

BAND LEADERS

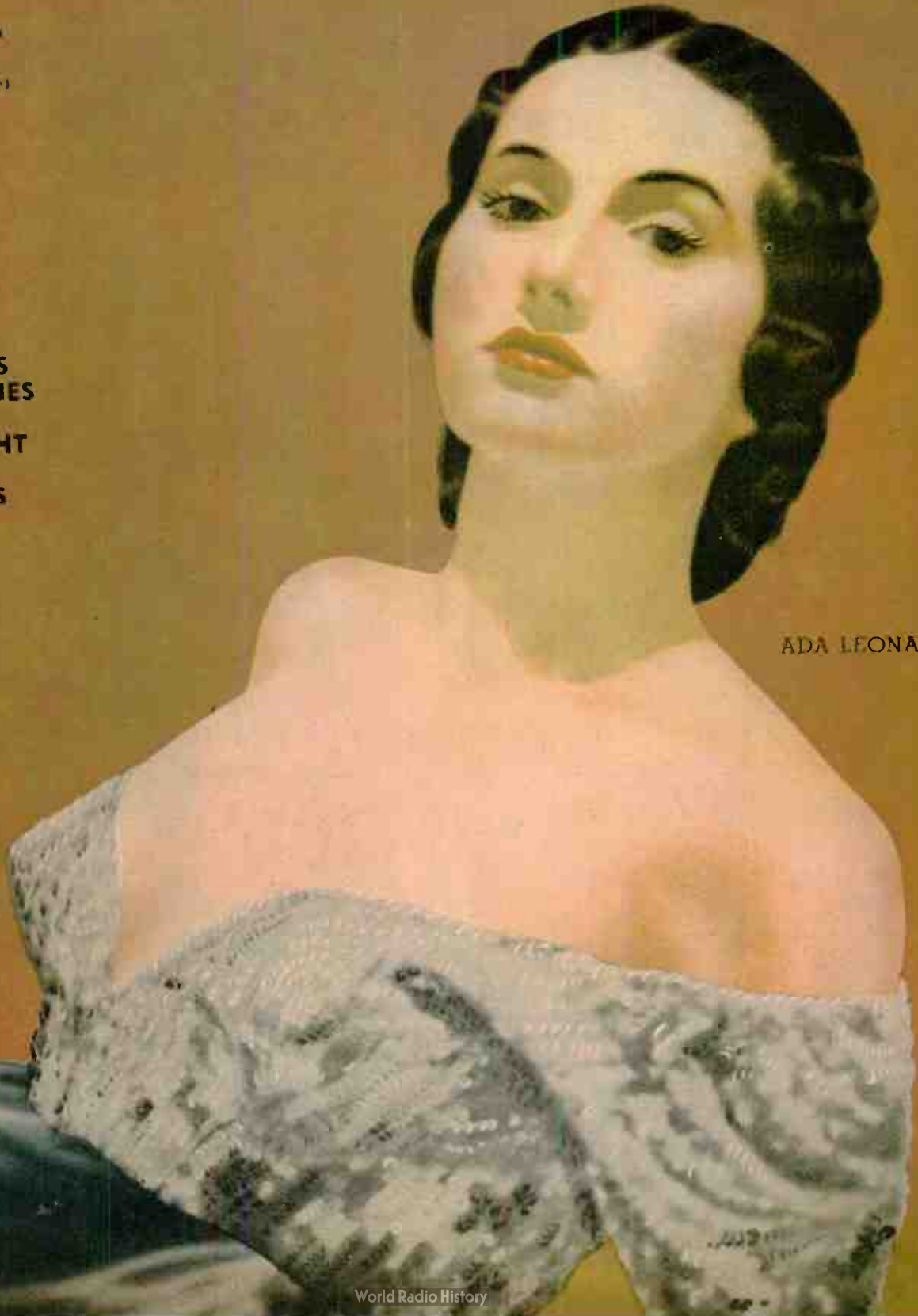
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PICTURES
AND STORIES
OF THE
TOP FLIGHT
BAND
LEADERS



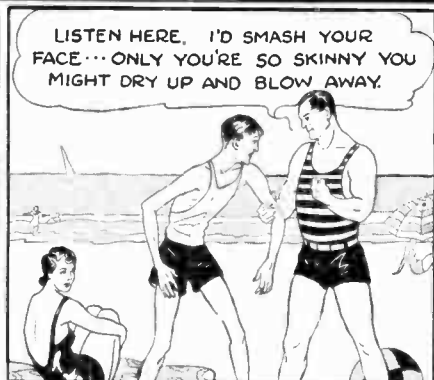
ADA LEONARD

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!

THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH



LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.

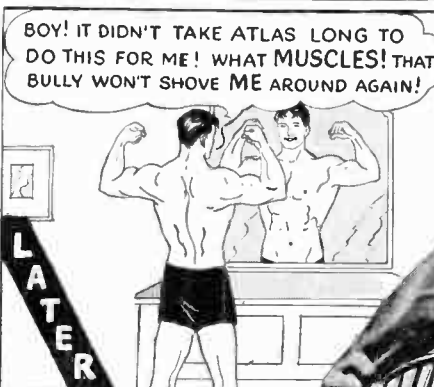


THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!

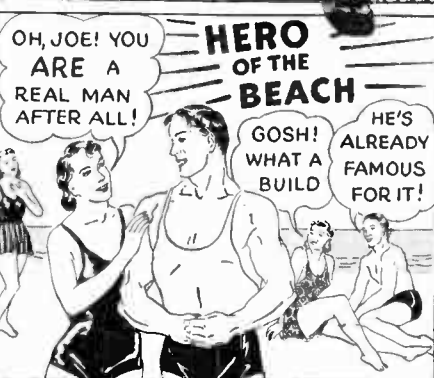


BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!

LATER



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!



OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HERO OF THE BEACH

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than

you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE! It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 364L, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 364L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____
Zone No. (if any)

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

BAND LEADERS

NOVEMBER, 1944

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DID YOU KNOW THAT..

BEST news of the season is that drummer-man GENE KRUPA is fronting a band again. And, believe me, the new KRUPA crew is even more socko than his first—which is saying a drumful. Besides boasting a string section, GK's outfit features LILIAN LANE and HER ESCORTS (vocal group) and the lovely chirping of EVELYNE AMBROSE, singer new to the band world, hailing from Georgia. . . .

Despite the over-publicized squabble with his booking agency, BENNY GOODMAN looks set to wave that magic clarinet in front of his band again. A deal still on the fire at press time calls for BG to take over a weekly air show.



Gene Krupa

That new and very smart orch that ABE LY-MAN is so proud of these days was styled for the leader by VAN ALEX-ANDER, arranger and former band leader in his own right. VAN has created more top-notch musical aggregations than anyone else in the business. Oddly enough, VAN has never had as much luck with bands of his own as with those he's built for other batonwavers. . . .

It won't come as much of a surprise to insiders if JAMES PETRILLO, famous President of the Musicians Union, starts fighting with the movie



Benny Goodman

industry just as soon as his war with the record companies is over. The prexy feels that his music-makers are not getting their proper profits made with musical movies.

ANN CORIO, famous for other reasons, is getting recognition as a song writer. Her latest tune is called "Charmingly Yours"—which must make it autobiographical. . . .

Former Army Sergeant HERBIE FIELDS is making a bid with a brand new band. Incidentally, HERBIE and swing magazine writer NITA BARNET are this issue's romance item. . . .

The FATS WALLER album released by Victor is a "must have" for all you record collectors. The eight sides are the cream of the WALLER crop. . . . (Continued on page 61)



To
Harold Gray
with Best
Regards -
Harry

Trumpet

IN THE STARS



Harry, his trumpet and his orchestra in a scene from the M.G.M. film "Two Girls and a Sailor."



Harry stands by as lovely Helen Forrest gives with the vocals.

It was last summer that Dorothy Anscomb heard Harry James playing atop New York's Hotel Astor Roof. But when you read what she wrote about it you feel as though you were there at the table listening with her at that very moment, or dancing on an enchanted floor to the magical rhythm of the young man with a horn—the one and only Harry James himself! Miss Anscomb has achieved the impossible—in this article she has written a poem in prose that is not unlike Harry's music. She has never done anything better for *BAND LEADERS Magazine*. It is both a credit to her always inspiring work and to the melodic genius who inspired her.

Harold Hersey, Editor.

By
**DOROTHY
ANSCOMB**

YOU say it slowly: here I am on New York's Astor Roof waiting for Harry James to make his appearance on the bandstand.

Seated here at a table I remember hearing him play for the first time—on a record, it was, but from then on I was his devoted fan. I've bought every recording he has made since then. I've played them over and over again.

I remember, too, the summer before when I stood waiting with the hundreds of other trumpet-happy fans outside Manhattan's Paramount Theater, waiting then as I am waiting now, standing instead of sitting at this comfortable table, but radiantly content just to be there near him and join the rush when the doors opened.

Harry James—no greater trumpeter, no greater band leader! Memories of him crowd into one's mind like headlines: Harry James, circus trumpeter, marrying the glamorously lovely Betty Grable, finding happiness at the end of the rainbow. Harry James, said to be ill from the strain of long shows, record dates, radio programs and entertaining our Servicemen, (Continued on page 62)



The star trumpeter also shines on the baseball diamond.



Jess Stacy, famed pianist formerly with Benny Goodman, is one of many important reasons why Horace Heidt's band is winning acclaim everywhere.



Sweet and lovely—to look at and listen to—are the Four Gals who, with their Three Pals, make up the Sweet Singers on Heidi's radio program.



No, Henry Russell, who vocalizes with the Heidi ork, isn't afraid of the Big, Black Mike. He's just putting on an act.

SUCCESS, which some people take too lightly, is worn by Horace Heidt with the dignity of a treasured symbol—like the hard-won varsity letter that he once wore when he starred on the University of California's football team.

Still a top band leader after 23 years, Heidt owes none of his success to lucky breaks, but to sheer determination and ability. Fame and fortune came to him the hard way.

Yet, as I talked to Horace in his beautiful California rancho home, it took concentrated effort to realize what a battle he fought for recognition, overcoming personal misfortunes that would have wrecked the career of one less determined.

For tall, handsome, sun-bronzed Horace, poised, and fluent in conversation, gives no hint today in appearance or manner, of the disheartening discouragements he has suffered.

As a child he stuttered so badly that he avoided the company of other people. Today, millions hear his genial voice by radio.

The handicap of stammering he overcame by will power and exercises, then went on to Culver Academy and the University of California to star in five sports, winning the Culver plaque as the best athlete.

He intended to become an athletic coach and his future looked bright, when a terrific blow fell—his spine was broken in a football pile-up. Two years and seventeen operations later he left the hospital, his athletic career ended forever.

But Horace had done a lot of thinking between operations. Coming out of the hospital he sought a career in another field in which he had ability—music, organizing his first band, The Californians.

This organization, having the versatility Horace demands of his musicians, brought him his first taste of success. Touring the country, the band wound up with a record-breaking engagement at New York's Palace Theater. From there Horace and his bandsmen went on to Europe, appearing in all the famous cities of the Continent where, among their many triumphant appearances, they were the first popular band ever to play the Paris Opera House.

Yet, when Horace returned to America, he was "washed up." Vaudeville had died a struggling death and he couldn't get a booking. The new misfortune, though, served only as a challenge to him.

"I saw we must adopt ourselves to a new medium," he told me. "Radio seemed the answer, but my band, being a stage attraction, was not suitable for broadcasting. We had to start at the bottom."

Horace stayed at the bottom for two years. Taking a job as house band in a San Francisco theater, he worked with his men until he was satisfied they were ready for radio.

Then came one heartbreaking audition after another, with the same discouraging thumbs down as prospective sponsors kept repeating the dreaded "No." It looked like the end of another career for Horace.

Finally, the Stewart-Warner company asked Horace to audition, immediately signed him to a contract, and Heidt was on the air.

Again the band took the nation by storm. Their Brunswick records were that firm's best sellers the world over; their personal appearances broke attendance records everywhere.

Since then Horace Heidt has never been without a sponsor for more than ten weeks at a time. He has had many famous radio shows, among them "Pot of Gold," "Treasure Chest," "Answers by the Dancers," and the more recent "Heidt Time for Hires" over the Blue Network.

Horace has introduced to radio such famous artists as Alvino Rey, King Sisters, Frankie Carle and Fred Lowery.

(Continued on page 58)

HEIDT *did it the*
HARD WAY

By
CAL GRAYSON



YOU don't *have* to know Danny Alvin to sigh when Teddy Walters sings. Same way—you don't *have* to know jazz to fling with swing. But it gives you an idea!

In the popular night-spot owned by Jimmy Ryan, on New York's street of swing, West 52nd, we met Danny Alvin, a jazz drummer who lives the life he loves. And we met his son, Teddy Walters, too.

The drummer's boy was on his way to Hollywood to vocalize for Jimmy Dorsey. Just a little over a year in the business, Ted has already sung with Tommy. And it wouldn't come as a surprise if movieland sat up and took notice. He's got what it takes, this young and handsome swingster.

"He's good," says Danny, understating the light in his eyes when you talk about Ted. "I like his phrasing."

Teddy Walters, ballade-baritone who likes to "send it" sometimes, too, was picked to go ahead by Jack Robbins of Robbins Music Company fame. He's 23, nice as he looks, and growing up fast on the networks, since the time he was stand-by for Sinatra on the Hit Parade.

"He looks more like his mother," thinks Danny. "She taught him to play the piano. I taught him to play to an audience in some vaudeville acts with me. In the old days musicians had to have an 'act'. Maybe that's why the straight goods doesn't interest me now.

"But you bet I'm proud to see where Ted's going, even if I never loved a dance band. After I left Sophie Tucker's troupe and went to Chicago I played a while with Arnold Johnson, Ted Fio Rito and Wayne King. But it wasn't for me. They wouldn't let me sing out any time it happened to hit me. I like that. I like to sing when I feel it."

Danny will pass the time of night beating it out at private sessions after the club closes. And every now and then he takes a day off; goes far out on Long Island (so he won't forget the sun still shines).

First, Danny enjoys parrying music talk with Ted and getting in the hot licks. After that, he gets excited about food—the kind he cooks himself, the hot, spicy Italian kind—with plenty of tomato sauce.

"I get as many invitations to cook dinner as to play the drums," he says.

Danny Alvin talks for the jazz generation; Teddy Walters grew up to swingtime. But they'll never forget how closely they're related and neither will you. Maybe they represent two generations in music, but between those two time brings no discord. And lest you forget that Daddy Jazz is kicking harder than ever, listen to a soldier at Jimmy Ryan's tell it:

"They're together—every beat; it's tight! They build it up—like a skyscraper, solid! Oh gosh they're great!"

Father or son—you get the same effect.

By Donna Jean

Danny and Son ...

Danny Alvin's son, Teddy Walters, gives with a bit of inspired song.



If a new tune pleases his Dad, Teddy knows it'll be a bit.



Now it's Teddy's turn to listen while Danny—one of the country's truly great jazzmen—goes to town on those miraculous drums of his.



MR. AND MRS.

Time was—and not so long ago, either!—when Kay Kyser was going it all alone out there on the bandstand for our boys in uniform and the folks back home. Then he started batoneering accompaniments for that loveliest of all lovelies, Georgia Carroll. And then . . . well, it must have been a case of love at first sight (or, should we say, first song?). Can't blame you, Kay. We admire Georgia so much that we put her on the cover of a recent issue of BAND LEADERS Magazine.



JIMMY DORSEY

THE STORY BEHIND

Jimmy Dorsey's

THEME SONG

By Ken Carter

EVERY band leader worthy of the name, whether his style be sweet or swing, corny or in the groove, has his own musical trademark, which identifies him as quickly as those boys with the whiskers identify a popular brand of cough drops.

For some reason or other, these musical trademarks have come to be known as "theme songs," probably something left over from the days when every new talking picture had a theme song of its own.

But whatever you call them, you can bet these Number One tunes in the book are carefully chosen, strikingly arranged and presented to leave a lasting impression on the ear. When a band leader goes on the air, he presents his musical calling card (his theme song) and hopes you'll welcome him back the next time he calls.

A lot of themes are not the compositions of the leaders who use them—but it so happens that "Contrasts," the JD theme, and one of the band world's most famous musical trademarks, IS the work of Jimmy Dorsey.

There's quite a story behind the tune. Originally JD used a theme titled "Sandman," but he was never particularly satisfied with it. So about 1940, when he made some changes in his band, and started shooting for big game, musically speaking, he decided to get himself a new theme.

So "Toots" Camarata, the band's arranger, suggested to Jimmy that they use "Oodles of Noodles," a swift-moving saxophone solo, full of notes, that Jimmy wrote and featured as an instrumental solo.

Jimmy frankly admits, today, that he didn't think much

of the idea, but he told "Toots" to go ahead and see what he could do.

Camarata, skipped the noodles, and concentrated on "the release" phrases of the tune, turning out an arrangement that was dubbed "Contrasts." The result was an unforgettable musical trademark that has become as familiar as the name of Jimmy Dorsey.

It would be interesting to know how many thousands of times the musical calling card of Dorsey has been played since it was adopted. Jimmy doesn't know, himself. He is sure of one thing, however. He knows he has the record at the world-famous Hollywood Palladium for presentation of theme songs, because he holds the record there for number of engagements by a band.

It was in a Joliet, Illinois theater, that he had his funniest experience with "Contrasts."

