came to our rehearsals, he took the DOWN elevator to the Roof. Said he had a little number, words and music that he had written, but no rhythm. Mr. Porter wanted us to run over the tune for him. We thought we would be a little smart, so we played his tune in our hot rumba rhythms. Voila! "Begin the Beguine" was born.

Now, every time former President Herbert Hoover comes to the Roof, I play "Begin the Beguine"—his favorite.

But for the then Prince of Wales, a tango—"Cumparsita." He was such a good dancer. So was King Alfonso of Spain, although he never realized his dream of coming to America. We met in Spain, when our cars almost collided and I yelled at him furiously for blocking the narrow Barcelona road with his broken down

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Xavier Cugat, with Van Johnson, rests between scenes of portraying maestro Xavier Cugat in the flickers.



The Cugat ork is serenaded by stars Keenan Wynn, Lana Turner, Bunny Waters and Van Johnson.



"The Band," one of the murals by the Spanish painter for whom the Sert Room in the real Waldorf-Astoria in N.Y. is named.



Chase
Hollywood



"The Sweetest Music This Side Of Heaven" attracts another maestro—Johnny Long—seen dancing with Mrs. Long at the Roosevelt.



Shep Fields stops at the bandstand to discuss sweet and rippling rhythms with Guy Lombardo at the latter's place of business.



Sweet Guy

THE people's choice—that's Guy Lombardo. That phrase works two ways. Citizens from sixteen to sixty choose Lombardo—and Guy, for his part, chooses the nation's songs. He received a citation recently for having introduced more songs, subsequently hits, than any other band leader in history.

"How do you know which ones will go over?" he was asked.

"Well, of course," he replied, "I can't win every time. Not every tune I select is a winner. Generally speaking, I choose songs with stories—and songs to suit the times. Furthermore, when one of our men sings the lyrics you can understand the words. That helps in putting a song across to stay."

Right now, according to Guy, the sentiment uppermost in the consciousness of the listening public is a longing for reunion, together with sadness, anxiety, and a heart-felt wish to have things as they were in peace times.

"'Always'" he said, "answers most of those qualifications. The boys over there want to know that their mothers are thinking of them, that their girl-friends are true, that their wives are carrying on faithfully. That's why that number is as popular with the G.I.'s as with the folks at home.

"'Together' is another song," he continued, "that stresses the unbreakable bond between the women at home and the men they love."

"San Fernando Valley" and "Trolley Song" are novelty tunes that stick in the mind, Lombardo thinks.

"They're whistling numbers—and they raise the spirits. Nobody can remain at the peak of emotion for too long at one time. The novelty numbers break it up and keep it normal."

Lombardo has a novelty tune writer safely cached in his own organization—his brother Carmen Lombardo, author of "Confucius Say" and, more recently, "Oh, Moytle."

The Lombardo orchestra plays sweet—now and always has. There's a reason.

"We always have played sweet," Guy stated, in recapitulation, "and I believe we always will. At the moment the mood of the times is, I repeat, sadness, longing, need for reassurance, a seeking for comfort. With that in mind how else can a band play? You can't blast comfort and relaxation at people—it doesn't make sense."

Why has this orchestra always featured sweet music? Because, according to Guy, the same homely sentiments always are hidden in the human heart. People don't change much—whether times are good or bad.

"It has often been said," drawled Guy, "that Lombardo hasn't changed anything about his orchestra in twenty years. Allowing for minor items, that's true. Why should we? The customers like what we offer—why tamper with a product that satisfies? Change, when there's a need for it, is imperative. Change for the mere excitement of switching is likely to confuse and irritate.



(Above) Proof that sweet music is still holding its own: the room is jammed when the Royal Canadians play. Rosemarie Lombardo is at the mike.



(Above) Two names which represent traditions in popular music—Irving Berlin and Guy Lombardo. (Below) Guy seems to be a band leaders' band leader—here he's kibitzing with the ever-popular Kay Kyser.

by Margaret Winter

There are four Lombardos in the outfit. Liebert, who first beat drums, moved to trumpet. Carmen, whose first love was flute and then singing, took a sax chair. Victor, the youngest, started with his own band but graduated to the family aggregation and specialized on the saxophone.

The Lombardo musical salutations remain the same from year to year—"Villa" as greeting, and "Auld Lang Syne" as signature.

"Musical Autographs" the Lombardo ainer, keeps the format it started with—favorite songs of famous people. Plans were made to change it—but floods of protesting mail stopped that. The radio audience wanted more of the same rather than something new and different.

The band's location hasn't changed much in the past seventeen years. During the winter months Guy can always be found playing it out at the Hotel Roosevelt, in New York City. Then, he usually moves into the Waldorf-Astoria for a spring stint, and follows that with a series of Broadway appearances.

Another apparently unchangeable factor in the Lombardo set-up is the appearance of Guy himself. Tall, slim, smiling and darkly handsome—the youthful looking sachem of sweet never seems to grow older.

For the information of leaders who might hope for the sweet top spot when Guy gives it up, he asserts, "I don't plan to retire—ever. The hot field may be jammed—but there's plenty of room in the sweet section."



(Below) Family portrait. Left to right, standing: Guy; Victor; Carmen; Liebert; and their brother-in-law, Lt. Henry Becker; seated: Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lombardo, Senior; Rosemarie Lombardo Becker; and Elaine Lombardo.



(Below) Jo seems to be lost in another world, but she's just intently rehearsing for her debut as a club canary.



(Above) We do it with mirrors; anyhow, it's Jo Stafford, in reverse, putting the finishing touches on her make-up in her dressing room at La Martinique nitery.

SINGING



The "Champion" and "Josie" when Frankie attended Jo's night-club opening.

WHEN Jo Stafford made her nightclub debut a couple of months ago at Manhattan's swank *La Martinique*, she was scared to death. Oh, she knew her numbers all right, she had rehearsed like mad, she had a beautiful new gown—everything was set. But Jo was as frightened as if she had never faced an audience before.

Though she had successfully made the jumps from quartet to solo singer to radio to records, this nightclub business was all new to Jo.

"When I heard the introduction to my first song," she says, "I thought, 'Well, here I go—this is probably the end of the Stafford career.'"

On the contrary, it turned out to be the start of a brand new career for Jo. She was a sensation, and the blasé New Yorkers loved her.

To get Jo to leave Hollywood and come East, it took the combined persuasion of her agents, her family, her friends, and practically everybody she knew. They all told her that she should definitely go to New York; she should sing in clubs and theatres and let people who had been buying her records get a look at her. But Jo didn't want to leave home. She was happy in Holly-

wood, doing radio work and recording and, besides, she didn't think she was right for a nightclub.

"Most of the girls I've seen at clubs are the petite, cute little girls who sing with lots of motions and gestures. I'm just not that type. I've always sung without gestures because I thought I looked awkward making them.

"Then, too, I'd always worked right with a band, and the idea of standing out in the middle of a floor alone was simply terrifying. But, I was finally convinced that it was best for my career, so the *Martinique* engagement was arranged, and off to New York I went, with my fingers tightly crossed."

Paul Weston, musical director for *Capitol Records*, came East for Jo's opening and made all her arrangements. Besides being one of her best friends, he is one of her greatest fans.

"Paul gave me so much moral support that he almost had me thinking I wasn't scared. He kept telling me that it was no different than singing on the air—that I wasn't going to suddenly lose my voice just because I was surrounded by tables instead of microphones.

(Continued on page 63)

STAR STAFFORD

by Jehanne Warrington

Cab Calloway, leading his band for dancers in a popular Chicago nitery.



A mean jitterbug himself, Cab here swings out with Dottie Sautter.



Cab demonstrates his own famous peg — Hi de Ho!



The Peg's The Thing



CAB CALLOWAY

by *Don Terrio*

ON STAGE, Cab Calloway is a one-man dancing and singing dynamo-whirlwind of sound and action. His Royal Highness of Hi De Ho impresses you as a great showman and one who gets a mighty kick out of his work.

Off stage, Cab impresses you as a good businessman, a band leader who has made a keen analysis of what it takes to build a name band and keep it on top. In our recent interview, Cab expressed the hope that some of his thoughts might give band fans a better idea of what keeps their favorites clicking with the public, and that his ideas might help some band leaders on the way up.

"A name band leader is a 'standard product,' just like Ivory Soap," says Cab. "Becoming a band leader is a long, drawn-out process. You must hit upon a key note and establish a 'peg' for your particular selling point—have a certain style of music, style of singing, or manner of playing . . . swing, sweet or combination style.

"My exploitation peg was 'Hi De Ho.' And that began at the Cotton Club, when I forgot the lyrics of a new number and had to fill in with something in a hurry! Benny Goodman used the jitterbugs as his peg—with Sinatra it was swoon."

Cab, speaking sincerely and with conviction, said, "You have to have good music, yes. But, beyond that, you must have good exploitation of the band—promotion and publicity. Then, like our 'standard product' again, if the band leader can display his product to the public, and if the public likes it, he will be accepted and will eventually become a name leader."

Cab Calloway is perhaps in a better position than any other band

leader to talk about promotion and publicity. His exploitation stunts and ideas have covered the country, and have made "Hi De Ho" a national expression.

The Number One stunt which came out of Cab's idea file was his "Hepster's Dictionary," first compiled in 1938 and issued annually ever since. The dictionary is a glossary of words and expressions used by musicians and entertainers in Harlem. Cab believed that the colorful language should be gathered together, and parts of "Jive Talk" are now in everyday use in the American language . . . used in movies, on the stage and in song. Cab's dictionary is the official jive language reference book of the New York Public Library.

Cab offers his dictionary on his radio programs, and copies are also supplied to stations playing his recordings. Thousands of copies have been distributed at theaters where Cab has taken over the stage.

The current dictionary is a 16-page pocket-sized booklet, with a picture of smiling Cab on the cover. Wherever it goes, and it is a mighty popular piece, the dictionary helps spread the fame of Cab Calloway.

All band leaders have a "press manual," which goes to theaters, hotels and night clubs before the band is scheduled to play. This manual includes stories on the leader, the band, and the vocalist, for use in local newspapers. It's usually a mimeographed affair stapled at the top.

But no mimeographed sheet for Cab Calloway!

Cab's press manual is a handsomely printed 18-page spiral-bound book with a two-colored cover. It includes the "Saga of Cab Calloway," several pages of pictures, a layout of newspaper clippings in which critics from coast to coast acclaim Cab, several pages of stories prepared for newspaper use, a page devoted to Cab's recordings, and a page of exploitation ideas.

(Continued on page 59)



Momentarily subdued, Cab relaxes during a sax solo. Note his change of suits. It takes a lot of clothes to keep the immaculate appearance which he always maintains.



Dottie Sautter, who broke a long-standing tradition by becoming the first girl vocalist with Cab's band.



Cab winds up the evening as energetically as he began it, with his "scet" good night.



REILLYS
3 DEUCES

CLUB
DOWNBEAT KELLYS
 18 CLUB

ONYX
 CLUB

Club Samoa

JIMMY RYANS

CLUB 51

TON DALEYOS

52nd ST.

Call it "Swing Street" or "Basie Street" or just "52nd Street." Call it anything, but never forget that it's the Broadway of jazzdom. When your name flaps from a sign on a "Swing Street" canopy, you're bigtime! Here's the street, inside and out, as it appeared when Dixon Gayer and our photographer made the rounds to bring you this exclusive picture story.



[Below] Most "Basie Street" nighteries huddle just east of Sixth Avenue. Here's the street on a snowy afternoon. Art Tatum's at the Club Downbeat—Dotty Donegan and Slam Stewart at the Three Deuces—Ben Webster at the Onyx. Ryan's, Tony's and the Spotlight also can be seen.

[Below] The majority of the clubs occupy basement floors in the brownstone buildings—have swank exteriors and, usually, poorly ventilated, smoky interiors. In many cases the upstairs apartments are rented . . . never mind the noise. Tony's is a popular musician's off-night hangout.



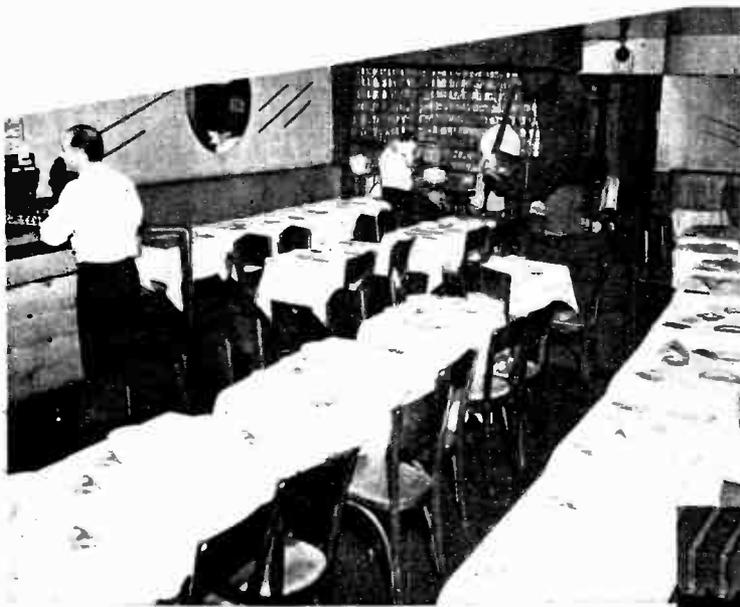
STABLE

SPOTLIGHT CLUB

SWING CLUB

HICKORY HOUSE

LEON AND EDDIES



There are a few spots west of 6th Avenue. The Hickory House is almost up at 7th Avenue. Joe Marsala, clarinetist-maestro, and his wife, Adele Girard, great swing harpist, hold forth here with this hep sextet. Bandstand is behind the bar, you'll notice. This is the only club on the street at present where the band is behind the bar. The Hickory is also unusual in that it is a tremendous room with a high ceiling. It is never smoky and seldom overcrowded. The spot specializes in food . . . and most places on the street can't feature food! There is no dancing—Kelly's, the Spotlite and Ryan's are the only swing spots which allow it.

The interiors are small. The above picture shows all but two of the tables in the famous Onyx Club. This photo was taken "before hours," when waiters wait for, not on, customers. A bar, where less wealthy patrons stand to watch the show, stretches down to the left. Notice the size of the postage stamp tables which dot the place. When the spot is jammed, waiters can scarcely get between the tables. Crowd at the bar, generally composed of young jazz fans who can't afford to pay the "minimum" charges at the tables, is often as large as the crowd seated.



(Left) Across the street from the Hickory, in the same block, is Kelly's Stable, where swing fiddler Eddie South was holding forth when we shot our pictures. Note band leader caricatures which decorate the walls of this well-known nightery. Kelly's is one of the larger places on the street, and you can dance there. It is more like a regular nightery than most of the other 52nd Street clubs. And, the management is justifiably very proud of the place.



(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

52nd STREET

(CONTINUED)



(Above) On the night we took these shots, Slam Stewart told us he was going with the new Benny Goodman band. Here, though, he's seen at the Three Deuces (note emblem at right) working with his four man "trio." The pianist in the group is the much talked of Errol Garner, who has done many a single act on the famous street recently.



(Above) One of the street's best outfits is Bennie Morton's crew, snapped at the Downbeat. Morton, Cafe Society graduate, plays trombone; Bobby Starks, trumpet; Prince Robinson, clarinet; Eddie Dougherty (not shown), drums; Billy Taylor, bass; Sammy Benskin, piano.



(Right) Every "Basie Street" club has its intermission pianist. Vin Roddie does the keyboard pounding between sets at the Hickory House night spot.



(Below) No "intermission pianist" is wizard Art Tatum, admittedly the best "the street" (as it is called by musicians) has ever heard. Art is on and off 52nd Street all year long. This time he was holding forth at the Club Downbeat.

Sex will rear its head but generally "Swing Street" is reserved for men musicians only. Of course Vicki Zimmers, shown at the piano below, is married to the owner, but that doesn't cut any ice . . . or does it? Anyhow, this Kelly's Stable quartet (Ted Kay's group) was plenty all right!





Once in a while a 52nd Street manager will double up on acts. Above, ace swing fiddler Stuff Smith welcomed Ben Webster, ex-Ellington tenorman, into his trio at the Onyx. They made beautiful music together. You can tell from the looks on their faces that they are really enjoying themselves—as well as doing a good job of pleasing the club's cash customers.



(Above) A great bunch of kids and a fine act—the Harlemaires in their first appearance on the street, at the Spotlight.



(Above) Ben Webster sits this one out at the Onyx and Stuff Smith fiddles while the music burns. Jimmy Jones is at the piano; Lou Mel Morgan at the drums; and a great new artist, John Levy, at the big bass viol. Rumor has it that "Swing Street" nightery buildings may soon be razed, to give more room to ever-expanding Rockefeller Center.

Oldtimer Mezz Mezzrow holds forth below at Jimmy Ryan's, one of the street's most famous spots. Mezz is an authority on 52nd Street, has played on it for years. Danny Alvin is the cocky guy on the drums; Hank Duncan at the piano.



Above is the picture proof of the smoke and crowds we mentioned before. For the last shot of the evening on 52nd Street, our photographer stood in the service door of the Onyx to get this view over Ben Webster's shoulder. If you can see through the haze, you'll notice the crowd at the bar, and the jammed tables.

Ask Harry— He Knows

by Alicia Evans

WHAT'S Harry Sosnik know? Practically everything about anybody in radio, that's what! He's been there from the beginning. He knew them when, he knows them now!

Currently Harry knows about Hildegarde of Raleigh Room fame. He's the fellow who's in front of the band that's in back of Hildegarde. He's Harry alias "A Little Walking-Around Music, Please, Sosnik."

