

# BAND LEADERS

SEPT.

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GENE KRUPA

*Paul  
Ellen*

LIFE STORY OF DUKE ELLINGTON • BENNY GOODMAN IN THE SPOTLIGHT



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# Band Leaders

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Cover Painting By Earl Elton

JOSEPH J. HARDIE, President

WALTER H. HOLZE, Editor

DOROTHY BRIGSTOCK, Assistant Editor

PAUL VANDERVOORT II, Hollywood Editor

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Dick Dodge, Dave Fayre, Dixon Gayer, Art Hodes, Vic Lewis, Don Terrio, Jill Warren, Gretchen Weaver, Betty White.

RAYMOND J. KELLY, Vice President

GEORGE A. WEAVER, Art Director

ESTHER VAN SCIVER, Advisory Editor

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# The Band Box



## ACCENT ON THE EYES!...

by Duffy

**A**LTHOUGH "handsome is as handsome does" is still a good rule to follow, a wise gal no longer has to depend entirely on her good deeds. Certainly, a little gilding never will hurt any lily, if the gilt is applied with a steady hand and a watchful eye, so that it isn't obvious.

And, speaking of eyes, keep them lovely as well as watchful. They're a good feature to start on in learning to enhance what you already have. There's no greater aid to complete feminine beauty than alive and sparkling eyes—and there's no one who realizes this more than one who constantly faces the public, as does an entertainer. Let's take Irene Daye, for example. Irene, who chants the lyrics

Irene Daye



to the music of Charlie Spivak's band, knows the secret of beautiful eyes—that eye beauty is not dependent upon their size or color, but rather upon the care given them. Very generous with her beauty secrets, Irene says there's nothing to prevent a girl from having eyes that look like a gift of the gods. Here's how:

First, she expects that you're already on your toes with the health rules. You know that a special bath for your eyes is just as refreshing as one for your body—that a good brand of eye-wash (from any drug or department store) is a wonderful relief for tired or strained eyes. When you're sun-worshipping, you apply eye cream above and below your eyes, to protect the delicate area around your own orbs. And, of course, you read, write and knit only under proper lighting conditions, because you know the importance of keeping your eyesight. So, we're going to omit the advice which you've heard all your life, and move right into the glamour department.

Tweezers should be used very discreetly to pluck out *only* the spare stragglers beneath the natural arch, and at the ends of your brows and between them. You'll find the pulling easier if you first soften the brows with warm water, then hold them taut as you pluck each hair.

If you're a blonde like Irene, you'll want to use an eyebrow pencil—but handle it with care. The operation calls for feather strokes to darken each hair, rather than drawing a dark, unnatural looking line.

To guide you in both plucking and penciling, Irene Daye suggests this method of determining the proper eyebrow length. With a mirror before you, place a pencil across your face from the left side of the bridge of your nose to the outer corner of your left eye. Your eyebrow should extend to the point where the pencil crosses the brow line. The process is reversed to find the proper length of the right eyebrow.

Have you done that? Are your eyebrows the ideal length? If you find they're too long, it's okay to pluck those few end hairs; if they're too short, you can extend the line with the pencil, touching the skin gently with the same soft feather strokes which you used on the brows proper. This is the *only* condition under which you should apply the pencil directly to the skin—unless you like to look like a zombie.

The next step in the eye-gilding process is the use of mascara, and with you, just as with Irene Daye, it should be a careful step (you might as well prepare now for the day when you'll be warbling with a band!) Irene says that, for perfect results, the mascara should be applied with a slightly dampened brush, sweeping upward and outward from the base of the lashes to their tips. Then, before it has had time to dry, go over your lashes with a clean brush to separate them and to remove surplus mascara—and hold the brush up against the ends of the lashes as they dry, for a curl.

Eye shadow should not be used regularly. Reserve it for special occasions like Senior Prom, when a little goes well with your favorite formal. When you do use it, remember that it should be just what the name implies—a faint shadow, never obvious in itself, but rather a subtle background for the eyes. A speck of it applied to the center of the eyelid and smoothed in toward both sides will do the trick.

Although there used to be rules for shadow colors, personal preference is now the rule in selecting your color. It's every girl for herself, and you'll be surprised at some of the exciting effects you can achieve by trying several shades on yourself, and breaking some of the old rules. Luckily, eye-shadow is one of the very inexpensive cosmetics, so even the slimmest budget can allow you the fun of experimenting.

(Continued on page 62)

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# DID YOU KNOW THAT..



**H**ERE'S one hot off the wires: If drummer-man GENE KRUPA isn't in khaki garb when you read this, then it's a good bet that he and his band will leave shortly for a trip overseas where they'll knock out the GIs. Krupa has been more than anxious to do his war bit and is trying hard to get a contract with Uncle Sam.

BOYD RAEBURN and his powerful young crew are spending the summer season with a date at the *Palace Hotel* in San Francisco. If this writer forgot to nominate Boyd as a potential star in the name band field for the 1945 period, let's remedy that situation right now. He's got a great outfit: "frantic," "exciting" and all the rest of the words so dear to the hearts of the jazz critics really apply here.

MONICA LEWIS makes her recording debut on the *Signature* label. *Signature*, by the way, is really giving competition to the big four wax firms (*Columbia*, *Victor*, *Decca* and *Capitol*) with its wonderful new discs. To date, this company has made platter sessions with YANK LAWSON's fine radio band; with JOHNNY BOTHWELL, a young alto-saxist from whom you're going to hear plenty; and COLEMAN HAWKINS, EDDIE HEYWOOD, and JOE "FLIP" PHILLIPS—the last-named fronting a band made up of Woody Herman Herd instrumentalists.

COOTIE WILLIAMS is finally getting a chance to record these tremendous jump originals (like "House of Joy") that make his band's work a real treat for swing fans. Cootie has been signed to a *Capitol* recording contract.

RKO is proud of the new short that FRANK SINATRA filmed for them. It deals with the problem of racial tolerance and is aimed at the young people of our nation.

GEORGE PAXTON, one of the up-and-coming maestros, has added two French horns to his band, plus singer BETTY JO DAZEE. The instruments give a completely different tone to his crew—if you'll remember back to the days of CLAUDE THORNHILL'S ork, you'll know what I mean. It was Thornhill who first used the French horn in a swing band with any degree of success.

XAVIER CUGAT, who's famous both

for his knocked-out caricatures and as a band leader, is stepping out in another field. Cugy has created a new step called "Copagat" which can be danced on a dime. It's designed to solve the problem of crowded dance floors in night clubs.

CHARLIE SPIVAK set an attendance record during his last stay at the *Paramount Theater* in New York, which is good news indeed. It's about time that Charlie and his boys started to grab some of the attention they deserve.

EARLE WARREN, singer and sax-player with COUNT BASIE'S band, was planning to step out with an ork of his own, at this writing. The Count, incidentally, is out in Hollywood where he is set to make two films dealing with the jive.

If you ever were a LES BROWN fan, you'll remember trumpeter RANDY BROOKS whose high notes were one of the most exciting aspects of the Brown crew. Randy now has a band of his own and has started out with a very promising booking engagement. Currently, he's at the *Roseland Ballroom* in Manhattan, where he plays a few radio shots weekly. Check with your local paper for the times over the *Mutual* network.

There's a good chance that drummer RAY BAUDUC will bring his band into New York for a *Hotel Astor* date and also pencil a *Victor* recording contract. Ray, as any jazz fan should know by heart, was one of the mainstays of the original BOB CROSBY crew.

TEDDY POWELL, who has been out of the name band field for a little while, is planning to organize anew. And, he told your reporter, he's got some brand new ideas that should give his next outfit a really different twist.

RAYMOND SCOTT (remember his great CBS programs?) popped back into the news with his new orchestra—he's currently playing theaters from coast to coast in a bill starring ANDY RUSSELL and the PIED PIPERS. Did I ever let you in on the fact that Raymond is Hit Parader MARK WARNOW's brother?

HARRY COOL, former vocalist with the Dick Jurgens' ork and later star of the "Here's To Romance" program on CBS, recently formed his own band, making his debut as a maestro at the *Blackhawk* in Chicago.

HENRY BUSSE followed up his appearance at the *New York Strand* with a date at the *Biltmore*—first New York hotel spot for this orchestra in over five years.

DUKE ELLINGTON isn't busy enough with radio, recordings and the movies; the Duke is engaged at this moment in writing a number of ballets (set for performance in NYC this fall) as well as an opera based on American folk tales.

Reports from the grapevine say that HARRY JAMES finally bought himself a baseball team. In the music biz, it's well-known that the "Horn" would much rather play first base than take a cut with his trumpet at a new ballad.

You can ignore those rumors saying that some of the boys in WOODY HERMAN's band are leaving. They couldn't

be happier and why not? Woody only has the greatest white band of the year, as we have said before.

When LENA HORNE makes her next theater tour, you can be sure that GEORGIE AULD's band will play her accompaniment. La belle Lena was really sent out of the world with Auld's crew when she heard it play in New York.

Prediction for this issue: MEL TORME, the sensational young singer, who plays drums, writes music, and is signed to a lengthy *Warner Brothers* acting contract, will be next season's rave. Mel sang with CHICO MARX at one time but, more recently, has been recording for *Decca* with his own group, called the MEL-TONES. If you've heard his version of "A Stranger in Town," you'll know why he's picked here as a "can't miss".

DINAH SHORE, the gal with the velvet voice, has been approached by concert stage impresarios to do a series of long-hair engagements across the country. Instead of singing "I've Got Those Mad About Him Blues," Dinah would make with operatic excerpts.

Pianist MEL POWELL, who starred in the BENNY GOODMAN ork before taking over the keyboard in the GLENN MILLER Army Air Force Band, may build an orchestra of his own, when he's out of uniform. Another member of the Glenn Miller Army crew, drummer RAY MCKINLEY, also will go back to stick-waving when he sheds his uniform.

LIONEL HAMPTON had so much fun using strings in his last Carnegie Hall concert, that he's likely to stick a dozen or so fiddles in his band permanently.

One of the first items called for by promoters in Europe after V-E day was the juke-box. American jive has made an indelible impression overseas and the French, English and other continental



George Auld



Eileen Barton

cats just can't get enough of the hot beat.

EILEEN BARTON returned to the *New York Paramount* on June 6th for a clickeroo stage appearance. Last time Eileen appeared here it was as part of The Voice's act—now she's on her own and making good.

And here's the spotlighted hot platter classic for this issue: COUNT BASIE'S "Swinging the Blues," perhaps the most perfect example of the Count's Kansas City style. Executed with real spark, the platter has ensemble passages that cut almost anything ever done in the original

(Continued on page 55)



# Overnight Sensation!



★ "... my first fan letter ..." — M. C.

★ "... she's so different, some way, from other girl singers ... a very sweet voice." — S. S.

★ "... your voice broke a spell! I'd been under for ten weeks ..." — Lt. L. H. F., Jr.

★ "... you make a blue and dreary day sunny and bright!" — Pvt. M. R.

★ "... one of the finest vocal arrangements in many months!" — A. H. S., Jr.

That's what they said when they heard Victor's 'limited edition' record of Betty Jane Bonney singing "How Little We Know" and "Memphis In June" . . .

Wait till they hear this one! It's Betty Jane Bonney's first national release . . . and a starmaker!!

## Betty Jane Bonney

*Singing*

George Gershwin's **"THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME"**

*and*

Max Steiner's **"WHILE YOU'RE AWAY"**

(Record No. 20-1675)

### VICTOR RECORDS



(Above) The Prince of the Crooners, Dick Haymes and his lovely wife, Joanne, at home on their beautiful ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

# Croon

Dick, holding "Skipper", is starting early to educate his son in the music appreciation department.



**R**ICHARD HAYMES is a guy who eats three meals a day, looks it, and has as many fans as Frankie boy. Everybody loves Dick because he's a regular guy and what's more—a screwball!

Joanne (the wife beautiful) thanks the good Lord that her prince of a husband made good.

"And knowing Dick," said she with a twinkle in her eyes, "it had to be in a big way! Can you imagine what life would be like if we were still as broke as we were when we got married?"

"Richard is always doing such crazy wonderful things. Honestly, there were times when we hardly ate more than one meal a day. Yet, when my dreamboat would get some singing job, what would he do—go out and spend all the money he earned on an expensive bottle of perfume or a fancy do-dad for me. And I didn't have the heart to scold him. He's so darn sweet—always thinking of some nice thing to surprise me with—even on an empty stomach."

Dick is as unpredictable as California weather. The sure things about him are that he's an adoring father (of "Skipper", aged three, and Helen Lane, almost a year old), and a sensational singer.





Dick willingly obliges his fans with autographs during a personal appearance in the record shop of a New York store.

If Dick looks startled, it's because he was snapped midway across his swimming pool.

In true country gentleman fashion, Dick Haymes does outdoor chores with a smile.

by Shirlye Potash

# Prince

He was born a "mad character". Life with Father Haymes may not be serene, but you may be sure it will never be dull.

Dick usually does the wrong thing at the right time. Like the time he sent Joanne back home to visit her mother. Dick made the conductor promise to keep a watchful eye on Joanne.

"My wife doesn't know much about traveling," he told the conductor. The older man, looking into the boy's worried blue eyes, promised to take good care of her. The train pulled out of the station and the ticket collector started to collect the ducats. Joanne Haymes didn't have one. The solicitous Dick forgot to give her the ticket.

Dick received his schooling in France, Switzerland, Canada, New York and California. He speaks French, German, Spanish and Portuguese fluently.

When he was making "Irish Eyes Are Smiling", director Gregory Ratoff had a French refugee friend of his visiting the set. Speaking French, the friend and Gregory discussed the picture and finally got around to discussing the star—Dick within earshot. Ratoff,

*(Continued on page 64)*



In 20th Century-Fox's "Diamond Horseshoe", Dick Haymes is co-starred with Betty Grable, wife of his old boss, Harry James.



# Starduster



★ Hoagy Carmichael is a many-sided, vari-talented fellow. There's Carmichael the composer—author of "Stardust" and other classics. There's Hoagy, the original hepcat. There's Carmichael, the musician and friend of Bix; Carmichael, the singer and *NBC* radio star; Carmichael, the movie actor and author; Carmichael, the ex-lawyer, and amateur artist—all these go to make up the one and only Hoagy Carmichael.

People like Hoagy don't come along every chorus. His particular kind of genius isn't built by ballyhoo—it's born, nurtured and developed into a talent predestined to flourish in the highest places.

Curiously, though, Hoagy Carmichael was not born into artistic, literary, professional or even musical surroundings. He's an Indiana boy—a Hoosier who proved you don't have to be from New Orleans to get with it—and his family were railroad workers, carpenters, and electricians.

His mother was an amateur pianist, who sometimes played ragtime for student dances at the University of

Indiana, which Hoagy later attended. But he received no formal training in music, aside from what his mother taught him about the piano.

"I got my first taste of jazz from Reggie Duval, a colored boy, who played wonderful blues and ragtime," Hoagy recalls. "He had a beat, and was a great improviser. He showed me chord construction and the art of improvisation."

Carmichael had discovered the piano for himself some time before, in a fit of boyish temper. When rain spoiled a sandlot ball game in which he was playing, he wandered peevishly into the parlor and took out his spite on the piano, by banging the keys. Temper subsiding, he picked out the strains of "Indiana, Frangi-pana," which he heard chiming from the nearby University's student building tower.

His one-finger rendition of the tune gave him a thrill. He called in the family to hear, and they were duly astounded. From then on, the piano and music had Hoagy.

He hung around all the musicians in Bloomington



by Johnny Frazier



(Above) Lauren "the Look" Bacall joins Star-duster Carmichael at the piano in a scene from Warners' flicker, "To Have and Have Not".



(Above) "Hitch's Happy Harmonists", at the Gennett Studios on a recording date in the early 20's, when the boys waxed Hoagy's tune "Washboard Blues". Left to right are: Haskell Simpson, Maurice May, Harry Wright, Earl McDowell, Arnold Habbe, Hoagy Carmichael, leader Curt Hitch and Fred Rollison.

(Below) Hoagy Carmichael, maestro Paul Whiteman, and a Carmichael tune coming up on Hoagy's NBC show, "Something New."

(his birthplace and home town), listened to records by jazz bands like the Original Dixieland Band, and began organizing and playing in kid orchestras.

By the time he entered Indiana University to study law, Hoagy was making enough money with his music to pay his way through college. His band was the most popular college band on the campus.

"That was probably the craziest band ever organized," Hoagy reminisces. "The guys in it were all influenced by Bill Moenkhaus, a character's character who played bass with us sometimes. Bill was always thinking up some mad stunt."

Hoagy's band was known to the public as "Carmichael's Collegians." Personnel was Hoagy, piano and leader; Art Baker, trumpet; "Bridge" Abrams, sax and violin; Billy Little, banjo; Harold George, bass; Chet Decker, drums; and "Wad" Allen, C-melody sax.

The band introduced the "mad" element in several ways . . . on titles of tunes in the library, for example. Regular names of the tunes played were never used,

(Continued on page 57)



by Margaret Winter

# Rhymes and Rhythm

**P**LEASE," requested Sammy Kaye, "ask people to send me poems—poems they have written themselves. I need 'em for my program." Sammy talked about poetry from a spot that looked like a Florida beach—if you didn't look around too much.

There was the sand, there were the beach chairs, there were the bright umbrellas. There too was the sun—a New York City sun. Sammy Kaye, all done up in a maroon robe with slippers to match, sipping orange juice and eating crackers, was relaxing between shows on the roof of the Capitol Theatre.

"Everybody," said Sammy, "has at least one good poem in his heart. All he needs to do is to write it down. It will be recognized as honest poetry—perhaps even as a great poem."

Personal poems, representing the ideals and hopes of Americans, are what Sammy likes to read over the air on Sunday afternoons. He's been doing it for two years.

"How'd I happen to get started? That's another story," and Sammy laughed. "Everybody thought I was . . . well, 'crazy' was the mildest criticism offered."

His friends and advisors told him he was goofy to think of reading poetry on air time dedicated to "swing and sway". He would be getting in his own way they explained kindly, as if to a not-quite-bright child. The minutes people spent listening to poetry, they pointed out, were minutes when they might be listening to Kaye's sweet music if Kaye himself didn't prevent them from hearing it. Sammy, of course, went right ahead and read poetry.

"Now," grinned Sammy, "my friends are baffled. They can't understand why my program has clicked, poetry and everything."

"But," stated Sammy with emphasis, "I can. People need poetry just as they need music: (Continued on page 56)





SAMMY KAYE

AN ORIGINAL PAINTING—COURTESY OF RCA-VICTOR

# Swing King in the Spotlight



(Above) A smile from "The King" as, case in hand, he boards the bus. Mrs. Goodman also accompanied us but . . . and you'll hate us for this . . . we didn't get a good picture of her.



It's early afternoon on 52nd Street and Broadway in New York City, and Manager "Popsie" Randolph, the bus driver, and the musicians lend a hand in loading the bus. It's not easy getting all the instruments into that hole!



(Above) No bandboy was necessary when the band reached Lakehurst—the Navy took over on a masterful unloading job. And musicians always find friends no matter where they go—dig the royal reception that one of the men is getting!



No, Benny didn't take the trip alone but, when we stopped for refreshments, he lingered in the bus to read his copy of May **BAND LEADERS**. As you may recall, a feature in that issue covered his role in "Seven Lively Arts." Yes, BG liked it—also the rest of the book!





For over three years, Coca-Cola has been treating band world fans to the best in popular music, played by America's top bands, on their "Spotlight Band" program, now heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 9:30 to 10 p.m. EWT over Mutual. Most of the broadcasts originate in service camps, shipyards and war plants—helping tremendously in keeping up morale. We thought you'd like to know what goes on when a band is booked for a "coke" broadcast—so we asked our roving reporter, Dixon Gayer, to go with our photographer on a trip with King of Swing Benny Goodman and his new band to the Lakehurst Naval Station, Lakehurst, N.J., where they went to do a "Spotlight Band" broadcast. Here's their story—in pictures and prose!



(Above) The easiest way to learn is to watch an expert . . . at least that's what this sailor seems to think. Benny seems oblivious to his admirer's interested stare.



(Above) What's this? Vocalist Jane Harvey throws a lofty look at the cameraman during rehearsal. Maybe it's because he snapped her picture before she had changed into her formal! Benny laughs, but continues leading the band. (Jane has since left BG's orbit).

The brass section gives out with an ensemble chorus. Benny's new band is not composed of a few all-stars, it consists of a lot of top-flight musicians. Only "name" musician in the group below is "Trummie" Young, center tram-man, formerly with Barnet and Lunceford.

(Below) Inside the massive wooden auditorium, Popsie and musicians set up stands and instruments as BG and Teddy Wilson hold a two-man jam session.



# Swing King

(Right) Time for the sextet to rehearse. From here you can see BG, Red Norvo on the vibes, Teddy Wilson, Morey Feld on drums, and Slam Stewart on bass. The network engineers have brought in equipment from a nearby Army camp where they had a "Spotlight Band" broadcast the previous night and the announcer is busy testing the lines.



Commanding Officer Captain John M. Thornton pins wings on Benny, making him an honorary naval flier for the night. This took place a short time before the band went on the air. They wanted BG to make a speech, but he shyly declined.



Between rehearsal and actual performance, the boys in the band ate roast beef at the "Ship's Service" cafeteria. Here are a couple of the boys who discovered that the Navy is no longer restricted to men. One of the station's bluejackets is there to protect the local interests.

The show is finally on the air! Gil Newsome, the announcer, hotfoots it back to the engineer section while Benny and the band go to town. If you think the house is crowded, you should have seen all of the guys and gals behind the camera! Sorry, we didn't take pictures on our trip home—we couldn't wake up our trusty cameraman until we arrived in Manhattan early in the aye!





Johnny Miller, the bassman of that sensational jump group, the King Cole Trio.



# 3 Fly Right

by Tony Larue

ONCE upon a time, a buzzard took a monkey for a ride up in the sky. Up there in the clouds, the buzzard tried to dump his passenger off without benefit of parachute. But the monkey grabbed the double-crossing bird by the neck and said: "Look here, Jack, straighten up and fly right."

And thereby hangs another tale—the tale of Nat "King" Cole, the young man who set the story of the buzzard and monkey to music, and saw his tune zoom to a smash hit in the juke boxes of the nation.

King Cole had been "flying right," in the groove, for half a dozen years before national recognition became his. West Coast cats had been digging the solid jive of his trio and proclaiming it great but, outside California, the King Cole Trio was little known.

