

THE

Baton

ORCHESTRA • RADIO • RECORDS • MUSIC



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OCTOBER-
NOVEMBER
1943

Carl Ravazza, Blackhawk, Chicago

VOCALISTS ARE A PAIN IN THE NECK!

STORY
PAGE 3

WHAT PRICE LAUGHS?

By Bryan May

TWENTY SECONDS after the Milt Britton organization arrived on the Paramount set to film their latest picture, "Riding High," \$7,500 worth of instruments had been smashed—just for laughs.

"Anything for a laugh" is the group's motto. When Buddy Raymon breaks a violin over Joe Britton's head it's the real McCoy—and Joe has scars to prove it. Directors frantically call for doctors and nurses to come on the run to the Britton set before each scene is shot. Actually, doctor bills have been only a minor expense for this slap-bang group.

During the first 10 years of their riotous fun-making, Milt and his bandsmen broke 100,000 violins and 10,000 violin bows. But that was before the war when these Czech-made instruments could be purchased for 75 cents apiece. Soon they were unobtainable and Milt contracted with a factory to manufacture special machine-made violins. The factory is now engaged in war work, however, and when the re-

maining 200 violins have gone the way of all violins used by the Britton group there will be no more smashing of those instruments in the act.

Hit by Shortage

With the increasing shortage of materials Milt has found it necessary to arrange an entirely new routine. In the pre-war act the men squirted some 60,000 quarts of seltzer water at themselves, bombarded themselves with 4,000 pounds of talcum powder and 3,000 pounds of dry navy beans, and tore 8,000 shirts and 8,000 shirt collars to bits. Although the new act takes longer, there is less wreckage. And during the entire show only one violin lands on Joe's nobbin.

There is another reason besides material shortages which caused the group to revise their act. The war has made Mr. and Mrs. America suddenly conscious of consumer goods once taken for granted. Psychologically an antagonism toward Britton's "vandalism" might be created by the sight of sheer "breakage-for-pleasure."

Milt explains, "We have new comedians and the acts which are planned for them don't call for as much breakage." When their present supply of violins is used up, he added, they will write a new routine where violins will not have to be used.

Milt got the idea for his comedy-show band in 1930, when he heard a crowd at a busy intersection laugh at a man who alighted from a streetcar, slipped and fell onto the street. He decided then, that anything goes if it makes the audience laugh.

Which leaves us to believe that after the war, when the public has had a chance to forget some of the minor discomforts of rationing, Milt and his group will probably return to their former "everything in sight" wrecking routine.

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IN THIS MONTH'S BATON

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OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1943

— Music Is Essential —

Are Vocalists Pain In Neck?

By Don Manning

THEY TWIST up their faces into painful contortions reminiscent of a man with a bellyache. They grimace. They smile sweetly, but with premeditated insincerity. They ogle the opposite sex with come-on glances. They sway gently at the hips, wiggle various other parts of their anatomy at appropriate times. They pose for publicity pictures (the girls) looking like a Sally Rand finale—and get jobs on the shape of their sweaters instead of the size of their voices. But they usually get little respect from musicians in the band. They are billed as "stars" when

**Do They Sell Sex,
 or Try To Sing?**



Penny Piper, ex-Gene Krupa, now Al Donahue songbird, obviously believes in sweater pictures. Some critics (and quite certainly writer Manning) believe the song should come first, sex second. Do you?

first-rate instrumentalists who have an international reputation never even get a mention in the advertising or radio announcements. They gasp, they sputter, they sigh—in fact, they do everything but sing!

Oh yes, you'll say you agree with some of these things, but it isn't true universally—there are lots of exceptions. If you say that, then I feel justified in dragging out that
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Dear Bill:

A Page for Service Men
—From Baton Readers

By Frances Gnass

(Each month a different Baton writer will write this page.)

BILL, THIS TIME AGAIN you're going to get just what's in the mail. Here's a varied assortment of Baton's correspondence from the people who make publication possible — the readers.

And, on another page, in case space doesn't permit here, is a pin-up girl for you: Marcia Dale. She's red-headed, young and pretty, sings well—and has picture possibilities. This is all according to very authentic sources.

★ ★ ★

Your editorials no songwriting, particularly the editorial blast, "Songwriting Is No Closed Shop" in a recent issue, are worth their weight in ration tickets to some of us aching for a break. I know. I have a song, "Goodbye, Frances" which could be THE song of this war. (If wars have to have songs!)

I'm 32 years of age, single, and waiting for the letter that reads "Greetings!" When it comes, I'll pitch in and do my bit like everyone else.

I have written lyrics, poems, and prose for several daily papers. Before this I was mining for gold around the last frontier town of Las Vegas, Nevada and points west. . . helped construct power lines from the Great Boulder dam in Nevada across into the deserts of California. Now I am doing my daily stint as a welder in a shipyard in Frisco until called for duty in Japan.

The "Frances" of my song could be any girl touched by the pain of parting and the pangs of war (although I do have a dear friend by that name). At last the song is being published and if more books like Baton fight for the right of free enterprise, maybe we who feel worthy of a chance shall have it. At least I admire your hearty journalistic efforts in directions you must feel proper.

Fred Harvey

1743 "B" Greenwich St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Baton is proud of its readers; they run the gamut of unknowns searching for a break to the already-arrived. Some of them, like subscriber Harvey, would "not write the nation's laws, but write its songs." Meanwhile they're pitching in—in vital industries.

I am cancelling my subscription to The Baton because I am not a jitterbug or swing addict. I cannot understand why issues vary; you are supposedly a trade journal, yet you lean over backwards to catch every type of reader.

For sometime I've intended writing this letter. Having just now re-

read your July issue, it's a last straw. I HAVE to write now. If there's anything that makes us sick (I speak for many) it's articles like "Ellington's Challenge to Die-Hards." One reason it has such an effect on me is that I am a sincere collector and lover of true hot jazz, and am not fooled by commercial swing disguised under the name, "hot jazz."

When you've been interested enough to collect 500 records in four years, you're not fooled by anything that isn't genuine. It makes no difference to us how many times we're told that Harry James is "really hot" or Jimmy Dorsey is "hottest saxist"—we know what it's all about.

There is no mystery behind the admiration shown Ellington by hot jazz lovers. Undoubtedly the main reason is the fact that two of the greatest hot soloists of them all, Johnny Hodges and Barney Bigard, take such marvelous solos on so

COPY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF BATON Advertisers, Please Note!

Copy for the next (the combined Christmas - Anniversary issue of The Baton) should be in Chicago no later than Thursday noon, November 18. It should arrive as far in advance of the deadline as possible, inasmuch as production has already started on the issue. This will be one of Baton's biggest, best editions. Rates \$6 column inch; \$5 when 10 or more inches. Address The Baton, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Ill.

many Ellington discs. There is no such thing as "written hot jazz," and there never can be. A written solo could never be considered hot alongside a solo that springs spontaneously from a great hot musician's very heart and soul.

It is a difficult task collecting hot records here in Detroit. This is a "swing" town, and hot record collectors, of course, are shown absolutely no favoritism. Building up a collection of hot records here has been a long hard job. We still have far to go, but we've learned our lesson. And that is, the great, wonderful, exciting music of the "Golden Age of Jazz" was completely dead and buried by 1935, with the exception of Muggsy Spanier's and Panassie's recording dates, which, at least, were an attempt to revive the New Orleans spirit.

So, you can see, we are not the

least bit interested in any commercial publications. Any magazine that is all out for swing doesn't rate very highly with us. Hot record collectors suffered a terrible loss when the greatest little magazine that ever was, Jazz Information, disbanded. Had your publication dealt, even slightly, in the hot music field, it would have been welcomed. As it caters completely to commercial swing, however, we are certainly not interested in it.

Ora Breen

1730 Abbott Street,
Detroit, Mich.

The editorial policy of this magazine has always been to present a diversified number of articles; to carry trade notes and happenings. Popular music is a wide field—consequently any coverage of it cannot be limited.

May I make a suggestion? First of all, may I explain that I am one of those avid record collectors—labels and all. I was wondering why you couldn't have a steady feature for jazz enthusiasts; perhaps something on the order of George Hoefler's "Hot Box" in Down Beat.

Incidentally, I meant to write some time ago and give my comments on the article you carried awhile back on the Duke. This was an extremely welcome article and Paul Eduard Miller's name is gospel to me. (If Shaw rates him as the Number One critic, why shouldn't I?)

I'd like to contribute something one of these months myself if outsiders may do so. It might be a worthwhile thought to have readers do their own reviews—sort of guest column things—from time to time. I'd even like to see reviews like: "Charlie Spivak reviews Charlie Spivak."

Elizabeth Whitaker.

Box 134
Greenville, Michigan.

Readers are always invited to state their comments. In fact, the idea of "guest reviews" sounds highly interesting. Reader Whitaker is herself a competent musician; has received offers from several name bands to go on tour.

Despite the turbulent times, I see Baton is improving with age. Congratulations and I hope you carry through 'till we're all in civies again.

I'm still in the heart of Texas. Managed to get a furlough recently and got my first look at Manhattan in nine months. Even if the lights weren't all on, it was great to see The Town again.

I go to San Antonio some weekends, but there isn't much on the

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THE BATON

By Aileen Phillips

NOT LONG ago a tall blond guy hit New York with a briefcase full of songs and an eye cocked at Tin Pan Alley. He was a composer, out to show the Big Town his stuff. The Big Town accepted his stuff, all right, but not the stuff he had in mind—or in his briefcase.

The composer was 26-year-old Dick Haymes, one of the new top favorites among those millions of Americans who like a ballad sung sweetly by a slick young man in his twenties.

When he first hit New York's Main Stem, he made the rounds of music publishers and got a good solid "no" from everyone of them. Discouraged, Haymes turned to bandleaders in the hope that one of them would agree to play his music. One day he crashed a band rehearsal in the Roseland Building. The leader leafed through Haymes' titles — "Lovingly Yours," "You Know All the Answers," "No Go," and "River Road." The band ran through a couple of them, Haymes doing the vocals in the hopes of making a sale.

'But Looking for a Singer'

The bandleader shook his head. "Sorry, Kid, I can't use a thing here. But I'm looking for a singer to work in front of my band. If you're interested . . ."

Anything that provided biscuits and burgundy was interesting to Haymes at that point. He took the job. The bandleader was Harry James. That was in August, 1938.

Today, Haymes is the vocal star of his own radio program, the commercially sponsored "Here's to Romance" (Bourjois), heard over CBS Thursdays at 10:30 p. m. EWT. He has a seven year contract with 20th Century Fox, and at present is on the lot making "Four Guys, a Gal, and a Jeep," with Carole Landis. His three romantic records "You'll Never Know," "It Can't Be Wrong," and "In My Arms" are selling in the hundreds of thousands, tops on all best seller lists.

