

BAND LEADERS

MAY
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K

Charlie Spivak

In This Issue:
WOODY HERMAN — MONDAY MAESTRO
LOOKING BACK WITH JIMMY DORSEY
STAR MAKER BEN POLLACK
DUKE ELLINGTON PICTURE STORY

plus articles and exclusive photos featuring
Carmen Cavallaro, Jo Stafford, Jack Smith, Opie Cates,
Perry Como, Clyde McCoy, Murphy Sisters, and others

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THE 8 KEYNOTES OF THIS EXCITING PLAN

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OR

SHEET MUSIC



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Handsome new Broadway star, STUART LAWRENCE, pictured on our music covers, sings the beautiful ballad, "THERE IS TIME," on this month's record. This is backed by the clever and bouncy rhythm tune, "I THREW THE LETTER AWAY," featuring the "KEY-NOTERS".

Sponsored by Gordon, Kaufman, and Real, ASCAP publishers, the club affords members the opportunity to be heard. The greatest measure of protection and encouragement will be accorded the members of the club. Simply fill out the coupon, enclose \$1, and mail . . . you will receive the record or sheet music selection of the month and be enrolled as a member. Act now!

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Did You Know That

FRANK SINATRA personally found time on his last New York visit to get two jobs for band leader **DICK STABLE**, just out of the Coast Guard. Dick now has his band well established again with record contracts, movie commitments and show dates set up. And before Frank helped out, Dick didn't know where his next baton was coming from! . . .

LIONEL HAMPTON's birthday party for "Flyin' Home" was also the anniversary of a flight from California to New York when Hamp was a member of **BENNY GOODMAN's** band. Lionel thought up the riff while on the plane, listening to the rhythm of the motors. Since the band was flyin' home, Hamp named the song accordingly. . . .

TEX BENEKE and the Glenn Miller Band broke all records for the *Capitol Theater* in New York on their first major engagement. The audience were quiet and yet appreciative of the fine music. . . . **RAY MCKINLEY** will use only five brass, no matter what anyone says. Most bands today use from eight to twelve. . . .

The first **DINAH SHORE-FRANK SINATRA** records are still a matter of conjecture. . . . **JACK LEONARD**, the guy who should have gotten Sinatra's build-up and would have, except for a little matter of a Selective Service fishbowl in Washington, bears no resentment towards the guy who stepped into his spotlight. "If Frank stole any of my stuff," Jack says, "he sure improved upon it!" We told Jack we wouldn't repeat that remark, but we did and we're glad and we won't take any responsibility for the many kids who are not going to agree that Frankie was an improvement on the old master. Suffice it to say that Jack looks to be the greatest voice since the Voice! . . .

INA RAY HUTTON has formed a new band, is touring theaters and doing one-nighters. . . . **HAL MCINTYRE** is using a girl as road manager. She is Terry Lempert. Other bands using gals in that capacity are **SHORTY SHEROCK**, **LIONEL**

HAMPTON, **DUKE ELLINGTON** and **TOMMY TUCKER** (all four of whom use their wives in that capacity). . . . **RED ALLEN** and **JAY C. HIGGINBOTHAM** have signed with *Victor* and their first records are already on the market. . . .

ORRIN TUCKER, back in business, has a swell sweet band. He will record for *Musicraft*, the fast-growing outfit which also boasts "names" **ARTIE SHAW**, **PHIL MOORE** and **PHIL BRITO**. **GORDON McRAE**, just out of the service, has also been signed to croon for the company. . . . *Cosmo Records* plans to produce all unbreakable records. They have a new, improved plastic. . . .

Wire recording will not replace discs for some time. Wire doesn't reproduce the high and low frequencies as well, according to sound engineers. Wire machines are already being manufactured, though. . . . **PHIL BRITO** mobbed in Boston by bobby-soxers. He ended up with a black eye and a shredded suit. . . .

PERRY COMO missed an appearance before the President. Plane grounded by bad weather. . . . **Xavier**, **CHUCK BARNET's** monkey died. Or did you know. . . . **Spo**, the cute cocker spaniel owned by **GINNIE POWELL**, new **HARRY JAMES** thrush, also died and Ginnie is heart-broken. Incidentally, Ginnie's Harry James contract has an odd clause. It permits her also to record with **Boyd Raeburn's** band! . . .

VAUGHN MONROE cracked theater records in Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Detroit four weeks running! He broke records set by such as **T. D.**, **Prima**, and **Frankeeee**. . . . **JESS STACY** is on-again, off-again with plans for a new band. . . .

Personnel trouble in the **Herman Herd** (it happens when a band gets that big!): **FRANCES WAYNE** has left **WOODY**, as has **NEAL HEFTI**, the fine arranger and

trumpeter, **Neal** has been working with **JOE MARSALA's** jump combo. . . . Even his record company would like to know when **ARTIE SHAW** plans to start a new band. . . .

SPIKE JONES was in town to start a few rumors. "Rumors pay for the trip," Spike told me. "Everyone in New York is talking about why I'm here and every chance I get I start a new rumor. People think I'm going into the *Pennsylvania*, the *Copacabana*, or to South America. I'm here for a vacation, but look at the publicity!! Pays for the trip!" Actually there really is a good chance that Spike will do a tour of South America in the very near future. . . .

DARDANELLE, the gal pianist, songstress, vibraharpist, arranger and small-band leader, is pretty proud these days. Seems that **LIONEL HAMPTON** voted for her as his favorite pianist and **ART TATUM** voted her his favorite vibraharpist in a "coming musical stars" contest. That's high praise. . . .

PHIL MOORE in his first engagement on "The Street." He has written a new "peace" song called "Get On Board that Peace Train." Its punch line is "You've found that war's an awful pastime, let's make sure this is the last time!" . . .

JIMMY DORSEY's DEL PARKER has changed her name to 'Dee' Parker. There are three 'Del' Parkers already. . . . **JOHNNY JOHNSTON** has signed an **M-G-M** moom pitcha contract. . . .

As we go to press, **CHARLIE PERRY** has taken over the drum chair in **STAN KENTON's** orchestra, replacing **DON HEATH**. . . . **MEL POWELL's** pianistics with **BENNY GOODMAN** make that band a listening "must." Mel threatened to abandon popular music for the classics but came back. Thanks, Mel! . . . (Continued on page 6)

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BAND LEADERS

Did You Know That

(Continued)

LES BROWN and HAL McINTYRE are still afeudin'. Each calls himself "The Sentimental Journey Man." Les wrote it but Hal's record reportedly sold more copies. . . .

Look Magazine's critic Sam Rowland is miffed but good because, he says, BOBBY SHERWOOD's record of "Cotton Tail" has direct steals from several WOODY HERMAN platters. He doesn't blame Bobby, but says that he suspects a certain trumpet man who was formerly with Woody. Says he probably sold the score to Sherwood. It's a good record in any event. Sam wanted me to tell you, though, so I dood it! . . .

RAY NANCE's string quartet has the customers rolling in the aisles. It's that good. . . . ANNETTE WARREN is a Manhattan sensation at the new Zodiac Room on 58th Street and Sixth Avenue. You've never heard such a voice and you've never heard such mood piano! . . .

CAB CALLOWAY's case was dropped in Kansas City, but LIONEL HAMPTON has vowed never to return to that ballroom. There is no room for racial prejudice in America and the entertainment business is pioneering to eliminate it. . . . Reports are that some of the men who made the JIMMIE LUNCEFORD band so great in the old days will return and make it great again. Hope it's so! . . .

The KING COLE TRIO's "Frim Fram Sauce" is being bid upon by a nationally known condiment manufacturer. They want to make a meat sauce which would be called "Frim Fram." The boys have passed the bid on to REDD EVANS who wrote the double talk ditty. . . . Musiccraft has added KITTY KALLEN to its list of stars. . . .

DUKE ELLINGTON and LOUIS ARMSTRONG are together for the first time on record on a Victor all-star disc. . . . BILLY BUTTERFIELD is out of the Army and reportedly set to build a band. . . . ELLIOTT LAWRENCE planning on breaking away from WCAU in Philadelphia. He's the lad we predict will hit a high for sweet bands. He writes that he finally has signed that dotted line for Columbia Records. . . .

More record contract signatures: ENRIC MADRIGUERA will disc for Vogue, the company with multi-colored discs. . . . TONY PASTOR has signed with Cosmo. . . . LOUIS ARMSTRONG has been signed by Victor! . . .

BING CROSBY may switch from cheese to oil after a few more weeks with Kraft. An oil company has promised him a nice deal whereby he would be paid off in non-taxable stock . . . or old service stations perhaps! . . . PHIL BRITO has been signed to a four year Monogram picture contract. He'll make two pix a year and sing two songs per pic. . . .



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SHORTY SHEROCK was such a hit personally, as well as musically, in Albany that he was offered a job as manager of the hotel where he played. . . . Comic pianist "EGGS" ROYER has been ill. He's recuperating in Florida. . . .

PERRY COMO and GINNY SIMMS are co-chairmen of the new America Cancer Society Drive. . . . GINNY SIMMS signed to record for ARA. I'm told that company will be one of the biggest. Their artists include PHIL HARRIS, JUDY CANOVA, BOB CROSBY, HOAGY CARMICHAEL, EARL HINES, FRANCES LANGFORD, FERDE GROFE, and others. . . . COUNT BASIE will make five guest appearances on KATE SMITH's show in May during his *Roxy Theater* engagement. . . .

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD is another maestro who will start a record company, it says here. . . . SAM DONAHUE's new band is in rehearsal. . . . WOODY HERMAN switched his *Carnegie Hall* concert at the last moment from March 29th to March 25th, with "Ebony Concerto," the Igor Stravinsky original written for the band, the feature attraction. . . .

WOODY HERMAN's new vocalists are known as "THE BLUE FLAMES." . . . And VAUGHN MONROE will call his next all-gal quartet "THE MOON-BEAMS." . . . A singing commercial transcription has finally made good. HERB HENDLER of Cosmo Records was so impressed by the catchy melody to the *Prince George Hotel* jingle in New York City that he had new lyrics written to it for popular consumption. HAL MCINTYRE has recorded it. It's now called "There's No One But You." . . .

STAN KENTON is rewriting his "Concerto To End All Concertos"—a forty-five minute opus which he plans to use on his concert tour in the Fall. . . .

JERRY WALD recently signed with Sonora Records and his first disc should be out by the time you read this. . . .

KAY KYSER's "College Of Musical Knowledge" is one of the few radio shows in which the performers dress in costumes appropriate for their parts. The members of the orchestra wear saddle shoes, beanies and sweaters; his vocalists wear "sloppy Joe" sweaters; and Kay himself wears a baccalaureate cap and gown. . . .

Drummer JOE JONES, an Army infantryman for two and a half years, has rejoined COUNT BASIE's band. With Jones back, the Basie rhythm section is again intact for the first time in three years. WALTER PAGE, string bass, rejoined the band a month before. . . .

COZY COLE, virtuoso of the drums, left his featured role in the touring "Carmen Jones" to join BENNY GOODMAN's orchestra at the New York *Paramount*. . . .

JOHNNY JOHNSTON has been inked to do two flickers a year for M-G-M. His most recent is "Til The Clouds Roll By," the Jerome Kern epic—and coming up is a new picture featuring Esther Williams. Incidentally, if and when the long rumored M-G-M record label hits the stores, Johnny will be a featured artist. . . .

KING COLE TRIO and STAN KENTON will do a summer radio show together, according to manager Carlos Gastel. PEGGY LEE may join them on the stanza, he adds. . . . Have you caught zany HENRY MORGAN and his fantastic records on the ABC net Saturday nights at 8:15, E.S.T.?—Dixon Gayer

BAND LEADERS

GIRLS

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THE WOLF is a handsome 96-page book that shows you the (un) military maneuvers of the typical American male. You'll howl as THE WOLF prowls. What a "line" . . . it riffs and it rides and it makes sweet music. The cartoon adventures of the Army's "great lover" appeared in thousands of military papers — enraptured GI Joes and Janes from Texas to Tokyo. Finally THE WOLF's creator, Sgt. Sansone, put him into book form. The most delightful Wolf cartoons are crammed into 96 uproarious pages, with a witty 3-page commentary on wolves and wolfesses by Milton Caniff, famous author of "Terry and the Pirates." PIC sings "The best in GI cartoons!" LIFE rhapsodizes, "A most amusing testimonial!" Enjoy reading and re-reading this HOWLarious treat. Surprise your date by predicting his next move. Pass THE WOLF around at parties to break the ice . . . it gives gleaming eyes to bashful guys. Cut THE WOLF out of the colorful cover and pin him over your pillow. A million gay gags! THE WOLF's the pick of each slick chick! —so fill out the coupon today.

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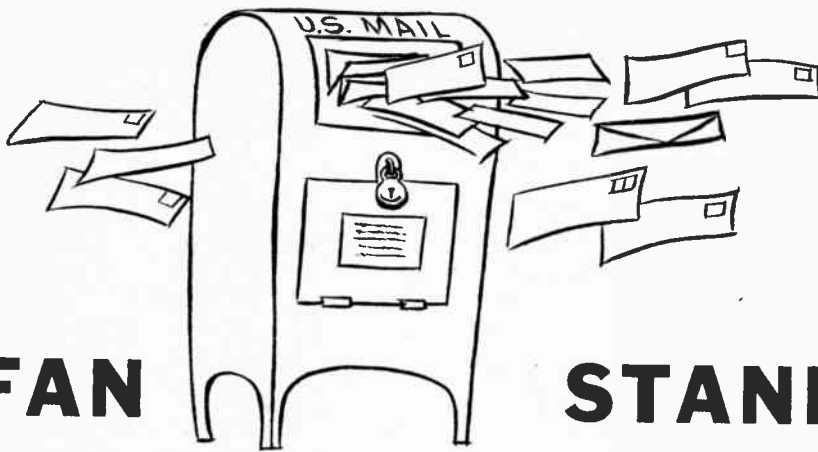
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FAN

STAND

WOULD you like to make your club international in scope—with members from England and other countries? Or, would you like to join an overseas fan club? Think of the fun of corresponding back and forth across the seas about your favorite artist!

How to go about it? Well, as a starter, A. D. Marsh, "The Woodland," Riding Street, Southport, Lancashire, England, writes that he would like to hear from anyone interested in swing and movie organists—he is willing to swap photos, records, news, etc.

Also, for Bing Crosby fans—there is a Bing Crosby Fan Club in England that is very interested in having new members. The person to write to: Cyril Phillips, 1811729, 12 Baglun Street Treherfert, Glum South Wales, England.

If you're interested in getting overseas members for your own fan club, drop us a line and we'll try to include a notice in **BAND LEADERS**—which is read 'round the world.

Now, back to the U. S.! There is a Crosby club which is just starting out and wants some members. The name of the club is **The Crosby Fan Club**. Write to: David Rirla, P. O. Box 1106, Madera, Calif.

Along the crooner line—we naturally come to Frankie—and a brand new angle on Frankie clubs! There's now a club for not only Frank, but his whole family! The club does many interesting things, one of which is writing to foreign fans of Frank's. Sing With The Sinatras, is the name quite appropriately affixed to the club. The president, and the person to write to for more info, is: Juanita Stephens, 711 Edgewood Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Some more Sinatra clubs:

Dolores McMullen, 20 Irving Place, Staten Island 4, N. Y., has a club for Frankie. Bernadette Clancy, 12 Princeton St., East Boston 28, Mass., has the Massachusetts chapter of the same club.

Semper Sinatra Club—Pres. Eleanor Casciani, 834 Fairmont Ave., Trenton 9, N. J.

This Love of Mine (Frank Sinatra Fan Club)—Pres. Peggy Bane, 48 Central St., Turners Falls, Mass., or: Rose Marie Ryan, 71 Seventh St., Turners Falls, Mass.

Swoon King—Sec'y-Treas., Miss Rhoda M. Mont, 87 LeMay St., West Hartford 7, Conn.

Remember in our January 1946 issue, Kay Dower, president of the Official Viola Smith Fan Club, suggested that clubs with mimeograph machines help other clubs by printing their newspa-

pers? Well, since then, Robert Peters, 3019 Alberta St., Homestead Park, Pa., has answered the call! Robert will be glad to offer his assistance in printing club papers—and at a very low cost, he says! For more detailed information on this matter, write to Robert.

Incidentally, Robert Peters, has a club of his own for which he would like to get more members. It is called **The Original Buddy Rich Fan Club**.

Helen M. Ault, 32 Delason Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, has received permission from Olga Dunbar, president of the Frankie Carle Fan Club (announced July 1945) to start a branch club for him through the Mid-Western States.

Virginia Consolian, 67 Wellsmere Road, Roslindale 31, Mass., of Chapter 1 of the Gene Howard Fan Club, is plugging hard for members for her club.

Another club for Gene Howard is looking for new members! Write to: Kit Meyers, 768 Farmington Ave., West Hartford 7, Conn.

The Solid-Set was reorganized in January of this year under Solid-Set-Jazz Times, Inc. New and old members are to contact Pearl Clifton, 100 Independence Ave., South San Francisco, Calif.

Marilyn Stevens, 353 Etna St., Cypress Hills 8, N. Y., is looking for members for her club for **Tommy Dorsey**.

The Tommy Dorsey Fan Club is also interested in getting some new members. Write to: Arthur A. Miller, Jr., 422 E. Liberty St., Girard, Ohio.

We have heard from a few new clubs which have been started for Jimmy Saunders, vocalist with Charlie Spivak. For more information about these clubs write to: Swoon Over Saunders, Pres. Lucy Inguanto, 924 E. 226 St., Bronx 66, N. Y.; Singing With Saunders, Lola Ciaravino, 102 McKinley Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jimmy Saunders Fan Club, Pres. Alice Lillian Sherman, 277 Gates Ave., Brooklyn 16, N. Y.; The Jimmy Saunders' Saunderettes, Patricia McHargue, 81 E. Nevada, Detroit 3, Michigan; or The Jimmy Saunders Swooners, Kitty Spizman, 1477 Longfellow Ave., Bronx 60, N. Y.

Evelyn Iyus, 608 Benton No. 287, Detroit 1, Michigan, is busy being president of two fan clubs. Members are wanted for both—**The Gene Ammons I Love The Rhythm In A Riff Club** and **Billy Eckstine Fan Club**. Gene Ammons is a sideman with Billy Eckstine.

The Star Dusters is a new club or-

ganized for that Stardust man himself, Hoagy Carmichael. For more info, write to: Pres. Sally McKinney, 516 6th St., N. W., Puyallup, Washington.

Catherine Giordano, 52 Drake Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y., is president of **The Original & National Sam Donahue Fan Club**. Catherine says that the club has been in operation for about three years, has members from all over—and wants more!

Singer Danny O'Neil has a number of fan clubs in his honor. We have heard from three thus far. If you're one of his many fans and want to join one of his clubs, write to any of the following for more information: Lyn Krug, 66 Charles St., Floral Park, N. Y.; Jennie Culpepper, 511 Avant Ave., San Antonio 3, Texas; or Wanda Zuck, 730 E. 9th St., New York 9, N. Y.

You don't need to be a mind reader to know about the club for Marilyn Day (she sang on the Dunninger show) for here it is in black and white: Tom Stathos, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., is president of the Marilyn Day Fan Club, Day Dreamers, and he is rarin' to go!

Betty Jean West, 102 Rogers Ave., Macon, Georgia, is president of the **3 Two-Timers Fan Club**. This is a fairly new club and Betty Jean would like to have lots of members. The Two-Timers are with Tommy Tucker's ork.

Awilda Hilton, 320 Bodega Ave., Sebastopol, Calif., recently wrote to us saying that she has a new club for Mel Torme. Besides getting new members—she would like to hear from other Mel Torme fan clubs. Here are two possibilities, Awilda: **The Mel Tormettes**, Donna Colton, 1817 Alpine Drive, San Marino 8, Calif.—and **The Mel T's**, Lina Porrhini, 117 Westmont Drive, Alhambra, Calif. They both want new additions to their clubs.

Attention club prexies! We've just had word from Frank Tennant Jr., 615 North Boulevard Terrace, Dallas 11, Texas, that he has disbanded his Frank Sinatra Club (announced in our July 1945 issue). He has organized a new and different type of organization called **Fan Club Guild**. It is for fan clubs—not individuals—to join. Frank will be happy to send you more detailed information if you just write to him.

President of the **Pied Pipers Fan Club**, Gloria Anastasi, 151 E. 18th St., New York 3, N.Y., has just started her club and is anxious to get it under way.

Vincent Spina, 468 Herzl St., Brooklyn 12, N.Y., has a fan club for Charlie Venturo, tenor sax man with Gene Krupa.

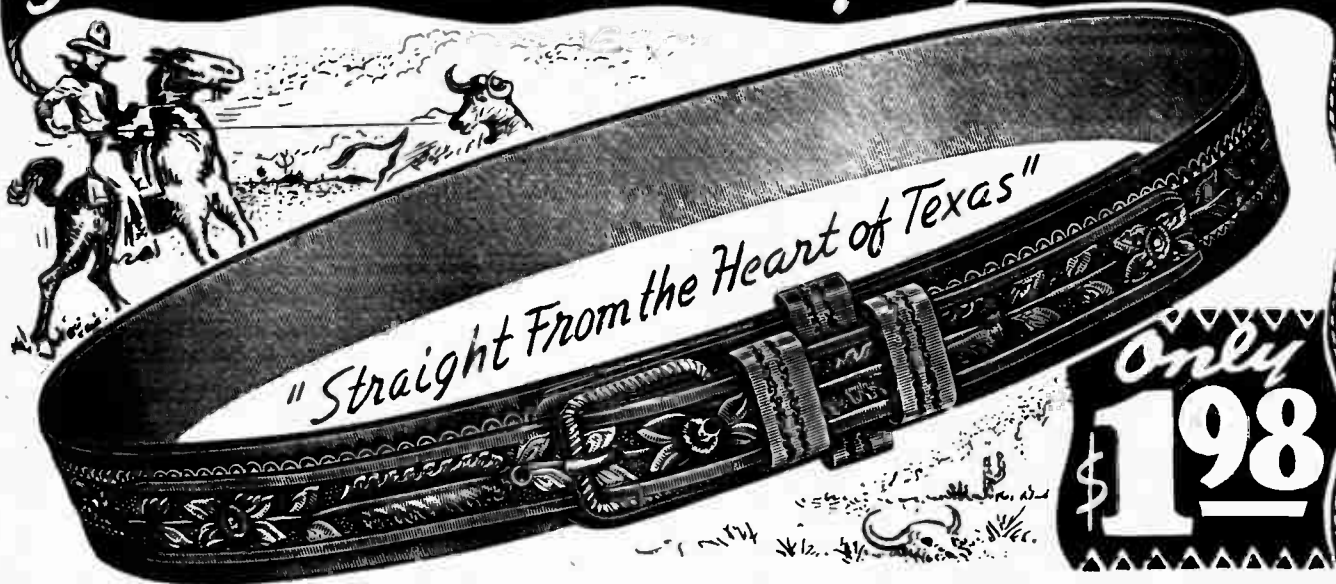
Rosalie Goldberg, 6916 Clyde Ave., Chicago 49, Ill., has just started a club for Eileen Barton.

Before we close the session for this time, I'd just like to remind you to let me know when there is a change of address in your club (that is, the address you have sent to me for announcement in the column). We have had several complaints from potential members saying they wrote to some clubs announced in **FAN STAND** and had their letters returned or didn't receive any answer at all.

And that's all until next month. Remember, we want to hear from you—so write to: Betty White, c/o **BAND LEADERS**, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

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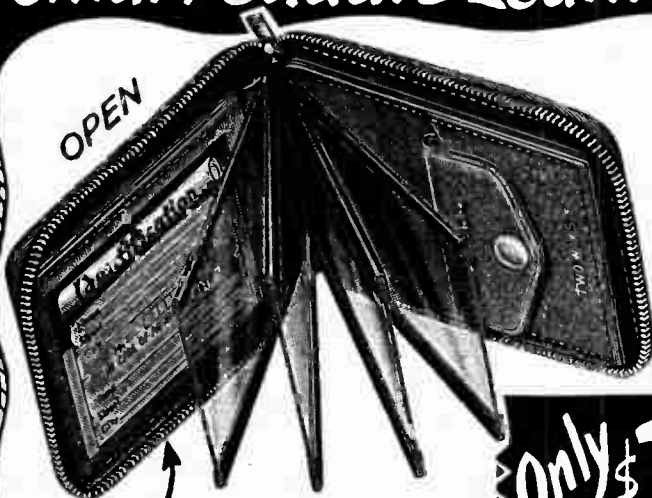
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RECORDS ON REVIEW



by Maurie Orodener

Johnny Desmond goes over a new number at the RCA-Victor Studios in New York



NOT so many years ago the watchword was something to the effect that on records, and only on records, could you find the music you like to hear when you want to hear it. Today, however, the eyes of many of the record companies seem to be fixed solely on the cash register. True enough, there is a great pent-up demand for discs and everything sells. But for how long, in view of all the canned tripe now coming out of the wax mills, is something that should concern every recording firm that aims to remain in business.

This is not to infer—by any means—that there is nothing commendable on the waxes. But this gloomy glibster is most emphatic in his opinion that it is an insult to any person's musical intelligence to spend precious moments listening to the countless number of inept performances one finds on the platters. As for some of the song selections, you don't have to take our word of it. Pick up the catalogue of any recording company and the amount of dead weight on wax will frighten you.

That's why it's almost musical manna when you can find HARRY JAMES cutting for Columbia a highly expressive scoring for the old favorite, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," and the lusty trumpet tones of the maestro contrasting with a rhythmic punch for the blues ballad "Baby, What You Do To Me." BUDDY DIVITO fairly captures the rainbow with his romantic chant, while KITTY KALLEN provides the lyrical lilt for "Baby" bounce.

CHARLIE SPIVAK on Victor also provides an attractive platter setting for his sweet-tone trumpet bugling. Scoring the ballads to bring out the body of the band, he creates a particularly colorful effect in blending his muted horn with clarinets for "Oh! What It Seemed To Be," and then places the accent on the Latin rhythm and color for a highly tuneful "Take Care" melody. On both counts, JIMMY SAUNDERS adds warm romantic wordage.

HOT TRUMPET: Adding to the

bumper crop of *le jazz hot* music on the waxes, with most of it being peddled under false pretenses, comes the Victor label. And if the first "hot jazz" pairing on the label by HENRY "RED" ALLEN is the best they have to offer for a starting, the waxwork would do well to dig down in its file of old masters. They will find a better grade on many masters issued on the Bluebird label a decade or two ago. For "Buzz Me" and "Get The Mop," Red has gathered a rugged group of groovers around his Gabriel horn. But instead of showing off the brand of hot trumpeting that once characterized his performances on platters, the emphasis is on his husky-voiced jive singing—which was never meant to be. J. C. HIGGENBOTHAM on trombone also spells interest on the label. But that's all.

The return of BOBBY SHERWOOD on Capitol also calls for more than what spins out. It's a right tight rhythm band he brings up for "Snap Your Fingers," a rhythm novelty, and Duke Ellington's "Cotton Tail." However, neither the maestro nor his men, all featuring hot horns, create any undue excitement, musically or otherwise. And Bobby's singing for the "Fingers" folderol is as easy to leave alone as it is to take. By the standard he set in early days with his "Elk's Parade," this plattering falls short of the mark.

