

BAND LEADERS

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HARRY JAMES



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U. S. swing fans are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to dig some of JOHNNY DESMOND's vocals and MEL POWELL's pianistics. Both boys reportedly have been knocking out overseas GIs while abroad with the GLENN MILLER outfit.

RAY ROBINSON, the prize-fighter, wants to get out of the cauliflower racket and front a swing band. . . . DOROTHY CLAIRE, who did a great job of warbling with SONNY DUNHAM's outfit, has been doing a single at the Copacabana in Manhattan. . . .

WOODY HERMAN figures to make more money for 1945 than any other leader in the business. What makes the item remarkable is the fact that he also fronts the best band in the business. Usually, playing extra good music doesn't pay off too well at the box office. . . .

LENA HORNE makes her legit Broadway debut this fall when she stars in a musical with a JOHNNY MERCER-HAROLD ARLEN score. . . .

Among others, "HOT LIPS" PAGE, TRUMMIE YOUNG, trombonist TOMMY PEDERSEN, and tenormen CHARLIE VENTURO and CORKY CORCORAN are getting bands of their own. . . .

GENE KRUPA still may go overseas this fall. His band has improved terrifically since ANITA O'DAY returned to the fold. That girl is great, that's all. . . . Disc-man BOB (Continued on next page)



Dorothy Claire

Band Leaders

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1945

Spotlighting:

I Wanted To Be a Band Leader by Van Johnson.....	10
Horning In On Harry (Harry James picture story).....	16
A Band Leader You'd Be? by Boyd Raeburn.....	24
T. D. And Me by Gil Newsome.....	26
Bandstand Personality Vaughn Monroe (life story).....	39

Features:

Hot But Hushed (Sonny Dunham).....	12
Froman's Fighting Spirit (Jane Froman).....	14
Fashioned By Phil (Phil Brito).....	20
Pastor-ized Music (Tony Pastor).....	22
Spinning in The Windy City (Chicago Disk Jockeys).....	28
88 And Moore (Phil Moore).....	37
Going Up! (Randy Brooks).....	38
Crescent City Kid (Kid Ory).....	45
Seven Years Good Luck (Dinning Sisters).....	52
Quiz In Swingtime.....	59
Anybody Can Write A Song—But.....	63

Pictorial:

Jane Froman (natural color photograph).....	14
Tony Pastor (natural color photograph).....	23
A Band Is Born (Shorty Sherock picture story).....	32
Candid Close-Ups.....	46

Departments:

Did You Know That.....	4
The Band Box (How Are Your Hands?).....	6
Fan Stand.....	8
Waxing Wise.....	30
Hollywood Bandstand.....	34
The Jazz Record.....	48

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THIELE and singer MONICA LEWIS are newly-weds. . . .

FRANK SINATRA may have taken a blasting from some quarters for complaining about the poor quality of overseas entertainment, but almost every other big name who's been over there will back him up—off the record. The Voice was the only one with courage enough to speak up for the GIs and he rates plenty of credit for it. . . . EILEEN BARTON, Sinatra's protege, and platter spinner ART FORD sold a show on NBC. It's aimed at teen-agers and heard Saturday mornings. . . .

After an involved tangle, alto-star JOHN-NIE BOTHWELL left BOYD RAE-BURN's band in San Francisco. It was one of those arguments where there are so many different stories, you can't tell who's right or wrong. Up-shot is that Bothwell will be booked with his own band by a major office later this year, and he'll record for Signature. . . . JIMMY LUNCEFORD is supposed to be all set to take his band to Europe this fall for a series of concerts in key cities. . . . MARY LOU WILLIAMS, the only gal who can play jazz piano and make it sound like anything, is writing tunes based on the signs of the Zodiac. Incidentally, you'll find a feature article about Mary Lou in the next issue of BAND LEADERS. . . .



Dick Todd

DICK TODD really has them swooning with his "Hit Parade" broadcasts. It's about time his superb voice got a break. . . .

JESS STACY had tough luck. Just after organizing his band, he broke a finger and had to wear it in a cast for four weeks. He managed to keep his band going despite the injury and was set to knock out Chicago cats at the Band Box at press time. . . . EDDIE CONDON has opened a night spot in Greenwich Village called Club Condon. . . .



Jess Stacy

On his recent overseas tour, HAL McINTYRE and his band did a swing concert in the Munich beer hall where Hitler used to rant. . . . ORRIN TUCKER made a flying trip home from the Pacific because of his father's illness. . . . And EDDY

DUCHIN is expected back from the Pacific area any day now. Columbia has just released a new album of his records. . . .

And, speaking of albums, Capitol has what sounds like the best jazz disc idea of all time. Firm has waxed forty sides to make up a "History of Jazz", running as they do from approximations of the earliest New Orleans outfits to the most modern jazz bands. The albums are a requisite for any hot collector's library. . . .

HARRY COOL, former name ork vocalist who is (Continued on page 65)

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The Band Box



HOW ARE YOUR HANDS?...

by Duffy

THE next time you're giving a big hand to your favorite artist on the bandstand, take a good look at that hand. Is it the kind of paw you'd be proud to offer to your idol if you had a chance to meet him? For that matter, would you be proud to offer it to anyone? Remember that your own date—the fellow who brought you to the dance—is equally important. If your hands aren't just as pretty and feminine as they can be, then it's high time you did something about it.

But wait a minute—by "feminine" I don't necessarily mean a blob of color to distinguish your hand from the nearest male's.

Neither does femininity require too-long, cat-like nails. Ethel Smith, famous swing organist, provides a perfect example of hand loveliness. Ethel, whose hands are very much in the limelight, is forced by her work to wear her nails short—nevertheless, her strong, graceful hands are always well-groomed. We don't all play the organ or piano, but most of us have busy hands these days doing jobs such as typing, filing, etc., which demand short nails. So, keep your own job or activities in mind when you're nail filing. And, no matter what your job, cleanliness is a must!

Much can be done with nail lacquer to create illusions of the desired length or width of the nails. Polish from tip to tip if you'd like the nails and fingers to look longer. If they're long enough, leave the half-moon and the white tip unpolished. If you want them to look narrower, leave the outer edges on either side uncovered.

How often have you heard it said among the men you know that "paint" on the nails is a ghastly sight? Many times, I know. Well, I'm of the opinion that what the men in our lives really object to is messy, chipped polish; they've perhaps seen polish in that condition so often that they just naturally associate it with the color itself.

There's nothing lovelier than bright tipped fingers when the lacquer is smooth

and unchipped. Don't be afraid to change it often, first carefully removing the old polish with polish remover. Also, when you're applying the brightener-upper, wipe off a hairline of it at the tip of the nail to avoid the danger of chipping. There are several drying agents on the market which, besides drying the new polish in a couple of minutes, lend a more permanent finish to the polishing job and help your manicure to last days longer. Some of these drying agents are oily enough to nourish and soften the cuticle at the same time they're doing their drying job. You can see that this kind of triple-duty cosmetic is really a very good buy.

Cuticle demands lots of attention, or it can be an ugly sight. Soften it with either a special cuticle softener or with an ordinary facial cream, rubbed around the nails just before stepping into your bath. The cream combined with the softening effect of warm water and soap will do wonders in keeping the edges of your nails smooth instead of ragged. Besides this, it's a smart trick to gently push the cuticle back with a towel after each hand washing.

Speaking of washing, did you know that alternate extremes of hot and cold water stretch the skin and can, in time, cause wrinkles and lines? Naturally, such temperature extremes can't always be avoided—but the bad results can! When possible, wear rubber gloves. Keep a bottle or jar of hand lotion in the bathroom where you'll remember to use it after your aquatic tasks. Get some extra lotion to keep in your desk drawer at the office, or in your locker at school. If you're going *all-out* on a hand care campaign, smooth in more lotion at bedtime and top it with some old white cotton gloves to protect the bed clothes.

Beauty specialists in all the large hand beauty houses are emphasizing their idea that your hand beauty care should not end at the wrists. One house has a special beauty treatment called "Hand Sculpture"

which includes, along with a manicure, hand and arm massage and an elbow pack. The treatment consists of a lotion which softens the skin which is often hardened and dry at the elbow; it's followed by a rich cream massage and covered by a cotton pack to be worn during the manicure.

You can make your own "pack" at home by mixing up a paste of equal parts of almond meal and powdered pumice and a little water. Apply this mixture to your arms and elbows. When you remove it ten minutes later with water, the dry skin goes with it. Do this just before you step into the tub at night.

When I asked Ethel Smith what kind of hands she most admires, she was quick to answer, "Expressive ones. There is a time to keep hands quiet, of course, and women should learn to control their hands in repose, (Continued on page 54)

Ethel Smith



FAN STAND



Conducted by Betty White and Vic Lewis

I, FAN CLUBBERS! Let's get the ball rolling down our Fan Stand alley—for a "strike" or "spare". This time we want to make with some chatter about your club newspapers, since some wonderful issues have reached us. You all are doing a fine job—in fact, really "bang up" in most cases.

Of course, there are a lot of you who have not started a paper as yet. You want to know what to do about it, how to get it printed and what to put in it. So—o—o, what are we waiting for?

First of all, remember that a club paper is a great way to spread the news around about your artist. It's just like a letter—telling all "the latest" about him and what he's doing.

When you're first starting out with your paper, it's a good idea to have the issues mimeographed. If you don't know where to have this done, look up the name of a mimeograph company in your local telephone directory. Then, after your paper gets going, you may want to try having it printed on a regular printing press. Call on a local printer and ask him for prices. You get a more professional looking job if you have it done that way.

If you want to have snapshots in the paper, you always can have prints made and paste them in the paper. Many of the club journals do it this way and get a nice effect.

There are just scads of things to put in the newspaper—to name a few:

1. You can have contributing editors in various big cities where your artist may appear. They could do interviews, or stories and descriptions of the performance.

2. You may have a letter from the president of the club telling about "what's doing" in the club: announcements, etc. Incidentally, the club president is usually the editor of the paper—unless you have another capable person whom you want to do the job.

3. If your artist has the time and is willing, he may write a monthly letter to your members, for use in the paper.

4. Have contests, quizzes, crossword puzzles, etc.

5. Run record, radio and movie reviews.

6. If your artist is a band leader, print some short biographies of members of the

band—or other outstanding people in the music world.

7. Introduce the more prominent members of the club by having short sketches about them (when and where they were born, what they do, their hobbies, ambitions, likes, dislikes, etc.).

8. Start an autograph, record and picture exchange.

9. Have a pen pals department—where members of the club can write to other members.

10. Announce birthdays of members.

11. Introduce your officers and, maybe, your honorary members.

12. Print poems and songs about the artist.

13. Give general news about the artist.

These are just a few of the many things you can do. How about you telling us what you have in your paper and share the ideas with others? We'll print them in this column, from time to time.

CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS

Something a little bit different—a fan club for three sidemen: Tex Satterwhite, trombone; Dale Pearce, trumpet; and Benny Benson, trombone (all sidemen with Tommy Dorsey). If you're interested in the T-D-B BOOSTERS, write to: Pres. Audrey Koch, 77 Lafayette St., Williston Park, N. Y.

The Charlie Barnett Cherokee Fan Club is looking for new members. Write to either: Pres. Laura Felton, 3305 Mermaid Ave., Brooklyn 24, N. Y.—or co-pres., Estelle Fischer, 1357 46th St., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.

David S. Whitfield, P. O. Box 54, New Rochelle 2, N. Y., is president of a Duke Ellington Fan Club and the Lena Horne Fan Club No. 1. Both clubs are going along fine, but they want as many new members as possible.

Rosemary Cronato, 103 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn 5, N. Y., president of the Dick Brown Brownies, wants more members for her club.

The Town Criers—Dick Noel Fan Club is on the active list again, and is rising to go. Betty Seidell, Pres., 31 River Glen, Hastings-on-Hudson 6, N. Y., is anxious to hear from the old members and, of course, new ones.

Patty Berry, 1808 Detroit Ave., Toledo 6, Ohio, would like to hear from more Kay Kyser fans for her Phi Beta Kyser Fan Club. Patty has another club for Harry Babbitt (former vocalist with Kay Kyser, now in the Navy). The club is called the Babbitteer.

Another Harry Babbitt Fan Club is looking for members. Write to: Jeannie Kurawsky, 1801 Mass. Ave. S. E., Washington 3, D. C.

We have had many requests to announce a Frank Parker fan club—so here you are: Dorothy Mayer, 85 Astor Street, Newark 5, New Jersey, president of the Frank Parker Fan Club, is on the lookout for more members. Dorothy tells us that club members enjoy the privilege of seeing Frank's radio show and chatting with him.

Flo Zomak, 948 Woodcrest Ave., Bronx 52,

N. Y., wants more members for her Hal McIntyre Fan Club.

Rose Marie Kocsak, 1348 Chambers St., Trenton 10, N. J., co-pres. of The Original Gene Krupa Fan Club, which originated at the time of Gene's first band, eleven years ago, is interested in new members. We also had a letter from Alice Alkane, 614 Woodland Drive, Lancaster, Pa., the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Branch Leader of that same club—and she wants to hear from all Krupa fans in her area.

Drum Boogie, another fan club for Gene Krupa, would like to have more members. Write to: LaVerne Ochwart, 2647 W. Haddon Ave., Chicago 22, Illinois.

Byrnece Walker, president of The Paul Allen Fan Club, 12017 Ashbury Ave., Cleveland 6, Ohio, has quite a number of local members, and would like to have some new ones from out of town. Paul is a vocalist with Frankie Carle's orchestra.

Lawrence Welk fans will be interested in getting more information about the Lawrence Welk Fan Club. Write to: Alice Bucks, Princeton, Iowa.

We have heard from another Dick Haymes fan club since last issue—The Haymsters. If you're interested, write to: Dorothy Gennaro, 80 Sussex St., Jersey City, N. J.

The Johnny Mercer Fan Club No. 1 is a fairly new club and is anxious to get all the members it can. Write to: Alice Guyette, 531 8th St., Bakersfield, California.

Frank Sinatra Clubs

The Melodies of Sinatra Fan Club—Pres. Beatrice Newton, 165 W. 91st St., New York 24, N. Y.

The Sigh Guy Fan Club—Pres. Pam Walker, 20 Clinton St., New York 2, N. Y.

The Faithful Fans of Fabulous Frankie—Connie DiGiacomo, 156 Madison St., Paterson 3, N. J.

The Swooner Crooners (only for servicemen)—Lynn Bargnesi, 238 Swan St., Buffalo 4, N. Y.

Frankly Impressed Fan Club—Pres. Miss Joel Pacilio, 43 Leslie Ave., Utica 3, N. Y.

Sighing Sinatra Swoonerettes—Pres. Marilyn Kessler, 15 Curtia St., Bloomfield, N. J.

Crooners of Sinatra—Pres. Eleanor Buonagura, 69 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

The Sinatra Swooners Society—Selma Ryman, 976 Leggett Ave., New York 55, N. Y.

Sinatra Session—Connie Donato, 50 E. Third St., New York 3, N. Y.

There is another Frank Sinatra fan club which has no name as yet. Write to: Theresa Carnoskes, 5505 Talbot, Detroit 12, Michigan.

Elsie Ellovich, 109 Ardmore Rd., W. Hartford, Conn., of Frankie's United Swooners (announced last issue) wrote us recently with a suggestion for other Sinatra fan clubbers. Elsie says that since there are so many Sinatra clubs, they ought to help each other. She has negatives of several snapshots of Frank and would be glad to exchange or let other Sinatra clubs borrow them for awhile.

Well, Fan Clubbers, that's about all we have room for this issue, so we'll be seeing you next time. In the meantime, keep your letters coming to: Betty White or Vic Lewis, % BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

November 1945

Learn To Sing! Be More Popular!



"Here's hoping everyone will gain from this book all that I have from my mother's wonderful coaching."

Dick Haymes



MARGUERITE HAYMES . . . a singer herself, and the only singing teacher Dick and Bob ever had now offers you her home course.



"Words can never express my appreciation of the understanding guidance you have given me in my career."

Bob Haymes

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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)

BAND LEADERS

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I wanted to be a Band Leader

BY VAN JOHNSON

AS TOLD TO THE HOLLYWOOD BANDSTANDER

Von Johnson, the twenty-eight year old freckled nose blonde-headed movie idol—who makes bobby-soxers swoon without singing a note—chatted with our Hollywood Bandstander recently at the MGM studios, and dished out dope that even the tipsters had never heard! He told BAND LEADERS' reporter that he, too, has a secret ambition. . . . Just as you and I . . . to be a BAND LEADER!



Although he didn't become a band leader himself, Van is still an avid music fan. Here he digs the new records of his favorite bands.



YOU know I always wanted to be a band leader, myself," said Van as he looked over a copy of **BAND LEADERS**, while resting on the set of his newest picture, "Early To Wed."

Sensing a new wrinkle in Van's story, we asked him to elaborate.

"Well," he said, grinning in the cute way that makes him the favorite of gals the country over, "I guess I'm just like all American kids—I've been crazy about music since I was knee high to a grasshopper . . . started collecting records when I wore knickers, and I'm still at it.

"In fact when we travel to different locations throughout the country, my record collection, books and clothes are the only personal possessions I take with me. Some day after the war, I hope to have a house with a large specially fitted music room where I can spend lots of time playing records.

"But to get back to my secret ambition—when I was a kid I wanted to be a band leader. To realize this goal meant fulfilling two of my greatest wishes.

"For one thing, I thought becoming a band leader would give me the opportunity to listen to music day and night. You know, music is very important to me. I love it. And even now, I go out of my way to hear a good band.

"For another thing, I always dreamed of traveling. And I felt that as a band leader I could travel all over the country . . . yes, even to Europe.

"Yes, sir, being a band leader certainly seemed like the acme of everything to me then. Of course, it didn't work out that way, but I did get a chance to play and sing in public!

"My instrument is the violin . . . I still love to play it for relaxation. When I (Continued on page 56)



VAN JOHNSON



SONNY DUNHAM

HOT

but hushed

SONNY DUNHAM never should have been a band leader at all, he says. "I hate crowds, mikes, big cities, fancy clothes. I've given up three bands—retired each time. But I guess it's got me. I thought I could take bands or leave them alone—but they've got me, I tell you—they've got me."

This blast was what greeted me when I finally located and began interviewing the handsome six-footer in the *Manhattan Room* of the *Hotel New Yorker*.

"However," he said in a resigned sort of a way after I had settled myself, "I've never done anything else, so I guess—but wait a minute. Let me tell you about my ranch. That's the life. Old clothes, heavy shirts, hard work, dungarees . . ."

I suggested that his trouble seemed to be laundry, not the life of a band leader, and steered him back to a discussion of his trumpet and trombone.

Now that you *are* in the band business—again," I said, "tell me how you got there."

"Oh," replied Mr. D. thoughtfully, and took a deep breath. "Well, it was tough! *Was* tough, did I say? It's tough now. I have to drive a truck in order to be a band leader. You see . . ."

"Later," I said. "Later you can tell me about the truck. Tell about your band now."

"I was born," began Sonny severely in the manner of a man about to begin a pompous lecture, "in Brockton, Massachusetts, on November 16, 1911, the son of Elmer and Ethel Dunham. I had two older sisters, Mildred and Louise. I was christened Elmer Louis Dunham."

"So what's this 'Sonny'?" I inquired.

"At home everybody always called me 'Sonny,'" he replied. "After a while it got very confusing with checks and signatures and stuff—so I changed my name from Elmer to Sonny, legally. It certainly will be dandy when I'm old and tottering with a cane and have



Schlitz Brewery party: Neil Reid, Jackie La-Flaur, Sonny, the Schlitz hostess, Grady Watts, and at the piano, Carolyn Grey.



Sonny, on trombone, fronts his crew at Homestead, Florida, during a special show for GI Joes and Janes stationed there.

by Gretchen Weaver

to answer to 'Sonny'. I didn't think about that when I changed it of course.

"My mother played piano and sang and got up musical affairs for the local grange and fraternal chapters. Louise was a saxophone player—at one time she was with Florence Richardson at the *Central Park Casino* in New York. Mildred played cornet."

Then Sonny made like teacher's pet. "When I was in grammar school," he said sweetly, "I was an honor student and skipped grades."

Removing the angelic smirk from his face with a single twist of his facial muscles, Sonny continued, "In high school it was another story. I played in the school band—trombone—until that got in the way of my work with the local band in town and I gave up the school affair. I started studying trombone when I was seven. Timothy Cotter, pit man in a local theatre, taught me for six years. I began on the valve trombone, then Cotter decided that was too old-fashioned and had a regular slide job made for me.

"I tried to play baseball in high school, but my fingers kept getting hit—so I quit. I went in for swimming, which is still the only sport I care about. That, and flying. Now *there's* a sport . . ."

"Later," I repeated. "Tell now how you broke into the band business as a professional."

"I had to decide between bands and school," he said: "I wasn't doing justice to either job. My mother said 'Choose.' I chose music. I was lucky, too. My sister Mildred had given up band work and was working as critic for *Zit's Weekly*, the theatrical paper in New York. I wanted to record. Mildred was in New York and all recording seemed to come from New York—so to New York I went.

"Through Mildred I got a job for the summer with a Ben Bernie unit, and then a job with the Paul Tremaine Orchestra, 'The Band From Lonely Acres,' with which I played for two years.

