

BAND LEADERS

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GEORGIA CARROLL

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AND STORIES
OF THE
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BAND LEADERS

MARCH, 1944

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

WHEN VAUGHN MONROE gave his band their notice, prior to his going into the service, few knew that the bandleader was set to take over the leadership of **DICK STABLE'S** Coast Guard orchestra. . . . Good-looking **BILLY USHER**, long a potential star, has finally clicked with a CBS Commercial show and a seven year Hollywood contract. . . . It won't be much of a surprise to this department if **HELEN WARD** (last with Hal McIntyre) takes over **HELEN FORREST'S** vocal chores with **HARRY JAMES** on the West Coast. . . . We'll take that bow now incidentally for first predicting in the last issue of **BAND LEADERS** that **HELEN FORREST** was leaving the **JAMES** crew to try a solo flight. . . . **PAUL WHITEMAN** is planning some big musical



Billy Usher

productions, designed to startle hep listeners, now that he has taken over the musical directorship of the Blue Network. . . . **FRANK SINATRA** will soon debut a new air show over CBS, sponsored by a cosmetic company at an out-of-the-world price and you can say you read it here first. . . . Contrary to what a lot of uninformed people would have you believe, all musicians do not eat benzedrine tablets with their buttered toast in the morning, nor smoke reefers between every dance set. It's about time that the music



Nancy Norman

business was given some respect for its great contributions to national morale and less infamous and undeserved publicity. . . . **ANITA BOYER** (she has worked with the best name bands in the business) will make her night club debut shortly at N. Y.'s Downtown Cafe Society. Too many predictions become meaningless, but, in this case, we can't hesitate an instant before picking **ANITA** as one of the most logical contenders for top honors in 1944. . . . Latest word has it that the **ARTIE SHAW** navy band, due back in this country just about this time, will stay for another six months or so entertaining soldiers
 (Continued on page 58)

MORNING, SWOON & NIGHT

Our Frank's Day
In Pictures
Taken Exclusively
For The Readers of
BAND LEADERS
Magazine

THE accompanying photographs take you through a day with Frank Sinatra—from breakfast with his two most loyal fans, his wife and baby daughter—through the crowded routine of rehearsals, performances and workouts in the gym—and finally back home again.

No one has been able to determine the secret of Frank's success, not even Frank himself. He can only offer the old explanation of hard work. He wears his crown of fame with a keen sense of responsibility to his music and his public. This keeps him hopping about with a multitude of appointments for rehearsals, performances, recordings, broadcasts and personal appearances. The energy and enthusiasm of this amazing young man are as remarkable as his voice. And he is completely unspoiled, likable, kind and generous.

His power over his devotees is incredible. It has been the same almost from the first day he started to sing. At the sound of his voice they become transfixed, some are swept away with excitement, others become faint from emotion. Wherever he goes he is mobbed by admirers and enthusiasts of all ages.

Frank Sinatra was a New Jersey boy who was interested in athletics while in high school, and wanted to be a newspaper man when he finished. He did get a job on a newspaper, first as a copy boy and then as a sports reporter. But his success on an amateur radio program set him on the new career towards singing stardom. The story is the usual one of singing on sustaining programs for only his subway fare until he got a small paying job at a local spot. But there the story diverges from the usual, for the engagements with Harry James and Tommy Dorsey were big-time, and led to the popularity that is making history.



The start of a busy day is when Frank Sinatra leaves his suburban home in New Jersey to go to work. And work it is, because it starts early in the day and goes on far, far into the night. A great big hug and kiss from three-year-old Nancy is a good enough beginning, with Mrs. Sinatra waiting her turn to make her adieux.



Slugger Sinatra gets his regular workout. He was an athlete in high school and even cherished the ambition at one time for a pugilistic career.



Frank visits a gym almost daily, spending many hours a week doing the exercises that will keep up his wind and breath control.



His favorite sparring partner is Tami Mauriello, contender for the heavyweight crown. Tami says Frank's speed makes up for his lack of weight in the ring.



Frank weaves a spell of magical music over the sophisticated and fashionable audience at New York's Waldorf Astoria with his most popular rendition, "Night and Day." It is his own favorite among popular songs.



Like every family man, Frank reads his morning paper at breakfast. His schedule during the day is so full that this is his only chance to keep up with the rest of the world.



It's a real privilege for little Nancy, Frank's daughter, to have her busy daddy read Mother Goose to her.

Despite his slender physique, Sinatra packs a solid punch. An athlete in high school, he was a member of its championship basketball team, won a trophy for his swimming and was an outstanding member of the track team.

It's not only the young who worship at the shrine of the swooning singer. Sinatra inscribes as many autographs for adults as he does for the kids.





Home there is none of the pampered darling about the young man whom fortune has favored with the hero-worship of thousands. He's a simple homebody.

Little Nancy wants a great big breakfast just like Daddy's, so Mother is giving her another helping of jam. His usual breakfast consists of a large bowl of cereal, ham and eggs, toast and jam, and two cups of coffee.

At rehearsals for the Hit Parade program, Frank Sinatra goes over his numbers with the conductor thoroughly and in detail before orchestra comes in.



As the orchestra goes through its rehearsals, Frank takes a much-needed rest in the CBS playhouse. His first appearance on the air was in an Amateur Hour program of Major Bowes. His rise to the top programs was spectacular.



Sinatra himself picks up baton to explain to orchestra just how he wants a certain song phrased. Besides weekly appearance on Hit Parade, he has a series of daily broadcasts, every one requiring a rehearsal.

Frank waits turn on rehearsal schedule. His first paying job was at Rustic Cabin in New Jersey, and that after a long stretch of eighteen months on sustaining shows of four stations for which he received only 70 cents carfare from Jersey to New York City.

Sinatra prefers tweeds and sport clothes. He also wears glasses to relieve eye-strain caused by spotlight glare.





Even with his glasses the youngsters recognize him and flock around for their idol's autograph.



This shoeshine man, who boasts among his friends of his famous customer, considers it a unique privilege to shine the singer's shoes.



A serious musician, Sinatra points out a specific passage to the harpist, for it's his favorite instrument.



Outside the Columbia Playhouse after a broadcast there are always a group of cops to keep the crowds under control.



Men, too, "go for" Frank Sinatra. This scene at the Stage Door Canteen in Hollywood shows the enthusiasm with which he was received by Servicemen.

A typical crowd of enthusiasts through which Sinatra has to plow his way when enroute to and from engagements.

Fan mail is too heavy for Frank to handle alone. Here he is reading some of the letters opened by his secretary.

At CBS Playhouse in New York, a youthful fan photographs the star during broadcast. With all the crowds that surround him outside, this is only chance the young lady had of focusing her lens and getting the singer alone.

(All pictures for this article by International News Photos)



CHEROKEE CHARLIE

IN COMMON with at least one President of the United States and other great men of their times, Charlie Barnet legitimately could have his picture taken modeling an Indian tribal bonnet, complete with various sorts of feathers, bead bands and other ornamental fittings. For Charlie is an honorary member of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, members of which tribe came all the way to New York from Oklahoma to make Barnet an honorary chieftain and to present him with their indigenous chapeau. This was by way of tribute to the young man who had arranged the song "Cherokee" and recorded it with resultant sell-outs in music stores all over the country.

Coin machine operators announced this bit of Americana in swing as the selection played most frequently for several weeks, and on Broadway they've bestowed the nickname of "Cherokee Charlie" upon this popular band leader. He immediately followed this swing success with a super arrangement of "Comanche War Dance." This was succeeded by a tuneful rendition of "Redskin Rhumba." These recordings firmly established Charlie's place as a leading exponent of Indian rhythms in modern American music.

Charlie Barnet has many names in addition to the one he was born with. In Harlem they call him "White Duke" and no higher tribute can be paid a white band. It is also said that the Barnet ork has the uncanny ability to sound more like a colored band than any other white aggregation in the country today.



It goes without saying that Charlie is a fervent admirer of Duke Ellington's outfit and style. When, as a beginner in the band business, he was ready to appear in public he sought criticism and suggestion from the "Duke." Ellington offered him a number of his priceless arrangements, a fact which Charlie says has had a lot to do with his current and continued success.

With all this attention to the style of the musical genius he had selected as his music master, it was no mere accident that booked his band into the Apollo Theater in Harlem back in 1933, the first and only white group to play there until 1939. As an acknowledged success Charlie played a return there in 1939 when twenty-one mounties of the New York police force were called out to stop the jitterbugs rioting outside the theater, where they were lined up for three blocks.

Charlie further states that an Ellington jazz record offers him more relaxation than to sit through a scenic newsreel, go to a night club, a theater or any other form of diversion.

Next to playing his famous saxophone and listening to Ellington recordings, Barnet likes to travel.

Questioned recently as to the great pleasure he gets from traveling, Charlie listed twenty crossings of the Atlantic, one visit to South America, seven trips between New York and California and mentioned Havana and New Orleans as other ports of call. He went around the world playing his saxophone on the S.S. California. When only 16 he led a band on the S.S. Republic and later made a Mediterranean cruise as a musician on the S.S. Homeric. Charlie admits that he likes to go places and when a restless foot brings itself to his notice, he picks up his saxophone and his band and is off—in these days, just around the country.

Charlie is a native New Yorker and began playing saxophone at 14. He wanted a trumpet, but his parents, for reasons of their own, decided that a saxophonist would be less tiring as a member of the family than a trumpeter. It was a wise choice as later events and successes proved.

Soon after beginning his studies the young boy showed such extraordinary promise that his teacher wanted to groom him for concert work exclusively. Charlie voted this down, however, as he was even then more anx-

ious to get started on his travels.

In 1933 he formed his first group and opened at the Paramount Grill in New York with a CBS wire. His appearance at the Paramount was not what might be termed a sensational event in music history.

In 1934 Barnet was still in the band world but as soloist with various bands. About this time he realized that if he was to lead a truly fine band he must select his musicians after an extensive search. It was toward this end that he toured the country, picking up men in Chicago, on the West Coast and from Texas.

In the meantime, while knocking about the country as soloist and leader in search of a band which came up to specifications, Charlie even spent some time being glamorized in Hollywood. It looked then as if a movie career was inevitable. He was typed as another Buck Jones, complete with tennegallon hat and six shooter.

Fate stepped in and instead of arriving in time to save the old family homestead, horsewhip the villain, tear up the mortgage and marry the settler's daughter, he was handed a baton and set up in business as leader of bands in "Love and Kisses" and "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Figuring that if he could do it on the screen there was nothing to prevent him from trying it out in person on the cash customers, Barnet the movie star did a quick change into Barnet the band leader. He still had the movie moguls up his sleeve and he determined that this was to be his last effort to break into the game he liked best. Again his start was somewhat less than colossally sensational. Things were quiet but the clients didn't actually walk out. Then came his appearance at that glitterspot, New York's "Famous Door."

This was the well-known door at which opportunity knocked as far as Charlie Barnet was concerned. Indeed, the customers knocked so loud that they nearly tore the door off its hinges. Barnet was set as a band leader and overnight his work became a riotous knockout in band circles.

Barnet's orchestra became known as one of the greatest jazz outfits in the country—its power and drive were a delight to the jazz-seeking multitudes. Savage jazz made his name and Charlie is not abandoning it. But, his bid for something special in the sweet

(Continued on page 60)



Chief Charlie Barnet

OK by Rey



Alvino Rey

Alvino Rey doubles from his war job at Vega to do a Fitch Bandwagon broadcast.



Alvino grabs a few moments from his crowded schedule to do a little home cooking.

SWING has a new meaning to musicians these days. Like Alvino Rey, they'll tell you it's the middle shift at a war plant. For Alvino is an outstanding example of how musicians and others in the band world are aiding the war effort.

It would be a good gag to say that Alvino "swings" on the swing shift, but strictly speaking, he has been working the graveyard shift since he and his boys joined Vega Aircraft last year.

Some musicians find switching from a horn to a rivet gun confusing at first, but Alvino's war work is right up his alley. He is a final inspector of radio equipment on Flying Forts.

As he had a radio operator's license when he was ten; held a pilot's license, and flew his own plane before the war, Alvino brought plenty of experience to his new job.

His biggest trouble, he confessed ruefully, is getting enough sleep. Doing a war job hasn't stilled his singing guitar, and Alvino, "Stringy" the guitar that talks, and the Rey band, also do radio broadcasts, soldier shows and lo-

cation jobs at the popular Southern California dance spots.

So crowded is Rey's schedule, that Mrs. Rey, who is the lovely Louise King of the famed King Sisters, only sees Alvino about two hours a day, unless she goes with him to the Casa Manana or whatever ballroom he is playing.

For, after a full evening's stint on the bandstand, Alvino spends the rest of the night checking radio equipment at Vega. He eats "breakfast" during the night, so when he goes home, goes directly to bed about eight a.m.

He sleeps until about six p.m. (on the days he sleeps), then arises and has dinner. Between dinner and the time he is due on the bandstand, he listens to the radio, catches up on the news of the day, talks over their personal affairs with Mrs. Rey, and tries to relax.

The days Alvino doesn't sleep are those when the band rehearses during day time, and when special broadcasts like the Fitch Bandwagon or Coca-Cola shows are played.

Of course this busy band leader does have days off. At the Casa Manana his day off was Monday, SO, he worked all night at Vega. His night off at Vega was Saturday, SO,



Comedians Dick Morgan (left) and Skeets Herfurt.



Peggy McCall, Alvino Rey's lovely vocal star.



ANDY RUSSELL

he played at the Casa Manana until five in the morning. Confusing, isn't it? That's why, often as not, Mrs. Rey rides along with Alvino on the motorcycle he uses to commute between their Encino home and his various jobs. When else can she see him?

Mrs. Rey is very understanding, however, and proud of Alvino's efforts.

"People ask me how I adjust myself," she smiled. "Of course, having been in the business, myself, I find it easier to understand Alvino's problems."

Her patience and understanding are a big factor in keeping the Rey affairs moving smoothly.

An amateur radio fan since boyhood, Alvino gets a thrill from his work at Vega. "It is certainly interesting work," he said enthusiastically, when talking about his job.

The big ships are ready to fly when he takes over, and the testing and checking Alvino gives the radio equipment, before giving it the O.K. by Rey, insures it will be operating perfectly when the crew takes over to deliver more bad news to America's enemies.

Alvino has found that the band and show business follows him right into the plant, because so many entertainers, besides doing "morale" work, want to do their bit for the war effort in a practical way.

"A lot of professional people work at Vega," Rey remarked. "For example, a movie actor whom I've seen in dozens of films, I now see around the plant."

Then there is A. Paul, the artisan who constructed the "Stringy" doll for Alvino, and who also services "Charlie McCarthy." He's a Vega-ite.

And Alvino, who like all band leaders, is the constant target of insistent song pluggers, finds them at the plant.

He sees his fans at work and at play, too, as they make the change from war workers to jive fans. Vega workers are loyal to the Rey Rhythms, following him on his various location jobs. Special Vega nights are also held, and Alvino plays many special parties for his co-workers.

The war plant atmosphere influences some of his band presentations, too. One of the popular things he does is the imitation of a dive bomber, performed by "Stringy."

But when "Stringy" ceases to sing war themes, and the Flying Forts no longer need an "O. K. by Rey," Alvino has plans.

He wants to catch up with his hobbies of photography, sports, collecting rare guitars, radio, flying, golf—and cooking, the only one he pursues much, now.



Alvino Rey (above, at Window 6) signs up for work on the B-17 bomber line at Vega Aircraft Corporation.



June Carl finger prints Alvino Rey for Vega Aircraft.



Alvino poses for his identification photo at Vega.

TORRID TRUMPET



IF ENVIRONMENT is actually the influence the experts claim it's no wonder that Louis Prima's torrid trumpet is the nation's standard in jazz horns. After all, he was born right where the stuff comes from.

The stork glided in on a three point landing on Dec. 7, 1911, to a house on St. Peter Street which crosses Basin Street, in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Prima lived there and they named their package, Louis Leo.

The setting was right for American jazz, and although Louis' father and mother were not themselves musicians, a granddad had played the

mandolin, and the boys, Leon and Louis, were given musical educations. When he was seven Louis began to play the violin and at 10 he won money in an amateur contest. He was accompanied on the piano by his brother Leon. Today Louis plays hot and Leon sweet trumpet in Louis' band.

In those days New Orleans was the gold mine of trumpeters whose names now make American jazz history. King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Emmett Hardy, Buddy Peetie were names which were familiar to rhythm-mad kids in the town and when the bands featuring these names passed the Prima house they soon picked up followers.

Never one to wait around while old age overtook him, Louis Prima at the age of 12 was already in business. He organized the "Little Collegiates" and this venerable group played in theatres around town for three dollars apiece a day.

In the meantime the boy grew older and bigger and in Jesuit High School Louis fancied his hands were too big for his fiddle. When his mother who had no liking for a trumpet hot or sweet was away, her son changed his instrument to the horn. He also blossomed out as a singer during these days and his unique voice, the result partially due to an operation for tonsils and adenoids, became known in entertainment centers along with his instrument. He was featured in the famous Saenger Theatre, cradle of many ace American bands.

Louis and his band were naturals for a spot in the Beverly Gardens, a night club opened by his brother, but Louis continued to appear at the theatre, at the same time studying trumpet with that great master, Mike Cupero.

During the three years, 1930 to 1933, Louis shuttled from New Orleans to New York and points west, playing at the Roxy Theatre, the Brooklyn Paramount, in New Orleans and with Red Nichols. Dissatisfied with his various endeavors to incorporate his contribution with that of various organizations he was still a one-man business when Guy Lombardo visited New Orleans in '33.

Lombardo was excited over the New Orleans music-maker and turned his persuasive talents on Mrs. Prima for permission for her son to strike out on his own. Up to this time she had thought home was the place for Louis.

Off to the big town went Louis again, this time to stay. The recording companies heard about the Prima trumpet and in Louis' disc combination were such stars as Claude Thornhill, Stan King and Nappy Lamare.

Still hunting musical outlets for his

tremendous energy Louis turned to song-writing and began a career which, while second to his instrumental work, is still a healthy business for anyone else. "Worry Blues," "It's the Rhythm In Me," "I Still Want You" and "Sing, Sing, Sing" are some of the tunes from the Prima inspiration.

In 1935 young Prima was concerned with the opening of New York's Famous Door. A number of musicians wanted a spot where they could "jam" in their spare time and they asked him to play the spot. On March 1 it opened, a sell-out from then until now. Among others who came to the Door were one Martha Raye who sang with the band for nothing until they were both signed on Rudy Vallee's program. Then a smart manager signed the Prima band by itself.

In a career such as Prima's Hollywood inevitably catches on and after several fumbling starts both Louis and Miss Raye clicked in pictures.

Worldly success attended to, romance entered the Prima scheme and Louis met, fell in love with and married, Alma Ross, a Paramount starlet. They were married in South Bend, Indiana, with Guy Lombardo as best man and all the Royal Canadians in attendance.

From time to time the young leader had been trying new man-power combinations but it wasn't until 1933 that he hit the right selections.

From that date on, Louis was out in front of a big combination, and success in movies, theatres, radio, records and night clubs followed him wherever he went. Today the name "Prima" goes with "Trumpet," as "hot" goes with "cold" or "ham" with "eggs."

Louis Prima doesn't think he will ever retire, but if and when he must he plans to stay in California and write the story of his own musical career.

Favorite bands with this young master, who is already a legend in his own field, are those of Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Andre Kostelanetz, Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Jimmie Dorsey. His favorite popular composer is Irving Berlin, especially his "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody." Favorite tunes are "Star Dust" and "Summer Time."

Over the air his pet singers are Bing Crosby and Frances Langford and his special jazz records are those cut by Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. Radio stars which are a "must" with Louis Prima are Fred Allen and Jack Benny.

In the Prima home the classics are heard first, "pop" tunes afterwards and the composers which are favorites

(Continued on page 64)

← Louis Prima tries out a few torrid notes off the lot while making a picture for Universal.



Louis Prima



SQUARE DANCE BAND

By Margaret E. Winter

"SWING your partner"—"Right and left"—"Down the middle"—"Cut off four" and "Promenade" (as in "lemonade").

This sort of talk, accompanied by stamping, laughing and general hilarity is what is heard in the swankiest dance spots these days. Everybody's square dancing now.

Grandma and Grandpa are sitting pretty. They're also the dance experts today and their stamina as well as their knowledge is receiving the admiring nod from two generations down.

"Gram's rugged," says her grandson, exhausted after a lesson in one of the quieter square dances. Jitterbug stuff and rug-cutting have proved to be just good prep for the more exacting old-time diversion. The young fry are learning from their elders and everybody's having fun.

Right there, according to Ed Durlacher, one of the leading square dance teachers and callers, is the secret of the current square dance craze.

"People want," he says mildly, "to have a good time. When they all join hands and dance, they have it."

In the meantime they're wearing the genial Ed Durlacher to a shadow of his former portly self. Everyone who knows how to do the old time dances wants the Top Hands to play and Ed to call and generally act as dance-master of ceremonies. Those who don't know how to perform with their friends want Ed to teach them.