LOUIS PRIMA, plattering for *Majestic*, projects his own personality—either trumpeting or piping the wordage—for a furious eight-to-the-bar "Brooklyn Boogie" and a bounce setting for the sentimental ballad, "You Won't Be Satisfied." But the Prima band itself is far from satisfying, blowing out rich in mediocrity—and not always in tune.

HOT TENOR: Still another school of hot jazz stems from the steam of the tenor sax. And that hot horn rates as big as a concert instrument, considering the bumper crop of tenor sax steam pouring out of the platters.

What promises to become a real collector's catch, and rates as such, is the Sax Ensemble rounded up by

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON



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BAND LEADERS

RECORDS ON REVIEW

Continued

COLEMAN HAWKINS for a *Keynote* needle session. In addition to the Hawk's own display of versatile improvisations, the spinning brings on the challenge of DON BYAS, a tenor master in his own right; along with the alto sax sorcery of TAB SMITH and the baritone sax wizardry of HARRY CARNEY, who comes from the Ellington band. For instrumental contrast, there is the stellar Steinwaying of

when blowing the blues for his own "I. Q. Blues." Plays it low-down all the way, with the jazz content of the sides heightened by the efforts of JOHNNY GUARNIERI at the piano and BILL D'ARANGO's guitar pickings.

For comparison of tenor sax styles, *Savoy* further offers up a "Tenor Sax No. 2" album, with the four jackets given over to DON BYAS, LESTER YOUNG, COLEMAN HAWKINS and, finally, to BEN WEBSTER. And while the sides don't show the artists to best advantage, since they are largely orchestral ensemble rather than solo instrumental sides, there's plenty of mu-



Resting his vocal chords, the Voice takes up the baton and leads an ork. Standing beside him is Manny Sachs of Columbia Records.

JOHNNY GUARNIERI. To afford full expression, the spinning stretches out to a dozen inches. Riding out handsomely, Tab's alto wins the inning for what is titled "Battle of Saxes," but is actually "China Boy." And my vote goes to the baritone horn for the companion cutting, "Three Little Words."

Also for the tenor sax fans, and their number must be legion, is the CHARLES VENTURO Quartet on *Savoy*. Displaying a persuasive style of improvising, with polished tone and technique, the star tenor man with Gene Krupa's band really kicks for "Dark Eyes," polishing it off with some feverish triple-tongue antics; and then shows off his wide range of ideas in improvisation with a slow and moody "Ever So Thoughtful."

In sharp contrast, on the same label, is the barrelhouse tenor sassing of DEXTER GORDON for "Blow Mr. Dexter" and "Dexter's Deck," in which he shows lack of originality in style, and a further handicap as far as his tone and technique are concerned.

Also on *Savoy* is a showcase spinner for IKE QUEBEC, still another of the tenor satellites. He's an easy rider for "Jim Dawgs," and fares far better



June Christy, Stan Kenton's lovely vocalist, pauses for a drink of water at the Capitol Records studio. You can't blame her—they've just finished cutting "It's Been A Long, Long Time."



Vaughn Monroe seems pleased with the way his RCA-Victor recording session is going and smiles at his sidemen in approval.

sical meat in this package. For instance, you will find mere flashes of the Hawk's fine fingering, and it is only Webster who has a chance to really express himself on the spin. The selections are largely riff patterns and the accompanying musicians also number among the greats.

MUSIC MAKERS: KAY KYSER makes it easy on the hoof as you go dancing to his music-making on Columbia with "I Don't Wanna Do It

Alone," set to a refined rhythmic beat with LUCYANN POLK making for tasty teasing with the wordage. On the mated side, it's MICHAEL DOUGLAS and THE CAMPUS KIDS singing a slow and repetitious ballad, "Slowly," with a bright trombone passage providing the only refreshing spinning for the side.

LES BROWN cuts it smoothly and rhythmically on Columbia for a pair of ballads, with DORIS DAY giving lyrical meaning to both "We'll Be Together Again" (which features some fine mood tenor sax noodling by TED NASH) and sentimental "A Red Kiss On A Blue Letter" (which is not nearly as colorful a song as is its title).

For the sultry brand of syncopation, DUKE ELLINGTON still stands out front, with plenty of potent persuasion in the singing and playing of two original ballads for Victor. Typically Ellingtonia in music is "The Wonder Of You," a blues ballad with joyous singing by JOYA SHERRILL. And even more striking is his "I'm Just A Lucky So-and-So," a low-down blues which not only has AL HIBBLER's superb lyric projection, but also some of JOHNNY HODGES' pure alto sax sorcery.

GEORGE PAXTON provides acceptable dance patterns on the *Majestic* label, although it might be more effective to hear more of his trombone virtuosity for the ballad spinnings of "Oh! What It Seemed To Be" and "I'm Glad I Waited For You." As the

record spins, the spotlight swings to ALAN DALE's fine vocal efforts.

In contrast is the forthright foxtrotology of TINY HILL, who really has a hillbilly band augmented with a sax section, as the maestro explained it to this department himself. To a Dixieland beat, with sand blocks to spark the rhythm and the maestro strictly the outdoor type of singer, Tiny still provides mighty toe-tapping urge on *Mercury* with (Continued on page 44)

THE TOP TEN PLATTERS

As selected by the BAND LEADERS Readers Platter Jury at our Platter Preview Party, held on February 22, 1946

Over 600 readers gathered at the Georgian Room of New York's *Hotel Pennsylvania* on Washington's birthday, cast their ballots as twenty-four current and forthcoming records were played, and selected the top discs of the day. Dixon Gayer was emcee. Guests included Monica Lewis, Johnny Bothwell, Henry "Red" Allen, Ray Nance, and Robert Q. Lewis. The top ten platters, in the opinion of the reader jurors, were as follows:

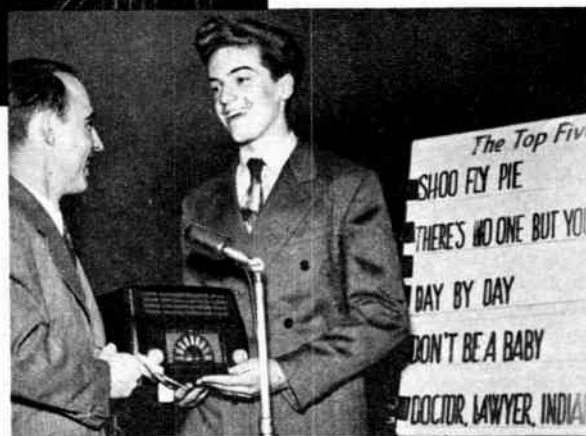
1. SHOO FLY PIE (And Apple Pan Dowdy)—Stan Kenton (*Capitol*)
2. THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (*Cosmo*)
3. DAY BY DAY—Monica Lewis (*Signature*)
4. DON'T BE A BABY, BABY—Mills Brothers (*Decca*)
5. DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF—Les Brown (*Columbia*)
6. DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF—Hoagy Carmichael (*ARA*)
7. DRINK HEARTY—Henry "Red" Allen (*Victor*)
8. GROOVIN' WITH J. C.—J. C. Heard (*Keynote*)
9. I'VE GOT SIXPENCE—Phil Moore (*Musicraft*)
10. McNAMARA'S BAND—Bing Crosby (*Decca*)



Songstress Monica Lewis was introduced to the jurors by Dixon Gayer and received a tremendous ovation.



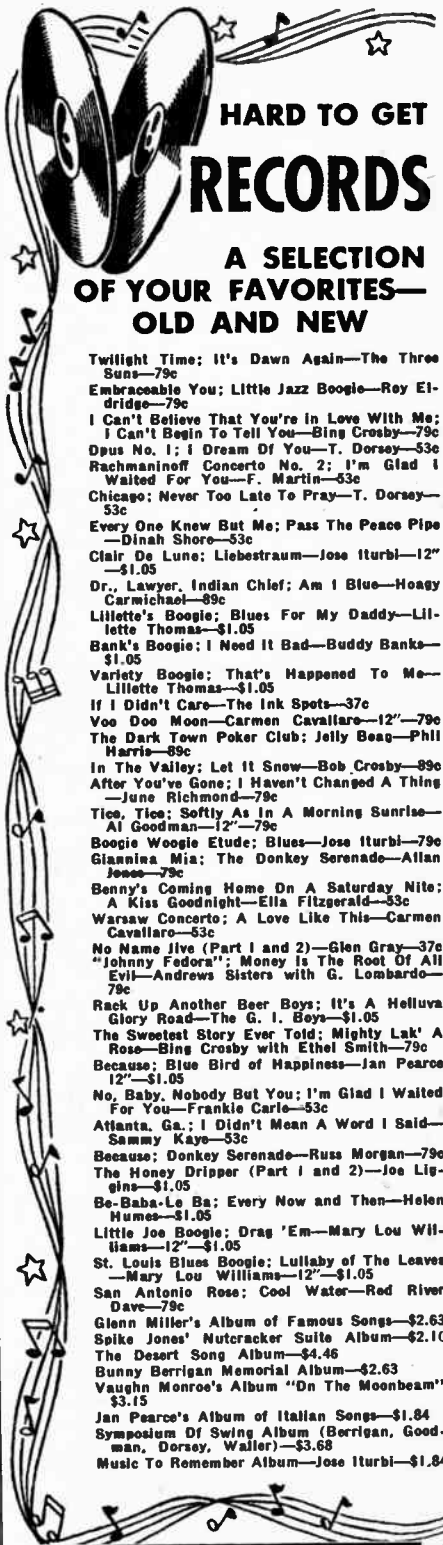
G-E radios were awarded to two lucky jurors. Below, Editor Walter Holze (left) gives a set to Ferdinand Pieper. Raymond Shevin won a similar receiver.



(Above) Robert Q. Lewis, WHN's new platter jockey, who replaced Dick Gilbert, was on hand to dig the latest trends and say "Hello" to the assembled readers.

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 I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me; I Can't Begin To Tell You—Bing Crosby—79c
 Deus No. 1; I Dream Of You—T. Dorsey—53c
 Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2; I'm Glad I Waited For You—F. Martin—53c
 Chicago: Never Too Late To Pray—T. Dorsey—53c
 Every One Knew But Me; Pass The Peace Pipe—Dinah Shore—53c
 Clair De Lune; Liebestraum—Jose Iturbi—12"—\$1.05
 Dr., Lawyer, Indian Chief; Am I Blue—Hoagy Carmichael—89c
 Lillette's Boogie; Blues For My Daddy—Lillette Thomas—\$1.05
 Bank's Boogie; I Need It Bad—Buddy Banks—\$1.05
 Variety Boogie; That's Happened To Me—Lillette Thomas—\$1.05
 If I Didn't Care—The Ink Spots—37c
 Voo Doo Moon—Carmen Cavallaro—12"—79c
 The Dark Town Poker Club; Jelly Beag—Phil Harris—89c
 In The Valley; Let It Snow—Bob Crosby—89c
 After You've Gone; I Haven't Changed A Thing—June Richmond—79c
 Tico, Tico; Softly As In A Morning Sunrise—Al Goodman—12"—79c
 Boogie Woogie Etude; Blues—Jose Iturbi—79c
 Giannina Mia; The Donkey Serenade—Allan Jones—79c
 Benny's Coming Home On A Saturday Nite; A Kiss Goodnight—Ella Fitzgerald—53c
 Waraaw Concerto; A Love Like This—Carmen Cavallaro—53c
 No Name Jive (Part 1 and 2)—Glen Gray—37c
 "Johnny Fedora"; Money Is The Root Of All Evil—Andrew Sisters with G. Lombardo—79c
 Rack Up Another Beer Boys; It's A Helluva Glory Road—The G. I. Boys—\$1.05
 The Sweetest Story Ever Told; Mighty Lak' A Rose—Bing Crosby with Ethel Smith—79c
 Because; Blue Bird of Happiness—Jan Pearce 12"—\$1.05
 No, Baby, Nobody But You; I'm Glad I Waited For You—Frankie Carlo—53c
 Atlanta, Ga.; I Didn't Mean A Word I Said—Sammy Kaye—53c
 Because; Donkey Serenade—Russ Morgan—79c
 The Honey Dripper (Part 1 and 2)—Joe Liggins—\$1.05
 Be-Baba-Le Ba; Every Now and Then—Helen Hume—\$1.05
 Little Joe Boogie; Drag 'Em—Mary Lou Williams—12"—\$1.05
 St. Louis Blues Boogie; Lullaby of The Leaves—Mary Lou Williams—12"—\$1.05
 San Antonio Rose; Cool Water—Red River Dave—79c
 Glenn Miller's Album of Famous Songs—\$2.63
 Spike Jones' Nutcracker Suite Album—\$2.10
 The Desert Song Album—\$4.46
 Bunny Berrigan Memorial Album—\$2.63
 Vaughn Monroe's Album "On The Moonbeam" \$3.15
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Star

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TITLES are things easily bestowed in the music business. Some are merited, many are not. But for my money, one of those most richly deserved is the tag that tabs Ben Pollack: *The Star Maker*.

Ben Pollack's book of musical memories is lined with the names of stars of today, whom he brought to public attention and groomed for the big time.

On one page is the name of Benny Goodman.

"When I was first jobbing around Chicago, Goodman was just a kid in short pants, but playing a lot of clarinet," Pollack recalled, during my recent interview with him. "I put him down as a comer and, when I got my own band, I sent for him. Benny was with me for quite a few years, and I helped him get his first job, with Billy Rose, and loaned him some arrangements, when he started his own band."

The late Glenn Miller was another of Pollack's boys.

"Glenn joined me in November, 1925," Ben said. "I remember he was imitating Miff Mole at the time. I was auditioning for a trombone man and he played for me. He had an octave bell on his horn so he could go up high. He told me he could write some hot choruses, so I let him do some arranging. Even then he was a perfectionist and always made the guys play the stuff the way it was written, no matter whose arrangement it was."

Another who developed under the *Star Maker* was Fud Livingston.

"I used to sing licks to Fud and he would write them out in three-part harmony for the band," Ben smiled. "He played reeds, some piano, and doubled on foot organ in a little band-within-the-band we had."

Harry James got his first big-time break with Ben. "I had heard about Harry from other musicians for a couple of years, and he sounded like a man I could use. So I sent for him in 1935 to join me at the *Lincoln Tavern* in Chicago. He blew into town, a big lanky kid with a gold-plated horn almost as long as himself. Before I had even made up my mind if I liked him, he asked for a raise. And got it, when he proved how good he was!"

Less confident was Mr. Jackson Teagarden.

"When Glenn Miller left the band in 1928, Bud Freeman and Jimmy McPartland told me about a terrific trombone man they'd been on a jam session with. His name was Jack Teagarden. I had heard a lot about him before, so I trailed him to a rooming house off Eighth Avenue (New York City), where he lived, and found him asleep in bed."

Ben woke up Jack, hired him and told him to report next day, and to send his trunk to Pollack's hotel. Next day Jack showed up with his horn and all his clothes (one clean shirt) under his arm.

by Bob Baxter

Maker



● (Above) Betty Bradley and Bob Graham, both of whom devote a great deal of their time recording for Jewel, look over the shoulders of Ben Pollack who is holding a newly pressed disc.

● (Left) 1935 photo of a reunion of two famous bands—Ben Pollack and His Orchestra, and the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra. See how many of today's famous musicians you can recognize.

"We played a date at Carroltown, Pennsylvania. Even without a rehearsal, Jack was playing great and cutting our book (which was tough!) and giving all the guys kicks. But after the date, he wanted to quit. He said: 'I stink, I can't play with those guys, they think I'm no good.'"

Pollack had to talk his head off to convince Jack the band thought he was good, and wanted him to stay.

Lacking confidence, too, was Charlie Spivak, "a kid with a big fat tone, who was scared when he saw his name written on his book, instead of 'first trumpet.'"

Ben used to teach jazz phrasing to Charlie by singing riffs to him. Too, he used to tell Jimmy McPartland to wear garters and comb his hair, when the band was playing theater dates.

"Jimmy was a good kid who was always doing something to burn the leader," Ben laughed. "Then he'd sit there and wink at you while playing his horn and you couldn't get sore. When I was with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, he was crazy to join the band. He joined me at the *Club Bagdad* in 1928, in Chicago, where he hung around with the Austin High kids."

Muggsy Spanier was another NORK fan who landed with Ben.

"When he was learning to play, Muggsy used to come around and listen to the band, and ask Paul Mares (our trumpet player) how to finger the cornet."

Shorty Sherock got Ben's okay and a job because "he was a good Chicago jazz man with more technique than the average, and a good reader."

Freddy Slack's audition got him the nod over other 88-men in a 1935 tryout. "He was a good all-around piano player and arranger and had an ear for chords, which helped in working out the head arrangements we used."

Opie Cates had a band in Cleveland and didn't want to make the trip to California which Ben had scheduled. Pollack convinced him that his clarinetting and arranging ability would have its biggest field out West. Today Opie has three transcontinental radio shows.

Ray Bauduc was a good N. O. drummer going legit when Pollack met him. When Ben decided to front his own band instead of sitting in with the boys, he got Ray back on a jazz kick. "In New York, people expected the leader to show only a couple hours a night," Pollack explained. "So when they'd dance by and ask me: 'When does Mr. Pollack come in?' I decided to stand up front. I got Ray Bauduc to come in and take over my drum chair."

At first, Ray was dubious about playing jazz again, but Ben had him come in, night after night, worked with him, and Bauduc went on to fame as a drummer . . . both with Pollack and the Bob Crosby band, and later with his own ork. (Continued on page 65)



Jack Smith, who is known as "the boy with a smile in his voice" sits for the camera and proves to be a two-gun threat in the smiles department. He is heard over the CBS network: Sundays on the Prudential "Family Hour" and Monday through Friday evenings on his own fifteen minutes of song for Oxydol.



Jack keeps a watchful eye on conductor Earl Sheldon during a rehearsal at the CBS studios. The title of the song they're working on is "I May Be Wrong," a number which is just right for Jack's unusual singing style.

by Jehanne Warrington

The Tune Smith



IF YOU have listened to your radio any Sunday afternoon during the last four years, and have dialed the CBS Prudential Family Hour program, you undoubtedly have heard Jack Smith, a young guy with a very usual name but a most unusual vocal style. In the last few months you also probably have heard him on his own show for Oxydol; or very likely caught him on some of his transcribed programs, or have purchased his *Majestic* records.

But, chances are, you have never heard much about him because, for some reason or other and in spite of his popularity, only recently have magazines and newspapers given the name of Jack Smith much space or attention. However, lack of a publicity build-up didn't keep the Smith star from rising. Today he is considered one of the brightest singing personalities on the musical scene.

I had dinner with Jack one evening recently at a little restaurant near the CBS studios in New York. He had just finished his broadcast for the East Coast and didn't have to be back for his West Coast rehearsal for a couple of hours, so we discussed his career at length.

Jack got his start in 1933, singing in a trio called "The Three Ambassadors" with Gus Arnheim's orchestra, at the world-famous *Cocoanut Grove* in Los Angeles. While attending Hollywood High School, he and two fellow members of the glee club formed a trio. They sang for school affairs and, once in a while, got jobs at parties. Their accompanist was a girl named Beatrice Gaunt, who later became Shirley Ross of the movies. They auditioned for the *Grove*, and to their great surprise were hired.

"You know, it's still hard for me to believe," Jack said. "I was only fifteen, and the mere thought of singing at such a famous place scared me to death. But the thing that really frightened me was that our trio was replacing the "Rhythm Boys"—and the soloist of that group was Bing Crosby. When I used to go dancing at the *Grove* I'd stand in front of the bandstand by the hour and listen to Bing. He was my idol, and I'd think, "Gee, if I ever get to be a soloist!" After we had worked a few weeks with the Arnheim band, Gus gave me some of Bing's tunes. I was very happy to be singing his arrangements.

"I've always been an ardent fan of his," Jack continued, "but I never met him personally until the Jerome Kern Radio Tribute. I was pretty excited about being asked to sing on the show, but I think I was much more excited to meet Bing. And he lived up to everything I had ever heard about him—he's terrific!"

When the Arnheim band left the *Grove*, the hotel management kept "The Three Ambassadors" on to sing

with Phil Harris' orchestra. A couple of months later Phil took the trio East with him on a tour. In New York the boys were signed to sing with Kate Smith on her radio program and remained with her for three years.

In 1939 the other two wanted to go back to California, but Jack decided to stay in New York. He began singing with various radio groups. "I think I worked in every vocal group there was," he recalled, "with the 'Hit Paraders'—the 'Swing Fourteen'—'Beverly and Her Boy Friends'—and all sorts of trios and quartets. At one time I was singing on nine commercial programs but," he laughed, "always in the chorus."

Then in 1941, Jack got an audition with a small group for the Prudential show. The tune they did was "Daddy," and Jack had a few bars to sing alone. Deems Taylor and Gladys Swarthout, who were on the program at that time, liked his quality and style so much that they decided he should sing a solo every week. And he's been on the show ever since.

As a hobby, Jack had taken a course at the New York School of Aircraft Instruments, and he proved such a proficient student that, when the war broke out, they asked him to become an instructor. For four years he put in an eight-hour day teaching student pilots what was what with airplane instruments, panels, etc. And he still works at the school every afternoon before his radio rehearsal and three evenings a week between broadcasts. Most of his students now are ex-service men who are taking rehabilitation courses under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

Jack is a pretty busy boy with his ten radio shows a week, his Sunday program, recording sessions, and his teaching work. He and his wife, Vicki, live in an apartment in Manhattan. Vicki handles Jack's fan mail, answering letters and sending out pictures. There are countless Smith fan clubs all over the country, boasting such names as "The Silk Sockers"—"Jack's Jills"—"The Village Smithies," etc.

Jack is often called "The Boy With The Smile In His Voice." He has a happy, bubbling-over quality about him which definitely comes across in his singing personality. It shouldn't be long before some movie company gets his signature to a contract. He is certainly photogenic—blonde, tall, and handsome.

But Jack says he is skeptical about pictures. "I don't think I'd be much good in the greasepaint department. I think I'll let my brother handle that end of it—he's the actor in the family (Walter Reed, of RKO). I'll stay in front of a microphone as long as they'll let me."

But we bet that Jack can be convinced one of these days to try his luck in front of a camera. He plans a trip to Hollywood this summer to visit his mother, and then—well, who knows?



They must be help in the hills that Opie Cates came from. Just look at the Pasadena hepcats surrounding the bandstand to dig the superb music that's coming out of Opie's licorice stick.

THEY'RE

IF you are under the mistaken impression that the music of Arkansas consists chiefly of concertos for bazooka and hill-billy melodies, Opie Cates has a message for you: "they're hep in the hills, too!"

Opie ought to know. He was born in Clinton, the seat of Van Buren County in Arkansas. And while he has the greatest respect for the bazooka-toting artistry of his fellow Arkansan, Bob Burns, Opie wants to dispel the Arkie malarkie that his native state is chiefly populated with squares.

"They play jazz down there, too," he points out in a drawl that years in Hollywood have failed to erase. "In fact, some of the finest jazz musicians have come from the middle south."

"It's just in the last few years that a kind of legend has sprung up about Arkansas music being on 'a hill-billy beat. Sure, there are hill-billys down there, but plenty of them are hep."

As for clarinet-playing Opie, maestro of three Coast-to-Coast network shows over NBC: "The Judy Canova Show"—"Meet Me at Parky's"—and "His Honor The Barber" with Barry Fitzgerald, the music of the hills always left him cold.

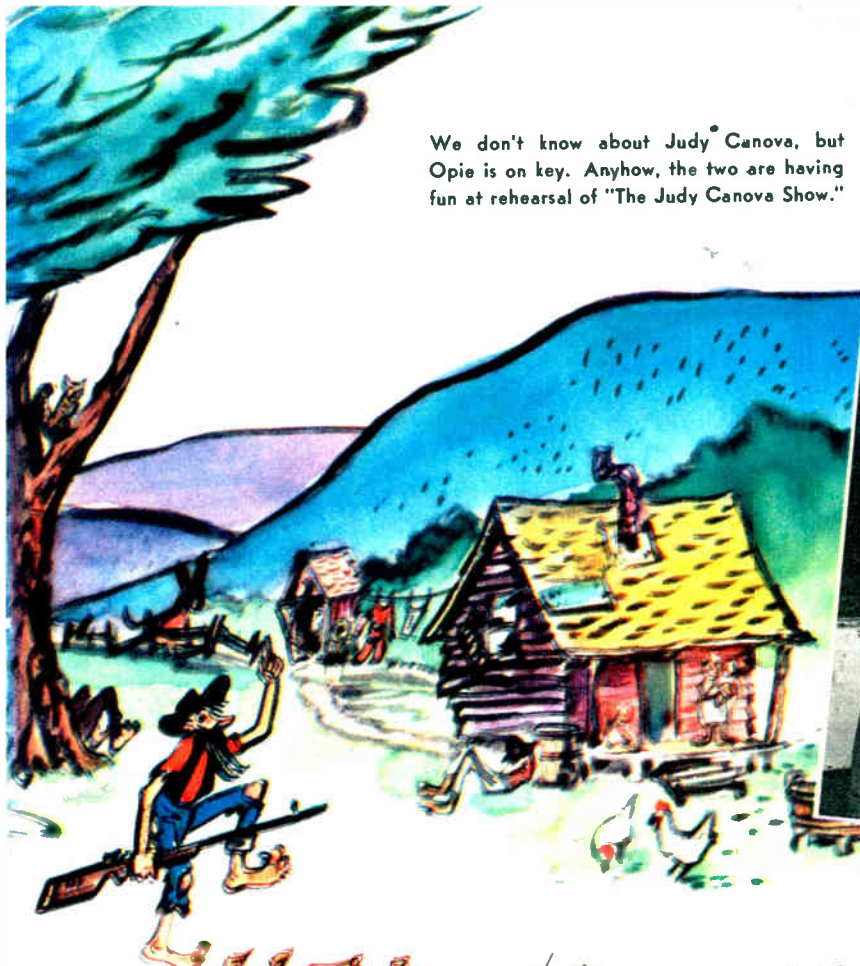
"I heard all that kind of music I ever want to hear when I was a kid," he remarks. "My folks used to play it. My dad was a fiddler, and my mother chorded on the guitar. But until I heard jazz music I never had any urge to play. I did fool around with the piano, mandolin and violin, but I wasn't very interested."

It was when he first heard a clarinet that Opie (that's his real name) knew that was the instrument for him.



One of Opie's many jobs is that of musical director of the popular NBC radio show, "His Honor, The Barber." Here he chins with "His Honor, the barber", Barry Fitzgerald.

We don't know about Judy Canova, but Opie is on key. Anyhow, the two are having fun at rehearsal of "The Judy Canova Show."



HEP IN THE HILLS

Acquiring a clary, he went overboard in his endeavors to master it. "I practically lived with that horn," he told me. "I played it about ten hours a day and hardly ever had it out of my hand."

Opie's practicing paid off, for inside of a year he had become so expert he won a national school music contest. At the time, he was attending high school in Joplin, Missouri, to which town the Cates family had moved from Arkansas.

It was about this same time, too, that Cates began collecting the records for his collection of jazz classics, which now number more than a thousand discs. Stuff by Red Nichols, Louis Armstrong and other jazz greats went into the collection, proving that Opie was on the reet beat even then.

