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BAND LEADERS

SEPTEMBER, 1944

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Joseph J. Hordie, President
Horold Hersey, Editor In Chief

Raymond J. Kelly, Treasurer
George A. Weaver, Art Director

Lindo Zutio, Associate Editor
Don Terrio, Chicago Editor
Contributing Editors: Margaret Winter, Dick Dodge, Gretchen Weaver, Dorothy Anscorb, Alex MacGillivroy, Dove Foyre and Art Hodes.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

EX-CIVILIAN band leader CLAUDE THORNHILL is reported on his way back to the U.S. He's been leading a Navy band at Pearl Harbor. . . . FRANK SINATRA, set to finish two new Metro flickers on the Coast, has a new home in California with wife Nancy and the two little "voices" already installed there. . . . Drummer BUDDY RICH, once the mainstay of TOMMY DORSEY's rhythm section, is being discharged from the Army. . . . Another great drummer, DAVE TOUGH, is already out of uniform and working with WOODY HERMAN's orch. . . .

DUKE ELLINGTON is planning 25 concerts at the end of his run at the HURRICANE nightery in Manhattan. The DUKE is the only band leader to play successful concert dates at long-hair joints



Claude Thornhill

like Carnegie Hall (see great full-color picture of the Duke in this issue). . . . SAM DONAHUE and his Navy band are back overseas entertaining swing-starved Servicemen—in the Mediterranean area this time. . . . DICK ROGERS has entered the swing band lists again. He's using those wonderful rich, full-toned arrangements that made the old CLAUDE THORNHILL band the music lover's delight. . . .

Lovely KAY ALLEN (one-time RED NORVO chirp) is singing with CARLOS MOLINA's crew on the West Coast. . . . Incidentally,



Frank Sinatra

NORVO, who is this writer's all-around favorite band leader, has the best small band of his career. It's

knocking out the hepsters on 52nd St. in NYC. . . .

When better swing crews are assembled, VAN ALEXANDER will be on the assembly line. The pianist-leader is working on a new idea in band styles and should debut with it any day now. . . . GENE KRUPA and CAROLE BRUCE are as close as a couple of grace notes. . . . COLEMAN HAWKINS, the daddy of tenor sax players, has a new wrinkle. His latest

(Continued on page 60)

Kay's

KINDA BUSY

By Jerry Lee



Diane Pendleton, the girl with the thrillingly beautiful voice



Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll. We have no idea why Kay wears an identification tag—surely the whole world knows him—same as we also know that Kay and Georgia became Mr. and Mrs. on June 8th at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Congratulations, folks, from Ye Editor and the thousands upon thousands of readers of BAND LEADERS Magazine!



(Left to right) Singers Diane Pendleton, Georgia Carroll and Julie Conway, take a last look at the music before going on the air.

NOT long ago several big film companies were trying to sign up Kay Kyser to make movies for them. "Gosh, I'm already kinda busy," was the answer Kay gave them.

That modest reply, typical of Kay, was a masterpiece of understatement.

What Kyser didn't add was the reason for his activity—a string of personal appearances at Army Camps from here to there. He didn't add that since the War he has given over 1,000 free shows for the boys in uniform.

He didn't say he had traveled over 500,000 miles and spent a big wad of his own dough, bringing music and laughs to Uncle Sam's fighting men. He didn't mention that he also helped Uncle Sam sell half a billion dollars in War Bonds.

No, Kay just said he was "kinda busy," and let it go at that.

But here's Kay Kyser talking on a subject close to his heart.

"The greatest thrill I ever had," said Kay, "was to hear some 20,000 soldiers laugh at the same time over some joke I had told them. The idea of making that many hard-working youngsters laugh is something that humbles me. And it's a real privilege.

"In the last couple of years we have played to over 4,000,000 men in the armed forces and defense plants. The usual routine is to play a couple of songs, then tell jokes, then show some girls off and introduce members of our cast. Believe me, we've learned a lot about what is funny to the Serviceman."

And the Ol' Professor keeps "kinda busy" dishing up just what the boys want.

But then "Time On My Hands" was never Kay's theme song. Ever since he was a kid in his home town, Rocky Mount, North Carolina, James (Kay for Kern) Kyser has been a busy fellow.

His boundless energy first began to take the shape of things to come in high school, where he ran for nearly every elective office, and won most of them.

He was cheer leader, class president, editor of the annual, member of several scholastic societies, manager of the Junior football team—and an excellent student, besides.



The OP Professor himself, who heads the College of Musical Knowledge.



Harry Babbitt marks the script while Kay mulls over the laugh value of the joke he's just read.

In college, at the University of North Carolina, Kay worked on school publications, acted as impresario of the school's three most pretentious musical shows, was dance chairman, cheer leader, was elected to honorary societies. The Grail and the Golden Fleece, and joined Sigma Nu and Alpha Kappa Psi fraternities.

Kay became a band leader by necessity. In 1926 the campus was without a band—so Kyser organized one. Kay's story is that the reason he became leader was the boys in the band thought he sounded better on baton than clarinet.

Sully Mason and others of the original gang say it was because: "Everybody knew Kay. He'd done everything well at school. We figured we'd be foolish not to capitalize on Kay's reputation as an organizer and a guy who carried through."

Well, by managing to keep "kinda busy," Kay carried his gang through a career of stage, radio and movie successes to the very top. The College of Musical Knowledge has been heard by countless millions since its debut in March, 1938. Other millions have seen the gang on the screen.

Kay's most recent films are M-G-M's "Right About Face," R-K-O's "Around The World," and one coming up at Columbia. Until the War is won, Kay's screen appearances will be his main contact with civilian fans—with the armed forces getting priority on his barnstorming musical college.

A great showman—behind the scenes, Kay looks after his flock like the head of a big family. In fact, the Kyser organization is run on that basis. Kay thinks many firms grow too large to maintain personal contact with employees.

Interviewers are apt to find the head man in a comfortable apartment living room, dotted with unopened trunks. Kay will probably be seated at a desk strewn with a coke, pages of radio script and several books.

Chances are he'll be using two phones. Over one he'll be dictating corrections in his coming broadcast, on the other he may be reading a friend a letter just received from his 80-year-old mother.

The scene is one of a man who is comfortably dug in for a busy session. Yes, Kay's kinda busy.



Kay and a soldier exchange some wise cracks on the OP Professor's famous radio program.



Kay and his band as they appeared in a recent R.K.O. picture.



Vaughn Monroe

BRUNO
Hollywood
N.Y.C.

THE MAGIC THAT IS *Monroe*

Vaughn Monroe's Own Life Story in Pictures. Another in the Series of These Exclusive, Up to Date Pictorial Stories Published By **BAND LEADERS Magazine.**

VAUGHN MONROE is a small-town boy who made good. Born in Akron, Ohio, bred in Jeanette, Pennsylvania, and Cudahy, Wisconsin, Vaughn provides one more shining example of a real American who won success the hard way.

At the age of eleven, Vaughn was given a battered trumpet as a gift from a neighbor. This was the beginning of a sensational musical career. By begging, whining and stamping his feet like any irate child who can't have his own way, Vaughn finally intimidated his parents into giving him music lessons.

The church choir in Cudahy started him on his melodic way when the choirmaster discovered that Vaughn had an excellent baritone voice and a natural sense of music. His high school band came next, and then, when he attended Carnegie Tech, he worked his way through college by playing the nightspots in and around Pittsburgh.

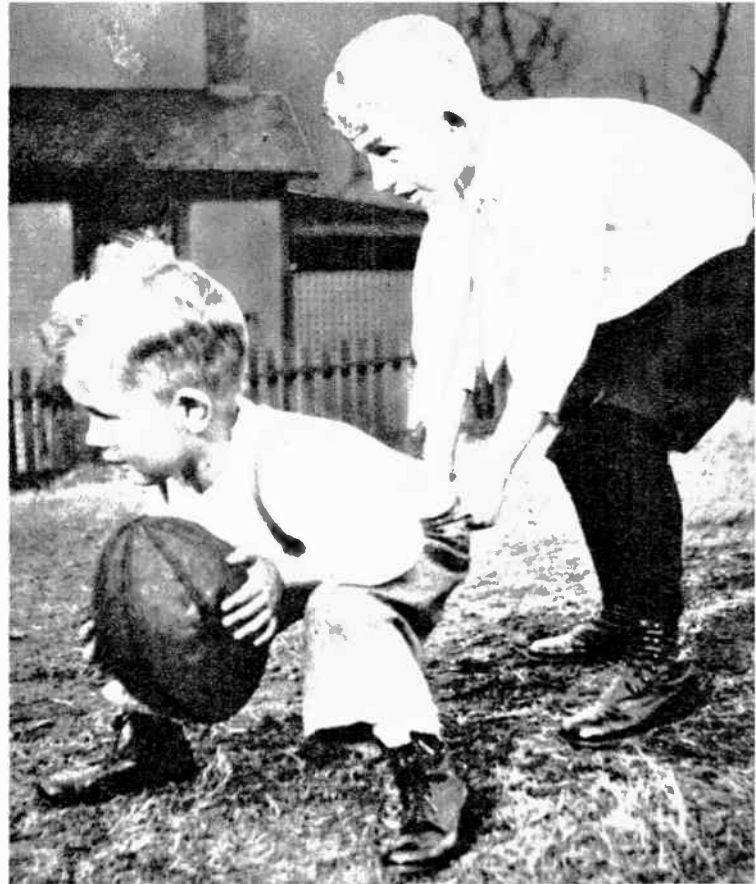
Vaughn's love of music went deep enough for him to give up the usual childish amusements for the more serious pursuits of a young man with a dream in his heart. Imagine a boy who'll trade a brand new bicycle for an ancient trombone. Well he did! And he even traded his beloved marbles for sheets of music!

Vaughn left college at the end of two years, deciding that he preferred a place in Austin Kylie's band to a diploma on Graduation Day! From there he went on to become a part of the Larry Funk organization and later, the Jack Marshard orchestra. It was Marshard who was directly responsible for Vaughn's start as a band leader. While they were playing in Boston, Jack, who had already introduced Vaughn as a singer and a featured trumpeter, decided that the public would go overboard for him as a band master as well. Vaughn—still extremely shy—flatly refused, so Jack was forced to try some smart psychology. He threatened to fire Vaughn if the latter

2. (Below) Vaughn blasts away on the trumpet with his high school band in Jeanette, Pa. This trumpet—the one that started him on his tooting career—was given to him by a neighbor.



3. (Below) In 1938 when Vaughn founded his first orchestra, one of their opening engagements was at Jack Dempsey's Miami Beach Hotel. Jack was one of the first people to appreciate the magic of Vaughn Monroe's music.



1. (Above) From football player to musician is a long step, but Vaughn did it! At the bright age of four, with his athletic prowess developed to the hilt, Vaughn waits for the signals to make his first goal.

wouldn't become the leader. The bluff worked because Vaughn needed the job and liked working with Marshard.

Then came the GREAT moment: in 1938 Vaughn formed his own band! Recordings, tours and broadcasts brought him and his organization right up to the top rung of the proverbial ladder of success.

Unquestionably a great deal of his popularity is due to the fact that he is handsome, with a deep and appealing voice and loads of the much-talked-of charm. Wherever Vaughn plays one always finds an enthusiastic audience of jitterbugs and ickies. The youngsters swoon and the adults sigh, and Vaughn, completely unaffected by his "Big Time" status, sings and plays on and on, making musical history as he goes.



4. (Above) The Miami sun was inviting and Vaughn and his boys stretched themselves out in the sun and the sand on many a day. But then with Vaughn's physique who wouldn't indulge in a little beach parading? (See following pages for more Vaughn Monroe pictures)



THE MAGIC THAT IS MONROE

(Continued from preceding page)

5. (Above) When Vaughn became a band leader he was set to play any kind of dates. Picnics, charity balls and the like were all the same to Vaughn. Here Vaughn poses with a hand on Cape Cod.

6. (Below) Vaughn is a lover of the outdoors. Swimming is a must in his life because that's one of the things that keeps him on the "beam" with his music.



8. (Below) Big theatres, hotels and the like, were not quite in Vaughn's stride way back in 1939; and often he was forced to sing over improvised mikes such as this one made from an old lamp stand



7. (Above) Vaughn felt that he was near the top when the fans began to flock at his heels. The very first gal who came to swoon over him, Vaughn wined and dined and danced and posed for a picture with her. Truly, an historic occasion!

9. (Right) When in 1940, Vaughn married his school-girl sweetheart, Marion Baughman, he decided that a family was in order. Candace, more often called Candy, is their first and only child to date.



10. (Left) Satisfying an old ambition to become a farmer, Vaughn and Marion bought themselves a farm in New Hampshire where the happy couple retreat when time permits. Fixing the shingles on the roof, ladder climbing and painting to make their New Hampshire farmhouse look like the proverbial mansion, kept Vaughn busy while he vacationed from the musical world. Vaughn has livestock on his two-hundred acre farm, pigs and chickens and cows.



11. (Right) Keeping the lawn and the grounds in tip-top order is also a definite part of the job. You took a little disgusted with the whole thing here, Vaughn! But he still sticks to that old adage: "Farming is the life!"





13. (Above) Vaughn gives out with the helpful guidance of the famous singer, Lucy Monroe. She does look happy about the whole thing, doesn't she.



12. (Above) Both Candy and Momma are proud of Vaughn's achievements as a musician and a singer. This is one of those rare moments when Vaughn gets time off to spend with his family. Poppa Vaughn is determined to turn Candy into a woman musician or another Betty Hutton or something. He started teaching the apple of his eye the ways of the trumpet when she had just passed her first birthday.

15. (Below) Since Vaughn traded in his thirteenth birthday present, a brand new bicycle, for an ancient trombone, he has yearned to own another one. But, believing that he's a little big for a bike, Vaughn recently treated himself to his real heart's desire, a motorcycle!



14. (Above) Despite the fact that Vaughn is now definitely top notch and top bracket, he still has to rehearse—and too often. Here, Vaughn really demonstrates his three-man job: he sings, he plays the trumpet, and, oh yes, he does lead the band, too.



16-17. (Above and right) Since it's quite true "that singers come and go, but a band goes on forever," Vaughn is always looking for new talents. Here he tries out a "find." And here you see Del Parker, the exquisitely lovely singer now with the Monroe band.

18. (Right) One of Vaughn's pastimes is collecting old pipes. To date he has collected more than three hundred of them!



(Continued on following page)

THE MAGIC THAT IS MONROE

(Continued from preceding page)

19. (Left) Vaughn is a great camera fan, snapping anything and everything wherever he goes. Needless to say, Candy is his favorite model, although at the moment she is much too interested in her latest toy to do much posing for pictures.



20. (Left) Something must make a trumpet tick, mustn't it? Vaughn, who is a staunch member of the "let's see how it works" clan, pulls his instrument apart. We didn't stay around to see whether or not he got it back together again.



21. (Above) Phyllis Lynne, one-time singer with the Monroe organization, swings out a melody as Vaughn carefully studies the music. We can't quite figure out whether it is flat or not, but then it can't be—just a difficult tune!



22. (Above) Vaughn has his own recording machine in his New York home on Park Avenue, and he and Candy try out a duet. Vaughn swears to the fact that Candy is a budding coloratura soprano!

23. (Right) Having fans is a very important part of being important and thousands of 'em flock to hear him. Here a group of them try to crowd in to get the autograph of the maestro himself.



24. (Left) When Hollywood beckoned, Vaughn enjoyed the opportunity of taking the band—and the family—out to the City of Stars. Welcomed on the MGM lot by Anita Louise (left) while a fan pins on his Entrance button.





25. (Left) One of his first chores on the lot was to have the make-up and costume department give him the once-over. Actually they didn't have many alterations to make, but Westmore goes to town with a practiced brush.



26. (Left) Dick Powell, who plays opposite Vaughn in the MGM opus, "Meet the People," doesn't want to be outdone by Monroe in a musical way, so with Vaughn's able coaching he tries out the trumpet. Is that a smirk, Mr. Monroe?



27. (Left) The MGM lot really turned out to greet the leader of "One of the Most Talked of Bands In America," Ziggy Talent (left), Virginia O'Brien, and the director (right) smile prettily for the camera, too.



30. (Above) In between times, Vaughn records his inspiring versions of pop melodies. Here he is, cutting up with singer Mildred Sam before the Victor mike on a platter date.

31. (Right) After leading his entire twenty-two piece orchestra in their theme song, "Racing With the Moon," Vaughn, who has always believed in having singing units travel with the band, listens while the Murphy Sisters and part of the brass section, let loose in a hot jazz rendition of "Take It Easy." Vaughn! Tain't fair to even suggest it in a song title, because you're a hard-working star who is really "Racing With The Moon"—and winning all around.
(THE END)



28. (Above) Don't get frightened, this is only a scene from a movie! Vaughn does not go around choking women, but he has got an awful pretty throat in his hands, hasn't he? Virginia O'Brien and Ziggy Talent shrug resignedly while June Allyson takes the punishment.



29. (Above) Vaughn and the rest of the cast from "Meet The People" surround beautiful June Allyson, in a scene from the film.



EDDIE HEYWOOD is a pianist. That's all he ever dreamed of doing and he's never done anything else.

Furthermore, Eddie Heywood knows what he wants and he's not obliged to beat his piano to death to get it. On the other hand, he very obviously expects the instrument to do its part.

Settling himself for a solo is an affair between Heywood and his piano. First he gets comfortable. He hitches the bench this way and that, moves about a bit to attach the seat of his pants firmly to the surface of the bench, smiles brightly around at the audience and then looks sternly at the keys, apparently giving them their instructions. One customer in New York's Cafe Society Downtown, where he is currently enchanting the citizens, swears he once heard the piano murmur, "Yes, boss."

Magic is what happens next. Apparently Eddie only points out in passing what he wants the ivories to do. A touch here and a fleeting caress there and the keyboard is encouraged to play by itself. Then his hands start weaving musical patterns on the piano and it comes out melody, cool and clean, each note as sharply defined as the next one in the bubbling and irrepressible whole.

Eddie Heywood is the living proof of two old adages:

"Practice makes perfect"—he's still working on that—and "Like father, like son."

The young "swing-phonic" expert is the first to admit that he started his musical career with all chances heavily in his favor. He was the son of the late Eddie Heywood, jazz pianist and musician, famous for years as leader of theatre orchestras, in vaudeville, and as accompanist for difficult prima donnas. Eddie was his star pupil.

"There were five of us at home," said Eddie, "and, of course, my daddy taught us all. I started at the piano when I was seven. At that time my daddy was playing in the pit of the Eighty-One Theatre, on Decatur Street, in Atlanta, Ga.

"My father was a great musician and a great showman," he continued. "He studied at the Boston Conservatory and I was his student."

So now nobody needs to tell you what Eddie thinks of the Pater. He also had a few words for the good works of Grandfather Heywood who was a minister in Florence, South Carolina. "... He sent my Daddy to the Boston Conservatory to study the classics, so that he'd be at home anywhere in music: and to the Orangeburg State College, S.C., to give him the green light on the intellectual fields."

The young student of the last generation could and did



play more jazz than anything else, according to Eddie Jr., but he wasn't bull-headed about it. He'd swing out with "Decatur Street Blues" and then move quietly into Chopin. This was the artist and father who personally supervised every musical move the present-day Eddie "Orchids to You" Heywood, made.