Then *Capitol Records* got him to wax "Straighten Up and Fly Right", and, bang, Nat Cole and his boys flew right into the spotlight as one of the nation's most popular small combinations.

"That record really made us," Nat said, recounting the inside story of the platter. "The story about the buzzard and the monkey is really an old fable they used to tell to the kids. In fact, one of my wife's relations once preached a sermon about it. So I took the idea and wrote it into a song."

The terrific success of the record justified the  
(Continued on page 65)



Nat "King" Cole of "Straighten Up" fame.



One of the pioneers of the King Cole Trio, Oscar Moore, who plays guitar for the combination.



"YOUNG MAN, DO YOU WANT TO MAKE  
A DEPOSIT OR WITHDRAWAL?"

# He has too got blood!

We asked our Hollywood Bandstander to make a personal check-up to see whether maestro Skinnay Ennis is the anemic type of character Bob Hope would have you believe. This is his confidential report.

**T**HAT character Bob Hope is a menace to the music business. He took Jerry Colonna, a top tram man, and made a comedian of him—he's got people laughing at Bing's clothes—and, worst of all, he's got everybody believing Skinnay Ennis is a walking skeleton.

Well, I don't care what Hope says—Skin has too got blood. He's as full of corpuscles as Hope is of gags.

The real Skinnay Ennis is very unlike the Hope version. Tall and good-looking, Skin has an athletic build that belies Bob's gag that you can't tell which is Skinnay and which is his baton.

I didn't have any trouble the day I called on him at NBC.

He was rehearsing the band behind Frances Langford and, when the tune was set, he came over to talk to me.

"How's the anemia?" I asked him.

"Gee, I've got TWO corpuscles, now," he answered.

Then we both laughed and Skinnay told me all about it.

"My nickname was just too tempting for the script writers. They're always looking for something they can hang a gag on. So it wasn't long after Bob's program started that they began building me up (tearing down's a better phrase, Skin!) into an anemic, skinny-looking character who was too weak to pick up a baton. The breathless style of singing I use fitted right in and helped put the idea over."

Skinnay, it should be said, gets as much kick out of the characterization as anybody. He went along with the gag from the start, and his apt playing of the "thin



The Bandstander and Skinnay Ennis, snapped during their get-together at Hollywood NBC studios. Who says who is anemic?





SKINNAY ENNIS

man's" role is what really made it click. But, the start of everything was on a golf course with Bob Hope, back in 1937.

"I had come west as drummer with Hal Kemp's band in 1937," Ennis recalled, "and was in a picture called 'College Swing.' When the band headed back east, I couldn't get away, and then I sort of stayed around, undecided whether to rejoin Kemp or not."

While trying to make up his mind, Skinnay was playing golf one day with Bob Hope, who at that time had not gained world-wide fame.

"Bob told me I'd be crazy to go back playing drums," Skinnay said. "He advised me to start my own band and make the break on my own. He said he might have a radio show soon and it would need a band."

So Skin got a band together, and landed a job at the *Victor Hugo* restaurant in Beverly Hills. When the band was only three months old, it was signed for the Bob Hope show.

Ever since, people have been thinking he is a beat-up band leader whose blood is as thick as water.

Skinnay's home town is Salisbury, North Carolina—a fact that is betrayed in his soft Southern speech. His alma mater is the University of North Carolina—the alma mater of Hal Kemp, with whom Skin roomed during his college days.

Ennis had been a kid drummer and instructor in the town drum and bugle corps before he went to college, so it was only natural that he should join up with Hal Kemp's college band. In it, too, were John Scott Trotter and Saxie Dowell, later band leaders in their own right.

Cheer leader at the college was Kay Kyser, who now has a little band, too.

"Hal's college band was strictly a non-reading band," Skinnay disclosed. "He used to play each man's part over and over until the guys learned them by heart. But it was a popular band and grossed as much money in college as it did after it became professional."

Skinnay was with Hal a dozen or so years, during and after college. Duplicating its success as a college outfit, the Kemp band played its way from college dates to national popularity.

Ennis hit the recording jackpot with his styling of "Got A Date With An Angel," sung in an intriguing, breathless manner. John Scott Trotter's arrangements set a distinctive style.

"John was one of the first to write orchestrations featuring the singer," Skinnay said. "Before you always heard the lead instrument, backing up the vocalist. But John treated the singer's voice as the lead instrument and wrote figures and backgrounds for the band that set off the vocal. Now, everybody does it."

The combination of talents in the Kemp band had brought it into the top ten, when Skinnay cut out to start his own outfit. Hal's death later, saddened everyone. Saxie Dowell got his own band. John Scott Trotter became Bing's musical director.

As they had been pals in the Kemp band, John and Skin now became

brothers-in-arms in a gag writers' conspiracy to get laughs at their expense. Crosby's writers made Trotter appear as weighing two ounces less than an elephant. Hope's writers used the other two ounces to describe Skin's weight.

Skinnay is amused, when he remembers Trotter's more sylphlike form in college days.

As for himself, he can prove he's got blood—Uncle Sam confirmed the fact! In 1943, Skinnay joined the Army, then organized and directed the Santa Anita (Calif.) Post Band, otherwise known as the 360th Army Service Forces Band.

His stay in the Army was the only time he has been off the Bob Hope show since it started.

Just following Bob Hope around takes more energy than the script writers give Ennis, too. Skin has traveled several hundred thousand miles with the Hope troupe, playing camp shows for the boys in service. The program hasn't been broadcast from a studio since shortly after our country was imperiled.

He's so busy he hasn't much chance to relax, but when he's at home he likes to dig in his garden. You gotta have strength for that, too.

Anyhow, if you still believe that what Bob Hope says is true, and you need more proof than this story, go see Skinnay for yourself. He's making a coast-to-coast theater tour this summer, and you'll see a guy who's got not only blood, but a swell band, and a personality that'll give you terrific kicks.

So Yah to you, Mr. Hope—you menace to the music business!



Lovely Martha Tilton seems happy in her work, during rehearsal in the CBS studios.



This is how our cameraman caught Martha at broadcast time—in the middle of a song.

## My Friend Martha

by Jill Warren

**W**RITEING a story about Martha Tilton is a real pleasure for me—not only is she one of my favorite singers, but she is also one of my closest friends. I know the story of her career very well because I was around when it first started.

Today Martha is a star in the truest sense of the word. She has contracts for movies, records and radio—she has been overseas to sing for the G.I.s—she receives thousands of requests for pin-up pictures—she signs autographs everywhere she goes. But Martha, as a person, hasn't changed one bit from the sweet and sincere girl she was when she earned the modest sum of forty dollars a week as an unknown band vocalist, ten years ago.

Though Martha was born in Corpus Christi, Texas, her family moved to Los Angeles when she was seven, so she always thinks of California as home.

I first met Martha just after she graduated from Fairfax High School in 1935. She was singing on a program over Radio Station KFAC in Los Angeles, her first professional job.

Martha had always sung for fun at home with her younger sister, Elizabeth, and had appeared at a few school functions, but she had never seriously considered a vocal career. One night at a party a radio musician, who was a friend of her father's, heard her

sing, and arranged an audition for her at KFAC. The next thing Martha knew she was on the air.

She had only been on the program a few weeks when Sid Lipman hired her as vocalist for his new band, which was to open at the world famous *Cocoanut Grove*. Martha made forty dollars a week, which seemed like a huge sum to her at the time. Little did she know then that, a few years later, she would be one of the highest paid band singers in America!

When Lipman closed at the *Grove*, Martha joined Hal Grayson's orchestra, and went on the road for the first time. She was only seventeen, so her mother traveled with her. Martha and I corresponded regularly and she wrote me all about her job, the people she met, etc.

I'll never forget how surprised I was when I received a letter from Seattle, telling me she had eloped with a young Canadian boy named Dave Thomas. She said her mother was very upset about it. Mrs. Tilton thought Martha was much too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage, especially while traveling with a band. But Martha convinced her mother she could make a go of it, and talked her out of having the marriage annulled.

For a few weeks Martha's letters were filled with her happiness, but gradually I sensed something was





## MARTHA TILTON

wrong, and she finally wrote me that she and Dave had separated. And, in the same letter, she told me she was going to have a baby. I felt that there would be a reconciliation because of the baby, but there wasn't. Martha's romance had been one of those whirlwind affairs, and it just wasn't destined to work out.

In the meantime, the Grayson band was playing in San Francisco and doing very well. Martha told Hal about the baby, and he said she could keep working as long as she felt she could, and that he would give her her job back after the baby was born. Martha continued with the band for four months, and then came home to Los Angeles. She had a little boy, and named him Gerald.

After Martha was up and around, she began to think

about singing again. She didn't want to go back with Grayson because his band was going to Honolulu and she didn't want to leave Jerry when he was so young. So she decided that, rather than look for a band job, she would try to get into radio.

She auditioned with a male trio, and her voice blended so well that they hired her. The name of the group was "Three Hits And A Miss". They worked on several programs and were about the best quartet in Hollywood at that time.

Martha was very band conscious, and we constantly listened to records. Our favorite band at that time was Benny Goodman's, and our favorite singer was Helen Ward, Goodman's vocalist. Benny had just

*(Continued on page 58)*



# BASIE'S BAFFLED

To play or not to play swing organ, that is the question which has the Count baffled. Maybe you can help him reach a decision!

by Jean Wilcox

**C**OUNT Basie is trying to make up his mind. He figures it this way, ponders it that way, weighs the pros and cons—and he still can't decide whether he should add swing organ to his platform performance.

When Basie plays piano, that's great entertainment. If he adds an organ to the act, that will be big news. And Basie is trying to decide whether to stick to routine show business or break into the news columns.

"I'm thinking about it," he mutters, and wrinkles his brow.

On the "pro" side of the organ argument is the fact that the Count *can* play swing organ. It is said that the only other man ever able to do it was the late "Fats" Waller, who taught the Count much about that difficult art.

Going 'way back to the beginning, Count Basie reports that he learned organ at the same time he learned



piano. His mother, Mrs. Lillian Basie, knew both keyboards—and she taught her son, William “Bill” Basie, what she knew.

“She wasn’t a professional musician,” relates the Count. “She played for her own relaxation, to entertain her friends, and for her church in Red Bank, N.J.”

The Count, therefore, learned organ with a church background, an association which contributes to his hesitation as of today. Naturally his mother taught him straight organ—not the swing or showshop variety.

His piano instruction was also a straight job. The Count, however, varied that style to suit his personality—and the result has been top-rank billing in fan, radio and magazine polls for the past several years.

On the “for organ” side of the present dilemma is the fact that Count Basie *has* played that instrument for entertainment purposes in the past, supplying music in a movie house.

“When I first started in the band business” he reminisces, “vaudeville was going strong. I worked for two years getting a start, first with Sonny Thompson, and then with Zonzalle White, on the Keith Circuit.

“I was with the White unit when he hit Kansas City. I got sick there and landed in a hospital. Naturally the show couldn’t hang around waiting for me, so they went on and I stayed in the hospital until I was well again.

“I liked the town and looked around for something to do that would keep me there. Eventually, I got a job playing organ in the *Eblon Theatre*.”

That was in the days of the silent cinema and the music matched the movie. Although by no means operating a hot organ, the Count certainly provided variety. He made soft music for love scenes, dance rhythm for ballroom shots, and galloping music for when the cavalry arrived in time to save the beleaguered garrison. He also played sinister music, to warn the heroine when the no-good cad with too much moola was about to do her w-r-o-n-g!

It was during this Kansas City period of Basie’s musical training that he met “Fats” Waller and studied swing organ under his expert guidance. “Fats,” however, was also a pianist, and eventually the Count concentrated on piano.

“I just couldn’t seem to forget the organ though,” the Count recalls. “Even after I left the *Eblon* and went on the road with Benny Morton’s great orchestra, I used to come back now and then to take a short job at the *Eblon*—just to play organ again.”

The years passed. In 1935, Count Basie organized under his own name, sitting at one side of his combination and quietly building up a colossal reputation as a pianist. Swing organ was off the list as far as he was concerned.

Then, about six months ago, after years of restricting himself to piano, the Count finally gave in to his suppressed desire—he installed a Hammond organ in his New York City apartment. Since then he’s been enjoying himself and so have the neighbors!

Those citizens lucky enough to live near the Count have been treated to spontaneous organ and blues festivals—if they’ve been up early or late enough. During the Basie run at the *Lincoln Hotel* and *Roxy Theater* in New York, Count Basie and Jimmy (“Mr. Five by Five”) Rushing, frequently went home to Harlem at three o’clock in the morning to indulge in private harmony sessions.

“Man, that was *really* something!” commented one

privileged observer, rolling his eyes in awe-struck admiration. When members of Basie’s personal and business staff heard about these musicales, they too trekked north to listen. One session—and the pressure began. They wanted swing organ in the band.

“It’s extra work,” groans the Count.

“It’s different work, too. The technique is different. When you lift your finger from the key on an organ, the music is cut off like with a knife. Also, you have to do a little tap dance with your feet.”

Portable organs are available, so, if the Count’s advisors have their way, audiences will soon be hearing the greatest living jazz pianist demonstrate how the pompous organ may be adapted to swing music.

“I don’t know what to do!” moans the Count, shaking his head in indecision. That, as far as can be learned, is the only reason there’s been no organ in the Basie band up to now.

Incidentally, Count Basie isn’t sure why he’s called “Count.”

“It started out there in K.C.,” he asserts. “A radio announcer of station WHB first gave me that name . . . I don’t know why. I’m not particularly dressy. I hope I’m not sloppy—I’d hate to be called “Basie the Bum”—but my clothes aren’t anything extra fancy. However, the name stuck. As it was catchy, and as people were using it anyway, I decided to use it for a band name. ‘Count’ I have been ever since.”

The Count’s daughter, “going on two,” is known among the Count’s friends as “Duchess”—in keeping with title tradition.

In all this excited discussion over whether the Count should feature piano or organ or both, the snapper is that originally he didn’t want to play either one.

“I really wanted to be drummer,” he told your **BAND LEADERS’** reporter. “I tried, too. But Sonny Greer (also from Red Bank) got there first. When we played together, he got all the applause—and all the solos. So I switched to piano.”

In an effort to help the Count resolve this all pressing problem we approached two outstanding pianists and told them about the Basie dilemma.

Art Tatum, “That Man” at the piano said, “Basie at the organ is really something! Anyone else I’d have to think again. Tell him I said go ahead and add that organ to your band.”

The next person we approached has known the Count “from way back when—and still thinks he’s terrific.” Mary Lou Williams ought to know—she’s considered tops on piano and arranging by Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman and Andy Kirk.

“Listen,” said Mary Lou after we told her about **BAND LEADERS’** interview with Basie, “I’ve been listening to the Count play organ since the Kansas City days. He’s every bit the equal of the late Fats Waller. Why, when he played at the *Eblon Theatre*, people used to sit around all night long and listen to him.” My face must have registered scepticism. Mary repeated, “Yes, all night long. After the regular show was over, the musicians and other people who couldn’t get down there during the day used to drop in at 11:30 p.m.—and the Count really beat out that organ. Sure, tell the Count to add that swing organ. It would not only make publicity—it would make a sensational addition to his band.”

O.K. Count—it looks like the wheels are rolling—where are you going to put the organ?

Presenting the first in a series of articles on the platter jockeys of America—those honey-voiced radio personalities who bring you platters, chatter and commercials. In this issue we introduce you to the leading disc jockeys heard around New York City.



WHN's jovial, singing platter jockey DICK GILBERT interviews a fellow singer, maestro Vaughn Monroe, during a program.

JERRY LAWRENCE



BARRY GRAY



MAN COURTNEY



WARREN  
TERRY BONES



STEVE ELLIS



ART FORD, on the air with his "Milkman's Matinee" over WNEW. Note turntables, record files, script, mikes and telephone—standard equipment used on a platter jockey program.







STAN SHAW



SID TORN



PEGGY LLOYD



MAURICE HART



MARTIN BLOCK gets ready to spin another tune in his "Make Believe Ballroom" at WNEW.

# Platters, Chatter and Commercials

## By Dixon Gayer

There was once printed a beautifully satiristic sketch of a fictional "disc jockey" whose voice was so persuasive that people couldn't resist his purring commands. When his dulcet tones wafted from their loud speakers urging his public to rush immediately to the nearest druggist and buy a sixty-three cent bottle of Blotto Vitamin Pills, druggists were trampled to death as listeners rushed to buy Blotto.

So phenomenal was the voice of the disc jockey that, by the process of playing a phonograph record and then throbbing the virtues of any one of an assortment of commercial products before releasing another disc, he became enormously wealthy . . . so wealthy, in fact, that he finally gave up his record show and made only transcriptions of his voice to be played as commercials on other record programs.

That was his great mistake! Every morning he would transcribe his commercials for the day and, after completing his work, retire to his home to rest. Having nothing else to do, the retired disc jockey took to listening to record shows to pass the time away.

But . . . alas . . . even he was not

immune! When his own silken voice (transcribed) extolled the virtues of Blotto Vitamin Pills, he would grab fistfuls of money and dash to his druggist to buy the tablets which his voice (transcribed) recommended. He bought feather beds, refrigerators, rowing machines, automobiles, soap, coffee . . . everything which he advertised (transcribed).

Needless to say, the silken voiced ex-disc jockey was driven frantic by the constantly impelling urge to buy . . . buy . . . buy! He died at an early age, a mere shell of his former self, his vast fortune completely eaten away by his constant purchases of Blotto, Little Gem, Zing, Tasty-Mint, Kicki-Cola and everything else which he advertised!

I don't ask you to believe this morbid little piece of fiction, but it comes frighteningly close to being true. In New York City alone there are at least a dozen personable disc jockey voices which are so persuasive as to make virtual slaves of their listeners.

Without even a glance at their hero's face, listeners will take his word that Slimo will make them lose ten pounds in a week, that Peppo is the finest breakfast food on the market and that he personally couldn't put on his show without his

morning bowlful, that . . . well, that almost anything he says is true.

Probably the most demanding voice on the air today is that of dapper (both personally and vocally) MARTIN BLOCK, who for the past nine (almost ten) years has presided over the recorded bands which play from his whirling bandstand daily from 10:00 to 11:30 a.m. and 5:35 to 7:30 p.m., six days a week, on WNEW's "Make Believe Ballroom" (all times given are Eastern War Time).

Close on the heels of Block are a cluster of capable, personable disc jockeys who attract almost as many listeners and almost as many sponsors. There is, for instance, crooning DICK GILBERT, who is on WHN five days a week from 2 to 3 p.m., from 5 to 6 p.m., and from 9 to 10 p.m. ALAN COURTNEY holds sway at "WOV for Victory" from 7:30 to 10 p.m. with his "1280 Club."

JERRY LAWRENCE has two hours of his Air Theatre from 12 to 1 p.m. and from 8 to 9 p.m. on WMCA; STEVE ELLIS 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. on WMCA six days a week with the "Music Box;" MAURICE HART on WNEW six days a week from 2 to 4 p.m. with his "Music Hall;" and SYMPHONY SID on WWRL

(Continued on page 60)





# Candid Close-ups!



(Above) With a hi-de-hi and a ho-de-ho, Cab Calloway and glamorous Maggi McNellis shared a hearty bit of humor when Cab guested on Maggi's show on Station WFAF, "Maggi's Private Wire."



(Above) Bob Robertson, piano stylist formerly featured with Cab Calloway, entertains fellow patients at a General Hospital in France. Bob recently took first prize in an armed forces talent contest.



(Above) Andy Russell went back to his first love—drumming—when Gene Krupa visited him on his ABC Blue net show.



(Left) Danny O'Neill, CBS tenor, looks like the stuff that stars are made of, if that crowd of autograph seekers is any indication—and it certainly is!





(Above) The combined charms of maestro Jimmy Dorsey, and his magic saxophone are good entertainment for nineteen of the Navy's WAVES. Jimmy gave a special show for the girls at Hunter College in NYC where they're stationed.

(Below) Well-known and liked at the Stage Door Canteen and other spots around New York City and vicinity is the music of the Sherwin Twins' band. Al is at the bass; his clarinetist brother, Lou, at the mike.



(Right) Meeting of a newcomer and an old-timer. Joan Brooks interviews Guy Lombardo to gather material for her CBS musical program "salute" feature. Joan caught Guy at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City just before he and his band left for a coast-to-coast tour.



(Above) The Crosby family gangs up on our Frankie on a "Command Performance" broadcast for the armed forces. Left to right: Philip and Gary Crosby, Peggy Ann Garner, Lindsay Crosby, Elizabeth Taylor, Maggie O'Brien, Roddy McDowell, Dennis Crosby and, still holding his own, Frank Sinatra.

(Below) With screen stars Yvonne DeCarlo and Julie Gibson, Benny Goodman visits Mayor LaGuardia of NYC to present to him the first ticket for the Major Glenn Miller Bond Show at the Paramount Theatre.





(Above and left) BILLY ECKSTINE, sometimes called the "Sepia Sinatra".



Band leader Georgie Auld sure enjoyed that joke that Billy just told him!





In addition to his smooth singing, versatile Billy can play a plenty mean trumpet, too. Here he's in action with his hot, jumping band.

# Sepia Sensation

by Jim McCarthy



(Above) The talented singing maestro poses with his famous friend, lovely Lena Horne.

**W**HEN Billy Eckstine made his debut as a band leader in the summer of 1944 he was known as the "Sepia Sinatra", for his singing does to the females of the colored race what Frank Sinatra's does to his bobby sox brigade. Even Billy's most ardent admirers never dreamed he would blossom forth with a band that would in rapid fashion stand out as a definite threat to the top swing bands in the business, but that's just what the handsome sepia songster proceeded to do.

Billy first came into the limelight a number of years ago through his vocalizing with Earl Hines' orchestra. Recordings with "Fatha" Hines for *Victor-Bluebird* amassed legions of fans for Billy from coast-to-coast. It was Eckstine who composed the famous "Jelly Jelly" and "Stormy Monday Blues", which gained juke-box fame via his vocal renditions. But it was a ballad, Hoagy Carmichael's lovely "Skylark", that skyrocketed Billy to his place in the musical sun. His recording of "Skylark" definitely made Billy a star personality on his own.

One day the music trade suddenly took stock of Billy Eckstine and asked how come he hadn't gone out on his own. His personal following while he was

singing with "Fatha" Hines far exceeded the popularity of many established big-time artists. Billy finally went out as a singing single a year and a half ago, and registered instantaneous success in theaters, night clubs and other personal appearances.