"I started playing trumpet about then. People say you can't 'just start' playing trumpet—but you see I'd started on valve trombone and the fingering is the same. Nobody wrote arrangements for my trumpet to suit me, so I started writing arrangements—strictly on the look, see and do it method.

"I had my first band before I was twenty. My brother-in-law, Mildred's husband, set me up. We called the band, 'Sonny Lee and his New York Yankees'—never gave the baseball team a thought. What customers thought they were going to see I don't know. Anyway, it didn't last long.

"In 1932 I joined Glen Gray as part of the famous corporation. That was a real profit-sharing band—and I played trombone and trumpet. I also sang 'Sleepy Time Down South'—it was my big tune. We trouped.

"After five years with Glen I quit and went to Europe for adventure, on a tramp steamer. When I returned, after eleven weeks, I formed my own band. That didn't last long either—but I enjoyed losing every dollar. We were hot—and I mean *hot*. We nearly burned places down.

"I stayed with Glen (I joined his band again right after my own folded) until about 1940, when I decided to give up the band business—again—and go in for a settled life with real vacations and time to live pleasantly in one place. I went to California to do this. I thought I'd work in the studios regularly.

"I didn't work regularly anywhere, but I did play for one session when Judy Garland recorded 'The Wearin' Of The Green' and 'Buds Won't Bud.' I never heard that 'Buds'—I wonder if it was ever released?

"One night I was asked to come and take a guest bow at the Glendale Civic Auditorium where Duke Ellington was then the big attraction. When I stepped out, the kids began to shout for 'Memories of You,' which I had recorded when I was with Glen. That reception gave people ideas (Continued on page 62)



Lovely, plucky Jane Froman resumes her career to bring hope to our wounded men at home; and in service overseas

Froman's Fighting Spirit

BEHIND Jane Froman's recent overseas jaunt to entertain servicemen lies a great story. Of course she felt the same as most other show people: she wanted to do what she could to help the morale of our boys who are far from home. But, in Jane's case, there was something more, something deeper, and something which only she could understand and talk about.

I spent a wonderful afternoon with Jane in her New York apartment, a few days before she left. She was "alerted"—just waiting for word from the U.S.O. as to the exact hour of her departure. In talking with her, I learned her reason for wanting to make the trip.

Most everyone knows the story of Jane's tragic injuries, sustained in the Clipper crash in Lisbon, way back in February of 1943. That plane carried the very first group of performers who volunteered to fly across the Atlantic to put on shows for our fighting men. Since that time, Jane, who was the most seriously hurt of all the surviving passengers, has waged a tremen-

dous fight to regain her health. And she has been more successful than doctors ever thought possible.

For two months after the crash, Jane lay in a hospital in Portugal, her body battered and broken. She suffered a cracked pelvis, dislocated spine, smashed ribs, and a crushed right arm and leg. Her leg was so bad that the doctors debated amputation. But, by some miracle, they didn't amputate, and Jane was brought home to the States to spend long months in hospitals. She has undergone thirteen operations on her leg, but it is still encased in a heavy steel brace, and she has to use crutches.

However, when you look at this beautiful girl, her slim figure attired in a gay blouse and tailored slacks, and are aware of her cheerful attitude and her vibrant personality, it is difficult to believe she has gone through such a horrible ordeal.

Jane was full of talk about her overseas trip. Her bright blue eyes flashed as she said, "You know, I'm terribly excited about this tour. I'm convinced that



Jane Froman on the especially built piano platform which enables her to move about from table to table on a nightclub floor while she sings.



Displaying the cheerful spirit which she typifies, Jane Froman cuts up with a Navy man during the floor show at New York's Copacabana nitery.

by Jill Warren

I can do a tremendous amount of good for the wounded boys, especially those who have been seriously hurt, the ones who have lost the use of a leg or an arm. You see, I've been through what many of them will have to go through, with hospitals, operations, and casts. And I'm sure that I can bring them hope. At least I'm going to try.

"Honestly," she continued earnestly, "that little word 'hope' has become the most important word in the English language to me. The doctors now tell me that it might be two more years before I'm able to walk again. But I've got that little word firmly tucked away in my mind and in my heart, and it makes the waiting a lot easier. If I can get this thought over to the boys I'm going to see, I'll be a very happy girl."

Jane didn't tell me, but I found out by talking to her manager, that she turned down three big radio shows and dozens of offers for nightclub appearances, theater dates and concerts all over the country because of her sincere desire to go overseas.

Don Ross, Jane's husband, is also a member of the same U.S.O. unit, acting as the emcee. He was a well-known radio writer and singer, but he has put his own career in the background since Jane's crash, and has devoted his whole time to caring for her.

It was Don who contrived the idea of building a special device for Jane so she could once again sing in nightclubs and still conceal her inability to walk or move about without the aid of crutches. He drew sketches and conferred with builders and the result

was a movable platform just large enough to hold a piano, an accompanist, a microphone, and Jane.

It is equipped with a small electric automobile motor, with the storage batteries under the piano bench. Jane's accompanist operates the platform by means of switches under the keyboard and a steering rod near the foot pedals. In this manner Jane is able to move about the floor and sing from table to table, just as she used to do before her accident. She stands on her left leg and leans on the piano for support.

The platform has special packing cases so it can be shipped easily from city to city. However, Jane decided not to use her moving piano on her overseas tour. She planned to do a lot of hospital work and, she said, "I want to sing in the wards and go from bed to bed and talk to the boys. And I'll get along fine with my crutches. Anyway," she laughed, "they'll help to keep the wolves away."

I asked Jane what sort of song routine she would follow. "I'm going to do anything they ask for," she said. "Ballads, rhythm tunes, even a little light opera if they want it." Jane has no trouble filling any request, because she has a terrific range and, unlike most singers, her voice is adaptable to any type of song.

The Froman vocal career had its start in Jane's home state of Missouri. She was born and raised in St. Louis and attended Christian College, where her mother was director of the music department. Mrs. Froman was also the church organist, and Jane's first singing was done in the choir. Later she (Continued on page 62)



Our cameraman was lurking in the yard of Harry's Beverly Hills home bright and early in the morning, ready to catch him as he came out of the house and to watch his every move throughout a typical working day. Harry looks bright-eyed and even amiable at seven-thirty a.m.!



Arriving at the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where "Kitten On The Keys" was in production at the time these photos were taken, Harry changes clothes, rounds up his bandsmen, and proceeds to go to work. Here we see him conferring with music director Alfred Newman, during a break between rehearsals and takes.



It's finally time for lunch. En route to his dressing room, Harry pauses on the set for a chat with his fellow stars, Maureen O'Hara and Dick Haymes. In "Kitten," Dick reenacts his original real-life role as the James' vocalist.



Working in the flicks means spending your entire day on the lot. There's an hour off for lunch—sure—but it's eaten in the studio. Harry chooses to spend his lunch hour in his dressing room, and director Gregory Ratoff has dropped in to give details of the afternoon's work.

Homing in on **HARRY**

If you think that when Harry James comes to Hollywood all he does is relax in the company of Betty Grable and their daughter, Victoria, you're way off the beat! The Bandstander and our photographers horned in on Harry's activities for only one day—got these pictures—and are still dead tired!



Two p.m.: Harry has changed to the garb for his next scene, and is all ready to return to the "Kitten On The Keys" set, but he gives his script another onceover—just to be sure. . . . Harry plays his greatest role to date, with plenty of lines to complement the language of his singing trumpet.



On the set and almost ready to shoot. Director Ratoff tells the score on the next scene to Dick Haymes, Maureen O'Hara and Harry James. Actor Stanley Prager stands by, an interested spectator. In the picture, Harry and Dick are friendly rivals for the hand of lovely Miss O'Hara.

Horning in on HARRY

(Continued)

● Okay, we admit it was mean of our photographer to horn in on this scene. Anyhow, at midafternoon, after several scenes and costume changes, Harry has a minute to phone another sound stage to see if the Missus is busy. She isn't, so he asks her over.



● When Betty arrived it was to find Harry going over another arrangement with Al Newman. With the nation's favorite pin-up girl as inspiration, you can take our word for it that Harry did an even better than usual job!

● A good day's work completed at the Twentieth Century-Fox lot doesn't mean that Harry's day is over. From the movie lot he rushed to the CBS studio for rehearsal of the show which he and Danny Kaye headlined. Harry gives the down beat, Danny gets with it, and Harry's manager, Frank "Pee Wee" Monte (front left) stands by to help out, if and when necessary.



● The band's taking a rest after an hour's rehearsal—but not Harry. He still has work to do, and he looks pretty grim as he talks over the score with arranger Johnny Thompson. Evidently Harry wants a major overhaul done on at least part of the number!



● (Left) "Move the bass drum closer to the mike," Harry suggests from his vantage point in the control room. Their rest period over, the bandsmen have returned and Harry is double-checking the final balance.



● Ten-thirty p.m.—the climax of a busy day. The studio has filled with people. The little light on the studio door flashes red; Harry James and wonderman Danny Kaye are on the air from coast to coast, the magic of Danny's wit and Harry's horn bringing entertainment to millions.



● And this, we thought, was a good time for us to stop horn-ing in. After that busy day Harry certainly deserves to be left to spend a quiet evening at home—free to dine and talk over the day's activities with Betty Grable and just take it easy. Note the many trophies Harry has on display!



Phil snapped during a broadcast with his co-star, lovely Paula Stone, on their Mutual program.



LET'S face it! Phil Brito, baritone air star and recording artist, is a romantic type guy. Everything about Phil spells romance—his looks, his behavior, his career from the age of fourteen, his love story. Enumerating the romance of Brito is futile and unnecessary. Futile because it is an endless task, unnecessary because it is so obvious after hearing Phil sing, watching him smile, hearing him talk.

"It's just like that old song," Phil tells you. "You know the one I mean . . . 'Everything Happens to Me'. That seems to be the theme song for my life and, let me tell you, it's a swell theme song. I've always had a wonderful time just living, and it seems to get better all the time!"

By "getting better" Phil means that every day seems to heap more acclaim . . . and more work . . . on his sport-coat-clad shoulders—that he's singing more and reaching more people with his songs. Right now Phil is heard on his *Mutual* network show with Paula Stone twice a week, on his own transcribed radio program in at least twenty-five cities (some places as many as six times a week), on *Musicraft* records, on radio transcriptions, and in theaters in the East!

Phil's business advisors take his "getting better" another way. They see his success spelled out in dol-

lars and cents. They show you a letter from the Ohio State Phonograph Operators' Association which calls Phil the "most up and coming singer of the year." And they know that the phonograph operators, intent upon capturing your nickel and mine in the jukes, know what they're talking about!

About Phil's looks and that romantic personality . . . he's medium height, built like a football player, has regular features with a pronounced dimple in his chin, brown wavy hair, and eyes which have inspired Brito's fans to dash off eight stanza poems at the drop of a microphone.

If you're a member of the gentler sex and you want an accurate description of Phil, you might ask your boy friend, especially if he's overseas. Phil constantly receives requests for pictures from girls who explain that he is their boy friend's favorite singer and that, since the boy friend is overseas, they want to send a Brito picture to him! It's a pretty unusual angle, but Phil has the letters to prove it! Only recently a girl visited him backstage to ask him to write a letter to her guy in Germany. She even brought paper and pen and waited while Phil wrote the letter!

Probably the reason Phil is so well liked by the boys is that he makes no attempt to follow the "swooner"



Taking it easy and "singing like Brito," Phil rehearses for his show with the studio orch.



Baritone song stylist, foxhole favorite, inspiration for poems, hero in emergencies, and just a nice guy—popular Phil Brito.

Fashioned by Phil

by Alicia Evans

pattern. He doesn't cuddle the microphone, whisper lyrics, or play vocal tricks. He sings easily and naturally. He sings like . . . well . . . like Brito!

"I sing like Brito—even though in the beginning it lost me a lot of jobs," Phil explains. "Everyone wanted me to sing like this person or that. I wouldn't do it. I sing like I want to sing."

Phil's choice of songs always has been equally honest. He didn't ride to success singing songs which others had made popular. He always has selected songs that were off the beaten track, but tunes that he liked. He made them popular and they, in turn, made him popular, too.

"I Don't Want To Love You," for instance, was the first effort of soldier Henry Pritchard . . . an unknown song and an unknown song writer. Phil saw it at a publisher's office, liked it, recorded it, and plugged it into the top-ten song bracket. He also introduced "The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair," "You Belong To My Heart," and "Sorrento"—and made them all into hits.

Phil is currently plugging another new song. It's called "Sempre," meaning "Forever" . . . and this time it's a song that he wrote himself!

Songwriting is a new field (Continued on page 50)

When a new record shop opened in Newark, N.J., Phil was on hand—and so was a mob of Brito fans seeking his autograph.





PASTOR-IZED MUSIC

by Bob Baxter

THE first rule of success for any band leader is to set a style for his band. Lombardo did it with "the sweetest music this side of heaven," Kaye did it with "swing and sway," Welk did it with "champagne music," Tony Pastor did it with "music that's Pastor-ized."

I dug large hunks of this enjoyable Pastor-ized music at the *Hollywood Palladium* recently, then got with Tony to find out how a band leader goes about building a style that sets him apart from other maestros.

Tony was very frank about it.

"When I started out with my own band," he said, "I thought I'd have a strictly jump crew. But I soon found out you have to have a band that can play all types of music.

"That's one thing I'd like to make clear about my band. We don't like to be characterized as a jump outfit. We have a lot of ballads in the book, a lot of rumbas—and if they want waltzes—we've got those, too."

"Then how do you define your Pastor-ized music style?" I asked the maestro.

"You might call it the cream," Tony kidded. Then he said seriously, "I guess you would say it's music that pleases."

The crowds that jammed the *Palladium* during Tony's Hollywood stay certainly proved that Pastor-ized music does please.

"How do you feel about strings in a band?" I asked Tony, knowing fiddles to be a controversial point among band leaders.

"I like strings," he replied. "If I had them in my

band I'd use them like Axel Stordahl uses them in his wonderful arrangements. I'm crazy about themes and counterpoint. I like to hear stuff going in the background."

"I can see you have a wide taste in music. Tony," I commented. "You seem to go for everything from jump to sweet stuff."

"That's right," he answered, "I do. I like to play all kinds of music, too. I can jam with the boys that play Dixieland or if they want to play this modern complicated stuff, I like to do that, too. When in Rome do as Romans do."

"What about tenor horn?" I asked. "You play tenor yourself. What style do you like best?"

"Any kind," Tony grinned. "Hawkins is one of my favorites. Bud Freeman is another—I like the way Eddie Miller plays, too."

Tony began to play his own special brand of sax on a C-melody horn he bought from a friend. He is practically self-taught, and learned to play his first tunes by listening to phonograph records. The California Ramblers' platters were some that he listened to over and over, memorizing the tunes by singing them.

After he had learned to sing the tunes from the records, Tony would pick out the melody on his saxophone. His admiration for Jimmy Dorsey inspired him in playing, too.

Tony was born in Middletown, Connecticut, where his father was a cabinetmaker. Tony was learning carpentry, too, until he got interested in the sax. He was sixteen, then.

However, he didn't become (Continued on page 56)



TONY PASTOR

The popular young band leader, Boyd Raeburn, as he appeared recently with his smooth aggregation, playing at the Hotel New Yorker.



A band leader you'd be?

WHEN I was in New York a short time ago, your editor phoned and asked me if I would write an article giving some firsthand facts and inside tips on what goes on when you're building up a successful orchestra—for the benefit of readers who want to lead a band of their own.

"I know there are no hard and fast rules on the subject," Walter said (and he's certainly right!), "but I'm sure you can whip up an article which will prove helpful to ambitious, would-be band leaders."

I agreed to do the job—was given my deadline date—and hung up the phone feeling as if I were back in college with a term paper assignment on my hands.

I got to thinking about my assignment and realized that the best way to handle it would be to tell you about some of my own experiences—to relate some of the things which have happened to me before and after that eventful day when I decided that I wanted to be a band leader. So here goes:

My childhood background in South Dakota was fairly musical—my dad played cornet as a hobby and got me to take lessons on the piano and clarinet. I played in the band when I attended high school, and tried to learn all there was to learn about music.

But, when I entered the University of Chicago, I decided I wanted to become a doctor. So, I put my musi-

cal interests in second place, and diligently settled down to study medicine.

Just as a sort of a hobby, I organized a campus band. This turned out to be a rather profitable pastime for me, because we played for dances and parties almost every weekend. For this, my first dance band, I hired ten fellow collegians, and we had four reeds (including myself), three brass, and four rhythm. I played sax or clarinet, as the occasion warranted, in addition to fronting the band. We used some stock arrangements, with one of the men and myself taking care of the other orchestrations.

In the late spring of 1933, the *Hotel Sherman* held a contest for college outfits. It was an open competition, and ten bands from the big Midwestern schools were entered. My band, representing the University of Chicago, won first place.

Byron Harvey, Jr., of *Fred Harvey Restaurant* fame, was in the *College Inn* that night and heard my group. When we had finished playing, he offered me a year's contract to play at his restaurant at the World's Fair, starting that summer, and said he would pay for our arrangements, uniforms, etc.

All of a sudden my medical ambitions vanished into thin air. I decided to accept Harvey's offer, quit college, and take up music seriously, as a career.

by Boyd Raeburn

Five of the fellows in the band decided to come along with me, and I got some new guys to take the place of the others, who wanted to continue their studies.

Most young bands have a terrific struggle getting started, but here I was, just a college kid with ten other college kids working for me, with a year's contract and all our expenses paid! What a cinch this band-leading business seemed to me at that time!

I worked out the year at the Chicago World's Fair, and then signed with a booking office. One of their agents heard the band while we were playing at the Fair, liked our music, and offered me a contract.

In keeping with the times, I decided to concentrate on sweet music, so I shaped up the band accordingly—discarding one reed and adding three fiddles—giving me a twelve-piece band to work with.

As all young bands have to do, we went on the road to gain experience and build up a name for ourselves. We headed South first, playing one-nighters and hotel dates all through Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi. It was much tougher going than we had had in Chicago, and I began to realize that band leading was hard work.

But, being young and ambitious, I didn't mind it, and I was making good money for a kid my age.

Despite the long hours I had to spend on band work, I managed to find time for romance. While playing at the Fair I had met Lorraine Anderson, a very attractive girl, and during a hotel engagement in Memphis, we got married.

During 1934 and 1935, the band continued to travel, and only came back to Chicago in the summer, to play at the *South Shore Country Club*. Things had been going along well and, although I hadn't set the world on fire with my band, we were working steadily.

But, came 1936, and I began to have trouble getting musicians to go on the road. We used to have to make such long jumps, and some of the boys were tired of living on busses and trains. It was not unusual at that time for us to make a straight hop of thirteen hundred miles from one job to the next. Sometimes we'd just barely have time to get from a station to a job. Then, as soon as we finished playing, we'd have to rush to catch the train or bus to get to the next town.

I was continually making changes in personnel, but somehow or other I managed to keep the band together. Whenever we had trouble and I'd feel like giving the whole thing up, I'd remember that it was too late to go back to medical school, and that the decision to make music my profession was entirely my own, so I had just better stick it out—for better or worse.

In 1937, I decided it was time to change from "sweet" to "swing" and have the type band I really wanted—so the fiddles were cut out and an additional two reeds and two brass added. I also hired an arranger, to help me prepare orchestrations for the band.

By 1939, we had played in just about every town and city throughout the Midwest. I guess the main reason I managed to keep going was that we were about the only jump band in that section of the country. Oh, we had plenty of lay-offs, but I had come to expect that.

In the spring of 1940, we were signed to play for a festival at Emporia, Kansas, and though I considered it just another one-nighter, it developed into a very lucky break.

Paul Whiteman happened to hear the band that night, and he arranged with the *Chez Paree Club* in Chicago for us to be the alternate band during his engagement there. When Whiteman left the *Chez*, we stayed on for several months as the regular band. This job gave us our first important air time on the networks—very essential publicity for any up-and-coming band.

In October of 1940, we left Chicago and started playing a series of college proms, and once more began making long jumps. Then tragic trouble really hit us!

We were travelling in our band truck from Memphis, Tennessee, to Starkville, Mississippi, one dark night to play for a dance at Mississippi State College. Suddenly, our driver saw a car speeding toward us on the same side of the road and, before we could get out of the way, the speeder crashed head-on into our truck!

It was a horrible accident, and five of the boys were injured seriously, one so badly that he later died in the hospital. Two of the boys who were hurt decided to quit the music business permanently. I received a head injury, which was later to keep me out of the Army. All of our instruments and music were lost.

Because of the accident, the Musicians' Union made a ruling that bands would no longer be allowed to travel more than four hundred miles in one day.

Up to this time I hadn't had any more than my share of tough breaks—I mean nothing in excess of what every band leader has to go through in the beginning. But, as I've said before, I was luckier than most, because at the start I had it easy.

The accident left me terribly depressed, but there was nothing I could do but try to replace the men we had lost, pull the band together, and keep going.

I went back to Chicago and, with the help of borrowed instruments and new arrangements, played another engagement at the *Chez Paree*. Then I hit the road again, to try to make some extra money—I needed it badly . . . expenses resulting from the accident had been terrific.