High school over, he enrolled at the University of Missouri for a course leading to a degree as a public school music teacher. "That was only a gag, though," he admits with a grin. "The real reason I went to college was to build a band. A college town is a good place to organize an orchestra. The biggest trouble was keeping the guys up in their grades, so the band wouldn't get kicked out of school."

Opie was booked by M.C.A. during his two years as a college maestro, and made quite a name for himself at college proms—at his own alma mater and on other campuses on the college route.

Having been bitten early by the bandleading bug, Opie was well established as a band leader in his own right before he ever played with a name band. Things got tough during the early depression years though

and, attracted by the glamour of Hollywood, he came West for the first time. Playing the kind of clarinet he did, it wasn't long before he was snapped up by Ben Pollack. That was in 1934.

Two years later he was back to stay in the movie capital.

Drolly, with typical humor of the hill country, Opie remarked: "My coat and pants didn't match when I was a kid, either, so I figure I'm right at home here." A sly comment on Hollywood fashion.

This cracker-barrel wit is one of the reasons Opie Cates is in demand both as a comedian and clarinet-playing band leader. He's something off the beaten track—a hep hill-billy.

He plays a knocked-out clarinet that ranks with the best in the biz, then puts it down to drawl some dialogue that gets belly laughs with its overtones of Arkansas accent. Listeners have trouble reconciling Opie the Arkie with Opie the leader of a band that jumps.

The first to recognize the Catesian dual ability was the producer of a sustaining program on which Opie worked. He let Opie clown and play.

"You can do most anything on a sustainer," Opie remarked. "So we fooled around; I did some talking, people seemed to like it, and pretty soon we were sold for a Coast commercial."

Modestly, Opie ascribes his debut as a big-time band leader on the nets to "one of those fellows in the front office who decided I should lead the band." His fine clarinetting, able arranging and *(Continued on page 60)*



HOWIE LUND and Woody



DICK ROLL



WALTER HENRICH

Cleveland's Wax Wizards



DON BELL

EACH year thousands of Cleveland residents and their friends from neighboring communities crowd into hallowed Severance Hall to listen to the music of Bach, Sibelius, Debussy and other classicists as executed by the Cleveland orchestra under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. To other thousands whose musical tastes do not exactly jibe with those who follow symphony orchestras and string quartets, disc jockeys take the place of men like Rodzinski—for they bring to these thousands the music they want to hear—the music they understand and enjoy.

From early morn until late into the night Cleveland's wax wizards spin tapestries of melody to gladden the hearts of jaded listeners of the workaday world. They have a following as fanatical as Sinatra's, and complaints pour in when they are taken off the air, even temporarily, because of technical difficulties.

The early bird of the Cleveland disc jockeys is WALTER HENRICH. His "Top O' The Morning" is heard Monday through Saturday on WGAR from 6:00 to 7:30 a.m. (all times given are Eastern Standard Time). DON BELL starts the platters rolling at WJW with "By Don's Early Light" which takes to the air in three closely spaced sections: 7:05 to 7:15, 7:50 to 8:00, and 8:30 to 8:45 (Monday through Saturday mornings). Over at WHK, which presents more disc jockey programs

than any other Cleveland station, JOHNNY BUTLER begins the day with "Wake Up And Swing" (7:30 to 8:00 a.m., Monday through Saturday).

DICK ROLL offers the only platter show on WTAM's schedule: "Musical Clock," heard Monday through Friday, 8:00 to 8:15 a.m. BETTY NICKEL presents her "Music By Request" at WHK (Monday through Friday, 8:30 to 8:45 a.m.). Following close on her heels are two deejay programs which go on the air at the same time: FRED SMITH with his "South American Melodies" on WHK and WALTER KAY's "Melody Time" on WJW (both Monday through Friday, 8:45 to 9:00 a.m.).

The next four platter shows are all WHK presentations: CHARLES RANDALL is on from 9:05 to 9:15 a.m. (Monday through Friday) with "Hawaiian Music." MENDEL JONES follows immediately on the same days with "Time For Music." On Tuesday and Thursday RUSS WISE is heard emceeing "Bing Sings" at 10:30 to 10:45 a.m. He also steers "Request-fully Yours" (3:45 to 4:00 p.m. Monday through Friday). JOE BLACK is the last of this group. He runs "Music For Ohio" (3:00 to 3:30 p.m., Monday through Friday) and is heard Saturday from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. with his "Nationalities Broadcast."

HOWIE LUND is on the WJW "Bandstand" from 4:15 to 4:30 p.m. (Monday through Friday). He also



RUSS WISE



JOHN SAUNDERS



BETTY NICKEL



WALTER KAY

Continuing our series of articles on those purveyors of good music, pleasant chatter and sugar-coated commercials—the platter jockeys of America—BAND LEADERS introduces the deejays of Cleveland.

stages "Varieties" for WJW from twelve midnight to 12:45 a.m. (Monday through Saturday). STAN GEE takes over the WGAR air lanes with "1220 Club" from 4:50 to 5:00 p.m. (Monday through Friday). Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday DON DEWHIRST holds forth on WHK from 10:30 to 11:00 p.m., dealing in "Records At Random." Also on the same station is CARTER WAYNE, who officiates at the "Radio Roundup" (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 11:15 to 11:45 p.m.).

"Parade Of Musical Hits" with JOHN SAUNDERS can be tuned in on WGAR, Monday through Saturday, 11:15 p.m. to midnight. TOM ARMSTRONG's "Motor City Melodies" (4:45 to 5:00 p.m.) and BILL MAYER's "Rhythm Club" (midnight to 1:00 a.m.) are "Saturday only" programs and are featured by WGAR.

Getting down to actual personalities and performances:

WALTER HENRICH's WGAR show is on the informal side—Henrich clowns, sings with the records and has even dramatized up-and-coming numbers with the assistance of swing organist Billy Russell. Walt encourages and gives a great deal of attention to his fans. He rarely denies a request, but when he runs into an "oldie," he introduces it as an "icky," or one "off the beam." Like many other disc doodlers, he dresses up time signals and weather (Continued on page 56)



CARTER WAYNE



MENDEL JONES



BILL MAYER



DON DEWHIRST

by Paul Myhre

Woody Herman Monday Maestro

THERE are very few items in the giddy American scheme of life so annoying as the specie of motorist known as the "Sunday driver." It is his lot every Sabbath day to fill the tank with gas, test the horn and set out on a highly perfected personal campaign of utter confusion.

He dashes helter skelter down the highway, beeping his horn majestically and insistently at the slightest provocation. Well into a crowded intersection he slams his car to a stop, clashes the gears into reverse, and backs into the car behind him for a better view of the road sign. Seeing that he is going the wrong way he makes a right hand turn out of the middle lane, noisily grazing fenders as he pushes through the forward-moving traffic. At the crosswalk he blows the bejeepers out of his horn at a bewildered pedestrian who is trying to get across the street. The traffic behind him is now so completely muddled by his action that it will take it half an hour to get untangled again.

In short, he doesn't know exactly where he's going but he sure raises the dickens getting there!

There is an equally annoying variety of band leader, who might be termed the "Sunday maestro" because his methods and his end results are so comparable to those of the "Sunday driver." He doesn't know where he's going but he sure raises a fuss getting there!

You meet the "Sunday maestro" every day in music magazines, newspaper features, radio interviews and in person. His band is usually pretty mediocre and yet, because of the effectiveness of his confusion campaign, his name may be a household word and his fans, legion. His technique is to cover up the mediocrity of his band by a publicity campaign in which he sets forth the mighty ideals of his band and decries the poor music being played by his competitors.

"None of that commercial stuff for us!" he may cry. "We've got a band that swings like mad. Joe Glutz is the greatest tenor saxophonist in the world and he plays with us for scale because of the great quality of the band! All of the other bands use corny tricks . . . off

beats, phony chords . . . not us! No screaming brass with us, or rippy-tippy saxophones. Nuts to that stuff!"

But when you ask him to explain what happens in his band, he's lost! His band actually plays the same music as any other swing band, only probably just a little more poorly.

It is a pleasure to meet a "Monday maestro" like Woody Herman, a guy who knows where his band is going and goes there quietly. He's like a driver who knows his automobile to the extent that he can drive without touching the horn except in emergency, and who knows his roads so that he never has to tangle traffic because of blind driving.

Woody Herman's road is music . . . all music . . . and his machine is his band. He knows both of them. The only horns he blows are clarinet and sax!

The reason I compare Woody with a motorist is that Woody has traveled, in the eight years of his band's existence, from one end of the highway called "Swing" to the other and yet has done it so quietly that few people realize how far he has gone. There has been more actual style change in the Herman herd than there has been in any other band, and yet so subtle was the musical joy-ride that few of the on-lookers even realized Woody had traveled until they saw him at the other end of the road.

When Woody Herman first organized his band in 1937, the group was billed as "The Band That Plays The Blues." The first arrangements were slightly polished versions of the Dixieland jazz which had started in the brass bands of New Orleans, and of the Blues which had penetrated throughout the South in the first ripple of jazz.

"It wasn't that I particularly liked that kind of music, although I had come to know it and enjoy it in my years of traveling through the South with bands like Isham Jones. It was just that the music form fitted the musicians I inherited when Isham broke up his band. I believe in using each man in my band to his best ability. Those men were (Continued on page 53)



Leader of one of the nation's top bands, Woody Herman and his able bandsmen are blazing the way toward better things in the realm of music



LOOKING BACK

with Jimmy Dorsey

ONE of these days some enterprising person may decide to write the great American novel about modern music and its personalities. If that time ever comes, the name of Jimmy Dorsey will certainly be entitled to at least one big chapter. And if the novelist should catch the said Mr. Dorsey in a reminiscent mood, as I did a few weeks ago, he'd be a cinch to wind up with some good material.

I was visiting Jimmy in his dressing room at the *Capitol Theater* in New York after the first show. It was next to closing day and he was a little tired, after his four-week engagement. It was a bleak day with rain and wind and everything else that goes with stormy weather in Manhattan. Jimmy looked out the window and said, "Oh, for California right now—and some sunshine. You know, one of these days I may settle down in my house in North Hollywood and just stay there for good."

"You band leaders amuse me," I said, "always threatening to give it all up and stay in one place permanently. But the funny part is that none of you ever go through with it. You all dislike the road, one-nighters, and trudging all over the country—but you all keep right on. So there must be something about the business!"

"Yes, I guess you're right," he laughed, "I suppose the experiences, fun, and all the things that happen more than make up for the hard work and headaches that go with it. I know I wouldn't trade my memories for anything in the world."

We got to talking about Jimmy's early career as an instrumentalist, long before he had his own band. It was while he was playing saxophone in the Paul Whiteman orchestra, back in 1925, that he met Bing Crosby, who was also with Whiteman. They became pals, roomed together, and started a close friendship which has lasted through the years.

"In those days," Jimmy recalled, "our main interests were music and laughs, then later golf sort of took us. But I must admit that Bing plays a *much* better game than I do. I always give myself the excuse that he has more time to devote to it."



Backstage in one of the dressing rooms of the *Capitol Theater* in New York, Jimmy Dorsey turns the tables and switches from the sending to the receiving end of the music business. A record fan, Jimmy carries this portable radio-phonograph combination along wherever he goes and finds a great deal of enjoyment whiling away those long hours between shows by playing new releases.



By Jill Warren

Band leader Jimmy Dorsey to BAND LEADER's Jill Warren: "Here's a picture of the swimming pool. Notice that good old California sun. Boy, I'd give anything to be there right this second!"

Bing was responsible for Jimmy's first big commercial radio show. When *The Groaner* signed for the "Kraft Music Hall," and had the right to pick whatever band he wanted, he chose the Dorsey outfit. Jimmy says he'll never forget that series.

"Two particular programs stand out in my mind. On one show the director gave me some lines. I was a little nervous about having to talk, so I rehearsed over and over to myself so I'd be sure not to fluff. An opera singer was the guest that night, and I had to introduce her with a little speech which ended with the words 'opera stars.' We went on the air and when it came time for my lines I read them all okay until the very end, when I said 'opera steers.' Of course Bing got a tremendous bang out of my mistake and ribbed me unmercifully.

"Another time, Bette Davis was the guest, and the script was arranged so that I had some ad libbing to do with her. I had known Bette previously, because her husband at the time, Harmon Nelson, was a good friend of mine, so I thought I'd have some fun and really kid her. But Bette, who is pretty fast on the uptake, gave it right back to me, and every single thing I said to her—she topped. Since then we have had a standing gag—if we're on a broadcast together and we have any ad libbing to do, we talk it over ahead of time."

Speaking of gags, Bing and Jimmy always pull them on each other. During Jimmy's *Capitol* run, Bing arrived in New York, and dropped into the theater to catch the show. He walked up to the ticket taker and said, "Mr. Dorsey sent me—I don't have a ticket, but he said just to tell you I'm a friend of Sinatra's." After the show, Bing went backstage. The doorman didn't recognize him and asked "Who's calling, please?" Bing answered, "Tell him Harry Lillis." Of course Jimmy knew immediately who it was, so he played a rib by making Bing wait twenty minutes before he saw him.

Jimmy also talked to me about his former vocal and instrumental stars and said that he felt much of his success was due to such artists as Ray McKinley, Freddy Slack, Bob Eberly, Helen O'Connell, Bobby

Byrne, June Richmond, Shorty Sherock and Kitty Kallen. "Helen was in to see me a few days ago and I told her I thought she ought to change her mind about retiring permanently. I hope my little lecture did some good, because I think she is a great performer, and I know she would be very successful if she worked as a single. Bob Eberly and Kitty Kallen have gone out on their own and they're both doing very well."

June Richmond, who sang with Jimmy a few years ago, is now one of the featured stars of the Broadway musical hit, "Are You With It?" In speaking of June, Jimmy said, "I first heard her when we worked at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles. She was singing with Les Hite's orchestra, which was playing there at the same time we were, and I thought she was great. A few weeks later we were on a theater tour in the East and I needed a vocalist, so I wired her from Pittsburgh, asking her to join us, and she accepted.

"Those were lean days for us, and I was definitely on the short side financially, so I could send only her bus fare, which was forty-five dollars. The bus was late and June didn't arrive until a couple of hours before our first show. We had no time to work out any vocal routines, so she sang our arrangement of "Shoe Shine Boy," which we had used for a Louis Armstrong record date, and "Dark Town Strutter's Ball," which had been orchestrated for Bing. Fortunately, June's range was so big that she could sing in their keys. She went over terrifically, and for encores she sang the same tunes over again. She was just the spark the band needed.

"We started West, doing one-nighters and theaters. We weren't doing so well in the money department—in fact, some weeks we barely got by. Then we had an engagement at a country club just outside Chicago. When we arrived at the club for rehearsal, the manager refused to let June work with us because she was a Negro, and he insisted that I let her go. We had a big battle about it, but my hands were tied. I had a contract to play there, I had a big payroll to meet, and there was absolutely nothing I could do.

"Of course things are different now. Many leaders, including my brother, Tommy, (Continued on page 57)



Concerts in staid music halls are highlights in the Ellingtonia scene, and his recent Carnegie date was a sellout. Above, he introduces vocalist Al Hibbler to the cheering audience.



Always deeply interested in promoting the cause of music, the Duke visits the Julliard School as often as he can. Above, he listens to the first winners of the Ellington Julliard Scholarships—Warren Norwood, French horn; Paul Rudoff, flute; and Elaine Jones, tympanist, playing the piano.

With such a heavy schedule, visits with friends must usually be confined to intermissions between dance sets. Here, the undefeated champ of jazz joins the undefeated champ of the ring for a chat and a bite to eat at the Cafe Zanzibar.



Hospital dates are a "must" for the Duke—he tries to crowd personal appearances for the wounded G.I's when-

Never a dull moment

Band leaders are a species specially endowed with energy. Every one of them we know works nearly all night, makes records and movies, poses for publicity pictures, eats on-the-run, and sleeps when and where he can. Duke Ellington is probably the most outstanding example of a busy maestro. He often goes for days without sleep just because he hasn't time for it. He's too busy composing, leading, or having fun. Anyone with the stamina to follow him around finds that there's never a dull moment. The photographs of Duke Ellington on these pages are indicative of what we mean.



It's not very often the Duke can take time out to don one of his colorful lounging robes and relax for a little while. But when such occasions do occur, he does even as you and I—takes time out to listen to the newest recordings he can get.

Once in a while Duke attends a baseball game. A day off in N.Y. often leads to a visit to Brooklyn to see "Dem Bums." Below, he's talking to Durocher.



ever and wherever he can. Listening to music as dished out by Duke Ellington helps a lot when you're plodding along on the long road to recovery.





Work or play, you'll always find the Duke in a genial mood. Here, raised above the level of the stage on a special elevator he weaves a magic spell with his playing.

Notables of the cinema world, as well as ordinary mortals, enjoy dancing to Ellington's music—and Duke has a hello for all. Here he greets Jeanette MacDonald.



*Never a
dull moment*

CONTINUED

Going home after the day's (or night's) work doesn't always mean sleep to the Duke. That's often the only chance he has to compose without interruptions.



Recording sessions take up a good deal of the Duke's time. "Baton" in hand, he directs the orchestra as vocalist Joya Sherrill sings "Tell You What I'm Gonna Do" at the R.C.A.-Victor Studios in New York.

by
**Don
Terrio**



In the Boulevard Room of the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Clyde McCoy performs on the big brother to his pint-sized "Sugar Blues" trumpet. Vocalist Billie Jane Bennett does her stuff at the mike.

TWELVE years ago, Clyde McCoy was walking along a street in Cincinnati, Ohio, when he saw a half-size trumpet in a store window. It was only nine inches long, and Clyde thought it would be an interesting music-maker to experiment with.

"It's an octave higher than the regulation B-flat trumpet," said the store owner. "There isn't another one like it in the world."

So Clyde bought the midget brass. Silver plated, it has a gold bell and ivory key tips. With it, Clyde McCoy has become known to thousands of "Sugar Blues" lovers. "I wouldn't give a show without it," he says, "and it's handy to carry around in my pocket to entertain my friends."

Clyde used the toy instrument when he introduced that famous bit, "The Music Goes Down and Around." His lungs get a good workout when he toots, for it takes about ten times as much effort to play the midget as it does to play a regulation trumpet.

From his youthful appearance, you'd never believe Clyde McCoy has been in the music business for twenty-nine years. Today, fully established, his band isn't the type that is going either up or down—for Clyde has something that wears well with time. He isn't "going anywhere"—he's here to stay.

Clyde developed his unique "Wa-Wa" style of playing even before he made his famous "Sugar Blues" arrangement in 1922. But "Sugar Blues" seemed made for his style. It's requested by dancers at least three or four times nightly, and is probably more used by vaudeville imitators of famous bands than any other tune. Clyde's theme song is the melodic "Lonely Gondolier."

Clyde McCoy's band was the only one to enter the Navy intact. Clyde looked after band and morale activities at Millington Field, near Memphis, Tennessee, and also played at other Navy bases. After three years in uniform he returned last year to civilian status, went on tour, and then opened in the glittering Boulevard Room of Chicago's Stevens Hotel. Clyde's crew now includes six saxophones, three trumpets, three trombones, and four rhythm—piano, drums, guitar and bass.

Filling the vocal spot is winsome Billie Jane Bennett who was a member of the former Femine-

(Continued on page 53)

The musical McCoy

Last July when JO STAFFORD made her Eastern debut, in a New York nightclub, BAND LEADERS brought you the story. Now she's one of our first vocalists—but this hasn't changed her—she's still tops!

Okay Jo

by Marty Hörstman



A FEW days before my scheduled interview with Jo Stafford I ran into radio director Ted Adams. When he learned that I was going to do a story on Jo, he became quite enthusiastic. "That's one story you're going to enjoy writing," he said. "We had her on our 'We The People' show. Jo is the friendliest, easiest going person you'll ever meet. She's an okay Joe."

As I waited for Jo to open the door of her apartment, I wondered about what Ted had said. Several months had gone by since her appearance on that radio show which took place during her first Eastern engagement, at the La Martinique in New York. While she had quite a large following then, especially among the G.I.'s, she had only started to hit the top ranks.

Now she was really big time. Returning East in triumph, she had realized one of her life ambitions—a radio show of her own on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, as vocalist and emcee of the Chesterfield "Supper Club." Her following had multiplied phenomenally. How had success affected her?

Well, it just hadn't. The girl who opened the door was the most unaffected person you could ever hope to meet. Her simple, straightforward manner was as friendly as a handshake. "Hello," she greeted me, with a smile, "won't you take your coat off?"

She had been telling a friend of her previous day's experience at the hairdresser. I asked her not to let me interrupt.

Apparently the beauty operator attending her, recently discharged from the Army, had just received news that he was a father. People kept flowing in and out of the booth to congratulate him. "He was too nervous and excited to work," laughed Jo. "Fortunately, he had practically finished with me and all that was left to do was to comb and set my hair. I had an appointment to keep and all the other beauticians were busy. So I combed my own hair."

That incident is typical of Jo—laughing off a situation that might irk another.

Jo's mother states that even as a baby Jo was uncomplaining. To quote Mrs. Stafford: "Jo was a good baby. She slept continually the first two years. We cut her nails, bathed her, and I almost think she must have learned to walk while she was asleep."

But there's nothing sleepy about Jo now. Her gray-green eyes are large and wide awake. "They change color to suit the occasion or the way I'm dressed," Jo told me. "They even have been described as being blue, but they're not."

The first question I asked Jo was one I thought the readers of **BAND LEADERS**, with their interest in music and musicians, would particularly want answered. I asked her what in her opinion had helped her most in achieving success as a singer.

That's really a tough question to ask anyone, since there are so many ingredients needed in the formula. Jo knows it only too well. She's had to take the bitter along with the sweet, just as most stars do before they reach the top.

She thought for a minute and then answered: "I guess the first thing is that you must have a love and understanding (*Continued on page 60*)"

Jo is shown here as she appeared as co-star with Lawrence Brooks on the Ford program. Now she has her own show, appearing in the role of singing emcee on the Tuesday and Thursday evening editions of the Chesterfield "Supper Club" over the NBC network.



TED MOSSMAN (seated) and BUDDY KAYE.



About “Time”

It was the \$75,000 question and it was somewhat complicated. Ted Mossman and Buddy Kaye, writers of “Till The End Of Time” were answering the question. I asked, “How did you happen to get the song published? What was your part in making the Chopin melody popular? Wasn’t the song already there?”

Buddy and Ted stared for a moment—then both started talking at once. Ted Mossman made himself heard first.

“What,” he inquired ironically, “did *we* do to produce a tune that has sold more than a million and a half copies, nearly two and a half million records, and for which *RKO* paid the top price of \$15,000? Is *that* what you want to know?”

I nodded meekly, but I’d asked it and I was glad. It was the same question others had been asking ever since the song came out.

“In the first place,” stated Ted, “these things don’t ‘happen’! Success is the result of hard work. Secondly, the Chopin work existed, of course. But it’s a long composition. It’s very difficult and therefore rarely played. I could and did play it, thus locating the strain of melody. Thirdly, originally the time was wrong for today. It is written in 3/4 time, and it had to be arranged in 4/4 time. Next I had to condense the melody into thirty-two bars—today’s melody limit.”

Buddy Kaye spoke up. “Then came my part. A song doesn’t exist on melody alone. Every great song should have words—and the right words. Not only must every word mean something, but each word must be in the right place in reference to the beat of the music. The

words must tell the story and the story must be woven into the texture of the tune.”

“What in your opinion,” I asked, “must a person have in order to be a song writer? And after he’s got *that*, what must he do to get his song published?”

Both men again drew deep breaths. This time Buddy won. He laughed.

“A song writer,” he explained, “must have a partner and about five years’ experience. As a rule, the same man can’t write both words and music. As to the experience, it is important to understand that getting a song published usually requires years of apprenticeship. It is a result—a final achievement. Song-writing is a profession, a whole-time occupation. There are novelty exceptions, of course, but generally speaking you can’t write a song in your spare time and then run around trying to sell it. You must learn the trade and, by the time you’ve learned it and written your song, the publishing takes care of itself.

“And even then you can’t always find a publisher. After years in the business Ted and I were turned down by four publishers on ‘Time.’ Right, Ted?”

“Right,” answered Ted. “But we haven’t answered the question. What makes it possible for that result to be achieved?”

Buddy Kaye answered thoughtfully. “A song-writer, alone or in combination, needs persistence, talent, specific background culture, business ability, a knowledge of the mood of the times—and a touch of lunacy besides. No sane man would struggle and fight for years only, perhaps, to fail in the end. Remember that the music business is one involving billions of dollars. There are probably about 200 active song-writers today. But, without one of those (*Continued on page 55*)

by Margaret Winter

This Jazz Business

JAZZ is a funny business according to Joe Marsala. "There are kids all over the country playing great jazz—because they feel it here." Marsala paused to point the stem of his pipe toward his heart. "They're great—but nobody's ever heard of them. And that doesn't seem to matter. They play for their own enjoyment."

"I'm tired of people who tell the public jazz is something mysterious, with all this talk about Chicago, Dixieland, New Orleans—yes, even Kansas City music. Those ideas are out-moded."

"Jazz is something you kind of feel inside. You get into the spirit of it by working with other musicians who have ideas."

Marsala paused and looked at his lovely wife, Adele Girard, who plays harp with the Marsala septet. "I don't believe jazz is something you can study either. Ask the lady here," he grinned.

Adele laughed and confirmed her husband's statement. "That's right. Of course, technique is another matter. But when it gets right down to genuine improvisation—that's the heart of jazz—study means very little and inspiration counts for a lot."

The Marsala septet had just finished an engagement in the *Plantation Room* of New York's *Dixie Hotel*. Just before they closed I had gone over to interview them. The unanimous approval with which the cash customers greeted them and the genuine enjoyment written on the faces of the musicians serve to confirm Marsala's theories about jazz.

Both Joe and Adele were still talking about the U.S.O. tour which had taken them all over the country. The young musicians they met and heard during their stop-overs built up their belief in the future of American jazz.

"So long as the kids all over America continue to play together, to improvise and exchange musical ideas, they will continue to grow and develop." (Continued on page 57)

by Florine Robinson



Talented Adele Girard, swing harpist who is featured with Joe Marsala's Septet shows vivacious Eileen Barton how to pluck the strings and make music that is both sweet and hot.



Partners in private life as well as in business, jazzman Joe Marsala and wife Adele Girard relax together over new copy of—you guessed it—**BAND LEADERS**.



BAND LEADERS brings you the exclusive story of the life of one of America's truly great pianists—Carmen Cavallaro. Given a toy piano at the early age of three, he displayed such amazing talent playing it that his parents were urged to get him a full-sized instrument. They bought the piano . . . the boy took lessons . . . and now you can hear the result in top records like "Warsaw Concerto."

by Paul Vandervoort II

Poet of the Piano

If you want to become a band leader, there's nothing like starting to learn your sharps and flats when you're young. Carmen Cavallaro started learning his when barely three years old—on a toy "88" which his parents had given him, never dreaming their son would use it as a springboard to soar to musical heights.

A musician friend of Mr. Cavallaro Sr. happened to hear the lad tinging his toy piano one day, recognized the three-year old's talent, and suggested that he be given music lessons—with the result that a king-size keyboard soon took the place of the Liliputian piano, and Carmen Cavallaro was on his way to fame and fortune.

Carmen's career story, though, is that of a typical American lad, rather than the story-book life of a musical prodigy. He didn't particularly feel the urge, as a small boy, to dedicate his life to the art of musical expression. In truth, there were occasions when he heartily disliked the piano—especially when practice time coincided with baseball game dates at the corner lot.

