

# BAND LEADERS

JAN.  
15c

K

Featuring:  
BING CROSBY  
LOUIS PRIMA  
CHARLIE SPIVAK  
GEORGIA GIBBS  
STAN KENTON  
KAY KYSER  
MARY LOU WILLIAMS  
BUDDY RICH  
and others

BENNY GOODMAN

*Earl  
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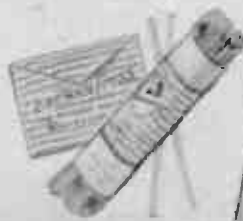
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# Band Leaders

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1946

## Spotlighting:

Playing Pretty Pays (Louis Prima).....	10
Artistry In Rhythm (Stan Kenton).....	18
A Singing Star You'd Be? by Kay Kyser.....	22
Her Nibs—Miss Gibbs (Georgia Gibbs).....	26
Bandstand Personality Bing Crosby (life story).....	30

## Features:

Disc Downbeater (Paul Weston).....	12
Philly's Spinstars (Philadelphia's Disc Jockeys).....	20
Melodious Hot Man (Erskine Hawkins).....	24
That Key Gal (Mary Lou Williams).....	28
Regal Foursome (King Sisters).....	36
Musical Ambassador (Enric Madriguera).....	37
Leader By Proxy (Blue Barron).....	42
Buddy's Band-To-Be (Buddy Rich).....	43
Song Writing Lambs And Song Shark Wolves.....	59
Quiz In Swingtime.....	61

## Pictorial:

Louis Prima (natural color photograph).....	11
The Palladium's Passing Parade.....	14
Georgia Gibbs (natural color photograph).....	26
Candid Close-Ups .....	40
Soap Opera Antidote (Gloom Dodgers).....	56

## Departments:

Did You Know That.....	4
Info Depot .....	8
Waxing Wise .....	38
Hollywood Bandstand .....	44
The Jazz Record.....	48
The Band Box.....	50
Fan Stand .....	52

Cover Painting by Earl Elton

**P**OSTWAR one-nighters will be made by plane instead of via the usual Greyhound or Atchison, Topeka. TOMMY DORSEY, VAUGHN MONROE and TONY PASTOR are three band leaders who expect to have their own planes for band travel. . . .

CHARLIE BARNET will do "missionary" work in 1946. That's what Chuck calls playing such name spots as the Sherman Hotel, the Palladium, etc. Barnett usually avoids "name" spots because of the poor pay a band receives from them.

ARTIE SHAW is writing the score for a Broadway play and for a motion picture in which he will appear both as a band leader and an actor. . . . BUD FREEMAN is out of mufti and jam-sessioning in Manhattan. . . . Majestic Records is boasting Freeman and BRICK FLEAGLE'S "rehearsal band" as new disc artists. . . .

LILLIAN LANE, singer with the great CLAUDE THORNHILL band, has joined RANDY BROOKS' fine combo. . . . Look for ELLIOTT LAWRENCE, Philadelphia studio maestro, to come out with a socko dance band. He will record for Columbia and those in the know insist that he will be a top name maestro within the year. . . .

When BENNY GOODMAN recorded RAY MCKINLEY and MEL POWELL's tune, "My Guy's Come Back," for Columbia, he fell in (Continued on page 6)

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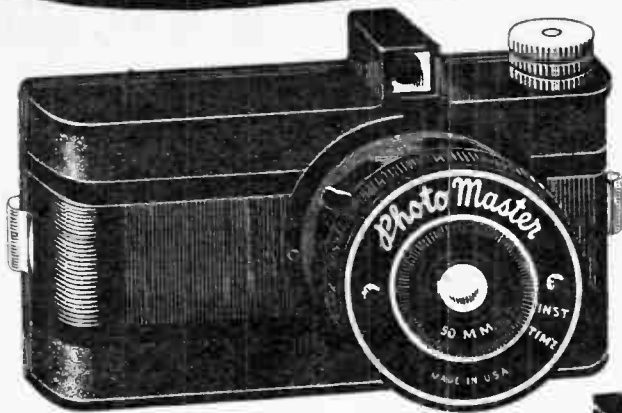
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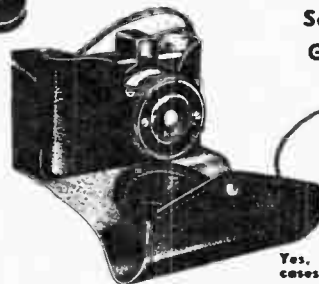
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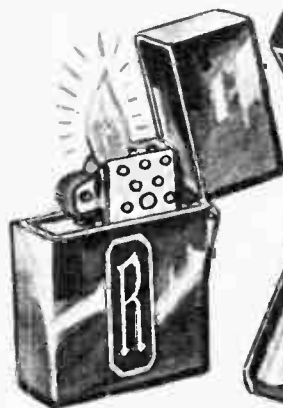
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# DID YOU KNOW THAT...

(Continued from page 4)

love with the tune. After the date Mel told him he had adapted it from a "lick" that Benny often plays during radio warm-ups. Benny had even disc'd the theme under the title "Benny's Bugle" and didn't remember it. . . .

TRUMMIE YOUNG, ace sepia trombonist last with BENNY GOODMAN, has organized an all-star crew for the bistros. . . . PHIL MOORE has received blessings on his proposed full band. It will probably debut within six months. . . . LENA HORNE is afeudin' with her flicker company again for the usual "race" reasons. She may appear in "Sweet Georgia Brown" with BILLY ECKSTINE for R-K-O, though. . . .

Bystanders saw that the most interesting part of the CAB CALLOWAY-CLAUDE HOPKINS fistuff at the zanzibar was the brilliance of Cab's jive talk, which punctuated the fight. . . . The HAL MCINTYRE band boys got tangled up in the rear end of a hurricane on the ship returning from overseas. . . .

RANDY BROOKS' young band is already out of debt. Phenomenal! . . . BING CROSBY may be off the air and away from records for the better part of a year. . . . VAUGHN MONROE's "On the Moonbeam" album has had the largest advance sale of any Victor dance set in years. . . .

After three years as a name pianist, sepia star DOROTHY DONEGAN finally played her first Harlem job t'other week. . . . FRED WARING's Christmas gifts to his bandsmen cost hundreds of smackers, each. . . . And smooth, suave BILLY WILLIAMS is the latest Bluebird hillbilly singing star. Billy signed his contract at Victor's 24th Street studios in New York and then went next door to Kaufman's famous "hoss and buggy" shop and bought a ten-gallon hat. . . .

JUNE CHRISTY sings that way naturally. She had never heard ANITA O'DAY until she took her place in the

Benny Goodman at the mike, Pfc. Mel Powell at the piano, Cpl. Jenkins at the drums—the place, a one-nighter at Churchill Downs.



Buddy Cole gives the Mel Torme Mel-tones the musical business before waxing a recent record date for a Soundie. Cole's becoming one of the ace men in the business!

STAN KENTON band. The resemblance, vocally, is unbelievable. . . . Jazziest ED-DIE CONDON is concerting again, the first Saturday of every month, at N. Y. Town Hall. . . .

Jazz record of the issue: PETE BROWN'S "Ocean Motion," with an all-star group, including BILLY KYLE, the sensash pianist; JOE MARSALA; and BENNY CARTER; among others. It's a relaxed ditty with a beautifully styled treatment. And the fine part about it is that all of the instrumentalists hit the same relaxed groove. . . .

TIMMIE ROSENKRANZ, returned to his native Denmark, reports that jazz is flourishing over there as never before, although the music is so joyous that it sometimes loses form in its sheer exuberance. . . .

Watch for that DUKE ELLINGTON album featuring spanking new and weird scores on his old favorite compositions. It will knock your hat off. . . . CHARLIE BARNET is being accompanied on his current tour by Xavier, a mischievous South American monkey which Charlie bought in New York. Xavier, no relation to Cugie, is a honey. . . .

EDDIE HEYWOOD into the Copacabana in New York pulling a switch with the PHIL MOORE FOUR, set for Billy Berg's Swing Club at this writing. Phil opened the Copa's jazz program. . . . BOB EBERLE has a Decca contract which isn't even waiting for his discharge. His first solo sides have been waxed. . . .

LOUIS JORDAN being set for a South American tour. . . . Incidentally, the JORDAN-DUKE ELLINGTON billing battle at the Zanzibar resulted in neither one getting any appreciable amount of advertising space during the first weeks of the date. . . .

The 400 Restaurant in New York still continues with its amazing band parade. JIMMY DORSEY, WOODY HERMAN and CHARLIE BARNET are among those scheduled to swing and sway the 400 way. . . .

Winchell reports that BENNY GOODMAN is suing his bassist, SLAM STEWART. Would you call that "bas-sial discrimination?" . . .

Month's cutest song title is that which DON BYAS uses as his theme song. He

calls it "Don Byas a Drink". . . . That DUKE ELLINGTON session on ABC is still the talk of New York. The program went on the air fifteen minutes before it was scheduled, and, consequently, with only about half of the band on hand. As musicians strolled in they joined until by the end of the program the entire band was playing. So flexible are the Ellington arrangements that radio listeners didn't even realize that only part of the band started the show. Incidentally, band members were the only ones who weren't at any time ruffled. . . .

That saxophonist-band leader (certainly not Hal McIntyre—another guy) shouldn't huff and puff so much about the trip he intends to take to Japan Better he should make the trip, entertain the guys, and forget about patting himself on the back. A lot of band leaders could take lessons from McIntyre. He refused all publicity in connection with his extensive trip to Germany. . . .

Everyone wants to get onto Broadway. LES BROWN is writing the score for a musical comedy to be titled "Mark My Words". . . . JOE MARSALA, almost fully recovered from that major operation, is playing his clarinet again after months of divorcement. He will lead another band, of course. . . .

If KAY KYSER retires, as planned, at the end of his MCA contract, PHIL HARRIS will probably step right into his shoes for radio, records and all of the trimmings, even to taking over Kay's band. . . . TOMMY DORSEY'S strings sound much better now that they have returned to the Minneapolis Symphony or wherever he got them. Teedee will only use them on disc dates hereafter. . . .

Every member of the SAM DONAHUE Navy band, which also saw overseas duty with ex-CPO ARTIE SHAW, is now eligible for discharge. . . .

Cosmo Records is the first new disc firm with the brains to set its own radio show. FOUR CHICKS AND CHUCK will be heavily featured on the stanza along with a band fronted by BERNIE WEISSMAN, arranger for the group, who will also front the band for the show. . . .

And that's that until next issue!—DIXON GAYER.

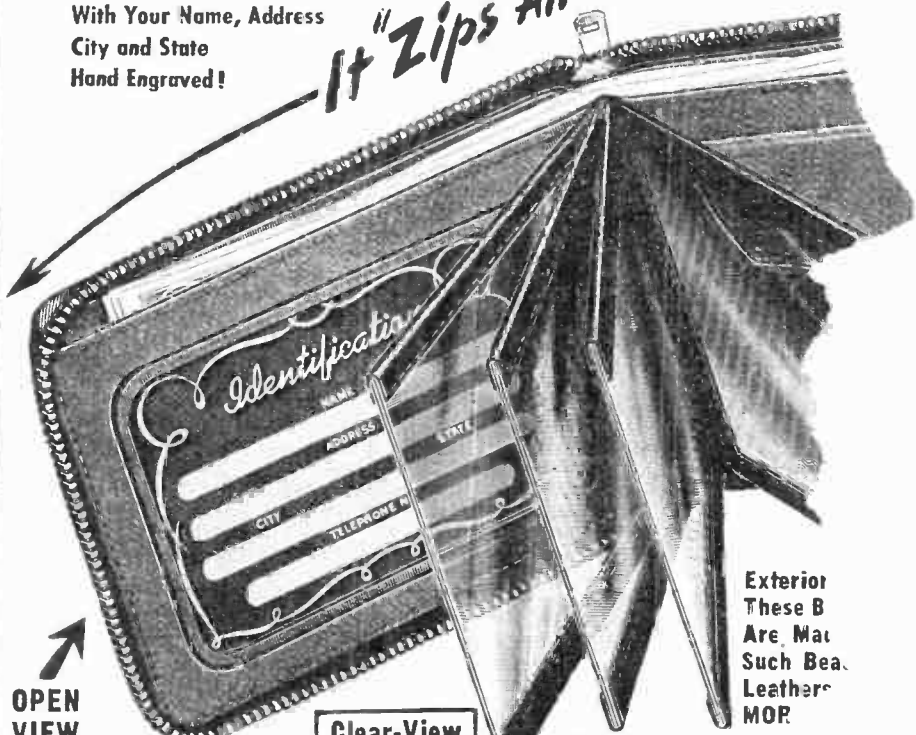
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# INFO DEPOT



by Charlie Spivak



Mr. Spivak:

think the best recording you ever heard was "I Surrender Dear." What became of the "Stardusters" who did the original recording on that record?

Jimmie Noel  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Uncle Sam grabbed off the male members of that unit and the girl, Hutton, is now with the Pied Pipers replacing Jo Stafford who has become a solo artist.—C.S.

Mr. Spivak:

For a long time I have been interested in Lionel Hampton and his band. Only recently I read a line to the effect that he has a girl arranger and I wonder if you could give me further information on this?

Alvera Perry  
East Rochester, N. Y.

If your information is correct—even if not complete, Alvera. A good deal of Hamp's arranging is done by a young lady whose professional name is Dardenelle. Not only is she an ar-

**BAND LEADERS** is happy to present to its readers a brand new department, created for the purpose of answering your questions about the music world and giving you an opportunity to express your opinions about them. We are pleased to have as conductor of "Info Depot," the man who plays the sweetest trumpet in the world, Charlie Spivak. Charlie, who has been one of the country's outstanding solo artists and now leads one of our top bands, will be happy to hear from you. We will print as many letters, with his comments, in each issue as space permits. Address: Charlie Spivak, c/o **BAND LEADERS**, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York.

ranger, but a very fine musician at the piano and vibes herself, and she is the head of a trio billed as "Dardenelle and her Men of Music." They have been playing an engagement at the *Copacabana Lounge* in New York City.—C.S.

Dear Charlie:

I know most of the letters you get are asking questions, so I'm going to turn the tables and send you some information on one of my favorite band leaders and a friend of yours.

Did you know that Tony Pastor has invented a special helicopter for post-war transportation? Tony plans to travel with his whole band in this manner and will pilot the plane himself. He already holds a license and has several hundred hours in the air to his credit. I have also heard that Tony plans to manufacture these helicopters for the public.

Jerry Whitfield  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

● That's right, Jerry. Tony is probably the world's greatest helicopter enthusiast in addition to being one of our top band leaders. And did you know that Tony has just invested \$100,000 in a postwar helicopter taxi service on the West Coast?—C.S.

Dear Charlie:

I wonder if you could give me some info on one of my favorite singers. He's Buddy Moreno who used to sing with Harry James. I heard that he went into the army, and I'm wondering if that's true and where he is now.

David Thorton  
Bonnie, Illinois

● We're always glad to help you keep track of people from "our world" meaning the music business, of course, who are now in the service. Last we heard, Buddy was stationed in New York City, in the Special Services Division of the Army.—C.S.

January 1946



Dear Mr. Spivak:

I think it is swell that you are conducting a column in BAND LEADERS Magazine. I have always liked your orchestra and when you played here in Baltimore it seemed to me that you were exceptionally good.

My favorite singer is Frankie Lester who is probably not one of the best known in the business, but with me he is tops. So, how about some vital statistics on Frankie. Thanks a lot.

Peggy Wagner  
Baltimore, Md.

● Always glad to oblige when we can. As you know, Frankie Lester is now featured with Hal McIntyre and his orchestra and just returned from a four-month overseas tour with this outfit. Previously, Frankie sang with Tommy Dorsey. About 5'6". Frankie is dark-haired and twenty-five years old. He is married and expects to become a father very soon.—C. S.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

You're my favorite band leader. Your band can play sweet and it can play swing equally well.

But to get to my question—would you please give me some information about Frank Sinatra. I think he is wonderful, and since I'm sure you know him, I'd like to have the information from you rather than anyone else. What's he like? What's his favorite song? Just write anything about him and I'll be very happy. Thanks!

Julie D'Ambrosia  
Chicago, Ill.

● Yes, I do know Frank Sinatra, and I agree with you—he's a wonderful person—sincere, enthusiastic and always eager to lend a helping hand where he can. Frank's favorite song is "Night and Day"—the song that won a Major Bowes contest and a nine-month contract for him and started him on the road to fame. P.S. Thanks for the bouquets for Spivak and Co.—C. S.

Dear Mr. Spivak:

Could you please tell me what has become of a vocalist named Liza Morrow? Not long ago I bought a Freddie Slack recording on which she did the vocal, but I understand she is no; his regular vocalist and I like her voice and would like to obtain more recordings on which she is featured. Thank you for your trouble.

Betty Starr  
Compton Lake, Mich.

● Liza Morrow sang for a time with George Paxton and his orchestra, and several months ago she joined the "Gloom Dodgers" radio show which originates in New York and on which she still appears occasionally. As for recordings, if you want to hear more of Liza's work, watch for two new Benny Goodman releases—"My Guy's Come Back" backed up by "That's All That Matters"—Liza does the vocals on both. She stepped in as a pinch-hitter with BG's ork on a recent date with less than two hours to learn the numbers. Benny's scheduled vocalist missed the recording and Liza, who happened to be in the studio, was put to work. Soon after, she became BG's regular vocalist.—C. S.

BAND LEADERS

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August 20



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State .....

It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return them and receive a refund.

Mail This Coupon Today!

# Playing Pretty Pays

**T**HEY told me: "He's a mad man" . . . "Wild, strictly wild" . . . "What a character!" . . . "He's absolutely crazy." And those were only some of the descriptive characterizations I heard from various friends of mine in the music business when I mentioned to them that I was going to write a story on Louis Prima for **BAND LEADERS**. Though I had known Louis for ages, I had never talked with him seriously for any length of time. So, being one of those "I've-got-to-see-for-myself" people, I decided to reserve judgment.

I went up to Louis' dressing room at the *Strand Theatre* in New York after the final show of his recent engagement there; or I should say I battled my way up. Though I had an appointment, it took me a good five minutes to get from the street to the stage door man so he could announce me. There were several hundred enthusiastic fans crowded about the entrance and police officers were trying to keep them in order. To say there was commotion would be a gross understatement!

When I finally reached the dressing room and found a crowd of people, I thought, "Gee, I really picked a fine time for an interview." Louis had just come off the stage and, when he spied me from the corner of the room, he called, "Hey, Jill, grab a chair—I'll be right with you."

There were no chairs unoccupied, so I perched myself up on the window sill, and surveyed the assembled group. There were about ten song pluggers, a couple of fan club presidents, Louis' secretary and manager, two band boys, and the assistant manager of the theatre. The phone rang constantly, everybody was talking at once, and new people seemed to keep coming into the room. After about ten minutes of this confusion, I decided to tell Louis I would see him later. Then I remembered that I didn't know when "later" could be,

because he was leaving the next day for a tour of theaters and one-nighters.