Ed's happy to oblige. The square dance is his life and his life is and has been spent in writing, learning, teaching,

recording and generally propagandizing the square dance. It is also his hobby and any spare time he has in addition to his work is spent in emceeing the square dance. That's how he feels about it.

One particular misconception arouses what might be called ire in anyone else. From Ed it gets a cold, very cold, look.

"How is it," the unwary and ignorant city slicker may inquire, "that all this country dance stuff is getting into the city?"

Shivering under the icy blast of Mr. Durlacher's annoyance with such notions of the uneducated one may yet hear the master caller say, "There is nothing essentially rural about square dancing any more than there is anything essentially urban about jitterbugging. It's all dancing. The young people in the country know about the Lindy Hop, but until now the young people in the city have been ignorant about square dancing.

"By square dancing," he continues, "I mean the quadrille. This is for eight people, but the term 'square dance' is often erroneously used for other types as well."

"What ever became of the 'Portland Fancy' and the 'Virginia Reel'?" he was asked.

"That's just what I mean," he replied. "The 'Portland Fancy' for instance, is a progressive circle dance. The 'Virginia Reel' is a contra dance, both popular today."

"Then there are the folk dances for couples only, such as the schottische, the heel-and-toe polka, and the Varsouviene."

All the dances he named are old, Mr. Durlacher said, and have only recently been re-discovered by the dancing public—with his help, he hopes.

Square dancing went out when the depression came in. People were miserable and the last thing they felt like



Group of square dancers doing the dip and dive.



Ensign Eleanore L. Fencil steps out with George Thomas to the music of Ed Durlacher and the boys.

doing was dancing. Other dance experts have asserted that the depression was responsible for that slow dragging walk-like crawl which was the vogue in the late Twenties and early Thirties. People only wanted to drag their wretched bones around the floor and they had just about energy enough to keep on standing up.

"However," says the head Top Hand, "all that was changed when up from the South came the Big Apple! That dance was the beginning of the renaissance of the square dance. That was five to seven years ago and the urge to group dance has been growing ever since."

For instance, in the Big Town anyone who wants to step a lively "Honolulu Baby" of a Sunday afternoon can do a few setting-up exercises, grab his girl, and be off to the fair at the Central Y.W.C.A., where Ed presides from 5:30 until 8:30 every week.

Out on Long Island more than 200 gather on one eve-

ning a month at the Hempstead High School for an evening of square dancing. Every other Wednesday Ed and his boys play at Sloane House in New York for members, guests and service men and women.

At the Stage Door Canteen in New York they hold Ed and the Top Hands for forty-five minutes of dancing every time they show their faces inside the packed doors. A few minutes apiece is allotted to renowned stars of stage, screen and radio, but forty-minutes is never enough of Ed.

At the Merchant Seaman's Club, at any and all fairs, from the late World's Fair on down to small county associations, Ed Durlacher and his Top Hands are definitely ace attractions. The square dances were, by general admission, the most popular of the evening attractions at the World's Fair, where three and a half percent of the paid admissions dipped and bowed and swung to Ed's tunes and musical commands.



Circle right!

Ed and his Hands have been featured attractions at jamborees sponsored by the New York City Park Department; the New York City Sanitation Department at the camp, Sanita Hills; the Madison Square Garden Rodeo, and they have made recordings. Album No. 229 of a popular recording company contains the cream of the Durlacher tunes, complete with full directions for the dances. The National Folk Festival in Washington, D.C. also enjoyed Mr. Durlacher's organized efforts.

Square dancing is one of the better known diversions which can be enjoyed outdoors.

"If it doesn't rain," added the reporter.

"It never rains on Durlacher," retorted the conductor, "or, at any rate, hardly ever. Out of 84 open-air dates, we have been rained out only three times and that's over a period of six years.

"Why," he asserted, "when we were playing out at the World's Fair, it was weird. We went on at 9 o'clock. It might be and often was, raining buckets full at 8:30. Promptly at 9 it would stop, and when we finished at 10 it started in again."

In city and country, in barns, halls and country clubs, in U.S.O. centres and canteens, they're dancing, or learning to dance, the old-fashioned, old-time steps with music and figures brought up to date.

Ed Durlacher's Square Dance Band: (Left to right) Ted Bevers, John Leiz, Frank McIntosh, Al Wagner and the Old Caller himself, Ed Durlacher.



Swing your partner!

"There's another thing," stated Mr. Durlacher, "anybody can learn to square dance. I can teach anyone of average intelligence to dance a square dance in 15 minutes or less. I don't stress technical points. I'm not putting the dancers on display. I just want them to have a good time."

The genial master has taught as many as 2800 people to dance at one time. He generally walks them through first, and when the dancers get the idea, the music strikes up. Ed's voice booms out and the fun starts.

Mr. Durlacher is a firm exponent of the school which demands that every important word of the commands, as the dance progresses, be clearly heard by every participant. This avoids those tangled muddles which may be features of the show-off dance-caller's evening at work.

Ed Durlacher limits himself to calling the dances, conducting the band, and occasionally gently kidding the dancers. The Top Hands include Ted, who plays banjo, the guitars, bass drum and cymbal; Al, at the piano; Johnnie, with fiddle, sax and clarinet, and Frank, with his fiddle. Although these musicians are all musically literate, they never read a note of music when playing with Ed. That's because they have no music on the stands. They already know it.

Square dances look very complicated to the uninitiated onlooker and Mr. Durlacher was asked about the seemingly endless steps and combinations of footwork which make up any dance.

(Continued on page 60)



WORLD RADIO HISTORY



Judy Kayne



Judy Kayne is not just another glamor girl who leads an all-male ork—she's being hailed in music circles for her keen knowledge of music and showmanship. Not only does Miss Kayne lead a band—she also leads the fashion parade with a seemingly inexhaustible variety of gowns. Incidentally, she won the New York World's Fair Beauty Contest and was co-starred with Johnny Weismuller at Billy Rose's Acquacade.

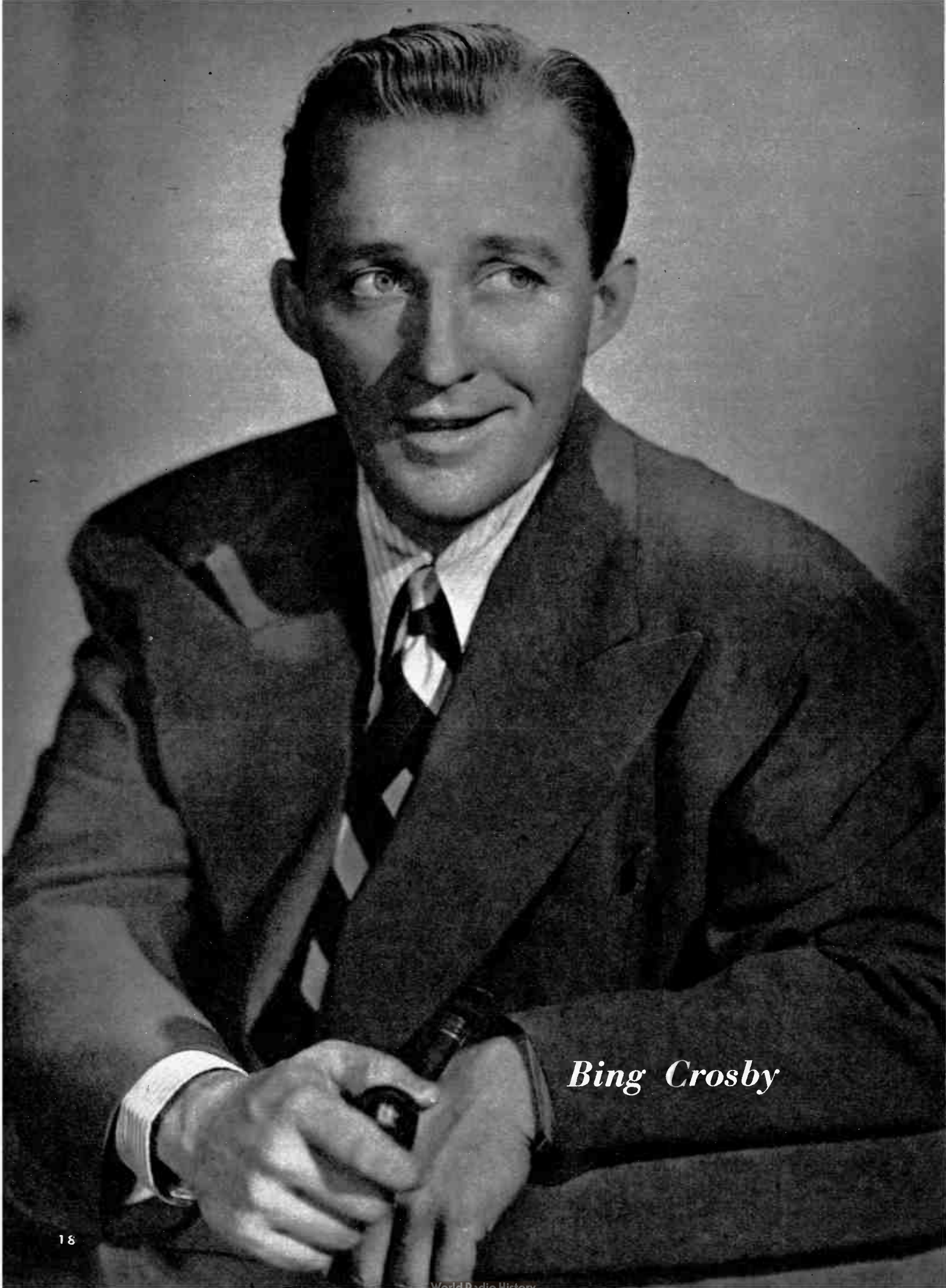
Gracie Barrie's dramatic change from a singing star to a singing band leader certainly made Broadway sit up and take notice. If she could play New York's famous Palace Theatre at sixteen and the Winter Garden, Gracie, we think, can do just about anything.



(Above)
She's just a kid who's always loved music. Joy Caylor organized her own band as a schoolgirl back in Minnesota where she has just finished a sort of triumphal tour ending at the Oaks Club in Winona. All the girls in her band are under 21, including Joy, and they're all easy on the eyes.

Dacita heads a six-piece band: piano, accordion, drums, base, violin and sax doubling in clarinet. As for the lovely Mexican band leader herself—she sings and dances. Her interpretation of Latin-American rhythms made a big hit at New York's Rainbow Room and other glitter-spots of Gotham. At the moment, she's standing 'em in the aisles deep in the heart of Texas.





Bing Crosby

The Bonnie Queen of Ballad

WHEN you meet Connee Boswell you are surprised to find her so small. So much voice to come out of such a tiny package!

But you forget everything except her warm, sympathetic eyes when you chat with her. She has an easy-going, informal way of talking and a Southern accent you could cut with a knife. She actually says such things as, "I felt like a peanut on a log" and "Doggone if I didn't kinda wanta!"

Connee has that indefinable, illusive quality known as "Charm". There is the spirit of happiness in the tone of her voice. She wears her hair in a long, golden bob, loafs around in gaily-colored slacks and looks altogether fresh-out-of-Hollywood which, in fact, she is, having just spent two years out there on radio and in pictures, in addition to making her usual number of fabulously successful phonograph recordings.

As Al Smith used to say, "Let's look at the record."

Radio is old hat to Connee, though she brings a vocal freshness to every performance. Sixty-five consecutive weeks as a shining star on the Bing Crosby program. And she also sang for an entire year on the "Good News"



Connee Boswell

broadcast from Hollywood.

The way the magic of her voice casts a spell upon the listener, you'd think that radio had been invented just for Connee Boswell!

She has honored Hollywood by singing in such movie productions as "Syncopation", "Kiss the Boys Good-bye", "Artists and Models", "The Big Broadcast" and "Moulin Rouge"

"Syncopation" is the picture for which a great weekly magazine conducted a national poll to choose an All-American orchestra. For an All-American vocalist to sing with that orchestra they didn't have to conduct a contest. Connee Boswell was the only answer.

As for her phonograph records, the number of recordings she's made *just during the last year* speaks for itself. You'll find the list in a column on this page. It reads like a roll-call of practically every name in the line-up of popular ballads.

Samuel Johnson had his Boswell and so has the modern ballad. In these days of swing, it's a wonder that the simple, straight-forward, heart-touching ballad has survived at all. But it has, and much of the credit must go to Connee Boswell.

That's surprising, because Connee was born in New Orleans, the cradle of Jazz. And it's more surprising because Connee started in radio as the driving force of the Boswell Sisters, whose arrangements were hotter than hot.

During this torrid time, Connee was also doing her bit to keep the ballad alive. She was making solo recordings where she'd usually swing on one side of the record, and sing a ballad on the other. Although fame first came to her on the wings of swing, her true love, the song that tells a story, has brought her still greater acclaim. Her singing of "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day" broke hearts all over the world.

When Irving Berlin gave a 'round-the-world broadcast recently he chose Connee, as the greatest ballad singer in America, to sing his never to be forgotten "All Alone", "Remember" and "Always". So, whenever you go overboard for some special beat, don't forget that Connee Boswell has prayed that in singing, the song is the thing.

If you're a Connee Boswell fan (and who isn't) and are a collector of her records, here's a check list of her last year's recordings:

NAME

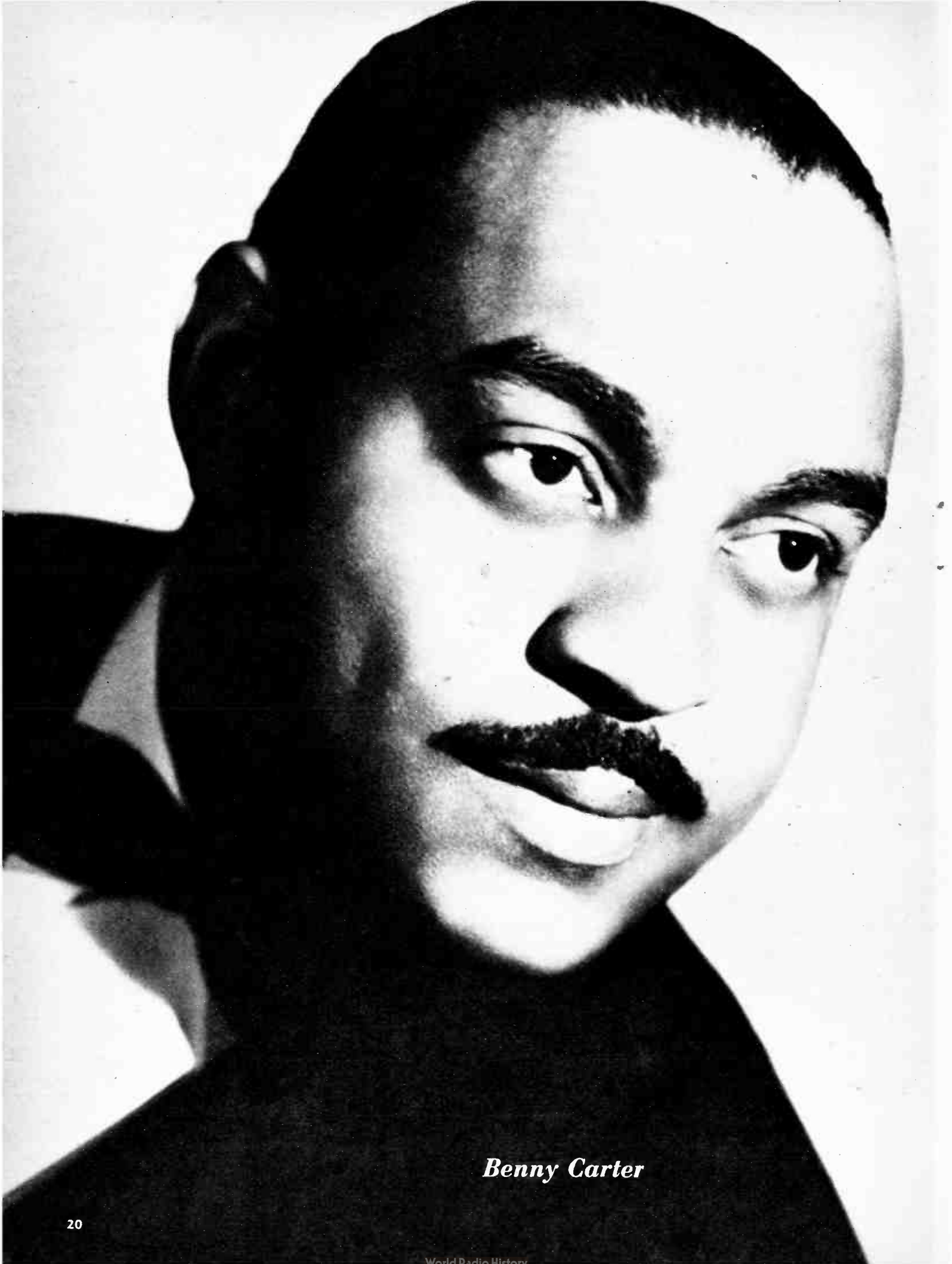
"Mighty Lak' A Rose"
 "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"
 "My Silent Mood"
 "Look For The Silver Lining"
 "Remember"
 "Soon"
 "Stormy Weather"
 "Amapola"
 "Dinah"
 "A Gay Ranchero"
 "Sunrise Serenade"
 "You Are My Lucky Star"
 "Remember Me"
 "The Lamp Is Low"
 "Wishing"
 "The Nearness Of You"
 "They Can't Take That Away From Me"
 "I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart"
 "Let's Be Buddies"
 "You're The Only Star"
 "True Confession"
 "On The Isle Of May"
 "Blueberry Hill"

There is also the "Connee Boswell Souvenir Album" which contains:

"Martha"
 "Home On The Range"
 "Mr. Freddie Blues"
 "Fare Thee Well Honey Fare Thee Well"
 "Silver Threads Among The Gold"
 "Memory Lane"
 "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"
 "When It's Sleepy Time Down South"
 "Stra-Va-Na-Da (The double talk song)"
 "Serenade In The Night"

The following are recordings made by Miss Boswell as a duet with Bing Crosby:

"Alexander's Ragtime Band"
 "Tea For Two"
 "Bob White"
 "Yes Indeed"
 "Between 18th And 19th On Chestnut Street"
 "An Apple For The Teacher"



Benny Carter

Amazing Maestro

BENNY CARTER is billed as “that amazing man of music,” and take it from us, he’s one band leader who lives up to his publicity. For Benny is truly an amazing maestro.

Musician, world traveler, linguist, composer, wit, Benny Carter is all of these and more.

Yet, as a kid he wanted to be a cowboy when he grew up. So what happened? He became musical director for the famed British Broadcasting Corporation in England.

As a youth, he was sent to Payne Theological Seminary, for his father wanted him to be a minister. So what happened? Instead of composing hymns, Benny wrote things like “Back Bay Boogie,” and “Serenade to a Sarong.”

The career of this amazing maestro began in New York, where he was born Bennett Carter. While still in knee pants, Benny amused more than amazed his parents by announcing his ambition to become a cowboy.

But when he was 15, he really startled them.

Taking money earned after school, he bought a trumpet in a pawn shop one day, brought it home, expecting to be able to play it immediately. He had heard the great trumpet man, the late “Bubber” Miley play, and renounced his cowboy ambition for a musical career.

It was an amazing day for the Carter family, with Benny’s amazement at NOT being able to play the horn, exceeding that of his parents, who were dumbfounded because he believed he could play the horn without any previous knowledge of it.

But that isn’t the payoff.

Disgusted, but no less confident, Benny returned the trumpet, trading it for an alto saxophone. Within a few hours he could play the saxophone—AND, four months later, HE WAS PLAYING IT IN A BAND WITH “BUBBER” MILEY.

So Benny’s folks weren’t overly surprised when, at college, he switched from his ministry course to music, having met and joined forces with Horace Henderson, college band director.

Later, he played with Horace’s brother, Fletcher Henderson, and presently was making records and directing the Mills Blue Rhythm band. Then came a tour of Europe, where he acquired the musical directorship of the BBC; and facility in French, Dutch, Spanish and Flemish.

Benny toured England, Spain, Belgium, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark and found enthusiastic audiences for his music.

The Danes were especially hep and Benny amusedly recalls an “incident” in which he was involved with a Hapsburg prince.

Traveling from Antwerp to an engagement in Copenhagen, Benny learned the prince was on the same train. So, he was not surprised, on entering Copenhagen, to see a large crowd at the station—he supposed they had come to greet the prince. The surprise came when the crowd converged on Benny, carried him from the train, and deluged his wife with flower garlands.

Giving the prince the go-by for Benny had some sort of “royal” precedent, at that. For Benny played a lot of record dates under the name “King” Carter.

He has, in fact, recorded for most of the major companies in America, and made over 300 records under the Parlophone label in England, before returning home when Hitler overran Europe.

Lately, west coasters have been digging Benny’s amazing music. He’s been making pictures, too, appearing in “Thousands Cheer” for M-G-M, and working in another at Universal.

Talking to Benny, you are impressed with his amazing interest in everything. One minute he laughs boisterously at the latest gag, the next seriously discusses world relationships.

His musical tastes include both classics and jazz. He digs Bach and boogie with equal relish. Ravel, Stravinsky and Delius send him, so does a melancholy blues.