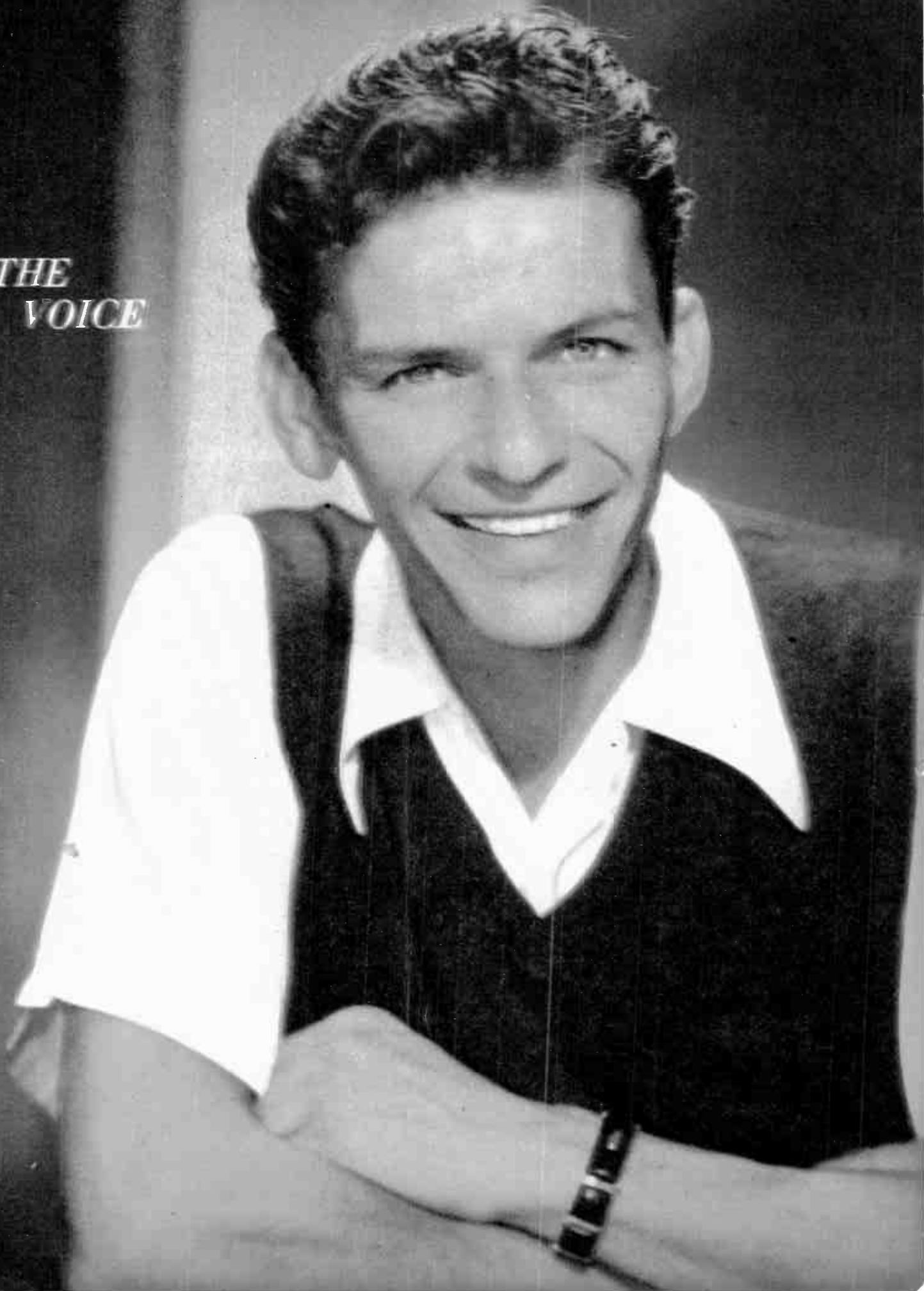
To open the stage show, JD came out before the curtain and greeted the crowd, who gave him an enormous hand. Acknowledging the applause, Jimmy put down his sax and the curtain began to rise.

As it rose higher and higher, Dorsey turned to pick up his horn to join in the theme with the band, but it had disappeared like magic. Quickly grabbing another horn, he went into "Contrasts," only to be suddenly startled by a roar of laughter from the audience.

Glancing quickly above him, he saw his sax, caught on the curtain, hanging about fifteen feet above his head. It was a contrast to the usual presentation of "Contrasts," but JD joined in the laugh on himself.

Thus the story of one man's musical trademark.

*THE
VOICE*



BLUE

Clarinet

WOODY Herman is certainly one band leader who has the right to play "Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet!" For Woody's been playing that clarinet of his on both the day and night shift. In fact, he was so busy when we asked Julian Urban of the International News Photos to take pictures of Woody during his engagement at Chicago's Hotel Sherman College Inn, that Mr. Urban decided to follow him through an entire 24-hour stretch and photograph him in all his activities, wherever and whenever the opportunity presented itself. That it was well worth it is amply proven by the inspired and exclusive work you will find on this and the following five pages.

Woody (Woodrow Wilson) Herman was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 28 years ago. During his kidhood he toured in vaudeville as a child genius of the clarinet and alto sax. In 1937 he formed his own band and started recording for Decca in 1938. Today he is rated as one of the musical "Greats" in the band world. He weighs 150 pounds; has dark brown curly hair; favorite color is blue; likes red headed gals—both his wife, Charlotte, and his daughter have red hair. Favorite hobby: photography. Majored in English at Marquette University. He reads whenever he can and like most every other American enjoys the comic strips. Favorite sports: horseback riding, ice skating and golf.

Now start with the first picture below, and enjoy the unique privilege of going behind the scenes and spending a whole day with The Man Who Plays The Blues.



"Stand by!" the control room signals, and Woody Herman is ready to broadcast from Coast to Coast during his engagement at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago.



Woody Herman

A day in the life of Woody Herman. Another in the series of exclusive up-to-date pictorial stories published by **BAND LEADERS magazine.**



(above)—Woody never missed his morning stroll or his chat with the doorman at the Ambassador Hotel where he lived while in Chicago.

(below)—Vitamins for Woody, fed by "Popsy," who's played with the leading bands. It's rest hour before the night's work begins.



(above)—"Don't be mean to me," says Chubby Jackson, the man on the big bass viol, but don't worry, folks, it's just part of the act.

(below)—"Hear yourself as others hear you," advises Woody, and every morning he stopped at a record shop to play back the last night's broadcast.



(See following pages for more photos of Woody Herman)



BLUE CLARINET (Continued from preceding page)

(above, left) — A fast walk in the early morning keeps Woody in trim, and he holds to schedule regardless of the weather. Would that we could.

(above, center) — Rehearsal makes perfect. Here the man who plays the blues and his boys warm up for a performance.

(above) — Featuring Frances Wayne and what features! Woody's vocal lovely makes the blues worthwhile.

(below) — Razor rhythm starts Woody thinking up new beats early in the morning. He likes it.

(below) — Sorry kids, that's all there is until tomorrow! Well, they'll stick around for awhile anyway and hope.





(above)—Woody serenades W. C. Handy, Father of the Blues, on the latter's 70th birthday, while he was in the hospital recovering from an accident.



(above)—"This is a special," Woody tells his arrangers, Ralph Brunis and Neal Hefti, "give it a little more brass."

(below)—And they ain't bills, either, not Woody Herman's mail! He picks it up himself every morning before rehearsal. So you like our letters, eh, Woody!

(below)—Woody doesn't look too disappointed when a group of song pluggers join him for lunch. Maybe it is "a natural." Woody's always on the watch.



(below)—Woody changes over to the sax when it's time to give the dancers soft lights and Frances Wayne on the vocal. (Continued on following page)





BLUE CLARINET (Continued from preceding page)

(above)—Woody is a cinch for a War Bond any day! These WAC's offered him a jeep ride for a bond. He bought the bond, but continued with his morning walk.

(above, center)—Quiet, everybody, Woody closes the door for a rest between performances.

(above)—"Good morning, darling!" This happens every day, no matter where he is playing. Woody wakes up and gets his wife and little girl on the phone first thing.

(below)—Woody concentrates on the sax section while sweet music takes the lead.

(below, top right)—Hold that blue note! The band gets together on a Woody specialty.

(below, bottom right)—"Ziggy" Talent letting off musical energy. He sings, too.





(Above)—Those were the days, but oh you kid! That inspired singer of songs, Sophie Tucker, tells Woody about it over a cup of coffee.



(above) —“Flip” Phillips on sax, Woody on clarinet—that does it! Nice voicing they call it: we call it being in the groove!

(below)—Hurry-up breakfast for Woody with both ears on the newscasts and both eyes on his fan mail. P. S. He gets a great kick out of hearing from you and you and YOU!

*(below)—One more for the Herman collection—records, we mean! Woody can't resist the record counter when he stops off to play back recordings.
(The End)*





(Left) Mrs. Mary, quite contrary, is little Mary Small. Radio shows Broadway hits don't mean a thing to her. "No, Sir," says the Little Girl with the Big Voice. "I've got this writing bug. All I do," she explains with a pretty pout, "is send my stuff out and get it back again, with rejection slips." These spinning torii when she isn't singing. "Some day, and we can play," she says, a determined glint in her eye, "I'll be acting in things just like myself!" We believe you, Mary, 'deed we do! Starting on the air in the age of electric when she was first called the Little Girl with the Big Voice, Mary Small has gone from triumph to triumph and now she is one of Radio's brightest stars.

(Below) Ask Jerry Wayne about the highway to fame. "Detours," he'd say, "just a bunch of detours." Jerry started out to be a dentist, continued as an actor and discovered fame as a crooner. Beginning vocalizing with dance bands on the West Coast, until recently that big moment on the All Time Hit Parade. Jerry Wayne is now working with a handsome feature contract on a series of musical comedy pictures. The lady is Mrs. Jerry Wayne, who, we must say, looks like some one mighty nice to come home to.



(Above) Dale Belmont, that choir singer from Maynard, Massachusetts, who took Broadway by storm. Inside of a month after she laid siege she began singing at such glitter spots as the Queen Mary, the Versailles, the Harlequin. Now, after less than a year, she has her own MCA program, she has been offered one of the biggest post-war television contracts and . . . Say! What is this? Why, my chicks, it's that girl with the velvet voice and golden hair. It's Cinderella, 1944. It's Dale Belmont, one of the prettiest, sweetest and kindest vocalists who ever sang her way to stardom!



A RTHUR MURRAY'S own private piano-man decided recently to come out in the open and bid for big time! And no stuff! There's going to be plenty of fast music around, plenty of Conga and Rumba beats!

Walter Perner is the band leader and he's as fast on the dance floor as on the keyboard (and as often . . . it's his hobby). Talk to him, and you'll meet a band leader who's repartee is as up tempo as his repertoire!

For five years, Walter played "second band" at New York's Hotel Roosevelt, while Arthur Murray—who teaches 'em dancing "in a hurry"—was his main course. Now, and finally, he's made his break. Last Spring he opened at the Roosevelt Hotel with an eight-piece job and vocalist Neva Patterson, and from now on he's traveling with the big names.

"Remember, I'm a Gothamite from Public School No. 5 over on Edgecomb Ave.," says Walter; "some district! And my one and only mother (after my mother) was old Prof. Baum, a knuckle-rapper!"

"You get started if you're always, but *always*, ready to

fill-in," continued Walter. "And always able to get your boys together fast! There it is. You have to be quicker than quick in this business. . . . "Oh, I get around . . . they used to say 'bring him along—he plays!'" laughed Walter.

"But on my first real money job, I pulled a neat one on my frat brothers. They paid double for my music because they were trying to steal my girl!"

Note: he got the money. He got the girl. And he got attention!

"Ya know," says Walter, "I love to dance, always did."

Name it and he's got the routine. Or let Walter name it:—"Castle Walk, Bunny Hug, Mixixe (mecheche) Turkey Trot, the Boston, the Charleston, Black Bottom, Swinguet, Rhumba, Samba, Tango and on up to the Lindy." If it's the favorite at Murray's, it's the favorite on all dance floors, and Walter's own favorite, too. "Have to start the next set now," says Walter, "Be seein' you!"

Remember, we saw you first, "Mr. Hurry-up" Perner! By the time our readers see this interview we had with this up-and-coming band leader, he'll be coming more and more into the popularity that he so richly deserves.



Neva Patterson vocalizes to the accompaniment of Walter Perner and his ork.

That smiling Prince of Piano-men—Walter Perner.

MUSIC IN A HURRY!

HIGH SPOTS IN LIFE OF PAUL ASH

1892—Brought by parents to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as one-year-old baby.

1897—Studied piano with Charles Hambitzer, teacher of George Gershwin.

1905—Worked in band at burlesque house, father said he was 18.

1910—Leads his first band in Springfield, Ill., where Frank Tinney, Sophie Tucker, Benny Fields and Four Marx Bros. played.

1914—Leads band in Grand Opera House, St. Louis, Mo. Met the lady who became Mrs. Ash, then prima donna.

1915—Paul Ash and Rag-O-Maniacs play in San Francisco with Paul Whiteman.

1917—Married. U.S. Army band master.

1918—On road with "Let's Go," the successful theater production.

1918-30—Paul Ash in public life as idol. Played in only five theatres for long runs each.

1930—Retired.

1936-44—Returned to band world as leader of pit ork at Roxy's Theater, N.Y.

Vital facts—Tall, sandy-haired, lanky. One daughter, Gloria Jean. Hobby: golf and fixing things around the house. War work: serves daily on Westchester O.P.A. Board, plays canteen show every Thursday.

By
Gretchen Weaver

MAESTRO

HAD the time of my life when Paul Ash, theatre orchestra leader extraordinaire, invited me to sit in the pit during a show.

It all came about after I had fixed Mr. Ash with an inquisitive eye and demanded to know, "What's the difference between a pit band and a dance band?" So down into the musicians' section of New York's Roxy Theatre went your reporter from *Band Leaders Magazine* to find out at first hand.

As the men took their places in a muffled manner, Paul pointed out members of his organization who had worked with name bands before settling down to the quiet life with steady pay checks at Roxy's.

"The piano player was with Whiteman, the trombonist plays with Whiteman now on Sundays, another fellow was with Goodman, one with Charlie Barnet, others with Alvino Ray and Henry Busse."

The newsreel was ending and two guys and a girl wheeled out for a bicycle act. Paul assumed an easy stance, baton lifted, in front of one of the pianos. Every man's eye was on that stick and stayed there. The wand explained what notes went with each act, who played what and when and how. The tempo paced along evenly for the beginning of each performance, stepped up in the middle and beat out the time for exit on applause. All done by a twist of Paul's wrist.

Easy? But wait.


The versatility required of this top pit aggregation of seventeen men plus Paul Ash is within the range of only the most able musicians.

From "It's Love, Love, Love," the accompaniment slipped into a set orchestration of "I Won't Get Home Until Morning" for the Radio Aces; and then on to "Tales from the Vienna Woods" for a lovely ballet dancer, Paul led his men gently into background music for comic Eddie Garr, moved without a hitch into a medley for Barry Wood, and arrived at a classical number for a native dance presentation, concluding brilliantly with "Bugle Call Rag" for the eccentric Berry Brothers.

Deep under the Roxy Theatre in the subterranean cat-



Candid camera close-up of Paul Ash leading the pit band at New York's Roxy Theatre.



The Paul Ash of yesterday—the idol of dance band fans from Coast to Coast. Paul was also a featured player in the old silent movies. Here he is in 1922 when he appeared in Universal's "Love and Glory." (Left to right) Wallace MacDonaty, Paul Ash, Rupert Julian and Charles De Roche

IN THE PIT

acombs where Mr. Ash has an office, he explained in words where and how the work of a theatre orchestra differs from that of a dance band.

"A theatre man must be a broader type of musician than one who plays only one kind of music in a dance group," he said. "A pit man doubles in everything. He must be able to play any and all kinds of music with very little rehearsal.

"I can't make it too emphatic," he continued, "that the work of a theatre player is entirely different from that of a dance band sideman. They are two different jobs.

"For instance, let's say that the Roxy Theatre or a Broadway show wants a band. The producer, or man with the money, contacts a contractor, the union business man who collects and hires the men. The contractor then becomes their intermediary between the producer and the union. The leader is hired extra, and, aside from fronting the men at rehearsals and in performance, deals with them not at all.

"Rehearsal time of the theatre musician is limited by union order. He gets overtime for all rehearsal time over four hours a week for a show of not more than one hour and fifteen minutes running time. Many dance bands rehearse one number for weeks and weeks and weeks. See what I mean?"

No theatre musician may work more than six days a week and he plays four shows daily, five on Saturdays and Sundays. His pay runs about the same, perhaps a little higher than that of a dance band member.

Paul Ash is a man who knows the orchestra business inside and out. It was for him the first fan clubs were started; for whom ice cream sundaes were named; and who the flappers of the Roaring Twenties adored, besieged, badgered and—well, he never was bewildered. In spite of the mad whirl, Mr. Ash earned and secured a tidy sum of money with which he retired in 1930.

He thought he'd have some time to play a little golf.

"And I did," he says with a wry smile. "Too much!"

(Continued on page 62)



THE PAUL ASH OF TODAY



Joe Reichman

JOE REICHMAN is equally at home in a courtroom or a ballroom. But just try to get him back in a courtroom—just try.

For Reichman, who shelved a successful law practice to lead a band, has so much fun as a band leader that people ask him, half-seriously:

"Say, do you get paid for doing this?"

Called the "Pagliacci of the Piano," Joe's clowning coupled with the fine, danceable music he plays, has made him a national favorite. The many return bookings, hold-overs and lengthy engagements accorded Reichman and his orchestra, testify to his solid popularity.

Giving up the security of a lucrative law practice for the risky business of leading a new, untried and unknown band was a hazardous step, but Joe took it in his stride. He wanted to be a band leader and that was that.

"I had played with campus bands in college," Joe said, "and always followed bands, bought records and listened to broadcasts.

"So, when I got the urge to be a band leader, I went to New York, where I was able to make some connections that enabled me to meet the manager of a New York hotel."

It was then that Joe sold the hotel manager on using his now famous Reichman-styled melodies which he termed "hotel music."

"Instead of loud, jarring music which was distracting to diners," Joe said, "my idea was to furnish smooth, pleasant music which would be suitable either for dancing, or as the background to dinner conversation."

And that's how Joe landed his **FIRST** professional job and began his career as a band leader by merely opening at one of the nation's choicest band spots, the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room.

Something of a record. But proof that Reichman had what the patrons wanted, is that his run at the New Yorker lasted 30 weeks, and paved the way for dates at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, the Palmer House in Chicago, Cocoonut Grove and Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, and other smart spots.

Perhaps it was the California influence, but two of the familiar identifying tags associated with Reichman were born in the Golden State.

The title of "Pagliacci of the Piano" was given Joe at the Cocoonut Grove, by a Grove staff member, after watching



Joe Reichman and his band in Universal's musical movie short, "Pagliacci Swings It."



Lovely Penny Lee who sings with Joe Reichman's band.

MR. PAGLIACCI

By Ad Nichols



The "Pagliacci of The Piano"

Reichman's amusing antics and clowning at the 88.

"We used it several times and it caught on. I saw I was stuck with it," Joe laughed, "so we've used it ever since."

Staid San Francisco was the scene of the birth of Tag Two, the attention-getting manner in which announcers roll out: "This is the music of Joooooooooooooooooee Reiiiiicccchmmman."

Tobe Reed (then a San Francisco announcer) used it that way, the first time, just to rib Reichman.

"We had just opened at the Mark Hopkins Hotel," Joe recalled amusedly, "and I wanted our presentation to be in keeping with the august traditions of the place."

"So, just before I went on the air, I said to Tobe: 'Now, let's make this very dignified.'"

"When he came out with that rolling announcement as though he were ballyhooing a carnival, I almost fell off the piano bench in amazement."

The gag-created idea made a hit and Reichman made it a standard part of his broadcasts.

Incidentally, that piano bench from which he nearly fell, takes a terrific beating from him, as he jumps on it, stands

on it to lead the band, and otherwise mauls it around.

It's his own, specially built to the height he likes, to allow him to "play down" on the piano, and heavily reinforced. When Joe made a short for Universal recently, along went his special bench. Title of the short is "Pagliacci Swings It."

He does, too. This ex-lawyer (Reichman is a graduate of the law school of Washington University in St. Louis) really loves his job.

Joe's own preference in music is for melodious, harmonious stylings. But when he goes on tour after a long hotel stay, he also makes use of some arrangements "which really rock."

But no matter where his travels take him, he keeps "California, Here I Come" in the book. For, in the words of the popular song, he's made "the San Fernando Valley" his home. And with the enthusiasm he has for gardening, don't be surprised if he also becomes the "Pagliacci of the Potato Patch."

But you keep the spuds, Joe, we'll take the woman, Mr. Pagliacci.



