

1987

OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

PRESENTS

MEMORIES



SWINGTIME

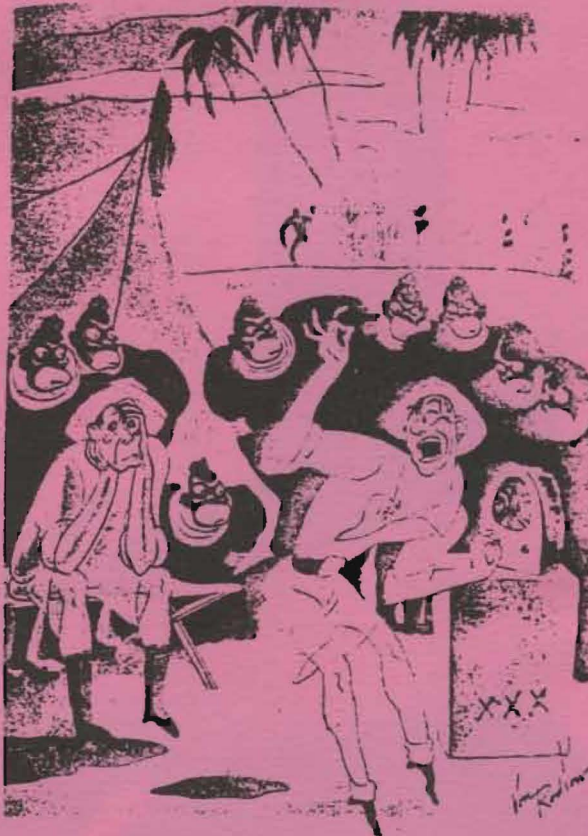
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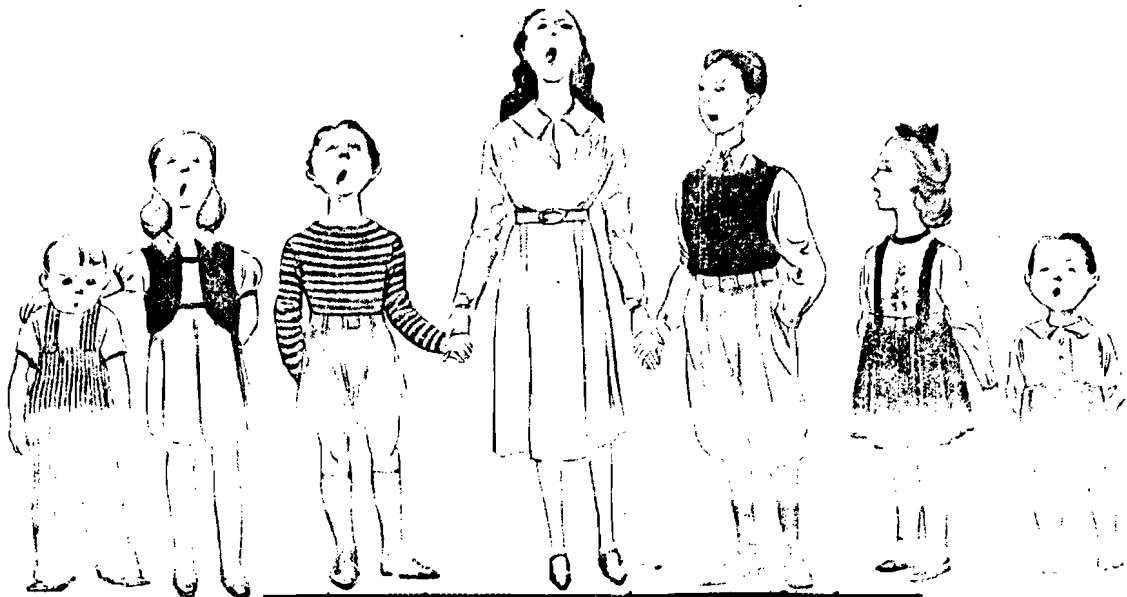
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articles for future issues from the membership. Contact at
above address for information.



"WHY am I here, when I could
be home reading MEMORIES?"

MEMORIES is a publication of the Old Time Radio Club, which
meets the first Monday of each month, September through June
at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, New York. All interested
in the Golden Age of Radio are invited to join as observers,
participants or members.

This issue of MEMORIES is being dedicated to all those who
made it possible for us to have a SWINGTIME in our lives.



BOARD OF REVIEW

Somewhere back in time, a half century ago, say 1938 for example, picture an evening, dark and soft, strung with starlight. Picture a ballroom, elegant in its simplicity, enhanced by a revolving mirrored ball that cascades splashes of light across the floor; imagine young couples, arm in arm, circling the room, the men debonaire in suits and slicked down hair, the girls in flowing bias cut dresses that sway to the music. Hear the music, bright, brash, innovative. You are listening to radio.

It is the springtime of your life. This is Swingtime.

Music was everywhere on the air. Early radio had made a commitment to inform as well as entertain, and broadening the listeners' musical knowledge was part of that commitment. Concerts, operas, talent searches, Your Hit Parade, patriotic Kate Smith, pop singers and amateur hours poured into the homes. Comedy programs were incomplete without their orchestras and singers. You, at home, even had an opportunity to be part of a national orchestra. Radio magazines of the day gave detailed synopsis of operas, histories of pop songs, and explanations of symphonic works, made opera and symphony personnel into household names, and brought events in the wide world of music to readers' attention. (We may develop this theme into a future issue of MEMORIES.)

Into this atmosphere of culture came swing.

Just as later generations of parents reacted to rock and roll, Elvis and music videos, parents of the swing generation deplored it, worried about its corrupting influence on youth and disapproved of it. Critics often deprecated it, assessed it in relation to "sweet" music, and predicted no future. A large segment of the population shook its collective head, suggesting more emphasis be given to "better" music. However, swing caught on, stayed with us, and became a classic in its own right.

What is swing? and where does it come from? If there ever was schizophrenia in music, it was swing. Jazz, jive, rhythm, bobop, crooning, blues and pop were used interchangeably with swing. Lines were further blurred when swing treatments were given to old favorites, although a swinging version of the Star Spangled Banner so outraged the public that a more judicious selection of music to "jazz up" resulted. It crossed the lines of classical music in both directions. It was not uncommon for swing musicians to have a firm grounding in the classics, while opera, concert and symphony artists adopted swing formats for their appearances on radio comedy and musical shows. Benny Goodman, considered the "author of swing" by some sources, appeared at Carnegie Hall to enthusiastic crowds although the musicians union picketed his performance in protest. In the mid 1950s I heard him perform as guest soloist with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra at Kleinhans Music Hall in an all classic program. Even the critics of the day could not define exactly what swing was. But emotionally you felt it when you heard it.

Swing, the craze that swept through America in the 1930s and 1940s was a purely American development in music. It was slow in reaching Europe and even after it did, never had quite the same impact there. It was definitely part of the jazz movement, which has branched out in many directions from its central core. Its immediate ancestor was George Gershwin, to whose memory swing musicians paid homage. It sprang up spontaneously and simultaneously in various parts of the country, but its roots reached back into Ragtime, at the turn of the century, and even farther back in time to the jazz rhythms that moved up the Mississippi River from New Orleans, to St. Louis, to Chicago.

It began to be played in small smoke filled clubs, and it might have remained a limited movement and a localized phenomenon were it not for radio. Radio took it in and gave it national exposure. As its popularity grew, it spread to dance halls, summer resorts and amusement piers, and radio was there. Overnight, Paul Whiteman, the Dorsey brothers, Wayne King, Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman and others became a sensation. Swing gave its freshness, creativity, and vitality to a country worn by depression and war. It gave its name to an era.

In this issue of MEMORIES, we present a sampling of the swing movement as seen through the magazines of the day. Let it bring back (or for younger members, create) happy MEMORIES.



Phyllis O'Donnell



"YES," says Walter Gregoraszuk, New York City window-cleaner, "I'd rather hear something more quiet than Swing, so I could fall asleep easier"



"NO," says Samuel Weintraub, delicatessen proprietor of Worcester, Mass. "My customers have fun listening to Swing on the radio in my store"

IS THERE TOO MUCH SWING?

ROVING REPORTER FOR RADIO GUIDE PUTS THIS PERTINENT QUESTION TO LISTENERS-IN

Exclusive Radio Guide Photographs
by Gene Lester



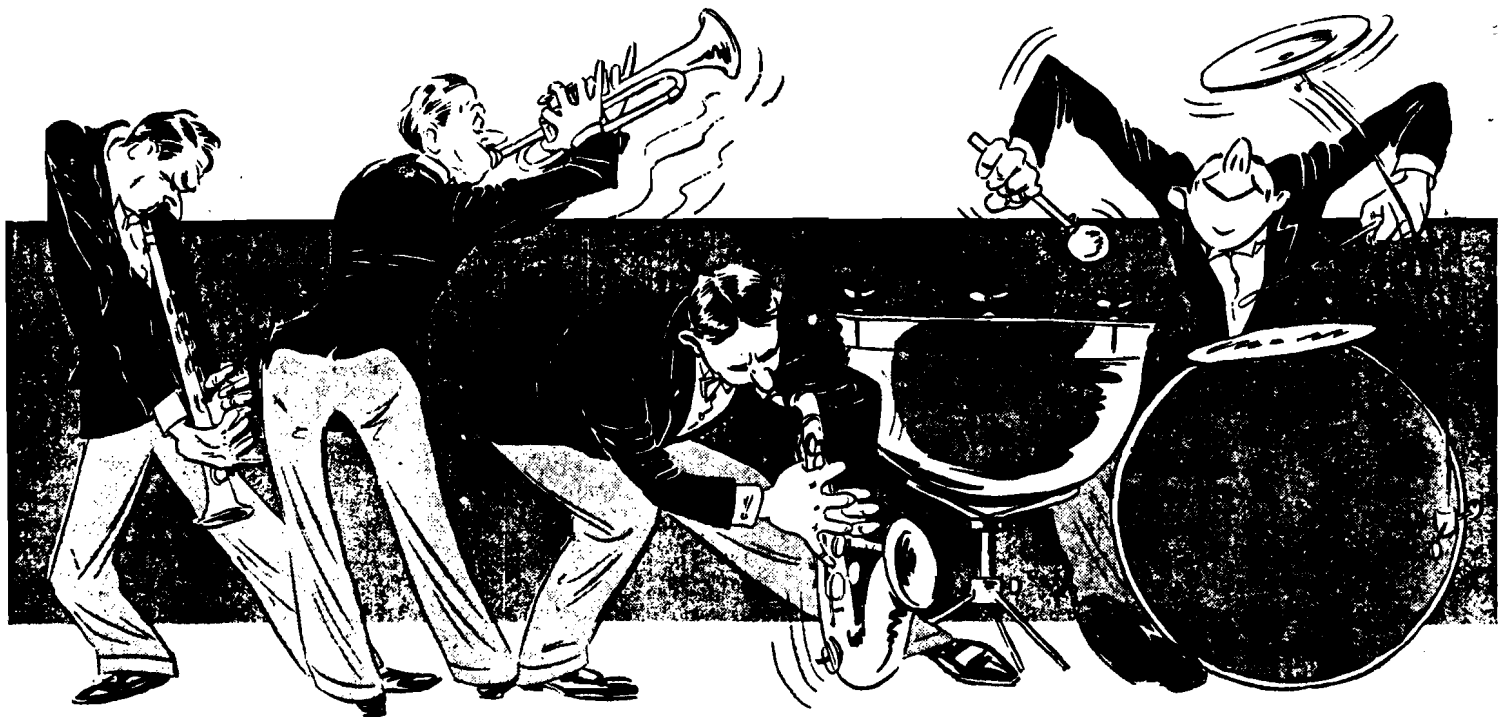
"NO," decides Gerald Abovitz, ice-cream salesman in New Haven, Conn. "If radio has been a success till now, why not let well enough alone?"



"YES," echoes Mazie L. Bledsoe, Columbia, Mo., secretary. "While I enjoy Swing music in moderation, I think there's too much of it in radio"



"NO, there can't be too much Swing. It keeps me in a happy spirit, makes me forget the 'blues,'" says Curtie J. Graff, Washington, D. C., officer



HAS SWING SWUNG?

IS SWING REALLY ON ITS WAY OUT?
 SWING-LOVERS SAY "NO," MANY SAY
 "YES." READ THE ANSWER HERE

BY JAMES STREET

THERE is a warm, gratifying feeling around the cockles of my heart as I write that my operatives, A to Z, have reported that swing is earmarked for limbo, that the wild, weird moanings and groanings you hear are the death-rattles of the cock-eyedish music the world has known since savages first stretched a hide over a hollow log and tried to beat the devil away.

Really, Operatives A to Z report that the torrid trumpets that flourish and flounder and weep and wail and give my radio delirium tremens actually are the horns of Gabriel tooting a requiem for "barrelhouse" and "gutbucket."

Operatives A to Z may be wrong, however. They have been. They are the ones who reported here that the Strouds never had been married. Too late I learned that there had been an epidemic of marriages among the Strouds.

But just as I became convinced that swing is like death and taxes, along came the operatives and said a consensus of National Broadcasting Company bandleaders is that swing is on its death-bed.