Benny measures the greatness of music by its sincerity and authenticity.

“A composer puts his feelings into his music,” Benny said. “If he isn’t sincere, the music isn’t sincere.”

Carter has composed many originals, himself. Among them, his theme, “Melancholy Lullaby,” “Nightfall,” (his own favorite composition) “Kansas City Moods,” written in collaboration with Adrian de Haas, “Takin’ My Time,”

(Continued on page 64)



Benny Carter and his inspired vocalist, Savannah Churchill.

Straight From Straeter

TED was very enthusiastic when your reporter interviewed him at New York's Plaza, before Straeter left for a three-month engagement at the Statler Hotel, Boston. His first comment after breezing over to the table certainly confirmed his enthusiasm—"I've been reading fan mail and it's wonderful! The one thing that inspires me most is the tremendous

loyalty of the band fans everywhere!" "Mind if I shoot some questions, Ted? I know those band fans are interested in you personally as well as in your orchestra." "Not at all, go right ahead." "What is your full name? And, Ted, hesitating slightly, replied, "Theodore Anthony Straeter." "Wasn't there a particular reason

for shortening it to 'Ted'?" we asked. "Why, yes—when I was twelve and doing the Buster Brown Hour over KMOX, St. Louis, the press listed me as 'Theo.' That would never do. I admired Ted Lewis tremendously and besides, 'Ted's' the logical nickname for Theodore."

"What is your age, height and weight, Mr. Straeter?" we quizzed, feeling rather personal, but wanting to pass the vital statistics on to you.

"Twenty-nine; six foot one; 150 to 155, my weight varies."

"You were born in St. Louis?"

"Yes, my father was the proprietor of a grocery store. Guess I've been serving the public since I was nine, what with delivering groceries and all. Mother was a housewife 'til my father died and then she took a job as a hostess at the 'Busy Bee Tea-room,' to be exact."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"One brother, Eddie, a year and a half younger—definitely a swing fan—and a sister, Marion. We're quite proud of M. She's an ex-Frederick model and Washington socialite, the wife of a Naval officer."

Maestro Straeter chivalrously excused himself to play the next set and your reporter settled down to listen. Gently slipping off my shoes (the better to dream) and carried a little out of this world by the smooth syncopation, I mused that, with a few additional members in his orchestra, Ted would be a second Andre Kostelanetz.

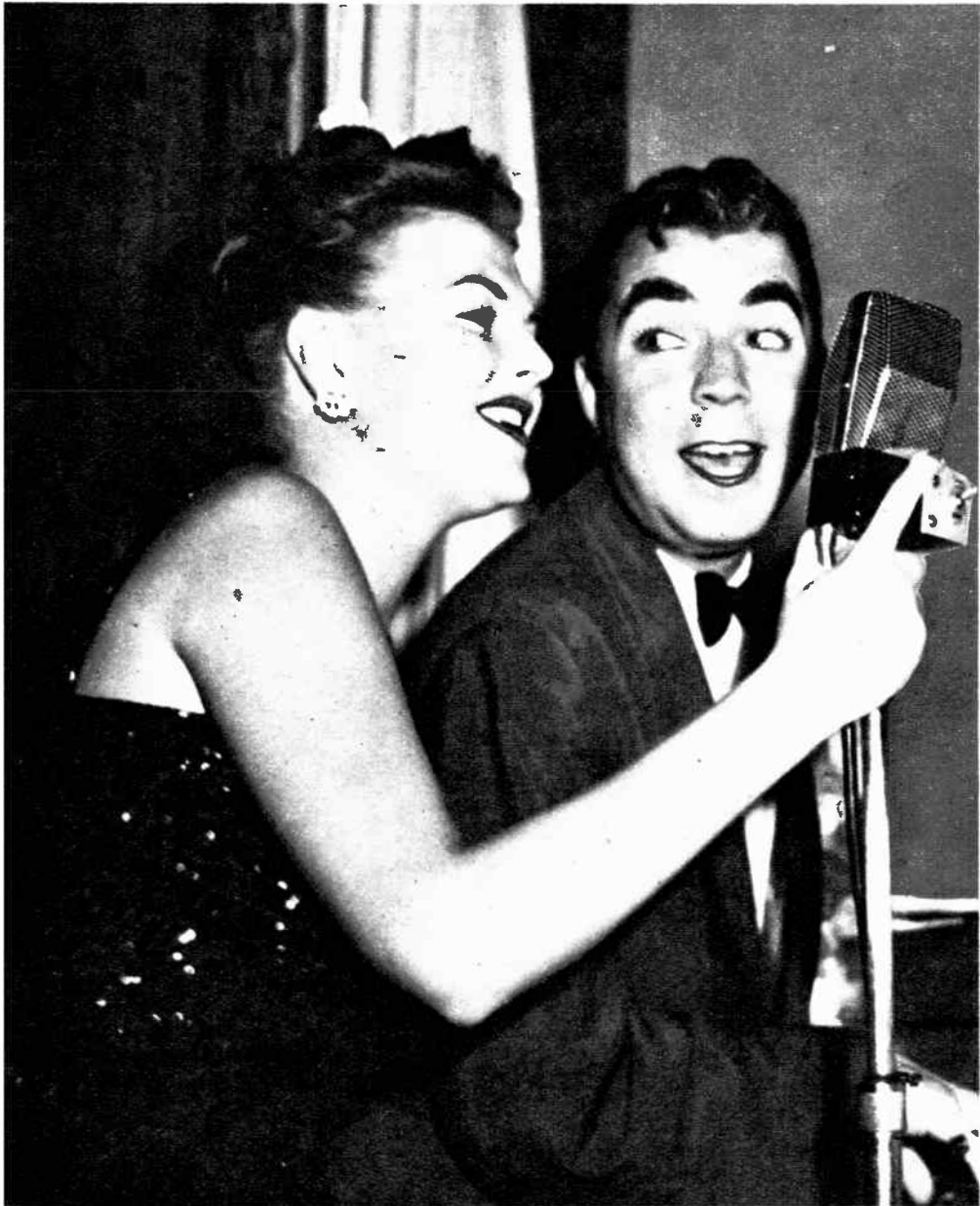
My throat refreshed with a "soft" drink, I groped discreetly for my shoes (trying to ignore the obvious look of distaste from the head waiter) and got ready to pop another question as Ted reappeared, seemingly not at all worn after the torrid Latin number.

"You attended grade school in St. Louis?"

"Yes, the Susan Bruder School."

"High school and college, where?"

"Cleveland High School in St. Louis. When I left High School I



Ted Straeter and Loris Jones, his ash-blonde vocalist, broadcasting one of their best songs.

went into vaudeville and it kept me quite busy getting through. So . . . college . . . no."

"Ted, what's your favorite hobby or sport?"

"Music was my pastime 'til I was seventeen—then I learned to swim."

nth question: "How do you feel about clothes and appearance?"

nth answer: "I go to Degez about twice a year. He also designs clothes for Adolph Menjou and Cary Grant, I like beautiful dinner jackets. Take care of my good clothes and consequently my get-ups at rehearsals are rare. Then, with whatever odd combination I happen to be wearing, I complete the ensemble with a pair of moccasins I got in Bermuda about five years ago."

"Married?" your reporter asked, wistfully hoping that this handsome gentleman wasn't already taken.

"No." I heaved a sigh of relief (not outwardly, mind you) and continued, "Planning to?"

Quote: We won't go into that. Someday, maybe in two or three years, when I can count on a six-month engagement in one place. Unquote. (Well, there's still hope.)

"What do you think of marriage for band leaders?"

"Generally difficult. My idea of a good marriage is having a home and raising children and that's not easy when you have to travel around the country on engagements."

Then we took a breather while I glanced enviously at some of the glittering lovelies at nearby tables, but it was only an absent-minded glance and I swiveled my attention back to the fascinating maestro.

"What is your theme song?"

"Blue in the Black of the Night.' But we usually go on the air with 'Straeter Motive.'"

"What do you think of theater dates?"

"Contrary to most band leaders' opinion of them, I love theaters and want to do them. Hotels, too, but definitely NO more night clubs."

Then we asked when and why our genial host started on his specific career, keeping in mind that at twelve, Straeter was a child prodigy.

"I always had a terrific yen to play the piano. Jazz came naturally and I had to study later. I play nothing except the piano, but always had a kind of soft spot for the harp."

"Would you like to do pictures?"

"Certainly would, and I hope to."

"And what, Mr. Straeter, do you do with your spare time, if you have

any?" I asked, thinking that perhaps it was none of my business, but hoping to dig up some secret hobby he had been careful to conceal. Maybe knitting or snake-charming . . . you never can tell; some people are shy about their hobbies.

"I do most of my own arranging and it takes quite a bit of time; but when I'm in the country I read a lot—especially the classics. Music and more music's my work and hobby. too." A grand guy in your humble reporter's opinion, and a swell musician too. An exponent of powerfully smooth rhythm.

There it was, friends—smooth and honest—"Straight from Straeter to You."

A close-up of the one and only Ted.



Ted and the boys entertaining crowd at Washington's Stage Door Canteen.



RIDE 'EM HOBBY



Even if the score does wind up 101 to 6, Glenn Miller, ably assisted by Hal McIntyre, enjoys a sizzling game of baseball!
 Glenn Miller (Center); Hal McIntyre (Upper Left)



A dash of strings, a bit of percussion, a spoonful of woodwinds and a pinch of brases make a musical dish in the Xavier Cugat fashion.



Johnny Long puts 'em right down the center of the alley, whether he's bowling or wielding the baton.



"It's your move," says Fred Waring to the checker king, Millard Hopper. There are no sleeping partners when two checker fends get together.

VISITORS									
9	4	5	6	9	7	8	5	9	
HOME TEAM									
0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0



When he is not chasing the horses, Swing and Sway Sammy Kaye also swings a mean golf stick.

(Below) The Ol' Professor, Kay Kyser, becomes a student when he goes bob sledding with Gimmy Simms and a couple of champs.



The King of Swing meets the King of Swat! Woody Herman, avid baseball fan, shakes hands with Joe De Maggio on the lot.



After his strenuous duties as band master, Charlie Spivak relaxes over a game of badminton with his beautiful wife, Fritzi.

On a Swing

IF TIN PAN ALLEY had a military flair, bandleader Sonny Dunham would now be sporting a medal for special bravery under fire. In case you don't know, and to say it fast, Sonny caught a lion by the short hair. Fresh out of the musical borderlands of one-night stands in draughty barns and split-week dates in dressingroom-less theatres, Sonny captured a booking in New York's Capital Theatre.

The mere fact that he cornered the engagement was a great victory. What happened after that was sheer, unadulterated triumph. Of course, everybody in the know said he was a cinch to click but they also added, "in time, in time!" Now, they thought, was decidedly not the time. It was, they said, like pushing a promising prize fighter along too fast; putting him in the ring with Joe Louis when he was still at least two years away. The Joe Louises of the musical world are band leaders like Harry James and Jimmy Dorsey, and the Madison Square of Jazz is Broadway.

When Dunham hit the Capital, Jimmy Dorsey was at the Roxy and Harry James, over at the Broadway Paramount, was being proclaimed "the hottest thing since Glenn Miller." With this stiff competition, Sunny Dunham, as one newspaper columnist put it, "came in on a swing and a prayer."

He would have been considered a fool for luck if he had merely managed to hold his own but he did more than that. For two solid weeks he packed 'em in and, as a result, he's got a contract for a return engagement. Sonny Dunham is on his way with plenty of cheers from those who saw him clear the musical hurdles.

Before Sonny made the Capital as a band leader, he was a hornplayer of no mean stature. He had put in time on two of the standout orchestras in the history of band business. He was an uncelebrated star with Paul Tremaine's famous "Band From Lonely Acres" and, later, Glen Gray's popular "Casa Loma ork."

His trouble—if that's what you call a career winding up in stardom—began on November 16, 1913, on a farm near Brockton, Mass. Like so many other fine musicians, he was born into a musical family. His mother was a good pianist and a singer, his sister Louise played the sax and his other sister, Mildred, took to the cornet.

When Sonny was seven he began learning the rudiments of "slip-horn" playing under the direction of the trombonist in a Brockton theatre. Later he experimented with banjo, drums and the baritone sax. Quite some time was to pass before he tackled the trumpet.

Sonny got his first public appearances in "Dunham's Instrumental Quartette" which consisted of his mother, the two girls and himself. The group built up quite a reputation around Brockton.

"On these engagements with the family orchestra we played for coffee and cakes, and I mean that literally," Sonny recalls, "but the experience was most valuable because it laid an early foundation for good musicianship."

While trouping about with the family, the youngster was studying seriously and appearing as a soloist at local band concerts and social functions. At 13, after six years' lessons, he played his first dance engagement—call it "one-nighter", "gig", or "club date" as you will—with a local orchestra.

Not much later, young Dunham became a sought-after trombonist in Brockton. Dance band leaders liked his full tone, his ensemble work and his solos. The high school orchestra gave him a chair in the brass section but Sonny soon revolted against too many tacet and pianissimo passages. He dropped out of the orchestra and joined the school band where he could blast away on the trombone as much as he wanted. Even in those days Dunham had an unusual range and a strength of tone that began to demand expression.

Then came the time when Sonny had to make a decision. His musical work was keeping him out late several evenings a week and his tromboning was becoming too polished for even the best of the local orchestras, considering the small pay they could offer. Sonny made his decision. He left high school in his sophomore year and went to New York City with his trombone.

It's evident that Dunham's engagement in the Capital last winter was not the first time he took the bull by the horns! Everybody knows that no matter how good a musician a fellow might be, he can't expect to come to New York cold and be snapped up by the first big time



Dorothy Claire

and a Prayer

band leader who passes by. But Sonny, fortunately, had an ace in the hole, his sister Mildred.

To Mildred professional music-making was now only a memory and she had long since wrapped her cornet in cellophane. She was working on a New York newspaper. Mildred introduced her brother at Ben Bernie's office and, Sonny relates, "Pretty soon they gave me a chance to play odd jobs in their different units."

Dunham tromboned in Ben Bernie's bands for seven months until Paul Tremaine, at that time playing with his "Band From Lonely Acres" at Yoeng's Restaurant in New York, gave Sonny a trombone chair in his brass section.

Now, here's the story of how Sonny mastered the trumpet, and Mildred again comes on the scene with her cornet. No, she hasn't gone back to playing it, she's just giving it to her brother who's got an idea that he'd like to make a few experiments. To the average trombonist, a cornet is only something you sit next to on a bandstand; something you better stay away from if you want to preserve your valuable embouchure. But Sonny was not an average trombonist. He not only got right up close to the cornet

but he even made friends with the dangerous instrument.

"I didn't learn cornet overnight," he admits. "I had a dependable embouchure for the trombone and had learned valve principles with my valve trombone, but there was the problem of the smaller cornet mouthpiece."

However, late in November, 1931, Dunham left the Tremaine outfit, formed a combination of his own, and made a vaudeville tour around New York. After six weeks of stage work, Glen Gray offered him the third trumpet chair in the "Casa Loma Orchestra." Sonny had been playing trumpet for only two years!

But Casa Loma, Incorporated, knew what to expect from Sonny Dunham. His mastery of the lowest trumpet register made him just the man for the third folio and his ability on the trombone gave the ork an extra "double" in a band that boasted one of the country's most versatile reed sections. Moreover, Dunham had developed into a good arranger. He had ideas on scoring, and he knew how to put them down so they were playable.

Sonny remained with Casa Loma for six uninterrupted years playing in theatres, ballrooms, on the original Camel Caravan, in New York's Rainbow Room, Chicago's Congress Hotel, Los Angeles' Palomar and dozens of one-nighters from coast to coast. Sonny was "set" with Casa Loma, which was by that time known to have a more intact personnel than any other musical organization in the country, not counting the New York Philharmonic.

While other orks were playing soft, relaxing and, in a sense, lifeless music, Casa Loma, with six brass and five saxes, was ripping off roofs with "Casa Loma Stomp", "Chinatown", "Copenhagen" and such, all played at terrific tempos. There was plenty of opportunity for a hot man to show what he could do.

Connoisseurs of jazz began to exult about the choruses that emanated from the Casa Loma bandstand. Every section had its hot star and the brass had Sonny Dunham, who is not the world's only doubler on trumpet and trombone, but few brass players can handle both instruments with his facility. He goes with ease from trumpet to trombone, and vice-versa, taking no more time to adjust his lips to the new embouchure than it takes to change instruments.

"A trombonist can master the trumpet easier than a trumpeter can learn the trombone," Sonny believes, "because the smaller lip formation can be developed from the larger. In fact, as your embouchures develop, you find that the use of one rests the other." Citing an instance, Sonny says that toward the end of a hard evening's work he occasionally plays his third trumpet parts on the trombone to allow his trumpeting muscles to relax.

Dunham insists he never practices. "If I were playing a strictly sweet combination," he explains, "I'd have to practice. Too much practicing, or too much playing, will ruin anybody's lip for the job." He believes, too, that brilliant hot choruses must be played spontaneously.

Dorothy Claire, we should add, is the particularly lovely vocalist featured with his ork.

So, you see, when Sonny Dunham decided to strike out as a bandleader he had more than the winds of good fortune to keep his colors flying. He had every reason to be confident he could hold his own among the lions of Broadway.



Sonny Dunham

IT RUNS IN THE

IN addition to being crammed right up to the last hair on his head with "the sweetest music this side of Heaven," Guy Lombardo is just stuffed with sentiment.

For Lombardo, sentiment pays off. That's because he uses only the very best sentiment.

For instance, when you think of Lombardo, the association of ideas right away says, "Royal Canadians". There it is! Patriotism and love of country are sentiment No. 1, F.O.B. Lombardo.

Love of family is another sentiment strong in Guy Lom-

bardo. Everyone knows there are four brothers and a sister among the Royal Canadians. When Lombardo hit the top he wanted his entire family to enjoy the fruits of prosperity and he trekked the whole crowd down. The farm in Greenwich, Connecticut, where he established his mother and father, was selected with an eye to a close resemblance to the countryside where Guy was brought up and where the family had lived most of their lives.

"Never forget a favor" is another policy strongly featured in the Lombardo make-up. The sentiment is said to



Guy Lombardo

FAMILY

be as rare as a T-bone steak in 1944, but there is plenty of it lying around loose in Lombardo. An example of this is the case of the Chicago café owner who hired the band back in the old days when "Royal Canadians" meant nothing in the world to an American audience but an outfit of mounted cops.

Contrary to all Alger stories, the Chicago café didn't click at first, but the boss paid off every week just the same. A few years back this same generous gent hit hard times and the wolf had both feet in the front door. Lombardo heard of this, packed up his band, headed West and settled down in the cafe. The customers trampled the wolf to death struggling to get in the door.

Then there's the famous "Rose Marie" angle. The brothers Lombardo, far from home, received word of a new arrival in the family and were asked to suggest a name for the baby sister. They named her "after the first song we play tonight," which was "Rose Marie". The song is played on her birthday, Nov. 22, every year, and now the name-sake is singing with the band.

Just plain old-fashioned friendship means a lot to the sentimental songster, and when his pal, Benny Friedman, married, the festivities were graced, not to say surprised, with the whole Lombardo band.

Little superstitious touches are also featured in the Lombardo system. Guy always opens his Hotel Roosevelt sessions, where he is as much a fixture as the floors and walls, on a Thursday, because that was the day when he first opened there. Consequently Thursdays look good to him.

Finally, Guy generally appears on the stand with his violin. It is not an expensive model, three strings are missing, and he never plays it. But it was his first violin and he likes it. So where Lombardo goes, professionally, the fiddle goes too.

Guy Lombardo was born in London, Ontario, and his musical career started at 12, when he directed a concert for a local Mothers' Club. He tried to learn the violin and then switched to saxophone which change won him the title of "Public Enemy No. 1" in his home town. His first concert orchestra was organized in 1920 and in 1924, after meeting with a vaudeville entrepreneur he left Canada for a tour in "the States".

All the musicians who left Canada with Guy in 1924 are still with him in 1944. He never fired a man nor made a replacement for cause. When he picked them, even in the early days, he selected the best and sees no reason to change. There have been, of course, additions, but no subtractions when he could avoid it. One of the additions, Dudley Fosdick, who joined Lombardo in 1935, recently asked if he "was working out O.K."

Briefly the Lombardo legend as far as the United States was concerned, started in Cleveland where he labelled his group the "Canadians". The "Royal" was added for Chicago where they played at the Granada Cafe. From there he went out over the air waves, one of the first orchestras to take advantage of the new medium, and presently he caught on with the collegiate group.

From there the distance to New York was short and the Royal Canadians were, if not just an "American" at least a "North American" standard. During the time he has been broadcasting, Guy Lombardo has won more popularity contests than any other entertainer and is still winning them with almost monotonous regularity, yearly.

Of the fourteen in the band, five are Lombardos. First, there's Guy, the oldest, the one who had the idea, and the



Guy Lombardo, baton in hand, announcing the next number on his radio program.

boss. Then there's Carmen, second oldest, whose first love was the flute and who graduated into singing and song-writing. He writes hits too, usually, such as "Sweethearts on Parade," "Footloose and Fancy Free," "Little Lady Make-Believe." He was also responsible for "Confucius Say".