Johnny Walton, Lenny Kay, Hymie Schertzer; Miff in back, playing in Benny Goodman's band a few years ago at Hollywood's Palladium.



(Above) Right to left: Miff Mole, Paul Whiteman and Moe Zudekoff.

(Below) Recording session. Left to right: Miff Mole, B. Gowans, Muggsy Spanier and Maxie Kaminsky.



HIGH finance is what irks Miff Mole, ace band leader, jazz veteran and idolized trombonist. "Who's got the kind of money to start a big band for himself?" queried the querulous Mole. "Nobody, that's who!"

This outburst was occasioned by my innocent question, "When are you going to head up your own spotlight band, Mr. Mole?"

Miff Mole, we should explain, is quite a character.

He continued, pointing a knobby finger in my direction, "The easiest way in the world to lose a lot of money is to start a band. First you get financial backing. Then you lose, no matter what happens. If you go ban(d)krupt you're in a very unsteady spot. If you're a success, everybody and his second cousin has a piece of you. It's sue, sue, sue, all the way."

And so Miff Mole dextrously steered the conversation away from an answer to that most interesting question, "When are you going to lead your own band?"

Miff Mole has always left the bookkeeping to someone else. He's a man who wants to be happy, and the clink of shekels, while pleasant enough if the noise isn't too loud, disturbs his dreams. This artist with the thin face and prominent cheekbones looks, on first sight, like a dour sort of citizen. When he breaks out in that slow grin you know he sees the humor of it all. He not only notes the joke on everyone else; he laughs at himself, too.

Right now the mirthful item on his personal agenda is the success of "Peg O' My Heart," a record he made recently with the quintet he leads nightly, which incorporates his own ideas. It's "arranged" in that the musicians play notes off pieces of paper, but no one could mistake the ensemble effect for anything but stuff played by Miff Mole's boys.

A career—what he was going to do when he got big—was never a problem for little Miff, née Milfred, growing up in Roosevelt, N.Y. He knew he was going to make music and someone else could take it from there.

As a kid of ten, he studied violin. That was his father's idea. Miff's plan was piano, which he played on his own time, self-taught. The fiddle was lost in the shuffle when, after completing his formal education with the eighth grade, he made his professional debut hitting the ivories in the local movie, the Royal Theatre.

"I was about fourteen, then, I think," confided Mr. Mole. "I can't be sure, of course. Once I tried to put it all down with dates and ages but it came out wrong. I would have been one hundred and five at the time, and that was five years ago.

"Anyway, I must have been about seventeen when I started trombone by myself and got my first job with Gus Sharp in Brooklyn."

It was then that the magical properties of the figure Five began to make itself evident in Miff's life. In Brooklyn he started with the "Memphis Five." Then and there began the trombone fame which has clung to him ever since. Phil Napoleon played trumpet; Miff Mole, trombone; Frank Signorelli, piano; Jack Roth, drums; and John Costello, clarinet. Records made by this quintet sell for their weight in War bonds today.

After a year and a half, Miff checked into Roseland with Sam Lanin. And, here it comes, he stayed for five years. All that time he was making jazz platter history with the Memphis Five.

Ray Miller next waved pay checks under Miff's nose with an offer to perform at the Beaux Arts in Atlantic City, that New Jersey playtown.

"Frankie Trambauer and I started together there, and later we opened the Arcadia Ballroom in New York. That must have been about twenty years ago," reflected Miff.

"All this time I'm playing trombone, making records, and letting someone else worry about the dough.

"Well, the next big thing that happened to me was that

I worked with Red Nichols in Ross Gorman's band in Earl Carroll's Vanities. We played for the show and were featured, sitting up there on the stage and out to one side. Vic Burton was on the drums. Vic's out in California now. I saw Red the other day and he's bought a house out there and can't wait to get back.

"Speaking of houses," Miff side-tracked to say, "where's my lunch?"

Our interview was taking place in a hospital room where the trombonist was convalescing from whatever it was that ailed him. He was leaning on one elbow looking and acting anything but sick.

He pressed an irate finger on a nearby button, moaning, "I could eat a house; also, a good fried chicken and a nice juicy steak. And what'll I get? These hospitals! You just watch!"

More of the same until, at length, a nurse appeared with a cute little tray whereon there was a beautiful bowl of cereal, a big glass of cream, spinach puree and a lovely soft-boiled egg.

Fried chicken and a nice juicy steak! "Well," Miff said resignedly, "I'm so hungry I could eat a boiled sack," and he set to.

As he lunched, he continued, "I tangled with big money and saw how easy it was to lose it. I went with Roger

Wolfe Kahn, son of the millionaire. He inherited eighteen million dollars when I was with him and it didn't mean a thing. He had so much already that it didn't matter.

"Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and Arthur Schutte were in that orchestra. We played the Biltmore and the Parquette, a night club that Kahn, Sr., built for his son. Otto Kahn himself told me that he dropped \$250,000 on

(Continued on page 60)

**HOT
TROMBONE**

By
Margaret
Winter

Miff Mole



MEET PERCY FAITH

Canadian-born Percy Faith, 36, handsome and youthful conductor-arranger, is growing rapidly in musical stature. During the past summer Faith was chosen to succeed the famed Andre Kostelanetz as band leader of the CBS "Pause that Refreshes on the Air" program. His good looks, ease of manner and music written with universal appeal, will give him a flying start when television comes into your home.

BY PERCY FAITH

A RETROSPECTIVE flashback to my musical days in Canada, weighed against what I've discovered in my broadcasting from New York and Chicago, prompts this article on varied types of music above and below the Border.

Canada is big and warmhearted; they feel that there is plenty of room for both the classicists and the jazz advocates. Of course "popular" music has the edge with youngsters up there. I found the Conservatory students were as much interested in "Besame Mucho" or "G.I. Jive" as they were in Bach and Wagner.

During recent tours on behalf of War Bond drives in Canada, any serious music I played was always listened to with rapt attention. Yet the same audience would give out "squealing" when "Besame Mucho" was announced!

The Canadian audiences, incidentally, miss the personal touch which the American now takes as a matter of course. Name bands appear in person only rarely North of the Border, particularly since the outbreak of war, and this only tends to enhance the desire for "pop" music. The Canadian jazz fan is slightly conservative in enthusiasm, but would give out as robustly as Americans if he could see and hear Goodman, Sinatra or Dorsey in person.

"Pop" music has come a long way with American audiences since the "Dixieland groups" held sway. Pioneering to put "pop" music on a pedestal has brought interesting results. The Americans like it "hot," "sweet," or "richly orchestrated." American youngsters are definitely for jazz, and while probably more rabid than the Canadian, they also know when and where to place dignity. I am sure that 7 out of 10 "bobby-sockers" have had music lessons—willingly or otherwise!—and have an appreciation for both the classics and jazz. As a matter of fact, the modern youngsters know more about Bach & Co., than the ragtime youngsters of 20 years ago.

To me, jazz music (meaning popular music as a whole) is as interesting and important as the semi-classical and classical. Music lovers throughout the world now accept popular music as a full partner of serious music. Today, one can go to a concert hall and hear a rendition of a Gershwin work on the same program with a Beethoven symphony. Such programs are regular radio features.

The future of jazz—popular music—and semi-classical music is infinite. Music is a science as well as an art and, as with all the arts and sciences, it will progress and will keep pace with changing conditions, technological development and the spirit of the day.

Just notice the many name bands today who are adding a full complement of strings to their reed, brass and rhythm sections! This is just one of the evidences of musical progress; many more will be observed as time goes on!



(Above) Percy Faith works best when he's sprawled on the floor in front of his fireplace.



(Left) Eleanor Steber, Percy Faith's vocal star.

(Below) Percy Faith leading his 45-piece orchestra and chorus of 22 voices.



NORTH OF THE BORDER



HAZEL SCOTT
BRUNO of HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

By Paul Vanderwoort //

WANTED—Union Musicians Who can ACT. . . Some of these days a hepcat will read an ad like that and blow his top. Well, he can blame it all on Hollywood. For with guys like BG and Jess Stacy leading the way by turning actors, a guy who can slide a hot tram and make with the dramatics, too, will be solid ready. . . Why? Because here's where I go out on a limb, predict that Benny Goodman's film "Sweet and Low-Down" is going to start one of those well known Hollywood cycles—this time on the theme of Benny's pic which deals with life among the guys and gals in the band business. . . Meanwhile, Hollywood-ent let you down, has plenty of bands spotted in current flickers.


AT COLUMBIA—KAY KYSER'S in "Battleship Blues," Bob Crosby's in "Kansas City Kitty," Louis Jordan's in "Meet Miss Bobby Socks," and Ina Ray Hutton's in "Ever Since Venus." . . If you've wondered how Ina Ray keeps 16 sidemen in line, here's the answer. She has her band organized like a political unit (her dad was a Chicago ward boss). She's the mayor, her husband's the treasurer, four sidemen are councilmen. Anybody having business with the band gets the stock answer: "See the mayor." Ina Ray says: "All I ever heard at home was political organization work, and the idea works fine in my band."

. . . **JAZZ IN A FEZ**—that's Jimmy Dorsey and band in "Lost In A Harem" at M-G-M. Dig that "John Silver" number, where Jimmy and his boys, dressed in long, flowing robes and fez, stage a parade with the drummer mounted on a horse, the doghouse riding on wheels, and the piano strapped to the backs of two husky natives. Jimmy had a hair-raising experience while shooting this film, when the script called for him to ride on a platform on the camera boom as it swooped through the air taking shots of the band. Or maybe it was those harem ladies that made him dizzy. . . oh, brother! . . .


. . . Working with a harem, JD had nothing on brother




Ina Ray Hutton in the Columbia Production, "Ever Since Venus."



Jimmy Dorsey and his bandmen make with the music in the Warner Bros. film "Hollywood Canteen."



Band Leader Spade Cooley, "King of Western Swing."



Universal's musical, "Babes On Swing Street," features Freddie Slack (above, center) and his ork.



Benny Goodman takes a fast chorus in his solo from "Sweet And Low-down," a 20th Century-Fox flicker.



Louis Jordan and his boys do a bit of comedy stuff for Columbia's "Meet Miss Babby Socks."



Matty Malneck's "Band within a band" are featured in Universal's musical short, "Springtime Parade."



Pops Whiteeman and Constance Moore stars of "Atlantic City"—a Republic picture.

Tommy, though, for his next M-G-M pic "Thrill of a Romance" has Bathing Beauty Esther Williams in femme lead. . . . H'mmm, no wonder band leaders love Hollywood.

. . . . RHYTHM REPORTAGE—Stan Kenton here to do "Duffy's Tavern" at Paramount. . . . On the same lot, Ray Noble, Henry King, Ted Fio Rito, Carmen Cavallaro, and Joe Reichman inked for five-piano novelty in "Out of this World." . . . Louis Armstrong, Cavallaro and JD in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen." . . . Jimmy and the band do "King Porter Stomp," Satchmo' gives with "Watcha Say," and Carmen does his original "Boogie Woogie Rhythm." . . . Phil Harris and Rochester WITHOUT Jack Benny in Columbia's "I Love a Bandleader." . . . Charlie Spivak to Fox for "Diamond Horseshoe," JD for "Kitten on the Keys." . . .

. . . . BACKDOOR STUFF is the name of a new Lunceford platter, but the chat I had with Jimmy just before his Plantation engagement was about flying and fishing. Lunceford's an ace pilot and he says there's nothing to equal the thrill you get up there in the clouds. Like the rest of us hanging around his dressing-room, though, Jimmy was knocked out by the flying yarn band leader Les Hite told us (with gestures) "flying through rain, over treacherous mountains to make a crash landing on a fair ground." It was his first and (he sez) LAST flight About the fishing, Jimmy's gone into commercial fishing as a sideline, having bought a new fishing boat. If you can suggest a good jive name for it, send it along. . . .

. . . . DIGGING THE VOCALADS AND LASSIES—Odd, that Dick Haymes, famed as a singer, but not so well known as a songwriter, plays the role of noted tunesmith Ernest Ball in "Irish Eyes are Smiling." . . . Dick, of NBC's "Everything for the Boys," bought a house that had a billiard table in it. Dick doesn't play billiards, so he gave it to Joe Venuti, a billiard fiend. Came a note from Mrs. V. thanking Dick for the gift, saying "Joe still plays the darn game, but at least I see him around the house now." . . . Dave Street, featured vocalist on Sealtest show, directs two choirs as a hobby. . . . Harriet Clarke signed at 20th Century-Fox. . . . Ex-Rhythm Boy Harry Barris has role in Paramount's "Here Come the Waves." . . . Peggy Lee, teaching daughter Nicki to say "Mama," "Daddy," and "Dig me gates." . . . The Voice DANCES, too, in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh." . . .

. . . . ADD SWINGONYMS—Geechi sez a "gem session" is a cat and his chick looking for that ring. . . .

. . . . ONE FOR THE MEMORY BOOK—Digging the impromptu jam session before a Benny Carter record date. With Benny on piano, vocalovelies Mickey Roy and Anita Boyer trilling, while John Carroll and Karl George took off on trumpets. Also around was Songwriter Otis Rene to hear his "I'm Lost" put on wax by Benny. . . .

. . . . BANDYng WORDS—At Universal to see Freddie Slack and found him in his dressing-room, between takes of "Babes on Swing Street," ribbing his manager, Maury Kagen. . . . "Maury's trying to talk me out of buying myself a cute little pet," Freddie told me, in mock hurt. "What," I asked innocently, "a pooch?" "No, just a black panther cub," Slack laughed. Maury's worried, too, Freddie did have a pet lion, once. . . . The original Freddie does in "Babes" is a must-hear. "It's "Cuban Sugar Mill," with Slack playing piano, celeste and organ. . . .

. . . . AL DONAHUE, GUS ARNHEIM AND WILL OSBORNE hit U for recent pics, too. Al and Gus did shorts, Osborne worked in "In Society" with Abbott and Costello. . . . Some experience Donahue and his boys had trying to get in the studio. Arriving by bus in the middle of the night, tired, unshaven and in rumpled clothes, their appearance didn't impress the studio cop. It took plenty of talk by Al before he finally let the band on the lot, where they slept out the night in the bus. . . .

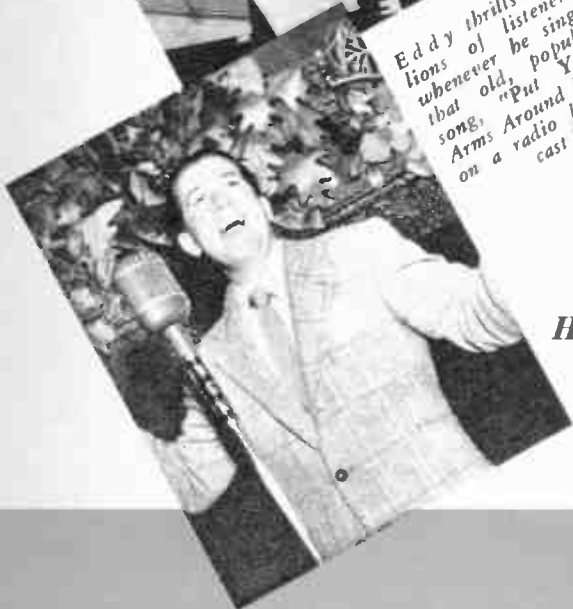
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Eddy directs his sax section in a bit of close harmony.



"Smooth as it comes, men—smooth as it comes," says Eddy to his pianist arrangers, Hill Radke (rear) and Billy Baev.



Eddy thrills millions of listeners whenever he sings that old, popular song, "Put Your Arms Around Me," on a radio broadcast.

EDDY HOWARD

MANY people ask me, "What are the rules for breaking into the world of music?" Nobody knows. Sometimes a newcomer rockets into the limelight—others have to climb into it slowly. And nobody knows just why it works that way.

I was born in Woodland, California, on September 12, 1914. My first nodding acquaintance with music came while I was a student at Woodland High School.

For me the early days were hard ones. I learned what it meant to fight for a living my first summer out of high school at the "Russian River" resort area near San Francisco. It was a mixture of singing for a dollar here—singing for a dollar or so there—singing for nothing someplace else.

But I knew that I wanted to sing. I knew that I had to sing. And I also knew that to get background and experience I had to dig for what I could find and take what I found.

I clerked in grocery stores, worked as a bellhop in hotels; always on the lookout for someone who would pay me for singing—or even let me sing for just the billing.

At San Jose College I took up the trombone and guitar, feeling that along with my singing they would help me land a band job. My first steady work as a singer was with Eddie Fitzpatrick's band at Del Monte on weekends. Those were busy days, for between courses I worked while others swam and danced.

After my first break as a singer on "Blue Monday Jamboree," over station KFRC in Los Angeles, I was given a chance to sing with Al Pierce and His Gang on their show.



How I got

a band of my own...

BY EDDY HOWARD

AS TOLD TO DON TERRIO

These two programs established me as a professional.

Following these radio programs I left college to play and sing with Eddie Fitzpatrick on the Pacific Coast. Spent my spare time practicing and studying the hows and whys of composing. I tried unsuccessfully to sell some songs to the movies. One of them, submitted in 1935 and repeatedly turned down, was "My Last Goodbye." In 1940 it was a best seller, high up on the "Hit Parade." From this, may song writers take heart!

In 1935 I met Dick Jurgens at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco and asked him for a job. He listened to me, nodded his curly head, and put me on the payroll.

When we were playing at the Drake Hotel in Chicago in 1936 I met THE girl. Of course, like any other young fellow, I had "dated around." But this girl brought something new into my life—faith and sincere interest in what I was doing and wanted to do. With her I was able to talk over the little joys of my work and to share some of the disappointments.

Jane Fuerman, of Evanston, Ill., and I began to write to each other while I traveled around with Dick. Soon we were signing our letters "with love." The Evanston-New York mails were filled with our correspondence during the winter of 1937, when I sang with George Olsen on the first Royal Crown Cola radio program and at the International Casino. I stayed with George until May, 1938, and then rejoined Dick at Catalina Island in California.

I took Jane to Catalina, too. It was our honeymoon, for we were married on my return jaunt when I came through Chicago. We now have a beautiful two-year-old baby girl named Lynn.

Composing and song styling took long hours and heavy work when I would much rather have been out playing golf or tennis. But I had some ideas about what I'd like to do in the future, and I've found that dreams seldom come true unless they're built on the solid foundation of good hard work!

Dick and I talked it over, and he was very gracious when I decided to go out on my own in 1940. My first engagement was with the Land O' Lakes Butter program on which Edgar Guest appeared; also sang with my own radio band for the "Luxor Cosmetic" show. Another date was for three months at the Palmer House in Chicago. Then I went on to the Chicago Theater and to other theaters throughout the Middle West.

Though I was earning more money singing alone than I could earn leading a band, I still wanted a band of my own. That had always been my dream! In 1941 I was approached by William Karzas, owner of Chicago's fine Aragon and Trianon ballrooms—where I had spent many enjoyable engagements with Dick Jurgens. Soon yours truly was sending out a call for musicians!