I had just settled myself more firmly on the window sill when Louis said, "Come on in here, Jill—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

I followed him into another small room, and he closed the door and said, "What a madhouse! Closing day—you know how it is." As he sat down, he sighed, "I'm beat. With five a day, you can't get much rest between shows."

"I don't know how you could rest here anyway," I said, "With all that noise." The fans down on the street were singing and calling up to his window.

"Oh, the kids are all right—I never can relax when I'm playing a theater anyway. They'll keep quiet if I ask them to." With that he walked over to the window and leaned out, and the noise doubled. He waved and smiled at them, and then called down, "Listen, kids, I've got to make with some talk up here, so take it easy for a while, hey?"

I heard, "Okay, Louis" . . . "Sure" . . . "For you, anything," etc., and the cheering died down.

Louis turned away from the window and, smiling, said, "The cops and the doormen think I have a magic wand or something, but you know, those kids aren't really tough, and if you're nice to them, they'll do what you ask. And I've found that when they do get out of hand, it's usually because people try to push them around. They're not bad kids, they're just full of the old pepper. And I think that's good."

"Louis, I'm glad to hear you say that, because I think the so-called bobby-sox brigade sometimes comes in for a lot of unjust criticism."

"You're absolutely right," he agreed. "Some people seem to think that just because kids like bands and records and jitterbugging, they're delinquent youths. I don't know what people expect of kids. Maybe I'm prejudiced," he laughed, "because they've been so wonderful to me. Why, look!"

Louis walked over to a table and gathered up an assortment of boxes and things wrapped in tissue paper. There were ties, wallets, pen and pencil sets, monogrammed handkerchiefs—all kinds of nice gifts; and one beautiful gold identification bracelet, which was engraved on the front, "Louis Prima," and on the back, "The Robinettes." Louis explained that "The Robinettes" were a group of teen-age girls who had a fan club for him.

He told me he had talked to lots of kids who were members of his various clubs, and that most of them also belong to worthwhile youth organizations such as the Junior Red Cross, the Junior A.W.V.S., the Girl Scouts, etc. "So you see," he said, "I don't believe this routine about the youngsters (Continued on page 55)



by Jill Warren



**Louis Prima**

# DISK DOWNBEATER

by Cal Grayson

PAUL WESTON is a maestro whose job is really off the "downbeatin'" path. He does practically all of his work unseen by the listening public, seldom gets onto a bandstand, and never plays for dances.

Notwithstanding, his name and music are nationally known—via the fine records he turns out for *Capitol Records, Inc.*

Weston is musical director for the platter firm, and he finds the job of being a disc downbeater highly interesting and full of musical kicks.

A fast run-down of his chores goes something like this: He assists *Capitol* prexy, Johnny Mercer, in the selection of material to be recorded; arranges and conducts for artists like Jo Stafford, Andy Russell, and the Pied Pipers; writes special material; supervises record

dates of other conductors; and makes the final musical check-up on platters before release.

But his work is far from being as cut and dried as the description of it sounds. The "mad" element, so typical of the music biz, crops up in the record business, too.

Anything can happen in a wax factory, but usually it goes something like this:

"The tune comes first, of course," Paul explains. "We look at as many as a hundred songs a month, keeping in mind their suitability for our artists.

"Naturally, one of the first considerations in judging a song is, 'Will this tune sell records?' If we think it will, we put it in a pile for the artist for whom it seems most suitable, for his or her consideration."

Paul believes *Capitol* is more liberal in allowing its artists to choose their material than the majority of companies.

"We want them to be happy," he says, "and we don't think they'll be happy doing things they don't feel."

Consequently, vote of individual artists is a big factor in determining material to be recorded.

A lot of the tunes waxed are from motion picture scores, and Weston thinks *Capitol* is happily located for this purpose; its Hollywood location gives the company a look at movie music while it is still in the manuscript stage.

Weston got "The Trolley Song," one of the Pied Pipers' biggest hits, in typical Hollywood fashion. He happened to hear Ralph Blane, one of the composers, play it at a party—and grabbed it for *Capitol* even before the tune appeared in *M-G-M's* "Meet Me In St. Louis."

This does not imply that Paul does all his work at Hollywood parties. Rather, his office is on Vine Street, Hollywood's music mart, where he plans all the technical details prior to plattering a tune. He usually works three months ahead, but points out that, although records are released at regular intervals, they aren't made that way.

Some months he may be up to his baton in record dates—other months he'll record only a few times. The slack periods, though, quite frequently are used to wax albums, which usually are not concerned with the time element.

The setting of record dates, according to Weston, is governed principally by the availability of artists, proper tunes for recording by artists whose turn it is to record, and, frequently, the desire to be first with an outstanding song, such as "The Trolley Song."

Anyhow, it is with the selection of the melodies to be recorded that Paul Weston's heavy work really begins. For, by the time the recording day arrives, Weston must either have made the arrangement to be used, or ordered it made by an arranger of his choice; set the time of the date with the studio; selected his



Paul Weston



Maestro Paul submits a new tune for Andy Russell's consideration before going ahead with a recording session for Capitol.

musicians and had the union contractor line them up; and held conferences with the artist due to record and with other people interested in the date!

But this is when Weston is the happiest—when he has the most trouble.

"I can't work unless I'm in trouble," he laughs. "If I have two or three weeks to make an arrangement, do you think I'll sit down and do it, so it will be off my mind when the date comes up? No. I wait until the last possible minute and knock myself out getting it ready on time."

It seems that disc downbeaters are a little "mad," too!

In making his arrangements, Paul uses different instrumentation for different artists. Capitol artists who work under his baton include the boss man, Johnny Mercer; Jo Stafford; Andy Russell; Betty Hutton; and the Pied Pipers.

For Andy and Jo, Paul usually uses twelve strings, six brass, five reeds, four rhythm and a harp, with fiddles quite predominant. With Mercer, the Pies and the Hutton-tot, there is considerably less emphasis put on the strings.

Key musicians whom Weston usually has in the band are: Nick Fatool, Matty Matlock, and Eddie Miller (old Crosby cats); also Jack Ryan, Freddie Stulce, Billy May and Stan Wrightman—all men capable of playing either jazz, lush or sophisticated music.

Weston is particularly interested in the studio angle

of his work. He likes monkeying with microphones and sound equipment to achieve tone color and balance, so important to a record's fidelity.

Much of his rehearsal time is spent in consultation with his engineer, in an endeavor to present band and artist each at its very best.

"Certain mikes perform different jobs than others," he explains.

"Some catch high notes better than others, and vice versa. In the studio, we try to find the set-up that most faithfully reproduces the timbre and tone quality of the artist's voice."

When Weston gives the final downbeat, he knows he is capturing, on wax, the finest possible mechanical reproduction of a singer's artistry.

To offset the serious side of recording, there is usually some humorous kick on a record date. One amusing incident Paul recalls was the time Mercer came to a record date with no lyrics for a tune he was to wax.

"While I rehearsed the band in one room, Johnny went into another and wrote words for the tune—then we recorded it."

The song? Just another Mercer hit—"Duration Blues!"

Because Mercer also works best when "in trouble," he and Weston collaborate well together. They dream up a lot of stuff in the "little back office" at Capitol. Part of the arrangement on (Continued on page 63)

# The Palladium!



During Charlie Spivak's 1943 engagement, a scrap record drive had Charlie and TD getting nostalgic over oldies.



Glenn Miller's crew was featured at the dancery in 1941. They photographed him as he was talking with manager Earl Vollmer.



A 1941 charity affair, the "Yankee Doodle Ball," had Xavier Cugat, Teddy Powell and Spike Jones as "Kings." Jimmy Cagney joined in the fun.

With plans being rushed to erect new danceries comparable to the Hollywood Palladium in many large U.S. cities, BAND LEADERS gives you an idea of what's in store for many urbanites by presenting these representative photos of events at the Pally since it opened in October, 1940. Trying to telescope all the activities of over five years into four

# Passing Parade



At the 1944 Anniversary Party, Frances Wayne and Woody Herman got their share of cake. It was his fourth date.



Vaughn Montzoe made his Pally debut in 1945. During an intermission, he found time to visit with avid popular music fan Virginia Weidler.



New Year's Eve '41 and '42 featured TD, shown with a combo including Frankie Buddy Rich, Ziggy Elman and Connie Haines.

pages is truly a job for Superman, but these photos, selected by Paul Vandervoort II, will indicate a little of what has gone on in the course of the Palladium's Passing Parade. The panoramic view of the ballroom was taken New Year's Eve, 1941, when Gene Krupa was on the bandstand. Gene has been booked to play there again this New Year's Eve.

# The Palladium's

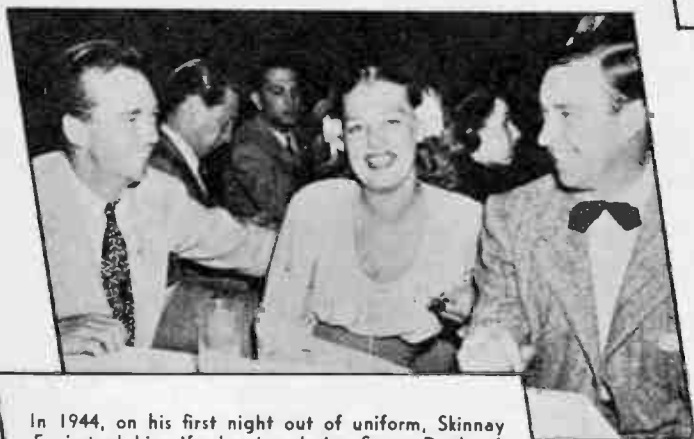
(CONTINUED)



Stan Kenton (second from right) broke into the bigtime at the Pally in 1941. Between sets he was snapped with Peter Lawford, Ava Gardner, Spike Jones (left to right).



Anything is likely to happen at the Palladium—an impromptu jam session like this, for instance. Dig Ziggy Elman, Tommy Dorsey, and Mickey Rooney—sitting in with Jimmy Dorsey's crew on one of his engagements.



In 1944, on his first night out of uniform, Skinnay Ennis took his wife dancing during Sonny Dunham's second Pally date. Sonny first played at the famous spot in 1942, following Claude Thornhill.



At the L.A. Examiner's 1943 Christmas Benefit, an All-American band was featured. It included Harry James, Les Brown, Sammy Kaye, Spike Jones and others.

The Palladium opened to the music of Tommy Dorsey. Then came Artie Shaw, Glen Gray, Russ Morgan, Richard Himber, Glenn Miller, Al Donohue, Abe Lyman, Woody Herman, Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey, Alvino Rey and Stan Kenton. Other band leaders who have appeared there for one or more dates are: Claude Thornhill, Sonny Dun-



# Passing Parade



The fable about musicians not being dancers was ended in 1942 at a band leaders' dance contest. D'Artega, Al Donahue, Woody Herman B. G. and Harry James posed with their partners before starting. Harry won.

ham, Harry James, Les Brown, Benny Goodman, Charlie Spivak, Teddy Powell, Sammy Kaye, Hal McIntyre, Jan Garber, Henry Busse, Vaughn Monroe, Frankie Carle, Tony Pastor, Tommy Tucker, and Jan Savitt. Other big name bands, old and new, will follow—and you can expect similar entertainment at giant danceries now abuilding!



The movies came to the dancery in 1944, when pictures of Hal McIntyre and his crew were taken for Columbia Screen Snapshots. Here's his billing on the marquee.

# Artistry

## IN RHYTHM

Maestro STAN KENTON, discussing a musical score for a Universal Picture short with Director Lewis D. Collins.





He dances too! Stan, with his wife, Violet, at the Hollywood Palladium.



The usually energetic band leader looks bushed after a session of recording.



The popular vocalists with the Kenton crew are Gene Howard and June Christy.

**T**HERE is no other band in the world quite like that of Stan Kenton. I doubt that there is another band leader with as definite ideas and with such sincerity of purpose. The "Artistry in Rhythm" of Kenton is precisely what the name indicates. It is artistry in a rhythm motif. Whether that artistry reaches the mass of music listeners, I don't know . . . in fact, I doubt that it does. But no matter what its mass acceptance, its output is terrific from the standpoint of quality and sincerity.

The story of Stan Kenton has never been told in print, so far as I know. Although Stanley has been blasting ballrooms, tramping theater boards, bending kilocycles and steaming motion picture celluloid with his own band since 1941, no one has gotten at the meaty story behind the band's ideals and its organization. Stories for the most part have been insipid, and the feeling of the band has been lost in idle prattle about how Stan could play Chopin with one hand tied behind his back at the age of six months. Publicity blurbs are not enough when you talk about Kenton.

The first time I heard the story of Stan's band was in 1941, when the spanking new Kenton crew played one of its very first one nighters at *Sweet's Ballroom* in Oakland, California. At that time I interviewed Stan on my "Meet the Bandleader" program over KROW in Oakland. Having interviewed name band leaders weekly for months on end, I apprehensively asked Stan what he was aiming at with his oddly styled band. That question addressed to the ordinary band leader on the air is tantamount to saying "We will now have sixty seconds of golden silence." Most band leaders don't have an answer. Their band is out to make money . . . that's all. I asked the question of Stanley.

Fifteen minutes later we had run right past closing time for the show and Stan was still talking, pointing out his musical ideals. That was the only time the

station ever found it either necessary or desirable to make that program thirty minutes long instead of fifteen!

The second time I heard the story was two years later over a steak in *Pete's Steak House* in Chicago. This time I was determined not to let the story escape and I asked Stan to make notes of his ideas and the ideals upon which the band was founded. I still have those nine pages of notes and from them and from information gathered during recent talks with Stan, I draw this story:

In the beginning there was a man, and his name was not Adam but Stan Kenton. In the beginning there was also music, with which this man fell madly in love. In the beginning there was firm musical study on the one hand and a thirst for knowledge on the other. Our story progresses.

Stan started his career as a honky-tonk pianist gigging around Southern California, playing in this and that band, in this and that small combo. A studied pianist, this was Stan's method of exploring the world of jazz, of drawing out secrets and ideas which don't evolve from study and which are not included in textbook pages. Stan didn't work with just one or two outfits, he tried them all . . . listening and playing, working out his own ideas from the wealth of material which was around him for the picking.

Stan wasn't an explorer for just one trip into the jungle. He played and listened for years, developing himself. There finally came a day, though, when Stan felt that his ideas were beginning to jell. He had heard much and he had adopted many ideas. He had talked with musicians whose work he admired, and that too, had helped him to mold something. As Kenton's ideas became firmly established, he became less and less content to gig in other bands, for his thoughts were so definite and so determined (Continued on page 66)

# Philly's Spinstars

by Madelin Blitzstein

**T**HE City of Brotherly Love, birthplace of some of the most distinguished citizens who ever graced our land, has also been the butt of more jokes than any other metropolis in the United States of America.

But, in case the numerous wisecracks about the Quaker City make it seem dismal and behind the times, it must be added in all honesty that when it comes to the buying public, as well as the music-lovers and dance band followers, they are as up and coming as anyone else in the land.



LEROY MILLER

The truth is that Philadelphia is America's third richest market, and is located in the second most important of all forty-eight states. What's more, programs broadcast over Philadelphia's radio stations are listened to in as many as thirty states.

This large coverage pertains notably to the Quaker City's record jockeys, who occupy places of high popularity, as can be seen by a perusal of the voluminous mail received daily by the city's top "deejays."

It is difficult to say which platter

MAC-McGUIRE and guest Helmut Dantine



programs are the most popular or to place them in an order that might not be challenged. Perhaps it is fairer to the fans of each program, as well as to the emcees themselves, to start with the men to whom the early-risers seem to prefer to listen.

MAC McGUIRE gives out with his cheery good mornings, weather reports, records and commercials from 7:05 to 7:45 a.m. and from 8:15 to 8:55



JOE McCAULEY

City which is both earlier and later than any other—JOE McCAULEY's "Dawn Patrol," which goes on from 1:00 to 6:45 a.m. on WIP, the only twenty-four hour station in Philly (all times given are E.S.T.).

Popular early evening and late night record shows are emceed by BOB HORN, who does "C'Mon 'n Dance" from 10:45 to midnight and "Midnight Bandwagon" from midnight to 1:00 a.m. six nights a week on WIP, and DOUG ARTHUR, star jockey of WIBG, who does two daily



STUART WAYNE

a.m. six days a week over WCAU, CBS affiliate. WAYNE CODY, who doubles as "Uncle WIP," puts on his "Start The Day Right" program six mornings a week from 6:55 a.m. to 8:15 a.m. at WIP, Philadelphia's Pioneer Voice, the Mutual station. "Morning Salute," which is what STUART WAYNE calls his early hour stint, goes on from 6:00 to 7:00 a.m. six days a week at KYW, the National Broadcasting Company outlet. Stuart then continues with the "Musical Clock" show from 7:00 to 8:30. LE-



BOB HORN



ELWOOD STUTZ

ROY MILLER at WFIL gives out with his popular "LeRoy Miller Club" from 7:00 to 8:45 a.m.

At WIBG (independent), ELWOOD STUTZ gives with his entertaining "Singing At The Sun" from the wee hour of 5:30 a.m. up to 7:00 a.m. PAT STANTON, manager of WDAS (also independent) has his own "Rooster Reveille" from 7:15 to 8:00 a.m.

There is one program in the Quaker

"Danceland" shows, the first from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. and the second from 10:30 p.m. to midnight six nights a week. BOB KNOX's "Music At Eight" goes on from 8:00 to 8:30 p.m. on WIBG nightly, while LEE HUNT titles his show "Hits Of The Day," and puts it on from 6:05 to 6:50 p.m. every evening on WDAS.

HOWARD JONES does "Eight Bells" from 8:30 to 9:00 a.m. five days a week; "Housewives' Serenade" from 9:15 to 9:30 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; "Midday Melo-

DOUG ARTHUR





BOB KNOX

dies" from 11:01 to 11:30 Mondays through Thursdays; and "Quaker City Brevities" from 2:45 to 3:00 p.m. Mondays through Fridays—all on WIP.

GENE GRAVES, the singing jockey of WIBG, puts on his stint, "Gene Graves Entertains," from 2:30 to 2:45 p.m. six days a week. At WDAS "Merry-Go-Round Junior" goes on daily from 8:00 to 9:45 a.m. with PAT STANTON at the helm for the first part, and then BILL ORR, MIKE DEEGAN and SID MERKIN taking

MAC MCGUIRE's office is sufficient proof that Mac has something which listeners from New Jersey to North Carolina fall for.

"The term 'record jockey' appeals to me," Mac once said. "It seems to me that it was derived from the fact that a record program emcee rises to popularity on his ability to pick a winner in the musical field. There's a knack in knowing what tunes to play."