With five years of singing for Earl Hines' band under his belt, Eckstine felt that he had enough knowledge of the whys and wherefores of baton-wielding to pilot a crew of his own. The William Morris Agency promptly signed Billy and backed him in the formation of his new orchestra.

The critics and hepcats figured that, since Billy was an established personality as a singer, his band would merely be secondary to his voice. But as it turned out, Billy had organized a group that could jump and jive at a furious pace, as well as supply a solid background for the maestro's singing.

Billy's good friend and fellow leader, Count Basie, helped him immensely by loaning him many of the famous Basie jump arrangements as well as the services of the Basie arranging staff. And Billy's box office potency was proven forcibly on his first theater dates with his new aggregation, when he broke house records in Detroit and Chicago. (Continued on page 54)

# THE WALTZ KING RETURNS

**O**NE of the band world's busiest men this summer is Wayne King, recently given an honorable discharge from the Army. Wayne and his band are starred on the new NBC Lucky Strike variety program—summer replacement for the Jack Benny show. And on top of this program, with its many split-second timed rehearsals, Wayne is leading his new band nightly at the *Edgewater Beach Hotel* in Chicago.

Wayne is proud to have been in uniform, but he doesn't have much comment to make on his three-year Army career. However, Wayne is ready to talk about his time-proved ideas in music—any time!

Have no fear. The Waltz King isn't going to change his style from the smooth, restful music he's always been noted for . . . danceable, but "unobtrusive" music.

Chatting with him in the Chicago NBC studios, I asked Wayne what he meant by the unfamiliar term "unobtrusive" music.

"Unobtrusive music," he advised me, "is a melodic vehicle in which people may dream about the things they desire most of all, or read a book, or fall asleep. If they can do that, I'm happy. For this new radio show, I'm working on the philosophy that people are at home, and that they want to stay home and be entertained with something worthwhile.

"I try to give my radio listeners music which will satisfy them, music which will keep them from saying, 'We ought to go out someplace.' I think the music they want is the kind which will enable them to relax with a 'happy' feeling. I'm sure they want no musical intrusion on their thoughts."

While Wayne built much of his reputation on the

sheer melodic beauty of his modulated waltzes, he is well able to balance his waltzes with a round of tunes in faster tempo. Remember that Wayne wrote the lilting "Josephine", "Annabelle", "Baby Shoes", and "Cornsilk," as well as his theme, "The Waltz You Saved For Me" For dance engagements, he always has used tunes orchestrated faster than those he plays over the air. He has both a "dance" and a "music" library.

Born in Savanna, Illinois, on February 18, 1901, Wayne became a business man at the age of seven, when he delivered papers in El Paso, Texas. Wayne was going to grammar school, but at eight he found employment in a nearby garage as a wash boy. It wasn't until Wayne turned sixteen that he secured a better spare-time job—swinging a sledge hammer in the railroad yards. Wayne saved his money, didn't have too much fun. With his earnings, he joined his father at Clinton, Missouri, and began his musical climb to fame.

Wayne was a senior in high school when his father gave him a clarinet for a birthday present, and he learned to play the instrument through a book of instructions (correspondence schools, please note!). At Valparaiso University in Indiana, the Waltz King earned his expenses by waiting on tables and by playing the clarinet in a dance band.

Although sports-loving Wayne won letters in both football and basketball, he left college at the end of his second year to join a Chicago insurance company at \$18.00 a week. Part of Wayne's salary soon went for a down payment on a saxophone.

He learned to master the sax by practicing and

Executives and artist get together. Jules Herbueaux and Arthur Jacobson of NBC talking over music for the air show with Wayne King.



The Waltz King, with his famous saxophone, fronts the sax-clarinet section and swings out in his renowned sweet waltz style during a rehearsal.





by Terry Donnally



(Above) Wayne King, in a pensive mood, undoubtedly dreaming up plans for some "unobtrusive" music for the pleasure of his radio audience.



Dolores Gray, beautiful featured vocalist with Wayne's orchestra on the NBC Lucky Strike show.

studying nights in his Y.M.C.A. room in Chicago . . . other residents were grateful that he stuffed a rag into the bell of the instrument. After a heavy schedule of working days and practicing nights, Wayne got his first steady orchestra job with Del Lampe at Chicago's famed *Trianon Ballroom*, on the south side of the city.

In 1927, shortly after Chicago's *Aragon Ballroom* opened, *Aragon-Trianon* owner William Karzas engaged Wayne to play at his finely-appointed north side ballroom. Although Wayne was an instant hit with *Aragon's* crowds of dance lovers, he changed his style four times, finally perfecting his famous "Waltz King" style.

Wayne married the lovely young motion picture star, Dorothy Janis, in 1932. They live in Kenilworth, Illinois, and have two children: a daughter, Penny, eleven; and nine-year-old Wayne, Jr.

For nine years, *Aragon* and "Wayne King" were synonymous in the minds of Chicago dancers and radio

listeners the country over. Wayne took his vacation each year, of course, but otherwise he was the only band leader known to the *Aragon* customers.

Wayne didn't move out of Chicago until 1936, when he found dancers all over the country anxious to meet him in person. He played at the renowned *Coconut Grove* in Los Angeles, at the *Mark Hopkins Hotel* in San Francisco, at the *Roosevelt Hotel* in New York, and brought in record crowds at theaters and other big spots from coast to coast. When he returned to Chicago for an engagement at the *Drake Hotel*, he received a tremendous ovation.

The Waltz King retains his liking for football . . . but be careful if you ever sit beside him at a game! Dick Hill, genial manager of the *Aragon Ballroom*, told us one night, "I went to a game with Wayne once, and had to keep changing my seat from one side of him to the other all through the game. He gets so excited he

(Continued on page 66)



# Quick Comeback

by Don Terrio

**W**HEN Ted Weems played a Coca-Cola "Spotlight Bands" radio show at Bunker Hill (Ind.) Naval Air Base recently, the Navy men were obviously surprised. Just the night before, they had seen Ted wearing his Merchant Marine uniform in the Warner Brothers' "What Is a Military Band", a movie short! Most of them had no idea that Ted was again a civilian.

Ted has only been out of uniform a few months . . . and aboard American ships from the coast of Normandy to the Philippines, hundreds of Merchant Marine officers are following the success of his new band. Many of them grew to know Ted well when he was leading the band at the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Basic School at San Mateo, California.

"San Mateo calling Mr. Weems," said the telephone operator at the *Roosevelt Hotel*, New Orleans, where Ted was playing, one day in the fall of 1942. The commanding officer of the Merchant Marine cadet school was on the phone, and he had a problem. Many of the young cadets were homesick and lonely . . . they needed something to give them a lift. Perhaps Ted and his music could do the job?

Would Ted help out? You bet he would! Ted talked to his side-men and five of them went along with him to join the Merchant Marine as enlisted men.

With his own men as a nucleus, Ted soon built up a cadet band. They played popular music for shows,

dances, and during the lunch hour . . . then, on Saturdays, became a military band for inspections. And, as might have been expected, they were highly successful in chasing away the blues—in fact, they even helped recruit new cadets!

Ted says he liked the assignment more than any job he's ever had, because making people feel better gives you that "glad" feeling inside which money can't buy. "The cadet school became a real home, as well as a training base, to the hundreds of boys enrolled there," he's glad to report.

When the men in the band had "spare" time, they didn't exactly rest. Attached to "administrative duty," they worked in the ship's store, garage, laundry, boat dock, offices, mess hall and carpenter shop. Ted himself had charge of housing for officer personnel, and the job of running the movies the cadets had each week.

The Cadet Corps built up a backlog of men; enlistments were cut and training lengthened. With the longer training program, greater recreational facilities were needed . . . so Ted and his men set up expanded programs in basketball, baseball, swimming and other activities. Ted came out as a lieutenant (j. g.), when his assignment was completed late in 1944.

Once again a civilian, Ted sent out a call for sidemen in the Los Angeles area and, after a series of strenuous rehearsals, the new Ted Weems band opened at the *St. Francis Hotel* in San Francisco. Then came



high acclaim, and an extended engagement at the swank Boulevard Room of the *Stevens Hotel*, world's largest hotel, in Chicago.

"My 'readjustment' to civilian life wasn't too difficult," Ted says, "for I was able to keep up with the current tunes and of course I didn't get 'rusty'—in fact, I played a lot more in uniform than I ever thought of doing as a civilian!" Smiling and genial, as always, Ted doesn't play while on the stand—he devotes his time to "fronting" the band.

Ted believes that when the boys in uniform all return, bands will be far above anything we've known in the past. "They'll be a solid combination of sweet and hot, without too much sugar on one side or wild swing on the other," he says. "The accent will be on individual performers backed up with smooth orchestrations."

And Ted's new band is true to his theory. It features the old Weems combination of four brass, four sax and three rhythm instruments (drums, piano, and bass), starring new men and equipped to play sweet or swing.

As this goes to press, vocals are handled by Mary Lee and Johnny Russell. Hot trumpet player is Russ Bodine, a big hit on Ted's recent tour of Army camps. Jimmy Simonin is still with Ted at the piano, while twenty-three-year-old former Seattle Symphony member, Tiny Martin, who weighs 300 pounds, is at the bass. Tiny is just about the only musician in the business who is able to play his doghouse in violin fashion—holding the big bass viol under his chin!

Born in Pitcairn, Pennsylvania, on September 26,

1903, Ted Weems has been in the band business for twenty-one years. His musical career started out with a pony—that is, his desire for a pony took him for a long and profitable band ride . . . he never actually got the pony. It seems that Ted wanted a pony when he was in grammar school, and entered every contest that gave one as a prize—no matter who the sponsor happened to be.

Once a bluing company offered three ponies as prizes—so Ted dumped thirty cases of bluing on his indulgent but suffering relatives. The contest didn't pay off in a pony, but it did in a violin—fourth prize. "Well, you've got it," said Papa Weems, "and now you're going to learn to play it. You start taking lessons tomorrow!"

Ted took the violin lessons, but he also picked up a liking for the trumpet. After he finished high school, he and his brother Art (now a booking agent) joined the "Mason Dixon Seven," as the "Million Dollar Twins." Today, Ted freely admits, "We weren't twins, and I know darn well we didn't have a million!"

After three years at the University of Pennsylvania, where he worked his way by playing in campus bands, Ted joined his brother in forming a band. They began life as bandsmen at the *Trianon Ballroom*, Newark, N.J. . . . Ted abandoning the violin and switching to trombone. When Art left the band, Ted went ahead on his own.

While Cab Calloway lays claim to creation of the word "jitterbug," Ted has "swing it" as his baby. After Ted wrote a jive tune called "Jig Time," he didn't quite

(Continued on page 66)



The Weems band boarding a bus which took them to Vaughn General Military Hospital for a special performance. That's Ted, third from the left.



This nice eye-ful and ear-ful is Mary Lee, vocalist with Ted Weems' band.

# A treat for the rest fleet



**T**HE pictures herewith were taken at various spots in the Pacific area, where Chief Musician Claude Thornhill and his all-Navy show have been touring for the past several months. The Unit, besides Claude and his band, includes Dennis Day (of the Jack Benny program), Jackie Cooper (the motion picture actor), ventriloquist Tommy Riggs (with his imaginary Betty Lou), and the Graziano Brothers (well-known dancing comedians). The show is produced and directed by Leonard Vannerson, who in civilian life managed the Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman bands.

Thornhill's group is the only all-Navy show at the present time—all other touring units are under the direction of the Army or U.S.O. Every member of the Thornhill unit is an enlisted man, with the exception of Ensign Dennis Day. Claude enlisted in the Navy as an apprentice seaman in October, 1942.

Claude's show is designed to entertain aboard ships and at smaller bases, not usually contacted by the U.S.O.

**BAND LEADERS** salutes Chief Musician Claude Thornhill, who gave up his great civilian band to enter the Navy and serve his country. We'll be seeing you, Claude!

(Left) Chief Musician **CLAUDE THORNHILL** in action.







(Above) Noted tenor, Ensign Dennis Day, helps keep the G.I.'s in the Pacific happy, as he gives out with a song.



(Above) No greasepaint and glamour for Jackie Cooper now. He's pounding the hides for Thornhill's Navy Band.



Ventriloquist Tommy Riggs and his imaginary Betty Lou take over. He's good, judging from the audience's faces!

## Pictures of the only U.S. All-Navy Show

Admiral Chester Nimitz and Chief Musician Claude Thornhill, snapped together somewhere in the Pacific, after one of Thornhill's All-Navy outdoor shows.

(Below) Accordionist Mort Abrams, at the mike on the stage, gets a big hand.







Lawrence Brown, Rex Stewart, Al Sears and Harry Carney in a jam session at Capitol, waxing hot jazz.



Perry Como, Russ Case and Betty Jane Bonney listening to a playback in the Victor studio at the N.Y. Lotos Club.

Charlie Spivak and Jimmy Saunders are a wonderful team. Doesn't Jimmy look like a natural for "Santa Lucia?"



A hot session at Columbia resulted in two super Les Brown recordings—"I'll Always Be With You," and "Tain't Me."



## by Cliff Starr and Dave Fayre

**In a romantic mood:** Cause of the COMO-tion? Why it's just the lead-off record in the romance department's lead-off paragraph . . . Perry Como's latest coupling with RUSS CASE's hip and suave studio band. Perry swings out, romance combines with rhythm, on "I'm Gonna Love That Gal (Like She's Never Been Loved Before)." El Como turns his mellow pipes towards the beat section of the band and convinces the most wary listener that he's a topnotch singer, beat or sweet. "If I Loved You" is the hypothetical plattermate title, monicker for a good tune (on Victor). . . .

While you won't hear it on juke boxes (due to the fact that it's a twelve incher), there's five minutes of solid listening enjoyment waiting for you in FRANK SINATRA's "Ol' Man River." This is a slight departure from the usual love songs that Frankie croons, but it's beautiful nevertheless. The combination of Frankie's voice, Axel Stordahl's fine orchestra, and a light classical selection makes this a "must" for your collection. The reverse side is "Stormy Weather" . . .

CROSBY comes around on Decca with "June Comes Around Every Year" and "Out Of This World," both from the flicker of the last title. Bing still rings the bell and JOHN SCOTT TROTTER still supplies full-voiced capable accompaniment . . .

"My First, My Last, My Only" was written especially for ANDY RUSSELL, and with PAUL WESTON's orchestra supplying a beguine-like background, Andy does a fine job on the lyrics, both in English and Spanish. The plattermate is "And There You Are" and it's a Capitol job . . .

PHIL BRITO has that certain personality flash in his voice as he sings

"You're Not Fooling Anyone But Yourself" and "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight," on a new Musicraft platter. . . .

DICK HAYMES sounds terrific with the ANDREWS SISTERS on "Great Day" and "Smile, Smile, Smile" out Decca way. VIC SCHOEN's band is swell in the background . . .

HARRY JAMES and his orchestra do the ballad "If I Loved You," from the hit show "Carousel," with Buddy di Vito supplying the vocals. Kitty Kallen goes to town on "Oh Brother," the flipover on this Columbia record.

CHARLIE SPIVAK knits a pretty one on his coupling of "Santa Lucia" and "Can't You Read Between The Lines" for Victor. JIMMY SAUNDERS' voice and Chuck's trumpet give the disc its charm . . .

FRANKIE CARLE tinkles his way through "Missouri Waltz" and "Counting The Days" for Columbia, and makes both sound a bit special. PAUL ALLEN sings the melody line to the ballad . . .

The DINNING SISTERS form the best sister act on the market for our money. Their Capitol album is definitely good. The tunes are old hat, but the hat has the brightest new trimmings we've ever heard. Especially recommended is their version of "The Way You Look Tonight" . . .

KAY KYSER's "Can't You Read Between The Lines" is a good Columbia disk, a perfect vehicle for the voice of DOLLY MITCHELL, ex-Stan Kenton singer now with Kay. "Bell Bottom Trousers" backs the platter, with Ferdy, Slim and quartet giving a novelty effect to the vocals. . . .

"Good, Good, Good (That's You, That's You)" is the enthusiastic title of one of cartoonist XAVIER CUGAT's latest platters. If Columbia



# WAXING WISE



realizes just how "good, good, good" this record is. they must have a million copies in the shipping department. It's Cugie's best in years and DEL CAMPO's vocal is sensational. "Toca-Tu Samba" is the okay samba backing . . .

And while we're on the Latin-American kick, CARMEN MIRANDA sings "Tico Tico" and "Upa Upa" on Decca (recorded in Walla Walla perhaps?) . . .

BETTY JANE BONNEY has done four for Victor and they're all fresh and good: "How Little We Know" with "Memphis In June" and "They Can't Take That Away From Me" with "While You're Away." Both records by the ex-Les Brown-Frankie Carle band singer are above par. . . .

WAYNE KING returns back to Victor from the Army and waltzes through "My Mother's Waltz" and "Remember When," for his first disc since reorganizing his civvy band . . .

And VAUGHN MONROE vocals through "So-o-o-o In Love" and "All At Once" for Victor. ROSEMARY CALVIN aids and abets vocally on the first tune. It's a hit! . . .

DeLuxe has an unusual release in their recording of "The Blonde Sailor" as waxed by TED MARTIN and the AIRLANE TRIO. Unusual because this is an old melody that's now being revived with new and timely lyrics, and is enjoying a renewed popularity. On the back is "My Dreamland For Two".

**In a swing groove:** GENE KRUPA has turned out a solid pair: "Leave Us Leap" and "Dark Eyes," for Columbia. "Leave Us Leap" features the entire band, now sans strings, and "Dark Eyes" has the Krupa trio (88er Teddy Napoleon, drummer Krupa,

and tenor sax Charlie Ventura) in the spotlight. It's good to hear the Krupa band back in form again, and especially great to hear Gene take a solo on the skins! . . .

BENNY GOODMAN and his orchestra have come up with a new Columbia record that's a clickeroo. It's "Gotta Be This Or That"—taking up both sides of the platter, with a BG vocal featured on the A side, and the trio (Goodman, Wilson and Feld) highlighted on the backing. . . .

LES BROWN is becoming one of the nation's foremost band leaders. His latest, "Tain't Me", is more evidence of the band's worth. The coupling is "I'll Always Be With You", a competently played ballad. Gorgeous DORIS DAY sings the vocals on this Columbia disk. . . .

WOODY HERMAN is in a raucous mood on "Apple Honey," his first swing instrumental for Columbia. "Out Of This World" is the coupling and is okay, with FRANCES WAYNE singing . . .

Jive disc history is made with Victor's release of the Double Feature disk featuring DUKE ELLINGTON with TOMMY DORSEY and his ork playing "The Minor Goes Muggin'" and TOMMY DORSEY with DUKE ELLINGTON and his ork doing "Tonight I Shall Sleep (With A Smile On My Face)." Each leader performs at top form—you'll really enjoy Tommy's trombone solo on the latter side, as well as the Duke's capable ivory work on the former. Don't miss it! . . .

ARTIE SHAW stirs up a fresh storm on "Little Jazz" and an interesting calm on "September Song," for Victor. This is the renovated Shaw band at its best, with "LITTLE JAZZ" ELDRIDGE blowing a flock of horn on

the side which carries his name. The flipover is a "begin-the-beguine"-like treatment of the melodic ditty from the former Broadway show, "Knickerbocker Holiday". The band, soloists and Shaw all sound swell . . .

LENA HORNE and PHIL MOORE have done a triple-duty record for Victor, a combo of swing, comedy and romance. "I Want A Little Doggie" is the swing-comedy side, with Lena singing Phil's latest tune and Phil playing the part of a pet shop operator. "How Long Has This Been Going On?" is the coupling and Lena really emotes on the platter. Dig Phil's piano and celeste playing! . . .

LIONEL HAMPTON works overtime on "Loose Wig" and "Overtime" for Decca. The Hamp scorches the disk on this pair of riff instrumentals and establishes his band as one of the finest swing organizations in the land . . .

BENNY CARTER, who is equally expert on alto sax, tenor sax, trumpet, clarinet and piano, combines the melancholy, lyricless melody, "Malibu," with his mellow alto and full band on a new Capitol disk—then spotlights ten solid inches of powerhouse trumpet on the instrumental coupling, "I Surrender Dear". . . .

Asch presents a swell new album featuring JOHN KIRBY's compact swing band doing the kind of thing that made John famous. The tunes are all built on riffs, with titles unnecessary. The musicianship is sterling. . . .

Call it swing or romantic, "You Was Right, Baby" and "What More Can A Woman Do" with PEGGY LEE and her hubby DAVE BARBOUR on Capitol is great. There's simple and sincere romance in the lyrics, fine jazz feeling in the music and execution.



by Art Hodes

**H**ELLO jazz fans! I've got a gang of interesting letters here so, in order to include as many as possible, I'm cuttin' out my introduction. My first letter this issue is from a musician. It reads:

"I am in a hospital and have been since I was sixteen; am now nineteen. Music is my ambition and hobby. I have a scrapbook full of pictures. I have learned to play the guitar since I've been in the hospital and want to go on studying music after I am released, and I am going to be released. The doctors tell me I will get well and it may not be but a few months.

"Jazz is my favorite kind of music and I can say I grew up with jazz. My father, my uncle, and all my cousins play music. I can remember when they used to get together back in the early thirties, with piano, mandolin, guitar and tenor banjo, and play such tunes as "Chinatown," "St. Louis Blues," "Basin Street Blues," etc. I never really had a chance to study music until I came to the hospital.

"I have a radio with headphones attached and I listen to recordings and big name bands all hours of the night, trying to learn as much about music as I possibly can. I've been trying to get some sheet music, but this town is small and has no music store, and my parents can't find what I want at home.

"Art, if you ever run across any old sheet music there in the city, old Blues and Jazz music, and you can get it without much trouble and expense, send it to me."  
—LeRoy Poteet, State Hospital, Mt. Vernon, Missouri.

Okay, LeRoy. I know that if any of us can be of help to you, we will.

John Lightfoot of Larchmont, N.Y., writes:

"Where can I get pictures of the famous jazzmen? I am starting a collection of pictures of jazzmen and this information would help me a great deal."

That's a tough one! Knowing jazzmen as I do, I can tell you that about the only way to collect their pictures is to get yourself a camera and take snapshots of each of your favorites. These boys just don't get pictures made up to give away to their friends and fans. I suggest that you look through back numbers of the many music magazines that have been issued and cut out and paste up those pictures that have been printed.

E. Packard of Flint, Michigan, writes:  
"I've just finished reading your May Jazz Record department. This one seemed to be the best yet. Will you please tell

me how Bunny Berigan stacked up against men like King Oliver, Wingy Manone and Louis Armstrong? Would you or would you not rate him in their class?"