It was while singing in front of the James band that Haymes met the Mrs. Dick Haymes. She was Joanne Marshall at the time—in the chorus at the Copacabana. James was booked into New York Paramount and the Copa chorus was brought in to furnish cheesecake interest. Dick and Joanne went together three months, fell in love and decided to marry.

Disappeared Three Days

James agreed to give Dick a day off, so the couple whipped over to the Episcopal Church on 86th Street and West End Avenue and with

CHALLENGE TO SINATRA



Photo courtesy Tom Fixdale

Dick Haymes, first of all wanted to become a songwriter. Harry James listened to his songs—but decided he could sing them better than he could write them. As a result, Haymes got on the bandwagon of romantic voices.

Harry as best man, got themselves married. Haymes promptly disappeared for three days, hiding out with Joanne on the Lakeville, Connecticut farm of a friend.

All through the honeymoon, Dick kept telling Joanne: "I'll have to start looking for another job.— Harry expected me back two days ago." Besides, Dick had given the brush-off to two radio programs. They couldn't compare to a honeymoon. But when the pair returned to New York, Dick decided to bluff. "Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to phone you for three days," he blustered at James. The bandleader, outmaneuvered, was skeptical. "Are you kidding?" he asked, "I've been around here all the time."

After James, B. G.

The James connection ended happily enough for Dick, and his next move was to join Benny Goodman's outfit as vocalist. Dick's little boy, 'Skippy' was born while the old man was song-romancing the natives of Old Orchard, Maine, and Papa Dick couldn't even get back in time.

A few months after Haymes went to work for Benny, Frank Sinatra pulled away from Tommy Dorsey to set up in business for himself. Dorsey came to Haymes with a very

good offer. On Benny's advice, Dick took the job and worked with Dorsey until the following spring, when he, too, went into business for himself as soloist at New York's La Martinique.

Success here was instantaneous. After about eight weeks, his present radio sponsor signed him at the highest figure ever paid to a comparative unknown, and the movie contract followed immediately.

Mother is Voice Coach

Mother of the singing Haymes is Marguerite Haymes, once a world-famous concert-singer. Today she is a voice coach with a studio on 57th Street. She teaches the modern song-style, and among her pupils has numbered Simone Simon and Beverly Roberts.

Dick worked out his own style, but not without formal training from his mother. For years he traveled with her on her tours, absorbing the techniques of "legitimate" singing. Now he eschews them all because he considers the concert style "artificial." Nonetheless, her influence can be discerned in his work.

Haymes was born in Buenos Aires, where he picked up Spanish and Latin-American music. Next he went to school in Switzerland and then went to live in Paris. As a young American in Paris he learned fluent French, developed a good game of tennis, won blue-ribbons for swimming and became an expert fencer. The latter came in handy, a few years later, when he made a brief appearance in a movie, "Dramatic School," as a fencing teacher. The public won't remember him in this—he wore a fencing mask.

Chores of a Choir Boy

On returning to this hemisphere, Dick went to a Jesuit school in Canada for a while, doing among other things the chores of a choir boy. Then he turned up at the George Mitchell School in Westport, Connecticut and subsequently at Irving Prep School in Tarrytown, New York.

He went to the west coast to begin his own career. Out there he sang in "joints" for a while, then worked up a small sustaining program on the air. Next he used the riding skill obtained from his rancher-father to get into Western "horse

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FOR RECORD FANS ONLY:

24 JAZZ GREATS

By Paul Eduard Miller

(Ed. Note: A Baton reader asked Miller, author of the "Yearbook of Popular Music" and of numerous magazine articles on jazz subjects, this question: "Suppose you were told to select for issuance an album of 12 records—24 sides in all—which would represent the very finest recorded examples of great jazz; what would be your choices?" This is Miller's answer.)

GREAT JAZZ music is characterized by an intensely rhythmic drive—but not necessarily fast and hectic; by solos which soar with freedom and abandon above the persistent rhythmic pattern; by orchestral and section ensembles which retain the spirit both of the driving rhythm and the abandoned solos. In addition—and this is important—great jazz manifests itself by its complete genuineness and deep expressiveness of feeling. That feeling varies greatly in mood, but it never fails to exert the genuineness of its charm. Careful listening and an inherently adept ear for all moods and types of qualitative jazz may be set down as essential requirements for the detection of honest jazz feeling.

Which records, which 24 sides, I have asked myself, would undeniably emphasize these characteristics of great jazz? Which tunes and which performances contain in the greatest quantity and the highest quality the essence of great jazz—and maintain that high level of measurement?

Basis of Selections

The use of this longrange perspective—which, by the way, is as logical standard of measurement as can be obtained in judging music—results in choices which may, indeed, be arguable, but which offer some inkling of the wide range of variety and type and mood in jazz music. It is this panoramic view which I have attempted to justify in my selection. (The 24 sides, back to back, would make an album of 12 records.)

Appropriately, the Tate record begins with the shout: "Stomp off, let's go!" Thus properly launched, the Tate band proceeds to set the

Miller's Choices

Record No. 1: *Stomp Off Let's Go* by Erskine Tate & His Vendome Syncopaters (1925, Vocalion); *Sugar Foot Stomp* by King Oliver & His Savannah Syncopaters (1925, Vocalion).

Record No. 2: *Panama* by Red Nichols & His Five Pennies (1926, Brunswick); *At the Jazz Band Ball* by Bix Beiderbecke & His Gang (1927, Okeh).

Record No. 3: *Rocky Mountain Blues* and *Clarinet Marmalade* by Fletcher Henderson & His Orchestra (1927, Columbia, and 1930, Columbia).

Record No. 4: *West End Blues* by Louis Armstrong & His Hot Five (1926, Okeh); *Shimme-Sha-Wabble* by McKinney's Cotton Pickers (1928, Victor).

Record No. 5: *Bugle Call Rag* by Billy Banks & His Rhythmakers (1932, Melotone); *Madame Dynamite* by the Chicago Rhythm Kings (1933, UHCA).

Record No. 6: *Dear Old Southland* by Sidney Bechet & Quartet (1940, Blue Note); *Chant of the Weed* by Don Redman & His Orchestra (1940, Bluebird).

Record No. 7: *St. James Infirmary* by Artie Shaw & His Orchestra (1942, Victor).

Record No. 8: *Blues in Your Flat* and *Blues in My Flat* by Benny Goodman Quartet (1940, Victor).

Record No. 9: *Buzzin' Around with the Bee* by Lionel Hampton & His Orchestra (1938, Victor); *Ko Ko* by Duke Ellington & His Orchestra (1940, Victor).

Record No. 10: *Just a Mood* by Teddy Wilson Quartet (1938, Brunswick).

Record No. 11: *Davenport Blues* and *In a Mist* by Bunny Berigan & His Men (1940, Victor).

Record No. 12: *Diminuendo & Crescendo in Blue* and *East St. Louis Toodle-O* by Duke Ellington & His Orchestra (1938, Brunswick and 1937, Master).

pace, showing off the Vendome Syncopaters at one of their greatest peaks. Stupendous drive, great solos (see Solo Box), and vivacious spontaneity serve as one of the best frameworks in which trumpeter Louis Armstrong has ever played. Of the many recordings by Oliver, this one reaches the highest pitch of rhythmic and musical expression. Made when the band no longer boasted Armstrong and Dodds, yet Oliver himself, Ory and Howard assist in maintaining a high level, terrific vitality—an admirable companion piece for Stomp Off.

White School of 20's

Nichols and Beiderbecke epitomize what I call the "White School" of the 1920's, a style of jazz playing which has all but passed from the horizon. Both bands attack their respective melodies with vigor and forthrightness, and with excellent contrapuntal jamming. This is not a case of arguing about the merits of Bix vs. Red; both cornetists are great, and this coupling proves it.

Even by presentday standards, Fletcher Henderson fronted a great band as early as 1927; "Rocky Mountain," without question, is one of the finest samples of this period, although "Variety Stomp" is just as good. "Marmalade" typifies Fletcher's freer and more abandoned style; exciting, virile solos predominate. At age 26, Armstrong produced one of his greatest performances in "West End"; notice the soft, intimate quality of his vocalizing in the year 1926. Completely different in mood, the McKinney side presents a more formal, more modern, yet a feelingly executed example of great jazz.

The contributions by Billy Banks and The Rhythm Kings drive home the beat and feel with compulsive gusto. Infinitely softer in their approach, but with deep feeling often bordering on the melancholy—but what might be called a "happy" melancholy—are the sixth, seventh, eighth, and tenth records in my series of choices. Bechet never played better in his life than on "Southland"; Redman's beautiful alto solo in "Weed" is perfectly framed by his big-band conception. The two sides each of Shaw's "Infirmary," of Goodman's "Flat," and of Wilson's "Mood" strike varying responses in the listener—but always with great depth of expression, excellent taste, and a high degree of polish. Yet, the six sides unquestionably display the genuine jazz feeling of which I spoke earlier.

Polished too, and subtle, even elusive, the Berigan-Lippman interpretations of Beiderbecke compositions reach an intensive peak in combining the complete feeling of the

(Continued on next page)

24 Jazz Greats—

(Continued from page 6)

These Men Take Solos

TRUMPET

Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Cootie Williams, Bunny Berigan, Max Kaminsky, Lips Page, Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Tommy Ladnier, Bobby Stark, John Nesbit, Red Allen, Harry James.

TROMBONE

Kid Ory, Jimmy Harrison, Miff Mole, Lawrence Brown, Ray Coniff, Floyd O'Brien.

CLARINET

Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Barney Bigard, Pee Wee Russell, Darnell Howard, Buster Bailey, Prince Robinson, Gus Bivona.

PIANO

Earl Hines, Johnny Guarnieri, Fats Waller, Teddy Weatherford, Todd Rhodes, Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Alex Hill, Teddy Wilson, Joe Lippman, Duke Ellington.

TENOR & ALTO

Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Dorsey, Ben Webster, Don Redman, George Auld.

DRUMS & OTHER INSTRUMENTS

Dave Tough, Gene Krupa, Sidney Catlett, Jimmy Bertrand, Cozy Cole, Sonny Greer; Sidney Bechet (soprano); Red Norvo (xylophone); Lionel Hampton (vibraphone); Harry Carney (baritone sax).

jazz spirit with high musical quality in the melodies themselves. Lippman's arranging and Bunny's playing create a perfect setting for Bix Beiderbecke, the composer and melodist.