BILL ORR

WFIL where he inaugurated the "LeRoy Miller Club." All listeners are eligible to be members; a membership card is theirs for the asking.

It's STUART WAYNE's specialty to use many different voices and many different accents, carrying on conversations with himself on his "Morning Salute" programs on KYW. He started as a character actor on radio stations thirteen years ago, then worked in New England, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia and came to KYW to inaugurate his present radio program in February, 1944.



GENE GRAVES

Mac began in the entertainment field by forming a quartette, the "Four Kingpins"; he did radio programs and commercials too. Then he graduated to free lance work as a radio time salesman. One of his accounts needed a lot of enthusiasm to put it over so he took on the job of announcer. He became a record jockey at WCAU in 1943.

McGuire features a mystery tune contest and also a limerick contest. He uses very little jive and never likes to play a record that does not have a



SID MERKIN



LEE HUNT

over. LEE HUNT emcees "Merry-Go-Round Senior" at WDAS from 2:45 to 4:15 p.m. Merkin also has a "Band Hotel" program daily from 12:35 to 1:35 p.m.

ALLEN STONE, newcomer to WIP, emcees the "Royal Request Time" program Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10:45 to 11:00 a.m.

These gentlemen are Philadelphia's top platter jockeys. With the aid of other programs, they fill the music needs of Philadelphia's music set.

Looking at the stack of letters in



MIKE DEEGAN

melody which is easily remembered.

Popular WFIL emcee LEROY MILLER, who was born in Sandy Ridge, New Jersey, thirty-two years ago, organized his own dance band after he finished high school. He then went into radio work, becoming chief announcer for WCBA in Allentown. Nine years ago he came to KYW as a member of the announcing staff. In September 1945 he moved over to

DOUG ARTHUR, the star record jockey of WIBG, reputedly ad libs every line of his program, including the commercials. Thirty-seven years of age, married, the father of two small daughters, Doug was graduated from Trenton (N. J.) High School and George School.

His first air stint was as a musician at WTNJ. One day, when the regular announcer didn't show up, Arthur took over the job and worked for a time as both an- (Continued on page 58)



PAT STANTON



HOWARD JONES



Eileen Barton, Star of NBC's "Teen-Timers Show" Sat. a.m.



Eugenie Baird whose name now appears on the Decca label.



Kay Starr, popular vocalist with Charlie Barnet's band.



Ginny Simms has her own show over CBS Fridays at 7:30 p.m.



EVERYONE in your crowd thinks your singing voice is perfectly swell. After the high school operetta you received ten bouquets, and only six were from relatives. At all dances and parties your friends push you up to the bandstand and make you give out with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" or "Night and Day." Then they crowd around to say, "Honest, you should be on the radio."

The idea appeals to you for you think nothing could be more fun than stepping up to a microphone, knowing that half of America is listening breathlessly for your first lovely notes to send them into ecstatic thrills.

But is your voice good enough?

First analyze yourself. How much of your friends' adulation is straightforward, honest criticism and how much is drool? Make a recording of your voice and then listen to it objectively. If you heard it in the record shop, would you buy it in preference to one featuring Judy Garland or Dinah Shore? Does it have a special quality that could be developed into star material or is it just a pleasing little melodious soprano? All the top stars have a distinctive trait. Frank Sinatra uses personalized phrasing. Kate Smith expresses warm-hearted wholesomeness in her voice. Hildergarde suggests intimacy, and Betty Hutton, madcap vivacity.

If you want to be a success, your voice must have some distinguished trait of individuality, but not so marked as to sound freakish. And if there's nothing there, be honest and forget the whole thing. Don't ruin an acceptable voice by throwing it into a phony register just to be different.

When I started playing with my own little outfit in North Carolina, the small college groups and fraternity organizations we played for would have been satisfied with the mediocre, but I determined to give them the best. That attitude has paid dividends. Working with George Dun-

# A Singing Star You'd Be?

by **KAY KYSER**

ning, I formed a distinctive style which we have adhered to since its inception. Singing song titles and the four-bar introduction before each vocal were other little trademarks we evolved to distinguish our band from the rest. These inventions have now become so much a part of us we could never change them—even if we wanted to, our public wouldn't let us. Listen to our band on the "College of Musical Knowledge," Wednesdays over *NBC* at 10 p.m. (EST), and you'll see what I mean by "trademarks."

If you think your voice has enough individuality, check up on your musical background. Though you've seen in hundreds of magazines that Dorothy Lamour can't read a note and somebody else never took a lesson in his life, they are the exceptions. Most professional singers have a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of music. They have a firm base on which to build those variations that make a singer a star.

Georgia Carroll, my present vocalist, and incidentally the gal who married her boss, turned to band singing after a successful career as a model. Possessed of a pleasing voice, she had studied and developed it all the time she was modelling. We happened to appear on the same War Bond program, and I listened as Georgia sang for the crowd. I liked her and wanted to hear more. Her auditions were as wonderful as that first appearance—now she's with me permanently.

A break, you say. In one way, yes, but remember Georgia worked on her voice and studied to improve it. When the right time came and I was there looking for a vocalist, she made her impression with smooth, professional technique. Her glamorous looks, of course, were all in her favor. But, in a set-up such as mine, her microphone technique, her song style and delivery were more important and they all reflected concentrated study. (Continued on page 62)



Georgie Carroll (Mrs. Kyser) heard on Kay's College show.



Marion Hutton's voice is now heard on Decca Records.



Carol Stewart is the featured vocalist on "Beulah" at CBS.



Patti Clayton sings on Arthur Godfrey's CBS morning show.

**T**HERE'S a new Erskine Hawkins. He still has the goatee (even though you can hardly notice it in photos) . . . his music is as peppery as ever . . . nothing has been taken away—but something definitely new has been added!

Before the Great Change, the Hawkins band played for musicians and such customers as went for strictly technical tooting. Now there's added harmony for the home-folks.

"We've brought the melody right out into the open—and," adds Erskine, with an obvious effort to be fair to all sides, "I must admit it doesn't seem to hurt the tunes a bit. We still work in some old-line tricky stuff—but I guess it would be fair to say that I've gone a l-i-t-t-l-e bit 'commercial.' If," and again he tries to be unbiased, "you call it 'commercial' when you try to please everybody.

"Back there before I got smart, you couldn't recognize the tune in a Hawkins arrangement to save your neck. It was there all right, but only a professional musician, listening hard, could have found it.

"The truth is, I was 'way behind the times. I started out playing straight musicians' jazz and I didn't know that times had changed. I certainly hadn't. When, at last, I realized that paying customers as well as musicians ought to enjoy themselves, we all got happy together!"

Erskine's new number, "Fla-Ga-La-Pa," is not a

return to his former involved style. It's easy enough to understand when he explains it:

"That title is the combined abbreviations of the names of four states," he says. "The boy met the girl, you see, in Florida. He got around to asking for a kiss in Georgia, and they were married in Louisiana. In Pennsylvania they settled down. And there you have it—'Fla-Ga-La-Pa!'"

Erskine Hawkins isn't interested in anything but music. He never was—even as a small boy in Birmingham, Alabama.

"I used to beat out rhythms on chair rungs and pots and pans," he relates, "and, when I was nine, I started to study drums. Later I worked on alto horn, trombone and saxophone. Finally, I played trumpet—and knew that was for me."

There were no other musicians in the Hawkins family although his mother, a public school teacher, played piano "sort of socially," according to her son.

"My family didn't know anything about musicians except that they were generally hungry," relates Erskine. "But they helped me all they could. Sometimes it was tough for my mother—like the time when she walked downtown and found me standing outside a theater with a bunch of musicians; I was blowing my brains out on a trombone. We had been hired to advertise the show inside. Mother just sort of looked at me—and walked on."

## Melodious Hot Man

MEET THE NEW ERSKINE HAWKINS—WHO FEATURES AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!

At the Lincoln Hotel Blue Room, Erskine Hawkins fronts his band and gives out on his trumpet with his "something new."







Erskine Hawkins, hot man with just one lump of sugar, a horn, and a goatee, snapped in an artistic close-up.

by **Gretchen Weaver**

Young Hawkins earned the nickname “Iron Lung” with that same group of instrumentalists. If the customers’ sales-resistance wasn’t broken down by the sidewalk come-on, the management loaded the musicians into a truck and had them continue the concert while riding through the residential sections. Says Erskine: “No one who ever tried to play a trombone standing in a moving truck would ask why ‘Iron Lung’ fitted me then!”

Lessons, other than music, occupied a very small place in the boy’s scheme of things.

“Although,” he admits thoughtfully, “I *was* interested in sports: basketball, football and tennis. If I hadn’t become a musician I think I would have liked to work at something in sports.”

Despite a complete lack of interest in things academic, Erskine did well enough at Tuggle Institute (his Birmingham high school) to win a scholarship to Alabama State Teachers’ College. Today he thinks he may have slipped in there under false pretenses.

“Because,” he admits, “I don’t think I ever intended to teach. I wanted music—and they had it.”

At T. C. he studied music to such purpose that he was made a student teacher in his junior year.

“The one thing I remember of those years, outside of studying,” he recalls, “is that I was always eating candy bars. Sometimes I’d have as many as twelve in my pockets. I needed energy, I guess, although I must have stored up more than enough for the rest of my life. I almost never eat candy now.”

As an embryo-teacher, Erskine headed one of the bands sent out from the college during the summer months. In that way students earned tuition fees and got experience as well.

“And that,” observes Erskine, “is how I got my first band.

“It was in 1934. I was twenty years old and felt that I was whizzing into old age—with nothing accomplished. When the band reached Asbury Park, New Jersey, we talked it over and decided to go on from there professionally. We wrote a letter to the school and sent a boy back with the truck.”

During its first few years, the Hawkins orchestra regularly played the *Harlem Opera House*, the *Ubangi Club*, the *Harlem Uproar House*, the *Apollo Theater* and the *Savoy Ballroom* in New York. When they had made the rounds, they headed out on the road.

“We’ve kept that schedule (Continued on page 63)



**GEORGIA GIBBS**

# Her Nibs-Miss Gibbs

**O**N March 23, 1945, a young diminutive honey-blond miss from Worcester, Massachusetts, realized the thrill of a lifetime . . . she sang at a Command Performance for the President of the United States—at the White House correspondents' dinner, the only woman entertainer thus honored.

"Yes," related Georgia Gibbs, as she told me about it, when I interviewed her at her Beekman Place apartment. "It was like something out of a fairy book. I just couldn't believe it . . . little me from Worcester singing for the President!"

As Georgia talked about the last memorable public function of the late F.D.R., her face lit up and her eyes danced so excitedly that I began to catch her enthusiasm. "Why even that veteran performer, Jimmy Durante, muffed part of his act. (No one noticed it of course.) He was so nervous. Well, who wouldn't be?" she added, throwing up her arms.

"That was something to record in your memory book," your reporter agreed. "Yes," she continued with the same ebullience, "But the best part of it was watching President Roosevelt sing 'Minnie the Moocher,' as Danny Kaye urged everyone in the audience to join him in singing the choruses of the famous number."

Both of us laughed at the thought of it. Then I asked Georgia, "How did you get to where you rate top billing, anyhow? After all, from where I sit, it is nothing short of phenomenal to have attained the distinction of winning fifth place in the national radio poll conducted by *Radio Daily* and *Billboard* . . . especially after only a year on the air (including the period when Georgia's air time consisted of a two-and-a-half minute spot—one song—once a week!). "Don't really under-

stand it myself," said Her Nibs as she shrugged her shoulders, bit into a pretzel and curled deeper into the chair.

"Hey, maybe changing my name did it," offered the little lady. "Maybe it changed my luck, too." That sounded like something **BAND LEADERS'** readers would like to hear more about. "Let's have the lowdown," I suggested.

Georgia seemed fascinated with this new twist to the "Gal Who Makes Good," so with that she unfolded herself, leaned forward and talked.

"Well, you probably don't remember, but I was the 'Gibson Girl' back in 1942—Fredda Gibbons to be accurate. I sang with Artie Shaw's crew. That was for four record sides, six weeks and a couple of socko baseball games. But that was all," she said.

"Let's go back to 'I was born,'" I suggested, "perhaps I'll get the drift then."

Georgia let loose her hearty, down-to-earth laugh and agreed.

"I was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on August 17th, twenty-five years ago—the youngest of four children. My father died when I was two, and for a while—four and a half years—all of us were placed in the Worcester Orphan Asylum.

"That's where I started to sing," she mused, half aloud and half to herself. "Yep, I was four years old when I made my singing debut . . . in a Christmas pageant. I sang 'Doing the Racoon.' I wore a top hat and carried a cane," she added.

"Boy, I had more poise then, than I sometimes have now," she reminisced. "Do you know, one of my shoelaces slipped open during my routine—and I stopped in the middle of the number . . . tied the laces . . . then beckoned to the band to continue! When I think of it today, I shudder!"

"I think I can understand it," I said. "After all, you're an honest-to-goodness 'no-humbug-about-you' person."

For the first time she blushed. It was very becoming! (Continued on page 65)



Georgia rehearsing with Dick Haymes before guestarring on his radio show.

by Esther Ross



MARY LOU WILLIAMS, brilliant leading lady of the keys and one of the foremost arrangers and composers of our time.



Author Florine Robinson, Asch Record album artist David Martin, and Mary Lou talk over the latter's "Zodiac Suite."

## That Key Gal

**I**T WAS well after the last show—but the customers at *Cafe Society Downtown* weren't making a move to leave. They wanted to hear Mary Lou Williams beat out that piano—just once more.

Although I had been sitting at a ringside table and had heard and seen her play three different shows—I felt exactly like the others.

There's something about that gal—the way she makes the notes sing—that makes you want to listen on and on. Ordinarily I would have been home asleep at that hour, but there I was—wide awake and very exhilarated.

When Mary Lou came over for our interview she must have been tired—wary and anxious to go home. But, if she was, I never knew it. She was as gracious and genuine as her music; and just as good to look at too!

"Miss Williams," I started off. She interrupted and said in a soft tone of voice . . . "Why don't you call me Mary Lou? I know you've been coming down here for a long time—and, if you don't mind, I feel . . . well, I feel as though I know you."

With that our interview was off to a slam bang start—and even though it was many hours later when we said "good night" or rather "good morning," I wasn't a bit sleepy. It isn't every day that you get to meet a great woman composer, arranger and pianist—especially one who turns out to be a wonderful gal, to boot!

"When did you start to play piano, Mary Lou?" I asked. Mary thought a moment. Then, with a shy self-conscious laugh (which is more a chuckle than a laugh) she said, "Well, I've been playing piano ever since I began to walk."

Actually, I learned, it was an organ that Mary Lou began playing first. Mrs. Winn, Mary Lou's mother, played it in her spare time—when she wasn't feeding, dressing or cooking for her six youngsters.

"I had to sit on my mother's knee to reach the key-

board," explained Mary Lou. "I think that W. C. Handy's 'St. Louis Blues' was the first thing I played—or thought I was playing."

Quite a thing to cut your baby teeth on!

"Did you take formal lessons after that?" I inquired. "No, I never took any lessons at all," said Mary Lou. Then she corrected herself and added, "That's not entirely so. I took lessons in the theory of harmony after I started to arrange for Andy Kirk. I became acquainted with a young lady who was anxious to learn jazz. We made a swap—I taught her jazz in exchange for the theory course."

"You took lessons in the theory of harmony after you started to arrange?" I asked, astounded.

"Yes," she explained. "You see, after I went to work as the pianist in Andy Kirk's outfit, I used to sit around during rehearsals trying putting things down on paper while Andy worked with other sections of the band. He told me the arrangements I worked out were good—and even used them to prove it! So, after that, I decided to learn some of the theory as soon as I got the chance, to see if there was anything I was missing."

And before your reporter goes any further—lest **BAND LEADERS'** readers get the wrong impression, we'd like to explain that Mary Lou Williams is one of the few people on this planet blessed—by the powers who take care of such matters—with perfect pitch and tone! That helps a lot, too!

"When did you begin to play professionally?" was my next question.

"Well, my initial move into the music world was when I was eight," Mary replied. The story goes this way:

One of the Mellon family was giving a cocktail party. Their chauffeur was sent scouting around the Pittsburgh neighborhood where little Mary Lou's family lived, to look for entertainers. One of the neighbors directed him to the Winn house—just up the block. The well-intentioned neighbor had talked about a pianist



A crowded house is an ordinary occurrence at Cafe Society Downtown where Mary Lou Williams entertains the customers.

## by Florine Robinson

... the chauffeur took one look at the size of Mary Lou and started to apologize, saying there must be some mistake.

"My mother told him there was no mistake," said Mary Lou. And, with serious doubts and misgivings, the chauffeur escorted her to the party.

"I was too young and too naïve to be startled by the house, the room or the people," reminisced our lady of the keyboard. "Furthermore, when I saw that beautiful big shiny piano, I was too gleeful and excited to think about anything else. They invited me to play and I did. What numbers? I suppose everything I knew ... that took in waltzes, rumbas, and even boogie."

At the close of her performance, after loud prolonged applause, Mary Lou was handed a sealed envelope by her hostess.

"When I got home and my mother opened the envelope, she was sure it was an error. The check was for one hundred dollars! She quickly telephoned the hostess—and was amazed to find there was no mistake!"

So with that for a beginning, Miss Williams was off to a flying start. There was just no stopping her!

Although her family was disappointed that she didn't continue her education (after being graduated from Westinghouse High School with honors), yet they could understand her yearning to play piano all day long, instead of part of the day.

Her first job took her road-hopping through the country with a small combo, and in no time at all Mary Lou became a veteran performer.

Always working with all-men bands, Mary Lou was protected and babied by the boys; and her mother was delighted to learn how her little girl was faring.

"How did you come to work with Andy Kirk?" was the next logical question. "I knew all the boys in Andy's band," explained Mary Lou, "and one day, during one of their rehearsals, I sat in with them. You see, Andy had two pianos then. After rehearsal, both the manager and Andy urged 'how about joining us?'"

For twelve years following that lucky day, Mary Lou Williams traveled with the Kirk band from one end of the land to the other.

She not only sparked the outfit with her brilliant keyboard work, she also wrote and arranged for them, too. Her inimitable sense of rhythm, her understanding of each instrument—and the men who played them—went a long way toward making the Kirk band. And everywhere they went people marvelled at the way this gal of the 88's could more than hold her own with the boys in the band!

Once, when they played New York, Mary Lou got the chance to meet Fats Waller—a musician she had always admired. She was sitting in the back of the *Cotton Club* and Fats was at the piano writing some new numbers for the show.

A mutual acquaintance introduced them by saying, "Fats, this little lady can play any of the things you've been working on."

"I was embarrassed and wanted to tear out of the place. But Fats smiled his big friendly grin and said, 'Go to it, Mary Lou—I'm waiting to hear.'"

"I played some of his numbers and half way through one of them he lifted me off the piano bench and hugged me. His encouragement meant a great deal to me." Then she added thoughtfully, "He used to come down here often. A wonderful guy . . . really."