Bunny was tops. I don't rate musicians. Each great man has a little something all his own. I've always liked Bunny's recording of "I Can't Get Started With You"

Marshall Shapiro wants to know:  
"Who are the men in the Dixieland Jazz Band?"

If you mean "The Original Dixieland Jazz Band", then here's your answer: The band's first recordings for the Victor label, in 1917, featured this line-up: Nick LaRocca, cornet; Larry Shields, clarinet; Daddy Edwards, trombone; Henry Ragas, piano; Tony Sbarbaro, drums.

Now let's hear from the feminine department. Mae MacFeggon of Ann Arbor, Michigan, writes:

"I'm a jazz fan who is canned up in the hospital (University Hosp.). There isn't much good jazz on the radio here and very few good records. I collect Bix, Louis, Lester Young, Duke, Count, James P., Jess Stacy, Bob Zurke, Brunis, Big T., B.G., King Cole, etc., etc.

"Detroit has one good disc program, 'Strictly Jazz,' run by Bill Randle. He also runs concerts, and we have had, as guests, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Oscar Pettiford, Art Tatum, etc. These have turned into some really fine bashes.

Man, when I get out of here I'm goin' to buy a million records and haunt every disc shop in town."

Topeka, Kansas, is represented in our mail by Ralph Lee Jackson, who writes:  
"Do you think jazz is coming back to popularity? I got a Bix Biederbecke Jazz Album and think it's tops. What are the critics' opinions of Bix? I've taken a liking to jazz and wonder if it's coming back on top."

You're right, Ralph. Jazz is getting more popular daily. Bix will live on in people's memories forever. And don't worry about what the critics think. Most of our jazz critics haven't been listening to jazz many more years than you have.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schildgen of Chicago sent me with this kind note:

"As to whether this is a fan letter, I'll let you judge from the following:

"Our oldest son, age seven, was present when one of my neighbors, connected with the local school P.T.A., came to call. She wanted me to participate actively in the organization and asked if I were interested in any of the arts or sciences.

"Bob interrupted with, 'I don't know about science, but art—sure! Both Mom and Dad like Art Shaw and Art Hodes.'

"So you see what the feeling is in our house. Both Bill and I are jazz fans.

"Three issues ago we discovered BAND LEADERS and your column, 'The Jazz Record.' Recently we purchased two of your Blue Note records: 'Bugle Call Rag'—'Squeeze Me,' and 'Sugar Foot Stomp'—'Sweet Georgia Brown.' That's the kind of jazz we like. Your playing on the piano is remarkable and thoroughly enjoyable.

"Now we are trying to collect such records as you recommend, but we are stymied as to how to go about it. Every local store laughs at us when we ask for old records or reissues of King Oliver, Bix, Ma Rainey, etc., and claims we are seeking the impossible."

Thank you, Mrs. Schildgen, for all the compliments. And as to the record dealers thinking us fans crazy, let me point out to them that Victor has just issued an album of Jelly-Roll Morton recordings that's a killer. A year ago they would have said, "That's impossible." Nuff said!

And that's about all I have room for this time. Don't stop writing to me because your letter wasn't printed. It may appear in the next issue. Keep up morale . . . I mean my morale—write to me!

The Chicagoans: Jack Bland, the late Rod Cless, Sid Jacobs, Danny Alvin, Ray Conniff, Max Kaminsky and Art Hodes (L. to R.), photographed as they recorded for Blue Note records.





# THE DUKE OF JAZZDOM

by Gretchen Weaver



## BANDSTAND PERSONALITIES

**BAND LEADERS** is proud to present the life story to date of that internationally beloved and admired composer, pianist and band leader Duke Ellington. Next issue . . . the life story of popular maestro Vaughn Monroe.

**E**DWARD Kennedy "Duke" Ellington is strictly a city guy. He loathes the country. He even hates grass—it makes him think of nothing but graves and such things.

"Central Park is enough country for anyone," asserts the Duke, "and I certainly wouldn't want to walk around in it. I just ride through it in a hurry."

The Duke's idea of a perfect vacation is a few weeks in Manhattan. He shudders at the very notion of a whole idle hour communing with mother nature. The greatest concession he ever made to anything remotely approaching rural enjoyment ("if you can use the two words in the same breath," he has been heard to mutter) was his acquisition of a fine, expensive set of golf clubs.

"They sure looked smart when Jonesy (his valet) carried 'em around on trips," quips the Duke. That,

however, is as far as the Duke can be pushed. He wants no part of sports. He doesn't want to watch them and recoils at the idea of personally indulging.

"I'm not proud," he comments. "My job and an occasional massage will keep me fit for anything."

Ellington's place at the top level of American music has long been conceded by other musicians—and that includes such classical names as Percy Grainger and Leopold Stokowski. From Europe, during the approximate twenty-two years of the Duke's reign, have come comparisons of Ellington with Stravinsky, Ravel and Debussy. Popular commercial band leaders just say, "Duke's the best."

Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington was born on April 29, 1899, in Washington, D.C. He is the son of James Edward and Daisy Kennedy Ellington, and has one sister, Ruth.

Young Edward was brought up in a comfortable home. His father was a blueprinter at the Washington Navy Yard and money was not a problem.

There was always plenty of music in the Ellington house. Mrs. Ellington played piano because, according to her daughter, she felt that a knowledge of music was part of the art of being an American lady. Mr. Ellington played piano by ear because he enjoyed it, generally sitting down at the piano in the evening before supper. All the uncles and aunts on the father's side also played instruments of some sort.

Duke often refers to his father as "Uncle Ed." "That's because I heard him called that so often when I was a kid," he explains. "I had no brothers and only one sister, but I had twenty-eight cousins and some of them were always around the house. They called my father 'Uncle Ed,' and it seemed easier, somehow."

At the tender age of four, young Ellington came down with a severe case of pneumonia.

From then on he was coddled and specially fed and cared for. Kept from active sports after his recovery, he thinks this may account for his non-interest in athletics today.

When the boy was five, his mother thought it time to start his musical education. His teacher was a Mrs. Kingsdale ("Mis' Klinker" to the Duke), whose teaching efforts the boy resisted with all his might. His objections were effective and the lessons were given up. He didn't play piano again until he was nearly fifteen when, according to family reports, he "almost drove the neighbors mad. He wouldn't stop."

After graduating from grammar school, the Duke entered Armstrong High School in Washington where he developed a flair for commercial art. By the time he was graduated, in 1917, he had won a scholarship in art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. But, he didn't want it—he had decided to devote his life to music.

The switch from art to music came when the high school student was about fifteen. He went to a rent party, enjoyed himself, and then guested at more of the same. At one of those jollifications he heard James P. Johnson's "Carolina Shout." That was the turning point.

#### The First Ellington Composition

Ellington came home, moved the family player piano into his own room, and disappeared after it. Some days later, he had his own "shout", which he called "Soda Fountain Rag". This was an association title—he worked after school hours in a soda spot called *Poodle Dog Cafe*. From the day he launched himself as a composer, he doubled as soda jerk and entertainer, always featuring only his own number in the latter capacity.

"I played it three ways," relates the Duke, "blues, waltz, and straight. People thought it was three different numbers!"

It was during the *Poodle Dog* period that young Edward—already beginning to be known as "the Duke" by reason of his preference for checks, stripes and plaids—met Oliver "Doc" Perry, popular band leader of the day, who advised and coached him.

In 1915, Master Ellington landed a job with Louis Thomas—playing after school and evenings. Later that year he muffed a chance to get a job with Russell Woodring who, with a sixty-piece orchestra, was giving Sunday jazz concerts.

"I couldn't read music very well," confesses the Duke, "and it showed."

Checked, but not discouraged, he resumed his studies under "Doc," and returned for another try with Woodring. This time he won the job, but on the strict understanding that he would play the music as written.

"None of your fancy trimmings!" warned Woodring.

The youth agreed. He played along with the band—and then he offered more than he was paid for . . . he improvised during a break that seemed, at the time, made to order for an Ellington extra. Exit the Duke!

School days finally were over and, despite his unbroken record of being hired only to be fired, the music business still looked good to him. But, being a canny youngster, he decided to have a regular job to fall back on. So, he worked both night and day for the next few years.

During the day E. K. Ellington painted signs. Evenings he played with bands—first with "Doc" Perry's organization; later with the Wilbur Sweatman "Original Jazz Band".

#### Into The Band Business

"Around 1917 and 1918," recalls the Duke, "all the embassies and big shots in Washington were hiring small bands to play for parties. It didn't seem to make much difference *what* band—they just hired a band. So I went into the business and, after a while, had five bands working for me. I was still working at commercial art in the day time."

In 1918, at the age of nineteen, Duke Ellington owned his own home on Sherman Avenue in Washington, and was earning ten thousand dollars a year. Feeling financially secure, he married his childhood sweetheart, Edna Thompson, and a year later was the father of a son, Mercer Ellington.

But prosperity and parenthood weren't enough for the Duke. Feeling restless, he decided to work full time at music, and to pursue his career in New York City.

#### "The Washingtonians"

In 1922, Duke Ellington and "The Washingtonians" set out for Manhattan. The Duke played piano; Otto Hardwick, alto sax; the late Charles Irvis, trombone; the late Arthur Whetsel, trumpet; Elmer Snowden (now a guitarist), banjo; and Sonny Greer, drums.

Before leaving Washington, the Duke had piloted the visiting James P. Johnson around that city, and their acquaintance ripened in New York. It was the one contact he had in a town otherwise professionally indifferent to the Ellington talent package.

"We didn't starve," recalls the Duke, "but at times it seemed like it. Those were the days when one Texas wiener, split six ways, was plenty meat for the 'Washingtonians'."

Then Dame Fortune smiled on the group—one of the bandsmen found an envelope with fifteen dollars in it. That meant carfare to Washington for the bandsmen, most of whom accompanied the Duke home to his mother's for "feeding up".

The trip home broke the streak of adversity. On



## BANDSTAND PERSONALITIES



their return to New York some weeks later, the band was booked into the *Hollywood Club* (later known as the *Kentucky Club*) where they stayed four years.

As time went on, the late Bubber Miley, great growling trumpeter, replaced Whetsel, and Freddy Guy joined up with his guitar. Later Sam Nanton added his trombone to the Duke's outfit, and Harry Carney and his baritone sax moved in. At the *Kentucky Club* they grabbed air-time—an early morning sustaining program, featuring Ellington and his "jungle style".

"Sonny Greer always thought the *Kentucky Club* hated him," relates the Duke. "There were four fires in the place while we were there. Nothing much was ever damaged except Sonny's drums—they burned up every time!"

### Song-Writer Ellington

In the four comparatively quiet *Kentucky Club* years, the Duke began seriously to write music—making a start on the long list of more than twelve hundred numbers now standing to his credit. In the year 1927 he wrote ten pieces—among them, "Blues I Love To Sing", "Black and Tan Fantasy", and "East St. Louis Toodle-oo", the latter co-composed with Bubber Miley and the Ellington theme for years.

The Duke had some technical help, he admits. He used to taxi around Central Park with Will M. Cook, great Negro violinist, who expounded theory to his protegee in the early morning hours. Ellington put many of Cook's ideas into practice when he wrote "Black, Brown and Beige" in 1943. Not until then, he says, did he know enough to use them "right".

The year 1927 also started the orchestra on a road tour which ended when they settled into a Philadelphia theatre. Meanwhile, in New York, the new *Cotton Club* was getting ready for its opening. A musical score had been written by Jimmy McHugh, who wanted Ellington to play his tunes. The Philly theatre manager, approached for the Duke's release, waved the contract and refused. The impasse finally was broken when a member of Philadelphia's underworld spoke sharply to the manager.

### Hitting The Big Time

Duke Ellington opened the *Cotton Club* on schedule—December 4, 1927—and for five years was featured there. Wellman Braud, bass; Johnny Hodges, alto and soprano sax; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Juan Tizol, valve trombone; and Cootie Williams, trumpet, joined the orchestra during those five *Cotton Club* years.

During brief vacations from his home location, the Duke led his men on *RKO* and *Warner Brothers'* vaudeville circuit appearances. Shortly after the *Cotton Club* moved downtown to Broadway, Duke played a vaudeville engagement at the *Fulton Theatre* with Maurice Chevalier, then the rave of Manhattan; later taking his band into the *Palace Theatre* for the first of many performances.

"First time we played the *Palace* I nearly had to get down on my knees to get the boys to play at all," recalls the Duke. "They were too scared at first."

Growing Ellington fame took the band to Hollywood in 1930, where they were featured in the Amos and Andy picture, "Check and Double-Check".

In 1931, Flo Ziegfeld featured Ellington and his orchestra in "Show Girl". During that run the Duke

found time to make the movie musical short, "Black and Tan Fantasy", highlighting his own composition of the same name.

By 1933, a little more than ten years after setting himself up in business, Duke Ellington was tired of what seemed to him to be a humdrum sort of existence. Something new was indicated!

Europe, until that time, was largely unexplored territory for American jazz musicians, even though their records had long been best-selling items there. An "in person" show seemed a practical idea—so the orchestra headed for London, Glasgow, Liverpool and points east. England welcomed the orchestra in a big way. The band even played for royalty, and Duke Ellington was dubbed "Duke of Hot" by the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor).

The Duke chuckles as he recalls how he turned down a royal request. Lord Beaverbrook had given a party in the Duke's honor and both princes, Edward and George, were there.

"Back home," relates the Duke, "I'd made a record—piano solos. On one side was 'Swampy River' and on the other, 'Black Beauty'. At the party a man came up and asked me to play my solo 'Swampy River'. He had the record, he said. I told him I never played solos except for records. I found out later that he was the man who is now King of England. He has one of the largest collections of my records too. Imagine!"

The tour of Great Britain revitalized the drooping spirits of the conductor and he arrived in New York some months later, ready to start work on two films in Hollywood. The time was early in 1934, and the movies were "Murder in the Vanities," and "Belle of the Nineties," the latter starring Mae West.

Family sorrows darkened the Duke's outlook when his mother died in 1935. For love of her and in her memory he wrote the haunting "Reminiscent In Tempo". In 1937, his father died, and he was in despair. A *Republic* film, "Hit Parade of 1938", was practically his only effort during that bad year.

Friends and professional advisors got together to find some means of rousing Duke. Eventually another European tour was decided on. It had worked wonders the first time—it might refresh tired genius again. So, in April, 1939, the orchestra sailed.

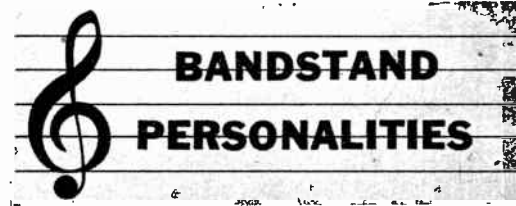
### International Fame

"We planned to go places we hadn't been before," explains the Duke. They did. They were heard in thirty-one concerts in thirty-one cities in as many days: in France, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway.

Europe was on the verge of war at the time and the situation of foreigners in any country occasionally was uncertain. The orchestra "went through" Germany, seeing that country only from train windows.

"Candidly," states the Duke, "we were scared to death!"

In Sweden, however, Duke found a second spiritual home. Always an outsize eater of fine foods, he delightfully discovered that fine old institution, smorgasbord. That was just one reason that Ellington loved Sweden, but an important one. Also, the Swedish people loved the Duke and his music:



"They'd come to our concerts—we always gave concerts in Europe, by the way, not theatre appearances or dance engagements—sit solemnly through the program, applauding in the right places, and when it was all over they'd just sit there and clap and clap and clap, and stomp and stomp and stomp. They wouldn't let us leave. They about wore us out."

Lastly, Swedish friends and fans provided one of the Duke's tenderest memories. His birthday coincided with his appearance in Stockholm. At 6:00 a.m. on April 29th, he was awakened by a band of forty musicians playing underneath his hotel window!

Breakfast was brought to him in bed, in ample and party fashion, along with hundreds of letters, telegrams, cards and flowers. In the evening he was guest

of honor at a party given for him by five thousand people. When they rose to sing "Happy Birthday to Duke" in Swedish, he broke down. He can't, he says, think of it now without getting all choked up.

"Serenade for Sweden," a composition which appeared soon afterwards, was written in gratitude and appreciation to the Swedish people for their reception of himself and his melodies.

Ellington's European reputation arrived home before he did. His successful overseas efforts had put the polish on the home folks' respect for their native son and his abilities, and he was booked into many of the better hotels and concert halls.

The movies again made offers, and in 1942 he played himself in MGM's "Cabin In The Sky," sharing honors with Ethel Waters; Louis Armstrong; and the team, Buck and Bubbles. "Reveille With Beverly" followed.

While in Hollywood, the Duke conceived the idea of a new type of musical show. This was "Jump For Joy" and was different in that Ellington wrote most of it and was also one of its chief performers. He was featured in many of the sketches, and conducted his orchestra when he was not on stage in any other capacity.

"Jump For Joy" played for thirteen weeks to packed houses in Los Angeles, then closed because of other bookings. In addition to bringing the Ellington tune "I've Got It Bad And That Ain't Good" to public attention during the lean years of the music fight, the show was also the beginning of a close association between the Duke and Orson Welles.

Besides producing and playing in "Jump For Joy" and making two movies during 1942, Ellington also led his orchestra in personal appearances in eighteen states and Canada.

"Then," remembers the Duke, "they began to talk about our giving a concert—in Carnegie Hall, in New York."

#### Concert At Carnegie

On January 23, 1943, near the twentieth anniversary of the Duke's arrival in New York to break into the music field, he gave his first concert in Carnegie. Featured was his composition, "Black, Brown and Beige", a history in harmony of the African in North America.

Probably the most mixed audience ever assembled anywhere for anything heard him. Serious musicians crowded bobby-sox worshippers, first-string critics fought for places with jazz fanatics from high school papers, and zoot-suiters and popular sidemen sat side by side to listen. For fifty minutes they heard the complicated strains of "Black, Brown and Beige". When to that offering Duke added "Creole Melody", "Mood Indigo" and other favorites, the audience remained for three hours after the announced closing time, cheering wildly for more.

These customers were not, as they supposed, the first to hear "Black, Brown and Beige". That honor went to the high school classes of a Rye (N.Y.) high school having J.T.H. Mize, a jazz enthusiast, as principal.

Mr. Mize, in close touch with all that transpired in Ellingtonia, knew that the new work would be premiered at the January concert. He wrote to the Duke, suggesting that it might be stimulating for the orchestra to try out before actual performance, and added that he would pay what the school could afford. It sounded reasonable to the Duke, so he packed up his band and went out there.

In the months following his debut into the serious music field, Ellington has appeared in similar concert engagements in large cities throughout the United States, such as those at Philharmonic Hall in San Francisco and the Opera House in Chicago—always to capacity houses, even on repeat engagements.

The Ellington movie contract is now with *Columbia Pictures*, he records exclusively for *Victor Records*, he continues to draw large crowds wherever his band is booked, and he maintains his high standing as a composer of hit tunes.

#### Outstanding Ellingtonia

"Songs," says the Duke who, as composer of more than a thousand, should know, "ought to tell stories or express moods."

"Harlem Airshaft", for instance, according to the Duke, tells the story of families in a Harlem apartment house whose housekeeping as well as emotional problems are heard in the shaft.

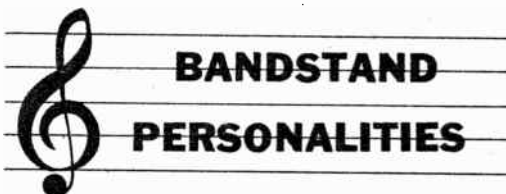
"Daybreak Express" is a narrative in music of a train clicking its way across the continent. The train begins a new day with porters awakening sleepers, food being prepared in the galley, tables being set, and travellers refreshing themselves in washrooms.

"Eerie Moan", written at the *Cotton Club* in 1930, represents the voice and spirit of New York—and New York only. "Solitude", the theme for which was written down in twenty minutes while waiting for a recording date in Chicago, expresses the mood in which the Duke, despite his bustling surroundings, found himself at the time. He held the paper against a glass-block wall and jotted down the notes.

Out of a long list of published numbers some few are inevitably favorites with the composer. Ellington's own "Hit Parade" begins with "Soda Fountain Rag", his first effort, dated 1914.

The selection continues with "Rude Interlude", 1934; "Blues I Love To Sing", 1927; "Black and Tan Fantasy", 1927; "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" (co-composed with the late Bubber Miley), and "Creole Love Call", 1928; "Doing the Voom Voom", "Flaming Youth" (also with Miley) and "Mooch", all in 1929.

"Black Beauty," written in 1928, was selected for





the list; also "Double Check Stomp", written for the Amos and Andy picture in 1930; "Rockin' In Rhythm" with Harry Carney, and "Mood Indigo" with Barney Bigard, both in 1931; as well as "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing", in 1932.

Outstanding hits continue with "Sophisticated Lady", 1933; "Solitude", 1934; "In a Sentimental Mood", 1935; "Caravan" with Juan Tizol, in 1937; "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart", 1938; "Day Dream", 1941; "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good", 1941; "Don't Get Around Much Any More", 1942; and "Blue Bells of Harlem", in 1943; "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue", recorded on two sides and written in 1940; "New World A'Coming", 1943; and "Perfume Suite" co-composed with Billy Strayhorn in 1944.

"I don't always use the same opening theme," explains the Duke, "but for years now I've been closing with 'Things Ain't What They Used To Be'."

### What Makes The Band Click

In the spring of 1945, the Ellington orchestra included the Duke at the piano, and Billy Strayhorn, arranger, also playing piano; Junior Raglan, bass; Sonny Greer, drums; and Freddy Guy, guitar. The sax section was made up of Otto Hardwick, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Al Sears, and Jimmy Hamilton. There were five trumpets: Rex Stewart, Taft Jordan, Ray Nance (who doubles on violin), Shelton Hemphill, and Cat Anderson. Claude Jones, Joseph Nanton and Lawrence Brown played trombones, and Al Hibbler was male vocalist.

The needs of the armed forces may have brought changes in the personnel of the Ellington band by the time you read this.

The Ellington aggregation is a closely-knit organization of artists and prize-winners—each one a soloist in his own right. That fact is the keynote of Ellington orchestral compositions written for his own outfit. He considers each man and his instrument as an individual problem. A part written for Rex Stewart, for example, would not be written for Shelton Hemphill. Hemphill would have his own part, written to make the most of his own special abilities.