"Just as sweet and charming off stage as she is on—and that's more than you can say for many entertainers," says Harry of Hildegarde.

Harry, a tall, thin-faced chap who looks scholarly and skeptical enough to be a brain-truster in the income tax department, probably has known and accompanied more stars than any man alive—in or out of radio. That's one way to get the inside track to the private lives of public characters, he thinks.

"You've accompanied Judy Garland?"

"Yes—when she made that hit record, 'You Made Me Love You.' I played piano. She sang it to Clark Gable—or said she did—and lilted her way right into peoples' hearts. What a sweet kid—what a lovable personality!"

"What about Bob Hope? Know anything about him?"

"I played piano for Bob when he sang the only song he ever recorded. That was 'Thanks for the Memory.' It's a pleasant memory for me, too. People say, 'He sounds as if he meant it . . . as if he were a right guy.' I can tell you that he *does* mean it . . . that he *is* a right guy."

"Fred Astaire?"

"Sure. I worked with him recording a whole Cole Porter show. He sings as easily as he dances—and his dancing looks so easy that it seems as if anyone could do it."

"Frances Langford?"

"Yes."

"Is there anyone you haven't accompanied?"

"Oh yes. It's definitely not true that I've accompanied everyone who ever sang in public. Of course—I did work with Dorothy Lambour."

"Don't you mean Lamour?"

"She was Dottie Lambour when I accompanied her—for one brief number only, I'm sorry to say. It was this way. In 1931 I was broadcasting for Pennzoil in Chicago. We were auditioning beginners when up came the prettiest girl I ever saw.

"I said, 'If she can sing at all, she's hired. It would be a pleasure.'

"It was too bad. She was the amateur to end all amateurs. Still . . . she was enchantingly lovely to look at.

"She'd had no experience, she said. She'd won a

beauty contest in New Orleans and had come to Chicago with her mother to break into show business.

"I couldn't hire her. I suggested singing lessons—and that she return later on. I remember I made a point of the latter. Some months later, band leader Herbie Kay asked me to suggest a singer—he was going on the road. I told him of one girl who had great talent. Then, I told him of Miss Lambour, who had had no experience but who was wildly beautiful. So of course he hired Dottie—and also married her."

Harry Sosnik also has accompanied famous personalities who won their original laurels in other than singing circles. For instance, Thomas Benton, noted American painter.

"A few years ago," the learned Sosnik reported, "Tom Benton lived and worked in the Ozarks near Kansas City. On Saturday nights, members of the K.C. Symphony Orchestra came to Benton's home to relax—and jam. Tom played harmonica."

Newspapers got the story of the week-end music sessions and a record company in New York decided to make an album, "Saturday Night at Tom Benton's," now a collectors' item. Harry was to lead and play piano for the recording orchestra.

Scores were sent to him. The music seemed difficult, and Sosnik inquired if Benton could read such scores. Benton had approved them, he was told.

Came the day when Benton arrived in New York—to begin recording that same day. At the studio Harry nodded, the musicians swung into a tune—and Benton was lost. He could play along by himself—but scored music meant nothing.

"We went to work," remembered Harry. "We cut the proposed numbers from ten to six—the six easiest—and I started to teach and rehearse. After days of intensive training we started again. That time we finished.

"I'll never forget Benton's big toe. He wore white socks and his feet, minus shoes, were propped on a chair. As the music went on, he waggled the toe and kept time to that. We kept time to it too."

About himself, Harry knows that he was born in Chicago, in 1906. He started in radio in 1922, over WTAY, Chicago; then moved to WBBM, also Chicago, where the broadcasting studio was a curtained off corner of the Rogers Park Hotel.

He also knows that he composes hit tunes: "Out of The Night," "Lazy Rhapsody," "Who Are We To Say?" . . . takes advanced courses at the Juilliard School . . . does music research for fun . . . lives in New York by preference, but leads radio orchestras all over the country. There is no band air angle and few air personalities he isn't familiar with.



(Above) Cole Porter, Harry Sosnik and Fred Astaire who worked together when Harry recorded a Cole Porter show.



(Right) This time the center of feminine attention, Harry chats with actress Jeanne Cagney and canary Frances Langford.



(Above) Painter Tom Benton and Harry, looking over the score of the music for the album "Saturday Night At Tom Benton's."



(Right) Harry Sosnik and his current co-worker, Hildegarde, the charming star of the "Raleigh Room" radio show on NBC.



Twentieth Century-Fox's sparkling new singing star, Vivian Blaine, and part of the chorus in a scene from the new musical production, "Nob Hill."



George Alda (as George Gershwin), Paul Whiteman, Charles Coburn and Oscar Levant as they appear in Warner's pictorial biography, "Rhapsody In Blue."

"Waikiki Melody" is the name of Universal's newest featurette, and for the melody it features composer-leader Harry Owens and his orchestra.



GREETINGS CUSTOMERS! LEAVE US GIVE A DOWNBEAT AND MAKE WITH THE GLAMOUR JAMMER FROM MOVIE TOWN. . . . FLASH!

. . . There's humor in that rumor that a top tram man switched to the long horn from sax—because he couldn't "reed" . . .

GAB FROM GLAMOURVILLE. . . . SPIKE JONES already is looking forward to the football season, so he can match his CITY SLICKERS gridiron team with outfits sponsored by Lum and Abner, Fibber McGee and Molly, and other stars. Spike says his kids are really great. . . . Parade of new faces at the Palladium, with GENE KRUPA, VAUGHN MONROE, FRANKIE CARLE and TONY PASTOR holding down the bandstand for initial engagements. President Maurice Cohen also plans to bring in other bands who haven't played the spot before. . . .

Those jazz broadcasts over KPAS from *Billy Berg's Club*, featuring ZUTTY SINGLETON and JOE SULLIVAN as housemen, and using gueststars like JACK TEAGARDEN, MILDRED BAILEY, ILLINOIS JACQUET, EMMETT BERRY, THE HAWK, and others are one answer to a crack that "jazz is a dying duck" . . .

I like that name for those ANDY RUSSELL fan clubs—to wit, RUSSELL'S SPROUTS. . . . Their boy, Andy, is a big man out here, in a town that's full of big people. . . .

WINGY IS SWINGY—That WINGY MANONE is swingy with the jive. Split a coke with him on Vine

HOLLYWOOD

Yvonne King's little daughter, Tina, is already getting lessons on how to uphold family tradition, via her vocal chords.



t'other day and got an earful of his latest rhymed jive. I like his description of a hot saxman. "Man," says Wingy, "he's as frantic as the Titanic in the Atlantic." The man sez he'd put some of his stuff in a book, if he thought the cats would read it. Encourage him, gates, encourage him! . . .

COLUMNIST'S DIARY. . . . or When Does A Columnist Sleep? . . . To *Capitol* at two ayem to dig REX STEWART's record date with his BIG EIGHT, and so knocked out by the wonderful stuff, I stick around until the dawn's early light. Rex waxed four sides, three of them originals, using ULYSSES LIVINGSTON, guitar; EDDIE WOOD, piano; KEG PURNELL, drums and these men from the DUKE's band: LAWRENCE BROWN, tram; HARRY CARNEY, bary; AL SEARS, tenor; JUNIOR RAGLIN, bass, and of course, Rex playing that fine trumpet. . . .

MUSIC WITH MY MEALS. . . . almost. Went to lunch with the PIED PIPERS at *Lucey's*, where the air is full of music talk, but no singing, alack. No wonder the Pipers get that beautiful blend, they not only sing and think alike, but eat alike, too. Four orders of ham and eggs, they said to the waiter. . . .

Piper HAL HOPPER's tune "There's No You," has been getting a nice play from THE VOICE and others. . . .

STUDIO STUFF. . . . Amusing set up at *Twentieth Century-Fox*, which had HARRY JAMES working at the same studio as wife BETTY GRABLE, vying for the screen affections of MAUREEN O'HARA with his

ex-singer DICK HAYMES; and Betty Grable and JUNE HAVER, both former canaries for TED FIO RITO, playing the sisters in "The Dolly Sisters." . . . Harry and Dick, as a band leader and crooner, in "Kitten On The Keys," meet Maureen, a long-hair music teacher, on a train. They both fall for her, and how they convert her from a square to a hepster, is the story of "Kitten," with plenty of interludes for James' trumpeting, Haymes' vocalizing, and the James' band coming on solid. . . .

Besides June and Betty, two other ex-canaries are spotted in *Fox* flickers, VIVIAN BLAINE (Art Kassel) in "State Fair," and MARTHA STEWART (Claude Thornhill) in "Three Little Girls In Blue." . . . and MARGARET WHITING was on the sets regularly, to watch her sister BARBARA, in "Junior Miss." . . . PEGGY LEE, followed SPIKE JONES, into *George Pal's Puppetoons*. Hear her sing "Ain't Goin' No Place," in *Pal's* "Jasper and the Beanstalk." Peggy's hubby, DAVE BARBOUR, plays guitar in the band used in the pic. . . .

CARMEN CAVALLARO did band chores in *Warner's* "The Time, The Place and the Girl" . . . Hey pops, why not add "the Band," to the title, too? . . . ARTIE SHAW, with his first tour since leaving the navy under his belt, set for pictures. . . . ENRIC MADRIGUERA signed by *Columbia* for "Rendezvous in Rio" . . . LES PAUL TRIO contracted for *Para's* "Cross My Heart." . . . KING COLE TRIO in "Stork Club," on the same lot. . . .
(*Flip over to the next page*)

BANDSTAND

by Paul Vandervoort II

Gene Krupa in an exotic scene from RKO's new picture, "George White's Scandals."



Ella Mae Morse with popular West Coast platter jockey, Ira Cook, as she scribbles her famous moniker in his guest book.



Louis Armstrong and vocalist Dorothy Dandridge featured in Warners' flicker "Pillow To Post."



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

(Continued)

MAILBAG MEMOS. . . . One of the most interesting letters the Bandstander has received comes from Donald Kimel, a CHARLIE SPIVAK fan. Here 'tis, just as Donald wrote it:

"About a year ago, a fifteen-year-old kid was accidentally shot on the day after his birthday. He was rushed to the hospital and wasn't expected to live. Upon his arrival he stated that now he wouldn't be able to see Charlie Spivak, whose fine band was appearing at Boston's RKO theater. The whole affair started because the boy expressed a desire to see Mr. Spivak. The boy's brother went to Boston, saw Mr. Spivak and explained his brother's tough break to him. Mr. Spivak sent the boy an autographed picture and also made plans to come visit him. Meanwhile, his singer, Miss IRENE DAYE, who is a native of Lawrence, had been up to see the boy. . . .

"This happened on a Thursday and, on Tuesday, Mr. Spivak appeared with Miss Daye and stayed for about an hour. Doctors believed the boy lived only to see Mr. Sweet Horn. . . . Now the boy is all better and carries on a regular correspondence with Mr. Spivak. . . . I thought you could let other people know just how swell a person Charlie Spivak is. . . . How do I know so much about it? I'm the boy who started it all by getting shot! Yours truly, Donald Kimel, North Andover, Mass." . . . How's that for drama, readers? . . .

BANDSTANDING AROUND THE SETS. . . . Out to RKO-Radio to eat with the beat—lunch with GENE KRUPA, while "the Drum" was working in "George White's Scandals of 1945." Gene tells me he thinks the band gets fine presentation in the flicker. Watching Gene and the band work, I agree. Saw one take where the camera moves from a closeup of Gene doing a terrific drum solo, to a full shot of the band jumping like mad. . . . And the sequence where Krupa plays on a whole flock of tuned tympanies will knock you out of your seat. . . . By the way, has any one mentioned that the Krupa drum chair is four deep? With Gene handling drum solos, and JOE DALE doing the rhythm work, the reserves extend to LOU ZITO, Gene's manager, and Gene's brother, PETER, both of whom travel with the band, and are drummers. . . .

TIPS ON TUNESMITHING is what I got from TED FIO RITO on the set of his "Synco-Smooth Swing," short for *Universal*. . . . A famous songwriter in his own right, Ted told me the successful song writer is one who keeps on writing even if his stuff isn't published. Keep storing up melodies and ideas, he advises, and all at once the right words and melody will hit together and be a click. Ted thinks too many songs, these days, are manufactured and uninspired. . . . U seems to be going in for song-writing band leaders. I also watched HARRY OWENS (of "Sweet Leilani" fame) make "Waikiki Melody." This short has the Owens' music for ear appeal, HILO HATTIE for laughs and, for eye appeal, those hula dancers ain't bad, either! . . .

And, being out of space, this isn't a bad place to call it coda for now. . . . I'll see you around, next issue.



Gloria Delson on the piano, Ted Fio Rito at the piano, and the band behind the piano. They make good music in the new *Universal* short, "Synco-Smooth Swing."



We don't see how they can carry on that way during rehearsal, and have energy left for the show, but comedians Danny Kaye and Jimmy Durante seem to do it.



Twentieth Century-Fox's new production, "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" features Dick Haymes (at the mike) Betty Grable and Beatrice Kay (at the right).



(Right) Actor Rex Ingram chats with band leader Bob Parrish. Bob, new at band leading, formerly sang on CBS.

WHAT'S Frank Sinatra *really* like? What sort of a person is Frank Sinatra? Questions like that are what the oldsters have been asking for a long time now. The bobby-sox crowd ask no questions. They *know*—and they'll tell.

"Frankie's w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l! He's marvelous! That smile!! Oh . . . when he sings "Embraceable You" or "Night and Day" we just float out of this world!" . . . and so on and so on.

Frank is the dream beau of many a young girl—the ideal, understanding, and companionable, slightly-older brother of countless others—the figure of eternal, hopeful youth to the men and women whose son or grandson he might have been—the singer of songs which are the reiteration of the permanence of romance, a restatement of their own love stories to the young-marrieds.

Frank is the living embodiment of a million different ideals—all romantic . . . all different.

At the microphone you'll find him smiling mischievously, swinging easily from one foot to the other—a lanky, loose-jointed, merry-hearted singer of songs—one of America's outstanding show personalities.

By actual measurement, Frank Sinatra is five feet ten and a half inches tall. He weighs approximately one hundred and forty pounds—has blue eyes and brown hair.

Frankie—alias "The Voice," "Swoonatra" or just "Our Frank"—talks freely, laughs and wisecracks with ease; and enjoys his popularity to the hilt. He always seems slightly surprised that he is, in person, this chap that all the fuss is about. When he does recollect it, he's as pleased as a kid who hoped to find the world a friendly place—and did.

To sum it all up, Frankie is the darling of the damsels—from dazzled little Daisy to the dowager from Des Moines. He wags an admonishing finger at the

OUR FRANKIE

by Gretchen Weaver

Here it is, guys and gals—the life story to date of the one and only Frank Sinatra, the Hoboken lad who saw and listened to a Crosby movie . . . then decided he too could be a big-time singer. Next issue—the life story of Duke Edward Ellington!



young people and he impertinently kids their mamas.

And, even though some of them may deny it, it's a fact that fellows like him too. Just as an example of his popularity among the males, take the time he sang for more than an hour at the Hollywood Canteen. When he finished, service men carried him from the



Frankie, 'way back at the tender age of three, when he wore hats.

stage in triumph, on their shoulders! And, overseas requests for Sinatra recordings are tremendous!

When Frank sings, his slightly husky voice comes up thin and sweet and true from the background of tenderly touched strings . . . transporting listeners to the land where dreams come true.

This phenomenon of the twentieth century didn't just appear out of nowhere to charm the nation. Being a human, he had to be born—and this event took place on December 12, 1917,

in the Sinatra home in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Frank is the son and only child of Martin and Natalie Garaventi Sinatra, both born in Hoboken, where they still live. All rumors to the contrary, they were not poor people—Frankie had all the advantages of a normal American boy whose parents have a comfortable income.

Martin Sinatra was a boxer—he fought under the name of Marty O'Brien, bantamweight. His last fistic encounter took place in 1926, when he retired from the ring because of broken wrists and joined the Hoboken Fire Department, in which he is now a captain.

When there are no fires in Hoboken, the senior Sinatra holds open house for Frankie fans who crowd into the fire house to discuss his famous son.

"Frank was just like any other kid. Of course his mother and I say that—actually we thought he was special. He was full of mischief and always in and out of scrapes, mostly in," relates his father of Frank's early years.

Take the time that Frankie tried to play cowboy while riding a neighborhood carousel. Instead of remaining seated on his horse, Frankie decided to accentuate the up-beat—and, first thing you know, he hit the ceiling—went right through it in fact and got his head caught.

His screams soon attracted the attention of the operator who hastily stopped the carousel. They finally had to pry open the roof to free Frankie! Papa Sinatra got the bill for repairs and, to even up matters all around, young Frankie got a licking—in addition to having most of his hair shaved off so that the doctor could repair his scalp

At sixteen, Frankie had his first automobile. It was a beautiful jallopy, hung about with this and that, well equipped with horns and painted in vivid yellows, oranges and what-not with signs, slogans and check-board designs. The afternoon he parked the car in front of his door for the first time, his mother thought some wrecking crew had lost their tow load. But when evening arrived and the car was still there, she realized the worst—it was Frankie's flivver!

Where the gas and oil to run it came from, Frank doesn't remember. "I suppose," Frank says, "it must have had a motor, although I don't remember anything about the practical running equipment of the car, so to speak. It went, and half the neighborhood kids went in it—sort of an expendable coupe."

The chariot came to an inglorious end when Frank's long-suffering pater was faced with a traffic ticket his son collected when the heap broke down on Hoboken's Main Street and "obstructed traffic."

"Junk it," ordered his father, and Frank had to obey.

In grammar school, Frank was a member of a boys' athletic club and an enthusiastic hiker and swimmer. He also played football and baseball with members of that club.