Carmelo (later shortened to Carmen, for professional purposes) Cavallaro was born May 6, 1913, in a house on East 106th Street, New York City, to Paul Cavallaro (a barber) and Mary Cavallaro (née Calderone). Both parents were of Italian origin.

A younger sister, Margaret, completed the family circle and the two Cavallaro children were educated in the public schools of New York. Carmen attended P. S. 57 (through the fourth grade)—then transferred to P. S. 83, for a continuation of his studies.

Throughout his grammar school days he managed to mix educational, athletic and musical activities neatly. At P. S. 83, he played first base on the baseball team. He was a good hitter but, he recalls, not much of a fielder.

He also played in all the school musical groups, gave recitals at school activities and, because of his talent, earned medals, a citation, and other musical honors.

But, when he entered New York's De Witt Clinton High School, he found himself just another musician among scores of other talented youths, and his burning desire to play in the school orchestra was temporarily frustrated. He finally realized his ambition—but in a most unorthodox manner. Recounting the incident, Cavallaro explains:

"In high school, there were so many musicians the orchestra was run sort of like a football team. They had five or six people for each position in the band, and a long waiting list.

"I wanted so badly to get into the orchestra that I used to hang around the auditorium during rehearsals. At first I kept out of sight, but when I got a little bolder I went up on the stage and hung around the piano."

One day, while Carmen was thus engaged, eyeing the pianist enviously, the director simultaneously noted the



Whenever Carmen is at the piano some of the dancers invariably stop dancing and just stand and listen.

Best wishes to my fans —
Thanks for your kind support
Sincerely,
Carmen Cavallaro



Carmen corrects a score at the Decca recording studios.

absence of one of the tympanists and Carmen's presence. "Are you a tympanist?" the conductor flung at Cavallaro, and Carmen, in confusion, blurted out: "Yes."

Fortunately, everything turned out all right. Cavallaro looked at the music (he remembers to this day that it was the "Zampa Overture") and saw it consisted of a sequence of notes in two tones, one higher than the other. Muted experimentation soon showed him which kettle drum was tuned to the highest pitch and, with the director's down beat, Carmen became a tympany player!

But that isn't the end of the story.

Having successfully completed the rehearsal as a tympanist, Carmen continued to play in the percussion section of the school orchestra, without the director becoming any the wiser of his pianistic ability, an ability he still hoped to display. He wasn't too fond of lugging the oversize tympani tubs around to wherever the orchestra made its appearance!

His chance came during one rehearsal, when the first pianist—and subsequently the second, third, fourth, and so on—failed to render a certain solo piano passage correctly.

Finally Carmen spoke up timidly and asked the director if he could try it once. Surprised to learn that his tympanist was also a pianist, the director was further amazed when Carmen went to the piano and gave a perfect rendition of the solo which had thrown all of his predecessors for a loss.

Modestly, Carmen says: "I'd heard the thing played wrong so many times that, when my turn came, I couldn't help but know what was the right way."

Nevertheless, Cavallaro became an ex-tympanist the minute the director heard him play piano—from then on he was first 88er of the orchestra.

Expert in the classics, Carmen evinced no real interest in popular music until he was nearly through grade school. A short time later, when about fourteen, he made his first money playing with a four-piece outfit at "Mountindale," a summer resort in the Catskill Mountains, for which he received \$8 a week plus board.

Carmen's next notable job as a dance band musician came three years later. He was about seventeen and a senior in high school when he got a job with a little band which was strictly on a Dixieland kick—playing tunes like "Copenhagen," "Sam, The Old Accordion Man," and "Tiger Rag."

Graduating from DeWitt Clinton in 1931, Carmen attended Columbia University for about two months—then decided to become a professional musician.

He soon landed a job with Frank La Marr, playing in a four-piece combo at a restaurant in New York's Chinatown. "Frank used sax, piano, drums and guitar," Carmen recalls,

"and was a Rudy Vallee enthusiast. We tried to play like Rudy, and Frank sang through a megaphone the way Vallee did."

Then, deciding to see a bit of the world, Carmen made three West Indies cruises—to places like Bermuda, Nassau, and Havana—as a member of a pleasure boat orchestra.

In 1933, he joined Al Kavelin as featured pianist. Kavelin's band played in the *Silver Grill* of the *Hotel Lexington*, and broadcast daily over CBS between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m.

While with Kavelin, Carmen met and fell in love with Wanda Ziegel of Baltimore, a patron of the *Silver Grill*. Her favorite request number was "The Very Thought Of You." He played it again and again for her, and still does, for it has become their personal theme song. It is the first tune played by Cavallaro on the opening of each engagement, and was the first tune he recorded for Decca as an artist in his own right.

Carmen and Wanda were married in New York at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament on 72nd Street, on Carmen's birthday, May 6, 1935. They are very much in love and now have two lovely children: Dolores, born August 27, 1936; and Paul, born March 18, 1943.

After four years with Kavelin, as pianist and arranger, during which time the band played all of the leading hotels of the nation, Carmen went with Rudy Vallee in 1937. He still remembers the day he joined Vallee in Toronto.

First Carmen played on "The Fleischman Hour," Rudy's radio program. Then the band went to the Canadian National Exposition as pit band for the show. Just before curtain time, Cliff Burwell, Vallee's other pianist, was taken ill and couldn't play.

This left it up to Carmen. He hadn't even seen the show, let alone the musical score for it.

"I've always given thanks for trombonist Red Stanley, who helped me over a very bad spot," Carmen says. "He sat behind me calling out keys and cues and I got through the show."

Afterwards Vallee came up and expressed his appreciation for Carmen's fine performance in a difficult situation.

After a year with Vallee, Carmen joined Abe Lyman (in 1938), to play at Billy Rose's *Casa Manana* in New York, and do radio work. (Continued on page 52)

Cutting a disc means painstaking work for any band—and Cavallaro's ork is no exception. Stripped to their shirtsleeves, they get down to business.



The name's

Murphy

IN THE late summer of 1941 the Murphy sisters were known as a "trio of comers"; today they can proudly boast that at a National Press Show given for President Truman they were the *only* trio invited to harmonize and make music!

It looks like a short stint, doesn't it? But wait a minute—that's what I thought, too! Then I got to talking to these three diminutive maidens from Stamford, Connecticut, during a rehearsal of NBC's "Music Room" show and learned that's not the half of it!

"When we were still youngsters," explained Muriel, "Dottie and I started as a duet. Mother and daddy, who sang and played piano, set about teaching us the wonders of music."

"Then I came along and started to sing, too," piped up effervescent Marjorie, the youngest of the three, "so-o-o we had a trio!"

The Murphy gals, who blend their voices in some of the nicest harmonies you want to hear, are three distinct and different personalities—don't let their identical clothes fool you! Eighteen-year-old Margie, the baby, is the outdoor type. Skating, swimming and 'cycling—next to eating—are activities she really enjoys. Muriel, the honey-haired one and senior of the group (twenty-two), finds clothes-designing, dress-making and reading fascinating pursuits. And twenty-year-old Dottie, the arranger and "maestro" of the group is the homemaking and baking type.

Of course, since they came to New York in 1941 to audition for George Abbott's "Best Foot Forward" and, instead, were discovered by the original Victrola Girl, Aileen Stanley, they don't have much time for things not directly related to their career.

"We live together and work like beavers," explained Dottie. "Yes, and we love it, too" added Muriel. "Well, if we didn't we wouldn't do it," remarked Marge, apparently surprised there should be any question about that.

It was interesting to watch the girls rehearse for their quarter hour NBC show. Aileen Stanley, their coach, watched them eagerly. And though there was no studio audience besides the director of the show, Maurie Robinson, and myself, they put on a knocked-out performance.

I asked the gals to explain how they select their music and work out an arrangement. Dottie took the lead saying, "Well, Aileen selects most of our music. She knows what's best suited for us. You know, she's more than just an ordinary coach and manager. She took us under her wing and devotes herself to our future."

"That's wonderful," I agreed—but it looked as if the Murphys were getting ready to eulogize the "gal who made them," the woman who made the song "Oh By Gosh By Jingo" a best seller for Victor back in the '20's—so I reminded them of my original question. . . .

Marge, Dottie and Muriel—better known as the Murphy Sisters—are full of smiles as they rehearse for NBC's popular "Music Room" show.



"Oh, yes," Dottie said, coming back to their music. "I play the piece over a few times, work on the different harmonies, and by the time we get ready to rehearse with lyrics I practically know my part."

"It doesn't take long to get the routine," explained Muriel, "once we get a rough sketch of the song. Then we work on bringing out the finer points and nuances and develop the emphasis."

"Were you three always set on a singing career?" I inquired.

"Well as kids—as we said before—we always sang," said Marge. "Stamford, Connecticut, heard us at church affairs, local parties, picnics and school plays," laughed Dottie.

However, despite their attention to music, there was a time when Dottie and Muriel both were interested in studying medicine. It must have been a passing fancy though, because the gals came to New

(Continued on page 55)

by
Esther Ross



Back in the limelight again as guest pianist on NBC's "Kraft Music Hall", Eddie Duchin harmonizes with Frank Morgan during a rehearsal . . . decides to stick to 88ing.



Alvino Rey fronts his brass team: (L. to R.) Bob Swift, Jake Garhime, Stan Fishelson, John Martel, Russ Granger, Frank Nelson, Robert Ellich, Bill Haller, and Kelly Bowman.

Amy Arnell and Bob Mathews, vocalists on the NBC "Abbott and Costello Show", peer into the mike . . . trying to find the answers to "Who's on first" or "What's second."



GREETING CUSTOMERS! Let's get with it and see what's jumping around Hollywood and Vine: To the *Meadowbrook* to catch BENNY GOODMAN's opening and knocked out by the great band and Benny's wonderful clarinetting. Celebs crowding around the bandstand and rubbing elbows with the fans. Among those out to dig B. G. were LENA HORNE, BILL GOODWIN, BUDDY COLE, YVONNE KING, AXEL STORDAHL, ALVINO REY, LUISE KING, CHARLIE BARNET, JIM and DONNA (KING) CONKLING, DAVE ROSE, JERRY COLONNA, SKINNAY ENNIS, and every musician in town who had the night off. Highlights of the opening were Benny's terrific solos which rated show-stopping applause, and MEL POWELL's superb 88ing. . . .

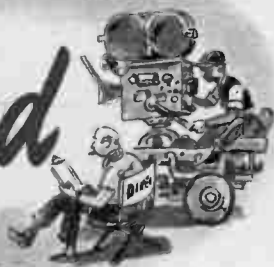
BATON BULLETINS: STAN KENTON headed East after busy session on the Coast which had him doing great biz at the *Pally*, two movies (one a biograbrief of his life, for Warner's), more sides for *Capitol*, and personal appearances, meanwhile being named "Band of the Year" by *Look* mag. . . . PEE WEE HUNT, ex-Casa Loman, organized a fine little band, featuring MAHLON CLARK on clarinet, and has been dragging the cats to the *Victory Inn* in L. A. Band also features Pee Wee's vocals and fine tram playing. . . .

"Music in the Morgan Manner" and given a whirl at the *Trocadero* when RUSS MORGAN held bandstand. . . . THE KING COLE TRIO and ART TATUM the *Troc's* stellar attractions in Cub and King Cole

Freddie Stewart, ex-Tommy Dorsey vocalist, sings to the accompaniment of Abe Lyman's orchestra in Monogram Pictures' "Junior Prom."



Bandstand



by Paul Vandervoort II

rooms. . . DESI ARNAZ (who will punch in the nose anybody who calls him Mr. Lucille Ball) preemed new band at *Ciro's*, playground of the stars. . . *M-G-M* is setting XAVIER CUGAT for "This Time For Keeps," which has ESTHER WILLIAMS in femme starring role. . . BOB MOHR, popular Hollywood leader, closed at the *Aragon Ballroom* after eight months at spot, opened following night at *Meadowbrook*, sharing bandstand with B. G. . . LAWRENCE WELK brought his "champagne music" to town for his first Southern Cal. date, and made new fans, at the *Aragon*.

MUSICALAFFS: SPIKE JONES tells me he's thinking of plattering his own arrangement of "Wagon Wheels." "Naturally," said Spike, "we'll change the title to 'Spokes Get In Your Eyes.'" . . . HELEN FORREST quips that sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for the sad details. . .

D (for Dorsey)-DAY may be this summer. Meaning plans for the film biog of J. D. and T. D. are shaping up. Note from Tommy tells me Richard English, famed for his magazine stories about musicians, is writing screenplay for the movie. For an amusing kick, I hope a sequence is planned which shows Tommy and Jimmy playing one of their first jobs, which was (believe it or not) a square dance. . . Speaking of band leaders' life stories, did you know that SOPHIE TUCKER was the first gal baton waver? Back in 1916, she and her Five Kings of Syncopation played at *Reisenweber's* (where the Original Dixieland Band rose to fame).

Ballerina Gerri Gale does a ballet moderne number while Stan Kenton's band plays "Artistry In Rhythm" in a Warner Brothers musical featurette.



Lucyann Polk, former member of the Town Criers, who has replaced Georgia Carroll as leading vocalovely on Kay Kyser's "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" NBC program.



The Dinning Sisters and . . . what's the name of that fellow, that former singer . . . oh yes, it's Van Johnson. They teamed up recently for an Armed Forces radio show.

Benny Goodman and his great band were jumping like mad at the H'wood Meadowbrook when this pic was taken.



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

CONTINUED

Some of Soph's sidemen are still making with the music—namely, RICHARD HIMBER, the band leader; DANNY ALVIN, 52nd Street skin beater; and MANNY KLEIN, Hollywood's highest-paid trumpeter. . . .

RADIO ROUNDUP: MARGARET WHITING, whose waxing of "It Might As Well Be Spring" capitol—pulted her into national prominence, is now the only top gal vocalist with two sponsored air shows: "Celebrity Club" on C.B.S., and "Philip Morris Follies" on N.B.C. . . . Once more singing with a band has proven the stepping stone to radio. LUCYANN POLK, of the TOWN CRIER Polks, quartet featured with name bands, landed the No. 1 canary spot with KAY KYSER, while BOB MATHEWS (ex-HEIDT) and AMY ARNELL (former TOMMY TUCKER vocalovely) took over singing chores on "The Abbott and Costello Show" on N.B.C. . . .

EDDY DUCHIN got regular spot on "Kraft Music Hall," after shedding Navy uniform, and is proving he hadn't lost his swell piano technique while chasing subs for Uncle Sam. Eddy is sold on Hollywood, and is adding his name to the long list of "names" already calling Hollywood home. . . . Nice human interest story behind the baton on the RUDY VALLEE show. BENNY KRUEGER, who's now leading the band, was Rudy's idol when Vallee was a struggling young saxman at the start of his career. At that time, Krueger was one of America's top saxophonists and band leaders. . . . CARMEN CAVALLARO left Hollywood temporarily for Eastern commitments, but hopes to return home with additional calling cards for his collection, a hobby he began when having dinner with the late F.D.R. . . .

TUNE TIPS: Watch for a big comeback of T. D.'s disc of "Song Of India," and probable platterings of the Rimsky-Korsakov tune by other bands. *Universal* is filming "Shahrazad," life story of the famous Russian

composer, with Jean Pierre Aumont in the title role. Modern lyrics have been written for Rimsky's music by Jack Brooks, and I predict the guys and gals will dig Rimsky-Korsakov as eagerly as they did Chopin. . . . Smart insiders are also saying that another-film-tune, "Some Sunday Morning" clefted by Ray Heindorf, M. K. Jerome and Ted Kohler, and introduced by Alexis Smith in *Warner Brothers'* "San Antonio," is a cinch for a long run on the "Hit Parade." . . . Clever novelty that looks like a sure hit, too, is "The Cricket Song," ditty dreamed up by Al Jarvis, Artie Wayne and Don George and disced by FREDDY MARTIN. . . .

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS: RUSS MORGAN and MATTY MALNECK signed to continue *Universal's* parade of name band featurettes. Between pix and radio, Matty still finds time to write tunes. Two of his latest, "A House, A House," and "I'm Not Having Any," are being recorded by WOODY HERMAN, THE ANDREWS SISTERS, and DAVID SPREET. . . . HARRY JAMES has been set by *20th Century-Fox* for the musical "That's For Me." VIVIAN BLAINE will also have a role in the flicker. . . . JIMMY HIGSON and the TEEN-AGERS are taking time between airshows with HOAGY CARMICHAEL to do two films: "Double Rhythm," for *Paramount*, and "One Exciting Week," for *Republic*, and to fly up and down the Coast doing one-nighters. . . .

Nice-to-know item is that FREDDY SLACK was back in town reorganizing band. After being too long away from the bandstand, Freddy is busy on a new library, and planning more record dates and p. a's. An agency switch is part of the new deal. . . . JERRY WALD, FRANKIE CARLE and VAUGHN MONROE set for *Palladium* dates, with GENE KRUPA, BOB CROSBY and BUDDY RICH holding down the bandstand the first quarter of 1946. . . . ART FARRAR enlarging his band to twenty-two pieces, having added four fiddles. His new vocal discovery, LOUISE O'BRIEN, Art tells me, has never sung with a band before, but Art predicts big things for her. . . .

AROUND THE LOTS: FRANK SINATRA reported to *M-G-M*, and between com- (Continued on page 60)

Margaret Whiting, waxing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man Of Mine."



Pianist Freddie Slack has taken up the "slack" in his musical career by reorganizing his band after an extended lay-off.



Spike Jones gets made up to do a scene for *Paramount's* movie "Ladies' Man".



PIPING HOT MUSIC

by Donald Thompson



MILT HERTH

MILT HERTH was cutting his fourth side of several records for Decca, about nine years ago in New York, when he became tired and lost a bit of his touch on the electric organ. "Here, let me beat off for you," said pianist Willie Smith, who happened to be in the room. Willie hit a few bars on the piano, Milt joined in on the organ, and they ran through the number together.

Then Dave Kapp, Decca vice president, came running into the room. "That sounds swell. Let's get the drummer from studio B," he said. In studio B was the late O'Neal Spencer, who was with John Kirby at the time. The three played together, and Kapp arranged for them to come in the next day to "try cutting a few records." One of those records, "Dipsy Doodle," went to 200,000 copies. Remember it?

That's the story of the birth of the Milt Herth trio. It was an unexpected and an impromptu expansion for ex-theater-organist and ex-radio-station-musical-director Herth. But the expansion has been quite permanent, although Milt's pianist and drummer changed after those first recordings.

The trio's pianist is now Morton Jacobs, who was in the Army for several years but returned to Milt last October. Jacobs was formerly with Bob Zurke, and is an expert on boogie-woogie. Denny Dennifer is now at the drums, replacing Don Knapp, Jr., son of the famed drum instructor, who was on the stand when Milt played the *Glass Hat Room* in Chicago's *Congress Hotel*.

Milt Herth was probably the first organist to play solid jive on his keyboard, and his unusual swing manipulations have brought both praise and censure from the public. One camp thinks he commits sacrilege in playing swing music on an instrument primarily designed for Bach preludes and such. But the great majority prick up their ears and tap their feet to the

"something different" that Milt accomplishes with his keys, stops and pedals.

Milt plays with animation—swinging his shoulders, smiling and arching his eyebrows at the audience or the keyboard, cocking his head now to one side and now to the other, occasionally leaning over the keys as if caressing them. His rhythmic motion as he sways back and forth on the bench reminds you of the easy way an expert horseman rides his thoroughbred.

One reason for the popularity of the Herth trio is its versatility. Although its reputation was built on its ability to handle swing numbers, the trio is completely at home when playing sweet songs, rumbas, or semi-classical pieces.

Milt provides a heavier sprinkling of hot tunes and "stunt" numbers when he's playing a theater date than when he's playing for dancing, of course. One of his best stage numbers is "St. Louis Blues," which he finishes up by playing with his feet alone, giving a clever bass effect. "Playing bass is like cracking a whip, or giving a Joe Louis punch," Milt says. "You have to hit it and then get away fast!"

If you happened to be walking along West 75th Street in New York during the Christmas season, you may have heard Christmas carols being played softly on an organ. That was Milt Herth. For when he and Mrs. Herth are at home in their 75th Street apartment during the holidays, he places a couple of public address system speakers at their front windows, and plays carols on the organ permanently set up in their living room. Open house for band leaders and all their friends is traditional on Christmas Eve.

Milt has two "traveling" organs, and he uses both when the trio is on tour. One is always a jump ahead, by express, to prevent any (Continued on page 61)

by Dorothy Brigstock



(Left) Perry Como with Paul Barron who conducted the orchestra when Perry had his own CBS sustaining show. They warm up before stepping into the pitcher's box.

(Below) Though he features ballads, Perry also likes to listen to hot music—as witness his reaction when 88er Johnnie Guarneri pounds out the beat on the ivories.

7th Son of a 7th Son

CONCLUSION



Last month we told you the story of Perry's childhood—about his career as a barber, his lucky meeting with Freddie Carlone, and his job with Ted Weems' band. Leaving the band after seven years, he started back home. On his way he stopped in New York to see Thomas Rockwell of the General Artists Corporation. This was the turning point in his career.

THROUGH Rockwell's influence Perry got a job on the *Columbia Broadcasting System*. It was on a sustaining program. His salary was considerably lower than it had been; he was reduced to living on \$76.00 a week. But money isn't everything. He had his own program. He was reaching a wide, far-flung audience. He lived in an apartment instead of a suitcase. All in all it was a good job.

In radio, as in his previous singing jobs, Perry's climb was not meteoric—it was a slow, methodical rise. It couldn't have been any other way with Perry, because that's the kind of fellow he is—methodical, careful. Perry knows his capacity and his limitations—refuses to sing a song whose lyrics are not suited to his voice (baritone, with a range that includes semi-falsetto tones). For him no publicity stunts—always he has wanted to sell his voice at its best. And that's exactly what he has done all along the way.

After a year on his CBS program, night club bids began coming in. A night club, with its intimate atmosphere and discriminating audience, is often a challenge to singers who are accustomed to singing in large dance halls or behind a mike. Perry accepted the

challenge, and took a job at the *Copacabana Club*. Here things began to move fast. Suddenly, after years of a long, hard pull, he was tagged "Sensational" and "Terrific"—words which, though dear to the hearts of press agents, don't come easily to a blasé and critical New York clientele. At the *Copacabana* he was so well-liked that he was held over six weeks longer than his scheduled two. And this alone proves that Perry Como is more than a bobby-sox idol. Sophisticated night club patrons do not usually include teen-aged swooners. Perry's appeal is definitely toward all people who like popular music—men and women from eight to eighty.

From the *Copacabana* he moved to the *Versailles Club* for another eight weeks. By this time, everyone was talking about the "Como-tion" (so tagged in the New York newspapers) which the handsome lad with the mellow voice was causing.

Always Roselle and Ronnie were with him to revel in his success, to encourage him and cheer him on in the wonderful, but frightening jobs which followed—theater appearances at such large houses as the *Strand* and the *Paramount*.

Recording contracts began (Continued on page 48)

Errol Garner's wants are simple—and single. He just wants to keep on playing a very "relaxed and simple piano". It's what he doesn't want that tells the story of a new and exciting talent.

HE EXPLAINED it all to me when we sat talking it over after his first appearance at the *Strand Theater* in New York. He'd just broken into the big time and he wanted to get his ideas sorted out.

"I don't know just what you'd call my kind of piano playing," he said thoughtfully. "I want to play a piano so that it looks easy—so that what I play can be understood and felt by everyone. I want to be completely relaxed when I'm doing it. I want to give the music a chance to come out—I don't want to get in my own way with a lot of tricks and mannerisms. I want to get rid of all frills and get right down to the bare bones of the music.

"What I don't want is that complicated sort of playing that wears out the audience as well as the performer. I want folks to go home happy and cheered—not ready to drop in their tracks."

From now on Errol plans to be the lone wolf of the keyboard. Not that he has any objections to trios or quartets as such (at the time he spoke he was piano man with the Slam Stewart Trio)—he just prefers to work alone. If the customers don't like him he'll take all the blame—if they do, he'll take the credit.

Errol is one of the few names in the band world today who doesn't want to head his own band.

"I've got enough headaches just worrying about developing my own job," he says. "To take on the worries of seventeen other guys tires me to think of it."

Still another item Errol Garner doesn't intend to have any part of is learning to read music.

"I already know music," he says firmly. "It comes from inside of me. I don't take any credit for that—it was a free gift to me. But again, I've got all I can do to keep on getting rid of unnecessary frills and trills in

my work without bothering about reading something someone else has written."

"But," I protested, "you write music, don't you?"

He grinned. "I do," he said, "and that's a funny story I guess. I compose the hard way. I write music I can't read. I work it all out in my head and on the piano. I play it to a recording machine or to a man who takes it down as I go along. Then it's written down on paper and when they hand it back to me—believe me, it doesn't mean a thing. Looks nice, though."

Errol has written twelve piano numbers of which two, "Gaslight" and "Loot to Boot," have been waxed by *Signature*. He believes they show, "or at least they begin to try to show," what he wants his piano to tell the people.

Even as a child of three Errol knew what he wanted and what he didn't want. He wanted to listen to music. His father, Ernest, a professional musician, gave him music to listen to and there was a Victrola in the house as well. At three in the morning Errol's parents were frequently surprised to hear their piano being played. That was their boy! He couldn't sleep, so he went down to play over what he'd heard that day, before he forgot it.

When he grew old enough to listen to reason, his parents tried to give him piano lessons. He would have none of that.

"My hands," he growled, "got all beat up. I had my own system of fingering and the teacher wanted me to play what she called 'properly.' When I wouldn't, she rapped my knuckles. Mother soon had enough of that."

In Xavier University, New Orleans, Errol was again exposed to orthodox musical (Continued on page 64)

● Backstage in a rehearsal hall at the New York Strand Theater, Errol Garner gives his fingers a limbering-up drill before going on stage.



Playing
His Way

by Gretchen Weaver

Records On Review (Continued from page 12)

"Sioux City Sue" and "I'll Keep On Lovin' You"—both tunes right out of the hillbilly folios.

And for still another change of platter pace, the rumba enthusiasts have much to their delight in the XAVIER CUGAT *Columbia* excitement as it spins rich in Latin color for "Walter Winchell Rhumba" and "Oye Negra," both tantalizing tunes from the movie "Holiday in Mexico."

CLARY KINGS: Among the band who lead off the blowing with a clarinet stick, the spinnings make for little major excitement. ARTIE SHAW offers a smartly tailored concert arrangement of "Summertime" on *Victor*, taking twelve inches of wax as he plays the Gershwin classic as a slow and dreary blues. And for the mating, he fashions a tuneful riff on the colorfully titled "The Maid With the Flaccid Air." Shaw's GRAMERCY FIVE, cutting for the same label, spin out little fire in their jam sessioning for "Hop, Skip And Jump" or for the haunting blues strain garbled in the waxed grooves as "Mysterioso."

WOODY HERMAN goes entirely commercial, but never enough delicate, when he pairs "Everybody Knew But Me" with "Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!" with the maestro handling the wordage well. More like it is when Woody sings and blows blue on his clarinet to bring back "I've Got The World On A String," completing this *Columbia* couplet with a fanciful rhythm fashioning for "Love Me," with FRANCES WAYNE adding all the necessary lyrical color.