Strayhorn, otherwise variously known as "Sweet Pea" (from the comic strip), "Young Duke", or "Weely", is arranger and alternate pianist, winner of an *Esquire* Silver Award on his own account. Saxophonist Johnny Hodges won a Gold Award—as did the Duke himself for arranging—and the entire band, for best band. Silver Awards went to trombonist Lawrence Brown and sax man Harry Carney, while trumpeter-violinist Ray Nance was named as prize winner in the "New Stars" section.

Brown is the musician who "doesn't think much of band business" and is continually "thinking about getting out of it". A minister's son and college graduate, he tromboned at the late Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple before joining the Duke.

Duke Ellington looks bigger than he is. Actually five feet eleven inches tall and weighing around 200 pounds, he gives the impression of being much larger.

### The Duke Himself

Edward Ellington's nickname of "Duke", tracing back to his boyish sartorial efforts, is now more deserved than ever. He owns about forty-five suits, hundreds of ties, and his shoes, hats and shirts are all custom-made.

The Duke is often seen on the street without any hat at all, but at rehearsal he clings to the pork-pie variety, turned up all around. A sports shirt, no tie, brown suede shoes, and a blue or maroon pull-over complete his leisure hour or rehearsal uniform. He carries his distaste for grass even to the color green—he never wears it.

Actually a calm person, Duke Ellington worries about his health. His consumption of vitamin pills in the winter is enormous. His even temper and placid disposition are due, doctors say, to the fact that his pulse is forty-seven, as against a usual rate of seventy. This slow pulse also accounts for the fact that the Duke can, and frequently does, do without any sleep whatever for as long as three days. If he can't get to sleep before noon, he does without it for *that* day.

Once asleep, he is so difficult to arouse that he nearly did a stretch in San Quentin prison on that account. The band had been traveling on a train across the continent. The Duke wooed slumber unsuccessfully for days, finally won it a few hours before pulling into San Francisco. The united efforts of the band could do little more than get him to his sleep-walking feet and lead him out the door after the train had stopped. They then went on about their own disembarking.

The Duke stumbled out the door, saw a line of men, got into it, and was soon being checked off with a gang in a prison van headed for the clink!

In line with "keeping fit", the Duke is devoted to massage as a means of keeping his waistline down—a form of synthetic exercise. Occasionally he conducts interviews during massages—he on his table well-screened, the questioner shooting at him from the other side. Such an interview recently found him shaking his head after the pretty penman had packed up her notes and left.

"I didn't give myself a chance," he regretted. "I shouldn't have tried to talk and take massage at the same time. I would like to have given that interview just a little more impact—just a little more impact!"

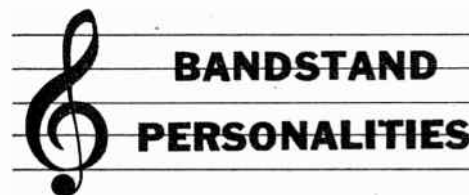
### Those Ellington Desserts

"I can do without sleeping," says Ellington, "but not without eating." He is a prodigious fancier of good grub.

An Ellington dessert, for instance, consists of all the sweet offerings in the place, arranged to suit the Duke's fancy at the time of pushing it in. Here's the recipe for a "Duke Special":

Start with a foundation of three slices of cake—all different. Top each slice with a generous helping of ice cream—chocolate, vanilla and strawberry—a different flavor for each piece of cake. The chocolate ice cream should then be topped with chocolate sauce and nuts; the strawberry gets cherry sauce, chunks of pineapple and a marshmallow; while the vanilla ice cream should be completely hidden under a variety of fruit cocktail.

And there you have it. The Duke frequently personally supervises the construction of these gargantuan appetite tempters when he's in a restaurant.



He likes special food in special places. Crab cakes are made best, he thinks, in Boston and San Francisco; chicken stew in Taunton, Massachusetts; barbecued ribs, in Memphis. The best fried chicken in the world, according to this specialist's taste, is in Louisville; lamb chops are tops at New York's *Turf Restaurant*; crepe suzettes are best on the liner *Ile de France*; and hot dogs, two to each toasted bun, are supreme at *Mrs. Wagner's*, at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

"They know me at Old Orchard," gently boasts the Duke, "as the man who ate more than thirty hot dogs at one sitting."

Ellington is religious, sentimental, devoted to his family, generous, and superstitious. Although a member of no religious sect, he always wears a gold cross given him by his sister, and reads the Bible as a matter of course.

He is so sentimental that even necessary partings from friends can move him years after the event. When, with the Duke's own encouragement, trum-

peter Cootie Williams left him to form his own band, the Duke was disconsolate for weeks. An outside musician, not a member of the Ellington band, commemorated this misery with "When Cootie Left The Duke".

Loose buttons are the Duke's superstitious horror. "They're nasty," he says. No one knows why—not even the Duke. It is also a near-superstition with the Duke not to take a "Down" elevator. The Duke usually walks—often arriving before his more effete and conservative companions.

He is so generous that, although he has earned more than a million dollars in his years in show business, he has no huge bank account to show for it. He has collected over half a million dollars in royalties on records (of which, in 1944, twenty million copies had been sold), plus a quarter of a million dollars on sheet music royalties.

"There's always next year," says the Duke, obviously unworried.

Separated from his wife since 1930, Duke Ellington centers his family affections on his sister; son; and grandson, Edward Kennedy Ellington II. His son, Mercer, a sergeant in the U. S. Army, is a composer in his own right and plays trumpet, trombone and piano.

Duke Ellington's permanent home is in New York City. The furnishings are modern, a taste acquired abroad. There too he keeps his library of more than eight hundred volumes on Negro history, in which field he may justly claim scholarship.

In speech, the Duke is colorful and imaginative. Calling on the telephone and being answered by a lovely secretary, the Duke inquires easily, "And is this the 'beautiful' department?"

#### The Duke And His Followers

Moody, fantastically jovial and abysmally depressed in swift succession, Duke Ellington in person exemplifies his statement about Negro temperament. "Many people don't seem to understand how the Negro can laugh one minute and, in a split second, if the situation so requires it, can sob from the depths of

his heart. But the emotion of one minute is as honest as that of the next, and really reflects the ups and downs the Negro has experienced in the past, and still experiences today."

There are about seventy-six Ellington fan clubs in the United States—as well as numerous European study groups formed to listen to and learn from Ellington records. Special facilities for handling fan mail have been set up by the Duke—you can reach him by writing to: Claire Gordon, c/o Duke Ellington, Inc., 202 No. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The enthusiasm of the fans occasionally leads to dangerous situations—especially when whole club groups push and shove and crowd in one place to get near the Duke. In 1942, the floor nearly collapsed after several hours of such treatment in a small hall in Arkansas. In Bluefield, West Virginia, the floor did collapse.

#### A Winner In Every Respect

As chief exponent of the music of his age, the Duke probably has been the recipient of more prizes and honors than any other individual in the history of American music. In addition to the *Esquire* Awards, he is a three-time winner of ASCAP's first prize for "Song of the Year", winning with "Solitude", "Caravan", and "I Let a Song Go Out Of My Heart".

Duke is a life member of the National Association for The Advancement of Colored People, and was cited by that organization as one of the twelve most distinguished Negroes of the past decade. He was named Commissioner of Good Will by the Texas Centennial when he played at the Texas Fair.

He received an anniversary plaque, signed by thirty-two of America's leading musicians, on the occasion of his first *Carnegie Hall* concert. In December, 1944, during another concert at *Carnegie Hall*, he was presented with a portrait of himself, painted by Charles D. Graves. Lauritz Melchior made the presentation. Music for that occasion was written by Freddy Jenkins, long-time Ellington instrumentalist, bedded then and still confined in a sanatorium.

The annual honorary award of the James Weldon Johnson Society of New York University was given to Duke Ellington in 1943, and in that year he also received the title, "Number One Band of the Year" from the magazine *Down Beat*; as well as the designation from *Metronome* as the only A-plus, Number One Band, according to their regular report on band ratings.

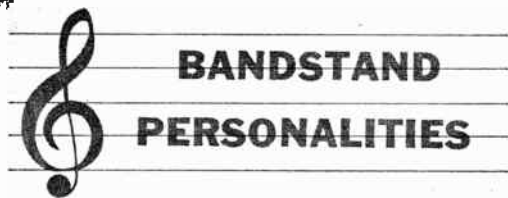
Ellington has received the Page One Award from the Newspaper Guild, and also a tribute from the Schloberg Foundation of the New York Library for his contributions to better race relations.

Percy Grainger, noted music authority and pianist, introduced Duke Ellington to his classes at New York University for a lecture on modern American music. Grainger at that time was head of the music department at the University.

Stravinsky, modern French composer of eminence, asked first of all for "Mr. Ellington" when he arrived in the United States for a visit.

Duke Ellington himself looks to the future as a time for more work.

"Modern music," he says, "is a product of its time . . . it's alive, creative, and that's what gives it a future." Its future—as idiom, entertainment and art form—is Duke Ellington's personal concern.





by Dave Thomson

## VOCALIST ON THE UPBEAT

**G**LORIA FOSTER well remembers one of her moments of greatest let-down. It happened in a railroad station in Pittsburgh. Gloria saw a girl running toward her, autograph book in hand, and said to herself, "Ah, I'm recognized. She wants my autograph!"

The young girl stopped, passed Gloria the book, and said, "Will you sign my autograph book for me? You are Olivia DeHaviland, aren't you?"

Gloria, being a truthful gal, not inclined to sabotage the efforts of a true autograph collector, was forced to reply, "No, I'm not. I'm sorry. I sing with a band—Chuck Foster's band."

"You do?" said the girl. She paused for a moment, and then went on. "Well—that's pretty good too. Would you sign it anyhow?" And Gloria, pinching for Miss DeHaviland (who is doing nicely too), was happy to wield the proffered pen.

Today, Gloria is singing with Carmen Cavallaro. And so hangs another story of identity—not mistaken, this time!

A friend of Carmen's, dancing by the bandstand, said to him, "Say, that new girl you have, Gloria, she's really a queen."

Carmen was quick to reply, "You're right! And do you know, she really *was* a queen once? That's how she started singing!"

When Carmen's friend later questioned him further about this queen business, here's how the piano-playing band leader explained it:

Gloria (who was born in New Kensington, Pa., on June 29, 1923) had sung over a Pittsburgh radio station several times on a "Kiddies' Hour" when she was still in grammar school. Her liking for music continued through high school, and in her junior year Gloria became the "Queen" of "Four Jacks and a Queen," playing for high school dances. So she had a legitimate right to the use of the title "queen"—in addition to the right granted every beautiful girl!

Gloria then joined Joe deSimone's band, singing at the country club and for other parties around New Kensington. Gloria's brother, Chuck, played for Hollywood's Academy Award dinner in 1941 and she was, of course, delighted over his success. She was even more delighted when her brother gave her a trip to California as a graduation present in 1941.

Gloria was a tired chick her first night on the coast, and she admits that she cried all night. But, in the morning, things looked bright and glowing. She had no doubt in her mind about the worlds she was going to conquer. "Silly girl," she says of herself today!

Between her hours of looking at movie stars and

basking in the California sunshine, Gloria worked into a quartet with Chuck's band. Chuck's comment, when he first heard his sister sing, was "Not bad, sis, not bad!"

At the *St Anthony Hotel* in San Antonio, after the band had left the *Biltmore* at Los Angeles, Gloria took over all the vocals. Gaining self-assurance, she soon felt the need for outside experience. So, after a year, Chuck gave her best wishes, and Gloria set out to knock at the musical doors of America.

Booked with Shep Fields for a pleasant and successful engagement, she returned to Chicago, deflated and dejected, after a succession of one-nighters. "I guess

(Continued on page 66)



GLORIA FOSTER

# HOLLYWOOD



Bob Sully, Helen Forrest and Robert Cummings seem to be having a spirited discussion between takes on the set of Paramount's new musical, "You Came Along." Wonder what it's all about?

The Armed Forces get the best! Here are Robert Armbruster, Georgia Gibbs, and Kenny Baker glancing over the script for a Command Performance program which was beamed overseas.



Once a week Luise, Alyce, Donna and Yvonne King don Red Cross uniforms and serve coffee at the local Blood Bank.



HI HIPSTERS! Leave us take it from the top, as the cats say, and make with another session of dope from Hollywood town. . . . After a comparative lull, the sets are jumping again, with a flock of musical pix before the cameras: LOUIS (You Can't Get That No More) JORDAN set in Monogram's "Diamonds in the Rough," COLEMAN (The Bean) HAWKINS in Universal's "The Crimson Canary," with BARNEY BIGARD, STAN WRIGHTSMAN, KING GUION, MEL TORME and other jazzmen doing recording for the same pic, is a sample of what I mean. . . .

The gals are doing all right, too: PEGGY LEE and EUGENIE BAIRD were screen-tested. . . . FRAN LANGFORD's in "People Are Funny," chirping "I'm In The Mood For Love". . . . and HELEN FORREST sings and emotes in Paramount's "You Came Along." By the way, the tip-off on La Forrest's mood when she sings is the way she wears her hair—it's up on the jump tunes, and down on the torch songs. . . .

Baton Bulletins. . . . PHIL HARRIS and band and Count Basie's favorite comedian, Rochester, are in Columbia's "I Love a Bandleader." Phil sings his evergreen favorite "That's What I Like About The South." The Harris household is a busy place these days, 'cause the Mrs. (ALICE FAYE) is back in pictures again after two years. Her last flicker was "The Gang's All Here," in which BG also appeared. . . .

OZZIE NELSON and RUDY VALLEE (sans bands) are two more music names in "People Are Funny." . . . FRANKIE CARLE has been inked for a film at RKO-Radio. . . . CARLOS MOLINA was signed for PRC's "Two Tickets to Heaven." . . . DAVE BARBOUR's band is backing his wife PEGGY LEE on Capitol platters, and CURT MASSEY on Mutual. . . . Two brother teams, the DORSEYS and LOMBARDOS, have announced plans to film their life stories, but in different pix, but natch. . . .

JAN GARBER played a return date at Universal for a short featuring "King Porter Stomp," Earl Warren's "9:20 Special," and "Garber's Blues," among other tunes. . . . COUNTRY WASHBURN, ex-Ted Weems, contracted as chief arranger and musical director for the MERRY MACS. . . .

Stuff Off The Cuff. . . . BUD SCOTT, noted New Orleans jazzman, guitarist with King Oliver, Kid Ory and other jazz greats, has authored book "The Origin of Jazz." With Herb Rose, Scott appears in the steamboat sequence of "Dragonwyck." . . . KAY KYSER's kanary, DOLLY MITCHELL, has musical history in a different form—dogs. She now owns a schnauzer named "Swing," and canines she has owned previously



# BANDSTAND

by Paul Vandervoort II

were tagged "Rags," "Charleston," and "Razz Ma Tazz." Mitch sez all she needs now is a hepcat. . . Speaking of names, Kay's added a new vocal quartet to the band, consisting of DIANE PENDLETON, SALLY SWEETLAND, PHIL HANNA and ERNIE NEWTON. He says he is open for suggestions on a name for the group, so if you have any ideas, send 'em to Kay, in care of NBC, Hollywood. . .

Holiday for Cugat . . . CUGIE thinks there is something wrong with the title of his newest picture for MGM, "Holiday in Mexico". "Am I in Mexico?" he asks. "No!" "Am I on a holiday?" "No!" "So, undoubtedly, the name of this picture should be "Working in Hollywood!" . . .

Slicker Strings . . . I've seen everything now—SPIKE JONES has added strings! But, there's a silver lining—the corn still flows freely. The fiddles went in when Spike upped his band to twenty-six men to back FRANCES LANGFORD on their NBC radio show. The CITY SLICKERS, however, will definitely continue to concertize. . .

Boswell's Back . . . CONNEE BOSWELL is set for a return to films, with a featured spot in Monogram's "Swing Parade" . . . The bands of LOUIS JORDAN and WILL OSBORNE also are set for the pic . . .

Columnist's Diary. . . Out to 20th-Century Fox to watch "THE HORN" work in "Kitten On the Keys." Amusing to find Harry and DICK (The Baritone) HAYMES, who are rivals in the film, chinning in Harry's dressing room about old times. Producer GEORGE JESSEL also dropped by to give James a vocal sample of eight bars of incidental music he needs for the dream sequence in the film. Musical highlight in this picture, though, will be a trumpet solo by Harry on Papa Handy's immortal "St. Louis Blues," accompanied by the James band and studio symphony orchestra, numbering a total of 102 musicians. . .

To lunch at Universal with charming JEAN HAMILTON, young jazz pianist and one of the stars of "On Stage Everybody," film version of the popular ABC Blue Network show. Jean used to haunt Harry Lim's jam sessions in N.Y.C., playing occasionally herself, and we had a real gabfest, chatting about Eddie Heywood, Pee Wee, Zutty, "The Duke," Art Tatum, and a dozen and one other solid cats. . . Also at U, watched JOSH WHITE sing "One Meat Ball" in the cabaret scene of "Hear That Trumpet Talk," really getting spontaneous applause from blasé extras. . . Between takes, talked to COLEMAN HAWKINS, who does two originals in the film: "Hawkins 3:30," and "Hawkins 5:30" (times the tunes were recorded). Hawk is in such demand



Kind of a bus-man's holiday for Andy Russell. Between scenes of Paramount's "Stork Club," Andy reads the May BAND LEADER's article written by his friendly rival, Frankie Sinatra.

Tommy Dorsey, Esther Williams and Van Johnson add up to one swell picture. No wonder Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer titled it "Thrill Of A Romance." Lauritz Melchior is in it too.



Lovely starlet Elaine Shepard, band leader Shorty Sherock and platter jockey Win Morro give BAND LEADERS the once-over before appearing on the latter's popular Hollywood program.



# HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

Continued



From south of the border tall, dark and handsome Tito Guizar has come with his guitar to give us a touch of Latin American romance. He's with Republic pictures; his latest, "Mexicana."

Ethel Smith in a scene from RKO-Radio's new musical, "George White's Scandals." Ethel, who shares honors with Joan Davis and Jack Haley, is featured swinging out on two numbers.



Known as the "World's Largest Trio," because it's made up of four men, the popular Les Paul Trio has a featured spot in Paramount's "Cross My Heart." Les is second from the left.



he's way behind in his nod. He told me he hadn't slept for two days before shooting on his picture started. . . .

Visiting "The Voice". . . Spent a pleasurable afternoon in Hollywood's CBS Playhouse on Vine Street, watching FRANK SINATRA polish his radio show at rehearsal. Please don't envy me, gals, I'll tell you all about it. Frankie wore a smart, two-toned sport jacket, and traded quips with the musicians and chorus between numbers. AXEL STORDAHL, pipe clenched in teeth, led the band with its lush strings through the tunes Frank had chosen to do: "This Heart of Mine," "Victory Polka," "The Night is Young," "A Friend of Yours." And, when Axel went in the control room to listen to the balance, Frankie directed the orchestra himself.

Even in rehearsal, he goes all out on his vocals, and does the songs over and over until he is absolutely satisfied. Between rehearsals, he listened to some brand-new tunes played on the piano, had his picture shot several times, listened in from the control room, and made suggestions for changes. When the chorus went for a high note, he kidded the soprano, saying: "It hurts my throat when you reach for those high ones." . . . Just before rehearsal broke, some adoring chicks presented Frank with a present—wish I knew what it was. . . .

Inside Tips . . . BEN POLLACK who told me his life story is being scripted under the title "The Kid With A Drum." Be wonderful if some hip producer would use Big T, BG, Dick Morgan, Harry James, Gil Rodin, Ray Bauduc, Harry Goodman, Jimmy McPartland, and Pollack ex-sidemen, equally famous, in the film version. . . . EDDIE MILLER (another Pollack alum-nus) confided he's planning a band again, may be breaking it in when you read this. . . .

Two-Bar Breaks. . . PHIL OHMAN, with the PIED PIPERS, made musical featurette for U., titled "Tin Pan Alley Tempos". . . . Sam Katzman, Monogram producer, cased high school musicians for forthcoming jitterbug musicals. . . . TOMMY TUCKER did his initial stand at the Pally. . . . FRED LOWERY and DOROTHY RAE have teamed in a boy and girl act for theaters, Horace Heidt having broken up his band. . . . ANDY RUSSELL does a drum solo on "China Boy" in the picture "Stork Club". . . .

Band "News," literally, are the newly organized crews of ex-Heidt trumpeter SHORTY SHEROCK, former Pittsburger ART FARRAR. From the sound of things, the Farrar band, with its new ideas in voicing, should go places, too. Hearing the outfit rehearse at Music City, I went for the sock arrangements Art has. And Art asked me to thank the fans who wrote him, after seeing his picture in a recent edition of BAND LEADERS. Over lunch at Lucey's, Shorty told me about his band and later gave me a preview of the first bunch of transcriptions he cut for Standard. Mixing jump stuff with smooth ballads and numbering tunes like "Margie," "Sentimental Journey," "Trumpet Valve," "Is It The Girl," etc., you'll find the Sherock-styled arrangements swell listening. . . .

And being out of space for now, you'll find yours truly at the next session on the Hollywood Bandstand.



# Stand by...Recording!



*There's Electricity in the Air* when the red light goes on and the musicians start making records. Trumpeter Billy Butterfield, at left, conducts his brilliant reed section through one of eight

colorful renditions of songs by the late George Gershwin which have just been released in a Capitol Album Set. Billy is one of many famous artists who records exclusively for the Capitol label.



*Learning Lyrics* is a task all singers face, and Peggy Lee memorizes hers as she prepares to make a master. Miss Lee's current hit disc is titled "You Was Right, Baby." You're right—it's another Capitol exclusive!



*Double-borred* Johnny Mercer not only wrote the lyrics of the hit tune "On The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe" for M.G.M.'s "Harvey Girls," he also recorded it in the company of the Pied Pipers. Capitol's singing prexy now has another hit on his hands.



Jerry Colonna concentrates on the musical score as he faces the microphone to platter "Bell Bottom Trousers" with Paul Weston's orchestra. The famed comedian is completely "at home" making records. Even without Bob Hope.



SUNSET AND VINE, HOLLYWOOD 28

Ask your favorite record dealer for THE CAPITOL . . .  
The latest music news from Hollywood.



# FAN STAND



Conducted by Betty White and Vic Lewis

**M**ANY of you have been asking us, "How can I start a fan club?"—so come on, Chillun, lend an ear while your Fanstanders give forth with their ideas on how to get goin'. Remember, first of all, that your club is to be a purely unselfish venture. You want to boost and help your artist all you can. Your purpose is not to make money. Keep that in mind, because if your club turns into a money-making proposition, your artist becomes secondary and you are not keeping your fan club idea on the beam.