Record choices number nine and twelve concentrate on energetically conceived and performed jazz-with-a-wallop. Hampton's "Bee" sails along in magnificent style. Ellington's deep-toned, passionate "Ko-Ko" generates a mood as dynamic as a social revolution. "Diminuendo," too, creates a perturbing mood; it is a series of ensemble tone-clusters, dwindling to a lone piano solo. His magnificent "Toodle" ends the series in a blaze of tempestuous and earth-shaking musical tones.

Songs in a patriotic vein continue. Victor A. Tetreault, baritone turned assembly line worker for the duration, has an Archie Bleyer orchestration on his, "America Is On Parade." Babe Rhodes is introducing it from Bill Green's Casino, Pittsburgh . . . Dr. Annie B. Alquire's "Keep Faith In America (In Your Heart)" is getting airplane plugs from Jimmie Clark, WJR, Detroit.

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1943



GONE WITH THE *Gayle*

By Tim Gayle

The Bond Front

It's no longer news that Ray Robbins took over the baton of the Chuck Foster orchestra when the army took Foster's measurements. Dottie Dotson is still very much on the bandstand. Current address of the crew is Claridge Hotel, Memphis . . .

Carl Ravazza will wind up his Windy City stay at the Blackhawk in late October, then play theatres. Jackie Van joins him as vocalist . . . Lou Breese seems signed for life at the Chez Paree . . . Mark Warnow has the



LOU BREESE

stick waving assignment for John Charles Thomas' Sunday NBC programs when the the baritone moves east for 21 Metropolitan appearances . . . Archie Bleyer is beginning to get some of

the recognition he has so long deserved. He's now New York CBS musical director.

People, Places & Things

Linda Keene will make her Boston debut at the Bradford just before Christmas . . . Grace Hayes of California Lodge fame is Latin Quartering it in Chicago . . . Frances Faye opened in "Artists and Models." Show's in Boston now . . . Ray Herbeck, the maestro, divorced one Betty Benson, his former girl vocalist, to marry his current thrush, Lorraine Benson. Very, very evident the musical Mr. Herbeck goes for Bensons and vocalists . . . Emmet E. Niehoff, the Kentucky scribe, has a song "My Pappy Got a Jappy." Must be a pistol packin' papa! . . . Mildred Bailey, who quit working to adopt a youngster and spend the summer on her Connecticut farm, is back at Cafe Society, Manhattan, packing the place as usual.

Of Moestri & Melody

Shep Fields and his brassless band wind up their theatre tour by play-

(Continued on page 18)



Ray Glonka Photo

Club Stevadora's (Detroit) boss-man Eddy Shepherd, right, tries a new no-points-required salad from Marian Frances, singer formerly with Frankie Masters, now a single. Baton's publisher, Tim Gayle, looks on.

Sideman IN SKIRTS

By Billie Rogers

JUST ABOUT two years ago, I was playing trumpet in a small unit in a downtown Los Angeles night spot when songwriter Sammy Cahn, who is a good friend of mine, introduced me to bandleader Woody Herman.

"I've been listening to you play all night," said Woody, "and I think you're darn good. How'd you like to join my outfit?"

"I would like it very much," I told Woody, trying to sound very casual, yet feeling I was about to get my first big break. And now here I am, Billie Rogers, the only gal in an otherwise all-male big name orchestra. I think it's grand.

Since I've been with Woody and the boys, scores of people in the music business and out have shot this question at me: "How does it feel to be the only girl in the band?"

'Sideman in Skirts'

It feels fine . . . It feels great! In the beginning, I must confess, I was a little unsure of myself. Woody's fans were just a bit suspicious of a sideman in skirts, and were apt to treat me as just a girl playing at being a musician. But it wasn't long before they learned that I was serious about this music business; that it wasn't just a bit of showmanship on Woody's part that caused him to hire me. From then on I was "in."

I've been playing trumpet since I was a kid in pig-tails. During and after my college days I played with mixed (men and women) outfits and all-girl bands. Matter of fact, I even organized and led a few all-girl crews. So when I say I'd much rather play in a male band, I know what I'm talking about.

Teamwork in Male Bands

In the first place, it's easier to get along with male musicians. To me, that's most important because it keeps you happy at your job and enables you to play better. I've found that there's more teamwork and a higher *esprit de corps* in male bands. I don't mean to knock the girls. I don't have to, because they're doing okay. But girls are apt to be more emotional and as a result clashes of temperament are more frequent. Then again, the boys can't borrow your precious nylons—and, brother, that's something.

Billie Would Rather Play With the Boys



In the accompanying article Billie Rogers, girl trumpet star with Woody Herman, admits she'd rather play in a male band. The boys don't mind, either!

Woody and the boys are regular guys and we get along beautifully. They respect me not only as a member of the opposite sex—but as a musician. That's the way I want it. They come to me for advice ranging anywhere from "What do you think I ought to get my wife for her birthday?" to "Hey, Billie, I need a new suit; come along and help me pick one out." Between sets or shows, we sit around and kibitz, conduct serious discussions about music, the war, politics—and play pranks on each other. It may sound corny to say that we're like a big family—but it's true.

Girls Being Accepted

It's just like any other business today. In the war plants you find more and more girls taking their places—and rightful places—at the machines. The men have come to respect them, admire them, and accept them as their own kind. I venture to predict that it won't be long before gal musicians will cease to be a novelty in male bands.

Brief Biog:

YOU CAN'T help liking attractive, vivacious Billie Rogers. A natural, sincere person, completely unimpressed by her unique status in the jazz world, Billie now sits in with the boys in Woody Herman's band, although at first she was only featured as a trumpet soloist.

Unlike glamor girl canaries, who are often resented by the bandsmen because of their mediocre musical ability, Billie has been accepted by them as a competent musician. But, too, unlike many chirpers, Billie does not believe in carrying on light flirtations with any of the men.

'Treated Like a Sister'

"The boys all treat me like their sister," Billie told me. Which may sound corny, but is quite apparent in the comradely way everyone greets her, from the men in the band to the stage-door men.

"I have tried to keep things that way by treating all the fellows alike," Billie explained. In keeping with this policy she has made it a practice not to date the boys in the band.

"If we decide to go out after we 'close shop'," she added, "It's always in a gang." That way, she explained, the men continue to think of her as one of the boys."

Even in the section neither Billie nor Woody attempt to glamorize her in order to capitalize on her sex. Instead, for most theatre and hotel engagements, she wears a man-tailored skirt and jacket similar to the suits the men wear.

Hos Absolute Pitch

Although she takes her playing seriously—she has absolute pitch, tremendous volume, and phrasing similar to that of Roy Eldridge—Billie has the typical feminine viewpoint of not wanting to make this career her life's work. Equally adept in other fields, she is an expert hoeswoman, an amateur photographer, and three years ago won a Class B bowling tournament in Western Montana with a 155 league average.

Despite the fact that she prefers working with men and would like to organize and front an all-male band someday, Billie believes that women in bands are a box-office attraction.

"Because of this," she prophesies, "even if they may not be as good instrumentalists as men, as the war continues there probably will be many more women musicians sitting" in with bands.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At press time Jack Archer, former Woody Herman manager, was out of the army. While he would give no details, he did say, "Billie is leaving Woody in Boston." Reports of wedding bells were in the air—but Archer was also mute on this subject.

New York

DEAN HUDSON, with an honorable discharge and a lieutenancy from the army, has found himself a band. Helping Tommy Dorsey reorganize his new outfit, enough men were left over from the tryouts for Hudson to have 14 . . . Al Porgie and Nick Campbell have bought Solly Loft's interest in the firm ("I Heard You Cried Last Night")—is now just Campbell & Porgie . . . A tune you can bet on to become a fast hit: Dave Kapp's "For the First Time."

Nick Kenny and J. Fred Coats, who did "Love Letters in the Sand," smash hit a decade ago, will collab again on a new thing . . . John Kirby has a suit against a Pittsburgh race paper for \$50,000 libel. Marilyn Duke did not join the Waves; instead, she's with Will Osborne, but looking for a solo chance. Also due for a sustainer and buildup is Helen Ward.

Chicago

CHARLIE WRIGHT, at the Camelia House of the Drake Hotel, is doing a nice, long-stay job. Dian Rowland, his petite wife, is on the vocal end.

Nancy Martin of "Club Matinee" and "Breakfast Club" may do a hotel or smart supper spot deal again. She's ripe for a break.

Vine Gardens is still featuring the sensational blues and torch offerings of Jessie Rosella . . . Betty Parker the attractive Russ Morgan sec'y, denies she's written a song. "Plugging them is hard enough," she comments.

The Chez Paree shows continue on the same high calibre. Gertrude Niesen has done a fine selling (and singing) job, as always, and continues. Beatrice, sultry dance partner of Lou Gomez, is looking for a puppy.

Pete Herbert, gay young blade about town, and Mike Hersh, the unofficial "mayor of Randolph Street," have new singing favorites . . . Donna Lee is at the Graemare, but has radio aspirations.



Helen Ward of the old Benny Goodman band and more recently Hal McIntyre, is said to be radio-minded. If plans develop, she'll take a sustainer and buildup, according to New York column reports. Maurice Seymour shows her at her best.

Music looking over some songs from the Bell Music catalog.

Detroit

SAMMY DIBERT is back in the Wonder Bar. He's doing a good job, with the able support of Aylene Mason, Mary Ann James and Ginny Matthews. Spot is the click of Washington Blvd.

Motor Town is booming. Plenty of biggies are looking forward to the postwar period when this may become the nation's No. 1 spot.

Eddy Shepherd's Club Stevadora has Joe Banket on the bandstand and Ethel Shepherd doing floor show tunes . . . Ben Young was at Vanity awhile with the usual mick-ey band . . . Max Lipin of Allied

Hollywood

HORACE HEIDT has done so well with his Trianon Ballroom at South Gate, Calif., that he may purchase other similar property . . . Dave Dexter of Capitol Records is getting lots of comment on his house organ, The Capitol. The monthly is now 16 pages.

Anne Baxter, the cinema star, wants to front a swing band. She may actually take a try at it. Mickey Rooney is still writing songs; ditto wide-eyed, lovely Ida Lupino.

Harmonica First New Instrument Since The Sax

By Nip Gayle

'THE HARMONICA' believes Larry Adler, its ablest exponent, "is capable of becoming a real new instrument with a superior color range. In fact," he goes on, "it promises to be the first new instrument since the saxophone!"

Adler feels that he is pioneering, but he's quite modest about it. "What I'm waiting for," he comments, "is for someone to come along who can play the harmonica a lot better than I do. I know it can be done."

The trouble in the past has been, according to Larry, that the harmonica is considered solely as a comedy or novelty instrument. He points out: "People are too inclined to remark, 'Oh, look at the tricks you can do with a harmonica!' That's a very misleading way of thinking, and is the result of the infrequency with which the harmonica is offered solely as a legitimate musical instrument.