When Mary Lou left Andy Kirk she planned to rest for a while. But separating Mary Lou Williams from music and the music world is like trying to grow apples without cores.

Her vacation ended practically at its beginning. The band world demanded more of her fine arrangements—such men as Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman were keeping the wires buzzing. So Mary Lou went back to work making arrangements.

Then, about two and one-half years ago, jazz impresario John Hammond, who had been singing her praises for a long time, convinced her to do a single at *Cafe Society Downtown*. Since that time she's been breaking it up there—every night.

Today Mary Lou still makes each performance the best that she can—and that's tops.

"You can bet your life," she said, "that music is something you have to keep at. I spend all my free time thinking up new ideas—new combinations of notes—and different ways of saying the things I want to say on the piano. It took me many years of hard work to get to the point where I am now."

Her latest recordings for *Asch*—"The Zodiac Suite"—prove her talent and labors, too. True, the "Suite" was a labor of love, but it was born of many hours of honest sweat and work.

She has won plaudits from the jazz critics as the "Number One Lady of the Piano"—her recordings for *Asch Records* have scored heavily throughout the country—her Sunday radio program on station WNEW is a "must" for many New Yorkers—and her appearance at the New York *Roxy* and on radio shows, including the Philco "Hall of Fame," have been outstanding events.

"What are your plans for the future?" I asked Mary Lou before closing my notebook . . . knowing very well that the customers—if their say counts—won't let her leave *Cafe Society Downtown* for a long time to come.

"I suppose I'll just keep right on writing music and playing it, too," she replied.

And for the way she writes and plays . . . that's the best and only answer!



NBC

**Bandstand  
Personalities**

Ken Carpenter and Bing Crosby during one of the former Kraft Music Hall radio shows.

# UNCLE SAM SANS WHISKERS

by Paul Vandervoort II

THE Chinese call him "Bing Kuo Shi Bi." To Latin-Americans he's "El Binguo." The Germans know him as "Der Bingle," and our own Armed Forces dubbed him "Uncle Sam Without Whiskers." He calls himself "The Groaner," but his real name is Harry Lillis Crosby.

No matter by what tag he is labeled, though, Bing Crosby is the greatest thing that ever happened in American popular music.

Countless millions have heard his voice, beamed by radio to all parts of the world. Moving pictures in which he appears have penetrated into the most remote places on the globe. His phonograph record sales have exceeded those of any other individual.

People who have never seen him feel he is their intimate friend. Few entertainers in history have succeeded in gaining and holding the affectionate regard of the public the way Bing Crosby has.

By just being himself, the kid from Spokane with a song in his heart has built up a musical empire in which he reigns as King.

But Crosby is much more than King of the Crooners. He is a business man, sportsman, humanitarian, parent and husband—he's an Academy Award winner, Doctor of Philosophy, corporation, philanthropist, movie producer, target for Bob Hope's gags, gentleman rancher and race track owner—he's . . . well, he's a legend.

The Crosby legend began in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1903, when the fourth of seven children was born to Harry Lowe and Kate (Harrigan) Crosby, and the child was christened Harry Lillis Crosby.

The new baby was a descendant in the Crosby line which stemmed from seafaring Crosbys who settled in America in the seventeenth century. Also among his ancestors was William Brewster, who came to America on the Mayflower, and was a leader and founder of Plymouth Colony.

You'll find no musical ancestors on Bing's family tree, but here and there you'll discover a relative associated with the entertainment world. His dad's cousin, Sam Woodruff, put on amateur shows in Olympia, Washington, and organized the town band. A relative of Bing's mother was in show business.

Until Bing came along, though, music in the Crosby household was strictly for fun. Bing's dad, an accountant by trade, always liked music and was a good amateur singer.

At the time of Bing's birth, the three other children in the family were: Larry, Everett and Edward (Ted). Catherine, Mary Rose and Bob Crosby were born later.

After Bing's birth, the family stayed in Tacoma for five years, moving then to Spokane, the place Bing really calls his home town. The first house in which

**BAND LEADERS proudly presents this exclusive, full-length biography of that outstanding bandstand personality, that world-famous, beloved radio and movie star, America's singing ambassador of good will—the one and only Bing Crosby!**

the Crosbys lived in Spokane was at 303 Sinto Avenue. Later, the elder Crosby built a home for his family at 508 East Sharp Street. Bing lived in this house throughout his school days until he left Spokane to try his luck as a singer.

In Spokane, Bing's dad was an officer of the Inland Brewing and Malting Company, serving as secretary-treasurer. In 1915, when local-option dry laws limited the brewing business, the company converted part of its facilities to the making of soft drinks. They also became a pickle factory, and one of Bing's first jobs was at the pickle works!

In Spokane, Bing enrolled at Webster Grade School. The "gift of gab" he has today began developing during his school days, for Bing's favorite subjects were debating and dramatics. His brother, Everett, recalls that Bing won debating contests, but the subjects on which Bing held forth have been forgotten.

Everett does remember, though, a hilarious incident that happened when Bing played the title role in a school version of "Julius Caesar." The play had reached the death scene, where Caesar is stabbed, and Bing had pronounced the famous last words: "Et tu, Brute!" then slumped to the floor. Suddenly, from the corner of a half-closed eye, he saw the heavy curtain swiftly descending—and realized he was directly in its path! The "dead" Caesar suddenly came to life and moved quickly out of the way, bringing a belly-laugh climax to the tragedy!

Telling about it, Bing amusedly recalls his reactions: "I opened my eyes to peek around just a little, and darned if I hadn't fallen right where the curtain would hit me. It was coming down, and all I could think of was how heavy it would be, flattening me out."

The unexpected end to the play literally laid the audience in the aisle, but Bing took it in the nonchalant manner which has since characterized his public appearances. "The audience howled for five minutes," he reminisces, "and I didn't know any better than to go out and take several bows for the applause."

But Bing didn't always use his way with the English language to straighten things out. When talking matters over didn't work, he could use his fists. And, as kids say, he was handy with his dukes.

Then, as today, he was quick to resent seeing people pushed around. And when it involved one of his family, this went double.

As, for example, the time his little sister, Mary Rose, came home from school crying. She was a plump little girl, and one of the boys had teased her about her weight.

Bing didn't say anything, but the next day after school, his mother heard a loud commotion in the alley. Hurrying out, she found Bing knocking the stuffing out of the kid who had teased Mary Rose.

Young Harry Lillis Crosby was no roughneck, though. His dad says he was a pretty good boy; no better or worse than the average youngster.

"I never did have to whip him much," the elder Crosby recalls. "I sort of hated to do it. But, once in a while, I'd take him out to the woodshed and give him a few licks with a switch."

More pleasant are Dad Crosby's recollections of the family quartet they had when Bing was still in knee pants. In it, besides Bing and his father, were his brothers, Everett and Larry.

"I was always kind of musical, myself," the senior Crosby smiles. "I remember I used to like 'My Wild Irish Rose,' 'Mother Machree,' and all those fine old Irish songs. I used to sing 'Ten Baby Fingers and Ten Baby Toes' to Bing when he was a little shaver.

"We sang all those songs in our quartet, and Bing used to sing a kind of soprano, before his voice changed. He used to sing around the house all the time. In the bathtub too! He had the best voice of the four of us."

Bing's dad also remembers with considerable amusement his son's ability to use ten-dollar words, and the family nickname that was hung on him to fit the extravagant English he sometimes used.

"He had a vocabulary like a Senator's," he laughs, "and we used to call him 'Travis McGutney.'"

Like all healthy, growing kids, Bing went in for sports. He was fond of swimming, and spent many summer hours at the Sinto Avenue pool, where he started out as a towel boy and rose to a lifeguard's post.

In one swimming meet he entered, he won nine first places and two second places. Baseball was another sport in which he excelled (he played the infield) both in grade school and at Gonzaga University, where he won letters on the teams.

Golf, a sport he still pursues proficiently, was another early love, and he used to play at the Downriver course. In Gonzaga High, he took boxing lessons from W. A. "Shorty" Richmond, the school boxing instructor.

Bing also played center on the high school football team and, later, on the university's freshman team.

It was Bing's skill at baseball, though, which got him his now world-famous name. According to his brother Everett, the stories that the "Bing" nickname came from his childhood interest in a newspaper comic strip called the "Bingville Bugle," or because he used to run around playing cowboy and yelling "Bing, Bing," are the bunk.

Actually, Everett says, the "Bing" was hung on Crosby because of his expertness with a baseball bat in knocking out "bingles," as ball players dub clean hits.

Sports did not claim all of Bing's attention during his school years, though. From the time he started grade school until he left Gonzaga University in his junior year, Bing Crosby sang and sang.

He sang in the school glee clubs, and in the choir of Spokane's St. Aloysius church. Sometimes his dad

would take him down to the Elks Club and Bing would croon a few numbers for the lodge members.

While in college, Bing also helped edit the college paper, a job he enjoyed very much, because of his desire to become a writer, a hankering he still has.

From the time he was in knee pants, Bing always had plenty to do. He got a job as soon as he was able to handle one and, as he grew up, worked at a variety of jobs—some fairly permanent, some not.

Among other things, Bing was a carrier boy, magazine salesman, janitor, usher at boxing matches, truck driver, post office clerk, pickle factory employee, life-guard, orchard worker, prop boy in a Spokane theater, law office clerk, and lumberjack.

He worked at these jobs after school and during summer vacations. But, occasionally, the summer found him shaking the dust of Spokane from his shoes and seeking the freedom of the open road.

On one such jaunt, he and a friend bummed their way to Portland (where brother Everett was working) and stayed around for a week or so. Another time he started out for Los Angeles but, due to "financial difficulties," he barely made it to the California border.

In Spokane, Bing never lacked friends. Popular then as now, his schoolmates and neighbors all liked him.

Mike Pecarovich (later Loyola football coach), Frank Corkery (now a priest), Heinie Heutter, Phil McGuigin, Joe Lynch, Phil Sweeney and Ralph Foley were some of Crosby's youthful pals.

Bing had a few girl friends too, but they were only passing interests. It was a long time before he met and fell in love with the girl he married.

In fact, even at the time he quit his law course at Gonzaga University, Bing's chief interest was music. However, because of his mother's insistence that he continue his law studies outside of school, Bing obtained a job in the office of a Spokane corporation lawyer rather than going directly into the music field.

He had little interest in the study of legal matters, particularly after he met Al Rinker, a piano player, who shared his love for music—for out of Bing's association with Rinker came "The Musicaladers," a six-piece band, whose members could barely read a note. But they could fake all the popular tunes of the day!

In the band were: Al Rinker, piano; Miles Rinker (Al's brother), alto sax and clarinet; the two Pritchard brothers, Bob and Tat, playing C-melody sax and banjo, respectively; Jimmy Heaton, cornet; and Harry Lillis Crosby, drums and vocals.

"The Musicaladers" played for school dances, at ice cream parlors, tea gardens, and local dance halls. One of Bing's first jobs was at Liberty Lake. The drums he played were purchased on the instalment plan from a mail order house.

Bing's skin beating was overshadowed, however, by his singing. As none of "The Musicaladers" had more than a passing acquaintance with written music, they worked up their stuff by copying arrangements off the latest records.

Original, though, were the "scat" choruses worked up by the Al Rinker and Bing duo. As a team, Rinker and Crosby were more popular than the orchestra to which they belonged.

Their fame began to get around Spokane. The manager of the *Spokane Theater* heard them, liked their harmonies, and signed them to appear in vaudeville at his theater. That was in 1926. Their billing was "Two Boys and a Piano."



Flushed by their success in home-town vaudeville, Bing and Al decided to make show business their life work. Bing announced to his parents his decision to sing for a living and it was received rather dubiously, especially by his mother. But parental permission was finally forthcoming, due in great part to the persuasive powers of "Travis McGutney."

Bing and Rinker got together to map out plans for their career. They both felt their talents needed a wider field than the town of Spokane offered. So they decided to cut out for Los Angeles.

The fact that they had only ten dollars between them, and were dependent on an ancient car of doubtful mechanical condition for transportation, failed to dampen their youthful enthusiasm.

Daubing the car with extravagant signs in the collegiate fashion of the day, they piled their belongings into it and headed south for fame and fortune. Bing's mother, a devout Catholic, added her prayers.

There are two stories about the trip to Los Angeles. One is that they made it safely, with only a few minor difficulties. The other is that their car broke down or ran out of gas a few miles north of the City of Angeles, and that the two boys had to hoof it the rest of the way.

Anyhow, they did arrive in Los Angeles, and each moved in with a relative. Bing lived with his brother, Everett, who was now a truck salesman. Al lived with his sister, Mildred Bailey, later known as the famous "Rockin' Chair Lady," one of today's outstanding female singers of jazz.

Both Mildred and Everett gave their kid brothers a helping hand, besides furnishing them with living quarters. Successful as a singer, herself, Mildred knew the ropes in the Los Angeles entertainment area. She aided Al and Bing in getting work at the *Tent Cafe*, owned by Mike Lyman.

Everett Crosby also helped them line up work. He took them out to a theater at Washington and Vermont Avenues, which ran amateur nights each Thursday. Rube Wolf, the orchestra leader, was impressed with the duo's ability.

Band leader Harry Owens, then playing at the *Lafayette Club*, also heard Crosby and Rinker sing, became interested in them, and asked them to join his band.

Then Everett lined them up for sixteen weeks on the Fanchon and Marco circuit, at sixty-five dollars a week. "Two Boys and a Piano, Singing Songs in their Own Way," began to click, up and down the Pacific coast.

During one of their engagements in Los Angeles, at the *Metropolitan Theater* (now known as the *Paramount*), Paul Whiteman, who was appearing at another spot in town (the *Million Dollar Theater*), dropped in to catch their act. Their showmanship, youthful spirit and fresh song stylings caught Paul's interest. He asked them to join his band, and they jumped at the offer.

Their first appearance with Whiteman was in Chicago at the *Tivoli Theater*, and the smash reception accorded them by Chicagoans seemed to point toward immediate success.

However, New Yorkers were lukewarm and failed to share Chicago's or Whiteman's enthusiasm for his

discoveries. Paul had to pull them out of the show, when it became obvious they were flopping!

But he didn't lose faith in his protégés. Convinced the boys had something potentially great (if it could be given the right presentation), Whiteman cast about for a solution to the problem. He found the answer in enlarging the Crosby-Rinker act to a trio.

Harry Barris, a night club entertainer, joined Al and Bing and, dubbed "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys," the three of them formed a singing combination that knocked the socks off the listening public.

Their style of harmonizing, rhythmic phrasing and tonal effects, never before attempted, became widely copied. Records they made with Whiteman were quickly snapped up, and they became famous from coast to coast.

"Mississippi Mud," a platter on which Bix Beiderbecke also plays, was one of their record hits with Paul Whiteman. Bix, incidentally, was one of Bing's close friends—as was another of Whiteman's men, guitarist Eddie Lang. In later years, Lang became Bing's personal accompanist.

Some critics have ascribed the boo-boo-boo styling which Bing used at one time, to his association with the Rhythm Boys, saying it was an off-shoot of that era.

Crosby gives a different reason. He says: "What does anybody do when they forget the words of a song? They sing 'Wah de dah,' or something like that. That's all I do. I've done it ever since I was a kid."

Crosby and the other Rhythm Boys stayed with Whiteman for three years, until 1930, when they made a motion picture feature with him at *Universal*, called

"The King of Jazz."

Not much of Crosby, or the Rhythm Boys either, was seen in the film, but Bing didn't care. It was fun being in California again. In fact, when the Whiteman band left on tour after completing the picture, Crosby and his fellow trio members obtained permission to stay on the West Coast.

Because of their individual popularity as a singing group, Bing, Harry and Al got a booking at the swank *Cocoanut Grove*, night playground of the stars.

Gus Arnheim's orchestra was playing the spot, which was crowded nightly by moving picture celebrities. The Rhythm Boys became the favorites of the movie crowd and, as their engagement lengthened, Bing (who by now had begun to sing solos) became the favorite vocalist of a young actress named Dixie Lee, too.

She visited the *Grove* often, thrilling to Bing's voice as he crooned "I Surrender Dear." They met, fell in love and, after a short courtship, Bing proposed.

Dixie accepted him . . . against all the well-intentioned advice from her friends, and her boss, producer Sol Wurtzel. Wurtzel told her: "that nonchalant, happy-go-lucky Crosby will never amount to anything." He warned her not to give up a promising career to marry Bing.

But Dixie listened to her heart. She and Bing were married on September 29, 1930, in Hollywood. A Los Angeles newspaper took note of the event in this meager manner:

"Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby were married Monday



at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood. . . . They have deferred their honeymoon, owing to their inability to leave at present. Miss Lee is under contract to Fox, and Crosby is singing with Gus Arnheim's orchestra."

Friends of the couple, reading between the lines, also might have interpreted their "inability to leave," to Bing's depleted financial condition. His weekly check from the *Grove* found its way through his fingers in a hurry.

The first few months of his marriage, though, found him settling down, making a determined effort to make something of himself and disprove the critics who had tabbed him as a no-good.

He broke into pictures again, but his efforts, to his disgust, were coolly received by the movie industry. One hard-boiled production worker told him: "You'll never get anyplace in the movies—your ears stick out!"

However, Mack Sennett put him in a series of short musical subjects. They failed to set the world on fire. Bing admits today there may have been some justification for his not being accepted as a movie actor; he cites a short called "Ripstitch the Tailor."

Ray McCarey, then an assistant director at *Pathe*, paid Bing twenty-five dollars for acting in the short. Crosby swears that, after the studio executives had run off the film in a studio projection room, they chased McCarey and him off the lot and threw the film after them!

The line of movie producers who today would like to get Bing Crosby for twenty-five dollars a picture may form on the right—and no pushing please!

When nobody snatched Crosby for movie stardom, brother Everett put in his oar. He chucked his truck-selling business and became Bing's personal manager; a post he still holds.

The Rhythm Boys disbanded and Everett, with his eye on radio, put brother Bing on a train headed East. Upon his arrival in New York, Everett got him a contract with *CBS*.

After only four weeks on sustaining programs, Bing landed a sponsor, *Cremo Cigars*. Concurrently with his radio show, he doubled into the *Paramount Theater* for a run of twenty straight weeks.

Hollywood heard about it, and *Paramount Pictures* signed him for a stellar role in "The Big Broadcast of 1932." Bing was in!

Prophetically, Bing played the part of a radio star in the "Big Broadcast," his first feature-length film—a role he has played ever since in real life.

His "Kraft Music Hall" radio program began in 1936, after he had been sponsored by *Cremo Cigars* (as previously mentioned), *Chesterfield*, and *Woodbury*.

For a man whose ears stick out too much for the movies, Bing has done all right in pictures—he has made over thirty to date, most of them for *Paramount*.

On record, Crosbyana has been preserved on so many discs that it would fill a book to list them all. Early in his career, Bing recorded for *Brunswick*, but he is now under contract to *Decca*.