Ruby Newman, broadcaster of waltzes from Radio City's Rainbow Room, was the first leader quoted by the operatives. "Fox trots," said Ruby, "probably always will be the 'bread and butter' music of dance orchestras, but the success of my waltz programs proves to me that swing is on the way out."

I sent the operatives back into circulation to learn exactly what swing is. The bandleaders couldn't say, and now even the operatives are fighting between themselves. But they turned up some weird facts about swing which I will report, and then I will seek cover and await the nasty letters from the "alligators" and "cats" and "ickies" and other species addicted to "barrel-

house" and "gutbucket."

Swing is a verb. You are slaughtering English when you say "swing music." That makes swing an adjective. Of course, a covey of "ickies" and "alligators" and "cats" and "gutbucketers" are really interested in English.

It is as old as music, for it's simply improvisation. Improvisation means you play what you feel; "go out of your head," the "ickies" call it. For example, you have a toothache and you feel like trying to explain your misery in music. You pound and beat a piano as pain pounds and beats you. You are improvising.

There is a legend that Ludwig van Beethoven lost a penny one day and got peeved about it. A penny was a heap of money. So the master plopped down at his piano and tore into the keys. He was improvising. He was angry. He was putting his feelings in music. The great mas-

ter wrote "Fury Over a Lost Penny."

I am not saying "Fury Over a Lost Penny" was swing. Oh, no! If I said that, Leonard Lieblich, our music critic, would come to my office with five bars, an overture and clef me one.

After Beethoven improvised his "Fury," he could have swung it; that is, give it its head—just go wild with it—pound it, beat it, jump on it, snarl at it, shriek and grumble. Then he would have been "jamming" it. He might have made it a "Killer Diller," a scorching bit of swing. If that had happened, the master would have been "jiving." Does it make any sense to you? No.

All right, let's take this tack: Stand outside a school some afternoon when classes are dismissed. Hear the children shout with glee. They are giving themselves "the head"—shouting and improvising. There's a melody in those shouts. If you knew music and

could arrange the shouts of schoolchildren from their improvisations you could swing the improvisation by stepping up the tempo—jamming it. Out of it all might come a great swing classic.

Silly? I think so. But hear how Raymond Scott wrote "Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals."

Scott's band was rehearsing. The drummer was sitting by a microphone and a sea-shell was on the mike. Yes, an ordinary sea-shell—one of those things that go "w-h-ho-ho" when you put it to your ear. A trumpet-player was blowing into a pail of water. The result was a hissing sound with a wild, muffled drum effect in the distance. That, said Scott, is the beginning of that dinner music for the cannibalistic brethren. The music is supposed to make you think you are approaching an island, an exotic island—palm trees! Sand! Winds! Waves! Whispering grass! Chiggers!

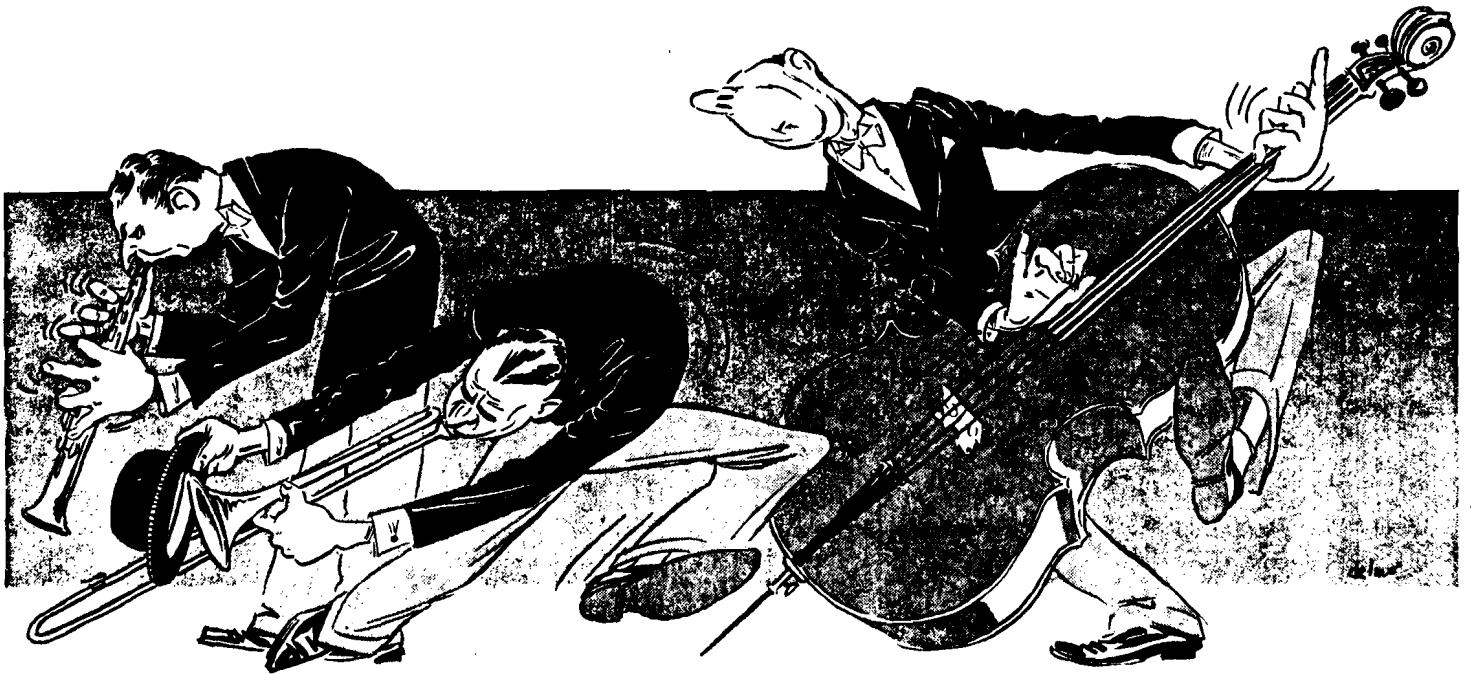
The music surges! You can picture the cannibals coon-jining and swinging it while the pot boils. It's very realistic. You almost can hear the boys fussing over whether the missionary will be served with mustard or Thousand Island.

Scott's dinner-music is the tops, the "alligators" tell me. But I'm partial to his "Reckless Night on An Ocean Liner." I get seasick when I hear it.

Now I'm not picking any quarrel and I mean this as a compliment, but the best swing music I ever heard is a fox-hunt with the hounds "giving it their head" and "jamming." It's genuine swing, if Operatives A to Z make a correct report.

The hounds take off, panting and leaping. They smell a fox. Then they improvise. Really. They just bay what they want, then mouth and groan and yelp. Then they start swinging when they get close to the fox, and the





chorus rises and soars and almost blows the stars out of the sky. There's a swing song for you—"Moon Madness of a Pack of Cock-eyed, Red-bone Fox Hounds"!

Have you any idea what swing is now? All right, forget it. Even those who do it don't understand it. Louis Armstrong says "It's something you've either got or you haven't got." Duke Ellington says "It don't mean a thing if you haven't got that swing." Bunny Berigan of Columbia says it's a certain lilt that creeps into music when you're being completely yourself.

"I'll show you," said Bunny. He put his trumpet to his lips and blew. It was a chorus of "Oeci Chiornia." It was cock-eyed, punch-drunk music.

No two musicians swing alike. It's personality music, freedom of expression. Such music is barred in Germany. Negro bands are not allowed to play in that country and Negroes are natural swingers. Then, too, swing is supposed to induce a feeling of freedom. If that's freedom and liberty, then give me death.

"Alligators" and other swing victims will argue seriously that Germany bars swing because it's impossible to regiment a swinging multitude. They say a people who will let themselves go and whoop and bounce simply haven't time or inclination to go around stiff-legged and "heiling Hitler." Maybe they could swing that "Heil Hitler" chant. Did I say let Hitler swing?

The vocabulary of swingsters is marvelous. It's something that makes word-lovers go into trances, for the "alligators" and "ickies" really are swinging the American language. And American language is the only language that can stand such a strain, the only language flexible and tough and expressive enough to give swingsters "their head."

"What would an Oxford professor say if he heard this statement:

"Don't die on me because we are going to jam and then jive and take it off the cob and get with the gutbucket. The cats are crying for a killer diller. Mute that derby on the second chorus. We need a lift on that woodpile, then let it ride. Go hard on

the agony-pipe and grunt-horn and don't be corny."

For the benefit of those whose brains are swinging, here is a primer of swing expressions:

Barrelhouse or **gutbucket**—real low-down music.

Jam—to improvise.

Jive—same as jam, only wilder.

Cats—swing fans.

Ickies—cats who love sweet music.

Alligators—swing addicts.

Killer diller—a hot swing tune.

Corny—amateurish.

Off the cob—better than corny.

Agony-pipe—clarinet.

Woodpile—xylophone.

"Alligators" will argue until doom's day about when swing really got a toe-hold in America and whence it came. This much is beyond controversy: it is typically American, and swing as we know it is the stepchild of jazz. Negro bands of the South have been swinging music a long time. Many of the musicians can not read music, so they just play what they feel, improvise, and because they are natural musicians they make a melody of it.

King "Papajoe," a New Orleans Negro, was swinging music years ago.

Nick LaRocca and his Dixieland Jazz band used to swing it when I was a boy. He had a trumpet, clarinet, trombone, piano and drums in his band—a wild combination. He and his boys had to make up their music as they played, as none could read music. Some of his best hits were "Tiger Rag" and "Livery Stable Blues."

His style was wholly different from the Handy school of musicians. Handy began the blues; out of the blues came jazz and out of jazz came swing as we know it.

Please believe me when I say I mean this with all respect. But I heard

swing music when I was seven. It was at a Negro camp-meeting, a religious revival. The Negroes "got happy." They shouted and sang. They improvised. Out of that came a melody. I've heard Negroes swing the most sacred spirituals. And I've seen white folks come from miles around and listen, and "stomp" and smile and weave.

One of the easiest songs for a Negro to swing is "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." But when swingsters started swinging "Loch Lomond" it started a row. So in defense of "alligators," I suggest it's rather silly to raise a howl about swinging a Scotch ballad when Negroes have been swinging spirituals for many years.

But many radio stations have barred the swinging of "Loch Lomond," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and other sentimental ballads. General Manager Leo Fitzpatrick of Detroit's WJR objected strenuously. "They'll be swinging 'Nearer My God to Thee' next," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, and many anti-swingsters applauded him.

My! My! Mr. Fitzpatrick should attend a Negro revival meeting. I've never heard "Nearer My God to Thee" in swing time, but I've heard them swing "Revive Us Again" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand."

Operatives A to Z polled musicians and "alligators" and compiled a list of arguments pro and con. The result was amazing.

They found hundreds of musicians and radio listeners who will fight in favor of swing. Here are a few of their contentions in its favor:

"It stems from one of the oldest musical traditions—pure improvisation. Bach, Beethoven and Chopin gave whole concerts of improvised music. It gives musicians opportunity for greater expression, it puts the em-

phasis on music itself, it demands a greater technical ability than does the straight type of music. A swing man is not afraid to try something new. Swing was created by American musicians without benefit of foreign influences. The waltz is Viennese, the tango is Spanish, the rumba is Cuban—swing is American. Europeans consider swing extremely artistic."

Arguments against swing include: "It has no sentimental appeal and emphasizes primitive rhythms. It allows too much freedom to the performer and it excites the audiences instead of soothing them. Swing players do not play evenly or smoothly with a simple melodic line that anybody can hear and whistle. It is not refined."

I do not like swing. Maybe I don't understand it. But neither do I like the arguments against it. I'm in favor of anything that gives more freedom to individual performers and I'm for any melody that can't be whistled.

Bandleaders quickly will take up the cudgel in the argument. Paul Whiteman, a fair judge, says swing is a form of jazz. "It is native," he says, "and like folk-music of other countries will some day form a vital part of American symphonic literature. There are many influences contributing to American music and jazz is its musical melting-pot, into which poured the blues, the hillbilly tunes, the work-songs, the Negro spirituals and the moderns. The future musical organizations will be forty-piece brass and wood-wind orchestras."

Brother Paul also makes a sage observation about dancing and slaps the wrists of those who wail that swing has made dancing immodest.

"Dancing today is really more decent than the old waltz," says Whiteman. "The Big Apple is like a square dance. In truckin', the dancers are not near each other. It's fine exercise. Morally, it is healthier than some of the dances in the past eras where dancers clung to each other."

Bunny Berigan says: "Swing represents the trend of the times. It is the music of the future. The waltz has had its day."



George Hall retorts: "The waltz is a lasting influence, not some musical fad."

Tommy Dorsey cuts in, "There will be swing as long as there is youth to scream for it."

However, the consensus is that swing is passing, or at least growing up and calming down. There always will be swing masters like Scott and Goodman. Most of the "name" bands never have played "gutbucket." Some not only resisted it but campaigned against it.

Lou Breese, of Arthur Murray's Dancing School, is one. Breese says his music is strictly for dancing and is opposed to swing.

Horace Heidt also thinks swing is finding itself. Eddy Duchin never has swung a tune, and other leaders point to his enormous popularity as proof that swing is fading.