Regarded as Freak

"I don't mean to imply," Larry continues, "that people have never heard the harmonica, but usually, when they have, they have regarded it as a freak instrument. The harmonica actually is capable of far more tone color than anyone has believed. The fact that it had two strikes against it before I even took up the instrument made me want to go on all the more."

In the early winter of 1940, Adler gave a concert in Chicago's Auditorium Theatre, and he plans a concert tour for the current season. Likewise, Adler has played Bach and other masters with the Woman's Symphony of Chicago, the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Sidney and Melbourne (Australia) symphonies. This background entitles Larry to speak with some authority, and his beliefs hold high hope for the many youngsters who have found an interesting hobby in the harmonica.

In England and Australia, Adler reports an entirely different attitude with regard to audience-reaction. "In hide-bound England," observes Larry, "they made a lot less fuss about my appearance with the London Symphony than they did here in the United States when I broadcast with the Woman's Sym-

*From Philadelphia to
New York in 1 Night*



It happened in one night. Karen Cooper, New York singing star, decided to leave home. She made the trip from Philly to Gotham and landed a leading part in "Louisiana Purchase," and is now a supper club star.

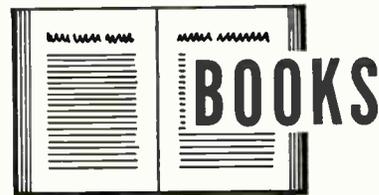
phony of Chicago. The whole condescending attitude toward the harmonica has to be broken down in this country before we can hope to get anywhere in appreciating the possibilities of the instrument."

Schools Teaching Harmonica

Already hundreds of schools in America are teaching the harmonica. Youngsters find it easily adaptable. Adler feels that it is a fine thing for kids—in many ways. "It trains them," says Larry, "in a better understanding of music generally, and it helps a lot in sharpening their musical ears. It has the advantage, too, of being an instrument that they can play right away—they don't have to first acquire technique."

Larry's tips to beginners are simple and brief. "Listen to lots of music. This will give you plenty of ideas and will enable you to make the harmonica sound like a genuine instrument. I got my ideas from Bach to Rachmaninoff to Ellington. A mighty fine training field for the harmonica is the literature of Johann Sebastian Bach."

In Larry's opinion, the harmonica has a need for one almost revolutionary development. "I mean," states Adler, "that there will probably be evolved a well-tempered clavichord for the harmonica."



THE MUSIC LOVER'S HANDBOOK. (Elie Siegmeister, Morrow. \$4.)—Enthusiastically recommended. Wonderful data for everyone, music lovers and otherwise. Up-to-date, living material that is well presented by Mr. Siegmeister's informally anecdotal prose. He has edited wisely a collection of comments on swing and jazz by George Gershwin, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and Winthrop Sargeant; explanations of modern music by Dmitri Shostakovich, Deems Taylor, Nicholas Sionimsky and Igor Stravinsky; historical and analytical facts recorded by Pitts Sanborn, Olin Downes, John N. Burk and Lawrence Gilman; and the technical tracts of Douglas Moore, Aaron Copland and Percy Scholes. Not a bad roster!

Mr. Siegmeister is a rather talented young composer. He directs the American Ballad Singers. Took a Phi Beta Kappa at Columbia, composition from Boulanger, and a fellowship at Julliard.

Although the market is overcrowded with musical handbooks, appreciation instructions, glossaries and encyclopedies, this one is really exceptional. While it doesn't cover the entire field of music, it stimulates interest in many phases of the subject that are often ignored. Good reading. Buy it!—Paddy Doyle.



Victory Day (1944?)

This is how they're planning to celebrate Victory Day: "Mr. District Attorney" of the air (Jay Jostyn) has already reserved a 5th Avenue hotel room to see the parade . . . "Thanks to the Yanks" Bob Hawk is throwing a big serviceman's party . . . Kate Smith is going to church . . . Sammy Kaye wants to stage a dance concert in the streets . . . Five-year old Bobby Hookey, the rhythm singer, will lead a neighborhood parade . . . Dottie Dotson, who has garnered much publicity as an embryo bull-fightress, will actually pat a cow on the nose! . . . Irv Kupciner, author of "Kup's column" will make the Windy City rounds with Lawyerman Arthur Morse, congratulating everybody.



Miscellany

The Draft. Inroads into the band-leading ranks are growing deeper every day. Recent 1-A's or maestri already at induction centers: Blue Barron, Teddy Powell, Ray Herbeck and Vaughn Monroe. Jack Teagarden's N'York draft board is also sending him postcards.



B. BARRON

Goes Billy. Frank Loesser, Ascap tunesmith who has built a solid reputation for smart lyric-writing did equally well with "In My Arms," a down-to-earth ditty. Now he has invaded the hill-billy ranks. His first effort, "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?" has Famous Music publishing.

Twenty Percent. What may be something of a record is the American Federation of Musicians' record for men in the armed forces. Of the 147,000-some members of the AFM over 30,000 are in the services.

\$60,000 Paper. The paper that was signed by Music Corporation of America to disconnect managerial ties of Tommy Dorsey on Frank Sinatra had a cash consideration of \$60,000 and may have started something. Every office with a male vocalist is hoping they have another swooner. CBS out of Chicago think they have: Danny O'Neil.



SINATRA

For Sale. Mutual Music, owned by Major Glenn Miller, is up for sale to anyone interested in a music publishing firm. Asking price is said to be \$50,000. Also for sale: Walton Goldman, who lost a reported 100 G's as a new publisher would like a buyer for what's left of his attempt.

Why There's No War Song; Has One Already Been Born?



By John G. Paine

General Manager, American Society of Authors, Composers & Publishers

MUCH DISCUSSION has been carried on as to what constitutes a war song. Why can't we, everyone asks, have another "Over There," and who is responsible for the lack of "war" songs?

It is my opinion that there is no actual hard-and-fast rule by which music can be classified in the category of a war song. In the last war "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" was written two years previous to the outbreak of the war. In the present war Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" was written for the picture "Holiday Inn." Yet both of these songs were favorites not only with civilians, but also with the military men. Under these circumstances, then, these songs properly could be called war songs.

But what about the new "Over There," a song written specifically for military needs and expressing the full flavor of the war-like spirit? I believe that it is yet too early to judge whether that song has been written. We have had our war songs such as "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Comin' In On a Wing and a Prayer," "The Army Air Corps Song," "We Must Be Vigilant" and many others. Some of the war songs written have enjoyed a period of popularity and then waned. Others continue to be sung both by our armed forces and civilians. Time alone will tell which of these is to be considered the one outstanding song. It may be one that is yet to be written.

Music Has Gone to War in the Factory

But the American composer today is faced with a greater problem than just supplying songs for the military and civilians. There is the new field of factory music which is steadily expanding—music which has gone to war in the factory and, through its therapeutic value, is overcoming the noise that jangles the nerves of our defense workers and causes fatigue. This is war music, for it is on the production line that an important part of our battle is being waged. Any field of endeavor which effectively aids the war worker brings our inevitable victory that much closer.

In developing war songs, the American writer is increasingly aware of the insidious evil which we are fighting. Through individual and cooperative effort, he is attempting to express this in his war songs. There has been for the last five or six months a group of professional song writers called the American Theatre Wing Music War Committee. This group, under the chairmanship of Oscar Hammerstein II, represents a good cross section of our leading song writers. These men are discovering and encouraging the writing of war songs—songs which sting and effectively combat the propaganda of anti-democratic philosophies.

Committee's Results Will Be Widespread

They have supplied songs for the Treasury Department, for the Lunch-Time Follies, for the National Seaman's Union, and other organizations which have a definite need for this type of material. The committee has just begun to work, and I know the results will be widespread.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (Ascap) is ending the second war year with the same resolve of all American industry and institutions—to do whatever is possible within its field of endeavor to aid and promote the war effort.

Tales of TIN PAN ALLEY

by J. Fred Coats



J. FRED COATS

Occasionally a song comes along that is an immediate hit. Every name band in the country plugs it. The jukeboxes reap a fortune on its popularity. And people rarely wonder why and how it was written. Those of us who have been Tin Pan Alleyites for years get curious, though, when we see a new name hit the jackpot with an initial effort.

"Pistol Packin' Mama" is a fair example. The song sold over 100,000 copies within three months. It clicked overnight. And none of us had ever heard of Al Dexter before. Henry Spitzer of Mayfair Publishing Company, responsible for the tune's sheet music sales, didn't have much data to offer.

We ribbed him during lunch at Lindy's, and accused him of deliberately promoting lyrics with a Hidden Meaning. Guess we made it rather strong, as some of the boys mentioned smut and moral turpitude. He didn't take it politely.

"If you mean they are off-color, not in a million years," Spitzer shouted. "It's about the epitome of desirability among Western women. She's a romantic character, energetic, vigorous, and capable of doing a man's work." He paused long enough to pick up his check and added, "Anyone who thinks otherwise has just not been west of the Hudson, that's all."

After he left, we decided it would be fun to check up on the song and see if we couldn't work up a good gag. We put Hudie Ledbetter ("Leadbelly," the folk singer) on the trail. He said he'd heard the tune before, but it wasn't exactly "Pistol Packin' Mama." The lyrics ran something like:

I wish I were an apple
A-hangin' from a tree
And every time my true love passed
She'd take a bite of me.

Possum up the 'simmon tree
Raccoon on the ground
Raccoon says to Possum,
"Shake those 'simmons down."

After considerable research, we learned that Al Dexter is from Troup, Texas. He's about 35. His instrument is guitar. He travels with a gang of hill-billy singers billed as "Al Dexter's Troopers."

He took his idea from the actions of a dynamic, determined Texas gal, trained to the ways of the old west. She was a sure shot and she could do the work of a man ranch hand. Her beau started drinking too much beer one night, and she thought he was paying too much attention to her blonde rival. They left her at the table while they danced, and she finally lost her temper and began pumping lead.

We fixed it up for a rodeo girl to stomp into Spitzer's office, fire a gun and announce she was the original "Pistol Packin' Mama" and demand her royalties with the gun trained on the surprised Spitzer. We figured he'd be scared stiff.

The joke was on us. She turned up in full regalia with two pistols loaded with blank cartridges. We were entranced. She walked into the office and took one look at Spitzer. Then she lost her nerve and ran away.

THE WORLD IS WAITING

THEY were a rollicking, frolicking crew . . . our flyers in peace time. In ships of commerce or in military planes they knew the joy of flight, the high-hearted pursuit of distant horizons. Their singing propellers whisked the blue cap off old Diamond Head as they lifted a hand in salute to Hawaii's golden morning.

Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field and Wheeler Field were happy stations on a friendly path. The birds of Midway, Wake and Guam fluttered skyward to greet them. Their planes cast small flickering shadows across palm tree and sand, and they left those islands in a blaze of sunshine.

And then, at last, in another twilight, our flyers would see the Mariveles hills rise up from the Pacific like a great heap of red and purple stones. This was the East, this was Manila. They smiled to think of it . . . for Corregidor was an impregnable fortress then and Bataan but the name of a province. And as they looked back in memory upon those bright new roads which ran from Coco Solo to Dutch Harbor, from San Francisco to Manila, our flyers laughed . . . as American Pioneers have always laughed.

Now . . . the humorless men of Nippon and the faceless dolts of Nazi Germany have changed that laughter. The jest has turned bloody, the laugh is grim. Our enemies do not like the sound of it. They shall relish it less when Tokyo is a hell of panic-stricken apes . . . and when the Nazi's fine Valhalla is a ruin of bricks and mortar dust.

Men of the Air Forces, strike hard, strike swiftly. The world is waiting for you to win back again your lost peace . . . your lost joy . . . your lost laughter. For that old, warm gleeful shout will ring across this earth until the last slave in the deepest dungeon hears it . . . and looks up . . . and knows that even he may learn to laugh once more.

—From AAF Blue Network Broadcast "Wings to Victory"

Editorial:

The Amateur's Right to Write

THE BATON has always felt its proper function was, first, as a magazine published in the interest of the professional. That applied to whether or not it was necessarily read wholly by persons directly connected with the music and entertainment world.

It is quite obvious that publications along the lines of Baton have an appeal to certain outsiders as well as working members of their field. Baton has never considered itself an out-and-out "trade paper," although its main support is naturally derived from the trade.

What it has always tried to do is to present an array of articles, departments and features of first interest to the industry, but written so that anyone could understand its language. (In other words, we've never tried to sound like a "hep kid.")

Who Are Baton's Readers?

Who are The Baton readers? Well, they represent quite a cross-section of people. E. C. Mills, Tommy Dorsey, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Raymond Paige; hotel owners and directors, radio station executives, music publishers, advertising agency men, entertainment operators, booking offices, publicity men; big pins and ordinary "little guys." There are subscribers who are in Africa and Italy and other places unknown except to the military staff.

However, every single reader has one main interest: popular music and the people who make it and play it. Inasmuch as their interest is in the professional results first, so is ours.

Stand for the Amateur

But we always do stand up for the amateur and for the very simple reason that every professional musician or songwriter or whatever musical line is followed, was one day in those same ranks. There can never be a monopoly on music; on talent. Free enterprise, energy and ambition must always be fostered and encouraged.

The amateur songwriter, for instance, has a right to write. Songwriting should not become a closed shop. Publishers should continue on the alert for new songs by new writers. (If for no other reason than their own welfare. "Sleepy Time Gal," "I'll Never Smile Again," "Once In Awhile," and the present song-rage, "Pistol Packin' Mama," were all "first" songs.)

This was said once before in The Baton. It is meant just as much today:

Right to Submit It

The point is—if you have a song in your system, I'll fight for your right to submit it to the performers who can do it justice, regardless of how small or large your publishing firm may be; whether you're BMI or Ascapi or Sesac or tax-free; whether it's your 100th song or your first. I don't care whether you're a bandleader or a busboy, a prima donna or a lady riveter, and what's more, I don't believe the American public cares either.

So, let us write our songs and let us believe in old-fashioned free enterprise. They will be sung if they have the stuff, and we've had our own personal privilege and pleasure while they've been our heart's expressions.—Tim Gayle.

What's Going On

FLORABEL MUIR DID ONE OF THE best pieces I've seen on Frank Sinatra, "Sing a Song of Sinatra." It was carried by the Chicago Tribune syndicate. In describing the current Sinatra insanity as about 98 percent synthetic, Miss Muir tells about meeting the Sinatra press agent, George Evans. She says: "He doesn't hesitate to inform you that he is a smart fellow, and he makes that stick, too. 'Frankie is a product of crowd psychology,' Evans told me with professional pride. 'I was sitting in the New York Paramount theatre soon after Frankie hired me to blow his horn last January. A couple of girls near me began to moan softly after Frankie had finished one of his 'you' songs—'It's Always You,' 'The Song is You,' 'You'll Never Know'—those ditties that burn the torch at both ends. My first impression was that they were victims of stomach ache. (Incidentally, I've given that symptom a trade name—Sinatrim.) I listened awhile and had an idea . . . The next day the moaning was better. I saw to that. A new kind of claue. The girls loved it. Understand, it was the Sinatra influence that provided the initial impetus. But it was Evans who saw the possibilities in organized and regimented moaning."

NIGHT LIFE NOTE BOOK: Betty Bonney, who is now with Jerry Waid, and who formerly sang with Les Brown and, briefly, with Jan Savitt, stems on the distasteful side from a parent who is an administrative assistant of Greenland. There's nothing cold about her songs, however, and Norfolk, Va., is her birthplace . . . Morton Downey, the radio singer, denies every report that bobs up over his planning to front a band. "I wouldn't get within a million miles of one," he says—and means it . . . Ina Ray Hutton, the blonde blockbuster, is on another theatre tour. Ditto for the dark beauty, Ada Leonard, whose arrangements are now said to be written by Detroit Hank Finney . . . Hollywood night clubs see a lot of Dinah Shore in the company of George Montgomery.



DOWNEY

RIGHT NOW RADIO ROW is all het up on the subject of what the public wants. Some sponsors feel that it's escapism—others think it's blood and thunder. A third contingent feels it's escapism through music. Some don't know what all the shootin's about. It seems radio gives ample samples of all three.

LOST & FOUND DEPT.: Lost, some months ago, several full-length feature articles and some highlights from Hollywood, the able work of Dave Dexter. Found, the publisher says, a cut of—is it Imogene Lynn or Carmene or whom? Anyhow it's from the lost files and a stickler. In fact, I'm curious enough about it to ask that it be printed in this issue. Your guess is as good as mine, and if you know her—send me her name. Which also reminds me, I looked over the schedule of articles for several already-planned Batons. There's material from Paul Edward Miller, Loma Cooper, some intriguing Frances Gness verse, an article by Frank Sinatra, a guest editorial by Wendell Willkie—plenty of the finest



HER NAME? copy the magazine ever printed. So, if the paper quality of The Baton should be cut down, certainly the editorial content won't!—Danny O'Hara.

Kay Kyser Says In Entertainment, As In Anything, Customer's Right

By Evalyn Elbaum

KAY KYSER planned for and entered into his special service camp programs with the same enthusiasm with which he has entered into all his activities. For more than two years, he and his group have been giving special programs in army camps and war plants all over the country. Doing the type of work which he could best do, Kyser believed that he was doing his share in the war effort. Suddenly, last Spring, he received a call from the draft board.

By April 13, when he reported for induction (only to be rejected for undisclosed reasons), all newspaper-reading Americans knew of his appeal of his 1-A draft status to FDR through the Office of War Information. Because of his work as morale builder, Kay maintained, toting a baton was as important as toting a gun.

Shrewd Business Man

This appeal undoubtedly was a sincere attempt to keep his group intact so that it might continue its special work. Yet, an examination of Kyser's career leads one to believe that Kyser, the shrewd business man, was making the most of this incident, just as he has consistently made the most of every incident since that day in 1923 when, as James Kern Kyser, he drove on the University of North Carolina campus in his Model T Ford, "Passion," chauffeured by still-faithful Mack Riggsbee. His 15-year climb to big money began then. Although he entered the university to study law, he was graduated four years later with a B.A. degree in Commerce.

"In entertainment, as in any other business, the customer is always right," Kyser maintains. "Give the public what it wants and you can't miss."

Guided by this policy during his four years at the university, as well as the years since then, Kay rapidly became one of the most active figures on the campus. He organized a football cheering section, called the "Cheerios," produced two minstrel shows, and one black and white revue patterned after the Broadway shows of the early '20s. Then, when Hal Kemp graduated, leaving the school without a band, Kay decided to organize one to replace Kemp's.

Could Not Read Music

He could not read music, but he knew that he had the business ability to get band engagements, if he could organize a band. "Help Wanted" signs were posted all over campus, and dozens of would-be sidemen answered the call. Kyser, a shrewd judge of entertainment ability, soon selected a group. One of the first persons he hired was saxophonist Sully Mason, still with him today, as vocalist.

Shortly after the band was organized, its alert leader had it booked to play a school dance. The men had time to learn only 6 songs, including "Thinking of You," which is now used as the band's theme. These songs were played over and over again in rotation, until dancers, anticipating the numbers, began singing them just before they were played.

Immediately after his first engagement, go-getting Kyser contacted key men in various campus organizations, obtaining contracts with them for his band, which soon had monopolies on all school dances, sometimes playing as many as six dances during one weekend.

The following summer (1926) when Kyser took his band on tour, he persuaded the Victor Talking Machine Company to allow him to make records of four sides of college songs for distribution in the southeastern states, where the band had gained slight fame.

Returned to School

Returning to school that fall, Kyser now billed his band as Kay Kyser and His Victor Recording Orchestra. Because they found it difficult to maintain their classwork and still tour with the band, by this time many of the student musicians were replaced by professional instrumentalists. Kyser, however, managed not only to continue with his studies, but to keep the band working steady, playing banquets, smokers, and girls' finishing school dances. Some of these dates were in the form of concerts, and the band played both classical and pop tunes.

Although Kyser graduated in 1927, the band remained on campus for another year in order to gain more of a reputation. It played a sustaining program for a local station, still continuing with its other activities.

(Continued on page 21)

Kay Kyser is an almost-legendary figure to America's listening radio audience. Now RKO is building him up—if press items are correct—as a second Harold Lloyd. These exclusive RKO photos show Kyser growing a beard of worry over his mythical induction into service (remember his 1-A battle?) and his pensive expressions upon donning the Navy's garb. Of course, it's all for the sake of publicity for one of his new cinema offerings. Kyser is 4-F and over the present age limit.



Keep Your Eyes On The Kids!

By Les Brown

I'M NOT saying anything new when I tell you that during the past few years more and more musicians of 20, 19, and 18 have been playing with big-name bands. Such a trend has been in motion since at least 1935, and just prior to our entrance into the war, it was reaching the point where it was noticeable even to the dancers and theatre patrons who listened to bands.



And I'm only pointing out the obvious when I say that during the almost two years that we have been engaged in this war, the trend toward younger musicians has been accelerated to almost top-speed proportions.

