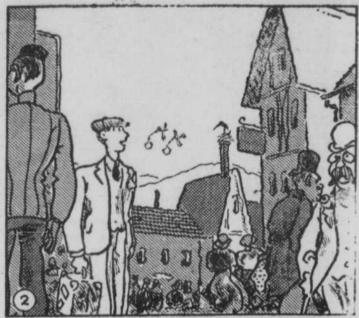


ERN has proved that a classical musical training is no handicap to the writing of successful popular music. By 35 he had composed twenty-five ma.



While still a boy Kern traveled to Germany to study, and then proceeded to England where he became interesting in



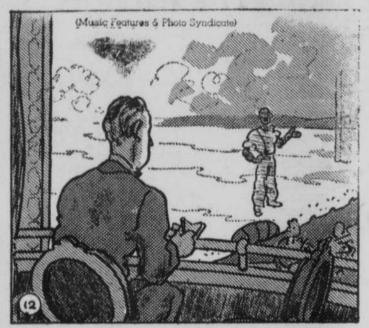
His life's ambition was to meet Charles Frohman, and finally one day he succeeded-and began work at fifteen



He returned with the music of twenty plays and the friendship of P. G. Wodehouse, at that time also starting his career.



Kera had read Edna Ferber's novel "Show Boat," and saw in his mind's eye as a musical show, but Miss Ferber laughed. Kern persisted, bought the stage rights and persuaded Ziegfeld to produce it.



Kern heard Paul Robeson sing and got the idea for "Ol" Man River" from the impression the great negro singer made on him. He put the song in the new should



But it was Jules Bledsoe who was cast in "Show Boat" and first sang the song. Kern has long been a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.



His melodic show boat has brought down the river of time such great songs as "They Didn't Believe Me." "Sally."
"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Music In the Air;" and many others the public remembers.

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MARIA GREVÉR A.S.C.A.P.

"Ti-Pi-Tin" - A Composer's Holiday -



twenty years she has played and

Grever made New York her perma-

nent address, became an American

citizen, and by virtue of her many compositions, became a prominent member of the American Society of

Composers, Authors and Publishers,

through which such artists protect

their copyrights. At the last an nual dinner of the Society she met

as a couturiere of song, for she has

composed dozens of songs, words

Of the numerous fictions follow-

that Senora Grever ranks among

Early in the 'thirties Senora

sung her own songs.

MARIA GREVER, Latin Amerisong, upset the musical traditions of a score of years when early this year she strayed from the classic standards to write her first popular song. She had created nearly five hundred standard songs, many composed for individual stars of the concert stage, when she evolved the light gay number, "Ti-Pi-Tin."

Now "Ti-Pi-Tin" is to Maria Grever what the Prelude is to Rachmaninoff, or the Minuet to Paderewski ... an inescapable part of her musical personality. She likes to dream of the recent past when she was hailed as composer and artist of the concert stage, before she dis-covered that she also had the touch of a popular songwriter. And as Rachmaninoff envisions heaven as a place where his Prelude never is heard, she can picture her paradise heard, she can picture her paradise heard, she can picture her paradise as a region not ringing with the

rhythm of "Ti-Pi-Tin." Maria Grever never regarded "Ti-Pi-Tin" as more than a passing fancy, and reluctantly consented to others constitute a "Who's Wko" in its publication early in the year, music. when friends who heard it in her atudio pressed her to give its gay ing the success of "Ti-Pi-Tin," one melody and lilting lyrics to the that most amuses its composer world of popular music lovers. Ray-mond Leveen, A.S.C.A.P., wrote the indigent songwriter. The fact is

Maria Grever's career in song has the most successful of women combeen international. A native of posers, and that, while she proudly Mexico City, she was reared in boasts three young grandchildren Spain. Returning to her native who have inherited the jet hair and land, master of piano, violin and flashing black eyes of their talented guitar, she sang with a velvety grandmother, she might well be coloratura soprano. Her patrician mistaken for their mother. So different from the usual run aspirations. Married at fourteen, of her creations is "Ti-Pi-Tin" that she found her husband in sympathy in Latin America many will not be-with her ambitions for a career in lieve it is her work. Yet like the music. A chance recording of one of her first compositions, "Besame," (Kiss Me) brought her recognition.

Prelude and the Minuet, apparently it is destined to haunt its creator, a musical Nemesis, to remind her When "Jurame," (Promise Me) fol- even if it is with swelling royalty lowed, her fame was secure. Soon checks, of her momentary lapse she was a reigning favorite of Latin from the classic ideals of her other America's concert stage, where for works.