RAYMOND SCOTT and Benny Goodman are the hopes of the "alligators." Scott particularly has been criticized by anti-swingsters. But Mr. Scott can take care of himself and has a right to be heard, so he says:

"Music to me is any sound which creates an emotional reaction, whether it be the booming of cannons or the perpetual rolling of the seas.

"History illustrates that the lasting value of musical works has never been weighed in one generation and even our foremost composers never received fullest appreciation until after their death.

"I have attempted to elevate the standard of present-day swing music by combining classical forms of descriptive idioms with the hot-cha razz-ma-tazzle of rhythmia. Although I have tried this in a popular vein, more or less, there are today recognized symphonic composers who are employing the same musical formulas in their writings. Stravinsky (ragtime for 11 instruments), the late Ravel (Bolero), Morton Gould (Chorale in Fugue in Jazz Form) and many others are among those who are exploring the wider fields of jazz rhythms and advanced harmonies in an attempt to unshackle the limited bounds restricted by our early music.

"To those who dislike 'Twilight in Turkey,' 'Powerhouse' and other tunes of mine, I can only plead for tolerance."

Well put, Mr. Scott. However, Operatives A to Z still insist that a majority of musicians say swing has swung and that time will prove them right.

"Joe Swing"

The late Bix Beiderbecke, greatest "out of this world" trumpet-player hot music has developed, is the idol of current popular musicians. His improvisations were infinite and ethereal. He taught today's masters. Benny Goodman learned much from him. Bob Crosby's "Dixieland Style" musicians speak of him in tones of hushed awe. Beiderbecke lived as absorbed in the wonders of his trumpet as Gene Krupa is now in his drums. Most writers today delve into his life for the patterns of their stories on unconventional music-makers.

This week the Columbia Workshop will broadcast a fantasy by Hilda Cole called "Joe Swing," for instance, and before hearing it it's a good-enough guess that Beiderbecke biography is its background. Joe is a trumpet player. In the dramatization, his voice is never heard; although he is the chief character, he appears only in the sound of his magic horn. Leith Stevens, of "Saturday Night Swing Club" renown, will conduct the play's special musical score. To sit in on this dramatic "Jam session," turn to CBS at 7:30 p.m. Saturday.

Swing and Sweet

Bitterly debated among devotees of "swing" and "sweet" music are the innumerable phases of the question: Which of the two forms is best, which most nearly represents the true spirit of American music, which, in the final analysis, is the real thing? Could the two be combined, or is sweet sweet and swing swing, and never the twain shall meet? Answers to at least a few of these burning questions will be put on the air,



PRESENT, TEACHER

—Tuesday, CBS

Paul Whiteman dons a cap and gown and waves his baton in the classroom this week. Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey may be the first names filed under the heading "swing," but Whiteman is still extensively called "the king of jazz." Whether you call it ragtime, jazz, swing, jam, jive, or noise, it is most publicized by the triumvirate of Goodman, Dorsey and Whiteman. Goodman often performs exhibitions for groups of the intelligentsia. Dorsey has helped conduct a jazz forum recently for the schools of Delaware. Whiteman speaks out often and forcefully on the subject. Only a few weeks ago a newspaper article presented a debate in which Paul defended swing music against the more conservative preferences of his father, who is somewhat of a music authority himself. Now the jazz king is taking over the lecture and demonstration platform of the "American School of the Air" this Tuesday to explain and illustrate with his orchestra what jazz (or swing) is and what part jazz (or swing) plays in contemporary music. Shall we set the dial "in the groove" and "truck on down" the schoolroom aisle?

for those who can find them, at 9:30 p.m. EDT on Tuesday, July 19, when Guy Lombardo, for years acknowledged leader of the "soft, slow and sweet" school of jazz orchestra leaders, takes baton in hand to direct Benny Goodman's band. Goodman, the King of Swing, is taking a three-week vacation in Europe, and he has arranged for other noted musicians to take over his program during his absence. Guy Lombardo will be the first to try it.

MAN WITH A FIDDLE

—Thursday, NBC

One can't throw a stone in the street these days without hitting a "hot" saxophonist or clarinetist or trumpeter. Swing-crazy America is producing musicians in those categories faster on practically a mass-production basis. But few of them have the audacity and the skill to "swing" a violin. The outstanding hot violinists in this country can be counted on the fingers of one hand—with one name leading all the rest. That name is Joe Venuti, and Joe Venuti was a jazz violinist long before the word "swing" had a musical meaning. If you've never heard a violin "swung"—even if the idea of "swinging" an instrument so thoroughly grounded in classical tradition shocks you—you've a treat coming. The treat will be available on the Kraft Music Hall program Thursday, October 13, for Joe Venuti himself guest-stars on that date.

Glen Gray He will be heard from the Cleveland Exposition



Gene Krupa opened at the Palomar last week and knocked visiting celebrities, jitterbugs and your observer for a double loop with his band's weird tom-tom drum number known as "Blue Rhythm Fantasy." Everyone stood or sat silently at attention while the rhythm of the drums held sway for nine long minutes, building up to a savage, soul-pounding climax that half-mesmerized the audience, which finally broke into wild cheers when it was finished. One hard-bitten sports-writer and band addict fled from the hall, unable to take the jungle music. Krupa achieves the effect by the use of tom-toms attached to the music stand of each member of the orchestra. Altogether there are nine drums in use besides the five surrounding Krupa. When the fantasy is at its height, all fourteen drums are being pounded at once in a frenzied, feverish rhythm. The number was composed by Krupa and Chappie Willet, using as a base the tribal tom-tom music of African natives, but has never been scored. Krupa's musicians "feel" their way, and the beating may run anywhere from seven to twenty-five minutes, depending upon their moods. Krupa hopes to broadcast it soon over CBS, if the mikes can handle it, so you'd better watch out or you'll be bewitched into a jitterbug!

SCIENCE BACKS UP SWING



1. Marguerite Jans, singer of New York's Paradise Restaurant, said she preferred sweet jazz, but the pathometer (lie-detector) said hot music got the greatest response. Roy Post, human analyst, supervises



2. Paul Whiteman recently conducted these experiments in musical psychoanalysis. Goldie, Whiteman's trumpeter, here takes the test. The machine showed no reaction. Said Goldie, "I just don't like music"



3. Whiteman inspecting Post's pathometer. Experiments with ten persons showed that the emotional and physical reaction of each one was strongest when the orchestra played hot swing music. Whiteman wouldn't take test

SEX & SWING



Jitterbug dancers may seem delirious or insane to many observers, but their antics do require healthy bodies and even mental concentration

We publish this anonymous physician's examination of a subject because we believe it presents a healthful and surprising point of view. Read it and see if you agree with the doctor's conclusions.

I AM tired of hearing people cry that the young folk of today are brainless, forward brats because they have succumbed to the craze of the moment and become jitterbugs.

If I had daughters, I would want them to be jitterbugs, cats, alligators, or whatever else they call themselves these days. Not all doctors will agree with me, of course, for we are divided in our thinking about jazz and dancing just as much or as little as we are divided about when to administer spinal anesthesia.

One doctor talks about the dance thus:

"Is there not a medical argument against these dances which has not been fully appreciated. Dance neuroses are making their appearance. Sexual neurasthenias, pelvic congestions, prostatitis, priapism, congested prostates, and spermatorrhea represent some of the evidence of the physical and psychological influences of the dances which have a hold upon the dancing public."

Another: "I know of three young girls who have admitted to their mothers that they have acquired the habit of self-abuse through the sexual excitement of dancing."

On the other hand: "The fact of the

IS SWING HARMFUL OR HEALTHFUL TO THE YOUTH OF TODAY? HERE IS ONE DOCTOR'S STARTLING ANSWER

matter is that the young dancers of today are drinking less liquor than ever before within my memory. It is true that the bars in many ballrooms where they encourage the jitterbug are doing their chief business by selling colas and pop."

Again: "Looking through my case histories builds a strong plea for more swing and more jitterbugs. The violent nature of the dance gives the boys and girls a fine chance to get rid of all their surplus energy. When they get through, they are too tired to be much interested in necking or worse. Frankly, I consider swing an antidote for premarital sexual intercourse."

AT THIS point, I hope that those who are reading this article have an open mind and are willing to accept facts as they are presented. For I want you to examine with me some of the interesting things regarding music which lie in our histories.

It is not generally understood that physicians have long been aware of music's power to do surprising things. Consider this, for example: More than

four thousand years ago the priest doctors of Egypt had a song which they sang and played which was supposed to insure the fertility of women.

Madness has been treated successfully in modern asylums by means of music, but one of the first instances was recorded in the Bible. It is written that "When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, then David took up a harp and played with his hands so that Saul was refreshed and well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

A celebrated Greek invented the use of music as a cure for a hangover. Others learned that music quieted the violently insane. A fellow named Antigones, the tibicentist, played something that must have been ancient swing for Alexander the Great, which so excited the monarch that he leaped from his couch, seized his sword, and began to attack everyone within reach. In the minds of some critics, I suppose, Alexander might qualify as the first jitterbug.

Philip V of Spain was subject to such fits of melancholia that he came close to insanity until Farinelli, the

celebrated castrato soprano, was summoned to sing for him. After weeks of listening to the music, the king was restored to mental health.

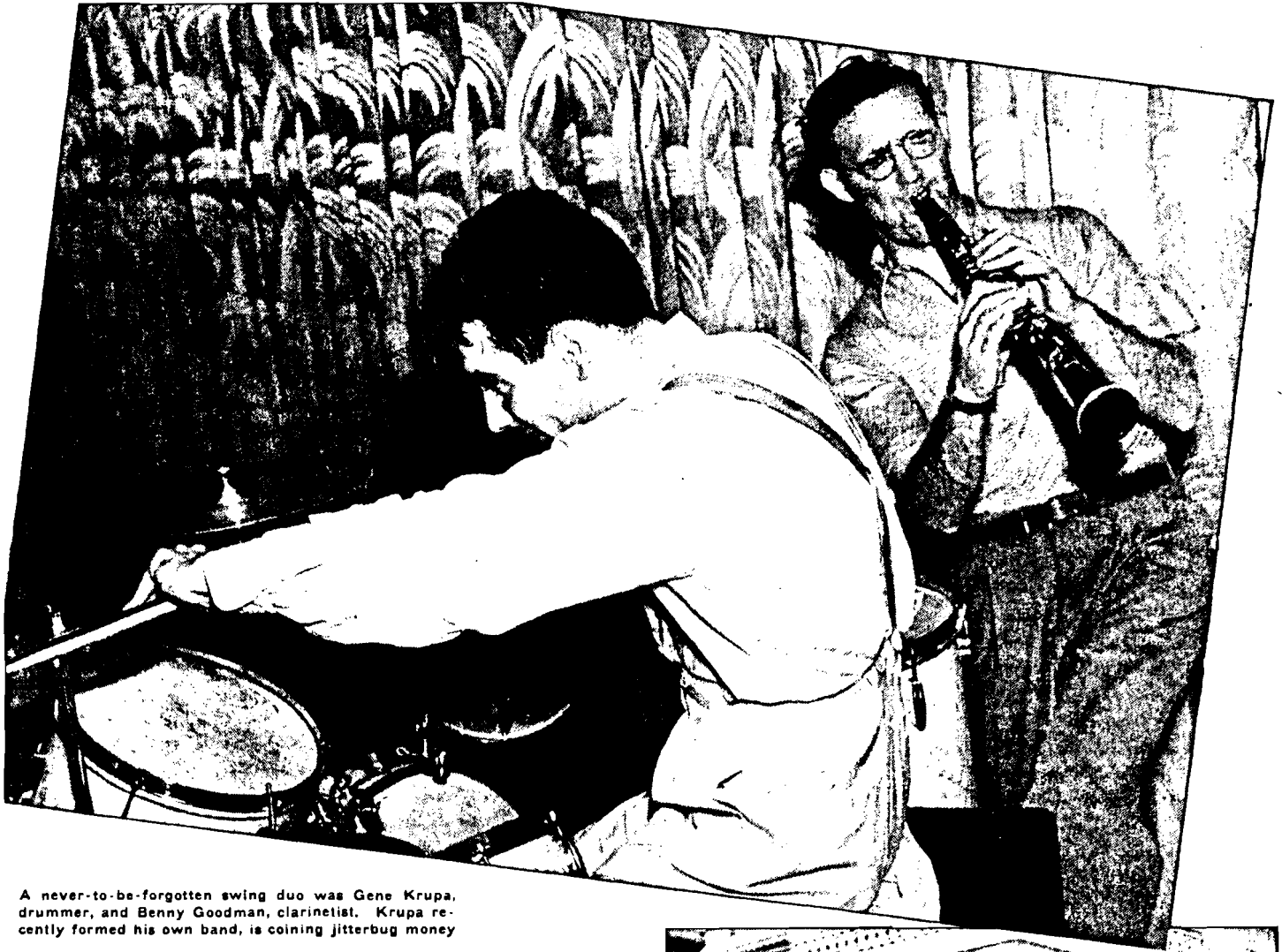
I have said that music has peculiar influences on different persons. We know of an Italian who so enjoyed the opera "La Vestale" that he decided life had nothing more to offer and so killed himself. An Englishman was allergic to the music of "Artaxerxes." Whenever he heard it, he fainted.