But I've heard very little discussion of what I consider a highly significant factor in the new patterns of personality which dance bands are acquiring. It is simply this: All the young musicians who are coming up have definite leanings, and in most cases definite likes, for swing music—I mean swing as opposed to sweet. The ramifications of this fact may mean that we'll have less and less sweet bands as the years go by.

Not the Role of Prophet

I'm not trying to make any predictions about sweet bands; the kind of music they play will perhaps always have a large audience. However, I do believe it is safe to say that the size of the audience will diminish within the next 10 or 20 years—and therefore the number of sweet bands also will decrease. I base this conclusion on the obvious trends toward swing of which I have already spoken.

Take the sweet band side of this picture without reference to what's happening in the swing field; we still have the fact that the overwhelming majority of the personnel of sweet bands (and here I mean only the out and out sweet bands) is comprised of men over 30. The society bands aren't getting the younger musicians because these new youngsters are swing-minded.

That's the real answer to what's happening—kids all over America, in high school and in college, at home and in public—they're a new generation with new ideas. And one of the things which they've grown up with is jazz music.

Different Kind of Jazz

You'll admit it's a different kind of jazz than we grew up with. By "we," I mean musicians, say, between 28 and 38. The great bulk of the public, in the days when we were younger, was Guy Lombardo-Wayne King minded. That kind of music still fascinates plenty of people—but it's older people. What will happen when these kids become our age, when they take the reins and dictate the entertainment fare of the nation?

As I have already said, this is no attempt to make sweeping predictions. I can answer that last question, though. Because those kids have known the swing of the Shaws and Goodmans, the Dorseys, the James, the Luncefords, and the Ellingtons, they think and feel a whole lot differently about jazz than did the youngsters of the 1920's.

The difference begins right in high school. One extremely important change in the past 10 years has been the rapid and

(Continued on page 17)

There have been so many photo-strips on what a gal vocalist does on her day (or night) off, the Baton's photographer decided to reverse the trend and follow Ted Travers, vocalist with Boyd Raeburn, on a "date" with Nina Klowden, radio actress of the "Ma" Perkins cast. Here's where a fellow goes in Chicago: (Top to bottom) 1. Hello to Carl Ravazza, the Blackhawk maestro, who's on the right. 2. A stop-over at the Latin Quarter to get belly-laughs from funster Buddy Lester. 3. Boyd Raeburn dances with Nina while Travers does a mike pose. 4. Backstage to talk with Clarissa and Carmelita Pope of the "Maid In the Ozarks" cast.



**Look Again, It's Not
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Herb Miller doesn't resent the fact he's Major Glenn Miller's brother. He does, however, resent it when musical similarities are discussed. Band did well on its own merits on the west coast.

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Ten Tuneful, Thinkable Twizzillies

How Hep Are YOU?

By Leo Cooper

SCORE YOUR QUIZZ QUOTIENT THUSLY: If all 10 answers are right, you have a weirdly wonderful headfull of miscellaneous musical knowledge. 9 means you're strangely superior. 8 denotes the resourcefulness and dexterity of a bandleader. 7, you're cluttering up your mind. 6, just another Jackson. 5, you haven't been wasting all your time. 4, young and inexperienced. 3, sufficient lack of interest. 2, you'll barely get by. 1, better get out of the music business. Answers on page 23.

1. You buy a clarinet mouth-piece cap and ligature for \$1.25. You know the ligature is worth \$1 more than the cap. How much is the cap worth?
2. Punctuate the following, so it will make some sort of sense: music music is is not music music tunes tunes are are not tunes tunes are music music is music.
3. Circle the correct spelling of this word: ohmbousure, ombowsure, embochure, embouchure, omboushur.
4. These two bandleaders scramble in public occasionally. Unscramble them now. YITOSYOMERMJR-OYSDYMDDEM.
5. Which hand is used in playing a sarrusophone?
6. What famous composer with V for his middle initial has contributed spectacularly to the war effort?
7. Are the terms "tone, pitch and intonation" interchangeable?
8. If A is 440, what is 220? What is 880?
9. Who conducts all the symphonies from memory? He made himself very unpopular with the Axis.
10. TRUE or FALSE? (a) Iccolo Miccolo played the piccolo with the Philadelphia Symphony. (b) A metronome makes from 40 to 208 beats per minute. (c) Shortening an instrument increases the range. (d) Pianos can be in tune. (e) Women make best musicians. (f) An oboe is a brass instrument.

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& ENSEMBLE MUSIC
"Service In a Class by Itself"

CHALLENGE—

(Continued from page 5)

operas" where he rode, sang and acted.

For the pay-off on singing Dick Haymes, there's the true story of his mother. Shortly after Dick was signed by "Here's to Romance," an unobtrusive letter signed "Marguerite Haymes" came to the network asking for two seats for the opening night broadcast. Though her boy was starring in the show, Mother Haymes had gotten in line for tickets just like anybody else.



Bond Drive

Announcer Lee Blaine of radio station WBML, Macon, Ga., in an effort to push the third war loan campaign, recklessly promised to go to the home of any listener and wash the dishes while the housewife rushed out to buy a bond.

The duty clerk at Cochran Feild's 833d WAC post headquarters heard the brash male promise and promptly called his hand. The indomitable Blaine arrived just in time to catch the brunt of dinner dishes, pots and pans.

Two kind-hearted corporals chased him back to the studio after he developed an acute case of dishpan hands.

Blaine is still pushing the bond drive—with caution.



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MUSIC TODAY MAGAZINE
852 Film Bldg. B Cleveland, O.

Bob Astor . . . Started Singing to Records



Bob Astor, the New Orleans maestro now at Pelham Heath Inn, New York, started his orchestra career by singing his own accompaniment to records as a Hollywood disc jockey. Now, with the AFM ban lifted, he may lend his scar voice to his own rhythms—on his own records.

DON'T FORGET—

IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE BATON REGULARLY, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION SHOULD BE SENT IN NOW! . . . There's a blank on page 21. Use It!

ALSO: Advertising forms close Nov. 18 for next issue. Rates on page 4 and in masthead.

THE BATON
218 S. Wabash, Chicago 4, Illinois

KIDS—

(Continued from page 15)

ever enlarged growth of high school bands and orchestras. Jazz no longer is regarded with horror in schools; and all the musical minded kids, whether in a jazz band or not, are receiving fine training. In a country as large as ours, even a one per cent increase means a lot; so, if I say that the kids who are developing musically have increased that much, you can understand the how and why of the influx of younger and younger musicians into America's well known dance bands.

New Interest in Swing

Not so many years ago, most jazz musicians obtained a minimum of training; much of what they learned was self-taught. The interest in music shown by high schools and colleges has changed all that. My own dad is a high school music teacher. His school is populated by 800 students, drawn from a township of 5,000 persons. Yet his band numbers 60 pieces! One of the members of my original band, the Duke Blue Devils, now teaches music at Morristown, N. J. He has an 80 piece high school band.

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ESTHER DEROY ETHEL SHEPHERD
& Her Glamour Girls Detroit's Grandest Singer

Joe ('Trumpet King') Banket and His Orchestra with Bob Marble

Gayle—

(Continued from page 7)

ing the New York Strand November 6. Shep is expected to hold some sort of celebration the day before, since November 5 is the birthdate of Adolph Sax—inventor of the saxophone. Fields has nine saxes . . . Sammy Kaye has been signed to appear in the United Artists production "Song of the Open Road." Kaye and his lads face the cameras sometime in December. While there they'll play an engagement at the famed Palladium. This is the first time a sweet band has been featured in that swing citadel . . . Woody Herman recently hired an entirely new tram section. It includes (subject to the draft and war-time changes!): Ed Kiefer, formerly with Bob Chester; Al Mastren, ex of Benny Goodman, and Bill Grande, a new "discovery." Cappy Lewis, star trumpeter, who left the Herd a few months ago has rejoined the outfit.

Notes of a Month-Old Pad

Gloria Hart of the Art Kassel aggregation was worried over her mother, now out of the hospital and well again . . . Howard Christensen in civvies . . . Janette Davis ready to take a brief vacation in Memphis before starting her new WGN show, directed by Bob Trendler . . . Gertrude Niesen, the grand stylist of song, spending her hours-off in husband Al Greenfield's Band Box . . . Karen Cooper and Sol Tepper, the manager, are ready to middle-aisle it the first chance they get to catch up with each other . . . Harry Cool is getting a Swoonatra buildup by MCA moguls . . . Toots Camarata took a night off from army life to make the rounds with Lou Holzer of Campbell-Porgie just before being hospitalized.

Of Maestri & Melody

Don Large, who has that outstanding 16-voice Chrous heard on the CBS "F. O. B. Detroit" show and other WJR, Detroit broadcasts, including the Marvel ciggie show, will introduce C. Arthur Fifer's "Let's Sing, America." Fifer is general manager of WTAD, Quincy . . . Jimmie Hilliard, who shares musical honors with Caesar Petrillo on WBBM, will revive "Zagala."



Charlie Spivak takes his son, Joel, for a ride—on his shoulders, not with his trumpet. His wife, Fritzi, is at the right. This was taken at their home in Beverly Hills, Calif., where they were living during Charlie's engagement at the Palladium Ballroom. Incidentally, "The Man Who Plays The Sweetest Trumpet In The World," broke all attendance records for the spot on opening night, with 8100 people.

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JOSEPHINE MAYER SANTA BARBARA CALIFORNIA

DEAR BILL—

(Continued from page 4)

music situation. I'm hoping to be back in the business again—before too long, I hope.

Pfc. Jim McCarthy.
89th Nav. Gp. - SMAAF,
San Marcos, Texas

Jim, before Pearl Harbor, was handling the press agency chores for Vaughn Monroe, Count Basie and other names.

Certainly like to read all the small items and breezy notes about the business. I'm still jotting down my own notes and keeping up the music interest.

Thanks for sending the extra Batons. They were gobbled up fast. How about more pin-up girls? Certainly should be no objection to that and the fellows in service like to see who's coming up in the world of melody and beauty.

Sgt. Rocky Cirusuolo
24 Jefferson Avenue
Phoebus, Virginia

Okay, Sarge! we'll look around for more pin-ups.

The popularity of jazz and swing is due to its adaptability to the world's mood. Jazz in its wildness, its delirium and its trembling rocking is just how the people feel about themselves.

They're anxious, nervous, unaware of what is to happen next and they need music that is like a shot in the arm to their shaky existence. Swing knocks it into them while they jitter or take to the digs. Jazz and swing give the multitudes just what they feel they need—relief for

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tender, patriotic and inspired. Proof that not all good songs must come from the Brill Building.