"When I was about 13," Eddie recalls, "my father went away for a year, up to New York with a show. I was that stubborn I wouldn't work with anyone else. I thought my Daddy knew it all. When my father came home again he was surprised that I had bought books and music and studied and practiced by myself and had got the time right."

"Did you work willingly, or did you have to be clubbed into it?" he was asked.

"Oh, no," said Eddie, horrified. "I always loved it.

"Well, when my Daddy came back home he didn't stay long. He went 'out' again with the vaudeville team of 'Butterbeans and Susie.' I was studying at home and at school and finally, when I was 15, I went to work. The orchestra at the Eighty-One Theatre was without a leader and the manager of that place talked my mother into letting me lead the band. I worked there until movies killed vaudeville around 1931."

In 1936 the young pianist, whose fingers even then moved with hummingbird swiftness over the keyboard, left his home town to play with Clarence Love's band in Kansas City, Mo., until he was called to Dallas, Texas, to perform at the Texas Centennial.

"That was in 1938," recollected Eddie with a sentimental gleam in his eye, "and I got married that year. My wife was a school teacher in Dallas."

Mrs. Heywood fanned the spark of ambition in her young husband's mind and in August the couple set out for New York, where Eddie had a job promised with Benny Carter's orchestra in the Savoy Ball Room.

Nick's Tavern in Greenwich Village, N.Y., inevitably searched out Eddie Heywood. He was hired, but he quit. "Why?"

"Nick insisted on playing along with me," grinned Eddie, "and I'm strictly NOT a duet player. So I left."

At the Vanguard, another Village night spot, they still speak with awe of the time when Eddie Heywood, as a member of the Zutty Singleton Trio, played there, and the other entertainment was the now famous "Revueers." Soon the trio had another piano player, for Eddie was hired out of the band to play for the Revueers exclusively.

(Continued on page 56)

Invitation to GENIUS

by Margaret Winter

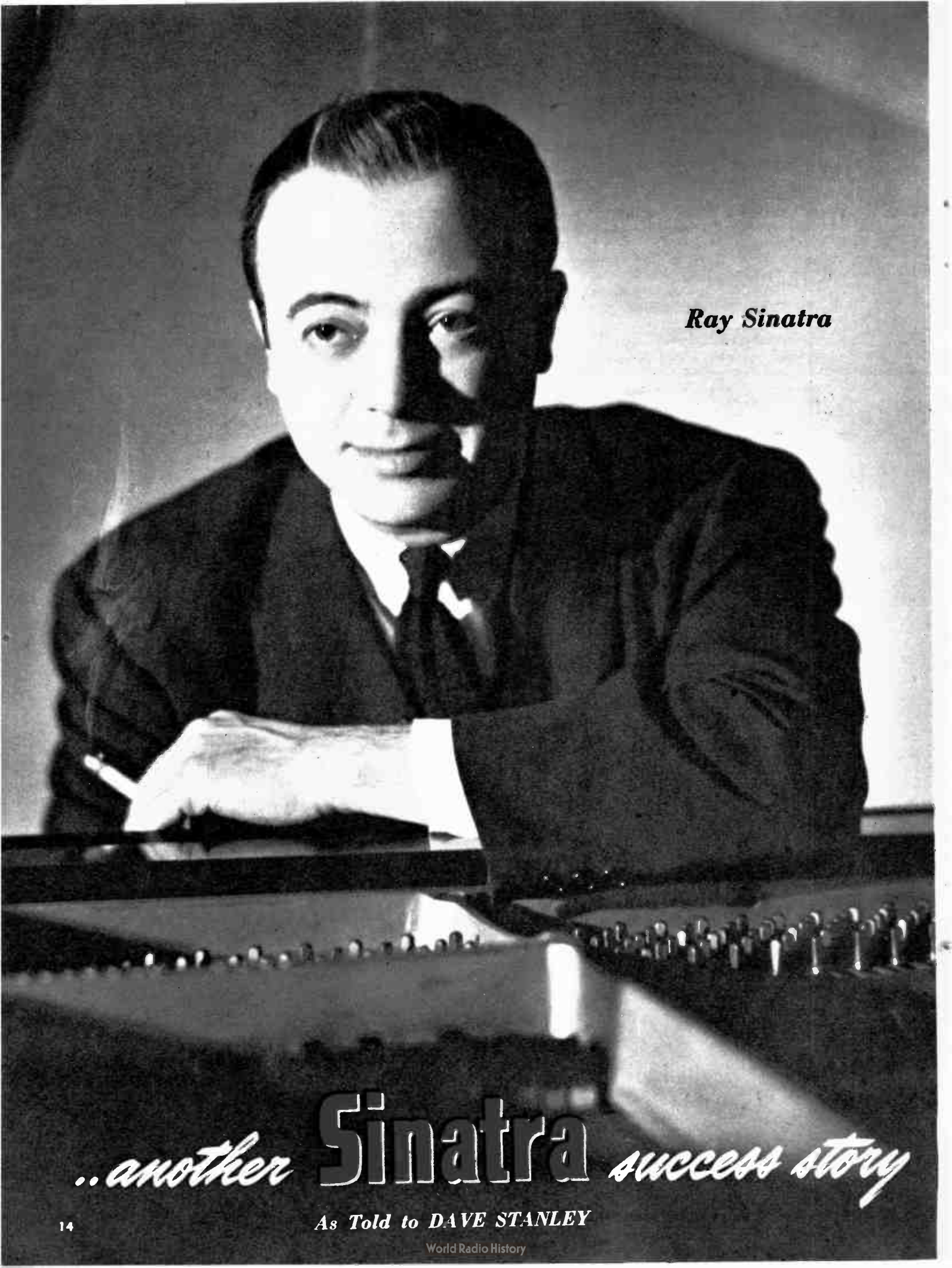


(Above) Eddie as he appeared on a broadcast over New York's station WNEW.



(Below) Eddie smilingly starts off on the beam with his bass fiddler while other bandmen in his famous combo give with a bit of rhythm as an accompaniment to the melody.

(Left) Candid close-up of Eddie's hands weaving their musical pattern on the keys.



Ray Sinatra

..another **Sinatra** *success story*



Ray was just a kid when he started his musical career. Soon after this picture was taken he gave up the sax for the piano.



Ray (third from left) got his first professional job with Lou Klyman's band at Bossor's Palm Garden.

HOW well do I remember one sunshiny day in the past! A pair of bright-eyed fellows in dungarees and faded grey sweat shirts had just wound up a swift game of handball against a red brick electric tower station in Jersey City. Still heaving because of the exertions, they started anking toward the corner drugstore for pineapple sodas.

The pencil-slim but wiry youngster was indulging in a youngster's privilege of daydreaming of "What I'd like to be when I grow up." He was saying, "I got the music bug—bad. I'd rather be a good pop singer than the president of the Corn Exchange bank."

The name of this curly haired youngster was Frank Sinatra.

His handball companion and cousin, a trifle older, mused, "Us two seem to be in the same groove. I'd rather be a band leader than a movie star!"

That was me, Ray Sinatra.

I am happy to say both dreams have come true. My cousin Frank's leap to fame is well known in every nook and cranny of the USA, indeed throughout the entire world.

And I have in a small way gained some success as a band leader. Right now I supply the musical concoctions for the new Arthur Godfrey program on the CBS hook-up three times a week at 6:30 p.m. In the evening I lead a ten piece orchestra at that classy New York nitery, the Versailles.

Don't get the impression that I'm a sudden meteor in the G-clef trade. I've toiled for over a decade in the Tin Pan Alley vineyards, arranging for Lanny Ross, Arthur Tracy, Gertrude Niessen, Paul Whiteman, Hildegard, Mary Martin, Morton Downey, etc.

I've also conducted orchestras in such Broadway hits as "Du Barry Was A Lady," "Banjo Eyes," "Star and Garter."

You'd think with such an impressive background that it would be pretty smooth for me to get along, but no. Broadwayites mumble that I'm trying to exploit my cousin's platinum name. Columnists shun mentioning my name. Feature writers weave thousands of words about a hundred other people, but Ray Sinatra doesn't even get a split infinitive.

Because my name is Sinatra I get freak propositions. A few weeks ago a famous hotel offered me a gigantic

(Continued on page 55)



Frank Sinatra and his band leader cousin, Ray.



Ray's son, Ray Sinatra, Jr. at the age of five.



Dickie Sinatra, the other apple of his father's eye, at the age of two.

GINNY SIMMS is one vocalovely who has no intention of writing her memoirs, but some day, she says, she may do a medley of the songs that have influenced her life.

"And that," Ginny confessed, "would probably be just as revealing. The favorite songs of almost anyone suggest one's tastes, successes and disappointments. For instance, during my school days, I had a friend who constantly sang 'Lies'. Her boy friend—her first, of course—vowed undying devotion; then took another girl to a basketball game. Eventually my friend stopped singing 'Lies,' but I'd be willing to wager she never forgot the song, the boy, or the other girl!

"For a singer," Ginny added, "favorite songs are even more revealing. They are milestones that mark one's life more surely than a calendar."

Ginny has no intention of making such a medley for a long time—"There are still too many things I want to do"—but when she does, she knows she will include "Chinese Lullaby." When Ginny was a shy youngster of nine, her piano teacher dressed her up in a Chinese pajama suit, stuck chrysanthemums in her hair and sent her on the platform to sing "Chinese Lullaby" at a recital. That song marked Ginny's debut.

Although dark-haired, blue-eyed Ginny grew up in Fowler, a little California town of about 1500, the first songs she learned to sing were of the Deep South, for her grandparents came from West Virginia, and her father, Dormer Simms, from Alabama.

Dormer Simms, a jolly farmer with a gift for ready friendship, was once a black-face minstrel man. It was he who taught Ginny to sing. Nightly they would harmonize on "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe."

For her grandfather, Ginny sang "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"; for her grandmother, "Rock of Ages." Her mother's favorite was—and still is—"Little Brown Church in the Wildwood."

"Just to repeat those titles," Ginny admitted, "recalls so many things about my childhood: the kids I knew, the ice cream freezer that wouldn't work, a red 'Mother Goose' book, chicken on Sunday, the boy who blacked my eye, the teacher I adored, a beloved checked taffeta dress."

Friendly, sincere, enthusiastic Miss Simms, who looks unexpectedly sophisticated in "Broadway Rhythm," the film which marks her first appearance under the MGM banner and her first appearance in Technicolor, says

SING A SONG OF

Simms

By Lida Livingston

"Stormy Weather" started her professional career. She sang it on a Fresno radio station with two girls with whom she had formed a trio while attending Fresno State Teachers College.

"St. Louis Blues," however, is the song that Ginny regards as her "career" song. She sang it when she made her debut with Tom Gueran's band at the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco; she sang it a few weeks later when she joined Kay Kyser's band in Chicago; she sang it again last Jan. 19 when she appeared with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra before 8000 people in the Civic Auditorium.

Ginny's friends contend that "St. Louis Blues" and perhaps "You Go to My Head" were the songs that carried her up the ladder to popularity—and 18 national polls have rated her the nation's favorite singer.

Although Ginny says "Summertime" is her all-time favorite, she admits that "Chi Chi Cha," which isn't sentimental at all, holds the most sentimental memories. She and her best beau, Seaman Patrick Nerney, always requested that song when they went dancing in Hollywood during the months before he was sent to the South Pacific.

"We liked it because we liked to rumba," Ginny explained.

"Pat, an Irishman with curly, red hair, rumbas well," Ginny explained. "But," Ginny said, her eyes twinkling, "that isn't why I'm so proud of him! He's been in the Service since before Pearl Harbor," Ginny continued, "He served six months on a mine sweeper and though I haven't any idea where he is now, I know he was on Tarawa at Christmas. He sent me a souvenir piece of a Jap Zero."

While Ginny calls Pat her "best beau," they're not making any plans until the War ends. She describes him as being "very understanding, very thoughtful, and the possessor of a marvelous sense of humor, which are three prime requisites for a husband."

Continuing her thought on "men" and "husbands," Ginny said: "My husband must be the boss. I know that it's difficult to order a tailor-made husband; this may be one reason why I've never married; but I would want him to inspire me into thinking that he could do anything better than anyone else.

"I know the hazards of being a perfectionist," Ginny added, "and I realize that my dreams may never materialize, nevertheless I can dream, can't I?"

The songs that Pat best liked to hear Ginny sing were "Hallelujah" and "St. Louis Blues." Just the same, when he happened to tune in on a Command Performance broadcast at Tarawa early Christmas morning and heard Ginny dedicate "Great Day" to him, he wrote that it was "the most beautiful Christmas present I ever received."

Ginny's Army and Navy public writes oftenest for "You'll Never Know," but her civilian public has designated "Stardust" as its favorite.

"Solamente una Vez" and "Quatre Vidas" remind Ginny of her happiest vacation. That was in the summer of 1942

(Continued on page 55)





*Ginny
Simms*

"SO YOU want to lead a band, too?" Sammy Kaye smiled at me, when I confided to him my burning desire to wave a baton.

"Well, pal," and the famous Kaye smile broadened, "so do 130,000,000 other people." Sammy ought to know.

For thousands of eager band fans have already realized their desires to be band leaders, by leading Sammy's renowned "Swing and Sway" band.

A shrewd showman, Sammy's insight into human nature is well known in the band business. He told me that a person doesn't even have to be musically inclined to aspire to leading a band.

"There is something about leading a band that fascinates people," he said. "Even those who can't even carry a tune."

So, from Sammy's realization that just about everybody nurses a secret desire to get up on the bandstand and lead the band, came the stunt which has been a smash hit at every Kaye engagement. Here's how it works.

From the audience, Sammy selects volunteers to lead his band. Before each contestant does his stuff comes an impromptu interview during which Sammy asks the contestant about himself (or herself) and why he or she wants to lead a band.

"Most of them say it is because they like music. But a few have the darndest reasons for wanting to be band leaders," Sammy laughed.

One fellow (doubtless married) said being a band leader would give him a good excuse for staying out late. A girl thought she was the "band leader" type, and one fellow confessed to needing the dough.

One visionary wanted to lead a band so he could give his brother-in-law, a drummer, a steady job.

The performances of the embryonic leaders are as varied as their reasons. Some aspirants do well, others get laughable results. For no matter how fast, slow, or jerky the beat of the guest leader, the band follows him exactly, even stopping if the contestant becomes confused and stops in the middle of a tune.

Winners are chosen by audience applause (sailors lead the field as winners, to date) and proof that band fans can tab a successful leader is the fact that loudest applause always goes to the most finished performer.

In fact, Sgt. Ted Halton wrote Sammy that winning a Kaye contest started him on a musical career—he's now the head of an army band named the Kaye-dets in

honor of Sammy. And we're told it's a fine band, too!

Sammy Kaye's own career as a successful batoneer began because he "wanted to lead a band" instead of becoming a civil engineer. A Cleveland boy, he won a scholarship to Ohio University, after excelling in scholastics and athletics in high school.

At college, he kept busy studying for his engineering degree, starring in football, baseball and track, and leading a campus band. When he got his engineering sheepskin, though, he had definitely decided to make band leading his career.

A wise choice, for the Kaye band, on a string of successful engagements, easily moved into the top-flight category.

Built on tuneful, danceable music and showmanship, Sammy's success is no accident—but his "Swing and Sway" trademark is. The idea for the tag was born at Cincinnati's famous Castle Farms, when Sammy came to the rescue of a tongue-tied announcer.

"This is the music of Sammy Kaye," said the announcer as he signed off, "the music that swings, the music that, er—"

"Sways!" said Sammy, quickly leaning toward the mike.

Thus was born the slogan "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye," that identifies the distinctive Kaye rhythms.

Attaining a distinctive style is, in fact, part of the advice Sammy has for those with serious intentions of becoming band leaders.

Knowledge of psychology is a big help, too, Sammy says.

"A band leader should be able to figure out people's minds, judge from their moods and reactions what type of music to play.

"Psychology helps, too, in working with sensitive musicians, keeping a big organization like a dance band running smoothly."

But great musicians don't necessarily make a great band. Influenced by his athletic background, Sammy believes a band should work as a team. Sidemen, he believes, should be chosen for ability to blend personally as well as musically, into the organization.

So, if you want to lead a band, here's your formula: Distinctively-styled arrangements, teamwork between band and leader, showmanship, knowledge of crowd psychology and plenty of hard work.

Take it from Sammy Kaye, there is more to it than just waving a stick.



Sammy's lovely vocalist,
Sally Stuart.



One of the contestants in Sammy's
popular musical stunt, "So You Want
To Lead a Band."



Arthur Wright, featured
with Sammy's ork.

So *You* Want to Lead a Band

By Hal E. Wood



Sammy's smile is as warmly inspiring as his music. (Above)



A sailor contestant fulfils a lifetime ambition of leading a band. (Above)



Another contestant takes over the baton before an enthusiastic audience. (Above)



And still another contestant—this time a soldier—enjoys the pleasure of being a batoneer. (Above)

Beautiful Nancy Norman who sings with Sammy's band. (Right)



(Left) Sammy and his vocalists, Nancy Norman and Sally Stuart, sign their autographs for Servicemen at the Hollywood Canteen.





(Above) Woody Herman, Anita Colby and Sgt. Johnny Whitehead at Hollywood's Palladium.

(Below) Sammy Kaye drops in on Hal McIntyre to wish him successful engagement at the Home of the Hepcats.



(Below) Business and pleasure mix well at Palladium. Tommy Dorsey and Freddie Martin talk over a song.



(Above) Major Allen V. Martini, air hero, chats with The Voice.

(Below) Harry James and Betty Grable step out in a favorite dance spot.



(Above) Jimmy Cagney and Spike Jones greet one another backstage.

(Below) Mr. and Mrs. Ray Noble attend Hal McIntyre's opening at the Palladium.



(Above) Lt. Ted Weems, U.S.N., and band leader Les Brown, caught by our candid camera.



Two of the Palladium's constant patrons: Phil Harris and Alice Faye.



(Left to right): Steve Grant, Hal McIntyre and Lana Turner.

THERE is no place like the home of the hepcats—the world famous HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM.

The greatest name bands play there. It's in the heart of glamorous Hollywood and is a playground for movie stars. Songs have been written about it, and it will star in a movie.

Seven million people have visited it, including Harry James and Betty Grable, who met there and fell in love.

It gets fan mail from all over the world, and those in the know, figure at least thirty million people have heard of the "Pally," as it is affectionately known.

The parade of name bands which have graced its bandstand sounds like a musical Who's Who. Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Jimmy Dorsey, Stan Kenton, Charlie Spivak, and Abe Lyman have played there.

So have Hal McIntyre, Sammy Kaye, Jan Garber, Les Brown, Teddy Powell, Johnny Long, Sonny Dunham and other top-drawer maestros.

Yet this answer to a dancer's dream, which has become known the world over, is not quite four years old.

The "Pally" first opened its doors in October, 1940, the venture of Maurice M. Cohen, a motion picture producer, and several associates from the motion picture industry.

Over \$1,000,000 was spent on its construction and furnishings. The building (which is on the site of Hollywood's first movie studio) will hold nearly 15,000 people, and the \$50,000 dance floor has room for 2,500 couples.

Something is always happening at the Palladium. Features like "Sweetheart Night," a band leaders' dance contest, a band leaders' jam session, gala openings, and personal appearances of movie stars, are added attractions to the best music money can buy.

Harry James proved he was as good on the dance

floor as on the bandstand, when he won the band leaders' dance contest from a field including Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Eddie Le Baron, Al Donahue and Woody Herman.

