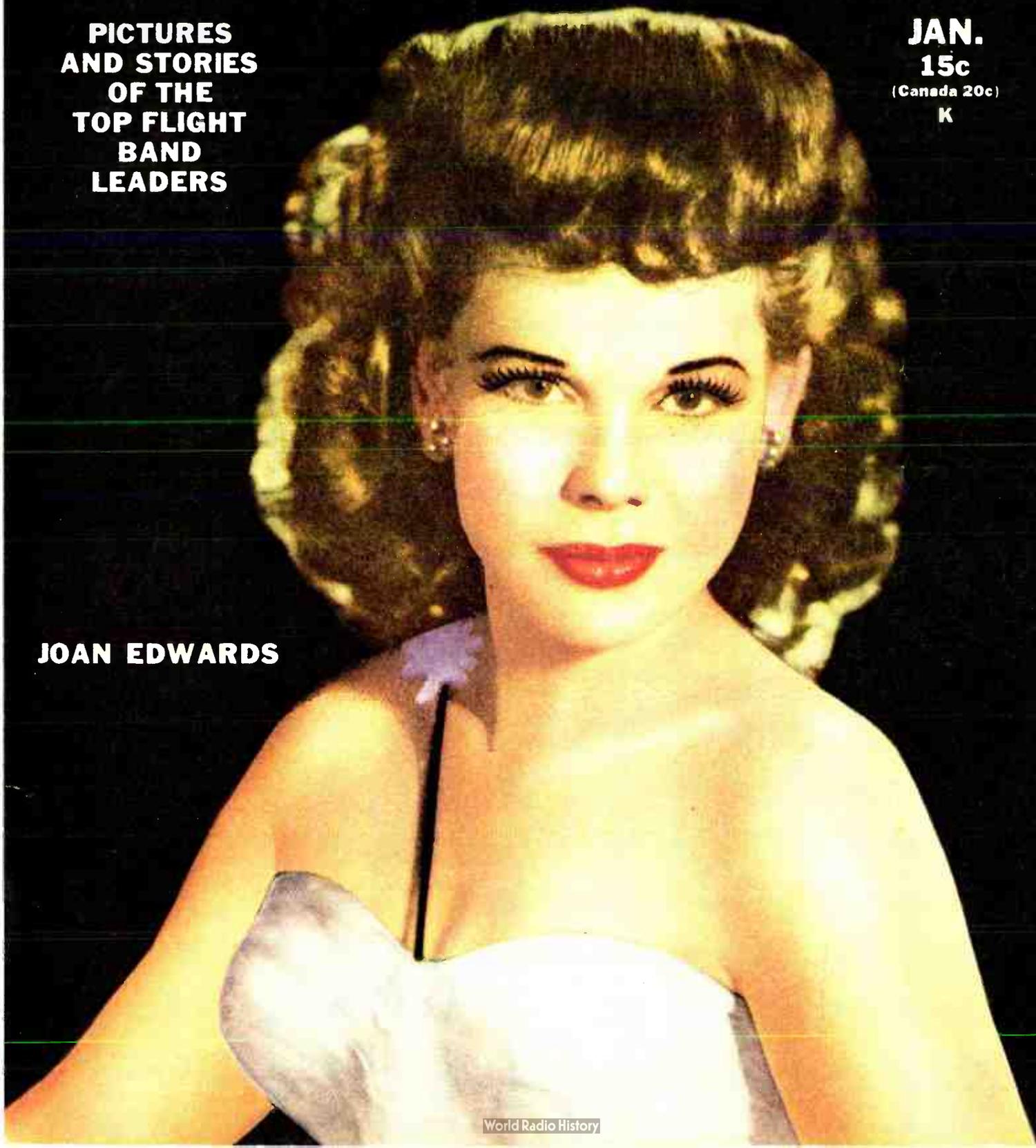


# BAND LEADERS

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AND STORIES  
OF THE  
TOP FLIGHT  
BAND  
LEADERS

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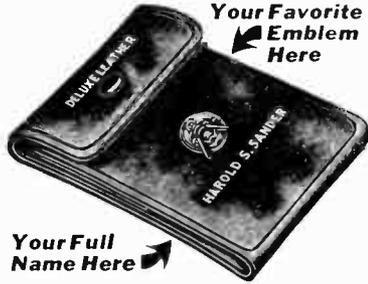
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**THE DOUGH YOU BLOW**  
*-will bring U.S. woe!*



What a boom we were handed by World War No. 1! Money came easily — went easily. Everybody was splurging on everything—from silk underwear to diamond sunbursts. Prices went sky-high. Sugar eventually hit 28¢ a pound!



Bye-bye, boom. Factories closed; men laid off. Prices and wages sinking fast. Wish we'd banked some of that dough we'd blown a few years back! With jobs scarce, that money would have come in mighty handy, then.



**Prosperity.** Stocks up fifty points in a week. Again everybody was buying everything—yachts, jewelry, stocks, real estate, regardless of cost. Depression? Phooey... we thought we'd found a way to lick depression.



Or had we? Bread lines, apple vendors. WPA. "Brother, can you spare a dime?" No jobs. Prices dropping. Wages dropping. Everything dropping—except the mortgage on the house. "What goes up must come down."



**We're splurging again.** Americans have been earning more money. But even today there are fewer goods to spend it on—so naturally prices rise. We must keep them in check. **DON'T LET IT ALL HAPPEN AGAIN!**

## 4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford — to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

**EVERY  
 WAR BOND  
 YOU BUY  
 WILL HELP  
 US  
 KEEP  
 PRICES DOWN**

# BAND LEADERS

JANUARY, 1945

## CONTENTS

PAGE

PERCUSSION POTENTATE (Gene Krupa).....	8
SWING FOR THE GIRLS (Tommy Tucker).....	12
YOU IS OR YOU AIN'T (Wingy Manone).....	24
SING, SING, SING (Kitty Kallen).....	26
LOVELY LADY LONG (Pat Waters).....	30
THEY SANG THEIR WAY TO SUCCESS.....	34
CHASIN' WITH CHASE (Eddie Chase).....	36
MUSIC ON THEIR MINDS (Coast Guard Band).....	42
ON THE BEAM AT BERGSTROM FIELD (A.A.F. Band).....	43
BIG TIME OLD TIMER (Mezz Mezzrow).....	44
NEW STARS FOR THE RECORD.....	46
BEAU BRANDWYNNE (Nat Brandwynne).....	47
CANADIAN FAVORITE (Mart Kenney).....	51
RHYTHM ON THE RANGE.....	52
RECIPE FOR SUCCESS (Andrews Sisters).....	62

## ALBUM OF PORTRAITS

ANDY RUSSELL.....	14
BETTY HUTTON (full color).....	15
SHEP FIELDS (full color).....	23
EIGHT FAVORITE BAND LEADERS.....	28
JO STAFFORD.....	50
DONNA DAE.....	54
RED FOLEY.....	65

## SPECIAL FEATURES

I'M A LUCKY GUY—by Phil Harris.....	10
GIANT OF JAZZ (Louis Armstrong).....	16
BAND LEADERS IN THE NEWS.....	32
DO YOU WANT TO BE A BAND LEADER?.....	38
ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE BANDS.....	48
DOWN MEMORY LANE (Jelly Roll Morton).....	60

## DEPARTMENTS

DID YOU KNOW THAT.....	5
HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND.....	40
THE JAZZ RECORD.....	55
BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON.....	56
WAXING WISE.....	58

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## DID YOU KNOW THAT..

**W**OODY HERMAN fans are already claiming that their boy can't miss the number one spot in 1944's favorite swing band polls. Though votes in the name band contests haven't even been cast yet, Herman Herd followers say that WOODY'S sensational work on records, plus his record-breaking stay at the NY Hotel Pennsylvania and the Hollywood Palladium make him a cinch for this year's "best." All we can say is that it couldn't happen to a nicer guy or a groovier band.

Hep characters won't be surprised if the ole King of Swing, BENNY GOODMAN, comes through shortly with a new idea in radio bands that will be nothing short of sensational. BG's been spending the last few months in semi-retirement and his close friends hint that a very hep network crew is Benjamin's idea for his next band.

**RAYMOND SCOTT**, whose first records are currently available for your listening pleasure on the NATIONAL label, will play a series of concerts at long-hair halls all over the country this season.



Fred Waring

**HARRY (THE HIPSTER) GIBSON**, one of this department's favorite boogie-woogie cats, may make his big-time bid at Cafe Society Uptown. It was at that jazz spot that HAZEL SCOTT first knocked out Manhattan with her frantic b.w. rhythms. You FRED WARING fans will soon have a welcome addition to your disc collections when DECCA starts releasing the 50-odd waxings which the PENNSYLVANIANS recently cut. The great DUKE ELLINGTON is now granddad, though you'd never guess it listening to the lively swing of his keyboard.

DUKE's son, MERCER, calls his first boy "DUKE, Jr." Rich-voiced EILEEN WOODS, heard on CBS shows, is a terrific



Peggy Mann

bet for talent scouts. Plans are underway to put hot tram-man TOMMY PEDERSEN in front of a band of his own. TOMMY's torrid slip-horn work (praised in this column last year) now has all the hepsters walkin' round in circles.

PATSY GARRETT, ex-FRED WARING chirper, may surprise her fans with an elopement any day now. The lucky groom-to-be is an army officer. And speaking of singers, PEGGY MANN, last with TEDDY POWELL and GENE KRUPA, has left band work to try a solo act aimed at the radio networks. Latest reports from Europe indicate that the one-and-only DJANGO REINHARDT, whose single-string guitar work remains a by-word among musicians, is not only alive and well but may be on his way to this country for the first time. DJANGO recorded on the now-defunct

(Continued on page 57)

# 16

# FULL COLOR OF YOUR FAVORITE BAND



Perry Como

Tommy Dorsey

WONDERFUL NEWS! For only 25¢ you can own a set of 16 beautiful full-color postcards of the band leaders and vocalists you like best! These unique card pin-ups are reproduced from the original oil paintings done exclusively for Victor by Albert Fisher. Use them for pin-ups . . . mail them as postcards. There's room for a message and address on the back, also highlights from the star's life story. Send your order *right away*—the supply is limited. Use the handy coupon below.



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Spike Jones



Sammy Kaye



King Sisters



Freddy Martin



Hal McIntyre



Glenn Miller



Vaughn Monroe



David Rose

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**G**ENE KRUPA sat up very straight in his chair. The drummer boy prepared to expound the art of drumming in answer to impudent questions.

The query: "Why would anyone select the business of banging things as a life work? Is it fun, is it just a way to make a living, or would you, perhaps, call it an art?"

"Why, it's an art!" retorted Krupa vigorously, levelling an instructive and devastating digit. "At least I think it is. Now in my new band—"

He was interrupted. "What's new about it?"

"It's got strings. But that isn't—"

Again he was checked. "And didn't you have strings before?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Couldn't afford 'em. Now I can. But about drums, and 'banging' on drums. 'Banging' is the very oldest method of communication between men. How it started no one really knows, but rhythm, the foundation of the 'art' was probably first noticed by neolithic man when, after exertion, he noticed his heart going thump, thump, thump—in regular time.

"Later," said the skin beater whose demonstrations at New York's Capitol Theatre stretched the pay-line for two blocks before the theatre opened and during performances, "perhaps early man varied the rhythm by thumping on his chest.

"One day when Mr. Caveman was far from home I think he must have accidentally knocked against a hollow log. He was surprised when his spouse told him she had heard it from far off in their cave. Still later he used to hit hollow logs on purpose to notify Mom that he had been successful in the dinosaur hunt and that Pop was bringing home the bacon.

"For centuries," he continued, "drumming was the only artistic outlet man had. It was the one means of making primitive man conscious that there was anything else in life except struggling to exist. From these beginnings came the dance. Drumming is the very foundation of music. It's an art that takes years and years to learn. As a kid I knew I wanted to work in rhythm, and that's how I came to choose drumming for a life work."

Mr. Krupa ran his hands through the famous locks, made with a sunny smile and sat back almost breathless in the dressing-room at the Capitol Theater. He crossed his knees in a marked and conclusive manner. Then he quickly retouched his hair, uncrossed his knees and leaned forward once more. He resumed.

"Did you ever hear how Napoleon was turned back at Moscow?" he inquired.

"Drummers did it. Cossack drummers were a feature of the Russian army. Each Cossack had two drums attached to his saddle, one at each side. As they rode, they beat wildly, galloping at the head of the charge. They were quite mad.

"It was so emotional, so exciting, so insanely thrilling that the soldiers were inspired to follow and poor old Napoleon didn't have a chance.

"I wouldn't know," he added, "whether this story is absolutely true, but that is the way I heard it.

"Bear this in mind," and once more the accusing finger pointed, "the only nation on earth which has no drums, which, in its national musical expression entirely lacks drums, is—JAPAN. Think of it. No drums!" It was plain that Mr. Krupa felt that this was the final indictment against an outlaw nation.

"Can one learn to wield the sticks, or does one just pick it up here and there?"

Gene's reaction was pitying but patient.

"A drummer can do himself a lot of harm trying to be his own teacher. He doesn't, until he's taught, even know how to hold the sticks correctly and he may ruin his wrists



*Gene and his ork on the stage at New York's Capitol Theater during his spectacularly successful engagement last summer.*



*Our candid camera catches Gene in action on those miraculous drums of his.*

forever. There are several fine drum-masters in this country. Unfortunately they are only a few."

"Is drumming hard work?"

There was no need for Gene to answer this. The door opened and in came the man from the laundry with dozens of fresh towel bathrobes and bath towels. Gene waved a hand at the collection and remarked that he'd soon need a fresh assortment.

Later, Lou Zito, band manager, said, "No one goes near Mr. Krupa for at least thirty minutes after a performance. He dries off then and sees NO one. He's completely exhausted and soaked to the skin."

If a boy thinks he has talent in the drum section, according to Gene Krupa, the best thing his parents can do is to take him to a good teacher, early. The instructor will be able to say whether the gift is authentic and will start him on exercises.

"You need a good musical background in this business," said Gene, "and that means the ability to play at least one other instrument. I play piano.

"After that the kid needs practice, years and years and years of it."

He brushed aside any fret about the neighbors and drum practice.

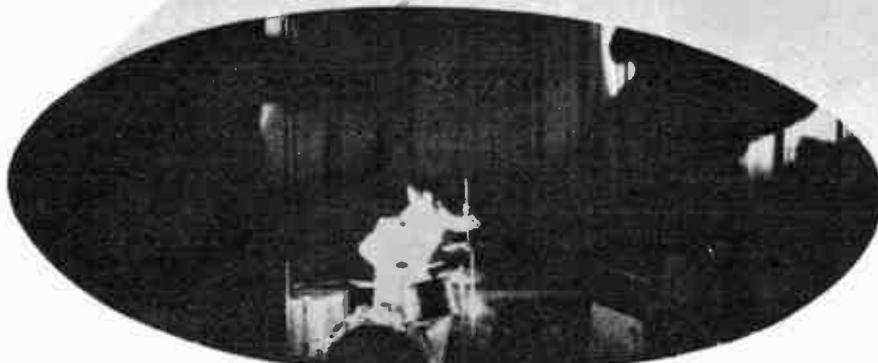
"Look," he said, pushing forward a contraption about



Gene Krupa—the King of Drummers.

# PERCUSSION PIONEER

by Gretchen Weaver



Gene Krupa in the spotlight as he is being seen and heard by audiences all over the country.

the size and shape of two frying pans, propped apart at the handle ends. On the slanting surface of the topmost plane was a thick rubber pad. Gene seized two heavy iron drumsticks and began to beat energetically on the pad. No sound was heard.

"You see," and Gene looked up from under his eyebrows and hair with a brilliant beam. "All the practice you want and no noise, no annoyance for anyone, no unwieldy equipment."

The metal sticks, weighing over a pound each, are Krupa's own improvement on older practice methods. Before Krupa, he said, masters practiced with wooden sticks, which, in order to be heavier, had to be much thicker than those ordinarily used. The hand thus became accustomed to grasping larger handfuls during rehearsal than at performance and the muscles got confused.

"Look here," commanded the maestro, rolling up his sleeves. Bending his hands in true drumming position, he showed bunches of tough muscle just above the wrists.

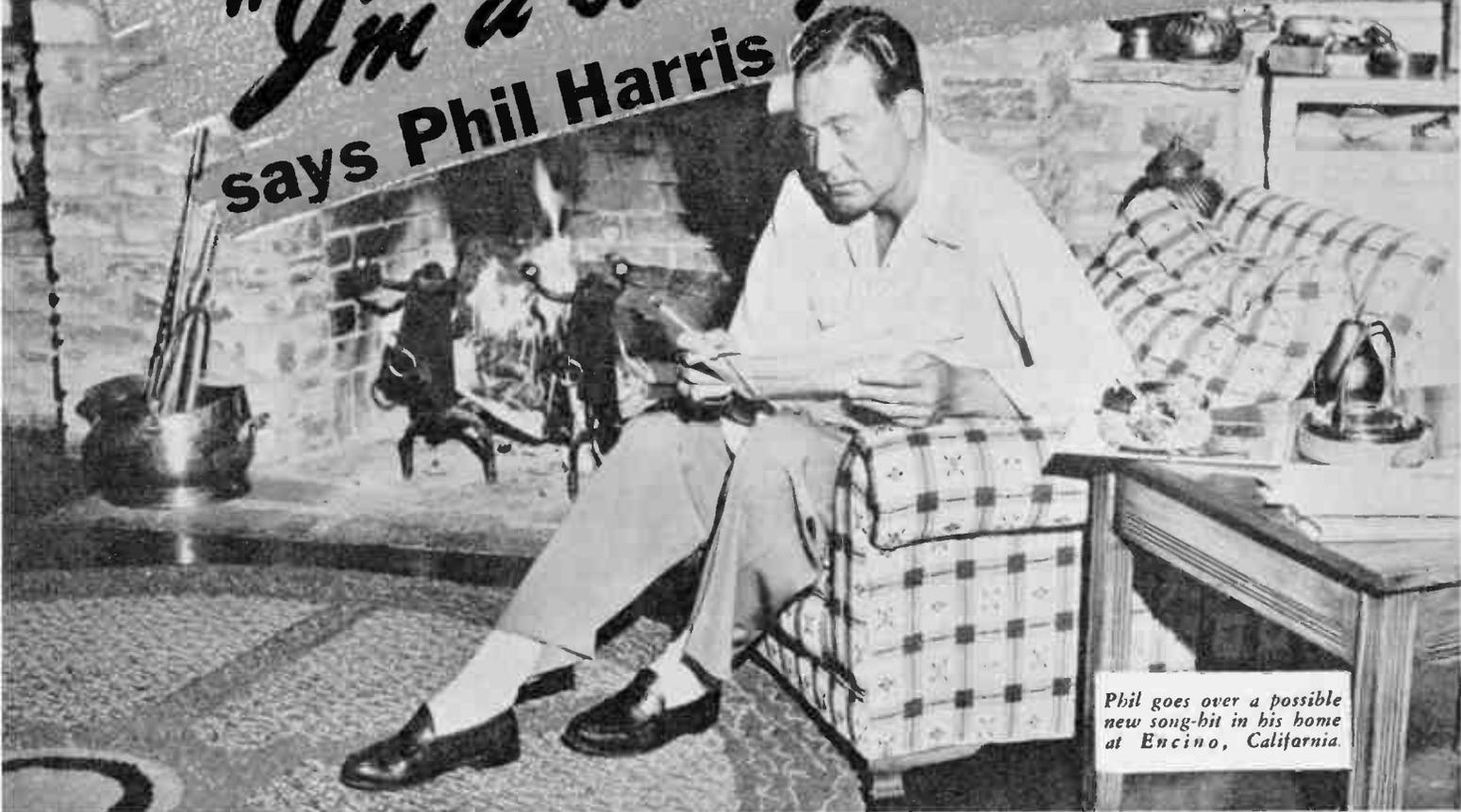
"That's what drumming does. I practice with the heavy sticks, and when I pick up the lighter ones," suiting the action to the word and whirling them about, "they seem to fly at the job."

The system of using heavier weapons at practice than  
(Continued on page 61)



Gene Krupa's most recent studio portrait taken by James J. Kriegsmann.

# "I'm a lucky Guy" says Phil Harris



Phil goes over a possible new song-hit in his home at Encino, California.

A picture of happiness: Phil Harris; his wife, Alice Faye; and their two children, Alice Jr. and Phyllis.



## EDITOR'S NOTE:

Band Leader Phil Harris, sharing stellar honors on Jack Benny's radio program each Sunday, has allowed neither success or press notices to increase his hat size. Swank night spots from Broadway to Hawaii, hotel ballrooms and top-flight theaters have been the setting for much of his music. But Phil is as unspoiled today as when he broke into show business, despite his billing as America's "Swinging, Singing Sensation" and the "Rave and Rage of Radio." He is still fun-loving, home-loving Phil Harris. That, possibly, is his greatest asset on the Benny program—the friendly way he rides the airwaves with his "H'ya Jackson" into millions of American homes.

THEY told me not to be serious when I wrote this piece. I mean the gang in Hollywood. "Look, Harris," they said, "Don't get out of character—just write sorta goofy like you talk on Benny's program. Then nobody will ever know you got yourself graduated from high school in Nashville."