We began to have trouble getting tires and, of course, travelling became increasingly difficult. In 1942, most of the hotels in the country wanted smaller bands, in order to cut expenses, but I refused to reduce the size of my orchestra—I felt that with fourteen men I had hit the right combination of instruments and should stick to it.

About this time, I changed booking agents, and we signed an option to make some test recordings for *Columbia*, with the promise that we would get a record contract if the tests were satisfactory. Since no band can hope to get into the top ranks without having their music inscribed in wax and thus become known to the music fans throughout the country, this looked like our big opportunity to finally crash into the top ranks of the band world.

I arranged a booking at the *Totem*. (Turn to page 60)

Tommy Dorsey and his band make one of their many stops on the Spotlight band shows—and as usual, the T.D. fans packed the studio to the rafters.



GIL NEWSOME

T.D. and ME

by Gil Newsome

I THINK you could call me the Number 1 Tommy Dorsey fan. And that's after working with him for many years, too! If you say anything about T.D.—if it's true—it's good.

I like my work—but working with Tommy is a positive pleasure. I'm the fellow whose voice you hear announcing Tommy Dorsey and other orchestras for the Spotlight Band Show, on *Mutual*.

For the past four years Tommy's crew has been the Spotlight Band on an average of once a week. That adds up to more than four hundred performances and about the same number of dress rehearsals! I'm there working all the time—and I say that T.D. is tops!

It's comforting and relaxing to work with Tommy—he always knows what to do. One of the reasons it's so easy to work with Tommy is—he's one of the best organizers in the business. Tommy knows exactly what he's doing every minute he's on the stand—and

what he does adds up to the best in modern music.

A T.D. rehearsal is strictly business. To Tommy every performance is the real thing—whether you pay to hear it or not.

When Tommy lifts his stick he gets immediate attention. As I see it, the men in his band regard him as a combination of schoolmaster and benevolent boss. Even the men who have been with him the longest don't start conversations just before Tommy taps his foot. It isn't that T.D. would go into a tantrum if every man weren't ready to begin the instant he was—it isn't that Tommy waves a whip—it's just that the boss expects attention and he gets it.

And yet, as rehearsal progresses, there are comical incidents, too. For instance, just after my introduction, Tommy is supposed to say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you—this is Tommy Dorsey."

Tommy hasn't said that yet. Instead, after the "thank yous"—which come off okay—Tommy will say: This is "Joe Doakes," "Elmer Spiffendorfer" or "Hawkeye Washington and his Sabre-Toothed Tigers." And he never cracks a smile!

Even so, under actual stress, if one man breaks a rule the others will cover up for him. Discipline with Dorsey is so well established that his men will go to any lengths to keep the peace.

Tommy was fooled once when the men got together to protect a fellow bandsman who had broken the rules. One of the violinists sent his instrument by train instead of carrying it himself, as usual. Came rehearsal time—no fiddle.

Fearing T.D.'s wrath, the violinists omitted one chair from their section, hoping that the boss wouldn't notice. The erring fiddler hovered in the background and kept himself and his chair well out of the range of the Dorsey eye until his violin arrived. After the first



TOMMY DORSEY

break, the missing man complete with equipment slid into place. Tommy never knew, but the musicians are still breathless from worry over what would have happened had T.D. noticed he was one fiddler shy.

No man wants to lose his job with Tommy Dorsey once he's been lucky, and expert enough, to land one. From a practical angle, Tommy pays extremely well. He's not one of those leaders who thinks that the prestige of working for T.D. is enough—that to ask for money in addition is an insult! For instance, he pays one man six hundred dollars a week . . . and that's for fifty-two weeks of the year.

Another thing—Tommy's men feel secure. Even a musician likes to know he'll be able to eat regularly—and a Dorsey contract is green-backed, for the length of the contract!

Sometimes T.D.'s feeling of responsibility for his men works out to his disadvantage. For a while Tommy thought of cutting down the size of his outfit. It's quite a crew to pay and he's well established enough to head a smaller combo and still be tops.

Tommy decided against it. Where would a harpist and tuba player find other jobs in a hurry? He knew they'd get work eventually, but he didn't cotton to the idea of his musicians and friends hunting work. He kept the whole band.

T.D. demands plenty of work from his men—but no more than from himself, of course. I remember one time when he demanded five programs in one day. That was when we played the Bainbridge Naval Station in Maryland. You see, all Spotlight programs come from Army bases, camps, hospitals or training stations. Quite often the band playing the date will be asked to play for a party or dance, in addition to a performance and rehearsal.

At Bainbridge, Tommy walked into the hall where

Phil Hewitt, Gil Newsome, Fred Walworth and Newt Stammer confer about the Spotlight band program prior to "airing" it. They seem mighty pleased.



Five lovely thrushes (better known as the "Sentimentalists") take time out with their boss T.D. to enjoy a coke and a gag.



the party was being held and noted that it was so small it wouldn't hold a third of the men who might want to attend.

"We'll play three parties," he announced—just like that. And they did.

Still another Dorsey angle is—he knows all the ins and outs of radio. There's never any fuss about musical bridges, fanfares or incidental items connected with a smooth running production. Tommy's band, under the maestro's direction, just naturally adds the final polish that spells "finished production."

As though rehearsals, programs and parties weren't enough, Tommy often jams after hours with Charlie Shaver blowing trumpet; Jess Stacy pounding piano; Buddy Rich beating drums, and T.D. himself on tram. And just for fun, too!

Tommy Dorsey is never at a loss in any situation. He can clown, be serious, be (Continued on page 60)



Guy Wallace, the philosophical conductor of "Curfew Time" on WGN, makes an observation on one of his fan letters during his nightly broadcast.



WBBM's Mary Paxton who spins the platters on her "Wishing Well" program, runs through her file of "wishing" letters.

Spinning in the Windy City

CHICAGO DISK JOCKEYS by Don Terrio

Presenting the second 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 disk jockeys whose spinning is heard around Chicago.

CHICAGO platter jockeys, with their dulcet and compelling "Eye it, buy it, come back for more, at any drug or department store" commercials, band chatter and friendly banter, have one great difference from the New York disker friends. It isn't that they prefer blondes over brunettes (or vice versa), nor that they part their hair on the opposite side, nor even that their microphones are adjusted to a different height.

But, during his record program, a Chicago jockey never actually touches a record—at least, he doesn't put any records on or take any records off the turntable. Platter changing, you see, is done by a union musician who, in the larger stations, receives up to \$90 per week for his work. The job has been done by both men and women union members for ten years in Chicago. In New York, anybody can turn the records.

The Windy City only has enough disk jockeys with regularly scheduled programs to make up a basketball

team, with one or two substitutes. But their band fans are willing to bet on them, even though the odds might be two-to-one, in any friendly battle of commercials with New York's dozen or more plattermen.

Popular afternoon record show is "Music Mart," by LEE BENNETT, heard from 4:30 to 5:00 six days a week over WGN. Early risers like ED ALLEN's "Early Bird" program—he moves out over WMAQ for a half hour at 5:30 a.m. daily. (All times given are Central Time.)

The after-midnight boys are DON FAUST, who conducts the WIND "Night Watch" from midnight until 5:30 a.m., and GUY WALLACE with his "Curfew Time" from midnight until 1 a.m. over WGN.

There are two feminine members of the morning popular platter clan. MARY PAXTON conducts the "Wishing Well" five days a week from 7:30 to 7:45 a.m. on WBBM, while JUNE MARLOWE has the WMAQ "Your Neighbor" program from 8 to 8:30 a.m. six days a week.

Band fans probably will recognize first the name of LEE BENNETT, for he was vocalist with Jan Garber until three years ago, and had his own band for several years. Lee is among the nation's finest record jockeys, for his own past band work gives him top-notch ability to use inside chatter on each record—together with a running commentary on the bandsmen and vocalists in the bands and highlights of their careers.

Lee joined Garber when he graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1931. In April, 1936, he married Judie Randall, who also sang with Jan, and she became his vocalist when he organized his own band that year. Rejoining Garber in 1938, Lee sang with Jan until going to WGN in 1942. He was strictly an announcer until last spring, except for a few fill-ins for ailing singers. Then he became announcer-singer as "Professor of Music Appreciation" on the "Charm School" program, and later joined the Brandt Sisters' trio as soloist on the six-a-week "Say It With Music" series.



WGN's jockey, Lee Bennett, has had plenty of band experience—both singing and leading.



When Ed Allen gave a half-birthday party for his dog, the pup came to the studio; was barraged by gifts from Ed's listeners.



Night Watchman Don Faust (right) played host to Del Courtney on one of his "Parade of Bands" programs.



"Your Neighbor" June Marlowe spins records and chatter for Chicago's women shoppers.

"Music Mart" is a "participating" show—Lee happily plugs for a dozen products at different times, with perhaps six on a single program. He sells bread, soap chips, candy, magazines and other items—pulling no punches with his own voice, but now and then throwing on a transcribed jingle.

ED ALLEN was a dance band announcer for five years at Chicago's biggest name spots, and really knows his bands and records. His fan mail runs some 800 letters a week. Ed has a pet gimmick which he works with records—the pitch is to have a certain phrase from a vocal cut into a bit of gag patter at just the right moment.

Ed's gag-ending gimmicks include strange musical "figures" and chord devices—Ed listens to hundreds of records to find them. And Ed gives his record changer, Irv Cohen, all credit for the gimmick popularity, saying, "Irv can pick up just one word, or a note, or even a short hiccup, off a record at just the right split-second." Irv has used as many as three records for one effect.

Along with his record patter and oddities in the news, Ed runs a few contests on the "Early Bird." One was for the best letter of proposal from a woman to a man—

another, for the most interesting patch on a patchwork quilt (listeners include a fair number of farm people). When Ed's St. Bernard was six months old, he had a half-birthday party and the pup came right down to the studio. Several dozen presents and scores of cards, neatly torn in half, came in for the pup. Seven requests by Ed for decks of playing cards for military hospitals brought 2,950 decks rolling in. That's listener response in anyone's language!

DON FAUST and GUY WALLACE both do their late shows unarmed with formal script, and Monday (Sunday night) is "day off" for both. But there the similarity ends.

"The Night Watch," on the air for twelve years, has been Don Faust's baby since last November. Don, only twenty-six, gives war workers, taxicab drivers and stay-up-laters a variety show of records with light patter and commercials, news flashes and time and temperature reports. He has several pet features on the show—one is the "Parade of Bands," from 2:05 to 2:30 a.m., featuring a different band each night (It was Shep Fields the night we hot coffeed with the keeper of the "Night Watch" at WIND)

Other specialties are the (Continued on page 64)



Serving "Clarinated" a la King (of swing) at Columbia's studio.



In a romantic mood:

The bowtie baron, FRANK SINATRA, has now written himself permanently into our book. One of the best of his latest offerings, in our opinion, is "The Charm of You," an unorthodox tune which requires several listenings before it can be appreciated. Sinatra's phrasing is superb and his sincerity is unquestioned. Also regular in form, well played by Stordahl and easily sung by The Voice are "If I Loved You" and "I Fall In Love Too Easily" (*Columbia*).

Dig PERRY COMO's vocal version of Chopin's "Polonaise"—tabbed by the lyric writer "Till The End Of Time". Very capably backed by RUSSELL CASE's studio orchestra, Perry lets out all the stops. His voice is handsome. "Did You Ever Get That Feeling In The Moonlight?" is the questioning flipover. Both Perry and Russ did get "that feeling." It's in lilting swing tempo, unusual for Perry, and good. Another Como hit is "If I Loved You" (*Victor*).

Frank Sinatra may have the vocal edge in this country, but word from abroad had it that PHIL BRITO was the fave crooner to the court of GI Joe. His latest is "After All This Time" and "I'll See You In My Dreams" (*Musicraft*) Personality is the Brito watchword.

DICK HAYMES and HELEN FORREST are together again on a superb *Decca* platter. One side is "Some Sunday Morning" from the movie "San Antonio," and the reverse side is "I'll Buy That Dream" from the picture "Sing Your Way Home." Both Dick and Helen do terrific vocal jobs on this disc, and the orchestral backing by VICTOR YOUNG is something to write home about.

DORIS DAY sings "He'll Have To Cross the Atlantic" and "Till The End of Time" with LES BROWN's fine band (*Columbia*). Instrumental work is capable and Doris sings very well on both tunes, employing that wonderful flat tone quality which has made Anita O'Day so popular.

VAUGHN MONROE throws out his chest and lets loose with "The Story of Two Cigarettes" and "No More Toujours L'Amour" (*Victor*). The latter tune, a HOAGY CARMICHAEL opus, is a terrific song about an "eager beaver" with a twelve-hour pass. For our money this is the best song of its kind ever written. Vaughn does a stellar singing job and the band is top-notch. "The Story of Two Cigarettes" is an okay ballad with a frustrated-love theme.

The mellow sadness of fall winds and tumbling leaves is captured in *Victor's* "Autumn Serenade" by HAL McIN-

TYRE's orchestra with a saxophone introduction backed by a humming vocal harmony blending into a full orchestration and instrumental solos carrying the autumnal mood. Of particular note is ERIC SZAFRANKSI's well-known bass. The flipover is "Some Sunday Afternoon," with FRANK LESTER and the FOUR CHICKS AND CHUCK handling the vocals.

TOMMY DORSEY and vocalist STUART FOSTER disc for dancing and listening on "Nevada," a beautiful melody with adequate lyrics (*Victor*). Turnover is an express train instrumental titled "That's It." Trumpets, saxophones and trombones scream short solos through a haze of showy BUDDY RICH drumming.

Of the many available records of JOHNNY MERCER's "On The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe," Johnny Mercer's is the best for our money. It gets terrific backing from PAUL WESTON, and aid from the PIED PIPERS (*Capitol*). Orchestral score on this disc is tops and the singing is in mood. In case you want a second choice, try the TOMMY DORSEY disc (*Victor*).

The PIED PIPERS do it again, and this time all by themselves, with a new *Capitol* release of "Lilly Belle" and "We'll Be Together Again." Formerly the Pipers have been in combination with such top-

In Decca's control room, Harry Meyerson lets Marion Hutton and Randy Brooks listen to playbacks of their discs.

Between recording sessions at Columbia, Frankie Carle found time to play in Army Camps. "I'd Rather Be Me" is his latest.



Waxing Wise

by Cliff Starr and Dave Fayre



Johnny Mercer waxes "On The Atchison, Topoka & Santa Fe."

notchers as Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford, and others. And all the records have been outstanding hits. This one of their own looks set to follow suit.

In a swing groove:

FREDDIE SLACK scores a boogie beat with an entire album of boogie woogie (*Capitol*). The EIGHT BEATS BY FOUR, the orchestra and Freddie's solo piano are heard on the different faces of this four-record set. Fast boogie, slow boogie, and boogie on popular tunes all take their place in the grooves. Freddie still out-plays most eight-beat men. REMO PALMIERI's guitar highlights, too.

A great mood disc is "Cryin' Sands" on the *Keynote* jazz label, featuring bassist CHUBBY JACKSON's pick-up combo, with BILL HARRIS playing trombone. Harris sets a terrific pattern with his pleading trombone, a pattern which is reflected by "FLIP" PHILLIPS and HOWARD McGHEE, tenor and trumpet soloists. Mate is "Northwest Passage," not so inspired but okay. RALPH BURNS plays good piano on both sides.

WOODY HERMAN's recording of "Goosey Gander" is a worth-while addition to your swing library. It's a straight instrumental original by Woody, noteworthy for the crying effects produced by

guitar and piano. The companion piece, "A Kiss Goodnight," features a vocal by Woody. (*Columbia*).

EDDIE HEYWOOD's piano sounds its best on "Blue Lou" and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," a *Decca*. VIC DICKENSON, however, is the record star with his mellow open trombone. Eddie is proving that jazz can be made pleasing to all. The mood is subdued and yet the quality is forceful.

DUKE ELLINGTON mates "Everything But You" and "Otto, Make That Riff Staccato" on a new *Victor*. "Everything But You" is excellent from beginning to end. JOYA SHERRILL sings with conviction and style. The song is excellent and the instrumentation perfect. RAY NANCE sings the reverse side which is, as a whole, subtle and catchy.

ELLA FITZGERALD and the DELTA RHYTHM BOYS offer vocal swing on "I'm Gonna Hurry You Out Of My Mind" and "It's Only A Paper Moon" (*Decca*). Ella still has the best set of pipes in the business outside of La Holiday, who is really so different in style that the two can't properly be compared.

STAN KENTON says that "Southern Scandal" is exactly what he wants to hear from his band. The platter on *Capitol*, in other words, is Stan's high point in recording. Disc is excellent,

featuring Stan's piano and wide chords pulled bodily from the floor. This is the old Kenton band, only more schooled and polished. The other side is a novelty titled "Tampico" and featuring JUNE CHRISTY's capable vocal.

GENE KRUPA has waxed a sensational scat-singing disc called "What's This" (*Columbia*). DAVID LAMBERT, who wrote the tune, and BUDDY STEWART scat in duet. This is the new Krupa band and what an improvement! The backing is "That Drummer's Band" which features Gene on the drums.

BENNY GOODMAN's "Clarinade" (*Columbia*) gives you the opportunity to hear him perform all the tricks possible with a licorice stick—in his best form. "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" is the okay flipover.

Folk Songs:

Special mention must be made in this issue of the top-notch "Strictly GI" album on *Asch*. Interested in seeing that down-to-earth folk literature receives a proper hearing, *Asch* has taken a group of GI songs and parodies performed by GIs, and combined them in an album. HY ZARET, a sergeant in Special Services, compiled the set and has done a swell job on it.

Stan Kenton gives the saxophone section his attention on a *Capitol* date. The boys were discing "Southern Scandal."

Sammy Kaye turns his mind to things technical in *Victor's* control room. He had just recorded "Stephen Foster Favorites".





When Horace Heidt disbanded, SHORTY SHEROCK decided that the time was ripe to start his own band.

A booking contract signed with G.A.C., Shorty went to a N.Y. musicians' hangout to line up additional musicians.



While a basic library had been arranged, new tunes come out every day—calling for constant checking of stacks of sheet music.



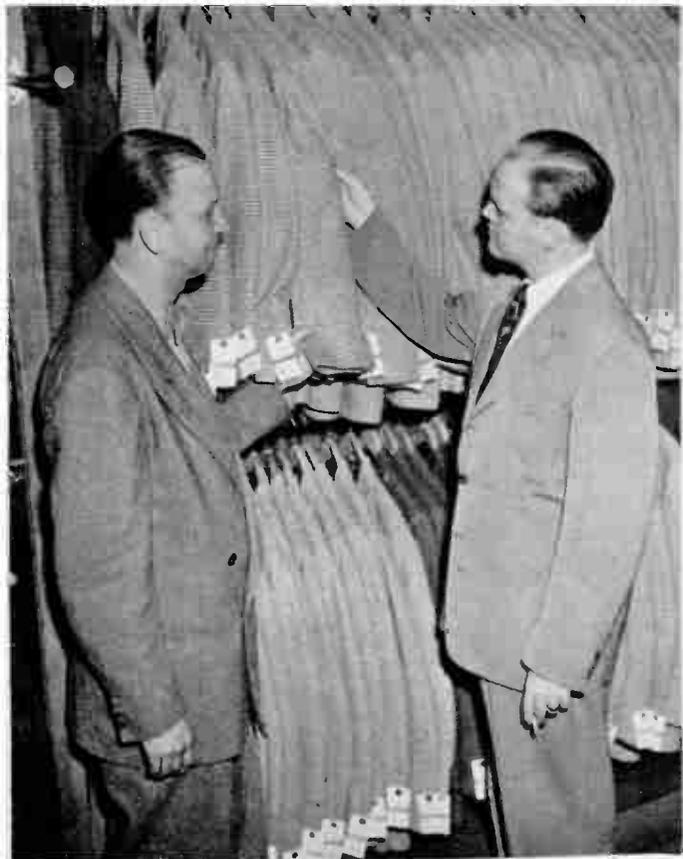
IT TAKES courage . . . or a break . . . or a combination of both . . . to start a band. Shorty had the courage—his break came when Horace Heidt disbanded. He had been laying the groundwork for a band of his own since way back in 1941—had chosen his key musicians and could select others from the many in the disbanded Heidt crew—had set up his business organization—and had built up a basic library of arrangements. So Shorty Sherock decided the time was ripe to start his own band.

The musicians, with Shorty as their new leader, set out for New York. Additional sidemen were picked up to round out the orchestra—bookings were arranged and signed—rehearsals were set—and the band went into action.

Weeks of rehearsals—of writing new arrangements to augment the basic library—of conferring with bookers and managers—of buying uniforms and stands—of arranging transportation and settling union problems . . . then, the signing of *Glen Island Casino*, a coveted spot for a new band!

Rehearsals at *Glen Island*—publicity interviews—pictures taken at Kriegsmann's studios for lobby displays and press releases—more rehearsals—vocal rehearsals—more arrangements to be made—arranging for radio wires from the *Casino* . . .