Lebert, born in 1905, first studied drums, and later settled on the trumpet which he now plays in the orchestra.

Victor, the youngest brother, was born in Ontario in 1911, and plays all saxophone instruments. He directed his own group before brother Guy sent for him to join the family.

Rose Marie, baby of the family and the only sister, is featured on records and on radio and already is a popular performer. Her brothers feel that her career has only started and that her greatest triumphs are to come.

As to the reason why the Lombardo organization remains at the top year after year, Guy recently gave out as follows:

"When listeners applaud an orchestra for a certain radio program, what they really mean is that they liked the songs that were played.

"Audiences think they're applauding the performance," he continued, "but they're not. When orchestras reach a certain level of performance, they're practically always good. They seldom miss. In other words, no broadcast is any better or worse than any other. But the listeners are different, and though they're not conscious of it the reason for their impression of a program is the choice of numbers. If they enjoy the songs—they like the show.

"In framing the program, the important thing is the selection. I'm convinced that the choice of songs is more

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Magic Baritone

IT TOOK the magic of Dick Haymes' baritone a time to start working, but when it did begin it operated fast. Four months from the time he clicked in a night club he was tops in all branches of the entertainment world. His contracts proved it.

First came years of trying this and that. Then his special brand of magic got under way with a spot at New York's La Martinique. A few days later he put his signature on a recording contract and also on the line where it says "Sign Here" for a Coast to Coast radio program. Just four months later a secretary was blotting his name on the legal document which was to start him in the movies in the Name-in-Lights Department.

The ups and downs of band life were new to Dick, who was born with the well-known silver spoon in his mouth, on his father's ranch near Buenos Aires. This was on Sept. 13, 1916. His father was English, but had lived in the U.S.A. before settling in South America, and his mother was Marguerite Wilson, celebrated international musical comedy star.

When Dick was two years old the family moved to New York and a year after that settled in Santa Barbara, Calif. Then began a life of travel in the grand style, for while Dick's mother sang in Europe, the lad went to school for some years in Paris and then for four years in Switzerland.

At 16 young Haymes made his professional debut. He was staying with his mother at a summer resort in New Jersey when Johnny Johnson, whose band was then appearing at the hotel, heard him sing and offered him a vocalist's job at \$25 a week. The youngest vocalist in the country returned to Irving Prep. in Tarrytown, N.Y., at the end of the summer.

Back at school Dick organized a school orchestra which functioned at undergraduate affairs, and, he himself appeared as singer in local taverns, private parties and amusement centers.

The movies had a chance at the now-famous Haymes profile and voice when he went to California after completing his school years. He played bits and extra parts in horse-operas and dance sets. He also was a deep

sea fisherman, a jovial companion as well as a band leader.

In 1938 Dick joined the orchestra of the late Bunny Berigan as vocalist and with that experience behind him organized his own crew, "The Katzenjammers." As money failed to flow in with the same speed the boys could spend it, this soon dissolved. In the meantime, Dick was also setting up as a song writer.

It was as a song writer that he approached Harry James, that astute spotter of big-time talent, in 1939. Dick sang his songs, to which it is reported that James said:

"The songs are lousy, but I'd like you to sing with the band."

Dick rode along with the James Band until 1941 when the band-leading urge once more overcame his better judgement and once more he struck out on his own.

Disaster again met the Haymes Band before it had a chance to get going. This time the financial backing was there, the musicians were carefully chosen and a 14 piece dance orchestra was apparently set for success. But the Selective Service Act grabbed the key men of the band and the enterprise was over "for the duration."

Benny Goodman was Dick's next boss, for whom he worked until he went to the coast with Tommy Dorsey who was booked into the dance palace, the Palladium.

Not until April, 1943, did the young star strike out on his own in the line which led right to the top, as singer. In a month he was opening at La Martinique in New York and from there on in he just coasted. His contract with 20th Century Fox is for seven years.

Dick is married, and to a former siren, at that. The romance started when Dick was working for Harry James, when Dick was dancing during a break. He was attracted to a blonde lovely and found a "mutual" friend for an introduction. She was Joanne Marshal, a Copocabana Siren, and she said "No" to a dinner date. Soon afterwards he tried again, and again and again. At last the lady said "yes."

"From that time on," says Dick, "we hit it off swell together." They were married on Sept. 21, 1941, and Harry James was best man at the wedding. The year-old son, Richard Ralph, is called "Skippy" after the comic strip character.

Dick loves swimming and sailing, a left-over love from the days when he and his brother Bob, who sings and acts in pictures too, used to sail their little schooner in California.

For sit-down diversion Dick goes for the comic strips. Terry and the Pirates, Li'l Abner and Blondie get his earnest day-to-day attention; if he can drink coffee while he's reading them, so much the better.

As a collector the swooning crooner brings home band recordings and his favorites include the hit numbers of Duke Ellington, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. Singers whose recorded voices brighten the Haymes day are Bing Crosby, Joe Stafford, Helen O'Connell, Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra.

Haymes likes the music of George Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Vernon Duke, Don Raye and Gene De Paul and Walter Donaldson, Nat Burton and Ted Gonya. He'd rather sing "Body and Soul" than any other song.

During a typical day when he's working at a night club, Dick gets up at 2 p.m. After fifteen minutes of setting up exercises he plays with young Skippy before Skip has his nap and "Pop" has breakfast.

The day's work begins when he's off to his manager's office to autograph pictures and answer mail. About seventy percent of his mail comes from girls, mostly in the 17-19 age group. The letters from men, particularly service men, refer to favorite recordings.

Home is where he takes his shower after attending to the mail, then vocal practice to polish up the silver lining in his throat comes next. Lunch and dinner in one are the next items on the day's chores and he's off to his place of business where he may be and is heard by hordes of sighing, almost reverent customers, until the place closes up at 4 a.m.



Dick Haymes



Helen Ward

SHE RETIRED FROM RETIREMENT

HELEN WARD skyrocketed to success with the original Benny Goodman outfit; warbled with such name orks as Eddie Duchin, Enric Madriguera and Will Osborne; won many popular vocalist polls . . . then, just having reached the pinnacle of fame, she married and retired from the band world.

Now, after an absence that only made our hearts grow fonder, she has retired from retirement and is holding forth with Hal McIntyre's musical wizards. All credit to Hal—he certainly knows how to pick a vocalist for her looks as well as her voice.

The talented, glamorous Helen is the rarest of all rare people—a New Yorker who actually was born in the city of New York.

She was attending college preparing for a degree as a Doctor of Medicine when friends who had always admired her gorgeous voice persuaded her to go in for singing as a career. Helen made an agreement with her parents to skip one semester while trying her luck as a vocalist—if she failed she promised them that she'd renew her studies.

Helen never returned!

From *TIN WHISTLE* To *CLARINET*

YOU should be hearing a lot more about Jimmy Lytell in 1944.

If you meet him outside the professional world of music where he is looked upon as one of the Crown Princes who may very soon come into his own as a King of Swing, you'd never suspect that this quiet, seemingly placid fellow is as fine a clarinetist as he is a band leader. The growing weight of fame rests lightly on his broad shoulders. He's got what it takes and he'll continue taking it in that easy stride of his no matter how high he climbs in popular favor.

Jimmy can do almost anything, musically speaking. He thinks nothing of hopping a cab, after playing in one of Toscanini's N.B.C. symphony broadcasts, to keep a recording date where he fronts a band and clarinet-solos in such hot jazz numbers as "Fat Meat is Good Meat" or "Tell Me Your Blues."

He only recently celebrated his third anniversary as a maestro. Over at the Blue Network he's considered to be true star material. They're backing up their opinion by putting him on exhibition in several showcases this season with Johnny Morgan and the two Ella Fitzgerald shots. He also batons N.B.C.'s "Lyrics by Liza."

Jimmy believes radio is the greatest break musicians ever had. Gone are the endless one-night stands, he says. "And the days when you

(Continued on page 62)

Jimmie Lytell



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By Paul Vandervoort II



Freddie Slack and his band, with George Raft, in Universal's flicker, "Three Cheers For The Boys."

HOLLYWOOD IS "JUMP" JUNCTION, and no foolin'. A band "ain't been nowhere" these days unless it has made a movie. With Glamourtown overboard for orks, two or three in a film isn't unusual. . . . Universal has Charlie Spivak, Freddie Slack and Ted Lewis in "Three Cheers For The Boys," a star-packed pic with George Raft, Charles Boyer, Orson Welles, W. C. Fields, Marlene Dietrich, Zorina, Susanna Foster, Jeannette MacDonald, Sophie Tucker, Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan in acting roles. AND, for singing on the solid side—Dinah Shore, the Andrews Sisters and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . .

"Lady, Let's Dance," Monogram musical starring the beautiful Belita, has four bands: Henry Busse, Mitch Ayres, Eddie LeBaron and Lou Bring. Typical Hollywood touch came on this picture, when Busse had an emergency appendicitis operation while film was being shot. Released from the hospital a day early, he returned to Monogram lot to find studio had hired a special nurse to take his tempera-

ture, and a hospital bed for him to rest on between scenes. . . .

M-G-M's "The Tale Of Two Sisters," also doubles up on orks, spotlighting Harry James and Xavier Cugat. Cugat, doing some of his famous caricatures for the cast between takes, stopped Jimmy Durante with a good gag. Taking one look at Jimmy's "schnozzola," Cugat said he was sorry, but he couldn't draw Durante's picture. "Wotsa matter," asked Durante, "not enough time?" "No, not enough CHALK," Cugat quipped. That Cugat also has a million of 'em. . . .

ITEM TO REMEMBER: Harry James and the Music Makers give with "I Cried For You" in Red Skelton starring opus, "Mr. Co-ed." Another high-spot in the flicker is Harry's "Trumpet Blues." . . . You aren't alone—Hollywood's diggin' the swooner-crooner stuff, too. The current crooner crop is rivaling bands for picture spots. . . . R-K-O-Radio got the jump on other studios by putting Frank Sinatra in "Higher And Higher," but 20th Century-Fox grabbed

BOTH Dick Haymes and Perry Como for film chores. . . . Haymes does an acting-singing role in "Four Jills And A Jeep," and Como makes his screen debut in "Bowery After Dark." . . .

Universal has Ray Eberle, and Paramount is doing okay with Johnny Johnston, and a guy you've probably heard of—name of Bing Crosby. . . .

Event I'm waiting for. A meeting between the boxers managed by Harry James and the Andrews Sisters. With Harry in one corner, sending his man with a hot trumpet chorus, while the gals second their boy with some jumpin' jive. . . .

ALONG RADIO ROW—Could RED Skelton have influenced choice of those knockout RED coats Ozzie Nelson's boys wear on Skelton's broadcasts? . . . Ozzie, and Harriet Hilliard, doubling from radio to pictures, go into "Rhythm Rancho" at Paramount, Harriet having finished "Swingtime Johnny" at Universal. Celebrating their wedding anniversary, recently, Ozzie gifted Harriet with an amethyst ring, got a prized first edition of Charles Dickens in



Harry James and the pianist-composer, Ralph Blane, having a japi session of their own on MGM's lot during production of "Two Sisters And A Sailor."



Dick Haymes and his lovely wife, Joanne, arriving in Hollywood to begin work.



Mitch Ayres goes West in a big way as one of the stars of Universal's big musical motion picture success, "Moonlight And Cactus."



Al Dexter—the well-known "Pistol Packin' Mama" man and author of other pop tunes.



"Three Cheers For The Boys," and especially for Ted Lewis in the Universal film success.



King Cole Trio: King Cole, Oscar Moore and Wesley Prince, whose recording of Capitol's "All For You" has made them famous.

return. . . . Add another guy for whom the late and great Bix Beiderbecke played: Wilbur Hatch, Hollywood CBS ork leader. . . .

Kay Kyser has a surefire gag he uses for a warm-up at Army camp shows. The crack which never fails to get a laugh is: "Get those M. P.'s out of here. Hit the road, you bums!"

. . . SHORTS FROM THE LOCAL SCENE—Hal McIntyre made a brief stay in town to do a number in Columbia's "Hey Rookie." . . . Les Brown got two movie offers the first week he took over Palladium bandstand. . . . M-G-M owns a story property with terrific possibilities for a band musical. It's called "The Trumpet Man." . . .

Sammy Kaye checks in at United Artists to work in Charles R. Rogers production, "Song Of The Open Road." . . . Mitch Ayres and the Andrews Sisters went on tour after finishing pics at Universal. . . .

"Pistol Packin' Mama" is click title of a republic film, but studio says no band is set at present. . . . Xavier Cugat's Columbia film with Mae West,

now titled "The Heat's On." . . . That distinguished looking man at the Casa Manana recently, was Maestro Stokowski, temporarily deserting the classics to dig a little jive. . . . "Ohio," Jimmy Dorsey's big band number in "Four Jills And A Jeep" has the band working in a radio studio background, simulating the famous "Command Performance" shortwave broadcasts to men overseas. . . .

Capitol Records of Hollywood signed three fine bands to recording contracts following lifting of record ban: Benny Carter, Stan Kenton, and Eddie Miller. . . . The Miller crew also just completed a band short at Universal, titled "Panama." Ray Eberle, Martha Tilton, and the Stardusters handle the vocal chores in the short. . . .

Special on BG—Latest dope relayed to me at press time by 20th Century-Fox is that Benny Goodman's next picture, "Moment For Music," is likely to start early in 1944. Script will be written by Richard English, author of those hep band yarns in the mags. . . . Dig us next issue and I'll have more,



Johnnie Johnstone, singing troubadour of many radio programs, featured in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm."



History is made as Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters record "Pistol Packin' Mama" for Decca after the record ban was lifted.



Irene Daye, the vocal lovely who joined Charlie Spivak's band during his stay in Hollywood.

BAND LEADERS in the MAKING



No one can lead an instrumental ensemble competently without knowing the capacities of all its instruments individually. Only in that way can one know the possibilities of the group. One must know at least one instrument thoroughly, have a rudimentary knowledge of all the others. Peter Sirch has selected the trombone as his major instrument and is taking a private lesson on it from Mr. Ernest Clarke.

Although his major instrument is the trombone, which gives him a general knowledge of the brass section of the band he hopes to conduct. Sirch is also working on the clarinet for his woodwinds. He is shown receiving class instruction from Mr. Arthur Christman.

(Editor's note: This is the second in a series of articles—each complete in itself—written especially for those who ask where and how they can take a course in band leading. Here are the answers from the Juilliard School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., New York, N.Y., which offers two courses to serious students.)

THE BAND leader is the fellow the band can't play without. He's the chap who takes the rap when the performance is sour and the lad who gets little credit from the audience when the show goes over. He's the boss who tells every player what to play and when, how loud or how soft, how fast or how slow. Every move of his hand is an order to the musicians sitting on the platform and if he doesn't make the right moves the players go off the beam.

If the band leader is good, his band makes like Harry James' or like Benny Goodman's. If he doesn't know his job or how to signal what to the players, his band just isn't any more.

Band leaders have a job just like the players they face—only harder and more of it. A band leader can do a musician's job, plus his own. He's learned his trade at some conservatory, perhaps at the Juilliard School of Music where many of the top leaders were made. Or perhaps if he was smart, he took the summer session offered by the Juilliard's special Band Workshop.

At the Juilliard, the student learns there is more to leading a band than waving the baton or making funny faces with complicated head wavings featuring long hair tossed in the breeze.

The competent leader must be a commanding personality, must be master of one instrument plus piano and have a musical background and many technical skills. Musical theory, sight reading and arranging are included in the subjects offered during the three years the candidate fights it out at school. If he studies at the Workshop he crams the cream of this information into one six-week summer session.

The pictures show what he learns and how. Aspiring leaders are advised to look at the pictures, reckon the cost in years and labor and not consider training for a band leader's career unless they seriously intend devoting themselves to music as a life profession.



Conducting a group of instruments is more than gesticulating and grimacing—more even than getting them to play loudly in some spots, less vociferously in others. It takes thorough musicianship and ability to know what note each and every instrument should be playing. Only a trained ear can detect the sour note. This is a class in ear training under Mr. Igor Buketoff. This is a subject that requires practice and more practice.





It's learning the hard way but the only sure way. A knowledge of harmony teaches what music is made of, consequently how to make—or at least arrange—more of it. Under Miss Isabel Lehmer, classmates learn the lingo of "diminished triad," "augmented second," "perfect fifth," "parallel octaves." The musts and don'ts of harmonization will come in handy when arranging a vocal number for a band ensemble.

The piano keyboard is an indispensable tool for every kind of musician. Ability to improvise (create harmony at the piano) is a necessary part of the band leader's equipment. Some pianists have trouble enough reading two staves at once. The conductor must be able to read a score of 12 to 15 staves. He must know every note of every instrument. It takes a lot of preparation before a rehearsal.



Next step after working out harmonies on the keyboard is translating the parts into a score for the many instruments of the band. That is called arranging. Mr. Vittorio Giannini explains how it is done. The repertoire of a band is never confined to music originally composed for that kind of an ensemble, so the band leader is constantly called upon to rearrange scores for orchestras, etc. Many of the instruments are different, the ensemble effects aren't at all like those of a group containing string instruments. So it requires great knowledge and great technique.

Successful band leaders, like successful people in other fields have recorded in print the reasons for their success. From such books novices are able to pick up valuable tips.

It helps to listen to other conductors' interpretations—that's learning by example. For this purpose recordings are invaluable, especially when studied in connection with the score.

The band players are going to have to read the leaders wishes through his gestures and appearance. Like dancers, these future conductors check their positions and movements before mirrors, to see themselves as their players will see them. The beat must be clear and precise, or the players will be playing "all over the lot" through no fault of theirs. The really great conductor is not only one who is a sensitive musician himself, but one who can communicate his own sensitivity to his ensemble.





For the past five years, the Buddy Hoff band has had the prized assignment of providing music for President Roosevelt's annual Birthday Ball celebration at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. He has been heard nationally over the Mutual Broadcasting System, and Buddy records for Victor, Bluebird and Decca.



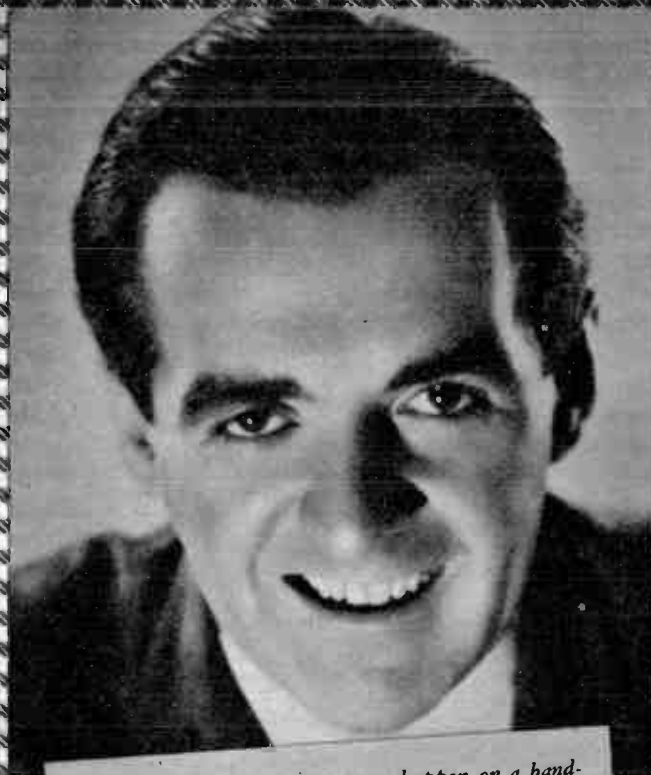
Famous in the show world for his sensational arrangements, his own spine-tingling compositions and the uncanny Baron ability for recognizing such authentic talent as Yvette, Simone Simon and Lupe Velez, Paul Baron is looked to today by those "in the know" along Broadway as the "surprise" discovery of the coming season.



Featured over the National Broadcasting Company's networks for the past two years, Harold Nagel and his "Continental Music" orchestra with Nagel doubling on the violin, serves an intimate style of music that combines a toe-tempting tempo with flowing rhythm especially appreciated by those who prefer to sit and listen.



Tommy Reynolds, one of the few dance band maestros in the music business who has composed his own theme song. "Pipe Dreams" has no lyric but its strains are familiar to radio listeners Coast to Coast who twist the dial to "Music of today in the style of tomorrow."



Think of anything you ever saw happen on a bandstand . . . hands that play sweet . . . bands that play swing . . . bands that feature lovely girl vocalists, duos to sextettes . . . bands that feature soloists on any instrument . . . add them all together and you have **BILL BARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.**



A brilliant athletic career was nipped in the bud when Boyd Raeburn abandoned sports in favor of a musical career that now finds him one of America's favorite young maestros. "Rhythm by Raeburn," air trade-mark of the band, is a call signal recognized by dance fans across the country.



With a facility for sensing the public's dancing tastes, Jack Coffey has developed a style of lilting music which pleases dancers of all ages. Using a simple pattern known as "Rockin' Rhythm," Coffey has blended a library of sophisticated arrangements with special attention to ensemble work and rich tonal effectiveness.