At Demarest High School, Hoboken, "The Voice" was on the championship basketball team. He won a swimming cup and was an important member of the track team.

Young Sinatra also was interested in music—he sang with the school band at parties, at proms, and at assembly. He also helped form the school glee club . . . and got himself some singing jobs with local bands.

"I always liked to sing," asserts Frank, "and I liked



Frank, playing outfield, at ten years of age.

to be around bands and to have a part of the band glamour. I couldn't play an instrument and I didn't care about learning to play one. So I tried to figure out a way in which I could be sure of being a part of a band."

It was about the time when Frank was mulling over how he could be a music man and still not have to go through the drudgery of learning to play something, that he earned his nickname of "Angles."

He wangled his way into bands and he did, he admits, "figure all

the angles in order to get jobs."

"I," explains Frank, "collected orchestrations. Bands needed them. I had them. If the local orchestras wanted to use my arrangements—and they always did, because I had a large and up-to-the-minute collection—they had to take Singer Sinatra too."

The bands at the mercy of the young business man rented his arrangements and paid him a small fee for singing.

Later on, Frank figured another angle. With the money earned and saved from the singing-orchestra-

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tion tie-in, he bought a small public-address system. This convenience brought luxury for the renting to local outfits, who couldn't afford to buy such fancy equipment.

So "Angles" collected for his music, his vocal efforts, and also for the use of the p. a. system.

"Nobody was cheated," comments Frank. "The bands needed what they rented from me, and I got what I wanted too. While I wasn't the best singer in the world, they weren't the best bands in the country, either. We all did our best, and I'm still in the same business. Now, however, the offer is more limited. I just sell my singing. Those who want more should have come around for the bargain offer."

Frankie's parents wanted him to be a civil engineer—he, however, decided to be a newspaper man. He had no illusions that his singing would ever amount to anything but amusement . . . a sideline . . . a glamour avocation.



Nancy with the two Sinatra offspring—five-year-old Nancy Sandra and her baby brother, one-year-old Frank Wayne.

Getting started in the field of journalism was easy—Frank simply got a job working on the JERSEY OBSERVER news truck after school hours.

After receiving his high school diploma, Frank gave up the spare time job and went to work as copy boy for the OBSERVER. Evenings he studied shorthand and journalism at Drake Institute, preparing for his career.

His big break finally came—F. Sinatra was promoted to the job of sports reporter on the OBSERVER, covering all collegiate sports events.

Even the busy and wordy-wise reporter had to have some recreation. Frank already had a best girl, Nancy Barbato, and one evening he took her to see a Bing Crosby picture.

"Right then," states Frank, "I decided to make singing my career."

Nancy encouraged her swain in his ambitions, being firmly convinced, then as now, that the public would be doing themselves a favor to listen to Frank.

Never one to let the grass grow under his feet once a decision had been made, Frank walked into the OBSERVER office and handed in his notice. The bewildered editor first remonstrated with the boy—then accepted the inevitable.

"He'll be back," remarked the boss with confidence.

Frank hadn't been called "Angles" for nothing. He applied his intelligence and his resourcefulness to the

problem of getting somewhere as a singer, and began at the beginning.

All hopefuls in the entertainment world in those years offered their talent packets to the redoubtable Major Bowes on the "Amateur Hour." Came one fateful evening . . . the gong remained quiet . . . and first prize came to one Frank Sinatra, baritone—former sports reporter of Hoboken, New Jersey.

Then, as now, Frank's favorite song was "Night and Day"—and that was the tune that won him the prize.

Major Bowes offered Frankie a job—and started a major discussion in the Sinatra home. Frank's mother didn't think it was right for a young boy to go off alone. But, the Swoonatra charm won his mother's consent—and "The Voice" was off with a Bowes unit, headed for the West Coast.

After three months with the act, he became homesick for his family and his Nancy. So he quit and came back to Hoboken.

With that experience behind him, the young singer applied for radio auditions at local studios. He got plenty of chances to sing—but for free. He was heard on eighteen sustaining shows—over WOR, WNEW, WMCA, and WAAT. Total receipts from all those jobs amounted to seventy cents—carfare to and from the Jersey WAAT station. That certainly wasn't getting Frankie anywhere financially—even though it was building up a following.

Frankie and Nancy wanted to get married. But such a step takes folding money in your wallet, not just a few coins making a jolly jingle in your pockets. And Frank wasn't even meeting his living expenses.

What to do about it? Give up his singing career and go back to the newspaper business?

Encouraged by his family and friends, Frank decided to search for a place modern and vital enough to take a chance on an almost unknown singer and pay him real money. He finally found one—the *Rustic Cabin*, a roadhouse in New Jersey. It answered all his requirements of

the moment, particularly the long green ones. Meanwhile, he continued his appearances on the sustaining programs to hold his air friends and gain wider audiences.

With the financial picture looking fairly bright, Frankie decided to go ahead with his other plans. So, on February 4, 1939, he married Nancy Barbato and they went off on a three-day honeymoon.

By May of 1939, Frank had made considerable progress in his campaign to publicize that fine young singer, Sinatra. He became acquainted with band leader Bob Chester and began rehearsing with the



Mrs. Sinatra, cooking Frankie's favorite dish—spaghetti, Italian style.

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Chester ork. He felt sure he'd land the Chester contract, so he handed in his notice to the *Cabin* proprietors.

Three days before Frank was to quit the *Cabin*, Harry James and some of his boys dropped in to listen to this Sinatra guy. They came—they heard—and Harry promptly offered Frank a job. Nothing having been signed with Chester, Frankie was free to choose. He chose to sing for James.

About six months later, Tommy Dorsey heard the young baritone in Chicago—made him an offer—and Frankie switched again. In six months he had climbed to such dizzy heights that he could choose between two name bands!

"Night and Day," "I'll Never Smile Again" and "This Love of Mine," the last of which he wrote, were all disc'd for Victor by Frank early in 1940, when he was with the Dorsey orchestra. The recordings set new highs . . . even for Dorsey platter sales. Almost overnight the U.S.A. became Sinatra-conscious—little more than a year after Frankie had handed in his resignation at the *JERSEY OBSERVER*!

"It won't last," was the opinion of die-hard pessimistic characters in the sports department of the *JERSEY OBSERVER*. "These overnight successes go down as fast as they come up."

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra began making movies, and singer Frank Sinatra got his chance too. They made "Las Vegas Nights" and "Ship Ahoy."

No sooner had the filmed efforts of Dorsey and Company flickered before the attentive eyes of cinema audiences than critics discovered that Sinatra had a



Frank, dressed and singing in the casual manner that fits him so well, rehearsing for his weekly CBS program.

flair for comedy. "Frank Sinatra, vocalist with the Tommy Dorsey orchestra," they wrote, "stands out as a real comedy find. Not only can he sing, but he can also put over lines."

In addition to attracting the attention of movie moguls and a large proportion of the feminine population of the nation, Frank began to be noticed by the commercial boys with things to sell. The latter started to toy with the idea that Sinatra might be a good salesman.

Promoters, theater operators, and advertisers be-

gan to make cautious inquiries about the services of Frank Sinatra. The first rather furtive questions became frantic efforts and then panicked scrambles as each gent, with a tentative contract in his pocket "if the kid is reasonable," found that all the other bidders were carrying contracts too.

Fortune was definitely beginning to smile at Frank, after taking him over many a bump. (Yes, even an up-and-coming singer goes hungry once in a while!) It appeared to the Hoboken Kid that it was "time for a change"—so Frankie decided to go on his own. So, in October, 1942, he left Tommy Dorsey and set up in business as a solo act.



Frank broadcasting with his "friendly rival" Bing, and Dinah Shore.

It was then that Frank proved that not only does a faint heart win nothing, but that a stout heart can grab the jackpot. First of all, Frank got a sustaining program over the CBS network. The show was called, starkly, "Songs By Sinatra."

Then, he made his first theater appearance on his own—in that ace of houses, New York's Paramount Theater. This took place the latter part of 1942. The Sinatra fans got into action and the first rumblings of "What is the country coming to?" began to be heard. Booked for two weeks, the singer stayed for eight—breaking a fifteen year record!

Next, Frankie left on a theater tour—appearing in answer to increasing demands for "Frank Sinatra." His New York fame followed and caught up with him. Eventually, "The Voice" and the voice of the people reached the ears of the "Hit Parade" chiefs. With a flourish of publicity, they signed him up.

The following years have seen the swiftly-paced Sinatra vogue turn into a national landslide. The country has turned out in force to see and hear Sinatra—in movies, on the radio, and at personal appearances. Young and old alike have found his singing to their liking.

Motion picture audiences thoroughly enjoyed themselves viewing his pictures "Higher and Higher" (R.K.O.), "Anchors Aweigh" (M.G.M.), and "Step Lively" (R.K.O.). He is now an R.K.O. star.

The weekly "Frank Sinatra Show" on CBS proved an immediate click—guest appearances on other radio shows a looked-for occasion. Columbia had Frankie at their New York studios within two days after the recording ban was lifted—discing "White Christmas" and "If You Are But A Dream" as the first of a series of new treats for "Voice" fans. Since then, rare indeed is the juke box without at least one Sinatra recording pulling in the nickels.

As for personal appearances—ask the manager of

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the New York Paramount Theater! Lines form before dawn on the opening morning of a Sinatra appearance—special police officers have to be detailed to keep order in the crowds. Twenty thousand persons were standing in line in the rain around the theater one day in October, 1944, by the time the doors were unlocked—all waiting to see and hear Frankie!

In 1944, during his second run at the ritzy Waldorf-Astoria in New York (yes, even The Four Hundred like to listen to the boy with the voice that melts them all!), Frank "got the night off" to sing six songs at the Memorial Auditorium in Buffalo—for an announced fee of \$10,000—sponsored by the Buffalo Civic Orchestra, Inc. He'd come a long way from those non-paying sustaining radio programs!

Later in 1944, about fifty thousand, loyal Frankie fans lined up outside Convention Hall in Philadelphia when he appeared there in support of the Sixth War Bond Drive. The crowds were gathering at nine in the morning, even though the star wasn't due to arrive until four in the afternoon! About fifteen thousand supporters got in, the rest had to be turned away.

Whenever possible, Frank has played at canteens and Army camps—and the men go for him in a big way. When he appeared at the Hollywood Canteen in 1944, applause kept him singing for well over an hour. And, as stated before, a group of men in the audience carried Frankie around the place on their shoulders in a spontaneous triumphal procession—the first time that happened to any performer in this home of theatrical greats. Now, Frankie plans to go overseas to entertain the boys at the front . . . may already be overseas by the time you read this.

Frank Sinatra is well aware of his immense influence on the members of the younger generation. He not only knows it, he feels it as a heavy responsibility.

Time and time again Frank has urged young people to get all the school training they can, to prepare for enlightened citizenship later on. He also has pointed out the evils of racial intolerance, the seeds of which might be sown in high school years.

"Frank sincerely hopes," asserts a colleague of "The Voice," "that his numerous appeals to the bobby-sox and sport jacket crowds aid in curbing juvenile delinquency. That's why he has given so much of his time to delivering lectures—most of them at his own expense."

Frank Sinatra has millions of fans—and no man in show business cherishes them more affectionately. Not for Frankie any scornful reference to his admirers as "nuisances."

"They are guilty," he says with emphasis, "of nothing more than giving the performer the support and enthusiasm he needs and must have in order to maintain recognition. I should find that a nuisance?"

Applause for "Our Frankie" is the main concern of the millions of young people who listen to Sinatra, and who have assumed the responsibility of encouraging their idol by paw-pounding.

Organizing is the keyboard of these level-headed young folks. The result of their cooperation is seen

in the formation of more than fifteen thousand fan clubs. Membership in individual clubs runs from six to a thousand.

And, strange as it may seem to some people, members of these fan clubs are not all bobby-sox girls by any means. In Hollywood, recently, when Frank worked on a picture, he became so popular with the carpenters, light men and "grips" on the set that they formed their own "Frank Sinatra Club."

His mailing office at 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., takes care of the letters from admiring rooters, and several millions of pictures have been sent out since "The Voice" hit the high C's.

One of the Sinatra ambitions was to have his own large office with mahogany desks—and rows of buttons—like you see in the movies. The mailing office being primarily a post-office-like spot, this didn't satisfy.

In the Fall of '44, Frank's music firm (yes, he's now a music publisher, too!) opened its own fancy offices in Manhattan, and there, to the extent that war priorities and shortages permitted, he fulfilled his wish. Barton Music is the name of this concern, the "Barton" coming from the name of an officer, Ben Barton, old-timer vaudevillian and father of Eileen Barton.

Frank Sinatra is a home and family man. With what, tongue in cheek, he calls "my new prosperity," he owns two homes.

His eastern home is located in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. His California home, purchased so Frank and his family would have a place to live during motion picture assignments, is modest and attractive—there's no swimming pool or superfluous gilt anywhere.

Frank's two children are the main interest of his life. Nancy-Sandra (born June 8, 1940) and her



Frankie and the Brooklyn Dodgers are mutual fans. Here he is with a few of the boys when they invited him to sit with them in the dugout.

daddy are chums, and Nancy plays her father's records for her baby brother, Frank, Jr., who was introduced to the world on January 10, 1944. Frank's idea of an ideal family is one with six children.

Nancy-Sandra and her pop form a repair-man combination that has caused Mrs. Sinatra many head-

BANDSTAND PERSONALITIES

aches. You see, Frank is a tinkerer. He, abetted and accompanied by his daughter, will take anything to pieces—even if only for the fun of putting it together again. Nancy's habit of assembling spare washers and knobs on her side of the job and mentioning them only when the reassembling is completed, has reduced her father to amused despair more than once.



Frank, at the Hollywood Canteen, sings again with Harry James, the man who gave "The Voice" his bandstand start.

For lounging around the house, Frank loves comfortable sports clothes. Sleeveless cashmere sweaters are a feature of the Sinatra wardrobe, and he favors garments in blue and brown.

A Sinatra legend affirms that no one person has seen Frank in a hat more than once. Yet, when he goes home to loaf, he dons an old sea captain's cap which he's had so long he can't remember where it came from in the first place. On more formal occasions he wears no hat—he just doesn't like to wear one.

Frank is no dainty picker at fancy food combinations—despite his much-touted slimness. Apparently he needs large quantities of hearty food to compensate for the loss of energy coincidental with the strenuous life he leads.

Whatever the reason, he's a hearty eater and never gets fat. His favorite food is spaghetti—and he'll even eat it for breakfast unless Mrs. Sinatra catches him in the pantry. When he comes home from work, no matter what the hour, he dives into the Frigidaire for his spaghetti, and heats it up for a snack.

As for desserts, Frank is a banana-split man. He sometimes roams a new town for hours, hunting the local split expert, after which he earnestly recommends the place to a few close friends.

Fame and fortune have not affected the sartorial notions of this performer and no fur-lined coats or fifty-dollar shirts are found in his closets. The first thing he bought, when he thought he could afford to spend something on himself, was a gold cigaret lighter. He dislikes evening clothes.

One of Frank's ambitions is to retire to a place where there are plenty of trees. "I'm going to sit under a tree and think," he says.

His garden, therefore, is one of his chief interests. The actual growing of things he now leaves to professionals, although, if need be, he's a good rake and hoe man.

What Frank highlights in his garden is furniture—always bearing in mind that he wants to use it for comfortable relaxing. He's a garden accessory fiend—his gardens are full of tables, chairs, stands, and benches, generally put together and often painted by himself.

When a maple tree in his Hasbrouck Heights home

seemed listless and ailing, recently, Frank took immediate steps to provide it with the best tree-surgical attention.

"I want that tree to grow up healthy and strong," he told friends he had button-holed to talk to about his luckless leafage, "I plan to spend a good deal of time sitting under that tree when I am old."

Frank's ambition for his children is much like that of every other citizen. He wants Nancy-Sandra to be healthy and happy, first. He hopes she will be a great musician, perhaps a harpist, some day. No career has been chosen for Frank, Jr., as yet.

When Sinatra finds time to just listen to music he likes anything written by George Gershwin, and anything sung by Bing Crosby. He goes for symphonies and concerts, and especially enjoys the works of Ravell, Debussy and Tschaikevsky.

Frank Sinatra knows he's had a lot of lucky breaks—but he's in there working hard every minute to keep luck coming his way. Although applause constantly crackles around his head like machine gun bullets, he takes it smilingly and modestly, in his stride. He takes uncalled-for barbed criticisms and material manifestations of dislike just as casually.

Wise and sensible observers of the show-world scene believe that, along with Crosby and Vallee, "The Voice" will last as long as the public enjoys honest entertainment—or as long as Frank works.

"It's not," as one expert commented, "just personality. The boy's got plenty to give and he's not stingy about giving it. In addition, he's a sweet guy."

Even in Hoboken, where the sports department and the editor of the JERSEY OBSERVER watch his progress with typical Fourth Estate cynicism, they have come to believe that Sinatra will never return. For a long while they reserved a spot for Frankie in the city room—now, they find themselves busy reserving spots for news about "The Voice" on the first page of their paper!



Typical of the "Voice"—surrounded by fans. Good thing that Frankie doesn't suffer from claustrophobia!

THE BAND BOX

HI GALS! This is the first of a new feature concocted especially for you. So, plan to gather 'round the Band Box each issue when I'll step out of it to pass on to you the tips I picked up while tripping through the folds of its tissue paper lining. Tips on how you can be beautiful—or how to make others think you're beautiful. Frankly, I have a purely selfish motive in doing this—I want to make myself that way, too, along with you.

Summer's basic requirement is to look COOL, even when the thermometer says it's hot as Satchmo's trumpet.