BENNY GOODMAN, also on *Columbia*, spins out with two new items that show little promise for hit parade fame. Excepting that LIZA MORROW's rhythmic chanting is refreshing, it's just another ballad for "I Wish I Could Tell You" and at a faster tempo clip, "Give Me The Simple Life."

KEYBOARD CAPERS: One of the better dance discs of the lot is credited to FRANKIE CARLE, who heightens the melodic charm of his song selections with Steinway sparkle. Particularly fetching is "I'm Glad I Waited For You," the new Sammy Cahn-Jule Styne ballad from the movie "Tars and Spars," for which PAUL ALLEN provides the lyrical exposition. Equally effective, and with plenty of bounce, is his rhythmic fashioning for "No, Baby, Nobody But You," with MARJORIE HUGHES providing the lyrical persuasion.

Keyboard capers scaled eight-to-the-bar center attention on the four sides introducing JAY McSHANN on the new *Premier* record label. Instead

of using a large band, which submerged his talents on other labels, young Jay uses only a sextet, which is just the right setting for "Crown Prince Boogie" and again for "Hootie Boogie." It hardly seems that eight years have gone by since I first found him cutting his ivory teeth with a kid band at a Kansas City juke parlor. He kicks up some mean pianodust here and definitely bears watching, for his is the enthusiasm we find in a Count Basie. Coupled with his carefree key-



Desi Arnaz is scheduled to record his exciting, tropical rhythms in the Latin-American manner exclusively for RCA-Victor in the near future.

boarding on another disc is the ranting of a husky blues shouter, unbilled, for "Shipyard Woman Blues" and again for "Garfield Avenue Blues."

With individual style and always in good taste is the Steinway color created by ERROLL GARNER on *Mercury*. A familiar figure at the 52nd St. swing dens, his is nimble fingering for a mood-inspired "Symphony" and a riff-inspired "Bouncin' With Me."

SWOON SWEEPSTAKES: Skipping to the singing sides, there's a new voice added to the swoon sweepstakes on record. And in SKIP FARRELL, *Capitol* has a formidable entry, displaying rich lyrical charm in his romantic baritone pipes for his first solo sides. Moreover, he is equally effective and just as pleasing for both ballad and rhythm songs, creating the desired effect for a bright "You Can Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder" and the lush lullabying of "I Wish I Could Tell You." It's all sweet singing that brushes against fem ears just the right way.

FRANK SINATRA continues to

soar the romantic heights on *Columbia* with a ballad coupling of "Day By Day," and "Oh! What It Seemed To Be."

And there is plenty of lyrical charm in the baritoning of DICK BROWN on *Guild* for "A Story Of Two Cigarettes" and a favorite of yesteryear, "I'm Through With Love."

Falling short of anticipations is JACK LEONARD, who might have been the Voice today had it not been for the war cutting short a career that started with his singing of "Marie" for Tommy Dorsey. Much too dramatic in his exposition to make the girls wilt, and with low-quality piping to sell his singing style, Leonard fails to impress on *Majestic* with his balladeering for "Welcome To My Dream" and "Full Moon And Empty Arms."

Another returnee making a pitch from the *Victor* camp to become a major factor for fems is JOHNNY DESMOND, who sang with the Glenn Miller band during his Army hitch. His soft whisperings for "Don't You Remember Me?," a highly tuneful ballad, and for the stylized "In The Eyes Of My Irish Colleen," will make many a young one feel that he is singing only for her. But whether enough of them will feel that way is a matter of much conjecture. He's in good voice, but no better in voice or style than so many of the others spinning around at this late stage of the swoon sweepstakes.

FEM CHARMERS: It's been a long jump since she first signed as canary charmer for Count Basie's band to this day when THELMA CARPENTER spins out as the most refreshing rhythmic voice on wax. With a lush quality to her lyrical lilt, la Thelma rates tops as she spins in stride for *Majestic* with "Just A-Sittin' And A-Rockin'" and, rich in nostalgic appeal with vocal assist from THE DEEP RIVER BOYS, "Hurry Home." And again, a double-rich vocal rendition of two "Show Boat" classics in "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man."

NANCY NORMAN, who stepped out on her own after recording "Chickery Chick" for Sammy Kaye, makes her disc debut as a single on *Guild* with a bouncy "Snap Your Fingers" and a slow ballad in "Everytime I Give My Heart," both songs from the movie "Abilene Town." However, she is no match for the many feminine voices one finds in the wax whirl and will best be remembered as part of the swing-and-sway aggregation.

No more satisfying is the vocal blend of HELEN CARROLL and THE SATISFYERS on *Victor* for run-of-the-mill rhythm harmonies with "Personality" and an innocuous "Mama Never Told Me."

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THE JAZZ RECORD

by Art Hodes



RECENTLY, I received a letter from a chap in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, whose name is Charles C. Sords. He seemed very sold on the idea of jazz progressing and threw such sentences at me as the following: "Jazz will progress—in instrumentation, in arrangement and new tone colors, and in the technical ability of its practitioners." Now then, if C.C.S. had only said "swing" or "popular music" or any term other than "jazz" I would be inclined to go along with him on that statement, even though it sounds like something he's read somewhere.

Big bands today are much sharper than they were a few years back. When Benny Goodman started the ball rolling by using arrangements written by the great arranger Fletcher Henderson, he injected a new element into the music business, and sped up the tempo considerably. Other orchestras were quick to follow his lead.

Again, when B.G. began using colored musicians his band's rhythm improved and the musical pace was stepped up. Later, Artie Shaw followed suit, first hiring Hot Lips Page and then "Little Jazz" (Roy Eldridge), both trumpet players. Recently Tommy Dorsey added Charlie Shavers, another horn man, to his staff. The music these commercial bands produced became hotter. The arrangements had to be written with a thought in mind as to who was going to play them. Definitely, progress was being made. But brother, I still say "that ain't jazz." Give this a thought.

Remember the first Bob Crosby band? Do you recall how everyone raved about their hot arrangements and their two-beat Dixieland music? And did not that band contain star musicians? Jess Stacy, Joe Sullivan and Bob Zurke, each held down the piano chair at different intervals; Billy Butterfield, Muggsy Spanier and Yank Lawson, the trumpet department; plus Fazola, Eddie Miller, Ray Bauduc, Bob Haggart, Matty Matlock, Nappy Lamare, Floyd O'Brien, Shorty Sherock—all name musicians. Yes, that was some star-studded big band.

What do you suppose made them form a small group called "The Bob-

Cats," an eight-piece combo, the cream of the crop so to speak? Why do it if they were all so happy producing that progressive big band jazz? And Benny Goodman: surely if his orchestra were the Utopia musicians visualize for themselves, then why should B.G. go to the trouble of forming a trio, and later make it a quartet? What about the Clambake Seven, a small group formed from out of the Tommy Dorsey band?

What makes these fellows who are producing all that fine, modern, progressive, big band jazz, get together small combos which include only the hottest musicians from out of their large orchestras? The answer is simply this: these men want to play. They have to let out what they feel inside. These jazzmen who, because of a way of life they're accustomed to, find themselves in strange company, and can only take this progressive stuff so long, and no longer.

Being hemmed in by walls of arrangements is no joke to them. They've got to have an outlet. They've got to jam, ad lib, improvise. And that means playing in a small combo, surrounded by musical equals. So we find B.G.'s trio consisting of Benny on clarinet, Teddy Wilson at the piano, and Gene Krupa on drums. Those were happy

moments for Benny. The few recordings that group left us prove that.

Watch the continuous procession of stars leaving the large commercial bands to join or form small units. Even in the great Ellington band this exodus is taking place. Ray Nance, trumpeter and violinist left the Duke to form a small cocktail combo. Junior Raglin, bassist, went with him. Barney Bigard, clarinetist, a real factor in the building up of what is commonly called "Ellingtonia," took an engagement on Swing Street leading a small group.

Red Allen, for years associated with Armstrong, broke away—got J. C. Higgenbotham to join him—and formed an excellent small hot group. Muggsy Spanier left Bob Crosby and Ted Lewis, settling for the trumpet chair at Nick's.

Max Kaminsky, after serving under such known leaders as Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tony Pastor, Glenn Miller, and Tommy Dorsey, decided nothing was of greater importance to him than being content, and found that contentment by forming his own jazz band. Rex Stewart, Pee Wee Russell, Sidney Catlett, Ben Webster, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole and many other celebrated hot men have put all thought of working in a big commercial band behind them. (Continued on page 64)

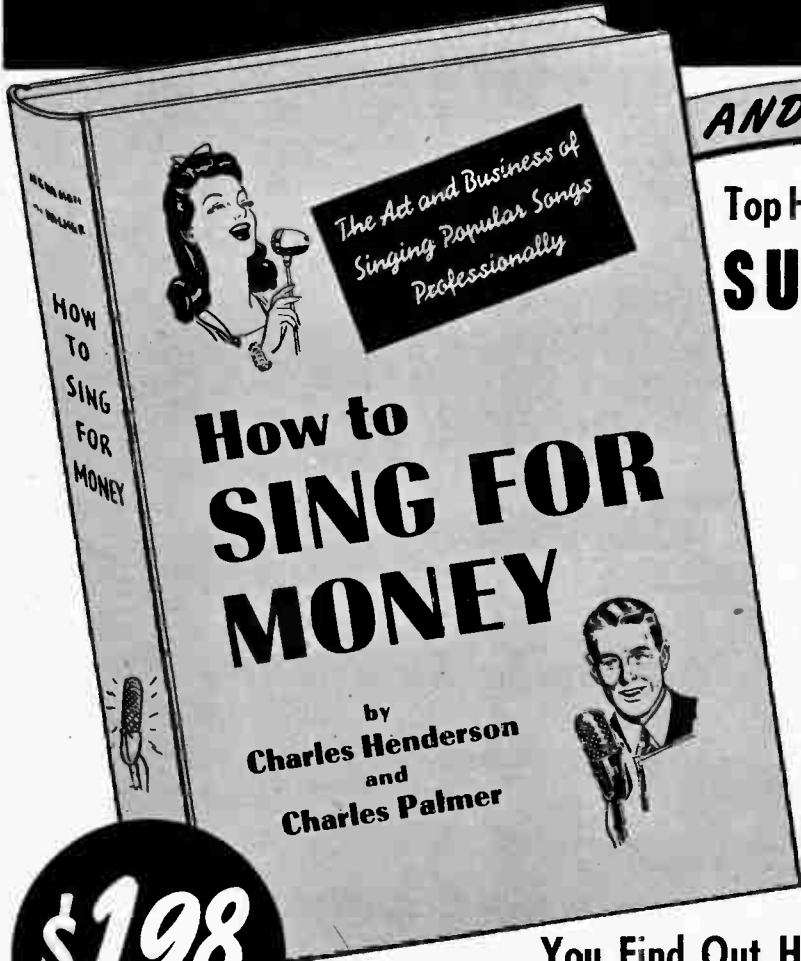
Biogra-Briefs of Jazzmen



"Wild Bill" Davison—No one seems to know just who pinned the title "Wild" on Bill, but there's no getting away from it—he wears it gracefully. Born in 1906 at Defiance, Ohio, Bill started beating it out at the age of five, accompanying his mother, a singer, on dishpans and other kitchen equipment. At eleven, he attached a funnel to a garden hose and started blowing. Today he's the hottest cornetist in the business. I believe he spent five years in the Benny Meroff band, later moving on to Milwaukee, where he formed a small group of his own. In '40 he arrived in New York City, took Swing Street by storm, then moved on to Nick's. Then followed two years of Army life. On receiving his honorable discharge, he became the sparkplug of Eddie Condon's barefoot mob. He's done his best recording for the Commodore label. His hobby: collecting guns and early American furniture.

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check one) Bartitone.....Bass.....Other.....

7th Son of a 7th Son (Continued from page 42)

to rear their lovely heads and, in November, 1943, Perry signed with the R.C.A.-Victor Company. The immediate result: one disc alone—his recording of "I Love You" and "Long Ago and Far Away" sold over a half million copies! Others, including "First Class Private, Mary Brown"—"Have I Stayed Away Too Long"—"Goodbye Sue"—"Lili Marlene"—"I've Had This Feeling Before"—"There'll Be A Rainbow"—"Confessin'"—"Temptation"—"If I Loved You"—"I'm Gonna Love That Gal (Like She's Never Been Loved Before)"—and "Til The End Of Time" have followed in the same groove.

When Hollywood got hep to the news of New York's singing idol, it extended a beckoning finger via its talent scouts, and this time Thomas Rockwell's advice was: "Go West, young man."

And again the Comos moved. But this time it was decidedly different from the seemingly futile one-nighters of the past. His name on the dotted line clinched an agreement between Perry Como and 20th Century-Fox calling for his appearance in their pictures for the next seven years, and he had before him the immediate prospect of appearing in the flicker: "Something For The Boys." In that opus he had a bit part—a singing spot. In August, 1945, he returned to Hollywood to play in his first starring role in "Dollface" in which he co-starred with Vivian Blaine. "Dollface" is soon to be released.

Perry liked Hollywood and motion picture work. "I worked with some wonderful people," he says. "They were never too busy to help a newcomer learn the ropes. Of course," he laughs, "there was Michael O'Shea. He wasn't much help. He used to sit on the "Something For The Boys" set, making faces and generally cutting up, trying to make me blow up lines—and, I'm sorry to say, he succeeded. I didn't have a chance to even the score until he came to New York early in '45 to do the radio series "Gaslight Gaieties." Then I'd make a point of getting over to his station just in time for dress rehearsal, sit in the control room, and heckle him to my heart's content. Which just goes to prove the old saying, 'He who laughs last laughs best!'"

Need it be said that this sabotage on both sides was all in fun? Perry and Mike are the best of friends.

"Movie work is much harder than radio," Perry opines. "But, on the other hand, you have more chances to do things right. On the radio if you fluff up a number, it's just too bad, and you have to do some quick thinking and acting to cover up."

Asked if he had ever "fluffed up" a number, he grinned and said, "Not yet, but my day will probably come. It can happen to anybody."

"Something For The Boys" completed, Perry, Roselle and Ronnie returned to New York in November, 1944, just in time for Perry to audition for the Chesterfield "Supper Club" program, scheduled for a December airing. Although he competed with nearly every male singer in show business for the coveted spot, it didn't take the sponsors long to decide that Perry was a natural for the show. Perry had at last arrived in radio—the singing field that he liked best—with a sponsor!

The show was an NBC package, broadcast from station WEAJ five nights a week from 7:00 to 7:15. At each meeting of the "club" Perry, as star, sang two songs. As emcee, he played host each evening to a guest star, or group. He clicked in this capacity too. His speaking

voice is as smooth and mellow as his singing voice: his charm and easy manner place him in the "perfect host" category. By this time such personalities as Jo Stafford, Jimmy Savo, Nan Wynn, and Xavier Cugat considered it an honor to share billing with one of the top-notch baritones of our time.

Upon his return from Hollywood after the completion of "Dollface" Perry resumed his chores on the "Supper Club"—and is still holding forth three times a week.

On Good Friday of 1945, Perry's good deed took this form: The Duke University Choir had been invited to the "Supper Club" for a guest appearance, and the University had planned to send all the boys in the choir to New York for the fifteen minute shot. Perry, considering wartime transportation problems, the expenses involved, and the advice of our government not to travel except when necessary, volunteered to make the trip from New York to Durham, North Carolina, himself, despite the personal inconvenience, and despite the fact that as star of the show he was not required to make such a concession.

That thoughtfulness is typical of Perry. His attitude is always one of consideration and cooperation. So say the people he works with, and they should know!

Watching him work is a real joy. Here no signs of temperament, but a spirit of friendly cooperation, much clowning, and best of all, an ease that's in sharp contrast to the nervous excitement prevalent in most broadcasting studios.

Perry, too, is a guest star sometimes, and once an obligation along that line led to much hustle and bustle, special police escorts, screaming sirens, etc. On March 14, 1945, Perry went on the air at 7:00 o'clock with his own show. He left the studio in the R.C.A. Building in Rockefeller Plaza at 7:12, hurried over to the CBS Radio Playhouse at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway (a distance of about seven long blocks), to make an appearance on the "Music That Satisfies" Show at 7:20—and he made it right on the nose!

To top this, the entire performance had to be repeated at 11:12 and 11:20 p.m. when both shows were rebroadcast for the benefit of West Coast listeners.

If fans are an indication of a singer's talent, Perry Como is excellence-plus. He's A-1 with thousands of Americans. An average of from 150-200 fan letters a day bear out that statement. To prove their loyalty, many listeners have organized fan clubs to support their hero in every possible way.

On his thirty-third birthday, Perry was surprised by a party given for him by the Perry Como fan clubs of New York City and vicinity. The friends arrived at the NBC "Supper Club" studio just as rehearsal was ending that afternoon of May 18th. Singing a hearty "Happy Birthday, dear Perry," they carried in a tremendous candle-trimmed birthday cake. Cake was served to everyone in or near the studio—the elevator operators, page girls and boys, and musicians. Although Perry likes eating his meals in an orthodox manner—dessert last—and he hadn't yet eaten his dinner, he would gladly have suffered from indigestion all evening rather than offend the kids who had remembered his birthday. So, he devoured a huge piece of cake before keeping a dinner engagement, thereby saving his good name.

Perry has noticed a decided change in the fan mail he's received recently as

compared to that of other years. He admits that at one time the letters were as a rule gushy and silly, but he believes that the solemnity of the war era made a big impression on the men and women of the next generation. The girls now write him thoughtful and intelligent letters, telling him of their hopes and plans for this post-war world, and of their own serious efforts to prepare themselves for the peace.

To the die-hards who still say that the bobby-sox fan type of girl is flighty and giddy, Perry says, in defense of his following and with complete sincerity. "There's nothing like the American girl. She's wonderful!"

A jolly, easy-to-please fellow, Perry Como could be classed as the enthusiastic type. He has a pleasant faculty for enjoying everything. "I'm everybody's fan," he says. "For example, I don't particularly 'go for' symphonic music, but if I do find myself at a symphony concert, I enjoy it. When I'm taking a Fifth Avenue bus ride; then there's nothing like Fifth Avenue—or bus rides. If I'm at a baseball game, for the time being I'm more interested in baseball than anything else. It's the same with everything I do."

In fact, the *only* things Perry doesn't like are traits of phoniness, affectation, or insincerity in people.

Naturally, being a normal human being, Perry does have some preferences. His favorite music is of the musical comedy variety, with the works of George Gershwin and Cole Porter rating high. The song he likes above all others and for all time is "Temptation." His own recording of it is in the best-selling class. He usually chooses to sing it when he appears on benefit programs, and he's always pleased when his fans request that he sing it.

His favorite recreation is golf. "It's about the only thing I have time for any more," he laments. However, even on his busy schedule he does still find plenty of time for that, often going out early in the morning during good weather and returning to the city only in time for rehearsal. Back at the studio, he carefully places the clubs in a corner, pulls a piece of skin from his sun-burned nose, and goes to work. An all-day session of golf means getting up early—something that's hard for most nocturnal entertainers to do, but Perry believes that a little fresh air and sunshine "do you a heck of a lot more good than several hours of sleep."

Although he likes music and listening to records, Perry is not an avid record collector. Happy-go-lucky, slow and easy in everything he does, he thinks no record is worth scouting around for in obscure shops. Unlike many people who find relaxation in passive hobbies, Perry is not a collector of stamps or pewter or pipes.

He doesn't even smoke a pipe. He chooses instead a "satisfactory" brand of cigarette.

In the Italian tradition, Perry is especially fond of spaghetti, but his culinary tastes are primarily plain American with green salads, coffee and steaks heading the list. He drinks coffee incessantly, even at rehearsal where he carries a container of it around with him all the time.

Perry has no pet animals at present, although he would like a chance to remedy that. He loves dogs, but thinks they don't belong in a city apartment. However, he thinks he may be coerced into buying one soon, if Ronnie continues to think it's a good idea.

The advent of the Como heir has influenced Perry's reading habits. He still finds relaxation in reading mysteries and detective stories, but his favorite litera-

ture is now "Superman"—a taste acquired after several oral-reading sessions with Ronnie.

Ronnie, it should be explained, is the pride and joy of the Como household. His father, too modest and shy to talk much about himself, will, at the drop of a hat, tell you all the up-to-the-minute news about Ronald Perry. In return, Ronnie is probably the number one Perry Como fan—president, secretary, treasurer and member of his own fan club.

It's doubtful that Ronnie will follow in the footsteps of his famous pop. Currently, his interests center about a tool chest and some lumber. Although there have been no casualties around the Como home yet, it kind of looks as if he'll grow up to be a carpenter, which Perry, incidentally, thinks a good idea. At any rate Perry is making no plans for his son. What he grows up to be depends upon Ronnie himself.

Perry and Roselle as child psychologists are a perfect team. Although Ronnie is the apple of their respective eye, he "doesn't get away with anything," Perry says. From Ronnie they expect consideration and respect, but unlike many parents, they are willing to show him the same courtesies and to include him in their adult conversations. The result: a happy home, sans tears or tantrums.

Perry is nearly always dressed in casual sport clothes—gabardines and tweeds. He wears white shirts with "Perry" stitched in color on the pocket. Unlike most show folk, he does not wear "loud" ties. Usually he wears no tie at all. When he does, it's a comparatively conservative one in a solid color. His favorite colors are various shades of brown and "Como" blue—a shade named for Lake Como in Italy. Perry refers to that as a "bad family pun," but he likes the color anyhow.

As for Perry in person—well, he looks exactly as his voice would lead you to think. Black hair, deep brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion combine for one description—romantic looking. He's five feet, ten inches tall—weighs 165 pounds. He's almost always either laughing or smiling, and the brown eyes boast a friendly twinkle.

The future for Perry if he has his way (and he probably will) will be much the same as the present. He wants to continue making theater personal appearances, working in motion pictures, and most of all, working in radio.

Perry has a special fondness for New York and, after much house-hunting, bought a home in Flower Hill, Long Island, into which he and his family moved in November, 1945.

He may later go into the music publishing business. Perry thinks it only natural to enter a business associated with his present career. "But first," he says modestly, "I want to be good at what I'm doing now."

To indicate just how good he is: in the spring of 1945 Perry was selected by the Motion Picture Industry as the artist to sing the "Motion Picture Red Cross Song." The song, written for the 1945 Red Cross drive by Hal Block and Pfc. Frank Loesser, was heard in 11,000 theaters in the United States through the medium of the Como pipes.

On January 25, 1946 Perry was presented with a scroll from the Disabled American War Veterans, Inc., naming him the favorite singer of that organization.

In the face of such honors, it looks as if Perry Como is plenty good at what he's doing now. He can go into any business he likes and he need have no fears of jeopardizing his singing status.

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Frank Sinatra

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Eileen Barton knows that pampering her teen-aged complexion is just as important as pampering her vocal chords.

spring cleaning . . .

The time to check up on your complexion is NOW. That somewhat unoriginal statement is obviously good any time during the year. But this breathing spell between winter and summer seems especially ideal for getting your skin back on the beam. You can erase the ill effects of winter wind while you're preparing for the summer sun.

The first step in skin care is, of course, cleanliness. Grime and soot are the chief skin offenders, and the most common causes of a bad complexion. It's too easy to drop into bed thinking, "Just this once, it won't matter if I don't clean my face." When those "onces" start stacking up, that's bad—especially when it's really so easy to make that extra little effort which practically guarantees complexion beauty.

Now for the method—and that depends on your type of skin.

If it's normal or oily, a liquefying cream is for you. As soon as this type of cream touches your face and neck, it melts and gathers up all the old make-up and soot, which can be removed a minute later with a sweep of a tissue.

Next, comes the soap and water cleansing. Experiment with different soaps to find the one that best suits you. After you've rubbed the lather in with your fingertips, rinse away the suds first with warm, then with icy cold water.

But you're not finished yet—if you're serious about this reconversion job. Now apply a special cleansing mask. This type of mask is made from a grainy preparation which you mix with enough water to make a paste. Allow it to dry on your face (the drying period is an excellent time to be brushing your hair or removing your nail polish). The grainy mixture reaches deep into your pores, removes superficial blackheads and dead cuticle. Make a job of removing the mask by rubbing it off in a rotary motion with a dry washcloth or com-

plexion brush. Easy does not do it. Finish off with a dash of cold water or an astringent.

Dry skins require almost the same routine. Variations are in the cream used (a heavy cold cream for you), and amount of soap and water used. Some soaps have a drying effect on the skin and shouldn't be used too often. Try to find a soap with an oil base. You need the mask treatment only once or twice a week.

Few teen-age complexions need night cream or lubricating oil. However, if you feel that yours does, work it carefully into your skin with an upward motion of your fingertips, and leave it on for about twenty minutes before removing.

So much for the night routine. Supplemented by a soap and water cleansing in the morning and a mid-afternoon going-over with a cleansing lotion or cream, that should do it!

Powder base works wonders for almost any kind of skin. It prevents oily noses from becoming shiny, because the powder clings to your face. If your skin is dry, it acts as a protection against chap, sunburn and windburn.

Don't forget that complexion beauty also depends on the fundamental things—like the food you eat (more green salads than fudge sundaes, we hope!), the amount of water you drink, the amount of sleep you get (those eight hours of shut-eye weren't tagged "beauty sleep" for nothing).

Sorry we can't advise you on acne. That's a problem for your physician or dermatologist, and one that you should definitely see him about.

However, if your skin is normal, the above directions will help you weather any season.

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Fran Warren (left) and June Christy engage in a friendly hair-pull—referee: Gene Howard.

Poet of the Piano (Continued from page 36)

When the Lyman band went on the road, Carmen decided to remain in New York, and played club dates with the Meyer-Davis orchestras, Jimmy Lanin, and others, intermingled with radio dates on *NBC* and *CBS*. Up to this time, Cavallaro had never fronted a band, nor even had any particular desire to do so.

Then John Hennessey, an executive of the Statler Hotel chain, asked Carmen to audition a band for a possible location job at one of the Statler Hotels. Carmen got together a five-piece band, made a successful audition, and opened at the Statler in St. Louis, Mo., on November 9, 1939.

But before this happened—before he had become a band leader—*Decca* signed him to a recording contract, and he made a piano album which has exceeded the sales of any similar album put out by any company. The album, the first of five since recorded, was called "Dancing In The Dark."

Soon after the discing of "Dancing In The Dark," people were dancing in the Statler in St. Louis to Carmen's music. In this first Cavallaro band, with himself as pianist and leader, were Stanley Keller, tenor sax; Joe Ponti, guitar; Johnny Rose, string bass; and Rudy Wagner, violinist.

Playing in St. Louis until May, 1940, Cavallaro moved on to the Statler in Detroit, enlarging his band to eight pieces. In November, 1940, he moved to the *La Conga* in New York, adding a trumpet to his three saxes, violin, bass, drum and guitar.

Opening at the *Carlton Hotel* in Washington in January, 1941, he subsequently played *Ben Marden's Riviera* and the *Rainbow Room* in New York, the *Ritz-Carlton* in Atlantic City, the *Cleveland Hotel*, *Hotel Syracuse*, and the *Detroit Statler*, winding up his engagement at the *Waldorf-Astoria* in the spring of 1943.

That summer he embarked on a theater tour which was climaxed with a highly successful engagement at the *Strand Theater* in New York.