Warning to husbands: Keep your wife away from Baltimore's Hotel Belvidere. They really call him "The Deacon," this tall, handsome fellow who can swing with the best of them. Hal Saunders is one of the most inspired orchestra leaders in business and certainly one of the best looking.

Way Down Yonder

By
JIM WARE

(Right) Eddie Miller, himself,
and his magic sax.



(Above) Mickie Roy, Eddie Miller's glamorously beautiful vocalist.



"WAY down yonder in New Orleans"—that's where Eddie Miller started to blow the kind of music that made him a top-ranking tenor man, and leader of an ace band.

Eddie was born "down yonder" in the cradle of jazz, and with his dad, Eddie Miller, Sr., being a musician, and Eddie being exposed to the artistry of the great New Orleans musicians, it was only natural for him to climb on the bandstand.

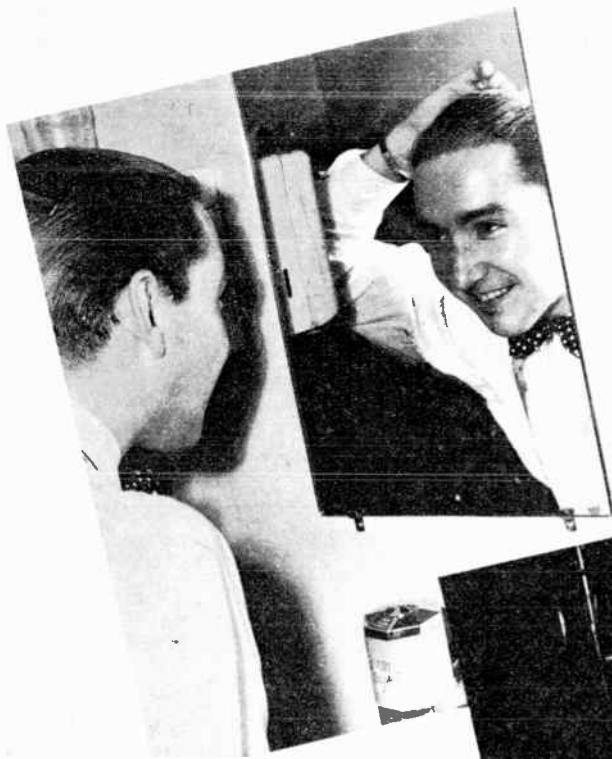
Dad Miller played the accordion and had a band, but Eddie preferred *blowing* a reed instrument to squeezing it. When he was only thirteen, he was clarinetist in the New Orleans Item band, then in succession with the famous New Orleans Owls and Ben Pollack.

In the Pollack band he played alongside such men as Jack Teagarden, Charlie Spivak, Ray Bauduc—and Nappy LaMare, of whom more later. Eddie played a lot of sax under Pollack's baton, eventually winding up as one of Ben Pollack's Orphans.

This was the humorous name applied to the band, when after several years together, the boys went east one season, and Pollack stayed on the west coast.

But being orphans wasn't funny to the band. Names being what they are in the band business, Eddie and the rest of the lads decided they had to get a new "name" and leader, but quick.

They propositioned a young singer by the name of Bob Crosby about fronting the group. Bob and the band



(Above) Eddie slicks up just before going on the bandstand.

(Right) Nappy LaMare, Eddie's guitarist and novelty singer.



(Above) Eddie Miller and his band at Hollywood's Palladium. Eddie on his tenor sax—Mickie Roy seated at the left.

joined forces for a smashing success that made band history.

Came 1942 and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered Crosby a movie contract. So Bob decided to part company with the band and become an actor, and once again the band was without a leader.

But the band wanted no more of that orphan stuff. They said: "Look, Eddie, you're the logical man for the job. You take over."

So Eddie, who for years had been playing that torrid tenor as a sideman, stepped out front with his horn. And Hollywood began to hear about the Eddie Miller Band. It was swell listening, too.

The New Orleans boy has been doing all right in Hollywood. The band made a picture at Universal, "Mr. Big," with Donald O'Connor, the new kid star, and has more films coming up.

Capitol Records of Hollywood has Eddie under contract for recordings, and the Miller organization holds the record for the longest run of Monday night dates at the Palladium Ballroom. Eddie's fans over the country have shown their loyalty by establishing Eddie Miller band clubs.

And speaking of loyalty, that is one of the major factors behind the organization's success. Teamwork and group spirit make the band click. The boys stick together and work out their problems in a co-operative manner.

Some of them have been together for years. Matty

Matlock, clarinetist and arranger; Nappy LaMare, guitarist, were with Eddie when the Pollack Orphans became the Crosby Bobcats. Nappy, like Eddie, is a New Orleans boy.

Some other key men are Nick Fatoul, drums; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Stanley Wrightsman, piano; and Arthur "Doc" Rando, alto and flute. Mickie Roy, Eddie's singer, whose charms are illustrated here, is a Kansas City girl—and Miller discovery. Nappy does novelty vocals, and Eddie sings a mean vocal, himself.

Off the stand, Eddie's interests take a different turn. He *digs*, but, in a different way—for Eddie is a garden enthusiast, and spends a lot of time in the Victory garden of his attractive home.

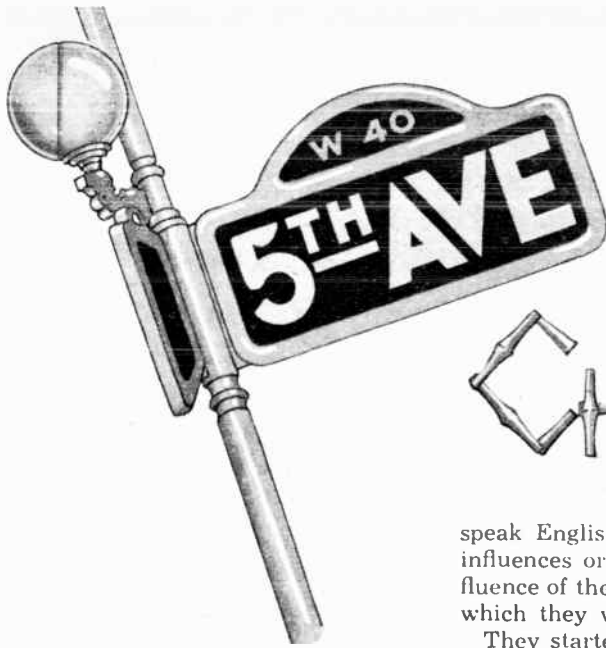
He is also a sports fan, his first love being baseball, and the Chicago Cubs have in him one of their hottest fans. In fact, the Miller household has two baseball fans—the other one, Eddie's son, Eddie Miller III.

Mrs. Miller, a non-professional, and a daughter, Diane, complete the Miller family. They live in the popular San Fernando Valley section of Southern California, over the hill from Hollywood.

But Hollywood hasn't affected that inimitable Miller style, a style influenced by Eddie's admiration for such stylists as Louis Armstrong, King Oliver and Emmett Hardy. When Eddie leads the band with that torrid tenor, the cats are really sent. Destination? "Why down yonder in New Orleans."



Cheers.
to the reader's
Band Leader's magazine
Jan Janku



with a CHINESE ACCENT

THREE little sisters, and one of them is only in her teens. . . .

The sisters speak in succession, punctuating their sentences with broad smiles. . . .

"Father came from China."

"Mother came from Poland."

"And we were born in Minneapolis, Minnesota."

Occasionally they break into a spurt of singing, "mi-mi-mi" or "do-ve-mi-fa-sol" to get their voices pitched for the next appearance. The resulting combination of words and music gives the impression of an interview held in a cage filled with canaries.

"My name is Alice."

"My name's Patricia."

"And my first name in English is Margaret."

Pat starts the conversations. She sings the melody in the trio arrangements. She talks first and fastest. She laughs longer and lighter than the other two sisters. Margaret has a head for business. She says the serious things. She is direct and forthright, with a mature quality of reserve.

Alice is the sister with the warm eyes and the big heart. She sings the high parts and speaks in the soft voice. It's Alice who writes home once a day to the family in Minneapolis. Alice carries a knitting bag wherever she goes and keeps the needles clicking backstage as she works on olive-drab yarn to finish a pair of socks or a scarf for friends in the service.

"We don't have any news from Poland or China," said Patricia.

"We have never seen our relatives abroad, but we used to get letters quite regularly," said Margaret.

"We have never met our grandparents," said Alice.

The girls were reared in a typically American home. They celebrated Christmas and the Fourth of July. They went to American Schools and

speak English unaccented by foreign influences or by the geographical influence of the section of the country in which they were born.

They started their careers as dancers in a kiddie revue in Minneapolis. The famous Andrews Sisters appeared in the same revue. Soon the trio changed from dancing to singing. For a while their mother toured the country with them, but she sends them out on their own now.

"Mother makes all our clothes," one of the girls said.

"She designs our dresses and we

have to dress exactly alike," said another.

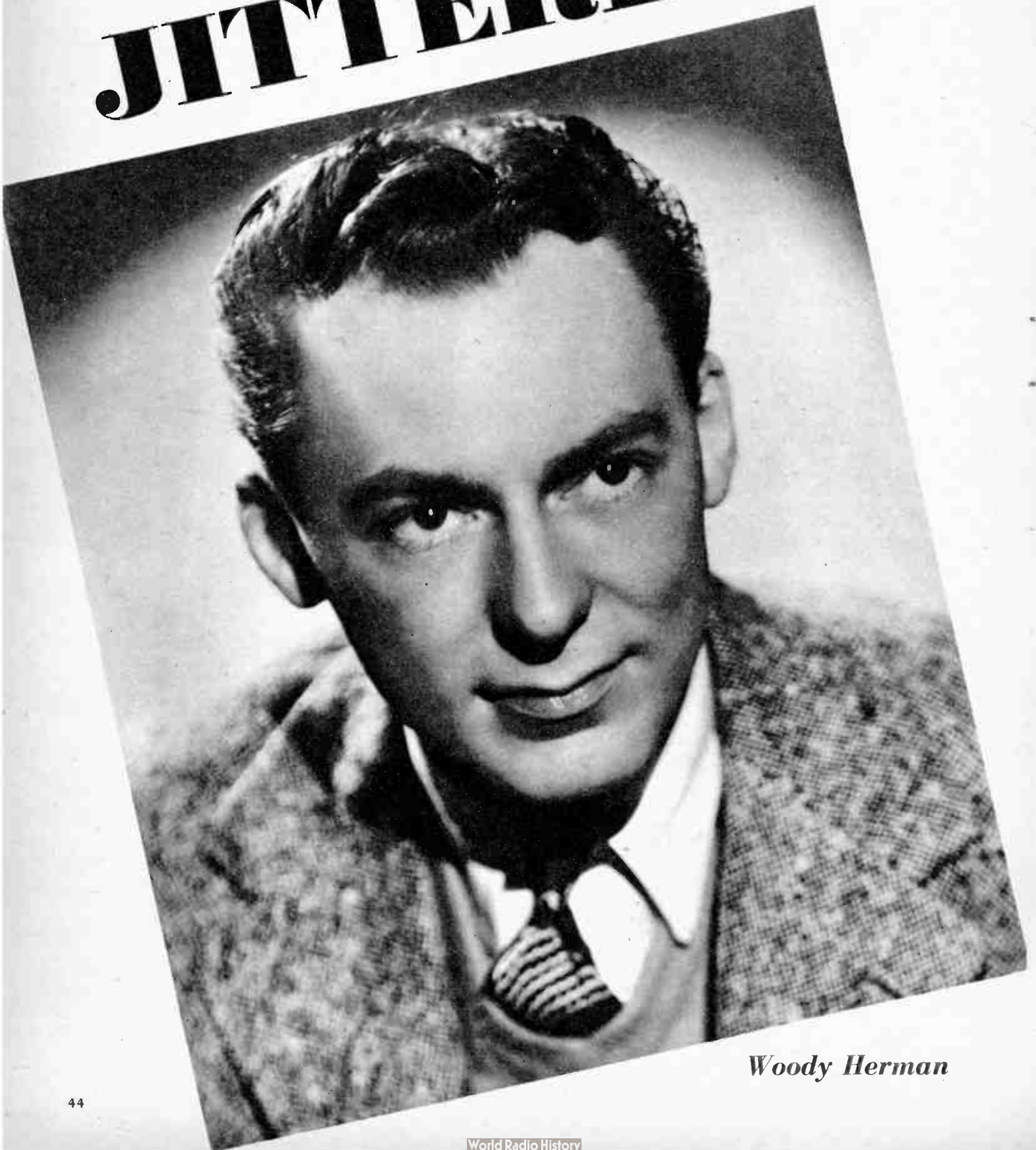
"You might say that she makes our clothes with a Chinese top and an American skirt," said the third sister.

Their wardrobe looks like Fifth Avenue with a Chinese accent. Some of the dresses look entirely American at first glance, but there is always a Chinese grace note in the embroidery or a pocket or the scallop around a button hole. Often the bodice is frankly Chinese in brilliant blue or scarlet, with intricate design in gold

(Continued on page 64)



IN DEFENSE OF JITTERBUGS



Woody Herman



By Woody Herman

Sonja Henie, Cornell Wilde and Woody Herman in the 20th Century Fox Flicker "Wintertime."

MY COLLAR has been hotter than my clarinet since long-haired psychiatrists gave up trying to dope out the paper-hanger from Berchtesgaden and began giving their learned opinions on swing enthusiasts.

I'm a bandleader—not a mind surgeon—but I've been around swing music fans long enough to know that psychiatrists who attempt to link jitterbugging with anything like juvenile delinquency are, to put it mildly, way off the beam. If I thought for a moment that swing was responsible, even in a minute way, for unmanageable youths, I'd pack my clarinet in its case and give it all up.

As a matter of fact, jitterbugging is a safety valve for our emotional boys and girls who are living through these hectic times. It gives them a chance to let off steam in a harmless, healthy and thoroughly enjoyable manner. When my band opened at the Hollywood Palladium ballroom in Hollywood recently, we played to over 5,000 swing fans including such "notorious characters" as Mickey Rooney, Sonja Henie, Caesar Romero and Carole Landis.

Jitterbugs today are an extremely valuable economic proposition. The movie industry, for one, has found them a ready-made box office. Just take a gander at the pictures now being shot or ready for release. "Hit Parade of 1943" features the bands of Freddy Martin, Count Basie and Ray McKinley (the latter now in service); "Best Foot Forward" has Harry James; Tommy Dorsey is prominently featured in "Du Barry Was A Lady"; Cab Calloway and Fats Waller are now seen in "Stormy Weather"; and might I also add that Woody Herman and his orchestra are in Sonja Henie's latest, "Winter Time".

Oh yes, these much maligned jitterbugs are welcome indeed in ballrooms, hotel spots and movie houses. And that's all they ask—to see their favorite bandsmen and dance to their music, without having anyone determine what makes them tick. They're as normal and as nice as your sons and daughters—who, no doubt, are swing fans, too.



Woody and his manager, Mike Vassos, now in the army.



(Picture reprinted by courtesy of "Metronome")

DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Bix Beiderbecke

by Bob Garrison

THE infantry is mighty tough—especially on the feet. My buddy and I were resting a few weeks ago from a blistering march on the drill field, looking as beat out as bargain hunters. My pal Met plays in an Army dance band after hours, but I never asked him what instrument—always took it for granted he wasn't so good. The quiet kind of fellow sometimes impresses a person that way. We were sitting there, chatting about the folks, about the future—you know how it is. Next thing, I spotted Met dragging a battered horn from his barracks bag.

A few of the boys dropped in and asked for a tune or so; "As Time Goes By," "Moonlight Becomes You" were a couple of the tunes requested. Well, Metro is the kind of musician who kicks best when in the mood. He wasn't in the mood, so the kids heard a mess of practice scales and arpeggios. Nothing's more monotonous than that sort of thing, so he blew and they "blew."

The evening wore on and we talked about Mugsy Spanier and modern swing men in general. I was curious about Bix Beiderbecke, the man labeled as the greatest white cornetist. Met was born and brought up near

Bix's home town and knew a lot of gab about him. My side-kick brought forth a Beiderbecke album, dug up a Bix pix and interspersed these items with his own knowledge and opinions of that terrific plunger pusher. I learned. . . .

Bix saw the light of day in Davenport, Iowa, on March 10, 1903 and adlibbed the melody to the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody" on the piano by ear in the year 1906. You see, this fellow Bix didn't mess around, got in his licks at an early age. He parked by the victrola and swung along with Dixieland men, La Rocca, King Oliver and Satchmo, while still in short pants.

B. B. lasted through two and a half years of high school and entered Lake Forest Academy. At the Academy, he played piano in the dance band and graduated to featured cornetist. You've probably figured it all out already that our hero wasn't so keen on formal education. You're right, for he took a powder and played around the Windy City for a spell, a year, to be more accurate. He teamed with the famous outfit known as the Wolverines—a bunch of solid swingers.

Met slipped a record on the machine called "Big Boy," an original by the Wolverines, with featured horn work by the Master, B. B. himself. The beat that gang hit was stupendous—really sent you. Bix blew like he was auditioning against Louie Armstrong, Bunny Berigan or any other Great you could name.

It was around 1925 that Bix Beiderbecke grabbed a spot with Frankie Trumbauer's band in St. Louis and pulled in \$100 weekly and spent the same amount. While with Frankie, Bix tinkered around with symphonies and modern concert work and listened to Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite" time after time. As a result of this association with the classics his piano and horn work became more polished.

Came the time for B. B. and sax man Trumbauer to chime in with Goldkette's group, where Bix and Pee Wee Russell starred in the band's small hot section welded around Bix's cornet. A short stay with Adrian Rollini, a famous vibes virtuoso today—famous sax man of yesterday—followed, but the high-powered orchestra folded in spite of the presence of Joe Venuti.

Then Beiderbecke joined Paul Whiteman and his orchestra! However, he worried constantly about playing Ferde Grofe's scores perfectly. Big time glitter and glissandos also impressed him—overly so. "The King of Jazz" featured Bix in '28 in his band within a band—something like Benny Goodman's small combination. Challis, the arranger, made

"specials" for Bix and he gained new confidence in himself, a new lease on life, so to speak. Henry Busse helped Bix over the rough spots.

On Chicago visits Bix jammed with Teschemacher, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey and Benny Pollack. 300 smackers per week isn't bad dough and that's what B. B. made in the jackpot days with Whiteman. But there were drawbacks, and they were: too many records, radio programs and shows, which made a P. W. musician's life a continual merry-go-round of activity under pressure. With little time for practice on tough arrangements, with music played on a production basis, Bix lost confidence and slipped—boom! Since his forte was improvisation, he lost interest in commercial jazz. He became ill and went back to Iowa for a long rest.

Back he bounced to Manhattan in '31, where he landed odd jobs playing around here and there. He played four spots with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, but Gene Gifford's brass ensemble scores were too tough on a guy as weak as Bix at that time. He left Gray and made a Victor waxing with Tommy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Bud Freeman, Gene Krupa and Bubber Miley. B. B. improvised on that record and was sending again.

Remember, we were sitting in the barracks, resting our tired feet—Metro and I? I had sat wide-eyed as my buddy reeled off the highlights of B. B.'s life, but finally found my tongue. "Did Bix usually use trumpet music?" seemed like a fairly sensible question.

"No," Met replied. "He used piano and violin parts in concert key. Easier to read, you know." I didn't know, but asked another \$64 question. . . .

"Did Bix play cornet or trumpet?"

"Cornet, tone's rounder, closer to human expression. But modern musicians find the trumpet gets a better section bite."

The two of us were heading toward dreamland. So, chock full of jam, jive and thoughts of Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke, we signed off for the evening. You see, we might have overslept in the morning; we didn't like KP that much.

Big-hearted Bix just couldn't refuse to help his friends. One evening, when the boys had an engagement at Princeton, B. B. was down with a bad cold. Rather than lose the money and disappoint his fans, Bix played the job. As a result, he dragged himself from a sick bed that night and contracted pneumonia. A terrific musician—a solid sender—faded from this world on August 7, 1931, when Bix Beiderbecke took over a solo spot in another world.

BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

by

DIXON GAYER

LOOKS entirely possible that Chicago is in for an invasion—but good! If all goes well, Horace Heidt, of Musical Knight fame, will take over Chicago's ballroom business in one full swoop. The beaming maestro is shopping all over the lot for a site to open as a super ballroom similar to his West Coast Trianon. Should he find the place where he can feature name bands, the other glitter spots in the Windy City will face stiff competition. Bill Karzas has had easy sledding so far, but watch for an invasion! . . .

Lovely, luscious Lena Horne stopped over in Chi en route to Hollywood for work on the new Ziegfeld Follies. She was pleased to have a tonsil operation over with and expects that it will aid her singing . . . as if it needs it! Lena is also scheduled for work with Arthur Lee Simpkins, noted Chicago tenor who tried for fame through the concert stage but found it in the bistros and on MGM movie lots. . . .

The Duke of Ellingtonia opened the new Stevens Hotel spot after a series of swing concerts which were so successful that Duke is wondering whether he shouldn't concentrate on concert work. Band has been a sell-out at two Carnegie Hall concerts, two Philadelphia Academy of Music shows, a pair in Boston's Symphony Hall and one in Washington. And, brother, that ain't hay for the first



Peggy Mann—the inspired and inspiring singer who'll be doing the vocalizing for Teddy Powell's ork when he opens at Chicago's Sherman Hotel.

extensive concert tour undertaken by any jazz band. . . .