I hope you've had your summer permanent before the heat set in. If you haven't, you'll probably be grateful to science for the cold wave. I think you'll find that soft, strong curls are the result of the cool comfort that you have under this method.



For fun in the sun, Monica Lewis turns to pigtails. An attractive combination of neatness, simplicity, and lack of frou-frou.

Do you like to do your own experimenting? Then the home permanent wave kits were made for you. The ones I've seen come completely stocked with detailed directions, about forty-four curlers and tissues, and, in powder form to be dissolved in water, shampoo, wave lotion, wave set and rinse. It takes a little more time than a professional permanent, but it's simple to do, and easy on your budget.

If the sun and water are playing havoc with your hair, now would be a good time to start using a hair tonic. Application on the scalp with cotton pads once a week will keep scalp and hair healthy. After you've covered the scalp with the tonic, gently mas-

sage it in with a rotating motion of your fingertips, and then brush furiously. Brushing should be a daily routine and 200 strokes a day are not too many. Use an immaculate, stiff-bristled brush—work from the scalp out.

When you wash your hair, give it *three* sudsings with a liquid cleanser made especially for the hair, and follow the directions on the bottle. It's very important to rinse away all the suds. If you have a dull film on your hair, chances are it's because you don't rinse carefully. The final rinse depends on your coloring. If you're a blonde, use lemon juice in the water; cider vinegar, if brunette; a good vegetable henna rinse, if a redhead.

For summer comfort, the simpler your coiffure, the better. If you're wary of cutting your hair, you can concentrate it in one spot—preferably scooped up on top in some way.

My own favorite standby is braids, and I felt very smug the other day when I dropped in on the rehearsal of the CBS Chesterfield show and Monica Lewis told me she shares my enthusiasm for them.

There are lots of things you can do with braids. If you're going to school this summer, or if you're a lucky one with an entire season of lake-front vacation, you can wear pigtails a la Topsy. And, don't think you're too sophisticated for them. They'll look just as cute on you as they do on Margaret O'Brien.

Special date in the evening? Don't worry about combing out kinks. Just pull the braids up on top of your head, hang a flower on your ear, and you're set, looking glamorous as all get-out.

by Duffy



If you're the patient Griselda that I wish I were, you'll braid bright yarn or ribbon right into your coils. This hairdo easily complements your pompadour or bangs, and even looks swell if your hair is of the flat-on-top variety.

For all-over cool comfort, daintiness, and like-a-daisy freshness, remember the importance of frequent showers, anti-perspirants, water-proof leg make-up, and skin fresheners, as well as switching to light floral scents in your toilet waters and perfumes.

So long for now! I'll be with you again next issue to discuss another beauty feature—eye glamour.

For information concerning the products mentioned here—who makes them, where they can be found, etc.—drop me a postal card, addressed to: Duffy, BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.



The same day and the same basic hair-do with a touch of glamour. Come evening and Monica moves the braids up forward.

WAXING WISE

by *Cliff Starr and Dave Fayre*



In a romantic mood: Sing a song of Sinatra and the ballad pages are complete. THE VOICE has disced a sextet of songs for Columbia with the inevitable Stordahl band in the background—material for our romance department. “When Your Lover Has Gone” and “I Should Care” are two pop ballads which find themselves backed on a romantic platter, while “Ol’ Man River” and “Stormy Weather” are hardy perennials interpreted by the vocal master. Later releases are: “There’s No You” and “Dream,” its plattermate, on which the Ken Lane Singers join in.

Continuing his unbroken string of record successes, ANDY RUSSELL comes through again for Capitol with his recording of “Negra Consentida.” The first chorus is sung in English and the second in Spanish, with a beautiful Latin-American background. On the other side is a beautiful ballad, “Don’t Love Me.”

BING CROSBY, ETHEL SMITH at the organ, VICTOR YOUNG and his orchestra, and the KEN DARBY singers . . . put them all together on a record and you have a disc that’s a natural for best-seller lists. That’s just what Decca has done in releasing “Just A Prayer Away” and “My Mother’s Waltz,” as recorded by the aforementioned group.

PERRY COMO does a beautiful job on “Temptation,” with the able assistance of Ted Steele (the rabbit raising

maestro) and his orchestra. Como fans will be reassured by the backing, as Perry promises “I’ll Always Be With You.” It’s on Victor.

FREDDY MARTIN and his smooth band has recorded a foursome for Victor’s department of romance. “Laura,” the hit ballad which originally served as mood music for the picture of that name, “A Song to Remember,” “Dream” and “Ev’rytime” are the four tunes and the Martin manner is superb in the handling of each. Vocals are split up between ARTIE WAYNE and GLENN HUGHES. Freddy’s tenor sax throbs through for several solos and the piano work is superb, swing from Chopin in “Song” to boogie in “Ev’rytime.”

MEL TORME and his Mel-Tones cook up a vocal storm on “Stranger in Town” and “You’ve Laughed at Me For the Last Time,” a new Decca coupling. It might interest you to know that Mel also composed “Stranger in Town.” He’s a talented lad! . . . BILLIE HOLIDAY sings “Lover Man” and “That Old Devil Called Love,” a precious vocal gem set in a TOOTS CAMARATA orchestral setting. Billie’s voice is great against the sustained strings and the gentleness of the Camarata score.

“Sweetheart of All My Dreams” and “Yip Yip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes” is a new CHARLIE SPIVAK coupling. Taken at an up tempo, the band sounds good from intro to coda

on either side. IRENE DAYE swing sings the lyrics on both. The Spivak band can really move. . . . HAL MCINTYRE has done “Sentimental Journey,” the swell riff ballad, backed by PHIL MOORE’s tune, “I’m Gonna See My Baby,” for Victor. Good coupling.

HARRY JAMES has recorded “All of My Life” and “Yah-ta-ta, Yah-ta-ta,” a romantic ballad and a solid hunk of jive. BUDDY DiVITO sings the first and KITTY KALLEN the flipover. It’s Columbia. . . . “Let’s Take the Long Way Home” and “Foo A Little Bally-Hoo” says CAB CALLOWAY and his hi-de-ho band with Calloway the songster, again on Columbia.

The strangest people are making ballads these days. For instance, COOTIE WILLIAMS has come up with “Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night in the Week” and “I’m Beginning to See the Light” for Majestic’s new label. . . . Other Majestics are “Candy,” “Laura,” “He’s Home for a Little While” and “The More I See You,” all done by JERRY WALD’s Shawlike band.

WOODY HERMAN plays “I Wonder” and “Laura” for his first platters on Columbia. Woody sings, assuring the success of the platter. Follow-up Herman tune is “Happiness is a Thing Called Joe,” backed by “Caldonia,” a song which LOUIS JORDAN is popularizing and which he has recorded on the Decca label. ERSKINE HAW-



When Tommy Dorsey is in New York, he spends a good bit of his time at the Victor studios. This shot was taken as he disced "Any Old Time," with Billy Usher doing the vocals.



"My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time" was what Phil Moore was recording when this picture was snapped—and judging from the popularity of the record, he told the truth.

KINS and his orchestra have recorded their version of "Caldonia" for Victor, with pianist ACE HARRIS doing the vocal—backing it with Little Jack Little's "I Hope To Die If I Told A Lie" for which Chicago high school girl CAROL TUCKER handles the lyrics. . . . PHIL MOORE is sizzling on another Victor platter, "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time" and "A Little on the Lonely Side."

In a Swing Groove: TOMMY DORSEY has what we consider one of his best arrangements on wax in the new platter "On the Sunny Side of the Street," an old tune in the zippiest of new arrangements. If this doesn't re-skyrocket the T. D. band, it'll amaze us. The mate is a Billy Usher intoned ballad, "Any Old Time," a soulful little thing, well done. Hope you haven't missed the material put out by the BENNY GOODMAN little groups. The big band has come on with such stuff as "Sweetheart of All My Dreams," "Ev'rytime," "Close as Pages in a Book," and "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," all excellent (especially the last), but the disc which is really worth while is "After You've Gone," featuring the sextet, with SLAM STEWART on bass. Slam's octave humming and bowing are terrific and the whole 'tet sets a great groove. Mate is the trio doing "Body and Soul."

Asch has turned out a lot of good wax lately what with their STUFF SMITH "Adventure in Feeling" set, MEADE LUX LEWIS' "Blues and Boogie Woogie" album, and the great ART TATUM trio set on a pair of twelve-inch platters. Their stuff is really coming along and here's hoping they continue to get the materials to make these swell sets of jazz.

DUKE ELLINGTON has disced "Carnegie Blues" and "My Heart

Sings" for Victor. The blues is an excerpt from "Black, Brown and Beige," Ellington's tone poem which made its major debut three years ago at Carnegie Hall. . . . ARTIE SHAW and his Gramercy Five come on with "The Sad Sack" and "The Graktown Grapple" for Victor.

Capitol's main jazz contribution at this time is a swiny thing called "Stuff Like That There" with vocal by BETTY HUTTON. The flipover is "Blue Skies."

A hearty handshake to Victor for their issue of six swell jazz albums featuring the music of the BENNY GOODMAN trio and quartet, LIONEL HAMPTON's band, LOUIS ARMSTRONG, MCKINNEY'S Cotton Pickers, JELLY-ROLL MORTON, and the Quintet of the HOT CLUB OF FRANCE. These sets have been issued on the green education label put out by Victor and they offer the subject as an adventure in the hot jazz art form. Booklets accompany each set to give a brief jazz history of the work. CHARLES EDWARD SMITH has done a capable job on those booklets. All in all, the sets are topnotch!

Musical Folklore: Whether you're a cowboy fan or not, you'll go for "Rodger Young," the song of the Infantry, as performed by "TEXAS" JIM ROBERTSON. "Talk to the Boss in the Sky" is the plattermate and is a good piece of work, but the ballad of "Rodger Young" is the heart render in this pair. It really is one of the best ballads ever recorded. We'll wager that it will be a top seller. It's *Bluebird*. This number also has been recorded by NELSON EDDY for Columbia and BURL IVES for Decca. These three artists, each superlative in his own field, will make certain that "Rodger Young" becomes a by-word among people of all tastes.



Woody Herman starts things off right on his Columbia contract, playing and singing the click tune, "Caldonia."

The one and only and wonderful Billie Holiday when she waxed "That Old Devil Called Love" for Decca.



Candid CLOSE-UPS

Singing trio—Babs, Margaret and Alice Kim Loo—snapped with Col. E. J. Barrett in Italy where they are doing a wonderful job of entertaining our servicemen.



(Below) Harry James and Helen Forrest enjoying the life story of Dick Haymes who used to sing with Harry's band, and with whom Helen shares honors on NBC's Tuesday night program, "Everything For The Boys."



(Above) A good formula for relaxation: a pretty blonde, a comfortable chair, and what else but BAND LEADERS magazine. Phil Harris and his lovely little daughter, Alice (Faye) Jr. willingly demonstrate how it's done.



(Below) The Meltones, talented new singing quintet, are featured on the Decca platter label and in Columbia pix, as well as on the Blue Network. L. to R.—Bernie Parks, Betty Bevridge, Mel Torme, Ginny O'Connor, and Les Baxter.



(Above) Duke Ellington and his arranger Billy Strayhorn are obviously pleased with the results of their efforts, but Danny Kaye, who emceed the broadcast, apparently doesn't know what the score is.





J. Darsey's opening at Cafe Rouge brought out this galaxy of leaders: standing, L. to R.: Les Elgart, Johnny Long, Frankie Carle, Al Mooney —seated, L. to R.: Georgia Auld, Woody Herman, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Jimmy Palmer, Bobby Sherwood, and Sonny Dunham.



The night of Connie Haines' debut on the Andy Russell show also marked the occasion of her 24th birthday. Andy and Lou Bring hold the birthday cake while Connie blows the candles.

(Below) Woody Herman, Benny Glassman, rising band leader on the West Coast, and drummer Dave Tough.



(Below) He isn't exactly preparing for class, but the ole professor, Kay Kyser, like the rest of us, has to relax sometimes.



Native belles in the Marshall Islands appear to be skeptical of the boogie woogie played by Coast Guardsman Joseph Baldwin, Jr. (Below)



THE good, old king who called for his fiddlers three, when he wanted to get with it, may have been satisfied with that kind of jive—but not the hepsters of today. From them, it's the pipers four, the Pied Pipers, who get the call for music that's fine and mellow, sweet and swingy, and jumpin' on the beam—Pipers Chuck Lowry, Hal Hopper, Clark Yocum and June Hutton . . . favorites of the juke boxes . . . stars of radio, records, movies and stage.

Acknowledged in national polls as one of the top-flight singing groups of the nation, the "Pieds" (as they are affectionately known) are getting so many calls they wish they were twins, like before.

This is no mere gag. For, back in 1937, when the Pipers were first formed, the group was double its present size—an octette.

Chuck and Hal, who had sung together in a high school trio at Lincoln High in Los Angeles, formed the octette with five other fellows and a girl. You may have heard of the girl—her name is Jo Stafford.

Finding a name for themselves was tougher than finding a job, they recall. "We looked through hundreds of books, dictionaries, encyclopedias and other places, trying to find a name," Chuck said. "Then, when one of the boys finally hit on 'The Pied Pipers,' we knew that was it."

Landing on a network show, the Pieds began to make their name known up and down the land, and to a certain band leader by the name of Thomas Dorsey. TD was so impressed with their vocal artistry that, when the Pieds got fired from the show (even after making a solid hit), he asked them to join him.

The reason they were fired is, according to Hal, that the sponsor didn't like a number they sang.

So the Pieds went with TD.

But they went as a quartette, rather than an octette. Tommy asked them to streamline the group, and give it a new name. He thought they ought to start with him with a clean slate.

The Pieds began a new search for a name. A Milwaukee newspaper publicized the fact, and thousands of suggestions flowed in. But, after wading through them all, the Pieds and TD both agreed they'd better keep the name they had.

Their stay with Dorsey was highlighted by two smash records, made with TD and Frank Sinatra: "I'll Never Smile Again," and "There Are Such Things."

Then, when one member of the original Pied Pipers became ill in New York, Lowry and Hopper met Clark Yocum, Tommy Tucker's guitarist. He liked singing, and his voice blended so well, he joined up as a piper.

(Continued on page 65)

THE PIPERS FOUR

by Jeff Harris

Johnny Mercer joins the Pied Pipers, temporarily making them the Pipers Five. Left to Right, they are Chuck Lowry, June Hutton, Johnny, Clark Yocum, and Hal Hopper.



Triple Threat Tunsmith

(Continued from page 21)

In order to keep on eating (even if occasionally it was an overdose of oatmeal) Mercer took a job as a Wall Street runner. When funds were low, he ironed the collars and cuffs of his shirts with an aluminum pot.

He was getting nowhere fast, when he heard Paul "Pops" Whiteman was holding a "Youth of America" contest for young, unknown singers. Mercer entered it and (having a habit of winning contests) won the New York division. It was a good break, but still didn't produce any immediate results.

"I got to sing on Whiteman's radio program once, but after that nothing happened for a year.

"Then, one day, Paul called me up and asked me to form a trio to sing with the band. The Rhythm Boys (not the ones Bing sang with, but the second group) were leaving.

"So I got two other boys: Jack Thompson, and Jerry Arlen, brother of Harold Arlen, the songwriter. It was probably the world's worst trio. We lasted a week."

Being a member of the "world's worst trio," however, finally gave Mercer open sesame to the big time. After the trio flopped, Paul kept Johnny on with the hand as a singer. He liked Mercer's flair for what has been described as "recitation in rhythm."

Furthermore, Whiteman began featuring tunes by Johnny, who wrote "Here Come the British With A Bang, Bang," "Goody Goody," and others which attained a measure of popularity.

Then a little "Stardust" fell on Mercer . . . in the person of Hoagy Carmichael. While with Whiteman, Johnny became a close friend of Carmichael, and one day Hoagy came around with a tune called "Snowball."

He asked Mercer to look it over and make suggestions, for Hoagy felt that the song wasn't just quite right. Johnny offered some proposed changes, and penned a set of lyrics.

Reborn, the song was called "Lazybones"—and it belied its name by zooming into an immediate hit.

Johnny Mercer was then about twenty-five, just ten years older than when he had written his first song. He had his first smash hit and was on his way.

And, one of the people whose confidence in him had been justified was his wife, Ginger. For the Garrick Gaieties had been lucky for him in more ways than one.

Mercer had met Ginger Meehan while she was dancing in the "Gaieties," and they were married in 1931. They now have a blonde little daughter of six.

After "Lazybones," the Mercer music began to get a big play. Whiteman billed Johnny as "the well-known composer," and the Camel people grabbed the "well-known composer" for their radio shows. On the air, he was featured with Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby.

Hollywood got on his bandwagon and waded stacks of that green stuff before his eyes. Mercer, not being averse to folding money (nor color blind, either) trekked to the Pacific Coast.

The film capital has been his home ever since.

Some of his biggest hits were written for the movies—and he's written songs for practically all the major studios. RKO-Radio, Paramount, Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Sam Goldwyn and Columbia have used his talents.

Johnny's tunesmithing has produced a massive total of some 500 songs, of which more than 150 have been published and 55 have been hits.

His record in radio is equally good.

Established as a radio personality by his appearances on the Camel programs with BG and Bob Crosby, Mercer was tabbed for a show of his own in 1943. Called "Johnny Mercer And His Music Shop," the program was handed one of the toughest spots to fill in radio—the summer replacement for Bob Hope.

Already a songwriting star, Mercer now emerged as a full-fledged radio star, too. The man was on his way to becoming a triple-threat.

The way Johnny got to be the head of Capitol Records, one of the Big 4 (Capitol, Victor, Columbia and Decca), is charmingly casual the way Mercer tells it.