(Continued on page 62)

MEET EDDY HOWARD

Triple-threat man in the modern music world is Eddy Howard—band leader, singer, composer. Hundreds of thousands have heard him: as a band vocalist, as a "single act" singer, and as leader of his own band. Here Eddy tells something of his early struggles and takes you on a personal trip behind his bandstand.

Fifty fan clubs attest to Eddy's popularity, one of the largest fan groups in the country. The feeling of many Howard-followers was expressed by Vivian Ternes in a poem recently published in "Aragon Dance Topics." Wrote Vivian:

"He puts more feeling in a song than any vocalist I know—

He's featured now at the Aragon, and it's to the Aragon I go.

Sure, I love to dance, and that's no lie.

But: who can dance when you hear that guy?"

A swift game of tennis is one of the "musts" on Eddy's sport-and-keep-be healthy program.

Eddy pulls a just one at the 17th hole! Almost any clear summer day he's out on the golf links.

(Below) Eddy leads the band cooking is to go bog-wild at the Trianon, Chicago's famous night-spot with a mixture of liquid wax and furniture polish.

"Now we've got this number right on the beam!" Eddy tells the boys in his band.



REMEMBER the tune: "A Good Man Is Hard To Find"? Well, band leaders have different words for it these days—"a good **SIDEMAN** is hard to find."

So many top horn tooters, ivory dusters, skin beaters and string pluckers have joined up with Uncle Sam, that your favorite leader—and yours and yours and yours—is being hard put to keep a full personnel.

No sooner has a leader fixed up his sax section, say, into the kind of blend and phrasing he wants, than his lead man approaches him apologetically and says:

"Gee, I'm sorry, Pops, but I just got my greetings from Uncle Sam."

So what does the patriotic but harassed leader do to replace his loss?

He has his band manager get on the phone, and prays that by the time he kicks off the first number on the bandstand that night, his reed section will be full.

But digging up capable sidemen is a terrific headache.

The easiest way is to raid some other guy's band. And sharp-eyed band fans can spot frequent changes of outstanding sidemen by simply keeping eyes as well as ears open.

Not long ago, on the West coast, a top git-man was with three different leaders in the same number of weeks.

Combing the sticks is another way to grab replacements. Maybe one of the band's sidemen knows an alto man in Podunk whom he thinks could cut the mustard. A wire goes to the Podunk cat. It's the chance of a lifetime for obscure musicians in the hinterland.

If the leader looking for a sideman is in, or near, Hollywood, though, the chances are he'll save himself time and trouble by heading for the Vine street office of a guy named Dave Dexter.

This Dexter is a character unique in the music business. He helps leaders find sidemen, and sidemen find jobs—as a HOBBY. None of that 10% stuff for him.

The only reward he gets for his efforts are the kicks he gets from being in the music biz. He's been in it since he was a high school kid, has eaten, worked and slept with the greats of bandland; listened to their troubles, encouraged them when they were despondent or broke, helped many a leader to the heights of success.

And he probably knows more good sidemen than anybody in the business.

It's only natural that musicians out of work have used his offices in Hollywood (and previously in Chicago and New York) as a clearing house of information on what's going on in the band world.

They hang around his office in their off-hours, or when looking for jobs. And more than once, Dexter's office has been used as a place to sleep by a busted sideman. Once a whole band slept in his New York office.

Dexter was a musician once, himself (he played with kid bands in Kansas City, his home town, and with campus orchestras at the University of Missouri), but his real love is writing about the music game and its personalities.

His writing career has included stints as a music paper correspondent; staff writer on night life for the Kansas City "Journal-Post"; Chicago and New York editorship of "Down Beat"; and editorship of "Music and Rhythm."

He's also been press agent and radio script writer for Jimmy Dorsey, managed Sonny Dunham's band and gotten up 18 record albums, including items by Armstrong, Herman, Count, Duke, Red Nichols and Pine Top Smith.

His stories on musicians have been printed in American, English, Australian, French and South American papers, and on the side he's composed several tunes, among them the famous "627 Stomp."

Dexter's latest literary effort is a new book, "Jazz Today," due off the publisher's presses this fall.

As might be expected, Dexter has some very definite ideas about modern music. He thinks the Duke is the



Line of musical biggies. Left to right: Manny Klein (world's biggest paid sideman); Glen Wallichs, Vice President of Capitol Records; Victor Young, head of Paramount Studio music department; Woody Herman; Jack Kapp, President of Decca Records; Dave Dexter and Freddie Slack.

A Good (SIDE) MAN IS HARD TO FIND

By Larry Goodspeed

greatest jazz composer, and that Ellington's band is the greatest harmonic band around.

Basie, he believes, has the greatest band for rhythmic excitement. Two Bennys, Carter and Goodman, Dexter opines, are the greatest jazz soloists alive today. And the great band of the future, and presently the most promising young band, in his opinion, is Stan Kenton's aggregation.

Dexter thinks the great picture about jazz has yet to be made, and when it IS made, Orson Welles will make it. And in ten years, he believes, jazz will be heard in the concert halls with the same respect and enjoyment accorded the old masters.

But right now, even Dexter is worrying about the sideman shortage. It used to be his office was cluttered up with drums, instrument cases and other paraphernalia of jobless musicians. He finds it tougher, now; however, to answer the SOS of his leader pals.

He says band fans could help their favorite leaders by writing them about any deserving cats they know. A good sideman is hard to find and the boys who make with the music need all the help they can get.



(Above) Satchmo sings one of his famous songs while Dave plays the piano accompaniment.



(Right) A recent camera close-up of Capitol Records' busy executive, Dave Dexter.



(Below) Glenn Miller, Dave Dexter and Tex Beneke.

(Above) Dave digs impromptu jam session by Jack Teagarden and Joe Sullivan on record date.

(Right, above) Dave Dexter, Happy Godday, Abe Lyman and Shep Fields (left to right) on the famous radio program "Platter Brains"



(Left, below) Artie Shaw, returned from the South Pacific, shows Dave a captured Japanese flag.

Benny Goodman and Dave Dexter discuss the merits of various well known sidemen.



By Dan Duncan

LEADING a band is nice work if you can get it. But leading a band, surrounded by the most beautiful girls in the world—well, if you can call THAT work, the lucky fellow who's got it is Manny Strand.

Looks like he's going to keep it awhile, too.

For five years, now, Manny and his orchestra have been playing at Earl Carroll's, the famous Hollywood theatre-restaurant, where a sign over the stage door reads: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."

And playing for dancing, doing nightly broadcasts, batoning the show music for bebies of beauties has been nice work indeed, Manny said. As for the beautiful girls—"that sign is an understatement, if anything."

Manny hasn't always had a background of feminine pulchritude for his musical talent, though. His long Carroll engagement, in fact, began after years of tours, one-night stands and hops criss-crossing the continent in the company of such musical greats as Red Nichols, Charlie Teagarden, Matty Matlock, Ray McKinley and others.

Arranging and playing piano for Red Nichols, the Tracy-Brown Orchestra and Don Pedro, Manny strangely enough, found himself following a career which originally he had deliberately set out to avoid.

A native of Stockholm, Sweden, he came to America when he was 17, seeking an opportunity in business.

"I came to the United States to get out of music," Manny smiled. "In Sweden I had been studying, playing and teaching music and had my own string ensemble. But I wanted to be in the business field.

"For several years after I came here I was in accounting. Then," and he shrugged amusedly, "the first thing I knew I was back in the music game."

Though born in Sweden, American jazz and popular music flowed as easily from Manny's fingers and arranging pen as those of the Chicagoans, Dixielanders and New Yorkers with whom he played.

For, long before he came to America he had studied all the great American musicians—by records.

"Many people don't realize the immense popularity attained by American musicians in Sweden and other countries of Europe, through their records," Manny remarked.

"For example, years before Bix Beiderbecke obtained general recognition in America, platter fans in Sweden were grabbing up his records."

Manny wasn't destined to work with Bix, however, but another renowned horn player, Red Nichols. When Red signed for a trans-continental radio show and enlarged his Five Pennies to a big band, Manny built their library.

Before that he'd done arrangements for many radio personalities, was with Don Pedro in Chicago, had arranged for and directed the Tracy-Brown orchestra, a Middle-western outfit whose name is still spoken in reverence by everyone who ever heard it.

Manny's own Hollywood saga really began at Carroll's six years ago, when he joined Archie Bleyer as pianist. A year later, when Bleyer left Carroll's, Manny took over the band, has been a fixture at the luxurious night spot since.

During his tenure as leader, he helped one of his own pianists, Stan Kenton, get started on the road to fame.

Comedians, it seems, appear regularly in Manny's life. He says one of the finest people he's met is Jimmy Durante.

"He's about one of the hardest workers I've met," said Manny. "Time means nothing to him.

"You'll be working with him, rehearsing, planning music. Hours go by, but he seems unaware of the passing of time. You say, 'Look, Jimmy, it's time to eat, I'm



Betty Price—Earl Carroll beauty.



Jimmy Durante—one of the many stars for whom Manny Strand has batoned musical accompaniments.

Manny and that well-known singing trio, The Tailor Maids.





**MANNY
STRAND**



Beryl Wallace — another Carroll lovely.



Earl Carroll, surrounded by beautiful girls at the opening of the Hollywood.

BAND LEADER *for Beauty*

hungry; give me a chance to get a bite of food?" And he'll say, grudgingly, 'Well, O. K., but remember, come right back.'

Music for the shows must be timed to the split second, broadcasts planned and the dance library kept up to date. So far Manny has played nearly 1500 consecutive broadcasts, which is probably some kind of a record.

Spotting hits and putting them in the band's library is another of his jobs. How good he is at it may be judged by the fact that he was playing "Amor," "Brazil," and "Poinciana" at Carroll's over a year before they became big hits. No wonder the song pluggers try to land their tunes with him.

Manny does a lot of his scoring in what he calls "my cubby-hole," in his attractive Burbank home,

(Continued to page 64)



Rita Ross—Still another Carroll eyeful.

A SONG HIT IS BORN

EVERY once in awhile the air waves of the nation take on a melodic pattern of song. It follows a tune that rings out wherever one goes. It blares forth from your radio night and day. It is heard on everyone's phonograph. It's whistled up and down the street. It's a juke box favorite. You hear it wherever people gather for dinner or to dance. It's the latest hit song from Tin Pan Alley or Hollywood. But of the harmonious brain children presented to the world by hundreds of song-smiths, this lofty pinnacle of success is attained by few.

The career of a popular ditty is a difficult one. Some are the result of a brilliant, unexpected inspiration, catch on like wildfire, and cover the country with an all-too-soon familiar melody. Others represent long hours of painstaking work, then often gain only the acceptance of a limited number of fans after hard plugging by their publishers. And there are many born to die unsung. But every one, the hit or fail-

ure, goes through the same processes of creation and the mechanical business of being launched as sheet music, then recorded and played on the radio. The subject matter is widely varied; there are no fool-proof specifications for a hit.

One of those which recently won public acclaim to the point of making "The Hit Parade"—Tin Pan Alley's Roll of Honor—is "Poinciana." It reached the top in songdom, but only after months of plugging. And it all began on the tablecloth of a small Italian restaurant in New York City's Roaring Forties. It was in this favorite hangout of his that song-writer Nat Simon got the original idea for this incredibly successful tune.

The exclusive photographs by H. Reinhart of International News Photos, on this and the three following pages, show you the birth, childhood and career of "Poinciana," which appeared so promising to music publisher, Edward B. Marks, that he gambled \$25,000.00 on making it a hit.



1. Above—There's no telling when, or where—or why—a composer will get an original idea for a hit tune. But here you see the famed song writer, Nat Simon, being overwhelmed by a sudden inspiration as he sits down to a meal in a favorite Italian Restaurant of his in New York's West Forties. Out comes the pencil, and the nearest white surface becomes the manuscript. Nat's friends, Band Leader Jerry Wald and his vocalovely, Ginnie Powell, clink glasses to the success of the new song hit.



2. Above—"That's my tablecloth," says Leone, proprietor of the restaurant. "That's my song," insists Simon. The matter is settled amicably as the party leaves, and the child of genius is given the chance of a long and successful life.

4. Below—But once a song is written, it still has to be published no matter how popular the writer may be. Edward B. Marks, to whom Nat offers his latest bit of melody, insists that it be played by his "Board of Strategy" before being submitted to him. The members of "the Board" seem to be favorably disposed at this point.



3. Left—The inspiration of a haunting melody doesn't always carry the composer through to the final cadence. There are rough spots, phrases that don't seem to want to go any farther. You see him copying the original theme for his song from the tablecloth so that he can build it up into one of his great musical successes.





5. Above—A few rough spots need ironing out, so Nat Simon sits down at the piano and goes to work. Some songs that become hits are dashed off in a half-hour, others—most of them—take weeks, sometimes months, of the composer's time before they're finished.



6. Above—The final decision is made by publisher Edward B. Marks. He's one of the successful ones, because he's a good guesser. He has to be, because it takes an investment of some \$25,000 to launch a bit, and it has to sell 100,000 copies of sheet music to cover the investment.

7. Below—It's in the works now. The contract between publisher and composer is signed. Left to right: Edward B. Marks, publisher, and Nat Simon, song writer.



8. Left—As soon as the song is taken on by the publishing house, the job is to get it performed by popular singers, by name bands, by orchestras. For this purpose, any number of arrangements must be made, the song transposed into many keys, and put in various rhythms for instrumental combinations. Here is an arranger at work.



9. Left—The cover design of the sheet music is most important, too. It must carry some significance with respect to the words of the song, it must be attractive on the stands in the music shops. Saul Immerman, staff artist, is shown sketching a cover design for that famous song about a tree, "Poinciana."



11. Below—The song cast on capricious waves of public opinion now begins to return in the form of swollen sales reports, newspaper clippings, programs on which it is being sung and played. The investment is covered, and "Poinciana" has made the "Hit Parade."



10. Left—Here are the thousands and thousands of copies of the new song, "Poinciana." This photo was actually taken after the song became a hit, and reprints were in constant demand. This edition carries on its cover a picture of Bing Crosby, who made it one of his features.





12. Above, left—Song sheets are packed for shipment to sheet music distributors throughout the country. "Poinciana" took on almost immediately. Some songs don't become hits until months have been spent plugging them, others take years. "God Bless America" became a hit a quarter of a century after it was composed by Irving Berlin.



14. Left—It's something of a paradox that in selling sheet music, the principle applies of "them as has gets." It's the popular song that the dealer pushes. He wants the public to know that he has what they want, and what they want is what they've already heard so often. So he puts up a display of "Poinciana." It's sure money for him.

15. Right—Pretty Betty Kaupp was sold on "Poinciana" from the time she first heard it. She's one of the many, many thousands who helped to make the song a success.

16. Below, left—A popular recording of the song is made by Bing Crosby. He's shown here singing it on the record date.

13. Left—Another shipment of "Poinciana" is delivered. Out of the many songs on his racks, the music dealer has perhaps only a dozen or two that move fast. But sheet music is only one of the media of circulation for a song. Recordings are another. And sometimes a song becomes a success in a movie.



17. Below—Reaching the acme of song success, "Poinciana" swoons 'em at their radio via the voice of Frank Sinatra on the Hit Parade. And another song hit has "come home."





Mary Martin

*The Thrillingly Beautiful
Singer of Stage, Screen and
Radio.*

Good Music...

that's all!

By Gretchen Weaver



Cootie Williams gives with a soulful bit of melody at New York's famous Savoy Ballroom.



The brass section of Cootie's ork: (L. to r.) Harold Johnson, E. V. Perry, George Treadwell, Eddie Burke and R. H. Horton.

C OOTIE Williams, hot trumpeter, sat in a chair and perspired (for it was very hot the day we interviewed him in New York City) while his manager bounced about explaining that Williams was doing War work.

"Have you heard the Williams tune 'I've Gotta Do Some War Work Now'?" he inquired. "It's true, what the song says. Cootie's been doing War work with his band."

"It's the least I can do, the very least," said Cootie.

"Sure," chirped his manager. "Sure, sure. But you didn't have to play that bond rally in Newark with a split lip. But that's you, that's Cootie Williams. He says he ought to be able to play with a cut lip when the boys are pouring out their blood on battlefields.

"And then his performance on D Day. They asked Cootie to play a trumpet solo in honor of the boys even then struggling up the Normandy beaches. Cootie nodded yes, and held up his hand for silence.

"I'll play," was what Cootie said on that occasion, continued his manager. "'Yeah, I'll play something for the boys. This is in honor of those who have fallen in the invasion over there.'

"And then Cootie lifted his trumpet and played taps, played goodbye for the youngsters who had already given their lives. The greatest trumpeter in the world played taps, quietly and slowly and sweetly, and, somehow, triumphantly."

Recovering quickly, the manager nearly knocked himself out with the memory of their visit to Stark Hospital where Cootie played with his band for the wounded soldiers.

"When Cootie was halfway through a solo," roared the manager, "there was a big fuss in the audience. A soldier who'd been shot through both legs was up on his crutches, doing the Charleston. Did we feel good?"

Cootie rubbed a large hand over his face and came up smiling. "Remember when I offered to sing 'Pistol Packin' Mama' if a man in one of our audiences would buy a thousand dollar bond?" he asked.

"Wow!" The manager doubled up in mirth. "And then the fella bought TWO thousand dollar bonds to keep you from doing it."

Cootie Williams and his band played 63 dates in 72 days, not counting performances given at every opportunity in camps, hospitals and U.S.O. spots, before checking into New York's Savoy Ballroom early last summer. Authorities are preparing for the jitterbug invasion when he moves into the New York Paramount during Christmas week.

Discussing the sort of band he heads, whether swing, jazz, or what, Cootie murmured in a puzzled sort of way, "I get mixed up and confused with all that stuff. I don't know WHAT you'd call my band. I call it a band that plays



Jitterbugs crowd in close to hear Cootie at the Savoy.



Close-up of Cootie and that terrific trumpet of his.

good music . . . that's all. We just play good music the best way we know how."

"From notes on paper? Do your men play from sheets of written-down music?"

"Well," reflected Williams, "they do and they don't. Of course, any man who's a good musician these days, after he plays the music through four or five times, he can throw it away. He knows it. And, naturally, I've got all good musicians, so generally they don't show up with paper."

"Are there any special problems connected with running a band in War time?"

"The biggest problem," answered Cootie, uneasily shifting in his chair and frowning in concentration, "is in keeping your men. First there's Uncle Sam, and then there are other bands.

"At first I was very discouraged when I lost so many men to the Army. They wouldn't take me, you see, and I had to do something, and then it seemed as if I couldn't do it because I couldn't keep my men. Well, finally I got set and the next thing I discovered is that you've got to keep your men happy if you want to keep 'em playing.

"Money doesn't mean so much to a real good musician. He don't care so much for that. He just wants to be happy. So I try to understand 'em. I try to approach them right. I pay what they want and they play what I want and we're all happy. But, it's more important to know and understand every man than it is to just pay him big money. Although, naturally, money helps," and Mr. Williams chuckled as he untangled that problem.

"Money sure does help," confided Cootie, "especially when you're starting a band. I'll never forget when I started mine, about three and a half years ago.

"I'd been with the Duke for 12 years, then I took a year off to play with Benny Goodman, but I promised Duke I'd come back to him when the year was up. I came back, but I always wanted to have my own band and I talked it over with the Duke and he said, go ahead."