But who would be fooling whom? Corn is always corn, folks, and since I would be fooling you less than myself, just let me move a couple of drums out of the way while I scribble along with what maybe you would like to know (although what Jack Benny will say when he learns I can spell is something our Lucky Strike sponsor hadn't figured on).

About my music. If you're interested in me at all, it must be because of the band and myself and I talk easier about



(Left) Phil shows Alice Jr., age 2 years, how to sail a toy boat in their swimming pool.



(Right) Phyllis, age 7 months, has her picture taken in the arms of her mother, Alice Faye.



(Above) Phil leads the band during one of his Coast-to-coast radio programs.



(Left) That band leader of band leaders, Phil Harris, and that movie star of stars, Alice Faye.



(Right) Phil keeps fit because he really gets a kick out of exercising in the great outdoors.

music anyway since that's the old Harris bread-and-butter.

Maybe I'm funny about it, but I guess some of the reporters who have come to interview me go away a little disappointed.

Like this . . .

One question every reporter asks me is:

"What is your favorite tune?"

And another:

"Which do you personally prefer, hot music or symphonic music?"

And this one (always and always):

"How do you know the audience will like the songs you play?"

Well, here we go—

I have no favorite tune, whether jazz or swing, symphonic or spiritual. My favorite song today is the song that people are singing and humming today. If they are humming a different piece tomorrow, that will be my favorite song. There just are no yesterdays with me, nostalgic or otherwise, when it comes to music.

To put it as simply as possible, I like music—all music. Music is my life as well as my livelihood. If I am listening to Hungarian Rhapsody, I like it. If it is a Gershwin or Porter number at the moment, then at that moment I like that number. Similarly, I am happy and relaxed when I am playing or listening to a hot tune, a folk song, a Sousa march or a richly religious theme.

My feeling for music is that since music itself is never

static but as changeful as any other part of life, then I too must vary my own preferences with each changing musical mood.

And so far as the audience goes, whether the guest audience in the studio during the Benny program or the unseen radio audience numbering millions, I never try to sway their musical preferences. That, I think, would be professional suicide.

Let me put it this way . . . to me, the audience is the barometer and I'm just the breeze the barometer foretells. My selection of songs is based almost wholly on audience requests. Actually you, dear reader, are the band leader rather than me. My job is to deliver to you the songs you like just as the corner grocery delivers the food you like. And I think you'll agree that music is as tangible a part of your life and mine as the food on the dining room table.

I am a lucky guy, though, in the help I get in putting your songs across the way you like them. That help comes from my best friend and severest critic of things musical—my wife, Alice Faye. Possibly because of her own success in film musicals, she has been unfailingly right in her suggestions on arrangement changes, tactfully pointing out beneficial changes before program time. We've differed over Alice's suggestions now and then but, in every case, the wisdom of her suggestions has proved uncannily accurate.

Once the program is over and we've said our goodbyes (to Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson and Ro-

(Continued on page 56)



**TOMMY  
TUCKER**

# Swing for the girls

by Dorothy Auscomb

In which your reporter tables Tommy Tucker who knows all the questions . . . and gets a different answer every time.

**T**HEY told me Tommy Tucker was a Phi Bet (pronounced bait, and short for "Brain Trust"). They also told me that Tommy was his own best manager, excepting Mrs. Tucker. "Of course," they added consolingly, "Tommy's swinging 40% of the time now and that's a new Tucker high for hot music."

But they didn't tell me, and maybe they didn't know, that Tommy Tucker what-you-call "understands" women. Lots of things make Tommy a band leader with a difference, but this above all. And oh, the difference to me!

Take for instance the night I called on Tommy while he was visiting in New York, playing the Astor Roof and the Strand Theatre.

Tommy came over to our table, shook my hand solidly, sat down decisively, lit a cigarette slowly and said, "You're late!" I opened my mouth, but he was going on, "When a woman will admit a thing like that, we've made a step forward in evolution."

I looked smash into those light blue eyes that slant down at the outside corners and I laughed loud, because the smile there said "Relax, chick, leave us not be coy, this is my very natural self talking."

Zounds, hound! I said to myself, what is so rare as a man of any description who can subdue a girl at first sight? And when he's a ranking band leader, that's news. So from there on through my talk with Tommy I was following up this theory of how Tommy's knowledge of the fe-

*Tommy and his bandmen.*



male mind has contributed to his success. More than his four-year music major at the U. of North Dakota; more than his baby days in a basket behind the piano his father played. Even more, if possible, than Tommy's ability to keep the boys pulling together happily, intact for eight years and more, come struggles, come trouble, come War.

Tommy Tucker is medium tall, rather pale, with brown hair and very light eyes. His manner and dress are subtle. His facial contours are sensitive. His personality sparkles. He's the sort of person you'd pick out as the perfect host, no matter where you met him. A strong point for a band leader who does his own announcing as Tommy does when he broadcasts over WOR and Mutual. Or when he confronts theatre-goers. Or between sets when he walks among the tables to pick out friends for a minute-chat. His whole effect is warm and friendly in an unconscious way; and he loves to talk about how he and Mrs. Tucker have been doing their own road managing, programing, lighting, background and costumes ever since the War took away their outside men.

Tommy Tucker had a wife almost as soon as he had a band. Almost the same band. Absolutely the same wife. Both date back to the summer he graduated from North Dakota cum laude. Both were inspirations of the moment that have stuck with Tommy for life.

"Mrs. T. knows as much about managing a band as I do," said Tommy proudly. "She's toured with me from the start. After the War, though, we have other plans."

For a fact, Tommy Tucker is not out for a fortune in band leading. He and his wife and the boys and girls who work with them want time to relax once in so often. They like lots of "location" jobs (hotels) between the heavy theatre dates. That's why Tommy's off for a tour of the South this winter.

Tommy's happy marriage has a lot to do with his "understanding," or is it the other way round? Anyway, Tommy Tucker is helpfully girl conscious. That is, he knows what goes with the girls in his audience and the girls in his outfit. Besides this, he knows what's good for them.

Now with him are the "Three Two-Timers," Mary Ann Wayne, Gladys Sayle and Janet Dinnelle, the trio who replaced Amy Arnell when she went on her own. Soon, Tommy'd like even more girls on stage with him (not in the band) because, as Tommy says, when the boys start coming home in droves, they'll want to see girls aplenty, and the "Two-Timers" they should see! Tommy can pick costumes for his vocal trio as fast as he can pick and arrange their songs, so when Peace comes, expect girls, girls, girls with the Tucker band.

"Now," said Tommy, "theatre seats are filled with girls, they're my big audience and I'm glad Don Brown is still here to sing for them."

There's been too much musical money made, thinks Tommy, playing lonesome laments. The girls are tear-weary, and he likes to see them swing-happy.

"That's why my swing average has gone up," said Tommy. "I've got some sweet songs hoarded away that will go big after the War when everybody's happy enough to afford sentiment."

Meanwhile, Tommy and Kerwin Somerville, have gone to work for Victory composing music for the Bond drives. Their 5th War Loan number "Dig It Up" was dedicated to the Times Square Bond thermometer.

By this time I'd near forgotten that Tommy had an A.B. But when I tremulously mentioned politics, one of the many subjects he's interested in, all Tommy would say was this: "I would like to start at the top. I'd like to run this country without being obligated to anyone, so I'd have to start at the top, wouldn't I?" Tommy had me there. Which just goes to prove again that Tommy Tucker is a band leader with a difference . . . he understands women.



*The smile that seems to say, "Come dance your troubles away."*



*Tommy surrounded by his complete vocal department: Don Brown, left; the "Three Two Timers" and Kerwin Somerville.*

*Our candid camera catches Mr. & Mrs. Tucker ordering dinner on New York's Hotel Astor Roof.*



(Left) Andy Russell, the latest singing threat to youthful America. Croons in Spanish as well as English—great drummer too! But even these great talents aren't his only bids to fame—take a look at his picture—that ought to sew it up.

(Below) Andy first came to national attention as a result of his Capitol recordings and broadcasts over the Blue. Twenty-one fan clubs—and more being organized in his honor every day—attest to this spectacular star's great popularity.



(Left) Of late, Andy's been featured every Sunday night on N.B.C.'s Old Gold program. Here you see him (center) with that superb vocal group, the Town Criers. Born in Los Angeles, September 16, 1922. Graduated from local high school. Aged 13 he sang and drummed in Don Raymond's band, then with Gus Arnheim and others. Married, father of year old son, Ronnie. Hats off to songdom's latest success!

*Betty Hutton*



# GIANT of JAZZ

The term "swing" which has found its way into our language both as an adjective and as a noun, was first used by Louis Armstrong when he called upon his musicians to "swing out" . . . and thereby hangs a tale. The story of the evolution of jazz is tied up in that exhortation. Out of the jazz dawn of two decades ago has come the "swing" music of today—and one of its truly great pioneers is that Giant of Jazz, Louis Armstrong. His amazing artistry has not only influenced the top musicians of his country, who sing his praises, but his influence may be heard in the stylings of such inspired singers as Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday. Louis Armstrong's story is the story of jazz. Let's turn back the pages of history as Satchmo's own words recall the colorful and exciting development of swing



*Satchmo and Dorothy Dandridge in scene from Republic's movie "Atlantic City."*

**THE FIRST COMPLETE  
PICTORIAL LIFE STORY  
OF  
LOUIS  
ARMSTRONG  
AS TOLD IN HIS OWN  
WORDS TO  
INEZ CAVANAUGH**

... To begin with, I guess I was destined to "make a lot of noise" (as many of the uninitiated refer to "swing") as I arrived in this world in the midst of plenty of the stuff on July 4, 1900! But it was a shot from my daddy's old "38" on New Year's Eve down in good ole New Orleans that really started my career. I must have been a funny sight, standing there in the middle of the street, scared half to death with this big gun smoking in my hand. Anyway, it led to my getting hold of my first trumpet, 'cause that shot landed me in the Waif's Home, where they had a band made up of the older boys.

I had organized a singing quartet with three of the best singers in our neighborhood, and we started working on the new "jass" music we heard all around us. We used to go down to the docks and sing our heads off. Then we'd peel off and jump into the Mississippi for a swim—get tired and sing some more. I was out with this quartet gathering up pennies and nickels from the merry-makers, the night I decided to "show off" and shoot my daddy's rusty ole "38"!

I guess you've heard about the fa-

mous parades down in New Orleans, well, we used to follow those parades and I stayed as close as I could at all times, to Bunk Johnson, that grand old man of the cornet. Whatta man! He used to let me hide behind the piano when he worked on Perdido Street for Dago Tony, and I fooled around with his horn every chance I'd get, till I got a sound out of it, Bunk showed me how to play the blues.

When I got into the Waif's Home, I started to learn music under Mr. Peter Davis. He taught me the bugle first. Then I got my cornet and really started playing. Our little band became well known around New Orleans, and at fourteen I left the Home to help make a living for my mother and sister. Between following the parades and selling newspapers, I practiced on my horn. Those street parades with marching bands or horse-drawn flat-bottomed wagons advertising a dance at "Joe's Place," or the funeral bands are my most vivid recollections. Sometimes two processions would meet at an intersection, and that's when "jam sessions" were born. They would battle it out with crowds cheer-

*(Continued on page 18)*



**LOUIS ARMSTRONG**, most beloved jazzman of them all, touching off a "high C" . . . the perfect symbol of an exciting, illustrious career. "Pops," as he is affectionately known to his fans the world over, is recognized by fellow-musicians and critics alike as the leading exponent of Jazz, the folk music of America! His genius as a master-musician, stylist and vocalist is known from Cape Horn to Copenhagen, through the medium of his countless thrilling and inimitable recordings over the past twenty years.

Truly, Louis Armstrong has been one of this nation's most effective ambassadors of good will. His amazing artistry has commanded international enthusiasm and idolatry for the music which has become synonymous with the American way of life.



1—Riverboat days

(Continued from page 16)

ing them on and the horses would pin back their ears while the boys played themselves into a lather! Those were the days!

I remember one parade—I was still in the Home then—between the Tuxedo Brass Band and the Onward Brass Band. Joe Oliver, my idol, was marching with the Onward Band that day, but another trumpeter was giving him a run for his money. Joe stood it as long as he could . . . threw his horn away, and dashed into a pawnshop nearby and bought another. P. S. He won!

Finally, I got a job on the pleasure steamer, Sidney, with Fate Marable's Jazz-E-Saz Band. I was a pretty serious fellow by then, as you can see by my picture taken when I came home from playing on the riverboats, and got my mother, Mary Ann and my sister, Beatrice, to have this made. Two seasons later, I went to work at the Orchard Cabaret for twenty-one dollars a week!



2—King Oliver's Creole Band (Rare old photos) 3—Fletcher Henderson's Band



Tom Anderson tempted me with more money and I moved over to The Real Thing, where I worked with Luis Russell, Barney Bigard and Albert Nicholas. That's where I composed "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" which I sold to Piron for fifty dollars. It later sold into the hundreds of thousands.

My joy knew no bounds when my idol, King Oliver, sent for me to come to Chicago, in 1922, and there, at the Lincoln Gardens, I met Lil Hardin, who later became my wife, and to whom I owe much of my success. The accompanying photo of the King Oliver Creole Jazz Band, is the group I joined, and folks say it was the first important influence in the development of jazz. One thing I'm sure of . . . it was a very important influence in the development of Louis Armstrong!

Lil Hardin and King Oliver were both working on me. Joe held me back for a while, and the boys didn't understand it at first, but I guess the King knew what he was doing. Anyway, I learned a lot playing second to my idol, and I was getting used to the big city doings at the same time. Oliver always insisted I had something special, and that's how Lil Hardin became interested in me. Before I knew it, she had me playing church concerts, studying out of books and finally got me a teacher. Lil wouldn't let me copy King Oliver, and always insisted that I play it the way I felt it. Playing at churches and concerts I picked up a lot of ideas from classical pieces I heard and got a big kick out of putting a snatch of them in here and there when I played with the band.

During the Fall of 1924, Fletcher Henderson offered me a job in his band, at the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway. Fletcher had a fine twelve-piece band, with Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Don Redman, "Big Green," Kaiser Marshall, Bob Escudero, and I was really excited about hitting the big town. However, once I had arrived, I was a little lost with Henderson's elaborate arrangements, which I could read alright, but the restrictions of the scored music kept me from "stretchin' out." No, I really wasn't happy on Broadway, but I did get one of the biggest boosts of my life when I was asked to play one night at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, and they gave me a nice hand . . . and asked me to play the following night! But it didn't excite Broadway. Broadway made me wait five more years.

In the Spring of 1925, we hit the road and in New England, Shawsheen Village, in Massachusetts, I think it was, we tied up in a battle of music with the Casa Loma outfit. They were going strong in those days and had some fine "hot" men and feeling pretty hipped up about subduing the McKinney's Cotton Pickers in Philadelphia just a short space back. Well, that night, I cut loose. I was feeling good and ready to do battle. Somehow, I made 260 (I didn't have time to do the counting) consecutive high C's and finished on top F—and the battle was over! That was a great night and a swell fight.

I got a little homesick for Chicago, and following some recordings with Fletcher Henderson and Clarence Williams, I returned to Chicago and organized the Hot Five as a recording group for Okeh.

Lil Hardin had organized her own band at the Dreamland Cafe and talked Bill Bottoms into featuring me at the unheard of salary of \$75 a week. We had

eight pieces and I was happy to get back to Chicago. I guess I was a sort of an overnight success at Dreamland and soon Erskine Tate asked me to double with his Little Symphony orchestra at the Vendome Theatre. This helped me a lot, and it was with Tate my stage career began. It was great fun, once I got used to being up there alone. After the overture, I'd jump out of the pit onto the stage and do a feature number, Heebie Jeebies, for instance, and the crowd would start swinging and swaying with me. That really got me started. Then I'd pick up a megaphone and sing a chorus or two. I don't know exactly what started the scat-singing, unless it was because I forgot the words sometimes. But the crowd liked it and I kept it up.

I enjoyed this work with Tate, but that little Hot Five recording bunch was my real kick. That whole year I'd been in New York with Fletcher, I had longed to play real New Orleans stuff, and I had a chance to do it then. Remember "The Gut Bucket Blues," and "Wild Man," and "Muskrat Ramble"? Those were happy days!

Later, Baby Dodds, drums, and Pete Briggs, came with us to enlarge the Five to the Hot Seven. That's when we made "Potato Head Blues," "Alligator Crawl," "Keyhole" and lots of the stuff the boys are still talking about.

When I left the Dreamland to join Carroll Dickerson's orchestra at the Sunset Cafe, King Oliver was playing on the opposite corner at the Plantation Cafe, and Jimmy Noone's band was straight across from us at the Nest . . . Calumet and 35th Street was really a "hot" spot in those days. Dickerson had my dear old friend Zutty Singleton on drums; Crawford Worthington on alto; Homer Hobson, second trumpet; Fred Robinson, trombone; Gene Anderson, piano; Jimmy Strong, tenor; Bernard Curry, third alto; Peter Briggs, bass tuba; Mancy Carr, banjo, and I was featured on trumpet.

I first saw my name in lights at the Sunset Cafe, in 1927, when Dickerson left and I took over the band with Earl Hines on piano.

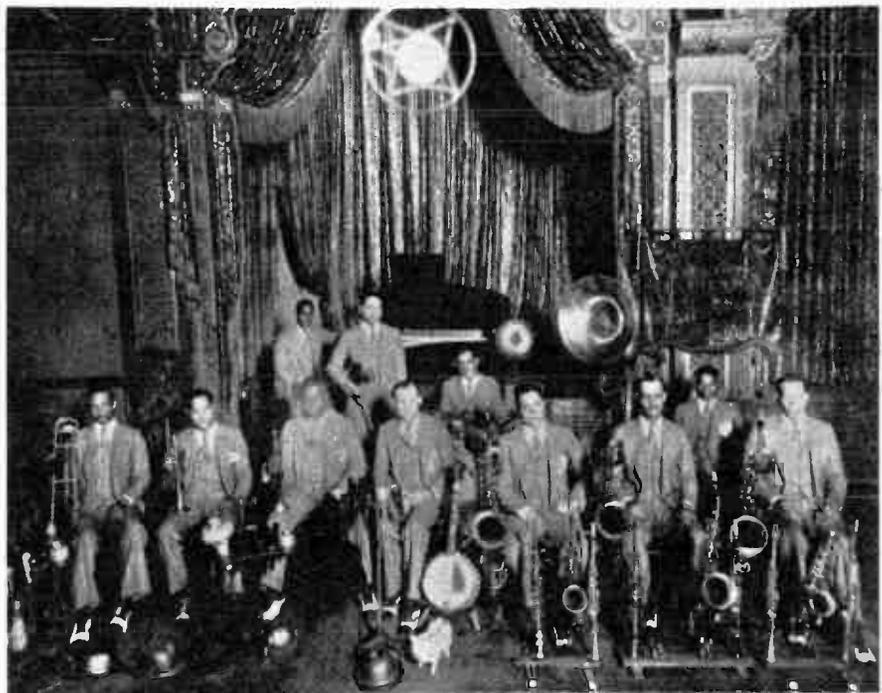
The college kids seemed to like our band and crowded the place every night. The \$2.50 cover charge was lifted for them and, almost nightly, the musicians from over on Cottage Grove would come over to our place to "sit in." Jess Stacy, Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmaker, George Wettling were among the boys who would take over during intermission or give us a rest on a hard night.

When we finished our engagement at the Sunset, in 1928, Carroll Dickerson asked me to rejoin him. We decided to bust cold into New York and, although Carroll was the leader, he wasn't well known there, so they all decided the band should be offered in my name. We started out for the big city in four automobiles, and we each had twenty dollars. Stopping over in all the big towns, we were pleasantly surprised at the reception we got. They had heard us on the radio and were glad to see us. So we just took our time and enjoyed ourselves in Detroit, Dayton, Cleveland, Buffalo . . . and here we decided to see Niagara Falls. Carroll's car got smashed up . . . but we doubled up and went on, and finally "steamed" into Times Square. Luck was really with us . . . we landed a job at Connie's Inn and I was featured in Hot Chocolates where I introduced "Ain't Misbehavin'" and had a long run in that show.

(Continued on page 20)



4—Louis heads his first band



5—Carroll Dickerson's Sunset Orchestra

6—Louis and His Stompers at the Sunset





7—Luis Russell's Orchestra



8—Louis and his 1931 orchestra

9—Louis in lights at London's Palladium



(Continued from page 19)

When Dickerson's band closed at Connie's I joined up with Luis Russell and went on a tour for six months and landed in California, where I worked with Les Hite's wonderful orchestra at Sebastian's Cotton Club. What a band! Lionel Hampton was playing drums and vibraphone, and Lawrence Brown, who later made a name with Ellington, recorded with me and the Les Hite bunch on some of my best known discs, "I'm In the Market For You," "Confessin'," "If I Could Be With You," "Body and Soul," "Just a Gigolo," "The Peanut Vendor," and several others. After a glorious year in Hollywood, I returned to Chicago and formed my own band and recorded for Okeh: "Them There Eyes," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "Little Joe," and "Lonesome Road"; and for Victor "I've Got the World on a String," "I've Got A Right to Sing the Blues," "Hustling and Bustling for Baby," etc.