"I had been kicking around an idea I had," Johnny explains, "to make use of the many talented people in Hollywood who weren't working steadily.

"When they were between pictures or jobs, they just waited around, and it seemed like an awful waste of talent.

"I thought we might get up some kind of a cooperative group, which I could sort of manage, call it the 'Californians' or something, and maybe have a radio program."

Nothing came of the idea, however. It hadn't jelled in Mercer's mind, so he went on with his other activities for the time being. Then, one day he got to talking records with Glen Wallichs, a Hollywood music store owner, and out of the conversation came an agreement between them to go in the record-making business, using people like those Mercer had been thinking about.

Mercer had written some scores for Paramount, where Buddy De Sylva was then executive producer and, at Wallich's suggestion, Mercer propositioned De Sylva (a songwriter himself) on the idea of selling the platters in the lobby of the Hollywood Paramount Theater.

"De Sylva wasn't too enthused about selling records at the Paramount," Mercer said, "but he was interested in going into partnership with us to make records. He put up some money—and we were in business."

In the original line-up, De Sylva was president, Mercer vice-president, and Wallichs general manager. Now Mercer is the prexy; De Sylva, chairman of the board; and Wallichs, vice-president and general manager.

This happened in 1944—making Mercer top man in three distinctive fields.

By now Capitol Records has been making records in more ways than one. Formed in June of 1942, its first records were issued in July of the same year.

Mercer is still a little dazed by the tremendous success of the company.

"We never supposed it would get as big as it did," he says, modestly.

But you can credit much of the success of Capitol's rise to Johnny Mercer. His business astuteness, his flair for tunes, and his ability to judge talent played a big part in the company's success.

Mercer has been called unpredictable, and what new field this three-way Mr. Big may invade next remains to be seen. But it's a safe bet he's probably "kicking another idea around."

In the words of his own ditty, Johnny Mercer is a man who likes to "Accentuate The Positive!"

Imagine! THESE LOVELY FLOWERS GLOW IN THE DARK



Day or Night . . .
Gay New Glamor for
Your Hair or Costume

More lovely than any brooch or hair ornament, these amazingly lifelike flowers are a marvelous bargain. By day they excite envious comment. By night they glow with a soft, magic light. No wonder smart women are passing up cheap-looking pins for these gorgeous flowers.

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FAN STAND



Conducted by Betty White and Vic Lewis

HERE we go! Your letters have been pouring in . . . we're literally swamped with mail . . . and let us tell you—it's swell! So keep 'em coming—we love to hear from you!

It did our heart and soul good to see your enthusiasm about fan clubs and this column (which is your column, don't forget!). And what a thrill it was to read your letters (thanks for those kind words, too!) and club newspapers—and to know that you are behind this column one hundred per cent. You can be sure your Fanstanders will do their very best to help you.

Right now, we can hear you saying, "Come on, let's get down to the business of announcing our fan clubs!" Well, we're getting around to it—but, first of all, let us repeat what we said before. We receive so many letters that it is quite impossible to answer them all in any one issue. And, while we'd like to answer each one personally, time and shortage of help prevents this. So-o-o-o, the next best thing is to give you brief news and views announcements in this column, and try to answer your letters in that way.

Don't be too disappointed if your name or your particular club is not mentioned right away—we will get to it, as soon as possible. And, PLEASE don't feel we are showing partiality just because we don't happen to hit your letter first—we have to begin somewhere . . . you know how it is!

SPECIAL FEATURES

One of the most novel things that came through the mail to your Fanstanders was a **Lena Horne** ring. It is a good-looking black ring with Lena's picture (in color) on it—sent in by **Robert J. S. Haidukiewicz**, 130 Emerald Street, Gardner, Mass., who has started a fan club for Lena. Bob has a lot of plans to keep members interested in the club—and in Lena, of course. One of his plans is to have occasional contests with War Stamps, money, or Lena Horne rings for prizes.

Fan clubs thrive on ideas. Many of you must have lots of schemes to keep your members interested. How's about exchanging them with other clubs through this column?

A supply of stationary, a pencil, and an 8 x 10 glossy picture of **Sammy Kaye** are just some of the things offered by **Elsie Joan Kurrus**, 129 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., of the **Sammy Kaye Boosters' Club**. As another special feature, Elsie tells us that they have a unique club pin of solid silver, shaped like a musical note and enameled in green, with tiny letters signifying the wearer is a **Sammy Kaye Booster**.

Mary Copeland, 380 West Mary Mayo, East Lansing, Mich., is interested in joining a **Sammy Kaye** fan club. You **Sammy Kaye** fans see that she isn't disappointed!

SINATRA CLUBS

Because so many of you are interested in joining a **Frank Sinatra** fan club, here is a list of those we heard from up to the time of this writing:

Frank Sinatra Sub-Deb Club: President of Branch 11—**Adrienne March**, 47-21 39th Street, Long Island City 4, N. Y.

S.O.S. (meaning Swoon-Over-Sinatra): President—**Rhee Tino**, 1919 Harvard Drive, Louisville, 5, Ky.

Frankie's Faithful Fans: **Miss Jackie Miller**, 157-11 Sanford Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Society of Sinatra Swooners: President of Chapter 1—**Barbara Taggart**, 6104 Buffalo Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Our Guy Frankie: President—**Ann Venuto**, 2355 Beaumont Ave., Bronx 57, N. Y.

The Hotra Sinatra Club: Write to either—President **Evelyn Brutten**, 905 West End Ave., New York 25, N. Y.—or Vice-President **Mimi Kraushar**, 1230 Teller Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y.

Semper Sinatra Fan Club: President—**Irene Di Mittia**, 11 Cummings Ave., Revere 51, Mass.

Frankie's United Swooners: Co-President—**Elsie Ellovich**, 109 Ardmore Road, West Hartford, Conn.

Frank's Sinatra Club: President—**Frank Tennant, Jr.**, 615 North Boulevard Terrace, Dallas 11, Texas.

Annabelle Corbo wants members for her newly-organized **Frank Sinatra** fan club. Write her at: 688 New Dorp Lane, Staten Island 6, N. Y.

Sinatra's Solid Set is composed of 12 chapters, one for each letter in **Frank's** name. They have 14k gold pins, in the shape of a leaf with "Frank Sinatra" engraved on them. Write to President **Lynn Reagan**, 39 Baldwin Ave., Norwood, N. Y.

FOR HERD FOLLOWERS

Miss Cappy Sheridan, 123 E. 90th Street, New York, N.Y., president of the **Woody Herman Woodpeckers**, wrote saying this column came just in time, in so far as her club is concerned, for she has just started a new membership drive.

For you **Tommy Ryan** fans—**Betty**

Siek, 12900 Beachwood Ave., Cleveland 5, Ohio, president of the **Tommy Ryan** club, is looking for members. **Betty** says they have many honorary members—including **Tommy Ryan** and his wife (of course), **Sammy Kaye**, **Bing Crosby**, **Clyde Burke** and lots of others.

The Dorsey-Eberly Fan Club, for **Cpl. Bob Eberly** and **Jimmy Dorsey**, is extra proud of their club paper, "Decca," which stands for **Dorsey-Eberly Club Chronicle of America**. **Lorraine Brault**, 148 Vose Street, Woonsocket, Rhode Island, president of the club, boasts (and well she may!) of their having members not only in the United States, but also in Canada and overseas.

The Mellow Fellows Club for **Frank Sinatra** and **Pvt. Gene Williams** is also on the lookout for new members. You can write to **Prexy Betty Lou Brown**, Manokin, Somerset County, Maryland—or the co-president **Verna Brown**, Johnson's Corner, Boothwyn, Penna., for further information.

MEMBERS WANTED

Those interested in joining the **National Johnnie Johnston Fan Club** can write to the National President, **Milton Smoke**, 2200 Grand Ave., Bronx, N.Y. "Brooklynites" may write to **Esther Fisher**, 1483 Lincoln Pl., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

The "Longsters" fan club, for **Johnny Long** and his wife **Pat**, could use some new members. **Eleanor Ryan**, 147 East 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y., tells us that they would be very happy to trade snapshots with other **Johnny Long** fan clubs.

Eileen Kalil, president of the **Vaughn Monroe Fan Club**, is reorganizing her club. Write to her at: 69 Swan Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Frankie Carle enthusiasts may write to **Olga M. Dunbar**, 1405 Montana Ave. N.E., Washington 18, D.C., for information about her **Frankie Carle Fan Club**.

Well, fans, lack of space prevents us from announcing any other clubs at this time, but—don't fence us in—more will be coming along in the next issue. So keep those letters and news about your clubs coming! Write to: **Betty White** or **Vic Lewis**, c/o **BAND LEADERS**, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.—we'll be looking for your letters!

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Completely *new* is this Jaunty Jumper, gorgeously tailored to flatter your figure in exquisite feminine lines. Completely *different* because you have *two jumpers in one*: wear it with the lovely contrasting color lapels opened in classic style . . . or button-closed into a demurely round neckline! Exclusively fashioned in crisp, fine-quality, all-season material that loves to "take it"! A slenderizing fitted waistband . . . freedom-giving inverted pleat in the skirt: add up to a knockout creation! Wear this sophisticated jumper and win compliments galore from men who admire your smart looks . . . women who envy your dual personality fashion! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20—and biggest of all surprises it's only \$7.98 plus postage.

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(Circle Size)

Please send "BOW BLOUSE" at \$3.98 plus postage (White Only)
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TOMMY DORSEY Says: "I wish to further voice my co-operation by highly recommending this book." **EXTRA**—A life-like autographed photo of Frank Sinatra—suitable for framing—is included in the book.

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It's Not All Trumpet

(Continued from page 18)

you in a few minutes." And he was off to play some more of that popular Spivak music. During the group, the photographers shot pictures of Charlie and the band and the vocalists, Irene Daye and Jimmy Saunders.

When the set was finished, Charlie came back to the table, and we were joined by four music representatives. One by one they talked to Charlie about the new tunes their respective publishers wanted him to play, expounding the virtues of rhythm numbers, ballads, novelties. Charlie took copies of each and said he would go over the songs at the next rehearsal and let them know.

Max walked up just then and told Charlie that some service boys across the room had asked for his autograph. Charlie excused himself from the music men and started toward the boys. I tagged along right behind him.

We weaved through the crowded room and made our way to a corner table, to find five sailors who had just returned from the South Pacific. They were so pleased that Charlie had come over that they beamed from ear to ear. He was most gracious, and not only signed menus

for them, but ordered a round of drinks.

One of the boys told Charlie that the Spivak record of "White Christmas" had been a very special favorite of his and asked Charlie to play it, which he promised to do in the next set. As we left the table I heard one of the sailors say, "Isn't he a swell guy?"

And I might as well say right here and now that that boy is so right. Charlie is without a doubt one of the nicest guys in the music business. I've seen some leaders fluff off requests for autographs and generally ignore fans. But not Charlie. He seems to go out of his way to oblige people.

Charlie was due on the stand again, so I chatted with Max. He had nothing but praise for his boss. He told me that Spivak is a perfectionist when it comes to the band. He'll rehearse and rehearse a number until it's just right. And he insists on strict discipline among the musicians when they're working. Maybe that's the answer to the smooth Spivak organization.

By this time it was nine o'clock, the dinner session was over, and the band had an hour intermission. The boys scattered here and there, but Charlie, Max and I went upstairs to Charlie's suite. There we found Jack Ostfeld, who immediately cornered Charlie in a big discussion about a new tune he was most enthusiastic about. Jack handed Charlie the sheet music and put a record on the portable machine. "Listen to this, Charlie—I think it would be a great song for you to publish."

Charlie sat quietly and listened and, when the record was over, he, Jack and Max talked about the tune and the lyrics. While they were in a huddle, I glanced about the room. My eye caught upon framed pictures of the Spivak family: his beautiful wife, Fritzi, and his two sons—nine-year-old Joel, and Steven Glenn (named after Major Glenn Miller, Charlie's close friend), who is just a little over a year old.

The song conference was still going on when there was a knock at the door. It was Irene Daye. She had five beautiful evening gowns over her arm and wanted Charlie to decide which two she should wear for a portrait sitting the next afternoon. Charlie picked a black chiffon, and a beige-sequin creation, and turned back to Jack. It seemed there was more discussing to be done on the embryonic song, so they arranged to meet the next day in Charlie's office.

There was another knock at the door. This time it was Bert Ross, Charlie's arranger. He wanted an okay on a certain passage of a new arrangement. The first thing I knew, Charlie and Bert were down on the floor with score pages spread out in front of them, going over the music. The dialogue was full of all sorts of musical terms I didn't understand and I thought, "It all sounds very strange, but if that's the way they make that pretty music, it's all right."

Max, who had been answering the phone at the desk and working over a large check book (it was pay day for the band), looked down and said, "Charlie—ten minutes to go—you'd better sign these."

With that Charlie got up, put his signature on the checks and, smiling at me, said, "Well, Jill, back to work."

"Gosh, you certainly accomplish a lot in your hour off! When it comes to your job, it isn't all trumpet, is it?"

"Well, not exactly," he replied, as we started for the elevator. "You know, running a band is a business, and much of it takes place off the stand."

Charlie walked back to my table with me. On the way he stopped to say hello to Herb Hender, a Victor executive.

"Charlie, I've got important things to discuss with you. Will you come back right after this set?"

"You bet I will, Herb." And once again Charlie was in front of the band. It was a long group, because it was broadcast time. Just before they went on the air, Charlie had a last minute whispered chat with the announcer, checking on introductions and timing. The program came off in typical smooth Spivak style and Charlie returned to Herb's table and sat down.

Herb told him about a new album the Spivak band was to record for Victor, a book of Gershwin tunes. Charlie seemed very happy about the whole thing and plunged into detailed talk about which songs would be best, how they should be arranged, which should be vocal numbers and which would be better as instrumentals, etc. (Incidentally, from what I heard of the conversation, the album sounds like it will be a "must" for your record collection!). Charlie was making notes on the back of a menu card when he looked up and saw the boys on the stand. "Got to go, Herb, I'll call you tomorrow."

I went back to my table a little out of breath, thinking, "How does the guy do it?" I refreshed myself with a double coke and listened to the band, which is never hard to do. When Charlie returned, I said, "You don't get much chance to relax between numbers, do you?"

"Well," he laughed, "That's what I get for being a band leader."

Just then Charlie waved at two army lieutenants who were entering the room. He motioned to them to come over.

"These boys are Special Service officers. I was going to do a hospital show next month and we've run into difficulty on the matter of timing. While we're playing here at the hotel, we can do army shows in the afternoon. But, we'll be at the Paramount Theatre when this one is scheduled, and we figured out that we couldn't make it between shows."

The lieutenants arrived at the table and sat down. Charlie said, "Hello, fellows—I'm really sorry about the show—I hate to disappoint the boys, but I don't know what we can do."

One of the men had a big grin on his face as he said, "Charlie, we've got good news for you. We've talked to the Paramount Theatre and they're going to run an extra two-reel picture just before the stage show that day. That will give you just enough time to make it."

Charlie was genuinely pleased. "Hey, that's wonderful. I would have felt horrible if we hadn't been able to do it. Now, you asked me before how many cars we'd need. Well, let's see, there's the band, the instruments, the library, the band boys, the vocalists, Max and myself. . . ."

And in a flash Charlie had made all the necessary arrangements for transportation. As the officers left, one of them said, "Thanks a lot, Charlie, we'll be looking forward to seeing you at the hospital."

It was closing time, and even though I had just sat and listened to the goings-on all evening, I felt worn out.

"Tell me, Charlie, do you *always* have this much business to take care of, in addition to playing—or was tonight a special occasion? And don't you get tired?"

"Funny thing, Jill, it's usually like this every night. But I like it. Yes, I get tired sometimes, but you know in this business you've got to be on your toes. And I wouldn't have it any other way."

As I left, I thought, "No, it's not all trumpet—not by a long shot!"

EARL "Father" Hines never yearned to be a pseudo-papa or fatherly advisor to his bandsmen. What happened was that musicians working with him found their individual instrumental paths clear ahead of them. He developed and influenced such talents as those of trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, drummer Wallace Bishop, and trombonist Trummy Young. Almost all jazz pianists—including Teddy Wilson, Jess Stacy, Bunk Washington, Mary Lou Williams, and Horace Henderson—clearly show the Hines foundation.

Earl Hines' nickname of "Father" could be based on the fact that he undeniably now is, and has been for twenty years, an influence in American music—the father of a distinctive piano style. But that's not how he got the nickname. The truth of the matter is that "Father" was arbitrarily assigned to Hines by Ted Pearson, down one night to do a broadcast from Chicago's *Grand Terrace*, where Earl was chief attraction and general musical supervisor for twelve years.

At thirty-eight, Earl Hines is a living legend—a young, pianist-maestro who is celebrating his twentieth anniversary in show business this year. As any hep youngster can tell you, he achieved fame through his outstanding brand of keyboard work, generally termed "trumpet style." To arrive at his trumpet style, Earl applied the theory of solo improvisation—for example, a trumpet supported by a rhythm section—to a piano keyboard. Practically, this is executed by playing a melodic line of single notes with the right hand, while the left provides the harmonic rhythmic base.

The idea is simple, but critics agree that it is anything but superficial. Outbursts of counter rhythm in fast tempo

defy the allegation that he uses this apparently uninvolved and delicate style because it is easy.

Hines' recordings are fundamental jazz studies. The *Okeh* sides "West End Blues," "Monday Date" (Hines' own number), "Basin Street Blues," and "Tight Like This"—made in 1928-29 with an orchestra starring Hines on piano, Armstrong on trumpet and Zutty Singleton on drums—offer the combined performances of three of the world's great instrumentalists. Copies, of course, are now obtainable by private transaction only.