With that off our chests, let's go on from there. It's important now for you to work out your plan of action. What are you going to do to help the artist? What are you going to do to interest your members (and hold their interest)?

When you have these ideas well thought out, write to the artist himself or to his agent (BAND LEADERS' address list will help you out—you can have one for the asking provided you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope). Ask his permission to start the club and tell him your plans. Tell him how you are going to help him—ask his assistance, if you feel you need it. Make it a nice business-like letter. Show real interest in him, so that he will feel that your club really will be worthwhile. Then, before doing anything else, wait for the "Go Ahead" signal from him.

When you get that all-important signal, you are ready to give your club some publicity. Write to BAND LEADERS or any other magazine that has a fan club corner, and have your club announced.

You're ready now to go into action. You're going to get lots of letters asking for more information about your club. And you want to be prepared to answer them. Carefully prepare a letter, preferably a form letter, telling about your club, its plans, what it offers to the members and the artist, dues (if any), etc. This you are to use in answering inquiries which come to you as a result of the publicity you receive.

Of course, every club must have officers to help run the club and all must share the work and fun. So-o-o-, elect officers within your own group or locality. Then you can start planning your work together. Later, as your club grows, of-

ficers can be elected in each State or each section of the country, to take care of local details and activities.

Now, you'd probably like to have a few suggestions on what you should and can do in your club. Here goes:

1. Prepare plans for a club newspaper to spread word around about your artist.
2. Plan meetings, record and dance parties for your headquarters' group.
3. Plan correspondence between members in different parts of the country.
4. Have membership cards printed (your artist might help you with this). You could have his picture on the card if you like.
5. Get photos and candid pictures of the artist printed and send them to your members.
6. Keep your members posted on the whereabouts of your artist, his radio programs, movies, when he's coming to town, etc. This could be done preferably through your club newspaper.
7. Have discussion groups.
8. Write to record programs and request them to play his records.
9. By all means see all his movies and buy all his records.
10. Your club is a social club, except for the promotion of the artist, so do what you'd do in any other social club.

Well, these are just a few suggestions. Keep reading Fan Stand and see what other clubs are doing.

## CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS

More Frank Sinatra clubs have been heard from since last issue, all seeking new members. Here are some of them:

Co-ed Frank Sinatra Fan Club—Arnold Antonarelli Jr., 2131 Wallace Ave., New York, N.Y.

The Crooner's Swooners—Rosalyn Zuker, 2100 Anthony Ave., Bronx 57, N.Y.

Frankie's Followers—Tommy Schloss, 6733 Siebern Ave., Silverton 13, Ohio.

Swanky Franky Sinatra Club—Margaret Ciarravino, 102 McKinley Ave., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

Grand Guy Frankie—Pres. Diane De Rosa, 118 East Fourth St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Sinatra Satellites—Pres. Marilyn Friedlander, 1592 University Ave., New York 53, N.Y.—or Vice-Pres. Anne Bauer, 104 E. 177th St., New York 53, N.Y.

Frank Sinatra Fan Club—Josephine Bund, 2337 Webster Ave., Bronx 57, N.Y.

Frances Bergstrom and her friends are organizing a Frank Sinatra fan club. Write to Frances at 136 Bedford St., S.E., Minneapolis 14, Minn.

We just had an interesting letter—all the way from England from Ray J. Perry, 26 Union Gate, East Reach, Taunton, Somerset, England, Secretary of The Swing Club. Ray tells us that this club is for the general swing fan and is open to members from all over the world. His club has a monthly paper, runs competitions, holds popularity polls, and has a swing library. Sounds pretty good, eh, you swing fans? The U. S. representative is Beverley Zischang, 2011 Johnson St., Houston 10, Texas.

The National Alvino Rey and King Sisters Fan Club is looking for new members. Write to John Dealy, National Vice-President, 1624 Rose St., Sioux City 17, Iowa. He will direct you to the nearest of the forty-one chapters.

Ray Smith, President of the Les Brown Fan Club, Maple St. Road, Lyons, N. Y., is interested in getting more members for his club. And there is another Les Brown fan club that has just been started—write to Fran Hamma or Marcene Newton, 1425 Thousand Oaks Blvd., Albany 6, Calif.

ATTENTION, jazz enthusiasts! The American Jazz Club wants more members. This club was formed to promote and publicize the real jazz. Art Hodes and Eddie Heywood and his ork are honorary members. Those interested, write to either: Bob Delson, 32-11 149th St., Flushing, N.Y.—or Ed Humm, 13-63 Parsons Blvd., Whitestone, N.Y.

Lola Cioravino, President of the Juke Box Genius Haymes Fan Club is on the lookout for new members. Lola says that if there are any girls who have snapshots of Dick Haymes, they should write to her at 102 McKinley Ave., Brooklyn 8, N.Y., and she will be glad to trade with them.

Dick Haymes Associates are going strong—but still will gladly welcome new members. Write to Virginia Haywood, Pres., 607 South Hamline Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Harry James, Betty Grable and Vicky—yes, there's a club for all of them. You receive an 8x10 autographed picture of the James family, too. If you're interested in the James Family Fan Club, write to Doris Jean Gorske, Pres., 1140 Sanford, Detroit 5, Michigan.

Woody Herman's Blue Flame Throwers can use some new members. Pres. Joy  
(Continued on page 62)



LEARN TO SING!

WIN SELF-CONFIDENCE! POISE! CHARM!

SEND FOR THIS FASCINATING BOOK!

# THE HAYMES WAY

TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR VOICE

By MARGUERITE HAYMES



Words can never express my gratitude and appreciation for the understanding and guidance you have always given me in my career.

Thanks a million and the Best of Luck.

*Dick Haymes*

Learning to sing is FUN, when you do it the Haymes way.

No fancy breathing routines.

No tedious drudgery with scales; just a few simple exercises.

No confusing technical language.

No problems about voice placing, head and chest tones, etc.

Police your posture! Walk, dance—and sing—with dreamy smoothness (see page 10)

Is you is or is you ain't got rhythm? Learn to swing and sway it (page 14)

Your lips color your voice. Easy does it, with the "bell mouth" trick, strictly a Haymes invention (page 8)

Secrets of mike and platter technique (page 34)

The only singing teacher Dick Haymes ever had is his charming mother, Marguerite Haymes! She will teach *you* by the same method, easy and natural as breathing! Mrs. Haymes studied extensively in Europe and America, before her brilliant concert successes here and abroad. Out of this rich knowledge and experience, she developed her own simplified and highly individual method of teaching. In her New York studio, she is helping hundreds of young people to make the most of their singing and speaking voices.

**THE HAYMES WAY**, a bright, beautifully illustrated book, gives you *for the first time*, her home course in voice training. Helps you win poise and self-confidence. The *only book of its kind*—priced at only \$3!

"Anybody who can speak can learn to sing," says Mrs. Haymes, "although we can't all be topflight vocalists, of course. Even if you don't aspire to a career, but just want to be more charming and popular, your voice will pay rich dividends if you give it a chance!" Be the one to lead the crowd in singing at parties! Learn to sing into the mike; make records; solo with a band. Give *your* voice a chance. Send \$3 for **THE HAYMES WAY** today!

**LIMITED NUMBER OF COPIES BECAUSE OF PAPER RESTRICTIONS! MAIL COUPON NOW!**

CONEL BOOKS Dept. BL-1,  
Riverside, Connecticut

I enclose \$3 for **THE HAYMES WAY** To Make The Most Of Your Voice

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A good way to get waste paper collected is to *appoint a Salvage Chief* in your home! Let that person take charge of getting all your old paper bundled and turned in. Then if it isn't collected regularly, he should call your local Salvage Committee.

And remember, the only way to help avoid further drastic cuts in civilian paper allotments is for *everyone* to save waste paper.

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information. Space contributed to Double-V Waste Paper Program by this publication.



send every  
scrap of  
**WASTE  
PAPER  
TO WAR**

## Sepia Sensation (Continued from page 31)

Maestr Eckstine was born in Pittsburgh thirty years ago, and attended high school and Howard University in Washington, D.C. It was in the nation's capital that Billy launched his singing career. He always had an ambition to become a top-notch singer, but had never been able to get started. While he was attending Howard University, his friends talked him into entering an amateur night contest at a local theater. Billy copped first prize in the contest and got an offer to sing with the house band. This was the break Billy had hoped for, and at last he was on the road to his chosen career.

He sang with several small bands and in the show at Washington's *Cotton Club*. Here he met one of his idols, Duke Ellington, who gave him great encouragement and urged Billy to take his talents to New York or Chicago. Billy took the Duke's advice and, in 1939, journeyed to Chicago. Here he worked with several bands before being "discovered" by Earl Hines, who hired him to sing with his orchestra at the Windy City's famous *Grand Terrace Cafe*. For the first time the voice of Billy Eckstine was heard on the coast-to-coast radio networks via the Hines band's broadcasts from the *Grand Terrace*. Important theater dates in key cities and recording work followed, making Billy a "big name" with hepcats and swing fans throughout the nation.

During his years with Hines, Billy learned to play trumpet, and eventually became proficient enough on that horn to win a berth in the band's mighty brass section, in addition to handling the vocals.

For five years Billy toured the country with "Fatha" Hines, rolling up his own fan following all along the way. In fact, Billy was to the Hines band what cabbage is to corned beef, and a good deal of the band's success was credited to Billy's vocal work.

Billy organized his own band at a time when many band leaders were giving up in disgust, what with the transportation difficulties and other wartime problems that confront every maestro these days. The so-called "wise guys" in the music business shrugged their shoulders and called Billy a fool for starting a band when he could be working theaters and night clubs as a single for \$1,000 a week, but Billy had that very important requisite for success—confidence. Of course, he had a few other important items, such as talent and a personal following, but so had many others who had gone before him and failed as band leaders.

Billy Shaw of the William Morris Agency, a man who had guided the destinies of Charlie Barnet, Tony Pastor, Earl Hines and many other top bandmen, took Billy under his wing at the very outset and helped him profit by the mistakes of prospective but unsuccessful leaders. The Eckstine band was carefully groomed and fortified with enthusiastic young musicians who surrounded several key sidemen in the aggregation.

To ease Billy's burden, a musical director and chief arranger for the young band was selected in the person of Jack "Budd" Johnson, a talented and veteran tenor saxophonist-arranger who had been

with such bands as Hines, Cab Calloway, Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson. Johnson is the "man behind the scenes" with the Eckstine orchestra and is responsible for its brilliant and dynamic rhythmic patterns. Johnson handles many of the organization's intricate musical details, coordinating the work of the other arrangers and officiating at rehearsals in his capacity as the band's musical director. In this manner Billy is able to devote more time to vocal work and fronting the band.

As for Billy himself, he's still the shy, retiring lad who won that amateur contest in Washington. Success has in no way affected him, except to spur him on to bigger things. His prime interest is to have a band that will rise to the very top of the musical world. Earlier this year he turned down a starring role opposite Lena Horne in an important *MGM* musical film, because it would have meant breaking up his band.

The singing maestro is being hailed as the best bet for success among Negro bands since Count Basie came zooming across the musical horizon six years ago. No new colored band has been able to duplicate Basie's popularity up to the present time, but from all indications Billy is the lad to do it.

Yes, Billy Eckstine is still known as the "Sepia Sinatra", but he's also acquired a new tag, that of leader of the "Band Most Likely To Succeed In 1945", and he's well on the way to bearing out the predictions of the music critics who chose his band for that title.



# Did You Know That

(Continued from page 8)

jump tune field. The disc is a Decca, number 1880B, and may be hard to find right now, unfortunately. . . .

MARTHA STEWART, radio star and Victor recording artist, will be boomed by the Hollywood studios this year. The movieland big-wigs are really impressed by this gal's talent and looks—they figure she can't miss in the flickers. . . .

GENE KRUPA has dropped the string section from his band, with great results! Both he and TOMMY DORSEY will return to the smart 400 Restaurant in Manhattan this fall, in case you were wondering about this. . . .



Mary Lou Williams

SONNY DUNHAM'S new idea for his band is working out in fine style. Sonny decided to put his crew on a more commercial kick a few months back, and as a result, is pleasing everyone with a band that places more emphasis on entertainment, rather than straight jazz. . . .

Incidentally, if you haven't heard ASCH's new jazz album featuring MARY LOU WILLIAMS and Her Six, you're missing something! You'll especially like her sparkling arrangement of "Star Dust". Another Asch album worthy of mention here is the one by JOSH WHITE. Give a listen to the number "The House I Live In"—it's a credo for Americans!

The big Broadway shows are giving an eye to jazz at long last. Playing in Main

Stem shows during the current season have been such "hot" stalwarts as ETHEL WATERS, MARY LOU WILLIAMS, JOSH WHITE, IDA JAMES, and THELMA CARPENTER. . . .

MGM is still trying to get VAUGHN MONROE to give up his swing band and act in cowboy movies. . . .

Maestro ENOCH LIGHT was badly injured in an auto crash several years back and faded out of the name band picture for a time. After a second hard struggle for success, Enoch is back at the top again where he belongs. Listen for his band on the air these nights and see if you don't agree that his stick-waving is in the top-flight class. . . .



Enoch Light

Ballroom managers had better watch out. A "Did You Know That" spy informs us that Jimmy Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, is determined to get higher salaries for his musicians or else. . . .

NYC radio listeners are getting with a lot of great jazz these days, via the "Gloom Dodgers" program on WHN. The PHIL MOORE FOUR, LIZA MORROW, UNA MAE CARLISLE, the "Dark Angel of the Violin" EDDIE SOUTH, and many other jazz greats are heard regularly. . . .

And that's all for now—see you next issue!—DICK DODGE.

# THE PICK OF THE POPULAR!

Jam-packed with the popular songs of yesterday and today . . . each of the folios listed here is a best-seller. Each contains complete words and piano music, with guitar chords, for nine or more hits!

- (A) **FRANK SINATRA'S SONGS OF ROMANCE**  
50c "It Had To Be You," "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams," "You Go To My Head," "Shadow Waltz," and eight other thrilling Frank Sinatra favorites.
- (B) **SONGS MADE FAMOUS BY BING CROSBY**  
50c Bing sang his way into everybody's heart with the fifteen songs in this folio . . . "Just One More Chance," "Love In Bloom," "Please," etc.
- (C) **ANDY RUSSELL'S SELECTION OF LATIN-AMERICAN HITS**  
50c Nine rhythmic and romantic songs from south of the border . . . each closely identified with Andy Russell's meteoric rise to fame.
- (D) **JOHNNIE JOHNSTON SONG FOLIO**  
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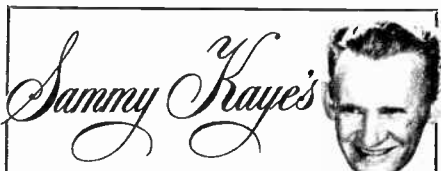
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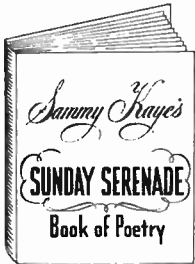
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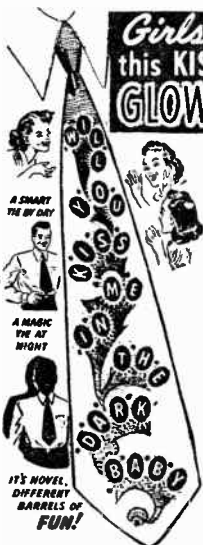
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# Rhymes and Rhythm (Continued from page 14)

Beauty is a human need—even a hunger. Music answers that need, so does poetry. Poetry and music are very closely allied."

Sammy's standard is his own taste. "If I like 'em, I read 'em," he said.

He doesn't read heavy selections, every line of which must be weighed and pondered before it can be understood.

"If people immediately can't understand the poem I read," he said, "I might as well leave it out altogether. They only get the one chance. The message must go, swiftly and clearly, straight to their hearts.

"The only way I could read the classical, tremendously concentrated material, would be to demand that every one of my listeners take it down in shorthand and study it afterwards. I'm afraid that every one of my listeners isn't a stenographer. I do know they are all people who love poetry—and that's enough for me."

Sammy keeps open air-house on Sunday afternoons. Husbands and wives, sweethearts, and "just friends," meet in spirit from one-thirty until two o'clock EWT, with Sammy as host, for his "Sunday Serenade."

"My husband is now in the South Pacific," wrote one young wife of a year, "and each Sunday we both tune in your program on the American Broadcasting Company network. It seems to bring us closer together as we listen to your tender music and dream of each other. All week I look forward to Sunday, and many times during that half hour I find myself silently weeping as I seem to live each sentimental line."

War, with all its grim brutality, seems to intensify the American soldier's need for poetry, according to Sammy. The G.I.s listen in groups.

"Each Sunday a group of soldiers, somewhere in France, listens to your program," wrote another young wife. "These soldiers are now calling themselves the Sammy Kaye Club, and have given my husband, First Sergeant of the company, the title of President. The poems bring these boys close to home, though they are so far away.

"For fourteen months now, since my husband went overseas, we have been meeting each other spiritually through your program. Every Sunday my husband is over there, lying on his 'sack,' thinking of home and me—while I, at this end of the world, have my thoughts of him.

The most often requested poem, according to Sammy, is "Dear Mom." Others asked for over and over are: "You're In My Heart," "Advice," "When We're Apart," "I Want You To Know," "To a Friend," "Remember," "Dear Friend," "You," "An Appreciation of You" and "With Boundless Faith."

"Some of those poems," said Sammy, "are the words of songs. Some are just word melodies."

The most popular of the "Serenade" poems have been collected into a book of the same name, which sells for \$1.10. More than fifty thousand copies have been distributed to date. They can't, Sammy regrets, supply everyone who wants one.

"That book was a mistake too, according to my friends," said Sammy. "They were willing to admit that 'maybe' the poetry reading had caught on but were unwilling to see any sense in a collection of 'poems.' The way they said 'poems' you might have thought they were talking about hand grenades or Japs."

Sammy Kaye has been making up his own mind—and running counter to freely offered advice—ever since he attended Ohio University. He was studying civil engineering to please his parents, but had privately made up his own mind to go in for athletics—baseball, perhaps. Midway in his four years he changed his mind, deciding to scrap both athletics and engineering and lead a band. Never one to waste time he took his degree in engineering and then announced his unshakable intention of going into the music business.

Once in the band business Sammy and his "Ohioans" found the going tough until they stumbled into some huge blocks of air time.

"And even that was different," chuckled Sammy. "We couldn't work into radio just like any other band—slow and easy-like. No! We were playing out at Willowick Club, near Cleveland, when there was a radio row of some sort and bands couldn't broadcast out of New York.

"So, for a while it seemed as if we were on the air twenty-four hours a day. We were always on call. Sometimes we'd play a broadcast in our pajamas—pile into cabs all sleepy and tousled, play the program, go back in the cabs to the hotel, and sleep again for an hour or so."

Sammy's first recordings, he said, were made strictly from ignorance. Columbia (then Brunswick) wanted him to do some records. He hadn't the faintest idea how to go about it.

"I didn't know where to get the tunes, or what tunes to get. I didn't know anything.

"Then," he continued, "I was lucky. John Scott Trotter, who was then musical director at Brunswick, took me around and helped me get tunes and arrangements and showed me how everything should be done.

"A little later, John asked me how to go about getting together a band and being a band leader. I told him 'I don't know, John. I'm still learning myself.'

"The next thing I heard about John Scott Trotter he was with the Bing Crosby program—so I guess he did all right. But in those days it was just good luck that any of us ever got anywhere."

Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway Orchestra deviated from the usual custom when they broke into New York. Their first date in the big town was the Paramount Theatre.

"And that," commented Sammy, "is about as usual as a horse in a phone booth. We'd never been on a stage before—we were just a dance band. We had three days in Hartford to break in—and all nearly had nervous collapses. We were the scariest bunch of guys they ever pushed onto the Paramount stage. How we ever played anything I'll never know.

"Everything," finished Sammy, "seems to happen to me. When it doesn't," he grinned, "I'll think of something new and make that happen."

In the meantime, Sammy Kaye manages to keep busy, what with two radio shows each week. He's featured on the "Tangee Varieties" show heard on Fridays at 10 p.m. EWT over the American Broadcasting Company, as well as the Sunday show—he records exclusively for Victor—and he's kept busy the rest of the time playing theatre dates and other in-person assignments for the many folks who like to "swing and sway" with Sammy Kaye.



# Starduster

(Continued from page 13)

but instead labeled: "Hades on the May-faker," "Hole in the Bucket," "For Gosh' Sakes, Potato," and "Papa's Beer Clarinet."

At the proper intervals, "Moby Dick," the band's mascot, would be brought out. "We used 'Moby' mostly when we played 'Riverboat Shuffle,'" Hoagy tells you. "We called the tune ('Riverboat Shuffle') 'The Whaling Number,' and, while we were playing it, we'd get down and crawl around on the floor, yelling 'Old Boat, Old Boat.'"

While this was taking place, "Moby Dick" would be standing in a place of honor. "Moby," it should be explained, was a charred, midget Christmas tree, picked up by the band on a date in New Castle, Indiana.

It was the late Bix Beiderbecke, though, who first brought Hoagy's tune, "Riverboat Shuffle" to more than local prominence—by recording it.

Hoagy got the Wolverines, which included Bix, to play a date on the Indiana campus—a date that extended into a series of ten weekends. Beiderbecke and Carmichael became close personal friends, and formed a mutual admiration society.

Hoagy was knocked out by the wonderful horn Bix played, and Bix went for Hoagy's tunes. He wanted to record "Riverboat Shuffle."

"What, that old thing?" Hoagy said, off-handedly.

But Bix was sold on the tune—he liked the opportunity it afforded to play four "breaks" in the main strain . . . something very original at the time.

While Bix was alive, he and Hoagy had many kicks together. In admiration of Bix, Hoagy took up cornet, himself.

"I bought myself a little green horn," he recalls, "and finally got good enough to play it with the band." The Carmichael horn has also been preserved on wax in an old Gennett platter of "Walkin' The Dog."

Bix and Hoagy were also together in Jean Goldkette's band, and Carmichael has paid tribute to the memory of his friend by naming his eldest son, Hoagy Bix.

During his college days, though, Hoagy never seriously considered devoting his life to music. He took his LL. B. degree and went down to Florida to practice law.