That's the group I took out on the longest road tour of my career, which ended up in my old home town, New Orleans, my first visit since I'd left nine years before to join King Oliver. We got there early in June, and when I smelled those magnolias, I knew I was home! Whatever misgivings I had about the way they'd receive me, I soon lost. As the train pulled into the old L & N Station at the head of Canal, I heard hot music. Looking out of the car window, I couldn't believe my eyes, 'cause stretched out there along the track, I saw eight bands, all swinging together, giving us a big welcome. When I hit the ground, the crowd turned loose. They picked me up and carried me on their shoulders, parading right down the middle of Canal Street. Those eight bands tore the roofs right off . . . how they blasted! We all had a wonderful time. My! My! I was a happy soul that day . . . they hadn't forgotten "Little Louie" after all!

In July, 1932, I sailed for England on the SS Majestic.

As I boarded the steamer, I thought of another journey I'd made exactly ten years before that month. I was leaving my home, my friends and all the familiar things one learns to love, for places I did not know and people who did not know me. I had the supreme confidence of youth, faith in my music and adventure in my soul. These I have preserved and in an adventurous mood, I found myself at long last on foreign shores. England! How would they receive me? Would they understand what I was trying to say with my horn? A thousand questions flailed my mind.

No wonder I made such a strange entrance into that glorious country! Everything went wrong. I got off the boat at Plymouth instead of Southampton, where my permits were waiting. It was England, wasn't it?

Then, once ashore, I found myself in the Howard Hotel, Norfolk Street instead of the Norfolk, Howard Street. I guess I must have been "vibratin'" wrong, 'cause at the reception and dinner they gave me at the Ambassador, the press photographer held up the flashlight over a dozen times . . . and it wouldn't go off!

It was certainly a thrill to see my name in lights over the famous Palladium . . . and the "standing room only" sign! The British are great people . . . but I was "kidnapped" in Manchester. That is, a huge wooden figure of me which stood on the verandah of the Manchester Hippodrome. During the night, the vandals

climbed to the roof and made off with "Pops"!

My English promoters had sent over to Paris for a band to accompany me on tour and among them was my old friend from New Orleans, Peter du Congé and Herman Chittison, the brilliant pianist now at the Blue Angel in New York. We felt pretty good about breaking the all-time Palladium record.

A gold-plated trumpet was presented to me by the Palladium Theatre in appreciation and also in commemoration of my twelve command performances before His Majesty, King George V.

Returning to America, I made another tour, and in July, 1933, I sailed again for London to open at the Holburn Empire. The controversy was still on ("IS IT MUSIC?") when I returned to England, and all the publicity given the "new music" didn't do any harm at the box-office!

During the winter season, I visited Copenhagen, Denmark, where I played at the world-famous Concert Palace in Tivoli Gardens. The reception there matched my first return trip to New Orleans! All of the hot musicians in town were down at the station . . . blowing some real good jazz, too! They presented me with a 15-foot trumpet made of roses and carried my wife and me to our hotel on their shoulders, with the brass band leading the parade! You can't find nicer people anywhere than the Danes. Note the picture of one of my best friends, Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, who edited one of the first jazz papers in Europe.

A tour of Sweden, Norway and Holland followed and finally I got to Paris for a much-needed rest. Returning to America in 1935, I organized another 14-piece band, toured the Middle West and South, returned to New York and took over Luis Russell's band to open and co-star at Connie's Inn on Broadway.



10—Louis and his gold plated trumpet



11—Louis and Baron Timmie Rosenkrantz



12—Louis (left) and Pops Foster in Denmark

## LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN HOLLYWOOD

1936. HOLLYWOOD! My debut in pictures was with Bing Crosby in "Pennies From Heaven." A song I sang in that movie, "Skeleton In The Closet," made a big hit. Here are two scenes from the Paramount picture:



Bing and I are mugging lightly, at the right. Crosby, one of the greatest guys in show business, is one of my favorite vocalists. He's been in there swingin' many a year and gets stronger as he goes along.

I guess Paramount must have liked me, after all. Next time, they put me in a super-duper with Jack Benny and Martha Ray. The "Artists and Models" lot was jumpin' all the way. This was my second shot at Hollywood, 1937. (Below)



After "Artists and Models" I moved over to the "Every Day's A Holiday" set with Mae West, and they had me leading a parade in the picture that made me think of the good old days in New Orleans. I landed a commercial for Fleischmann's Yeast and rounded out a good year at a Carnegie Hall Concert with Paul Whiteman, and published my autobiography "Swing That Music!"

They think of everything in Hollywood—even having me play my horn astride a motorcycle! To the right is a scene from "Going Places" for Warner Bros., with Dick Powell, Allen Jenkins, Anita Louise and Maxine Sullivan. (Below)

(Continued on page 22)





Louis and Maxine (above and right)



"Doctor Rhythm" (Paramount)



"Swingin' The Dream"—Radio City Music Hall

(Continued from page 21)  
Above is Maxine Sullivan, the "Loch Lomond" girl coaxing a high one out of my horn with her lovely voice.

You can't please the women. First thing you know, she wanted a low note. . . . She got it!

It was swell getting together with Bing Crosby again and in the picture at the upper right he is pushing the little valve down in a scene from "Doctor Rhythm." They had me "up a tree" that time!

I balked for the first time when they suggested I play a Shakespearean role! But it was all right when they said I was going to swing it! This musical production was put on in 1940, at Radio City, as "Swingin' The Dream." I played the role of Bottom. "How do you like my fireman's hat?"



With Rex Ingram and Mantan Moreland



"Cabin In The Sky," MGM musical, re-united me with two old friends, shown above at right, Rex Ingram and Mantan Moreland.

That's me at the left, sitting one out, between scenes, in "Cabin In The Sky."

In my latest Columbia picture "Jam Session" there's a scene with Luis Russell and the fine band we had for five years. (Right.)



Louis at All-Star Jazz Concert (below)



Scene from "Jam Session" (below)

My! My! I've been talking up a breeze. . . . I guess there's only one thing more I can think of to tell you about old Satchel's past and that's the wonderful All-Star Jazz Concert put on by Esquire magazine last year, when the boys and girls put me up there on top of the "trumpet and vocal" departments. It was a great thrill to play for them and "Uncle Sam" in the War Loan Drive, and I'll never forget the cheer that went up in the Metropolitan Opera House that night when they announced that over \$600,000 worth of Bonds had been sold to back up our fighting sons of freedom! I've met thousands of them in my trips to the Army camps and ole Pops will be swingin' up and down over here till our boys knock 'em out over there!





*Shep Fields*



WINGY  
MANONE

# you Is or you Ain't



By George J. Leonard



Wingy Manone is blowing  
Ginny Simms right  
out of this world.

**"YOU** either is, or you ain't got it"—that feeling for the real jazz.

This is the opinion of Wingy Manone, one of the gay and colorful figures of jazz, who's really got it! He learned his trade down in New Orleans and currently is blowing the mean stuff within trumpet blast of Hollywood and Vine streets out in Movieland.

"It's something you can't write down on paper. You just got it inside of you. You get up there and hit that horn, and what comes out is what you feel."

That's how real jazz is played, says Wingy. And he's qualified to judge. For he was born in the Crescent City, heard the authentic stuff played by its originators, then played it himself with the jazz greats of New Orleans until it became as much a part of him as breathing.

Night after night, over in Bucktown in Jefferson Parish, Wingy blew chorus after chorus, fashioning the style which won him the enviable reputation as a jazzman that he holds today.

All the great jazzmen were around New Orleans those days—Larry Shields, Paul Mares, George Brunies, Emmett Hardy, Leon Rappollo (Wingy says "he'd be the King today, if he was alive"), Omer Simeon, and Joe "King" Oliver.

"You had to be good, or they'd tell you to 'go on home,

boy,'" Wingy said, in that gravel voice of his. "In those days, a musician had to create a new and original chorus every time he played."

"Papa Joe (that's what they called 'King' Oliver) could spell your name with his trumpet."

Wingy went to hear the "King" play one night when Oliver was really hot. After the "King" laid down his horn, Wingy said to him: "I'm sorry I heard you." He was discouraged because he felt such playing couldn't be topped.

Wingy recalled how Oliver used to drape a handkerchief over his horn when he played.

"He did it so Louis (Armstrong) wouldn't catch his stuff. He knew that as soon as Louis got it, he'd be gone. And he was, too," Wingy laughed. Louis is the "King," today, Wingy says.

Wingy began banging his own way into the big time about the same time as Louis. One of Wingy's first jaunts out of the Crescent City was to play a job at Biloxi, Mississippi.

He took a band he had at Pete Herman's Ringside Cafe to a hotel owned by a Colonel Apperson.

In the band were Ray Cordella, Jack Teagarden, Johnny Miller, Joe Loyocano, "Big Mike" Ryan and Steve Brew. Wingy called the band "Joe Manone's Harmony Kings,"

and the boys were all "jammed out" in suits of the latest New Orleans cut.

The band knocked out all the customers, who came from miles around to hear them swing, but the Colonel thought the boys' suits were "too reet" for his conservative hotel, made them wear white Angelica jackets.

"Well, all the cats would come around and rib us," Wingy said, "until we got so burned up we gave notice and said we'd lam, if we had to wear the jackets."

"Then we heard that a greater band than us was coming in if we left. Sooo, we wore the jackets," Wingy grinned.

The time he went to St. Louis to sell the band, Wingy wasn't so particular what he wore.

"Some guy blew in town one night and heard the band," he recalled. "He said: 'Say if you ever take that band to St. Louis, it'll be too bad. It'll really knock 'em out.'"

So Wingy decided to hit St. Louis, "just for the heck of it."

"I got on the Gulf Coast Special one night, wearing a pair of tuxedo pants, tan shoes and a crepe de chine shirt, with three hundred bucks, cash, in my pocket."

Wingy says it used to be a fad among musicians, even when they had dough, to beat their way, "riding the rods or blinds," from town to town.

But this time he rode in style. He told the porter:

"Listen, I want you to bring me magazines, newspapers, drinks, and everything you've got. When I get off this train in St. Louis, I don't want to know I've even been on it."

Well, Wingy hit St. Louis, sold the manager of the Arcadia Ballroom on the band, got a cash advance and went back to get the band, all "jammed out" in a double-breasted gray suit and a topcoat.

At first the boys didn't believe he really had the St. Louis job, but once they got up there it was a cinch.

"I knew we'd kill 'em, playing without music stands,"

Wingy said. "I remember the first tune we hit—it was 'Tin Roof Blues'—second one was 'Milneburg Joys.'"

The band did kill 'em, too. Going in on a two-week tryout, they stayed three years, cut all the other bands around.

That's the way it's been with Wingy ever since, he breaks records for length of engagements wherever he plays. Once he opens at a spot, he practically goes with the place.

Even on the radio they can't get enough of the guy. Wingy introduced the jive talk to Hollywood, and Bing had him on for a series that lengthened into sixteen guest shots. They mixed him up with opera singers and movie stars, and he had all the big shots talking jive before it was over.

Wingy's jargon is as colorful as the guy, himself.

He'll tell you about a "Stiffin Griffin," who is a Mr. Big, a stuffed shirt who is always giving everybody the brush. Then there is "Jivin' Ivan," a guy who is always blowing his top and not saying anything.

These birds make you want to "lam off the midway" (leave Vine street) and go on home "beatin' up your mellow chops" (talking to yourself).

Vine Street, or more specifically, Hollywood, has been good to Wingy, though. He's had radio shots, long runs at the Jade and other spots, made a bunch of records.

Wingy doesn't worry about the commercial end, anyhow. He'll tell somebody: "Don't hand me that commercial talk. You got to be reet when you jive me."

He gets himself a club where he can play jazz the way he wants and stays until he gets tired of the place. He thinks big, over-arranged bands are nowhere, says the small combos of traditional Dixieland instrumentation can't be topped for real jazz.

All he wants to know from anyone is, "Is you got it—and if you have, you're solid, man, you're solid."



*Wingy's really "got it," and here he is hittin' that horn, playing with his great little band at Hollywood's Jade Cafe and breaking more records on the "Midway." (Below).*

*Keeping a Capitol record date, Wingy Manone and that golden horn of his team up with that master of the guitar, Nappy La Mare, and give out with the jazz. (Above).*



# SING, SING, SING,

By Lee Longhurst



Pretty Kitty Kallen, now singing with Harry James' band.

**S**ING, SING, SING is the name of a darned good tune. It's also the counsel pretty Kitty Kallen has been following since she was a mere tot of eight. It's also her sincere advice to girls who want a career as a canary with a band.

Kitty, who is a charming example of the adage that "good things come in small packages," has been singing professionally ever since she was a small child.

She loves singing, she's glad it's her job, and even if she wasn't a top band vocalist she would still want to sing and sing and sing.

Taking time out from vocalizing, while appearing with Harry James at the Casino Gardens in California's Ocean Park, Kitty told me about her career.

It began in Philadelphia, her home town.

"I sang a nursery rhyme over a Philadelphia radio station in my first public appearance, at the age of eight," Kitty smiled.

A neighbor had interested an executive of the Horn and Hardart company in a trial for Kitty on the "Children's Hour," a radio program the company sponsored.

Kitty sang on the program as a regular for four years, and when she was just twelve, got her own show, a program sponsored by Tastyeast. Next, Jan Savitt, then musical conductor for WCAU, signed her for his original Top Hatters.

A job with Jack Teagarden followed, then she was on NBC with her own show, "Kitty Kallen Calling," and was turning down offers to sing with name bands because she wanted to stay in radio awhile.

But the lure of being with a band proved too great. Kitty likes to sing directly to her listeners, and when an offer came from Jimmy Dorsey, she joined JD. During their association, with Kitty on the vocal, they waxed the best-selling "When They Ask About You" platter.

Early in 1944, Kitty joined up with The Man with the Horn.

There is scarcely anything about the band business she doesn't like. If pressed, she admits that one-night stands

are sometimes wearing, with attendant loss of sleep, travel discomforts and the difficulty of keeping a wardrobe in order.

But as long as she can sing, Kitty doesn't care about such minor annoyances.

"I like singing with a band," she said, "because the people for whom you are singing are right out front to inspire you to your best.

"It's the only type of entertainment where an entertainer's efforts are immediately rewarded by the applause of his or her listeners. In radio or pictures one doesn't see the audience or feel its mood, and while stage work is interesting, still it means following a set routine night after night."

Kitty much prefers the intimate feeling that is established when fans crowd up to the bandstand while the band swings and she sings.

Band fans have a kindred soul in Kitty, too. She likes the autograph seekers and swooners, because, as she says: "I used to do it, too."

Even though she, herself, was a professional singer while still in her teens, she used to have "crushes" on her favorite band leaders, and would dash out from her own programs to catch their shows.

The people she doesn't like are "bores, phonies," and "ickies who barge up and ask for corny tunes."

Among the things she likes are SINGING; good books (Thomas Wolfe is a favorite author); cooking; swimming; good music (swing and classical, but good); in clothes, attire that is distinctly feminine; in food, spareribs from Mickey's (the new Hollywood restaurant run by ex-James drummer, Mickey Scrima); in colors—red, white and blue; and SINGING.

It is probably clear by now, that Kitty Kallen likes to sing.

It was her first ambition, and she is sincerely happy at having successfully achieved that ambition.

She is also very sympathetic toward other ambitious young singers trying to get a start. Right after our interview, she graciously took time out from her busy schedule to listen to and encourage a young, unknown Hollywood girl.

Kitty told her what she thinks is the best advice any singer can give a newcomer: "Sing, sing, sing."

"An inexperienced singer should sing at every opportunity, even if she has to sing for nothing," Kitty said. "I used to sing at small clubs, neighborhood gatherings, benefits, anywhere, just to get experience. I've never regretted it."

As for vocal lessons, Kitty doesn't believe in them. She feels they have a tendency to force a singer into a standard mold, hamper development of an original personal style.

To her, if you want success as a singer, the simple way to attain it, is to sing for it. That's what she did, and now that she has achieved her ambition, that's what she is going to continue to do: sing, sing, sing.

P. S. She also plays third base on the second team of the famous Harry James ball club.



*That top-flight melodic combination in the musical world: the golden horn of Harry James and the silky voice of Kitty Kallen.*



1—Famous girl trumpeter, diminutive Billie Rogers, was born into show business and was helped to make the most of her birthright by Woody Herman. Basking in the spotlight of Woody's trumpet section for several seasons, Billie has now stepped out with her own band.



2—Dick Kubn, long a national hit with his "biggest little band in radio," has recently enlarged his aggregation from five to nine pieces. Dick is never stumped by a request tune. His repertoire of over 6000 numbers is one of the largest any dance band possesses.



3—Jimmy Palmer began singing professionally at sixteen when he won a Paul Whiteman Younkers of America Contest. Vocalist with Gracie Barrie's orchestra until Gracie, deciding to strike out single, gave him her baton. Jimmy started at Baltimore's Chanticleer Supper Club.



4—Ace pianist, Dick Foy, darling of San Francisco's night life, takes a moment from his band-leading career to assist in a wired studio serving microphone juke boxes about town. Foy keeps his thumb on society's musical pulse by watching juke box tunes.



*Benny Strong*

5—In reply to our, "What's new with you?" band leader Benny Strong came across with the pleasing information that he and his orchestra spent the Spring and Summer at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. He wrote, "We are having a very enjoyable engagement here."



6—Maestro Billy Bishop was in Canada when a Nazi bomb demolished the cafe in London, England where he was to play next. Taking that for a hint to stay on this side of the Big Water, Billy is now playing his Music from Mayfair in smart spots west of Chicago, and pretty Alice Mann chirps in with the lyrics.



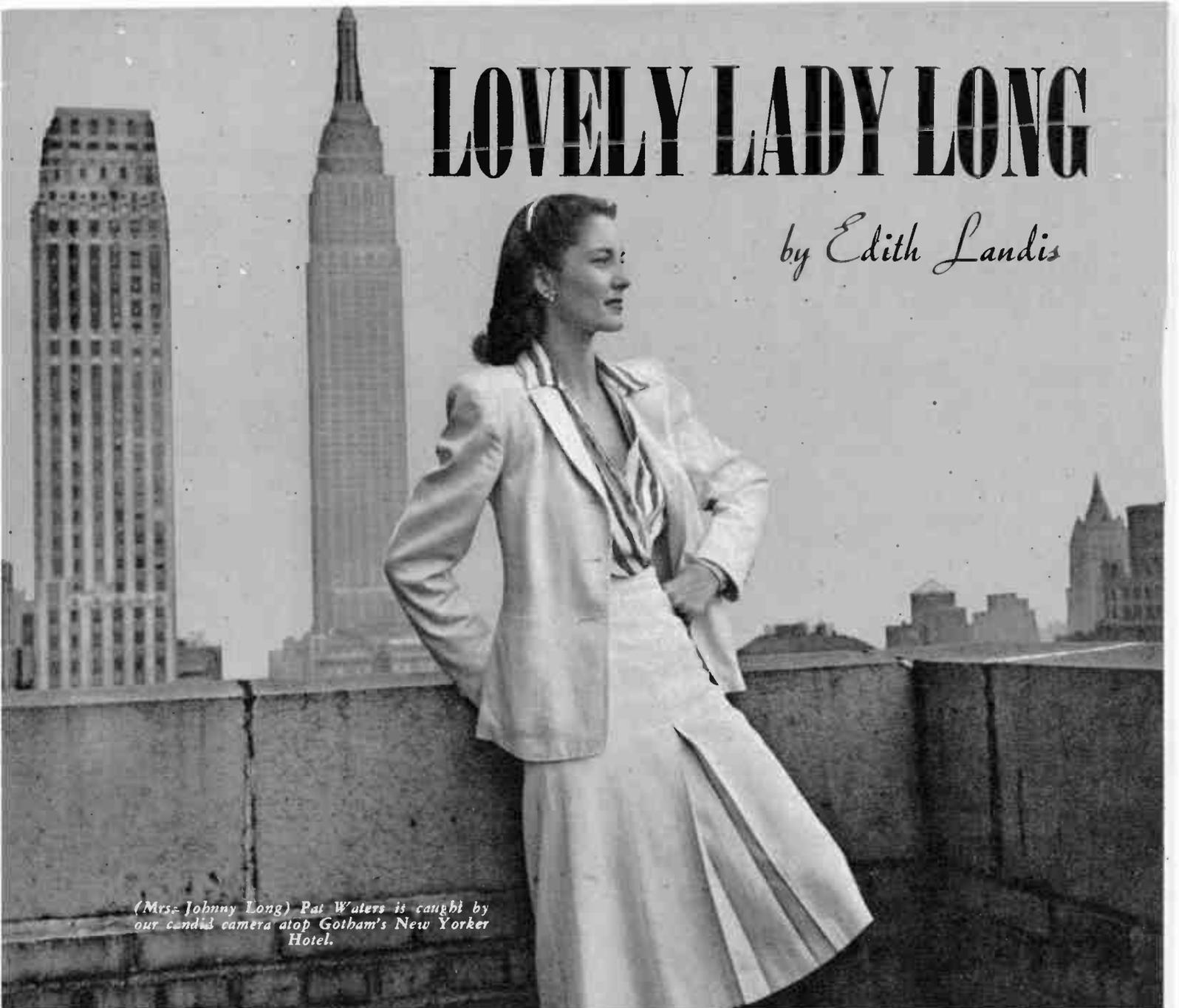
7—Trumpeting Henry Jerome—celebrated in top glitter spots of New Orleans, Washington, D.C., and New York—believes you can't begin too soon. Organized his first band at twelve, toured the world with it while still in his 'teens. Now playing coast-to-coast engagements.