"Why? Wouldn't it have been easier to just stay with Ellington and let him have the headaches?"

"A man always wants to advance himself," replied Williams. "And I wanted my own band. It costs a lot of money to start a band, an awful lot of money, and finally I went to Benny Goodman and asked him for some.

"He said he'd let me have it, but he advised me against taking it. He'd rather see me do it the hard way, the way HE did. He said he thought I was good enough to stick it out and come through by myself. He's a great man, Benny Goodman. He offered me anything else—arrangements, advice, time. So in the end I owned my own orchestra and today I'm glad.

"I've got the finest bunch of men I can find. There's Eddy Vinson vocalist and alto sax. I found him down in Texas,

and there's something about the way he throws his voice that gets me. Charlie Holmes plays the other alto sax. Then there's Lee Pope and Sam Taylor, tenor saxes, and Eddy Di Vertieul, baritone sax.

"The piano player is really something special. He's Earl Powell, a 19 year old New York boy, and some say 'he's as crazy as he plays.' He plays all the time, I can't stop him. Between him and the bass fiddle player, Carl M. Pruitt, whose idea of fun is to play 'Holiday for Strings' on the bass, I get plenty of music.

"Trumpets are Harold Johnson, E. V. Perry and George Treadwell, and of course, me. Eddie Burke, R. H. Horton take care of the trombones, and Sylvester Payne beats the drum.

"And that's all," he concluded ruefully. "Some day I want to have a great big hand, one of the best in the world, but big. That will have to wait until after the War."

Cootie always lived in a world of harmony. When he was a tot in Mobile, Ala., he heard bands pass his house with parades, and Cootie tagged along.

"From the time I was able to walk," he remembered, "when my daddy wanted me, he just hunted up the parade with the biggest band. There I was. There was a parade about twice a week and every parade had music.

"The trumpet player in the Excelsior Band down in Mobile liked me and taught me trumpet. I played trombone and drums in the school band, but when I started to earn money I went to Florida as trumpeter with the Eagle Eye Shields outfit, and then to New York with Alonzo Ross."

Cootie doesn't dwell on the lean Northern days when the Southern lads encountered snow for the first time, and, one by one, except Cootie and a few others, drifted back home out of the pneumonia belt.

One night Cootie wandered into the Bandbox, a Harlem musicians' hangout, and, invited to sit in with Red Nichols, Jabbo Smith and the late Chick Webb, nearly blew the guys out of the place with his terrific growling horn. Webb was so carried away that he asked the young man to move in with him. Times were still tough, but "we had two sets of stuff to pawn," he recollected.

Not for long. Duke Ellington soon heard Williams and sent out a call for him. For 12 music-filled years Cootie was top horn in the Ellington aggregation and today Cootie Williams and Duke Ellington are members of a mutual admiration society.

Cootie's greatest musical thrill and the finest playing he ever heard, he thinks, was at B.G.'s first Carnegie Hall concert. Goodman had borrowed Cootie from the Duke for the occasion. Already in the orchestra were Harry

(Continued on page 65)



Lovely Doris Day, featured vocalist with Les Brown's band on Bandwagon radio program.



Les tooting a licorice stick, while Marcy McGuire, singing star, plays the drums.



(L. to r.) Dick Jurgens (now in Marines), Teddy Powell, Fred Waring, Les and Johnny Long.

HOP on the bandwagon, folks! Everybody's rooting for Les Brown these days, and rightfully so! For this good looking young batoneer is being acclaimed everywhere not only for his thorough musicianship and his talent as an arranger, but also for the quiet and friendly warmth of his personality.

Born March 14, 1912, in Reinerton, Pennsylvania, Les learned about music at an early age. That was easy, because his father, who was the owner of a thriving bakery, was a confirmed music lover. During his leisure hours away from the ovens, the senior Mr. Brown would team up with three of his brothers to figure out hot licks for a sax quartet.

A couple of toots on his dad's soprano sax and young Les was off to find a sax teacher. He had studied the piano since he was eight years old, but without too much enthusiasm.

There was never any trouble around the Brown household when it came to practicing. Les studied and practiced throughout his years at high school and upon graduation entered the Conservatory of Music in Ithaca, New York. He played better sax than many of the older boys and has stuck to that instrument ever since.

However, Les was not foolish enough to consider even a thorough musical training sufficient armor in his fight to scale the heights. Off he went from Ithaca to enroll at the New York Military Academy. (Smart boy! Build that body, too!) During the next few years he distinguished himself as a band leader and athlete—the most popular fellow on the campus.

After the Military Academy, Les entered Duke University, that famous incubator of band leaders. It was no time at all before he organized a group of young musically inclined collegians who called themselves "The Blue Devils." They flopped, but flat and fast! Undismayed, Les took on arranging jobs and was on his own for a year. But in 1938 he was back in the field, pitching new ideas right and left.

This was a period Les remembers as the "low spot" in his life. As he recalls it, "I arranged, led the band, played the horns until I was blue in the face—and still laid an egg."

Fortunately, the lean stretch didn't last long. A four week engagement at Mike Todd's Theatre Cafe in Chicago during the winter of 1940, stretched into four months and was the real turning point in the band's rise. Air time, good working conditions and a group of men who really enjoyed playing together, got them rolling along to fame at last. This time Les laid a golden egg! Soon his recordings and air shows were delighting the nation.

When you meet this personable young man face to face, you understand why Les is such a big success. You sort of feel that anyone who can be as modest, unspoiled and wholesome as Les Brown (to say nothing of his genuine talent), deserves only the best life can offer!

Any time he can sneak away from a score sheet, you'll most likely find Les yelling his head off at a ball game, or swinging a pet mashie on a golf course.

Don't fail to step up and shake hands if you're ever lucky enough to hear his band in person, because Les likes to meet the folks who've helped him up the ladder of success.

BANDWAGON BATONEER

By Kenneth Z. Owens



Les Brown

Henry Hot Lips Shuffle Rhythm Busse needs no please-t'meetja. The bowdys came while Busse and his muted trumpet were making jazz history with Paul Whiteman's original nine. Busse went up band leaders' road to glory on his own in 1928 and he's still leaving nothing behind him but the glittering trails from box office records.



Versatile Carlton Hauck began studying violin at eight but at sixteen he decided he would be a portrait painter. His musical background caught up with him a few years later and this young master of the bow collected a campus band, the nucleus of his present orchestra, and it responds to the modern dancer's every demand.



Send Adrian Rollini the orchids for jockeying the Vibrabarp into big time among swing instruments. Adrian makes the Rollini Trio sound like a ten piece band and when somebody asked how he does it, he cheerfully replied, "That's easy! We just do it!" So now you know the mystery behind Adrian Rollini. or do you?



Madcap band leader Denny Beckner from Texas, hoofing hero at nine, ran the gamut of tent shows, vaudeville, stock companies, to discover at the end of his terpsichorean rainbow a zany comedy band. When his proverbial crock of gold started sparking to the big spotlights, show-wise critics proclaimed Denny the find of '44.





Conductor Paul Lavalle has traveled far and wide on the musical scale of things. From tropical haunts where Cuban jazzmen stomp and sway—into the awesome presence of Toscanini to play his magic saxophone. When Paul finished his solo the revered maestro shouted, "Bravo!" And this, says Paul, rates tops in his life.

Emile Petti, darling of dancing debbies from Bar Harbor to Key West, has recently played his sixth consecutive year in the Cafe Lounge at the Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York. For the past few seasons Emile has been shuttling back and forth between Gotham and Palm Beach, Fla., where he is music director of the swank Everglades Club.



Art Farrar hit the up-swing at Warner's Enright Theatre in Pittsburgh, Pa., but Lady Luck gave the handsome youngster no more than a cursory glance until he began broadcasting from the Coronada Club down in old Shreveport, La. Art climbed right into the groove with a brand of rhythm that's sure to prove his rocket to fame.



Raymond Scott, composer-conductor-arranger, admits he is very often in a fog but assures us that he never forgets to thank his men after each performance. He also says his song titles like "Huckleberry Duck" and "Dinner Music For A Pack Of Hungry Cannibals" are definitely not screwy! There, there, Raymond, we like 'em that way.

Rhythm and

ROMANCE

*by Joy Cayler
as told to Phil Reich*

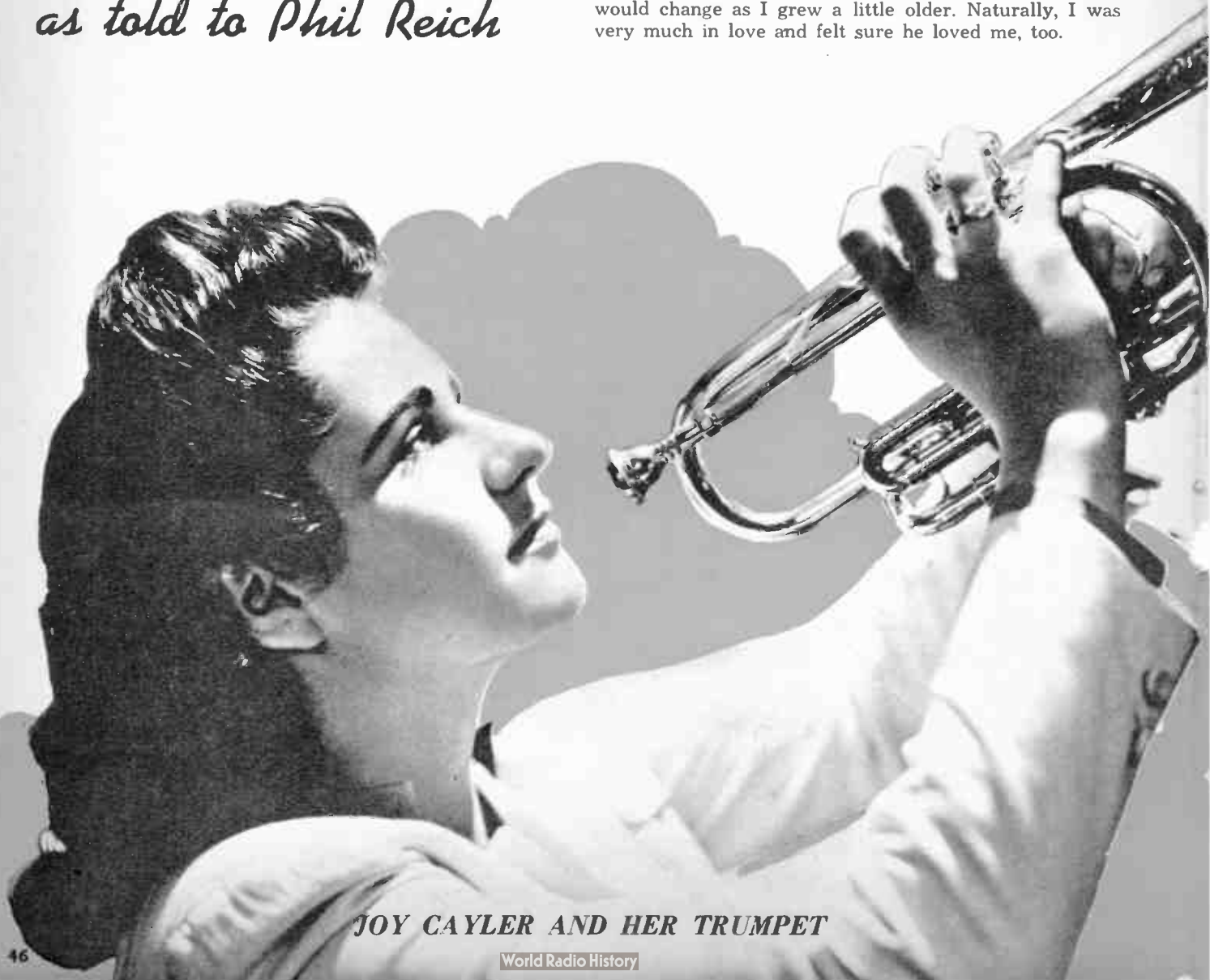
LOOKING back now, it all seems so far away—the happiness and heartache of three years ago. I was a senior in a Denver high school when I met The Boy. In no time at all we were deeply in love and planning to get married. Too young? Maybe I was, but he was so wise, I thought—he would help me to grow up faster.

Had I decided to marry him, life would have had the fullness and serenity that only true and sincere love can bring. Because he was that kind of a fellow. He wasn't at all domineering or stubborn—although you'd expect me to say that after hearing the rest of the story.

He really was ideal—kind and thoughtful, to say nothing of possessing loads of natural charm of which he seemed to be totally unaware. That alone was enough to turn the head of any girl. He was that beau ideal of all romantic girls, tall, dark and handsome, with a quiet grin that felled all my schoolmates whenever he turned it on, and I really was the envy of all the girls in Denver.

But the one thing about him—which cannot rightfully be put on the wrong side of his ledger—was that he had a streak of righteousness in him that would assert itself at the first sign of anything he considered below his own idea of what was proper and fitting.

That was the first sign of trouble between us. He was a wonderful dancer and liked to dance as much as I did. But when it came to a girl playing in a band, even though at that time it was an amateur band, he drew the line. Yet he knew that music was my ambition and almost my very life. He knew that when we first met, but thought my ideas would change as I grew a little older. Naturally, I was very much in love and felt sure he loved me, too.



JOY CAYLER AND HER TRUMPET

But the setup, I can see now, was wrong from the start. I wanted to live and laugh and play—especially play my precious trumpet. I had been doing that since early childhood. Sometimes he would make fun of my ambitions and at other times he would act so forlorn that often—but only for a moment—I would feel like taking my trumpet and throwing it out of my life forever to marry the man I loved.

... all this is back in the past now. My love for music was as deep-seated as were his convictions, which I am sure he could not help. I couldn't exactly blame him for feeling the way he did. And he didn't, in spite of his prejudice against my career, find anything in my character that didn't measure up to his highest ideals. We were two strong-minded people, in love, but going in opposite directions. So we decided it just wouldn't work.

I don't know whether his stern mode of living allowed him to grieve the way I did. I felt that almost everything was lost when he took himself out of my life. I remember that when I had to play my trumpet with the band the music sounded hollow. Every torchy number we played seemed to apply exclusively to me. My heart wept as I helped make music to put other people in gay spirits.

Eventually, time and hard work helped to lessen my sense of loss. I had made my choice and was sure it was what I wanted. So the heart-break began to heal and after a while I was able to play again—joyously, ecstatically—because music fed my hungry soul and surfeited my ambition.

The band began to attract a lot of attention in Colorado and we were kept very busy playing college dates and other engagements. After I had gotten over the feeling of despair and loneliness, I found

that I sure could make that trumpet sing. I was my own master and I applied myself entirely to work. This was my life and it will always be that way.

Dates came faster than an "amateur" band could take care of, so some of us decided to go professional. As professionals we knew we would have more time to work and would be able to make a real success of our orchestra. However, as time went on several of the girls dropped out. It became my job to make our group into a paying organization. We had a heart to heart talk—all those who remained—and it was decided to leave everything to me in organizing a really professional band. The group was named "Joy Cayler's All Girl Band".

I soon had twelve girls (beside myself) in busy rehearsal. It wasn't long after this that we started off on a tour of USO shows that carried us all over the country.

I've met many men during the past three years. But I felt no serious interest in any of them, with one exception:

It was at a South Carolina Army camp where we played that I met a young Special Service Officer. This love is very different from my first love. I'm older now, and I hope, wiser. And maybe because of that life seems smoother. Things are easier to understand; and I can view the past with no bitterness whatsoever.

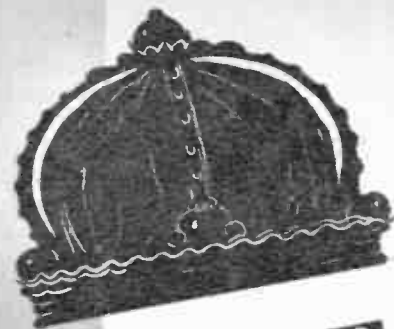
He and I have the same ideas about practically everything. We even think of the same things at the same time! He's more than proud of my abilities and ambitions, and teasingly calls me his "Princess Of The Trumpet". We correspond and someday I hope he will pop the question.

Now I feel I've something more to play for—and people tell me my trumpet really does sing!

It isn't often that a 17-year-old is called upon to make a decision affecting the course of her entire life. "I was faced with such a problem," says Joy Cayler. "And the way it seems to be working out makes me happy that I chose as I did." Here is the exclusive story of 20-year-old Joy Cayler, dynamic young band leader and trumpeter, who is now touring the country with her orchestra.



Joy Cayler's Most Recent Studio Portrait



THE DUKE OF ELLINGTONIA

The Duke has his breakfast at home and reads a score instead of the morning paper. He does most of his composing right on the kitchen table.

DUKE ELLINGTON, world-famous composer of jazz magic, never lets a musical idea grow cold. Whether it occurs to him in a restaurant, taxicab or turkish bath, he makes for the nearest available keyboard, runs off what he has written, does some musical embroidery on the theme—and it is ready for his orchestra to play.

A composer whose genius and unique style have put him right up alongside the leading figures in the “classical” school of music, Ellington has been compared by Stravinsky to Stravinsky, Orson Welles to Welles, and Percy Grainger to Frederick Delius. Swing fans compare him to no one—but he is the single composer in whom all camps find agreement as a truly distinguished musician.

Last year and the year before he presented two programs at New York’s Carnegie Hall. At the second one the stirring tone poem “Black, Brown and Beige” was premiered—a brilliant composition which took forty-five minutes to play. It was at this concert also that the Duke was presented with a plaque in celebration of his 20th anniversary, on which were the signatures of such musical literati as Leopold Stokowski, Deems Taylor, Arthur Rodzinski, and a regular “Who’s Who” of musical “greats”.

Over in Europe before the War, Ellington’s appearances were attended as seriously as concerts of the “Three B” music—Brahms, Beethoven and Bach. England, Holland, Sweden, France, Norway and Denmark turned out to hear him on his European tours, and he’s played many a session of requests for royalty, including the present Duke of Windsor.

One of the Duke’s latest tunes about town last spring was the enigmatic “Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me”. And at about the same time he introduced two other new tunes, characteristically swiny in quality and title: “Suddenly It Jumped,” and “Stomp, Look and Listen.” But it isn’t easy to keep up with the latest in Ellingtonia—Duke has composed well over a thousand songs and jazz works of concert length.

Famous for his amazing energy, Ellington is known to stay awake for as long as four days on a couple of hours of sleep. When he does go to bed, it’s never before dawn.

His language is often of his own coinage—he talks in numbers, colors and images—and loves to name things. A

drink from a bottle of pink cough medicine prompted the description, “magenta mist”; a telephone call to the blonde secretary of a business associate opens with, “Hello—is this the beautiful department?” A new ensemble on his secretary usually gets something like, “You make that dress look beautiful.”

The Ellington smile is always in evidence. So is the Ellington graciousness. When questioned on issues he wants to avoid, he answers pleasantly, launches into a lengthy and completely irrelevant explanation—seemingly considering every possible and pertinent phase of the subject in question—and ends up by having skirted the subject completely, and with the utmost aplomb.