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A Pin-Up Girl For Baton's 'Dear Bill'



Marcia Dale is Baton's pin-up nomination for Dear Bill. The attractive young singer is at the moment rehearsing for a New York show.

an evening from the world's anguish. To calm them down they always need something soothing at the close of evening. Music helps the people even when it is swing.

Carl Peterson.

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Your letters to Readers Write, Dear Bill and other departments will receive special attention. What's on your mind, reader?

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Personals

Gus Schael, Iowa tunesmith turned publisher, determined to prove what so many present-time "away from New York" publishers are attempting to show: You can produce good material even away from Times Square. So far he has a good start. Publisher Schael

GUS SCHAEI recognizes, however, the need for on-the-spot representation.

One New York singer so far has shown more than average interest in one of his tunes. Carolyn Cromwell, who sang with Raymond Paige and more recently Blue Barron, has taken a liking to the firm's "This Is My Chance."

Carolyn used the C. CROMWELL number on a recent floor show date.

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"I TAKE ORDERS FROM CUPID"

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WRITE US NOW!

VOCALISTS—

(Continued from page 3)

old saw about the exceptions proving the rule. It isn't that vocalists are all bad on the same level—they're bad on different levels; but they're all bad. Some are merely less objectionable than others. But if I had my way they'd all go out the window. They have been the greatest single factor in retarding the growth of native American popular music. Vocalists have been the very group which has sustained public interest in the sentimental garbage which emanates from the cesspools of Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood.

Flush Box-Office Support

Yes, I'll admit that plenty of people like to hear vocalists "sing" songs. The general public has indeed given much support at the box office to vocalists generally, and to specific vocalists in particular—such as the present rage, Frank (I-own-myself-and-I-don't-own-myself) Sinatra.

You'll say, then, that if this is true, all I'm doing is blowing my top—and you'll suspect me of having had personal run-ins with some of their breed. As a matter of fact, I haven't. Although I'm acquainted with many of them, I know them but casually. I have found them to be, for the most part, simple, affable, extremely conscious of the "importance" of their position and billing—but almost entirely devoid of any true musical values. Yet they're part and parcel of the music business, and the public accepts them as such.

So, in answer to the argument that the box office supports them, I'll say this: the public is being bamboozled in the grand style. Maybe I can explain it best this way. We've heard a great deal about the

THE COVER

Carl Ravazza will soon be "back home again." Home for the young singer-maestro this time will be Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans. It's a return invitation. Judging from the success of his current stand, Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant, he will probably be asked back there after his Louisiana date and a string of theatres. Meanwhile rumors are rife for his opening a New York spot. Ravazza hails from San Francisco, has hired 18-year old Chicagoan Jackie Van to replace ailing Bonnie Boyd, his former thrush.

insidious effects of propaganda; we've been told to keep on the watch for it, and to discredit it when obviously it runs counter to what our own experience has told us is true. At the same time, we've realized that propaganda can work both ways. We know, for example, that numerous pressure groups exert their influence on Congress. Sometimes the interests of one group are diametrically opposed to the best interests of another. Yet, the group will issue publicity (which is just another name for propaganda) calculated to impress and influence people.

Vocalists Tools of Propaganda

If you ask me, vocalists have become pawns of the most efficient means of foisting the propaganda of Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood on a public which, if there were no vocalists at all, would go on living just the same—and I might add that the living would be more pleasant if we didn't have to dodge all those so-called singers we hear on the radio.

Is the public called in on the deal? No! All the planning and plotting goes on behind the scenes. Then, when the song publisher thinks he has a new ditty that sounds enough

(Continued on page 23)

This Young Prodigy You Ought To Know



Photo courtesy Davis-Lieber

This young musician, here shown at the tender age of about 12, is known in today's music circles as B. G.—meaning Benny Goodman, naturally!

Make Your Own Orchestra Arrangements with the Spivak Arranger and Transposer. Four parts harmony for all instruments at a flash—50c. Write your own music with the new music writing device; celluloid stencil for tracing musical symbols perfectly, 50c. Send \$1 for both items.

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Originally introduced by Victor on the Squibs program (CBS) sung by Walter Cassel. Listen to Don Large's arrangement of it! Material now in preparation.

• TOPIK TUNES • 54 W. RANDOLPH CHICAGO - U.S.A.

KYSER—

(Continued from page 14)

In the fall of 1930 Kyser maneuvered a band booking at the Hotel New Yorker, where he met with only moderate success. All this time Kay billed himself as "The Big Man from the South with a Big Cigar in His Mouth" and took to smoking stogies. But in California at the Miramer Hotel (Santa Monica) he began to perfect his present style. The band played a 15-minute air show every night; in his desire to play the most possible music in that quarter hour, Kay had the song titles sung, thus eliminating the time usually given to announcing them. While he was on the coast, too, Hal Kemp recommended his band to Otto Roth at Chicago's Blackhawk, which was Kyser's first really big break.

A 'Kollege' Was Born

There, the Kollege of Musical Knowledge, so-labeled by sassy Sully Mason, was born. Radio quiz shows were the rage then (1937) and the Kollege was broadcast nationally over WGN (Mutual) every Monday at midnite. The show caught on like wildfire. During the first six weeks Kay received 10,000 fan letters from listeners in 43 states and two foreign countries, and soon WGN moved the band to their studios to broadcast the show at an earlier hour.

A few months later the show was bought by the American Tobacco Company and the band moved to New York. From there to Hollywood and fame as a star of screen, as well as radio, was just a short step for Kyser, who today, among other securities, owns considerable real estate in his home state of North Carolina, which he so consistently plugs.

Explaining his success, Kyser

says: "As an amateur psychologist I study audience preference in humor, music and feminine pulchritude. Long ago I gave up the idea of attempting to reform or educate anyone. I let them educate me."

During his tours of army camps and war plants Kyser has made a thorough study of audience reactions. Concluding that the type of entertainment preferred by the men in the service has general appeal, he aims his new picture "Around the World" (RKO-Radio) at the soldier trade.

Respect for Servicemen's Tastes

"After playing to millions of our uniformed men, I have gained a wholesome respect for their likes and dislikes. What titillates them will please audiences everywhere.

"The wacky type of humor, in which we specialize, and in which Ish Kabibble excels, is yet to fail with a uniformed audience, or most any other audience for that matter. When Ish asks me, for example, 'What's the difference between a duck?' and I repeat 'What IS the difference between a duck?' and he replies 'One of its legs is both the same' it brings down the house.

"That's why Ish's peculiar brand of comedy gets a special play in 'Around the World.'"

"That old expression 'Let others make the nation's laws—I'll try to make the laughs,' goes for me too," Kyser concluded.

Kyser has proved that making the laughs pays big dividends. He may be the "King of Circus Bands," but his dynamic, highly extroverted personality coupled with his alert business sense have made him one of the wealthiest bandleaders in the country, a man whose gross earnings are now well above the million dollar mark.

'Just 350 Lbs. Of Bandleader'—T. H.



Tiny Hill, in answer for a description on himself, generally says little but it adds up big: "Just 350 pounds of bandleader." Hill just finished his first New York Engagement.

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CHORUS

You all for one and one for all We all
 un - der stand, You are the foun - tain of youth for
 Un - cle Sam. The ar - se - nal of De - moc - ra - cy rests on ev - ry
 hand You all have giv - en us a won - der - ful sto - ry, A
 new day is dawn - ing for Old Glo - ry You will
 bring us back our lib - er - ty. So on to
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 by
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 Orchestra sets
 ready **SOON.**
 Send postcard for
 some now! Be
 first on the
 list.

EVERY PROGRAM needs a WAR
 song. "YOU ALL" means everybody!
 Here's a song for EVERY program.
 Feature it — request it — play it.

Featured by Mort S. Silver and his famous
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E. J. STINER

73 SIBLEY

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LICENSED BMI

VOCALISTS—

(Continued from page 20)

like other songs that have proven successful, but enough unlike them to avoid copyright entanglements, he sends out his salesmen, better known as song pluggers. They're the boys who do the dirty work. For \$75 or \$100 a week (plus expenses) they hornswoogle the innocent vocalists and bandleaders into a gracious acceptance of their wares. From then on it's the vocalist who perpetrates the operation.

Selling Sex to the Public

What does all this add up to? Simply that vocalists are the paid tools of a huge business organization. And to top it off, these vocalists are not chosen for their musical ability, not for the poetry in their soul, not for their fitness to work in the company of good musicians—but simply and solely to sell sex to the public.

Typical Tin Pan Alley songs are sex; the vocalists themselves lean heavily on a vicarious sexual approach.

I say the public is getting gyped. After all, we're no longer living in an age when sex has to be sugar coated with the phony, gooey syrup of adolescent laments of love. And I also say that there are more and better songs in the hinterland—if given a chance by the throat throbers, than in the briefcases of the TPA boys?

I'm hoping, too, with all earnest-

★—————★

Wanted: War Songs

Writers of war songs are invited by the music war committee of the American theater wing, 730 5th avenue, New York, to submit manuscripts. Only unpublished copyrighted songs will be accepted. The purpose of the committee is to fill requests for songs from government agencies and the services, and to create and exploit good war songs. After going thru a sifting committee, a judging committee of 40 will pass upon the manuscripts. The final committee includes Robert Bagar and Irving Kolodin, music critics; Franklin P. Adams, writer; Alfred McCosker of Mutual Broadcasting System, Paul Robeson and Barry Wood.

★—————★

ness, that some of the vocal sirens and powder-puff boys will wake up to the fact that being slapped on the back by \$75 a week song pluggers is not as important as learning how to sing—and sell a song with sincerity not borne of returning cheap favors.

Do you agree with Don Manning's convictions (he assures us they are sincere ones) about vocalists? If not, Baton reminds you its columns are always open; that its writers are not blue-penciled for their honest opinions.



Sgt. Tommy Vasilaros, ex-Red Nichols tram man, who wields the baton over the post dance orchestra at San Marcos (Texas) Army Air Field, slides his sliphorn while Hollywood's Johnnie Johnston strums his guitar. Photo was snapped when Johnston headed a USO Camp Show that recently played the San Marcos base.

ANSWERS

1. 12½c.
2. Music. Music is. Is not music music? Tunes. Tunes are. Are not tunes tunes? Tunes are music. Music is music.
3. Embouchure.
4. Jimmy Dorsey and Tommy Dorsey.
5. Both.
6. Ludwig van Beethoven.
7. No.
8. A.
9. Toscanini.
10. (a) So they say.
(b) True.
(c) False.
(d) Impossible.
(e) Ditto.
(f) Sally Rand says so, but she's wrong.

My Pappy Got a Jappy

Words and Music by Emmet E. Niehoff

—“He’s a pistol packin’ papa for the U. S. A.—”

BACK THE
ATTACK!
BUY BONDS!