THERE can be no doubt that music has a strange power over some people, and some power, however slight, over all people. I am frank to admit that we do not know enough about this power, but experiments are going forward today which will increase our knowledge and our use of rhythm and harmony, and which, I trust, will enable us physicians to understand better the needs of the boys and girls who give themselves up to the peremptory urging of a Benny Goodman or Bob Crosby jam session.

One doctor has seen music fighting the insufferable pain of childbirth. He says, "I have heard a patient singing loudly while a forceps extraction was being done."

Napoleon noticed something akin to that during his disastrous invasion of Russia. He reported that the Russian music drove the Russian soldiers to excesses of fortitude and bravery that his own troops could not match.

Music is amazing. It is unendingly amazing and I submit these facts in support. Music accelerates breathing.



A never-to-be-forgotten swing duo was Gene Krupa, drummer, and Benny Goodman, clarinetist. Krupa recently formed his own band, is coining jitterbug money

Music increases metabolism. Music can either increase or decrease muscular energy.

Music, when sufficiently shrill and properly projected, can, without raising the temperature, fry an egg. Believe it or not, two doctors named Flosdrof and Chambers did it. I believe we are telling Mr. Ripley something there.

MUSIC can give us a clearer mind, better health, more energy. We are at the beginning of understanding these things. The same two doctors who used music to fry their egg also learned that the music could coagulate proteins, crack vegetable oil and generate an acetylene-like gas, even slightly change starch into sugar.

What goes on in Miss America's body when she hears "Deep Purple" is as yet both unmeasured and unmeasurable. Or what takes place when she hears "Boogie-woogie"? As yet, we watch the outside and guess about what goes on beneath the skin. In another ten years, we may know.

Even now things are happening with which too few people are familiar. In Chicago, a dentist treats pain with music. The head-pad is equipped with the sort of bone-conduction sound conveyors that are used by the deaf. The patient leans his head against the pad and, despite drilling and pulling, is braced and calmed.

In a Chicago hospital, doctors had given up hope of bringing to her senses an Italian mother who refused to have anything to do with her baby. A pian-

ist played number after number. The mother paid no heed until she heard the first bars of "Il Trovatore." Magically, it brought back her reason.

An Italian girl who had lost the power of speech began to talk again when she heard "O Sole Mio." A victim of amnesia who could remember nothing of her past regained her grasp of things and her memory when she heard "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Many hospitals have musical sedatives to offer as well as drugs. Most often prescribed for jangled nerves are Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," "Berceuse," from Jocelyn, or Schubert's "Ave Maria." Tonic tunes are Beethoven's Egmont Overture, "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser," Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2." For extreme cases of blues, I have known physicians to administer Dvorak's "Carnival Overture," Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" and the "Ride of the Valkyries."

THOSE are tunes to clear the mind. What now about this business of increasing one's energy. It has been proved and measured, and in a most interesting fashion. You are all familiar with the nerve test called knee-jerks. A nurse or doctor sets you on a table which permits your legs to swing or asks you to cross one leg over the other and then taps you smartly with a small hammer at the base of your knee cap. The resultant kick, if your reactions are in good order, is the thing the musical doctors measured.

First, they determined that the in-



Senate page boys in Washington get a close-up lesson in shagging from Eunice Healy, jitterbug dancer with Benny Goodman's orchestra. Miss Healy illustrates that swing dancing is conducive of shapely, sound bodies

dividual's average reaction to the tap at the base of the knee moved the foot up and up so many inches. They measured it. Then they played music "at" the patient, tapped his knee, and measured the kick to music. The result—and I suggest we may also have something for Mr. Ripley here—was that soft music practically doubled the distance

of the kick, whereas loud and martial music almost tripled it.

A curious professor who heard of this miracle sought to apply it to a voluntary physical task. In silence, he measured the strength with which a man could grasp an object between his thumb and forefinger.

SEX AND SWING

Then, while the Giant's music from "Das Rheingold" sounded loudly, he measured again. With music, he found, a man was twenty percent stronger.

During a six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, another scientist made an experiment with and without music. He timed the bicyclists without music and found that they averaged eighteen and one-half miles per hour. Then he set the band to playing. The racers' speed picked up an additional mile per hour.

Now all of this has a direct bearing on sex and swing, as we shall see when we line up a few of the factors involved. Let's propound a few questions and seek their answers in the light of what we know music does to the body.

How does swing (jittermania) influence (1) posture, (2) consumption of alcoholic beverage, (3) self-consciousness, (4) physical well-being, (5) morals?

MY OWN answer would point out in summary that today's jitterbug dance demands that the dancer be athletic, and an athlete knows how (1) to stand and walk.

2. Alcohol is used as a stimulant ordinarily to work ourselves into an appropriate mood of pleasure and enjoyment; but since swing seems to do that job for jitterbugs, alcohol is not needed, and in fact becomes a liability since no one whose head is not clear can possibly do the jitter dances.

3. Jam sessions permit the most self-conscious girl or boy to lose himself in mob feeling. As one scholarly observer noted, "I have seen food riots and strikes, but I've never seen the mob mind working so beautifully. Note how they are all writhing in unison. Their screams are like the noise of excited goats."

4. Their physical well-being is improved by the exercise unless the body is abused by too much exertion, and we know that music does give to them greater strength and energy, with less than usual fatigue, to enable them to stand what seems to us bystanders to be a prodigal and senseless expenditure of energy.

5. Morals. I ask you to go back to read the opening paragraphs of this article. I cited two statements from physicians against the dance, and two statements for it. But this one thing I did not tell you. I did not tell you that the two statements made against the dance were not made against today's athletic and strenuous jitterbug steps. They were made against a dance which the public has come to accept as beautiful and decorous and decent. Those statements were made twenty years ago about a sweet little dance called the Tango.

NO, I don't see much wrong with allowing boys and girls to get together in the energy-using romp that is called dancing today. What if they do sound like excited goats, what if they do clap and stomp and show their legs in cartwheel gyrations that are unorthodox to us older folk? They are healthy, and swing is helping them to stay that way.

One further thought: It occurs to me that I've never seen a modern girl dancing who was not properly and healthily clothed for whatever attitude into which her partner might swing her. In short, standard jitterbug equipment seems to be a pair of panties. Unfortunately, that's more than I can say for some of the ladies of my own generation.

"Gentlemen: May I heartily commend your restrictions in respect to the 'braying' of such cacophonists as Dorsey, Calloway, et al. At the same time, questioning the propriety of your mentioning their exhibitions as music (?), of which, presumably, swing and jazz performers have not the faintest conception.

"Indeed, 'swing' music should be 'swung by the neck until dead.'

"My thanks to Mr. Llebbling for his efforts to instill into the American people some interest in, and appreciation for, music."—J. D. Williams, Ashland, Kentucky.

Shall We Dance?

Editor, RADIO GUIDE:

Is radio dancing to the dogs? Not that I think dancing is immoral or improper. But do the airplanes have to be filled to overflowing with it? At best, dancing and dance music is an outlet for emotion and serves no practical benefit.

Mrs. R. K. Randell, Lincoln, Neb.

● Kay Kyser says, "Dance music contributes as much to develop a woman's poise as the sun does to build her health, and dancing improves the complete physical appearance of a woman."—Editor.

Swing music may be burning up the airlines in America, but your average Frenchman would rather take a nice quiet walk through the park. That's the opinion of Meredith Willson, now vacationing in Paris. "The tried-and-true waltz is the reigning favorite over here," he writes, "with a modernized version of the polka a runner-up. Swing definitely is not a factor to any degree—in fact, it really seems to have missed the boat."

Swing:

What with registration day and football season in the wind, college takes over the swing-music spotlight this week:

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, recently given a swing polish by Tommy Dorsey's band (Victor) and now with a tremendous arrangement by Jan Savitt and his Top Hatters. (Bluebird.)

Flight On and The Victory March. USC and Notre Dame songs, played straight for one chorus and then swung out in the open by Larry Clinton and band. (Victor.)

A Big Ten Medley on four sides all mushed up nicely in the Sammy Kaye "swing" and sway style. Foo. (Victor.)

On Wisconsin and The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You are the two chosen by Dick Powell and the Singin' Four—some to court the campus coins. Decca.

University of Pennsylvania's theatrical club, the Mask and Wig (along with Princeton's Triangle Club) has managed to furnish an occasional song for outside publication. The new Mask and Wig show this year gives with four tunes, all getting big-band recording breaks. "When I Go a-Dreaming" is the best and gets a waxing by Benny Goodman. Two more, recorded by Tommy Dorsey, are also of note—"Ya Got Me" and "There's No Place Like Your Arms." Lastly, there's Hal Kemp's band with Judy Starr singing, with a typical college effort, "Like a Monkey Likes Coconuts." (All Victor—and three of them also have been recorded by Jan Savitt on Bluebird.)

Our other "trend of the week" is the continuation of the nursery-rhyme cycle rampant these days:

Sing a Song of Sixpence gives us the very solid strong jive band under veteran Ben Pollack's management. Turn it over and you'll find the swell Harold Arlen oldie, As Long As You Live. (Decca.)

Swingin' In the Dell (or as we once knew it, "Farmer in the ditto") gets a Harlem flavor as swung lightly by Cootie Williams and his Rugcutters. (Vocalion.)

Heigh-Ho, the Merry-O is a new, original song, and a good one, written by Adamson and McHugh for the new picture, Youth Takes A Fling. More "swing" and sway by Sammy Kaye. (Victor.) Better wait.

London Bridge Is Fallin' Down. The solid Count Basie bunch with this old jingle, rewritten somewhat. "Mulberry Bush" is on the other side. (Decca.)

Blue Is the Evening and Sharpie. Both by Cootie Williams and his Rugcutters, an Ellington subsidiary band. Both with vocals by Scat Powell; but the gang have done better. Vocalion.

Truckin' Little Woman. Big Bill is a blues-singer in the race catalog, and this boogie-woogie piece of jive lifts it out of the run-of-the-mill class. Vocalion.

RECORDS OF THE WEEK

A new department reviewing the recordings of your radio favorites

Popular:

This column has grouched a bit about the "fakey" bands which seem to thrive on a mysterious favor from some of our citizens. To elaborate on our beef, we elaborate: Ted Fio-Rino was way ahead of his day with the "Mickey Mouse" style of orchestration — plip-plop and such novelty. Guy Lombardo has long thrived on an out-of-key saccharine style. Jan Garber tagging along with a very similar type of two, another batch of fakers has cropped up to plague us, all capitalizing on some trick or attention-getting style as well as some fancy name. Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm probably started the inundation with his glissando fiddles, accordion, clog-ply-clop drums and the straw-in-the-glass bubbly-water introduction. Kay

Popular:

Bob Crosby shines once again. Pure swing. Big Foot Jump was written by and features pianist Bob Zurke, one of the best, and Yank Lawson and trumpet get the spotlight on the other side. Five Point Blues (Decca.)

If for nothing but those two new lines in the lyric that we never heard before, Billie Holiday's record of I Can't Get Started is worth a try. "When J. P. Morgan bows I just nod, Green Pastures wanted me to play God." (Vocalion.)

F. D. R. Jones, the song from the Broadway show, "Sing Out the News," makes fine material for Ella Fitzgerald and Chick Webb in their latest Decca issue. Good. Benny Goodman cracks through with a couple of robust arrangements in Crib (Vocalion) and Bumble Bee Stomp (Victor). Erskine Hawkins has another killer with Strictly Swing (Bluebird) and that's a completely much like Count Basie in Junk Man's Serenade—and that's a compliment (Vocalion). Very black is Black Bechet performing with Noble Sissie's band (Decca). Lullaby to a Jitterbug is the newest Andrews Sisters platter (Decca). So goes the swing market.

Get Out of Town and From Now On, two of the newest batch of Cole Porter show tunes ("Leave It to Me" is the show), get their first hearings by Lea Brown's band on Bluebird. Rhythmic readings and the usual smart lyrics by Mr. P. Gardenias and Deep in a Dream give Skinnay Ennis another chance on Victor, and he still lives up the Hal Kemp world of affection. The story goes that the gals like Skinnay's both My Reverie and Old Folks a couple of times already in these pillars, but we must mention them again now that Bing Crosby has recorded them for Decca.

Swing or Sweet??? Low-cost Records:

Uncle Sam's mail has brought this department numerous squawks on its preference for swing and its depreciation of sweet music. In defense, we cite the following sweet records recommended recently: "My Own," by Larry Clinton. "By A Wishing-Well," by Tony Martin. "The Mist is Over the Moon," by Tony Martin.

"CHANGE PARTNERS" by Fred Astaire. "THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH MUSIC," by Will Hudson.

However, we'll probably continue to string along with the swing stuff, since it is the lushest and healthiest kind of popular music, and has been ever since Beiderbecke and Teschmaker and Lang started it. Our carping at the out-of-key and saccharine and fakey orchestras is based on the same beef a person might have with a product, how-ever it may sell, that is cheap and flimsy.