When the Los Angeles "Examiner" staged its Christmas benefit party at the "Pally," so much talent turned up the event was billed as "a million dollars worth of entertainment" (merely a mild understatement).

Feature event was a jam session by an "All American Band of Band Leaders," including Harry James, Bob Crosby, Teddy Powell, Stan Kenton, Ozzie Nelson, Sammy Kaye, Spike Jones, Ray Noble, Phil Harris, Les Brown, Alvino Rey, Matty Malneck, Cookie Fairchild, Lou Brigg and John Scott Trotter.

Vocal chores of the evening were handled by Helen Forrest, Betty Hutton, the King Sisters, Frances Langford, Dolly Dawn, Connie Haines, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby, Dick Haymes and the Pied Pipers.

Had the Voice been in town, he, too, would have been there. For Frankie also calls the "Pally" home. Palladium regulars never fail to see him digging the current band, whenever he is making a film.

When Sinatra moves permanently to the West Coast, he may rival Songwriter Jimmy McHugh for consistent attendance.

McHugh, writer of scores of hits, like "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," keeps in touch with the latest in jive circles by regular Palladium visits.

The champion dance fans, though, of the Palladium, or the whole world for that matter, are Madelyne Baker and Johnny Cristelli, who (Continued on page 56)

Home of the Hepcats

by Andy Carruthers



Conversation

WITH JERRY

Jerry Wald

by
Dorothy Anscomb

ONE of these days Jerry Wald is going to meet a tiny girl with light brown hair and light blue eyes.

Then it will be all over for the mash-noters and the pin-uppers, and the Wald band will beat to feet instead of heart throbs. And then it will be all over for me, too. But it hasn't happened yet, and it won't happen for a long time. Look at Jerry shift his eyes away from a girl! Listen to him turn talk from the subject of marriage—but far! Still, you never can tell about love. And you never can tell about Jerry Wald . . . that's half his charm!

What you know already is that Jerry has those looks you love to look at—a V-build—classic is the word for his profile—romantic is the word for his eyes!

The Hunter College Waves chose Jerry as the man with whom they'd like to be shipwrecked. And sitting opposite Jerry at the New Yorker Hotel—one of Manhattan's gayest and most crowded glitterspots—is like being on a desert island, if Jerry feels like giving you a quick, isolating glance.

There are other stories about Jerry and his chasers which are of special interest to the little unknown girl who'll someday be Mrs. Wald. (I wouldn't be setting her straight if I weren't 5' 6", myself.)

First of all, "Mrs. Wald—that's-bound-to-be" one of these days, don't think for a heartbeat that a pin-up boy—this one—is thinking about marriage. He's a regular guy's regular guy who happens to have a genius for leading, a flair for song writing, a chill-raising range on the clarinet, and the penetratingest pair of eyes west of the moon.

That's the Jerry you see. This same Jerry turned down every press offer to capitalize on his good looks—turned down Hollywood offers to play romantic roles. It's music Jerry cares for, and arrangements that light up his eyes. So don't look goo-goo at him.

You can see the real Jerry only through his music. There's a classic base to all the Wald arrangements . . . it's what makes them different. Behind the hottest jive are the long hair composers, and whether you notice it or not, Jerry makes you like it. Behind those eyes of his, there's a calm, straight-thinking mind that has helped him climb the ladder of success.

You mustn't forget the fan mail; Jerry doesn't; he gets a big kick out of hearing from you—and you—and you!

And above all don't forget that Jerry likes the girls well enough. He just hasn't met the right one yet. He hasn't met you. (Oh, that it could be me!)

THEN I ASKED

What, besides musicianship, makes a band leader—you for instance?

Any bad breaks?

What relaxes you?

What's your favorite stand?

Where'd you get that theme?

What new Deccas?

Any pix since "Follies Girl"?

AND JERRY SAID

Organizing ability and a business head. Know what's good for you, and do it, even though it looks like less money. I've been lucky, too. Without luck it takes longer than it ought to!

Not many, but hard jobs—the hardest was Gingham, Ill., from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m.

I never relax between shows (as he lit another cigarette) but next October I hope to work in a trip to Mexico for a couple of weeks.

I like the one-niters, that's where you get your real appreciative audience.

"The Moon's On Fire" is an original, I've just had a full arrangement made for it, with lyrics.

All ballads with Dick Merrick and Ginnie Powell on vocals. . . . "Since You Went Away," "So Little Time," "I'll Walk Alone," and an original, "Lullaby In Swing."

No, but I'm going to the coast and I'll probably be out there September 1st. I want to do a lot with pictures.

You've always stayed with one style . . . what's the musical idea?

You're a cameraddict?

Make a wish?

The classics . . . I work them into all my arrangements . . . I write arrangements and songs on the run—when they hit.

Very, not much time for it, though; I like nature scenes in the West.

Sure, I want a thirty-five to forty piece band. I think that's coming up, post-war anyway. I want to do lots of 'good stuff like "Holiday for Strings." I want a band that will be as good to listen to as to dance to. Anybody can play for dancing (Well . . .) I want to do lots of pictures with this big band, lots of shows, too. Then someday soon I want a little ranch house in Arizona. . . .

Jerry will forget . . . and keep looking at you when he's serious like this . . . so like a good little girl, I talked serious music with Jerry Wald. Can't you see what he means about the future for good ballads and good swing played with a forty-piece band? Can't you hear that sky-blown clarinet carrying the melody out of this world? You can? Then don't worry about Jerry and the remorse about the lady who's said to be in love with him. It's all music and Jerry, too—these days and nights on the bandstand.

Ginnie Powell, featured singer with Jerry Wald and his ork.

(Right) Jerry, aged eleven, played the clarinet on New York's radio station WOR.

(Below) Jerry broadcasts over CBS during his engagement at the Hotel New Yorker.





Teddy Powell (right) "slays" Sammy Kaye with a nifty quip while discussing what they're going to have for dinner at Hollywood's Palladium.



No, Morton Downey hasn't given up singing for the saxophone. He's just showing Pops how he used to hold a dummy instrument in the Whiteman band to get credit for double talent.



(Above) Lauritz Melchior, who fills the Metropolitan Opera House with his voice, listens as THE Voice gives out during Melchior's show. (Right) Now it's Frankie's turn to listen. He seems to be trying to decide whether Melchior will make a crooner or not. What do you think?



BAND



Dick Gilbert, the vocalist who sings with all the bands, entertains a couple of Servicemen on his program over New York's Station WHN.



The glamorously beautiful band leader, Ina Ray Hutton (second from left), visits a War Plant on a recent country-wide tour. Accompanying her are the Kim Loo Sisters and Stewart Foster, vocalist with the band.




Star drummer, Buddy Rich—now out of Marines after two years as judo instructor—sits in for that equally great big band leader, Jo Jones, during a visit with Count Basie at California's Ocean Park Avagon Ballroom.



Band Leader Charlie Spivak presents taken albums for a complete RCA-Victor record library which he gave to the wounded soldiers at Valley Forge Hospital. Mrs. Margaret Moore, Red Cross director, smilingly accepts the welcome gift.

LEADERS IN THE NEWS



Victoria Cordova was a child prodigy. She joined N.T.G. at his Hollywood Restaurant in her 'teens. Since then she's appeared at Gotham's Rainbow Room, the Ritz Roof in Boston and New Orleans Hotel Roosevelt. Miss Cordova has had leading parts in such Broadway musical successes as "Johnny Two By Four" and "Viva O'Brien." She has thrilled millions of listeners on the radio and is currently being heard on the Saludos Amigos program.



Gerry Larson, one of the featured songbirds with the Lopez Band.



Carole Singer, who also vocalizes with Vincent Lopez.



That King of the Keyboard— Vincent Lopez.



Bruce Hayes, another featured vocalist with Maestro Lopez.

MUSIC MASTER

By Isabel Westlake

MANY shooting stars have flashed across the musical sky since Vincent Lopez played his first name-band engagement in the legendary Pekin Restaurant on Broadway, New York City. Little did that quiet young man, then still in his teens, dream of the triumphs a long future held in store for him. But, at least, he knew he had found his place in life.

He had stepped across the threshold of youth, leaving forever behind him his boyish plans for being a fireman, or maybe a bookkeeper or, if his father had had his way, going into the church. He had spent a year playing piano in a honky tonk in his home town of Brooklyn, New York, for the munificent sum of three dollars a week. He had toured a vaudeville circuit with Pat Rooney and Mation Brent; and now, what with the sensation he was causing at the old Pekin, he had begun making those musical headlines which still herald his approach wherever he goes. This was Vincent Lopez, circa 1924.

A book should be written on the unique career of this extraordinary orchestra leader, but for the present we'll have to be satisfied with just a few words to the wise from the music master who certainly knows the answers.

Lopez Speaking! "This business of being a band leader," he begins thoughtfully; "it takes a bit of doing! Arrangements, I've found, are almost seventy-five per cent responsible for the success of an orchestra. When the symphonic style of music became important, every standard selection in my library had to be re-arranged to comply with the new popular tastes. Then, the regeneration of swing necessitated a revival of my old musical library and accompanying changes in instrumentation. Incidentally, each established maestro has two or three different orchestrations for famous standard tunes like "Dinah," "St. Louis Blues," etc. Radio requires one style, the stage another, and dance tours still a third.

"Another important consideration is management. Without the proper executive guidance, no band is worth the paper upon which its music is written. The orchestra leader himself is too involved with rehearsals, arrangements, recordings and actual playing dates to manage the business end of his affairs. A good manager is fifty per cent responsible for the success of an attraction.

"Ballyhoo is another important factor. The orchestral field is a fitful one and the race (Continued on page 63)



Gifted Wini Johnson, singing personality, recently won high praise for her dramatic portrayal of a missionary worker in the stage play, *South Pacific*.



Leslie James, the Starlight shining over Enoch Light's Orchestra, got her first break about a year ago when she was singing for the U.S.O.



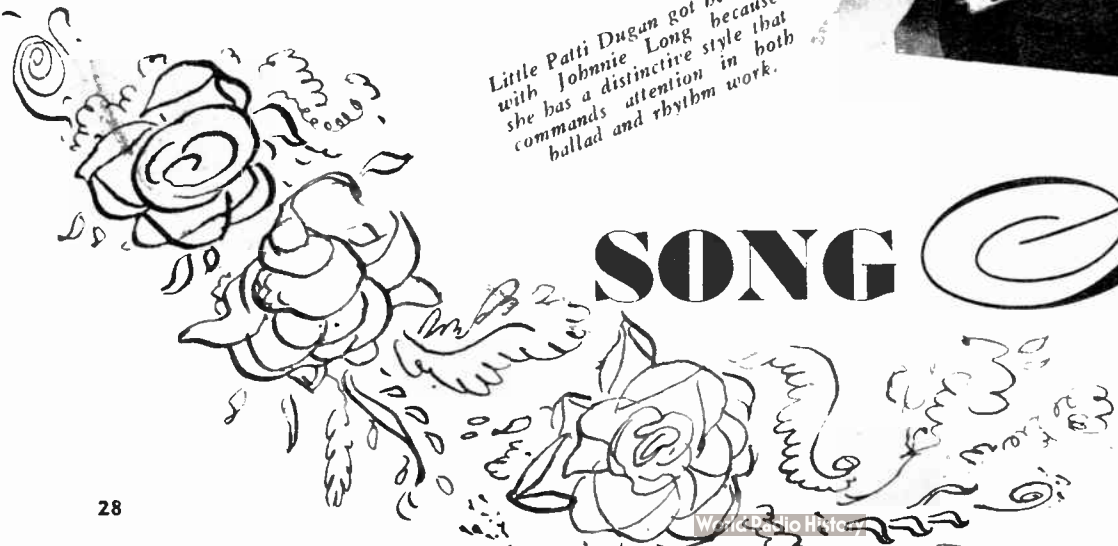
Margie Stuart has a reminiscent something that helps you to relax with Van Alexander's band.



Little Patti Dugan got her job with Johnnie Long because she has a distinctive style that commands attention in both ballad and rhythm work.



Jackie Van is the sugar and spice and everything that's nice with Carl Ravazza's presentation.



SONG Sirens



Lovable France Wayne began her singing career by winning an amateur contest; and now she says it with music for Woody Herman and his boys.



Exotic Edna Kiboi (left) and Nani Todd (right) are two tantalizing attractions with Ray Kinney's Orchestra.



Nita Rosa, of the pin-up parade, sings with the Enric Madrignera band. She likes farm life and believes that elephants are good luck.



Amy Arnell is that dainty little number warbling with the Tommy Tucker organization.



Putti Palmer is doing nicely as vocal soloist with Ted Fio Rito's orchestra.



Dawn Roland is the singing and dancing star who lends to Charlie Wright's smart orchestra that added charm. Dawn is Mrs. Wright when she's not working.

IT'S ONLY THE


by Alex MacGillivray

LADDEEZ and gentlemen, it's Frankie Carle, celebrated composer of such song hits as "Sunrise Serenade," "Lover's Lullaby," and "Falling Leaves." Step up, young folks, old folks, all! Take home an earful of the one and only Frankie Carle. You'll never forget this up-speeding young band leader who won a recent award as "The Outstanding Musician of 1943."

Maybe you've already heard Frankie co-starring with Horace Heidt; maybe you knew him when he was giving such band brights as Ed McEnelly and Mal Hallett the benefit of his ivory finish. Maybe you're the proud possessor of one of the 500,000 copies of his recording of "Sunrise Serenade."

Ah, but now, sweet cats and all you jivesters, Frankie Carle's cookin' on his own gas. This Prince of the piano with the song spinning gift has polished his magic lamp once more and is presenting to the world-at-large a grand, glorious, sometimes uproarious, band.

For the benefit of the skeptics, them sensible folks what don't believe in magic: Naturally, Frankie Carle was born with talent and, naturally, as a certain book says we shouldn't, he didn't try to hide his talent under a bushel. He was born into a family of musicians with the good luck to start minding the metronome under the direction of his famous uncle, Nicholas Colangelo.



A lovable Southern accent and an impish grin are part of the charm of Betty Bonny, the singing eye-ful formerly with Frankie Carle's band.

Beginning

Frankie made his first professional appearance, age nine, at the Columbus Ballroom in Providence, Rhode Island, where Uncle Nick was the impresario. He was thirteen when he wrote his first song and took his first trip to New York where Pat Rooney, then the current talk of the town, took an interest in him. He got a job playing piano for a Rooney dance team but the youthful Carle had stage fright. Instead of answering the curtain call he ran from the theatre wings directly to the railroad station, boarded a train for home, school, baseball and that "girl next door."

But now he's back again, and on top where he belongs—among the best bandmen of the day!



When Frankie takes off on a brilliant solo the dancers stop to marvel and dream under the spell of enchanting music.



The Duke



**Zutty
Singleton**

I GREW UP WITH

JAZZ

By *Zutty Singleton*

AS TOLD TO OUR HOLLYWOOD EDITOR

JAZZ was born down in New Orleans, my home town, and I just sort of grew up with it.

Ever since I can remember, I wanted to be a drummer, and play the good jazz that my part of the country is famous for.

The first drumming I did was on my mother's pots and pans, and those little tin drums like kids have. But one day I got a chance to beat it out on a real set of man-sized drums.

The father of one of my buddies was a drummer and kept his "hides" down in his cellar. So my friend and I sneaked downstairs and tried beating out a few rhythms. As we didn't have any sticks, we broke some rungs out of a chair and made them ourselves.

Of course we got caught and didn't dare try that again for awhile.

But, as I grew older, I got lots of chances to play on real drums. My uncle, Willie Bontemps, played bass fiddle and guitar, and musicians came to our house a lot. Sometimes the drummers left their outfits at our place and I'd practice on them for hours.

A young New Orleans musician had plenty of opportunities to hear the real, true jazz. I used to sneak out and go to Storyville to listen to King Oliver, "Big Eye Louis" and Freddy Keppard.

Or maybe our gang of kids would follow a funeral procession. A funeral sounds like a queer place to hear jazz, but here's how it was. On the way to the cemetery the bands would play hymns and funeral marches.

But on the way back to town the cats would really swing out, with "High Society," "Didn't He Ramble," and fast stomps. Kids who followed the procession would catch it, though, if their mothers saw them, because it wasn't considered a nice thing to do.

My first real job was with Steve Lewis, in 1915, and in 1916 I joined up for a three year hitch in the Navy. About the time I got my discharge, Louis Armstrong came down

from St. Louis and we played together quite awhile.

When that band broke up, I worked with Luis Russell, Celestin's Tuxedo Band, the Maple Leaf Band and John Robichaux, then joined Fate Marable on "The Capitol," a riverboat of the Streckfus Line, running from New Orleans to St. Louis.

Life on those riverboats was wonderful. Not only was it pleasant, living and playing on the boats, but they were real conservatories and training grounds for young musicians.

You played with the best musical talent there was. You always had to be on the job and ready to play, and you could learn more music by experience than is written in all the books.

I'll never forget the thrill I got hearing Fate play the steam calliope, as we'd come into a town, with people lining the docks, waiting to get on board.

The trips I made with Fate, and with Charlie Creath, a famous blues player, on the boat "St. Paul" out of St. Louis, I'll always remember.

After my riverboat jobs, I went to Chicago, giggered around and played with various bands, and then my pal, Louis Armstrong, and I got together again. Louis had decided to become a dance promoter.

So Louis Armstrong rented the Warwick Hall, and we opened there with a band that had Louis, Earl Hines, George Jones, Charlie Lawson, William Hall and myself.

Well, as everybody knows, practically nobody came to hear us. A fine new ballroom called the Savoy had just opened nearby with a big band, and it was the attraction of the day. Louis lost money, and the band folded.

Later Louis and I played the Savoy, ourselves, when we joined Carroll Dickerson. We stayed at the Savoy about two years, and then Louis got an offer to come to New York.

First they wanted just Louis. Then Louis and his drummer; then both of us, and a piano player. But I talked to

Louis and said: "Man, you don't want to go up there and have a bunch of strange cats backing you."

Louis agreed, so Carroll Dickerson turned the band over to Louis and we hit out for New York, driving in five cars. We were in such a hurry to get to the big town we didn't think about paying expenses by barnstorming and playing one night stands.

And Louis and I got lost, stopped off to see Niagara Falls, and it was so cold all we saw was a lot of frozen water.

The first job we played in New York was at the Audubon Theater, pinchhitting for Duke Ellington, who was delayed on tour. I'll never forget that date. When we hit "St. Louis Blues," the house musicians were so amazed they stood up in the pit and just stared.

They had never heard music like that before. I still laugh when I think how those bald heads all popped up. Of course, we played just like we felt. It's the only way to play real jazz.

We played at the Savoy in Harlem, and Connie's Inn,

and after that I stayed around New York or made occasional trips to Chicago. I worked with Fats Waller, Roy Eldridge, Carroll Dickerson, Bud Freeman and others, and had my own band.

Speaking of good old Fats, reminds me of some of the kicks I had with him.

I'm probably the only cat Fats ever paid to hear his band. Once, when I went to the depot in New York with Fats, he said: "Look, man, you ought to come down to Philadelphia and hear my band."

So he bought my ticket and gave me twenty dollars just to go to Philly to hear the band.

Another time, Fats and I were on a record date with a Scotch bagpipe player. That was the funniest kind of jazz I ever played. This fellow showed, all dressed up for the date in kilts.