“FIGHT FOR AMERICA” By Ammon E. Cromer

BACK THE
ATTACK!
BUY BONDS!

There's Just One World

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Chicago's
Up —

and coming musical aggregation, have

"THIS IS MY CHANCE"

IN THEIR BOOKS NOW!

Other GUS SCHAEEL *Songs*

SOON READY . . .

You Took the Words—
(Right Out of My Heart)

I'll Never Leave You

That Won't Buy Baby No Shoes

Music THE AUGUST SCHAEEL *Publishers*
C O M P A N Y

Lawler,

Iowa

BMI — Licensed — Represented in

New York — Chicago — Hollywood

Trade

First 88 Chick Checker

America's first lady piano tuner, Grace Potter, has been added to the service staff of the Clark Music Company, Syracuse, New York. At the outbreak of the war, she enrolled in a radio repair class at a vocational school. However, she confesses she was just naturally more interested in piano tuning, so she talked Charles Nordwall of Clark's into a course of lessons. She claims women have a great future in the field of musical instrument service, and that she enjoys it "more than anything I have ever done."

Pin-Up Convention

Approximately 750 dealers attended the annual meeting of the national association of musical instrument manufacturers at the Hotel New Yorker last month, only to find there was little to discover in the way of new or salable merchandise and nothing to do but talk. Majority of the 43 exhibitors contented themselves with displaying pictures and posters illustrating their conversion to vital war work.

Standardization Coming

To simplify replacing broken small parts and to expedite repairs, the following firms have appointed a post war standardization of band instruments parts committee: Fred A. Holtz of Martin Band Instrument Company; O. E. Beers, Buescher; F. A. Reynolds; Vincent Bach; Wm. F. Ludwig of WFL Drums; Walter Mueller, Penzel-Mueller; Harry Meyers, York Band Instruments; Alfred L. Smith, C. G. Conn.

Old Records, New Business

The Swedish Government is still offering \$100,000 for a recording of Jenny Lind's voice, according to Jack L. Caidin, proprietor of the Collector's Record Shop in New York. Mr. Caidin recently recovered the only existing Lillian Russell record in an attic where the widow of the man who had waxed it had stored his useless gadgets. It was a 1912 home recording, but it proves the real talent of the great beauty. "\$10 is about the average value of an old record," Mr. Caidin insists, although the Lillian Russell disc is expected to sell heavily across the country.

• Learn Swing Piano!

"Glamourize" tunes with fascinating breaks, novel bass figures and tricky embellishments. Send for free "home-study" folder.

Teachers: Write for business offer.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN Studios
36 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Tops In Entertainment!

Freddie Slack

Paul Whiteman

Johnny Mercer

Ella Mae Morse

GET ON BOARD—RECORD BUYERS

WITH THESE FOUR NEW *Smash* HITS

Margaret Whiting

Six Hits (and a Miss)

Gordon Jenkins

Johnnie Johnston



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 1500 YOUNG STREET, DALLAS 1, TEXAS
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- ★ CHICAGO (Mid-Central States)
 322 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 1, ILL.
 Phone CALumet 2810
- ★ HOLLYWOOD (Entire West Coast Area)
 1453 VINE ST., HOLLYWOOD 29, CALIF.
 Phone HEMpstead 3148

Capitol Records will be distributed from these offices only after July 1, 1943.

Ray McKinley

Martha Tilton

Ceelle Burke

Connie Haines

Tex Ritter

Dennis Day

Jack McLean

Billy Butterfield

Bobby Sherwood

The All-New Method of Recording

What Interests me Most

This Issue . . . Editorially Speaking, I'd Say:



All editors are interested in good pictures. Any publication needs them—because “art” is still the best means of selling editorial content. Steve Hannagan’s office can always be depended upon to furnish eye-filling material. Best proof is their release on Carolyn Grey, above, who did a final Coca Cola shot with ex-boss Woody Herman. I’ve never met Miss Grey, but I have heard her sing. Judging from the gam-morous portrayal by photographer Bloom I’d guess, sans any hesitation whatsoever, that she has what every young girl singer must have. (And I liked her song.)

I’m interested, too, in another “young girl singer.” With manuscript in hand—what a plug for



some tunesmith!—Kate Smith is always synonymous with the CBS mike. Time and tide, Sinatras and Joan Merrills, Miss Smith still packs a terrific sales wallop for wireless followers . . . And it seems Ed Henderson, out at Paramount, never misses on Baton’s photographic needs. This issue he comes through with Cliff Edwards picking a tune out for Dona Drake, the erstwhile baton wielder. Trade reports have it, incidentally, that Miss Drake has been dropped by Paramount (will you have her in your lap, sir?). The other girls—sorry no phone numbers—are, left to right: Alice Kirby, Marjorie Deanne, Marcella Phillips, Christopher King and Yvonne de Carlo. Miss de Carlo, I’m told, is from Brooklyn.

Note to readers: For the duration, in order to cooperate with the government program for the conservation of paper and other essential production necessities, The Baton will be published every other month instead of monthly. Subscriptions will naturally be extended accordingly and every effort will be made to resume schedule the moment any change in conditions permits. Publication upon this basis will also enable a bigger, better and more carefully edited Baton. We’re five years old now and we’ve always been proud of our high editorial standard—this, above all else, has never been sacrificed.—T. G.



Mister—you're getting paid in DYNAMITE!

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today *is* dynamite.

If we handle it *wrong*, it can blow up in our face . . . lengthen the war . . . and maybe wreck *our* chances of having happiness and security *after* the war.

The wrong way to handle it . . . and why
The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies. To wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We *can't* afford to—whether we're business men, farmers, or workers. And here's why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more . . . faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have *45 billion* dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices. *45 billion* dollars extra money!

That's the dynamite!

The right way to handle it . . . and why
Our Government is doing a lot of things to

keep the cost of living from snow-balling. Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They're *controls* on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours. Mine.

It won't be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny-pinching. But it's the only way we can win this war . . . pay for it . . . and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is a small sacrifice compared with giving your life or your blood in battle!

Here's what You must do

Buy only what you absolutely need. And this means absolutely. If you're tempted, think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell.

Resist pressure to force **YOUR** prices up. **Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps.** Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don't pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don't make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they'll do you good.

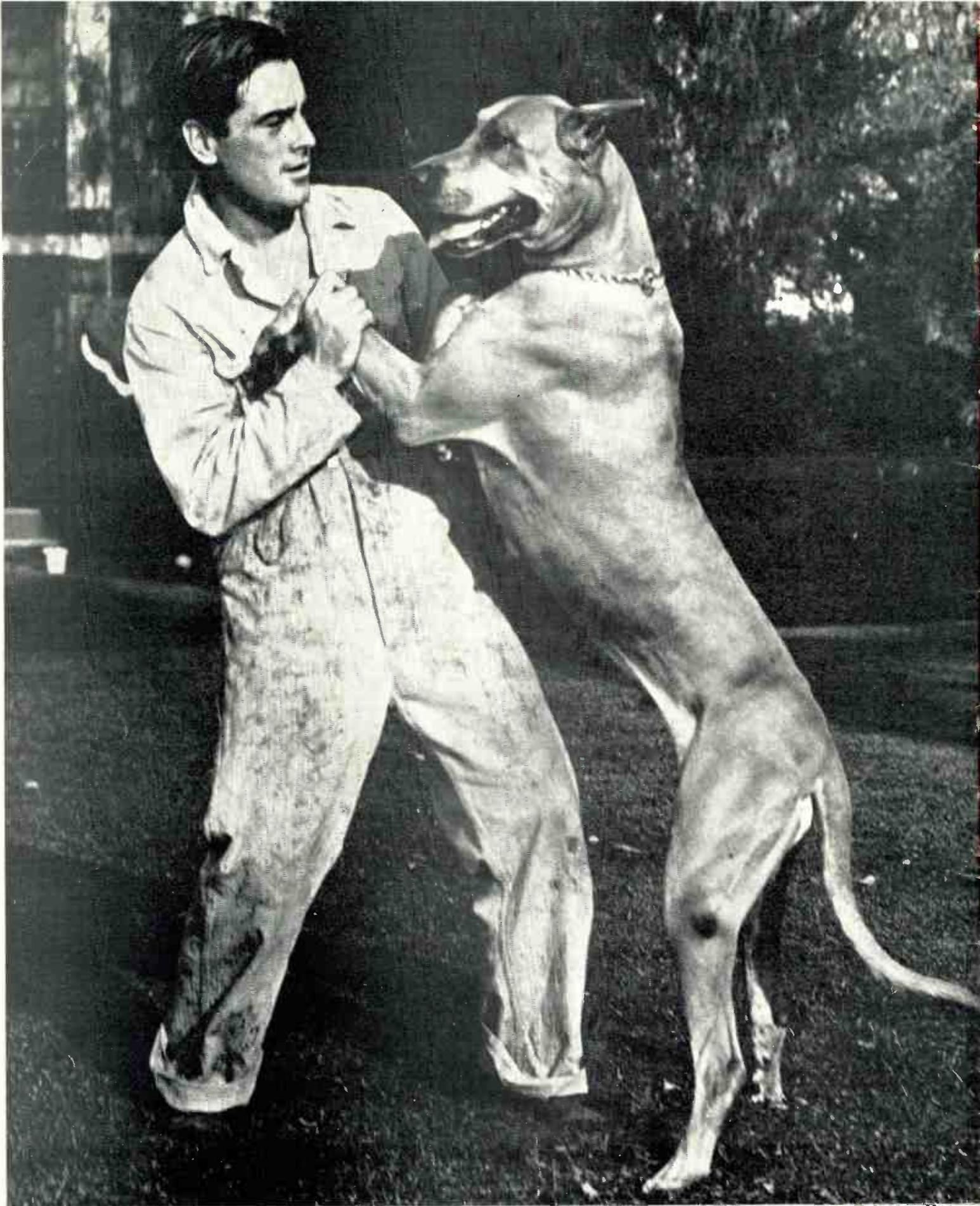
Buy more War Bonds. Not just a "percent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it *really* pinches your pocket-book.

If we do these things, we and our Government won't have to fight a post-war battle against collapsing prices and paralyzed business. It's *our* pay envelope. It's up to *us*.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



PHIL Regan, heard Monday through Friday on "Your Home Front Reporter," (Columbia), obliged publicist Steve Hannagan by letting his Great Dane prove his photogenic talents. Regan has found a way to feed the Dane economically. He makes arrangements for several dog-lover chefs at various hotels to supply him with whatever doesn't go on the day's menus. Which works all right every day but meatless Tuesday. World Radio History