8—Having social connections, saxophonist Chris Cross just naturally went to work as leader of a society dance orchestra but he soon got tired of that restricted field. He blossomed forth at Jack Dempsey's on Broadway, N.Y., with a knock-out comedy band which is making history.

# LOVELY LADY LONG

by Edith Landis



(Mrs. Johnny Long) Pat Waters is caught by our candid camera atop Gotham's New Yorker Hotel.

**T**HE White Star of Sigma Nu miniaturized in diamonds glistens brightly on the third finger left hand of Mrs. Johnny Long. Mrs. Johnny Long!!!! Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? However, no one is better entitled to this appellation than Johnny's wife—the *very* beautiful Pat Waters.

It was a beastly hot afternoon when I called on Mrs. Long and yet she looked as fresh as a daisy. She was dressed in a crisp white linen skirt with a blue and white striped silk blouse, her rich brown hair was parted in the center and combed loosely about her shoulders. One could easily understand why Johnny Long, the blond, handsome bandleader, chose Pat to be his "Lady Fair." But there is far more to this charming orchestra wife than just her delightfully lovely appearance.

At Pat's suggestion we had a large glass of iced coffee which, momentarily, cooled me. I wondered just how she could manage to look so cool and serene. In between sips of her favorite beverage, I asked Pat many questions which she more than willingly answered.

Pat was born in England and came to the United States when she was nine years old. She went to boarding schools and was in many school plays. As far back as she can remember she always had visions of herself as a great actress. Pat was well on her way to becoming one when she met Johnny in 1939, then an up-and-coming band leader. At that time, Johnny and his band were completing an engagement at the Chatterbox in Pittsburgh. Across the street, Pat was sharing the laurels with the "Great

Profile," John Barrymore, in his play, "My Dear Children." As she recalls it, it was her birthday and the cast took her to the Chatterbox for a little celebration. In the course of the evening, Barrymore introduced Pat to Johnny and for the rest of that night, Pat's large, magnificently blue eyes were focused on Maestro Long. Several months later, he had his fraternity pin from Duke University miniaturized and reset into a diamond engagement ring for her.

Pat had already decided to give up her career as she thought that stage and marriage would not work out successfully. She spends little time with her husband as it is even though they travel everywhere together.

Her days are full and busy—her major chore is answering the telephone. And while we sat chatting,

admiration of the Long fans. The last time Johnny was at the Paramount Theater in New York, the girls swarmed around the stage door in such large crowds that special policemen were ordered to escort Johnny back and forth from his quarters at the Hotel Astor.

"It made me feel good inside," smiled Pat. "Johnny has worked long and earnestly to get where he is. I know he deserves every bit of his hard-won popularity and having all his fans agree, well, that makes it perfect."

Away from all the glitter and glamor of the band business, there's a Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Long who are oblivious to their fame and fortune. Both of them enjoy swimming during the early hours of the morning, and now Pat is learning to master the game of tennis—at least, trying to play half as well as Johnny.

"My husband has many idiosyncrasies," confided his adoring spouse. "He loves dill pickles at the unearthly hour of four in the yawning. And usually, I

can find him at Lindy's Restaurant at about six a.m. eating a large dish of corn flakes. What does one do with a man like that?"

Some day the Longs would like to have a house all their own in Florida. Then they could listen to the many records that they have collected but never have had time to hear. A favorite selection of theirs is "Claire De Lune." They also enjoy listening to the music of their favorite bands, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey, especially the latter's version of their favorite, "All The Things You Are." Pat would like to become very domestic and cook some of Johnny's favorite dishes such as Southern fried chicken. And to have Johnny home for one complete day would just about end her dreams.

She loves travelling with the band. "Conditions aren't too good," she said; "Most of the time we have to hoist our own luggage as well as the band's on the train. And, oh! If everyone in the band would only get aboard at the same time, we'd be just too happy for words."

At this point in the conversation we  
(Continued on page 56)



(Above, left) Pat gets a great kick out of listening to Johnny's popular recordings.

(Above, center) Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Long and John O'Leary, band manager, dining at New York's Stork Club.



(Right) A recent portrait photo of that increasingly popular band leader, Johnny Long, and his inspiringly charming wife.

the phone rang at least a dozen times.

"Usually, it's Johnny's fans who call," said Pat. "You know, they are wonderful kids."

When I asked her if she knew any of them personally, she laughed and said with a twinkle in those dancing blue eyes, "Know them? Why I've played mother to four of them." It seems that when the band played Shea's in Buffalo, four of Johnny's most ardent admirers told Pat that they would meet her there. Pat, frantic that the four kids might wander alone in Buffalo, told them that if they got their mothers' permission to go, she would act as their chaperone. They stayed with her practically every minute of the trip and after the five days were over they bought Pat and Johnny a beautiful gift.

There is no doubt about the sincere

# BAND LEADERS



1

1—It looks as though our Frankie is in need of more than musical support from the Brothers Lombardo. But such is not the case. It's just a gag shot. The Voice was never stronger nor more appealing than when the Lombardos appeared with him on a recent radio program.



2

2—Madeline Aberne, who does publicity for the WAVES, shows Emcee Ed Sullivan, New York columnist, the Navy approved script for the C.B.S. recruiting program, "Something For The Girls." Also looking on, and beaming happily about the whole thing, are Raymond Scott, right, whose band plays for the show, and Benny Goodman, who appeared as guest soloist.



3

3—A rare combination of jive music makers is this sextet led by the famous Red Norvo on Mildred Bailey's C.B.S. radio program. Left to right: Al Hall, bass; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Teddy Wilson, piano; Specs Powell, drums; Remo Palmieri, guitar; and Ray Eldridge, trumpet.



4

4—Some band leader, eh! It's no less than that tremendously popular movie favorite, William Bendix, bearing down with a baton on one of the most unusual—let us add, temporary—groups ever gathered together for a private jam session. Left to right: William Bendix, himself; Johnny Long, violin; Michael O'Shea, on the drums; Perry Como, working the slide trombone; and Billie Rogers, giving with the trumpet.



5

5—That great singing star, Wilbur Evans, is interviewed by Band Leader Harry Levant. They have become fast friends since they started together at rehearsals of the theatrical production, "Mexican Hayride," which is enjoying such a successful run at New York's Winter Garden. Harry Levant is one of seven sons and brother of that great pianist Oscar Levant.

# IN THE NEWS

6—Nice work if you can get it—and Band Leader Mitchell (Mitch) Ayres sure looks as though he's having a swell time. And why shouldn't he? It's no less a threesome than those world favorites, the Andrew Sisters, who are shown with him on the bandstand, with Patti at the mike.



7—Beauty and the Band Leader—and Morton Downey too! While on the loose the other night, our eagle-eyed cameraman caught Morton Downey (left) and Bob Chester (right) surrounded by three glamorous Conover models. No wonder the boys are exhibiting the proverbial "smile that won't come off." Wouldn't you?



8—No grumpy man is Woody, even when he's undergoing the grind of rehearsing his orchestra. Here you see him getting ready for one of his sure-to-be-smooth performances. Woody certainly deserves the title "King of the Clarinet" and it looks as though he'll keep it for a long, long time.



9—The swiftness with which Frankie Carle has climbed to the top rung of the ladder of success, has made and is making musical history. The added attraction is lovely lady Phyllis Lynn, who is the vocal star with his noted band.

10—Vaughn Monroe, whose band recently made the first instrumental recording in 27 months for the RCA Victor Company, taking time out for refreshments. Patti Andrews is shown serving the maestro at intermission time during his engagement at the Hotel Commodore in New York City.



10

9

It's easy to see why lovely Ginny Simms, currently starring in M-G-M's "Broadway Rhythm," is the servicemen's favorite. We highly approve, boys!



Marion Hutton, Glenn Miller's former vocalist, has done right well in Hollywood, too. She made her screen debut in Universal's "In Society."



Janet Blair went into movies after leaving the late Hal Kemp's band. Her latest film is "Tonight and Every Night," for Columbia.

*They sang their way to*  
**SUCCESS**

Former vocalist with T. Dorsey and Harry James, cute Connie Haines was grabbed by Universal for "Twilight on the Prairie."



Beautiful 20th Century-Fox star, Alice Faye, originally sang with Rudy Vallee's band.



Now conquering movie fans in Paramount's "Hail the Conquering Hero," beautiful Julie Gibson was once Jimmy Grier's songstress.





*Pretty Gale Robbins is now appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "In The Meantime, Darling." You used to hear her singing with Ben Bernie.*



*"Having a Wonderful Crime," is just one of many movies Carole Landis has made since leaving Carl Ravazza's outfit.*



*Ted Fio Rito helped start glamorous June Haver in the right direction. She's now appearing in "Where Do We Go From Here?"*

Every one of the lovely motion picture actresses pictured on these pages was once a singer with a band. Many of them are already stars, and great boxoffice attractions, others are only a step away from that coveted Hollywood accolade—Stardom. *Band Leaders Magazine* is proud to present this pictorial tribute to their talent, loveliness and feminine charm. Their success is an inspiration and a challenge to all girl singers and girls with musical and motion picture ambitions.

*Paramount star, Dottie Lamour, sang with Herbie Kay's band before signing her movie contract. Lovely Lamour will next be seen in "Rainbow Island."*



*The golden voice of Dinah Shore has carried her to the dizzy heights of world-wide fame! Long may she sing!*

*Vivian Blaine was an Art Kassel find, but 20th Century-Fox is keeping her busy these days with "Greenwich Village," and "Nob Hill."*



*Pin-up girl, Betty Grable achieved fame via Ted Fio Rito's band. You'll see her in 20th Century-Fox's "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."*

# CHASIN'



*Just after five in the dawn-  
ing and time for Eddie to  
rise and shine on his De-  
troit WXYZ 8 to 8:30 a.m.  
radio program.*

**R**ADIO favorite of the vast Detroit area is Eddie Chase, director and proprietor of the Midwestern "Make Believe Ballroom". Eddie's live-sounding platter sessions of popular music appeal to the high school and college crowd and to the thousands of War workers of every shift.

The atmosphere of a fine restaurant or ballroom is created by Eddie's opening descriptions and the clever dubbing in and out of background conversation buzz and applause. The result is a production that paints an ear's-eye picture for the listener. Many become so hypnotized by the general effect, they forget it is a recorded program and write in for tickets to see the famous-name guests!



*(Above) Leaning carefully over the turntable, Eddie picks out a passage on a recording he wants to play and marks the opening and ending of passage with a white pencil.*



*(Above) Eddie and his sound man broadcasting the afternoon session of "Make Believe Ballroom."*

*(Below) Between shows Eddie visits a music store, center of attraction for popular record fanciers all over Michigan.*



*(Below) Old friends enjoy a joke backstage. It's Eddie with Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms and Harry Babbitt when the busy Mr. Chase dropped in during one of Kay's theatre engagements.*



# WITH CHASE *by Kenneth J. Owens*



Eddie Chase has come a long way in a few years. He started on the West Coast, toiling long and hard at the combination duties of making announcements, changing needles, taking telephone requests, turning the platters, picking highlight spots on each record and cueing them up—even selling announcements. Later Eddie went to Chicago and ran his "Make Believe Ballroom" very successfully, then moved over to WXYZ in Detroit. Eddie's on the air at 8:00 to 8:30 A.M. Monday through Friday; 2:00 to 3:00 P.M. Monday through Friday; 11:00 to midnight Saturdays; and 10:00 to 11:00 A.M. Sundays.

The accompanying pictures give you sidelights into the busy life of that genial gentleman of the air waves, Eddie Chase.



*(Above) Back at the studios in the late afternoon, Eddie tabulates popularity of tunes (from mail, record sales and juke box reports in Greater Detroit); gets up his shows for the next 24 hours.*

*(Above) Lionel Hampton, virtuoso of the vibes, recorded for RCA-Victor this fox trot about Eddie—"C h a s e." "W i t h Chase."*



*(Above) Every once in a while Eddie squeezes into the soup and fish and does an emcee stint at one of Detroit's night spots. Trouble is, it's tough on top of the all-day grind—and it's worse at 5 a.m. the next day!*

*It's late Saturday night on the Ballroom's "Victory Swing Shift," dedicated by Eddie to the thousands of swing shifters in Detroit.*



*(Above) Here's Tommy Dorsey telling Eddie about some bi-jinks that happened when the record that Tommy's holding was waxed.*

*(Below) The smiling gentlemen in front of the mike are: the man who gets around, Eddie Chase, and Band Leader Freddy Martin on the stage of a downtown theatre during one of Freddy's visits to Detroit.*





STRING BASS

Students at Jordan Conservatory of Music, Indianapolis.



VIOLA

Players of Chicago's Cosmopolitan School of Music.



VIOLIN

Musical democracy in the Milwaukee Public Schools.



TUBA AND SOUSAPHONE

A hopeful "brassie" sets 'em up before a class.



Junior piano students.



Students of woodwinds warming up.

This is the first of a series of exclusive, new, important articles dealing with the problems and opportunities awaiting the would-be band leader along the rocky road to success. Only those musicians with stout hearts and a high purpose can look forward to any hope of fame and fortune. To anyone who, as the saying goes, "can take it," and who possesses real talent, everything is possible—yes, even in the popular musical world where many are called but few are chosen. If you are a true musician, unafraid of hard work and hard knocks, then you will find these pictorial articles most helpful.

So many readers have written to us asking how one can become a band leader, instrumentalist, singer, arranger or composer, that we asked Clyde V. Fitzgerald, an authority, to investigate and report to *Band Leaders Magazine* on just how to go about achieving one's musical ambitions.

Mr. Fitzgerald is the author of that informative story in our May, 1944, issue on the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, entitled, "Band Leaders of Tomorrow." He has been working on this and the following articles in this series for many months, collecting facts and interesting photographs. And he is to be congratulated on the fine job he's done.

You who live within easy distance of Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, take special note: this first article is intended for you. Should you live in another section of the country, be patient, because there'll be an article dealing with your area and its musical possibilities in a later issue. Feel free to write Mr. Fitzgerald about your own particular problems in care of *Band Leaders Magazine*, Room 1904, 215 4th Ave., New York 3, N.Y. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply.—Editor.

# Do YOU want to be a BAND LEADER

## By Clyde V. Fitzgerald

**T**O the musical beginner I would whisper a few words of jive-wise wisdom. It matters not whether you're a rug-cutt'n hepcat or a swing'n-sway addict; if you intend going all out for band leader's laurels, I want to slip you a few hot tips direct from some of the boys "in the know." Read 'em and shiver!

"Work hard, play hard!" was Ted Weem's brief, but pointed answer to my question—"What's the secret of a band leader's success?" And, ickies, that's the song of experience singing it soulful and sweet. It ain't hay! No sirree! It's just some plain, hard-thinking advice from a big guy to a beginner. Another successful leader answers me—"You've got to eat it, sleep it, fight it, and live it to nail the top rung on the golden ladder of band leading." So you see, Jive-fans, if you have what it takes to do that, then what are we waiting for. Let's pull up a band and unscramble the dope!

You Michigan students are most fortunate in having available such bustling music experts as: Roland Silfies of Benton Harbor High School; M. Armstrong of Grand Rapids Public Schools; Howard F. Hansen of Traverse City Public Schools, and Phineas Wheat of Sturgis

High School. In the Detroit area, Fowler Smith, music director of Detroit Public Schools and Wayne University; Dr. Clyde Vroman of the University of Michigan School of Music, and Dr. Edward B. Manville, of the Detroit Institute of Musical Art head the list as the outstanding notables in the field of musical education.

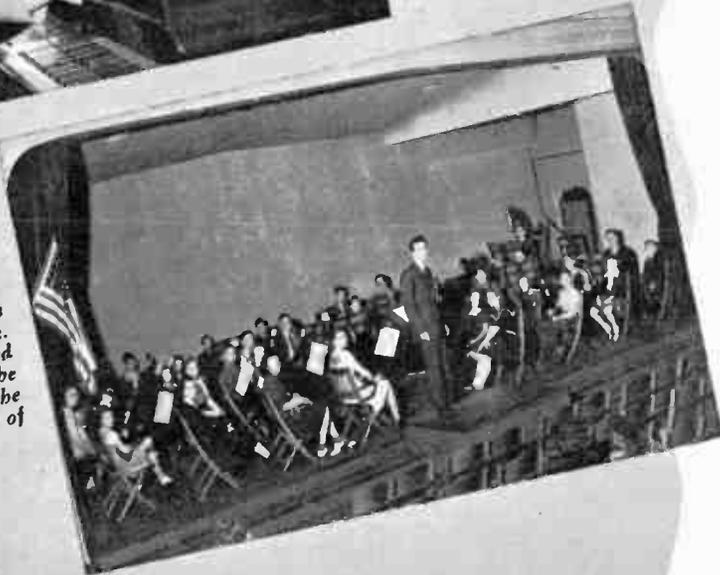
**Selection of instruments:** A band leader who hits the top—and stays there—is usually one who has mastered at least three instruments of his profession. One of these musical instruments, according to a survey of scores of the "big boys," should be the piano.

Now it doesn't necessarily mean that you should spend years 'n years at the ivories when, after all, you want' play the drums. Nope, a good working knowledge of the piano will pass if your talents score highly elsewhere along the instrument list. But don't forget Harry James had his trumpet, Goodman his clarinet, and Ellington his piano.

In Wisconsin where musical interest hits high C, there are such experts as: Eugene Bohrnstedt of Beloit, Wis.; Beldon LeBansky of Sparta High School, Sparta, Wis.; Harold Youngberg of the La Crosse Public Schools; L. H. Amundson



Left to right: Ferde Grofe, noted pianist, composer and arranger—Boyd Lawlor, promising young student announcer (now overseas with the Marines) — Les Biederman, President of the Mid-Western Broadcasting Company. Photo taken during broadcast over Station WTCM, Traverse City, Mich.



Music students are quick to grasp the important fact that teamwork is a "must" whether it be in a pop dance band or in their own school ork. Here you see Howard Whittaker conducting the Junior Orchestra of The Cleveland Institute of Music.



BASS CLARINET

A sax "five some" run through a number.



FLUTE

Learning to become proficient on the flute.



CLARINET

A group of very young would-be clarinetists.



TROMBONE

Students at Milwaukee Academy of Music & Allied Arts.



TYMPANI

Studying at the Detroit Institute of Musical Art.

Beginners on the saxette—but not for long.



of the Logan High School and Carl J. Waterman of the Lawrence College Conservatory of Music, Appleton, Wis. They never cease in their untiring efforts in the field of fine music. In the Milwaukee area, the Wisconsin Conservatory, Milwaukee Academy of Music and Allied Arts, and the Wisconsin College of Music, are the outstanding music schools.

You swingsters need only a glance at the records to realize that to climb the first rung on the golden ladder a strong musical foundation is needed. Beg, borrow or buy for yourself an instrument of music. If you are really "playin' for keeps" on this band leader angle you couldn't choose a more appropriate time to break the news to the homefolks than during the Christmas season. As this issue of *Band Leaders Magazine* will be on the stands in late November, you will have plenty of time to get your order in early. And most important of all, make that New Year's musical resolution!

Remember, choose your jive-tools with the same caution that you would your best girl or boy friend. After all, that's going to be your future ticket to the Hall of Fame—isn't it?

Here in the Midwest you lads 'n las-

sies have a wonderful opportunity awaiting you. For most every public school, no matter how small, offers basic instruction in the field of music. It is here the beginner learns his A-B-C's and then graduates to higher things. That the cost of training is so low it comes within the reach of every student is evidenced by the excellent example displayed by the Milwaukee Public Schools, of which the popular Herman F. Smith is music director. The Milwaukee System provides instruction on a choice selection of twenty-five different instruments. This combined with the cost of textbooks and fee for loan of instruments never exceeds the sum of five dollars per semester! Students are grouped according to their particular abilities and stages of training.

Ohio can well be proud of its place in the field of musical education, boasting such fine experts and schools of music as: Beryl Rubinstein, internationally known pianist and composer and director of the Cleveland Institute of Music; Frank H. Shaw of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music; Albert Riemschneider of the Baldwin-Wallace Conservatory of Music, Berea, Ohio, and

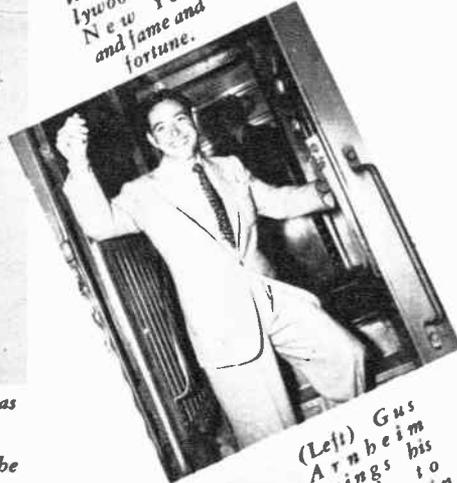
(Continued on page 59)

# HOLLYWOOD



(Above) June Hutton, of the Pied Pipers, as she appears in a musical short.

(Below) Andy Russell leaves Hollywood for New York and fame and fortune.



(Left) Gus Arnheim brings his band to screen in Universal's "Swing-time Holiday".

(Below) Lew Gray leading his ork at the Hollywood Canteen.



(Below) At a recent guest star show in the Los Angeles Orpheum Theater Jimmy Dorsey soloed, while Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey and Ziggy Elman accompanied him.



Pee Wee Hunt, popular trombonist and singer who's joined Lew Gray's California band.



(Below) Charlie Barnet provides the melody for an adagio dance in a musical quickie for Universal.