Apropos of early swingmen, the sharp record-shopper may pick up some former collectors' items now re-issued on regular releases, and mostly for 35c, at that. Bluebird has brought out several recently, although they are none too satisfactory against present-day standards. Vocalion has Bix Beiderbecke's "Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down" on 3149, and "The Jazz Me Blues" on 3042, both tremendous buys. Stuff Smith's "After You've Gone" is on 3201, and Louis Armstrong's "St. Louis Blues" is reissued on Vocalion 3008. And most of Artie Shaw's Brunswick cuttings are now reissued on Vocalion for the low cost.

Swing Versus Symphony

Between Chicago's Michigan Boulevard and Lake Michigan itself stands Grant Park, and to Grant Park and its huge bandshell, every pleasant night in summer, flock thousands of Chicagoans to hear the world's best musical artists. Usually the concerts are in the strict classical tradition, but on Tuesday, July 26, listeners who tune in Mutual Broadcasting System stations at 8:30 p.m. EDT will hear a startlingly unusual program. For on that night the swing band led by Bob Crosby will alternate with Izler Solomon's symphony orchestra. Crosby, whose top-ranking band plays in the solid, true style of the men who first created jazz music, will take the first part of the program, with Izler Solomon's symphonic performers replying in their own musical language to conclude the unique "swing-symphony" musical debate.

All of which brings us to the discussion of low-cost records. Both Victor, with Bluebird, and Brunswick, with the solid Jan Savitt band, a fine new colored outfit that should attract a lot of attention; Erskine Hawkins and his orchestra, the tremendous Artie Shaw band, Eddie de Lange, Les Brown, Glenn Miller, Ozzie Nelson, the popular and fizzy Shep Fields, and in the near future, Filmland's Ginger Rogers. On Vocalion, such fine artists as Mildred Bailey, Tony Martin, Nan Wynn, Penny Wise, the orchestras of Johnny Hodges, Leith Stevens, Cootie Williams, Roger Pryor, and more.

These junior labels to the 75c production, and which has offered the 35c records since the company began some five years ago.

Swing:

Rhythm in Spain is about the most interesting jam platter to come along this week except for a reissue of a fine old Red Norvo blues job which was formerly on the Columbia label—"Blues in E Flat"—now on Brunswick. But to get back to "Rhythm in Spain," the Spanish motif only lasts four bars, but not the rhythm. Jabbo Smith and his trumpet kicking out with jam aplenty. Decca.

Any Time at All. Jimmy Dorsey's tune, swung lightly by Gene Krupa's band, with a nice burst of trumpet and a good vocal by Irene Daye. Brunswick.

Memories of You and three others were made in a private jam session by Bud Freeman, Jess Stacey, Bobby Hackett, Eddie Condon and some more of Manhattan's best cats. The records are sold through the Commodore Music Shop on Lexington Avenue in New York, storm center of the swing movement and ringleaders of the get-it-on-wax school of thought.

Blue Is the Evening and Sharpe. Both by Cootie Williams and his Rutgers, an Ellington subsidiary band. Both with vocals by Scot Powell, but the gang have done better. Vocalion.

Truckin' Little Woman. Big Bill is a blues-singer in the race catalog and this boogie-woogie piece of live lifts it out of the run-of-the-mill class. Vocalion.

Tu-Li-Tulp Time. Every time the songwriters go Holland on us, they seem to lose all integrity and quality. This one is no exception, and the Andrews Sisters are awash. Jimmy Dorsey's band can give little succor. Decca.

Prelude to a Kiss. Duke Ellington's band at their most mood-indigoish with the best version of Lambeth Walk yet on the other side. Brunswick.



Handling production of the Swing Club are (left to right): Al Rinker, Bob Smith, Ed Cashman. They check minor details before Engineer Frank Protzman (right) gives the "go-ahead" signal



Leslie Lieber gets that "different" rhythmic abandon swing fans love by playing a ten-cent flute. He appears regularly, claims to be first to play the instrument on a radio program



Above: Swing is at its best as Maestro Leith Stevens directs his guest, Rhythm Songstress Kay Thompson, in a hot specialty number. Seated is Announcer Paul Douglas, swing commentator extraordinary

COLUMBIA'S "Saturday Night Swing Club," a weekly session of hot music for rhythm fans, starring Leith Stevens, orchestra leader, and guests from every department of torrid harmony, has become a radio institution.

It ranks as a standard guide for every swing fan. Fat books contain the praises of listeners written from all parts of the United States and a couple of places somewhat beyond the borders.

Since the Swing Club's debut last year, it has uncovered considerable talent, most notably Raymond Scott, whose recordings with his Quintet top most sales in swing disks. Among prominent guests heard on the Swing Club have been Bunny Berigan, Red Norvo, Red Nichols, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington and Fats Waller.

Joining in the Swing Club just for the love of it, as guest soloists or merely to play with the Stevens regulars, fellow artists look forward to a "jam session" because it is a musician's show, respected for its authenticity, admired universally for its conviction that what it is doing is art in a popular medium.



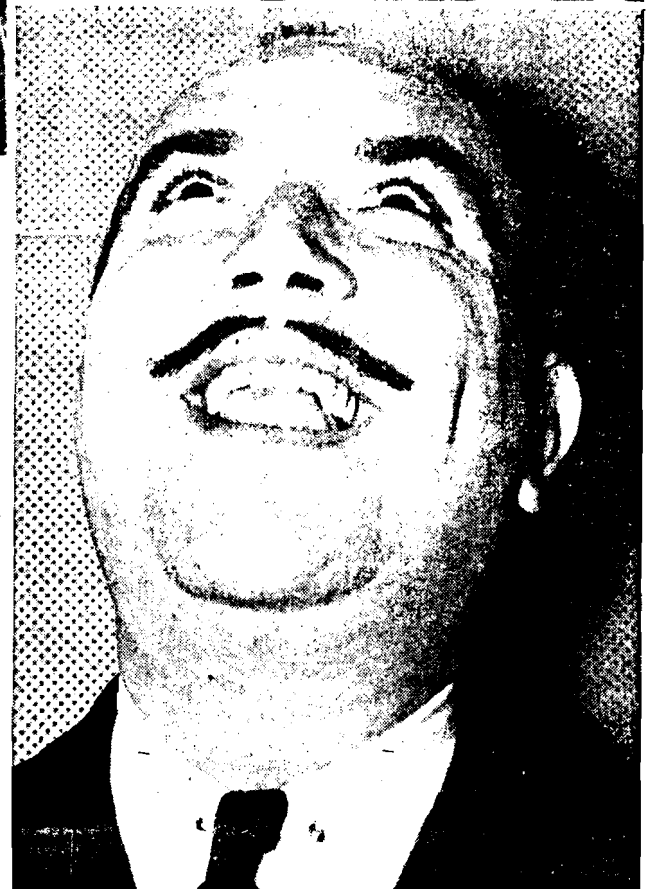
The "session" is on and it's a race between one of radio's "hottest" drummers, Billy Gussak, and Walter Gross, ace pianist, as they swing out in a fast arrangement. Real "jam sessions" often last for hours

Everyone wonders what happens at a broadcast—what the stars see. Gene Lester, Radio Guide's "singing cameraman," shows—by broadcasting and picturing what he sees! On Nov. 27 he took these pictures of the "Saturday Night Swing Club." He talked but didn't sing because he doesn't "swing"



Above: The Swing Club—in the groove! Lou Shoobe plays the bass, Dick McDonough the guitar, Hank Ross the tenor sax. Stevens directs

Below: Kay Thompson. A few months ago she was leader of her own choral group heard over CBS. She is married to Trombonist Jack Jenny



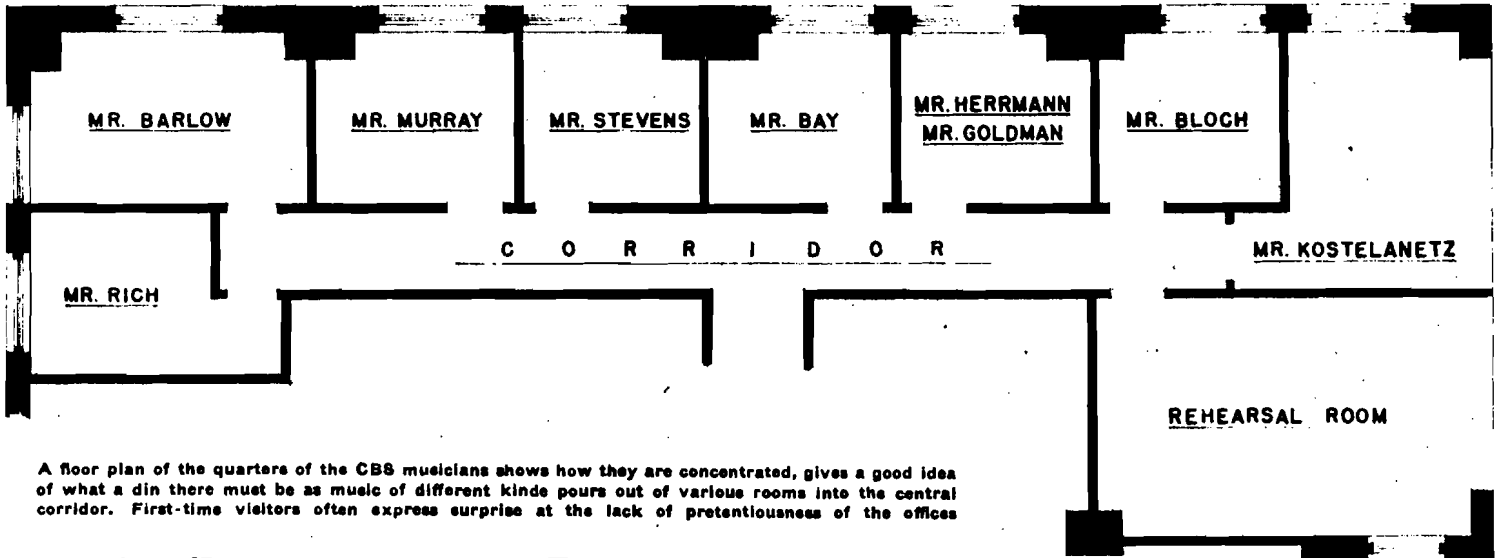
Right: Swing is here to stay and so is the "Saturday Night Swing Club," gaily declares Producer Ed Cashman as the popular show goes on the air!



Announcer Paul Douglas presides over the Swing Club in a most informal way. Listeners find it difficult to believe that scripts are used!



MELODY LANE: HERE SWING AND SYMPHONY



A floor plan of the quarters of the CBS musicians shows how they are concentrated, gives a good idea of what a din there must be as music of different kinds pours out of various rooms into the central corridor. First-time visitors often express surprise at the lack of pretentiousness of the offices



Radio artists, composers and executives troop along this corridor on way to and from the maestros' rooms



Song-pluggers, whose job it is to see that tunes they sell are heard on the air, wait patiently in a reception room for a chance to see the men who make musical programs

TINY offices along a narrow corridor on the sixteenth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System's building in New York City house some of the busiest and best-known musicians in radio—Andre Kostelanetz, Ray Bloch, Bernard Herrmann, Leon Goldman, Victor Bay, Leith Stevens, Lyn Murray, Howard Barlow and Freddie Rich. Highbrow collides with lowbrow in this crowded little alleyway, classicists rub elbows with swingsters as the great and near-great of music move in and out of the cell-like retreats of Columbia's maestros. A casual visitor hears an inartistic hodge-podge of sound, but order comes out of the chaos, and so far there have been no complaints from the inhabitants of the corridor. In fact, when CBS officials decided recently to move their music-masters into more comfortable quarters they found them none too pleased. They've grown accustomed to their situation, and an indefinable air of happiness hangs over their offices as they plan music for the nation's listeners.

Photographs by CBS, Gus Gale and Charles P. Seawood



Conductor Howard Barlow, who presided for CBS in its premiere symphonic broadcast September 18, 1927, now directs several programs, talks with Hoi(jace) Shaw, coloratura soprano, heard on two CBS shows



Lyn Murray (at piano), up-and-coming orchestra leader and choral director, rehearses Baritone Barry Wood and Nan Wynn, "Mistress of Song." Wood, Murray and Miss Wynn co-star in CBS' Sunday evening "Musical Gazette"

MEET AND RUB ELBOWS



Bernard Herrmann, with his partner, Leon Goldman, is responsible for many CBS sustaining programs featuring concert and classical music. Herrmann composes, arranges, conducts, began writing music when he was 13



Victor Bay, brilliant conductor of "Essays in Music," famed CBS Thursday evening broadcast feature, pauses at the door of the cubicle where he arranges music, plans programs which invariably draw praise from critics



In his crowded office, with a small upright piano against the wall, Leith Stevens arranges music, talks to song-pluggers who come in with new tunes, prepares for numerous programs, including the Saturday Night Swing Session



Ray Bloch's office is often crowded with groups of pretty girls, members of choruses he coaches and directs, in addition to his work as an orchestra leader. He is shown here with part of the membership of "Swing Fourteen"



Pretty Doris Rhodes, songstress; discusses with Maestro Freddie Rich, veteran orchestra leader and composer of popular music, the arrangement of a number to be sung by Doris on one of the programs she and Rich present



Lawrence Tibbett, Andre Kostelanetz and Deems Taylor meet in Kostelanetz' office. Tibbett is often heard on CBS programs; Kostelanetz is one of the most noted of conductors; Taylor is Columbia's music consultant



"BY ME YOU ARE GRAND"

BY JAMES STREET

EVERYBODY'S SINGING IT—"BIE MIR
BIST DU SCHOEN." PLAYED ON THE AIR
FOR THE FIRST TIME BY GUY LOMBARDO,
RADIO MADE IT THE NATION'S NO. 1 HIT

THE marquee of the little Parkway Theater, fast in the wilderness of Brooklyn and on the fringe of the clattering ghetto, was bright and cheerful that night, and its lights flickered the message that the Yiddish musical comedy, "I Would If I Could," was opening.