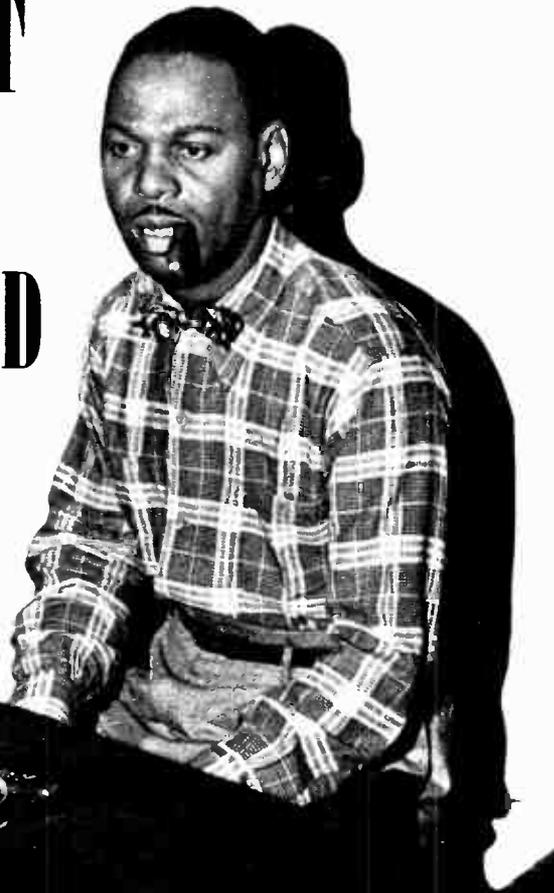
However, his recent recordings are available on the *Bluebird* label—include "Boogie Woogie On The St. Louis Blues"; "Jelly Jelly," with vocals by Billy Eckstine; "Jersey Bounce"; "Second Balcony Jump," "Stormy Monday Blues."

Earl Hines was born in Duquesne, Pennsylvania. His father was a trumpeter—his mother, a pianist and organist. At nine, Earl wanted to play trumpet—his mother decided he should learn piano. At sixteen he was playing professionally in a Pittsburgh nightclub, but after two years he struck out for Chicago.

It is his Chicago debut, in 1925, that he counts as the beginning of his career. He joined a small combination in one of the *Elite Club* chain.

Earl Hines looks ahead to great and varied jazz organizations. He is at work on a "futuristic concerto." The concert auditorium dates he plays are called "Evolution of Jazz," and only recently he delivered lectures at City College, Chicago and the University of Louisville (Kentucky) School of Music. In those statements of faith he stressed the sociological importance of jazz and named the reasons why it has been banned in totalitarian countries.

TRUMPET on the KEYBOARD



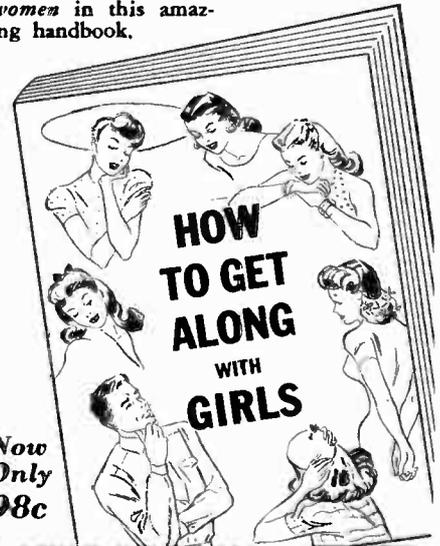
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The JAZZ Record

by Art Hodes

IN keeping with our new question and answer policy, let's open some letters, read what they say, and try to answer them. LeRoy Allen of New York City writes:

"In your column in March you picked out what in your opinion are the twenty-five best jazz records ever put on wax.

"I noticed included in your selections Sharkey Bonano. I also noticed that he is playing two of my favorite jazz songs. Well, Mr. Hodes, what I want to know is, is he from New Orleans or Chicago? What instrument did he play? Who were his sidemen on these recordings?

"I suppose it's the next thing to impossible to hear any of his records nowadays. The reason I'm asking you these questions is because my curiosity is aroused. I saw his name mentioned in several jazz magazines but they never gave any information on him.

"I know all about the rest: King Oliver, Louie Bix, Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, Pine Top, Jimmie Noone, James P., Earl, Johnny Dodds, and Jelly Roll. I've heard them all play one time or another. Never heard Sippie Wallace, Albert Wynn, New Orleans Feetwarmers, Johnny Dunn, New Orleans Wanderers or Wesley Wallace.

"I would appreciate it very much if you could give me this information."

First let me say, L. A., that you're on the right track as far as the "Real Jazz" is concerned. Now for your questions.

Sharkey Bonano is a New Orleans trumpet player and a band leader, now a member of the Coast Guard. He recorded two sides for Columbia called "Panama" and "Dippermouth Blues" which are highly unavailable right now. Columbia should reissue them. Then we'd all be able to hear this fine trumpet player and judge for ourselves whether we like his music or we don't.

The clarinet player on this date is Sidney Arodin who, in company with Hoagy Carmichael, wrote "Lazy River." Sidney is also a New Orleans musician. By the way, LeRoy, Sippie Wallace is a blues vocalist who recorded for Okeh some years ago; Albert Wynn is a trombonist; "New Orleans Feetwarmers" is a band title for a group under the leadership of Sidney Bechet; and Johnny Dunn played trumpet.

"New Orleans Wanderers" is a recording name a group of Armstrong's side-kicks used when they cut four sides for Columbia; and Wesley Wallace is a pianist that we seem to have lost track of but

who, nevertheless, left embedded in wax one of the greatest piano renditions of its kind that I've had the pleasure of hearing. Of course, it would be unavailable.

Now let's open the next letter. It hardly needs answering, but speaks for itself. Pete Burton, a Canadian soldier up at Aldershot, N.S., writes:

"I've read many a fine article on jazz in your magazine. But a man can't learn all there is to know on jazz by reading what other people say. Nor by listening to jazz itself. The best way is to watch other people listen to it; note their reactions and compare them with your own. You might put a title on top of what I'm about to tell you. Something like 'Jazz; Number One Morale Builder'.

"In the camp theatre the other day, before the picture was flashed on the screen, a few records were played. Among these were 'Livery Stable Blues' by Spanier, 'Changes Made' by Condon, and 'At

powerful than any other type of music. Some of them don't even know the difference between jazz and swing, but they felt it. And feeling it is as important as anything connected with it. They reacted to it as naturally as if they were playing it themselves, or as if they had a thorough knowledge of it.

"From this night at the theatre I brought away with me a more thorough knowledge of jazz than I had ever known before; which only brings back one of my opening statements: The best way to learn about jazz is to watch other people listen to it, and compare their reactions with your own. The majority of the time you will find them the same."

As I said before, this letter speaks for itself. Well, Pete, on behalf of all the jazz musicians, I'd like to thank you for a good day's work.

Now what have we got next? This letter is from two soldiers, Jack T. Dempsey and Mike Sara, stationed at Camp Livingston, La., and it reads:

"We just finished reading a copy of BAND LEADERS and noticed that you didn't pick any tenor sax men on your 'All-Time Greats' list. Being musicians ourselves and both of us tenor men, we're naturally interested. Another reason is that we seem to disagree on our choice of the best in the last ten years.

"I pick Chu Berry tops, with Lester Young second, followed by Illinois Jacquot—while Young is tops with my buddy and Don Lotus and Illinois a close second and third. Because we're thrown together so much and see so much of each other, we were wondering if you could throw some light on this subject before one of us decides that the other is too square to live."

O.K. fellows, let's talk. My position as regards the tenor sax is this: When the tenor sax is played by such capable men



(Above) The "Wild Bill Davidson" band which played several years ago at Nick's jazz-famous nightery. L. to R.: Charlie Queener, George Brunis, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Earl Murphy, and "Wild Bill."

'Sundown' by Freeman. These records were mixed up with a collection of swing records by McIntyre, Dorsey, and Miller.

"The first record played was 'In the Mood' by Miller. It brought plenty of stomping of feet and clapping of hands . . . but it didn't bring the smiles of pleasure, the feeling of ease and musical appreciation to the hearts of the men around me that the above-mentioned jazz records brought.

"I could tell by the faces and the expressions of joy and pleasure uttered by the fellows around me that jazz was more

as the late Chu Berry or Lester Young (who is still very much alive) it's a good kick to hear it (and, by the way, I should know—I've sat in with both these men).

I have nothing against the tenor saxophone. You just don't include it in a jazz band. Why? 'Cause the real jazz band had only three voices; the trumpet (melody); the clarinet (harmony); and the trombone (a harmony fill-in voice). The minute you add another horn you cease producing that pure product I'm speaking of—jazz. Many writers insist on calling all hot music jazz—which leads

them into loads of trouble. Here's an example for you:

Let's suppose that we all agreed that Louis Armstrong was a great jazzman. We labeled him that when he was playing nothing but jazz tunes like "Bugle Call Rag" and "Weary Blues," and that old standard "St. Louis Blues," etc. During this time he was playing with a small jazz group . . . what I call a jazz band . . . a small band composed of musicians you could call your musical equals.

Then, let us suppose that Armstrong decides to drop this jazz band and build a large band consisting of five saxophones, six brass, and a full rhythm section. He also hires several arrangers. In the small band each player could improvise almost at will, but we now find that in this large band, built around Armstrong the leader, all the arrangements are so composed that the leader is starred and the rest of the musicians are used as a necessary background.

Gone is the free and easy improvisation

of the small band. Add to this the fact that the band now plays pop tunes almost exclusively, with vocals added, and you must admit there's a difference between the kind of music this man Armstrong is now producing and the music he produced when he associated himself with such stellar hot jazzmen as Johnny and Baby Dodds, Kid Ory, Lonnie Johnson, Johnny St. Cyr, and King Oliver.

The music he now produces is commercial swing—what he once produced was the best of jazz. Make no mistake . . . Mr. Armstrong is still a great man. But he's not making a practice of playing jazz. The tenor saxophone definitely has a place in American music, be it in a swing band, jive band, jump group or what have you. But the best jazz bands I know of don't use a tenor sax.

And that's about all I have space for in this issue. Write in as often as you like, addressing me, care of **BAND LEADERS**, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N.Y. See you in the next issue. So long!—Art Hodes

Nervous Music (Continued from page 11)

joke. That was the subtlety of their music . . . a riff so gentle that the audience didn't understand it—but the musicians liked it so much that they laughed.

While Lionel could fall in with a subtle riff, his inventiveness was not subtle. It was hard-played, obvious, excitable music. When Lionel formed his own band, the restraint was abolished—if the band was to swing, let her swing high, wide and handsome—bring it out in the open and jump on it! Without the restraint, the music became less "musician music" and more "audience music." There were still plenty of kicks for any musician, but in Lionel's new band the main object of the music was the audience . . . and they understood it, every note.

Things began to happen. Lionel took the band on a tour of the Pacific Coast and right away, because of the name he had built up with "King of Swing" Benny Goodman, audiences poured into the ballrooms and theaters—poured in and stayed to marvel. The excitement of the band caught on and rolled itself into a snowball which grew more tremendous as the band rolled from city to city.

If there were any critics who doubted that the band would get anywhere, they were few and far between . . . and they were, of course, wrong!

Today Hampton's is one of the most successful bands in the country. A Decca recording artist, his full band discs have sold into the millions . . . and, strangely enough, his old Victor recordings are still selling almost as well as his new discs. In fact, in their new "educational jazz" series, Victor includes an album of those old Hampton records. Biggest selling discs by the band are, probably, "Hamp's Boogie Woogie" on Decca and "Gin for Christmas" on Victor.

In theaters, the band's music is so infectious that it becomes impossible to quiet the crowd—even when the picture is on the screen.

At a dance, the crowd is of mixed emotions. They want to dance. They can't seem to help that. But, they also want to listen. It turns into one of those things where the "jitterbug experts" dance from the first blast of a horn to the last and the rest of the crowd forms in a tight circle about the dancers, watching them and quivering with the rhythm, listening

intently to the music, shouting and stamping at the appropriate times.

Lionel, himself, is a very sincere guy. Success has not gone to his head and, I guess, never will. He is nervous and perspirey on the job—changes his suit several times during the evening. Off the job he becomes quite calm, only getting excited when he thinks about or talks about his music. Off the job he is also pretty vague. He forgets that you are with him . . . forgets where he is. The reason for that is that he never completely forgets his band or his music. He is with them always . . . and he is never completely with you.

Business is obviously not Lionel's forte but, fortunately, it is a strong point in the make-up of Mrs. Hampton, so she tackles the unmusical end of the outfit. As for publicity, there seems to be no special Hampton publicity office. Lionel just waves his hand magnanimously and tells you to contact "so-and-so" for information and pictures. The name he has given may be that of a well-known music critic or an editor. Everyone likes Hamp so much that, even though he may be amazed to find that he has become a non-paid publicity man for the band leader, he always enters into the spirit of the thing and supplies you with what you need.

Getting back to the band, though, it is honestly one of the most amazing bands I have ever seen. The musicians seem to get as much boot out of it as do the people in the audience. When the "bom bom bom bom bom bom . . . paah" comes, they all stamp it out with the crowd and shout with them, either vocally or through their horns. Lionel is in another world all the time he stands in front of the band . . . can't seem to get enough of it. He laughs and smiles almost constantly on the stage. He moves about in the band: sitting at the piano, taking over drums, pounding the vibes. And when he's not playing . . . or singing . . . he just acts happy, like the crowd, and nervous, like the crowd, too.

There's just no getting around it. Lionel Hampton's band is a nervous band . . . and, (ask the crowd!) an exciting band. And that seems to make it good. Anyhow, the crowd likes it, the musicians like it, Lionel likes it, and I like it. How about you?

World Radio History



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What does television promise for band world fans? What kind of programs are being televised now, and what is being planned for the future? How soon will new television receivers be available and at what price? This department will bring you information on current developments—as reported by set manufacturers, studios, etc. Here's what General Electric tells us:

AMONG the millions of Americans who are eagerly looking forward to television, perhaps no group of listeners stands to gain more than the followers of popular bands. These avid music fans who, with conventional radio, have missed all the color and showmanship which goes with most of the popular orchestras, will with television be able to sit in their own parlors and see the same shows which now are presented on theater stages, in ballrooms and studios.

In the post-war television era, you'll be able to see Betty Hutton go through her jitterbug gyrations as she sings—Frank Sinatra at the mike—the full show put on by Cab Calloway, Louis Prima, Benny Goodman and the other spectacular band leaders—and many other big features.

The simple electrical operation of television is easily understood. In the studio the camera "sees" the televised scene. Inside the camera is a special vacuum tube which changes the image from light into electricity. The picture, now a series of electrical impulses, is sent over a cable to the control panel, where an engineer watches to make sure that the equipment is functioning properly to produce a satisfactory picture. The picture is then transmitted by radio waves to the television broadcast station.

The sound, which accompanies the television picture, is picked up by a microphone in the studio and carried by wire to the control room. It too is sent by radio waves to the transmitter. Both the sight and sound are then broadcast together to the television receivers throughout the area covered.

The two radio signals which carry the picture and sound are received on the same antenna and are separated inside the receiving set. The one signal actuates the picture tube to reproduce the scene being televised; the other signal operates the loudspeaker to reproduce the sound

picked up in the studio. Thus we are able to see and hear events taking place miles away.

While the war has prevented the General Electric company, and all others engaged in manufacturing military electronic equipment from building new television apparatus, this has been done:

1—It is expected by General Electric that television receiver prices will begin at about \$200, unless unexpected manufacturing costs are encountered. Higher priced models also will receive regular radio programs and, in addition, FM and international short-wave programs. Some of the receivers will include built-in phonographs with automatic record changers.

2—Even the small sets will, in all probability, have screens eight by ten inches in size. In the more expensive television sets, the screen will be as large as eighteen by twenty-four inches.

3—The best shows will be broadcast over television when networks are established. Because television broadcast waves are practically limited by the horizon, networks will be accomplished by having radio relay stations connecting large cities. General Electric set up the first network five years ago, and has developed new tubes that make the relaying of programs possible.

4—At present there are nine television stations in operation—in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady and Los Angeles. However, over 100 organizations have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to build television transmitters after the war.

We'd greatly appreciate your dropping us a postcard, telling us whether you like this new department and letting us have any questions on television which you'd like to have answered. Mail your comments to: Television Editor, BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N.Y. Thanks!

The Beat of the Drum

(Continued from page 13)

It is a quick, pattering rhythmic pattern, which to me, sounds like nothing so much as the putt-putt of a motor boat chugging up a jungle-sealed river on a foggy night.

And another of the beats surely must be derived from a culture other than Africa's own. For it sounds like the beat of a regimental drummer of an English army.

I don't mean to give the impression, of course, that all African drumming can be translated into modern terms, for it cannot. In adapting it for my own purposes I have to take liberties with it.

But I can and do base rhythms I use on basic African beats.

A good example of this is our record "Blue Rhythm Fantasy," in which I improvise against three distinct rhythm patterns which are integrated into a major rhythmic theme, adapted from Bahutu chants and dances.

This sort of thing is typical of Afroic drumming. Native drummers, in fact, seldom play alone, but rather in groups, with specific parts assigned to each individual.

They also are able to obtain tonal effects of varying pitch by depressing the drum head with their hands, and by reason of the fact that many drums are tuned (in minor thirds) like modern instruments.

Snare drums seem to be unknown to native drummers, and they do not play with sticks as we do, but rather with mallets, or with their hands. Playing with the hands is a trick I have borrowed for my latest picture, RKO-Radio's "George White's Scandals of 1945." In this film Ethel Smith and I do an organ-drum duet, in which I play a samba drum with my hands.