A great musician and a grand guy! No wonder he is called one of the living Immortals of Jazz.

The Duke broadcasting from N.Y.’s Hurricane restaurant.



Wini Johnson, vocalist with the Ellington band.





Band Leader Herbie Fields, like so many other famous people, has been out of the running for the last few years; he's been very much in evidence among the boys in khaki. Sent to Fort Dix, N. J., in 1941, Herbie formed the first Army swing band which was the inspiration for hundreds of others. Now, there are practically no Army units without their own bands. Recently released with a medical discharge, Herbie has organized a new 16 piece aggregation which is playing the same inspired music that he has always played. Here you see him with his band at the U. S. Naval Station in Lakehurst, N. J.

Swing music helps "keep 'em flying" at Blackland Army Air Field, Waco, Texas. The 639th Army Band loads a jive-five on a truck and plays mobile programs on the flying line where mechanics are maintaining the Army Air Forces Training Command planes used by Aviation Cadets at the advanced twin-engine pilot training field. Jive-bombers in the picture are, left to right: Private First Class W. T. Briggs, Jr., clarinet; Private First Class L. A. Devinga, cornet; Private First Class Morris Lusk, drums; Private First Class Morris Rosenberg, piano; and Corporal S. W. Ferguson, Jr., bass viol.



(Right, below)
Part of the United States Army Band which arrived in Great Britain for a series of concerts while preparations for the greatest battle in history were nearing completion. This is the band that also backed the attack in Africa and in Sicily. The picture was taken at its first appearance in Hyde Park, London. Drum Major, S/Sgt. Elmer Kettler is shown leading the boys to the concert grounds.



G.I. JIVE

BAND LEADERS



The lucky gentlemen surrounding these two beautiful gals, singer Dorothy Claire (left) and Conover model Jackie Copeland (center)—are Chico Marx (how do you like him with blond curly locks?) on Jackie's right, and Gil Lamb on her left; Maestro Boyd Raeburn in the back. Nice work if you can get it—we always say.



(Above) When you're in Texas you do as the Texans do—that's why they put a cowboy hat on that sentimental gentleman of swing, Tommy Dorsey, when he visited Texas University. (Left to right): Lt. Bobby Byrne, former band leader and top flight trombonist who is now leading one of the finest Army dance bands in the country; Ann Burkhart, Texas University sweetheart, singer Bob Allen and Gene Krupa.

(Below) Our candid camera catches vocalovely Jeri Sullivan with the famous Band Leader Carlos Molina at New York's 400 Club. Jeri Sullivan is singing on a C. B. S. radio program these days, and Carlos Molina has been batoneering with his fine band out on the Pacific Coast.



Well, Well! Who'd a thunk it! But seeing is believing—especially when the seeing part concerns Ann Corio who is shown here plucking the strings of the old bass fiddle in Enoch Light's great little ork. Ann is an accomplished musician and song writer and, need we say, kinda easy on the eyes.



George Raft isn't a band leader, but it's pleasant news, indeed, to find him with folks in the world of music. And such folk! The Barry Sisters no less, famous singing duo. Of course, George is not entirely out of this music world for he used to be and still is a great dancer!

in the news



Benay Venuta seems quite interested in what Lt. Rudy Vallee has to say as they were pictured at New York's swank Stork Club just before Rudy returned to civil life. Benay Venuta is as everyone knows, Rudy's charming, popular teammate on his well-known radio program.



Ye ol' professor Kay Kyser sure felt proud when his many friends threw a party to celebrate the beginning of his 4th year of entertaining our boys in uniform. "How y'all and thanks a lot," says Kay, shaking hands with Bing Crosby. The two other beaming friends at the party are Harpo Marx (left) and Fred Astaire.



(Above) Dinah Shore tries to get a new noise out of one of the instruments played by the Hoosier Hotshots—as if that's possible! This bit of back stage comedy occurred during intermission at a Command Performance broadcast for the benefit of the boys overseas. With her on the same program were (l. to r.) Ezekiel, musical comedian, of the Hoosier Hotshots and Louis Jordan, sax-playing band leader.



Cab Calloway and Woody Herman indulge in a game of gin rummy between "takes" while filming the Andrew Stone movie production "Sensations of 1944." Note that Woody's copy of BAND LEADERS Magazine furnishes them a table for their playing cards.

(Below) Jack Teagarden takes a well-deserved rest between sessions of hot jazz such as he has just put on during a Capitol recording date out in Hollywood. Both hepcats and ickies think the Teagarden technique can't be beat—it really does something to you, and your feet, they say.



DICK NOEL,
THAT MAKER
OF TROMBONE
HISTORY



Education In

JAZZ

by Marie Desales

MET Art Hodes one afternoon recently at the studio of some friends in New York's Greenwich Village. He dropped in with his young wife and five year old daughter. After talking about this and that—starting from measles, which was then making the rounds in the youngest set, and ending up, of course, with the latest developments in jazz—Art sat down at the piano. It was boogie woogie a la Pine Top Smith he played. The little piano boomed rich and clear. Art and that instrument sure had a mutual understanding.

When he finished, and before the applause, there was an impressive silence which is the greatest tribute an audience can pay an artist. The five people he had been playing for were all smiling. We were in the presence of a great pianist and a great personality.

Hodes is a tall, slender man with, one might say, the face of a dreamer. He is simple, unassuming and interested as well as interesting. He is also a man with an objective which is to let the young folks, the high schoolsters particularly, in on jazz. He often goes out of his way to reach this objective, traveling to small towns within the radius of his home base, wherever a gang of kids crave to know what a real, live jam session is all about.

From the letters Art gets in connection with his column in *Band Leaders*, *The Jazz Record*, it is evident that he has the answer to a long felt need. He is making it possible for jazz to take its rightful place among the homey, natural things that make living worthwhile.

Shortly after I met Hodes in the Village I went to hear him play at Jimmy Ryan's, a small cafe in New York's famous swing alley, 52nd Street. Here, Art nightly holds forth on a cozy stage with the sizzling drummer, Danny Alvin, and that swell clarinetist, Mezz Mezzrow.

There is a little dance floor in front of the stand where the visiting cats sporadically jump out to do some stuff.

A musician from parts unknown stopped by to lend a slice of hot horn of his own to Art and his boys. That's the way it is at Jimmy Ryan's and that's what Art likes.

During a breathing spell he came over to my table and folded himself into an opposite chair. You couldn't say that he was exactly a talkative chap but he manages to hold his own, especially when the subject is jazz.

"Jazz," he remarked, "swing, jump, jive, is real American folklore music; born and raised in this country. I started studying music when I was about 13 at the Hull House in Chicago. Classical, of course. Incidentally, Benny Goodman was a student there at the same time."

Then came the story of old Chicago, of the Mississippi steamboats, of the weird music coming up from way down yonder in New Orleans and enticing away from the classical strains of the Old World so many hundreds of young musicians of which Art Hodes was one.

"That was twenty years ago," he recalled with a reminiscent flame in his dark eyes, "but jazz is still young and vital. It always will be for only the young and the vital can do it justice. That's why the young people of today are seriously interested in jazz. They recognize it as peculiarly their own. Schools are the best places to play and to hear real jazz. Boys and girls of high school age can't go to cafes to hear it, so we bring it to them. The response is terrific."

Art Hodes came to New York City in 1938. He has played with most of the outstanding jazz musicians, conducted a record program over station WNYC and given jam sessions in Carnegie Hall. But what he's really interested in is his jazz concerts in the schools and he looks forward to fanning out across the country carrying the torch for jazz.

Editorial Note—Be sure to read Mr. Hodes' regular column in BAND LEADERS Magazine, entitled "The Jazz Record." You'll find it on page 58.

HAY IN YOUR HAIR



The Hoosier Hot Shots make with the zany music in "Hoosier Holiday", produced by Republic Pictures.

By ALEX MacGILLIVRAY

"ARE you ready, Hezzie?" And they're off in a cloud of barn dancing dust.

It's the Hoosier Hot Shots: Hezzie is the chap with the contraptional washboard; Ken plucks away at his trusty guitar; Gill picks the string bass, dog house, to you; and it's Gabe on the clarinet.

The Hoosier Hot Shots—with the exception of Gill, that Taylor kid from Alabam—are Indiana farm boys. Hezzie and Ken are the Trietch brothers and Gabe signs his checks, "Otto Ward."

All got into music via school bands, later graduated into vaudeville and radio. On and on rode these four musketeers of the barnyard, past one-night-stands and two-bit towns and the little girl with the golden eyes. Up and up they sped into the kingdoms of the Platter Prince and the Cinema Czar.

The boys became universal favorites through their unusually clever musical style spiced with novelty lyrics and hokum comedy. Their first appearance on the air was over WOWO in Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Here they tarried long enough to throw a pinch of radio technique into their bag of hayseeds, then off went the foursome to WLS in Chicago for a taste of the big time.

They liked the sample so well that they began a steady climb for top position in their chosen field. Not so very long afterward they were to become the highest paid novelty vocal-instrumental unit in show business which position they are said to be still holding.

One performance of which the Hoosier Hot Shots are plenty proud is their part in the National Safety Council's campaign against accidents on the home front. Responding many months ago to an official appeal, the boys went to work on the words and music of two songs for use on the safety series transcriptions.

Their new tunes, "Skeleton Rag" and "Skee-Dee-Waddle-Do" were the happy results.

The current transcriptions will be in use until March of next year, so if you haven't heard "Skeleton Rag" and "Skee-Dee-Waddle-Do," you still have some time.

Meanwhile, the Hoosier Hot Shots are out in California working on one of several new Columbia pictures they've recently contracted to make.

The Hoosier Hot Shots
Those favorites on genial Joe Kelly's National Barn Dance Radio Program.



**CAPTAIN
GLENN MILLER
USAAF**

THIS very latest photo of Captain Glenn Miller was taken in London during one of his thrilling radio programs over BBC. Glenn is leading the American Band of the Supreme Allied Command, beaming his broadcasts of the latest swing numbers to our troops in France and to the English Home Services, as well as playing for the wounded men in the hospitals. Among his featured players are Sgt. Ray McKinley, the drummer; pianist Sgt. Mel Powell, formerly with Benny Goodman; Sgt. Carmen Mastren, once the guitarist with Tommy Dorsey. Sgt. Johnny Desmond, who used to sing with Gene Krupa's old band, does the vocalising.

V-DISCS

for VICTORY



Vaughn Monroe and many other famous band leaders have made V-Discs for our boys in uniform.

by
Ron Howard

SOMEWHERE in the United States . . . New York, Chicago, Hollywood . . . a group of musicians sit down to cut a record and to help win a war. The band? Who knows who it is this time? Maybe it's Captain Glenn Miller and his great AAF Army band. Maybe it's a jive combo fronted by jazz's xylophone expert, Red Norvo. Maybe it's civilian and maybe it's Army but certainly it's music and certainly it's going to help win a war—for the record being cut is a V-Disc.

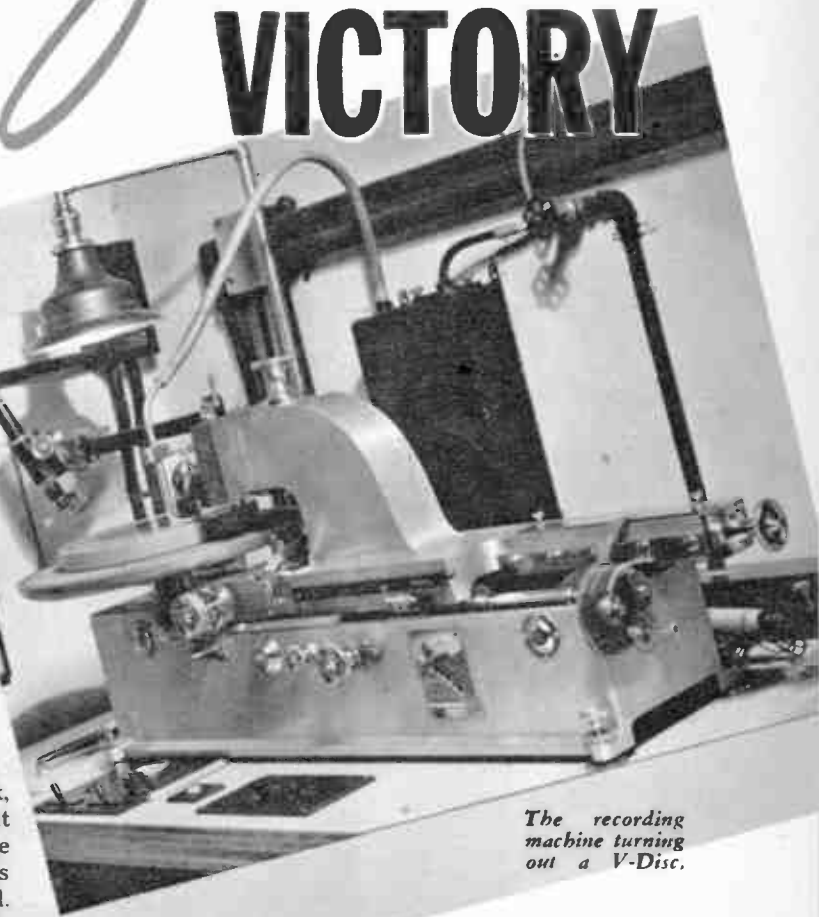
Just about a year ago the Special Services division of the Army started making V-Discs, records to be sent overseas to boost morale. Col. Howard G. Bronson and Captain Robert Vincent have been credited with the idea for V-Discs and a lot of credit goes with the records, too.

A lot of credit goes to an Army that knows that soldiers travel not only on their stomachs but also on their morale. A lot of credit goes to men who convert that knowledge into a workable remedy . . .

The call was sent out that the Army was going to make records, swing, sweet, classical, to ship overseas to a bunch of boys who were fighting for their country and for their fellowmen. The call went to record companies who answered it 100 percent. The call went to musicians, band leaders, artists . . . and the answer was again 100 percent.

Who's your favorite band leader? He's made V-Discs . . . sure he has. Who's your favorite vocalist, male and female? Why there's a buck private in Italy listening to a record by him and a sergeant in New Guinea listening to her voice right now. We're not kidding. The response has been terrific and the records number over a million. That's a lot of talent . . . that's a lot of morale.

The Army has cut a lot of records, expects to cut a lot more. We've talked to musicians who have made V-Discs and they tell us that the list of proffered talent is long



The recording machine turning out a V-Disc.

enough to keep ten wars in music . . . and, brother, we're going to get wars over once and for all with this one if our soldiers have anything to say about it. That leaves nine non-existent wars—full of talent.

The records are cut in the recording studios used by the commercial disc companies and manufactured in the same factories devoted to commercial manufacture. Then the discs are shipped overseas . . . to every outpost and to every front. As for the phonographs, the things have spread like wildfire throughout allied territory. The Red Cross and other organizations have helped them multiply and the Yanks seem to carry the things under their khaki blouses, the way they get around.

How do the boys take to them overseas? . . . you know what we said about winning battles, well, we weren't kidding.

We've talked to boys from overseas. They tell us about tiny Pacific Island beaches where Artie Shaw's big Navy band would have had a hard time even fitting on the island but that phonograph ground out V-Discs for holidays, for the weekend leave . . . before battle and after victories!

We talked to a lad who told us of a Christmas Eve on one such beach when the fog made flying impossible and the boys were forced to make temporary quarters on the island when a large party was awaiting them at their unreachable destination. Man, what those discs did to

(Continued on page 65)

MUSICAL METEOR

JUST A FEW WORDS ABOUT THAT NEW
BAND LEADER

George Paxton



THE man behind the baton now wields the baton. George Paxton, who helped Ina Ray Hutton (Queen of the name bands) and others on the way to fame and fortune, is now fronting his own great aggregation.

Seventeen pieces, George's sock arrangements, and stellar showmanship, account for a band that has been making news from Palisades Park opposite New York down to the Frolics Club in

Miami, and most recently, at the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway.

George's behind-the-scenes work as arranger began with George Hall at the Hotel Taft in Manhattan. Aged 19, young Paxton was receiving \$200.00 a week to write arrangements for the Hall band. From Hall, Paxton's ace arranging included engagements with Bunny Berigan, Teddy Powell, Vaughn Monroe, and Charlie Spivak.

In 1939, beautiful blonde Ina Ray Hutton engaged the arranger as she began her climb into the limelight. Soon the other great asset of Ina's ork was the ingenuity and imaginative novelty that characterized Paxton's arrangements.

For four years, up to the end of '43, Paxton was the power behind the Hutton band's achievement. There were others who were delighted to have some of Paxton's free time, among those being Dinah Shore, Ella Mae Morse and Bea Wain. More re-

cently, Paul Lavalle used George Paxton's skill as arranger on his Basin Street Blues program.

Unlike many a musician, George did not take to music until he was fourteen. Born in Jacksonville, Florida, twenty-eight years ago, he was concerned only with football, baseball and athletics as a boy. It was while he was in high school at Kearny, N.J., that music attracted him and became an absorbing interest. For a period of time, George was undecided as to whether to turn to the sciences or to music. Music won out.

When he is not wielding the baton, George doubles on the hides and piano—in addition to his work as an arranger. Although the seventeen-piece Paxton band is using George's arrangements exclusively, it is the baton that has now become his first love.

Look for more news about George Paxton in a forthcoming issue of *Band Leaders Magazine*.



Universal Stroboscope PHONOGRAPH AND RECORDER AID

This handy phonograph turntable speed indicator, complete with instructive folder, is now available gratis to all phonograph and recorder owners through their local dealers and jobbers. As a recorder aid the Universal Stroboscope will assist in maintaining pre-war quality of recording and reproducing equipment in true pitch and tempo.

Universal Microphone Co., pioneer manufacturers of microphones and home recording components as well as Professional Recording Studio Equipment, takes this means of rendering a service to the owners of phonograph and recording equipment. After victory is ours—dealer shelves will again stock the many new Universal recording components you have been waiting for.

Available from local dealers
or by writing factory direct.

Yours for the asking!



UNIVERSAL MICROPHONE CO.

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

THE Jazz RECORD



HEIDT DID IT THE HARD WAY

(Continued from page 6)

Songs hits "Ti-Pi-Tin," "South of the Border," "Friendly Tavern Polka," etc., were first presented by him.

Success is definitely Horace Heidt's—**BUT THERE IS MORE TO THE STORY.**

Just a few years ago, at the peak of his spectacular career, Horace suffered a misfortune that came near ending his radio work forever. He lost his voice completely, was barely able to whisper.

Doctors said his condition was incurable, advised him to enter a hospital for a year for a complete rest.

"I guess the terrific strain put on my voice when I struggled to cure myself of stammering, caused the damage which eventually produced my voiceless condition," Horace said.

"Anyhow, I couldn't see myself spending a year flat on my back, doing nothing."

Instead, Horace made use of his knowledge of radio technique. A specially built microphone, worn around his throat, enabled him to speak in a whisper without exertion, yet amplified his voice to normal pitch.

His voice rested, he soon was able to use a hand-carried mike, and today he speaks normally again, without mechanical aid. An interesting sidelight is the fact that he has helped others to overcome a handicap which caused him so much suffering.