Fats, Bubber Miley and I swung with this bagpipe player, who was trying to play jazz on his bag of wind. I've often wondered what happened to that record—

(Continued on page 64)

MEET ZUTTY SINGLETON

ARTHUR James "Zutty" Singleton was born in Bunkie, Louisiana, May 14, 1898. When he was two, his mother moved to New Orleans. At seven, Zutty (whose nickname in Creole patois means "cute little lad") began to drum on the pots and pans, graduating to the real thing in 1915, on his first professional job, with Steve Lewis. His Aunt Carrie, "who thought he had rhythm," helped him buy his first set of drums. Served three years in Navy, 1916-1919, but has been drumming ever since.

Played with the Tuxedo band, Maple Leaf band, Fate Marable, Charlie Creath, Dave Peyton, Charlie Cook, Carroll Dickerson, Luis Russell, Jimmy Noone, John Robichaux, Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Roy Eldridge, Bud Freeman, Bobby Hackett, Mezz Mezzrow, and others, and had his own bands.

Was selected by Hughes Panassie, famous French jazz critic, for his all time jazz band. Panassie called Zutty the "greatest of all drummers," and other critics have named him "world's greatest drummer," the "nation's No. 1 drummer," and "King of the Drummers."

Has been featured at New York jam sessions in Town Hall with Eddie Condon; The Museum of Modern Art;

Jimmy Ryan's, etc. Played at Nick's, The Three Deuces, Village Vanguard (where he was honored by a "Zutty Singleton night"), Kelly's Stables, Billy Berg's Hollywood Swing Club, and scores of famous night spots.

Was a member of the first jazz band to broadcast by television, and participated in a BBC shortwave broadcast of jazz to England. Has recorded with Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Art Hodes, Wingy Mannone, Victoria Spazey, Mildred Bailey, Lionel Hampton, etc., on such labels as Decca, Victor, HRS, Okeh and Capitol.

Helped jazz up Shakespeare in "Swingin' The Dream"; was in "Stormy Weather" and "Blackouts of '43." Guested on "Lower Basin St." and been featured with the New Orleans Jazzmen on Orson Welles program. Is famous both for his drum solos on "Tiger Rag" and "St. Louis Blues," and his Creole cooking.

Has a daughter, Alma (by a former marriage to Lucy Mathieu) who is now a nurse in Harlem Hospital, N. Y. Zutty is living in Hollywood, with his charming wife, Marge (Creath) Singleton, and their dog, "Bring-down."



Zutty, Dean of Drummers, beats out a jump tune.



Zutty leads a real New Orleans Jazz Band. He and his group are heard on the Orson Welles Broadcasts.



A STAIRWAY TO THE STARS: This atmospheric picture which reflects the brooding quiet of an old Spanish house was actually taken at the San Francisco World's Fair. All the pictures on these two pages are named after songs.

No, this is not Rudolf Valentino, but Carlos Molina who bears a striking resemblance to the late screen star. Costume was worn when Carlos danced with Carmen Miranda.



YOU, YOU DARLING: This portrait study of a wistful little boy solemnly eating an apple is one of his most popular photographs.



OUR YESTERDAY: The nostalgic charm of a New England village of bygone days is captured by the magic camera of Band Leader Carlos Molina. Picture was actually taken at Ft. Dearborn, the model village near Detroit.



FORSAKEN: This forlorn child was photographed in Taos, New Mexico. Though not one of Europe's suffering children, this sad little boy can easily be imagined as one of the orphans of a war-devastated country. This child, however, is only puzzled and a little afraid of the big black box of the camera.

Music IN PICTURES



RED WOOD: An Indian of Taos, New Mexico, was the model for the above picture. Carlos says the man had to be coaxed into posing. This fine study won first prize at a Chicago exhibition in 1939.



SILENT STRINGS: After long hours of practice one day, Carlos laid his violin to rest on an open page of music. The effect was so striking that he then and there got his camera and the result was this—a still life composition with all the qualities of a fine painting.



BLACK EYES: Soulful eyes look out over the traditional and mysterious lace fan of the Spanish señorita.

Many famous band leaders have hobbies such as tennis, golf, collecting pipes, organ stops or stamps, but with Carlos Molina photography is more than a leisure activity—it is a fine art.

CARLOS MOLINA is an artist of great versatility. Not only does he play the violin superbly and lead a pulse-accelerating orchestra, but his camera creates mood pictures of haunting beauty.

The story of Carlos Molina is a rich and fabulous one and it begins in Bogota, Colombia, where he was born. Along with a thorough musical education Carlos also studied painting. Came the day when he and his sister (a talented pianist) won a scholarship to study music in Spain. They traveled to New York on the first leg of their journey—and there they remained. His sister got married and the young violinist formed a scintillating tango orchestra—the first in North America.

Then came Hollywood! Back in the days of the silent films Carlos was hailed as the “new” Valentino. In his second career, movie land typed him as a “natural” for Latin and Indian roles. In his first picture he played opposite Joan Crawford; in “Strangers May Kiss” he danced the tango with Norma Shearer. Other stars with whom he appeared were Barbara La Marr, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo. With the advent of the talkies Carlos turned once more to his first love—music.

But during his sojourn in Hollywood Carlos acquired a second love—photography—and began to translate his music into pictures. It was there that he studied at first hand all the technical aspects of the art. For Carlos not only has an artistic flair for selecting subjects, but also develops and prints the magic he captures with his camera. This suave, highly cultured maestro would almost rather talk about photography than music, and his pictures have won many prizes in exhibitions.

A pioneer in presenting to North America the now familiar music of our South American neighbors, Carlos Molina has done much to bring about a better understanding between the peoples of the Western Hemisphere.



Carlos Molina

My Hobby is Photography says

Carlos Molina



(Above) Jack Teagarden is amused when our Band-stander points out a blue note during the filming of Universal's "Twilight On The Prairie."

(Below) The Terrific King Cole Trio whose recording of "Straighten Up and Fly Right" is a must disc for platter fans.



(Below) Hoagy Carmichael, famous for his song "Stardust," plays his real life role in Warner Bros. "To Have And Have Not."



(Above) Beautiful Lina Romay who cut out from the Cugat band to be a film glamor girl in M-G-M's "Two Girls And A Sailor."



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By Paul Vanderwoort II

SOUND STAGES are rockin' terrifically these days, 'cause ol' glammer girl Hollywood is knocking herself out, trying to keep up with the demand for band films F'rinstance, those giants of jazz, Louis Armstrong and Paul Whiteman, team in "Atlantic City" at Republic. The pic's a magnificent cavalcade of music and laughs about the famous resort city. It gives "Pops" and "Satchmo" a crack at such good old stuff as "After You've Gone," and other hits of yesteryear, right down to tunes of the present.

. . . . The Brothers Dorsey on the M-G-M lot again, but in different films. Jimmy and his gang get "Lost In A Harem" with Marilyn Maxwell and Abbott and Costello, while TD and his boys have the "Thrill Of A Romance." Also, the lovely Maxwell struts the pipes that won her fame with Ted Weems, singing the Gene DePaul-Don Raye ditty "It Is Written." JD's crew does "Thunder and Blazes," and "John Silver."



(Above) "Them days is gone, eh Tommy?" Candid shot of Tommy Dorsey before band tours became a nightmare of delayed instruments, tire rationing and extinct travel accommodations.

(Below) The graceful figure AND voice of Marilyn Maxwell grace the new Jimmy Dorsey M-G-M pic "Lost In A Harem."



(Above) Cute Connie Haines, ex-James and T.D. songstress, who is adding to her laurels as a new movie star!



(Below) Double-lovely are the Wilde Twins, Lyn and Lee, whose singing with Bob Crosby landed them M-G-M contract—or was it two?

(Below) Ella Mae Morse is making her screen debut in the Universal flicker, "The Ghost Catchers."



(Above) No wonder Charlie Spivak likes working on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Who wouldn't, with such gorgeous creatures as Betty Grable around?



BITS ABOUT BAND LEADERS—Leaving their California homes for ballroom and theater tours were Stan Kenton, Jack Teagarden, Nat "King" Cole and Horace Heidt . . . Alvin Ray wearing Navy blues, and "Stringy," the guitar that talks, learning sailor lingo.

Benny Carter in for record and picture dates . . . Artie Shaw coaching Starlet Diana Lynn for her role of girl band leader in Paramount's movie "Cut Of This World."

SD (Sonny Dunham) following JD at Palladium . . . Ken Baker setting some kind of record by approaching fiftieth one night stand at Pasadena Civic. Baker has a part in Columbia's "The Impatient Years." . . . BG's tiff with MCA over contract set off more rumors than an enemy agent . . . The Hal McIntyre and Jan Garber Palladium engagements were first time visits at spot for those maestros.

SLANTS ON SIDEMEN—88er Joe Sullivan's full

name is Dennis Patrick Terrence Joseph O'Sullivan, but he dropped the "O" in his last name.

QUOTABLE QUOTES—Carmen Miranda's crack, on her introduction to handsome Perry Como on set of "Something For The Boys," was, "I 'ink thees peecture should be called 'Somet'ing For The GIRLS!' . . . Hal McIntyre's sensible remark while some of us were gabbing about resentment a FEW celebs have to signing autographs. Said Hal: "I'll resent it, when fans DON'T ask for autographs."

THE BANDS ABOUT THE TOWN—PARAMOUNT—Spike Jones and City Slickers never find "Chloe" in "Bring On The Girls," but they knock themselves out, looking for her . . . 20TH CENTURY-FOX—My bet is that Fox puts Charlie Spivak into "Kitten On The Keys" if BG-MCA row isn't settled by time pic rolls . . . Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, who clefted Perry Como's tunes in "Something (Continued on page 58)



"Let's play it nice—for the lady from England," says the Reisman baton. Gracie Fields, entertainer extraordinary, is at the mike in the Wedgewood Room of the Waldorf Astoria, N.Y.



Capt. Gerald Lincke, U.S.N., entertains Mr. and Mrs. Reisman aboard a destroyer in the Mediterranean, a few years ago.



Here Leo gives profile priority to Robert Taylor, screen star, when Leo was making movie shorts.

"I don't suppose anyone will look at me anyway," says Leo, posing with glamor queen, Ann Sheridan, in Hollywood.



"SWING is the thing for boys and girls of a certain age. But almost inevitably rug-cutting hepcats get over their growing pains," Band Leader Leo Reisman told us when we interviewed him at New York's super-swank Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Leo Reisman compares the current swing interest to primitive voodooism, in that the swingsters become part and parcel of the act. As to the performance of the band itself, it is not, as he sees it, entertainment, but only the instrument through which the audience performs or shows off.

"This sort of execution from the band is not necessarily music," continued Reisman. "If it is voodooism or self-hypnosis you want, why mix it up with music?"

"However," and he was very emphatic, "let's have swing for those who need energetic self-expression and cannot find release through other channels."

This startling analysis of swing and its energetic followers came from the leader of an orchestra which plays music so sweet that romances result in wholesale lots, and jazz so hot that the management keeps buckets of sand about for stray sparks.

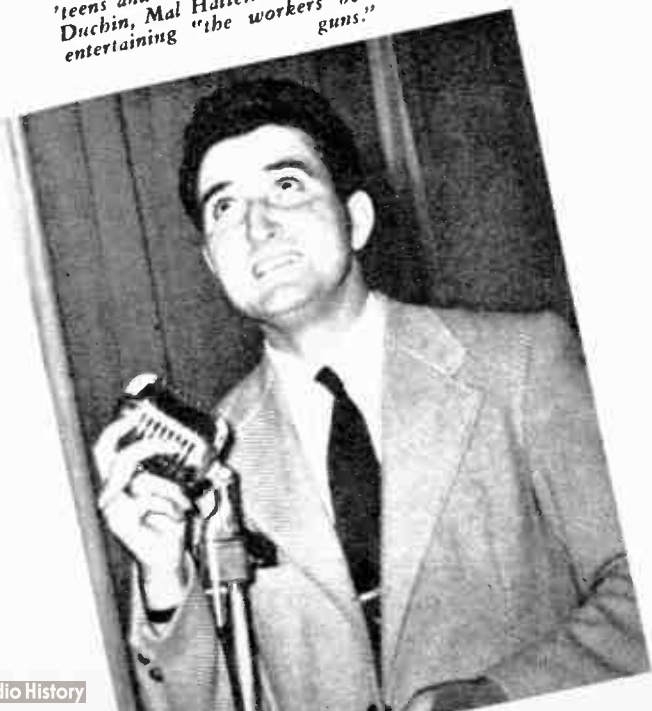
Leo Reisman, musicians' musician, who has been everywhere and seen and done everything, including a 20 week run at the New York Paramount, is not at all worried over sticking his neck out by daring to criticize the jitter-bugs. No doubt, when they read this article they'll start bombarding the editor of **BAND LEADERS** Magazine with angry letters.

"Is public taste more discriminating than it was?" we asked him.

"The public demands nothing," he replied briskly; "the public responds to what is offered. But," and he stared fiercely, "the public can be stimulated to false responses. However, audiences are smarter these days."

Harking back to the criticism of Artur Rodzinski, who linked swing and juvenile delinquency, Reisman said, "Kids aren't bad. I ought to know. I see enough of them."

"An Orchid For My Love," sings Vince Ladell, composer of the tune as well as singer, and every chick in hearing distance thinks he means her. That's how it is when the romantic Latin-type tenor gives out with the vocals. A noted choir boy in Naples, Italy, he came here in his 'teens and has since been heard with Leo Reisman, Eddie Duchin, Mal Hallett and Ben Cutler. Lately he has been entertaining "the workers behind the men behind the guns."



Leo Reisman is the musical beginners' best friend, interviewing scores of hopefuls each season, refusing no sincere person who seeks his time and opinion.

To Rodzinski he says, "Say it with music, Rosy. Stick to your cornfields." (Ah there, Leo!)

In conclusion he says, "Music makes men march to battle, but you wouldn't say it was responsible for War."

Social historians name Reisman as one of the founders of cafe society. He puts in no such claim, though admitting to more than ten years as maestro in the Egyptian Room of Boston's Brunswick Hotel. Before Reisman, New Englanders went to night-spots for occasional celebrations only. Under his influence the Egyptian Room became a second home for Boston debs.

He didn't leave the Brunswick until former Mayor James J. Walker insisted that he take charge of music at New York's famous Casino in Central Park.

In 1937 the French government called on maestro Reisman to play at the Paris Exposition, during which engagement he also led probably the largest jam session ever assembled. On Bastille Day, more than 100,000 persons packed the square outside the Opera House to listen to classical offerings from national idols. Leo stepped up and gave them "St. Louis Blues."

(Continued on page 63)

Leo and the young fry, or Miss Barbara Bel-Geddes, when Barbara took a night off from her theatrical job to visit at the Waldorf.



Favorite with stars of screen, stage and society, Leo Reisman breakfasts with stage star Irene Bordoni, Dudley Wilkinson, Mrs. Reisman (right) at Miami Beach, Fla.



The government at Monte Carlo called for Leo to play in the famous Sporting Club. Here he's shown enjoying the scenery with the Princess Rospigliosi.



Leo Reisman, 5, with toy fiddle. He feels like a man after shearing of long black curls, only done after securing grandfather's consent.



Leo Reisman, 18, first violinist in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.



Just before the band starts playing, Leo raises eyes, hands and bow.



Taking a swing at

Swing

By Alicia Evans

MASTER EMCEE

Bill Baldwin

**OF STATION KGO
SAN FRANCISCO**

**ANOTHER IN OUR EXCLUSIVE
SERIES OF ARTICLES ABOUT
THE MASTERS OF CEREMONY
ON RADIO'S RECORD PROGRAMS**

DEAR MR. HERSEY: Received your letter asking for my autobiography, pictures, and some sidelights on my night Club of the Air. For all this, I thank you very much, though I can't see just why an ordinary guy in radio, married, and father of one baby boy should be that interesting or—for that matter—why he should even be writing his autobiography. But I'm flattered (there's a little ham in all of us); so here's the dope . . .

I was born in Pueblo, Colorado, November 26, 1913. However, I was raised in Denver, Colorado, where I got my start in the music world, you might say, as leader of what we thought was a terrific orchestra (seven men) at Morey Jr. High School. I attended the Highlander Military Foundation, where as drum major of one of our four big brass bands, John Philip Sousa awarded us the honor of being the finest boys' band in the United States. My first real training in music was under the direction of John S. Leick, conductor of our four bands and head of the Famous Denver Shrine Band.

In 1932 there was a craze sweeping the country called "Walkathons." I joined the Carl Rabbe outfit and became their master of ceremonies. I stayed with this business until June of 1934, after playing almost every town and city in the country. It was fun, and later proved to be my forte in radio ad-libbing.

Then, one day in my home town Pueblo, Colorado, I was approached by one Harry Collins, who had a small

"It's a great life," says Bill, "making the rounds of San Francisco's best dancing spots to chat with top flight ork leaders." Here he is with Henry King, popular West Coast batoneer.



Here's Bill with three Red Cross workers, proudly displaying some of the gifts received for Servicemen in hospitals overseas.



*Lovely vocalist
Martha Tilton and
Bill look over an
issue of BAND
LEADERS just be-
fore a broadcast on
which Martha was
the featured guest.*



Hal McIntyre greets Bill on one of his trips to Hollywood. Hal was a guest on the show when he played in San Francisco.

traveling orchestra. to front his band (he was the drummer) and do the vocals. I was still trying to get into radio, but with no avail. This proved to be my lucky break.

In April of 1936 we were playing at the Gladstone Hotel in Casper, Wyoming, when the announcer for our radio show became sick and didn't show up. The station called and asked if I would announce the numbers. Here was my chance! I did the broadcast—fluffed a couple of words—and not ten minutes after we'd signed off a man walked up to the bandstand and asked, "Who did the announcing tonight?" I told him I did and he asked if I would be interested in an announcing job on a BIG station. I told him if he could get me the job I was just the little man to take it. Honestly, I thought he was kidding, but the next morning I was hired on the spot by phone and went to work ten weeks later, as program Director of WOW in Omaha.

My next stop was in Chicago for Mutual, where I did nightly remotes from the Blackhawk, Palmer House, Aragon and Trianon Ballrooms—meeting more of America's greats in the world of music.

Well, things didn't go so well there. My health failed and I had to go South for six months, after which I returned to Omaha and went to work for Don Searle, at KOIL the CBS station in that territory. (By the way, I am again working for Don, as he is the manager here at

KGO in San Francisco.) Don gave me full run of my record shows, and we really built some beauts! A morning clambake, called the Yawn Patrol. (6:00-7:00 a.m.), and later a show that caught on like wild fire, "Make Believe Danceland." I incorporated crowd noises back of the entire show, complete with applause and a girl announcer working with me for the women's side of a ballroom. When the big orchestras came to town, I would have the leaders and vocalists as guests, which made for a well-rounded, informative and entertaining show.

In 1939 the Fair opened in San Francisco, and I was hired by KSFO and CBS to come out here and do special events for them.

Well, the Fair closed, and I went back to Omaha and KOIL and Searle—more record shows, special events, and more record shows.

Then the travel bug bit me—to say nothing of the love bug, because it was at our sister station in Lincoln, Nebraska, that I met, Enid, my wife. It was the two of us from the word go, and five months later we were married. Just a few months ago she presented me with a seven pound boy, Bill, Jr.