The popular tunes associated with

the Crosby career, like his records, are also legion. He has introduced many of them in his pictures; others on his platters or radio programs.

In the music business, Bing is the target of every song plugger worthy of the name, for it is a by-word that, if Bing introduces a song, the song will become a hit.

Some of the songs which are closely woven into the Crosby legend are: "I Surrender Dear," "Just One More Chance," "Sweet Leilani," "Blue of the Night," "Pennies From Heaven," "White Christmas," "Soon," and "Swinging On A Star." That's only a few. There are dozens of others.

Though his musical activities are most familiar to the general public, they are but one part of the multiplicity of interests which form the Crosby empire.

At one time or another, Bing has had interests in oil wells, a fish packing concern, and real estate holdings of various types.

With Lin Howard he owns the Binglin Stock Farm, and the two also have an interest in a South American stock farm. In addition, Bing owns a 10,000 acre ranch in Nevada.

Bing is also president of *Del Mar Race Track*, which closed down after Pearl Harbor, was used as a Marine post by our government, and later became a defense plant.

Always interested in horse racing, even back in the "Rhythms Boys" days, Bing started his stables in 1935. The Crosby Stables, butt of so many Bob Hope jokes, actually include much fine horseflesh. Don Bingo, flying the Crosby Blue and Gold, won the \$10,000 Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park in 1943. Other Crosby horses have frequently run in the money.

In the interests of humanity the world over, Bing has established the Crosby Research Foundation, to encourage inventors and scientists in their work for a better world. (The Foundation contributed its bit to the atomic bomb development, too.)

Recently he produced a picture under the banner of Bing Crosby Productions, titled "The Great John L." (based on the life of a former heavyweight champion). Bing does not appear in it.

Bing's penchant for boxing was also expressed when he bought part of the contract of a middleweight champion, Freddy Steele. And he has been known to remark that he wanted his own kids to learn to box.

The Crosby kids, as every one knows, are four boys:

This photo, taken several years ago, shows the proud parents, Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby, with: Garry Evans, Lindsay Harry, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael (l. to r.).



Gary Evans, born June 27, 1933; twins Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, born Friday July 13, 1934; and Lindsay Harry, born January 5, 1938.

Bing's boys have already made their motion picture debut. A recent film is *Paramount's* "Duffy's Tavern," in which they appear with their dad. Bob Benchley plays their "uncle" in the movie and tells them, in burlesque fashion, the story of their father's life.

The real life and times of Bing Crosby, though, could not fully be encompassed in even a full length movie. It has too many facets.

Crosby the man, Crosby the actor, and Crosby the singer have all been showered with honors and adulation. Enshrined in the forecourt of Grauman's *Chinese Theater* are Bing's hand and foot prints.

In 1940 he was presented with a gold Distinguished Service Key as "Young Man Of The Year," by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles. His alma mater, Gonzaga, gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy in ceremonies held in the campus auditorium on October 21, 1937.

Early in 1945 he received the coveted Academy Award, Hollywood's top honor.

*Photoplay*, *Red Book* and *Look* magazines have also given Crosby trophies for his shelf and, in 1944, he was voted the top box office star for the year by *Motion Picture Herald*. It was the fifth time in ten years that he had been named among the first ten in the *Herald* poll.

Bing's popularity is equally high among his co-workers. On the movie lots, in contrast to the upstage manners of some stars, Crosby is known as the friend of the grip, the carpenter, the extra, the prop man and all the other little but important people of movie-making.

He has helped get them out of jams, loaned them dough, kidded with them, worked with them. Shy of publicity himself, he will pose for pictures with struggling young actors to help them. Yet he laughs off requests for publicity pictures of himself alone.

Informality is the keynote of everything he does. Rich, successful and famous though he is, at heart he is still just a common guy. His trips overseas, to entertain service personnel, proved that. The boys tagged him: "Uncle Sam Without Whiskers."

"Uncle Sam Without Whiskers" bears little physical resemblance to the whiskered Uncle Sam. Of middle height, he is five feet, nine inches tall, likes to stay around 165 pounds in weight. He has blue eyes and brown hair, a slow, easy-going manner that belies the enormous energy he possesses and expends daily.

With his almost constant work in pictures and other business interests, he still finds time for sports, as well as hundreds of special appearances.

Details of his varied affairs are handled at an office in the Crosby Building in Beverly Hills, by his brothers, Everett and Larry. His father acts as liaison between Bing and the office. Bing gives final okays and decisions wherever his father finds him at the time; he seldom goes near the office.

Fan mail may be sent to Bing, c/o Everett N. Crosby, Ltd., 9028 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.

Like his business interests, Crosby's charitable activities are many and varied, but little known to the public.

But he does not want them publicized. Bing loves to do things for people, whether in the spirit of charity or plain friendliness.

His good deeds range from large contributions to charity to simple, kind little acts of friendship. He donated a \$16,000 organ to St. Charles Church in North Hollywood; ran a benefit for a sick musician friend; helped a former Lakeside caddy compete in an Australian tournament; and sang at the wedding of his stand-in—all in the spirit of wanting to do something nice for someone.

The fact that someone is always trying to put the bite on him (one guy wanted to sell him a secret code for \$25,000) doesn't bother Bing at all. Quietly he continues his good works, taking the phonies with a grin and the good humor that is so abundantly his.

Bing's humor extends into his personal life. His friends claim the sartorial resplendence of his shirts is Bing's humorous comment on Hollywood's penchant for exaggeration.

His brother, Larry, once felt the bite of Bing's humor, due to his more conservative taste in clothes. Once, at a Rancho Santa Fe tournament, Bing and his cronies decided Larry's hat was not gay enough for the occasion. So they quietly purloined it and shot it full of buckshot holes.

But Bing can take a joke too. When *Paramount* set workers, during shooting of "Here Come The Waves," fixed up his dressing room with a sign: "Groaner's Golf Club—All Ye Who Enter Here Abandon Hope," Bing came along with the gag by practicing his putting between set-ups.

Bing's putting, by the way, is mighty sharp. In fact, his game ranks him among the nation's top-flight amateur golfers. At Lakeside (his home course) he has won the club championship several times.

An ardent sportsman, Bing also enjoys tennis, football, swimming, boxing, bicycling and baseball.

On the serious side, he is known as a serious reader. Early in his career, he established a private library which included musical and biographical books, volumes of Irish literature, and the classics.

A singer of popular songs, he nonetheless has a taste for both old and modern masters. One of his favorite musical selections is Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumblebee."

Many of Bing's personal likes and dislikes, though, are known only to his close friends (Bob Hope and songwriters Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen are among his intimates). He has no desire to parade his personal life, and his home life is a closed book.

Bing's home is in the Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles near the Los Angeles Country Club. The Crosbys moved there when his former home in the Toluca Lake area burned down on January 13, 1943.

The Holmby Hills place is a seventeen room, Colonial Georgian type structure. Here, on occasion, the whole Crosby clan gathers for an old-fashioned visit.

The kid from Spokane has come a long way since he left the old home town and headed for Hollywood. He has become our "Uncle Sam Sans Whiskers!"

NEXT ISSUE: The Life Story of Benny Goodman!



# Regal Foursome

by Marjorie Lowe

**T**HE four King Sisters have "arrived." For them, success in the musical field is unquestioned. Their Victor recordings are beating it out on every juke box and radio in the country. They are favorites with GIs and their list of guest appearances, broadcasts and benefits grows daily.

Aside from accomplishments in their profession, all four girls have an even greater achievement to their credit. Being one up on the skeptics, they have proven that successful careers and happy marriages can be combined. Each sister (Donna, Louise, Alice and Yvonne) has a husband, and all but Louise have children. Louise, too, will be a mother in February. It's no easy task to keep a family and home in smooth running order. But when that can be achieved along with renowned professional success—that's news!

The most outstanding quality about the King Sisters goes hand in hand with their very normal way of living. It is their naturalness. This probably is due to the days when they were kids in Salt Lake City. There were eight children in the family, and with that many brothers and sisters around it's pretty hard *not* to be natural.

Those early years in Salt Lake also were responsible for their interest in music. Their father, William King Driggs (they later adopted his middle name) was a college voice and piano teacher, and music was an important part in their family life. But it wasn't until they moved to Oakland that the girls got their first break. Alice won a dance contest in Oakland and went to Salt Lake City for the finals. The other three went with her and, while there, they were given a chance to sing on KSL, the local station. Horace Heidt happened to hear the broadcast, offered them jobs as singers with his band, and they were on their way.

During the time they were with Horace, the band played at the *Golden Gate Theater* (Continued on page 53)

FOUR KING SISTERS  
(top to bottom): Louise,  
Alice, Donna and  
Yvonne, Victor artists

ENRIC MADRIGUERA, the musical ambassador of the Americas, snapped during rehearsal with his band behind scenes at the N.Y.C. Copacabana.



# Musical Ambassador

by Dorothy Brigstock



**M**I DIO," Enric Madriguera exclaimed when he saw me, "I forgot all about you!" . . . which statement was followed by profuse apologies. And I couldn't help but forgive him when he flashed his bright smile in my direction, and explained that the prospect of a pleasant week-end out of the wicked city had made him mix up his appointments.

"Make yourself at home," he suggested. "Have fun, and I'll be back just as soon as possible."

Well, the prospect of making myself "at home" in the Copacabana, one of New York's smartest niteries, was not at all unpleasant—so I settled down, enjoyed the floor show and waited.

When Mr. Madriguera returned, I started my interview with the stock question, "Where were you born?"

"Barcelona, Spain," he replied in the soft Spanish accent which I wish I could reproduce for you here.

Then I decided not to ask this man any more run-of-the-mill questions. Obviously a sparkling, vital, intelligent personality, I could see he had more important things than chronological events, dates and the

like on his mind—things like music, for example.

Music for Madriguera began when he was seven years old and he entered the Conservatory in Barcelona to study violin and piano. Enric's musical education was in the Spanish tradition—strictly classical. Although his parents had not been professional musicians, they were good amateurs and, in their home, music was a required course of study. Of the six children, however, only Enric and his sister Paquita (now the wife of guitarist Andre Segovia) became professional musicians.

"I became a professional—briefly—while I was still very young," Enric confided with a mischievous air which seemed to have been inspired by the memory of the story itself. "My very first job was when I was twelve years old and attending the music conservatory. Many of my classmates worked after school hours in cafes, but I wasn't allowed to work because my parents didn't want me to do anything that would interfere with my musical studies. But I finally had to have a job.

"My grandmother's birthday was just a few days away, and I wanted to buy for her a special kind of corset which I knew she had her heart set on. If I accepted the money from my (Continued on page 54)

# Waxing Wise

by Maurie Orodener



THERE'S no dearth of discs for the needle as the old year spins its course, what with so many new labels cropping up to make quick cash of an ever-booming record market. While this has meant a more choice variety in shuffling the couplets, it's become a Herculean task to separate the meat-packed waxes from the gristle. This needle noser, in the past two months, has been exposed to more pure and unadulterated trash coming out of the waxed grooves than in all his twenty annums' of appraising the spinning sides. Compensating is the fact that the current crop has also produced some of the best.

**On the Band Beat:** With the emphasis entirely on the lyric, it's a rare pleasure to spin a platter that affords the band an opportunity to make the most of the music. And there are a number of such sides bringing the horns out front instead of hiding them behind the la-de-da of some lovely or otherwise singing lady.

For the plaintive and pretty "Autumn Serenade" melody, HARRY JAMES creates some particularly fetching orchestral color, adding his own sweet and sentimental horn work

to that of his sax section to make it a full-fashioned instrumental interpretation of the tune. Completing the Columbia couplet, Kitty Kallen lends her lyrical charm to Sammy Cahn's and Jule Styne's ballad charm. "It's Been A Long, Long Time."

At a faster kick, and with an eye on the juke box coinage, LES BROWN makes it inviting to jump with "Leap Frog," a riff opus on Columbia fashioned from the blues, with tenor sax and clary called upon for the riding. Not as toothsome is the trite streamlining for an evergreen, "Show Me The Way To Go Home," for which Butch Stone and a Quartet chop up the wordage.

A new label bringing back an old favorite affords a real welcome mat for HENRY BUSSE on *Cosmo*. The Busse bugle hasn't changed a bit, playing his "Wang Wang Blues" much the same as he did back in the Paul Whiteman days. And there is just enough of the shuffle beat to retain that identifying mark for the maestro. But there is plenty of youthful enthusiasm in the band's blowing plus arrangements tailored to bring forth a maximum of brightness and body. The syncopation is just as rhythmically

smooth for the mated ballad, "I Don't Care Who Knows It," for which Phil Gray uses his baritone pipes to advantage.

The big boys are all on deck in the current releases. Only, many leave much to be desired. The cream of the crop is contained in the *Victor* waxing by DUKE ELLINGTON—particularly his "Time's a-Wastin'." A standard blues strain, the hot Ellington horns develop the theme in real Southern style that spins out scorchy. And to make the twosome all the more tempting, flipover finds Al Hibbler giving full meaning to the song story for "Every Hour On the Hour," not forgetting Johnny Hodges' masterful alto sax improvisings.

TOMMY DORSEY junks his Strad section and returns to his winning formula for "A Door Will Open" on *Victor*. With the maestro sliding his horn sentimental and the tinkling celeste to garnish the singing of Stuart Foster and The Sentimentalists, it's a carry-back to "I'll Never Smile Again." For the flipover, it's an infectious rhythmic beat for "Aren't You Glad You're You" from the movie "Bells of St. Mary's," with greater distinction in the Dorsey dressing than in the ditty itself.

Pearl Bailey waxing her first platter for Columbia—"Tired" and its plattermate "Fifteen Years".



Can you think of anything better than a Crosby-Hope platter? Well, you'll be seeing one. Here Bing and Bob get final instructions from leader Vic Schoen at Decca.



**The Song Sellers:** Among all the song ladies lending their lyrical talents to the labels, there are two that show definite promise of deepening a wave of enthusiasm among the platter spinners. **BETTY JANE BONNEY**, a newcomer to the *Victor* vocal clan, impresses no end with wistful word slinging for "Ho Hum," a plaintive ballad with an infectious melody blending with the love lyric. You can flip by her flipover, "I Can Make You Love Me." And for the torch-chanting, keep your ears tuned to **KAY STARR**, one-time Charlie Barnet and Joe Venuti canary, who gives the new *Jewel* label a decided lift with "I Ain't Gonna Cry" and "Honey" as well as with "Don't Meddle In My Mood" and "Should I." Her husky-throated pipes impart a jelly-roll flavor to these familiar ditties. Plenty of lilt to her lyrical expositions, and for each chant, she applies a scorchy styling on the second stanza.

**BETTY HUTTON** rings the bell for *Capitol* with a pair of "Stork Club" specialty pieces—"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" and "A Square in the Social Circle." Both are bouncy bits tailored to Betty's own song personality. She projects herself better for the latter lullaby, where she tells the Stork set to stick their blue blood in their fountain pens.

**DINAH SHORE** also leaves much to be desired with her *Victor* vocalling for "Honey" and "My Guy's Come Back" as well as for "But I Did" and "As Long As I Live." Miss Dinah used to do lotsa cuddlesome chanting on the waxes, showing off a contagious lyrical lilt in her voice. But there is no showing off on these sides, with the latter couplet spinning song material hardly suitable for her singing style.

**EUGENIE BAIRD**, now removed from Glen Gray's band, bows as a

singing single on *Decca*. And the thanks is largely to the vocal assist she gets from Mel Torme and his Mel Tones that the spinning is satisfying for "I Fall In Love Too Easily" and "Am I Blue."

In the male gender, it's **DICK HAYMES** who makes the feminine heart beat a little faster. He turns in some stellar song selling on *Decca*, opening up all the vocal stops, for three quality ballads from the "State Fair" screen score. The couplet that counts most is "That's For Me" and "It Might As Well Be Spring." He makes as much a pleasantry of "Isn't It Kinda Fun," which he mates with "The Lord's Been Good To Me," singing the hymnal in lazy and dreamy fashion that finds its mark handsomely.

**FRANK SINATRA** remains faithful to his *Columbia* followers, blending his pashy pipes with the soft, exotic music of Xavier Cugat to spellbind the swoon set with "Stars In Your Eyes" and, to a lesser degree, "My Shawl"—the maestro's theme music. But when he joins with **THE CHARIOTEERS** for "Lily Belle" and "Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow," losing himself with the Negro foursome for these two simple melodies, we'll still take **THE INK SPOTS**, who return on *Decca* with Bill Kenny's soprano pipes in good voice for yesteryear's "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" and the sentimental ballad, "Thoughtless."

For the pronounced romantic urge, the sugar-coated baritone pipes of **BOB GRAHAM**, who comes to the *Jewel* label via radio's "Duffy's Tavern," makes a most pleasant first impression on wax with "Till the End of Time" and the bubbling girlie serenade, "Lily Belle." Also from radio, **JERRY WAYNE** weaves an attractive romantic vocal pattern on *Cosmo* for the Latin lullaby, "Say It Over Again," and the Irving (Continued on page 60)



Red Nichols' music can be heard in *Capitol's "Golden Era" History of Jazz* album.



Duke Ellington has to see for himself, and he tests one of *Victor's* new unbreakables.

Thelma Carpenter does "My Guy's Come Back" (*Majestic*) with (l. to r.) Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Carmen Mastra, Peanuts Hucko, Specs Powell, Lou McGarity, Bob Haggart.



The *Murphy Sisters* (*Marjoria, Dorothy, Muriel*) make their debut at *R.C.A.-Victor*.





All dressed up and no place to go. Spike Jones is unhappy because his team won't let him play. It seems that he never knows whether to punt or pass.

# CAPTION

The Duke, playing an engagement at the Cafe Zanzibar in New York City, appears to be as happy as his fans while giving out with the very best of the Ellingtonia brand of music.



Tommy Dorsey and Dave Street in a little impromptu duet prior to one of the RCA-Victor programs on which Tommy is emcee and trombone soloist. Dave was guest star that day.



Could it be the song brings a touch of nostalgia? Danny O'Neil, CBS romantic singing star, relaxes as he studies his music—and apparently he is in a sentimental mood.



(L. to R.) Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dickinson (Paula Kelly), Tex Beneke and George Paxton get together for a festive evening at the Cafe Rouge in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. The occasion was a furlough for Tex.





# CLOSE-UPS



Charlie Spivak and Jo Stafford comparing fan letters backstage in Jo's dressing room when they were both billed at the Paramount.



Ex-Sergeant Art Mooney and one of his boys (an ex-Corporal) get a kick out of turning the tables on an ex-Lieutenant as they bury him with luggage.

A familiar combination on NBC is that of Opie Cates and his clarinet. A solid part of the Judy Canova show, Opie also shares laughs with Parlykarkus on "Meet Me At Parly's."



Pittsburgh boy S I/c Bobby Doyle of the NAS Welfare Department, sings on his own show broadcast weekly from the Naval Air Base in Jacksonville, Fla.