The band straggles into *Glen Island Casino*, light topcoats flopping over the musicians' uniforms, battered instrument cases banging against too narrow doorways. Instruments emerge from the cases, topcoats are thrown over trunks backstage, and horns begin warming up on favorite passages. The bandsmen step nervously onto the stage and continue warming up. Leader Shorty Sherock steps out onto the stage, trumpet under arm, and a ripple of excitement goes through the now well-filled ballroom. Tune-up, a down beat, the band swings into its theme, Shorty plays his trumpet . . . and a band is born!



Then, the band needed sharp outfits and Shorty was, necessarily, chief chooser. That one's pretty flashy, Shorty!



Very important, and more fun than picking clothing, was the selection of a canary. Hero's Shorty's first choice, Elayne Trent.



Noted photographer James J. Kriegsmann pressed the bulb and Shorty's face was mugged for nationwide publicity use.

by Dave Doyer

Finally, after audition after audition and rehearsal after rehearsal, the band is born . . . and a goodly crowd is on hand to welcome it on opening night at the Glen Island Casino. Shorty's dreams of becoming a band leader have come true—but there are years of hard work ahead establishing the band and reaching the top!



HOLLYWOOD



Comfortably seated, Ginny Simms rehearses "Cuddle Up a Little Closer" for Universal's "Shady Lady".

GREETINGS GATES! Gather 'round the bandstand for some more stuff like that there from the Hollywoods! FLASH! My spies tell me FRANKIE gained more weight on his overseas tour than he had gained in ten years, but it ain't true that "The Voice" will be known now as "The Body." . . .

Baton Bulletins . . . GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians handle the musical chores in *M-G-M's* comedy romance, "No Leave, No Love," which has VAN JOHNSON and PAT KIRKWOOD, the English singing star, in the romance dept. . . . LT. JIMMY GRIER and his ace Coast Guard band appear in *Columbia's* "Tars and Spars." . . . JIMMY LUNCEFORD and his solid crew teamed with LENA HORNE to do a musical short in the Army Pictorial Forces "Sing With Stars" series. One of the tunes is "Honeysuckle Rose." . . . SPIKE JONES and his City Slickers dittoed. . . .

G.I. Gift . . . PHIL HARRIS uses a hand-carved baton made of casuarina wood in some of the scenes of his *Columbia* flicker, "I Love A Bandleader." The baton is a gift from one of Phil's fans, Pvt. Tod Lane, who sent it to Harris from Burma. . . .

Novel Notes . . . Catch *Universal's* "The Crimson Canary" (now showing around) for something new in moviès. The pic's a murder mystery, but the whole plot revolves around a jazz band. Also, the tunes played by COLEMAN HAWKINS and his band were not written down in usual movie custom, but are pure, improvised jazz—and unique is the fact that the entire underscore or background music is in the jazz idiom, with blues, jump music, and old jazz classics used to express moods. . . .

Bombshell Bounces . . . It had to happen—a bounce tune has been written about the original bounce babe, BETTY HUTTON. Pfc. PAGE CAVANAUGH, ex-Bobby Sherwood 88er, wrote the "Betty Hutton Bounce" and, with members of his trio, previewed it for the "blonde bombshell" on the set of "The Stork



Band Leader Charlie Barnet gets pointers on photography from Charlie Mihn, whose pix frequently appear in BAND LEADERS.

Don Brown, his boss Tommy Tucker, and saxman Kerwin Somerville check schedules at Universal, where Tommy's band made a short.



Dick Haymes and Harry James in a scene from 20th Century-Fox's musical, "Kitten On The Keys," in which they co-star.



BANDSTAND

by Paul Vandervoort II

Club." . . . And, speaking of bouncing, ANDY RUSSELL did some bouncing himself, during the filming of the saga of Sherman Billingsley's famous night club. Andy bounced back and forth between the war plant he owns and helped out in, and the *Paramount* sound stages. . . .

Bandstanding Around the Sets . . . Down Gower Gulch to *RKO-Radio* for a visit on the set with FRANKIE CARLE, working in "Riverboat Rhythm." Watched Frankie do a ballroom scene while playing his famous "Sunrise Serenade," and after the take we got to talking about how songs get to be hits. "I never write a song before midnight," Frankie laughed, explaining his system. "No song I've written before then ever became a hit, but the ones written after twelve have done all right." Carle also said that he never writes music to words, but gets the complete song in his head before putting it on paper and having a collaborator write lyrics. He has two new tunes (both written in the early ayem): "Love For You and Me," and "Don't You Remember Me," which are a departure from his usual style. Frankie says they are reminiscent of Tschai-kowsky. By the way, Frankie revealed that he got a mountain of mail as a result of a recent **BAND LEADERS'** story in which he said he would "give the little guy a break." True to his promise he has examined all the songs sent him. . . .

Music in the Latin manner is what I dug at *Universal*, where CARLOS MOLINA and his boys did their stuff in "Cuban Madness," one of Producer Will Cowan's series of musical shorts. Carlos has a gag which keeps everybody on the set in good humor—and his musicians awake. Each time a sideman falls asleep (not being used to early studio hours) Molina gives the downbeat and the band blasts the snoozer awake with a loud and verry sour chord. . . .

Stuff Off the Cuff . . . LINA ROMAY, luscious Latin lilter formerly with Cugat, gets her second dramatic

Red Nichols, Morocco owner Peggy Cleary, the Bandstander, and Wingy Manone celebrate Red's success at the Morocco.



Yes, that's Rudy Vallee with the specs, and Ozzie Nelson with the critical ear—in *Paramount's* "People Are Funny".



On the "Stork Club" set, Andy Russell and Betty Hutton rehearse a duet for the picture. Pianist is noted producer Buddy DeSylva.

Leslie Brooks waxes sentimental as Phil Harris teaches her how to beat hides in Columbia's "I Love A Band Leader".



HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

Continued

role in Metro's "This Strange Adventure," opposite Clark Gable. . . . BING the King warbles and emotes in Paramount's "Blue Skies," with Irving Berlin's wonderful music. . . . RUDY VALLEE plays a radio producer and OZZIE NELSON a band leader in the Pine-Thomas flicker "People Are Funny." Both, incidentally, are saxmen who hit the top via college bands. . . . Cute PHYLLIS LYNNE chirps "I'm Not A Baby At All," in "Riverboat Rhythm." . . . DICK HAYMES' voice has been added to the cast of "Fallen Angel," the Alice Faye film for 20th Century-Fox. Dick will be heard, but not seen, singing "Slowly," a new tune by David Raksin, who clefted the smash hit "Laura." . . .

Columnist's Diary . . . Dropped in on RED NICHOLS at Club Morocco on the Vine-stem, just in time to help him celebrate the inking of a new contract which will keep him and the Five Pennies at the popular spot for a full year. "This is the happiest I have been," Red told me, "since the old Five Pennies broke up. I've got a wonderful bunch of musicians and I can play the way I want to play." Which I might add, is playing that's pretty wonderful to hear. Red really rides. . . .

GINNY SIMMS is still a band gal at heart, I learned while commuting between her set and that of TOMMY TUCKER, at Universal. Ginny was making "Shady Lady" on a stage across the street from Tommy's musical featurette, and between set-ups she wore a path back and forth to watch the band work, with Tucker and his boys returning the compliment when they weren't working. . . . "You can't stay away from bands, huh?" I kidded Ginny. "No, I really can't," smiled Ginny, who got her start as a band canary, "I really love them." You guys and gals will love the way she sings "Cuddle Up A Little Closer," in "Shady Lady," in which she enacts the role of a night club singer. . . . Got an amusing sidelight on Tommy, while watching the Tucker band shoot. It seems he has a collection of 300 watches sent to him by fans to help him keep "Tommy Tucker Time" (his slogan). Funny part of it is, Tommy is allergic to watches, seldom wears one, and has to keep asking the boys in the band what time it is. . . .

Nomination for Hollywood's Busiest Musician. . . . BUDDY COLE, who plays three instruments (piano, organ, and celeste) on so many radio shows he meets himself coming and going; writes arrangements; heads a trio; and records with a big band for Capitol. . . .

Seen and Heard on the Vine Stem. . . . WINGY MANONE getting in from the Big Town and unable to find a place to stay, account of the housing shortage. . . . COUNT BASIE, BENNY CARTER, ART TATUM, FRANKIE CARLSON, MATTY MATLOCK, NAT COLE, ZUTTY SINGLETON, and a flock of big names jamming at the Streets of Paris for the sessions presented on behalf of the Coast Guard by Ted Xerxa. . . . The Old Bandstander crawling sleepily home by the yawn's early light, after a night of covering the down beat to fill this here pillar. Dig you again, come the next issue.



Photo of a photographer. Carlos Molina snaps dancer Ar-mida between takes of Universal's musical, "Cuban Madness".



Frankie Carle reads a fan letter to actress Joan Newton and his vocalist Phyllis Lynne on RKO-Radio's "Riverboat Rhythm" set.



Busiest musician in Hollywood, Buddy Cole, confers with conductor Frank De Vol on music for one of his many radio shows.

A treat for overseas troops is the short made by the Army Pictorial Service featuring Jimmy Lunceford and Lena Horne.





88 and Moore by Bob Earle

THERE are eighty-eight keys on a piano . . . some black and some white. Phil Moore was making use of that fact when I went to visit him in his midtown Manhattan apartment to decipher the International Moore musical code and to find out just why sales of the third Phil Moore record on *Victor* had surpassed the half million mark.

As I rang the bell, I could hear the muffled tones of eighty-eight tiny felt-padded hammers intermittently striking eighty-eight piano wires, the product of agile fingers on a keyboard. Footsteps, and then diminutive, cute Jeni Moore smilingly opened the door to let me in.

Greetings and grins from all sides welcomed me to the home of Jeni and Phil, but fingers continued to explore the keyboard.

"He's practicing," Jeni explained, consulting her watch. "Five more minutes and he's through."

As I listened to the practicing . . . it was a difficult Chopin piece . . . I thought back over Phil Moore's career. He had majored in music at the University of Washington, gone to conservatory, played piano for Hollywood motion picture studios, arranged and composed background music for movies for five years, arranged and composed for Lena Horne, written several hit songs, formed a band, made hit records, and was featured with his group in one of New York's smartest nighteries. Why study piano?

To my mind it was a good question and as soon as the five minutes were up and Phil turned from the piano with a final G-major chord which indicated that practice was over, I asked it.

"Phil, with all your knowledge of music and piano, why are you still studying?"

"That's easy," he grinned. "You see, besides writing 'Shoo Shoo Baby,' 'There'll Be A Jubilee,' 'I'm Gonna See My Baby,' and stuff like that, I've written some serious things in a jazz idiom. It's not really jazz and yet it's not classical. 'Jazzical' is what I call it. The stuff is pretty difficult—it shows off the technical ability of a good instrumentalist, as well as his jazz feeling—solo pieces, like 'Specie Americana' which Will Bradley played on trombone with Paul Baron's orchestra on CBS.

"Now, here's the catch. You see, a lot of this stuff I've written features piano. While I've always been a good pianist and able to play run-of-the-mill things, I'm no wizard on the keys. Imagine my embarrassment one night when a piano soloist was late for a broadcast where he was going to play one of my 'jazzical' numbers. They asked me to play it instead . . . and I couldn't even play my own number. It was much too difficult. That's why I'm practicing! Jeni times me and makes me stick to it every day!"

There are eighty-eight keys (Continued on page 54)



RANDY BROOKS, trumpeter, whose new band is creating so much excitement in the pop music world.

Going up!

Hundreds upon hundreds of band leaders, vocalists and instrumentalists are constantly striving for a foothold on the ladder of success. While we are not prophets or fortune-tellers, the editors of BAND LEADERS occasionally spot that "extra something" about an aspirant for band world fame which seems to assure success. Here is a candidate who appears destined to reach the top. Watch him go!



SINCE the outbreak of the war, few new bands have come along which have been able to attain artistic as well as financial success. The musician shortage has been such that a young, ambitious leader has been unable to hand-pick his sidemen. What with the high cost of organization and salaries today he has about a thousand-to-one chance to make the grade.

But a few months ago a new band, led by the twenty-five-year-old trumpet star, Randy Brooks, came into being, and from everything that's happened, Randy seems to be a boy who is going to succeed. No new outfit in years has caused so much comment in music circles.

Randy was the spark of the Les Brown trumpet section for two years, during which time he made a name for himself as one of the finest young horn men in the country. He wanted to have his own band, and Les was willing to furnish the financial backing. However, Les wanted Randy to wait, because he felt it was too much of a headache to organize until the war was over. But Randy was impatient to get going, so he decided to try it on his own—usually a fatal procedure.

He enlisted the help of his friend, the well-known arranger, John Brooks (no relation). He gave John a percentage of the band, in return for which John would write all the arrangements. And for his manager, Randy got Eddie Perry, who at one time was Jimmy Dorsey's band boy. (Continued on page 50)

by Florine Robinson
and Margaret Winter



TRIPLE-DUTY-MAN MONROE

The Life Story To Date Of Band Leader, Vocalist and Trombonist Vaughn Monroe

BACK in 1933, a handsome young voice student at Carnegie Tech decided to call it quits. His teacher's assurance that he was destined for the *Metropolitan* halted him only momentarily. Monroe made a decision and turned his back on a "promising career" as an operatic star.

"Promise is a fine thing," says Monroe. "But I have a large frame to feed and eating was my immediate problem in those slim years."

And so the *Metropolitan Opera Company* lost the opportunity of adding a baritone to its list of stars—but the band world gained a great leader.

Since April, 1940, Vaughn's vocal and orchestral numbers on *Victor* discs, and his band's personal ap-

pearances throughout the country, have been delighting the nation's music fans. Monroe's tall husky frame never fails to evoke soft purring sounds from his followers, whenever he steps in front of the mike to take a chorus.

Though Monroe began his jaunt to fame playing trumpet, he switched over to trombone in 1944, and he's been with the tram section ever since.

It was during one of Monroe's frequent stops at New York's *Century Room* in the *Commodore Hotel* that **BAND LEADERS'** writers began to chat with him.

Vaughn's easy relaxed manner and unassuming charm make one feel completely at ease and like an old friend of the family. Visiting him and his charming

wife, Marian, at the Monroe home in New York sometime later in the month gave credence to our feeling that the Monroe family were just regular folks . . . they like people and have lots of fun out of life.

"I started to play the trumpet when I was ten," Vaughn said, "and it nearly drove my mother and father batty . . . to say nothing of the neighbors."

"You see," he explained, "I wanted drums, but pop said no soap. So I scouted around and managed to acquire a trumpet—and pop was almost sorry he hadn't bought me the drums in the first place!"

Poor Mr. Monroe, Sr., was caught in the horns of a dilemma when Monroe, Jr., came rushing into the parlor one evening and proudly announced that he was now the owner of a trumpet—as well as a member of

the drum and bugle corps of his public school! Mr. and Mrs. Monroe questioned their young son closely and learned the strange way in which Vaughn had come into sole ownership of his cherished possession.

"The boy down the block gave it to me," related Monroe as he reconstructed the event for BAND LEADERS' reporters. "He can't play it—on account of his buck teeth!" Vaughn had solemnly declared to his astonished mother and father.

With vague feelings of uneasiness the boy was allowed to keep his horn, and from that day on the Monroe menage had little peace and less quiet. Bill, his brother and junior by three years, was not to be outdone. He induced the now long-suffering parents to buy him a bass fiddle—and it was only a matter of a few years before the two Monroe kids were playing in local bands.

When World War II broke out, Bill became a Glider Pilot in the Army.

Monroe received his "Greetings from the President" back in November 1943. Certain that he would soon be wearing khaki, he wound up an engagement at the *Commodore*, disbanded his crew, kissed his wife and baby good-bye, and reported for induction. But Monroe was rejected for a childhood injury. He was fortunate enough to be able to get thirteen of the original crew back and go right to work again without a break!

Atwater Kent Contest Winner

Recently, Vaughn and his wife bought a small farm in North Weare, New Hampshire—but he was born in Akron, Ohio, on October 7, 1911. His father, Ira, was employed as a supervisor in Akron's rubber industry; his mother, Mabel, was a housewife who kept things running smoothly and efficiently.

When Vaughn was twelve years old, his family pulled up stakes and moved to Cudahy, Wisconsin. They had resigned themselves to Vaughn's practicing and the elder Monroe was much impressed by his son's persistence and steady progress.

In 1926, during his sophomore year at the local high school, Vaughn entered the Atwater Kent National Music Contest, a competition run to determine the outstanding young musicians in each state. Vaughn won first place with his trumpet in Wisconsin, competing against the cream of the state's young musicians . . . and his claim to fame might be dated from this point.

"Then the family moved again," chuckled Vaughn. "Probably couldn't stand my fame. This time they settled in Jeanette, Pennsylvania. For the most part we say we come from Pittsburgh," said Monroe. "It makes things easier since few people have ever heard of Jeanette."

"That's where I made my entrance," said Mrs. Monroe when we asked her about the very beginning. "Vaughn entered Jeanette High School in his senior year and he took the place by storm," she continued. "Not only did he play a mean trumpet for every dance within a radius of thirty miles, but he also played the lead in the senior play and was elected President of the Senior Class!"

Vaughn's Best Girl

Marian Baughman—Mrs. Monroe today—soon became Vaughn's best girl. He escorted her to the dance given by the Juniors to the Senior Class, which meant everything!

A number of years later, on April 2, 1940, Vaughn and Marian tied the knot in Jeanette, Pennsylvania. The boy-and-girlhood sweethearts became lifetime partners. Both they and their two lovely daughters, Candace and Christina, seem to be thriving on it, too.

Before young Vaughn was graduated from Jeanette High School, where he was voted "The boy most likely to succeed," he hit another landmark via the horn.

"The same night that the class dance took place," related Marian, "Vaughn had to play in the contest being held in a neighboring town. We held up the grand march, since he was scheduled to lead it. At 11 p.m. he came tearing into the dance completely out of breath. He had taken second place in the contest!"

"The first place was won by a boy who now plays in the Philharmonic," related Vaughn.

His First Job

When Vaughn received his coveted diploma in June, 1928, the family was most anxious to send him to college. However, the Monroe budget was taking a beating . . . and Vaughn decided to pitch in to lend his help.

His first attempt to become a wage earner was admirable, though fruitless. He worked on the railroad for exactly six hours, then quit. The next idea was more in his groove—playing trumpet in a small band.

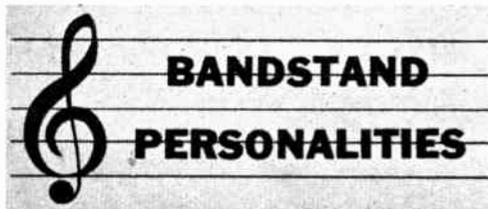
From then until the fall of 1930, Vaughn Monroe travelled short hops with a neighborhood crew, playing trumpet and crooning through a megaphone . . . looking distinctly natty in his red and white blazer and sharp blue trousers.

After he had earned enough money to support himself for awhile and was able to add to the family income, Vaughn enrolled in Carnegie Tech.

Advice from friends and "those who knew" convinced Vaughn that voice and music were his calling. He applied himself rigorously to learning the rudiments of music. At the same time he put his trumpet and voice to work earning a living to keep him in college.

"It was really quite a merry-go-round," comments Vaughn today. "After four hectic semesters, I resigned myself to *not* being another Lauritz Melchior, and kissed my college career goodbye."

For the next two years, Vaughn played trumpet in Austin Wiley's band and went on the first of his many cross-country hitches. Then, during a series of dates in Ohio, the popularity of the ork took a nose dive and Wiley disbanded his young group of stalwarts.



"I was feeling pretty low," reminisced Monroe. "We were all sitting around a diner chinning, when Larry Funk dropped in and overheard us." The man with a thousand melodies offered Vaughn a chance to join his combo and Vaughn didn't need more than one offer.

From Boston to Texas with stop-overs at *Lookout House* in Covington, Kentucky, and the *Brown Palace* in Denver went Larry Funk. And Vaughn Monroe was right there with him.

"I did some singing with Larry's combo," said Vaughn, "and the kids out front seemed to like it." Vaughn was not the band vocalist, however—he filled in when the man-on-mike couldn't make it. He also fronted the band occasionally when Funk was off on business . . . and he began to get the hang of leading a band.

But the monotony of one-night stands and constant travelling soon proved tiresome. "The next time we hit Boston I gave Larry notice," said Vaughn. To the obvious question, "Why?" Monroe replied, "For no other reason than I liked Boston and wanted to stay there." Judging from Vaughn's history, the admiration is still a mutual affair, and every time Vaughn and his band play the New England circuit, the town of Boston turns out to give him a "home town" welcome.

With Marshard's Band

With typical calm and equanimity (and maybe a touch of luck) Vaughn contacted an acquaintance in Boston who was in the band business. He asked for suggestions, and his friend, Jack Marshard, did more than lend an ear and advice. He gave Vaughn a job.

Jack Marshard was impressed with his new double-duty find. He had heard Vaughn sing and knew his voice would click . . . and he liked his horn work, too.

Vaughn's experience with Wiley and Funk gave him a repertoire of nearly a thousand songs, which is an accomplishment when you can do it in voice—in any man's language!

Marshard had a string of small society orks working for him throughout the Cape Cod area and after all those tiring cross-country hops, Vaughn considered it a wonderful break to be able to play and live in the seashore atmosphere.