The day after we were married, I left for Salt Lake City, Utah, where I handled all special events and another hour morning show, records and a weekly two hour session Saturday nights. We stayed almost a year, then Hollywood beckoned. Yep, we took (Continued on page 64)

Tommy Dorsey and Bill talk things over before going on the air. "The Night Club" is a novel record show that sounds like a broadcast from a real nitery. The illusion is complete with background noises.



Band Leader Billy Mills conducts a bit of close harmony. (L. to R.) Jill Warren, Hollywood columnist; David Street, singer; Ella Mae Morse, the "Cow-cow Boogie" gal; Bill; Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson and Billy.



Interviews with famous band leaders and vocalists are almost a nightly feature. Here maestro Duke Ellington runs over a new composition for Bill just before broadcast time.



Completely at ease before the mike, Bill Baldwin of station KGO in San Francisco, is indeed a Master Emcee.



BIGGS FIELD BAND. Back row (left to right): Sgt. Wilbur John, Pfc. Robert List, Corp. William Allen, Cpl. Joe Formola, Pfc. John Formaster, Sgt. Charles De Wald, Sgt. Wesley Jones, Pfc. Felix Rodriguez, Sgt. Jerry Coward, Pfc. Charles Rhine, Staff Sgt. Willis Thompson, Corp. George Jeise, Pfc. Frank Simek, Warrant Officer Lawrence E. Tagg. Front row (left to right): Pfc. A. Steinberg, Corp. Nat Selikson, Corp. G. H. Kinn, Pvt. Joe Fox. Corp. Henry L. Peris, Sgt. Joe Menditto.



A detachment of the Biggs Field Band plays the music for the traditional and heart-stirring ceremony of lowering the flag at sundown.

(Below) Biggs Field Dance Orchestra. Front row (left to right): Corp. Nat Selikson, Pfc. A. Steinberg, Sgt. Jerry Coward. Back row (left to right): Brad Johnson, Sgt. Wilbur Johnson, Cpl. Ed Jones, Cpl. Joe Formola. Directing: Technical Sgt. James Petty.



THE average civilian's conception of an Army bandman as a leather-lipped individual whose week's work adds up to a few brassy notes at the Saturday afternoon parade is as erroneous as the general impression that all top sergeants have bay windows and foghorn voices.

An Army bandman is kept busier than a PX sales clerk on payday, as any tired GI music maker can tell you when he piles wearily into his bunk in the wee hours.

Take the Army band at Biggs Field, Texas, for instance. It's a small band, but it does a big job. And it does a good one, for nearly every man in Warrant Officer Lawrence E. Tagg's organization is a professional and has a professional's pride in his work.

Furnishing a martially-musical background for military formations and ceremonies is the band's primary duty, of course. Every day the band marches smartly onto the parade ground to play for retreat. The men are always on hand for special parades and they represent Biggs Field at all parades and similar festivities in downtown El Paso.

Concerts take up a large part of the Biggs Field bands-

SOLDIER FIRST Musician SECOND

men's time: they play in the Enlisted Men's Service Club, the Officers' Club, in assorted recreation halls, and in the three big Army hospitals in the El Paso area. On summer evenings—and summer is a long season in the sunny Southwest—the band stages outdoor concerts. Not long ago, they completed a series of broadcasts over radio station KROD.

Last spring Flying Fortresses took the band to the Army airbase at Pyote, Texas, to provide music for a ceremony at which the famed 19th Bombardment Group was decorated. Another lengthy trip was made when the band visited Carrizozo, in the New Mexico mountains, to play for the dedication of a USO club.

The dance orchestra, directed by Technical Sgt. James Petty, was organized in March, 1943. Since then, it has played from two to six nights a week at dances, USO parties, broadcasts, at USO stage shows and station theater.

The band's time isn't completely taken up by music. Since the motto of all Army bands is "Soldier first, musician second," they are given constant and thorough instruction in infantry drill, camouflage, first aid, chemical warfare and the use of military firearms.

Warrant Officer Tagg attended Illinois Wesleyan University and after a year and a half of post-graduate study joined the staff of the University of Nebraska's college of fine arts. He received his appointment as a warrant officer after attending the Army Music School.

Sergeant Petty, who acts as the band's top sergeant, is a graduate of Texas Christian University. He was an instructor in woodwinds at three Fort Worth, Texas, high schools and played with staff orchestras in Fort Worth radio stations.



The Dixieland Band, part of the 86 piece U.S. Army Band in the Mediterranean Theatre, are teaching three French refugee children what it means to be in the groove. Left to right are: V. H. Olmsted, Falls Church, Va., Henry Levine, N.Y.C., L. V. Hanley, Centralia, Ill., Sidney Cowan, Baltimore, Md., George E. Hay, Johnstown, Pa., and Donald K. Shupe, Greensburg, Pa. The kids seem to be catching on fast.

Wallace Colcord, Seaman 2nd Class, hails from Natick, Mass. He is shown here playing a trumpet solo during a Sunday Band Concert on Tarawa where the Marines fought the bloodiest battle of their entire history. But today it is almost as though the horror had never been, with only shattered palm trees remaining as reminders of the death and heroism that marked the fight for this Gilbert Isle.



The Attackers Band of Camp Cooke, California, pauses to look up for the photos at the Hollywood Canteen. Bandmaster W. O. Carroll W. Thompson is also an ace arranger and guitarist who worked with Hank Halstead and Joe Penner prior to his enlistment in 1942. Thompson's leadership of the Attackers has received high praise both from the Army and civilians who have heard his band on the "Men of Camp Cooke" show, broadcast weekly over station KTMS.



The brass section of the Army Band led by Captain Thomas F. Darcy, Jr., playing a little boogie woogie for the small center of attraction who is doing the best she can to look really impressed, or is she? This band has been in North Africa and Sicily for nine months on a seven-day week schedule entertaining the fighting and service troops of the United Nations.

Pvt. Jimmy Lange, standing at left rear, is maestro of this popular dance band at Camp Luna, New Mexico, Replacement Center for the Air Transport Command. The band's unusual instrumentation has captured the fancy of dancers all the way from Las Vegas to Santa Fe. Jimmy's success with this band has been greatly due to the fact that the outfit uses special arrangements prepared by himself.



.. TO YOU Aloha!

by
Dorothy Hope



Lani McIntyre and the Honolulu Maids

"I WILL play," said Lani McIntyre, "and you will dream . . . while you dance! I will play only sweet music. The old Hawaiian songs I arranged for dancing . . . some new ones of my own. I will play with the band . . . the Hawaiian guitar . . . and I will sing the Hawaiian words . . . And even if you have never seen the Islands, you will think of how beautiful they are. And you will think of love . . ."

REACH for an orchid and sway on down to the Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington where they really cook it sweet! "The First Outpost of The Islands," it's called, on account of cocoanut palms, twilight violet lighting, real Polynesian pretties in cellophane skirts. And on account of Lani McIntyre, the top maestro of windblown melody.

Lani of The Islands—from way out where The Sweet begins, has more than a touch of blarney with his hoomalimali or his name isn't McIntyre!

"My father came to the Islands from Ireland," said Lani proudly. "He ran a laundry there. I was just nineteen when he died—then I enlisted in the Navy. That was two years before the first War." It was life in the Navy that gave Lani his real lift to musicianship.

In school Lani played the trumpet with the band, and he took this trumpet along to sea with him. But in those days when the Pacific was as good as its name, brass didn't seem to harmonize with the ocean waves. So his sailor friends encouraged Lani to study the old Island music. By the time he got a discharge, Lani was an authority on sweet "Aloha" and a master of the moon-mad guitar. Before he left ship he'd already recruited his first band group from the boys he sailed with. San Diego was the starting point for Lani's Hawaiian band.

There was never a struggle for success. The movies always needed good Hawaiian outfits and Lani's boys spent most of their time until 1937 in and around Hollywood.

Lani came to the Hawaiian Room in 1937 and he's been there ever since, except for a trip home every three years to see his mother and sister. (She's an M.D.!)

Now he's in New York "indefinitely," you might say, and perfectly happy to be leading the Island boys and doing four Coast to Coast broadcasts a week. "I make them feel that they're in Hawaii," said Lani. And you could tell this was for him most important of all.

Lani loves to talk about his family. Especially his two brothers who are musicians on the West Coast. Al leads a band of his own, and Dick, according to Lani, is just about the best bass player there is.

Always in a white suit decked with two twined leis, singing to his own guitar notes while the Hawaiian Maids dance in the gold spot light, Lani McIntyre is "Aloha" incarnate. In a close up, though, Lani's Irish shines through, and sparkles in his large dark eyes. And when you hear him laugh about his "Island Boys" from Long Island, you're sure that Irish-Hawaiian is the right combination for a swell guy and a great sweet-music man.

"There are four real Hawaiians in the band," Lani corrected. "Altogether we have three saxs who double on clarinet and trumpet, besides piano, guitar and hula drums."

Hawaiians think in music—and so far Lani's mind has made up over a hundred sweet songs.

"Right now I can't remember one of them," said Lani, "—except my favorites, 'One Rose' and 'Sweet Lelani.' My latest is 'Island Serenade'. People like this sweet music. There've been so many requests for Hawaiian standards that Decca just put out a special album 'Aloha, Hawaii.' Recorded by Lani McIntyre, of course."

To you . . . "Aloha." What could be sweeter! It's the music of a million flowers—music to be swayed to—and as Lani says, it's music for your thoughts, the fondest ones of all. Blowing back a dream to you on a song of old Hawaii.

HIMBER!

by Marie De Sales

T-I-M-B-E-R! Clear the way, here comes Dick Himber! His parents yanked him out of his first cafe job when he was twelve but there was no stopping him after his thirteenth birthday, at which time he was heard to imply, "This ole worl' is my slice-a pie!"

New Jersey's youngest contribution to Big Time upped with his trusty violin and sailed across the Hudson. It must have been something to have seen fiery-haired young Himber streaking it for the Palais Royal in New York where the great Paul Whiteman reigned supreme.

It was certainly quite an experience for Mr. Whiteman when Dick, still in the short-pants category, all but demanded a seat in the Whiteman band. Of course he was told he was a bit young.

To which our hero made answer, with maybe a shake of the fist, "Ten years from now I'll have a band as good as your Palais Royal!"

But Dick was not to remain a mere fiddler for very long. He was discovered by no less a personage than Sophie Tucker while he was playing in a little spot in Coney Island. Miss Tucker featured young Himber in her "Five Kings of Syncopation" group and so it was that he was just this side of being an honest-to-goodness band leader when he was still in his teens.

When "Five Kings of Syncopation" disbanded after a couple of years of road work, Dick settled at Reisenweber's, New York's one-time famous nitery, where he often sang from a perch in a tree between his violin chores. After that came a free-lance period and some managing when he handled the Buddy Rogers and Harry Barris bands. The last thing he did before organizing a name band of his own was to play for three years with the Rudy Vallee outfit.

Richard Himber and his orchestra played their first date at the Ritz-Carleton, an engagement followed by similarly successful ones at the Essex House and Hotel Pierre—all in New York—The Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tenn., Edgewater Beach, Chicago Ill., and the Palladium in Hollywood.

First identified on radio with his Studebaker Champions programs, Dick made the pleasant discovery that he was one of radioland's favorite band leaders. Why not? His own personal mixture of strings, brasses and swing has never been duplicated. Like his magic tricks which he manufactures under the name of Gimacs Unlimited, Himber is an original.

Spotlighted more times on "Spotlight Band" broadcast than any other, this brightheaded boy is preparing to spotlight his music plus magic in a Broadway show this summer. The Main Stem knows him well: a swell guy with music and magic in his fingers. Limber Himber!

Dick Himber is a magician as well as a band leader. Here you see him performing his famous rope trick.



There's a touch of magic, too, in the way he leads his fine band.

The one and only Dick Himber.





(Above) Phil Spitalny shaking hands with a pretty entrant in his popular "Undiscovered Voice of America" contest. Evelyn, left; Vivian, right.



(Above) Lorna Wren who plays the flute with Spitalny's orchestra.



(Above) Drummer girl Viola Smith.



(Below) Julia Drumm, flutist on the "Hour of Charm" program, practices while getting her hair done.



(Left) Evelyn Kaye and her magic violin.





(Above) Phil Spitalny directs his band in an accompaniment to one of Evelyn's inspired violin solos.



(Above) Phil Spitalny is caught by the candid camera at a recent radio performance.

IT WAS really discouraging. There was Phil Spitalny, All-Girl-Hour-of-Charm maestro, thinking he was one leader who needn't worry about draft board demands. Phil Spitalny was wrong. Draft boards didn't call for his players, but WAC recruiting officers did, and two band members recently joined up. Phil comforts himself with the reflection that in a charm-plus proposition, he can lose a few charmers and still come out charmingly solvent.

The Spitalny aggregation is eight years old. After making more than a million dollars directing men musicians exclusively, Phil decided to form an all-girl ork. As a beginning he went into each of the forty-eight states, spending more than \$40,000 auditioning 1500 girls. While he was engaged in spending money on what was thought a "mad" notion, brother H. Leopold Spitalny, of long-hair fame, considered taking his relative to a psychiatrist.

As it turned out, brother Phil was loony like a fox. Not only has he maintained his choice "Hour of Charm" air spot for over seven years and recorded big money-makers, but he recently appeared at the Capitol Theatre, N.Y., at

all-time high pay for Broadway batoneers. In addition, as present-day leaders are finding out when they hunt girl players, he practically controls the femme musician market.

The hymn opening and closing feature of his air program, beloved of families at home and fighters in fox holes, is a Spitalny morale-building idea.

Phil also knows when he is licked. He contemplated the idea of directing the off-stage lives of thirty-five all-girl personalities, and then turned the whole thing over to his concert mistress, Evelyn of the magic violin. When the band is on the road, she and two other girls form a "Dating Committee" to whom band personnel report with whom they are "stepping," where, and when they will return. Not one incident flavored with bad taste has marred the band's history.

Spitalny girls are chosen because of instrumental and singing ability; appearance, background, and of course, charm—in that order.



CHARM PLUS

Vivian, singer on the "Hour of Charm" program.



The voice of

JAZZ

by Gretchen Weaver



Eddie and Miss Maggie McGraw Condon.



One of Eddie's favorite snaps of his adorable baby.



Eddie, Phyllis Condon, and their armful of joy.



Eddie Condon—a great guitarist and a grand guy!

IT'S NOT sour grapes with Eddie Condon. The "foreign jazz authorities" irritate him. They've always been kind to Condon, but he brushes that aside.

"Jazz is American, isn't it?" he asserted vigorously, and Eddie's the one man who ought to know—he was the director of those famous jazz concerts at New York's Town Hall all last winter. "Americans understand it best. The foreigners mean well, but they aren't Americans, that's all. They can't help that, they were born that way and I'm not blaming them for it, but that's no excuse for setting up in business as "authorities" on American jazz.

"I like champagne," he concluded decisively, "but I wouldn't go to France to write books about how to jump on a grape, or make ponderous decisions about who jumped best and how.

"Speaking of champagne," continued Eddie, wandering

restlessly around the living room of his West Twelfth St., N. Y. apartment, "Have a beer. I'll have milk. It's past your lunch hour, I know, but it's breakfast time for me!"

Settled, contrary to natural habit, in one place for nearly two minutes, Eddie took a pull at the milk and said, "The last four jazz concerts were sell-outs. The customers who couldn't get in jostled each other in the street outside the Hall; it looked like a riot. And no camera. Oh, well."

Everybody knows who Eddie Condon is. Condon is the voice of jazz, and that's literal. Now in his early thirties, he has been talking about and demonstrating jazz since he was 15. Eventually he was heard by both sponsor and public as proved by the mobs at Town Hall. Next stop: radio—but only if the program conforms to the conditions set by him.

Condon wants to give the clients jazz and jazz only, defined by him as "unrestrained and uninhibited music." He will not play set arrangements of anything. Eddie's been in there pitching since jazz was, and his whole life has been dedicated to the theory that the people would like jazz if only they had a chance to hear it.

To look at, Eddie is the perennially college-type gent with the bow tie. In addition he is slim, sandy-haired, snub-nosed, nervy, restless and a great conversationalist. He has played with nearly every authentic jazz combination that ever existed and in almost every hot music spot anywhere. No amount of money has ever been able to buy his time or his presence when the set-up is jazz-phoney. Artistic integrity in person, that's Eddie Condon. He has also known and played with about every great performer in the business.

"But," and he gestured severely with the empty milk glass, "you have to have the right men in a jazz band. Every man knows every number and he plays without written music. Every man takes solos and every man plays in the background. That isn't easy."

Only the jazz "greats" performed at the Condon concerts. Eddie arranged for this aggregation of top talent by timing the jamborees so that musicians playing elsewhere could fit in appearances at Town Hall. More than 80 of the finest living instrumentalists were heard in eight concerts last winter. These included such men as Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Bob Casey, Sonny Greer, Rex Stewart, Bobby Hackett, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Joe Bushkin and Ernie Caceres.

On the platform at concert time Eddie indicated what was what to the music makers, strummed a bit on his guitar, consulted with momentarily resting members, and emceed the whole set-up between numbers. Condon's patter was by no means the least entertaining feature of the jazz-fest and he easily maintained his amateur standing as one of the funniest men alive who is not obliged to advertise anything.

How did Eddie get this way? Did it come naturally, or in two easy lessons with the guitar?

As Eddie tells it: "I was born in Goodland, Indiana, leaving there at two for Momence, Ill. I was named Albert Edwin Condon. My father was a fireman and played the fiddle. I played the banjo, my brother, uke; and four out of five sisters played the piano. Then we moved to Chicago Heights and I went to Austin High School and played around at non-union jobs. At 15 I had a union card."

Eddie took to the road with Peavey's Jazz Bandits and remarked in an aside that the road was unpaved. The Bandits holed up in Waterloo, Wisconsin, for the winter, but during good weather the combo played one-night stands for two years.

"The next band I played with had Bix Beiderbecke as cornet player," he recalled. "I'll never forget the first time I saw him. I heard him play piano the night before we left for Syracuse, where we were headed, and I was sold. I don't have to tell you what he was on the cornet."

"No," he answered to a question as to whether the great Bix was the early victim of his friends' hospitality and influence. "I wouldn't say his friends were too much for him. One night after he'd had a few he went to sleep with an electric fan going on each side of his bed. Pneumonia did the rest."

In and out of "about 95 bands" in the West, Condon finally came to New York in 1928. He promptly took a job with a ship's band and headed for South America. Eddie was the pianist with that outfit, and every number was played in the key of F, as that was the only key the piano player knew.

From '29 to '31 Eddie was a member of the famous Mound City Blue Blowers. Eddie and Jack Bland played guitars, Red McKenzie, comb; and Josh Billings, suitcase.

"That's not fancy so-called jazz talk," asserted the
(Continued on page 65)

(Below) Eddie and George Avakian, the writer.



(Below) The Condon kitchen is as good as any other place whenever Eddie feels in the mood to play.



(Below) Eddie and Trumpeter Bobby Hackett.



(Below) Eddie talks over old times with that genius of the clarinet—Milt Mezzrow.





Maestro Lee Castle, that trumpeting band leader who sure can handle the horn, is another one of the boys Uncle Sam gave the twice-over. When Lee returned to civilian life he took a seat in Benny Goodman's trumpet section, but not for long. He was soon fronting his own new band again, opening last February at Pelham Heath Inn, just outside New York City. The wise men of music say that he's as good as they come!