(Music Features & Photo Syndicate)

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Music Features & Photo Syndicale

CONCERT pianist, to get away from the beaten track, try out a A novel detour, offered the other day "Old Black Joe" as a Polish dance; "Turkey in the Straw" as a Hungarian dance by Brahms; "Home, Sweet

Arabian dance by Tschaikow-sky; "Old Folks at Home" as a were associated for years with the minuet by Bach; composer, Much of their spare time today is spent in making new ar-"Yankee Doorangements of their old leader. Chopin and Liszt would have One of the best definitions of jazz "Am- we have heard is given by Ray Noerica" as Beet- ble, songwriting-bandman. "To most

hoven and Tin people," he says, "jazz means dance music. Personally, I think it's an have written it ordinary tune played in regular tempo so that people can move the manner of Mozart . . . Detours around a dance floor."

can be tedious. Whatever became of Emma F. Tolen? She was the girl to whom the song "Sweet Adeline" was dedicated. Her name appeared at the

Harry Armstrong, composer of the ballad, recalls her as a young girl who in 1903, the year of the song's publication, was selling. song's publication, was selling music in a New York department store.

his first song hit, "The Story the Violets Told." Armstrong was grateful. "Why don't you write a song to me?"
she asked. So when
"Sweet Adeline" was
ready it bore the inscription; "To Emma F.

Our Most Popular

"Sweet Adeline," though now chiefly identified with the bibulous Americano, with song-shouting get-togethers of men every-where, is our best phen Foster. Yet, it is doubtful people, in general, are familiar with

the name of Harry Armstrong. Probably not one person in 10,000 can name offhand the writer of out melodies. The patron saints of the more am-

bitious popular orchestras continue It is the Spaniard Andres Segovia to be Victor Herbert, Sir Arthur who has convinced American ears Sullivan and Franz Lehar. These that the guitar can be utilized for tunes other than those of the campus always ready and reliable when a program needs life pumped into it. There has never been a butlers' program needs life pumped into it. Over and over you hear them. Yet, they never grow stale — well hardly ever. Herbert and Lehar bulk a little larger on the scene, if only because they, respectively, wrote the fuscious tunes, "Kiss Me Again" and "Merry Widow Waltz." These pieces are warbled by every singer above the rank of burleycue, are played by every band above the hoedown hillbilly grade.

There has never been a butlers' chorus — not even in England . . . Recently, there was a film called "Gold Is Where You Find It." Songwriters Warren and Dubin, glancing at the title, substituted "love" for "gold," and lo! that's how ballads are born . . Modern American music is only 24 years old . . . Recently, there was a film called "Gold Is Where You Find It." Songwriters Warren and Dubin, glancing at the title, substituted "love" for "gold," and lo! that's how ballads are born . . Modern American music is only 24 years old . . . Recently, there was a film called "Gold Is Where You Find It." Songwriters Warren and Dubin, glancing at the title, substituted "love" for "gold," and lo! that's how ballads are born . . Modern American music is only 24 years old . . . Recently, there was a film called "Gold Is Where You Find It." Songwriters Warren and Dubin, glancing at the title, substituted "love" for "gold," and lo! that's how ballads are born . . Modern American music is only 24 years old . . . Recently, there was a film called "Gold Is Where You Find It."

Noble's right. People don't dance; they move around a floor. Some musicians who live up to their torrid names in the tones they offer are Joe Venuti, fiddler; Phil

Benny Goodman, apparently, isn't satisfied to be the dictator of swing. She had been successful in boosting He has turned songwriter, too. With the help of Edgar

Sampson and Mitchel Parish he has penned a tune called "Don't Be That Way." Another swing sahib, Louis Prima, has also written a song—"Where Have We Met Before?" — and quite a nifty it is.

There's no time in Germany for any "Hey-Nazi-Nazi and a Hi-De-Ho." A Berlin daily had this to say the other day: "As Germans, the most musical people on earth, we insist we no longer find pleasure in

Murray Sturm A.S.C.A.P. known - certainly, our most popu-, furious sax squeals, clarinet blasts, lar - ballad since the days of Ste- trumpet shrills. Jazz is finished." But Paul Whiteman goes right on shaking his knee, Benny Goodman

goes right on tapping his toes.

It is doubtful Frank Crumit would "Sweet Adeline." Armstrong, a reteran member of ASCAP, still pecks away at a keyboard, working engineering had he not in his idle moments furbished up the old bal-lad, "The Gay Cabellero." Two mil-lion records were sold of the thing, and Crumit's stage life began . .

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