Cape Cod was a long way from the *Paramount* and the *Commodore* but young Vaughn was not concerned with that . . . he didn't even want to be a band leader. He could afford to take his time and come up . . . then!

Success At The Paramount

Some years later, in June, 1941, vocalist-trumpeter-band leader Vaughn emerged from the rising pit onto the stage of the *Paramount*, and looked down upon the sea of faces come to watch him "arrive." He wondered then whether he shouldn't have stood in bed! Fortunately the only one who knew he was stage-struck was his ever-helping wife, who was even more frightened than her attractive husband. But she was sitting in the last row of the theatre!

"It was a memorable occasion," recalled Vaughn, talking about his sensational first appearance at the *Paramount*. "It's a good feeling to know all those people care about you . . . and want you to sing and play for them."

His stellar achievement was not only the terrific hit at the *Paramount*, it also involved getting back a pair of cuff links that were wrested from him by overzealous fans.

"I was nearly strangled, it's true," Vaughn told us, "but somehow I was happy to be mauled—it meant that they liked me. Still, I was nearly trampled to death." We looked at him and laughed as we tried to picture this 185 pound hero of the hour being pushed around by young enthusiasts half his size.

"It happened this way," he began. "You know that ramp at the *Paramount*?" We nodded and he continued. "Well, I was moving along with the crowd—I'll call them fans and hope it doesn't sound conceited—when suddenly they rushed me. They pulled off my coat, got hold of my shirt sleeves and grabbed both my cuff links. Then two girls made a bee line for my tie.

"Unfortunately for me, they were pulling in opposite directions. I was just about to give up hope when the tie tore apart and I escaped with my life. The story ended happily . . . because one young lady managed to get both cuff links."

"Well, how did you get them back?" we inquired.

"She showed up and asked me if I wanted them," Vaughn replied. "I told her I did and she countered—'O.K. we'll make a deal. I'll return your cuff links for ten autographed pictures.' So I delivered the goods and she returned the links," he concluded.

But Vaughn put in a long hard apprenticeship with Jack Marshard before he hit the *Paramount* on his own.

When he played with Marshard's combo he played society music . . . which is nothing more than sweet and soft.

From Narragansett in Providence, Rhode Island, the Marshard outfit moved to *Terrace Gables*, Falmouth, Massachusetts. The year was 1937; and people were enjoying relative prosperity and "discovering" Cape Cod and New England.

Triple-Duty Man

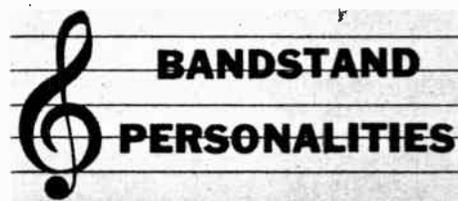
Shortly thereafter, Jack Marshard told Vaughn he wanted him to front one of the Marshard combos; Vaughn said "no" so Jack gave him a choice. He could either take hold of the crew or be fired. He accepted the job.

The twelve-piece group opened at the *Terrace Gables*, under Vaughn's direction—played there for the season, and then moved into the *Brunswick Hotel*. The next stop was the *Dempsey-Vanderbilt*, Miami, Florida. The routine of stops was approximately the same for the next two years.

Vaughn sang and starred as the only vocalist. The patrons liked it—and kept him at the mike as much as possible. He tooted his horn, too . . . and, in addition, fronted the band . . . he was a triple-duty man! The genial personality that is Monroe became a favorite among New Englanders and they kept coming back for more and more.

"It was during the time I worked for Jack that I first recorded," Vaughn said. "Marshard gathered together what he considered his top fifteen guys—I was among 'em—and we recorded." Those dates were made under the old *Brunswick* label, starring Marshard's men.

The boys in the Monroe-led Marshard band were as enthusiastic about Vaughn's triple personality appeal as his nightly fans. They constantly urged him to



strike out on his own and collect some of the gold they felt he rated.

Early in 1940, Will Alexander, head of the band department at the William Morris Agency, spotted Vaughn and suggested he start traveling under the Morris aegis.

Finally, in March 1940, he made his decision. "He closed at the *Dempsey-Vanderbilt*," reminisced Marian, "and without stopping drove all the way up to New York where I met him." She smiled and said, "Then we went back to Jeanette, Pennsylvania, and were married."

Immediately after the ceremony the newly-weds drove to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to meet their partly assembled band. Will Alexander had collected those

men Vaughn wanted. "What a honeymoon we had," said Marian. "Vaughn was so tired he fell asleep and I drove all the way. After that, it was one round of band rehearsals after another—and when everything looked fine—well, we re-

hearsed some more." Looking back, Marian thinks it was well worth it.

As a matter of fact, Marian meets the maestro on the road whenever she possibly can, even though they have two children, one of whom is still in the crawling stage. Of course, her traveling has been limited recently due to war-time restrictions.

The new Vaughn Monroe band made its debut at one of Vaughn's old standbys—*Seilers' Ten Acres* in New England. Their entrance into the big-time took place the night of April 10, 1940. NBC wires out of Seilers' carried the music through the air-waves out over the nation.

Leonard Joy of RCA Victor, heard about Vaughn and the boys—and in record-breaking time (excuse it, please!), Vaughn's monicker was on a *Bluebird* contract!

Vaughn Monroe and his new ork made new music and new converts. No longer was his forte the society groove. Vaughn moved into the solid sender field—and his fans never regretted it.

During the next year, the band was booked in hotels, theatres, and nightspots throughout the New England and Mid-West areas. They travelled as far west as Chicago and as far north as the Cape.

In the meantime, Monroe stepped into the Camel cigarette radio show for the summer. The day for their New York appearance was inching up, but fast!

We Want Monroe!

Before the Monroe music makers reached New York however, his disks came to the attention of Martin Block, New York's most successful platter jockey. Block told his devoted listeners about his find . . . this triple-duty-man Monroe, played every new record of the Monroe crew as soon as it was released, and started an avalanche of mail yelling for more and more Monroe.

The first record Vaughn made was "If You See Maggie." Immediately, the pressings of that and succeeding records became "musts" for "all recorded-programs"—other disk jockeys quickly followed the lead of Block.

"We want Monroe," shouted the New York fans—and Monroe they got—at the *Paramount*! Monroe's band was hailed and praised when it made its momentous rise from the pit of that "home of the greats" in June 1941. The gods were certainly smiling on Monroe. His first New York appearance . . . and at the *Paramount*. It was unprecedented in every way.

The Monroe music formula pinnacled the combo to the top—and they have maintained a steady seat there ever since. The vocalist set-up in the band is a unique affair. Vaughn sings the numbers that call for the well-known Monroe personality and voice. When Rosemary Calvin and the four Morton sisters take the specialty numbers—Vaughn steps into the tram section and lends his slip-horn assistance to the crew.

Debut At The Commodore

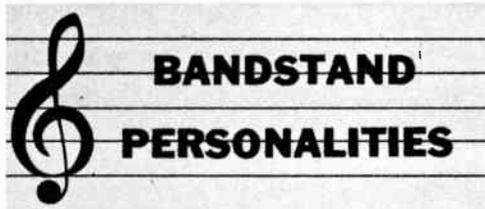
After Monroe's stunning success at the *Paramount*, he did a short series of one night stands at theatres in the Eastern Seaboard area. Then, in the fall of 1941, Vaughn maestroed his band into the *Century Room* of the *Commodore Hotel*—and Martin Sweeney, the hotel's chief, became as ardent about the Monroe music as the fans who flocked there nightly.

"Stay as long as you like," Sweeney told Monroe. And the Monroe name and music kept the cash register tingling until the following May. The *Century Room* now houses the Vaughn flock every time they make their appearance in New York . . . and by this time Mr. Sweeney may be thinking of renaming the room for its most outstanding band combo.



When he's not on the bandstand, Vaughn spends as much time as possible with his children. Here he is with Candace ("Candy").

However, the *Commodore* has taken more than Monroe's band to its heart. Little Candy Monroe (born October 17, 1941) is equally popular with patrons and management. "She likes to watch her daddy sing," said Marian, "And whenever he plays the *Century*



Room—or for that matter any theatre in New York—Candy has the privilege of watching him from the audience.”

“Candy’s first birthday party was something of an occasion at the *Commadore*, and the chef presented her with a large cake bearing one candle. No, she wasn’t awed—she had a lovely time—and she wouldn’t go home until her daddy sang her favorite number, ‘The Trolley Song.’”

Vaughn is very proud of his first child, Candace, named for Marian’s grandmother. But as soon as Christina (born October 16, 1944) arrived, Monroe immediately made room in his heart for her, too.

Both children are lovely towheaded youngsters and their rooms are filled with toys their daddy has personally carted from points east, west, north, and south.

Marian told us: “On one occasion Vaughn heard of a tricycle available—ten miles from the town he was appearing in. He made tracks over there, picked it up and practically carried it on his lap on one nighters all the way to New York.”

Mr. Fixit Monroe

Vaughn never forgets to phone Marian every night when she’s not accompanying him on his tours. When in town, Vaughn likes to spend as much time as possible at home. He always manages to find something with which to putter.

“Mr. Fixit, that’s what he is,” remarked Marian. “Why that man can take anything apart and put it together again. Yes, and they work when he gets ‘em back together, too!”

When we visited the Monroe apartment on upper Park Avenue, we had a chance to see for ourselves that Vaughn is a decided asset and delight to any homemaker.

Their home is tastefully furnished and includes a spinet which both Vaughn and his wife play.

“What are Vaughn’s hobbies, likes and dislikes?” we inquired. “Well, for one thing,” said Marian, “Vaughn is a fine cook. Of course he doesn’t cook much any more, but that isn’t his fault. He used to add little tid-bits to my cooking when we were first married, but he’s given that up.

“His favorite dish is roast pork and sauerkraut,” she added. “Though strictly speaking, Vaughn likes all kinds of good food.”

Man On A Motorcycle

If you should happen to be a guest of the Monroes on a night when Vaughn is headed out for a tour—or returning from one—more than likely, conditions permitting, you’ll get roast pork and sauerkraut as the main fare.

Vaughn always manages to go home for dinner when he’s playing a theatre date in New York City. This is accomplished via motorcycle. He roars out of parking lots, weaves his way in and out of traffic until he reaches the door of his dwelling.

“It doesn’t use more than a gallon of gas for fifty miles,” explains Marian, “so he always has been able to get enough gasoline.”

When Vaughn was out on the West Coast making movies in 1943, the maestro managed to have three different motorcycles one after the other. “He was looking for a special type and he insisted—on each new deal—that he lost absolutely nothing,” said Marian.

The Monroes lived a quiet and healthy life on the

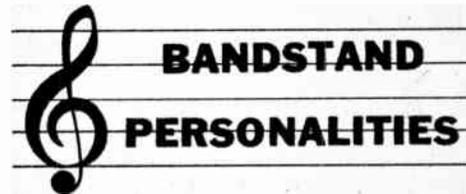
Coast and spent their free time enjoying the great outdoors.

Monroe’s movie venture featured him in “Meet The People,” along with Bert Lahr and Lucille Ball. Vaughn not only proved himself a fine leader and vocalist, he also established himself as a first rate movie actor.

The man’s madness for motors has taken him into the airways, too. “Now that the war is over,” said Monroe enthusiastically, “We’re going to have a four place cabin job, and the family will be able to travel with me. No difficulty at all.” Marian added, “Yes, and I suppose Candy will probably be taught to fly at the age of six, too.”

Vaughn has a pilot’s license, now expired. That little detail will be remedied in the very near future.

The Monroe crew always manages to do a hospital or camp show wherever they are. Injured men from the battlefronts speak with real animation about the many appearances Vaughn and the boys have made in rest homes and at bedsides. His regular appearances at canteens, camps, USO shows and Army and Navy hospitals have been hailed as a real public service and morale-building effort.



Autograph-seeking sailors who attended a benefit at the American Theater Wing Stage Door Canteen found VM ready and willing.

Vaughn enjoys his work and has never been known to fluff off anyone who wants to discuss it with him. “If I didn’t enjoy it, I couldn’t stand being in it,” said the brawny bandman. “Leading a band is pleasant, but that’s only the end product. Before that come the years of training to play even one instrument, then years collecting an orchestra, and after that, holding what you already have.

“The playing is the easiest part of it, but that’s only the part that shows. Like an iceberg, the other two-thirds is out of sight.”

Although Vaughn hesitates to classify the harmony he conducts because of its unique pattern and style, he feels it can be called "Solid Music."

As an example of what he means he offers "Pagliacci," the number he likes best to sing. The music is played in classical ensemble, and the brass and rhythm sections blend their chords and harmonies subtly into a rich pattern of melody that emerges and brings forth a solid and magnificent effect. When Vaughn sings against that background you can't ask for a more superb arrangement.

Otherwise, he enjoys vocalizing with "Star Dust," a lucky selection for all concerned, since the number leads all others . . . according to a recent poll of his fans throughout the country.

"It isn't new," he commented, "But it's universal . . . and it's solid. It seems to me I've been singing it forever."

If you're in doubt about what Monroe means by "solid," listen to the music methods employed in his theme song, "Rac-

ing With The Moon," composed and arranged by the band arranger, John Watson.

The band's outstanding platters, according to the triple-duty man, run a diversified route and clearly reflect the musical interests of Monroe:

"My Devotion"—"Commodore Clipper" (named for the *Commodore Hotel*)—"Harvard Square"—"Dardennella"—"The Last Time I Saw Paris"—"Sleepy Lagoon"—"Take It Jackson"—"Pagliacci"—"Clam Chowder"—and "Tangerine," are included in the list of records that keep this *Victor* recording artist out in front of the field.

Martin Block, a man who ought to know, says the Monroe music makers and vocal refrains keep Vaughn up among the top ten. As a matter of fact, Vaughn's taken a top place for the past five years in Block's popularity poll . . . and that's not hay!

An All-Around Regular Guy

Personally, Vaughn Monroe, the triple-duty man, looks like everyone's idea of a movie hero. He's tall, blonde, handsome and rugged. His smile is sincere and winning. No one who has seen him and talked with him can fail to feel that he's an all-round regular guy.

Through the mike, and over the air, Vaughn's personality sails forth and connects, accounting for his popularity in the recording and radio departments.

Naturally the triple-duty man has legions of fans! So many that he has a special office to handle his fan mail. You can contact Vaughn by addressing your letters in care of Dixon Gayer, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Vaughn fronted his band for a second Camel show with Bob Hawk in 1942. He's been heard a number of times as a regular passenger on the *Fitch Bandwagon*. The *Coca-Cola Spotlight* has directed beams in his direction and he has been heard as a guest star on "Double or Nothing," "Truth or Consequences," "Music America Loves Best," and on Mildred Bailey's former CBS show. Recently, he emceed the *RCA Victor* show, pinch hitting for Tommy Dorsey, and he went over "like a charm," to quote an ardent listener. As guest-

sleuth on a recent Ellery Queen program Vaughn bent his musical brain to solving a "Whodunit," and came up with the solution in one shot!

At the *Victor* recording studios, Vaughn is known as the "one take man." On "R" day his ability to make one take proved decidedly advantageous to all concerned. For the Monroe combo scooped the country by getting their imprints on wax eighteen hours after the Petrillo ban was nixed. Equally exciting to Vaughn on that bright November 12, 1944, was the fact that he played trombone on disks for the first time.

No blasé man or super-sophisticated slickster is our young maestro. He enjoys life too much to sit back and watch it float by.

The Band Line-Up

When Vaughn tells you he gets a kick out of meeting old friends and buddies, you can be sure he's not kidding. Everywhere he goes, he's always meeting the boys from the old gang—and he can spend hours talking about what swell times they had, and what swell guys they are.

When he told about his newly-learned skill—playing the trombone—it was with the same winsome mirth. He explained that he had not taken one lesson. Practice? Sure, every chance he gets. But even that's fun. Now Vaughn never plays the trumpet. His takes are all on the trombone—when he's not crooning, or swinging the baton.

The line up of his band as of August 15, 1945, was as follows: Bobby Ricky, drums; Jack Fay, bass; Don Alessi, guitar; Mike Shelby, piano; Frank Ryerson, James Fitzpatrick, Jerry Lungo, Sal Gianehino, trumpets; Joe Bennett, Don Jones, Sam Hyster, trombones; Andy Bagni, Ziggy Talent, Johnny West, Wedo Marasco, Babe Feldman, saxes; Rosemary Calvin and the Four Morton Sisters, vocalists—plus Monroe on tram, voice and as front man. His two arrangers are Gene Hammett and Frank Ryerson.

If anyone thinks that band leaders lead the life of Riley—today or any day—they have another guess coming.

Recently, the Monroe ork arrived to play a theatre date in Ohio and found that their hotel reservations were cancelled. Philosophically the boys settled down—in the theatre seats—all but tram-player Bennet who just couldn't fit. He slept in the ladies' powder room! The following morning Vaughn and the boys wiggled out of their make-shift beds and played five performances . . . did a good job, too.

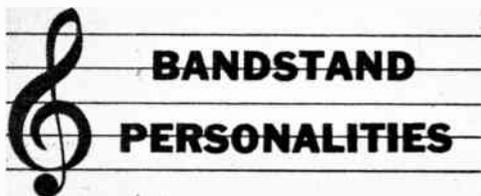
Never A Dull Moment!

On several occasions, the Monroe book of arrangements arrived at places other than the ones the band was playing, and the men ad libbed their music for many performances.

However, when you ask Monroe whether it ever gets too much to bear, he laughs and says, "No." His restraint and jovial manner are the best antidotes for any mishap the boys run into. "Calm, cool and collected," is no understatement to describe Monroe.

The Monroe outfit continues to play the country's circuit from New England to the West Coast and back to New York. And, from where we sit, it looks like the *Century Room* of the *Commodore* will continue to be his New York roosting place for a long time to come . . . home base for triple-duty-man Vaughn Monroe.

Next Issue: The Life Story Of Bing Crosby!





Papa Mutt Carey, trumpeter with Kid Ory, long-time friend of the Crescent City Kid.



Kid Ory steps out and takes a chorus on his slide horn; the public digs him and likes it.

by Pat Vincent



New Orleans born Ed Garland lends his able bass playing to the Ory crew, too.

Joe Darensbourg blows his Selmer while the Ory combo stays in there.

Crescent City Kid

MANY of the illustrious names in jazz, quite naturally, have come from New Orleans, fountain-head of the righteous stuff. And one of the greatest of these is that of the Crescent City Kid, tram-playing Edward "Kid" Ory.

He was around when Buddy Bolden was king; King Oliver and Louis Armstrong were his boys. His life is inextricably bound to the whole history of jazz.

"Kid" Ory is no legendary figure, whose fame is based on the twice-told tales of musicians. Though he was one of the pioneers of jazz, he is still very much a part of the modern musical scene.

Lately, he's been in the Hollywood spotlight, knocking 'em out at the *Jade Cafe* on Hollywood Boulevard, just as he once did down on Basin Street.

Jazz and "Kid" Ory got together when both were in knee pants. He was born in La Place, Louisiana, on Christmas Day of 1889, and before he was twelve had an offer from Buddy Bolden.

Ory first used homemade string instruments, but he got with the trombone when he and a bunch of kids organized a band. He was so anxious to play he didn't care what instrument it was. He took the trombone when nobody else wanted it.

One day while visiting his sister in New Orleans, and working out on his horn, a knock on the door interrupted him. Ory opened it and a man said:

"I'm King Bolden, son. You play very good trombone. How would you like (Continued on page 58)



(Below) Kid Ory and some of the boys in his band hold forth at the *Jade Cafe* in Hollywood.



BAND LEADERS

Candid Close-ups!



▲ Artie Shaw is certainly an energetic young man who mixes business with pleasure. Even when he's relaxing, music is on his mind. Here he examines his famous clarinet, while sunning in his back yard.

▼ We like ice cream sodas, too, but with lovely Martha Tilton around, we don't see how our lucky Quiz-master, Dixon Gayer, can be that absorbed in the soda. Pic was snapped when Martha was in New York.



▲ The Merry Macs live up to their name even at rehearsal. Now in their tenth year as a singing group, the boys are: Ted McMichael, Lynn Allen, Judd McMichael. Pretty Virginia Rees is a newcomer.

▼ Marine Second Lieutenant Bob Crosby with his band does a show for the Fifth Marine Division during his Pacific tour.





▲ Dick Haymes spends a "restful" Sunday at home with Richard, Jr., alias "Skipper," and his young daughter Helen ("Pigeon") Haymes. Despite the beating he's taking, Dick seems a proud papa.



▲ Georgia Carroll and Kay Kyser seem to get as many kicks from their show as their audience does —while broadcasting a Kollege session from an Air Base.



▲ When Jerry Wald appeared in person with his band at the N.Y. Paramount, a delegation of choristers from "On The Town" dropped in to see about starting a Wald fan club.

▼ Two pioneers in the field of modern music. Paul Whiteman listens to —and seems to like—some new musical ideas of Walter Damrosch.



▼ Bob Wills (center) and some of his Sons Of The Pioneers take a bow after playing one of their folk-music numbers.





by Art Hodes

SEEMS like I stirred up a hornet's nest when I stated that, as far as I was concerned, the saxophone just hasn't any place in a real jazz band. I didn't mean that all saxmen should throw away their horns. I was talking about a type of music rarely heard today: jazz. The sax has its place in "le hot" combos and swing bands.