I might mention, at this point, that there is plenty of evidence that the drum beats of Africa have formed the base of many rhythms of North and South America.

It is an acknowledged fact that American jazz owes much of its origin and development to African influence. This is true, also, of the Latin-American countries, especially Cuba, where if the music has taken a different form, it is still marked with the beat of the jungle.

Its savagery has been tamed down, perhaps, but its basic elements remain.

The Africans were never known as romanticists. When a cat decided he wanted a wife, he just went out and banged a chick (the drum influence, again) over the head and dragged her home by the hair.

But in newer and strange lands, in contact with a different climate and people, the fury and intensity of the African rhythm was "civilized" and became more suave. The boys began to make with the romance.

Still, rhythmic effects were imitative (as I think they are to this day, for man plays only what he is able to hear). Take the maraccas. You can liken their rhythmic swishing to the chatter of birds or monkeys in the jungle. And the click might be the periodic falling of a drop of water.

I could continue to point out other parallels in modern drumming which appear in primitive times, proving that skin-beating as an art of today has as solid a foundation as any other.

During the late twenties, every drummer worthy of the name felt naked unless

Television Topics

the head of his bass drum bore a resplendent oil painting. Such adornments were made into "productions," by illuminating them from within the drum. Even today, it is customary for the drummer man to have his drum ornamented with his initials and those of the band leader.

This is nothing new. Primitive man did it even more elaborately. I have made a hobby of collecting primitive drums, and have examined them in museums.

Many are made of hollowed-out logs, the outside of which are carved with figures and symbols of tribal significance.

I have an idea that, like the drum beats themselves, these symbols may have been handed from generation to generation.

This may be the key to the ability of African native drummers to use their drums to send messages between villages. Accepted beats may have certain meanings. Or, the sonority of the drum may be used to simulate the guttural tones of native tongues.

In this respect, African drumming hasn't influenced us much. Aside from the

Morse code, which is rhythmic in concept, nothing in modern communication utilizes drumming to send messages.

The only things we drummers can "send" now are the cats in the band. But, give us a little time, and I'll wager we could send telegrams, night letters or what-have-you.

Of course, it would only be a stunt, today. But what I want to emphasize is, how much rhythm is a part of our lives. So important, in fact, that scientists have studied the drum and its beat, and its effect on human behavior.

It was a great privilege for me when, in 1941, the American Museum of Natural History honored me by inviting me to lecture on native drumming. I tried to point out then what I sincerely feel—that, from the stone age until the present, rhythm has been a vital force in the life of human beings.

Man and music will continue to progress, but as long as the earth is inhabited, and man has the power to hear, he'll hear the beat of the drum in his ear.

The Peg's The Thing *(Continued from page 29)*

"A band leader must constantly be working on new ideas for publicity and new exploitation stunts," Cab explains. "Exploitation helps put a name band leader on top, and keeps him there."

Cab's exploitation has as many angles as a trigonometry book... he has a radio script of his life, in which Cab will play "himself" for a station in a town where he's appearing... he will announce his own numbers for a record program, giving details of each record... he's always available for interviews.

Ideas are presented for local taxicab and street car companies to place tickets on the windshield or windows of the cars reading, "Take this cab (or car) to see Cab Calloway at the Theater."... "Calloway" sundaes and sodas are suggested for drug stores and soda fountains... newspaper interviews are proposed, so are cooperative advertisements, in which Cab endorses the products he likes—musical instruments, wearing apparel or other items... a motion picture trailer is offered... tie-ups with department stores and music stores are outlined, in which Cab autographs records in the music department. (You begin to get the idea of exploitation now, jacks and queens? This is no business for an icky, but if you've got your boots on you can make the bookers blow their wigs).

Cab speaks firmly when he says, "A band leader should have a fair knowledge of business and how to transact business. If a fellow plays a hot chorus and gets a name in a big band, he may think he can become a band leader. And that's just why so many fail.

"First, the hopeful leader must have adequate backing, a wise friend who can give him good advice, and a large number of contacts. I have incorporated my business into Cab Calloway, Inc., and I have two publicity men, two booking agents, an accountant, a secretary and a personal manager."

Cab believes a band leader should always be ready and willing to look for talent which will support his band. Much of Cab's spare time between dance sessions, theater appearances and recording dates is spent auditioning men. And while Cab can't hire every promising new comer, he has given the good word

many times, and has helped to place talented players with the newer bands.

For several years, Cab carried the dance team of Charlie and Dottie with his band. Then Charlie went into the Army. But Dottie Saulter had a mellow voice, and Cab set her to work on the vocals. She scored a hit. So now, for the first time, Cab has a girl vocalist. And when she and Cab throw a fast chunk of jitterbug routine into a vocal, the stage really bounces. Cab's Hi De Ho aggregation includes five trumpets, five saxophones, and four trombones, with a guitar, piano, bass and the drums.

The Calloway saga is a story with a bounce in it. The stork carrying Cab barely beat Santa Claus, depositing Cab just two minutes before Christmas in Rochester, N.Y., in 1907 (Cab's full first name is Cabell, as was his father's and grandfather's).

Cab's father, a lawyer, wanted him to study law, so Cab attended Crane College, Chicago. Having to work his way through college, Cab became master of ceremonies and singer at the *Sunset Cafe* on Chicago's south side, doing his homework between shows. But soon Cab knew that the bar was not to be his calling.

Cab organized a band, and played at the *Sunset Cafe* and the *Merry Gardens* ballroom in Chicago. Then he received a call from New York's famous *Savoy Ballroom*. At the *Savoy*, Cab's "Alabamians" took the count. But Cab picked himself up off the floor and went into a musical comedy to score a hit.

Soon, Cab was heading up a new band... it clicked from the start. "Minnie the Mocher" was born; Hi De Ho saw the good earth... Hollywood called... and for ten years Cab Calloway has been a leader among band leaders.

Recent Calloway recordings, which *Columbia* cut in Chicago, are: "Let's Take the Long Way Home," "Hitsum Kitsum," and "Foo Little Ballyhoo." And, of course, "Sensations of 1945," with Cab, Woody Herman and his band, Eleanor Powell, W. C. Fields, Sophie Tucker, and Dorothy Donegan is playing the movie theaters.

The Calloway saga is a story of expert exploitation with "Hi De Ho" as its peg. But behind that saga is Cab Calloway the man—cordial fellow, ace entertainer.



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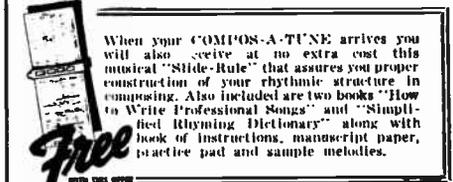
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QUIZ In Swingtime

If you have a pencil handy and nothing to do for the next few minutes, see if you can shellac the rheumy eyed little man who makes up this bandstand quiz. It's a heck of a lot more fun than doing homework or working on the family budget! Are you hep? A score of 95 to 100 indicates that you should be writing the quiz instead of Dixon Gayer; 80 to 95 means that you're solid; 65 to 80... maybe you'd better do your homework after all; below 65... you need an education in swingtime. Answers can be found on page 65.

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

- (a) "Star Dreams".....
- (b) "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans"
- (c) "One O'Clock Jump".....
- (d) "Apurksody"
- (e) "Artistry in Rhythm".....

TWO: The following are scramble-grams—vocalists' names which have been scrambled up. Name the vocalist and also the band with which he (or she) sings (Score two points for each correct vocalist's name and two more if you named the proper band leader):

- (a) Lanilny Raloc.....
- (b) Thru Raylog.....
- (c) Neeri Yade.....
- (d) Lilyb Lamswili.....
- (e) Neeg Whardo.....

THREE: For this one all you have to do is answer true or false on the five questions and score four points for each correct answer:

- (a) If you come on "like Jack the Bear" it means that you are really solid. TRUE or FALSE ?
- (b) "He's a frantic cat having a gay evening" means that he's upset but he enjoys listening to the music. TRUE or FALSE ?
- (c) "Out front" means in front of the house, nightclub, or ballroom. TRUE or FALSE ?
- (d) "Fine dinner" and "home cooking" don't necessarily refer to good food. TRUE or FALSE ?
- (e) "Poppa" and "Jack" are names which are accepted by swing musicians as the name "Mac" is accepted by sailors. TRUE or FALSE ?

FOUR: The following are titles of phonograph records which helped spell fame for a particular band. Name the band which found its fame with each title, and the label (company who made the record) upon which it was released (Score one point if you name the band leader correctly and two more if you also get the label right. The perfect score will thus be three on any one part of the question):

- (a) "Begin the Beguine".....
- (b) "Angelina"
- (c) "Cherokee"
- (d) "Der Fuehrer's Face".....
- (e) "Moonlight Serenade".....

FIVE: Radio sponsors spend a lot of money on programs to advertise their products. They try to get top artists so that people will listen and become acquainted with the name of the product. Give the name of the product advertised on the program on which the artist listed is starred. (Score three points for each correct answer):

- (a) Frank Sinatra.....
- (b) Spotlight Bands.....
- (c) Perry Como.....
- (d) Fred Waring.....
- (e) Bing Crosby.....

SIX: Each name on the following list is that of a band leader instrumentalist. After each name put "reed," "brass" or "rhythm" according to which family the instrument he plays belongs. Saxophones and clarinets are "reeds," trumpets and trams are "brass," piano, drums, guitar, and bass are "rhythm". (Score one point for each correct answer):

- (a) Tommy Dorsey.....
- (b) Charlie Barnet.....
- (c) Jimmy Dorsey.....
- (d) Artie Shaw.....
- (e) Joe Reichman.....
- (f) Benny Goodman.....
- (g) Gene Krupa.....
- (h) Carmen Cavallero.....
- (i) Phil Harris.....
- (j) Skinnay Ennis.....
- (k) Louis Prima.....
- (l) Louis Jordan.....
- (m) Louis Armstrong.....
- (n) Horace Heidt.....
- (o) Woody Herman.....

Shore 'Nuff

(Continued from page 7)

singing 'Good Night, Captain Curly Head,' I think of my little nephew, whose father was sent overseas.

"And I never sing things unsuited to me, even if they happen to be outstanding hits of the day. That is a good tip to follow when making auditions. Always choose some familiar tune, something that feels 'comfortable' to you.

"That way, the person listening to you can concentrate on your voice, and not be subconsciously trying to figure out what you're singing. I always chose standards like 'Embraceable You' and 'Stardust.'

"Getting a good accompanist can help immeasurably. I was lucky enough to meet 'Ticker' Freeman, my present accompanist, when I first went to New York, and he has helped me over many, many rough spots.

"Oddly, he sings very much like I do and, frankly, I sometimes wonder where Dinah Shore leaves off, and 'Ticker' Freeman begins.

"About studying voice, I don't know what to say. I studied awhile myself, when I was in school. But I was also a cheer leader, and finally my poor teacher gave up trying to make a lyric soprano of me, with my voice hoarse from cheer leading.

"You can learn a lot, just by listening to other singers—not to copy, understand, but to learn how they use phrasing and dynamics—how they put feeling into a song. My theory is that popular songs (and I consider myself strictly a 'pop' singer) are meant to give relaxation and entertainment. Therefore, they should be sung relaxed.

"But no song can be interpreted on the same monotonous level—it must have feeling. If you have sincerity, you'll have feeling. Listening to singers who have feeling will inspire you. I used to listen to records constantly—and still do.

"Maybe you have what it takes to succeed. But, obtaining musical success is often heartbreaking. Where one succeeds, hundreds fail. If, after you've done your best, your dreams don't come true, be a good sport about it, and don't let unhappiness ruin your life.

"There are really no set rules for musical success. Hard work pays off in this field the same as any other. You don't have to go to Hollywood or New York to be discovered.

"If you live away from the entertain-

"Frank Sinatra always affects me this way! Mind if I introduce myself?"



GEORGE TUCKELL



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ment centers, make a record of your voice (singing your very best) and send it to the band leader or person for whom you wish to sing. Write a letter about yourself and send a photo. In New York or Hollywood, you must inform yourself about the places where auditions are held—then haunt them until you get your chance.

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BIOGRABRIEF

Born on the first day of March in Winchester, Tennessee, to S. A. and Anna (Stein) Shore. . . . Moved to Nashville (which she calls her home town) at 7 Attended Tarbox and Ransom grade schools; Cavert Jr., and Hume-Fogg high schools At Vanderbilt University, majored in sociology, minored in economics, graduating with an A.B. in 1938

Changed her first name from Frances Rose to Dinah, because she admired Ethel Waters' rendition of the song of the same name and didn't like the nickname, "Fanny"

By New Year's eve of 1938, she was flat broke, but had so proved herself, her dad put her on his "private sustaining program," by lending her money to enable her to stay in New York She justified his confidence by landing a job on the "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" program, where she immediately clicked

Eddie Cantor signed her, and her recording of "Yes, My Darling Daughter" sold half a million discs In Hollywood, she was given picture contracts and good roles in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" at Warner's, Sam Goldwyn's "Up In Arms," and her latest, for International, "Belle of the Yukon"

Now has her own radio program, and is the country's undisputed No. 1 popular girl singer, according to national polls, winning nine within the past year Made an overseas trip in 1944, accompanied by her personal accompanist, "Ticker" Freeman, to entertain service men

Is married to motion picture star George Montgomery, now an Army Air Forces corporal. Their home is in Beverly Hills, and in private life she prefers to be known as Mrs. George Montgomery

Is 5 ft. 4½ in., weighs 117, has dark brown eyes and auburn hair Likes to cook favorite meal, pot roast and potatoes Unaffected herself, she dislikes showoffs, either male or female Star of radio, records and films, but still modest and unassuming.

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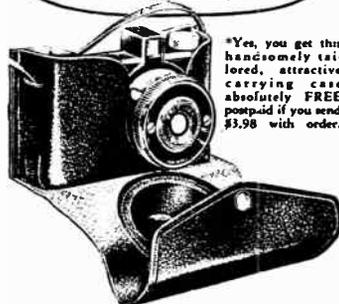
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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

(Continued from page 4)

LOUIS (King of 'em all) ARMSTRONG is toying with the idea of buying his own night club in some big town, so he can settle down in one spot with a band and rest awhile. . . . Incidentally, an old pal of Louis' early jazz days in New Orleans has been uncovered. His name is BUNK JOHNSON, and he's sixty-five years old but he sure packs a mean trumpet. Bunk started off his new career with SIDNEY BECHET at the famous Savoy jazz spot in Boston. He'll play a date near your town soon, probably, so keep your jazz eye open for him. . . .

This columnist just learned that WOODY HERMAN has been given the right to pick his own tunes for his Columbia disc dates, so you can expect to hear more and more of those wonderful ballads (like "Laura") and those amazing jump numbers (like "Northwest Passage"). And did I ever remember to mention that I think Woody's crew is the best young swing outfit in the business? . . .

Pianist TEDDY WILSON and vibes expert RED NORVO have some swell music on the Musicraft record label. Stuff



JOAN MOWERY

is as good as the jazz Red brought out with his band in the thirties. . . .

The MODERNAIRES (ex-GLENN MILLER singers) can be heard on the Columbia label, in case you didn't know. Lovely PAULA KELLY, who sang with many name bands, is star of the vocal group. . . .

SAM DONAHUE's crack Navy band is due back in this country after many long months in overseas' service. The musicians in this band have traveled to almost all the far-flung fronts, having made trips throughout the South Pacific and the European war theaters. . . .

ROY WILLIAMS, heard over Station WINS in New York City, is a new candidate for top crooner honors. He's heard Mondays through Fridays at 6:15 p.m. EWT. . . .

Recorded jazz classic for this issue: "I'll Take Tallulah," waxed by TOMMY DORSEY and his band on Victor. It's possibly the most exciting full-band disc that the Sentimental Gentleman ever cut, with the entire band sounding inspired. Besides some unbelievable drumming by BUDDY RICH, the platter features FRANK SINATRA. . . .

This jazz beat must be contagious. Lately, LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI's New York City Symphony has been featuring a hot beat (and plans to feature more swing stars); long-hair pianist JOSÉ ITURBI put out some boogie-woogie records; and classical violinist JASCHA HEIFETZ includes a number called "Jim Jives" in his repertory. . . .

COUNT BASIE has signed a four-year contract with the Hotel Lincoln in Manhattan, thus assuring NYC swing fans

that they'll hear the righteous stuff for a long time to come. . . . Drummer RAY BAUDUC, who reorganized the wonderful old BOB CROSSBY band, is planning a cross-country tour, so all you fans will have a chance to judge his new crew. . . .

There's more talk of one of the movie companies doing a film on the late and great trumpeter BUNNY BERIGAN. Bunny's untimely death in June of 1942 robbed the music world of one of its most original talents. . . . DUKE ELLINGTON is writing the score for a Broadway show which will feature ETHEL WATERS and blues-singer JOSH WHITE. . . .

TOMMY DORSEY's wonderful drummer-man BUDDY RICH changed his mind several times about building his own band. He still isn't too certain, with name-band problems what they are. . . .

Band leader EDDY DUCHIN reported in line for a medal after showing extreme bravery in the South Pacific battles. . . .

Trumpeter BOBBY HACKETT, featured with the Casa Loma band, will do recording dates with his own band, and later take a fling at fronting a band for good. Bobbie, like many another talented instrumentalist with a flair for standing in front of a band, is holding off until after the war before testing his maestro ambitions. . . .

GUY LOMBARDO and his boys currently are making their first movie in several years. . . . And, while we're on the subject, it's pretty definite that a major studio will screen the lives of TOMMY and JIMMY DORSEY. . . .

RAYMOND SCOTT wants to buy himself a theater so he'll be able to make special experiments in recording. Scott is one of the few leaders with a thorough knowledge of radio technique. . . .