Other band leaders turned out in full force when Chuck Foster opened at the Hotel New Yorker. L. to R.: Jess Stacy, Shorty Sherock, Chuck, Johnny "Scat" Davis and Bob Chester.





Jimmy McDonald, pinch-hitting for Blue Barron, fronts Blue's band at Chicago's famous Aragon Ballroom.

It won't be long before Pvt. Blue Barron, band leader by proxy, will be back on the podium in person.



## Leader by Proxy...

by Don Terrio

**P**VT. BLUE BARRON, out in the field in Indiana, rubbed his jaw with one hand and held the telephone receiver in the other as he heard the business manager of his band speak from Washington, D. C. "We're moving west and there's been a mix-up in the bookings. We haven't anything coming up. Any ideas?"

Although he was on maneuvers, Blue was able to use telephones in farm houses, filling stations and country stores during the next two days. He talked to band world friends of his—ballroom owners, theater owners and bookers—until he had the band sold solid for two months. Then he called Washington, and the boys were on their way.

Things like that don't happen every week with Blue, but while serving Uncle Sam he is a band leader by proxy and, when not busy helping with entertainment arrangements for patients at Darnall Hospital, the band is very much on his mind. Jimmy McDonald, vocalist and bandsman with Blue before the Army called, is fronting the band, with Blue's attractive younger sister, Clarisse, acting as manager.

When most band leaders went into military service they merely disbanded their organizations, but that didn't fit in with Blue's ideas of building his band to greater heights. He decided to keep his band going—to continue billing it as "Blue Barron and his Music of Yesterday and Today" and to lead it by proxy.

In running the band by remote control, Blue makes extensive use of his radio receiver and the telephone. He calls Clarisse almost every day to say, "The piano came in just a little too strong last night, I thought," or, "Let's try to bring out the sax section a little heavier on the ballads." While in uniform, he continues to keep his eyes open for talent, in case the band should

need a new man. And when he gets a furlough, Blue jumps the first train for the band's location . . . when Jimmy McDonald led the boys in a successful extended engagement at Chicago's famed and popular *Aragon Ballroom*, Blue came in to see the band on week-end passes.

Blue always has featured "Singing Song Titles," in which the title is sung by vocalist Charlie Carroll as an introduction. His band has a free and easy sweet style—and Jimmy is sticking to Blue's ideas.

Jimmy can play every instrument in the band (he's studied the sax, trumpet, trombone, clarinet, bass, guitar and piano) and, if an arrangement calls for it, he can jump from one instrument to another and then back to his baton. Jimmy also turns in a few warm baritone vocals between appearances of ex-soldier Charlie Carroll.

While Blue Barron was studying for three years to be a doctor, at Ohio University, he had little idea he'd ever want to be a band leader. He had studied the violin while still in knickers in his home town of Lorain, Ohio, but the desire to be a musician had never burned even lightly.

A number of band leaders have turned booking agents, but Blue reversed the process and came into batoning from the business end. He began to meet band leaders when he had a student booking agency at Ohio. But Blue's mother, a wise and far-sighted woman, thought he would be more successful as a leader than as a booker. She had a serious talk with Blue when he came home from college one week-end, and Blue soon organized his own band.

"Music of yesterday and today, styled Blue Barron's way," began aboard a showboat (*Continued on page 55*)

# Buddy's Band-to-be

**T**HERE'LL be no funny hats, no fiddles, no tricks; there will be a good girl singer. "And you can underline the word, 'good,'" said ace drummer man Buddy Rich, when, in an exclusive interview for **BAND LEADERS**, he gave a preview of the new band he plans to debut in 1946.

"We won't blow bubbles or try to startle the people with a freak style. The instrumentation will be the conventional big band set-up, with reeds, brass and rhythm.

"We'll play music that swings, and forget about the commercial stuff. The band will be in the Basie tradition. Not copying the Count, understand, but making use of rhythm the way he does."

About a male vocalist, Rich is undecided. If he does use one, the boy will have to be good. For Buddy thinks most male singers are too "goeey."

One thing he's sure of, there'll be no phony stuff, nor attempts to put the band over with so-called "showmanship" tricks. The showmanship will be in the cleanly-played, rhythmically exciting arrangements the Rich organization will use.

Thus you have the musical opinions of a drummer boy who, though only twenty-eight, has been beating the hides for twenty-five years. All the ideas he has

picked up along the way will go into the perfecting of his new crew.

Buddy hates mentioning that he was playing drums at the age of three, though. He doesn't want people to make with that "Are you kidding?" routine.

Just the same, it is actually a fact that Buddy Rich was playing drums as a featured part of his parents' vaudeville act, "Wilson and Rich," when he was only three.

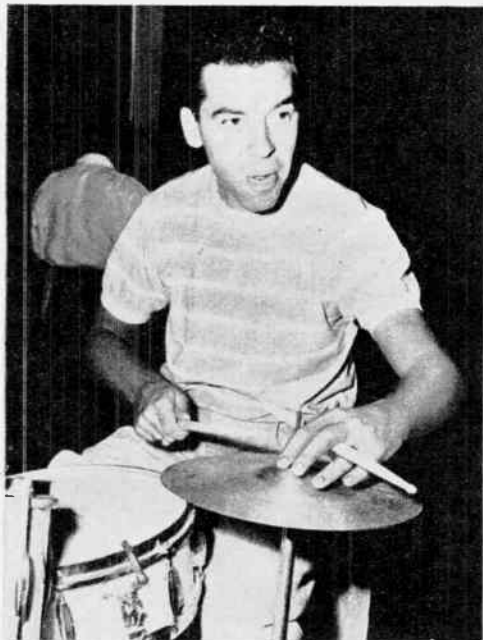
His dad recalls how, in restaurants, Buddy drummed with knives and forks on the plates. And how, when he and Buddy's mother would leave their son in the wings as they went on for their act, Buddy would crawl into the orchestra pit and climb onto the drummer's lap.

So they rewarded his ability by putting him in the act and, billed as "Taps," Buddy toured the United States and Canada with his folks.

He was in the "Greenwich Village Follies of 1923," in which one scene, called the "Village Toyshop," was built entirely around his specialty.

At the age of seven he played in Australia, receiving top billing. Once, in Washington, D. C., President Woodrow Wilson, who had seen his act, sent backstage for him at the *Keith Theater*, and Buddy had an audience with the President. (Continued on page 64)

by **Bob Baxter**



**BUDDY RICH**, who is laying the groundwork now to lead his own aggregation.

Jean Rich (Buddy's "Gir-l") may not know much about music now, but she will if these lessons from Buddy continue.





"People Are Funny," Paramount movie from the air show of the same name, stars lovely Frances Langford.

# HOLLYWOOD

**ARE YOU READY GATES?** Well, leave us go to press and take a fast look around Glamourland: **FLASH!** Frankie may do an opera! And why not, if Tibbett could sing on the "Hit Parade"? The info is that **JOSE ITURBI**, who plays long-hair music but is no square, is writing a serious operetta based on boogie-woogie themes. When the work is finished he hopes to get **FRANK SINATRA, KATHRYN GRAYSON AND JANE POWELL** for the leads. 'He's been working on the music between scenes of *M-G-M's* "Holiday in Mexico" . . .

**Baton Bulletins:** "Reet Beat" Reeves got the air as band leader for "Duffy's Tavern," but the same guy, **MATTY MALNECK**, is still leading the band. He gets air credit this year instead of having to use a phoney name . . . **EDDIE MILLER** broke in his new crew with Coast dates and a stand at **HORACE HEIDT's** *Trianon*, confirming prediction made here that Eddie would chuck studio work to front his own ork again . . .

**XAVIER CUGAT** knocked the town out with a smash concert in Hollywood Bowl which was so terrif' that plans for a giant tour of the North and South American continents blossomed . . . By the way, have you caught Cugie on his *NBC* show with **RUDY VALLEE** (who used to do a bit of sax tooting, crooning and band leading not too many years ago)? . . . **LOUIS ARMSTRONG** and his wonderful horn were in town for too short a time, and shame on the movie outfits for letting the guy get out of town without making a flicker! . . . **CARMEN CAVALLERO** moved north after a boffo engagement at *Ciro's*, but fans everywhere can dig his fine piano stylings in the *Warner Brothers'* pic "The Time, The Place and the Girl," which hits the screens during the holiday season . . .

So sorry, New York, but **LES BROWN** is gonna call Hollywood home from now on, and will make our little village home base for future tours. And speaking of



Ross Hunter of Columbia pix and Adele Mara of Republic went dancing at the Pally, and stopped to chat with maestro Les Brown.

"This is where I came in," says Andy Russell who was formerly a drummer. He's currently in "Stork Club."



Will Osborne and Louis Jordan get expert advice from Eddie Kay (left), before doing their next act for Monogram's "Swing Parade of 1946."



# BANDSTAND

by Paul Vandervoort II

tours, we hear Les carries a private library and catches up on his reading during those long bus hops—has even converted his boys into bookworms! Hollywood really loved the Brown band, and Chirp DORIS DAY. . . .

**Gabbin' With Garber:** Making the rounds. I ran into JAN GARBER at the *Palladium*, and Jan pointed out to me that he holds one of the *Pally's* records. As he put it: "The world's shortest engagement in the world's largest ballroom!" The gag is that Jan subbed two nights for GENE KRUPA, when Gene's opening was delayed by plane trouble. Jan's own stand at the *Palladium* yanked in plenty of customers!

**Bandstanding Around The Sets:** Out to *United Artists* to watch SPIKE JONES and the CITY SLICKERS work in Tom Breneman's "Breakfast in Hollywood." Caught a very funny sequence based on Spike's rendition of "The Glow-Worm", with Spike shooting off pistols and scaring everybody on the set to death. The suits the Slickers wear are louder than the band (if that's possible!) and RED INGLE, JUDY MANNERS and CARL GRAYSON, hamming up the tune in approved Slicker fashion, are a cinch for bellylaffs. Between takes, Spike told me he augmented his band with a pig for this flicker, having already used a goat, a monkey and a camel in previous movies. Newest instrument in the band, he said, is made from an automobile radiator. . . .

**Conversation With Como:** To *20th Century-Fox* to gander a swell scene teaming PERRY COMO and VIVIAN BLAINE in "Doll Face." A "show within a show" sequence, it had Perry, as a burlesque manager, trying to hire Vivian, a dancer, for his show. Interesting sidelight is the fact that both Perry and Vivian are ex-band singers. Well, kids, take my word for it, they can act, too. Perry gets a chance to make with the

vocalizing on some ace JIMMY McHUGH-HAROLD ADAMSON tunes we'll all be humming. For some "for instances," I give you "Somebody's Walking In My Dreams"—"Red, Hot and Beautiful"—"Here Comes Heaven Again"—and "Dig You Later, Hubba Hubba."

Got a big kick, later during my visit, wandering around the lot with Perry, shooting the breeze. Was amused to hear that his first purchase, for the new Long Island home he recently bought, was an oversize bed. "After all those years of sleeping in beat-up beds on one-night stands, I want a little comfort at home," Perry laughed.

Perry's son, Ronnie, pulled a good one while in Hollywood. After Como cautioned the youngster about staying away from the swimming pool and off of Sunset Boulevard, Ronnie felt parentally abused at first. But after he thought it over, he came to his dad and said: "You're a good man, Daddy, you want me to be safe." "I don't know who writes his dialogue," Perry grinned.

**Two-Bar Breaks:** Hollywood got its own *Meadowbrook*, with the former *Casa Manana* getting a face-lifting and a new name, and ARTIE SHAW as the opening attraction. . . . ANDY RUSSELL and the KING COLE TRIO have spots in "Breakfast in Hollywood" which, with SPIKE, is a neat package of musical entertainment. BONITA GRANVILLE and EDDIE RYAN handle acting chores. Latest report on Andy's fan clubs is that the "Russell's Sprouts" now have 450 individual clubs. . . . JAN SAVITT prefaced his stand at the *Pally* with two movie jobs, one at *Warner Brothers*, another at *Universal*. ELLA MAE MORSE worked with Jan at *U*, doing her inimitable "Cow-Cow Boogie" in the featurette "Swing High, Swing Sweet." At *WB*, Savitt did a short titled "Jan Savitt and His Band," which traces Jan's career from the time he was a Philharmonic violinist, through his creation of "shuffle rhythm" as a dance band leader, up to date. . . .

Carmen Cavallero as he appears in "The Time, The Place And The Girl."



Perry Como and Vivian Blaine on the set of 20th-Century-Fox's "Doll Face".



Jan Garber tells Paul Vandervoort II about the record he holds at the Pally.



# HOLLYWOOD BANDSTAND

Continued

**Swingonym:** "Gam Session"—the musicians on Vine Street gandering the gals as they go. . . .

**Musicquirks—**PAPA MUTT CAREY, famed N. O. Jazzman, took up cornet because, he told his brother: "I want to play something I can carry in my pocket." Papa Mutt had been playing with his brother's band, and carrying a whole set of drums on his back for three or four miles to a job. . . . Now that the war is over, has anybody mentioned that BENNY CARTER's prediction missed the date of the conflict's end by only six days? . . .

**Columnist's Diary—**At *Monogram* to spend an afternoon with CONNEE BOSWELL and WILL OSBORNE, working in "Swing Parade." Talked to Connee in make-up, and got my kicks from hearing her talk Russian with her make-up man, Harry Ross, who was teaching her the language. Asked Connee if the BOSWELL SISTERS still harmonized, and she said: "Yes, we get together every once in a while and have an old-fashioned jam session. It's a lot of fun." Connee told me that the day she finished the flicker, she was going to leave an early call for the next morning, just so she could have the pleasure of saying, "Thank you, but *this* morning I'm going back to sleep." Making pictures, you see, gets an entertainer up early. . . .

WILL OSBORNE and I practically covered the history of music while he waited for his call, and he came up with an idea I heartily second—that some movie company ought to make a picture on the life of BIX BEIDERBECKE, with BOBBY HACKETT doing the musical honors. Will told me his tune "By An Open Fireplace" is getting a nice revival, and is used in "Swing Parade," and "they've even got me dancing in this film," he grinned. . . .

**Catching The King:** A "cat can look at a King," I figured, when I went over to *Paramount* to watch BING do a scene from "Blue Skies." Der Bingle, clad in a neat blue ensemble unlike his usual fantastic garb, was singing that wonderful oldie, "Say It Isn't So," in a night club scene. Between takes he wisecracked with the camera crew, shooed the make-up man away, and was as relaxed as only Crosby can be. Bing sings around fifteen tunes in the pic, all of them IRVING BERLIN songs. One of them, "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," is brand new, and if it isn't one of the biggest hits ever, I will personally eat this column word for word. In the picture, which also stars JOAN CAULFIELD and FRED ASTAIRE, Bing owns a series of night clubs, which become more lavish as the film progresses. One of his fellow entertainers is comedian BILLY DE WOLFE, actually well known to nightclubbers, having appeared with many name bands, among them JD and SAMMY KAYE (who incidentally, presented Billy with a watch). . . .

And being out of space, I'll do what Bing did after his scene . . . get on my bike and beat it! Plant you now, and dig you next issue!



Dottie Lamour, who used to sing with big bands, goes Latin and sings with the Guadalajara Trio in "Masquerade in Mexico."



Spike Jones and Red Ngle pry the tuba player from his horn after a hectic scene in United Artists' "Breakfast In Hollywood."

A scene from RKO's short, "The House I Live In," starring Frank Sinatra. The movie stresses racial and religious tolerance.



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**BAND LEADERS**



by Art Hodes

THE YEAR 1945 has been a good one for recorded jazz. Decca has reissued some hard-to-find Armstrong recordings, one of which was impossible to buy in new condition for less than \$20.00. I'm speaking of the rare "Stomp Off, Let's Go—Static Strut" disc which Louis waxed with Erskine Tate's Orchestra back in the middle twenties. Capitol has brought out a four album "History of Jazz," consisting of 40 sides. Columbia is slated to reissue the "King" Oliver Okehs, and that's really "manna from heaven." Man, when the large recording outfits show such interest in the real jazz, then you know that jazz has about won its battle for survival. Mind you, no one puts out records if they figure to lose on the deal.

Of these records, to me, the Oliver Okehs will be the most welcome. We'll finally have an opportunity of actually hearing the legendary King Joe blow it out. We'll be listening to him leading his jazz band without any help from another horn man. You see, Oliver cut most of his discs with two cornet players in the band. That made it very confusing for those of us who like to know just who the soloist is at any given moment.

On Oliver's Gennett recordings, I had the darnest time trying to figure out who was playing, Louis Armstrong or Joe. On the Okeh discs it's Joe all the way. Real New Orleans music. The music that influenced Goodman, Krupa, Muggsy Spanier, Joe Sullivan, Tesch, and others.

By listening to these records, we can find out what it was that today's stars heard in the music of yesterday. Now that we're finally presented with the opportunity of reading a chapter on jazz, let's not muff it.

Just finished working a stretch with one of the greatest present-day jazzmen: Max Kaminsky. Here's a guy who stands up. After doing his bit in the Navy with the Artie Shaw band; he received an honorable discharge. Before joining me, he had his own band for almost a year. We were together for a period of seven months at the Vanguard in New York City's Greenwich Village. Maxie blew it out every night. He's a fine performer and this column wishes him the best. By the way, the other man in my trio was none other than Freddy Moore, who at one time played drums for the King himself; of course I mean Oliver. If you haven't heard Fred sing the blues you've missed something. I believe the girls at Smith and Connecticut Colleges will vouch for that.

You know, we're really living in a swell age. Take music for example. Supposing a good band comes up today. In no time at all, it's recorded and heard. Yet it was only fifteen years ago that bands came and went without anyone outside their immediate vicinity knowing that they ever existed. Bud Freeman, who just came out of the Aleutians, had several good bands; so did Wingy Manone. All those sounds they produced are gone. There were no small recording companies around to preserve their music on shellac. I had a quartet at that time that really blew up a storm; I mean they produced music and rhythm: Earl Wiley on drums; Earl Murphy on banjo and guitar; Bennie Moylan playing clarinet, cornet, tenor sax, and singing songs like I've never heard anyone top; and myself on piano. But outside of a handful of musicians and customers who remember that band, the sound is gone.

Today, if it's great you'll hear it on records. Out in San Francisco, a Dr. Exner started his own recording company and waxed several discs by a young and coming pianist, Johnny Witwer. In Los Angeles, Dave Stuart recorded the Lu Watters group. In Washington, D. C., the ex-Turkish Ambassador's son, Nesuhi Ertegun, came up with four swell Jelly Roll Morton sides. Bunk Johnson, one of the real old time stars was recorded in New Orleans by Bill Russell. So it goes. Chicago, New York City, Paris and London are digging up the deserving undiscovered jazz stars and getting their story down on wax. Once again jazz history is being written.