Then Carmen made what he says "was the biggest mistake of my life"—he decided to change the style of his band

completely: "Even though the band was doing fine, and we got a good reception wherever we went, I let myself be influenced by the popularity of swing bands. So I decided to get myself a swing band."

It was in the fall of 1943 that Cavallaro hopped on the swing bandwagon.

He rubs his chin ruefully, in telling about it: "We didn't last long."

The beginning of 1944 was the most depressing period of his life. He had no band, had lost a lot of money, and the future wasn't particularly bright.

"I was feeling low, and confused about things," Cavallaro remembers. "I wasn't sure what I wanted to do, so I went back to New York, did guest shots as a single, and tried to figure things out."

Between January and March of that year, he did a lot of figuring. Out of it came plans for a new band—a real musical band, one capable of playing every kind of music. A band that would sound good, and be so versatile it could play swing and the classics as well.

So the present Cavallaro band was born, and whipped into shape for its debut at the *Chase Hotel* in St. Louis. A stand at the *Palmer House* in Chicago followed.

At the *Palmer House*, Carmen broadcast regularly over *Mutual* and this, quickly brought back public interest in the band.

The release of his smash version of "Chopin's Polonaise In A Flat," one of the biggest selling records of 1945, definitely established him as a big name. His "Warsaw Concerto" recording promises to keep him in the limelight during 1946.

Hollywood producers quickly sensed the unusual in Carmen's music.

In the summer of 1944, he played in "Hollywood Canteen" for *Warner Brothers*, then trekked to San Francisco for an engagement at the world-famed *Mark Hopkins Hotel* atop "Nob Hill." While playing at the "Mark," he commuted by airplane between San Francisco and Hollywood, to complete his film chores in *Paramount's* "Out Of This World," and *20th Century-Fox's* "Diamond Horseshoe."

A swing East took him back to the *Palmer House* in Chicago, followed by a theater tour winding up at the *Strand* in New York. Then back to Hollywood once more—for *Warner Brothers'* "The Time, The Place And The Girl." He now has a seven-year contract with *Warners*.

One of Carmen's most sensational appearances was in the famous Hollywood Bowl on July 14, 1945, as guest artist for a George Gershwin Memorial Concert. With Victor Young conducting the orchestra, Carmen played the "Rhapsody In Blue" before an audience of 22,000 persons cramming the Bowl. So enthusiastic was the applause that he had to give an encore; playing a medley of Gershwin tunes and winding up with "I've Got Rhythm," which he had to repeat before begging off.

Radio listeners feel the same way as Hollywood residents about his talents. On the "Kraft Music Hall," "Fitch Bandwagon" and "Spotlight Bands" shows repeatedly, Carmen finally got an air show of his own: "The Shaeffer Parade, starring Carmen Cavallaro," heard on *NBC*, Sundays at noon, P.S.T.

Carmen is now a full-fledged resident of sunny California. He owns a lovely ranch-type home in Sherman Oaks, one of the charming little communities dotting the fabled San Fernando Valley near Hollywood. He is enthusiastic about his home and hopes to be able to build a swimming pool in the near future—not for show, but because swimming is his favorite sport, and a pool of his own will enable him to swim more often. He likes golf too but hasn't much time for it.

Carmen likes to eat almost anything, providing his wife cooks it. "I'm a lucky fellow to have a wife who is such a good cook," he says happily.

With Mrs. Cavallaro presiding over the family cuisine, Carmen handles the musical honors in the household. A huge record collection containing classical, swing and jazz music is a favorite and well-used possession of Carmen's. And a grand piano in the tastefully furnished living room feels his accomplished touch daily when he's in town.

Carmen believes the public has a higher musical I.Q. than many masterminds concede. Therefore, instead of playing down to his listeners, he goes on the theory that all kinds of music, if well-played and freshly presented, can obtain public appreciation.

So his band jumps—it plays the exciting rhythms of Latin-America—and it presents the works of the masters, in modern dress. The truth of the matter is, there's no other band quite like this—just as there is no other Carmen Cavallaro.

Standing five feet nine and one-half inches tall and weighing 170 pounds, the Poet Of The Piano, with his shiny black hair and warm brown eyes, shows the ancestry of his forefathers in sunlit Sicily by his handsome appearance. Sportswear or full dress become him equally well.

Always his first love, the works of the masters, he believes, eventually will be as well known to everyone as the latest Tin Pan Alley tune. Carmen is happy and proud of the fact that ever-increasing numbers of hip gals and guys are climbing on the Cavallaro bandwagon—requests for photos and permission to start fan clubs keep pouring into his office at the Music Corporation of America, 9200 Wilshire, Los Angeles, California.

Meanwhile the Poet Of The Piano spends hours of his time writing new and exciting arrangements, and rehearsing his band to attain the musical perfection he feels the public is entitled to.

The Musical McCoy

(Continued from page 29)

Quartette with the pre-war McCoy band. She returned as a spotlight single after doing civilian work with the Navy while the boys were in uniform.

Singer Dick Larkin, with twinkling Irish eyes and a touch of brogue, was selected from nineteen boys who auditioned for the male vocal chores. He played with the Notre Dame football eleven before switching over to McCoy's team.

Clyde McCoy decided at an early age that he would be a trumpeter. Six years of faithful practice (including six years of trying to keep the neighbors at least somewhat friendly) finally won him a seat in the Male High School band in Louisville, Kentucky. He was in the seventh grade at the time.

Soon after he entered high school, young Clyde organized a three-piece unit. They played for the local school and club affairs. Later he built this into a seven-piece dance band. After graduation, Clyde's hot trumpet playing brought a theater tour and also attracted the attention of Chicago bookers looking for something new and original. McCoy went into the *Drake Hotel* in Chicago for what was intended to be a short engagement—but Chicago dancers liked his stuff and he stayed for two-and-a-half years!

On the stand, Clyde is relaxed and feels "comfortable"—he's a leader who really enjoys hearing his own music! He offers the current "Hit Parade" tunes, of course, but occasionally turns back to the old songs whose popularity have lasted for decades.

McCoy fans often ask for his hit compositions—among them: "Riding to Glory on a Trumpet" (an autobiographical bit of jittery jam)—"Tear It Down" (which he wrote twenty-three years ago and is still riding high)—and the ever-popular romantic and sentimental "After I've Said I'm Sorry."

Good news for Clyde's fans is that he recently finished a series of recording sessions in Chicago for *Vogue Records*. The new discs will be a colorful addition to any record library, musically and literally—for the ballads are waxed on a green background, hot records on red, and "blues" on blue. Each record also bears an autographed likeness of Clyde!

When he's away from the band, Clyde enjoys "fooling around" with his pet hobby—photography. He has his own portable sound motion picture equipment, and has produced everything from full-length movies to palatable short subjects. Clyde is director, producer and photographer of these "reductions," as he calls them.

But Clyde is far from a stranger to the lens end of the camera. He has appeared in several motion pictures during his career on the bandstand, and was the first leader to use jitterbugs in a movie short.

Harking back to the region of his boyhood, the Blue Grass Country of Kentucky, Clyde retains a liking for good horseflesh. Three prize-winning thoroughbreds are the result of his hobby of breeding race horses: Mac-O-Ninie, Sugar Blues, and Real McCoy.

Autograph hunters have no trouble with Clyde, for he collects signatures himself. A number of years ago, while playing a theater engagement in Los Angeles, Clyde took an airplane ride between shows one day. After landing, he asked the pilot for his signature. Clyde watched him write "Charles A. Lindbergh"—and remembered the pilot well

when radio announcers flashed the news of his solo trans-Atlantic flight in a later year.

Clyde has brought the music world rhythms and treatments which have given him a lasting popularity wherever he plays and whenever the radio waves carry "Sugar Blues."

The musical McCoy is doing right well by himself these days. His popularity is on the up-beat, his new rhythms and arrangements are clicking with John Q. Public, and "Sugar Blues" is still a favorite of millions. What more could anyone ask for?

Monday Maestro

(Continued from page 22)

good at that type of music," Woody explains.

That was the first Woody Herman band. The present Woody Herman band, rather than going back to the roots of jazz, is a trail-blazer on the road to the future of American music.

"I honestly think that we're several milestones ahead of most swing bands with the present outfit," Woody admits. "With the first band we went as far back as we could go. There had to be a turning point and there had to be progress. Now we have progressed to the point where I really feel that we're exploring new ground and discovering new things. And the funny thing is that the public, probably unconsciously, seems to have caught on!"

There you have it. Progress from the rutted hinterland road of Dixieland and the blues to the untraveled road of the music of tomorrow. Did you notice Woody speeding up? I'll have to admit that I didn't and I told Woody so.

"Well, the change was fairly sudden, although we did travel the entire road. You see, I've always been a listener. I've learned to listen to everything and to see if there isn't some good to be gotten from it. Finally when I decided that we had done about all we could with Dixieland and the Blues, I began to feel that the band was neither here nor there and that we really needed a change . . . so we turned around and started back. We played commercial swing and sweet. We played everything along the road.

"Always in my mind on the road back was the importance of an interesting sound. I wanted new sounds in the band, new voicings, new musical expressions. The one band that was accomplishing that was Duke Ellington. So, finally, about four years ago, I decided to carbon copy the band after Duke. I got Dave Matthews and a couple of other Ellington-like arrangers and we went to town. We made a poor man's copy of Ellington, but it was still the first turning point in the band.

"The second turning point came about two years later in Minneapolis. I left the West Coast in one of the most terrific messes I've ever had since I started the band. Nine guys had either been drafted or stayed in California to do studio work. There I was going to Minneapolis for a theater date and nine new men were waiting to join the band there. I honestly wanted to quit the band right then, but instead I went on in with the new band after we had rehearsed for one hour!

"Do you know, on that job we got more applause than we had ever gotten in Minneapolis with the regular band? The enthusiasm was great. Always before I had depended too much upon the guys

in the band and now when I was thrown out on my own with the new band I realized that the public was ready to accept fresh ideas. It gave me courage to try new things on the public. That was when we really started trail-blazing, two years ago.

"Today we don't copy from Ellington or anyone else. Our music is our own. There may be ideas from other bands or musicians, just as there may be ideas from the classics, but all we've tried to do is to harness everything new and interesting, and then to improve upon it.

You can see that the Herman herd has traveled a long way, and most of it in the space of two years. Although most of the band's fans haven't really noticed the drastic change, their enthusiasm has become more marked as the band has progressed . . . and it has just been in the past two years that Woody's gang really reached the top.

Ralph Burns is the arranger who does ninety percent of the band's new scores, and Woody believes that Ralph is the answer to all of his ideas on the band's future. The ex-pianist, who now devotes all of his time to scoring, knows Woody's ideas and thinks along the same line. He is also constantly on the watch for new ideas and he is equally bold in trying fresh musical ideas. Ralph was pointed out to Woody originally by boys in the band who had played his scores with the Red Norvo and Charlie Barnet bands.

As to the future of the band, Woody is both vague and positive.

"We'll continue on the same path and take it wherever it leads. I believe that we will come closer to legitimate music all of the time. We must already be nearing it because Igor Stravinsky has just written a special work for the band inspired by the trumpet passages we used in our record of 'Caldonia'. I'm told that this is the first time he has ever given a work to any musical organization. He just liked what we played and wrote a selection around it. We'll add harp, bassoon, and French horn to play it. He asked me if I minded the additions before he wrote the score!

"Then, too, we've had requests from musicians in the Philadelphia Orchestra and in the Cleveland Symphony to join the band. We must be hitting a lot closer to the classics to get requests like that."

Woody doesn't intend to add strings to the band for the simple reason that he finds it impossible to blend strings unless you have at least ten to every brass in the band. He would like to add a French horn for the added color and blend it would give . . . "but that's nothing new."

The present Woody Herman band is chock-full of sensational jazzmen . . . Red Norvo, Flip Phillips, Pete Candoli, Bill Harris, Woody, etc., etc., and Woody keeps all of them, including himself, playing at peak efficiency.

"Once in a while we get kids in the band playing over their heads, even," Woody explains. "It pulls them up by their own bootstraps!"

Freedom of expression is encouraged and each man is used to the fullest. There is no closed mind in the band, and everyone's ideas are invited. In fact, when a musician is to be replaced in the outfit, it is the musicians in that section of the band who are consulted for a replacement.

Yet despite all of the progress the band has made, and despite its leading place on the road to better jazz, Woody plugs quietly along, skimming in and out of traffic without a word. In fact, it was hard as the dickens to get this story out of the "Monday maestro . . . Woody Herman." Believe me!



an artist uses a paint brush to get over his ideas. A writer does it with words like these. But tenor-saxist Vido Musso thinks there is no better way to have the cats get with you than to “say it with music.”

Having “said it with music” with such eminent employers as B. G., Gene Krupa, Harry James, T. D., Woody Herman, Alvino Rey and Stan Kenton, Vido knows whereof he speaks.

“The way I look at it,” he explained to me, “when a guy gets up to take a solo, his horn should tell a story in that eight or sixteen bars he’s in the spotlight. Whatever is played should say something. Every tune has an idea behind it. To get it over, a musician has to catch the mood and feeling of the tune and adapt his tone and technique to fit the occasion.”

Feeling has a lot to do with how well the musical story is told, Vido believes: “How well you tell a story depends a lot on the way you feel. A musician can’t play a great chorus every time, any more than an artist can paint a masterpiece every time he picks up a brush. But I think a musical artist can put over ideas just as effectively as artists in any other creative art. It’s a matter of having good taste, and using notes like words or paint—and putting them in the right places.”

Vido has been putting notes in the right places most of his life, part of which he lived in sunny Sicily.

He was born there, and as a child lived near Palermo, where he remembers cutting grass and packing it home on a donkey to feed the farm animals.

Vido came to America when he was about eight, and

a year afterward began to study music in Detroit, his new home. “I was working in a barber shop, shining shoes,” he recalled, “when a music teacher asked me to clean his studio. He gave me free lessons for my work.”

At first Vido studied only *solfeggio*, learning to read music by singing, without ever touching an instrument. Then, too small to play the B-flat clary, he got an E-flat clarinet.

“Ted Lewis was the big man in music then,” Vido said, “and I wanted to play clarinet because he played it.” So Vido played clarinet until he was fifteen—for Italian weddings, neighborhood parties and dances. Then he got an alto sax, and finally made up his mind to become a professional musician.

“I had been studying to be a barber at the same time I studied music,” he smiled, *(Continued on page 61)*

● Vido Musso, whose music tells stories, holds “pen” in hand as he peers at a music sheet over the shoulder of smiling Stan Kenton.



by Dick Lane

About "Time" (Continued from page 32)

qualifications, the song writer loses. Right, Ted?"

Automatically Ted said, "Right. For instance, I'm a composer, a musician, a concert pianist. I went to the Eastman School of Music. I'm up at eight every morning to practice. My aim in life is to bring great music to the people. 'Time' brings Chopin right into millions of homes. Eventually I hope to bring Mossman's original compositions into American life, too. I'm not too sure about business ability—but 'Time' is doing all right."

Buddy Kaye told his own story. "When I was a kid in school I knew I wanted to be a song-writer. I studied saxophone—just to get started in music. I also studied stenography. So, when I finished school I had two ways to earn my eating while I worked at being a song-writer. I chose the sax and played in bands at night, leaving days free to learn song writing."

"I looked for work in one of the great music publishing houses—Chappell's. Ted Mossman was already there. His musical background helped him to a friendship with the late George Gershwin and he hung around Chappell's until they found a place for him."

"I came up by way of the elevator and kept on showing my face until they gave me a job too. Chappell's was encouraging to young talent. The atmosphere of the place was stimulating. Almost any day you could see Hammerstein, Kern, Levant, Rodgers and Hart—and there, in youthful, humble capacities, we were too."

"That was in 1937. We wrote a song, 'Dream On,' which had a small success. Then we parted until 1945. Ted did a lot of arranging and a number of originals, such as 'High Tension.' I wrote the words for 'This Is No Laughing Matter,' and

'Walkin' With My Honey,' the latter, by the way, a 'Hit Parade' selection, along with 'Time.' In '45 we got together again—and then, 'Time.'

"But," he added, "if we hope to call ourselves successful we've got to keep producing."

Personal facts are difficult to extract from two men who want to keep talking about music, but I did manage to learn that both men are now and have been for five years, ASCAP members. Buddy toured with the ASCAP band, made up of song-writers, during the recent ASCAP quarrel with the radio stations.

Ted Mossman spends his days in the Ted Mossman Studios in New York surrounded with music, musicians and pianos. He's married, has a baby daughter, is a health-food enthusiast, and reads biographies and huge tomes on the mystic religions of the East.

Buddy is also married, also lives in New York, has given up saxophone playing professionally, reads encyclopedias and dictionaries because he loves the sound of words, and enjoys the success of others in person and in biographies. He likes to escort his lovely wife around New York where other and less fortunate men may observe and envy.

"We think," said Ted, and Buddy nodded agreement, "that 'Time' has ushered in a period of long-hair popularity. People want good music now. They like the sound of it. They recognize that it's the best and they feel happy, wise and discriminating, because they can know and appreciate the classics."

About that \$75,000 mentioned at the beginning of this story—that's their share of the 'Time' profits at the time this story was written.

The Name's Murphy (Continued from page 37)

York as soon as they heard auditions were being held for the show "Best Foot Forward."

"We didn't make it, 'cause we were too green," confessed Marge with complete candor. "But we were lucky. Aileen heard us and invited us to her office to talk. It resulted in mother and daddy coming down to see her, and next thing you know we were all living together and rehearsing the fundamentals of theater and stage technique."

After they learned "diction, speech, and how to walk," they were booked with Carl Hoff's band for a few months. That experience under their belt, they were booked into Washington, D. C.'s Capitol Theater. The audiences loved 'em, and since that time they've done many return performances in our nation's capital. A date at Chicago's *Chez Paree* followed their Capitol Theater engagement—then a U.S.O. tour of all the Southern States. That concluded, the Murphy Sisters went to work with Vaughn Monroe's band.

"We appeared in a movie, too," recalled Marge with real delight. "It was 'Meet The People,' and we did a number with Monroe's outfit."

"Then we started out on our own again," said Muriel. "But Vaughn wanted us back and we rejoined him—at twice our former salary with him."

"Sounds like your work had a plan to

it," I suggested. "It did," explained Aileen Stanley, who had made no comments up 'til then. I urged her to continue. "Well, we wanted the kids to get all types of experience," she said. "It makes them better and more versatile. So, after the tour with Monroe, we worked out a radio show for them with Jack Pepper on CBS. After eight weeks they were given a contract for another six weeks—this time with Raymond Scott."

Theater engagements were still open to them, but it was generally agreed that radio could take them farther. NBC welcomed the Murphy Sisters on innumerable commercial shows, including: "Ed East and Polly," "Chesterfield Supper Club," and many others. Then they were given a four-month contract for the "Music Room" show which is featured on the network five afternoons a week.

"What next?" I asked, turning to the threesome. "We'd like to appear in a musical," said Muriel. "Yes we would like that," Dot and Marge chimed in.

Since signing an exclusive recording contract with Victor, the Murphy stock is hitting a new high mark throughout the U.S.A. and that's just the beginning, as far as they're concerned!

If trios are made because of their blended voices, pitch and quality of tone, then the Murphy sisters can enjoy the avalanche of fame that's bound to strike!

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Cleveland's Wax Wizards

(Continued from page 21)

reports, and manages to include news broadcasts on his program.

Born in Akron, Ohio in 1922, Henrich attended high school there, and then Akron University. During the war he enlisted in the Naval Air Corps and went to pre-flight school at Wooster College, where he received a medical discharge in July, 1944. He broke into radio with WADC (Akron) while still in college. Before enlisting in the Armed Forces he went to work at WJW (then in Akron) and came to WGAR in October, 1944. Walt is single, five feet ten inches tall, weighs 165, and studied violin for fourteen years. His hobby is photography.

DON BELL starts the WJW day right with "By Don's Early Light." Playing the usual pop tunes, Don mixes in character impersonations of "Sam and Miranda," tells jokes and humorous tidbits culled from the news of the day and from timely feature stories. His off-the-cuff comments have led reviewers to describe his show as five per cent each of Ransom Sherman, "Here's Morgan" and Fred Allen—with the remainder distinctively Don Bell.

Don has been turning out such shows for ten years on stations throughout the nation. Radio-wise since his teens, thirty-one years old, he has seen every phase of the business in many cities of the South and Midwest. He began as a writer of radio scripts, and has sold time, produced and directed, acted, announced, programmed and swept out the office.

DICK ROLL is another Cleveland needle nudger who has been at it for more than ten years. In addition to his deejay show he serves as a regular WTAM announcer. "The job of presenting music," Roll says, "without repeating artists or tunes within too short an interval, becomes a sizable problem—especially when you're trying to fill requests.

"Furthermore, to have a good platter program it is necessary to mix talent. You must furnish music by instrumentalists and songsters, as well as music by small combos and name bands."

Specializing in presenting fifteen minutes of "evening music in the morning," WALTER KAY's "Melody Time" attracts a large following to the WJW spot on the dial. It's a clever selection of ballads and Broadway favorites. With its rhyming commercials and poetic platter chatter styled by Wally himself, this program displays a great deal of originality. It has been on the air for more than two years.

Kay started his radio career with WMRN (Marion, Ohio), but returned to his native Cleveland where he is well-known for former stage and musical work. Aside from his daily platter stint, he occasionally turns in a dramatic script, mails his photo to the fans who request it, and spends all the time he can with his three children and pretty wife:

A definite click on the radio skyways of Cleveland is the "Music For Ohio" show of JOE BLACK heard on WHK. Joe is well equipped with both a pleasant voice and a good sense of humor. His two-hour Saturday afternoon show called "Nationalities Broadcast" caters to the musical tastes of ten different nationality groups. Cleveland's population is about twenty-four per cent foreign by birth, and so it is not hard to understand why this show has been so successful.

Joe, who has a background in music, strives to make his platter presentations as "near-live" as possible. He broke into radio on WHK, June 1, 1943, and the

business of twirling the discs appealed to him right from the start.

HOWIE LUND, WJW's old bandmaster and "looney lampooner of the longhair," holds forth both afternoons ("Bandstand") and nights ("Varieties"). There is a Howie Lund Fan Club consisting of 1,000 members. Howie pays special attention to the juniors at his afternoon sessions and at the midnight session he specifically concentrates on the "late gates." One of the "Bandstand's" favorites is the masterful hepcorner execution of elocution in which Howie translates classic poems and quotations into Harlem jive.

Equally popular with his fans are those occasions when Howie conducts personal studio interviews of such top ranking band leaders as Woody Herman, Frankie Carle, Vaughn Monroe, Spike Jones and Benny Goodman. On his afternoon trick, in addition to the commercial plugs, he reels out news of high school social functions to the younger Clevelanders in language they understand. Generally, he injects life into a lot of dull-day routine.

Discharged from the Navy in February, 1942, Howie was the first World War II veteran to join WJW. A native Cleveland, he gained early stage and radio experience while in high school. He was a stalwart with the F.M. station operated by the Board of Education.

DON DEWHIRST is one of the best known of the Cleveland disc jockeys. Until recently he ran the only all-night radio record show in this area, but with the ending of the war the station went back on an operating schedule of less hours. Don's "Records At Random" is his only deejay stint right now. He likes to try to please everybody—plenty of swing and hot music for the jitterbug and enough of the sentimental, sweet melodies to satisfy the jitterbug's mother.

Dewhirst is an old-time platter turner—he started his radio career on WLW in 1929. In 1939 he joined the staff of WHK. During the war, Don was in the Navy, his term of service stretching from March, 1943 to September, 1945. Upon being discharged he returned to the fold of WHK.

CARTER WAYNE (WHK) has been around radio four years. He has a cultured voice and employs it with great effectiveness. His specialty—not new, but always good—is the semi-classical or classical platter. Good production is constantly his aim in making his record ses-

sion appealing,—and above all, listenable. Carter has also been with WKST (Newcastle, Pennsylvania), WLEW (Erie, Pennsylvania) and WFDT (Flint, Michigan).

JOHN SAUNDERS is the major-domo of WGAR's "Parade Of Musical Hits," which was started a little over three years ago under the title of "Night Shift," guided by Bob Kelly. "Parade" offers eleven top tunes each night, as well as news and sport spots.

Johnny was born in Cleveland in 1920 and attended public school there. He entered Northwestern University, transferred to Miami University (Ohio) from which he graduated in 1942 with majors in political science and public administration. During the summer of 1943 he worked summer stock and tackled radio that year on WFMJ (Youngstown, Ohio).

He joined WGAR in March, 1944 and took over his current record show when Bob Kelly left for the Navy in February, 1945. Saunders is single, scales 150 and reaches five feet eleven inches—likes swimming and the theater.

BILL MAYER is another Cleveland deejay whose program was started by someone else. Bob Neal was the first platter turner for "Rhythm Club." Bill took over in October, 1945, and has been rolling along merrily ever since then. Born in Erie, Pennsylvania, on January 17, 1915, he attended public schools in Cleveland, and later went to Fenn and Cleveland Colleges. A year of communications led to an interest in radio and he joined the staff of WALR (Zanesville, Ohio) in 1936. From there he went to WDMJ (Marquette, Michigan).

Bill did a stretch with "wired radio" before going to WBEN (Buffalo). Then, after a period with WTAM (Cleveland), he switched to WGAR in October, 1945. Married, Bill has a five-year-old daughter, is six feet tall and weighs 170. He has narrated a number of commercial films.

With space necessarily limited, it is impossible to give more than the highlights of some of the leading Cleveland platter programs and deejays. But rest assured that, with oldtimers like Don Dewhirst, newcomers like Betty Nickel and a host of other wax wizards flipping the discs, Cleveland's residents are listening to a constant flow of good music and pleasant banter.

(Next issue: Baltimore's Platter Jockeys)

Wedding-day picture—Mrs. Sarah Shaw poses with her son and his wife, the former Ava Gardner.



Looking Back (Continued from page 25)

have colored musicians in their bands, and run into very little difficulty with narrow-minded persons."

Jimmy has a great admiration for the wonderful work Frank Sinatra has done with his lectures and talks on tolerance, and through his fine short film, "The House I Live In."

Looking into the future a bit, I asked Jimmy about the picture he and Tommy were planning to make in 1946, "My Brother Leads A Band." He said it would be based on the careers of the Dorsey Brothers and that he and Tommy planned to work very closely with the script writers on the story material.

"Well, Jimmy," I said, "you'll probably be able to settle down in your house for at least the length of the shooting schedule."

This Jazz Business (Continued from page 33)

drawled Joe. "Sure they'll imitate Goodman and Armstrong, but their ideas won't stop there. They'll learn new ways of expressing themselves and they'll be greater for it."

Marsala is qualified to speak about the development of musicians, for he is a part of the era of Chicago jazz. Though only thirty-eight, he remembers well the days of Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Noone and countless other "greats" who sat around night after night playing music for the pure joy of saying the things they felt.

He became seriously interested in playing a clarinet when he was about fifteen. It took many hours and months of hard sweat for him to buy the kind of clarinet he had his eye on—a Selmar—but he saved enough money, got the clarinet, and decided to make music his business.

"For a time I didn't eat too regularly," explained Joe. "But I was happier. I'd stay up nights going from place to place to hear musicians play. I often sat in with them, but the management didn't have to bother to pay me—I played anyway. Weeken's I² work club dates.

"Learning the different styles of each musician was a wonderful kick. Then after a while I'd try a few things myself. The guys always encouraged me and it made me try harder than ever!