"People have come up to the bandstand, stuttering badly, to ask that a number be played," Horace smiled, "and been surprised when I told them I felt sure I could cure them of their speech defect."

Heidt's method is to have them breathe from the stomach and sing their words as trained singers do. With breath control and practice they become better able to speak normally. Horace wishes he had learned about the method sooner, avoided the strain that injured his throat.

Obviously, Horace has some interesting views on life.

"I am a fatalist," he said. "I believe that everything we do or that happens to us, has a bearing on our future lives."

Horace doesn't talk about it himself, but it is obvious that his own fight against adversity has influenced many of his activities. For instance, his "Heidt Time for Hires" has helped many ex-service men to get jobs. Horace has also helped many entertainers to get to the top.

He still works hard—it's a habit with him. His hobbies are his family, golf and his garden of rare cactus plants. Mrs. Heidt is the former Adaline Sohns. The Heidt children are twin boys, Jerry and Jack, and a small daughter, Hildegard Harriet.

At work, Heidt still follows the rule he set for himself long ago.

"I never try to put anything over on the public," he said. "People know what they like and it is my job to give it to them. We follow the trends of the business closely. That is why we frequently go on tour. You can't stay in one place and find out what people want."

And even as I shook hands with Horace at the gate of his Double H ranch, he told me he was planning to go on a coast-to-coast tour.

So when his fans see him up there with the band, urbane, a picture of success, they want to remember it was no snap getting to the top. Horace Heidt did it the hard way.

"**M**AN, I invented jazz." So spoke Jelly Roll Morton back in '39. Well, Jelly had a lot to do with its growth. So did King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Jimmie Noone, Johnny Dodds, Bix Beiderbecke, countless others—and it's taken all these years for the term "jazz" to really catch on.

Speaking of jazz literature, I've been scouting around New York town and I found some copies of "The Jazz Record Book" available. This book is chock full of information, history, names of records and introductions to many of our leading jazz musicians. It's a book that deserves a place on your library shelf. Would you like me to quote a few lines? Here goes:

"In 1919, three Goodmans ventured into the music business, getting instruments according to size and age. Harry, 12, got a tuba, Freddy, 11, a trumpet and Benny, 10, a clarinet. Benny grew up in the tenement districts of Chicago and his childhood memories are of dark hallways, small rooms and heatless flats. He went into music as a kid of ten with a kind of professional determination, taking lessons on a clarinet that was at least half as tall as he was."

A bit further in the book we read: "The Blue Five was organized as a recording, radio and gig-playing unit in 1923. That was the year Sidney Bechet had a Chinese character role in a Donald Heywood opus that also featured Bessie Smith. Along with five months with Duke Ellington and another brief period with a vaudeville act, Sidney recorded and played occasional dates with the Blue Five. In 1925, after doing several excellent sides with Louis Armstrong, he was off to Europe again with the Black Revue. He toured Europe and went on to Russia with Bennie Peyton. By a quirk of circumstance he met Tommy Ladnier, a home town boy, for the first time in Moscow."

If you've never heard Sidney Bechet in person you've got a treat coming. I've used him on several of my jam

sessions, and needless to say, he broke it up every time. (That's musicians' talk for "highlight of the program.") I still remember a jam session at the Labor Stage in New York City with Sidney blowing a lot of good horn.

By the way, the Victor Recording Company advises me that they have two records still available by Sidney Bechet's small band. The titles are: "The Mosche" and "Blues in the Air"; "Georgia Cabin" and "I'm Coming, Virginia." By all means get hold of these records.

Victor also has a piano album that contains some fine jazz music. It features solos by Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton. "Carolina Shout" by Fats Waller gives you an idea of what I mean by two-fisted piano playing. Jelly Roll's contributions were waxed back in '29, while all the rest are of a later vintage—1941, to be exact. Of the thousands of records Victor still carries on their catalog these items are among the few I can honestly recommend—especially the "Hot Piano" album.

So many of you readers have been asking me for autographed pictures of yours truly that I've just run out of them. Bear with me 'til I get in a fresh batch. But the way you folks are writing in and asking questions about jazz is what really makes me happy. It makes me feel that this music of yours and mine will someday come to be enjoyed by all the people, and that the years we jazzmen have put into sticking by our product were not wasted. Mind you, I have no complaint to make. Jazz has repaid me a thousandfold, just in good kicks. But come, we've talked enough. There's work to be done. I have letters to answer. Letters with self-addressed, stamped envelopes enclosed. And that's something I enjoy doing. So get your pen and let's get goin'.

So long,

Art Hodes
CONDUCTOR

BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By Don Terrio

SEPTEMBER has never been tooted into the Midwest more sweetly than by Charlie Spivak, who moved onto the Chicago Theater stage for a three-weeks stay on August 18. Loyal fans from the Panther Room were right on hand to welcome him on opening night.

The East and the West made the Midwest their home in recent weeks. Don Kaye and his crew from the West Coast remain at the Jefferson in St. Louis, while Ruby Newman's band from the East makes danceable music at the Statler in Detroit. Staying on at the Hollenden in Cleveland is Sammy Watkins.

You'll find a strong story of band loyalty in Benny Strong's band at the Walnut Room in the Bismarck Hotel. When he entered the Army, Benny's crew told him that if he needed them again they would respond—then took jobs with other bands. When Benny was discharged, practically the entire band returned. Derby-town dancers still remember his record three-year engagement at the Brown Hotel in Louisville. Tavern Room band is now Allan Kane, who recently held down the stand at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit.

The Blackhawk restaurant was the interesting point of shift for three band vocalists this year. While Del Courtney was playing there, Mary Jane Dodd decided to go out on her own after Del found a new songstress—and later Del took on Dottie Dotson, former chirp with Chuck Foster. After

Chuck's release from the Army, he luckily grabbed his svelte sister Gloria—just four days before she was scheduled to go to Puerto Rico—and brought her with him into the 'hawk on Del's departure. And after singing with Del on some of his Midwest one-nighters before Dottie joined him, Mary Jane opened at Chicago's 5100 Club.

Bands have played for audiences numbering tens of thousands at War Bond Rallies and other special events in Soldier Field and the Chicago Stadium. But the biggest dance ever held indoors in Chicago, and possibly in the country, took place at the Stadium this summer when Tommy Dorsey, with Gene Krupa, played a Coca Cola "Spotlight Bands" show which jammed 30,000 happy Western Electric employees into the huge building. They danced in shifts—8,000 people at a time, while thousands waited their turn in the balconies.

In Chicago recently, Xavier Cugat named 14 people who were the best non-professional rumba dancers. Backstage at the Oriental, he mentioned Danton Walker and Ed Sullivan; Walter Winchell; George Jean Nathan; the Duke of Windsor; George Abbott; Ethel Mer- man and Dinah Shore, vocalists; Charles Chaplin and Louis B. Mayer; Gloria Vanderbilt DiCicco; and Lt.

Gen. William S. Knudson.

S'long for now—be seeing you next issue with more news from out Chicago-way!



Del Courtney



Benny Strong



Xavier Cugat



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Waxing Wise

By Dave Fayre

Mr. Fayre continues his selection of the best of the different recordings made during the past 60 days. It is sincerely hoped that his column will serve as a guide for your better listening and dancing entertainment!



Glenn Miller

VICTOR has an extra special release in the Glenn Miller album. This album features Glenn at his best, and contains such standard favorites as "In The Mood," "American Patrol," "Little Brown Jug" and "Stardust." 8 sides in all comprise this super-value album. Also noteworthy of mention is the Bluebird release of what is supposed to be the finest sax solo record ever made—none other than Coleman Hawkin's version of "Body and Soul."



Art Kassel

ART KASSEL makes his debut on Hit with a sweet recording of "Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes." Vocals are ably handled by Gloria Hart and the Trio, with a beautiful instrumental background by the Kassels-In-The-Air orchestra.



Eddie Heywood

ON Commodore, Eddie Heywood, his piano and his ork are featured in an unusual recording of "Begin The Beguine" coupled with "I Cover The Waterfront." This disc is a departure from the usual Commodore recordings of Hot Jazz, but the record is terrific nonetheless.



Enric Madriguera

FOR the Rhumba and Samba fan, Sonora has released an album of Latin-American music by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. Such hits as "Besame Mucho," "Cae-Cae," and "Chiu Chiu" are contained in this album. Vocals are by Bob Lido, Patricia Gilmore and Nita Rosa.

The Lester Young quartet with Lester Young, ex-Basie man, on the tenor sax, are featured on the Keynote label. "Sweet Sue, Just You," "Afternoon Of A Basie-ite," "I Never Knew," and "Just You—Just Me" are the four solid waxings.



Guy Lombardo

LOMBARDO does it again, with an out of this world recording of "Humoresque." That makes it three in a row for Guy. First it was "Take It Easy," then, "It's Love Love Love." And now "Humoresque." This Decca platter features the twin pianos in a stunning arrangement of Dvorak's long-haired favorite, and is a "must" for your collection. For your extra special listening enjoyment, Fred Waring's recording of "Jalousie" is highly recommended.



Harry James

THE young man with a horn and La Grable, Harry James, comes through with a terrific Columbia waxing of "Sleepy Time Gal" backed by "Memphis Blues." Both sides feature Sir James on the trumpet, and his work on this disc is as good as anything we've heard him do.

THE King Cole Trio's Capitol recording of "Straighten Up And Fly Right" looks like it's heading for the best seller lists. Guitar, bass and piano make up this personable trio with vocals by the King himself, who in case you didn't already know it, tickles the ivories.

BEACON has a hit in "I Learned A Lesson I'll Never Forget," as recorded by the 5 Red Caps. Here's a concrete example of what the juke boxes can do for a tune. When this record was first released, the juke box operators grabbed most of them and put them on their machines. Almost instantaneously this song caught on like a house afire, until it now has attracted nationwide attention.

For good unadulterated jazz, featuring hot piano, any one of the jazz records by Art Hodes and his Columbia Quintet, are highly recommended. So long, be seeing you next issue.

HOT TROMBONE

(Continued from page 25)

that band. That just goes to show you." More convinced than ever that finance, with figures in either red or black, was a stumbling block along the road to harmonic heaven, Miff signed up with a good reliable outfit: Don Voorhees at WOR.

His next lucky Five break came when he switched to N.B.C. where, quietly and unheralded, he tooted away on his trombone for the next ten years.

"When I got a chance to go out with Paul Whiteman, however," he continued, "I decided I'd like to travel again, especially as Jack and Charlie Teagarden and George Wettling were going to be along.

"S'funny thing," he delayed his narrative to relate, "when we were in Davenport, Iowa, Big Bix, that would be Beiderbeck's brother, invited me to their house to meet Bix's mother and talk about him. Of course I was tickled to death to go and you know what he told me? He said that not one single soul had ever been out there to get information about Bix from his own family. Queer!"

From Whiteman to Benny Goodman, which champ chooser tagged Miff "best musician in the band," was only a step for the trombonist who was by then traveling only in the fanciest circles.

After all that excitement Miff got tired counting money and retired to his home at Rockville Centre, N.Y. It was Nick, of Greenwich Village fame, who persuaded him to leave seclusion behind him. Miff appeared in the Big Town again fronting a fevered Five in "Nick's," that celebrated nitery.

Finally, Miff Mole broke down sufficiently to give me a sketchy answer to my original question. He said he wouldn't be surprised if he had a band of his own sometime soon and, he added, he knows what he wants.

"Drums are most important in a small outfit," he hurried on, as if in the hope that I might forget to write it down. Among top drummers he approves Joe Grause, working for him now, also Tony Sparge and George Wettling, "as well as lots of others."

Miff Mole is married and has a daughter, Muriel, who is a secretary. "She's a singer but not professionally," he explained, looking all of a sudden like a stern poppa.

For fun Miff likes baseball, fishing, swimming and, if you know any real good checker players with daytimes free—how about it?



Waltz!—What's that?

DID YOU KNOW THAT..

(Continued from page 3)

With the addition of gal singer GWEN DAVIES to his band, trumpeter LEE CASTLE is all set to storm the walls of success. Columbia records recently signed the sweet horn expert to an exclusive disc-making contract, planning to build him as opposition to Victor's CHARLIE SPIVAK, and LEE is also due



Red Norvo

to embark on a theater tour soon that will bring him to the attention of fans from coast to coast. VIRGINIA MAXEY, one of the most beautiful of vocalists and the pride of TONY PASTOR'S band, will soon be on view at your favorite movie house.

Spotted by talent scouts during a dance date, the singer is signing on the dotted line for 20th-Century Fox. . . . After a flying trip to Chicago, RED NORVO'S great little swing combo will open at a 52nd St. club in Manhattan. . . . Ace trumpeter CHARLIE SHAVERS is out of JOHN KIRBY'S crew to lead a four-piece band of his own. CHARLIE doubles with RAYMOND SCOTT'S CBS swingsters. . . .

If you want to get hep to the jive, dig the latest edition of CAB CALLOWAY'S "HEPSTER DICTIONARY." It contains all the groovy words and phrases used by the jazz musicians, plus their definitions in plain English. You can get yourself a copy by writing to CAB at 1619 Broadway, New York City, enclosing return postage. . . . HORACE HEIDT is ready for a long theater tour again which will cover the entire country. Swing fans seem to be delighted with HORACE'S new band. Once on a sweet kick, he now has one of the jumpiest of jump orks. . . . Captain GLENN MILLER'S superb Army Air Forces band will probably be overseas by the time you read these lines. . . .

HARRY JAMES has postponed his date at FRANK DAILEY'S Terrace Room dance spot in Newark until this fall. HARRY was too anxious to get back to Hollywood and his family to linger long in the East and we'll take a bow for predicting his quick jump back West in the last issue of *Band Leaders Magazine*. Latest word is that the great trumpet player has also refused to contract for any more theater dates, pleading that six and seven shows a day are too much of a strain. He'll confine his band work to picture making and a new radio program, scheduled to begin this fall. . . .

There's a good chance that the eyesight of almost totally blind ART TATUM (dean of the pianists) will be greatly restored after an operation soon. . . . Though HARRY (the HIPSTER) GIBSON'S movies may not have hit your

local theater yet, we'll direct your attention to them right now. HARRY, who plays a barrelhouse boogie-woogie piano and sings like nothing you've ever heard before, is a sure bet to click in the flicks. . . .

Jazz via the air waves is finally coming into its own. EDDIE CONDON'S Jazz Concerts can now be heard from Coast to Coast over CBS every Saturday afternoon at 3:30, while another show featuring MILDRED BAILEY, backed by some great jazzmen, is slotted over the same network on Wednesday nights from 9:30 to 10:00, both shows EWT. . . . ZIGGY TALENT, once starred in VAUG. IN MONROE'S band, is theater touring with WOODY HERMAN as a special act. He's the fellow who does the very funny "Gee, But I'd Like To Be a G-Man" routine. . . .

FRED WARING and HIS PENNSYLVANIANS, after a long absence from the recording scene, have waxed thirty sides for Decca, several of them soon to be released. After a number of stage engagements, FRED may take his whole organization overseas to entertain war-weary servicemen. . . . BILLIE HOLIDAY, at last has the picture industry looking in her direction. Warner Brothers have "discovered" BILLIE and want her to jaunt West for a featured role in an as yet untitled film. . . .

It looks as though LES BROWN has finally hit the jack-pot. We've been plugging for the BROWN band ever since it was formed and nothing pleased us more than seeing LES sign for the Bandwagon radio commercial. The air-time, plus the band's recent disc releases ("Sunday" and "Out of Nowhere"), should put LES and his boys at the top of the grade A band list in a hurry. . . .



Tony Pastor

Pianist ERSKINE BUTTERFIELD, who used to run the "Katzenjammer" jazz show over the Mutual network, is now an Army corporal at Camp Lee, Va. . . . BOYD RAEBURN, who is attracting so much attention around New York with his young band, has inked a deal with Paramount Pictures to direct a series of musical shorts. . . . COOTIE WILLIAMS, former DUKE ELLINGTON star trumpet player, opens at the New York Paramount in near future for his first big-

time Gotham booking. . . . Meadowbrook, one of the most famous dine and dance spots in the East, plans to reopen early this fall. . . .

J E A N GOLDKETTE, the music idol of an earlier day, is plotting a comeback, but with a small band. . . . RAYMOND SCOTT'S first recordings with his big band are now available on the Hit label. . . . And the MODERNAIRES, ex-GLENN MILLER singers, are waxing some vocadiscs for Columbia. . . .



Virginia Maxey

That's the latest word. See you next issue with all the inside stuff we can dig up about your favorite band leaders and vocalists.

—DICK DODGE.



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TRUMPET IN THE STARS

then recovering his health and going on to more triumphs! Harry James who loves baseball as much as his music and whose team of instrumentalists plays as one man in the same way that they play their dance melodies. Harry James who loves Betty and his new home in Beverly Hills and is a proud father. And now he has returned East to the scene of his earlier days, before he won fame and fortune—and how! Harry James packing the Astor Roof—not a vacant table in the whole place!

No greater trumpet in this world or out of it!

Words, words—and they tell a story of Harry and his Music Makers. But this is to be a different kind of a story—the story that his trumpet told, high above the street of blazing lights, one sultry night last summer. . . .

It was as though Hollywood had come to Broadway that evening—as though I looked upon a setting for a ballroom scene in a romantic motion picture—as though Kleig lights were set around that green and coral roof.

And there was the golden horn waiting for the leading player to return and take us on a journey to the stars.

You over there—the girl with the orchid pinned on your shoulder—you of the pale blonde hair—you will feel that Harry is playing just for you, just as he makes everyone feel. You will be the only girl in the universe tonight and the sailor sitting opposite you the only boy. Isn't this your "night before forever?" Ah! from the way you gaze at him and your hand steals out to his across the table, I know that he must have his sailing orders.

Tomorrow he will have gone back to duty and you to the dull, lonely routine of your life without him—waiting, waiting for the day of his return.

The bandsmen in their brown jackets are now coming on the platform, stars on deep blue behind them. The Music Makers speak low on the strings; there is throbbing on the brass; the ruffle of the drum. Harry quietly takes his place. The spotlight swings to him as he raises the trumpet to his lips. And from somewhere in the shadows I seem to hear: "Lights! Action! Camera!"

Is that a tear—blonde girl with an orchid pinned on your shoulder? Tighten your hand in his. You have until the evening ends. And ships don't sail from the Astor Roof. Join the dancers. Be happy while you may!

Climbing away from the mike—up next to the brass, and ready for the hot, Harry leads the rhythm for "Shoo Shoo Baby," and Kitty Kallen, in a blue dress, stands up to give it. The dancers move in toward the band—the girl and sailor are swept along in the appreciative wave. She turned from the boy to watch the trumpet. As James tapped out a minute's rest, I imagined that suddenly he saw her there among all the people on the floor. Her glance wavered a second, then suddenly it sprang to meet his.

Perhaps it was the way he held his trumpet that night—as if it were a huge

(Continued from page 5)

bright moonbeam. His fingers trembled on the levers, and the tones came true and vibrant.

She could hear the words of the song. But what was the trumpet saying? Where were the other dancers? They had all gone and there was only herself in that room—the boy—and a trumpet—and all the stars!