After the success JERRY WALD had with the song from "Laura" (he wired Hollywood for the score after seeing the picture and is using the tune for his band theme), other band leaders are standing in line to be first to hear new flicker scores. . . .

Here's an advance tip: order your copy of COOTIE WILLIAMS' recording of "House of Joy" right now. If you think LIONEL HAMPTON's "Boogie-Woogie" jumped, wait until you hear this mad, galloping platter! . . .

LAWRENCE WELK's new "champagne lady" is JOAN MOWERY, who was chosen from thousands of contestants auditioned throughout the country, as featured vocalist with his orchestra. . . .

A lot of people wonder where hot pianist MAURICE ROCCO dreamed up his stunt of standing at the keyboard and pounding eight-to-the-bar. According to



SIDNEY BECHET

his press agent, Rocco was working in a night club when someone stole his piano stool and he had to do his act standing up. He went over so well that night, that he decided to make the unorthodox piano position a regular part of his show. . . .

Trumpeter SONNY DUNHAM has added singing to his other accomplishments (he plays fine jazz trombone) and next time you catch his band, you'll hear him doing a Sinatra—or maybe it's an Andy Russell! . . .

JEAN GOLDKETTE, whose original band included such greats as TOMMY and JIMMY DORSEY, BIX BEIDERBECKE and FRANKIE TRUMBAUER, has a new 60-man orchestra. You can hear him Saturdays at 9 p.m. EWT over Mutual. . . .

"PATSY" DE VITO is now WOODY HERMAN's bandboy, "POPSIE" RANDOLPH having returned to the BENNY GOODMAN crew. . . .

If you'd like to write to your favorite band leader or vocalist but don't know where to address your letter, send a self-addressed, 3c-stamped envelope to: Service Dept., Band Leaders, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y., and request our current "Address List." There's no charge—but you must enclose a stamped return envelope. . . .

Time to put the typewriter away . . . look for you all next time with the when, where and why of the swing world!—DICK DODGE.

RAY BAUDUC's new ork: L. to R., back: Harry Elewley, John Plonsky, Jim Krepper, vocalists Harry Taylor and Deeda Patrick, Ray, Cambern Cottrell, Jimmy Simmons, Wendel Lester, Lewis M. Smith; front: Hal Dean, Bob Kuhn, Joe Lenza, Neal Ely, Joe Reisman, Gil Rodin, Ray Borden.



World Radio History

Weekend Blues (Continued from page 22)

little car. He was incognito. I was ignorant of that. Oh, how little I felt to meet him after that!!!

No matter who comes into the Starlight Roof, be he the Rajah of Capurtola, Senators, Congressmen (they say they learn things from musicians), or that pretty Gloria Baker, all want to hear recordings I've made. They like the romance of the Latin melodies.

And those young couples! They come, they dance, they make love. Next thing I know, they come back, tap me on the shoulder, say:

"Oh thank you, Mr. Cugat—we fell in love dancing to your music—now we are married—we even have a baby."

They blame me!!

What a life that Waldorf leads me—we opened there twelve years ago this summer. That night we were stuck out on the balcony. Played only when the big name band took an intermission. Today, we are the big name band.

But to get started, to teach Yankees how to have fun with tangoes, rumbas, and congas, I had with me three good-looking boys. These boys were young, and their job was to dance these new steps with the ladies—to show the men how

easy they were. That they were nothing so hard. Just like a fox trot or waltz, only better. This was sixteen years ago.

These boys, they were no gigolos—no, no. Today, my first boy, Emilio Fernandez, is the leading motion picture director of Mexico. He has won four prizes for the best picture of the year.

Alfredo Benitez, my second boy, is now the No. 1 strong man of Cuba, a full-fledged General, and a political power.

And my third, the well-known orchestra leader, Carlos Molino.

Me—I am proud!

I don't have to be in New York any more to be in the Waldorf. Neither does my dog, Moro. He too is a picture actor now. Strolls along through the corridors of the screen hotel. He didn't have to rehearse—he was born in the real Waldorf.

Only I am a little puzzled. Ted Saucier, another Waldorf oldtimer, was the technical advisor for the movie. He says the real Waldorf covers 81,337 square feet. But Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., he tells me something, too. At Metro, the Waldorf covered 120,000 square feet.

These movies—they can make even the beegest hotel in the world beeger!

Singing Star Stafford (Continued from page 27)

And he kept reminding me of the lyrics of one of the songs I was going to do, 'Ac-Cen-Tchu-Ate The Positive.' Whatever psychology he used on me, it must have worked, because after the first few bars of my opening number, I wasn't so frightened, and somehow or other, everything turned out okay."

"After I got into the routine of it, I really loved nightclub work. It was fun and exciting. And I got a big kick out of dressing up in evening gowns every night. But I haven't deserted radio. Right now I'm only doing guest appearances, but I hope to have my own program one of these days."

Jo is one of those rarities, a native Californian. Though born in Coalinga, she considers Long Beach her home, because her family moved there when she was four years old. She made her first public appearance when she was eleven, singing in a trio, with her elder sisters, Pauline and Christine. She attended Long Beach Polytechnic High School and majored in music. After her graduation, the Stafford Sisters sang on many radio programs in Los Angeles. When her sisters married, Jo joined a group of seven boys who called themselves "The Pied Pipers." The group was later reduced to the "Pied Pipers Quartet." In 1938, when Tommy Dorsey came to Los Angeles on one of his tours, he heard them and signed them for his band.

One day during rehearsal, Jo was singing a new number by herself when Tommy happened to walk in. He had never heard Jo alone before, and he was so impressed with her ability that he decided right then and there that she should sing solos too. That was the beginning of a long association with Dorsey, during which time Jo sang with the quartet and was featured as a soloist on many of Tommy's biggest record hits.

Frank Sinatra joined Dorsey about two months after Jo, and they are still close friends.

Jo says that the experience she had traveling around the country with the Dorsey band was invaluable and helped to pave the way for her later appearances on radio and records.

"After four years with the band, I was tired of one-nighters and busses and trains, so the 'Pied Pipers' and I came back to California and went into radio. Then, when Johnny Mercer did his first program for Pepsodent, the Pipers and I went on the show and I sang ballads besides singing with the boys."

About this time Mercer and Buddy De Sylva formed the Capitol Record Company and Jo was one of the first singers they contracted. She made recordings both as a soloist and with the Pipers. Jo remained with the boys until she was signed for the Chesterfield Music Shop Program. The show was to be five times weekly, and she realized that she couldn't sing with the group and do her solos as well, because it involved too much rehearsal time. So she got her friend June Hutton to take her place with the Pipers.

When the program went off the air, Jo had many offers for other air shows. But her agents and Johnny Mercer felt she should go to New York. So she finally decided to accept the *Martinique* offer and now, after her tremendous click, she isn't sorry. She does confess, however, that she gets homesick once in a while.

"I guess I'm just a home girl," she says, "because I don't like living in hotels. And I do miss my family. But my sister, Christine, is with me, so it isn't too bad. And anyway, I know that to be a success in the music world you've got to do some traveling. I learned that when I was with the band."

Johnny Mercer is supposed to have said, in speaking of the Stafford pipes, "That girl picks pockets with her voice." And the way they wear her records out in juke boxes, we can see what he meant.

Yes, Miss Jo does all right for herself with that smooth voice of hers.

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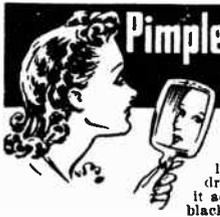
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McIntyre, Music and Morale

(Continued from page 9)

carried in... technicians set up portable recording equipment and adjusted microphones. The boys tuned their instruments and played a few bars of music so that a balance on the recorder might be obtained. Mac dashed from the midst of the band, on stage, back to the room in the right wing where the V-Disc recording mechanism was set up, and back to the stage, checking tone quality and volume. "Move the mike over just a little from the piano—closer to the bass, Eddie. Hey, you... you trumpets... back your chairs up about a foot!"

Finally, everything was set. The hospitalized men had been brought quietly into the auditorium and were waiting expectantly for the entertainment to begin. The band swung into their theme melody, "Ecstasy." The black disc on the recorder started to go round. The melody changed—there was the low moan of Joe Weidman's trumpet, then Ruth Gaylor stepped to the microphone.

As she sang, you watched the faces in that audience. One boy swayed with the rhythm, remembering the Saturday nights back in a little town in Iowa when he'd danced to a similar tune. Another sat quietly, unaware of his surroundings, for a moment lost in the world of familiar people and memories. The black disc on the recorder was still going round.

You knew that, not many weeks later, those same expressions would be mirrored on the face of a boy sitting in a shack... on the battlefield, perhaps... with his rifle propped against the phonograph playing the V-Disc while he waited for the lull in the battle to be over and the sound of Hal McIntyre's music to change to the sound of artillery fire and planes overhead. In the eyes of a wounded man lying on a hospital cot behind the battlefield, listening as a Red Cross worker played that same record, there'd be a memory of home and happiness, too—for a little while.

There were strictly instrumental numbers, with Mac giving out on his saxophone and that gold-keyed clarinet. Al Nobel and Johnnie Turnbull took their

turns with the vocals. In what seemed like a few short minutes, almost two hours were gone. The large discs on which the McIntyre music had been recorded under the supervision of Captain Robert Vincent and Lt. Colonel Howard Bronson of the Special Services Division were carefully packed away. Later they would be played back, the music taken off and recorded on the smaller black platters which are shipped overseas—the V-Discs.

Then came the tumult. All the veterans who could, made their way to the front of the auditorium, crowding around the stage. "Hey, Mac," one little fellow yelled, "Would you autograph this dollar bill for me?" After Hal had complied, the boy grinned sheepishly, turned the bill over and there on the other side was the McIntyre signature, too. "I guess you wouldn't remember me," the boy said, "but you played the camp in New Mexico where I had my basic training—that's where I got the other autograph."

A tall lean guy with a Texas accent kept edging his way through the crowd that had gathered around Ruth Gaylor. Finally, he reached her side and just stood there for a few minutes, as if gathering his courage. Then he said shyly, "I'm wonderin', mam, if ah' could just sorta' touch yo' hair. Ya' see, you look an awful lot like a real purty little gal I knew in Waco, and it sho' has been a long time since I been to Waco."

Maybe these and many similar obvious displays of happiness are some of the reasons that entertainers like Hal McIntyre are so willing to give their time and talent to performing for servicemen.

Maybe that's why Hal McIntyre decided to take his whole organization overseas—why every member of the band is more than willing to endure the hardships that a trip of this sort entails without feeling that they are making any sacrifices. And, when you multiply the feelings of these eighteen people by the hundreds of others in the entertainment world—brother, that equals a lot of happiness for the guys over there!

Ex-Bandleader

(Continued from page 17)

could read. The first tune on the job, right after the introduction, called for a trombone solo. "I was frozen," Jerry recalls. "I thought this would be just another Dixieland job, when I told Keith I could read. I found out it was the wrong thing to say."

Pitman was very nice about it though—he let Jerry fake a few choruses before laying him off.

Jerry still hadn't learned to read music when he went to Bermuda with Chet Frost and his Bostonians.

Frost first hired Colonna on tram. Then, when the other men left, he asked him to assemble a whole band to do a job in Bermuda. Jerry rounded up his pals, none of whom could read a note except Frankie Vigneau, the pianist. It was a rush job—the boat was ready to sail and Frost had no time to talk to the men or hear them play.

The boat sailed... came time for the first rehearsal... and Frost put up arrangements of concert numbers, excerpts from operas!

Jerry popped his eyes.

"What's this?" he asked Frost.

"The music for our concert."

"Sorry, we don't mess with that stuff," Colonna told him. "We play Dixieland."

Frost broke down and moaned that he'd be ruined. He was strictly on a long-hair kick, with a big job booked in Bermuda. He told them they'd have to take the first boat back.

But Jerry persisted, told Frost to have the hotel manager announce that the Bostonians were going to introduce American jazz in Bermuda. Frost finally agreed.

The boat docked, and the band began its first rehearsal in the hotel ballroom, with Jerry and the boys jamming away on "Dinah," "Tin Roof Blues," and such goodies. Along came the manager.

In precise British accents, loud enough for all to hear, he said, "What are those monkeys doing?"

Unfortunately the hotel patrons felt the same way.

What saved the day was a U.S. convention party which took over the hotel.

Quiz Answers

(See page 60)

ONE: (a) Charlie Spivak; (b) Louis Prima; (c) Count Basie; (d) Gene Krupa; (e) Stan Kenton.

TWO: (a) Lilyann Carol-Louis Prima; (b) Ruth Gaylor-Hal McIntyre; (c) Irene Daye-Charlie Spivak; (d) Billy Williams-Sammy Kaye; (e) Gene Howard-Stan Kenton.

THREE: (a) FALSE (It means "You are nowhere" . . . not solid!); (b) FALSE (It means that he is an unusual or wild character having a good time); (c) FALSE (It means "early"; for instance, "Get your tickets out front"; . . . "Get your tickets early"); (d) TRUE (It means anything good. A pretty girl, for instance, is a "fine dinner" or "home cooking"); (e) TRUE (any musician will answer to the name "Jack" or "Poppa").

FOUR: (a) Artie Shaw—Bluebird; (b) Louis Prima—Hit; (c) Charlie Barnet—Bluebird; (d) Spike Jones—Bluebird; (e) Glenn Miller—Bluebird (or Victor).

FIVE: (a) Max Factor cosmetics; (b) Coca-Cola; (c) Chesterfield; (d) Owens-Illinois Glass Company (e) Kraft Dairy Products (cheese).

SIX: (a) brass; (b) reed; (c) reed; (d) reed; (e) rhythm; (f) reed; (g) rhythm; (h) rhythm; (i) rhythm; (j) rhythm; (k) brass; (l) reed; (m) brass; (n) rhythm; (o) reed.

American jazz was just what they wanted, and Colonna got one of the bigshots to tell the manager it was the greatest band he'd ever heard.

This gave them a temporary life-line on the dance work, but they were told to skip the concerts and get ready to go home. However, the boys liked Bermuda

so, under the supervision of Frankie, Eddie Wilson (trumpet), Jack Parker (reeds), Gus Mondello (guitar), and Jerry (trombone) learned to read music.

Finally, with Mel Von (the violinist) and Frost, they did play the concerts—staying on in Bermuda for six months. They also popularized jazz to such an extent that the opposition hotel frantically sent to America for a saxman to play with the string ensemble it had.

From then on, Jerry was headed for the big time. By 1927 he was playing with such men as Ben Pollack, TD, JD, and the late Bunny Berigan, on dates and record sessions.

Colonna's favorite record is "Lover Come Back to Me," which he made with the Dorsey Brothers band.

Eventually he landed a job as a staff man at CBS. Artie Shaw, Ozzie Nelson, Freddy Rich, Lennie Hayton, Kostelanetz, Lyman, Barlow, and Mark Warnow were some of the men he played for.

Warnow used to give him opportunities to do comedy and this led to guest shots with Fred Allen, Walter O'Keefe, Bing, and others.

Walter Wanger brought him to Hollywood for films. In 1938 he went on the radio with Bob Hope, and is now the only member of the original cast still with the show (besides Bob, of course!).

His latest picture is "In The Bag," with Fred Allen.

Though success as a comedian is in the bag for Jerry, he'll never forget the days when he was a musician and band leader. He may be the "Mustache" but he's still a musician at heart!



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The Pipers Four (Continued from page 50)

On Thanksgiving Day of 1942, the Pipers decided to cut out from TD and go it alone. After twelve weeks of theaters, they returned to Hollywood, and were signed for the Old Gold show.

Record contracts with Capitol followed, along with the Johnny Mercer show for Chesterfield, where their out-of-the-world harmonizing brought more fame.

The movies called them for "DuBarry Was a Lady," at MGM; "Sweet and Low-down," with BG, for 20th Century-Fox; and they have also done films for Universal and Warner Brothers. Walt Disney is using them, too, in his forthcoming film, "Swing Street."

In May, 1944, when Jo decided to become a single, the boys gave her their blessing and bade her goodbye. To complete the group again, they signed sweet and petite June Hutton.

The Pipers all have similar musical backgrounds.

Chuck was born in Los Angeles, sang at school, and played banjo and guitar.

Hal, who's from Oklahoma City, was also a string man and singer, knowing his way around on the violin, banjo and guitar.

Clark, a Sunbury (Pennsylvania) boy, follows in the Pied Piper tradition. He also was a guitarist and singer.

June, who has been called the Prettiest Piper (and a bundle of charm she is, indeed!) is the only one who flaunts tradition. She doesn't play guitar.

Born in Chicago, she and her sister, Ina Ray Hutton (the band leader), started in show business as dancers and singers when they were less than six. June has sung with her sister's band, and with the "Stardusters," who were featured with Charlie Spivak.

All the Pied Pipers are record fans, are strictly hipped, with collections encompassing Debussy and Duke Ellington. The three men like to golf together, but June's hobbies are horseback riding and reading mystery yarns.

They like good jazz, but prefer to sing ballads. They think their biggest record yet will be Johnny Mercer's "Dream," a beautiful ballad they waxed for Capitol following hundreds of requests from fans.

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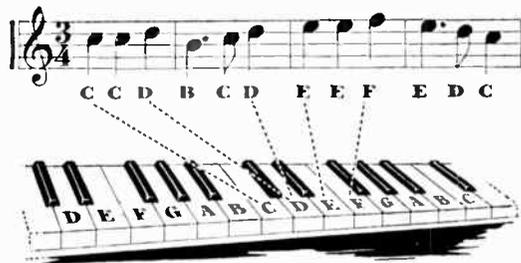
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