(Left) Al Donahue stars in Universal's "Harmony Highway".



**T**HAT'S NO EARTHQUAKE SHAKING HOLLYWOOD AND VINE—it's just the beat of the bands jumpin' around here. Let's latch on and see what cooks around this burg. . . .

The good Count Basie really knocked the town out with that rocking band, and The Hamp came on to keep the joint jumping. . . . The sweet swing came ridin' in, too. Carmen Cavallero swung into town for picture dates at three studios, Henry Busse preemed his band at the Palladium, Henry King took over as Joe Reichman left the Biltmore to tour. . . . The Pacific Ocean even got jumping as Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and Jimmy Dorsey had themselves a ball at Casino Gardens, beach ballroom owned by TD and JD. Jack; no matter how you like your music, this town's got it. . . .

**ON THE STUDIO BEAT**—Paramount went out of this world in dreaming up a new band idea for Veronica Lake, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn in, "Out Of This World." Para signed five piano-playing band leaders, Carmen Cavallero, Ted Fio Rito, Henry King, Ray Noble and Joe Reichman to do a specialty. With five pianos grouped on the set, each leader first played his own theme, then all joined in a five-piano rendition of the title song of the flicker. . . .

**LOUIS ARMSTRONG** playing dates up and down the Coast, slipped into Warner Brothers between one-night stands to work in the Ida Lupino starrer "Pillar to Post," flew out by Army bomber to do a camp show, then headed East. Interesting sidelight on Louis' Warner connection:—when a group of Warner Brothers executives were conventioning in St. Louis, bunch of them spent every night at a favorite St. Louis cafe, listening to Fate Marable, famed riverboat pianist-maestro for whom Satchmo' once played on the Mississippi. . . .

**GENE KRUPA LAID DOWN HIS STICKS** momentarily, to pick up a pen and sign for a December date at the Pally, and for "George White's Scandals of 1945," at RKO-Radio. . . .

**SONNY DUNHAM** doubled from the Palladium to both Universal and Warners, to do shorts. Speaking of doubles, Sonny's adding to his famous tram-trumpet double by taking up French horn. . . .

**SHORT ABOUT A SHORT**—Emil Coleman, Mocambo band leader, and

# BANDSTAND

By Paul Vandervoort II

favorite of the movie stars, took his band to Universal for a short. Called "On The Mellow Side," the featurette is loaded with great tunes, old and new. Dig "Should I?," "You Were Meant For Me," "Singin' In The Rain," "Amor," "Goodnight Sweetheart," and "Take the 'A' Train," sung by the terrific Delta Rhythm Boys. Coleman's boys could hardly take anything BUT the "A" train. The first names of six of his men begin with A, with four Alberts, one Alfred and one Adolph in the band. . . .

**TALK WITH TOMMY**—Went on the M-G-M lot to watch Tommy Dorsey work in "Thrill of A Romance," technicolor pic starring Esther (ummm) Williams and Van Johnson. . . . Between setups TD and the band stayed on the set bandstand and cut loose with "Hawaiian War Chant," just to entertain workers and actors. Man, that terrific beat got the sound stage rocking, and when Buddy Rich started knocking himself out on drums, the place really turned into a ball. The tremendous applause the crew gave Tommy and the boys really came from the heart. . . . During our chat, Tommy told me he and Jimmy were so pleased with the success of their California ballroom, they are looking for a similar spot to buy in NY. . . . TD's famous arrangement of "Song of India" is spotted in the film, and Tommy said a spot for the quartette (Buddy Rich, Buddy De Franco, Dodo Marmarosa and Sandy Block) may be arranged. Among other tunes the band does are "I Should Care," "Sunday, Monday and Always," "You Can't Say No." . . . TD was certainly a popular guy on the set. Friends were in and out of his dressing room constantly, set workers stopped to compliment him on the band, actor Keenan Wynn came by to say hello, and a character actor stepped up to tell Tommy he had a great drummer. . . . Yeah, Buddy is good, eh gates? . . .

**BITS ABOUT BANDLEADERS**—Piano-playing maestros are in demand for movies. Paramount used the five mentioned before, and Fox put Emil Coleman into "Nob Hill" as a piano player in George Raft's night club. On the same lot, Carmen Cavallero also plays piano in "Diamond Horseshoe." . . . Charlie Barnet did a short at U before leaving town. . . . Hal McIntyre played all the big spots, then went into "Eadie Was A Lady" with Ann Miller

(Continued on page 58)

(Below) Charlie Barnet takes a chorus at Hollywood's Casa Manana.



(Right) Frankie Carson in 20th Century-Fox's "Winter Time".



(Right) Jack Teagarden plays a role in Universal's "Twilight On The Prairie".



(Right) That famed quintet: The Delta Rhythm Boys, in Universal's "Swingtime Holiday".



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling



(Above) Lovely June Haver and handsome Dick Haymes in 20th Century-Fox's "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

(Below) Les Hite and his boys go to town in 20th Century-Fox's "Greenwich Village."



(Below) Charming Della Norell, accompanied by Band Leader Emil Coleman, singing that popular tune "Amor," in Universal's movie "On The Mellow Side."



(Below) Those three famous band leaders, Jimmy Grier, Lew Gray and Hal McIntyre hold a gab fest at a Hollywood night spot.



**O**NE of the most versatile service bands in the country is the one representing the United States Coast Guard Barracks in San Francisco. It was organized in August 1942, after being endorsed by the unit's commanding officer, Lt. Commander B. B. Foster.

A smooth working organization, it is composed of talented musicians, some of whom fronted their own bands, others who played for well-known dance bands and still others with college combines. All and all, this Coast Guard Barracks Band is a pretty good cross-section of the lads who give out the tunes and set the time.

War bond rallies, launchings, service social gatherings and recruiting drives are some of the events that have featured the band. Which reminds us of a recent session at the San Francisco Stage Door Canteen when winsome Starlet Jane Withers tossed the boys an orchid. "One of my favorite bands," she declared. Another movie great, Coast Guardsman Cesar Cisco Kid Romero, emceed the band before shoving off to sea duty several months ago.

Beauteous Carole Landis, fresh from her North African junket, did a show for the Coast Guardsmen at the Barracks. The band was in rare form and was sending solid with Miss Landis strutting her stuff. Out of the audience, a bright lad piped, "Boy, look at that guy play those ivories." "Ssh," cautioned his buddy, sitting beside him, "who wants to look at that guy, when Carole Landis is around." But, just like the song, the band played on.

Another show the band appeared on was highlighted by the persons of the "Serviceman's Sweetheart," Jane Frazee and by R.K.O.'s Funnyman Alan Carney. A spirit of merriment abounded and out of one of the acts came an ad-lib about Jesse James getting hung for leading a band. Of course, they were only kidding.

Just recently, the boys outdid themselves accompanying gorgeous Metropolitan Opera star, Mona Paulee.

And now, for a little who's who in the outfit. Leader of the aggregation is Specialist First Class Eddie Picetti who is a popular West Coast musician and was quite a pre-war music maker.

Warbler with the band is a slight Sinatra-ish looking lad named Dick Baldwin, who did a stint with Freddy Martin. Dick plays the sax but his forte seems to be trilling. Not so long ago, Freddie Slack told Swingster Baldwin, that he thought the lad (Continued on page 60)

(Below) Back row, left to right, John Slattery, John Kalina, Jack Dunton, Lloyd Lubman and Chuck Hjelm. Front row, in the same, Joe DaGosta and Herb Fredlund.



(Below) One of the best in Service orks—the U.S. Coast Guard Barracks Band of San Francisco.



(Below) Three in the rear are Cliff Lively, Jack Dunton and George Dayton. Up front are Leader Eddie Picetti, Dick Baldwin, Jerry Anker, Joe DaGosta and Joe Bernadonna.



**Music**  
on their minds  
By Richard Lane Bernstein

# ON THE BEAM

at Bergstrom Field



(Above) The 760th Air Forces Band photographed before a huge C-47 troop carrier plane at Bergstrom Field.



(Left) Warrant Officer James M. McKelvey directs the 760th band in the Bergstrom Field service club.



(Right) Dance Director Jay Jackoskie takes a clarinet solo with the Bergstrom Field dance band.



Warrant Officer McKelvey and the Bergstrom dance band arranging staff. Left to right: Pianist Paul Pfeiffer, Jerry Helgeson and Jay Jackoskie.

**B**ERGSTROM FIELD, the Troop Carrier base amongst the bluebonnets at Austin, Texas is the home of the 760th Army Air Forces Band. Organized officially November 1, 1943 under the direction of Warrant Officer James M. McKelvy, the Bergstrom band has performed an important function in playing for reviews and retreats on the base and for War Bond shows and WAC Recruiting Drives and special radio broadcasts over Austin radio stations.

Mr. McKelvy, who is commanding officer and director of the 760th band, is a native of Pittsburgh, Penna. and holds two music degrees from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. He taught music at Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, South Dakota prior to entering the service.

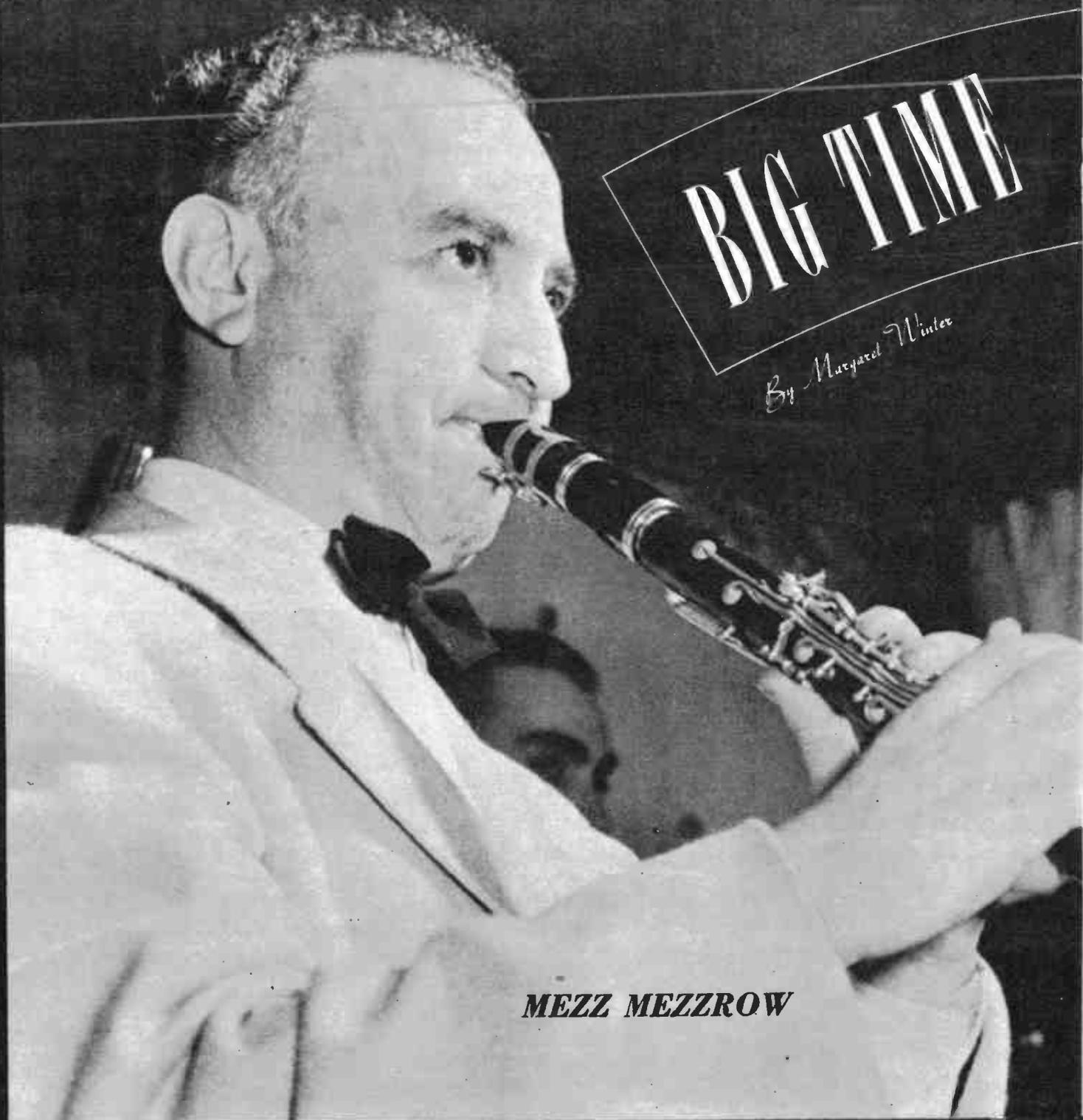
Three members of the Bergstrom dance band were with "name" outfits. Sgt. Jay Jackoskie, saxophone, was with Lawrence Welk's Orchestra; Sgt. Gus Wiederhold played bass fiddle for Griff Williams' band and Mickey McLeland, saxophone, was with Ted Fio Rito's band.

Musical director of the dance band is Sgt. Jay Jackoskie and front-man is T/Sgt. Jack Ream.

Personnel of the dance band: Saxes—Jay Jackoskie, Harold Longstroth, Mickey McLeland, Sal Davine, Derwood Lemke and Sammy Cohen; trumpets—Emil Ellis, Art Adeske, Louis Graves; trombones—Art Anderson, Robert Shroeder, Jerry Holesovsky; rhythm: piano—Paul Pfeiffer, drums—Oliver Smith, accordion—Bernard Berman, and bass—Gus Wiederhold.

# BIG TIME

*By Margaret Winter*



## MEZZ MEZZROW

*(Left to right) Danny Alvin, Mezz Mezzrow, Art Hodes and Jimmy Ryan, owner of New York's gay nightery.*

*Mezz leading a jam session with Pops Foster at the bass, Art Hodes at the piano and Jacques Butler on the trumpet.*



# Old Timer

**N**OT a newcomer, not a Johnny-come-lately, not a short-time big shot, but a classic jazz instrumentalist—in other words, Mezz Mezzrow, all-time old time clarinetist, is the subject of this story.

"Sure I've been around a long time," remarked Mezz quietly with a slightly sardonic smile. "I've learned a lot but I've also discovered that it takes a long time to realize that you don't know much."

It's remarks like that which have earned the nom-de-music, "Philosopher of Jazz," for this great jazzman.

"In fact," continued Mr. Mezzrow, who has been selected for more all-star jazz aggregations than you can shake a licorice stick at, "I've found out that you have to keep on learning new things and exploring new fields if you want to stay in harmony with the times."

In this connection it should be mentioned that he's writing a new book, featuring solid jazz truths in a salty, stream-lined style. It's to be published in the spring.

Mezz is old time only in that he's old enough to have had time enough to be able to speak with authority on matters relating to good music. His ideas are modern enough to set the moss-grown musicmen, content only with their Beethovens, Bachs and Brahms, to shaking in their elastic-sided shoes.

"For instance," said the pioneering pundit, "all music is African when you get right down to it. At least it was born there."

"Civilization's first rhythms were produced from tom-toms in ancient Africa. When the tom-toms went to Europe they took one road, that road followed later by Mozart, Wagner and Co. When the tom-toms came to the United States—we had jazz. Jazz is rooted in Africa, but there's no jazz there and never was. American classical music must be called jazz, but after all, music is music, and jazz is, quite simply, good American music."

"It's taken the people in this country many years to realize that the jazz idiom is the American national one, but it's gradually sinking in. We are Americans and American Music is for us."

In reference to those symphony leaders who attempted to discredit jazz by linking it with juvenile hi-jinks, Mezz

murmured, "The symphony must be in a bad way if they have to tie it in with delinquency to find a reason for people staying away from their concerts."

"Young people, juveniles if you like, certainly like jazz," orated the Chicago-style authority, "and that's a credit to their perceptions. As America comes of age and Americans become more American and less European, they naturally have more feeling for a truly national culture."

"The younger the individuals are, the more authentically American they are and the more jazz-conscious they are. That's natural and it's right. Insofar as the well-known conductor's remark that the kids are jazz-concert cash customers, they're right. No doubt they wouldn't refuse their share of the gate receipts."

The tendency of otherwise well-informed Americans to look on jazz as something only enjoyed by low-browed illiterates in their shirt sleeves angers Mr. Mezzrow.

"Some authority has said," he quoted, "that if you see a picture or a statue in a museum, you don't ask who painted or made it before deciding whether it can be admired. If it's art, it's admirable, and the same rule may be followed in music."

Mezz Mezzrow's off-the-beat adventures have startled the musical world more than once. In 1937 he organized the first interracial band to play in public and fronted the outfit in Harlem's Proar House, N.Y. This pioneering idea, today completely accepted by big bands and leaders, occasioned a whirlwind of controversy. Today the times have at last caught up with the ahead-of-his-time old timer. It was Mezzrow again, operating in the world not as it was but as it ought to be, who first made Europe truly jazz-conscious. In 1929, "le jazz hot" was known in France as something new, barbaric and strange, and that only by means of American recordings. Mezz, advance guard of the new musical mode, arrived to play at Hermitage Moscovite. A White Russian general's son was leading an orchestra composed largely of White Russians whose playing of what they fondly deemed jazz mingled pleasantly, if peculiarly, with that of the leading interpreter of the Chicago School.

Taking himself back to his first conscious interest in jazz which he thought must have been not later than ten minutes after he was born, Mezz verbally hustled himself into this world, in Chicago, in 1899. His parents were musicians of the European school, both having studied at the conservatory in Kiev, Russia. At ten Mezz was studying piano.

Young Mezz, known on school lists as Milton Mesirov, was graduated from Rock River Military Academy with highest honors.

"About that time I was the life of any party," Mezz rec-

*(Continued on page 63)*

*(Right to left) Mezz Mezzrow, Frank Billings, Frank Vernay, and Frank Teschmacher; picture taken in 1927.*



*Mezz blowing his beavers right out of this world as he makes with his licorice stick.*



"GOLLY! Would the teachers at New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn be surprised," breathes lovely Martha Stewart as she surveys her brand new contract with RCA-Victor, a contract which states implicitly that they have chosen her of all the young singers in America to be their newest popular singing star.

"Man, it's terrific!" grins David Street as he peruses his new disc agreement with the same firm.

David and Martha, you can see, have a lot in common. Besides their similar new contracts to wax ballads on Victor, both are youngsters barely in their twenties who cannot quite believe that they are now stars in their own rights. Both found their initial fame singing with name bands, Martha with Claude Thornhill and David with Bob Crosby. Both loved music while still in school, Martha having sung in a school quartet and David studying to teach music.

Yes, Martha Stewart and David Street have a lot in common . . . but the most noticeable trait they both have is that they are wonderfully swell kids who are as thrilled with their newly found fame as they were with their first tricycles . . . and those tricycles weren't too many years ago, either!



David Street, six feet one, mustached, brown eyed, is a man's man but somehow the girls are attracted too. He's friendly and shy, a good guy. Sings on NBC with the Joan Davis radio show.

Martha Stewart is 22, five feet three inches tall, tipping the scale at 98 pounds. She has blonde hair, laughing blue eyes, and . . . oh yes, she sings! (Left)

It's difficult for Martha Stewart to sing into the Victor mike from the top of a piano but the publicity man must have his pictures. (Below)



(Above) The only romantic singer with a girl manager, David Street shares the mike with Jill Warren who is also a Hollywood columnist and movie star besides her managerial activities. Jill won't record with David but . . . well, a man has to rehearse, doesn't he?



**NEW STARS**  
for the record



# Beau Brandwynne

by Alan Dunn



Nat Brandwynne

**I**N ADDITION to the "tree" that grew there and the baseball aggregation of the same name, Brooklyn is also famous for being the birthplace and the present home of Nat Brandwynne, a brave piano player. Mr. B. is currently making with both hands on the Starlight Roof of New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Nat sneers in the very teeth of superstition. He operates a band of thirteen members, and what's more, he hasn't lost a single man to the draft or to his competitors. This stalwart is even willing to admit that he's changed his idea of the purpose of band music in the last few years.

There are limits, however, beyond which even the most intrepid and realistic of men cannot be pushed. Mr. Brandwynne will not say that he is pleased with the Dodgers' doings last season.

"—"§\$&-"()§%-("&\*"(-\$%§. And you can say that again," muttered the band leader through clenched teeth. "We wuz robbed!!!"

There was a time when Brandwynne said, "Clients like to dance first and listen second," and styled his music accordingly. Now he's almost changed his mind. He's quit watching the customers' feet and keeps his eyes glued to their faces.

"After all," he said, "I want to please the people who come to hear us. I rather think there are as many listeners as dancers in the crowds now, maybe more."

Nat beamed his famous crooked grin as he tried to explain what sort of music he aims at when he sits down at his instrument and gives the lads the signal to start producing regimented noise.

"I specialize in what every band leader believes in—good music. But I call my type, in addition, 'powerful music,' or, perhaps 'rich music.'"

The word "powerful" led to a question about the possibility of describing the band as "jump." He shook his head positively in answer to that query. "Absolutely NOT," he insisted. "Just 'powerful' and 'rich' in the accepted sense of the words."

The complicated but thoroughly blended sounds which reach the air waves via the Brandwynne baton don't just happen. They are the result of a selection and combination of instruments peculiar to the Brandwynne Thirteen.