"I remember the first time I left Chicago to play a date. Wingy Manone sent for me and I travelled to Akron, Ohio, to make a name for myself." He laughed and relit his pipe. "I played a week, none of us got paid and I had to work with another band to earn my fare home."

Some time later, after Marsala had barnstormed the country with a circus band in order to eat (during the depression years), Manone telegraphed him to report to the basement of New York's *President Hotel*. Marsala came with alacrity and Adrian Rollini's *Tap Room* of the *Hotel President* in the year 1935 saw a quartet of jazz musicians that made musical history. *Vocalion* and *Decca* records tell the jump history of that group in most effective terms.

When Joe encountered Adele Girard a few years later, she was playing harp with the sedate "Three T's" at the *Hickory House*. The manager suggested Marsala add her to his jazz group. "I thought he was balmy," confesses Joe. "A harp in a jazz unit—holy smokes!"

BAND LEADERS

"You said it. And I can catch up on my golf, too. My property adjoins the third hole at the Lakeside Golf Course, so it will be easy."

Jimmy showed me pictures of his home where his wife, Jane, and his fourteen-year-old daughter, Julie, live while he is on the road. He bought the house, which has twelve rooms, three years ago from Dick Powell. The grounds are about two acres, and include a large swimming pool.

From the photos, I didn't blame Jimmy for wanting to stay home for good some day, but with his long contracts for theaters, *Decca* records and ballrooms, it will be a long time before he'll be able to lead a simple life in North Hollywood.

But if the retirement day ever arrives for Jimmy Dorsey, he will certainly have a wonderful career to look back on.

Adele was scared too: "A bunch of kids that played music without arrangements—I just couldn't understand it. But Joe and the boys were hungry so they took the job—with me.

"I come from a family where Sunday musicales and concert music were the accepted practice. Jazz was something you danced to, that's all. My father was concert maestro for Victor Herbert and my mother was a concert singer who gave up her career for a family . . . so you see, I had a right to be scared!"

"It worked out fine though—didn't it?" laughed Joe, turning to Adele again to watch her reaction. She nodded.

"That's how I know jazz is something you learn by working with other musicians. Do you know that when you play with guys like the ones who dropped in at the *Hickory House*—Chu Berry, Lester Young and Teddy Wilson—and play with men like Dave Tough, Buddy Rich, Sid Weiss, Artie Shapiro and Carmen Mastrem—why the musical sparks fly like mad. My heavens, I began to feel I could pick them right out of the air," explained Adele enthusiastically.

"It's true," said Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth, "when you play with guys who like to play and have ideas, you just kind of travel fast. You don't have to think about whether they're following you—they're right in there."

"Our present group works that way, too," Adele assured me. "No arrangements . . . just a pattern of the selection and then we all contribute our own ideas."

"The guys seem to like to work that way," said Joe. "I know I do. It keeps me from getting bored. If we can do something that sounds terrific—new, and a little off the beaten path—every once in a while—well, I'm happy."

"Even our records are done that way," elaborated Adele. "We have to work like mad to get what we want—but when we do, it's good," and she winked.

"You just have to keep remembering," emphasized Joe, "that jazz is going to go places—because the kids of this country are not afraid to express themselves, either musically or otherwise, and they're going to have lots of things to teach us about jazz. And when they pass us by, I'll take off my hat and tip my clarinet to them!"

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Dear Mr. Spivak:

What has happened to the wonderful Claude Thornhill? His arranging and playing made chills go up and down my spine. Anything you can tell me will help.

Harriet Gitlin
New York City

● Claude Thornhill enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman and commanded a unit of entertainers in the Pacific. Recently discharged, Thornhill is newly married and plans to rest for a while.

Dear Charlie:

Is it a fact that Perry Como is leaving the Chesterfield Supper Club? His singing is tops with me and I hate to think that I won't be able to hear him over the air. So say it isn't so.

Delores Manning
Utica, N. Y.

● At press time Perry Como was expected to cut out for the West Coast to make a picture for *20th Century-Fox*, the show either accompanying him or getting a replacement while he is away.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Could you please tell me what happened to Jack Leonard who was a vocalist with Tommy Dorsey? I especially liked him on T. D.'s "Who" and "Marie."
Phil Reisinger
Dayton, Ohio

● Jack Leonard was in the Armed Forces for five years. Upon his release, he was booked into Monte Proser's *Copacabana* in New York, where he made a big hit.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Back in 1940 and 1941 I heard a lot of Glenn Miller's music. At that time there was no band that equaled his, in my opinion. What I want to know is, is his band still together under another leader or disbanded entirely?

Chas. Howell
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I wonder if you could give some info on one of my favorite singers. He is Tex Beneke, who made several records with Glenn Miller awhile ago. I saw him in "Orchestra Wives," but since then I have not seen or heard anything of him.

Helen Montizambert
Canada

● The Glenn Miller Band has been returned to U. S. and reorganized—led by Tex Beneke, who has just been released from the Navy.

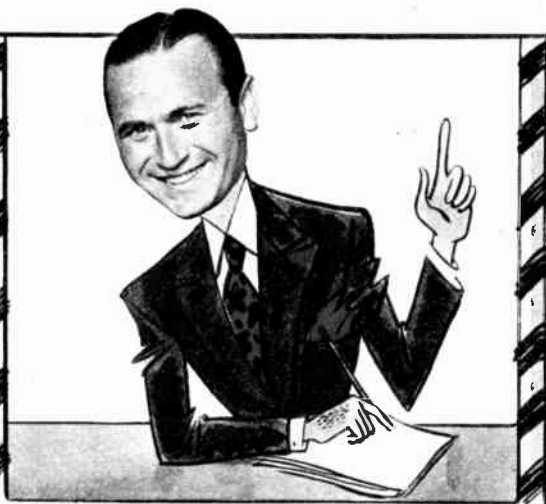
Dear Charlie:

I am interested in collecting records on great trumpet players. What is the name of your theme song? Have you ever recorded it? If you have, where could I get it, as well as a full list of your recordings.

William W. Thompson
Morrisville, Pa.

● My theme song is "Stardreaming" and we have recorded it. You can find the listings in any *Victor* catalogue.

INFO-DEPOT



By CHARLIE SPIVAK

Dear Mr. Spivak:

The other night while attending a party I got into a hot discussion about Eddy Duchin. The point of argument was that Duchin would not be playing the piano anymore because of an injury to one of his hands. His piano playing was always a source of pleasure to me and I hate to think this story true. Can you give me any information on this score? I would be much obliged.

Helen Glass
Decatur, Ill.

● Helen, that story on Eddie Duchin is absolutely false. The reason his music has not been heard is that he has been in the U. S. Navy and has only recently been discharged. At press time he was featured soloist on the Music Hall air show.

Dear Charlie:

Can you tell me what happened to the Borrah Minevitch Rascals? They were out strong just a short time ago and suddenly "died out." I always enjoyed the way they made harmonicas sound like regular orchestral instruments.

Peter Starr
Bayonne, N. J.

● The Borrah Minevitch Rascals joined with the Ray Kinney Hawaiian Orchestra and Patricia Morrison in a vaudeville package and have been playing the Middle Western theaters.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I want a big flashy picture of my idol, Duke Ellington, and I want to have Duke autograph it. Do you think he would and where do I get such a picture and if I get one where should I send it to get the Duke's signature. Also, can you tell me if he has a son called Mercer? And although I know Duke's forty-six years old, can you tell me where he was born?

Betty Carfral
Toronto, Canada

● If you will write to Duke Ellington, c/o George Evans, 1775 Broadway,

New York City, you will receive an autographed picture of the Duke. His son's name is Mercer, and Duke Ellington was born in Washington, D. C. By the way, Duke Ellington was awarded *Esquire's* Gold Medal Award, besides the *Metronome* Award . . . for the best band, and the most outstanding conductor, composer of the year.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Could you please give me the names of the "Pied Pipers" who recorded "Dolores" with Frankie Sinatra and Tommy Dorsey?

Joan Siesel
Morrisville, Pa.

● The Pied Pipers who made that recording were Jo Stafford, Hal Hopper, Chuck Lowry, and Carl Yocum. June Hutton has since replaced Jo Stafford. They are with Sinatra now on his own radio show.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

When will Duke Ellington be back in New York and has he any dates planned?

Mitchell Kasan
Boston, Mass.

● Duke Ellington is back in New York City. He will be appearing at the *Paramount Theater* in the early part of April.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Slam Stewart is undoubtedly a most unusual bass player. Have you any idea on how he gets the "octave effect" on that instrument?

Marilyn Cooper
Newark, N. J.

● Slam sings along with his playing. The combination of both makes the effect and has caused a minor sensation.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I was wondering if you would have any information on Buddy Rich's new band. I heard him on a "Spotlight Bands" broadcast and his band sounded very solid. I am wondering if he will appear around New England, especially Providence, R. I., at the *Metropolitan*. I have seen you and your band everytime you've played at the *Met*. I like your band very much—especially you and Jimmy Saunders. I have always listened to Jimmy on records and over the radio when he sang with Harry James and since he has joined you.

Joe Moniz
Pawtucket, R. I.

● Thanks for the plug, Joe. As for Buddy Rich, his band opened at the *Terrace Room* in Newark, N. J., on Christmas Day, 1945. His future plans are in the making so until I know definitely, keep watching the papers.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Terry Allen is handsome enough to go into the movies. Please tell me whatever you can about his life. Was he a "typical"

May 1946

boy? Is he always on the go? Was he in service?

Frieda Tryon
Berkeley, Calif.

● Terry boasts that he's "the world's laziest man." He was born in Oklahoma thirty years ago. Bred in Texas and California, Terry was always running away from home. Even when he settled down to school work, he combined his studies with a variety of odd jobs, finally formed his own band, later became a busy vocalist with such big-time orchestras as Norvo's, Clinton's, Bradley's, Long's, Thornhill's and McIntyre's. He'd like nothing better than just sitting all day long, listening to records and reading, but his delight in singing and his fine voice keep him on the go. Allen was in the Navy and was honorably discharged.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I have long been a Billy Eckstine fan and have a complete collection of his records. I'd be very grateful if you could tell me what his latest recording is.

Bertha Johnson
New York City

● Certainly, Bertha, here goes: Billy's latest in the wax-work department is an extra fine rendition of "I'm In The Mood For Love." On the reverse side of the disc Billy gives out with "Long, Long Journey."

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Can you tell me whether or not the drummers of popular bands have had, at some time, a private teacher—or have they just picked it up through the years?

Art Powley
Richmond, Ohio

● The answer to your question varies, Art. Some of our most popular drummers today never had a lesson in their lives, while others have had professional instruction. A good drummer must have an inherent sense of rhythm, a "feel" for the drums—that's something that expert instruction cannot develop if it's not there in the first place. Hope this answers your question.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

What ever became of Earl Warren who used to play sax with Count Basie's band? Ever since he left the band last summer, I've lost track of him. I'd appreciate any information you might have on where he's playing now and with whom.

Joyce Garber
West Hartford, Conn.

● You need wonder no longer, Joyce, for Earl Warren has returned to the fold. He's back with the Count after several months of being out on his own and, from all indications, he intends to remain.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Do you think Georgia Carroll will return to the "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" after the birth of her baby? I've always enjoyed her so much. Who is replacing her on Kyser's show now?

Alma Berg
Des Moines, Iowa

● Whether Kay Kyser's pretty and

talented wife will rejoin his radio show is rather doubtful, Alma. As a matter of fact, Kay is thinking of retiring himself, which would certainly be a loss to us all. Georgia's replacement is Lucyann Polk.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I can't get over what a kick I get out of Spike Jones' band. Never before have I ever taken such delight in hearing a tune murdered as Spike and his boys do! Can you tell me the name of his latest masterpiece?

Martin Hershey, S1/c
Pensacola NAS, Fla.

● Sure can, Martin—always glad to oblige. Spike Jones' latest is a super-special rendition of "The Blue Danube" and I doubt if either Johann Straus or the river in question will ever live it down! Also great is his album of the "Nutcracker Suite." Soon to come is a new album, "Music De-precia-tion."

Dear Mr. Spivak:

I'm a Benny Goodman fan from 'way back, and have tried to gather information on the maestro from the beginning of his career up to the present time. But there is one period which is still a complete blank to me. That is, from 1926 to 1929. What was Benny Goodman doing during those years?

Jimmy Lynch
Oakland, Calif.

● As you've probably found out by now, after reading the B. G. biography in March BAND LEADERS, Benny was a member of the now classic Ben Pollack orchestra from the time of its inception in 1926 until 1929 when he struck out on his own. Some other members of the Pollack band at that time included Glenn Miller, Victor Young, and Jack Teagarden.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Ever since Raymond Scott wrote that wonderful number, "Toy Trumpet," I've been anxiously awaiting to hear something new from this remarkable composer. Can you tell me please, what is his latest composition?

Ruth Miller
Henderson, N. C.

● Raymond Scott has been occupied for some time with the score of a new Mary Martin musical which will reach Broadway this spring. The name of the show is "Lute Song" and I have it on good authority that Raymond has written nine songs, twenty instrumental scores, and six ballet pieces for this musical! Quite a feat! Raymond also has his band-leading career to keep him busy.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Will you please tell me what Woody Herman's latest recording is? Thank you.
Marjorie Halbleib
Rochester, New York

● Woody Herman's latest disc (at this writing) features "I've Got The World On A String", backed by "Love Me."

Letters for Charlie Spivak should be addressed: % BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.—Ed.



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Okay Jo

(Continued from page 30)

of music. Songs aren't just words to be sung mechanically. They tell a story. You have to understand that story—to feel what the composer was trying to say when he wrote the song. Then you have to interpret it as sincerely as you can for your audiences, so they'll feel the same way you do.

"One of the most popular of my recordings has been 'There's No You.' Every time I'm on a request program they call for it. Maybe I'm a sentimentalist, maybe I'm just plain emotional, call it what you will—but one thing I can tell you frankly. That song always moves me. It never fails to make me feel alone and melancholy when I sing it.

"My favorite song is 'You Grow Sweeter As The Years Go By.' I like it because I like to believe that about people. They've been that way with me."

Most girls winning stardom are in a position to get the things they've always dreamed about: clothes, jewelry, and last, but not least, that mink coat. Jo has been no exception in this respect. In her role as a star these things are a necessary part of her equipment, just as her voice is.

"But the thing that makes me happiest," she declared, "is that I've been able to buy a home for Mom and Dad. That's something I've always wanted to do ever since I thought it might someday be possible."

Speaking of home, Jo hails from California and her trips East in the winter are quite a problem. Californians—at least the ones from Jo's home territory—are inclined to fling the windows wide open before retiring.

Jo did that one night in New York and almost froze to death, as she tells it. The following night she didn't open the windows quite so wide, but she forgot to turn the steam down. Next morning it took her almost an hour to shake off the effects of drowsiness caused by sleeping in an overheated room.

Around the house, Jo likes to cook, but she doesn't like to wash dishes. Who does? Also, she likes a house full of people. Back home, in addition to her mother and father, there are four sisters and a niece. Whenever possible they are all present over the weekends, and they have a hilarious time.

Jo is a great friend and admirer of Frank Sinatra. They enjoy each other's singing and make it a point to get together occasionally for a friendly chat when they play the same city.

I queried Jo about her future. "I don't know," she said, "I've been screen tested by both Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox. I'd like to make a picture but right now I'm as happy as I can be because I have my own radio program. I've wished for that a long time."

After one of her broadcasts, Jo noticed an R.C.A.F. flier standing off to one side looking at her. He seemed kind of lonely and lost. She approached him with a smile and said: "I guess you know my name; what's yours?"

"Pilot Officer Jim Baker," he replied, "I'm stationed up at a camp in Nova Scotia. The boys up there feel they want to have a dream girl of their own. After taking a vote they elected you. I won the drawing and was appointed to come down here and ask you to accept."

Jo accepted, of course, and in addition to being the G.I. Jo of our boys all over the world she is now the "Wanganui Girl" to the fliers up in that barren Nova Scotia camp.

Because of the terrific jobs she did on V-discs, Jo has a much greater following than is generally realized. Her fan mail is full of grateful letters from service men and women. One day an Army pilot circled La Guardia field an extra two minutes before switching from the A.F.R.S. program to the beam on which he was to receive his landing instructions. His reason? He was listening to a Jo Stafford recording and wanted to hear all of it!

It was getting late but, before leaving, I thought of one more question many of us would like to have answered—Jo being single, and not engaged (as this is written). "What," I asked, "kind of man do you think you'll marry?"

Jo didn't have to think very long. "The man I marry," she said, "must above all else have a sense of humor. Then I'd want him to like music and understand it. Beyond that not much. Of course, I'd like him to be a little taller than I am. And honest, and sincere. I guess that's all."

I don't know how many of you have had a chance to get a good look at Jo lately. She's streamlined herself down more than thirty-five pounds, and is really something to rest your weary eyes on. Jo's quite a gal. Wish I could stretch two or three inches!

They're Hep In The Hills

(Continued from page 19)

mimicry had plenty to do with it, just the same.

As an arranger (he writes all his own scores) Opie follows one creed, that the music he plays on his shows be danceable. "I've always been a dance musician, and I always will be," he says. "The band numbers we play are always up tempo and danceable. I never write so-called 'radio music,' just because we're on the radio. Popular music is meant to be played for dancing, and that's the way we play it."

Proof of this is the fact that every arrangement in the book Opie uses on his one-nighters has been used previously on the radio.

Playing one-nighters has been so much fun for him that he's now planning to go on the road once more. If things shape up just right this summer, he'll spend his vacation from the airlines doing a tour. But if anybody who hears him on the radio expects to see him fronting a band of fiddlers, guitar players and washboard beaters, they are squares in the syncopation circle.

Opie hasn't tried to put his finger on the elements that distinguish his crew from other present-day outfits. He doesn't particularly think of himself as having a style. In fact, he believes too many bands have become stylized to the point of being stereotyped. "I guess you'd say that I want my band to play with a beat, be relaxed and play stuff that's spontaneous," Opie finally ventured.

Maybe it was money, or something, but he thinks jazz lost its spontaneity when it became commercialized. For the same reason, he feels a lot of staged jam sessions are nowhere.

It would be something of a musical curiosity if this maestro from a state associated with hill-billy hoe-downs, would start a reactionary trend from so-called "commercial jazz" to the spontaneous interpretation of the art. There is Dixieland, Nicksieland, Chicago style,

New Orleans style, Kansas City jazz and what have you . . . what's the matter with "Arkansas jazz"?

Its chief exponent, hep though he is, has a typical Arkansas fondness for good ham (not the Hollywood variety, however). Out on his ten-acre ranch in Van Nuys, California, where he is a neighbor to Andy Devine, the Mayor, Opie raises Duroc hogs. A smoke house and refrigeration system help keep the Cates family in choice bacon and ham.

The Cates family consists of Opie; his wife, the former Kay Stein; and their children: Robert, seven; Dixie, five; Dinah, three; and Linda, one. Something is always going on, with four bubbling youngsters around the place. They've already had a taste of their dad's dry sense of humor.

Once, Opie and T. D. staged a cutting contest on Opie's ranch to see whether a clarinet or a trombone could call hogs quicker. "That was a losing tie," Opie admits.

Another time, after hearing about Tommy, Jose Iturbi, Cugat and other band leaders playing in Hollywood Bowl, the Cates small fry wanted to know "Why didn't Daddy play in the bowl?" So Opie gravely grabbed his clarinet and clan and headed for Hollywood Bowl, where he performed for their especial benefit.

The funny part of the latter is, the gal has a good chance of kicking back on Opie. One of these days, he may find himself really giving a concert in the Bowl. Jazz has been heard there before, and with Opie gaining new popularity all the time, the Arkansas variety might very well wind up echoing from the hills of the Bowl.

The cats who dig Cates have no doubt of this. But, for the more skeptical who think it's a high jump from hill-billyland to Hollywood Bowl remember Opie's comment on his native state: "They're hep in them thar hills!"

Hollywood Bandstand

(Continued from page 40)

muting to and from C.B.S. and the Metro lot, was busy with plans for The Frank Sinatra Building, structure Frankie's erecting at Beverly Drive and Gregory Avenue in Bev' Hills. . . . Title change on Monogram's "High School Kids" now tags the pic "Junior Prom." Besides spotting EDDIE HEYWOOD and band, "Prom" has songs by FREDDY STEWART, ex-TD vocalist, and ABE LYMAN and his orchestra in music roles. . . .

Jean, Ginger and Lou, the DINNING SISTERS, to do film at Universal. . . . SUGAR CHILE ROBINSON, kid boogie star, gave Van Johnson a laugh while visiting him on the set of "No Leave, No Love." After listening to the classic "Claire de Lune," Sugar Chile told Van the music was: "Okay, only it doesn't jump." . . . SWINGONNYM: Glum-drops, a torch singer's tears. . . .

WORTHY OF NOTE: Three Notes from The Bandstand to JOE YUKL for his great tram record on the Jump label of "Body and Soul." Already tops with fellow musicians, Joe ought to get well-deserved national recognition with this platter. . . . A trio of notes, two, to ALVINO REY, for his new idea in using ten brass with combined muted and open effects, for a brand new tone color. . . .

And that makes it sign-off time on the Hollywood Bandstand. . . . Latch on next month, gates!

Piping Hot Music (Continued from page 41)

last-minute mix-ups. Milt's pet organ is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and cost \$3,500. It made its first appearance several years ago in New York, when Milt played for the coming-out party of Mrs. Vanderbilt's debutante niece, Rosemary Wharburton. Milt's newest organ is plated with eight coats of silver. Many times, waking up with a new idea to try on the organ at home, he has hit the keys while still in his pajamas.

As far as he's been able to determine, Milt was the first person to broadcast, the first to record, and the first to do a network radio show with an electric organ. He made his radio net debut on the Fibber McGee and Molly program in 1937, when he was musical director for station WIND in Gary, Indiana. Al Pearce heard the show in New York, and Milt moved to join him as guest star for the remainder of the season. An NBC program, "Omar Herth, the Music Maker," a take-off on the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" in jive talk, followed a few months later.

In 1940, the trio journeyed to Hollywood to make "Juke Box Jenny," with Gloria Jean, for *Universal*—also appearing in "Winter Wonderland" and a number of other shorts. The trio has also made a dozen or more "soundies." Its outstanding records are "Fuzzy Wuzzy"—which went to 300,000 copies—and the recently-cut "Good Times Polka" backed by "The Cool, Cool Atlantic." Their theme, "Dance of the Gremlins," is a Milt Herth original.

Milt's parents started him on drum lessons when he was six, but a year later Milt forsook the tympani for the piano, which he studied for the next nine years. Milt earned his first dollar as a musician at sixteen, when he rounded up two other boys who could play instruments and presided at the "premiere" of an ice cream parlor in his home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Papa Herth wanted Milt to become a lawyer, but Milt couldn't quite see that.

He joined a medicine show that wandered all over the Middle West. Between sales of the cure-all, Milt played a tiny piano, peddled candy, enacted character roles in the troupe's melodramas, drove a truck, and kept a weather-eye out for rubes. For this he received \$20 a week and board.

After coming home, Milt organized a dance band and played every school dance, barn dance, fireman's ball and church social for miles around. While they were still in their 'teens, Milt married his childhood sweetheart, Myrtle Hall. At nineteen, Milt learned that a local theater was in the market for an organist. He took some lessons, got the job, and held it for three years—meanwhile continuing his musical education at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.

Leaving Kenosha, Milt played the organ for the Balaban and Katz theater chain at various cities in Illinois and Indiana. Then he joined radio station WIND. The Fibber McGee and Molly program was his first big break, and he points to it as his jumping-off place for other star appearances. Milt was soon heard on many radio programs, including the "Kraft Music Hall," and began to trundle his organ with the trio into some of the country's finest hotels, nightclubs and theaters.

Among Milt Herth's special likes, aside from playing any of his several organs, are Chinese food and fishing. Some time every summer, when he takes a vacation, you'll find him looking for the big ones somewhere along the St. Lawrence River.

Milt's comment on his popularity is simple. "You know," he says, "I thought playing an organ in a theater would be fun, but I didn't really feel that anything much would come from it." And friendly Mrs. Herth, who acts as manager for the trio and handles shipping details for the organ, smiles when she says, "It's fun, but I wish he'd been a piccolo player instead!"

Music by Musso (Continued from page 54)

"trying to decide which business to follow."

Having missed being a barber by a close shave, Musso began to job around Detroit, playing in nightclubs, on river boats, and with various Jean Goldkette units.

In 1931 he moved to California—played first with Nick Pontrelli, then with Everett Hoagland and Smith Ballew. About this time he switched from alto to the bigger tenor horn. "I thought the tenor was a more mellow horn," Vido explained.

A trip to Hawaii with Rube Wolf, where he "played the King's Theater, and jammed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel with Harry Owens," preceded his signing with Benny Goodman in 1936.

The way Vido joined up with B. G., at the famous *Palomar*, proves his theory of getting an idea over by saying it with music. For, if anybody could immediately spot a musical cliché, Benny could.

Vido told B. G. the story of "Honey-suckle Rose" to land the job. B. G. asked Musso to try out with the band at the *Palomar*. They were playing "Honey-

suckle Rose," and Benny pointed at Vido to take a chorus. Six minutes later, Musso was still playing, knocking out B. G., the band and the customers.

Music by Musso was heard with B. G. for three years, then Vido helped Krupa start his first band. James, T. D., Woody, Rey, Uncle Sam's Marines and Stan Kenton have had him since.

Now recognized as one of the best tenor men in the business, Vido doffs his hat to other fine tenor saxmen. "Coleman Hawkins is the father of all tenor sax men," he says. Others he thinks know how to tell a story with a tenor are: Don Byas, Charlie Ventura, Corky Corcoran and Georgie Auld.

Off the bandstand, his favorite hobby is hunting, and he's equally fond of spaghetti, his favorite food, and B. G.'s rendition of "Sing, Sing, Sing."

A big man musically and physically, Vido is five feet eleven inches, weighs 195 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes and two tenor horns he can't decide between.

And that tells the story of Vido Musso, who does his story-telling with a horn.

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If you're feeling quizzical, musical and mental, go no further! The following questions have been devised to sharpen your wits and test your knowledge on matters of musical importance. Scores of from 95 to 100 are tops; 80 to 95 are solid; 60 to 80 are just over the wire; and below 60 are sad. You'll find the answers on page 65.

ADDRESSES
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As a special service to our readers, we have prepared a list giving the addresses at which you can reach your favorite band leaders and vocalists. To obtain a copy of this list, send your request with a self-addressed, 3c-stamped envelope to: Service Department, BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

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ONE: Once again we start with scram-
blegrams, this time scrambled
names of famous band leaders and sing-
ers. Each artist mentioned also has a
brother in the entertainment field. Name
both (Score 3 points for each correct
name and 2 more for the name of the
brother):

- (a) Moymt YodresBrother:
.....
- (b) Obb NotsnatBrother:
.....
- (c) Karm RowwanBrother:
.....

TWO: Several prominent band leaders
are known by nicknames tacked
onto them because of their physical char-
acteristics. Diagnose the following cases
(Score 5 points for each correct answer):

- (a) He's slight of weight:.....
- (b) He isn't:
- (c) He's not too tall.....