A visit home, after two years of lawyering, changed the course of his life. He dropped in at "The Book Nook," one of his former college hangouts and, on an old piano he had used when a student, composed his immortal "Stardust," held by many to be the greatest popular song ever written.

Though "Stardust" was not an overnight hit, after he had written it Hoagy gave up law and got back into the music business. "Stardust" and "Riverboat Shuffle," by the way, were both originally written to be played as piano solos. Hoagy had heard Zez Confrey's piano novelty, "Kitten on the Keys," and decided that he, too, would write a piano solo. "Stardust" was the "solo," written in 1927.

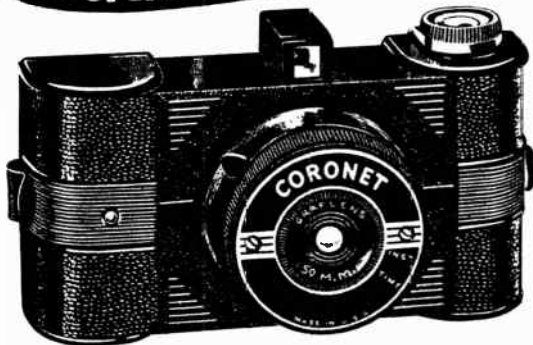
In 1928, Hoagy had his own swing band, was exchanging arrangements with Don Redman of McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and giving innovations of his own to the development of dance music.

He was one of the first pianists to play in "sock" time. Another of his original ideas was the "one-finger" piano style, in which the right hand carries the melody, moving around one note at a time

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like a trumpet, sax, or other melody instrument. Many important 88 men seized on this musical invention and developed it into a style.

When he gave up his band, Hoagy decided to take a crack at Hollywood, but on his arrival found a deaf ear awaiting his songs. Rebuffed, he returned to New York with Paul Whiteman's band. A fellow who since has become known as "The Groaner," let Hoagy share his berth.

In 1930, Hoagy organized an all-star band for a series of record dates for Victor. Included in the personnel were Bix (it was one of his last record dates), Benny Goodman, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Bud Freeman, Bubber Miley, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Gene Krupa, Pee Wee Russell, and others.

Two of the tunes recorded were Carmichael's "Rockin' Chair," and "Georgia on My Mind."

Six years later, Hoagy again went to Hollywood. This time he was welcomed with open arms and a Paramount songwriter's contract.

By that time, an Isham Jones platter of "Stardust" had given the tune the start it needed to become a perennial favorite. "Lazybones," written by Hoagy with Johnny Mercer, and a dozen or so other Carmichael tunes also were definite hits.

Hoagy has since written a flock of film scores, and his accumulated list of hits is as long as a trombone player's arm. "Two Sleepy People," "Small Fry," "I Can Get Along Without You Very Well," "How

Little We Know," "Little Old Lady," "Skylark" and "Lamplighter's Serenade" are among the better known songs written by himself or in collaboration with others. Not so well known is the fact that, about a dozen years ago, he authored a book on jazz and jazzmen, called "Jazz-banders—A Rhapsody In Mud."

Having tried his hand at other things, Hoagy recently became a movie actor and radio star. Earlier this year, he went on NBC as singer and emcee of his own program, "Something New." Warner Brothers used his talents as singer, composer, and pianist in "To Have and Have Not," where he has the role of a honky-tonk pianist, and plays his song "How Little We Know."

He lives in Beverly Hills with his wife, the former Ruth Meinardi, and their two sons: Hoagy Bix, six, and Randy Bob, four. His time is taken up with a multiplicity of interests: radio and moving pictures, recording with picked bands for Boris Morros' ARA label, writing new tunes, running a publishing company, and handling other business interests. He paints in oil for relaxation.

Though his plans are still indefinite about it, he may return to band leading again. However, if he does, it will be only for some special enterprise, such as a theater tour.

But whatever the future, "Starduster" Carmichael will be doing something interesting. His "old Rockin' Chair hasn't got him" yet by a long shot.



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# My Friend Martha (Continued from page 23)

come out to the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles, where he had his first real success.

Martha and I had been down to hear the band several times and one day we decided it would be fun to go down in the afternoon on rehearsal day. We sneaked into the empty ballroom and stood beside one of the huge pillars right near the stand. We had only been there a few minutes when Goodman spied us. Giving us his famous X-ray eye, he politely, but firmly, told us to leave—he didn't allow any outsiders at rehearsals. So very sheepishly, we turned around and left.

The "Three Hits And A Miss" auditioned for Benny Goodman's "Camel Caravan" program, and were hired for the show. One day during rehearsal, Goodman's manager happened to hear Martha do a little solo bit, and he suggested to Benny that he audition her for the band. Helen Ward was leaving and they needed a new singer.

So the audition was arranged, and the next day, Martha, nervous as a cat, arrived at the radio station to sing for the exacting Mr. Goodman. She did one song and Benny, with no comment, asked her to do another. Half way through the second number, Goodman walked out of the studio! Martha stopped singing, picked up her purse and left, feeling certain she had flopped.

But, when she got home, she received a telephone call from Benny's manager, who asked what had happened to her. "Goodman left, so I left too," Martha replied. "Well he liked you very much," said the manager, "and we'd like you to come down and talk to us."

So almost three weeks to the day after Goodman had ordered Martha to leave his Palomar rehearsal, he hired her as his vocalist at a salary of \$125 a week.

She used to write me a lot about Leonard Vannerson, Goodman's manager, and finally she confessed she was in love. But this time Martha wasn't going to rush into marriage. She was going to be sure it was the right thing. She went with Leonard for the three years that she was with the band. During that time she became one of the most popular singers in the country, and also one of the highest paid band vocalists in the business.

Late in 1939, Martha became very homesick and wanted to return to Los Angeles. The band had only played in California a couple of times since they had left in 1937, and Martha was lonesome for Jerry and for her family. So she left Benny and came home, and went to work for NBC. She had her own program, "Littin' Martha Tilton Time," and made many guest appearances on the Fibber McGee and Molly program, and others.

In the spring of 1940, the Goodman band came to the coast, and Martha and Leonard were married. They had a beautiful wedding at the Wee Kirk Of The Heather in Forest Lawn, and Benny Goodman was the best man. After a honeymoon at Palm Springs, Martha returned to radio and Leonard went on the road again with Goodman.

But, after a few months Martha was so lonesome for Leonard that she got a release from her program and joined her husband in the East. Leonard had left Benny and was managing Tommy Dorsey. While in New York, Martha did a lot of radio work, and when the Dorsey band hit the road, Martha traveled with Leonard.

When she discovered she was going to have a baby, Martha came back to Los Angeles. She continued to work in radio for a while and, when the Capitol Record Company was formed, Martha was one of the first artists they signed.

Luckily, the Dorsey band came to the coast for a long engagement, so Leonard was able to be home when Jonathan was born.

When it came time for the Dorsey band to leave Los Angeles, Leonard quit because he couldn't bear to be separated from Martha and the baby. He expected to go into the service, so he wanted to spend as much time at home as possible. Martha didn't take any steady jobs for a while. She dubbed at studios for various stars who couldn't sing, made records, did radio guest shots, and made a couple of musicals at Universal.

Early in 1944, Leonard entered the Navy and Martha went back to being a full-time career girl. She signed a contract with P.R.C. and was starred in two pictures, "Swing Hostess," and "Crime, Inc." She continued to record for Capitol, and her disc of "I'll Walk Alone" sold over a million copies.

Martha sang on Jack Benny's program several times and, when Jack planned his overseas tour to the South Pacific, he asked Martha if she would go with his troupe. She cancelled a theater tour she had planned for the summer and went to the Pacific with Jack, Carole Landis, Larry Adler and June Bruner.

When Martha returned to the States, she had all sorts of picture and radio offers, but she turned them all down—she needed a rest. The Pacific tour had really knocked her out. Leonard came home on furlough, and he and Martha and the Tilton family had a wonderful reunion. Then Leonard was shipped to the South Pacific, and Martha went back to work.

Martha has had a wonderful career, with all the success and fun that goes with it. But she has managed to remain unchanged and unspoiled. To look at her you'd think she'd be weak and delicate. She's five feet one, and weighs only a hundred and four, but she has the energy of a football player and is athletically inclined. She loves to swim and ride. She still has the same little-girl look she's always had, even when she puts her hair up.

Martha adores her children, Jerry and Jonathan, but she refuses to spoil them. When she's at home, she's very much the mother and housewife. She owns a beautiful house in Hollywood. She loves to putter in the yard and her Victory garden is her pride and joy. Mrs. Tilton has strict orders from Martha to keep it in shape while she is away.

Martha's favorite hobby is collecting records, and she has thousands of them. Her pet singers are Mildred Bailey and Bing Crosby. No matter where she is, she writes Leonard faithfully every day. Leonard is now directing Claude Thornhill's all-Navy show down in the South Pacific.

By the time you read this, Martha probably will be overseas with the Jack Benny troupe in Europe. Jack especially requested Martha for his second U.S.O. tour. When they returned from the Pacific last summer, Jack paid her a nice tribute when he said, "Martha is a great trouper, and one of the loveliest girls I've ever known."

Well, Jack is right. They don't come any better!



# BALLADIER BROWN

by Alicia Evans



DICK  
BROWN

THE letter "B" is for Brown . . . ballad and blues singer . . . bashful and boyish . . . best bet and big box-office . . . and bachelor. Briefly, "B" is for Dick Brown . . . tagged "bee-yew-ti-ful Brown" in fan talk. Dick blushes over that one.

Just a little while ago it was Private Brown . . . then Aviation Cadet Brown, of the U.S. Army. His health kayoed his military career and, after tries at the Merchant Marine and a job as engine tester in an airplane factory, Dick came back to the singing business.

Now it's Broadway Brown. There's a recent *Roxy Theatre* engagement tucked into his "Most Thrilling Moments" file. It may soon be Movie Actor Brown, for Dick's attending Warner Brothers' Dramatic School in New York . . . at the special invitation of the management.

Dick Brown came to New York a year ago, with three hundred and one dollars in his jeans. The three hundred was in bills in his wallet . . . the extra buck was silver, for luck.

"That coin decided my future," he says. "I couldn't make up my mind whether to try New York or Chicago, so I tossed the coin and New York won."

With the silver dollar clutched in his hand, Dick apparently couldn't lose. He got a job the first day of auditioning . . . the day after he arrived in New York . . . with Walter Perner's Orchestra, at the *Hotel Roosevelt*.

He didn't really strike it rich, however, until he was interviewed by a gent of the same name—one Jimmy Rich—at WNEW. That idea was handed to him by a friend who heard him at the *Roosevelt* and was shocked that he had no radio contract.

"See Rich," the pal urged. "He's a tough proposition. He won't fool around. He'll either hire you, or ignore you."

Dick did as advised and was one of the lucky ones Jimmy Rich hired. He progressed from a sustaining program to "Around the Town" with WNEW; then to his current *Mutual* "Dick Brown Show" at 6:45 p.m. EWT on Sundays.

It was only persistence that permitted Dick his career . . . he nearly wasn't a singer at all. He was the second of the Reverend Max Brown's boys who wanted to sing for their fortunes; and his older brother Jack already was established when Dick mentioned his ambition. Father Brown thought two singers in one family was one too many.

"I won," says Dick, "and went to the Cincinnati College of Music. My first real job was subbing for my brother Jack, who was singing regularly at the *Hotel Bennett* in Binghamton, New York, where we had moved from Youngstown, Ohio."

A series of selling jobs filled in stretches when Dick was out of singing spots, until he built up a local reputation over WNEF in Binghamton. From there he toured the west and southwest until Pearl Harbor and a full-time Army routine.

Dick is twenty-six years old; is five feet, ten and a half inches tall; and weighs 158 pounds. He has jet black hair and chocolate brown eyes. He likes horseback riding, collects pipes, and has seventy ties in his wardrobe. His pet is a cocker spaniel named for a friend, "Moish."

While he's a bachelor, Dick isn't sold on a solitary existence. It's just that he's fussy . . . he's hunting for a girl "just like the one Dad got."



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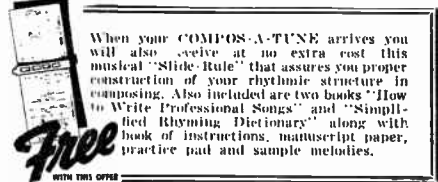
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DEPT. 604, CHICAGO 10, ILL.



"Have you got Beethoven's 'Fifth Symphony' on one side and 'One Meat Ball' on the other?"

**Platters, Chatter and Commercials** (Continued from page 27)

from 5:00 to 5:45 p.m. and on WHOM from 11 p.m. to midnight.

The night watch is well represented by "Stay Up Stan, The All Night Record Man," STAN SHAW, after whom the Charlie Barnet platter of that title was named. Stan tussles with the A.B.C. microphone on WJZ from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m. ART FORD has a similar watch on WNEW with his "Milkman's Matinee" show from midnight to 6:30 a.m. and BARRY GRAY, the "Man in the Moon" emcees "Moonlight Saving Time" from 1:00 to 5:45 a.m. on WOR.

New York also has its femme disc jockeys. PEGGY LLOYD is an old hand at the platter business with her "Wake Up New York" show on WOV from 7:00 to 8:30 a.m. every day, Monday through Saturday. Newest is JILL WARREN, who operates from 7:00 to 7:30 p.m. on WHOM every Tuesday. Jill is a writer for BAND LEADERS.

And, speaking of BAND LEADERS writers, I too am a platter jockey—I conduct a bird-brain wake-up show from 8:30 to 9 p.m. on WWRL in Woodside, Long Island!

Stock has been taken of the assortment of deejays on the air in Manhattan, but we have not discussed "why" they are on the air... the voice persuasion, the show ideas, the gimmicks employed to make these shows better than any other record shows.

That MARTIN BLOCK has a persuasive voice on the air is proved by the time when he received a request for 200 pianos which were needed overseas immediately. Within an hour and a half after his announcement, 600 pianos had been contributed! Another evidence was the incident when Spike Jones and his City Slickers, just returned from a USO tour in France, were unable to obtain rooms in crowded Manhattan. Block broadcast an appeal for rooms and, by the end of the program, Spike could have put up the New York Philharmonic with the rooms offered!

Martin is also the only disc jockey who competes with himself. On the air with the "Make-Believe Ballroom" from 5:35 to 7:30 p.m., he also announces the Perry

Como "Chesterfield Supper Club" on NBC at 7:00 p.m. He is able to assume his double-speaking personality by transcribing the MBB for that fifteen minutes.

It was DICK GILBERT who first discovered that he could blend his voice with a phonograph record and snare his listeners through the novelty of the trick and his own excellent ballad voice. Today Dick is one of Manhattan's foremost record spinners.

Many times during his daily hours on the air, Dick dons earphones to sing duets with Bing Crosby, or to sock out a snappy vocal chorus with Xavier Cugat. And, as a consequence, Dick is a double-threat disc jockey. They listen and they swoon.

One of the nicest and sincerest boys in the business, Dick is well liked by band leaders and fans alike.

ALAN COURTNEY is about on a popularity par with Gilbert. Personally, Alan is not nearly so accessible as Gilbert, Block or the others, and his criticism is more intense. It is probably for the latter reason that his word is rather highly respected by listeners and record-makers. Courtney also differs in that he is primarily a jazzist, where the others named thus far play all types of popular music, to widen their listening audience.

Courtney's show is divided into sections. Monday is "Harlem Hit Parade" night, Tuesday is "Jazz for the Masses," Wednesday is the all-request "Sounding Board," Thursday is a "Blues Session," etc. On the Tuesday show, Allan invites local jazz critics and collectors to the station to play their favorite records and discuss them.

Popularity at WMCA is divided between JERRY LAWRENCE and STEVE ELLIS. Jerry conducts the "Air Theatre," which is a pretty swiny program, playing the top requests of the week and the new releases as soon as they are available. One day a week he has "The Court of Missing Hits," in which he delves into the hit discs of the past for revivals.

Jerry is also the originator of the "Dime a Dance" gimmick, which has been used during every "March of Dimes" infantile paralysis drive. With every request the listener must send a dime for his "dance."

**SUBSCRIBE TODAY!** Send \$1.00 (Canada, Foreign \$1.50) to Band Leaders Publishing Co., Inc., Dept. 945, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y., and receive the next 8 issues of BAND LEADERS magazine!



The dimes are, of course, turned over 100% to the fund.

Steve Ellis accents sweet music, never allowing a swing disc on the program. He feels that his mid-morning show goes mostly to a housewife audience, so he accents hits of yesterday, show tunes, Latin rhythms, torch tunes and sentimental orchestra numbers. The program is occasionally spiced by the recitation of original poetry, suitable to the mood of the program.

Ellis also spots interviews with show stars from Broadway twice a week in what he calls "Showplace Time." Music for the program is not picked by Ellis but by an eighteen-year-old lad, Jay Seymour, who has acted in that capacity for four years. "Jay picks what the people like," Steve tells us. "I would be playing the records I like. That wouldn't be good!"

MAURICE HART is the jockey closest to Block in popularity on station WNEW. Hart's "Music Hall" is an eight act diagnosis of popular music and its makers. He analyzes different arrangements of the same tune, earliest versions and latest versions of a given tune, the historical popularity of crooners, etc.

Actually, Hart's voice is almost as smooth as Block's. He has often pinch-hitted for the "Make-Believe Ballroom" conductor almost without the audience knowing the difference. "Almost," I said!

Two gals on the air are PEGGY LLOYD and BAND LEADERS' own JILL WARREN. Peggy has an extensive wake-up program in the morning which is widely listened to. She plays twenty-two record sides every morning, gives three newscasts, the time, weather and baseball scores. She tells human interest stories, presents overseas interviews once or twice weekly, and has a quiz program. Music on her show is by request, with servicemen getting first choice.

Jill Warren has only a half-hour show but that show is an active one. There are from five to six record sides, news and commentary on the music world, and interviews with top music personalities.

The all-night record shows, "Stay Up Stan (Shaw) The All Night Record Man," "Moonlight Saving Time" and "Milkman's Matinee" are in a class by themselves.

STAN SHAW, for instance, plays seventy-five records a night! It is his job to keep night watchmen watching, night-driving cabbies awake at the wheel, and to keep insomnia sufferers from suffering. In his five hours of music, Stan plays all types of music. He has to!

Shaw interviews celebrities on his night watch, and has had such notables as Celeste Holm and Walter Winchell trading quips with him in the early bright. Stan lives the show considerably by his voice versatility. Although he runs the show alone, he uses three voices . . . one for himself, one for Sy (who swoops up the joint), and one for Dirk (who changes records)!

A personable guy, Stan must be an insomnia sufferer himself, for he is equally awake night and day. He does with as little as four and five hours sleep a night . . . I mean "day."

ART FORD is much like Shaw except that he handles his show pretty much in deadpan, with a dry humor sparking it. Ford has a midnight pallor, is very slender, invariably looks tired . . . in other words, Art looks like an all-night record man.

Art's humor is contagious. He is quick-witted in the interviews he conducts with music personalities, and there are few who can outsharp him. Art practically lives in the WNEW studio. He has an electric heating unit, with a pot of coffee

always cooking. He slumps and dozes in his chair but he has never missed the record cue.

One of Art's favorite gimmicks is to speed up transcriptions and announce the squeaky-toned music as Phil Sptallomy and his All Mouse Orchestra. Actually, though, Art has little time to himself. While records spin, his phone jangles constantly. It seems that all of New York finds soul relief in a telephone chat with the weary Arthur Ford.

BARRY GRAY'S "Moonlight Saving Time" is an almost all-musical show. There are musical jingles which break in between records. Advertisements are generally in jingle form. Barry actually presides over the platters, speaking less than most of the record jockies.

When Barry does speak, though, it's generally in a dour, ribbing way. He claims that he is not dependent upon records, that his chatter is as well liked as the records. Fan mail bears him out. Barry is one disc-jockey who insists that his engineer is as important as he is. Jim Mullens, take a bow!

I have saved to the last SYMPHONY SID, WWRL and WHOM disc jockey who for years has been the favorite Harlem platter spinner. Sid, a white boy, has a deep voice and a line of Harlem jive talk which comes right off of 125th Street. He is well known by Negro musicians and band leaders, and is a hot jazz authority.

His commercials are all ad-lib and all delivered in the same Harlem talk. "Let me hip you now to Hollywood Al's pant shop," he advises. "Hollywood Al's got a gang of the pants you like so much . . . that extra wide knee that draes like mad to a narrow cuff. If you want to be the sharpest cat in town, dig Hollywood Al." And the whole commercial comes off so smoothly that it sounds like it was read.

Sid, whose name is Sid Torin, once lived up Harlem way and became accustomed to their line-of-talk. Friendly on the air, he receives phone calls like mad during his late hour on WHOM and is the friend of every Harlem night owl. The white crowd listens to Sid, too, because of his fine taste in records and his interesting patter.

My own show? Well, I play phonograph records and bawl out my listeners. That's about all there is to it. Somehow they always come back for more, though, and I seem to have a very loyal gang of kids listening. Maybe they like it when I read the funnies to them. Maybe they like my sound effect time signals: "At the sound of the two cylinder tractor it will be 8:46." Maybe they like my soap operas. I don't know . . . but they listen!

If I have forgotten anyone in this article it is lamentable. I made every effort to include the entire field. There are many disc iockies . . . many who come through to NYC from New Jersey, for instance. PAUL BRUNNER, on WAAT in New Jersey, is one of New York's most popular guys with his excellent taste in records and his pleasant patter. WPAT has several record men who sneak a signal from Paterson into New York.

All disc jockies enter into recruiting activities, Bond sales, and camp shows, when possible.

It can only be said that the general quality of disc jockies in the New York area is excellent. Each has his little peculiarity . . . his gimmick . . . which makes him popular. Each has a faithful listening audience. Each can sell Adler "Elevator" Shoes, Serutan, I. J. Fox Furs, used cars, etc., like crazy . . . and make his listeners happy with the purchase!

Disc jockies . . . with their pleasant combination of platters, chatter and commercials . . . they're wonderful!



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**The Band Box** (Continued from page 6)

**News and Cues**

**A**RE you taking advantage of the yummy new shades of make-up which nearly all of the cosmetic companies are releasing? One company, which consistently puts out fine quality cosmetics, has a new lipstick in a shade called "Cherry," with a matching creme rouge. They're a charming twosome, both gay and elegant. Another well-known house, inspired by the bright color of a strawberry patch, has released a strawberry and cream combination. The lipstick, the color of sun-warmed strawberries, is as lovely and refreshing as its strawberry name and, to complement it, there is a light-textured powder in a shade to give your skin the rich tint of heavy pre-war cream. Still another famous beauty house, particularly interested in glorifying the teenage girl, has a wonderful, youthful cool-looking lipstick called "Pink Posie." It's smooth and long-wearing, and was designed especially to wear with your summer pastels.