But the little crowd that milled around the marquee and gaped or bought seats was not cheerful. It was hard to be cheerful in 1933, for the world's head was throbbing with the depression hangover.

Inside the theater, Aaron Lebedeff, one of the Brooklyn boys and idol of the Yiddish theater, peered over the footlights and smiled. It took a good man to smile in 1933—a hero to laugh. Then Lebedeff turned to his co-star, looked into her eyes and sang:

"Bei mir bistu shain."

A haunting tune it was, a sweet melody. The audience swayed as he sang. It patted its feet. It smiled. It laughed.

"Bei Mir Bistu Shain"—By Me You are Beautiful!

Only those who understood Yiddish understood the song, but the spectators in the theater understood, and when they walked out that night in 1933, they were smiling.

The world looked brighter. Things couldn't be so bad as they seemed—"bei mir bistu shain"—it rang in their ears. Durn it, wish that melody would get out of my head.

Thirty-three passed with a ray of hope on the horizon, '34 ran away, '35 was a husky year—swing it! Thirty-six came and went, and the nation's

tempo was churning again—racing! Thirty-seven, and the nation got that sinking sensation in the pit of its stomach. Thirty-eight—

And across the East River—that dirty, tricky, vicious river—from the wilderness of Brooklyn to the wilds of Broadway there came the haunting melody—

"Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."

NEW YORK hummed it, the people patted their feet. They laughed again, and radio flung it into the far corners of the land, and the people sang—it means, "You are grand!"

That's how it happened, neighbors. It took the latest song-hit five years to get across a little river, and a few days to get around the world.

And behind it all is one of those strange stories that can happen only in radio and in the United States. You hear a heap about freedom of the press, but some day some scholar is going to do an opus on freedom of the theater, for it is there America gets its moods.

There is no explaining "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," the song your radio probably is playing right now. It's the same old "Bei Mir Bistu Shain" that Lebedeff sang back in 1933, except that "Shain" has been changed to "Schoen," but it still means you're grand—you are beautiful—you are the tops—you are *bella*—you are *wunderbar*—every language tells how swell you are—you are *grande*, *si si—tu es tres elegante*—you are the bee's knees—honey, you're stuff!

JACOB JACOBS and Sholom Secunda earn their daily bread by putting music and words together. They got their heads in a huddle back in 1933 and created the original Yiddish song. It has been called Hebrew. It is not Hebrew. Hebrew is as dead as Latin. It has been called German. It is not German—it's Yiddish. The language is spoken by Jews. It's their tongue. It's difficult to say exactly how it started, and even Jews disagree. But their consensus is that the Jews, who went to Germany many years ago to escape persecution, merged some of their Hebrew words with German and the re-

sult was Yiddish. It's a musical language, softer than German, and expressive.

There is no English word to tell exactly what "shain" means—the nearest to it is beautiful—not beautiful in the slightly sense, but swell—great—fine. As an American will say to his girl, "Darling, you are the tops," an American Jew would say in Yiddish, "Bei mir bistu shain."

Jacobs wrote the original lyrics. They don't rhyme in English. Secunda did the melody. The music rhymes in any language, and by me it's grand!

The song was a fair-to-middling success in Yiddish, and the show did pretty well. But when the show closed after a run of one season, only in Brooklyn, the owners of the song sold it to J. & J. Kammen for \$30!

J. & J. KAMMEN are Brooklyn music-publishers, but publish only Yiddish songs. It was not unusual for songwriters to sell a piece for such a pittance. The chances were a million to one that if it wasn't a hit during the run of the show it never would be a hit, and would die in Brooklyn, which is a bad place, indeed, to die—but a nice place to live.

J. & J. Kammen gave the boys a check for \$30, and cataloged the song. The boys cashed the check, took \$15 each and forgot all about it. Secunda, a conductor, kept on writing Yiddish music. He now is at the Jewish Art Theater and is doing all right by himself.

The Kammen house stuck a few copies of the song on the racks, and they gathered dust. Then J. Kammen, a little, jolly fellow who at eighteen was the youngest conductor on Broadway, took "Bei Mir Bistu Shain" from view, stored it among the dead songs and went his way, selling more popular Yiddish tunes.

And thus ended the first chapter in the life of a song.

Guy Lombardo deserves a medal. Once a week in his broadcasts he presents a song that he believes will be a hit. He's usually right. Last summer he explored his file, snatched Bei Mir etc. from the bottom and told his orchestra, "Here it is—the hit!"



"Sounds like the leading dish on a Swedish menu," said one of his musicians.

"Play it," said Guy, and his boys rehearsed it. Their eyes sparkled as they played—again and again.

"It's swell," they said in unison, "by us it's hot!" And after rehearsal they walked away, feeling better and humming that thing.

The nation first heard it on the radio. It didn't click right off the bat, but other orchestra-leaders saw the handwriting on the wall and ganged Guy, demanding where he got the song. He told them.

And a new hit was born.

The musicians flocked to little Mr. Kammen in droves. He thought they were crazy.

"Give it here," they demanded.

"Where is it?"

"Where's what?" little Mr. Kammen asked excitedly, for only a miracle or a big feed could interest musicians that much.

"That Mister Shain business—the one we heard on the radio. Don't hold out on us!"

"Yeah," said another, "you know the song—My Dear Husky Jane."

"That's not the name," shouted another, "it's Buy a Beer, Mister Shain."

"Nope, it's 'My Dear Barney MacShane'—it'll take the Irish like an epidemic."

"It's 'Come Here, Liza Jane!'"

"It's 'My Dear Dusky Dame' — a Negro song!"

"You guys," said little Mr. Kammen, holding up his pudgy hands, "are nuts! The only song I've got like that is 'Bei Mir Bistu Shain.'"

HE HAD only a few copies! But little

Mr. Kammen knows his music. He knew he had something. So he got together with the house of Harms, which publishes English songs. Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin set to work writing the English version. They changed the Yiddish "Shain" to the German "Schoen" so it would rhyme with again, and it does—crazy as it may look.

Since everybody wanted to know what the expression meant, the boys wrote it that way—it "means that you're grand." If a boy is singing it to his sweetheart, he says, "It means you're the fairest in the land." If a girl is singing it, "It means that my heart's at your command."

The singer could say "bella"—Italian for beautiful, or even "wunderbar"—German for wonderful—but whatever language he uses, it means you are grand!

It is pronounced "By meer bist doo shane."

The publishers had to dash to the presses for more copies, and before they could shake the daze from their eyes, the song had sold more than 200,000 copies. It jumped to the peak of "Your Hit Parade." From Sioux Crossing, Idaho, to Broadway, the folks sang it.

AL JOLSON, Eddie Cantor and George Jessel sang it—Jessel in Yiddish. Benny Goodman plays it every night! Lebedeff, playing at a Broadway theater, sings it at every performance, and the audience hums it and shakes the ceiling with cheers.

It has done something to America! You can't lick a people who can laugh and sing. Look back! Remember "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Only America could sing about its plight, could put its woes to melody. Then came "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf." It was an epic—a simple melody that made the people laugh at their troubles. It perked up the

spirits. Then came "Happy Days," and the nation was rolling again—rolling along to that dippy, dopey "The Music Goes 'Round and Around."

This nation's history from 1929 until 1938 has been written in songs—hum them:

Nineteen twenty-nine, the so-what, prohibition era—"Maine Stein Song"; the depression—"Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"; the awakening—"Happy Days" and "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf"; the new spree—"The Music Goes 'Round"; and the recession—"Bei Mir Bistu Schoen."

The song knocked Hollywood back on its heels. It couldn't overlook a bet like that. Warner Brothers was producing "Love, Honor and Behave." It grabbed the song and stuck it in. And, for one of the few times, *Variety*, the magazine of the theater, announced a show as featuring a song, and not an actress or author.

THE show will be released in March, but "Bei Mir Bistu Schoen" marches on. Its owners are worried lest its popularity wane before the show is released, and an effort is being made to soft-pedal the melody. It's like trying to check Niagara.

When Secunda realized that his 1933 melody was a sensation, he just laughed. He had sold it for \$30! But J. Kammen and the other owners did something virtually unprecedented in the hard-boiled music world.

"Secunda and Jacobs will share in the profits," said little Mr. J. Kammen. "We will compensate the author and lyrics writer. It's a matter of morals, not of law."

"The song is the first Jewish song ever to click after being put in an American version. One of the last Jewish song-hits was 'Du Greene Kosine,' which means 'My Green Cousin,' or 'My Country Cousin.' It came out in 1922 and went over swell."

The first time I heard the song was on a train. I was sitting in a smoker with three men discussing this and that. One companion was a southern industrialist. Another was connected with the Department of Agriculture, and the other was a Connecticut Yankee, en route to Arkansas, where he had business holdings.

OUR discussion, naturally, got around to business and politics. We all had different opinions. The argument got warmer, and then hot and we all got huffy. Eventually, our senses returned and we agreed to call the whole thing off.

"Let's go back in the club car," suggested one.

Back in the observation car was a small troupe heading for Oklahoma for a show. There were three men and a girl. They were near the corner of the car, and the girl was standing before the men, talking softly.

"Listen carefully," she cautioned, "and you'll get it. It's a knockout. We'll do it at our first performance."

Then she sang *Bei Mir etc.* I thought she was saying, "Oh, ain't it a shame."

But I patted my feet. My industrialist traveler was listening intently.

"What's she singing?" he asked.

"Sounds like 'my beer is the same.'"

WE ALL listened. The argument was forgotten. And, since I make my living asking questions, I asked the lady what she was singing. She told me, and sang it again.

By the time our train reached Chattanooga, Tenn., everybody in the club car was singing, and the porter was carrying the bass.



In Memphis, I tried to tell some friends about it, but I couldn't pronounce the title. Some guests were in my hotel room one evening, and I was trying to hum it. I can't tote a tune in a water-bucket.

"I know the song," said Charles Maughan of Station WREC, in Memphis, who was among my guests. "Hold everything. He fetched a radio from the station, contacted the Columbia Broadcasting Station in New York, learned when the song would be played again. And while we all ganged around the set, Maughan got the song for us."

The guests went away singing it. "If it wasn't for radio," Maughan said, "that song wouldn't be popular here for a month or so after it was

popular in New York. But now the same song that is popular in New York today is the hit in Hurricane, Ark., the same night."

When I got back to New York, the redcap who met me was humming it. So was the subway guard. And when I reached home, it was blaring on our radio.

"Isn't it a swell piece?"—the first words that greeted me.

By me it's grand. We should have a stamp issue for our musicians and the radio, for they have given us something to think about besides our worries. You can't lick a nation that sings.

"I've tried to explain—bei mir bist du schoen—it means you're the finest in the land."





Everybody join in! Tommy Dorsey and his famous orchestra are on the air. This thing called "swing" is at its best when this popular band goes into action



Tommy Dorsey exhorts his band to greater rhythm heights. Saxes are (front to back) Skeets Herfurt and Johnny Mince

EX-TRUCK DRIVER

TOMMY DORSEY, that sentimental gentleman of "swing," and his "swing" band are heard Friday night over NBC on the "Raleigh & Kool" show. Tommy was born and educated in Shenandoah, Pa., is the brother of the equally famous bandsman Jimmy Dorsey. As a child, Tommy wanted to be an engineer, but gave it up when he began driving a delivery truck—for \$16 a week! Tutored in music by his music-professor father, Tommy made his professional debut as first trombonist with Jean Goldkette's orchestra in 1924. Later he joined Vincent Lopez, Paul Whiteman, others. For a time the name Dorsey was better known in the plural, as Tommy and his older brother Jimmy conducted their own band. When they decided to separate, Jimmy went west with the orchestra and Tommy stayed in the East to form his own band and sweep to national fame as interpreter supreme of "swing" rhythm. His theme tune, "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," is the signal for millions of ardent Dorsey fans to join in a "swing" session. When Tommy gets a day off, he turns his back on the height-cho of music-making, hies himself off to his 18-room, palatial home at Bernardsville, N. J. Here the ex-truck driver inspects his 22-acre farm in company with Mrs. Dorsey, their young daughter, Patricia Marie, and small son, Tommy, Jr.