But aside from records, there's been quite a bit of activity in the "in person" jazz field. Montreal staged several good jazz concerts, using New York City musicians and flying them back and forth; an innovation for jazz. The Boston Jazz Society has instituted a yearly policy of staging concerts featuring a group of young jazz players, local boys, and importing various stars to head each concert. Eddie Condon was heard for over a year on the Blue Network, besides giving concerts at New York's Carnegie Hall and Town Hall, and in several near-by cities. Nick's in N.Y.C. has stuck consistently to its policy of presenting jazz. Kid Ory and his band have found a home in Los Angeles. The Dallas Jazz Club, Bill Randle of Detroit, Phil Featheringill and John Steiner of Chicago, and the National Jazz Foundation of New Orleans have all made 1945 a great jazz year.

Lest we forget our mail bag, here's an interesting note from Sam Wellbaum, stationed in the Ryukus, that reads:

"Now look here Art: I'm strictly a New Orleans fan. My favorite records are the Hot Fives, New Orleans Rhythm Kings and Oliver's. Such contemporary stuff as Bunk, Ory, and Lu Watters give me the biggest kicks today. Nevertheless, I think you're slightly off base when you say there is no place for a tenor sax in a jazz band.

"Admittedly Ben Webster and Auld wouldn't fit in the same band with Jim Robinson and Mutt Carey (New Orleans musicians) or even with Kaminsky and Brunies. But how about Bud Freeman, Mezzrow, Pee Wee or Joe Marsala playing honky tenor in a Chicago-like group? Isn't that jazz?

"I quite agree that however knocked out Lester Young, Chu or Herschel Evans sound, they're not playing jazz but something a good deal different. But I do contend that the so-called Chicago-style of Tesch and his disciples, with a melodic line of tenor cornet and clarinet was great jazz. How about it? Play that copy of the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans "China Boy" over a couple of times and tell me that Freeman's tenor has no place in a jazz band."

Now let's hear what Charles Holzman of Baltimore has to say on the same subject:

"I wish you would print more of the truth about pure jazz, such as the piece about the sax. I agree with you wholeheartedly on this point. Your interpretation of the 'three voices' is pure truth.

"However, I don't think that two horns would ruin a band. Proof of this fact is the great Oliver band with Joe and Louis.

"Also, I don't believe that the piano belongs in a real jazz aggregation. I readily admit that Art Tatum, you and the rest are good, but just to the point of soloing. I have many of your records with bands and solos. They are good, but to me are not pure jazz. My favorite band was the old Jelly Roll gang. Jelly, by the way, was the only pianist I could ever appreciate as far as the piano in an orchestra is concerned."

And so it goes. What is jazz? Does the tenor sax belong in a real jazz band? How about the piano? Enough material here for columns, and ambitious me raring to go, but . . . I've used up my allotted space. More next time!

### Biogra-Briefs of Jazzmen



Fred Moore—Born in Washington, D.C., forty-three years ago. Started playing drums at twelve. Traveled with minstrel shows, carnivals, and circuses. Played in the pit at the Frolic Theater in Birmingham, Alabama, for seven years. Joined a show called the "Charleston Dandies" and toured the South. Later went with Charlie Creath's orchestra in St. Louis and then joined Wilbur Sweatman. After that, went with King Oliver on tour. After having his own trio for four years, he worked with John Kirby and played the Onyx Club. Is now with Art Hodes Trio. Has recorded for King Oliver on Victor, and with various groups for Blue Note. Besides playing drums, Fred sings in the blues tradition. He is married. His hobby is sports.



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Lucky me! A short time ago I had as companion lovely Vera Holly, star of the CBS "Viva America" show (Saturday nights, 8:00 to 8:30 p.m. EST) when I made the rounds of the famous beauty houses. We hovered over the various displays, oohing and ahing over the sights we saw, and rapidly checking names off our Christmas lists.

Miss Holly was snapped just as she was rapturously sniffing Prince Matchabelli's "Stradavari" perfume, and saying wistfully, "How I'd love to get this for Christmas." That, and the other things shown on this page were high in our estimation. Maybe you can get some ideas here that will make your shopping easier. See you next issue!—DUFFY

Lentheric's lovely "Confetti" perfume is a good gift. The price for a half oz. is \$5.00.



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# FAN



# STAND

SEVERAL issues ago we suggested things to do in fan clubs to retain the interest of the members. Since then we have heard of a few other super ideas, some of which we're passing along to you.

Dorothy Mayer, President of the Frank Parker Fan Club (announced in the November 1945 issue), 85 Astor Street, Newark 5, New Jersey, has been very nice about keeping us posted on the "doings" of her club. A birthday dinner for Frank was the latest. It was given in the private dining room of the *Neptune Restaurant*—and it was Dorothy's duty to get him there right after his broadcast without him knowing the why and wherefore of anything. Dorothy drummed up all sorts of excuses and he didn't suspect a thing. After dinner, they presented Frank with a huge box. On top was the product of his sponsor, then a pack of his favorite brand of cigarettes—and last, but not at all least, a cigarette lighter inscribed with his name. Frank made a speech, some pictures were taken—in other words, everyone had fun!

Here's another party idea! Mrs. Annette J. Russell, 540 Audubon Ave., New York 33, N. Y., President of the Baritone-Y Club (boosting Jimmy Farrell, Jerry Cooper and Ray Heatherston), wrote that the club had its first official get-together at the *Versailles* where Jerry Cooper performed. He sang songs in honor of the members, had pictures taken with them, autographed souvenir booklets—and, of course, chatted with each one. P.S.—this club also boosts many other baritones.

A club from across the Atlantic has just come to our attention. It is *The Modern Music Makers Fan Club* (Britain). It is now accepting members from the United States and would like to hear from a lot of you. Each member receives a club magazine monthly, British record catalogues and British photos. They are also expecting to supply British records later. Their policy is to boost both American and British swing and dance orks, small combinations and vocalists. For further information, you may write to: Ralph Meakin, Secretary, "Ingoldmills," Nottingham Road, Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, England.

Now to catch up with our listings of your fan clubs:

Would you like to exchange photos of your favorite band leaders and vocalists? Howard Fertig, 1041 E. 27th St., Brooklyn 10, N. Y., has a Photo Exchange Club for just that purpose.

For Perry Como fans: Como's Corners is interested in having more members. For information, write to club secretary Mildred

Ashinofsky, 365 Sheffield Ave., Brooklyn 7, N. Y.

Exclusively for the female set of Perry Como admirers is the Como-Ettes Club. For more info, write to: Audrey Aronowitz, 948 58th St., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.; or: Gloria Costello, 1941 84th St., Brooklyn 14, N. Y.

Walter Boyer, Jr., President of the Perry Como Fan Club No. 1, 2593½ North High St., Columbus 2, Ohio, is now having a membership drive. Come on, Como fans!

Permission from Perry Como to start a fan club for him has just been received by Irma Feinman, 2302 Strauss St., Brooklyn 12, N. Y. How about getting in on the ground floor and helping Irma make a success of her club?

Marion Gade, 23 Adeline St., Trenton 10, New Jersey, writes that she is interested in starting a Perry Como fan club and is looking for members.

Johnny Johnston fans take note! Virginia Cooley, Jonesville, Michigan, has a newly organized club called *The Johnny Johnstons*, and, of course, is anxious to get under way with lots of members.

Joan Clark, 713 So. Rusk Ave., Viroqua, Wisconsin, is interested in forming a Johnny Johnston fan club. She says that the first person who writes to her enclosing a name for the club will be vice-president, and his or her suggested name will be used.

Paula Kenney, Kennebrook, Leicester, Mass., would like members for her Nancy Norman fan club. Nancy, as you know, is a vocalist with Sammy Kaye's band.

The Corkettes, fan club for Corky Corcoran, is open for new members. Those living near New York, write to: Joan Garlow, Box 306, Jamesville, N. Y.—and those living near California, write to: Shirley Quelland, 424 Ellsworth, San Mateo, California.

Drummer Boy (one guess as to whom this club honors—you're right—Gene Krupa!) has just been organized by Mary Donahue, 1205 Deloss St., Indianapolis 3, Indiana.

Guy Lombardo fans who have been watching this column for mention of clubs for your favorite—note that we have heard from the two following Guy Lombardo clubs. Write to: Guy Lombardo Fan Club, Anita Lauwa, 39 Turner Place, Brooklyn 18, N. Y.—or to the other club which Helen Kersch, 107 Center St., Hamburg, N. Y., has recently started.

Ivan Martin, 210 Martin St., Titusville, Pa., is interested in organizing a national fan club for band leader Bob Astor. Be sure and write to Ivan if you're interested.

King of Swing fans will be happy to hear about two Benny Goodman fan clubs which are now going to town. One is *The Ben Boosters* club which is planning great things. Write to: Thornton Merriam, President, Valentine Road, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y. The other is being organized by Don Dowdy, 15640 Racho Road, Wyandotte, Michigan. It is called *Bennies Buddies*. Don is interested in new members and in opening up chapters in as many states as possible.

Ann Ruth Yosua, 4460 White Plains, Bronx

66, N. Y., has a Monica Lewis fan club and is anxious to have lots of new members.

The Original Herb Steward Fan Club is going all out for new members. Herb Steward is the 19-year old tenor-sax man with Artie Shaw. For more information about the club, you may write to: Jan Johnson, Active President, P. O. Box 912, Olympia, Washington.

Kay Dower, President of the Official Viola Smith Fan Club, 35-33 64th St., Woodside, Long Island, N. Y., is on the lookout for new members. Viola is the drummer with Phil Spitalny's ork.

By the way, you will remember that, in our November issue, we talked about club newspapers. Well, Kay has come through with a suggestion. Kay's club does not have a paper, due to the difficulty of having it printed. She suggests that since many clubs have mimeograph machines, they could charge a certain amount to other less fortunate clubs to have their club papers printed (Kay suggests about \$3.50 a hundred, consisting of ten pages each—all depending upon the cost of paper, etc.). This would help the club with the mimeograph machine to take in a little extra moola—and also help the club that wants the paper printed. Well, what do you think of Kay's idea?

Attention Jerry Wald fans! The Jerry Wald Swoon Society is paging members. Write to: Dottie Davis, 13716 Lincoln Ave., Highland Park 3, Detroit, Michigan.

Laurel Stecker and Stella Whiteman, 1424 Crotona Pk. E., Bronx 60, N. Y., have also organized a new Jerry Wald fan club.

And still another Jerry Wald club has been organized by Frank Green, 1135 Oak Ave., Evanston, Illinois. For more information, write to Frank—he'll be happy to hear from you.

Helen Mermer, 228 Elm St., Rossford, Ohio, wants members for her club honoring Stanley Getz. Stanley is a young and talented sax player with Stan Kenton.

Satellites of the Slender Sender (honoring Frank Sinatra, of course) are looking for new members. They offer many things, including a club ring. Write to: Audrey White, Co-President, 525 So. Clinton Ave., Trenton 10, New Jersey.

Nina Ruth Hullett, P. O. Box 1454, Pensacola, Florida, is having a membership drive for her new Frank Sinatra club. Nina says that each member who wants to join can vote as to whether the club will be called *The S. S.* (Singing Sinatra) or *The F. F.* (Fans of Frankie).

Phil Hep's Tuners is the name of a club for Phil Barton, who sings with Charlie Barnet. Miss Santa Andidero, 844 E. 230 St., Bronx 66, N. Y., is very enthusiastic about her club and is anxious to hear from others who also have a passion for Phil.

Well, Fan Clubbers, that's all for now. See you all next issue. Keep your letters coming to: Betty White, c/o BAND LEADERS, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

Conducted by Betty White

# Regal Foursome (Continued from page 36)

in San Francisco, the *Drake Hotel* in Chicago, and the *Biltmore* in New York. As a novel idea, they sang for a while with another sister and a friend, and were billed as the "Six King Sisters." Later on, just the original four stayed with the band.

Heidt's featured instrumentalist was a young singing guitar player. His name was Alvino Rey. He and Louise fell in love and she was the first of the sisters to marry.

After being with Heidt for five years, Alvino and the girls decided to break away and form their own band. They came to the Coast, and there Yvonne became acquainted with Buddy Cole. Perhaps with ulterior motives in mind, she persuaded Alvino to hire him as pianist, and eventually she and Buddy were married.

Alice met Sydney de Azevedo in 1940, when the band was playing at the *Rustic Cabin* in Inglewood, New Jersey. At that time he was interested in Brazilian shipping but, shortly after they were married, he enlisted in the Army. He recently returned from several years overseas.

Donna, the last of the Kings to marry, met Jim Conkling on a blind date in Hollywood. He lived in the East and was visiting in the movie capital. Thrilled at having a date with a girl as famous as Donna King, he was nevertheless puzzled because she was such an "everyday" person. When they wound up the evening at the Kings' home and Donna made him a delicious Spam sandwich, he was completely baffled. That sandwich probably changed his whole future. He suddenly began to think well of show people, especially of Donna. Although they didn't see each other for two years after that, their romance was resumed when they met again at the *Earl Theater* in Philadelphia, where the girls were doing a show. Jim has an honorable discharge from the Navy and is now head of recording for *Capitol Records*.

In 1943, after Alvino and the band joined the Navy, the King Sisters were on their own. While they still did some shows with Alvino for the Armed Forces Radio Service, Buddy Cole and his instrumental group have been backing up all their *Victor* recordings.

During the war years, the sisters showed what real troopers they were. They never turned down benefits and they had scores of camp shows to their credit. On their schedule were two broadcasts a week with Alvino for the A.F.R.S., an average of one show a week on "Mail Call," "Command Performance" or "G.I. Journal," and frequent appearances at the Hollywood Canteen. They also belonged to the Red Cross Canteen, which sent them to neighboring hospitals to serve coffee and doughnuts to wounded war veterans.

In addition to their vocal chores, the King Sisters have another interest in common—they own a women's dress shop located in Studio City. Their clientele is comprised primarily of San Fernando Valley women, a great many of whom are show people. A friend of the girls' manages the shop and does all the buying in New York.

The Kings have always been extremely conscious of clothes design, and planned on having the shop long before it actually materialized. When they were singing with Alvino, all four would sit on the bandstand night after night and scrutinize the clothes worn by the women dancing by. Probably more than one dancer felt uneasy by four pairs of eyes staring at her costume, but it afforded the Kings experience which is invaluable to them now in choosing stock for the shop.

When we asked the King Sisters if they have a formula for combining a successful career and marriage, they answered, "It's merely a question of deciding which is more important—a career or marriage. We feel a happy married life should come first and we like to devote what extra time remains to our careers."

Alice put this formula into practice when her son, Lex, was a year old. She had planned a birthday party for him, but the girls were also scheduled to do a show on the same day and rehearsals started at noon. Alice wouldn't think of missing her baby's first birthday celebration, so she arranged the party for 9:00 in the morning and was able to make the show at 12:00.

And so this regal foursome continues to produce great music and lead happy, married lives—proving that you can mix marriage and career and be successful at both!

During Vaughn Monroe's engagement at the Commodore Hotel in Manhattan, two other musicians—clarinetist Joe Marsala and Ray McKinley—dropped in to chin with V.M.



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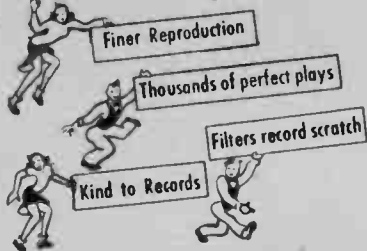
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# SOAP OPERA

Tired of waiting to find out what's going to happen to Uncle Joe's nephew or when Mary Brown will find her lost husband, hep characters around the New York area turn their dials to radio station WHN for an antidote that's a sure cure for the soap opera blues. In

Hollywood reporter Adrienne Ames (left) is regularly featured on the Gloom Dodgers show. Former vocalists Kay Stevens and Liza Morrow recently left —Kay, to go to the West Coast; and Liza, to join Benny Goodman's band.



L. to r.: Edmund Anderson, jazz expert Frank Stacy, and Erroll Garner during the jazz portion of the show.

The Chittison Trio—Carlton Powell, bass; Carl Lynch, guitar; and Herman "Chit" Chittison at the piano—play one of their special arrangements, while Bob Howard stands by to lend his moral support.



# ANTIDOTE

the "Gloom Dodgers" show, which holds forth six days a week from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., WHN boasts a program filled with the best in jazz music, plus fun, news, and guest stars. The photos below show some of the featured artists on a typical "Gloom Dodgers" program.



Top, l. to r.: Brad Reynolds; Day, Dawn, Dusk; Don Arres; Terry Allen; Bob Howard. Bot.: Ward Wilson; Adrienne Ames; Kay Stevens; Morey Amsterdam; Liza Morrow; Una Carlisle; Don Bestor; Don Albert, Edmund Anderson.



Don Arres, WHN's "Tropical Serenader," interrupts Ward Wilson's announcement of Terry Allen's song.

Sammy Fider, the show's pianist, accompanies Kenneth Spencer who sings a song written by Sgt. Hy Zaref. Hy and Vic Mizzy listen carefully to Kenneth's interpretation of Hys new composition.



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## Waxing Wise — (Continued from page 39)

Berlin evergreen, "How Deep Is the Ocean."

For the romantic urging, there is beaucoup persuasion in the pash piping of ANDY RUSSELL, literally dreaming his songs of love on a *Capitol* disc. Chants out in most contagious manner for "Love Me," from the hit-lined pens of Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne just the way he woos with this wordage in "The Stork Club" flicker. Mated is another screen song of major import, "I Can't Begin To Tell You" from "Dolly Sisters," which Russell sings in most soothing manner, banked by the lush string section of Paul Weston's band. And, for more of Andy's romantic song selling, lend an ear to the label's packaging of eight sides of "Andy Russell Favorites"—an excellent collec-

On the instrumental side, there's real musical jazz excitement in the *Musicraft* spinning of the JOE MARSALA Septet. Paced by Joe's clarinetting in lower registers plus Adele Girard's sweet-and-hot harp strings and Chuck Wayne's sizzling guitar pickings, it's a real pick-me-up for the unrestrained improvising for "Lover" and "Don't Let It End." The amazing clarinet wizardry of BARNEY BIGARD, missing from the disks since he stepped out of Duke Ellington's camp, is expertly showcased on *Keynote*. His facile fingering is demonstrated to the fullest degree for "Rose Room" and "Coquette," as he paced a Quintet featuring Johnny Guarneri and Joe Thomas.

Casing the Albums: Some of the best bets



Recent newcomers to the Cosmopolitan label are Jerry Wayne and Joan Edwards (above).

tion of Latin lullabies and familiar pops running the gamut from "Cielito Lindo" to "Just Friends." Russell sings both in Spanish and in English, scoring solidly for each of the sides.

PHIL BRITO adds to his stature on *Musicraft* wax with vocal wooing for "It's Been A Long Long Time," which will attract the needle more than the mated movie ballad, "I Can't Get You Out Of My Mind." JOHNNY MERCER selects songs strictly for his song personality, making it just as easy to take as to leave alone on *Capitol* for Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races" rewoven into the popular idiom and for a novelty-needed "Surprise Party."