In the dimness she glimpsed Harry's face, the steady, light eyes, a little tired. The firm mouth. The tall, broad-shouldered man.

"Two's company," his trumpet seemed to say to her. "See," it said, pointing out constellations to her—Cassiopeia, Orion, The Pleiades. There was a story about the Great Bear. . . . She forgot the despair of a goodbye she would have to say. "I watched you," it appeared to be telling her amid the thrilling notes. "You were the unhappiest person I ever saw."

Her innermost feelings were taking shape and finding expression, almost as if she had never thought them until that moment.

Reach up and up—and you'll touch the stars. Maybe only for a moment, but don't stop reaching. Even this music must stop sometime, but you can hold it as long as your breath lasts. And when it breaks, you know it's been good, and beautiful. And you remember it.

Rapidly the notes flew from the horn—sustaining, carrying the room. Note upon note. Would it never break? Harry's head was tilted upward, his eyes closed against the swell.

For perhaps five seconds the roof was silent.

Then the applause came. And the signal for intermission sounded from the front row of the musicians.

A blonde girl with an orchid pinned on her shoulder walked with a sailor boy to the side of the bandstand as Harry James stepped down to his table.

"Harry, that was super," she said. "May we have your autograph? And please play 'Journey to a Star' for us."

"That's easy." And now it is Harry, not his trumpet, that I seem to hear speaking to the girl. "You have become the happiest girl I've ever seen."

And from somewhere in the shadows of the bandstand I heard, "OK—cut!" The first scene is over. The girl and the boy, hand in hand, walk back to the table.

Say it again . . . slowly: *Harry James—no greater trumpet in all the world or out of it!*

MAESTRO IN THE PIT

(Continued from page 21)

In 1936, when the Roxy management asked him to step in and straighten out the tangled tune department, he jumped at the chance. Hired for four weeks, he has remained ever since, in comparative personal obscurity. He's prepared to stay a good many more years and hopes that he'll always have the same musicians with him. No one gets fired from Roxy's.

Mr. Ash takes one day off each week. Other days he arrives at Roxy's at 11 in the morning and leaves about 11 at night, except on opening Mondays, when he checks in at 7 A.M.

Maybe you think this is tough routine but Mr. Ash would not agree. He calls it "settling down."

If being band leader at one of the largest theatres in the world is "settling down," all we have to say is, a few more of us should "settle" so nicely!

How I Got a Band of My Own

(Continued from page 31)

The early days of organization were grueling, filled with long hours of hard work. Now and then, during the heavy rehearsal schedule, tempers would become short. However, such episodes were few because all realized that an orchestra playing without friction among its members is the best-playing, and in the long run, most successful band. A band leader who hopes for continued popularity must be a leader in fact as well as in name. He must make every attempt to lead his men in their work—not drive them to it. On their spirit and welfare hangs much of his own success.

Because almost all my songs have been ballads I lean toward a basically sweet type of music. Of course, when playing for dancing, this must be balanced with enough swing to keep everybody happy. I think Tommy Dorsey is one of the best "balance men" in the business.

In writing my songs the title usually comes first; and I write the music and lyrics at the same time, adjusting them to each other. I carry a small notebook in my golf bag while on the links, to jot down ideas on the spot. Unlike my other compositions, my latest song, "V-Mail," is a "jump" tune.

The Middle West has been good to me, very good; and for that reason I've stayed there much of the time. We've played eight engagements at the Aragon, at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis, for WGN, and a number of theaters. My wife and I have a home on Lake Michigan, and the trip we're planning this year will be my first break-out from Aragonland.

One of my ambitions is to write a score for a motion picture or a musical comedy—and from there, perhaps, go on to even more elaborate compositions. And whenever I begin to wonder about what I'm doing, I like to think of a sign I saw in a small curio shop in San Francisco—"Success is a journey, not an end."

PICTURE CREDITS

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6-7 —Blue Network (Gene Lester); Robert Crawford
8 —Chilton-Butler
9 —Cronenweth (Columbia Pictures)
10 —J. J. Kriegsmann (G. A. C.)
11 —George Evans
12-17 —International News Photos (Julian Urban, Photographer) I. N. P. By-line Features
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19 —Arsene Studio
20-21 —Louis F. Nathan
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24-25 —Charles Peterson (Helen O'Brian)
26 —Steve Hannagan—Alfred Valente
27 —Bruno of Hollywood
28-29 —Columbia Pictures; Warner Brothers; Universal; 20th Century-Fox; Columbia Pictures; Universal; Republic
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55 —British Broadcasting Corporation
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59 —Maurice Seymour; Bloom—Schonbrun
60 —20th Century-Fox; MCA; Helen O'Brian; Wm. Morris
61 —Kriegsmann (G. A. C.); Maurice Seymour (M. C. A.)
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DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Jimmie Noone

by Bob Garrison

HOLD onto your hats and get yourself a good seat, for you're going to take a ride—a clarinet ride—with the Number One Clarinet Man! Come along with me, down by New Orleans, the birthplace of the late Jimmie Noone, in 1895, and where he first picked up a clary in his 'teens and blew himself way up North to Chicago and fame.

Get in the groove with me and hop an imaginary express straight to the Windy City. We'll pretend it's in the 1920's, and we're entering the popular Apex Club on Chicago's South side. Should you not be hep to the jive of the day, all the terrif' hot and blues musicians used to wend their various ways to this famous Club. And who else do they come to hear but sensational Jimmie Noone and that blues from the heart? His, indeed, were improvisations par excellence. The Apex is not a large dance palace, it's just a nightspot where a few conscientious musicians and customers congregate. From there they go to the four corners of the earth, spreading the blues—sometimes becoming famous, sometimes going broke, but always crusading for true Jazz.

Mezz Mezzrow has a front seat. He's known as the top Noone fan. That sender sitting to the left, waiting for Noone to return to the stand, is Johnny Dodds, a stick man with plenty of bite, faintly reminiscent of your saxist Georgie Auld. I'll ask someone the name of the kid over there drumming his fingers on the table. . . . They tell me he's Gene Krupa, a comer on the drums. The gal over there sings a hunk of the blues; her name is Mildred Bailey. Oh, you know about her! I can hear Satchmo and King Oliver discussing the Jimmie Noone technique. They took a postman's holiday to come here tonight.

Jimmie's on the stand now. He's the heavy-set, cheerful looking fellow. His number one song is—*Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. Now you can hear how he jumps! What smooth modulations: great hot man! Say, my friend, he recorded that number. Why don't you dig up a waxing? Get this number two item—Noone's composition—*Four or Five Times*. Notice how he kicks the combine in the upper register and suddenly modulates



Jimmie Noone

downstairs like a Master. So you think he drives the boys on like Count Basie does with that spasmodic "plink" on the piano with his right hand? Could be. In the lower register, a la gutbucket, you think he has feeling like Maxie Kaminsky with his trumpet? Perhaps.

Guess we could have stayed there all night at the Apex Club, couldn't we? But we have a job to do on the new day, and we'll leave the Apex to grab another express; this time to Manhattan's noisy 52nd Street, where we plan to catch a session highlighted by that sensational sender on the clarinet, your old friend, Mezz Mezzrow, who knew Brother Noone personally. Mezz was playing at Ryan's with Art Hodes and Danny Alvin the night we talked with him.

Here's a table over to the right. Art Hodes, the popular blues pianist, is coming over with Mezz. I quizzed Mezzrow about Noone:

"Top man on technique. You can't compare him with anyone else; you can't realize his greatness until you appreciate his difficult style. His drive on clarinet is beautiful to hear. And he was a wonderful guy, personally. He was an easy-going guy."

I asked him if Noone didn't have a personality like the BB trumpeters, Beiderbecke and Berigan. He nodded in the affirmative.

"Yes, a swell fellow. Besides that, I don't suppose you know he'd play that sensational stick all night and shoot a darn good game of golf the following morning? A great, all-around genius."

With a human story of how tears came to the eyes of Mildred Bailey, when she heard Mezz's rendition of *Apex Blues*, as Jimmie Noone would have played it, let's call it an evening.

Jimmie Noone passed away on April 20, 1944, in Hollywood, aged 49.

In The GROOVE

Pictures!—Pictures!—PICTURES!

Our mail is loaded down with requests for pictures! Pictures of Harry James, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Joan Edwards, and hundreds of others! It seems that even though each issue of *BAND LEADERS* is packed with wonderful pictures, you can't get enough of them.

Although we're unable to supply you with actual photographs, you usually can secure them by writing direct to your favorite band leader or vocalist. We have prepared an "Address List," as complete and up-to-date as possible in these changing times, which will give you the latest available address to write to. To get a copy of this list, without charge, simply mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope, with your request, to: Miss Vivian Thompson, Service Department, *BAND LEADERS*, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N.Y. Be sure to enclose the self-addressed envelope as this will be a help to Vivian.

Frankly, she needs lots of help these days, as she has that far-away look in her eyes. You see, she just got married! Last month, Sally left our Service Department to go to Florida to be married, and now Vivian too is enjoying matrimonial bliss.

I must warn you that, due to wartime restrictions, photographic supplies are scarce and expensive so, in some cases, you may learn that a small charge has to be made for photos. In other cases, the pictures will come to you without cost. Just be patient and allow time for busy band leaders to answer your request.

When War Production Board paper restrictions permit, we plan to publish a Photograph Album—chockful of pictures and life stories of the top-flight band leaders in the world of music. You can be of great assistance by writing me, personally—as soon as possible—letting me know which leaders you'd like to have included. After all, we want to please YOU!

I told you in our last issue that you'd find the pictorial life story of Louis Armstrong in this number. Hope you're not too disappointed that it isn't here. I would seem that there has been a delay in getting certain valuable pictures that our Editor felt were needed to give you a complete story. So—watch for it in our January issue—on sale around Thanksgiving Day.

If you missed recent issues of *BAND LEADERS*, you'll be glad to know that we still have a few January, March, May and September issues on hand. Send 15c per copy to our Back Issue Department and you can have any or all of them. In case our supply runs out before your order is received, we will mail you an equivalent number of forthcoming issues as they come from the press, or extend your subscription, as the case may be.

Both HARRY JAMES and FRANK SINATRA have been good enough to permit us to give their pictures with new subscriptions for *BAND LEADERS*. The photos are 8" x 10" glossy prints, suitable for framing. You can have either one free by sending \$1.00 (Canada \$1.50) for an 8-issue subscription. Make sure you let us know which one you want! If you want both pictures, send us \$2.00 (Canada \$3.00) for a 16-issue subscription, and request both photos. Address your order to: *BAND LEADERS*, Dept. 1144, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N.Y.

While I've been writing this column, a letter was laid on my desk from Sgt. Bert Anderson in Italy. He thinks our magazine is "Tops!" and backed up his opinion with a subscription order. The Sergeant ends his communication by saying, "I hope that this darn mess soon ends, then I can buy *BAND LEADERS* Magazine from my news-dealer back home" . . . So say we all!

Yours in the Groove,
JOSEPH J. HARDIE,
Publisher.

OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T PASS THE AMMUNITION—BUT—

YOU can see that ammunition gets right up there in perfect condition. How? By doing everything you possibly can to use less paper and to save wastepaper!

For it's paper which protects our boys' precious ammunition as it is transported from the war plant all the way across the ocean to the front line of battle. Yes, paper and paperboard truly keep the powder dry, keep the ammunition in prime condition for perfect firing.

That's why the Army and the Marines and the Navy—who need paper and paperboard to package more than 700,000 different items shipped overseas—ask your help in protecting our national paper supply, ask you to send all wastepaper to your local salvage headquarters for reprocessing.

It's an easy job but a mighty important one. All you have to do is use less paper and help your storekeeper to use less paper. Don't ask him to wrap factory-packaged goods, canned goods, bottled goods. Carry your own market bag or basket to save his paper bags. Never use a piece of paper at home unless absolutely necessary. And, again, save every scrap of wastepaper and give it to your local paper salvage collector.



Remember—
**PAPER IS
WAR POWER**



USE LESS PAPER—SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER

This advertisement contributed by this publication and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.

HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

(Continued from page 29)

... **THEY'RE SAYING:** "Swing has been steadily losing favor ever since Pearl Harbor, and I don't expect it to last as a high-powered contender beyond the duration of the War. Sweet music is gathering fans by leaps and bounds." I'm quoting what Bob Crosby says on set of "Meet Miss Bobby Socks." . . . Jan Savitt (during Trianon engagement) "The War has made people more sentimental. They still like swing, but they like it sweetened." Is this a trend, gates?

... **ON THE SET WITH SATCHMO?** —Really got my kicks, going out to Republic in that fabulous San Fernando Valley, to talk with Louis Armstrong and watch him do his stuff in the epic of the boardwalk, "Atlantic City," in which Paul Whiteman and his orchestra also have musical chores. . . . Sitting in his dressing-room between takes, Louis and I talked about everything from New Orleans jazz to Zutty Singleton's artistry with a frying pan, and the new, exclusive picture story of his life that Editor Harold Hersey has scheduled for next issue of *Band Leaders Magazine*. (Don't miss it, folks—it's a grand feature!) Louis laughingly recalled how he changed from cornet to trumpet while playing in a symphony group, because the leader thought the shorter horn looked funny beside the rest of the trumpets. . . . It was easy to get in a nostalgic mood, though, for Louis, dressed in a 1920 tux, had just finished a take of that swell Fats Waller tune, "Ain't Misbehavin'." With the band he jived against a set designer's tribute to Louis'

art—a backdrop painted with a giant, golden trumpet. . . . Well—that's Louis, all right, a golden trumpet, and I know you guys and gates will be listening for that golden horn. Hope you'll be sort of watching, too, for the next mess of stuff from, yours musically, The Old Bandstander.

BAND LEADER FOR BEAUTY

(Continued from page 35)

near Walt Disney's Studio. He uses a portable organ which he's carried all over the United States. Strand also does arranging for the movie studios and is a busy man. But when he has some spare time, he follows his hobby of making color photographs, and the walls of his home are adorned with beautiful examples of his work.

Sometimes, at Carroll's, too, he puts down his baton momentarily, and snaps color pictures of the glamorous Carroll show girls. That Manny is popular with the Carroll principals and show girls is easy to see as they exchange smiles with him during the show.

The boys in the band like the jovial, yet firm way in which Manny conducts, gives recognition of work well done.

His agent has been trying to talk Manny into going on tour with his band, but Strand feels it would be better to wait until after the War.

Meanwhile, surrounded by glamorous gals, he'll continue to swing out with the kind of music that's as easy on the ears as the girls are on the eyes. Brother, THAT is music.

**BUY
WAR
BONDS**



"How do you like the way they swing this little number?"

GOOD MUSIC—THAT'S ALL

(Continued from page 41)

James, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson.

"That was really the best," commented Cootie. "It was marvellous, thrilling—" and he gave up trying to express it in words.

Nowadays Cootie Williams and his band are making records, such as "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," and "Cherry Red Blues." Williams is composing all the time, notably, "You Talk a Little Trash, I'll Spend a Little Cash," "Gotta Do Some War Work Now," and "Floogie Boo."

If he ever has any time that isn't reserved days in advance, Cootie likes to go to baseball games, or play gin rummy, poker or pinochle. Meat rationing means nothing to Williams whose idea of a really fine meal is string beans, garnished with string beans and string beans to follow.

Nothing outside music and musicians means much to Cootie Williams, trumpeter, the man grown up from the small boy who beat out intricate rhythms with wooden sticks on his mother's dish pan. Mostly he's thinking about the band he has and the bigger band he hopes to have some day.

V-DISCS FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 56)

smooth over a bad case of the blues there!

Then there were the boys who were trying to make friends with the natives. One night they settled down to a phonograph jam session and were really knocking themselves out with a hot band when they noticed that a group of the natives had gathered around and were listening open mouthed to the session. Talk about how to make friends and influence people . . . the V-Discs sure did the trick that time.

Well, those are isolated cases and they are far from outstanding. The outstanding cases of the value of V-Discs are the ones that go untold . . . the pick-up to a lad waiting to go into action for the first time . . . the soothe to the thoughts of that fellow in England who was missed at mail-call . . . that Pfc. who has your picture in his wallet and who's just a little bit lonely.

The only person who really knows what Col. Bronson and Captain Vincent's V-Discs really mean is overseas. He's Joe Private . . . Pfc. . . . Cpl. . . . Sgt. . . . Lt. . . . Capt. . . . Maj. . . . Lt. Col. . . . Col. . . . Gen'l. And his thanks are in his heart.

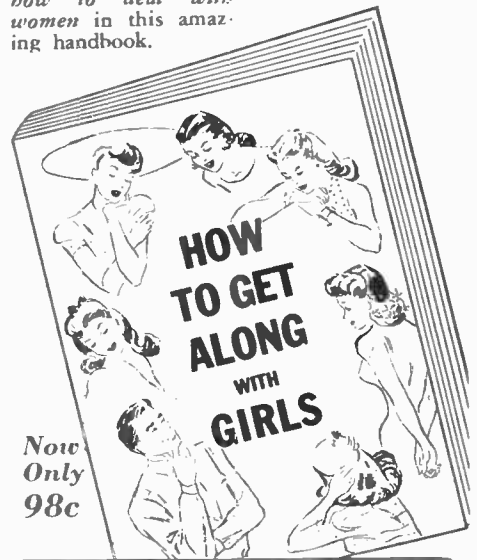
Records up over a million V-Discs. That's a lot of talent . . . that's a whale of a lot of morale!!

It's EASY to Win Her!



... when You Know How!

Women are funny — you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, heart-break! Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't be a Faux pas! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for you—get the real McCoy on *how to deal with women* in this amazing handbook.



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| How To Win Her Love | How To Be Well-Mannered |
| How To Express Your Love | How To Overcome "Inferiority" |
| How To "Make Up" With Her | How To Hold Her Love |
| How To Have "Personality" | How To Show Her A Good Time |
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You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being “in the know” on style gives you! That new low hipline is a “flash” from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these seasons latest shades: Camel Tan or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy “he-man's” jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort of “Spun-Rite”—mgically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm, Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon. No extra charge for over-size.

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Save 95¢! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll ship, C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO 10, ILL.**

Gentlemen: Send me the Spun-Rite Jackets indicated below, C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name..... Please

Address..... write

City..... State..... plainly

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$3.95	Camel Tan	Stop Red
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Check color wanted

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket **BOTH** only \$7.95

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95	Camel Tan with these colors	Luggage Brown	Forest Green
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Check color wanted

CHECK SIZE WANTED 46 48 50

LADY'S 12 14 16 18 20 MAN'S 36 38 40 42 44

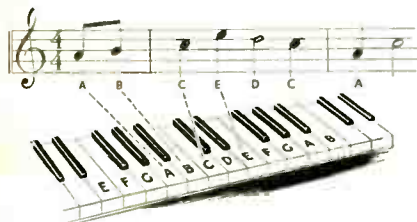
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It's easy as A-B-C!

Yet it's from that stirring favorite of the South, "Dixie"



From the diagram you can see how easy it is to learn by this Print and Picture method. In a few minutes you find yourself playing the famous "Dixie."

Thousands learn to play their favorite instruments this quick, easy way . . . for less than 7c a day!

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