One of the greatest saxophonists of today, Bud Freeman, has this to say on the subject: "You can't play good hot jazz on the saxophone. The instrument won't take it. It's easy enough to play changes and chords, but that isn't jazz, is it?" (*Jazz Record Magazine*, October 1944).

And now let's open the mail bag. F. E. Booth, S 1/c out at Del Monte, California, likes guitar solos as played by Oscar Moore and Al Casey. Also, he says:

"Cootie Williams and J. C. Higgenbotham are both as good as Buddy Bolden or Kid Ory."

Then he winds up asking me:

"Who's better on piano: Mel Powell or Teddy Wilson?"

Okay, F.E.B. I, too, like to listen to an occasional guitar solo. Cootie and J. C. Higgenbotham both rate high in my book. They both "swing out." Teddy Wilson suits my personal taste in that style of piano. But Mel Powell is no slouch at the keyboard; he gets around.

From Humboldt, Saskatchewan, Canada, Lloyd and Neil Crawford write:

"Help us get more Bix Beiderbecke and King Oliver recordings. We took you up on your recommendation of Jelly Roll and now we know how good jazz sounds."

And Jean Marraro and Alfred Fox of New York City would like to know what Red McKenzie is doing. I talked to Red recently. He told me he was going home for a visit. That means St. Louis. *Commodore* recorded Red recently.

Charles Whitley of Lancaster, Texas, wants to read stories about Teschmacher, Oliver, Miff Mole, etc. You'll have to dig up back issues of the music magazines for that, Charles.

As for advising readers on how to go about getting their recordings, I can't; not unless you have an unlimited stock of do-re-me. Oliver recordings on *Genett* are selling for \$20.00 and up. *Columbia* has reissued an album of Tesch's recordings. Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier have been recorded by *Nick*, of Greenwich Village fame.

Bob Casnenwatt of Pompton Plains, N.J., is interested in finding out if the "Peerless Band," early 1900's, ever recorded. I never ran across any of their records, if they did record. Has anyone ever found a "Peerless" recording?

To Buddy Murphy, Pittsburg, Kansas: The personnel on "My Sweet" and "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me," recording by Louis Armstrong and Orchestra, includes the following musicians: Anderson, Hicks, McCord, Hutchinson, and Lynch. And, that's Omar Simeon playing the clarinet on Jelly Roll Morton's recording of "Shreveport."

Private John Francis, stationed at Chanute Field, Illinois, wants to know:

"Do Hampton, Ellington, Lunceford, Goodman and James play swing or jazz?"

Well, Pvt. J. F., I can't blame you for being in doubt. The word "jazz" is really being kicked around. Up until around 1941 they called that type of music "Swing." Today our "authorities" call it "jazz." As to what it'll be called next year, your guess is as good as mine.

From somewhere in France, Master Sergeant Cliff Wells writes in to ask for the personnel on Tommy Dorsey's "Clambake Seven" recordings. Offhand, I can remember Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough, and Sterling Boze as having recorded for Tommy under that name.

"International Jazzmen" at Capitol Records. L. to R.: Coleman Hawkins, Jon Kirby, Oscar Moore, Bill Coleman, Max Roach, Nat Cole, Buster Bailey, and Benny Carter.



Muriel Ward of New York City would like to know my favorite Jelly Roll Morton record. That's hard to say—Jelly cut so many fine discs. But, here's one that's tops: "Black Bottom Stomp."

From White Plains, New York, comes a note signed "Irving Murray" asking:

"Did Armstrong play the cornet?"

Yes, he did. But for practical purposes, I'd advise you to stick to the trumpet.

Ray Romanska of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, collects photos and wants the one of Wild Bill Davison that we ran a short time ago. The "wild one" is now with the armed forces, so I can't pass that request on until I see him again, Ray.

From Tilford, Essex, England, comes a note signed B. D. Kitt. Mr. K. wants to know if he's on the right track regarding boogie woogie. Seems that B. D. organizes record sessions at his college and, in the past, has featured discs by Albert Ammons, Johnson, Yancey and Mead Lux. So far, so good. But I'm sorry to hear that you can't get your hands on a Pine Top Smith record—he was tops.

Phil Wentzel of Chicago has dug up a recording titled "Lil Liza Jane" and "Coon Band Contest" that sounds good to him. A quick look at the master number tells me that it evidently was recorded in the very early 20's, but I can't find it listed anywhere.

John Tansley of Waterbury, Connecticut, wants to know:

"Is 'The Big Noise From Winnetka' by the 'Bobcats' a collector's item? How much is it worth?"

I believe it's worth about \$1.50 and you can still find a copy here and there.

Now, let's jump to the Gold Coast, British West Africa, and hear from Guy Warren, who writes:

"First of all, I want you to know that I'm an African and a real hep cat. Yes sir, an alligator of the first order. Tell me, who rode that tenor sax solo in Artie Shaw's 'Non Stop Flight?' Who beat out that solo in Count Basie's 'The World Is Mad?' Who is Lunceford's leading tenor sax?"

Let me repeat: I like swing and I also like coffee. But I don't call one "jazz" or the other "milk." So we'll turn your letter over to the Swing Dept. Guy.

And that brings me to the tail end of this column. I'll be with you again next issue, to answer more of your questions regarding jazz and jazzmen. Keep writing to me—c/o BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N.Y.!



Capitol NEWS
FROM Hollywood

**Jo Stafford waxes
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Ever since she became a single, Jo Stafford has climbed up high—and *fast!* Her latest, 'Gee, It's Good to Hold You,' promises to keep Jo's fan mail pouring in. Picture shows her with Johnny Mercer, Capitol's president, the man with the sixth sense for turning unknowns into headliners. This, plus a canny selection of hits, tireless rehearsing and slick engineering, is the reason for the tremendous popularity of not only Jo but all the other great Capitol stars.

**Carlos Molina now
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**Tex Ritter
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Quick Quiz! Here's a list of outstanding artists who have one thing in common. Can you guess what it is?

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| KING COLE TRIO | JOHNNY MERCER |
| DINNING SISTERS | PIED PIPERS |
| GILDERSLEEVE | ANDY RUSSELL |
| BETTY HUTTON | FREDDIE SLACK |
| STAN KENTON | COOTIE WILLIAMS |

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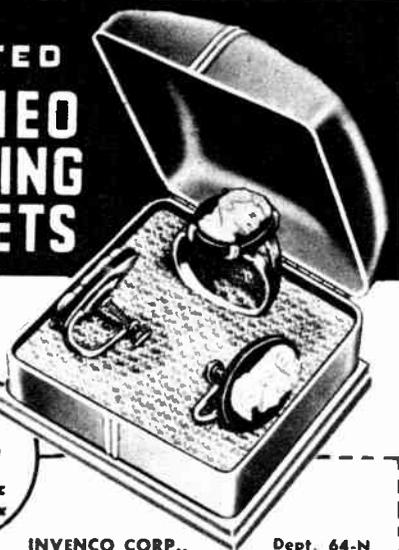
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Frank Sinatra

IRVING KLAW, 212 EAST 14 ST., Dept. PP-1, New York City 3, N. Y.

Fashioned By Phil

(Continued from page 21)

for the personable, likable Mr. Brito, but then, even singing isn't his first career. There came the time, as it will in a family of nine children, when Phil was called upon for a little financial assistance. Unfortunately, though, at the age of fourteen, he wasn't a bedroom baritone, so he found his fortune shining the shoes of the citizens of Newark, N.J., where his family lived.

"I used to say to myself," he recalls, "I'll quit when I've made two bucks. When I'd gotten the two I'd make it twenty . . . then three. Once I got the ante up to five dollars, but only once. It's a lot easier to sing!"

Phil started his singing career at the *Hotel Douglas* in Newark—and that started a whirlwind of singing activity which spun him onto what he calls his own "radio network" in New York . . . when he appeared on eighteen programs a week on five different local stations there. From New York he went around the country, finally joining Lloyd Huntley's band in Canada. It was there that Brito really found his first major success . . . as violinist, singer and assistant conductor of the Huntley band.

While he was working with Huntley for a year, he had his own "Spotlight Band" program on the Canadian airwaves. Sharing the vocal mike with Phil at that time was Carol Bruce, who has found a modicum of success herself!

Phil finally left Huntley and came back to the States. He worked with Al Donahue's band for two years and with Jan Savitt's "Top Hatters." From band work, Phil returned to radio, with a starring program over WLW in Cincinnati, a *Blue Network* program from New York, and finally to the Phil Brito-Paula Stone show on *Mutual*.

The "Everything Happens To Me" theme carries over into Phil's private life, too. At eighteen he crashed in the door of a burning building to save a woman and her youngsters and to arouse sleeping tenants. In Chattanooga, Tennessee, Phil hurtled at a traffic officer, throwing him to the street and out of the path of a speeding car which would have hit the officer. And, less than a year ago, he and a friend put out a fire in a newsreel theater in New York without even arousing the management!

"But the 'everything' wonderful that

happened to me," Phil confides, "happened while I was in Canada. I had argued by letter with my best girl and when I returned to Newark to see my family, I decided to tell the girl friend, Edith Del Russo, we were through, once and for all. Neither one of us could go through with it so, instead of saying goodbye, we eloped to Elkton, Maryland, and then went on to Canada to set up housekeeping as Mr. and Mrs."

It proved a fine combination, that of Phil and Edith, and it certainly was a wonderful thing to have happen to both of them. Ideally happy, they live in Newark with their two youngsters, Susan and Phil Jr., a wonderful pair of kids!

Getting back to the singing, though, Phil knows the password for ambitious youngsters:

"Get to be big time in the small time because, when you step from the small town to the big town, you'll be small fry among the big fry and you'll be grateful for every day you spent in the small time!"

It's a little strange in wordage because Phil's kidding about that, but he's not kidding about the philosophy, and he's not kidding about this parting shot either. He knows!

"Always," he insists, "sing like yourself!"

Going Up!

(Continued from page 38)

Eddie also agreed to settle for a percentage for his services. The three of them set out to go to work and whip a band into shape—which they did in February of this year, with their first job in Norfolk, Virginia.

Frank Dailey, who owns the famous *Meadowbrook* in New Jersey, the spot where so many bands made their first success, took a trip down to Norfolk to listen to Randy's group. He was so impressed with Randy and with the sensational arrangements that he booked them into the *Terrace Room* in Newark and, during this engagement, Randy was signed by General Amusement.

His next date was the *Roseland Ballroom* in New York. The *Roseland* has excellent air time, and Randy got a wonderful break in having his music heard several times a week all over the country.

One of these remote broadcasts was heard by Jack Kapp, president of *Decca Records*. Kapp became tremendously excited over the possibilities of building Randy into a recording personality, and immediately nabbed his signature on a long contract. His first records have Marion Hutton as the vocalist.

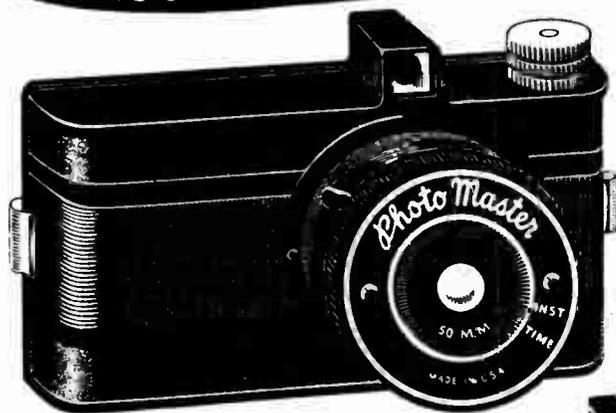
Randy has had a good, solid musical background, having played with such bands as Ruby Newman, Art Jarrett, Hal Kemp, Claude Thornhill, Bob Allen, and of course, Les Brown.

The consensus seems to be that young Brooks is headed straight for the top. His arrangements are outstanding, most of them being written around Randy's trumpet, which is outstanding in itself. And the band, as a unit, sounds like it had been organized for years, instead of only a few months.

It looks as if you're on your way, Randy. Good luck, and we'll see you up there!

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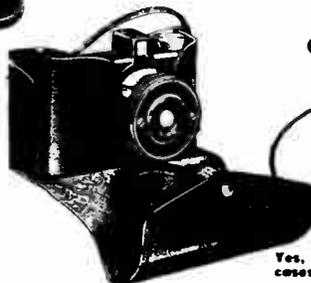
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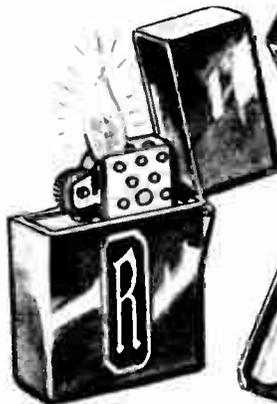
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Seven Years Good Luck

by Don Goins



The DINNING SISTERS—Virginia (Ginger), Lucille (Lou) and Eugenia (Jean)—appearing over NBC with Perry Como. All of the sisters have perfect pitch—a music-world rarity.

Command performance! The Dinning Sisters give out with a special request number for this bedfast veteran, while engaged in one of their visits to the hospitals around Chicago.



IN the year 1938, three girls in their early teens came to Chicago seeking that illusive fame and fortune which comes to only a few. The big, sprawling metropolis looked down upon the three ragged girls from the oil fields of Oklahoma and named them its own. And today—seven years later—we see the finished product: The Dinning Sisters—three darling cinderellas whose tremendous success on radio, screen and records is bursting out of the confines of Chicago and finding its way to the four corners of the earth.

Interviewing them backstage at the *College Inn* recently, I found the girls in a very informal mood, and just as charming and attractive as they are under the spotlight. Ginger and Jean are the twenty-one-year-old brunette twins who look very much alike. Ginger is just as her name implies, the effervescence of the trio. Charmingly loquacious, she soon distinguishes herself from her sister, Jean, who is more inclined to sit back and smilingly approve of anything Ginger might say.

Blonde Lou, senior member of the trio by right of her twenty-three years, takes upon herself the responsibility for the other two-thirds of the group.

"It's always been like that," Ginger exclaimed. "When we were only seven years old, Lou took us under her wing with the idea that, together, the three of us might be able to sing professionally."

"And I was right," Lou interrupted.

"Course you were right," Ginger added, "but it took seven years before you proved it. Do you remember when we were living in Enid, Oklahoma, and we got that job singing on the radio?" She looked at me with one of those "just-listen-to-this" expressions. "We got seven dollars for that week's work on the radio. The guitar player took four. Then, just because we were twins, Lou divided the remaining three dollars by keeping a dollar and a half for herself and giving Jean and me only seventy-five cents apiece. Man, how she used to boss us around!"

"Our parents were not well-to-do," Ginger told me, when I asked about their childhood and birthplace. "Three brothers—Donald, Vernon and Wade—had preceded us. We lived all over the Midwest—our family always moved on before we had a chance to become acquainted with our schoolmates. In fact, almost all of the children were born in different states. Jean and I were the only exception to that rule," she said, laughing. "Both of us were born in Kansas."

Perhaps one good feature about interviewing three people at once is that the reporter doesn't have to say much. I found it extremely (Continued on page 66)

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88 And Moore

(Continued from page 37)

on a piano . . . some black and some white.

Out of that eighty-eight keys there come melody lines, chord progressions, hit songs. I asked about that, too.

"A hit song is a funny thing," Phil explained. "Now take 'Shoo Shoo Baby,' for instance. It was my first song . . . and I didn't think it was commercial. It was cute and I liked it, so I wrote it down on the back of an envelope. One day I gave it to a publisher, still on the envelope, and the next thing I knew it was a hit! Georgia Gibbs, Lena Horne, Ella Mae Morse and a bunch of other swell people sang and played it to popularity.

"Now, I didn't write the song to be a hit . . . I would have been scared to do that. Hit songs are hard to write! But, if you don't know you're writing a hit, it's easy, because you just don't worry about it. Now 'Shoo Shoo Baby' wasn't even written at first. I sang it to Lena

Horne to cheer her up one day when she was feeling blue. I just made it up in my head. Yep, I would have been scared to write a hit!"

There are eighty-eight keys on a piano . . . some black and some white.

Somehow Phil Moore manages to make those eighty-eight keys sound like a full band. Another good question would be "how?" That's right—I asked it!

"Well, Bob, I think this is the answer. When I was composing and arranging at MGM, I had to listen to my piano just like it was a full orchestra. Like this . . ."

He turned to the piano and demonstrated.

"Here's the melody I'm presenting . . . see how easy it flows . . . now I want to inject a note of impending trouble . . . I do it with a minor chord by the brass like this . . . now a flute reestablishes the first mood like this . . ."

And as Phil plays you can hear the full orchestra weaving the melody, blasting in brass, breathing in the tones of a flute . . . and it all comes from the keyboard of a piano!

And to those eighty-eight keys, Phil added four more men to make the Phil Moore Four.

"The Four was just one of those things," Phil shrugs. "After 'Shoo Shoo' was a hit, I started arranging for bands. I did a lot of work and then I decided that I might as well start a little band of my own. I made up a few arrangements and we

auditioned for Herb Hendley of the RCA-Victor Artists' Relations department . . . he's the head of it . . . and Herb liked us. The next thing we knew we were signed to record for Victor.

"After Victor there came network radio shows: 'Music America Loves Best,' 'Supper Club' and others; standard radio transcriptions; the *Cafe Society* engagements (*Uptown* and *Downtown*); and a theater tour."

There are eighty-eight keys on a piano . . . some black and some white.

"And that's another point, too. Some black and some white. If you only play on one bank of keys you don't get much music. In my band we use both the black and the white keys . . . and the same goes for races. We have a white boy in the band and I think that it works out very well. Chuck Wayne plays guitar with us and it's just like our band is a big piano: Chuck represents the white keys and the others the black. We don't care what color a man's skin may be, what we want is the quality of music which can come from a blending of any colors.

"I've said that I'd hire a Mongolian if he played well. I mean it. And I think it's very important. Good jazz is a blend of good musical ideas."

There are eighty-eight keys on a piano, but when Phil Moore and his Four get under way, you'd swear there are twice that many keys and twice that many men.



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The Band Box (Continued from page 6)

but I like to watch people punctuate their conversations with hand gestures which dramatize their words. The action of the hands should follow the words themselves, the gestures acting as italics."

If you do use hand gestures in your conversations, don't you think it important that those movements be graceful ones, and that the hands themselves should be strong, supple, and slim? Try these exercises suggested by Bud Westmore, of the famous beautifying family:

To reduce wrists and hands, stand or sit erect with your shoulders relaxed and elbows bent. Drop your hands from the wrists in a relaxed position and shake them back and forth about twenty times.

To develop graceful hands and supple fingers, grasp the corner of a sheet of newspaper in each hand and make the

fingers gather the whole sheet into the palm of each hand by straining and reaching . . . or place a medium-sized rubber ball between the palms with the fingers interlaced over it. Push in on the ball with the palms, relaxing to the original position, and repeating.

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Back next issue with more tips!

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I Wanted To Be A Band Leader (Continued from page 10)

was twelve years old, I started taking lessons back in my home town of Newport, Rhode Island. My teacher's name was Ray Groff.

"At the ripe age of fourteen I was playing with chums of mine in an orchestra around town and at school. I still remember some of my favorite tunes from those days: 'East of the Sun,' 'Don't Blame Me' and 'Solitude.'

"There were two bands then which really used to send me: Wayne King's crew and Dick Jurgen's band. Years later, when I landed in pictures, I met both King and Jurgens. Meantime, I collected their records.

"I connected with my first real professional job in a theater because of music. I was tired and disgusted and happened to be passing by the *Roseland Theater* rehearsal hall. I heard a piano inside. I was exhausted and the music sounded so pleasant I decided to step inside and rest for a moment, and see what was going on.

"They were holding dance tryouts, and I sank into a front seat to watch.

"A man on stage motioned to me to come up, thinking I had come up for a tryout.

"I made it. How, I'll never know. But for nine months I danced with June Havoc in 'New Faces' and made the tremendous sum of forty dollars weekly.

"My next break was a summer job playing the 'borscht circuit' in the Catskills. Nine dollars a week, room and board! For that the customers got 'Melody in F' on the fiddle from Johnson. I also sang, danced and exceeded the shows. But I never got to lead the band!

"When I returned to New York I got a part in a skit with Page and West. For the first time. . . I neither sang nor danced.

"But before long I kissed that job goodbye, and after another period of eating hot dogs and orangeade, I was hired to sing baritone with a group known as the 'Eight Men of Manhattan.' It was really a kick and I enjoyed it more than anything I had ever done up to then.

"The outfit was strictly a swing crew and we sang stuff like 'Great Day,' 'My

Reverie' and 'Night and Day.' We toured the East, and Canada, and wound up in the *Rainbow Room*—the top spot of New York—with Mary Martin.

"You know, I might get to realize my secret ambition yet! An actor gets to play many different parts: Maybe some day the front office will cast me as a band leader!

"A few of the pictures I've worked in had bands in them . . . a couple of my favorites, incidentally. Tommy Dorsey and I were in 'Thrill of A Romance'; and Xaviar Cugat and I played in 'Weekend At The Waldorf.'