It's Del Courtney's Orville Knapp

styled band these days at the Blackhawk . . . and darn nice, too. Del is copying a style, but he really is doing a far more important job than copying. He is carrying on a fine style lost at the death of Orville Knapp in 1935. The style was too good to be forgotten and Del has carried it on where Knapp left off. I am sure that Orv would feel honored. . . .

Hamilton Hotel jam sessions drawing so many name patrons these days that the public doesn't know whether to watch the bandstand or the stage. All the nightery spots getting the jam session fever from the success of this series. A lot of them have indicated a desire to give the thing a whirl, but Mutual Music seems to have the start on them and the courage to continue in the face of difficulties. . . .

No fair talking about Dotty Donegan, swell gal and fine pianist. Dotty missed all those weeks at the Latin Quarter because she was ill. A swell



Teddy Powell, with his broad grin and his band, succeed Jimmy Dorsey at the Hotel Sherman.

kid underneath it all and a very sensitive one. With a little more maturity she will be on the road to the fame that should be hers. Not that she has done badly so far . . . her salary multiplied ten times in as many months! . . .

Teddy Powell, his broad grin and his band, take the baton from Jimmy Dorsey March 25th for the next four weeks at the Sherman Panther Room. Newly redecorated room is knocking the socks off the orks who are playing there. Larger bandstand actually gives the boys room to tie their shoelaces . . . also improves acoustics tremendously. . . .

Charlie Glenn of South Side Rhumboogie fame is still mad about the

Union's raising band scale on his spot . . . Joint is still the most expensive nightery on that side and one of the most high priced in town.

Seems good to see the Stevens Hotel on the active list again. Hostelry was used by the Army Air Forces for over a year. Soldiers marched in the



Lovely, luscious Lena Horne who stopped by on her way to Hollywood. She'd just had tonsil operation and expects it will aid her singing . . . as if she needs it.

beautiful ballroom, chowed in banquet rooms, studied in meeting rooms and all left calls for 5:45 A.M. Now that the hotel is back on a civilian basis, except for the occasional ghostly blast of a morning bugle in the hallways, all is normal in Chicago's hostelry biz. And those bands don't mind another Chi stopover, either! . . .

Bob Grant into the Empire Room of the Palmer House for Hildegarde's stay and "Duration Maestro" Griff Williams hits the road for the first time in over 40 weeks. Griff resumes after Hildy's eight weeks are up. . . .

Red Allen, Jay C. Higgenbotham doubling with Stuff Smith at the Garrick, the best jazz bet in town. . . . Everyone still wondering what made the Preview switch from the strictest Mickey combos to jazz, but no one complaining. . . . Mel Henke, the finest pianist in town and Eggs Royer still knocking all the other entertainers for a loop. . . . Bill Bardo's hotel band on Midwest tour. . . . Irv Kostal now leading Eddie Prijpps' Latin Quarter band. . . . Be seeing you next issue with more of the latest dope from out Chicago way. . . .



A B E A

Beatrice Kay who is leading the current swing back to the moods, modes and manners of the Victorian Era. (In circle above) The lovely Beatrice as herself.

IF AN act was good then, it's good now, and Beatrice (Gay Nineties) Kay, winsome singing minx of today is the girl who can prove it. She keeps a careful fifty years behind the times in order to keep one jump ahead of the public fancy.

It's a fact. The voice you hear proclaiming that "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" is not that of Eva Tanguay or Anna Held on records. It's that of young Miss Kay, giving out with an exact replica of the old tunes in the authentic old style. Dress up the Gay Nineties dish with modern ideas in presentation and the result, for Miss Kay, is a fabulous monopoly of a whole field of entertainment.

Miss Kay gets them all. The oldtimers sit back and revive memories, and the jitterbugs go for laughs and remain to nearly break their hands with applauding. Band fans in the lower age brackets know a good thing when they hear it, as any band leader will proclaim. Thus, young and old, for different reasons, support the authentic style of the interpreter of the Mauve Decade.

In addition to the technical appeal which Miss Kay's work has for young and old, there's another reason why this type of program appeals especially today, in the artist's opinion.

"There's a current swing back to the moods, modes and manners of the mauve decade," she asserts.

"People want slower motion, heartier humor and—femininity, much more femininity as an aid toward their escaping from the realism of the moment. The war has created a new problem for the entertainer."

Psychologists and Miss Kay agree that what the people want for a little while now and then is "escape," and listening to the songs of another day permits them to do just that. With Miss Kay they go back for a bit to the safety of the days when "Pitch me a little woo, pal," was read as "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey" and was a little risqué at that.

Beatrice Kay prides herself upon her spirit of ex-



(Left and above) Beatrice Kay as she appears in Warner Bros. "Gay Nineties Girl"—a movie based on her own idea

Ted Fio Rito and Guess Who?

IN YOUR BONNET

attitude. This is not only art, according to experts, it's good business too. When she first hit on the idea of bringing back the old favorites she was advised to burlesque them to make them funny. Beatrice nixed this notion as an offense against good taste and a bar to repeat business. Audiences will laugh at a burlesque once or twice, and the show is over. But, they'll come again and again to see a show that appealed to their fathers and grandfathers, if the job is right and true.

Refusing to hoke up the old songs with modern ham, Miss Kay conferred with old-timers, singers, theatrical producers and agents. She listened and still listens to records, those old-time cylindrical jobs, to get a thorough idea of how the songs were sung originally.

She sang the songs straight and she accomplished just what her advisors had in mind in the first place.

The tempo, lyrics and musical backgrounds of the songs make them funny in themselves today. Beatrice realized that just as a dress with four petticoats and a bustle plus parasol would be comical to modern eyes today if worn and operated in the manner of the turn of the century, so would tear-jerkers of that period sound funny to ears accustomed to the slick finished form of music of today. So, she's funny,—but funny with tears not funny with belly-laugh.

So exact was her projection of the famous Eva Tanguay speciality, "I Don't Care" that she received a wire from Miss Tanguay herself who was listening on the coast. Miss Tanguay commented that today's young artist sounded so much like Eva herself that she could not have told the difference.

Her effort to get into the spirit of the early '90s resulted in an interest in the clothing and decoration of that period. When television becomes available to all her admirers they will be delighted to not only hear the style of bygone years, but to see the young lady dressed in the proper clothes of the period. She gets into complete Gay Nineties costume for each broadcast.

The sentimentality of the Gay Nineties finds an outlet to Miss Kay through her connection with that period. She gives plenty to radio and in addition to all the fame and fortune, she gets presents in return. Listeners have parted with treasured family bric-a-brac, items of the period, to forward them as tokens of appreciation to her home in Closter, N. J.

The aged trivia of a bygone era piled up in Miss Kay's home until she placed all the items, complete with histories, in one room set aside for their reception. When this space overflowed she turned another room into a miniature museum and expects, some day, to turn over the whole collection of Americana to a public library or suitable historical foundation.

Apart from the lace stockings and spangled tights or the flowing skirts and tulle draped hats, Miss Kay is a modern young artist in her twenties, a child of the theatre. Born in New York she went to the Professional Children's School. Before that she was carried on to the stage at the age of two for her first professional appearance, and thereafter toured the country with her parents. Her mother was a costume designer for the Hammersteins; her father a stage director. Naturally enough the stage was her life and she first appeared in straight roles in such musicals as "Sunny" and "Rose Marie," and in such dramatic roles as that of the crippled girl in "The Fool."

"Neither soprano nor alto,—just a rasp" says Miss Kay of her singing voice.

That voice is the result of what seemed at the time like tragedy. A few seasons back when she had ambitions for operetta a severe laryngitis struck her down and doctors advised her, for the sake of her sweet voice, to sing no more for at least two years.

But Bea, who literally "sang for her supper" as well as other meals, knew no other way to keep on eating save on the stage. Her voice developed an odd throaty

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BALLADIER of the BLUE

PHIL BRITO. Balladier of the Blue, not only makes life pleasant for the customers but also specializes in saving lives. He denies that he is obliged to rescue potential audiences from deadly danger in order to get them to listen to his band.

From the age of 18, Phil has been on the spot when human lives were endangered. Returning from a date he heard a woman shouting for help for herself and children in a burning building. He broke down the door, rushed through the smoke and saved the youngsters, also saving many other lives at the same time by arousing sleeping tenants.

In Chattanooga, Tenn., Phil saved the life of a traffic cop who was in the path of a runaway taxi. Lately he was in a N. Y. theatre when fire broke out. With a friend he put out the blaze before the audience was aware of trouble.

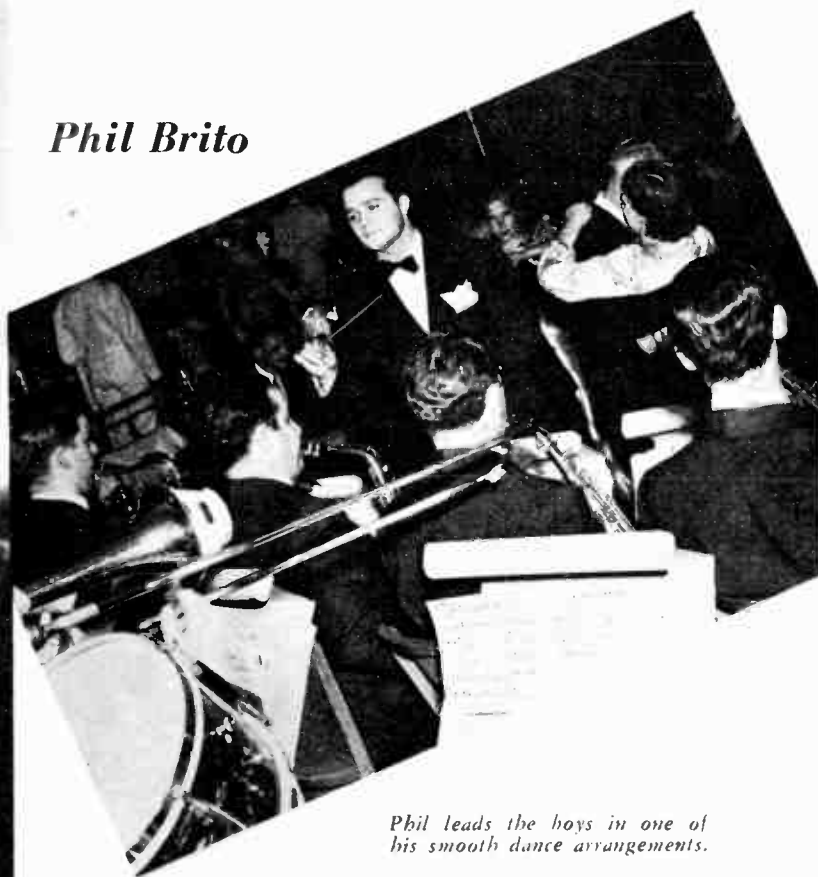
Born in Bloomer, W. Va., in 1915, Phil was one of nine children of a coal miner who was also trombone player in the town band. He began the study of the violin at 11, and although he no longer plays an instrument, professionally, can still play any request by ear. Phil was featured vocalist with Al Donahue and is now presented on his own over the Blue Network.



Phil Brito takes over the mike on his Blue Network program.



Phil Brito



Phil leads the boys in one of his smooth dance arrangements.



Smiling Louis Jordan and the boys.

RHYTHMIC DYNAMITE

LOUIS JORDAN, rhythmic dynamite, the singing, swinging jazz clown who sets off his Tympany Five, is a fella who has looked hard times in the face and has seen plenty. He wants strictly no more tough breaks, now or ever.

"I'm Gonna Move To The Outskirts of Town" sang Louis Jordan in the lean sad days and he wasn't kidding. Since he and fame got chummy he's produced a sequel "I'm Gonna Leave You On the Outskirts of Town" and he doesn't mean success.

Now that night clubs, ball rooms and record companies are all screaming for his services Louis can afford to be tired.

"Man, I'm so tired I've got white circles under my eyes," he moans today.

There was a time when he wore himself out trying to get a chance to work. Once even the police and fire department joined in a determined effort to prevent him from earning enough to buy just one square meal.

That was when Louis and his Five arrived in a small town to play a lone one-nighter. With a little time to spare Jordan crossed the street for a cup of coffee and when he came out a

fire had broken out down the street.

The street was strewn with hose and both police and fireman refused to allow the dusky and desperate youth to cross over to where he could hear his band begin to play. He kept hoping for a chance to get across but the blaze was stubborn and the affair was nearly over when he burst into the hall. The manager paid off but deducted for Jordan's absence and that cup of coffee just before the fire was the last for two days.

"Jobs weren't hard enough to get!" grins Louis, "When I did get one the police kept me from playing. I know I wasn't that bad."

Hard work, study, patience and plenty of courage were the essentials of the formula which sustained Louis Jordan for the four-year fight with the breadlines.

Jordan's professional career began during summer vacations from Arkansas Baptist College. The Rabbit Foot Minstrels paid him fifteen dollars every week as clarinetist and general utility entertainer, and with this meager encouragement he decided, upon graduation, that his future lay in the music world.

Lady Luck not only snarled at him but ignored his efforts until, after a few years of being kicked around, the late Chick Webb offered him a job. It was with this classic showman that Jordan reached the top spot available to any featured singer or instrumentalist who is working under another man's name. Not so easy at that!

His personal success as a starred artist kept the organization in coffee if not in cakes for nearly four years. Then his minor league aggregation was booked into an ace Chicago night club as alternate feature with a nationally known harmony quartette.

The star piece on the bill played to nice money for their contracted four weeks but the Tympany Five plus Louis remained there collecting their pay for thirty-two solid weeks. It was about this time that Louis needed luck into noticing his efforts with a recording of "I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town," which, together with his contract in Chicago really moved him from a precarious toe-hold on the bottom rung of the success ladder right up near the top.

"King of the Wax-Works" is what they call him these days and Louis doesn't complain about the weight of the crown. His smile stays on even through the trying effort to play, rehearse, make records, establish new contacts and try out new ideas, not to mention his almost futile effort to create any personal life of his own.

"I may be tired," says Louis, "but I love it."

Toward the goal of remaining successfully tired until he's too old to get around even in a wheel chair, Jordan strives to keep his orchestra versatile and lively, crammed with new ideas to satisfy the ever-changing fancy of the public. He combines solid musicianship with all the clown tricks known

(Continued on page 57)

PIONEER



"LIFE is what you make it," some people say; and then there're others who believe in Fate. In the case of Shep Fields it was six of one and half dozen of the other.

Shep began his musical career midst the brownstones of Brooklyn when his father gave him a bright new saxophone to celebrate his 14th birthday. His family obviously thought he was quite a musician but the director of the Erasmus Hall High School Orchestra thought otherwise. Shep did not make the ork, nor could he find a place in the military band. All of which is nothing but a shining example of Fate's dirty work.

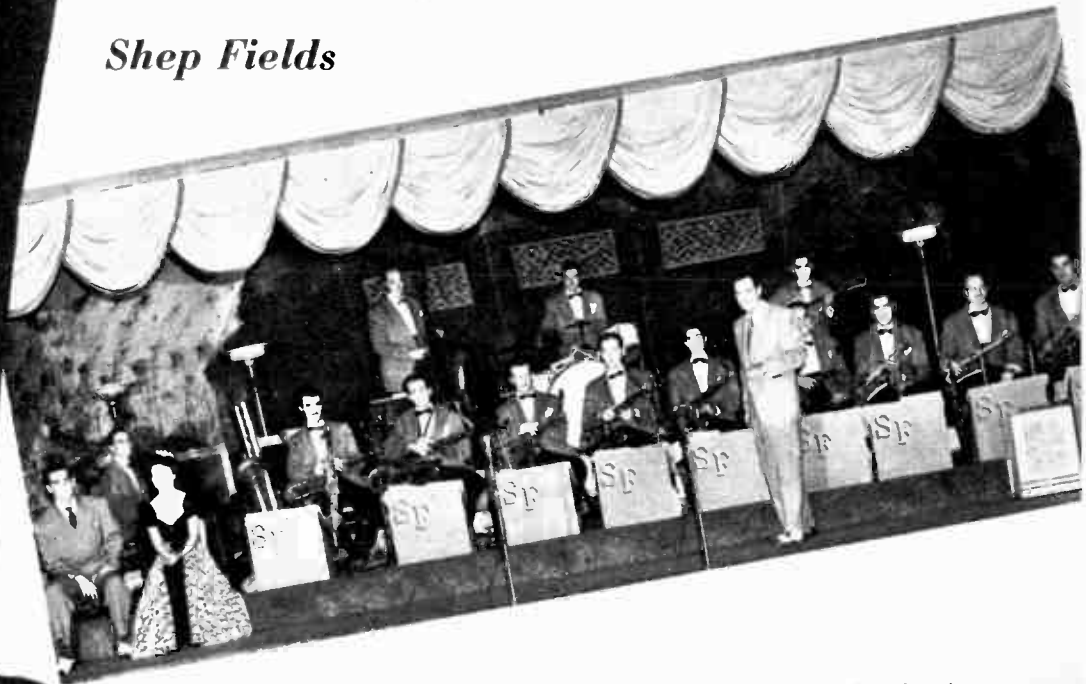
Shep, however, made up his mind to sax his way to fame even if he had to begin his career standing in front of his own orchestra! But his folks, with their parental pride somewhat chastened by the savants of Erasmus, thought he ought to become a lawyer. Shep wavered, then bowed to the dictates of experience. He entered the Law School of St. John's University.

Of course, that didn't stop him from practicing on his sax. In fact, he even found the time to begin organizing a jazz band. When a man's got rhythm it's like being married for better or for worse.

Once again, unhappy circumstances over which Shep had no control interfered with his progress in law school—his father died. Shep was obliged to give up his studies and turn his mind to adult things like earning a living. Here's where his spare time jazz band came in handy. It goes without saying that the kids in the amateur outfit were only too glad to help Shep out in a professional way.

"Shep Fields Jazz Orchestra" began doing the town, the grill rooms and night clubs of old New York. From Gotham, Shep sailed to the exclusive Iras Supper Club in Miami, and that's where things really began to happen. It was under the Miami palms that Shep brought out his famous Rippling Rhythm.

Shep Fields



Shep and the boys in his new band.

And then, like so many others have done, Shep went West. He tarried awhile in Chicago where the Palmer House renewed his contract six times. From there he went to the swanky Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles.

When he finally got back to New York his reputation had gone before him. He played at the Waldorf-Astoria, the smart Pierre and broke all attendance records at the Paramount Theatre. A national radio magazine on search for something new snapped him up. On October 2, 1936, Shep Fields made his first coast-to-coast broadcast on "The Radio Court of Honor" program. Soon Woodbury was sponsoring Shep's "Rippling Rhythm Revue" every Sunday evening over the NBC-WJZ network.

Now, wouldn't you think that Shep would have been content to rest on his laurels? His Rippling Rhythm had taken the music profession by storm. It was new, it was different. He was the darling of the dance world. But Shep Fields was also a pioneer.

A short while ago, he ditched his old style, waved the Rippling Rhythm boys a fond farewell and started rehearsing a new orchestra!

Such an upheaval had the usual effect. It started tongues wagging at a furious pace. In the various nooks and corners where musicians gather, "Fields" was the name most mentioned in conversations. Their curiosity was piqued. They couldn't figure out the whys and wherefores of such a startling maneuver. But this tongue-wagging was nothing in comparison to the clatter that sounded when Fields made public his newest idea in music. It was a band composed of reeds and woodwinds and no brass section!

It would never succeed, the wise guys said. A popular dance band had to have brass. Why, it was axiomatic! Almost all agreed that Fields had cooked his goose plenty brown when he cancelled over a hundred thousand dollars worth of Rippling Rhythm bookings for an untested and unheard of idea.

For a while Shep was out of the running. He had to scrap his music library worth thousands of dollars and begin gathering and building a new collection of scores. He took an expensive vacation to audition and then rehearse his new men, the brassless dance band!

"Of course," Shep admitted, "I didn't get my idea on the spur of the moment. I'd been figuring that some day people were going to get mighty tired of loud, brassy bands and raucous arrangements that made the music so noisy you couldn't hear yourself talk. I stopped playing Rippling Rhythm just as soon as I saw signs which meant that the public was nearly ripe for something new." Smiling in his quiet way, he added, "And I guess I was just about right."

Even the die-hards have to admit it, Shep was just about right. With nine men in his reed-woodwind section, he achieves tonal effects impossible to duplicate in orthodox saxophone-brass combinations. His men double on clarinets, flutes, oboes, piccolos and even a bassoon. They get an endless variety of tonal combinations. The band numbers thirteen musicians but they use a total of forty instruments.

The reception accorded the new orchestra has amazed even Fields. Dancers have been quick to appreciate the originality and uniqueness of his style. They're flocking



Portrait photo of the Maestro.




Meredith Blake, enchanting vocalist with Shep Fields' band.

to the theatres and ballrooms to listen to this bandleader who's making another successful venture the hard way.

