I'm a band leader. Not only can I drink a whole lot, but I play 23 different instruments too and I don't even know how to read music. Self-taught, you know. Couldn't tell it, though, to hear me play. When I play and sway in rhythm to the catchy little tunes that I know all the girls for five miles around get hot p ants for me, hotcha!

Last night was pretty good for a Wednesday. We got ten requests for, we got "Bill Bailey," and we played them all and we got s even people came up for the twist contest. I gave away a box wi th two small bottles of champagne imported from Europe, heh, an d kissed the girl who won and shook hands with the guy she was with. He didn't mind when I kissed her because I'm important.

We have a new routine. Been working on it for three weeks or mo re. I pretend I'm a queer and the sax player pretends he's a qu eer, too, and later on in the show -this'll kill ya-, we kiss e ach other so that it looks to the audience like we kiss each ot her on the mouth, heh. When we go . . . into a fast number, GOD , the people love it! Wait till we get to Las Vegas!

(Ha-heh-heh)