"There are thirteen in my orchestra, counting me," related the boss. "I use three mellophones. The mellophone is a cross between a French horn and a trombone and the sound it produces is just b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l. Then I use a lot of fiddles for the size of my band, three of them. And myself on the piano, of course."

"What about the vocalist?"

Beau Brandwynne chuckled contentedly. "I feature Miss Elaine Castle as singer. She was Miss Cleveland, and she's *One* beautiful girl who can *Sing*. And *How* she can sing! And *Is* she lovely to look at. She's charming and her voice is marvelous."

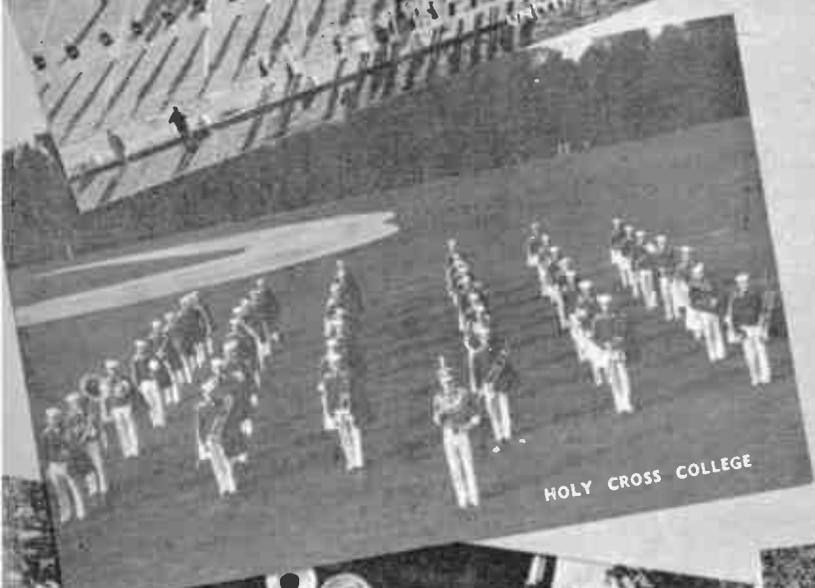
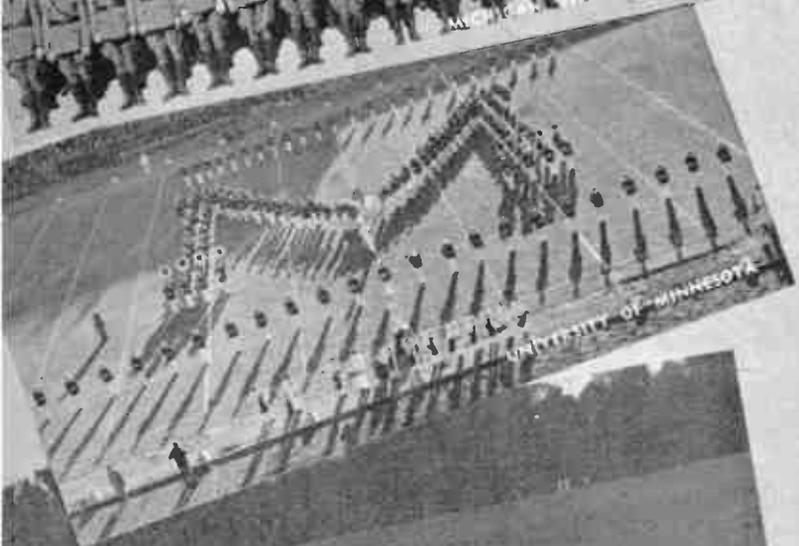
Still another crew member who comes in for special mention from the maestro is Lew Sherwood, trumpeter. "What a trumpet," exclaimed Brandwynne, rolling his blue eyes heavenward. "What tone!"

The violins play an important part in bringing out the beauty of the music, according to Nat, who waved his hands excitedly as he endeavored to fit their integral function into the word picture of his organization.

"They are the backbone of the 'richness' of the over-all harmony," he declared.

A man who breathed music as soon and as naturally as he breathed at all, Nat Brandwynne comes from a family in which every adult boasts a musical training. A brother, two sisters and their father, all play piano, while Nat's father adds violin and trumpet to his accomplishments. Nat began the study of the keyboard, under private in-

(Continued on page 59)



# ALL-AMERICAN

**D**URING the football season thousands of pigskin fans have been flocking to stadiums all over the country each Saturday afternoon to enjoy the great Autumn sport. Not only do the fans see a stirring game of football, but they also witness a colorful show staged on the field by the college bands. The bands are as much a part of the game as the goal posts and the football itself. Their gay music helps to pep up the players and put them in the right spirit to go out there and win. During intermission, the band struts out into the field in all its well-earned glory, and gives with a great performance! The music consists of lively marches performed while going through all sorts of intricate and colorful formations. Even during the game itself, while the pigskin is being tossed and carried around the field, or a player is running for a touchdown, the band adds to the excitement by playing some college song—or the drums are heard beating out



# COLLEGE BANDS

By Robert J. Barrett

"We Want A Touchdown" to the accompaniment of the cheering grandstanders.

Each section of the country can boast of outstanding college bands. Such organizations as Pennsylvania State, Cornell, Harvard and the Kiltie Band of Carnegie Tech are well-known in the East. The universities of the Middle West are noted for the musical and marching excellence of their huge bands, which number from 100 to 300 members. The bands of the South and Southwest are famous for their swing rhythms. Pacific Coast college bands, especially California, are famous for their spectacular stunts and they are aided by the clever card tricks and designs of the thousands in the rooting section. The bands shown on these two pages are only just a few of the many outstanding college musical groups. Sorry we didn't have room for more. Look for an even bigger selection in some later issue of *Band Leaders Magazine*.





Jo Stafford whose singing star is rising along with the temperature of devoted fans.

That "the voice with the smile wins" is proven every time Jo Stafford goes on the air.

# JO STAFFORD



Johnny Mercer presents Jo Stafford with a trophy for winning high vocal honors, while Paul Weston beams his approval.

The Chesterfield Music Shop is to be congratulated on having the lovely Jo Stafford.

# CANADIAN FAVORITE

*By Phil Glanzer*



*Band Leader Mart Kenney, master of the sax and flute, leads his Western Gentlemen while lovely Beryl Bodenme gives with a vocal.*

**W**HEN Mart Kenney, the leader of one of Canada's foremost dance orchestras, was ten he saw that this business of Cowboys and Indians was fast getting him nowhere. Likewise, Run, Sheep, Run and Ticked Can. So Mart went to work toting medicine bottles for a drugstore.

That was a few years before radio came into its own and jazz was still hovering down around the lower reaches of the Mississippi—but not for long!

Mart saved the two dollars a week he earned in the drugstore until he had enough to purchase a violin and then set about spending his early teens sawing away on the old catgut.

Things went on in this not over exciting fashion until radio penetrated the Canadian wonderland and all thoughts of the violin vanished forever from Mart Kenney's mind. Long after "lights out" at the comfortable Kenney household in the Point Grey area of Vancouver, he would lie in bed, earphones tight against his head, listening for the throb of a saxophone.

Somehow, that sound caught young Mart's fancy. He decided he'd have to get himself a sax. So he went to work with new fervor on a paper route he had acquired and by the time he was fifteen he had saved enough money to make the desired purchase.

"Boy, I don't think the family liked that much," Mart grins. "A saxophone was kind of a noisy instrument to have around the house. As a matter of fact, my mother didn't like the idea at all! She was keen to have me get a thorough education and thought that music would interfere.

"But I kept plugging along in school and playing the saxophone in my spare time. We organized a little band at the Sunday School and made a few dollars for pocket money. In the summers I had all kinds of jobs. Once I threshed peas on the prairies from 3 o'clock in the morning until 7 at night. Another time, I rolled barrels of tar for a roofing company. Finally I got a steady job—\$10 a week with a typewriting company, and was I proud!

"But all the while I kept tooting away on my sax and picking up pointers. On my eighteenth birthday I got a big break. I quit the typewriter company to join an orchestra in the Hotel Vancouver at \$50 a week. I was really sitting on top of the world."

It wasn't until 1931, when he was just 21, that Kenney formed the nucleus of that popular musical aggregation, His Western Gentlemen, who were to become known the length and breadth of the country. He had been asked to form a fill-in band for a Vancouver dancehall. But, with his characteristic thoroughness, Kenney decided to do the job right. His selection of men was a careful one.

Mart had definite ideas of what a band should be. It didn't matter so much to him whether a man was a star musician, so long as he was loyal, willing to work hard and was a good fellow. That name "Gentlemen" meant more than just a title to the ambitious young leader.

Slowly but surely, down through the lean, hard depression years of 1932-33-34, the band took shape. Art Hallman, singing pianist was added. A bass player, then another saxophonist.

*(Continued on page 62)*

(Below, Left to Right) Bob Nolan and the Sons Of The Pioneers—Bob resting between takes at Republic while making movie, "Lights Of Old Santa Fe"—Another shot of Bob Nolan and the Sons Of The Pioneers on location during filming of "Lights Of Old Santa Fe."



(Above) Left to Right: Singer Jimmy Wakeley, Song Writer Johnny Marvin, Spade Cooley and Roy Rogers.

**T**HE latest and most unusual trend in dance music in years, is the tremendous popularity being gained by the band leaders who swing with a Western beat.

Especially in sunny California, where the West begins, are the cowboy band leaders who play the rhythms of the range, catching the public fancy.

In Los Angeles, in Hollywood, the San Fernando Valley and the beach spots, Western swing is taking over, and giving the jump bands a run for their money.

Presentation of the bands is strictly on the Western kick. Instrumentation used runs heavily to fiddles and guitars, the band boys wear cowboy costumes and even the spots played are tagged with typical Western names.

There is the "Riverside Rancho," "Don 'Red' Barry's Corral," "Hoot Gibson's Painted Post," Venice "Barn Dance," and it's even rumored that the Hollywood Palladium will go "Western" on its Monday night dances.

A lot of bands are in the Western groove, Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, Spade Cooley ("The King of Western Swing") and his Western Dance Gang, Art Wenzel and his Ragtime Cowboys, Stuart Hamblen and his Lucky Stars, Foy Willing, Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers, The Painted Post Rangers and others.

Some of the above bands concentrate on radio and pictures, with occasional personal appearances at Western

dance spots. Two of the Western leaders heavily featured at dances in the Los Angeles area, and up and down the Coast, are Bob Wills and Spade Cooley.

Both Bob and Spade are dyed-in-the-wool cowboys, Spade's an Oklahoman, is one-quarter Cherokee Indian. Wills is a Texan.

Bob Wills was born in Hall county, West Texas. His childhood was that of a typical Texas youngster. He rode his dad's horses, learned the songs of the wild and lonely plains.

When he was about 10, he heard his cousin practicing violin.

"He went over and over the same piece," Bob recalls with a grimace, "I got so tired of hearing it I felt like yelling. Finally I said: 'I'll bet I can play that piece even if I don't take violin lessons'."

To his own amazement Wills found he could play it, too. He became so enthusiastic that he determined to make music his career. His success has been phenomenal.

By 1933 a radio band he had was receiving 2,000 fan letters a day, and when Wills moved to Oklahoma one of his greatest triumphs was the famous "Bob Wills Stampede," a rodeo put on for six consecutive years.

In 1938 Hollywood beckoned and Bob began his motion picture career. He also writes songs, and records, and his

# ON THE RANGE



(Above) Butch and Buddy, juvenile actors at Universal, ride piggy back with Spade Cooley and Roy Rogers.

(Above, right) Roy Rogers, Spade Cooley and Spike Wallace, the President of the Los Angeles Local Musicians' Union.



(Above) Laura Lee, the pretty vocalist with Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys—Bob Wills, his Texas Playboys and Laura Lee.

Columbia record of "San Antonio Rose," has sold over the three and a half million mark.

Jive musicians are amazed to learn that Wills broke Harry James' record at the Oakland (Calif.) Civic Auditorium. Friendly, easy to know, Bob Wills has one success formula: "Nothing fancy or forced."

Like Wills, Spade Cooley is typically Western. Spade used to bust broncos on his father's ranch. His dad and granddad were both old-time fiddlers and Spade inherited their talent.

When the Cooleys moved to a Modesto, California ranch, Spade walked too close to the wrong end of a mule one day, and wound up in the hospital. When he got out, he was trying to think of a way to make a living that "included mules out," when he got a job playing in a night club.

From the night club, he went on tour with a cowboy band, playing the entire West Coast. He got his nickname during a poker game in Klamath Falls, Oregon, when he ran wild with a series of spade flushes.

Spade toured with a lot of bands, had his own show on the road, and became accompanist for Roy Rogers. Later Spade became Roy's movie stand-in, and appeared in dozens of horse operas as an extra. He has broadcasted and made records with such topflight Western stars as Gene Autry, Tex Ritter and others.

Spade organized his own musical group for the Barn Dance at Venice Pier in 1942, set a record by playing 74 consecutive weeks. Another record he has, is that of playing twenty-two tunes in a film, Universal's "Destry Rides Again." He knows 700 tunes from memory.

Bob Nolan, with Tim Spencer and Roy Rogers, organized the Sons of the Pioneers about ten years ago. Nolan is now the leader of the band, since Rogers became a picture star. However, it is one of the few groups in pictures where there still remains a strong friendship, even though one of the group has graduated to individual stardom. About 20% of all cowboy music used on the radio comes from the catalog of the Sons of the Pioneers. They have two radio shows, in addition to their work in pictures, one of them the "Andy Devine Show." The two Farr brothers, Hugh and Karl, joined the group shortly after it was organized. Members of the group are highly prolific in composing Western music. Nolan has written "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" and "Cool Waters," among many others. For the Roy Rogers starrer, "Lights of Old Santa Fe," Tim Spencer wrote "Cowpoke Polka" and "Sunset on the Trail."

With men like Bob Wills, Spade Cooley, and Bob Nolan, all of them true sons of the range, playing the authentic tunes of the West, there is small wonder that the rhythms of the range are zooming to new highs in popularity.



*Dona Dae*

*Dona Dae, featured contralto vocalist with Fred Waring's band—also on the Blue Network and has Hollywood in mind.*



# The JAZZ Record

by Art Hodes

**W**HO'S the greatest piano player you ever heard in your whole life? Many times I've been asked that question. Or else it's been—who's the greatest trumpet player in the world—or clarinetist? People—all people—like to know who's the king-pin, who's the head man, who's the greatest.

Well, in jazz, that's a difficult thing to do—to pick a great above all others on any particular musical instrument—including drums. To try and pick seven or eight is not a task—it's a nightmare. In all my experience in jazz I can honestly say I never heard one man on any given instrument make me feel like I could forget all others that played the same instrument. I've heard Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines at their very best. I've heard Bix Beiderbecke and Jimmie Noone. It would be easier for me to say I've heard almost all of our real jazz greats and I still make that statement—no one man was so great that I could forget all others. Some, like Armstrong and Hines had a stunning effect on me—something that didn't wear off for years. Others, like the late Hersal Thomas, a great blues pianist if there ever was one, exerted a lasting influence over me. But I can turn on a Pine Top Smith recording and "I'm Gone Man" as the hep children of 52nd St., New "Yawk" City say. Meaning I'm captivated, lost in thought, taken away to new lands. Before I forget it, let me recommend one of the greatest medicines in the world—music. And as a solid part of all music, our own American music—jazz—the blues and the boogie—the spirituals and the stomps.

Back to work! So many of you would like me to pick my favorites of all times—my dream band—the world's greatest jazz band. Well, I ain't a gonna do it—no sir. But I will tell you the names of some musicians that have given me my kicks. They're really jazz greats. Years from now, when more of us have learned to appreciate their music and their value, they'll still be greater. Here goes:

On trumpet or cornet let me recommend for your listening pleasure many of the recorded works of the following artists:

Louis Armstrong	Joe "King" Oliver
Bix Beiderbecke	George Mitchell
Natty Dominic	Punch Miller
Johnny Dodds	Jimmie Noone
Charlie Green	Kid Ory

Clarinets: Omer Simcon  
Trombone: Jimmie Noone

Stomp Evans	Alto Sax	Joe Poston
Earl Hines	Piano	Hersal Thomas
Pine Top Smith		James P. Johnson
	Jelly Roll Morton	
Johnny St. Cyr	Guitar	Lonnie Johnson
Baby Dodds	Drums	Zutty Singleton
Tommy Benford		Andrew Hilaire
Tubby Hall		Big Sid Catlett
Bill Johnson	Bass and Tuba	Pops Foster
Willman Brand		John Lindsay

For the time being we'll skip the tenor saxophone. There is a list of jazzmen that you'll find hard to top. One other fact—you could put them together (it's been done) and let a lot of great jazz music out of their combined efforts. Many of their great moments have been captured on records—and a lot of those moments, passages and musical thoughts, have never, to my way of thinking, been surpassed.

For the most part, these jazz greats are dead and gone. You can only hear Oliver, Bix, Jelly Roll Morton, Johnny Dodds, Jimmie Noone, Stomp Evans, Pine Top Smith, Joe Poston, Hersal Thomas and Charlie Trum on records—that is if you can find the recordings. Out of the remaining few, we find that obscurity has done a good job of burying them. Who hears of Baby Dodds, Punch Miller, Lonnie Johnson or Kid Ory—just a handful of people scattered over this vast world. But what about today's jazz greats? Are there any? There sure are! Let me list the names of jazzmen who still play jazz. In some instances, only occasionally—after all they're people of modest means. They must work in order that they may eat; it's much nicer work playing all or any kind of music, be it pop tunes or symphony music, than "driving a truck"—although some of the boys have even tried that.

For today's jazzmen I give you:

Muggsy Spanier	Trumpet	Wild Bill Davison
Max Kaminsky		Bobby Hackett
Sharkey Bonano		Herb Morand
Pee Wee Russell	Marty Marsala	Mezzrow
Rod Cless	Clarinet	Edmond Hall
George Brunio	Trombone	Vic Dickerson
Earl Hines	Piano	Joe Sullivan
Zutty Singleton	Drums	James P. Johnson
Dave Tough		Big Sid Catlett
	Danny Alvin	George Wettling

This list is far from complete, for living in New York City has its disadvantages. If I could cover every nook and cranny of our country, I'd be in a better position to say who is and who isn't playing real jazz. Then again I've left out many instrumentalists who play a lot of hot music—and good, too. There are many writers and critics who adhere to the policy that all hot music is jazz, and there are some who say only modern jump, jive and riff music should be called jazz. But if you've ever heard jazz music played (as many

of us jazz musicians have, back in the '20's) you can't mistake the sound, or confuse it with any other music.

To tell you of jazz musicians and not tell you of their recordings is only half of the story. I've picked out a list of recordings that everyone interested in "the real jazz" should own. Certainly one can't speak of jazz intelligently unless one has heard them. Some of these records are almost next to impossible to get hold of. I've tried to avoid naming the "impossible to own" recordings. Here goes:

LOUIS ARMSTRONG	Put 'Em Down Blues	Porato Head Blues
KING OLIVER	Dipper Mouth Blues	BIX BEIDERBECKE
Jazz Me Blues	At The Jazz Band Ball	JIMMIE NOONE—EARL HINES
Four Or Five Times	Every Evening	JELLY ROLL MORTON
Black Bottom Stomp	The Chant	JOHNNY DODDS
Blue Washboard Stomp	Bull Fiddle Blues	ALBERT WYNN
Down By The Levee	Parkway Stomp	PINE TOP SMITH
Pine Top's Blues	Pine Top's Boogie Woogie	SIDNEY BECHET
I Found A New Baby	Shag	BESSIE SMITH
Backwater Blues		

If all you readers owned each of the recordings I've just finished listing how much better you would understand jazz—the blues—boogie woogie. Well, now the job begins—how can I help you find these records? It is possible to find them around—they've all been reissued at least once and in some cases several times. Where to look? Guess! You had it right the first time—in my direction! Although I'm not at all certain all you readers will succeed in getting your hands on these records, I (Continued on page 62)

Jam session at Ryan's famous New York night spot—reading left to right: Sandy Williams, trombone; Bill Coleman, trumpet; Zutty Singleton, drums; Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Jack Bland, guitar; Rod Cless, clarinet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Jimmy Butts, bass.



# BEHIND THE MIDWEST BATON

NEWS OF THE BAND WORLD OUT CHICAGO WAY

By Don Terrio

AT AN American prison camp in Germany, our boys have seen a novelty musical number produced just as Benny Strong is doing it at the Bismarck Hotel's Walnut Room. Story is that the skit, "The Mystery of June 3," was written by Benny and Vernon Lodge, former sax player, vocalist and arranger with the Strong band. Vern joined the Rangers, was in the first invasion waves at North Africa, Sicily and Italy, and was



Gloria Hart

later captured in Italy while arguing with 16 Nazis. Placed in charge of entertainment at his prison camp, Vern organized a band and has written Benny that American prisoners and Walnut Room patrons were both seeing much the same version of

his "Mystery of June 3." Benny's new vocalist is prettytipsee Trudy Marsh, 18-year-old Chicago girl who sang with Gus Martel's band at the Schroeder Hotel in Milwaukee before going to Chicago, and who also appeared for a short time with Garwood Van at the Chase in St. Louis. Music Corporation of America says Trudy is priming for motion picture work.

The strip-tease has given way to swing and sweet in Chicago's "Loop," and the Rialto theater, State Street home of burlesque since 1915, has been redecorated and modernized. Now it's the Downtown Theater, featuring a parade of top bands. It opened a few weeks ago with Johnny "Scat" Davis, followed by Duke Ellington. (The Duke's most previous engagement in the city was at the Civic Opera House.) Policy is to keep each band from two to four weeks—and if a band is held over you'll find two on the stage at one time!