"Can you think of anything more pleasant than getting paid to dance to the music of Tommy Dorsey and Xaviar Cugat—with partners like Esther Williams and Lana Turner?"

Your bandstander admitted with envy that he couldn't. Then we asked the blue-eyed, six-foot-two star what type of band he'd like to lead.

Without hesitation, he replied enthusiastically, "A big swing band. I don't know just what instrumentation it would have, but it would play rich full-sounding swing in a modern pattern.

"Also we'd play rumbas, because I love Latin music . . . and I like to rumba.

"Besides wielding a stick, I think it would be a big kick to do some vocals. I get a terrific bang out of watching a singing band leader tuck his baton under his arm, walk over to the mike and sing a chorus.

"Naturally I would want a gal canary, too, and I know just the girl for it—Marilyn Maxwell. I've worked on sets with Marilyn and she's got what it takes . . . vocally and otherwise. She can work on my bandstand anytime!"

Your bandstander saw eye to eye with Van . . . then we asked the future band leader and croon king what name he would travel under. He thought it over a minute and said very slowly as he grinned, "How about—'Van Johnson and his Band'?"

His eyes became dreamy as he leaned back and tried it again: "Van Johnson and his Band! Say, that sounds mighty fine," he said emphatically, "Mighty fine."

Pastor-ized Music (Continued from page 22)

a musician immediately. He worked at a variety of jobs, as a boy—selling newspapers, shining shoes and setting up pins in a bowling alley. He got to be a very good bowler during off hours, too.

"One of the jobs I had," Tony reminisced amusedly, "was in a barber shop. My job was to lather the customers."

Pastor was also a florist, a weaver and a worker in the tobacco fields, before he became a musician. But he kept on with his horn all the time and switched to alto along the way. Then he began playing with local outfits in Connecticut.

He was a member of one of the first bands to broadcast over the radio. It was called the Worthy Hills orchestra, and played from the club of the same name over Station WTIC in Hartford.

Pastor's first big break came in 1928 when he joined Irving Aaronson's Commanders, playing in the reed section and doing vocals.

"That was the first great swing band there was," Tony remarked. "They were

playing stuff that was way ahead of the times."

Pastor played with Aaronson's orchestra for three years, and spent most of the time at the *Hotel Roosevelt* in Hollywood, where the band's popularity kept them on for a lengthy engagement.

When Pastor left Aaronson, he decided to go into business for himself. He made a deal with *For Studios* in Hollywood to buy a complete movie set, which he shipped east and had installed in a Hartford, Connecticut, nightclub. He called the place, *Club Hollywood*, and installed his own band as the musical attraction.

Things went along pretty nice for awhile, but the depression was just around the corner. Tony explains what happened to his nightclub, in one short sentence:

"I lost my shirt."

Then Tony went back to work as a sideman, playing with Smith Ballew, Joe Venuti, Vincent Lopez and Artie Shaw in rapid succession. In the meantime, he

married his hometown sweetheart, and the Pastors are now parents of three sons. Guy Louis eight, Tony Jr. four, John Francis six months.

"I haven't seen my youngest son yet," Tony confided. "We've been on the road ever since he was born!"

It was while Tony was with Shaw that he made up his mind to take another fling at band leading, and in 1939 he stepped out on his own, again.

One of his first jobs was to play a battle of music with Duke Ellington. Tony gets a big kick out of telling about it.

"I had only ten arrangements of my own, and then I had to play stocks," Tony laughed, "but Duke is a good friend of mine, so I just played my ten arrangements, and asked him to take it from there."

Tony's band made a quick rise to popularity. Within ten months he was playing the leading dance spots from coast to coast and ever since the Pastor-ized brand of music has been a top-ranking favorite.

Pastor has a special flair for picking novelties. His records of "Let's Do It" and "Paradiddle Joe" were best sellers, and his present hit "Five Salted Peanuts" bids fair to outdo the other two.

If Tony's music is Pastor-ized, his singing is even more so! His unique vocal renditions always knock the customers out. His vocal on "Confessin'" is a good example.

Here's a tip for you. Watch for the new tunes he put on wax during his stay in Hollywood. The titles are "Too Bad," "Tru, Mon, Tru," "Jose Gonzalez," and "That's The Stuff You Gotta Watch." "Tru, Mon, Tru" is a calypso tune; indicating the wide variety of Pastor-ized music.

Pastor-ized music will also be seen and heard in the movies soon. For Tony fulfilled some motion picture commitments, while in Hollywood.

Tony feels that his present band is the best he has ever had. He has had his troubles assembling it, though. Like other leaders, he lost men to the armed forces. All in all, about fifty men were drafted from the Pastor band.

Not that Tony is kicking, however. He was glad to give Uncle Sam priority, to help win the war.

In fact, a leader familiar to servicemen, Claude Thornhill, is the man Pastor touts as the leader of his dream band.

"Claude had one of the greatest bands ever organized," Tony said. "If he hadn't entered the Navy, his band would have become number one in the country. Watch him go to town now!"

This brought up the question of "post war" music. I asked Tony what he thinks the trend will be.

"Well, I don't look for things to go crazy in music, like they did after the last war. Dance music probably won't see any radical changes.

"Naturally, sentimental ballads will get a big play, because kids coming home from war to their sweethearts will want to hear sentimental things. On the other hand, a lot of service men will want jump tunes. So I think bands will be playing about the same kind of music they play now."

Whatever the trend of music may be, though, it's a safe bet that Tony Pastor's band will be out in front. Pastor-ized music will never be a static thing, set in a permanent pattern. For Tony realizes that people's tastes in music change the same as in everything else.

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Crescent City Kid (Continued from page 45)

to join my band?" Bolden was Ory's idol and he would have joined in a minute but his sister told him he was too young to be running around nights playing in barrel-house joints.

This made the "Kid" very sad. "I used to go hear Bolden play every chance I got," he recalls. "I'd go out to the park where he was playing, and there wouldn't be a soul around. Then when it was time to start the dance, he'd say, 'Let's call the children home.' And he'd put his horn out the window and blow, and everyone would come running."

Before long, Ory came into New Orleans with a band of his own. In it were Louis Mathieu, cornet; Joseph Mathieu, guitar; Eddie Robinson, drums; Foster Lewis, bass; Lawrence Dewey, clarinet; "Bull" White, violin; and Ory on tram.

The band became so popular it never lacked work. Ory seldom played in the "District," but booked jobs in ballrooms, private homes and amusement parks. Bankers and cotton brokers hired him for society dances.

He got the nickname, "Kid," at an amusement park. Buddy Boddley hired him for Lincoln Park and put up a sign: "Kid Ory and his Band." When Ory asked him about it, Boddley said: "Well, the girls call you 'Kid' all the time, so I'm advertising you that way." The name stuck, and Ory has been known as "Kid" ever since.

He himself introduced a novel kind of advertising to the Crescent City. "I was the first to hire furniture wagons, hang signs on them, and ride around town playing to advertise dances," he says.

Being the trombonist, he sat at the tailgate of the wagons, so he'd have plenty of room for his slide. Now "tailgate" is recognized slang for a long-horn man.

When other bands jumped on the "bandwagon" idea, too, some real "cutting" contests ensued, with each band trying to outplay the other.

Once, when King Oliver's band came along, the crowd tied his wagon and Ory's together. Oliver's band started blasting away, but got over-anxious and fizzled out when the king got lost. Then the "Kid's" band began to play, and when the crowd yelled its approval, Oliver and his men turned up their collars and got out of there fast.

Ory himself was as popular as his band. Everybody was his friend, and one of the sayings around New Orleans, which he later put to music, was: "Do What Ory Said."

All the best musicians wanted to play with him. At one time or another his band included Sam Dutey, Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Noone, Wade Whaley, Buddy Petit, Mutt Carey, Bud Scott, Freddy Washington, Pop Foster, Ed Garland, Kid Rena, Louis Armstrong and King Oliver among its personnel.

"I'm the one who crowned Oliver the King," Ory asserts. "When he came with me, he played rough, but I tamed him down, and when he got good he was crowned King."

When Oliver left Ory, he offered to help the "Kid" get a new cornet man.

"Don't worry, I've got one," Ory told him. It was Louis Armstrong, just a boy then, but playing the kind of horn Ory knew would go far.

"When Louis came with me," Ory smiled, "he was so small we'd lift him up on the bandstand. But he really could play the blues."

In his free moments, Ory composed tunes of his own, which he introduced from time to time. Unfortunately, he didn't bother to copyright them, and the first thing he knew his music had been appropriated by others.

He has since put down the loss as experience gained, and his popular "Muskrat Ramble," and later tunes are well protected.

Back in those days, though, it was easy come, easy go. Ory was riding the crest of popularity... then the bottom dropped out of the music market in New Orleans.

In 1918, as World War I drew to a close, he cut out for Los Angeles and, after getting established, sent for his band. He stayed on the West Coast for five years. Then he joined his former protegee, Louis Armstrong in Chicago. With Louis he got on wax in the famous "Hot Five" Discs.

King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Dave Peyton and others hired him for their bands during his Chicago stay, which lasted until 1929. Then he returned to Los Angeles... played there a couple of years... and finally retired from active playing.

Until 1942, he was in temporary eclipse as a jazzman. Chicken ranching and working on railroads occupied his time. Then Barney Bigard got him to join a band he was organizing.

With Barney he played the *Trouville* and the *Capri*. Then, with his own band, he went into the *Tip Toe Inn* in Los Angeles. A lot of things have happened since. He was in the band on the Orson Welles program; on the Standard Oil jazz broadcasts in 1944; played sell-out jazz concerts at *Ace Cain's* in Hollywood; landed the job at the *Jade* on Hollywood Boulevard, and got back on wax.

Pretty Marili Morden, owner of Hollywood's Jazzman Record Shop, deserves credit for getting Ory back on record. He has recorded four sides for her *Crescent* label: "South"—"Creole Song"—"Blues for Jimmy" (Noone)—and "Get Out of Here." *Decca* and *Exner* also have plattered him since.

Now nearly fifty-six years old, Ory is practically a one-man band. Known best as a trombonist, he also plays trumpet, bass, alto, tenor, drums, guitar and, at present, is studying piano. His enthusiasm is unquenchable and his ideas as original as a musician half his age. Ory thinks the young musicians of today no longer have the inspiration the old-timers had down in New Orleans. "Everybody was crazy about music, then," he reminisces. "You'd see kids drumming on porch steps with homemade sticks; or strutting along, singing in harmony."

Now that he is back in music, it occupies practically all his waking moments, for he spends his days practicing and his nights playing. He likes to cook, though, and for relaxation will occasionally whip up a delicious meal in that famous New Orleans style.

At the *Jade*, his band at the time of this writing consisted of Mutt Carey, Bud Scott, Ed Garland, Minor Hall, Joe Darensbourg, Buster Wilson and himself. Good old tunes like "High Society"—"Ballin' the Jack"—"Sister Kate"—etc.—get a heavy play. However, Kid Ory's music is popular not for the tunes he plays but, as always, for the way he plays them.

The Crescent City Kid is wearing a Hollywood label these days and playing some of the best jazz I've ever heard!



Quiz

IN SWINGTIME

Conducted by Dixon Gayer

It's time to check your knowledge of things swing and sway—so grab a pencil, put on your thinking cap, and get in the groove! A score of 95 to 100 entitles you to read heavier stuff like comic books and such—80 to 95 means that you're on a good sharp kick—65 to 80 indicates that you need a swing hypo—and below 65 . . . brother, it's time you got with it! Answers on page 62.

ONE: You know who recorded all of the latest songs, but who wrote them? Name the composer of the following top tunes. (Score five points for each correct answer):

- (a) "Hong King Blues"
- (b) "On The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe"
- (c) "What More Can A Woman Do?"
- (d) "Gotta Be This Or That"

TWO: See if you can identify these two well-known band leaders. (Score ten points for each correct answer):

- (a) She's blonde, breathtaking, statuesque and for many years has led one of the country's finest swing bands. She refuses to hire female musicians. Who is she?
- (b) He's an impeccable musician and a stern disciplinarian. In fact, he's one of the only men who has been able to successfully hold together a band composed entirely of female musicians. Who is he?

THREE: The following scramblings, when unscrambled, are the names of noted band leaders. As a bonus question, name also the record company for which the band records. (Score three points for correct name and three more for the right record company name):

- (a) NOLLIE NOTPHAM

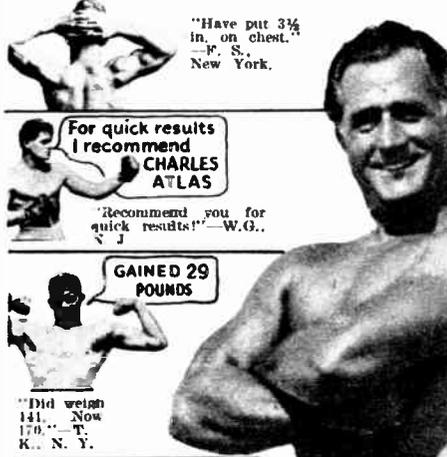
- (b) LAPU TEWSNO
- (c) KULYC LEMRIDNIL
- (d) RENKISE KWANSHI
- (e) MIMJE FOLCEDRUN

FOUR: The following short descriptions fit well-known jazzmen, who have been mentioned often in **BAND LEADERS**. Can you identify them? (Score ten points for each correct answer):

- (a) One of the many old-time trumpeters known as "King." He gave Louis Armstrong his first opportunity and when Louis quit him to organize his own band, the two trumpeters competed with each other in kitty-corner South Chicago ballrooms. Who is he?
- (b) Another trumpeter. A white boy from Iowa who became the world's greatest white horn-man. Played with Paul Whiteman but made records under his own name. Also made an excellent record playing piano. Pal of Hoagy Carmichael. Died young. Who is he?
- (c) Still another trumpeter, also white. Reportedly received \$50 for playing a single swing solo on a Tommy Dorsey record, big money for that time. Made many fine records with his own band, playing and singing. Died a few years ago. Is still considered one of the best in jazz today. Who is he?

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T. D. And Me (Continued from page 27)

sociable—at the right time with the right people.

Tommy is a devoted brother. When Jimmy Dorsey opened at the *Pennsylvania* last winter, Tommy was in town and attended the opening. The customers got more than their money's worth—the trombone section had an additional man in it. Tommy had walked up to the stand, slipped quietly into the section—and played.

When Jimmy, Tommy and I were talking over old times at that opening, I asked Tommy if he still recalled his first commercial program.

"Sure," he said, "and I was no good—or at least that's what American Oil thought . . . and they were paying for the program! And," he continued, "just consider the men I had. Glenn Miller on tram, along with me; Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman playing clarinet; and Dave Schultz on drums! Ethel Waters was the vocalist. But to the sponsor we st—well, they didn't like us."

Tommy Dorsey is very popular among his fellow band leaders, too. Bob Chester, Dean Hudson and Teddy Powell are more fanatic in their admiration of T. D. than any of the short-stockinged fans. And they all have good reasons.

Some years ago Bob Chester struck a lean streak. Tommy wasn't rich himself then, but Bob was about licked and a "blessed event" was on its way.

"The baby's coming. Can you lend me seven hundred?" wired Bob. Tommy sent the cash.

Teddy Powell hit it hungry some years ago when his location spot burned down. The Powell library and instruments were all destroyed. Teddy was frantic. T. D. came to the rescue. He had his own library of arrangements copied for Teddy and lent him a thousand in hard cash. Powell doesn't forget.

Dean Hudson owes his career and his present band to the encouragement of T. D. Tommy heard the Hudson outfit over a local station when they first started out and then came in to see the young leader whose work sounded good.

Dean says, "He gave us some very worthwhile advice—and took some of my men. I'd have given him my right arm if he'd wanted it."

When Dean came out of the Army, he had about decided to go into theatre business. Then Tommy called upon Dean to help him organize his present band. Dean hustled to New York, did the job, and was saved for band business. He couldn't resist the extra names and addresses in his book. He's doing okay and gives the credit to T. D.

It may seem that Tommy always looks perfect—even to the last strand of hair. But I've seen Tommy all mussed up. He was in the swimming pool at the place he used to own in the country—and his hair was over his face so that he looked like a terrier. He occasionally gets a little overheated and damp looking at his favorite sport—golf. Most of the time, however, it is true Tommy looks as easy and calm as he generally is. That goes for his trombone playing, too. He's not one of these musicians that make you perspire to watch them in action. He just picks up his horn and plays.

In his country home he indulged in gadgets and push buttons to his heart's content. The house was full of tricks. Some were of the practical joke variety, marked "Don't touch this." When a visitor's curiosity overcame his reluctance to disobey the "Verboten" order, a fire gong rang all over the place—and Tommy was tickled to death.

Tommy's R.C.A.-Victor Sunday radio show on NBC stars him as a personality. He started it in May with a twenty-six week contract and appears without his band—just plays his trombone and emcees. He's clicked there, too.

The master's one weakness is spaghetti. He eats it whenever he can, strand by strand, plate by weight-making plate. He disregards the extra inches around his waist and keeps right on eating.

As far as I can figure it out, that's T. D.'s only weakness. If he seems to have all good qualities and no bad—well, that's T. D. for me.



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A Band Leader You'd Be? (Continued from page 25)

Pole in Boston, so we would be near New York City when it came time to make the test sides for *Columbia*. We had never been in the East before, and I hoped my big break had arrived. Then came more trouble!

Before we opened in Boston, we had a weekend date to do at Youngstown, Ohio. Just as we were ready to leave Youngstown, the F.B.I. picked up five of my boys—they had neglected to notify their Chicago draft boards that they were leaving town. So they were whisked off to Chicago and inducted into the Army, and I went on to Boston to open at the *Totem Pole*, five men short. This was in August of 1942.

I hastily hired five new men from a radio station in Boston, went into immediate rehearsal, and was able to open on time. Then trouble struck again—the recording ban was slapped on and my chance of appearing on records was wiped out. If ever I realized all the headaches of being a leader, I realized them then!

Some weeks later, after we closed in Boston, we played our first engagement in New York City—at the *Arcadia Ball-*

room. We had very good air time, and I had my fingers crossed that we could stay in the East awhile. But, when we finished at the *Arcadia*, no further New York bookings were forthcoming, and it looked like the road was the only thing.

Remembering too vividly all the trials and troubles we had had while on the road, I regretfully came to the conclusion that it would be best to break up the band for the duration—it was too difficult to travel and to get good musicians. It seemed that every time I turned around, another one of the men had been drafted.

Then, just as I was all set to dissolve the band and try to get a job in a war plant, a couple of friends of mine out in Chicago wired me that they were opening a place called the *Band Box*. They couldn't offer me much money, but they were willing to give me part ownership in the place if I'd bring the band in and agree to stay for six months. It seemed like a good deal, so once again I was Chicago-bound.

Luckily, the club was a success. We did excellent business and wound up staying there for thirteen months instead of six,

during which time we played hundreds of benefits, War Bond shows, and service camps in and around Chicago.

The boys used to say kiddingly, "Benefits and Benzedrene", because we were so busy we hardly had time to sleep. I found I no longer could personally handle all the business details attached to running a band, so I hired a manager to take over some of the non-musical details. I also hired a band boy to worry about the instruments, etc.

We had wonderful broadcast time from the *Band Box*, and people in other places than Chicago began to hear about Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. As a result, by February of 1944, we had bookings for the *Roosevelt Hotel* in Washington, D. C., and the *Lincoln* and *Commodore* hotels in New York City, followed by our first theater tour in the East.

In August, 1944, we were signed for the *Palisades Amusement Park* in New Jersey. We had been playing there for about a week when a devastating fire broke out one day, and we arrived on the scene to find most of the park burned to the ground—our library, stands, racks, and some of our instruments were part of the ashes which littered the ground.

That was really a blow, and Raeburn was a very sad character . . . and a very broke one. But a good luck star must have been shining some place because, immediately after the fire, we were offered a job accompanying Betty Hutton on a theater tour. I borrowed money from my booking agent to replace the stuff we had lost and took the job. The tour proved very successful and gave us a chance to recoup our finances and rewrite our library. When we completed the job with Betty, we continued to play theaters, and did a few one-nighters.

I thought I had had all the hard luck possible, but no—something else had to happen. We played a date in Wildwood, New Jersey, and our next stop was Old Orchard, Maine. There were no train connections between the two towns, so I borrowed Dean Hudson's truck to move

our instruments and baggage. The driver had an accident on the way and, though our instruments were undamaged, the truck was, and I had to pay for the repairs.

I was beginning to think I was jinxed. Then, in January 1945, we were signed to record for the *Guild* label. It took us a long time to get on wax, but we finally made it!

In March, we went into the *Hotel Sherman* in Chicago, the first time I had played there since that day, long ago, when my college band won first prize in the contest. It was really a sentimental occasion for me, but it was almost hard to believe all the things that had happened since that first appearance.

Things have been breaking pretty swell for us since we were booked into the *Sherman*, what with our long run at the *Hotel New Yorker*, the *Palace Hotel* in San Francisco, and other engagements, and I have my fingers crossed that we won't have any more trouble.

My present band consists of sixteen instrumentalists in addition to myself (seven brass, six reeds and four rhythm in all), plus two vocalists, plus my arranger, manager, secretary, and band boy. Yes, a name band is a regular business organization—a far more complex outfit than my original college band.