Personable band leader, Eddie Tonar has a positive genius for blending hot jazz and rounded symphonic strains. In fact, some experts believe that Tonar knows how to get two different sounds out of the same breath. Hailing from Topeka, Kansas, where he batoned the Old Famous Marshalls Band of 55 pieces and was featured with his own name band weekly over station WIBW, Eddie is now in California.



Del Courtney, popular young maestro featured at the Blackhawk Restaurant out Chicago-way, almost became a professional baseball player when he and his pal Joe DiMaggio were offered contracts with the San Francisco Seals a few years ago. Del chose the baton instead of the bat. His first engagement was at the Athens Club in Oakland, Calif., and he and his boys, all fresh out of school were an instant success!



Gus Arnheim is a composer as well as band leader. He has written many song hits such as "I Surrender, Dear," "Mandalay," and "I Cried For You." This famous batoneer has appeared on radio, screen, stage and records and he and his band are among the best in the country. He is credited with guiding many a newcomer to fame and future. Bing Crosby was one of them; the late Russ Columbo another.



Band leader Jimmy Joy signs his checks "James Monte Maloney," and when he dropped that grand old Irish name he didn't do it intentionally. It just happened while he was leading a University of Texas band on an off-campus date at Galveston's popular Joyland Park. The manager started billing the lively musical group as "Jimmie's Joys." Get it? Reviewers began referring to him as Jimmy Joy and the name stuck.



Urbane Maestro Ted Fio Rito is currently breaking all the popularity records with his band at that national stomping ground, the Roseland Ballroom in New York. If it's dancing you want, Ted will supply the downbeat and also the melody. He has been turning out hit dance tunes for twenty-five years. Fio Rito is a pianist, too, as well as a composer; and he is leading one of the country's outstanding bands.



"It's very simple," explains Ran Wilde, "for music was always my first choice—but I had to make sure I wasn't missing anything." Ran's referring to the fact that before he took over the leadership of a band he attended college. But after graduating, he formed one of the most promising young orks in the nation. Now, dancers run wild when Ran Wilde plays his original, completely danceable rhythmic numbers.



You'll hear more about Frank Padilla and his delightful novelty orchestra from down Mexico way. Frank's been with us for only a year but he's here to stay. Last season he entertained diplomatic society at the Del Rio, one of Washington, D.C.'s most popular night spots, and he also provided the music for the dancers at the Grand Ballroom of New York City's Hotel Pierre.

WIFE VS. "WIFE"

"OH THERE you are, Freddy. I've been looking all over for you!" With that introduction the fun begins in Band Leader Freddy Martin's double life on the sparkling "Jack Carson Show," broadcast from Hollywood Wednesday evenings over C.B.S.

Freddy takes a weekly browbeating from "Mrs. Martin," his radio wife, Agnes Moorhead. In fact, the genial band leader is rather pushed around by most of the members of the cast. As a mild man who says the wrong thing at the wrong time and is called down by his determined wife, Freddy Martin plays a double role as orchestra leader and straight man, getting it in the neck with weekly regularity. What a life for a nice guy!

It's all a gag, however. In private life Martin is happily married to Lillian Reardan Martin, and has been since 1930. They are also the proud parents of an eleven year old son, Frederick Weston Martin.

The accompanying pictures give you a glimpse of Freddy's "double life." His wife on the air and his real wife. Now let's take Freddy straight:

Just in his early thirties, talented Freddy Martin had a humble beginning. It was a long jump from the Knights of Pythias orphanage in Springfield, Ohio, to the top in popular music. But Freddy made it and landed with a full crescendo. He's solid from Coast to Coast.

Freddy is well known for his popularization of the classics. When he took 32 bars of Tschaiikowsky's classic "Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor" and whipped it into a modern tune it smashed all records in scoring as a popular hit.



(Above) Freddy Martin. (Right) Left to right: comedian Jack Carson, "wife" Agnes Moorhead and Freddy Martin have some words over the script during a rehearsal.



(Right) Freddy Martin and his real wife in a home-Freddy's role in the show. (It's all in fun, folks.)



(Right) Mr. and Mrs. Martin spending a quiet evening at home looking over some of their favorite records.

(Below) Guest stars Paulette Goddard and Arthur Treacher talking over the script. Treacher is a very dignified but funny foil for the zany escapades of Jack Carson.



(Below) Freddy takes his orchestra through the famous Martin version of the classic: 32 bars of the "Piano Concerto in B-Flat Minor."



Perry and his young son, Ronnie, wave goodbye as they leave for Hollywood and Daddy's screen debut.



Singing SENSATION

That romantic and handsome singer of songs—Perry Como at the mike during a broadcast.

PERRY COMO, new CBS singing sensation and one of today's fastest rising vocalists, had no thought of becoming a singer when he was a kid back in Cannonsburg, Pa. Like so many of those music-loving people from whom he'd descended, he used his fine voice just for the fun of it.

If he had followed the course of least resistance he would have just naturally wound up in the Pennsylvania coal mines. But Perry was ambitious to become a barber. It wasn't hard for him to get a job in the tonsorial field because he sang while he snipped and sheared. Many a nostalgic barber, recalling the old barbershop quartettes, hired him more for his voice than his cutting prowess.

Perry became a member of that happy-go-lucky brotherhood of barnstorming barbers who roam from town to town, never settling in any one place for very long. But

he got a little tired of the migratory life and opened his own shop on the outskirts of Youngstown, Ohio. That was where he came to the attention of Ted Weems. Hearing people rave about the singing barber, Weems decided to audition Perry; and for the next seven years the romantic baritone of Perry Como was an inseparable part of the Ted Weems band. He finally struck out for himself in the winter of '42.

Perry is the kind of a singer who just sings and folks like it, even his competitors! When he opened at the Copacabana Night Club in New York, Frank Sinatra, Buddy Clark, Phil Brito, Clark Dennis were among those male vocalists on location with a big hand.

Nor has his truly phenomenal success gone to his head. People who knew him when say he's just as unaffected today as he was then.

A MILLION dollar band for a dime!! That's what the new coin machine movies are offering these days, and entertainment-wise customers are finding it a bargain in fun.

You put in your dime, press the indicator opposite the name of your favorite band of the moment, and your selected leader and orchestra appear on the screen in a three-minute movie musical. You see and hear the performance in a specially produced number made only for the movie juke box. In New York more than 450 sound movies have been made on the three-minute-for-a-dime schedule.

Band leaders and band music are the core of this new medium of entertainment. Leaders were quick to see that appearances on the miniature movie screens were even more valuable than orthodox recordings. They were, according to one leader, "recordings plus. We make the record and also appear in person."

The coin machine movie is also a sure popularity barometer, for there can be no "packing the house," nor "papering" the juke box cinema. A claque, complete with squeals and howls, has little effect on the numbers which tell the story, inside the machine.

Band music is particularly suitable for the three-minute movies because of the conditions under which they are shown. Clients at such entertainment aren't lolling in padded theatre seats. They are perched on stools, hard chairs or benches, in favorite taverns and eating places, and the entertainment must "pull" against noise, light and interruptions.

Only the best in music holds the attention of audiences, many of whom have favorite drinks at one elbow and a favorite friend at the other.

The entertainment must be tailored to fit the mood of the customer, according to the experts who designed this diversion. Subtle, delicate story treatments get neither attention nor dimes, while cleverly arranged band music

seem to be just what the fun-seeking crowds are looking for.

With the fan close enough to pinch the pictured cheek of his favorite band leader, something special in presentation technique had to be developed. Screens are small and under ordinary conditions when the singer opened his mouth, it occupied the whole screen. A three minute sight-seeing tour among the tonsils of even a Sinatra might alienate his most rabid fans. Engineers and sound men worked months to overcome these and similar problems and the result was—the successful midget movie with the giant-size entertainment value.

From the "song delivery" angle of the entertainer, the problem of how best to get his personality across is similar to that in a night club. The performer is in intimate contact with his audience,—face-to-face delivery of entertainment. No audience was ever so close to a movie screen before and while the picture may be small, it **must** be perfect.

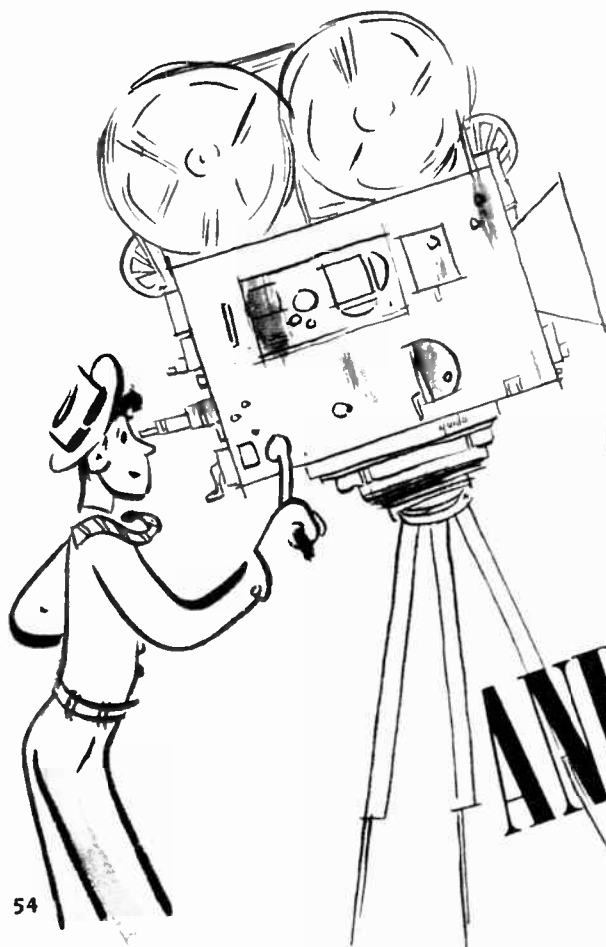
So exactly does the coin machine movie present what the artist has to offer, in person as well as performance, that movie companies are using these machines as testing grounds for new talent. Appearances on the new screen are more effective and more exacting than certain types of screen tests.

A list of the names of band leaders and artists who have
(Continued on page 65)



Frank Novak's Rootin' Tooters do one of their great hillbilly numbers for the coin machine movies.

Drop a dime in the slot and see and hear your favorite band! It's more than a fad—the Soundies are already an institution. These new three-minute films are appearing on coin machine movie boxes all over the country. You'll enjoy reading this informative story of how these miniature movies are made!



AND NOW IT'S
Soundies

ANOTHER SINATRA SUCCESS STORY

(Continued from page 15)

salary to bill me in huge letters as "SINATRA," and "RAY" in tiny letters.

I refused, of course.

When Frank was unknown it was pretty easy for me to get publicity. I had a press agent with a sense of humor who turned me into a male Dorothy Parker. Wherever I went, I mouthed hilarious quips which found their way into the Broadway columns of Winchell, Sobol, Lyons. Then a lull descended. Not a line for three weeks. One evening I walked into the Village Vanguard, a honey of a New York night club, and there was my press agent. I walked over to him and said, "Say, have I lost my sense of humor?" That gag manages to reappear every six months in some column.

When my pal, Richard Whorf (he's the glamorous Broadway producer), and I attended school together, we were always in Dutch. We wrote the school shows for Jersey City High. They were very risqué. Which is why we got expelled periodically. However, no one else could write the shows, and so the principal always reinstated us.

One of my first jobs was that of a pin boy in a Jersey bowling alley run by an ex-pugilist. He liked to give out with a violin and part of my job was to play duets with him. What a headache that was! Shortly thereafter, luck was with me—I managed to connect with Leo Reisman's top band.

There followed several theater dates, night club engagements and tiring one-nighters. Then I struck out on my own—as arranger and conductor.

And what are my ideas on music? Simply to entertain people with melodies that have a good beat. I believe that music shouldn't pendulum from sweet goo to pretentious orchestrations that sound like dishes being washed in a hash joint. I believe that music should above all be clear, inventive, bold and pungent. I believe that music should be played with a certain amount of improvisation. I try, whenever I am arranging a tune, to squeeze out all the richness there is in it.

I guess you could say that's my musical philosophy.

SING A SONG OF SIMMS

(Continued from page 16)

when she visited Mexico City.

"I stayed for weeks, loving the people, the climate, the sights, the music," Ginny said, "and probably would be there yet if I hadn't been recalled to Hollywood to start my current radio show."

Ginny's presentations are credited with making hits out of any number of songs, but the first tunes she ever introduced, via the movies, were "Happy Birthday to Love," and "I'm Fit To Be Tied." That was in the movie "That's Right, You're Wrong," in which she made her screen bow with Kay Kyser.

In "Broadway Rhythm," Ginny sings two old songs and introduces a new one, which she declares is a "cinch" to be a hit. It's a ballad called "Irresistible You," and it represents a decided change of pace for Don Raye and Gene de Paul who are responsible for such jump tunes as "Mr. Five by Five" and "Cow Cow Boogie."

"Yes," Ginny declared, "songs surely reveal your history—even your age, if you are one who insists upon being 'first with the latest'. But me," Ginny added with a chuckle. "I'm not like that. I like old things best!"

BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By Don Terrio

THERE'S a lot of difference between playing for a glitterspot crowd of a few hundred people a night and an audience of 70,000 to 80,000 a week. But the Chez Paree-Chicago Theater jump was taken in top stride by Lou Breese, who has increased his popular theater band to 18 men. "Outstanding problem with playing dance music," says Lou, "is that a tune must be visualized and given greater showmanship. The audience is 'watching' the number rather than merely listening."

"That guy sure gets up early to come down to his boat," said one Lincoln Park policeman to another recently. "Oh, that's Gay Claridge who plays at the Chez Paree . . . he's just getting home from work!" replied the other. Gay rebuilt his 36-foot Chris-Craft last winter, now goes to sleep on it every dawning in Belmont Harbor.

Stage billings at the Oriental Theater continue to feature a parade of top bands. Week of July 14th it's Will Osborne, followed by Ted Fio Rito. On August 4, Frankie Carle, former pianist with Horace Heidt, brings in his new band. Louis Prima's recently-recorded "Robin Hood" was played at the Oriental for its stage debut.

Chuck Foster, out of the Army, is the Blackhawk's new music-maker—and smooth sister-vocalist Gloria is with him once again. Chuck, made an honorary fire chief in New Orleans, credits the Oh Henry Ballroom in Willow Springs, southwest of Chicago, as one of his springboards to topmost band ranks. Now at Oh Henry is Johnny Kay. And at Robert's, in North Riverside, another spot catering to the western suburbs, Brad Smith's "Page 2 from a Letter" continues a house favorite.

Woody Herman packs up his clarinet and comely chirp Frances Wayne in the Hotel Sherman's Panther Room in mid-July, making way for Charlie

Spivak who stays until August 10. Irene Daye is the cheering eyeful and pleasant earful with trumpeter-man Spivak.

The Preview's doors were being well exercised a few months ago by crowds hastening to catch Billie Rogers, featured vocalist-trumpeter for 2½ years with Woody Herman, and her small group. Now Billie is making a strong bid for fame with a larger organization. She's the bright-eyed leader of a 13-man band, slated for Midwest dancing spots and theaters through the summer.

It's a July return—singing Eddy Howard into the Aragon ballroom and "Champagne Music" Lawrence Welk into its southern twin, the Trianon. The other day Eddy came dashing up to one of his boys. "I've got it! I've got it!" he exulted. "Got what?" asked the bandsman, envisioning a million-dollar contract. "Why, that long-stemmed addition to my pipe collection I've been looking for, of course!" replied Eddy, who now has over 300 varieties in his collection. Vivacious Jayne Walton, with Lawrence Welk, continues to popularize Spanish numbers. "You're a good neighbor policy at work, all by yourself," a dancer recently told her.

New band at the Hotel LaSalle's remodeled Pan American Room is Ralph Morrison. Jose Manzanares has retired from the show business and gone into the importing business. . . .

A word or two more about Gay Glaridge at the Chez Paree. After playing many college dates and for many successful weeks in the Merry Garden ballroom, Gay completely reworked his music library to create the softer type of night club music wanted at the Chez. He should be congratulated for doing such a swell job.

Pat Cameron, with Sonny Dunham, is one of the Panther Room's most favored 1944 vocalists.

That's all for now. Be seeing you next issue.



Earl Randall



Irene Daye



Billie Rogers



Chuck Foster

My Most Embarrassing Moment

SAYS SPIKE JONES: "During my Senior Year at Poly High School in Long Beach, California, I achieved my ambition of becoming Drum Major for the School's ninety piece Band. For weeks I rehearsed, keyed to concert pitch, and breathlessly awaited the Labor Day Parade. When my big moment arrived, I proudly "Assumed the position," and started the band



Spike Jones and His City Slickers

marching up the center of town. The excitement proved too much, however, for in my enthusiasm I gave the wrong signal. The band heeded and turned down Fourth Street while I marched on. It wasn't until several minutes later, when I glanced at my reflection in a store window (purely to admire myself, no doubt), that much to my embarrassment I found that I not only was strutting badly, but was entirely sans band. It was a deflated Drum Major who finally caught up with the band—and finished—marching along at the end of the parade!"

**BUY
WAR
BONDS!**

INVITATION TO GENIUS (Continued from page 13)

About this time Eddie began that renowned and honorable career as solo pianist and arranger for Billie Holliday, with whom he made such records as "Solitude," "Georgia On My Mind" and "Let's Do It."

Currently Eddie is a fixture at Cafe Society Downtown and, when asked about his plans for the future, he asserted that he'd wait and see what happened.

"I've been so busy playing and arrangin' here that I've had little time to think about anything else."

While playing his hands move with the speed of light. As evidence of his skill as arranger he offers his completely perfect performance of "Begin the Beguine" which never fails to arouse the customers to such frenzy that plates are banged on the table until they're broken.

Heywood's recording of "Begin the Beguine" was an event long anticipated by jazz masters and students everywhere.

As proof of his discrimination in selecting colleagues for "the biggest little band in town" he offers such instrumentalists as Adolphus Cheatham, trumpet; Lem Davis, alto sax; Vic Dickerson, trombone; Al Lucas, bass; and Jack Parker on the drums, not to mention himself as leader and pianist.

The proof of his ability as composer has yet to be offered to the public, but such eminent authorities as Leopold Stokowski are waiting for it eagerly, meanwhile making such flat statements as "among the best of the modern pianists," and such predictions as "the next Duke Ellington."

Eddie has a few set ideas about composing and arranging, and pointed out that no matter what the improvisations and extra added effects may be in any given arrangement, the strain of the melody must always be in there in recognizable form.

"They pay me to make records," remarked Eddie, "but my Daddy's records are really valuable items today, and he often paid out his own money to get 'em made. I remember 'Love Me and the World is Mine,' 'I've Got a Do Right

Daddy Now' and 'Decatur Street Blues.'"

The recordings of the senior Heywood are in the collections of John Hammond and Art Hodes, as well as in the Heywood home where Eddie often listens to his "Daddy's" recordings for reasons of sentiment as well as instruction.

At home in Brooklyn Eddie is a "fixer." "I just love to take electrical things apart and put them together again," he confessed with a broad grin.

"And do they work?" "Generally they do," he answered, "and if they don't we can always call the electrician."

"It all started," he recalled "when my wife's iron broke one day. She thought I ought to be able to fix it and I did, although I never studied anything about electrical things. I enjoyed it so much, I go home hopin' that somethin' else has broken while I've been gone."