Chuck Foster is back at the Blackhawk in Chicago after swinging around the Orpheum theater at Omaha, Kennywood Park in Pittsburgh, the Club Trocadero at Henderson, Ky., the Casa Loma ballroom in St. Louis and the Hotel Claridge at Memphis.

When Chuck's very svelte sister vocalist Gloria was driving back to her hotel with a friend after an afternoon date recently, they stopped at a small out-of-the-way novelty dresswear shop near Cub's Park. There Gloria found a set of beaded appliques she had been seeking. That evening the same friend visited the Blackhawk and recognized them on Gloria's dress . . . and this story has been absolutely confirmed. Yes, the eye-filling chirp does do much of her own dresswork—it's no mere publicity gag.

Art Kassel remains at the Aragon until December 24, when Eddy Howard returns. Art, native son of Chicago and composer of its theme song, "Chicago," isn't prone to talk much about his fighting service in World War I. But if you

question him, you'll find he is still extremely grateful for his share of that peculiar thing we mortals choose to call "luck"—for he is one of the 10 survivors of a detail of 16 men who were hit by a high explosive. Gloria Hart continues to draw a stand-and-look crowd when she takes to the microphone.

Don Reid, still sporting the tan he acquired while playing at Lake Lawn resort, Lake Delevan, Wis., this summer, remains at the Trianon until November 26. Then Billy Bishop heads eastward with his bright eyed Alice Mann from the Club Lido in Wichita, to take over until December 24. Lawrence Welk comes back on Christmas Day, after his tour on the road.

When Donny Kaye first nighted at the Pan-American Room in the Hotel LaSalle, the customers didn't know how close he came to missing his bandstand date. Donny is a member of the Civil Air Patrol, and late in the day was given an assignment to fly across Lake Michigan to Muskegon, Mich., for the industrial courier service. (CAP pilots often fly vital war material, and the nature of their mission is kept secret. Donny merely says, "It was routine.")

Two of the show stars were waiting at the airport with a car when Donny returned. They hurried him back to the LaSalle and he stepped to the bandstand on schedule—the people out front had no idea of his busy day! Donny is the boy who once hit front pages after he made a forced landing on the tide flats near Berkeley, Calif., when (luckily) the tide was out. He had his wife and two boys on a trip when the engine of his plane went dead.

Gene Krupa is packing 'em into the Panther Room at the Hotel Sherman, where he stays until November 27. His last public appearance in Chicago was at the Oriental Theater last spring. On stage with Tommy Dorsey, the skin-beater and the trombonist pulled in over 55,000 people in a week to break the house record.

Carmen Cavallaro has returned to the Empire Room at the Palmer House from his motion picture work in Hollywood, and he brought back some new additions to his collection of calling cards. Carmen's unusual hobby has brought him cards from many movie stars, industrialists, senators and ambassadors . . . some he obtains by asking patrons to write their requests on their cards. His vivacious vocalist, Charlotte Paige of York, Pa., will be 19 on December 20. She's a collector too . . . of perfume bottles and clocks.

That's all until next issue—until then, a merry Christmas to you all!



Trudy Marsh



Art Kassel

## LOVELY LADY LONG—

(Continued from page 31)

were pleasantly interrupted by the Maestro himself. He had just come from a last-minute band rehearsal before leaving for the recording studio.

Johnny sat down and joined us with a glass of iced coffee. We talked for about ten minutes with Johnny's gay sense of humor dominating the scene. Suddenly I realized why so many thousands of kids all over the country had chosen Johnny Long their favorite band leader. After all, Johnny's music is tops and with a band leader who is as friendly as he is and as irresistible, it isn't difficult to understand why he is so popular.

Johnny looked at Pat and marveled at how cool and beautiful she managed to look despite the heat. After he left we resumed our conversation.

During their recent stay at the New Yorker Hotel, Pat's time wasn't her own. For example, take the day the band opened. Johnny and Pat had a very early breakfast which is usually the only meal they have together during the day. The first thing Pat did was to take the new girl vocalist shopping for some new evening gowns, and from there to the hairdressers. She called for some last minute arrangements that the band needed for that night, and then went to the tailors to find out whether the band jackets were finished. After that, she went to one of the department stores looking for a new evening suit that she might wear on her husband's opening night.

When she got home, she ordered dinner for Johnny and then wrote some letters to all the fellows who were once in Johnny's band and are now in the Service. (She sees to it that they get regular mail from her and Johnny.) Then she made some last minute reservations for celebrations such as Perry Como, William Bendix, Carmen Miranda and Marion Hutton—a few of the many who attended the gala affair. Since Johnny only has a half-hour intermission, Pat visited most of the tables during the evening. The band finished at about five in the morning, completely worn out from the heat. From there Pat and Johnny went to the Stork Club to celebrate Johnny's fourth consecutive summer engagement at the Ice Terrace in the New Yorker Hotel.

And so goes the life of the much admired band wife, Mrs. Johnny Long. Mrs. Johnny Long, wonderful isn't she?

## "I'M A LUCKY GUY"

(Continued from page 11)

chester), Alice and I drive quietly home. We try not to talk about music until after the children are in bed and we have had our Sunday evening supper.

Then, however, in restful surroundings, we put our heads together on two things—the program I've just finished and the music for next Sunday. We generally reach agreement on what might have been done to make the music even better on the last program, and from that agreement we get helpful hints on what treatment I should give your songs next Sunday.

So if you like our choice of music and the arrangements, remember:

(1) The choice actually is your own and not an accidental selection, and . . .  
(2) That a major share of the credit goes to Alice Faye.

So long, folks. See you next Sunday on the Benny program, same time, same station.

# DID YOU KNOW THAT..

(Continued from page 5)

French SWING label (as well as on DECCA) with the legendary Hot Club of France. . . . MARYLIN DUKE, who left VAUGHN MONROE last year to try her luck alone, is back in the band fold again. You can catch her with VAUGHN'S crew on their current theater tour. . . .

TOMMY DORSEY and HORACE HEIDT are just two band leaders planning to buy their own ballrooms in the

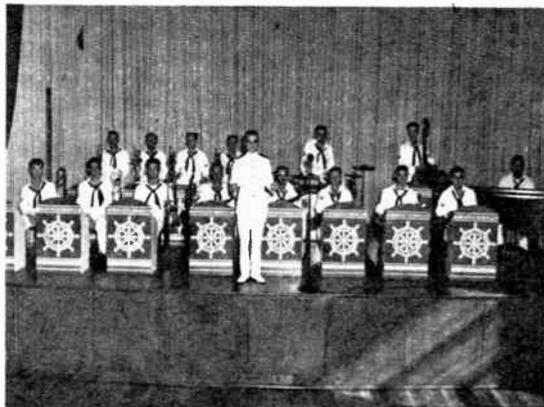


Artie Shaw

New York City area. Reason is that the name bands are tiring of playing the ace ballrooms at too-low prices. . . . Maestro CLAUDE THORNHILL is back in Honolulu after a fast trip back here to the States. CLAUDE'S band in the Islands is the serviceman's favorite.

... We'll make a bet right here that ARTIE SHAW'S next band doesn't use strings despite all rumors to the contrary. . . .

Tragic death by drowning of singer EVELYNE AMBROSE stunned the music world. She sang with GENE KRUPA. . . . Service friends say that Lieut. B U D D Y CLARKE'S Maritime Band is even better than the top-notch orch he fronted in civilian life. . . .



Buddy Clarke's Maritime Band

It's a secret but one of the most famous Dixieland musicians (a trumpeter who must remain nameless for the moment) is rehearsing a two-beat crew to take the place of the old BOB CROSBY gang. . . . BOBBY SHERWOOD is thinking seriously of switching his swing band over to a symphonic kick with lots of French horns, bassoons and strings. . . . And CHARLIE SPIVAK, he of the wondrous trumpet, has already added that kind of long-hair touch to his crews. Must be a trend. . . .

GEORGE PAXTON, whose new band is already a success, has written a swing-eroo called "Four O'Clock Jump." It really rocks. . . . COUNT BASIE returns to the Hotel Lincoln in NYC around Christmas-time while COOTIE WILLIAM'S crew with ELLA FITZGERALD and the INK SPOTS will be playing the Gotham Paramount Theater at the same time. If that isn't a killer of an Xmas present for the jive fans, what is? . . .

JESS STACY, daddy of the black and whites, leaves HORACE HEIDT to pilot his own band, while trumpeter SHORTY CHEROCK, also with HEIDT, is planning the same move. . . . GENE WILLIAMS, who used to sing with JOHNNY LONG is training with the army in Georgia.

Composer PHIL MOORE (he wrote "Shoo, Shoo, Baby") has another whiz of a hit in his latest opus called "I Want To See My Baby" . . . . An ambitious new movie firm is planning to do a film about the birth of jazz in New Orleans. This department remains skeptical about Hollywood's treatment of *le hot* so we'll believe it when we see it. . . . BILLY ECKSTINE, whom you'll remember as the featured vocalist with EARL HINES' band not so many moons ago, is now the leader of a promising orch of his own. Besides that, BILLY has been offered the lead opposite LENA HORNE in a flicker version of the famous stage play, "The Pirates" . . . .

Another new stick-waver is gal trumpeter BILLIE ROGERS, batoning a crack bunch of solid swing music-makers. BILLIE, by the way, will make her first stage appearances in your territory in the very near future. . . . This issue's recommended jazz classic recording for your disc shelf is DUKE ELLINGTON'S "Reminiscing In Tempo"—made up of four of the most moodful, lovely sides ever put on wax. They're hard to find in these days of record shortages but more than worth the trouble. . . . The EDDIE CONDON Blue network shows were in line for a sponsored program as BAND LEADERS went to press. Here's hoping the "Nicksieland" exponents get that all-important backing because their strenuous efforts to advance their kind of jazz music are really commendable. . . .

ORSON WELLES has been overheard talking about a Broadway revue that would headline Dixieland music—tailgate trams, feverish clarinets and all. . . . WOODY HERMAN'S band boy, POPPIE, famous in the business for his tireless energy and good spirits, is now a married

man, in case you hadn't heard. . . . Nice to hear that the KING SISTERS are back in business again. Their records with ALVINO REY are still best-sellers. . . . RED MCKENZIE who organized

the original M O U N D CITY BLUE BLOWERS (which featured guitarist EDDIE CONDON among other jazz greats) is being re-recorded by the C O M M O D O R E label. . . . Something new will be added soon



Ozzie and Harriet

when an ambitious record firm branches out into a "Record of the Week" Club, similar to the Book of the Month idea. . . . OZZIE NELSON and HARRIET HILLIARD are appearing on a new radio show which gives them a chance to make with the humor like BURNS and ALLEN.

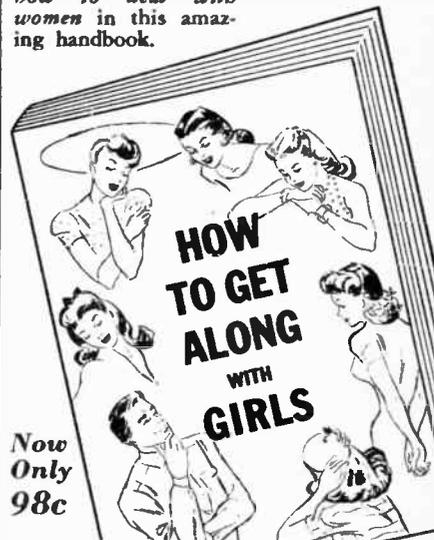
—DICK DODGE

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# Waxing Wise

By Dave Fayre



Benny Goodman

COLUMBIA has released an album featuring the one and only Benny Goodman and his ever famous sextet. It contains such standards as "Flying Home," "Rose Room," "Poor Butterfly" and "Wang Wang Blues." Some of the outstanding jazz men who were in this sextet at various times are Hampton, Count Basie, Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld. A fine album and a real tribute to the "King of Swing."



Phil Brito

MUSICRAFT has a natural in Phil Brito's recording of "I Don't Want To Love You" backed by "You Belong To My Heart." Like the numbers 7-11, Phil Brito and Paul Lavalle and his wonderful orchestra give you that same unbeatable combination.



Tommy Dorsey

Pipers are the brilliant stars who perform with Tommy in this album.



Louis Prima

starts swinging, he really goes right out of this world.

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



Stan Kenton

WHAT bids fair to be one of the outstanding novelty releases of the current season is Stan Kenton's recording of "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." This new record tells the sad tale of a jane who was a "sad tomato," just to give you a rough idea. The reverse side of this little ditty, is another hit, "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?". Vocals are by Anita O'Day and Gene Howard.



Dick Haymes

THE new Decca Record by Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest, seems destined for the best seller lists. They do a superb vocal duet on 2 wonderful songs, "Together" and "It Had To Be You." Accompanying orchestra is under the direction of Victor Young.



Artie Shaw

ONE of the lesser known, but one of the best records made by Artie Shaw, "Marinella," has been re-issued by Victor, and is on our highly recommended list. The number is done in Latin-American tempo, and is really astonishing for listening and dancing quality. The back of this superb platter is "I Cover The Waterfront."



Gene Krupa

is welcome, and the "Bolero" number is one of his best. The vocals are ably handled by Anita O'Day.

## HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

(Continued from page 41)

at Columbia. . . Zutty Singleton's Creole Band, made up of veteran New Orleans cats, cut four sides for Capitol. . .

RED HAS THE RECORD—Seaman Bob Loeffelbein, after reading my query whether any tunesmith had beaten Johnny Mercer's record of cleffing a tune in thirty minutes, writes me Red Nichols can top Johnny. . . Bob says Red wrote a tune in eight minutes, once, during a subway ride. . . Thanks for the information, Bob, and we hereby acknowledge Red as the champ. . .

HAYMES HA HA—Dick Haymes has a swell sense of humor, collects gags to tell his friends. Here's one he relayed your Bandstander. Dick says Phil Harris has a cousin who got his start in life by just picking up a pin. Of course, it was a diamond pin, Dick added. . . Swell news of the Haymes extension on the "Everything For The Boys" airshow. I caught his broadcast at NBC studio, was impressed by his smooth handling of vocal and emcee chores. . .

THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW, but maybe you did—Rudy Vallee is a ventriloquist, and one of his dummies is Ezra Snerd (brother of Bergen's Mortimer) . . . Art Thorsen, former Horace Heidt manager, now partner in publicity biz with Steve Hardin, used to sing with the King Sisters in group called the Radio Ramblers. . . Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson cleffing tunes for "Nob Hill," created a double feature song duo that tells a story like those theater marquee ads. Tunes are "I Walked Right In With My Eyes Open," and "I Don't Care Who Knows It." . .

KINGS THAT ARE QUEENS, are the King Sisters, whom I visited on "Thrill of a Romance" set. Watched them swing a number, then sat around and talked. . . Luise brought me up to date on husband Alvino Rey. Luise said Alvino has a little band at his present station with whom he plays just for kicks. Stringy (Alvino's talking guitar) wears a uniform just like Al's, and Luise said with his short regulation haircut, Alvino looks just like Stringy. . . The Kings are busy little gals these days, what with radio shows, picture work, camp shows and running their dress shop in the valley. . .

LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE (Look who's sticking my neck out)—Look for Harry James to play the Palladium early next year, even though it's been said Harry and the Pally wouldn't get together on terms again. . . Look forward to see BG, Charlie Spivak and Glenn Miller in Technicolor. Smart money is saying 20th Century-Fox will make all future musicals in color. . . Look for a tune the Andrew Sisters do in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen" to be a sleeper and zoom to popularity like the WB revival of "I'll Get By." A Cole Porter tune written years ago, "Don't Fence Me In," was cleffed for a Broadway show that didn't get to Broadway—but look for it to hit there this time on the Hit Parade. . . And look for me, next issue, with more Hollywood dope. That's the jive, Clive.

## DO YOU WANT TO BE A BAND LEADER?

(Continued from page 39)

the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. The director of music at your school is also your comrade in music. Make his acquaintance and confide in him your desire to become a musician.

He will be in position to appraise your talents and offer valuable needed advice as you advance.



*Beryl Rubinstein, noted pianist, teacher and Director of The Cleveland Institute of Music.*

Battle plans: Two very necessary points in the battle for band leader honors are: Personality and Common Sense. Dr. Carl E. Seashore, eminent musical expert at the State University of Iowa advises that "to reach high musical attainment requires high intelligence." Learn to smile, and mean it! It will mean plenty when you are on the podium. Neatness, kindness, courtesy and zest in anything you do, whether work or play, are a few items never to be overlooked. For out of it all will come your true self, proper poise and a host of friends. Geraldine Farrar once declared, "A great factor in a young artist's success is that wonderful quality called personality rare as genius and as richly rewarded." Such sports as tennis, swimming and hiking make for a healthy body and a keen, healthy mind. And, brother, you'll need both to climb up and stay at the top of the band leader's heap!



*Herman F. Smith, Director of Music, Milwaukee Public Schools.*

Music students of Illinois and Indiana will find expert guidance and sound judgment in the advice of: Walter D. Hickman of the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.; Arthur Wildman of the Sherwood Music School, Chicago; John R. Hattstaedt of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Shirley Gandell of the Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago; W. St. Claire Mintern of the Milliken Conservatory of Music, Decatur, Ill.; Harold Finch of the Highland Park High School, Highland Park, Ill.; Clifford Lillyn of Marshall High School, Chicago; Gardner Huff of the Lane Technical High School, Chicago, and Clarence Sanhill of the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

High school orks and bands: When the hopeful batoneer has cut his teeth on the A-B-C's of music theory, sight reading and practical playing, he is now in a position to take his place among the advanced students and compete for a seat in the ork or band. Advancement, of course, depends on your own ability to play, study and practice. It's with a feeling of pride that you occupy your place in the ensemble because you know you've earned it. Score one! It's that same feeling of pride that kindles the flame of ambition to reach out just a wee bit farther until the world suddenly discovers you have actually become an accomplished musician. And never let it be said that rank-

ing ducats in the jive-world are confined to just the boys. No-sir, girls! You have only to look upon the music parade of vocalovlies, all-girl dance bands—yes, and even gal band leaders, that you ladies have really come into your own! And do the boys like it? And how!

Many schools of the mighty mid-west conduct concerts, dances and plays during the school year that they can extend scholarships to deserving music students. It is an alert and enterprising student who organizes his own dance band. In addition to earning his expenses for a higher musical education, he is adding nuggets to his cache of band leading opportunities.

Local radio stations: Few towns in the Midwest are without their own local radio station or are, at least, within easy distance of one. Budding music talent is enthusiastically welcomed at these stations and again the serious music hopeful has scored a victory in experience.

The maestros of tomorrow are fortunate indeed for the many excellent schools of advanced music training available in this area. One need not travel far in any direction from the home town to attend the school suited to your needs. And who knows, after you've nailed a few rungs on that ladder of band leading success, perhaps the *Band Leaders Magazine* will be wanting to give out with your own life story. So, confidentially, keep a few pics handy!

Watch for me in the next issue. I'll be back again with another load of tips hot off the griddle for you hopefuls who live in another section of the country. Until then, cheerio!

## BEAU BRANDWYNNE

(Continued from page 47)

struction, almost as soon as his hands could strike the ivories at all, and set up in business as a professional at the age of 13, with one of the country's great bands. At that age he was also featured as one-half a two-piano team. The other half was Eddy Duchin.

Trained in a professional and European musical atmosphere Nat has more than a passing acquaintance with the classics.

"The classics are important," he asserted. "Whether it's sweet or swing, or whatever term you want to use to designate 'not sweet', the classics are necessary for a proper musical background."

That belief governs the Brandwynne choices of the educated elite who form his orchestra.

On the road which eventually led to the front place on the platform Nat accompanied Russ Colombo and Kate Smith, and at 19 he formed his first orchestra to play in the Empire Room of the Waldorf in New York. He organized and broke up two teams before he struck it lucky with his third round-up.

Naturally Nat makes records and his own favorite of all he has made is "These Foolish Things." He enjoys playing that "lovely tune" "I Walk Alone," more than any other, right now, he said.

It is the Brandwynne ambition, when he finds the thrill of playing before live audiences wearing rather thin—"and I think I'll be ninety-five before that happens so maybe we'd just better skip the whole thing," he interposed—to conduct orchestras used in making moving pictures. If the flutters of his feminine fans can be considered as judgment in the selection of actor idols, it is not as the hidden leader of cinemarks that he will approach Hollywood.