Rhythm-makers in the modern manner comprise Dorsey's "swing" band. (L. to R.): Drummer Davie Tough, and Trumpeters Pee Wee Irwin, Andy Ferretti, Joe Bauer



In "full cry" during Tommy's solo in "Marie." Saxes (L. to R.), B. Freeman, F. Stulce, Herfurt & Mince; bass, G. Traxler; guitar, C. Mastren. Brass, resting



(L. to R.): J. Mince, Vocalist Edythe Wright, Tommy & B. Freeman—at work on a Dorsey arrangement of "Posin'"

T. DORSEY AND HIS BANDSMEN WILL BROADCAST THE "EVOLUTION OF SWING"—FRIDAY

TOMMY DORSEY

BY ARTHUR MILLER

THREE months of special research, discussion, and study of phonograph records of the performances of old-time dance bands went into the production of Orchestra Leader Tommy Dorsey's "Evolution of Swing," a laboratory demonstration of the history of the rage in modern music. Dorsey and his bandsmen will broadcast the program this Friday.

Dorsey proposes to depict the development of swing, to trace its origins and to follow its sometimes devious growth. Numbers representing milestones in the life story of swing will make up his program. They will be chosen with the purpose of marking clearly three eras: (1) the period of crude improvisation; (2) the middle period, distinguished by the rise of expert musicianship and refining processes, including the use of orchestration and the appearance of trained soloists; (3) the return to free improvisation, set against a background of well-defined orchestration.



Swing is orchestral jazz. One definition is that it is "a manner of spontaneous improvisation around a given theme with special regard for rhythmic contrast." It presupposes a simple, basic melody and a steady basic rhythm in order that contrasts may be made. The basic melody and rhythm appear enough to establish them in the memory. Then they are overshadowed by invention and contrast.

Even before the turn of the century, many orchestras, white and colored, were playing jazz. For the most part they were small bands, in which each man played according to his own inspiration, and the final effect was somewhat disorderly. Mandolins, violins, and smaller wind instruments, as well as various percussion instruments, were in general use. Among the great ragtime jazz orchestras in this dawn-age of swing were Buddy Bolden's Band, the Original Creole Band, the Eagle Band, and the Olympia Band.

The best-known and most important influence in the early youth of jazz was the Dixieland Band, organized in 1909, and held by researchers to be the most potent of pre-war bands as far as the development of jazz is concerned. Its music was highly individualistic, but the band's instruments were spaced on harmonic principles, and this semi-harmonic style (known as the "Dixieland Style") is still employed. It is jazz, but not pure jazz, because pure jazz implies complete and unfettered individuality.

Paul Whiteman dominated the middle age of jazz. When he came to the fore as a musician shortly after the World War, he set about organizing jazz on the basis of good musicianship. Music for popular bands began to be orchestrated more fully. Trained men took the place of the self-taught virtuosos of the old school. Whiteman developed symphonic jazz, worked with it and publicized it so skilfully that it drew patters of applause from highbrow audiences and serious critics. This was the period of refining influences on the raw material of old-time jazz.

In the late twenties the colored bands which had lost their original leadership forged ahead again, contributing a fresh outburst of spontaneity and more subtle rhythmic trends. The colored solo technique was definitely more reckless and abandoned than that used by white bandsmen. It was full of stylisms and supremely individualistic.

The music of such swingsters as Dorsey, Goodman, Bob Crosby, and Berigan is a blend of many elements. Modern swing is characterized by careful scoring done by trained musicians.

Swing is divided into two classes: (1) "le jazz grand," which is orchestral swing; and (2) "le jazz intime," which is swing music produced by a small group of three or four men. The latter approaches the pure jazz of the old days, because it is vastly more spontaneous. The former reaches toward a kind of classical perfection.

THE mining towns of Pennsylvania knew of Tommy Dorsey long before society's dancing debs. Then he was the little boy in the band—his father's brass band, which toured the smoky, hilly coal towns.

It's the natural thing to assume that when some of the old-time Keystone State inhabitants hear Tommy on the air they recall a proud little fellow, reaching almost arm's length to work his slide trombone as he marches along as a member of the Dorsey Brass Band.

For that is how Tommy spent many of his early years, until he joined other orchestras and kept marching on in his own direction. That direction led him to a wife, a family, and to hotel spots for his orchestra—and radio.

He can be heard on the air on numerous sustaining spots with his orchestra, playing from New York's Pennsylvania Hotel, and on, Friday nights at 10 p.m. EDT over a CBS Coast-to-Coast network on a commercial program.

A few years after the Dorseys moved from Shenandoah, Pa., to Lansford, Tommy's father began teaching him to play brass instruments. The elder Dorsey is still teaching in Lansford, but it is long since Tommy has received any music lessons from his dad.

SINCE early in his youth, before he was married at the age of eighteen, Tommy played professionally. And now he is recognized as quite an authority on popular music.

Tommy's experience with dance bands of name importance began in 1924 when he joined Jean Goldkette's band. Only the year before, he married a Detroit girl, and that might have given him the real initiative to become associated with a Detroit band. This Goldkette engagement was followed a year later by a session with the California Ramblers. Still later he played successfully with Roger Wolfe Kahn, Vincent Lopez, and Paul Whiteman.

For a time the name Dorsey was better known in the plural, for Tommy and his older brother Jimmy together conducted their own band. They played in New York City, at the Glen Island Casino, then, not long ago, when they were going along exceptionally well, they decided to separate.

JIMMY went west with the orchestra that he and Tommy used to lead; Tommy stayed in the East, formed his own band, the one he has now, and both continued on successfully.

Tommy's more of a family man. With his expensive eighteen-room home at Bernardsville, New Jersey, he tries to get there and to his family as often as possible. "The Skipper"—that's what he calls his seven-year-old son, Tommy, Jr.—and Patricia, his twelve-year-old daughter, stay there with their mother. They listen to their daddy's orchestra over the radio.

When Tommy does get out to Ber-

nardsville, he works around the poultry farm in which he takes so much pride. His family, his music and his poultry farm are his three greatest enjoyments. Tommy has grown up, a chap with limited schooling, and has learned the best things in life.

It's something to be proud of to be recognized as an authority on so popular a subject as dance music. There are lots of orchestra leaders whose statements about music are quickly forgotten, but the one that Tommy makes defining swing music, is certain to be accepted. "Swing has always been with us," he says. "Its discovery by the public both as a word and an idea is recent, but musicians for years have used the term and exercised its meaning.

THE playground swing denotes transition from one place to another and back again, in regular cadence. Fundamentally, musical swing demonstrates the same thing. In jazz jargon, "to swing" is synonymous with "to travel," "to get off," "to put it in the groove." There's really no mystery about it at all; it's easy to understand.

"I have not been able to see the reason for the confusion resulting from the query, 'What is Swing?' And I like to think that perhaps I can clear up the fog by removing the cloak of mysticism in which swing has been wrapped.

HOWEVER, the particular style depends upon the phrasing or the grouping of these accented and unaccented sounds. Thus, what the dancer 'feels' and calls 'swing' is mechanically created by the way the notes are grouped for emphasis and non-emphasis, and the various styles differ from other according to this formula.

"However, the particular style depends upon the phrasing or the grouping of these accented and unaccented sounds. Thus, what the dancer 'feels' and calls 'swing' is mechanically created by the way the notes are grouped for emphasis and non-emphasis, and the various styles differ from each other according to this formula."

"Jazz is just a babe. During its life, composers have been writing the tunes. Next, the arrangers and then the players have interpreted the numbers according to individual preferences and temperaments; and that's the way you have heard the tunes. Finally, out of all this, there have come the definite styles."

Tommy kept this, his definition of "swing," in reserve for some time. He didn't offer any explanations of "swing" a few months ago when most other orchestra leaders did. He felt that instead of clarifying the word at that time it would have added to the general mix-up. That's not like the usual Tommy. He's quick to say what he thinks. And now he gives an explanation that eclipses them all.

Best dance orchestra: Wayne King, Guy Lombardo, Horace Heidt, Orrin Tucker, Richard Himber, others.

Best swing band: Benny Goodman, Larry Clinton, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Gene Krupa, others.

Best swing instrumentalist: Gene Krupa, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Artie Shaw, Ray Bauduc, Stuff Smith, others.

Best swing singer: Martha Tilton, Edythe Wright, Marian Mann, Bea Wain, Ella Fitzgerald, Mildred Bailey, others.

World's Greatest Saxophonist

THAT'S the title they've given Jimmy Dorsey—the world's greatest saxophonist. Loyal fans of Wayne King, Carmen Lombardo and others may dispute the title, but no one will deny his talent as a swinger with the sax and clarinet. After his journeyman days with such leaders as Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman, Jimmy and brother Tommy organized the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra in 1934. In 1935 the brothers went their separate ways, and Jimmy's orchestra crashed big-time radio on Bing Crosby's "KMH." A pioneer exponent of swing, Jimmy today airs his moderate swing over NBC.

Photographs by Charles P. Seawood



Above, left: Known as a saxophonist, Jimmy Dorsey can also do hot licks on the "licorice stick"

Above: Helen O'Connell is a newcomer to Jimmy's band. At 19 she's a singing sensation



The boys of Jimmy's band are young and not at all bad to look at. Above: Jimmy (coatless) shows new arrangement to some of the members

Bobby Byrn (left) and Bob Eberly (right) of Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, do their famed trombone-vocal duet of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"

Jimmy (left) and vocalist Bob Eberly (center) cast appraising eyes over a new instrument of first saxophonist Milt Yaner (holding the sax)

DANCE WITH JIMMY DORSEY

FROM Chicago's Congress Hotel each Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday night over NBC comes the smooth, rhythmic swing of Jimmy Dorsey and his band. Jimmy began his career when only a mere lad, with the Scranton, Pa. Sirens, followed by recording work with Red Nichols, Jean Goldkette, Vincent Lopez, others. Then, in 1934, he and his brother Tommy organized the Dorsey Brothers orchestra. But two bosses were too much for one band. There was a split. Tommy stayed in the East to form his own unit, and Jimmy, with the band, went west, where he played with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Music Hall. Trekking eastward this past July, Jimmy met Tommy in New York, and immediately there was a huge reconciliation party at New York's Onyx Club.



Master of the Bass Viol Jack Ryan at work. Jack hails from Scotia, N. Y., has been with the band about a year

Altman Jimmy Dorsey is tops on the clarinet. He plays while he directs, using little nods and bows of his head instead of a baton



Swing by the Dorsey trio. Left to right: Roc Hillman, Don Matteson, and Bob Eberle. Bob is the band's soloist



Guitarist Roc Hillman: He not only plays the guitar, but writes songs as well. Roc is a Denver, Colo., lad



In full cry with the saxophone section (left to right, above): Charlie Frazier, Noni Bernardi, Dave Matthews and Whit Whitney. Left to right (above, top): Trumpeters Shorty Cherok, Toots Camarata, and Trombonists Bruce Squires, Bobby Byrn, and Don Matteson



Ol' Man Swing is in high mood when Scat Songstress June Richmond goes into her number. June is a Chicago girl

Photos by Seymour Rudolph

Thumbs Up for Swing!

JIMMY DORSEY SAYS SWING IS
HERE TO STAY—TELLS WHY!

BY JIMMY DORSEY

IN RECENT weeks there has been quite a bit of banter about the imminent demise of swing. "A fad," they say, "going the way of all fads." And so "they" scoff at swing; others scoff at "them."

No one can deny the tremendous influence exerted by radio in making swing universally popular. Its spread has been like wildfire. At the very beginning there was a lot of counterfeit that was as much related to a "cat"—or swingster—as is a harp solo of the Elegy. Too much of it was loud, too much distinctly unmusical. Swing is the basis of all rhythm and as such can be presented in almost any manner and still retain its basic quality. But swing, as effective dance music, depends upon precision of harmony and split-second timing.

Naturally, the first great surge of swing has subsided. Anything as abnormally popular and widely played as was this type of music must settle, in time, to a normal level. Many orchestras that were not equipped for its effective presentation have abandoned the style entirely. We may hear less of it today, but what we do hear is genuine music in place of a barely recognizable imitation. And the fact that less swing is heard today than two or three months ago does not mean that it is on its way out. There is a definite and permanent niche for it in the preferences of America's dance fans.

SWING'S most devoted followers are, admittedly, youngsters. Young men and women between the ages of 18 and 24 prefer, above all others, this type of rhythm. They make up the greater portion of our dance-conscious population. Fast dance vogues, especially suited to swing music, are the favorites of this group. Other dance devotees over this age, though unable to subsist on a steady diet of swing, do relish it as a balance to their musical tastes. The provocative lilt of swing is manna to all ears.

It is noteworthy that the dance trends of the past seven or eight years have been fast and "umphy." Popular music, essentially music for dancing rather than for listening, has been obliged to cater to the dictates of this trend. Swing, in its present form, is the logical successor to old-fashioned jazz, on occasion flavored with a few "hot licks" by competent improvisors. It stimulates a natural response to itself, urging its listeners to get up and dance.

To use a bit of current Americana, "the stuff really sends you." You hear any number of people who say they don't know how to dance, but feel—when they hear swing—that they could get on the floor and "do a darn good job of tripping the light fantastic." The incomparable Fats Waller sums it up in fifteen words: "If you gotta have someone explain it to you, jus' don't mess around' with it." And there are not many who want explanations when the boys really start "giving out!"

It is difficult, if not impossible, to analyze just what makes music pleasing to us. The same is true of dancing. Swing, more than any other type of rhythm, makes its listeners tap a foot or a finger, or swing a shoulder. Its rhythm is as old as worship; like religion, inherently a part of man from 'way back.