To keep you in step with the bare trend in fashions, one cosmetic manufacturer has provided make-up for your entire body. Their head-to-toe beauty program, designed to keep your body smooth and tan, consists of a foundation tint for shoulders, arms, and midriff; a matching leg make-up; and their harmonizing Chromablended face foundation, tinted at

the counter to your specific taste. This highly emollient skin-protecting cream may range in color from pale tan to deep brown, depending on your directions to the mixer-upper behind the counter.

There are any number of good leg make-ups on the market. Whether you use a stick, cream, or liquid make-up, it should be used according to the directions on the package, scrubbed off with soap at the end of each day, and should be applied on absolutely hair-free legs.

One wonderful hair-remover is a cream which you spread on the legs, and remove fifteen minutes later, along with the unwanted hair, with a Turkish towel and tepid water. Your legs are left smooth and sleek as its name ("Sleek")—a perfect surface for the make-up of your choice.

By the way, Prentice-Hall publishers have recently released a book which you'll enjoy if you're interested in the pioneers of modern beauty. It's an autobiography by Antoine, the famous French hair-dresser—chock-full of the experiences in his career of beautifying women the world over. The price is \$2.75.

*I'll be happy to give you the names of the manufacturers of any of the items mentioned in this department if you'll drop me a postal card, addressed to "Duffy," BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.*

**Fan Stand** (Continued from page 52)

Felsing, 562 Maple St., Brooklyn 3, N.Y. says they are planning to send records (most of them Woody's) to service-men's canteens all over the U. S. Nice idea, Joy!

Kitty Spizman, 1477 Longfellow Ave., Bronx 60, N. Y., would like to have more members in her Andy Russell club—Andy Dandys.

Another club for Sammy Kaye has been organized. Write to either: Clara Di-Maria, Pres., 1420 So. 16th St., Philadelphia 46, Pa.—or Evelyn Heebner, co-Pres., Route No. 1, Royersford, Pa.

Anyone interested in joining the Buddy Rich Fan Club, write to: Stan Kreitman, 1930 Montgomery Ave., Bronx 53, N. Y. Buddy is a featured drummer with the Tommy Dorsey ork.

You Crosby fans will be interested in The Bingites, fan club for Bing. Write to: Leona Burnside, Pres., 132 Finley Ave., Staten Island 6, N. Y.

Ruth Grossbart, 2105 E. 21st St., Brooklyn 29, N. Y., wants lots of members for her recently organized Ralph Burns Fan Club. Ralph is pianist-arranger for Woody Herman's ork. Incidentally, Ruth is Vice-Pres. of the Woodpeckers, announced last issue (must be she's interested in that Herman herd!).

Doris Brown, 628 W. 151st St., New York 31, N. Y., is anxious to help Joe Matters go places and so has organized a club for him. Joe is a sax and clarinet player with Reggie Childs' band, formerly with Bob Strong.

Joanne Sapounas, Island Park, L. I., N. Y., President of the Gene Krupa Fan Club of Long Island, has 115 members and what do you know—she wants some more. On January 15th of this year, her club celebrated Gene's birthday by having a party in his honor. Each of those attending gave a dime for the Infantile

Paralysis Fund. They collected \$25.00 and sent it to the White House. At the party they played Krupa's records and compared scrapbooks. A wonderful idea, Joanne!

Johnny Desmond Club is welcoming members from all over the country. Johnny, formerly with Gene Krupa's old band, is now overseas and was singing with Glenn Miller's Army Band over there. Service men are admitted to the club free of charge, since Johnny himself is a G.I. Write to either: Theresa Caifa, 339 59th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y.—or Connie Currao, Pres., 110 Forsyth St., New York 2, N. Y.

Benny Goodman, Jess Stacy and Gene Krupa . . . The Goodman Trio Club features all three of these stars. Write to Pres. Zena Latto, 2031 Bathgate Ave., Bronx 57, N. Y., for more information.

Louis Prima fans, take note: We have heard from three Louis Prima fan clubs so far—all are looking for more members. Write to: Louis Avanzato, 267 Hamilton Ave., Trenton 9, N. J., Eleanor Quantanone, 198 Havre St., East Boston 28, Mass.; Frankie Pullo, 61 Devoe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Calling all Barry Wood fans to The Barry Wood Fan Club. Write to: Georgia Krauss, 1949 Ryder St., Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

Eileen Barton fans—here is your chance! Helen Richman, 1657 Montgomery Ave., Bronx 53, N. Y., is starting a club for Eileen and is anxious to have lots of members.

Well, fans, I guess this just about concludes our fan club session for this time. We'll be back next issue with more news and club announcements. In the meantime keep those letters coming! Write to: Betty White or Vic Lewis, c/o BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.





# Quiz

Conducted by Dixon Gayer

Since there is a shortage of good writers, what with every-one in the Army, Navy or Marines, the editor gave me the job of writing this quiz column . . . and now you readers are writing in to say that you like my stuff. Imagine that! Just to keep the score straight, let's say that from 95 to 100 is too darned good; 80 to 95, you're as smart as Gayer; 65 to 80, your memory is cobwebby; below 65, you just ain't hep! Turn to page 66 and see how you rate.

**ONE:** The following bandroutes have been travelled by musicians who are name band leaders in their own right. In other words, they played with the bands listed, in the order given, before organizing their own outfits. Who are they? (Score 5 points for each correct answer):

- (a) Irving Aaronson, Anthony Pestritto, Smith Ballew, Joe Venuti, Vincent Lopez, Artie Shaw, own band: .....
- (b) Tom Gerun, Harry Sosnick, Gus Arnheim, Isham Jones, own band: .....
- (c) Philips Friars, Logan Hancock, Herman Waldman, Ben Pollack, Benny Goodman, own band: .....
- (d) Les Hite, Louis Armstrong (with Hite's band), Benny Goodman, own band: .....
- (e) Joe Kayser, Red Nichols, Irving Aaronson, Russ Columbo, Mal Hallett, Buddy Rogers, Benny Goodman, own band: .....

**TWO:** Whose theme song? In the following, either the theme song title or the band leader's name is missing. Fill in either the name or theme song (Score 5 points for each one you get right):

- (a) Benny Goodman.....
- (b) ..... "Blue Flame"
- (c) ..... "The Waltz You Saved For Me"
- (d) Phil Moore .....
- (e) ..... "Goodbye"

**THREE:** All right, you jive talkers, here's your chance. If you were to see the following headlines in *Variety*, the show business trade paper, what would they mean to you? (Score 5

points for each headline you can translate into English):

- (a) "Crack Gitman Cuts Boffo Platter" .....
- (b) "Society Combo Has B. O." .....
- (c) "5C Pact Snags Vocalovely" .....

**FOUR:** The following are record titles which were tops only a few years ago. Each tune was done only or primarily by one band, who made it famous. Name the band. (Score 3 points for each correct answer):

- (a) "Don't Be That Way" .....
- (b) "In The Mood" .....
- (c) "Las Chiapanecas" .....
- (d) "Adios Marquita Linda" .....
- (e) "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" .....

**FIVE:** The following band leaders have been released from service and are leading their civilian bands again. Initials and instruments played are given. Name the leaders (Score 4 points for each correct answer):

- (a) S. E. (plays drums and sings) .....
- (b) A. S. (plays clarinet) .....
- (c) W. K. (plays tenor saxophone) .....
- (d) D. H. (plays trumpet and sings) .....
- (e) T. W. (plays violin and trombone) .....



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# Croon Prince (Continued from page 11)

not knowing that Dick could speak French, said some nice things about him and then made a couple of kidding cracks at the leading man. At the end of the conversation, Dick started spouting French a mile a minute to the great embarrassment of Ratoff.

Dick's first vocalizing job was with the then unknown Harry James aggregation in 1939. Harry paid him \$75.00 per week and usually Dick loaned half of it back to Harry so that Mr. James could meet his payroll. They became inseparable pals, a friendship which has never wavered. Recently, after his first love scene with Betty Grable on the set of 20th Century-Fox's "Diamond Horseshoe", ribber Dick sent Harry a wire: "Is it true that you are married to Betty Grable, my best girl?"

Harry replied: "Lay off, you wolf!" It wasn't love at first sight when Joanne and Dick first met backstage of the Copacabana where Joanne was dancing. She thought that young Mr. Haymes was the most conceited screwball she'd ever met. The first thing Dick said to her after they were introduced was "I'm going to marry you!" Quick-on-the-trigger, Joanne cracked right back, "Not if I can help it, old man!"

Obviously, she couldn't! They were married September 21, 1941.

From then on bedlam raged in the Haymes menage. "We've never done a sensible thing and probably never will," says Joanne happily.

"On our first wedding anniversary we were broke. Dick had a few dollars and he insisted that we celebrate at the *Stork Club*. There was just enough money to pay for a lush dinner and tip the waiter. We didn't even have enough change left to take a bus home—we walked. But it was wonderful," she coos.

A divine providence protects people like these two. Providence, a smattering of luck, and a beautiful voice.

A few days after the anniversary party, Tommy Dorsey offered Dick the vocal spot with his band that Frank Sinatra had vacated. The band was due to open at the *Hollywood Paladium*, so Joanne and six-week-old "Skipper" came to Hollywood.

Dick rented a terrific penthouse atop a swanky Hollywood apartment. The place cost \$550.00 per month. How much was Dick earning? You hit it about right—\$150.00 per week. They lived in a palace and had about \$50.00 a month left over for food and incidentals like clothes, doctor bills, etc.

"About two weeks later I tactfully began looking for another abode," Joanne reminisced. "I told Dick that I thought a smaller place would be more clubby, and if the furniture weren't as elegant we wouldn't have to worry about our friends tearing the jernt apart." She found a darling place at about one-third the former rental, and Dick agreed that he kinda liked it better too.

Dick quit Dorsey one fine day. "Joanne and I figured I had gone just as far as I could, singing with a band. There was no place to go but down unless I tried something else. So I just left Tommy and refused to take another job as a vocalist with a band.

"On my own, I tried selling some songs. I tried to get engagements as a feature singer. I tried several things, but I didn't get anywhere. Money ran low and I sent Joanne and 'Skipper' back to New York where they had to live in a furnished room. I nearly starved here."

Finally, Helen O'Connell, singer and Joanne's best friend, arranged for Dick to meet Bill Burton, who manages Helen and several other musical personalities. Burton is considered one of the smartest guys in the business. This was the turning point of Dick's career.

Bill recognizes a good thing when he sees or hears it and immediately signed Dick. He gave him enough money to go back to New York. Dick packed his other suit—a swimming suit—and was soon on his way back east, where Bill had gotten him a booking at the *Martini*, famous New York night spot. From then on it was smooth sledding.

Along came a recording contract with Decca and Dick's first platter, "You'll Never Know", earned him the title of "King of the Juke Boxes."

Bill paid all the Haymes' debts and began supervising all their expenditures. Soon after that came the radio show "Here's To Romance," a seven-year contract at 20th Century-Fox, and back to Hollywood came the Haymes'.

This time they bought a beautiful ranch (which they could afford!) in San Fernando Valley, complete with swimming pool, tennis court, music room, two convertibles and newly-born Helen Lane Haymes.

Dick works hard, sleeps late—when he can, eats like a horse, smokes very little, drinks less. When he isn't working, Dick spends the day sprawled near his swimming pool. He usually sports a terrific tan. Dick and Joanne don't go in for Hollywood night life—they retire before midnight. They love motion pictures and see at least three a week.

Their best friends are Bill Burton, the Jack Carsons, and Gordie Jenkins who conducts and arranges music on Dick's air-show "Everything For The Boys."

Dick frankly admits he wouldn't trade all his mad experiences for anything in the world, even if he could. "Anyhow, I'd rather be broke and hungry than sit in one dull successful spot too long, and I can honestly say I don't know whether it's my failures or my successes that have made me what I am today!"

## PICTURE CREDITS

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15	—RCA-Victor
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19	—G.A.C.
21	—NBC
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40	—Blue Note Records
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48	—Paramount; Gene Lester
49	—Paramount; MGM (Photo by Clarence S. Bull); Columbia Pacific Network; Charlie Mihn
50	—Republic; Alex Kahle (RKO-Radio Pictures); Paramount
55	—Albert Fenn; J. J. Kriegsmann
57	—Mutual Broadcasting System
65	—Edward Ozern (George Evans)





(Above) Frank Sinatra, wearing his U.S.O. uniform, snapped at one of his last rehearsals before leaving for the E.T.O. He's due back in the States the latter part of August.

### 3 Fly Right (Continued from page 19)

faith of Al Jarvis, who had been plugging the Cole trio on his "Original Make-Believe Ballroom" record show; of Johnny Mercer of Capitol; and of all the King Cole fans who crowded nightly into whatever spot the group was playing.

Today, Nat Cole has a contract with the *Trocadero*, one of Hollywood's swankiest nighteries, where he and his cohorts, Oscar Moore and Johnny Miller, play in the King Cole Room.

Four movie companies, *Paramount*, *Universal*, *Columbia* and *Republic* have spotted them in pictures, *Capitol* has issued a special album of their recordings, and on a recent theater tour the trio chalked up new attendance records in theaters from coast-to-coast.

But all this was very much in the future, not so many years ago, to the son of a Chicago minister, as he played the organ in his father's church and sang in the choir.

Nathaniel Coles (he dropped the "s") was born in Montgomery, Alabama, on March 17, 1917, but his family moved to Chicago, when he was four. Nat's father, Rev. Edward Coles, was a Baptist minister, pastor of the True-Light Church on Chicago's South Side.

His mother, Perlina, began giving Nat musical instruction when he was still a small boy, and by the time he was twelve he was a capable pianist as well as organist in his father's church. His sister, Evelyn, and brother, Edward, sang with him in the choir.

Nat also has two younger brothers, Lionel, nine, and Isaac, fifteen. Isaac is a piano student and his ambition is to be as good as Nat.

In high school (he attended Phillips), Nat mixed football with schoolwork and music—with music getting the lion's share of his attention.

"I studied classical music for about half a dozen years, before I began to play jazz," the King recalls.

His switch to the popular field of music was only natural in view of the times and influence of Chicago's musical greats. Louis Armstrong, Jimmie Noone, Earl Hines and Fletcher Henderson, in and out of the Windy City from time to time, gave the youthful Nat musical kicks and ideas. His own brother, Edward, was playing bass with Noble Sissle.

Nat gigged around, played with show troupes, and had his own big band. Then, he married a showgirl, Nadine Robinson, and, wanting a look at California, the bride and groom headed for Los Angeles. That was in 1937.

Arriving at the coast, Nat worked as a single, singing and playing piano at the *Swanee Inn*. He hadn't the slightest idea of forming a trio.

"I had had a big band, back east," he relates, "and I thought in terms of a big band, whenever I thought about having another band of my own. I had been playing at this place, when the manager suggested I get a trio together. So I rounded up guitarist Oscar Moore and bassist Wesley Prince, who later was called into the Army and replaced by Johnny Miller.

"I didn't think so much of the idea at first. It was just a trio, and we played. But before long, I began to get interested and saw the possibilities it had. We began to work out special stuff and the people seemed to like it."

The people liked it very much, in fact, and followed Nat and his boys from one spot to another. From the *Swanee Inn* to the *Fox-Hills Cafe*, where they stayed a year. To the *Radio Room*, a three year engagement; to the *331 Club* for eighteen months more.

Then came "Straighten Up", movie, record, theater offers, the *Troc*, and nationwide fame. Honors have since come thick and fast. *Metronome* named the trio the "Act of the Year" for 1944, and they also won that magazine's small band poll, as well as *Down Beat*'s.

By the fullest exploration and use of harmonic possibilities of the guitar and piano chord structures (Nat calls it "freelancing"), Cole has overcome limitations the size of the group might impose on those of lesser genius. Johnny Miller's bass supplies a beat of solidity and drive.

Nat's knocked-out vocals, sung in an ingratiating voice, and the trio's unison singing, round out the solid stuff that makes the trio click. The click being the sound of silver pouring in at the boxoffice, wherever the King sits on his royal throne.

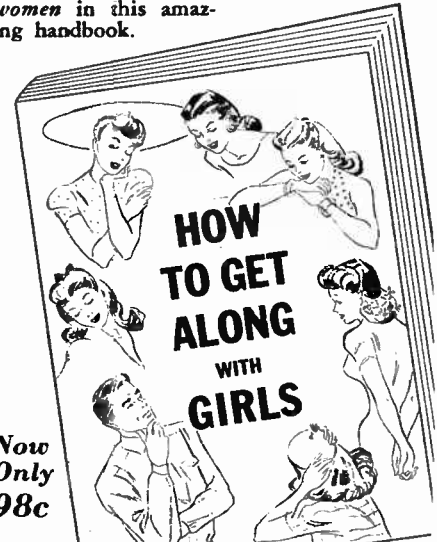
His subjects, today, are legion, and if you aren't one of them—Man, you'd better "Straighten Up and Fly Right!"

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## Quick Comeback

(Continued from page 35)

know how to mark the last chorus of the orchestration. Grabbing his pencil with sudden inspiration, Ted wrote in the words "swing it"—the first time they were used commercially. Ted has written many songs, including the well-known "Martins and the Coys," and "Egyptianella."

Ted's record in talent discoveries is high, and many stars found their first full brightness in his band—he discovered Perry Como, Marilyn Maxwell, and Elmo Tanner.

Letters and telegrams often urge Ted to invest in a new product or promotion. Ted investigates each one personally—for you never know! During the Chicago World's Fair, Ted answered "yes" to a request that he buy into a frozen custard concession . . . and proceeds from "Ted Weems Frozen Custard" stands at the Fair equalled the business the band was doing!

While I was talking with Ted in the Stevens, a string group struck up Franz Lehár's "Gold and Silver Waltz." Ted was quick to respond. "That's one of my favorite tunes," he said, smiling. "We used it as the theme on a Mutual radio program—the 'Varady of Vienna' cosmetic show." Ted's own theme, of course, which has brought his music to American homes on radio waves for many years, is "Out of the Night."

Ted's favorite personalities are the late John Philip Sousa, and Leopold Stokowski (conductor Stokowski once told Ted that the Weems orchestra had the best intonation of any dance band he had ever heard). His favorite possession is a 1904 Reo speedster and it still runs! Ted says the best exercise he knows for his 170 pounds and six feet even is cranking the relic. As for sports, Ted is a football fan—following, of course, U. of Penn.

Although he's a family man, Ted has been on the jump so much he's never had more than two days at a stretch to stay in his home at San Carlos, California, with his wife, Emmy, and their ten-year-old son, Theodore Logan Weems.

With his fine music and friendly personality, Ted has been a favorite band leader for many years. Consistently on top, he's seen many other bands come and go. He proved the value of music with his excellent work in the Merchant Marine . . . and, after his snappy comeback in the civilian world, it looks as if Ted's music will, for a long time, continue to come "Out of the Night."

After a long engagement in Chicago with her brother's band, Gloria joined Carmen Cavallaro, opening at the Strand Theater in New York, on March 2nd. As we go to press, she is still singing with Carmen—proving a very worthwhile addition to the band.

Now a well-finished 115 pounds, at 5' 4" tall, Gloria has hazel eyes which—like her voice—are on the sultry side. Her hair is dark brown. Gloria sings with a rich, full voice . . . is at her best on heart-appealing ballads.

On the sports side, Gloria likes swimming and horseback riding. Her favorite food is at present having ration troubles—she likes thick steaks. Gloria is rapidly building up a reputation as one of the best groomed singers in the band world today . . . it's no mere publicity gag that she helps design many of her own gowns and keeps them in top trim with a bit of hemstitching herself.

Perhaps, from time to time, you may wonder what vocalists like best to do when they're on one-nighters. What Gloria has to say may surprise you:

"One of the nicest things that can happen to you when you're on the road is just to have a good dinner at someone's home!"

## The Waltz King Returns

(Continued from page 33)

keeps punching you in the arm. I used up half a bottle of liniment on my arms that night!"

More than 300 smokable pipes are in Wayne's collection . . . he's noted both for the collection and for his low-seventies golf scores. On the serious side, Wayne reads philosophy . . . on the sports side, he pilots his own plane and can still lug a mean football. Always a husky fellow, blue-eyed Wayne is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 162 pounds.

When you tune in the "Wayne King and his Orchestra" show on Sunday evening over NBC, you'll hear a band under the baton of a true leader in the smooth-and-easy music field.

Other stars on Wayne's new show are vocalists Skip Farrell and Dolores Grey, with Franklyn MacCormack as narrator and story-teller.

Wayne's "dance" band includes three trombones, two cornets, four saxophones (all doubling in clarinet and bass clarinet, one doubling on the flute), five violins (all doubling on violas), drums, bass, guitar and piano.

To these eighteen men, Wayne adds a cello, oboe, and one instrument for special orchestrations (English horn, French horn, or others) for his "radio" band.

It's an organization of top shelf men!

## Vocalist On The Upbeat

(Continued from page 47)

I couldn't take the rigors of one-nighters," Gloria says. "And they still remain my pet peeve!"

But Gloria snapped herself back into line, and went to Cincinnati for a six month's appearance at the Beverly Hills Country Club, with Gardiner Benedict's society band. Then came engagements at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and at Fifi's Monte Carlo in New York.

In the meantime, Chuck had been wearing khaki. But, just four days before Gloria was leaving for a job in Puerto Rico, he was discharged from the Army. Wanting to reorganize his band, Chuck called Gloria, and she soon was back at the microphone with him.

### Quiz Answers

(See page 63)

**ONE:** (a) Tony Pastor; (b) Woody Herman; (c) Harry James; (d) Lionel Hampton; (e) Gene Krupa. **TWO:** (a) "Let's Dance"; (b) Woody Herman; (c) Wayne King; (d) "Shoo Shoo, Baby"; (e) Benny Goodman. **THREE:** (a) "Excellent Guitarist Makes Sensational Record"; (b) "Sweet Band Catering To Society Crowd Has Box Office Appeal"; (c) "Lovely Girl Singer Is Lured By \$500 Contract". **FOUR:** (a) Benny Goodman; (b) Glenn Miller; (c) Woody Herman; (d) Artie Shaw; (e) Freddy Martin. **FIVE:** (a) Skinny Ennis; (b) Artie Shaw; (c) Wayne King; (d) Dean Hudson; (e) Ted Weems.