Shep Fields says that his art is the result of "very hard work," that he frequently suffers from "mike fright"; that his favorite composer is Victor Herbert, and that he thinks Sherlock Holmes is the best of the fictional characters. Public approval, he explains, amply repays him for all the hard work he has done. When he reaches the age of retirement, a long time in the future, he wants to take a trip around the world and then settle down in California to enjoy the climate.

One of the big thrills of his life came when his grandfather, aged ninety-six and confined to his home for the past fifty-two years, insisted on attending Shep's debut at the Paramount. "He was taken to the theatre in an ambulance," the maestro relates, "and was carried into the show on a stretcher. He enjoyed it immensely."

**BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY
WAR BONDS!**



Ann DuPont.
The sensational clarinetist who leads her own band.

BARRY WOOD'S luck runs into the millions! He's sold millions of dollars worth of War Bonds on the U. S. Treasury program, "Millions For Defense." He has millions of fans. And he's been doing a swell job as Singing Emcee on the N.B.C. program, "The Million Dollar Band."

Last year, after four years of stardom on the "Hit Parade," he left for a new career in Hollywood. On the way out West he appeared at the Chicago Theatre in Chicago and at Baltimore's Hippodrome. Then, just as he was about ready to go to Movieland and take over Gene Autry's vacated singing spot, he received a call from New York offering him a most lucrative radio show. Barry chose radio. If you ask us, we're glad he did. We'd hate to think we couldn't tune in that million dollar voice of his as a regular part of our week's broadcasting enjoyment.

Few people realize that Barry led his own band for awhile, or that he

plays the sax and clarinet. But with a voice like his it was inevitable that he devote himself to singing.

Born in New Haven, Connecticut, on February 12, 1909, he graduated from New Haven High School and from Yale. He played with the Buddy Rogers orchestra, with Paul Ash, Vincent Lopez and Abe Lyman. He quit his job with Lyman to strike out on his own as a band leader. He was lured into radio when the Hit Parade sponsors signed him and he had the longest run of all the singers who have had a part in this spectacular program.

Married in March, 1931, to Jane Gale, sister of Mrs. Oscar Levant, Barry has two daughters, Bonnie and Beverly. He's one inch over six feet

tall and he was an outstanding sprint champion and swimmer at Yale.

Barry was called to Washington to sing "Arms for the Love of America" on Arsenal Day, 1941, and premiered this song at a dinner for Vice-President Wallace, Secretary Morgenthau and other Capital notables. Soon after that he introduced another Irving Berlin song, "Any Bonds Today," which was commissioned by Morgenthau and adopted as the musical motif of the bond sales drive.

Barry's recordings of these two songs were paired to make a top-selling Victor disc. Among his other record hits are "We Did It Before," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Mine," and "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along."

SINGING E M C E E

Barry Wood



SWING OUT FOR SERVICE



Fort Leavenworth's Reception Center U.S. Army Band.

UNDER the leadership of Pvt. Don Tiff, the band at Fort Leavenworth's Reception Center (No. 1773) out Kansas way, is right in the groove. Don Tiff was with the orchestras of Carl Ravazza and Henry Busse before he entered the Service. He plays a solid piano and leads the boys in his band through its weekly routine.

The personnel changes from week to week, sometimes from day to day, so it's impossible to list the full membership. There are only four men assigned to the work in addition to the leader: T/Sgt. Perry Rushlau, trombonist; Pvt. Laurin, otherwise known as Fuzzy, Anderson, drummer; Pvt. Tony Caracci, accordionist, and Pfc. Rockley Beck, first trumpet.

Despite the handicap of constant changes in the personnel, this organization has earned a fine rep. as one of the smoothest groups of musicians in the Army.

And do they lead a busy life!

They give three nightly performances every week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—ably assisted by volunteer G. I. talent and entertainers from nearby Kansas City. These shows are aimed directly at the men who pass through the Reception Center. They aid greatly in

keeping up morale, which is sometimes at a very low ebb since the newcomers have just left home and are meeting war conditions for the first time. This station is given over to casuals who have just been inducted into the Army. Means a lot to those lads to be able to see a swell show and hear good music. And the boys in the band sure can play it hot as well as give with sweet music that is right out of this world.

Along with these regular programs, the band is always active in the band rallies. Further, they swing out for the Service dances on the Post.

When the boys of the band assemble for a session of sizzling jive it gives the homesick recruits a real lift. Music and dancing are even more important to soldiers than to civilians. The Army was quick to realize that fact. Hence the many really fine organizations all over the country contributing to the well being of the American soldier.

Fort Leavenworth's Reception Center is commanded by Lt. Col. C. L. Malone. We hear that he is mighty proud of having such a fine band. The musicians are part of the Special Service Section under Captain Joseph L. Gutting.

A BEA IN YOUR BONNET

(Continued from page 49)

quality which she developed into the well-known "rasp."

Rudy Vallee and Walter O'Keefe heard the girl with the interesting "new" voice and spotted her on their shows. Soon afterwards the Gay Nineties Revue was launched.

O'Vernacre (get it?), her farm house in New Jersey, combines the old and the new in her home, as Miss Kay combines the old and the new in her person and art. She lives in an ancient farmhouse, which, so she says, Washington probably never even saw, completely restored and redecorated in the most streamlined fashion by young Bea. The result is a luxurious interior that has everything of several periods, the furnishings being a comfortable combination of Early American, Victorian antique and Modern pieces.

The question, "What is your favorite color, Miss Kay?" finds the songstress at a loss, although she drily comments that it would seem to be green. Her husband is Sylvan Green, her acres are covered with green shrubbery and her agent is one David Green.

Miss Kay loves animals and the household features as pets three Persian cats, one black, one tortoiseshell, and one, snow white, called Tar Baby. Her biting contempt is saved for those people who abuse animals.

Cooking is another bygone art that is revived in the Kay-Green household. Miss Kay loves to cook and her specialty is "Glazed Christmas Ham."

Victory gardens and victory canning of home-grown produce are nothing new to Bea who has been growing and canning her own fruits and vegetables for years.

The theatre and its problems are in Miss Kay's blood and her greatest serious ambition is to see all actor's unions combined under one banner. As it is, with her many specialties, she might be a member of all the various theatre union branches. In addition to the throaty performance she offers in her present Gay Nineties success, she has also two other styles of singing. She can break down the jitterbugs with her modern ballads, and she swings out hot with the jazz.

On the lighter side her ambition is to pull out the bottom cans from one of those familiar pyramid displays in the grocery store. Her grocer has had fair warning.

As a collector on her own she has fans, bustles and shoe buckles, although collecting items of any period of any sort for her home in New Jersey is her hobby of the moment. She has also collected recipes from chefs all over the world, and puts these directions into practical use.

John Powers, a judge of beautiful women if there ever was one, judged Miss Kay as having the "Prettiest Legs in Radio," and admirers who see her in the tights and lace stockings of her chosen era, have approved the judgment of the master.

Always an actress, little Beatrice as a youngster would watch street quarrels and then go home to act them out for her family. She learned to read by looking at the wordage on the screen in silent pictures.

The End

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

(Continued from page 29)

important that the manner in which they are played—granting that you have a competent organization with which to work."

Lombardo believes that orchestras should play tunes suited to their brand of music, their particular style of playing. "Wrong" numbers can be as disastrous as unsuitable comedy lines would be to a comedian.

"We can't make a rumba fit with our ideas or style at all," he concluded, "so we don't play rumbas".

Guy looks for melody when he selects a song. It must be of a simple pattern. People like melody, he thinks, and it's the prime requisite of any song. He also pays attention to lyrics which must be in keeping with the tune: smart—or tell a story. The words must be easy to say

"When we formed the orchestra our endeavor was to get a distinctive tone quality. Then as now, we tried to take that melody in its simplest form and give it a frame. Instead of blotting out the melody with unnecessary tones and rhythms, we tried to keep it simple and stress it, so that it stayed in the listener's mental ear long after he heard it with the actual ear."

Other orchestras rise to fame rapidly on the heels of some passing vogue, and disappear when the style changes. Lombardo remains year after year,—the symbol of the best dance music, a night out, a good time in a fancy and special place, to the great American public.

Lombardo's home is now at Freeport, L.I. He is tall, dark, and weighs 158 pounds, is in his late thirties, and his hobby is speed boat racing.

The End

RHYTHMIC DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 51)

to the business. His records sold before he could sell himself in person and now they're both selling like crazy.

In a little under two years this dusky ensemble combining rhythm, fun and blues, have worked their way from an unstable spot down near the bottom of the list to the top spot on the list of septia organizations making recordings.

Louis Jordan certainly does not pose as the Cinderella of the jazz realm, but he is convinced that the years of work spent trying to nudge the public gaze his way paid off in the finished productions he sends out under the Louis Jordan label today.



"Got any Frank Sinatra records?"

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Also, you'll find helpful lessons on scientific astrology; numerology; hand, handwriting and face analysis—plus brief, interesting items on fashions and other popular subjects.

Get your copy of the Winter 1944 **CURRENT ASTROLOGY** at your newsstand today! Or, send us 25c (Canada 30c) and we'll rush a copy to you!

CURRENT ASTROLOGY

215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

DID YOU KNOW THAT...

(Continued from page 3)

down in the South Pacific area . . . FRANKIE CARLE, who left HORACE HEIDT's band to form an orchestra of his own, may make his big time bid at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. . . . Good news from the West Coast says that CAPITOL Records has signed the bands of BENNY CARTER and STAN KENTON, as well as singer JO STAFFORD, former T. DORSEY singer. . . . JOE MARSALA, who has had so much trouble keeping his always-good bands together, has organized another outfit that sounds good enough to start edging other and bigger band leaders. . . . New York's Harlem Savoy Ballroom was finally allowed to re-open some time ago and all we can say is that it should have happened earlier. . . . You shouldn't be too surprised if RED NORVO's band makes that overseas trip after all. . . . The new Famous Door in Manhattan has all the cats jumping. After LIONEL HAMPTON's sensational opening, which also featured JOHN KIRBY's crew playing alternate sets, LOUIS ARMSTRONG was lined up to be the next band knockin' at the Famous Door. . . . ANITA O'DAY, former GENE KRUPA vocalist, is working her way East doing single theater dates. . . . JOE BUSHKIN, who used to pound the ivories for TOMMY DORSEY, is one of the featured performers in the Army Air Forces Show *Winged Victory*. . . . Best human interest story recently was the signing of vocalist TEDDY WALTERS with TOMMY DORSEY's band. WALTERS, who is one of the best guitar players besides having a voice with SINATRA-like quality, was picked up by the trombonist-leader in a 52nd Street night club where he was working for peanuts. The singer is due for a beautiful build-up on a SINATRA scale. . . . RAYMOND SCOTT'S SECRET SEVEN (band within a band) has the hepsters guessing



Margo and Arnie Shaw

with its initialed song titles. What do they mean, RAY? . . . STAN KENTON may pull out of his NBC network show because of bad billing. . . . FRANCES WAYNE (whose recording of *That Old Black Magic* with CHARLIE BARNET was that tune's best version on a platter) joined WOODY HERMAN at press-time. . . . Singer TOMMY RYAN got the best break of his career when he took over the leadership of BLUE BARRON's orchestra, following BLUE's induction into the army. . . . GAYLE LANDIS, BOBBY SHERWOOD's sister and vocalist with his band, is writing arrangements for the ELK's PARADE band, which is really new kick for a vocalist. . . . JERRY ROBERTS' all-night disc show heard over station WAAT in New Jersey has a large following among jazzmen, who find Jerry's hot record choices right up their alley. . . . The nation's top jazz musicians, chosen by a group of nationally known critics, will appear in a monster jam session to be held in New York's Metropolitan Opera House in the near future. The swing carnival will mark the first time that the Metropolitan has been invaded by exponents of *le jazz hot*. . . . DUKE ELLINGTON smashed a twelve-year record during his last Capitol Theater engagement in New York, proving to a lot of skeptics that the colored bands are just as strong at the box office as any of the big white name orchestras. . . . DEAN HUDSON and his new orchestra finally got themselves well-organized and currently playing one-nighters. . . . When WOODY HERMAN opened at the Paramount Theater in New York, MARION HUTTON, former GLENN MILLER vocalist, was on the bandstand doing the chirping. . . . Some of the first new records you'll hear, now that the record ban has been lifted, will be CHARLIE BARNET's Decca waxings. Your reporter was in the studio when some of the sides were cut and can guarantee that they're up to old-time BARNET standards. . . . The career of a promising young band leader was cut short when BOYD RAEBURN was called up for Army service. RAEBURN, never really given the attention that he deserved, produced the kind of infectious swing music that finally made everyone sit up and take note. . . . Tenorman BOB DUKOFF's sensational horn work with JUSTIN STONE's orchestra is the talk of the town. . . . It will be worth your time to dig a new Capitol recording *All For You* featuring the KING COLE TRIO. It's really in there! . . . SAMMY KAYE, the maestro of Swing and Sway, has a new angle. He's using two girl singers, NANCY NORMAN and SALLY STUART. You can believe it or not but the two gal singers are close friends. . . . HENRY JEROME, whose dance-time at the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln in New York found favor with all the young swing crowd, took his band back to its original roosting spot, the Pelham Heath Inn, after closing at the hotel. . . . MORTON GOULD, usually thought of as being on a long-hair kick (as opposed to righteous jazz) has turned tables and developed a keen interest in boogie-woogie. . . . LENA HORNE was once a chorus girl and worked with a stage unit that featured NOBLE SISSLE's band, in case you didn't know. . . . JACK TEAGARDEN, who disbanded his outfit after an illness out on the West Coast, is or-

ganizing a new orchestra. . . . The STARDUSTERS, formerly Charlie Spivak's singing group, are in line for a series of eastern theater dates. . . . HARRIET HILLIARD and OZZIE NELSON have celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary. . . . GENE KRUPA may still put an end to his drumming with Benny Goodman's band by donning khaki. . . . Former name bandleader RED NICHOLS, whose Five Pennies band used



Lionel Hampton

to be the rage at one time, is now working on the West Coast in a defense plant. . . . Singer BOB ANTHONY, returned from active service overseas bearing several battle scars, has received three big-time offers from radio networks and name bands. BOB worked with the bands of BUNNY BERIGAN and INA RAY HUTTON before going into service. . . . TOMMY DORSEY is set to appear with the Los Angeles Symphony in February as guest soloist. . . . HELEN FORREST may surprise her close friends with an elopement very soon. . . . THELMA CARPENTER, one of our favorite singers, will be heading back west soon with a tasty movie contract signed, sealed and delivered. . . . It may be corn to a lot of us but the show that TED LEWIS is put-



Cab Calloway—a favorite at New York's Stage Door Canteen.



Benny Goodman backs the attack by helping to sell War Bonds.

ting on during his current night club dates really knocks out the old folks. The "Is Everybody Happy?" man must bring back the old days and make the oldsters remember when they used to like to get out and cut a rug or two. . . . This issue's recommended jazz-great disc (just in case it isn't already in your record library) is BUNNY BERIGAN's *I Can't Get Started With You*. It's unmatched in trumpet recordings for tone, phrasing, and a deep, rich feeling that few other horn-men have been able to get in their playing. . . . It was bandleader LOUIS PRIMA who wrote the now classic *Sing Sing Sing* which BENNY GOODMAN recorded and was one of the factors in bringing BG his first success. . . . Be seeing you next issue with a lot more late news. . . . Dick Dodge.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND

"**A**U REVOIR—a fond cheerio—a bit of toodle-oo—God bless you—and pleasant dreams!"

Ben Bernie, the beloved band leader whose sign-off on his radio show made him famous from coast to coast, died on October 20, 1943. The Old Maestro had been slowly recovering from an 11 week siege of pneumonia when a recurrence of heart trouble led to a collapse and then to his death.

We'll miss you, old friend. With your death an era came to an end. The entertainment world, especially radio, has no one to take your place.

It wasn't necessary to have met Ben to feel that he was one of your friends. As Phil Baker said: "He was an actor whom other actors liked. I could pay him no higher tribute."

Some people claim that Ben's birthplace was Bayonne, N. J., others contend that he first saw the light of day near the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. His father was a blacksmith. No doubt it was a matter of great pride with him that Ben was a boy prodigy on the violin. The truth is, in spite of that scraping sound Ben made on the fiddle, he was an accomplished musician. At 14 he gave a concert in Carnegie Hall. But serious music's loss became the entertainment world's gain. Capable violinists come a dime a dozen—there was only one Ben Bernie!

He drifted into vaudeville as a comedy violinist, but he soon became known as an expert ad-libber. Quick on the rebound, yet always radiating good will he rapidly made a place for himself. We remember way back when he teamed up with Phil Baker. What a pair *they* were! No audience ever sat on its hands when those two ad-libbers did their stuff.

It must have been around 1920 that Ben decided to have a band of his own. To the Lads in his ork he was "that good guy." He liked golf, bridge, hamburgers, police dogs, down-and-outers and, above all, horses.

"How are the ponies treating you?" he was once asked. "Alas!" sighed the Old Maestro, "the nags have me just where they want me."

It's difficult to realize, now that popular music and name bands are taken for granted, how surprisingly fresh and invigorating Ben and all the Lads seemed back in those early Twenties. What an event it was, that first appearance at New York's Hotel Roosevelt where Ben wowed 'em with his fiddle, his jovial smile and his wise-cracks. Hot jazz—and we do mean *hot*—was The Thing, but Ben played it in the sentimental groove. When the Dixieland Band was followed by Rudy Vallee, then Vallee by Guy Lombardo, and Lombardo by Benny Goodman, etc., Ben continued to be as popular as ever.

When Ben gave up vaudeville for radio he refused to give up one iota of his gay individuality. They might put up a No Smoking sign in the studio, but it was just so much malarkey to Ben. He continued to smoke that cigar of his when and where he pleased. He was the first performer to use a theme song. One never hears *My Buddy* without thinking of the Old Maestro and all the Lads. He originated the idea of carrying on a feud in public when he began twitting Walter Winchell. And it was Ben who started the fad of kidding the sponsor.

Ben, like all performers, was supposed to follow the script during a broadcast, but he put the carefully prepared manuscript aside with the same cheerful effrontery with which he ignored the No Smoking sign. True child of the mike, he said whatever that amusing tongue of his choose to say. In all the thousands of appearances he made during twenty years of radio work he never failed

to say the right thing. How easy it would have been with a wit as keen as his to have done otherwise. But no. So warm and big was his heart that he preferred a laugh at his own rather than someone else's expense.

Toward the end, the doctors told him that unless he took things easier it might mean disaster. He must stop entertaining the soldiers and helping in so many War Bond drives. Finally, when he was laid low by what proved to be his final illness, he was given to understand that there must be no more visitors at the hospital, no liquor, no cigars. Ben had kept on playing for the boys in uniform and never failed a Bond rally until he was taken to the hospital. The day after he was ordered into complete seclusion the doctor had to find his way into a smoke-filled room crowded with friends and bookmakers who had dropped by with bottles of Scotch and tips on the horses. As for the Old Maestro—he was sitting up in bed, telephoning to some pal of his.

The doctor was no less outraged than Mother Nature. Soon, the few who were allowed to enter the sickroom, did so on tiptoes. They spoke in whispers. And how the Old Maestro fought for life! There was so much to live for: a devoted family, jovial companions, a world of admirers—and the horses! For awhile it looked as though he'd fought the good fight and won. Out of danger from pneumonia it seemed as though it wouldn't be long before the Old Maestro would be leading all the Lads again and making the world that much happier by his being in it—alive and well.

But it was not to be. Death struck suddenly and unexpectedly. That great, warm heart of his would never again throb with excitement as the ponies came pounding down the track. The fiddle that gave forth those rusty, squeaking noises had to be laid away forever in its ancient case. All the Lads would miss him—all the lads and lassies, too—the young and old everywhere . . .

Farewell, old friend.



BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

If you missed any of the following issues of **BAND LEADERS**, you may still obtain copies if you act quickly—while our limited supplies last—by sending us 15c (Canada 20c) for each one you want:

October 1942 Issue

Featuring Kay Allen, Amy Arnell, Georgia Auld, Irving Berlin, Ben Bernie, Rose Blane, Will Bradley, Elton Britt, D'Artega, Tommy Dorsey, Shep Fields, Benny Goodman, Herbie Holmes, Nancy Hutton, Paula Kelly, John Kirby, Chico Marx, Barbara Moffett, Russ Morgan, Red Norvo, Lynn Richards, June Robbins, Savina, Claude Thornhill, Tommy Tucker, and others.

January 1943 Issue

Featuring Count Basie, Charlie Barnet, Bob Crosby, Emery Deutsch, Sam Donohue, Sonny Dunham, Ann Dupont, Bob Eberle, Helen Forrest, Woody Herman, Harriet Hilliard, Harry James, Art Jarrett, Wayne King, Johnny Long, Glen Miller, Momi, Ozzie Nelson, Helen O'Connell, Dinah Shore, Kay Starr, Joe Venuti, and others.