## To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of *Liberty* said on this subject:

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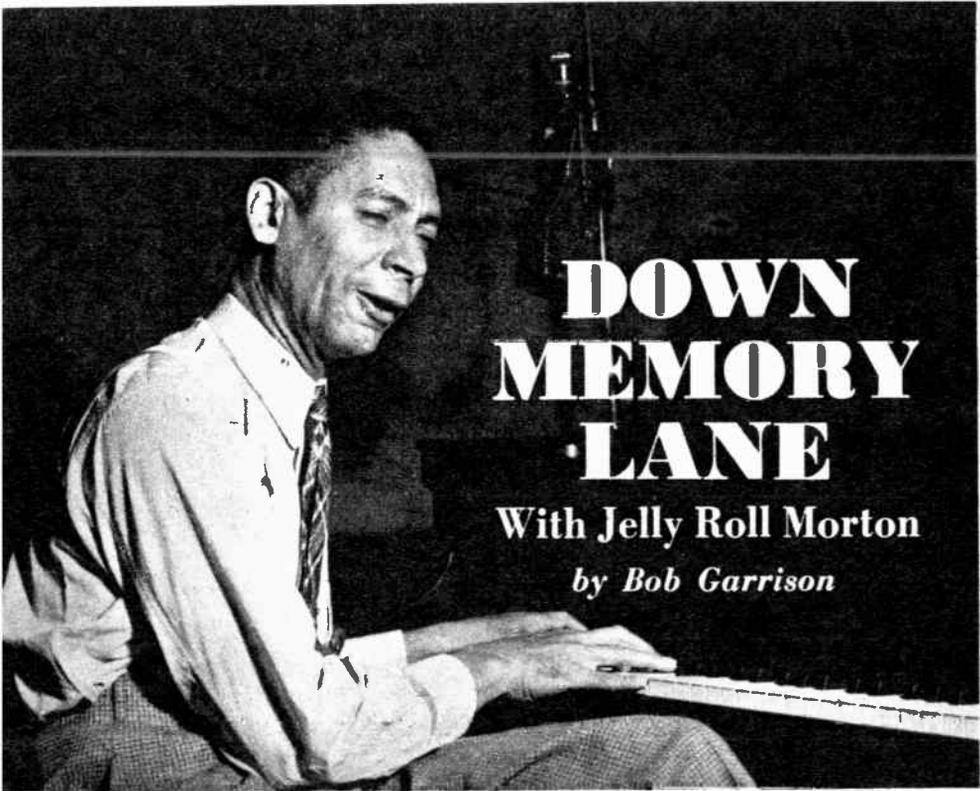
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# DOWN MEMORY LANE

With Jelly Roll Morton

by Bob Garrison

**T**HE joint jumped that night in Jersey just like it did in the rough and tumble days of early New Orleans, and how the kids loved it! The sepian senders featured a carbon copy of ye olde master, "Satchmo," on the trumpet, and his face was wreathed in smiles when he blasted in the upper register like old time Buddy Bolden. Believe me, no hotter or bluer quintet existed in the East!

But those musicians were solid, because they based their styles on men like the pioneer of the jazz piano, Jelly Roll Morton. When Brother Morton, at the age of seven, began a formal study of piano, he considered it a "sissy" instrument, until a pianist at a local concert talked him out of that idea. After that, nothing could stop him, not even the discovery by his folks that he was engaged in a "degrading" profession by playing secretly in a local dance spot. Instead, he executed a strategic retreat from the Morton homestead. He devoted all his time to the perfection of his original piano technique which incorporated many and varied styles and moods. This, combined with his own form of recitation, sometimes singing, sometimes modulating into a shout, never permitted a dull moment when he performed as he did on "Mournful Serenade," and "The Pearls," for example.

The competition in those days for anyone was terrific. But Jelly Roll, through sheer brilliance and courage, skyrocketed to the number one spot in New Orleans. Besides the melodic right, and the solid left, '88 Morton transcribed his unique arrangements to paper, an unusual feat for an im-

provvisor. So it is, then, we still get a kick from the "King Porter Stomp," a Morton masterpiece, and a "must" to present day band leaders. Benny Goodman has a particularly solid recording of this number, based on Jelly Roll's original version.

Money came and went but his friends came and stayed. Many experienced musicians idolized JRM not alone for his brilliant musicianship but for his genial disposition and capers around the piano. Truly, Jelly Roll was a terrific showman! Clarence Williams, Buddy Bolden, King Oliver and Sidney Bechet, to name a few Greats, with Jelly Roll Morton, absorbed the curious conglomeration of down-and-out ragtime, boogie-woogie, blues and race music so prevalent in New Orleans in those days.

An integral figure whenever original jazz is mentioned, Morton was one of the key men to start hot jazz simmering in the South, up the muddy Mississippi, and then to the East and commercialized Swing. Wherever he traveled, and he traveled extensively, including a long stay in Chicago, a visit to Kansas City, and the riverboat circuit, Jelly Roll left a lasting impression. Whether in the company of "Fletch," or some other Great, he was a great crusader for unadulterated jazz. Finally, he pioneered out West, to Los Angeles, where he sparked a sensational session with the Creole Jazz Band there.

From his birth in New Orleans, in 1885, to his death on July 10, 1941, in Los Angeles, Jelly Roll Morton became Great, but more than that, his fame grows greater, even today and tomorrow.

## MUSIC ON THEIR MINDS

(Continued from page 42)

would go far in the realm of croon and swoon. Dick won a Talent Parade contest at S.F.'s Warfield Theater and was rewarded with a week's billing. He was hailed by critics, reviewers and what really counts—the audience.

A composer and former ork leader is pianist Joe Bonadonna, whose combine was an attraction at Zucca's in Chicago. Another ex-band leader is Cliff Lively, who is very lively on the trumpet. Jerry Anker, a Freddie Slack product, handles the guitar, trumpet, bass fiddle and mellophone. Anker also played with the Weidler Ork, which is fronted by the brothers of Virginia Weidler, the popular young screen starlet.

A former Johnny Hamblin bandsman is clarinetist George Dayton, while Chuck Hjelm, also a clarinetist, was with Ansell Hill's band, which proved to be quite a sensation at the Balboa Rendevous, Newport-Balboa (Cal.). "Music magician" fistable Lloyd Luhman, once on the Jimmy Dorsey payroll, arranges for the band and also trumpets.

Gerry Meeder who takes care of violin and trumpet spots, used to do his chores for Ran Wilde before entering the service. Violinist Morrie Ziff did a lot of movie studio music work.

Gus Blanchard, a drummer along the lines of Ray Baduc, is a former member of Glen Castle's top-flight rhythm makers. Sam Anderson, the band's trombonist, used to play with the National Symphony in Washington, D.C., while violinist Les Balala learned a lot of his mastery in Vienna. John Dallabetta, who is a tune tantalizer on both the tenor sax and the clarinet, did his pre-Pearl Harbor tooting for the Arizona State College band. Joe DaGosta, a handy man on the saxes, scurried up the scales for Frankie Sharpe and his novel Gay Blades orchestra.

Bob Ensor received most of his musical experience playing the baritone horn with the widely acclaimed San Francisco Municipal Band. A top-flight drummer, Johnny Slattery did a lot of tom-tom beating B.C.G. (before Coast Guard) with personable Norman Carroll's Melodeers. Don Onan, a good man on the trumpet and clarinet, played his tunes for the University of Minnesota Band. Ralph Rice, a master on the trombone, played with quite a few bands in Idaho.

Trumpeter Doug Thomsen also doubles as a bugler and is the "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company H."

A newcomer to the outfit is Tommy Halligan who, according to Ernie Hovard, former flutist with the Pasadena Tournament of Roses band, and trumpeter John Kalina, a well known Pacific Coast musician for a score of years, is on the way to being another Jack Teagarden. Jack Dunton is another first rate trumpeter and Glenn Austin performs on the Sousaphone.

The United States Coast Guard Barracks band is true to the motto of their organization. . . . "Always Ready". . . . In the dictionary, the very hep Mr. Webster calls that being "versatile" and who are we to disagree with a "gate" like that.

## PERCUSSION POTENTATE

(Continued from page 9)

performance can be compared, he said, to the batter's procedure in baseball, when, to warm up, he picks up two bats and swings them. He then bats easier with the single one when playing for keeps.

Discussing the Krupa notion of an ideal band, Krupa said, "I don't want to boast, but I think I've got about the ideal set-up now. Of course, we aren't perfect, any of us, but we're working at it all the time." There are 31 crew members: ten strings, four trumpets, three trombones, five sax and four rhythm experts, as well as five vocalists.

It's Gene's idea that the jazz and symphony departments in modern music are moving closer and closer together.

"In a short time," he asserted, "I believe that the jazz orchestra will take its proper place within the symphony set-up, and that every now-named classical organization will include a regular group of jazz artists."

Scores for drums and tympani are written down, Gene said, but new drum rhythms are often composed at the time of performance. The percussion potentate is well known in the field of composition and features his own "Bolero in the Jungle" and "Bolero at the Savoy." "Broadway Bolero" is cookin'.

A drum solo, he maintained, is not only an exercise in rhythm combinations with which to amaze the customers, but provides melody as well.

"There are two kinds of drums, the regular and the kettle variety. The latter can be tuned, and in that way different tones are achieved—in other words, melody."

Gene Krupa, with whom the word "drum" is associated as surely as "Buy" is with "War Bonds," first saw the light of day in Chicago, January 15, 1909. He studied at Bowen High School and was graduated from St. Joseph's College in Indiana.

Beginning at 13, and during prep and college days, he sat in with local bands. His first job with a name band was with Joe Kayser in Chicago. In 1929 he joined Red Nichols, where he worked with his

boyhood pal, Benny Goodman. Between then and 1934 when he joined Goodman's own orchestra, he worked with Irving Aaronson, Mal Hallett, Russ Colombo and Buddy Rogers. Now he's on his own.

It is said that the boss of the beaters has three facial expressions when he operates with the sticks. First comes the face for dreamy melodies when his eyes look far away and his jaw drops. The second, for swifter opera, finds him looking like an "outfielder trying to catch a ball with the sun in his eyes." The third involves such acrobatic contortions and such wild dishevelment of hair that Gene can scarcely be seen at all and his face appears amidst his hair only as a white blur.

Mr. Gene Krupa, authority on drums, has been heard by learned audiences in lectures at the New York Museum of Natural History. In still another role, that of author, he produced "Instructions on Swing Drumming."

Gene is a fan fan. He loves 'em. He says so.

"I love them all. The more the better. I like an audience, and I specially like mine."

One thing troubles him. He can't give away as many used drum sticks as he once did. The fans like them and Gene likes handing them out, but now they're hard to get.

"I used to break two or three a day," he moaned, "and then I'd be able to give them away. Now I tape them up and use them right down to the nub before I feel I can order new ones."

His drums, Gene said, are worth between eight and ten thousand dollars. He uses pre-war items, fitted with about 67 pounds of metal parts and attachments.

"And you can believe that I take good care of them," he asserted. "If I had to replace one now I'd have to take one with plastic hardware, and while that may be good, I'd rather have metal."

Getting very personal, Gene is five feet eight inches tall, has brown eyes, the well-known wavy black hair, and the smile which indicates the happy heart.



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# RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

**I**F YOU should ask the famous, harmonizing Andrews Sisters—Maxene, Patty and LaVerne—to what they attribute their spectacular success, dollars to doughnuts they'd chime, "Work! More work! And still more work!"

Recently they shattered even their own all time high for hard work when they accomplished the following in only forty-eight hours: rehearsed for two movies; made two records; rehearsed and did a radio broadcast and made a personal appearance at the Hollywood Canteen. In order to do it, a perfectly timed schedule was kept and the girls traveled from studio to

studio with a motorcycle police escort. But that kind of work is fun for America's Top Singing Trio. They like to sing, and if it means mixing up radio, pictures, and records, they're happy to mix 'em up.

More than twelve million Andrews Sisters' recordings have been sold since they waxed their first big hit. "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen" in 1937; they have made twelve pictures in three years. Besides, what with personal appearances and all, they find time to manage an up and coming young prizefighter, Al Medrano, and to raise dogs.

Yep—it's work, but what fun!

## THE ANDREWS SISTERS



## CANADIAN FAVORITE

(Continued from page 51)

Kenney was striving for a style—a smooth, easy, rhythmic style that old folks and young would like to listen to, to dance to. Hour after hour the boys practiced. And with the passing of summers into winters, the band became smoother, began to rise out of the obscure dancehalls to the better hotels . . . the swank summer resorts . . . Watertown, Banff, Lake Louise.

The winter of 1933-34 was one of the toughest the boys have ever known. They tried barnstorming out of Calgary. It was bitterly cold and they faced a lot of hardships but out of it all a sense of loyalty and teamwork was developed that today characterizes every enterprise of the Western Gentlemen.

Today, Mart Kenney and his boys are enjoying the fruits of their labors. They play in Canada's finest hotels. They make records for the Victor Company that are sold all over the United States. They broadcast over coast-to-coast networks of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the Mutual system, the NBC and via Transatlantic cable to England.

En route East to the Royal York Hotel in Toronto for summer engagements, they have twice played stop-over engagements at various cities across the Dominion.

Mart Kenney who is famed Canada-wide for "Sweet and Low," is just as famous in professional circles as "regular and heady" and that's why Mart's first downbeat was history-making, why every sweep of his keen brown eyes—he conducts with his eyes for he's too busy running things up and down on a sax or a flute to dawdle with a baton—has meant bouquets and never brickbats for the musical gentlemen of Mart Kenney's orchestra. The unique arrangements, the good voices of Art Hallman and Beryl Bodenne and the trio, "Three of a Kind" give that added touch which spells tops.

Mart, whose full name is Herbert Martin Kenney, was born in Toronto, March 7, 1910, but he grew up in Vancouver. He has two sons of whom he is very proud. In fact, you can't get two words out of him, without a mention of one of his sons. He likes golf and has no time for hobbies, unless you want to call leading a band a hobby!

Next to his immediate family, the closest thing to Kenney's heart is Canada. He wrote the popular song, "We're Proud of Canada" and, needless to say, Canada is mighty proud of him.

## THE JAZZ RECORD

(Continued from page 55)

can assure you of one thing—you'll have lots of fun trying. Collecting records is an exciting adventure—it's truly an American game. First, you look for a clue—that means paper, pen, stamped and addressed envelope—all thrown in my direction—and then you're off.

I'm getting a big kick out of your letters—you want to know things. That's good. Letters are piling in. Talk about putting a man to work—you really have, and I wish I had pictures for all who have asked me for one. Be patient with me. Really, I never thought I was handsome, so I didn't have that many photos around.

Well, kids, don't you think it's about time I fold my tent like a good Arab and quietly sneak away? I'll see you all next issue.

Art Hodes,  
Conductor.

# BIG TIME OLD TIMER

(Continued from page 45)

ollected. "I cornered the musical market, instrumentally speaking, and performed on piano, flute and uke, on all occasions.

"Meanwhile I was influenced to learn soprano sax by the work of Sidney Bechet, and an interest in the playing of the late Jimmy Noone and the late Johnny Dodds led me to the mastery of the clarinet."

Mezz has always fronted his own teams and the first of many stellar groups he headed was a quartet which entertained in a Chicago burlesque house in 1922. He "played around" with small bands for several years, and in 1928 featured a young protégé, a fellow named Gene Krupa, with an orchestra at "The Purple Grackle."

"This was just before the great migration of the Chicago school to New York," continued Maestro Mezz.

"Another of my protégés was Joe Sullivan, in my opinion one of the greatest piano players of the time. And, speaking of my opinions, I'd like to have it down in writing that I think the whole world should give credit to Louis Armstrong for his inspired music."

The Chicago school of jazz playing, according to this ace tester, includes the Austin High gang, influenced by Armstrong and the late King Oliver.

In reference to the Chicago "style," with which Mezz is linked in jazz history, he presented the words of an authority who said, "It consists of creating a melodic line, made up of as few notes as possible, each note played with precision, and a more or less staccato rendition."

Experts also say that the "greatest exponents of this style," "conceded to be the most sincere, the most thrilling, and in many ways perhaps the most lasting way of playing this sort of music," were originally five in number. Of these only two, Mezz and Pee Wee Russell of the white instrumentalists, have remained matchlessly perfect.

Of Mezzrow's work, as caught on rec-

ords and in person, it is written, "It is as if you were to put away a fine bottle of wine for a dozen years or so and then bring it to the light and find all the mellowness and excellence still there, grown more rich through the years."

In New York Mezzrow has played with and stood in front of all the great jazz characters at various times. It was in the Big Town that he really reached for the stars in his recordings of those new collectors' items in jazziana.

Mezz's own recorded favorites which he feels most truly reflect the jazz idiom are "Really the Blues," "Revolutionary Blues" and the late Tommy Ladnier's favorites, "Comin' On With The Come On," sides one and two.

Even Mezzrow, the calm sage, gets rather ruffled at questions about "whither jazz?"

"Jazz, like any music, gets better all the time. But why should jazz go anywhere? It's already there. If people can't see it, that isn't the fault of the music."

Like any true musician Mezzrow is constantly in rebellion against things as they are and in favor of making things different.

"The very nature of playing music makes a rebel," he asserted. "The performer adds a note here, plays this phrase this way and another still a different way, and the piece is improved. The instrumentalist has said his say as to how it ought to be."

It isn't difficult to reason that two words often heard from the Mezzrow lips are "tangent"—his favorite word; and "promiscuous." Not off on any tangent, and completely single-tracked, is the Mezzrow.

And so, ever striving for perfect simplicity and harmony, Mezzrow signs off as the "philosopher of the day with hopes of a millenium soon" in the revealing words of Pee Wee Hunt who thus autographed a picture to Mezzrow, after a recording session,

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### Pages

- Cover —Painting by Baibus
- 5 —J. J. Kriegsmann (Joe Glaser)
- 8-9 —Edward Dzern; J. J. Kriegsmann
- 10-11 —Courtesy of Steve Hannagan
- 12-13 —J. J. Kriegsmann; Irving Kaufman
- 14 —John E. Reed; Gene Lester (Blue Network)
- 15 —A. L. Whitey Schaler—Paramount Pictures
- 16 —Republic
- 17 —Republic
- 18 —(1) "Jazzmen"; (2) Paul Barbarin; (3) White Studio (Mezz Mezzrow)
- 19 —(4) Daguerre ("Jazzmen" from Muggay Snapper); (5) "Jazzmen" from Zutty Singleton; (6) "Jazzmen"
- 20 —(7) "Jazzmen" from Luis Russell; (8) Danny Barker; (9) Ed Harris
- 21 —(10-12) Timmie Rosenkrantz
- 23 —Irving Kaufman
- 24-25 —Charlie Mihn
- 26-27 —Gene Lester; J. J. Kriegsmann
- 28-29 —G.A.C.; Bruno of Hollywood (M.C.A.); J. J. Kriegsmann; Fran Mercer; Bloom; Frederick Brothers Music Corp.
- 30-31 —J. J. Kriegsmann
- 32-33 —C.B.S.; G.A.C.; Edward Dzern (George B. Evans); Weisman Photos; Metropolitan Photo Service
- 34-35 —Eric Carpenter; Universal Pictures (Ray Jones); Columbia Pictures (Coburn); 20th Century-Fox (Frank Powaliny); Paramount; RKO-Radio
- 36-37 —MacGreger & Co., Detroit

- 38-39 —Indianapolis Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music; Chicago Cosmopolitan Conservatory of Music; Milwaukee Public Schools; Milwaukee Academy of Music and Allied Arts; Wisconsin Conservatory Inc. (Milwaukee); Detroit Institute of Musical Art; Ford Cary Studio
- 40-41 —Universal Pictures; Charlie Mihn; 20th Century-Fox; Bruno of Hollywood; Los Angeles Drpheum Theater
- 42-43 —U.S.C.G., San Francisco; Bergstrom Army Air Field (U. S. Army Air Forces)
- 44-45 —Chilton-Butler, Ridgewood, N.J.; T. Sandow; M. Mezzrow
- 46 —Metropolitan Photo Service (RCA-Victor)
- 47 —J. J. Kriegsmann
- 48-49 —Robert J. Barrett; U. of Minn. Laboratory; Ferris Cooper (Ohio State Univ.); Sinclair Studio (U. of Ind.)
- 50 —Capitol Records; Charlie Mihn; N.B.C. Chesterfield Music Shop
- 51 —Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
- 52-53 —Paul Vandervoort II; Charlie Mihn
- 54 —Marcus Blechman
- 55 —Skipp Adelman; Hampus Morner
- 56 —Maurice Seymour; Maurice (M.C.A.); 20th Century-Fox; Bruno of Hollywood; G.A.C.; J. J. Kriegsmann
- 57 —NBC Photo, U.S. Maritime Service, St. Petersburg, Fla.
- 58 —Maurice Seymour (MCA); Bruno of Hollywood; G.A.C.; J. J. Kriegsmann
- 59 —Standford (Cleveland Institute of Music); H. G. Smith (Milwaukee Public Schools)
- 60 —Charles Peterson (Helen D'Brian)
- 62 —Universal Pictures "Moonlight and Cactus" and "Stars Over Manhattan"
- 65 —Maurice Seymour Radio History



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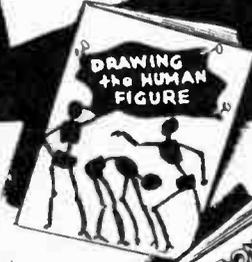
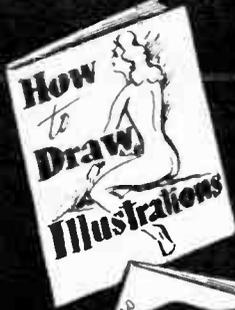
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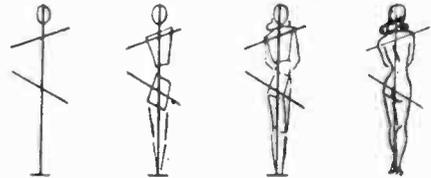
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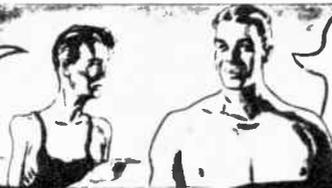
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