Collector's Corner: For the devotees of *le jazz hot discs*, there is plenty digging in the earthy blues singing of HELEN HUMES on *Philo*. The one-time Count Basie canary chants it down to earth and real lowdown for "He May Be Your Man," a race doggerel of a two-timing papa, and yesteryear's "Blue Prelude." Her blues torch chanting is just as pronounced for "Every Now and Then" and a Harlesemese jive dish of "Be-Baba-Luba." And for another with real earthy quality in her pipes, it's fine and mellow blues singing that LIL GREEN gives on *Bluebird* for "Now What Do You Think," a race blues saga that has her knocking herself out with love for her man, coupled with "Mr. Jackson from Jacksonville," a groovy guy who has what it takes to get the gals.

on wax are offered in packages, with the waxworks paying far greater attention to the albums than to the single sides flooding the disk marts. *Capitol* continues "The History Of Jazz" series with Vol. II. This package offers "The Golden Era" dedicated to the turbulent twenties. Re-creating the jazz of PAUL WHITEMAN, RED NICHOLS, SONNY GREER (Duke Ellington), JACK TEAGARDEN and JAY McSHANN'S KANSAS CITY STOMPERS as featured in those years, it's still synthetic. For the raw jazz of that era, when the Chicago school was out front, you'll find more musical meat in the album, "Tesch" in the *Brunswick* Collectors' Series, bringing back the clarinet of the legendary Frank Teschemacher.

For the more reserved and relaxed record spinning, there's a real disk delight in BING CROSBY'S *Decca* packaging of all his songs from the movie "Going My Way." And the spinning is smooth for the medley of ten "moon" favorites compiled by VAUGHN MONROE on *Victor* for the "On the Moon-Beam" package, for which he added a string section, harp and additional voices to the band.

A feeble attempt to cash in on the master's popularity is *Victor's* album showcasing the listless and synthetic swing music of SAMMY KAYE for a "Stephen Foster Favorites."

If your record dealer cannot supply you with all the records listed in this review, drop us a postcard letting us know which records you can't get, your dealer's name and address, and your name and address. We'll contact the recording companies for you.

## WINNING WAXES

### Sweet Music

TOMMY DORSEY—"A Door Will Open." TD's sentimental tram slides and the singing of Stuart Foster et al garnished with tinkling celeste figures (*Victor*).

### Hot Jazz

DUKE ELLINGTON—"Time's a-Wastin'." A familiar blues theme dished up steaming in Southern style (*Victor*).

### Dance Disc

HARRY JAMES—"Autumn Serenade." A colorful harmonic picture painted by the James horn and his herd (*Columbia*).

### Novelty Needling

SPIKE JONES—"Holiday For Strings." The David Rose classic dished up with rib-tickling corn trimmings (*Victor*).

### Collector's Classic

BARNEY BIGARD—"Rose Room." Facile clarinet fingering of the former Duke Ellington swing star (*Keynote*).

### The Blues

HELEN HUMES—"He May Be Your Man." The one-time Count Basie thrush waxing earthy and real low down (*Philo*).

### Canary Chant

BETTY JANE BONNEY—"Ho Hum." Her vocal wooing brushes against the ears just the right way as she seeks out someone to love (*Victor*).

### Prairie Plush

SONS OF THE PIONEERS—"Cool Water." A lush lullaby of the wide open spaces with beautiful spiritual harmonies by this singing troupe (*Victor*).

### Prize Package

BING CROSBY—"Going My Way." The Groaner brings together all his song efforts for the Academy Award flicker (*Decca*).

### Top Tune

"It's Been A Long Long Time." A lilting ballad by JULES STYNE and SAMMY CAHN with a pretty melody that all the waxworks have been rushing in print.





During my hazardous tour through high school I determined that one day I, too, would write tests. I set the course of my life towards asking gruelling questions and being despised by unsuccessful test-takers. These quizzes are the result. If you score 95 to 100 you must have looked at my answer pad, 80 to 95 means that you're groovy as a movie, 60 to 80 is sort of in the "ho hum" department and if you score below 60 you're practically an icky. (You'll find the correct quiz answers on page 66.)

**ONE:** The following songs were composed either completely or in part by a name band leader. Who is he in each instance? (Score four points for each correct answer):

- (a) "The Very Thought of You".....
- (b) "Elks Parade" .....
- (c) "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine" .....
- (d) "I'm Beginning to See The Light" .....
- (e) "Shoo Shoo Baby".....

**TWO:** What was the first instrument ever studied by the following band leaders and what instrument do they play now? (Score three points each for the first instrument studied and one additional point for the present instrument):

- (a) Louis Prima .....
- (b) Harry James .....
- (c) Vaughn Monroe .....
- (d) Jimmy Dorsey .....
- (e) Artie Shaw .....

**THREE:** The following paragraph includes the last names of ten band leaders. The names may be misspelled (even badly) to fit the paragraph, but they are still there! (Score two points for each band leader you

find. You must give both first and last names):

Once upon a time a gay Spanish caballero came upon a poor fisherman who was mending his nets beside his day's catch. Alongside the silvery fish, who were all tucked out from flipping so much, was a single oyster. The gay caballero, who lived with his foster mother and father in a castle near the king's grey palace, laughed at the fisherman for keeping the oyster. "I shall take it home and hide it until the morrow when my kiddies will awaken and find it and play with it," the fisherman said. Whereupon he trudged up the hill and hid the oyster. The next day a child of the fisherman found the oyster and, being a smart little shaver, broke it open and found a pearl which he hocked at the pawn shop for a dollar, which money he spent on ten ice cream sodas.

**FOUR:** The following scramblegrams emerge as the names of top ranking girl singers. (Score two points for each correct name):

- (a) TIKTY LEKLAN .....
- (b) LEIBLI DOHLAIY .....
- (c) HANDI HORSE .....
- (d) NEUJ RICHTSY .....
- (e) THARMA WETARST .....

**FIVE:** Name the famous artist, in each case, who formerly worked at the professions listed below. (Score five points for each correct answer):

- (a) Cartoonist .....
- (b) Contortionist .....
- (c) Sports Writer .....

**SIX:** Sleepy, Grumpy, Happy, Sneezey, Doc, Bashful and Dopey were the seven dwarfs in Snow White. Dizzy, Happy and Lucky are three of today's better known band leaders. Give their last names. (Score five points for each correct answer.)

- (a) Dizzy .....
- (b) Happy .....
- (c) Lucky .....

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## Buddy's Band-To-Be (Continued from page 43)

Then, after having spent most of his twenty years in vaudeville, Buddy got out of show business. Some jam sessions at the *Crystal Cafe* in Brooklyn started him on his way to the band world.

Up to that time he had never played with a dance band. But he got acquainted with Artie Shapiro and joined some other musicians who hung around the *Crystal Cafe* and he sat in sometimes.

Shapiro was playing with Joe Marsala at the *Hickory House*, and one night he took Rich on the job and asked Joe to let Buddy sit in. Never having heard Buddy play, Marsala was a little dubious about it; finally he let Rich play a number when the job was nearly over.

It was a medium-tempo tune and nothing particular happened. Then Marsala kicked off the fast "Jim Jam Stomp," and Rich went to town with a series of fast licks that practically tore down the joint and had the customers crowding around the bandstand in typical movie fashion.

As a result, three things happened: Two weeks later Marsala hired Buddy as his regular drummer; the band made a Decca record of "Jim Jam Stomp"; and the *Hickory House* named a hamburger sandwich after the tune and made it a specialty of the house.

Since then, Buddy, who says he was "scared stiff" on his advent into bigtime band circles, has played with the best in the business. Leith Stevens got him for the famous "Saturday Night Swing Club" broadcasts over CBS, and he also toured with a road show edition of the program.

Then he joined the late Bunny Berigan for a job he remembers well as "two weeks of location, and five and a half months of rugged one-nighters."

Artie Shaw used his talents next, then Buddy joined Tommy Dorsey for an engagement which was interrupted by his enlistment in Uncle Sam's Marine Corps.

After two years of military service, he returned to the T. D. fold. Now, while finishing out his contract with Tommy, he is laying plans for his own organization. According to Buddy, the new band will be unveiled in May, 1946.

The Basie influence on his band plans stems from Buddy's great admiration for the Count, who, he thinks, has the greatest swing band around. Buddy once played for Basie for three weeks—at the Los Angeles *Plantation Club*, when Jo Jones was drafted. Rich was making a movie with T. D. at the time.

"It was the best time I ever had in my life," he said, recalling the terrific kicks he got out of working with the Count.

Modestly though, he didn't add what he might have—that Basie returned the compliment by telling friends he had never heard his band jump like it did when Rich sat in on drums.

That's the way with Rich, though—all of his talking is done with a pair of drum sticks.

The only time this wasn't figuratively true was on July 16, 1945, when Buddy said "I do," and took pretty Jean Sutherland as his bride.

Buddy calls her "Girl," and while it may not have had anything to do with their romance, Jean likes Basie's music, too.

She also shares interest in the Lincoln custom-built convertible which is Buddy's pride and joy, and in outdoor sports like swimming and golf, at which he is adept.

Knowledge of music matters she disclaims, however—she leaves that to her drummer-man husband.

Said husband is very positive on the subject, for come the day he steps out as a leader man, there'll be no phony stuff in his band, let the sticks fall where they may.

Off the bandstand Buddy Rich spends lots of time in his custom-built convertible.





"Sorry, but we can't jitter-bug at my house. Father is a longhair."

## Her Nibs-Miss Gibbs (Continued from page 27)

"Anyway," she said, resuming her story, "My mother took us out of the orphanage and, as soon as I was able to, I went to work. Mind you," she said, looking at me intently, "It was strictly a matter of eating. I'm no believer in child labor, but the family needed my help and I was mighty glad I could give it."

Georgia's first job was with Pearly Stevens in Boston, at the *Raymor Ballroom*. "I was going to Commerce High School then, and in my Junior year. We were studying botany, I remember. I felt that nothing was happening. . . . That botany," she kidded, "it decided my life. I said to myself, 'Listen, Toots, what's the use of kidding—you know you're going to be a singer, not a botanist. Why not start now?' So I did!"

Georgia took her lusty voice and determination and landed not one, but two jobs. She sang at the *Raymor Ballroom* from eight p.m. to eleven p.m. and at cafés from eleven p.m. to four a.m.

"Recently," said Georgia, digressing, "I sang in *Symphony Hall*—right next door to the *Raymor Ballroom*. Ouch, what a wonderful feeling!"

"How did you make these neat moves?" I inquired. She smiled and explained, "It was while I worked at the *Raymor* that Will Hudson (of Hudson and De Lange) heard me. He offered me a job and for a year I travelled on the road with his band. I made a record called 'I'll Never Tell You I Love You,' for Columbia.

"Then one of those things happened that sounds like a press agent's concoction," laughed Georgia. "But I'll tell it to you anyhow. The Hudson band was doing a three-day college date up at Cornell University—I was their vocalist. It was three o'clock Sunday morning and I was getting ready to hit the hay when I got a telephone call. The character calling said he was Richard Humber. He said he liked the 'I'll Never Tell You I Love You' piece and offered me a job starting that Monday. Naturally, I thought it was a gag."

But that Monday Georgia went down to New York City anyway—just in case—and sure enough she started on the air that night on the "Studebaker" show.

After a while Her Nibs (as Fredda Gibbons) moved over to the "Hit Parade" show.

"But nothing happened," said Georgia. "I was still getting nowhere. You see, in those days no one got billing on the 'Hit

Parade.' So I may have been doing a fine job, but few people knew me."

After the "Hit Parade," Georgia "retired" for a while. "I was lucky," she said, "I had saved some of my money, so I kept my frame fed."

It was in May, 1942, while Georgia was still hitting the hard time notes, that composer Marc Blitzstein asked her to 'take part in the "Music At Work" show for Russian War Relief.

Georgia sang a number with Joe Sullivan accompanying her at the piano. They almost brought down the house.

Artie Shaw was in the audience that night, and it wasn't long before he saw her back-stage and asked her to join his band for a short engagement. She travelled with the combo for six weeks and also made four disc sides.

Georgia's warbling finally came to the attention of Bill Murray of the William Morris Agency. "O.K.," said G. G., when Murray asked her to sub for Connee Boswell on the "Camel Caravan" show, "But on one condition . . . I go under a new name. Few people think Fredda Gibbons can sing—and, they don't care."

"Murray agreed to this, so I became Georgia 'cause it's one of my favorite songs. And Gibbs—'cause it's short for Gibbons. Simple, wasn't it?"

Thus emerged the Georgia Gibbs who made a hit on the "Caravan" show and on the Durante-Moore program—who shared top billing with Paul Whiteman on the Sunday night, "Philco Hour."

In addition, Georgia has wowed the customers at *Downtown* and *Uptown Cafe Society*, and rated a *Variety* review for her initial appearance at the N. Y. *Strand Theater* that read, "Topper of the show at the *Strand* is the initial engagement of Georgia Gibbs, thrush who has no trouble captivating the crowds and winning the crown."

Her Nibs' style of singing is . . . well, listen to the way she says it: "I sing a song the way it's written. It comes from inside," she said pointing to her heart. "I like to sing," she added. "Why shouldn't I keep it straight without any phoniness?"

Her Nibs isn't kidding either! Listen for yourself! Her vocalizing is now available on Victor records, and thousands of fans are listening to her on their own turntables.

After hearing Georgia sing, the only question anyone can ask is "Why doesn't she sing more and more?"



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# Artistry in Rhythm (Continued from page 19)

that he failed to find a single band which would give him the playing pleasure he sought. Unfortunately, he was becoming a perfectionist, loyal to his own ideals.

There was only one answer—Stan started to write music!

The music which Stan Kenton wrote was not music to be played. It was music to study, to improve, and to admire. It was music to talk about... and talk about it he did. And the more he talked to musicians with whom he felt a musical kinship, the more interested they became. In fact they became so interested that Stan was urged to start a band; urged so strongly that he now began scoring in earnest, writing arrangement after arrangement. It took long hours of writing in the dawn light, after gigs, but now Stan knew that only in his own band would he find what he must have, his own ideals scored and played to perfection!

Nights, weeks, months went by, and the labor packed into those months is inestimable. Finally, though, Stan had done something worth shouting about. He had arranged an entire library of music! Not just one arrangement lay in his score box but tens of arrangements, enough to play for an entire evening's dancing! And the unusual part about the whole thing was that Stan never heard a single one of the scores played by a band... yet here was an entire library!

By this time Stan had had many applications to join his "if-and-when" band and so was able to choose only the men in whom he had implicit faith. The first rehearsal of the Stan Kenton band was something to hear. Scores... like had never been heard before. A baritone saxophone blending basement tones into a chord as wide as the Mississippi River. Shrill trumpets cascading into rich trombones. A rhythm which exploded with firecracker surprises. No one who was there will ever forget the thrill of the new music they heard.

No one who was at *Balboa Rendezvous Ballroom* in those first weeks of the Kenton band will ever forget those wonderful sounds, either... nor will they forget the lanky six-foot bandleader, too intent on directing to perch at the white baby grand, as he pulled chords from the floor and threw himself into the air, his hair flying.

No one will forget it. In fact, so completely looped was the audience that they wrote letters by the hundreds to the major band booking agencies, insisting that this boy should take his band into the East to show Easterners what a California band could do. So insistent were those letters that the General Amusement booking agency did just that. Stan Kenton was signed and taken East.

What was it that made the Kenton band exert that influence? Stan can tell you.

"The band was originally designed, through both orchestrations and presentation, to thrill as much as possible. I strove for flash and wanted every arrangement, whether slow or fast tempo, to be a production in itself. Everything was written to swing to a driving beat. Spirit and enthusiasm had to predominate at all times. I wanted to play the strongest swing possible at all times and yet to present swing in as elevated a manner as possible."

In other words, every arrangement was written like a perfect short story—building to a climax, a thrill, and then going out

with a quick denouement ending! Furthermore, the entire evening was also planned, through expert programming, to build to a climax.

"I figured that 11:30 to 12 p.m. gave us our peak crowd at the *Rendezvous*, and we planned our program to peak at that period. Our climax was so complete at that time of night that, had you touched any kid in the audience, I think he would have thrown off sparks," Stan laughs.

The only thing wrong was that the dancers, after an evening of Kenton fare, were exhausted... and, furthermore, so were the musicians.

"It was a little too successful," Stan admits.

I could go on and on about the Kenton band. I could tell you how Stan scored his chords to make them so wide, making sure that every chord tone was included in the various voices. I could point out how his scores made use of deep tones seldom heard before in a dance band. I could tell you about the dynamic Kenton leading, so dynamic that twice in one evening I saw him throw himself off the bandstand, backwards into the crowd.

I could tell you how the Kenton band "fried an omelette" in New York City and how only a few of us, Dave Dexter included, had faith in the band; and how Stan finally decided to commercialize because the public was too musically retarded to understand what he was playing. I could tell you many of those things except that space is limited and editors get grey when stories run over their allotted length.

I will tell you that, now that Stan Kenton has reached the big time, he is reverting back to the style which made him famous. He knows that his musical ideas are right and he knows that his only desire in life is to express those ideas sincerely and well. Commercialism, as such, is being stuffed back down the drain by Stan Kenton and a real music has almost completely taken its place.

Once again this is a band with a purpose, a great band with a positive aim. This is a band to watch and Stan is a person to watch. A great guy, he is one of the most sincere musicians in front of a band.

Stan Kenton would rather go back to gigging, even to selling insurance, than desert his ideals. And if the public is too dull to see the value of his music, Stan will do just that. Mark my words!

## QUIZ ANSWERS

(See Page 61)

ONE: (a) Ray Noble; (b) Bobby Sherwood; (c) Stan Kenton; (d) Duke Ellington and/or Harry James; (e) Phil Moore.  
TWO: (a) Violin, trumpet; (b) Drums, trumpet; (c) Trumpet, trumpet-trombone; (d) Trumpet, clarinet-saxophone; (e) Saxophone, clarinet.  
THREE: Carmen Cavallero (Caballero); Freddie Fischer (fisher); Tommy Tucker; Chuck Foster; Art Kassel (castle); Wayne (or Henry) King; Glen Gray (grey); Horace Heidt (hide); Tiny Hill; and Ray Pearl.  
FOUR: (a) Kitty Kallen; (b) Billie Holiday; (c) Dinah Shore; (d) June Christy; (e) Martha Stewart.  
FIVE: (a) Xavier Cugat; (b) Harry James; (c) Frank Sinatra.  
SIX: (a) Gillespie; (b) Felton; (c) Millinder.



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin          |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet    | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin | <input type="checkbox"/> Control           |

Name ..... *Have You*  
(Please print) ..... *Instrument* .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If under 16 years of age, parent must sign coupon.

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