May 1943 Issue

Featuring Nat Brandynne, Irv Carroll, Carmen Cavallaro, Jack Coffey, Tommy Dorsey, Skinnay Ennis, Ella Fitzgerald, Chuck Foster, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Marion Hutton, Art Kassel, Herbie Kay, Sammy Kaye, Judy Kayne, Kay Kyser, Jimmy Lunceford, Abe Lyman, Bill McCune, Hal McIntyre, Freddie Masters, Glenn Miller, Bea Perron, Joe Reichman, Carson Robinson, Bobby Sherwood, Ginny Simms, Ethel Smith, Sharon Torrance, Joe Venuti, Griff Williams, and others.

August 1943 Issue

Featuring Gus Arnheim, Bob Allen, Bob Aster, Neil Bondshu, Les Brown, Bobby Byrne, Frankie Carle, Lee Castle, Duke Ellington, Jan Garber, Horace Heidt, Ray Herbeck, Ina Ray Hutton, Harry James, Kitty Kallen, Paul Lavalle, Peggy Lee, Herb Miller, Vaughn Monroe, Ozzie Nelson, Boyd Raeburn, Alvino Rey, Tommy Reynolds, Ted Fio Rito, Mickey Roy, Jan Savitt, Hazel Scott, Frank Sinatra, Charlie Spivak, Artie Shaw, Conrad Thiebault, Tommy Tucker, Mark Warnow, and others.

November 1943 Issue

Featuring Van Alexander, Louis Armstrong, Mitch Ayres, Bonnie Baker, Gracie Barrie, Milt Britton, Henry Busse, Bob Chester, Del Courtney, Al Donohue, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Baron Elliott, Merle Evans, Patti Farnsworth, Helen Forrest, Benny Goodman, Mal Hallett, Harry James, Jimmy Joy, Stan Kenton, Kay Kyser, McFarland Twins, Lillian Lane, Freddie Martin, Will Osborne, Ginnie Powell, Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra, Mary Small, Jerry Wald, Paul Warner, Paul Whiteman, and others.

January 1944 Issue

Featuring Bunny Berigan, Cab Calloway, Perry Como, Tommy Dorsey, Paul Firman, Ewen Hall, Dick Haymes, Woody Herman, Tiny Hill, Alan Holmes, Betty Hutton, Marion Hutton, Henry Jerome, Spike Jones, Stan Kenton, Ada Leonard, Johnny Long, Joan Merrill, Bobby Sherwood, Frank Sinatra, Sunny Skyler, Dick Stabile, Jack Teagarden, Joe Venuti, Jerry Wayne, Anna Mae Winburn, and others.

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BAND LEADERS

215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.



SQUARE DANCE BAND

(Continued from page 15)

"There CAN be about 67,890,001 different dances," he said. "Actually no one knows how many there are because the combinations of the 32 known figures is infinite. There are, generally speaking, two or more figures in any one set dance."

The most popular dances today are Nelly Gray, Dip and Dive, Honolulu Baby, and Cut Off Six.

The Top Hands' boss, who is also president of the American Square Dance Callers' Association, lives at Freeport, L.I., with Mrs. Durlacher and their three sons and two daughters ranging from 4 to 16 years of age. They all square

dance and all enjoy it with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Durlacher's hobby, avocation and life work are all the same. He writes books about the dance in his spare time and "Ed Durlacher's Square Dances" will be published soon. His dearest wish is that everyone everywhere would learn to do square dances. This wish is in a fair way to be gratified, for many of those who take up time and floor space with their outdated fox trots, rhumbas and such, will soon be styled pathological exhibitionists and removed to quiet places where they won't annoy the square dancers with their show-off tricks.

BUY WAR BONDS

CHEROKEE CHARLIE

(Continued from page 8)

field is already in. He had brought his band up to the point of musical flexibility where the sweet songs are as sugary as his jazz arrangements are hot. Barnet plays slow dreamy dance tunes in the polished and suave manner of a fellow who wouldn't know what you were talking about if you mentioned the word "jazz."

Now the fans who clamor for a "a nice simple tune" are Barnet fans too, in company with the discriminating clientele who go into ecstasies when Barnet gives out hot.

Generally speaking Charlie Barnet and his band have no set ideas about the future of popular music. All Charlie knows is that the public will get what it wants from the Barnet organization.

"The public sets the styles in dance music today, the same as they always have," says Charlie. "Just what the next cycle will be depends on their reaction to new creations of our modern dance conductors. Some fellow will find a new trick which the boys and girls will like and a new rhythm will be born."

Charlie figures that what the public wants depends on luck and what is offered to them. He just goes on improving his style as his part in our ever-changing musical pattern.

Improving what he has while waiting to stumble on the great new idea to wow the public has proved so successful under the Barnet leadership that *Billboard* says, "Of the entire coterie of new bands produced in the past few years, Barnet shows the greatest improvement."

Metronome says, "This is the best band Charlie has ever had."

Band Leaders says, "With a war bonnet AND a rabbit's foot, how can Charlie lose?"

In addition to playing one of the finest saxes of our times, Barnet is also a composer and arranger. His arrangement of "Cherokee" hit the public right in the pocketbook. That great success "Make Believe Ballroom" is his. It has become famous throughout the country and is used as a theme song by numerous musical record programs.

But wait! The list of Barnet's outstanding qualities has not yet been exhausted. He also discovers talent. Lena Horne, songstress who recently zoomed to the very top, was a Barnet find. Many of her early recordings were done under the Barnet sponsorship.

Any list of the hit platters which feature Barnet must include "Old Black Magic," "I'll Remember April," "The Captain and His Men" and "The Sergeant Was Shy."

By Dare Fayre

NOW that the ban on making records has been lifted, we can look forward to some real solid waxings. No longer will you have to be content with just a vocalist and vocal background, but you'll have your favorite band leader up there, swinging away at his beat, doing the tunes you want to hear on wax.

Our recommended list for this issue includes the following discs: "Mission to Moscow" recorded by Benny Goodman. Benny and the boys really give out on this number. No vocal, strictly jive from the word go. Benny's clarinet work is highlighted throughout the entire disc. The rest of the boys content themselves with a terrific background. This disc is a sleeper. You have to hear it a few times before you can appreciate it. Written and arranged by Mel Powell, this number was issued without the usual fanfare. Then it started to go over in a big way and now it ranks with Benny's best.

"Pushing Sand" by Kay Kyser. This disc was a real surprise. We thought we were listening to a different band. Kay and the boys have gone hep on us in this recording. We heard that one of the things that Kay dreamed of having was a good solid brass section. Well, if this record is any indication, he's got it.



Benny Goodman

If we may be permitted, we'd like to recommend an oldie. "Merry Wives of Windsor" as recorded by Horace Heidt. This little ditty was recorded years ago on a Brunswick Label and then transferred to Columbia. At that time the band featured Alvino Rey and also the triple trumpets. Remember? Well, any-

way, we heard this record for the first time the other day and we enjoyed it very much. The number features some beautiful work by Frankie Carle at the piano. Also that magic electric guitar of Alvino Rey's. For good solid entertainment, both for listening and dancing, this record is highly recommended.

For those of you who collect theme songs, we'd like to suggest the album of "Theme Songs" on Columbia records. The themes are as follows: Let's Dance—Benny Goodman. My Twilight Dream — Eddy Duchin. Thinking of You — Kay Kyser. Ciribiribi—Harry James. Think of Me—Will Bradley. Pretty Little Petticoat—Raymond Scott. I'll Love You in My Dreams—Horace Heidt, and Drifting and Dreaming—Orrin Tucker.



Orrin Tucker

Duke Ellington has come through with a socko recording on Victor. "A Slip of the Lip" backed by "Sentimental Lady." The "Lady" side features an alto sax solo by Johnny Hodges.



Duke Ellington

Also on Victor is "You Took My Love" recorded by Tommy Dorsey, and featuring Ziggy Elman in a trumpet obligato. While we're on the subject of T. D., we'd like to put in an extra special mention for his recording of "Boogie Woogie." This number was recorded some years back and was re-issued on Victor. Tommy demonstrates on this recording the high quality of his work which made him one of the outstanding bands in the country. Instead of featuring a piano the band takes the boogie beat in a beautiful styling.

Glenn Miller has a re-issue which has climbed into the

Waxing Wise

list of favorites. "Blue Rain" with a beautiful vocal by Ray Eberle. Backing this oldie is a solid version of "Caribbean Clipper."

On the highly recommended list is Decca's version of "Pistol Packin' Mama" backed by "Victory Polka." Two 4 star hits done up in terrific style by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters. This was the first Decca release since they signed up with Petrillo. They couldn't have picked a better combo to start off with.

One of our favorite swing units is the "Hot Club of France" outfit featuring guitar by Django Reinhardt and hot fiddle by Stephane Grappelly. These boys really know how to swing it, and their Decca discs are especially recommended to you folks who are tired of brass. Typical of their best work are such numbers as "Clouds," "Night and Day," and "My Melancholy Baby."



Jack Teagarden

The King Cole's Trio makes its debut on Capitol with a solid recording of "Vom, Vim, Veedle." The reverse side of this jump disc is "All for You."

Also on Capitol, is a number that looks like it's going to hit the high spots. None other than Paul Whitman and his ork doing "The Old Music Master." Vocals by Johnny Mercer and Jack Teagarden. They both do a swell job.

Listen guys and gals, how would you like to make records of Frank Sinatra and Harry James and get paid for doing it? No fooling, kids, this is the chance of a lifetime. This is your opportunity to get into a job that's really hep and into an industry that's going places. The real and pressing problem in making enough records to fill the public demand is not the shortage of material but the shortage of labor.

Columbia Recording Corporation, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, is offering good jobs at good salaries. All types of help, skilled and unskilled. These jobs are excellent opportunities as the demand for records after this war is over is going to be nothing short of terrific. If you're interested, just drop a letter to Mr. Jim Hunter, Vice President in charge of Production, care of Columbia. P.S.—Don't forget to mention our magazine *Band Leaders*.



Glenn Miller



Tommy Dorsey

FROM TIN WHISTLE TO CLARINET

(Continued from page 33)

ate and slept when you could, groped your way to a train or a bus at 3 a.m. You practically never saw your family. Sometimes with no sleep at all you reached your next date with just time enough to get out the instruments and start playing again.

"Now we eat regularly, keep definite hours, and better still, have plenty of time for bettering our music. There's more time to give to arrangements the extra polish that has raised the standard of dance music all over the country."

Some of the jivesters who enthusiastically share Jimmy's opinion are his trumpeters Billy Butterfield (ex-Bob Crosby and Artie Shaw) and Steve Lipkin (Miller, T. and J. Dorsey, Goodman); trombonist Vernon Brown (Goodman, the Dorseys, etc.); pianist Frank Signorelli (Whiteman) and saxists Sal Frazella and Arthur Rollini who have played with every major band, to name a few of the stars. While the "set" bands have been riddled on account of this and that, Lytell has a bunch of contented stars who are tickled to death they don't have to hit the road. For this reason a couple of big Broadway theatres are seeking a Lytell booking.

One of the shows Lytell still plays as a sideman is "Stage Door Canteen." Speaking of the Canteen, we found out how Jimmy got his name. M.C. Bert Lytell, a screen idol when Jimmy wore short pants, gave the future maestro the idea. His true monicker is Sarrapede. When a program called "Matinee with Lytell" popped on the air, Bert came to the studio wanting to know, "Who is THIS Lytell?" Now the two are fast friends.

In his thirties, Jimmy's youthful appearance makes it almost unbelievable that he played with a pioneer jazz outfit, the original "Dixieland Jazz Band." Jimmy was a thirteen-year-old-kid at the time, which explains what offhand might look like an anachronism. He also played with the "Memphis Five" of hallowed memory. Despite this period of improvisation and barrel-house music, he never forgot his classical training as witness his frequent appearances with Toscanini, Eugene Ormandy and other longhairs.

Jimmy was born in a crowded section of Manhattan. He and the rent collector, arriving at about the same time, his family moved over to Brooklyn while Jimmy was still in tri-corners. After that the fortunes of the Sarrapedes started to rise. Jimmy's grammar school

and musical education began when he was seven.

One day while attending services at St. Lucy's Church in Brooklyn, Jimmy's mother heard Father de Liberty say that a band was being organized. He wanted volunteers. She thought it would be nice to have a musician in the family and offered her son as a candidate. His nomination being upheld, Jimmy was assigned to the clarinet. In a few months the boys had mastered their instruments sufficiently to be able to play a few songs by ear. When Father de Liberty gave a concert to show the progress they were making someone with an enterprising spirit passed the hat.

The collection was divided among the youthful musicians and Jimmy found himself the proud possessor of a whole, unattached dime! With this sliver of silver he bought himself a tin whistle. Jimmy's talent on the tin whistle amazed everybody. His father was so delighted that, one night after he'd been listening to his son cutting capers with "Santa Lucia," he went out and bought Jimmy

a clarinet of his own. Now, the kid was all set to go places.

When Jimmy was eleven he was complete master of his instrument. His father decided to show him off in a neighborhood theatre that featured bands in its stage shows. It was a big event for the kid, bigger even than the circus. He reacted accordingly, vowing that he would play in a band, *that band!*

He went back to the theatre a few days later, demanded an audience with the band leader (whose name has escaped him) and demonstrated his ability. The leader could scarcely believe his ears. He told the boy who stood before him he had the stuff that it takes to make a great clarinetist. He asked Jimmy's mother for permission to take her child prodigy with him on a two weeks' engagement at a Southern summer resort. Quelling her maternal misgivings, she consented. Before Jimmy set out, however, she carefully sewed four hundred dollars in the lining of his jacket to insure his safe return. That's what she thought!

The clarinetist in knickers was certainly an attraction, especially with his fellow musicians to whom he had confided his cache. Between dance sessions they initiated him into the mysteries of that infamous pastime known as craps. Jimmy and his assets had just about been divorced when the engagement ended.

By that time he was no longer an amateur crap-shooter. Jimmy had lived and he had also learned. On the two-day trip back to Brooklyn, when everybody was in the dough, he not only won back his original stake but two hundred more to boot.

One of the most ambitious fellows in the game, Lytell has no high-sounding theories about the type of music he'll sell to the public. "I believe I know what constitutes good jazz," he says, "and I've got the men and the arranger to put it over." He made no comment about his clarinet solos but any musical authority in radio would tell you that's the least of his problems.

CONTEST WINNER

CONGRATULATIONS to Rose M. Vestuti of New Haven, Connecticut, winner of the \$25 War Bond in the Help-The-Editor Contest in our November, 1943 issue.



"All I said was 'Isn't that Harry James in that cab?'"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF BAND LEADERS, published bi-monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph J. Hardie, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the BAND LEADERS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Joseph J. Hardie, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Editor,

Harold B. Hersey, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Harold B. Hersey, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Business Manager, Raymond J. Kelly, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Corporation of America, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Joseph J. Hardie, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Raymond J. Kelly, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.; Evangeline L. Angel, 22 Crocker St., Rockville Centre, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving

the names of the towners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOSEPH J. HARDIE, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.

LEONARD SPARACIO, Notary Public.
My Commission expires March 30, 1944.

JAZZ AS IS!



(Above) Jay McShann, accompanied by his band, gives with a hot number. (Right) Candid camera pix of Jay at the piano.



JAY McSHANN, creator of "Confessin' The Blues," sells his jazz "as is." What the customers get when this outfit starts grinding is the authentic earthy stuff that IS jazz—all fancy filigree trimmings are filtered out and nothing but the genuine article is left.

McShann is best known in the east for his recordings, and discriminating collectors are quietly grabbing all available sides of "Hootie Blues," "Singmatism," "Vine Street Boogie" and "Hold 'Em Hootie" as almost the last of the real uncut stuff.

A native of Muskogee, Oklahoma, Jay's attention was first called to piano playing when his oldest sister started taking piano lessons. He was 12 at this time and after listening to what Sister brought out of the big box he wanted to learn also. There was money enough for one only, so young Jay learned from listening. After a few tries he found that he could make the same sounds without lessons and then on out he set up in business as a piano player.

As his own teacher he worked out arrangements which were different from any set down on paper which was just as well as reading music was something he knew strictly nothing about. His efforts soon led him into association with professionals and his first engagement was a one-nighter

with Clarence Love in his home town.

Al Denning was McShann's next employer and for four months this credulous gent was under the impression that his piano player was reading those little black things put down on the paper. When the orchestra had to play for a floor show one night and play just the right notes at the right time, McShann's little game was over and he decided to study music.

After roaming the country for some years the boy came home for a visit, then on to Kansas City and headed like a homing pigeon for the nearest jam session. Practically no urging was needed to persuade the lad to sit in and once in he remained in place. The next day the manager of the Prince Stewart Orchestra, then playing at the College Inn night club, offered him a job. This was in 1937 and he played with that organization for a year.

Early in 1938 another night club operator suggested that the young pianist form his own band, after which he, the operator, would provide the place to play in. Jay jumped at the offer, collected six other musicians of his own calibre and one of the greatest small bands in the business was born.

Study and practice have, according to one critic simplified McShann's style so that he is "more choppy and on the beat than when he first organ-

ized the band, having weeded out some of his own flowery filigree so that he turns out some deep solid satisfying solos."

McShann's work paces the band and he is backed by rhythm from drummer Gus Johnson and bass Eugene Ramey, essentials in a section which has remained as is for over three years.

The ensemble pattern is occasionally broken by hot alto and tenor solos, and trumpeters Orville Minor and Harold Bruce are in there blowing when the black dots on the paper say "Trumpet, begin." Also featured with this orchestra is Walter Brown, billed according to his fans in understatement as "America's Greatest Blues Singer."

This is jazz with all the trimmings removed and only the bare bones showing, jazz as was, is and ought to be.

5th AVE. WITH A CHINESE ACCENT

(Continued from page 43)

thread work across the front.

"We never quarrel," said one of the sisters.

"Why should we? Everything we have is alike and we share equally. The only difference is in the perfumes we buy and each of us is free to choose the kind she likes best," said the second.

Even their Chinese names are centered around the same thing. Margaret's name is Yuet-Laun, which means "Moonflower." Alice's name is "Clearness of the Moon." And Patricia's name is "Reflection of the Moon".

They may have started as a novelty act, but the Kim Loo Sisters have now won a permanent place in the musical scheme of things. It's a hard combination to beat—one singer with delicate beauty and a fine voice—make it three of a kind and nothing can stop them.

AMAZING MAESTRO

(Continued from page 21)

"Pom Pom," and others.

His skill as an arranger, used to advantage in building his own library, has also been used by the movies and leaders like Mark Warnow.

He has been called "the greatest living jazz arranger," and "the greatest living alto sax player." And he can get off on trumpet, tenor, clarinet, valve trombone, and piano, besides.

But with all his musical skill and knowledge, Benny shrinks from being a musical prophet. He doesn't profess to know if "swing is here to stay."

"Anything can, will, and does happen," he told me, laughingly.

And he isn't kidding, this amazing maestro.

He might even realize his dream of becoming a cowboy—for one of his desires right now, is to own a ranch.

TORRID TRUMPET

(Continued from page 13)

are Tchaikowsky, Beethoven, Johann Strauss and Dukas.

When a man hangs out as his trademark and personal philosophy such a sign as "Be Happy" he has a lot of friends. Among those for whom the latch string is always out are Martha Raye, Bing Crosby, George Raft, Alice Faye, Barbara Stanwyck, Don Ameche, Milton Berle, Eleanor Powell, Una Merkel, Barry Wood and Eddie Cantor.

Judy Garland, Guy Lombardo, Fred Astaire, Jackie Cooper and Ella Logan never have to kick the door down to see Louis either.

Louis is five feet eleven inches tall, his hair and eyes are dark brown, his athletic hobby is golf where he shoots around 86, and his all-time favorite in any field is little Joyce May Prima, age 8, who goes to school in New Orleans and is studying piano and dancing.



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BAND LEADERS

Dept. 344

215 Fourth Avenue

New York 3, N. Y.

LOUIS PRIMA SAYS:

"Without question Louis Armstrong is responsible for the trend of swing music."

"Music rightly played brings happiness."

"The majority of the people like the same thing. It doesn't matter whether the music is sweet or hot, slow or fast, the listeners enjoy music rightly played—provided, of course, they know what's going on."

"I don't believe in over-arrangements and involved numbers. The public wants, and will never stop wanting, melody."

"You can't sell what isn't good, and if it is good, you still have to sell it."

"Too serious music depresses people in wartime. They definitely want diversion."

"Service men and war workers should have as much music as possible."

"American music has improved tremendously during the past 10 years. Thanks to Harry James, the trumpet is at its all-time popularity peak; trumpet men have gotten away from blaring notes, are playing more cleanly and with greater precision. Saxophone styles have improved; tones and conceptions are better. The violin has come back to its own, and that is gratifying. I want to complain, however, about the tendency to feature the drummer as a soloist, that is absolutely wrong, for the drum is strictly a rhythm instrument."

"Swing is the only real native American music, and will go on forever, getting better and better."

Diosa Costello

*The Singing Ambassadress of
Good Will From Puerto Rico*



*"Why shouldn't I
buy it?
I've got the
money!"*

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.



"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

*"But I thought the government put a
ceiling on prices."*

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

*"Then what do you want me to do
with my money?"*

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

*"Now wait! How do taxes help
keep prices down?"*

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So...

*Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without*





CLAUDE THORNHILL



BLUE BARRON