Eddie likes steaks, but if he had his way he'd live on rice, plain boiled rice with butter. He's foiled in making this an exclusive diet by his wife who insists on vegetables and green things with every plate of his favorite food. She has never, however, been able to make him like, or even tolerate, parsnips.

Ellington's and Spivak's ("man I love that trumpet") bands rate highest with Eddie, and he names Billie Holliday and Helen Forrest as his favorite girl vocalists. In the Crosby-Sinatra contest, he's for Crosby, even though his co-worker and partner, Billie Holliday, did teach and influence young Frankie.

The public listens to an Eddie Heywood performance with wild delight, and the dignified judges wait with perfect confidence for the original contributions of Eddie Heywood, composer, only 29, of whose work the authorities have already said, "modern music is going where Eddie Heywood is going."

Eddie's an amateur astrologer, in a sceptical kind of a way, and his success is all marked out in the stars.

"I'd get where I'm goin' a whole lot faster," he said "if only I had time to follow the instructions and take advantage of the good and bad signs."

HOME OF THE HEPCATS (Continued from page 21)

have danced an average of six nights out of seven at the "Pally," since it opened.

Madelyne's an aircraft worker, Johnny a railroader. They'd hate to guess how many thousand miles they've danced over the Palladium's 16,000 square feet of dance floor. Swell dancers, they've won several contests, appeared in the Glenn Miller pic, "Orchestra Wives."

Their favorite bands are J. D., T. D., B. G., Harry James, Woody Herman and Abe Lyman. They were the third couple to win the Palladium's feature, "Sweetheart Night," in which a couple were designated as "sweethearts of the evening." The girl got a diamond ring, and the couple were guests of the house.

Johnny and Madelyne have been around for all the big events already mentioned, and others like the Yankee Doodle Ball (when four bands, Harry James, Spike Jones, Teddy Powell and Dale Jones played) and the many openings, when opening of a new band brings out a parade of celebrities from here to there.

To date Charlie Spivak holds the opening night record, Harry James the record for a single engagement.

When Woody Herman introduced "Palladium," the tune written about the "Pally" by Bobby Worth, who got his inspiration while dancing there and teamed with Ray Gilbert on the tune, Johnny and Madelyne heard the sendoff.

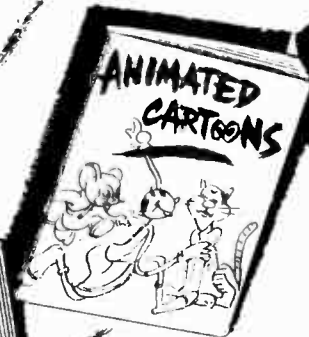
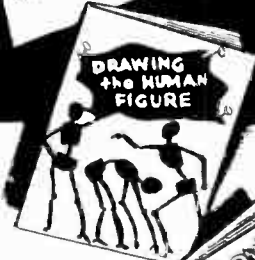
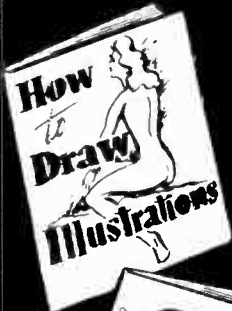
They also are hep to the fact that Johnny Mercer's "GI Jive," was inspired one night, while Mercer sat at a Palladium ringside table, watching a bunch of GI's jive.

They also read religiously "Palladium Life," magazine published by the "Pally." When the sensational movie "Hollywood Palladium," now being planned, hits the screen, it's a safe bet Madelyne and Johnny will be in it, with the flock of name bands being lined up.

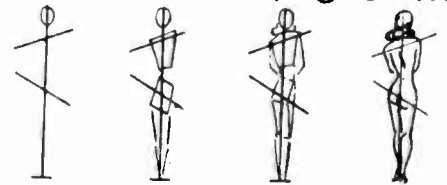
And that is as it should be, for Johnny and Madelyne are typical of the countless, ardent band fans who nightly jam the place that reeks of glamor, romance and musical quintessence . . . that home of the hepcats—the Hollywood Palladium.

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Dick Gilbert

FIRST and foremost on our list of recommended records are these 2 Dix recordings by Dick Gilbert and Ray Gonzales and his orchestra: "Maruschka" backed by "I'm Crazy For You," and "The Thrill Of A New Romance" coupled with "Take It Easy." Dick is that ever popular Emcee on New York's Station WHN, who has attracted quite a following with his unique presentation of records. Instead of just playing the records, Dick sings along with them. Incidentally, "Maruschka" was originally recorded by Baron Elliot and his ork on a Musicraft label under the title of "Vos Zokt Eer."



Red River Dave

WHAT bids fair to be the next outstanding hillbilly success after "There's A Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," is "I'd Like To Give My Dog To Uncle Sam" as recorded by Red River Dave, on a Savoy platter. It's a natural follow-up to the "Banner" hit.



Blue Barron

BLUE Barron's orchestra under the direction of Tommy Ryan, makes its debut with a terrific recording of "Don't Sweetheart Me." This little ditty originally started out as a hillbilly favorite, but has now advanced into the popular field where it seems destined for the best selling list. Tommy Ryan, if you didn't already know it, is Sammy Kaye's ex-vocalist, who took over Blue Barron's band, while Blue went to work for his Uncle Sam. This ork makes for very smooth listening and their records are highly recommended.



Charlie Barnet

THERE'S a new issue by RCA-Victor that has great possibilities because of two top flight artists together on one record. The two sides are "Good For Nothin' Joe" and "Haunted Town." This is the Barnet of "Cherokee" days, and the work done on these recordings is excellent. Lena Horne does a nice job on the vocals.



Dick Haymes

THE Columbia Recording Co. has come up with a real piperoo, the hit tune from a "Guy Named Joe" entitled "I'll Get By." It's superbly done by Dick Haymes and has Harry James' band for the musical background. The other side features the band doing "Flatbush Flanagan," one of Harry's original jump recordings for Columbia.

Waking Wise



Johnnie Johnston

NOMINATED for the swooner hit parade is Johnnie Johnston's recording of "Irresistible You," the feature song from the picture "Broadway Rhythm." If this record is any criterion, we'd say that it should afford much competition for Frankie, Dick and Perry. The reverse side is a tune we like very much, "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year" written by Frank Loesser, especially the way Johnnie Johnston sings it. The music is ably handled by Paul Weston and his orchestra.



Jan Garber

RADIO Station WOR makes its bow to the record industry by introducing a new disc labeled "Feature" and as the name suggests, featuring top tunes by top bands. The initial releases are by Jan Garber and his band. The tunes are "Once Too Often," "I Love You," "Long Ago And Far Away" and finally "People Will Say We're In Love." WOR has some of the finest recording studios in the world at its disposal, and has spared no expense in making these records as good as it's humanly possible to do so.



Frankie Carle

FRANKIE Carle and his Girl Friends." That's the title of Carle's newest, and we think best album of the three that he has released for Columbia. His "Girl Friends" include, Ida, Liza, Diane, Charmaine, Rose-Marie, Josephine, Margie and Louise. Frankie has that certain touch that's stamping him as one of the outstanding popular ivory men today. The success of his new band is due greatly to his inimitable keyboard wizardry. Here's to more and better releases by Frankie Carle.



Paul Whiteman

IT looks as if Decca has stolen a march on its competitors by recording the original music from some of the biggest musical hits on Broadway. I recommend especially the album of Pop's recording of Rhapsody In Blue. So long. See you all next issue.

HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

(Continued from page 37)

For The Boys," also did songs for Dick Haymes in "Four Jills and a Jeep," and tunes for The Voice in R-K-O's "Higher And Higher." Tuners for crooners? . . . COLUMBIA—Hal McIntyre's stint in "Eadie Was A Lady" is first of three commitments handsome Hal has for Col. . . . Kay Kyser and gang in "Battleship Blues." The Navy with a southern accent . . . And, ummmmm, Ina Ray Hutton gives with the music and glamor in "Beauty For Sale." . . . MONOGRAM—Cute Connie Haines and Freddy Rich band handle musical chores in "Wave, Wac and Marine."

ADD SWINGONYS—"Jive and Ten," a taxi dancehall.

VISITED Jack Teagarden on set of "Twilight On The Prairie," at Universal. Jack grabs musical, acting and comedy honors in this pic about a dance band stranded on a Western ranch . . . That solid Teagarden horn comes on for musical kicks in Jack's original, "The Blues," and in one scene, for laughs, Big T rattles a cow . . . Jack also did sound track for a Walter Lantz cartoon "The King Of Polaroo," featuring a tram-playing walrus (no cracks) . . . Gabbing between takes, I learned Jack was once a college lecturer. 'Nofoolin.' It seems he played a college prom, once, and the profs, discovering Jack is an expert on steam engines (his hobby), invited him to lecture on the subject . . .

CHIRP CHATTER—Lina Romay signed for acting roles by M-G-M . . . Betty Hutton cutting platters (her first) for Capitol . . . Ella Mae Morse solid with "Pigfoot Pete" in the Olsen-Johnson comedy "The Ghost Catchers." . . . Connie Haines tagged "One-take Haines" at Universal for her perfect work before cameras in "Twilight On The Prairie." . . . Anita O'Day joined Stan Kenton to get back on the solid kick . . .

IMPORTANT READING—Movie Scripter Vincent McHugh knows his jazz. His book, "I Am Thinking Of My Darling," has occasional references to such jazzmen as Rappolo, Tesch, Muggs, Duke, Louis, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee—and a nicely done chapter on a Harlem jam session . . .

SIX YEARS SURROUNDED by "the most beautiful girls in the world" has been the pleasant lot of Manny Strand, Earl Carroll band leader. He still has three sidemen (George Hill, Ward Archer, Lou Gelsin) from the group with which he opened the popular theatre-restaurant . . . Manny is doing film work, too, scoring several Universal flickers and RCM "Soundies." . . . Made a date with him to reminisce about times when I first met him, when he was directing ace Tracy-Brown orchestra . . . Hope none of those beauteous gals interfere with our gabfest—hey, WHAT am I saying? . . .

TUNETYPES—Hoagy Carmichael is two song writers in the WB pic "To Have And Have Not." That's not double talk—Hoagy wrote the tune "How Little We Know" for the flicker, then acted role of song writer before the cameras . . . Edward Cherkose and Jacques Press had the same idea at Monogram—They wrote ditties for "Wave, Wac and Marine," then landed parts in the pic . . . Has any tunesmith beaten Johnny Mercer's record of cleffing a tune in 30 minutes?

(Continued from preceding page)

MORE ABOUT BAND PIX—Sammy Kaye's "Song Of The Open Road" has scenes depicting the inside of movie studios . . . Freddie Slack and band in U's "Merrily We Sing," and at the same lot, Matty Malneck added a short, "Springtime Parade" to list of musical featurettes made by top bands at Universal. Matty's original, "Sighted Sub, Sank Same," has featured spot in the short . . . Bob Crosby, sans band, did role in Universal's "Singing Sheriff," followed by leads in Columbia's "Kansas City Kitty," and "Meet Miss Bobby Socks." . . . The cats are aching for the day that new Glenn Miller contract with 20th Century-Fox starts . . .

PERSONALITIES IN PIZZICATO—Bob Mohr premiered "When I Listen To A Love Song," tune clefted by Moez Britton (wife of actor Alan Dinehart), at Palladium . . . Small jam band headed by Hal Foreman at Hollywood USO clubs solid with Servicemen . . . Master Platter Spinner Al Jarvis hosting a mob of top band leaders on his Mutual Network "Downbeat Derby." . . . Jack Howard, ex-band manager, joined Barton Music, Sinatra's tune firm . . . Kirby Grant, who gets billing as a band leader in "Ghost Catchers" isn't one, but when hepchicks dig him singing "Blue Candlelight," they'll wish he was . . .

HOT HOLLYWOOD TIP—Look for a top band leader to fluff big airshow, 'cause the guy loves to play and radio contracts are too confining . . . **AND LOOK FOR** me come next issue.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

(Continued from page 3)

band features three rhythm, one trumpet and two tenor horns—which is really something different in jazz circles. . . .

HARRY JAMES will have returned to Hollywood by the time you read these lines, after winding up commitments in the East. Wife BETTY GRABLE coupled with that California climate are far more appealing than the most lucrative theater and hotel dates that the East can offer. . . . HAL MCINTYRE is set for another moom picture at Columbia. . . .

Best news lately was that ANITA O'DAY, with GENE KRUPA and one of the few gals who can really sing jazz, is back in the swing business. She joined STAN KENTON's band, as did DAVE MATTHEWS, the terrific tenor saxist. . . .

DAVE ALLYN, who still bears the marks of wounds received during the African invasion, is singing with BOB CHESTER's band. DAVE was released from the Army because of his injuries. . . .

Jazz fans who remember the old RED NICHOLS band are in for a kick when that trumpeter revives his Five Pennies. Genial Glen Gray has given Red an o.k. to build the Pennies again, plunging to



Woody Herman and Ben Webster on a record date with Decca.

feature them as a band-within-the-Casa Loma orch. . . . Band leader JUSTIN STONE, turned song writer, has written a beautiful ballad called "Lonely Serenade." It'd make a fine theme for some band. . . . GENE KRUPA will be working with his own band by the time you read this, if present plans work out. . . .

Now that baritone HARRY COOL has hit the success brackets in his own right (over CBS), Columbia records is planning to re-issue a number of discs that HARRY made with DICK JURGENS' band. . . . EARLE WARREN, featured saxist and singer with COUNT BASIE's band, is organizing his own outfit.

RANDY BROOKS, star trumpeter with LES BROWN's band, is expected to form a large orchestra of his own. BROWN'S boys, by the way, are creating a sensation at the Hotel Pennsylvania with their smashing arrangement of "Bizet Has His Day." . . . KITTY KALLEN replaced HELEN WARD as vocalist with HARRY JAMES' band. . . . ART HODES (the jazz record columnist for *Band Leaders Magazine*) is fronting a hot trio at Jimmy Ryan's 52nd St. club in Manhattan. Two other jazz greats are working with Art—clarinetist MILT MEZZKOW and drummer DANNY ALVIN. . . .

TED LEWIS is featuring two of the most famous jazz men in the business.

GEORGE BRUNIS, trombonist extraordinary, and trumpeter MUGGSY SPANIER are starred by LEWIS on his current theater tour. . . .



Lionel Hampton and that player of many instruments, Earl Bostic.

Song writer JOHNNY MERCER takes over the FRED WARING show for the summer and band leader PHIL HARRIS is subbing for KAY KYSER on the air-waves. It's KAY's first vacation from the ether for almost seven years. . . .

Plenty of good swing is being recorded these days that we civilians don't get to hear. Servicemen overseas are being supplied exclusively with "V" discs made by the country's top bands. Among others, BENNY GOODMAN, GLENN MILLER, COUNT BASIE, RED NORVO, TEDDY WILSON and LOUIS JORDAN are waxing jive for the fighting troops. . . . GEORGE PAXTON, the arranger who created INA RAY HUTTON's band style, is the latest to try his luck as a band leader. He opened at the Palomar ballroom in Virginia. . . . DICK HAYMES has clicked so well in pictures that he's a good bet to become a big star—and on the basis of his acting charm as well as his voice. . . . HARRY GIBSON, the 52nd St. boogie-woogie sensation, has been signed for picture work. He'll do some shorts and a Columbia feature film. . . .

A jazz classic "must" for your record collection is Bobby Hackett's cornet solo on "Embraceable You." It's number 4877 on the Okeh label. . . . BOYD RAEBURN is organizing a vocal quartet for his band. They'll sing as a section of the band as



Bob Chester

well as being featured on vocals. . . . RAYMOND SCOTT's CBS crew has started doing one-night jumps for the first time. Look for it to play a date in your neighborhood. . . .

LIONEL HAMP-TON, one of the greatest showman as well as a perfect instrumentalist, has come up with what is really a new twist. The HAMP is planning to play a knockout boogie woogie number on his vibes to get his stage shows opened with a bang. . . .

BOB ALLEN sounds even better singing with TOMMY DORSEY's band than he did when he was batoning a crew of his own.

You'll have to keep it under your hat, but the guys who wrote "Mairzy Doats" are plotting a sequel that will make the zany "Mairzy" seem positively sensible by comparison. . . . That's the word for the moment but if you want a last minute hot tip, save a good space in your band leader and vocalist scrapbook for the next cover on *Band Leaders Magazine*. It's a lulu!

DICK DODGE

DRUMS . . .



Sidney Catlett
in his heart
By E. Freeman

THE big man sat on the tiny stage, a red velvet curtain behind him, beating the skins in an ever rising tempo. The rhythms got involved; we were breathless at the pace, but the man sat easily and his calm face betrayed none of the passion of the drums.

"Smooth, isn't he?" commented the young Naval officer at the next table with his girl, while Sidney Catlett rolled the drums at New York's famous nightery, the 3 Deuces Club. And if only one adjective were allowed to be used in describing this sensational drummer, it is "smooth"!

Catlett reminded me of Joe Louis. The calmness, I mean; and I mentioned it to him.

"Joe work's kinda different, though," he murmured.

Anyway, I still felt there was a similarity—the feeling of power, the poker face, the seriousness they both have.

Four years after Sidney was born (in Evansville, Indiana, on January 17, 1910) he had to be reprimanded for tapping his feet beneath the dinner table. Though how he reached the floor he didn't say. Maybe it was a table scaled to his size. On warm evenings, he remembers, when the family gathered on the porch, he would hum a tune and drum the arms of his chair. At the dinner table, at school, even in the Indiana twilight, Sidney had rhythm and it always came out.

At sixteen his parents gave in, bought him a set of drums and let him take lessons. His only real ally was his uncle, who played the piano, and being musical, encouraged Sidney—who was even then very serious. So the practicing began, and still goes on: through the years that followed Catlett and his drums have beaten out rhythm for dance halls and night

clubs in every state of the Union. It's no wonder that Catlett, still quite young, has become a legendary drummer.

When he plays, his 6-foot-1-inch, broad-shouldered form shivers to the rhythm of his drum-tattooing. And man, it gets to be fast—a case of the hand being quicker than the eye. You can't even see how he does it. The rhythm's always sure, subtle and almost whispering at times, then it rises to a dramatic crescendo. He twirls his sticks, chews a wad of gum and makes calm and easy comments to the members of his outfit. But his audience takes it differently; letting themselves go, stamping their feet, clinking silver: on glasses and slapping the tables in accompaniment to the torrid drum beats.

"Do you mind audience participation?" we asked him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Doesn't make any difference to me as long as they keep in time!"

It is this shoulder-shrugging attitude that has boosted Sidney Catlett from small dance halls in Kansas and Maine to an engagement at Downtown Cafe Society in New York, where he was hailed by audiences and critics alike. It was there that admirers urged him to form his own band and strike out for himself. So Catlett shrugged again, got three other musicians and an engagement at The 3 Deuces.

"Between times," he says, "I'd just like to get in as much swimming and ball playing as I can. Those are the things I miss. The drums buried them for a good long time, and I'd kinda like to catch up."

Catlett does all his practicing away from home, "being happily married and wanting to remain that way."

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In The GROOVE

Last issue we started this column, with the name "Bulletin Board"—but henceforth it will be known as "In The Groove"—which seems more lively, really means something, and gives us a better chance for an informal chat.