THREE: There seems to be quite a lot
of interest in our queries about
"name" instrumentalists—musicians who
are well-known soloists with big bands.
Try the following batch—they're harder
than the ones given previously (Score 5
points for each correct name):

- (a) She became pretty famous playing
vibes with Woody Herman, although
she has since left him:
- (b) He played tenor saxophone with
Benny Goodman first and has been
with lots of names besides having
his own band. He's now with Stan
Kenton. He's Italian and goes for
good spaghetti:
- (c) He played bass viol for years with
Hal McIntyre and is now one of the
above saxophonist's bandmates with
Stan Kenton:

- (d) He's brother of the nation's perennial
number one sweet band maestro.
He's best known for his singing style
but also plays sax:
- (e) He's roly-poly and has been one of
Duke Ellington's trumpet mainstays
for years. Now he's getting his own
band together:

FOUR: During the last year or so
these songs have made a lot of
money for the band leader or singer who
made the most popular record of the tune.
Given the name of the tune, name the
artist who made the most famous record
(Score 4 points for each correct answer):

- (a) "What More Can A Woman Do?"...
- (b) "Sentimental Journey"
- (c) "'Til The End Of Time"
- (d) "Enlloro"
- (e) "Dream"

FIVE: Although the "blues" theme is
pretty restrictive musically, sev-
eral artists have made popularity spurges
through the years on "blues" tunes. Pick
the artist with whom the following
"blues" have been closely associated
(Score 5 points for each correct answer):

- (a) "Blues Upstairs"
- (b) "Blues In My Flat"
- (c) "Sent For You Yesterday"
- (d) "Birth of the Blues"
- (e) "I've Got Those 'Oh What An Easy
Job You've Got, All You Do Is Wave
A Stick' Blues"

Plugging your own song



Another in the series of articles for amateur song writers by Esther Van Sciver, general manager of the music publishing house of Bob Miller, Inc. This issue she concludes her suggestions on plugging your own song—tells you what to do once public reaction in your home town indicates you have a hit. While the road to fame is seldom an easy one, BAND LEADERS hopes these articles will help make the going smoother.

by Esther Van Sciver

YOUR song has caught on in your own home town. Folks like to hear it and sing it. Local bands have played it and your local radio station has broadcast it. And most important, people have gone to your local music dealers and bought it. This means that your faith in your song has been justified and you HAVE got a good song.

People are pretty much the same everywhere. If a song is popular in Chicago, it will probably be popular in New York and Los Angeles, and in the towns and cities in between. So the time has come for you to plug your song away from home, among the big-time interests that can really make a song a hit.

Many a popular song has started its career on a phonograph record—some owe their success almost entirely to recordings. Last year's sensational hit, "Rum 'n' Coca Cola", was broadcast almost not at all, yet recordings made it a top hit tune.

So let's try to get your song recorded. Mail an unbreakable copy of the best transcription of your song (the one which you had taken off the air), with two professional copies, to the Recording Manager of each of the important record companies (your local music store can give you their names and addresses). Enclose a brief letter mentioning the performances the song has had, the number of copies sold through local stores, and the fact that you are the copyright owner. **DO NOT REGISTER THIS MAIL.** Send first class and enclose return postage.

Ask your local radio station for the names and addresses of some of the transcription companies. Send the same material and letter to the Recording Manager of each of these.

Many songs have been hits because they were sung by and identified with one great artist. Kate Smith made "God Bless America"—Bing Crosby made "White Christmas." So send a copy of your song to the artists and band leaders whom you believe will be interested in your type of song. Don't send a jump tune to a sweet singer, nor a slow ballad to a band leader who plays only jive. In your letters to

artists, you may include permission to perform your song publicly for profit without fee, since you are not in a position to collect a performance fee and have not arranged "clearance" of your song through a performing rights society.

A regular copy of your song should be sent the large music jobbers, with a letter stating that you are the publisher and that copies are available for shipment at the usual wholesale price (ranging from 20c to 22c). Music store managers usually know the names and addresses of the most important jobbers throughout the country.

You now have done just about everything it is possible for a songwriter to do in plugging his own song. If your song begins to become a success, you will undoubtedly find that your wisest move is to turn over the selling rights or the actual publication to an established, reputable music publisher.

If you turn over your selling rights, the publisher will collect a specified commission on all sales. If you turn over the publication rights to a song which already has proved itself popular and salable, you have a right to expect an advance royalty, and to insist on a Standard Uniform Songwriters Contract, approved by the Songwriters Protective Association (known as SPA). This contract protects the rights of the songwriter and has been accepted by nearly all reputable firms. Bob Miller, Inc., has used it for many years. If you would like to see what a copy looks like, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll mail you one. Membership in SPA is open to any song writer. Write to: SPA, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., for information. This organization is your greatest protection against song sharks.

Since starting this series of articles, I have received thousands of letters from readers, many enclosing manuscripts of songs and asking for advice and criticism. Frankly, it is impossible to personally answer all of them. However, in my next column, I shall answer some of the questions that occur most often.

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The Jazz Record (Continued from page 46)

Progress in jazz, in instrumentation,
in tone colors, arrangements and more
of the like hooley will not satisfy the
very musicians they glorify. Real prog-
ress to our star hot men lies in their
getting out of these organizations—
groups that are invariably formed for
the sole purpose of establishing a profit-
able business.

As to the technical ability of the hot
practitioners improving, well why not?
If the boys who produce this music
want to practice for hours daily and
improve their technique, more power
to them. I once had that urge myself.
I, too, heard Art Tatum. I put in four
solid years of study, meanwhile work-
ing an eight-hour night; practiced my
head off. It did me lots of good. After
I'd gotten all those scales and exercises
out of my mind and, instead, started to
play what was deep down in me, I
found that I could execute much more
easily. But to confuse execution, finger
exercises, arpeggios, excerpts from
other tunes, and varied passages, with
jazz, is a mistake only the uninformed
can afford to make.

Here's a short story I pass on for
what it's worth. Recently I heard two
record collectors on Freddie Robbins'
station WOV program, each playing
the records they believed in; each de-
fending their separate tastes in hot
music. One liked what I call "the real
jazz." The other was a disciple of prog-
ress. At the close of the program, the
real jazz fan was asked, "have you ever
heard Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie
Parker in person?" The answer was
"yes." Freddie then asked the progres-
sive collector "have you ever been down
to hear the Bunk Johnson band?" The
answer I heard was, "Me? You couldn't
get me to go within a mile of that
place."

And that last statement goes for sev-
eral of our leading informed critics.
They don't like my type of music and
they stay away from us, outside of at-
tending an occasional concert. Opera
critics attend the opera; reviewers of
plays go to see plays; sports editors
attend sporting events, but the hot jazz
critic stays away.

Playing His Way (Continued from page 43)

instruction. So he became an architect.
"I guess I was just contrary," he ad-
mitted. "I wouldn't have anything to do
with music. The first year I was there no
one even knew I could play piano. I de-
signed chicken houses, commercial bird
houses, gas stations and bridges. Then I
got fed up. I said good-bye to the whole
foolish program and set out with a small
combination. That was in 1939."

From 1939 to 1944 Errol moved between
his native Pittsburgh and New York, with
occasional excursions into one-night
stands. He worked alone, with small
combinations, and once (a sad memory!)
with a vocalist.

"We both wanted to be soloists," he re-
marked, "and in the nature of things we
couldn't both be. I was just accompany-
ing and I didn't like it. My singer, by the
way, was Ann Lewis, now at the new *Club
Sudan* in Harlem, where she is doing very
nicely, without me."

By the way, I heard King Cole on
one of the *Capitol* records in their "His-
tory of Jazz" albums. That boy can
really play. Too bad that his vocal rec-
ordings don't give him more oppor-
tunity to show his stuff to better ad-
vantage. And say, if any of you get
a chance, dig the Red Allen group. It's
a killer. Those boys really go. Two
swell guys, Allen and Higgy. On
Bunk's sixty-sixth birthday, Red ran
down to the *Stuyvesant Casino* between
sets at his own spot, the *Onyx* on Swing
Street, just to play "Happy Birthday"
for B.J.

How 'bout opening some mail?
Letter from Andrew Economdes of
N.Y.C. reads: "Could you tell when
Armstrong recorded 'Chinatown,' 'Devil
And The Deep Blue Sea,' and 'Confes-
sion'?"

Sure can. These discs were waxed
'tween '30 and '32 for *Okeh*.

From Ladner, B.C., (that's in Can-
ada) comes a frantic note (excuse me,
Helen Montizambert) asking "Where
is Tex Beneke?" He's heading the new
Glenn Miller band, Helen.

Minera Vaughn of Springfield, Illi-
nois, is having trouble finding Charlie
Barnet's recordings "Cherokee" and
"Redskin Rhumba." I'll do my best to
find copies for you, M.V.

Writes Irv Silliman, Syracuse, New
York: "I've been interested in jazz ever
since I began reading your column. Is
Kid Ory playing real New Orleans
style? Where can a guy get his hands
on pictures of Dodds, Punch Miller,
King Oliver and Johnny St. Cyr?" I
personally haven't heard the Ory band
except on records. I hate to judge a
band that way but if you insist, OK.—
and that's how I rate them. As to get-
tin' your hands on pictures of the jazz
greats, there are none available yet,
but I do expect some outfit to carry
them soon.

Man, I've got to cut out now. Paper
shortage. Why don't you enclose that
stamped, self-addressed envelope when
you shoot your questions at me. Then
I'll answer you personally, if I can't
squeeze it into my column. See you
next month—and the very best to all!

In '44 the young pianist came to New
York determined to hit the top. He
opened his assault on fame at *Tonde-
layo's*, on famous 52nd Street. From there
he moved down the street a few doors to
The Three Deuces. There the word-of-
mouth advertising campaign started
which landed him, late in '45, on the
Strand stage.

What Errol really likes to do when he
has a little time to himself is to hear as
many pianists as possible in one evening.
He learns a lot, he says, from hearing
such different artists as the Duke and
Frankie Carle, in quick succession. He
likes sports: tennis, golf and riding.

The way to make Errol Garner foam at
the mouth with rage is to ask him to
"play like so-and-so."

"I want to play like me," he says. "It's
taken me twenty years to learn what and
how much to leave out. What's left I'll
play my own way."

Two other Bobcats—Nappy Lamare and Eddie Miller, an alto man for whom Ben bought a tenor, the horn on which he became famous—subbed in Ben's No. 2 band, then joined the first team to replace Dick Morgan (now with Spike Jones), and Babe Rusin, on their departure.

Dave Mathews, hired on the recommendation of his pal, Harry James; Irving Fazola, brought from N. O. obscurity; Gil Rodin, of Bob Crosby fame, and manager of Ray Bauduc; Harry Goodman; Bud Freeman—the potential stars whose talent Pollack recognized and nurtured—are emblazoned in the musical heavens today.

Even as a kid he could discern musical quality. A Chicago boy, Ben Pollack was the kid genius drummer of the Windy City at eight. By the time he was fifteen he had quit high school—was hanging around that great jazz band, The New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

On the West Side, he listened to the greatest big band he ever heard: "Eldgard's, who had a standing offer of \$5,000 to any band who could cut them."

The New Orleans Rhythm Kings was the band Pollack wanted to get with, though. He tagged them when he wasn't working as a draftsman or playing gigs.

When the NORK got a job at *Friar's Inn*, Pollack joined them as the result of a jam session Frank Snyder, the drummer, skipped. Ben heard Snyder wasn't coming, so he showed up with his drums and asked to play.

Because the session didn't go very well without a beat, after a few tunes they grudgingly allowed him to sit in, told him: "now just play after beats, and no fancy stuff."

Pollack bided his time and, when the session got hot, cut loose with drumming that bounced him into Snyder's job when the latter cut out. The year, 1922.

Pollack was plenty busy at the time. "From eight until twelve I played a job with Art Kassel—then went to the *Friar's* where the band played from one until unconscious."

In 1923, Ben took a vacation and went to California, where he joined Herb King. The job flopped in a week, but he landed with Harry Basden at the *Venice Ballroom*. Then Papa Pollack cracked down.

When Ben's promised "one month" in California lengthened into eleven months, his dad sent a Pinkerton man after him. Back in Chicago, Ben went into the fur business with his dad. "I lasted about one day," he recalled.

Wanting him back, Basden's band sent Max Sturges, a saxman and law student, to persuade Pollack Sr. to let Ben rejoin them. "We were all sitting at the dinner table, talking," Ben reminisced. "Finally, father asked Max how much they'd pay me. Max said \$165 a week. Without missing a bite, my dad said: 'When does the next train leave?'"

In California, Ben Pollack became a leader, in October, 1924, when he "inherited" Basden's band. In this first band were Max Sturges, Fud Livingston, Gil Rodin, Ted Schilling, Harold Peppie, Clyde Lucas, Hoe Chancellor, Art Gifford, Jess Ruso, and himself.

Immediately he put the band on a jazz kick—played the *Venice Ballroom* until 1925, when Sunday dancing was banned. Then he made some changes, and decided to try Chicago. Benny Goodman replaced Livingston—Harry Goodman and a tram man named Glenn Miller joined.

With musicians "sleeping all over the house," Pollack auditioned for Chicago jobs and got none. The band broke up.

Then his friend, Lou Bolton tipped him to a job at the *Southmore Hotel*.

By getting Paul Ash, Chicago's name band king, to present him, Pollack landed the job. The billing read, Ben recalls amusedly:

PAUL ASH
Presents
Ben Pollack
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

After the sensational opening, though, Pollack's name was big, too. M.C.A. and Victor signed him. He made platters with the full band and the little band (Ben, kazoo; B. G., clarinet; Fud, organ; and a guitarist).

Engagements at the *Blackhawk Cafe*, a WBBM wire and commercial, and a March 1928 opening at New York's *Little Club* followed. Then came a job at Atlantic City. Ben went broke and had to break up the band.

"We all vowed we were through with the band business," Ben recalled. They were—for a few weeks—until Pollack got a chance to audition for a job at New York's *Park Central Hotel*. Frantic wires all over the country brought back his scattering musicians and the band landed the job, was a smash hit.

Almost immediately Pollack was signed for a show, "Hello Daddy," and Victor got hot on his records again after, Pollack told me: "We showed them a wire from Brunswick offering us more dough. We had sent it ourselves!"

The *Park Central* band was a famous milestone in the series of Pollack bands which showcased the early talents of new stars until shortly before World War II. Then, a bad accident in which one of his musicians was killed caused Ben to "lose all heart in being a band leader."

Before opening a talent agency in Hollywood in 1943, however, he took a final fling at the band business by organizing a band for Comedian Chico Marx and building it from a \$2,500 to a \$12,000 attraction in a few months.

In 1945, with two partners, Ben started *Jewel Records*, with Boyd Raeburn (who he predicts will "hit" like Glenn Miller), Kay Starr, Bob Graham, Mahlon Clark and others on his list of artists.

Right now, negotiations are in progress for him to combine *Jewel* with a major platter firm, with Pollack to become artists' and repertoire executive head of the combined companies—a position which will give his star-making talent greater scope.

Yes, the Star Maker is still making stars. He's seen them come untried kids, and go seasoned stars. And talking about stars, any time anybody asks me to pick an all-star band, I've got a ready answer. "All-star band?" I'll say. "Why ANY Ben Pollack band?"

Quiz Answers (see page 62)

ONE: (a) Tommy Dorsey—Jimmy Dorsey, (b) Bob Stanton—Dick Haymes, (c) Mark Warnow—Raymond Scott; TWO (a) "Skinny" Ennis, (b) "Tiny" Hill, (c) "Shorty" Sherock; THREE: (a) Marjorie Hyams, (b) Vido Musso, (c) Eddie Sfranski, (d) Carmen Lombardo, (e) Rex Stewart; FOUR: (a) Peggy Lee, (b) Les Brown or Hal McIntyre, (c) Perry Como, (d) Carmen Cavallaro, (e) The Pied Pipers; FIVE: (a) Woody Herman, (b) Benny Goodman or Lionel Hampton (either will do), Count Basie or Jimmy Rushing, (d) Harry Richman; (e) Ozzie Nelson.

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Here, without doubt, is the most skillfully designed Cross and Chain ever offered at such a low price. This true symbol of your faith provides a necklace of unsurpassed elegance. Each link of Chain is expertly matched in tone and size. Cross is beautifully molded as one and skillfully embossed in attractive filigreed pattern. Breath-taking in its simplicity & inspiration. Perfectly balanced and durable... to treasure for life.

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip this ad and mail with name and address. Pay postman only \$1.49 plus few cents postage on arrival. Keep CROSS and CHAIN to wear as your own for 10 days. If not delighted return for full refund.
**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. E, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.**

**Ladies' Genuine 24k. Gold Plated
CAMEO Birthstone Ring**
Your Choice of
12 EXQUISITE
SHADES → **98¢**
PLUS TAX



**SEND
NO MONEY**

**Select Your Very Own
CAMEO BIRTHSTONE**
January - Garnet
February - Amethyst
March - Aquamarine
April - White Sapphire
May - Green Spinel
June - Alexandrite
July - Ruby
August - Peridot
September - Sapphire
October - Rose Quartz
November - Gold & Sapphire
December - Zircon

LADIES! Now you can own this genuine 24k. Gold Plated CAMEO Ring for only 98¢. This beautifully molded Cameo comes in your choice of Birthstone colors (list at left).
SEND NO MONEY!
Just name and month you were born. Pay postman only 98¢ plus Tax and postage for 1 ring or \$1.69 plus Tax for 2 rings.
**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 NORTH DEARBORN STREET
DEPT. E-1 CHICAGO 10, ILL.**

**Ladies' Genuine 24k. Gold Plated
BIRTHSTONE RING**
Your Choice of
12 EXQUISITE
SHADES → **98¢**
PLUS TAX



**SEND
NO MONEY**

**Select Your Very Own
Simulated Birthstone**
January - Garnet
February - Amethyst
March - Aquamarine
April - White Sapphire
May - Green Spinel
June - Alexandrite
July - Ruby
August - Peridot
September - Sapphire
October - Rose Quartz
November - Gold & Sapphire
December - Zircon

LADIES! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24k. Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable. Will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order today on the coupon below. Be sure to give the Month you were born. Set Now

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. E
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.**
Send Birthstone Ring C.O.D. for 98¢ plus Tax. I was born in _____ (Give Month You Were Born)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

**17 Power
TELESCOPE**
**3 1/2 feet
3 1/2 long**
Only \$1.98

Here is by far, the longest, most powerful and finest Super Telescope ever made to sell at only \$1.98, with Carrying Case. Most Telescopes of this size and power are high priced. Yet, no matter how much more you might expect to pay, we guarantee that you can't buy a better Telescope for less money anywhere today. Imagine! It is over 3 1/2 ft. long, yet so light in weight and so durably made, you can hold it in one position for hours. It's so powerful, you can clearly see far away objects which are almost invisible to the naked eye.



MAKES OBJECTS APPEAR 17 TIMES CLOSER!

Don't confuse this 17 Power Telescope with weak visioned Telescopes you may have seen or heard about. It's guaranteed 17 Power and measures over 3 1/2 ft. in length from end to end. Lenses are of optically-ground polished glass—product of one of America's leading optical houses. There is no other Telescope like it selling for this low price. At this time this remarkable high powered Telescope is available to you at the sensationally low price of only \$1.98—with Carrying Case. So rush your order today. Sold on an iron-clad money back guarantee if you're not more than pleased with the way this super Telescope performs.



You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you take your first look through the 17 power optically-ground lens of this 3 1/2 ft. long Telescope. It's positively amazing how far you can see. Brings blurred almost invisible distant objects 17 times closer to you—clear, sharp, BIG as LIFE! Never a dull moment when you have this powerful Telescope handy. Explore the moon, the stars and planets. Spot airplanes, boats, distant landmarks. Take this Telescope with you to the bench, on hunting trips, on mountain climbs. Get a big, clear "close-up" from a distance of all forms of life, without fear of being seen. Watch people at play—see birds in winged flight. Enjoy front row seats from way back at ball games, fights and all sporting events. Order yours today before limited supply is gone. Only \$1.98 complete with carrying case on this special offer.

RUSH THIS COUPON!

Send No Money!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. E,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.**

Please rush me the 17 power 3 1/2 ft. long Telescope with Carrying Case. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not thrilled and delighted with the way this Telescope performs, I will return it within 10 days and get my money back in full.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____
 I enclose \$1.98 in advance. Please send Telescope with Carrying Case all shipping charges prepaid. **IMPORTANT:** Save money by ordering two 17 Power Telescopes and Carrying Case at the special low price of only \$3.70.

*I started my lessons only 2 months ago—
YET I NOW PLAY 6 DELIGHTFUL PIECES!*

**“Before I took your course
I didn't know one note from another”**

writes Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, of Lodgepole, Neb.

HERE'S MRS. KERK'S LETTER—

“I am twenty-one years old and I never dreamed I would ever play. Before I took your Course I didn't know one note from the other, and today I can play six delightful pieces after only two months, thanks to you.

I am greatly pleased with my Course. The part I find helps me most is the wonderful way it is all explained, and the review work with each new lesson.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this wonderful opportunity. (Signed) MRS. DALLAS B. KERK”



**THOUSANDS HAVE
LEARNED TO PLAY
this quick, easy way,
for only 7¢ a day
YOU CAN, TOO!**



YES, you, too, like Mrs. Kerk . . . and thousands of other people from all walks of life . . . will be thrilled to find how easy it is to learn to play your favorite instrument this quick home-study way.

It's not only easy as A-B-C but it's a grand pastime learning music by this remarkable U. S. School method. You learn to play by playing . . . real tunes from real notes. You start with simple melodies. Gradually you go on to more difficult pieces. And sooner than you

ever expected you're delighted to find you can play most any popular tune by note.

When you start on a new piece the simple printed instructions *tell* you just what to do. Next the big, clear diagrams *show* you how to do it. Then you play it and *hear* how it sounds. What could be easier?

If you've always wanted to play some instrument . . . if the amazing low cost of 7¢ a day for lessons sounds good to you . . . stop wishing and start doing

something about it. Send for our FREE Illustrated Booklet and “Print and Picture” Sample. See for yourself how easy it is to learn music in spare time, without a private teacher. Fill out and mail the coupon *now*. U. S. School of Music, 1875 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

NOTICE! Please don't confuse our method with any system of teaching music “by ear” or by trick charts. Our method teaches you to play by actual notes—not by any trick or number system.

Just read what the famous swing band leader, Charlie Barnet, says of the U. S. School of Music method:

“Your print-and-picture method of instruction makes music remarkably easy to understand. Everything is so easily explained and illustrated that I do not see how anyone could go wrong.

“What particularly impressed me was the fact that the student started to learn real tunes from the very first. This method of ‘learning to play by playing’ should appeal to all who dread the old-fashioned drudgery of scales and exercises.

“The lessons are so simple that a beginner should have no trouble with them. Congratulations on taking the hard work out of music for thousands of music lovers.”



FREE PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE

U. S. School of Music, 1875 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

I am interested in music study, particularly in the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, “How to Learn Music at Home,” and Free Print-and-Picture Sample.

Piano	Piano Accordion	Tenor Banjo	Modern	Mandolin
Guitar	Saxophone	Ukulele	Elementary	Practical
Hawaiian	Trumpet, Cornet	Trombone	Harmony	Finger
Guitar	Reed Organ	Flute	Clarinet	Control
Violin		Piccolo		

Name..... Have you Instrument?.....

Address

City..... State.....

NOTE: If under 16 years of age, parent must sign coupon.

SAVE 2c—STICK COUPON ON PENNY POSTCARD



LONGER LOOKING

JET BLACK COLORED

Hair

In 7 DAYS....OR MONEY BACK

(or Black — Dk. Brown, Med. Brown, Light Brown)

If You Crave Longer, More Beautiful Hair, Try This Astounding New Hair Dressing That Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off Colors Hair Glossy Jet Black at the Same Time!

Gloriously long, silky-soft and lustrous hair is the dream of every glamorous woman. If your dull, dry, unruly, brittle and breaking-off hair has caused you unhappiness and embarrassment, don't give up hope for longer-looking, beautiful, JET BLACK hair until you've tried this truly miraculous new system. Nora Lee is an amazing new type hair dressing that colors the hair a smooth, lustrous jet black at the same time it grooms! Entirely different from anything else you've tried, this hair dressing has successfully helped women—and men, too,—to find new happiness and confidence that comes from knowing their hair at last looks its best . . . neat, smooth, glossy black. Nora Lee helps soften harsh ends that keep breaking off because of their brittleness, thus keeping hair short and unlovely. Once this breaking off process is retarded, the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal, HAIR MAY GET LONGER! That's why Nora Lee is so wonderful . . . it not only colors and dresses dull, drab faded hair into smooth, lustrous beauty temporarily . . . but it actually helps your hair and scalp toward a healthier, more normal looking condition. Make this sensational 7-day trial right now. Order your box of Nora Lee and test it for just 7 short days. If, in that time, your hair does not take on new beauty and lustre, does not have a longer appearance, every cent will be refunded! What could be fairer? You have nothing to lose, may gain so much happiness. Mail the coupon now.

2 QUICK, EASY STEPS TO THRILLING LONGER, JET BLACK HAIR BEAUTY

Never worry about tedious fussing or messy preparations with Nora Lee. In just two easy, quick steps, your mirror may show exciting results you never dreamed possible. All you do is rub Nora Lee into your hair and then comb. Before your very eyes your drab, unruly hair will be temporarily transformed into smoother, straighter, longer looking loveliness! Delight in how much easier-to-manage your hair becomes. You have a right to enjoy all the advantages gained from sparkling, lovely hair. Make this easy test and find out if all that your hair needs in order to become more attractive, longer looking is Nora Lee to help prevent dryness, add new lively sheen, and colorful appearance. Take advantage now of this thrilling 7-day trial offer.

Test Nora Lee Today—Just Mail Coupon

Why just dream of having gorgeous, glamorously long hair, sparkling with healthy good looks? Instead, take advantage of this amazing offer and prove to yourself what Nora Lee may do to help your dry, brittle, faded short hair problem. Sleek, colorful, long hair is one of woman's greatest allurements to men, and the envy of all other women. Fill out the trial coupon and mail today. After 7 days you may see hair glory that far exceeds your fondest hopes and dreams. Be convinced—MAIL THE COUPON NOW!



Send No Money MAIL COUPON TODAY

Don't let bad-looking hair worry you, shame you a minute longer when it is so easy to try to help the condition, perhaps open a whole new life of success and self confidence for yourself. Try Nora Lee. Before you know it, your hair should be so soft and so easy to take care of that you should be able to dress it in all the latest, attractive hair styles that adapt themselves so well to long hair. Order now. Send no money, just the coupon. On arrival pay postman only \$1.00 plus federal tax and postage. Then test for seven short days. Your mirror will reveal the thrilling results, and how your friends will admire and exclaim! But, if you aren't delighted with the colorful lustre . . . if you aren't amazed at the ease with which you comb and manage your hair, just return the unused portion of Nora Lee and your money will be refunded in full! So hurry. If you do want lovelier hair . . . mail the coupon right now!

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 461-N
209 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 461-N
209 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

I do want longer, more colorful hair. Rush me amazing Nora Lee in the shade checked below. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.00 plus tax and postage. If not delighted in 7 days, I may return for full refund.

- Jet Black Black Dark Brown
 Medium Brown Light Brown

() C. O. D. 1 Box—\$1.00 plus federal tax and postage.
() Cash with order we pay postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....