But, in looking back, I can truthfully say that, in spite of all the heartaches and grief, I'm not sorry I gave up medicine and took up a baton. I've certainly learned through the years that being a band leader isn't just being able to wave a stick. However, I'm sure that I've had many pleasant experiences I never would have had in any other profession.

I suppose that, if I were a young hopeful with band-leading ambitions and I read this article, I'd be likely to change my mind and take up something else in a hurry. But, if you like music, and you've got plenty of guts—and I emphasize the word "plenty"—I say, be a band leader . . . it's the most exciting job in the world!

Even a hard-working band leader finds time for relaxation—here's Maestro Emile Petti with his vocalist, Linda Larken, enjoying a boat ride at Chicago's popular Riverview Park.



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Hot But Hushed (Continued from page 13)

and the first thing I knew there I was fronting a band, again. Our first date was the Glendale Auditorium.

"From there on the life was really rough. We played all over the country and finally landed back in Brooklyn at Roseland. That was funny, by the way. When I had my own band, back in '37, that was the date that broke us. We were booked in for four weeks and released—or booted out—in two. This time it was a different story. We were set for one week and stayed for eleven."

"The rest was easier. We played the *New Yorker*, the *New York Roseland*, *Capitol*, *Paramount*, and so on. I broke up the band last March on account of a mixup in dates and long waits between jobs. Again I thought I'd retire from the band business—go into ranching perhaps—but I reorganized a month later, and here we are. And that's the end of my story."

"Well, what about the ranch," I asked. "That's what I want to do, eventually," he said, seriously. "Two years ago my former manager and I leased 480 acres in Colorado and stocked it. We had so much trouble with help that we had to give it up—but, when I can get there to look after things myself, that's for me!

"My flying would come in handy there,

too. I have done a good bit of flying and soon I hope to own my own plane and use it just as I use a car now."

"About that truck driving," I reminded him.

Sonny laughed. "My men ride Pullmans or sleepers when they can get them," he chuckled, "but me, I drive the truck. It's quieter and less crowded and nobody shoves you. I like it, so when we have jumps where I can haul the instruments by truck I get into old clothes and take to the road."

Sonny Dunham is the in-person appearance of tall, dark and handsome. He has dark smooth hair and eyes so blue they look almost purple. It seems incredible but he's single—and he says he's "willing."

Music that's civilized but hot is Sonny's choice—he named the bands of Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie and the Duke as his favorites.

Sonny has ideas about popular music. Swing is headed sweet, he thinks. Personally he'll continue to play hot—but soft.

"I don't see why it's necessary to blow the roof off the place with 'hot' music," he concluded. "It's the beat that counts. I'm trying something new: harmony that's hot—but hushed."

Froman's Fighting Spirit (Continued from page 15)

went to the University of Missouri and sang leads in college musical productions.

At a party, shortly after her graduation, Powell Crosley, owner of station WLW, in Cincinnati, heard her sing and offered her a job. Jane accepted and within a year was doing twenty-two broadcasts a week. Paul Whiteman heard her over WLW and signed her for his band. After six months with the Whiteman organization, Jane landed on NBC in New York with her own program, "Design for Happiness," and it wasn't long before she became a top singing name on many network shows. Then came nightclubs, Broadway, and starring roles in many musical comedies—then Hollywood and more radio. She advanced to a top position among the highest paid singers in the entertainment field.

Lots of doubting Thomases thought Jane would never sing again, after the Lisbon crash. But they didn't count on

the Froman determination and fighting spirit. The doctors were skeptical, too, because of her critical injuries. Jane explains it very simply. "Lying in the hospital in New York, I sort of took stock of what was left of me. My face was just about the only part of my body which wasn't hurt, and I still had my voice. So I decided to start from there. Music had always been a tremendously important part of my life, and now even more so. I just began hoping (there's that word again!) and planning my career all over again. And besides, I knew very well that I wanted to live, not to die, and I set my mind in that direction."

Well, Jane, with spirit like that, you'll certainly be an inspiration to all our wounded men fighting for a quick recovery. . . . wherever they see and hear you. You've shown the world that pluck and courage are important weapons in winning life's battles!

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 - 5—C.B.S.; 20th Century-Fox
 - 6—George B. Evans
 - 10, 11—M.G.-M
 - 12, 13—J. J. Kriegsmann; U. S. Army Air Forces
 - 14, 15—George B. Evans; Ed Ozern
 - 16, 17—20th Century-Fox
 - 18—20th Century-Fox; KNX
 - 19—KNX; Ted Allan (C.B.S.)
 - 20, 21—Metropolitan Photo Service; Handy & Boesser
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 - 32, 33—Arthur Pine
 - 34—Universal; 20th Century-Fox
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QUIZ ANSWERS

(See Page 59)

ONE: (a) Hoagy Carmichael; (b) Johnny Mercer; (c) Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour; (e) Sunny Skylar. **TWO:** (a) Ina Ray Hutton; (b) Phil Spitalny. **THREE:** (a) Lionel Hampton (Decca); (b) Paul Weston (Capitol); (c) Lucky Millinder (Decca); (d) Erskine Hawkins (Victor); (e) Jimmie Lunceford (Decca). **FOUR:** (a) "King" Oliver; (b) Bix Beiderbecke; (c) Bunny Berigan.



First of a series of articles on song writing in which Esther Van Sciver, general manager of the music publishing house of Bob Miller, Inc., (and who passes judgment on hundreds of song manuscripts every month), will tell readers of **BAND LEADERS** something about song writing — its possibilities and its pitfalls. Next issue: "Song Writing Lambs and Song Shark Wolves."

by Esther Van Sciver

THERE is a saying in the music publishing business that everybody in the world thinks he can write a song, for some unknown reason. The first part of this makes sense—nearly everybody does think he can write a song. But, far from being unknown, the reason is quite simple. There is nothing silly or ridiculous about an everyday sort of fellow thinking he can write a song. There is nothing mysterious or wonderful about a song. Songs are the language of the heart—when plain words are not enough.

But making a song is usually a very personal, private sort of thing. And the words that sound so sweetly to the ear and the melody that sings such a lovely pattern, usually do these things only to the ear of the creator. Most songs are tender little buds, they fade and die when other people listen. To be a success, a song has to be strong enough to stand being sung a thousand different ways, by good singers and bad, played in as many tempos by good and not-so-good bands. It has to say something that everybody can understand and care about hearing. And that kind of song is tough to write!

Song writing as a profession is like any other; it needs training and practice. Too much nonsense has been written about the boy who wrote his first song and made \$50,000 over night. **IT IS NEVER TRUE. I KNOW.**

I can tell you the story behind nearly every song hit in the last twenty-five years. The Cinderella story is just a pretty fiction born in the imagination of a press agent or a tired reporter. Every time you read or hear of the overnight success, just remember that there were years of hard work behind it. The girl who became a star over night—she didn't. She worked and studied and danced in road shows and in five-a-day theaters until she got her chance.

And, the song writer whom no one ever heard of until he wrote his hit, filled a trunk with rejected manuscripts, wrote and rewrote a hundred songs. He listened intelligently for long months (and yes even years) to the successful songs of writers who had learned their trade, until

BAND LEADERS

he, too, began to know somehow what a song needed, to be a good song. Then after he learned how to write a good song, he had to learn another lesson. Just writing a good song isn't enough. There are literally hundreds of thousands of good songs that scarcely are heard and that never make any money for their writers or their publishers. No one has yet found out how to guess what songs the public is going to like.

The public is an onery cuss, sometimes. This year it likes "Rum and Coca Cola," and "A Little On The Lonely Side." Last year it insisted on listening to "Don't Fence Me In," and "The Trolley Song." A few seasons back the nickels in the juke boxes wore out "There's A Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," and "Pistol Packing Mama." Next season it may be any of dozens of well-written, easy-to-sing-and-to-remember songs written by song writers who have learned their business.

But—and you can count on this—it will not be the song Mrs. Brown dashed off between lunch and dinner, nor the one that Bill dreamed up during study periods while he was out of this world over a new love. It won't even be the one that two of the boys in the school orchestra put together and tried out at the Spring Dance with everybody going wild over it and absolutely insisting that it was the most wonderful tune they'd ever heard.

So if you write a song—and you will—and if you can't get it published by an established reputable music publisher—which you won't—don't fall a victim to the cheat and liar who wants to play you for a sucker. Don't take the bait of the crook who pays a few dollars to a not-too-particular publication for space to run a "come-on" ad asking for song poems and melodies and promising success and fame.

If you have a song and you have faith in it and you want to see it published, next month I will tell you what you can do—and what you should not do. And I'll tell you why you should steer clear of the Song Shark as you would a field of poison ivy.



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Spinning in the Windy City (Continued from page 29)

"Guessing Game," and the "Featurette." For the "Guessing Game," Don plays songs by seven top vocalists, male and female, allowing the listener to guess the names and bands before announcing them at the end of the series. The "Featurette" might be a collection of jazz records with appropriate comment by Don, or the songs from a musical comedy with Don giving a plot outline between records.

At 1:55 and 3:55 nightly, Don always plays Rudy Vallee's "Whiffenpoof Song"—and if record-changer Harry Kaskey (former Olympic speed skating champion) doesn't drop it on the turntable at the proper hour, the telephones are soon ringing with complaints from listeners. Don has twenty-five or thirty "regular" callers (mostly girls, of course) who want to say "hello" and talk for a few minutes.

A few listeners seem to regard Don as an all-night information bureau. A man recently called to ask him the name of the squirrel in "Hiawatha." Don couldn't find a volume of Longfellow about the studio, and asked his radio audience. Within a few minutes, a girl called up with the squirrel's name—"Adjidaumo." Don gave the name on the air, and the man telephoned again to give his thanks. With such unplanned friendly banter and comments, Don gives the "Night Watch" that friendly tone which has won and kept so many listeners. Band leaders often drop up to WIND to give Don the low-down for a "Parade of Bands" half hour.

With his chatter and eighty-eight records nightly, Don brightly extolls a variety of things—the merits of a Chicago Beer (Atlas Prager), the pleasing atmosphere of certain cocktail lounges, the enjoyment of tea-time at a large department store (Mandel's), and the mighty joys of watching the Cubs play ball (in the summer, of course).

GUY WALLACE has a new approach to night recorded programs with his "Curfew Time," for he is much of a philosopher on life, love and women. "We're trying to prove that there are people who just want someone to talk to them at night between a few records," Guy says.

And talk to them Guy Wallace does—in a low, friendly, confidential tone. He leans close to the microphone on his table, gestures expressively while he speaks. Guy likes to make a philosophical observation, ending with a significant "quote"—sometimes from the classics, sometimes of his own composition.

Among Guy's favorite radio quotes are: "The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the man she wants to see soonest"—"A woman should marry a man who is in love with her, not marry a man she's in love with"—"You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly; the best you can do is kiss her before she thinks you're going to."

Recently, in introducing a record by Frank Sinatra, Guy preceded it with a short tribute to Frank and his belief in tolerance and respect for the other person's beliefs, closing with the quotation, "Creation lives, grows and multiplies, and you and I are just a witness." In presenting a jazz record, "After You've Gone," by Benny Goodman, Guy spoke about jazz—"A music that's the expression of the way a group of people feel. You shouldn't disregard that, because the way people feel is a mighty important thing in this world."

"Curfew Time" started when the midnight curfew was in effect, but has retained its name. The first fifteen minutes include at least one vocal number, a rumba is featured in the second fifteen minutes; jazz music in the third period, and torch songs in the final fifteen minutes.

Guy believes many people don't understand the meaning of the term "torch song," and explains it from time to time on the air like this: "Torching is that feeling that burns like a bright flame down deep inside you. The song that makes you think of that feeling is a torch song." When we visited "Curfew Time," Guy used "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," with Ginny Simms, as the torch.

Guy's fan mail is packed with human drama—here is a quote from a letter written by a serviceman's wife: "Some nights the 'blues' seem to creep so far under my skin I can barely take it, then the hour of twelve comes and by one o'clock I feel rested again. Your voice seems to make the house less empty." And Guy isn't blasé enough to say he doesn't get a terrific kick out of a letter like that.

The program is owned by Guy and John Neblett of "And So the Story Goes." Its owners have turned down a major beer account as sponsor, a major wine and a major cosmetic. They won't use electrical transcriptions or jingles for commercials, and say they'll accept only a sponsor on whose product they are entirely "sold" themselves—and which they can speak for in keeping with the tenor of "Curfew Time."

Chicago's two early rising girls both sell the wares of department stores—MARY PAXTON for Carson, Pirie Scott and Company, and JUNE MARLOWE for Wieboldt's. Both gals use chatter of prime appeal to women—special sales, new things for the home, and fashion tips.

Mary Paxton has the standing feature of having listeners write in and "wish" for a certain gift in letter-writing contests. The best letter of each week is read on the air, and the writer receives the gift—gifts have included dresses, coats, ensembles, men's suits, curtains, cosmetics, sheets, furniture, and items from almost all departments of the store.

That's the current disk jockey round-up in Chicago. There are other plattermen, and other recorded programs. But a check of people at all Chicago stations shows that these are the "regular" jockeys, who have their own shows, scheduled to be on the air when this issue of BAND LEADERS appears.

From soap to soup and from furs to furniture, they urge their public into a buying mood and send them happily scurrying to the stores. And from Cal-loway to Cavallaro and from Glen Grey to Garber, they know their bands and records. Chicago will keep twisting its dials—drop in some time if you can!

NEXT ISSUE we'll bring you the story of Philadelphia's Platter Jockeys. And we are pleased to announce that band leader Charlie Spivak, the man who plays the sweetest trumpet in the world, will become one of our columnists starting with the January number—conducting a department in which he'll answer your questions about people in the music world and give you an opportunity to express your opinions about them. Address your letters and questions to: Charlie Spivak, c/o BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.—The Editor.

Did You Know That (Continued from page 5)

now leading his own orchestra, has been getting some glowing notices out in the Chicago area. He really looks like an up-and-comer.

Tragic to learn of NAT JAFFE's death. He was only twenty-seven and had amazing jazz talent. If you'd like to hear his piano, listen to the sides he waxed for *Signature* and *Black and White* labels. . . .

There's a new book coming out on jazz that sounds as if it might be interesting. It's called "Jazzways" and should be published by January 1st. . . . LIONEL HAMPTON is toying with the idea of building his own recording company and, to give you an idea of the kind of job his band is doing, he's broken box office records at every spot he's played during his current tour! . . . RUBEL BLAKELY, ex-Hampton singer, is opening a Harlem night club. . . .

Tenorman BUD FREEMAN, one of the best of the so-called "Chicago style" jazzmen, is back from the Aleutians after two years Army service there. His first records in a long time will be released shortly on *Majestic*. . . .

CHARLIE BARNET told some race-haters off at an Army camp recently and gets this issue's orchid, or rather, a dozen of them. . . . JO STAFFORD was ill; trying too hard to cut down her weight. . . .

Tenorman LESTER YOUNG won't join COUNT BASIE when he gets out of the Army, despite rumors to the contrary. What he probably will do is build himself a small band. . . .



All men and women honorably discharged from the Armed Forces wear this emblem. Let's say to them: "Well done; welcome home!"

PERRY COMO's first rushes were sensational enough for his film company to sign him up for another flicker. . . .

You should keep your eye on young FRAN WARREN, chirping with ART MOONEY's band. If she doesn't become the rage within one year, then it'll mean that the world has suddenly gone tone-deaf. . . .

RAY BAUDUC is winning himself a lot of fans. His new band sounds fine on the air and he's due for a big-time N.Y.C. booking soon. Ray, you'll remember, was the star drummer with the old BOB CROSBY crew. . . .

RANDY BROOKS and GEORGE PAXTON have been having vocalist trouble. As it stands now, MARGIE WOOD is with Brooks; ROSEMARY CALVIN is leaving VAUGHN MONROE to join Paxton. . . . And, STAN KENTON found a gal named JUNE CHRISTIE to replace ANITA O'DAY. She sings as though she were Anita's vocal twin. . . .

CHARLIE BARNET is playing eastern dates for the first time in what seems years. His band, as always, is solid and sensational. . . . NANCY NORMAN will leave SAMMY KAYE shortly to marry singer DICK BROWN. . . .

Don't pay any attention to those tales about HARRY JAMES and BETTY

GRABLE getting a divorce. Betty is heart-sick about them. . . .

Too bad JOHNNY RICHARDS had to break up his band. It was swell but a little too hip to catch on quickly. Let's hope Johnny will make another try, because he's one of the very best arranger-composers ever to pick up a baton. . . . Have you dug the fancy bow ties FRANK SINATRA is wearing these days? . . .

Jazz record classic of the issue: DUKE ELLINGTON's "Flaming Sword." It's a weird piece of music, built on an Ellington conception of South American rhythm, but feverish! . . .

"There I've Said It Again" may sound like a new tune, but it was really written several years ago. BENNY CARTER recorded it at the time. . . .

Rumor persists that guitarist DJANGO REINHARDT, as well as a flock of other big European jazz stars, are en route to this country. . . . JACK JENNY, who just got out of service, plans to wave a baton again. He did a hitch in the Navy. . . .

Is Hollywood kidding? They certainly turned out a sad version of GEORGE GERSHWIN's life. If they intend to do more film biographies of music personalities, they'd better stick to the facts and not hoke up the films with phoney love interest and all the rest of it. . . .

Speaking of pictures, CHARLIE SPIVAK is supposed to make his first soon. In addition to becoming a movie star, Charlie is turning magazine columnist—he's going to conduct a column in *BAND LEADERS* (starting next issue) in which he'll answer your

questions pertaining to band world personalities, etc. . . .

JIMMY DORSEY opens the *400 Restaurant* in Gotham around Christmas time and WOODY HERMAN will play the *Paramount Theater* during the Yuletide season. . . .

DORIS DAY stops vocalizing with LES BROWN this fall to lend her charms to the movies, in case I forgot to tell you. . . .

BOBBY HACKETT, great trumpeter with GLEN GRAY's band, will make two *Decca* albums on his own hook. . . . Another *Decca* special release coming up will feature BING CROSBY and ORSON WELLES. . . .

Ever wonder what phonograph needles designed for thousands of plays are made of? The Barrington (Ill.) Music and Gift Shop passes along the info that their "Fidelitone De Luxe Floating-Point" needle has a tip of metals several times more precious than gold! . . .

JERRY WALD (the producer, not the band leader) says he plans to release a history of jazz film through *Warner Brothers*. . . . That winds it up for this issue. . . . see you next time with the when, where and why of the music world.—DICK DODGE.



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Seven Years Good Luck

(Continued from page 52)

easy to catch the gist of the Dinning Sisters' past, present and future by simply listening to the three reminisce about how they struggled for recognition back in the Midwest—how they attracted mild attention when they were billed as the "McCormick Deering Sisters" over a local radio station in Oklahoma, and how they made a trip to California with their parents only to find out that there was very little gold in "them thar hills."

They recalled the late Fall of 1938, when their brother Wade took over the managing reins and decided that his sisters were ready for the big time. That decision brought them to Chicago. They left home in Wade's Model-T with just enough money to get them to the big city, provided they ate at highway fruit stands and slept in haystacks. A few days later, they arrived at their destination tired, dirty and full of anticipation.

"We were exceptionally lucky," Lou said. "It was only two weeks before we were singing on the Roy Shield broadcast—wide-eyed and scared to death. We only had thirty cents left between us, but the radio producers saw our potentialities, filled our stomachs with good substantial food, and handed us a contract along with a nice tidy sum to tide us over until payday. Everyone was nice to us."

Yes, the whole city of Chicago was nice to the Dinning Sisters, and that is probably why they have stuck around the town for the past seven years. They proved to be star radio material and appeared on many radio shows, including a one-year stint on the *American Broadcasting Company's* "Breakfast Club," three years with the "Club Matinee" program, and today are well into their fifth year as featured stars on the "National Barn Dance" show. Their half-hour *Mutual* program, "Swing's The Thing," is aired each Thursday night.

Ginger had the floor again. "Our radio programs brought us all kinds of offers," she said. "We went to Hollywood and made two movies, and made several guest appearances in New York, but we decided that we would stay in Chicago until we had reached the top here before we accepted any national offers."

"And when do you think that will be?" I asked.

"Everything wonderful has happened to us this year. We're going back to Hollywood to do more pictures. And then, you know, we signed with *Capitol Records*. Our new album has gone over big—and our two new *Capitol* releases, "Homesick—That's All" and "Love Letters," on which we co-star with Skip Farrell, seem to be clicking nicely. Maybe this is the year!"

Back in front of the bandstand after saying "good night" to the girls, I watched Ginger, Lou and Jean do their last show. The girls are definitely at home in front of the mike. Not only their perfectly harmonized voices, but their manner of presentation, makes them a sensation on personal appearances. From the days of the old "McCormick Deering Sisters," they have come a long way; and people who know—their publicity agent, Don McGregor, and their personal representative, Howard E. Mack (Jean's husband), for instance—say that their itinerary shows quite a few miles ahead.

And, take Chicago's word for it—the Dinning Sisters are three beautiful and talented girls who deserve everything that fame, fortune and seven years of good luck can bring!

November 1945 BAND LEADERS

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