* * * * *

A new supply of our "Address List" is now on hand, to take care of the overwhelming flood of requests. Since we are unable to supply photos ourselves except in rare cases, your best bet for getting recent photos of your favorites is to write them direct—and our "Address List" brings you the names and current addresses of leading band leaders, instrumentalists and vocalists. While it took a lot of time and expense to compile this list, you can have it without charge. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to: Service Department 944, BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Since Sally, the charming girl who had charge of our Service Department, has left us to marry her good-looking Air Corps corporal, her staff of assistants is struggling to carry on while she's away—so please be sure to enclose the stamped, addressed envelope and make it easier for them!

* * * * *

You're probably wondering what's in store for you next issue. Well, George Weaver, our Art Director, had me running all over Chicago a few weeks ago to complete arrangements so we could bring you a swell cover photo of band leader Ade Leonard . . . Harold Hersey, Editor-in-Chief, is out of this world about the lead feature—exclusive pictures and the life story of Louis Armstrong—and, girls, a full-page four-color, pin-up picture of FRANK SINATRA will positively appear! Incidentally, please note that the next number is dated November—on sale about October 1st. There is no October-dated issue. Just as soon as more paper becomes available for civilians, we'll publish BAND LEADERS every month—until then, we'll have to get along with one issue every other month.

* * * * *

Incidentally, both HARRY JAMES and FRANK SINATRA have been good enough to permit us to give one of their pictures with each new subscription for BAND LEADERS. The photos are 8" x 10" glossy prints, suitable for framing. You can have either one by sending \$1.00 (Canada \$1.50) for an 8-issue subscription. Make sure you let us know which one you want! If you want both pictures, send us \$2.00 (Canada \$3.00) for a 16-issue subscription, and request both photos. Address your order to: BAND LEADERS, Department 944, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

* * * * *

Have you heard any of our radio broadcasts? Dick Gilbert on WHN, New York City—Martin Block on WNEW, New York City—Bill Baldwin on KGO, San Francisco—and others have been going to town for BAND LEADERS recently. And, Harold Hersey sure lost a lot of sleep when he was interviewed by Steve Ellis of WOR, New York City, on his "Man in the Moon" program at 3 a.m.!

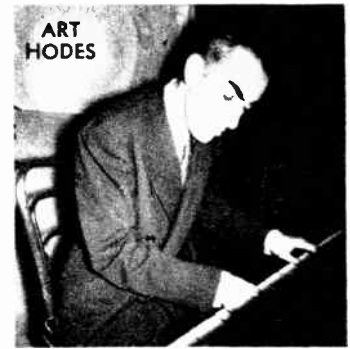
* * * * *

Vivian, the fair young lady in charge of subscription fulfillment, tells me that we still have a few January, March, May and July issues of BAND LEADERS on hand. While they last, you may obtain them at 15¢ a copy. If your order arrives too late, we'll send you forthcoming issues in place of the back numbers requested—or extend your subscription—as the case may be.

* * * * *

That's all for this issue—I'll be back in the groove with you October 1st!
Your publisher,
J. J. HARDIE

THE Jazz RECORD



JAZZ was born in New Orleans, grew up in Chicago, and aged in New York City. In 1917, when the Secretary of State closed most of the places that furnished work for jazz musicians, the boys with spirit migrated elsewhere to Chicago, and in 1929 when the depression hit the country and jazz music flew out the window, the hot men made a bee line for New York City.

It was about then that I was learning about "the real jazz". Wingy Mannone, the one-armed trumpet man from New Orleans, who'd rather play than eat (at that time) discovered me pounding away in a Chicago dive—we used to call those places "upholstered sewers." There followed a two years' education in jazz that I shall never forget. We became inseparable. We lived for our music. The first one to awake would start the vic going—music by Louis Armstrong's Hot Five—that kept up while we dressed and got out of the house.

Our days were spent with musicians who belonged to our world—Armstrong, Carrol Dickerson's band at the Savoy, Krupa, Freeman, Johnny Dodds, Frank Teschmacher, King Oliver—so many more of the greatest jazz men of all time were our companions. Is it any wonder that the real jazz has stayed with me—inside of me—and will always be a part of me?

Long after Wingy, Tesch, Louis Armstrong and the rest had left Chicago for better pickings, I was still hanging around getting more education in jazz right from the source, listening to blues pianists, putting my nickels into the electric player pianos, haunting the various joints, going anywhere and everywhere that my music was being played, listening day in and day out to Hersal Thomas, Pine Top Smith, James P. Johnson recordings, all piano greats; absorbing all I could, playing anywhere with anyone that could play. Finally I too made that New York trek.

In 1938, when I'd arrived here, jazz

music could still be heard here and there. But there was a difference. This was business. Everyone jockeying for position. Now the boys were playing for keeps—money, reputation, publicity, things we never considered before were now the main factors—our new gods. Jazz that had come up the Mississippi River was being sold down the river by those who owed it the greatest debt.

But the late 30's ushered in a ray of light, a new hope. An audience appeared that wanted the old stuff. Records began to be reissued—Muggsy Spanier and his ragtime band gave jazz that much needed shot in the arm. Books appeared on the market—well written books. Take for example "The Jazz Record Book." Four people helped write it—Charles Edward Smith, Fred Ramsey, Bill Russell and C. P. Rogers. They take you down to New Orleans and show you how jazz first grew up. Then Chicago, the blues, boogie woogie—but most important of all, they tell you about the great records that were made. This book is an education in jazz. You'll meet James P. Johnson, who is one of the best pianists of all time, and you'll read about one of his many recordings, titled "Carolina Shout." Naturally you'll want to hear it. And of course it wouldn't be available. But don't be disappointed. James P. Johnson has left his story on wax and some of it is still available. The Blue Note Record Company has cut eight sides by him. Of these my favorite is "Mule Walk." Man, that to me is two-fisted piano playing. Don't forget James P. was born in 1894 and this is 1944! Johnson really beats it out!

Well, let's call it a day. Thanks for the many letters. Keep 'em rolling at me. Be sure to enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope. I've just got a fresh supply of ink and I'm in a writin' mood. Be seeing you.

Art Hodes

CONDUCTOR

TAKING A SWING AT SWING (Continued from page 39)

The government of Monte Carlo then claimed the leader for the world-renowned Sporting Club, where state officials, artists, princes reigning, deposed and just waiting around, found common delight in Reisman's American arrangements.

The Reisman orchestra has cradled many of the present-day popular greats, who graduated to secure personal fame under their own names. The alumni include Artie Shaw, both Dorseys, Eddie Duchin, Benny Goodman and Johnny Green.

In any study of popular music it is soon evident that whatever angle is mentioned, Leo Reisman is among the first. He was one of the pioneer band leaders on radio. It was he who originated the idea of using violins with a jazz orchestra. His band was the first and certainly most successful in an all-time way as "the" band for society parties.

The small and portable type of radio was first envisioned by the practical Reisman, who saw no reason for the ornate dust-catchers of the late Twenties.

Born in Boston, Leo Reisman began the study of the violin at the age of 10, and at 12 was working as a song plugger in a music store. From there he went to the Bijou Dream Theatre as "Boy Soloist."

A scholarship made it possible for him to study at the New England Conservatory of Music, and thereafter he studied days and worked nights.

At 17 he was leading his own band, and at 18 he was first violinist in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Before he was 20 he had decided to go in for dance music in a big way and was leading bands in Boston hotels. At one time there were 16 Reisman-trained bands on the road under his sponsorship.

Jerome Kern has pronounced his music the finest of its kind. In Paris, Darius Milhaud, member of the musical group "The Six," set the European stamp of approval on his work. Charles Martin Loeffler, celebrated composer, wrote for and dedicated to Mr. Reisman his famous "Clowns." Gilbert Seldes included him in his well-known book, "The Seven Lively Arts."

Leo Reisman looks like a musician; he has the hair for it—black, wavy and bushy. He owns a summer home in Cohasset, Mass., built around a door he discovered and bought while wandering around New York's Greenwich Village. His hobbies are architecture and his collection of rare musical instruments. One of his favorite stage personalities is that present-day, smash-hit old-time performer, Ted Lewis.

Leo doesn't smoke or drink, and he hates pretentiousness and being pushed around in crowds. He hopes some day to conduct a symphony orchestra, and wants to play with and lead a picked group of musicians in interpreting a new form of music—yet to be designed.

MUSIC MASTER

(Continued from page 27)

is often to the swiftest and the loudest. There must be some extra incentive to direct attention to what you have to offer. Good music is the main consideration, of course, but you'll get lost in the shuffle if you're not ballyhooed properly.

"Selecting your men is of first importance. These instrumentalists must possess other entertaining qualities besides fine musicianship. It's best, I think, to strive to obtain men who can sing, compose music, arrange orchestrations, devise musical novelties.

"Careful selections of songs help immeasurably to bring a band to the front. Although they had swell bands all the time, Tommy Tucker, Benny Goodman, Ted Lewis, were helped to fame by 'I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire,' 'Stompin' At the Savoy,' and 'When My Baby Smiles At Me.' As for myself, I make a low bow to 'Nola'."

So there you have it straight from the shoulder of Vincent Lopez who has aided more than one band leader on the rocky road to popularity.

When queried on this point, Mr. Lopez modestly remarked, "I tried to give them practical hints. If you have talent and a great capacity for absorbing setbacks, you may scale the heights one of these days. It's a tough climb but the air at the top is certainly grand."

Thus spake Vincent Lopez, that man in a million who, after two decades of musical fame, has but one regret. He sometimes wishes he could go out in the park and play baseball once and awhile, the way he used to do back in those good-old, no-account days before his hands were insured.



"Mind if I cut in or you'll be sorry."

for the ONE MAN IN 9 WHO HAS A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR



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62 —Art Hughes

2 apologies are in order for not giving Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer credit for the full-color picture of Xavier Cugat in our July issue.

CORRECTION PLEASE!

MASTER EMCEE (Continued from page 41)

off, lock, stock, and barrel for the land of movie stars.

In Hollywood I had another morning record show, made a few trailers for one of the larger movie outfits, but wasn't happy.

I was fed up when I got a call one day from the Blue Network, saying there was a special events job open at KGO, San Francisco. That was over two years ago. Last year, we were lucky enough to be presented with "Variety" magazine's award for outstanding special events of major Wartime significance. Out of 52 Coast-to-Coast broadcasts from my office 32 were exclusive to the Blue, everything, from speaking from the bottom of San Francisco Bay in a diving suit, to doing a dogfight and calling the shots sitting in one of the planes performing the event, was included... and the record shows—two a day, five days a week.

But it's my show you wanted to hear about: Bill's Night Club Of The Air. We feature a different name band each night with outstanding band personalities as guests. The crowd noise is there through the entire show, applause, interviews with guests.

I go to the movie capital every eight weeks and record an average of 20 sides of interviews and match them into the show. We play up the angle that we are the only club in town that has no cover charge nor a minimum charge but still has the finest bands and vocalists in the world.

The show caught on—people firmly believe it's real. The night I had Frank Sinatra on, 122 women were in the lobby of our studios waiting to see him, and when the page boy told them it was recorded they almost wrecked the place.

So, maybe all these nine years in radio, being thrown together with America's finest musicians and band leaders is going to pay off. It's fun working with them, and without these fellows, my show wouldn't be worth a darn. I want to thank them here and now...

Well, I hope this does the trick and again thanks very much for doing me the honor of asking for my autobiography. Good luck to you and to *Band Leaders Magazine*.

Thanks again, Mr. Hersey,
BILL BALDWIN,
KGO-Blue Network Co., Inc.
San Francisco, California.

I GREW UP WITH JAZZ (Continued from page 33)

believe it or not, I never did hear it! I made a picture with Fats, after I moved to Hollywood to live. He was a great guy, loved by all musicians. He certainly is missed.

Hollywood has given me the opportunity to play that good jazz that I grew up with. With my own band at various night spots; with Scatman Crothers; on record dates with the Capitol Jazzmen, and over the air.

One of the biggest kicks I ever had was playing the "Jubilee" broadcast with Jack Teagarden, Olivette Miller, Ida

James, Billie Heywood, Cliff Allen, Ernie Whitman and Major Meredith Wilson's band, which NBC shortwaved overseas.

And the Orson Welles broadcasts really brought true New Orleans jazz to Hollywood. I really get my kicks playing the solid stuff with New Orleans cats like Mutt Carey, Kid Ory, Bud Scott, Buster Wilson, Eddie Garland and the late Jimmy Noone whose death saddened us all.

Yes, I grew up with the honest-to-goodness jazz and I've been beating it out most of my life. And, man, I want to be at those skins, rocking a band when old Gabe blows that silver horn.



"I can't tonight, Aluc, I'm spending the evening with Harry James."

THE VOICE OF JAZZ (Continued from page 49)

Condon. "This was actually a suitcase with crumpled paper strapped on the outside and was played with a whiskbroom. Now and then Josh kicked it for drum effects. You could set up on a domino and we played theatres, society parties, the Stork Club and such spots.

"Billy Leeds, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Gloria Swanson and Jimmy Cromwell all performed on that suitcase at one time or another.

"I wasn't with them when the Blowers went to England but I heard how Red taught the present Duke of Windsor how to Charleston in the kitchen of a castle where the Blowers went to entertain for a party. They got around."

In the last ten years Eddie has been seen and heard in the city clubs where the elite of jazz gathered for nightly rites. He's been picking up more and more discriminating notices until, in recent years, whenever Condon talks it's news.

"La musica Americana" is what the Italians call jazz, and, according to Virgil Thomson, enlightened critic, composer and Condon enthusiast, "the improvising of it—by our greatest instrumental virtuosos under Eddie Condon's direction," provided Thomson with the "most absorbing musical experience" he has had in years.

The Boston Herald informed its readers that Eddie is "generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest guitarists in jazz," although this is one of the items

that Eddie never mentions. He talks plenty, but little about Condon personally and much about jazz and other jazz musicians.

Men in the armed forces enjoy Eddie's music by way of V-disc records and the Government makes use of "any concerts of jazz groups which Mr. Condon may assemble."

Television knows Condon, and the O.W.I. wants sets of Condon recordings for overseas broadcasts because he is "an excellent representative of American music."

At home, when not answering the telephone, pacing the floor, sitting down and getting up, or talking with co-sponsor Ernest Anderson, Mr. Condon admires his eight-month-old baby daughter, Miss Maggie McGraw Condon. Maggie admires right back at him, but in a reserved and detached sort of way. Eddie is married to Phyllis Reay Condon, advertising copy writer.

As for any deathless or pontifical statements concerning the future of jazz, or critical comparisons between Chicago, New Orleans, New York or commercial methods of playing same, Mr. Condon says briefly: "If the playing is good, it's good; if it's bad, it isn't jazz."

As we go to press, the great guitarist is starting his own new program on the Blue net work. Good luck, Eddie! And because your playing is good we know it's the real McCoy in jazz!

AND NOW IT'S SOUNDIES (Continued from page 54)

appeared in New York—produced coin machine movies include such top-flight performers as Cab Calloway, Bob Chester, Gene Krupa, Les Hite, Mitchell Ayres, Johnny Long, Herbie Kay, Alvino Rey, Del Casino, Lucky Millinder, Count Basie, Dave Schooler, Fats Waller, Noro Morales, Charlie Spivak, Tony Pastor, Claude Thornhill, Shep Fields, Will Bradley, Van Alexander, Teddy Powell, Johnny Mess-

ner, Frank Novak, Gracie Barrie, and the Korn Kobblers.

Other leaders who may be seen in the three-minute shows are Jimmy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Joe Reichman, Ray Noble, Gray Gordon, Eddy Howard, Erskine Hawkins, Sonny Dunham, Louis Armstrong, Ozzie Nelson, Ray Kinney, Ted Fio Rito, and Bobby Sherwood.



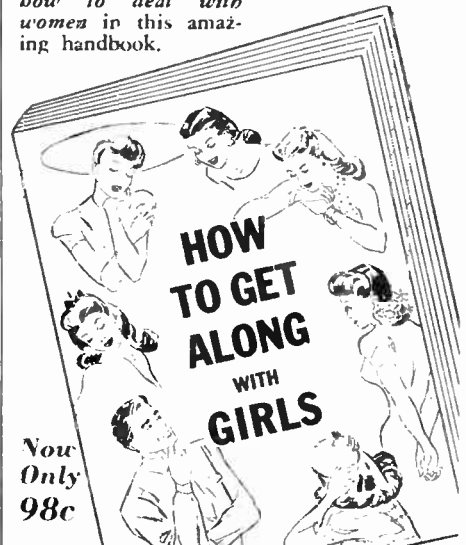
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Mrs. Jones has given up all unnecessary spending for the duration. By doing *without*—she is helping to fight inflation.

Maybe she doesn't know all the complicated theories about inflation. But she does know that her government has asked her *not to spend*.

So Mrs. Jones is making all the old things do... not only that teacup. She's wearing her clothes for another year—and another. She's not competing with her neighbors for merchandise of any sort.

And the dollars she's not spending now are safely put away (and earning interest) for the peacetime years ahead. *Then* those dollars will buy things that can't be had for any price today.

If we all are like Mrs. Jones, there will be no

inflation with skyrocket prices. If we all are like her, dangerous Black Markets cannot exist.

A chipped teacup stands for all that . . . for a *sound, secure U. S. A.*

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3. Pay willingly any taxes that your country needs. (They are the cheapest way of paying for the war.)
4. Pay off your old debts—avoid making new ones.
5. Don't ask more money for the goods you sell or for the work you do. Higher prices come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.
6. Establish and maintain a savings account; maintain adequate life insurance.
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can—and hold 'em!

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for remembrance



FOR RING SIZE...

Use the accurate chart below. Cut out the strip carefully, wrap it tightly around the middle joint of the ring finger. The number that touches the end of the chart strip tells your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Clasped Hands – Symbol of Lasting Friendship!

TWO HANDS, exquisitely wrought from Solid Sterling Silver, makes this one of the most unusual rings ever produced - And **THESE HANDS CLASP AND UNCLASP** exactly as illustrated! Your friends will gasp with astonishment when they see the miracle of the human handclasp brought to life in Sterling Silver. **LOYALTY - FRIENDSHIP - LOVE - ADMIRATION** - all are symbolized by this most unusual of all rings - a gorgeous piece of jewelry that demands attention and excites interest wherever you go.

Legend has it that good fortune comes to the wearer of a ring of this design - that good luck is a natural result of having it always on your hand - that it creates personal confidence in your own charm and personality, causing

others to regard the wearer with respect and admiration.

Designed for people who aren't satisfied with "ordinary" jewelry. The genuine solid **STERLING SILVER HANDCLASP** Ring answers your desire for something different, made from one of the World's most prized metals. In New York and Hollywood, wherever the 2 in 1 Good Luck Friendship Ring has been shown, it has created a sensation! Not one ring but **TWO** - joined together! Stars of stage, screen and radio, men and women in all walks of life are all fascinated by the startling novelty of the perfect **HANDCLASP** that makes this ring different from all others.

AND IT CAN BE YOURS... for only a fraction of what you'd expect to pay, thanks to our introductory offer to readers of this magazine.

SEND NO MONEY - Just this Coupon

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

NIRESK JEWELERS, Dept. BL
430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.

Send my 2-in-1 Good Luck Friendship Ring in genuine Solid **STERLING SILVER** at once. I will deposit with the Postman \$2.95 plus Federal Excise Tax and postage on arrival. It is understood that I can return the ring in 10 days and you will return my money in full immediately and without question.

Name

Address

City State

RING SIZES 5 TO 9