Strangely enough, almost every section of the country claims credit for its creation. As for a list of musicians who claim it as their own, the space allotted me prohibits their inclusion here. Thanks to radio, its popularity rose to the heights in all parts of the

country simultaneously; but if anyone should ask you, you can take my word for it that "Mr. Swing," as he is known today, was born—not entirely by intent—on "Swing Lane," New York's own Fifty-second Street.

In the "peep-hole" days of the prohibition era, it was the old Onyx Club where musicians (and an occasional outsider) used to hang out. The "cats" flocked there like the intelligentsia once did the "Village." Many of them, wanting nothing more than refuge in a place where they could "give out" and be understood, are leaders of the top-notch bands in the country today. All were complete masters of the instruments of their choice; and they formed organizations so that they could play the music of their choice.

The sounds created in the Onyx were pandemonium to any outsider. One of the boys would start a tune, set his



Here's bandleader Jimmy Dorsey, who takes his stand with swing!

tempo, and then one and another of the musicians congregating there would join in, each lending his own interpretation, each getting his chance at a favorite "lick." From there they went to "sell" swing to a waiting world, and it didn't take much selling. Swing is what it is because it's musicians' music, played for their own entertainment.

TO SAY that swing is dying is to infer that dancing is also getting ready to give up the ghost. Actually it holds a more solid position today than when it first amazed the dancing public with its unprecedented rise to national favor. Swing has gained a permanent position in the American dance scene along with the perennially popular waltz, tango, slow fox-trot and rumba rhythms, while its appeal is much stronger than any of these. It is Young America that sets the country's dance vogues, and as far as they are concerned, it's definitely "thumbs up" for swing!

Needless to say, Jimmy specializes in hot music. All members of his orchestra are versatile musicians, so Jimmy can obtain any combinations at any time. He plays while he directs, using little nods and bows of his head instead of a baton. He never displays temperament, and although working day and night insists it's all fun.

Jimmy and Tommy

Dorsey quit tooting horns in other men's bands, formed their own and went far. But trouble developed and the boys split. First Jimmy got a commercial—the Bing Crosby hour. Then Tommy got a cigarette account. Now Jimmy is without a sponsor while Tommy's program appears good for many weeks to come. This month the two brothers become competitors for the first time. Both will be playing in Chicago—Jimmy at the Bon Air Country Club and Tommy at the Drake Hotel.



Artie Shaw, young orchestra leader, is heard with Robert Benchley each Sunday night during the "Melody and Madness" program over CBS. He's a native New Yorker

MUSICAL COLLEGE

BY FRANK MARSHALL

WHAT famous songstress immortalized "Some of These Days"? Whose theme is "The Waltz You Saved for Me"? Who wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band"? What is Bing Crosby's first name? Who says "Is Everybody Happy?" These are typical questions asked the contestants who gather for Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge, rythmical session in musical memory emanating from the Blackhawk restaurant in Chicago and aired every Monday at midnight (CST) over WGN and the Mutual chain.

This program, conceived by Kay Kyser, is the first of its kind to hit the airwaves. And it has evidently landed for good. Unique in basic idea and particularly in method of presentation, Kyser's College has brought a tremendous response from listeners all over the country—and from listeners outside the country as well. The weekly

broadcast, and for every letter the sender receives his diploma by mail. During the first six weeks of the school nearly ten thousand letters were received, from forty-three states and two foreign countries. Some of the letters contained as many as twenty-five questions.

For the program, the entire restaurant takes on a pedantic air. Kyser, his announcer, Russ Russell, and the head waiters all don caps and gowns; the bandmen wear bright blazers; the waiters have freshmen caps; and practically everyone puts on horn-rimmed spectacles for the event.

WORKING with his colleagues on the faculty of the Kyser College of Musical Knowledge, Kay Kyser has selected the following orchestra leaders as the all-American rhythm team: Backfield—Benny Goodman, master



—NBC Hollywood
"Professor" Kay Kyser of the "College of Musical Knowledge" (Wed., NBC), upon arrival in Hollywood before beginning current engagement on Santa Catalina Island, was served at press luncheon by waiters dressed as students



Kay Kyser and Virginia Sims, his charming songstress, look over some of the mail received in response to their "Musical College" program

mailbag at WGN bulges with listeners' enthusiastic letters, hitting totals that are practically unprecedented for any program, and this despite the fact that the show has been on the air only a short time.

To open the program, Kyser leads his band in a school march—his theme song, "Thinking of You"—played in six-eight time. As Music Master Kyser gets the college session under way, his helpers on the faculty select ten patrons for participation in the two memory sessions which highlight the hour-long broadcast.

Class time arrives—five "scholars" line up on the bandstand to take their turns at questions on all things pertaining to popular music, both old and new, and the celebrities who present this music. But different from other question-and-answer sessions, Kyser's band "plays the questions" in almost every instance. Each contestant is given three questions, turn by turn, and scored according to his answers.

LIKE other well-regulated schools, there's a recess and the recreation is dancing. Then the second class—with five new pupils for examination—is called to order and the procedure of the first session is again followed. Then the two high-scoring scholars have a "spell down" to determine the winner of a \$25 cash prize. However, each of the ten contestants, whatever his success at answering the questions, is awarded a diploma, signed, sealed and delivered by Dr. Kyser.

Radio listeners attend by correspondence. That is, Kyser fans are invited to send in questions for use in the

of swing, left halfback; Hal Kemp, famous for his staccato rhythm, right halfback; Cab Calloway, inventor of "scat," quarterback, and Guy Lombardo, known from Coast to Coast for his "sweetest music this side of heaven," fullback.

In the line—Eddy Duchin, elected for his expert piano styling, left end; Xavier Cugat, master of the rumba and tango, left tackle; Wayne King, waltz specialist, left guard; Freddy Martin, for his full rhythm style, center; Tommy Dorsey, holder of sweet swing honors, right guard; Ted Weems, expert of specialties, right tackle, and Shep Fields, for his unique rippling rhythm, right end.

Paul Whiteman, creator of modern styling of all types, was given the place as coach of the rhythm team. Kay Kyser, because of his position as head of the College of Musical Knowledge, got the job of faculty adviser, and Ina Ray Hutton—chosen purely on form—was elected cheer-leader.

The extra bit of pleasure, easily evident to listeners, with which Kyser puts questions to the "students" in his Musical College, is probably explained best by the revelation that he originally had every intention of becoming a lawyer. When he entered the University of North Carolina, he was really serious in his desire to delve into the intricacies of Blackstone. However, fortunately for lovers of modern dance music, Kyser made the mistake of concentrating his spare time in satisfying campus dance demands with his six-piece school band. The urge to carry on musically overcame the legal inclinations and his success resulted.

Kay Is Kayeod

Went over to Kay Kyser's show last Wednesday night, my first visit in about five weeks. Kay had a lot of new gags to put the audience in the proper spirit before the show went on the air, but something happened that was not expected. As soon as Kay came out on the stage a woman in the audience started to heckle him. He said everything anyone could say in a very diplomatic manner to try to shut her up, but she just wouldn't shut. Finally Ben Grauer, thinking he would try to save the situation, thrust a piece of paper in Kay's hand. Then the Prof. said: "Friends, we have a very unusual guest in our audience tonight and I've been asked to introduce her. She's the only woman tobacco-grower in the country and she hails from my home state of North Carolina, let's give her a great big hand." And who should stand up but the woman who had been annoying Kyser all evening. The audience howled



Vocalist of Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge" is Virginia Sims, heard on NBC's classroom hour Wednesdays at 10 p.m. EST

BUT THE MUSIC IS SWEET!



Merwin Alton Bogue, Kysner trumpet-man, immediately refutes contentions that swing "gets" musicians. Famed as "Ish Kabibble," he attracts attention by his "dead pan"

IT'S worth your good right arm to suggest in speculative fashion that swing music is less than it might be or that it has had its best days. Enthusiasm has reached the point where fanatics are happy if they can just watch the expressions on the faces of musicians as they "give out"—and that brings us to the matter at hand, for we are willing to agree that that is fun, too! Consider, for example, what happens when Kay Kysner's boys start to "send." Exceptionally good-looking fellows, they lose themselves when they play on Kysner's "Klass and Dance" on NBC Wednesdays, 10 p.m. EDT.



Trombones require "umph"; Max Williams has it. A few years ago bands furnished the background for individual acts. Now they are complete shows within themselves.

Exclusive RADIO GUIDE Photographs by Gene Lester



Well-rehearsed, expert musicians like Heinie Gunkler often demonstrate their skill by improvising, playing with one hand or other tricks. Some authorities rejoice that children idolize swing musicians, hope that will overcome the youngsters' idea that musicians are "sissies." Should that happen, parents would find it easier to make children practise instruments, and in turn appreciate more serious music. Result might be America's most musical generation!



"Jitterbugs" are swing addicts who react openly to rhythm. Usually drummers are as "buggy" themselves—viz., Eddie Shea, above



Expert musicians realize that since swing has concentrated audiences' attention on them rather than on floor shows or vaudeville acts, they have to contribute more than just "straight" music. Lloyd Snow does his bit by crossing his eyes, puffing out his cheeks and going "out of this world" on his big bass horn!



Harry Thomas hasn't been through a threshing-machine. Swing music carries such emotional wallop even listeners are exhausted



Sully Mason, saxophonist and "scat" singer, has a little more restraint than some, but even he shows wear and tear after a night behind a horn



Morton Gregory at work on a sax. Kyser's is not a real swing band, but includes swing on every program. It's increasing its popularity weekly



In the control-room are (l. to r.) Don Bernard, CBS assistant producer; Phil Cohan, producer; Milford Noe, engineer, and Harry Esman, stage director. Above, right: Saxie Dowell, comedy vocalist



What would a program be without an announcer? Here's Carlton Kaddell, with "Music from Hollywood"



Maxine Gray, hailing from the South, joined the Hal Kemp organization four years ago as the featured girl vocalist

STARS AND SATELLITES

TWELVE years ago a University of North Carolina student gathered together a group of musicians, none of whom could read a note! But Hal Kemp, their leader, could—in fact, he could play all the instruments in a band. So he ran over each of the musicians' parts until the men had memorized them. It's been a long way since Fred Waring first heard Kemp and his student musicians and persuaded them that they had something. But hard work produced results, and now Hal Kemp's unusual style of arrangements, coupled with his characteristic combination of reeds, features the Chesterfield "Music From Hollywood" program over CBS Friday evenings. However, Hal is a modest fellow, one who realizes that he alone isn't responsible for the success he enjoys. He insists that credit be given where it is due. So we go behind the scenes to present those who make possible the popularity of "Music From Hollywood."



Left: Before starting their dress rehearsal, Alice Faye and Hal Kemp, stars of "Music From Hollywood," a cigarette program, enjoy a brief rest backstage by a "No Smoking" sign, of all things!

Upper left: Kemp studies an arrangement with CBS Producer Phil Cohan (left) and Harold Mooney (right). Hal and three arrangers spend 100 hours a week on six new arrangements



Above: Hal's favorite instrument is the saxophone. He specializes in reeds, but sometimes likes to double in brass for the fun of it



The program is over and pay-day has arrived. Now it's Partner-Manager Alex Holden's turn to go to work. Here he's paying off John "Pete" Peterson, the "Instrument Jockey." The entire pay-roll runs from \$3,000 to \$4,500 every week



Bob Allen, above, is the romantic singer with the band. He joined the outfit three and a half years ago; is a "straight" singer



Eight thousand dollars worth of instruments are put away by Instrument Jockey Peterson



Right: Hal greets his musicians, already present on the stage, while Doorman Tony Benno tells him, "You're late, today, Mr. Kemp"

MAN WHO MADE "STAR DUST"
Wednesday, NBC

There will be an especially pleasing flavor this week in the music of Tommy Dorsey, whose silk-smooth trombone and sweet-swing orchestra consistently produce swell melodies. There will be a guest, too, whose name is favorably known to all music-lovers. The program will feature music written by Hoagy Carmichael. Hoagy will be the guest. Everybody loves "Star Dust" and knows that it is one of those few popular tunes with a distinct

claim to classical permanence. Even though that song long ago soared over the million-copy mark, it is by no means Hoagy's only hit contribution. Others of those songs with the unique Carmichael sweet-ballad touch are the pathetic "Old Rockin' Chair," the lazy "Lazy-bones," the wistful "Little Old Lady," and now the ho-hum craze, "Two Sleepy People." Hoagy used to record other people's checks as a bank-teller; now his own income goes into the bank records in proportion as his hit tunes keep clicking in the musical records. Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is a perfect vehicle for Carmichael's dreamy, rhythmic songs.



—Acme
Hoagy Carmichael, the man who made "Star Dust," will be Dorsey's guest, Wed. Above: With wife

Hal Kemp Returns to Chicago

I attended Hal Kemp's recent opening at the Gold Coast room at the Drake Hotel. Though a southerner, returning to Chicago was more or less of a homecoming for Hal, as he rose to fame with his WGN and Mutual broadcasts from Chicago's famous Blackhawk Cafe. I asked Hal if reports that he would be married shortly were true. Hal said he

didn't expect to marry for another two years. Hal confided that he was caused a great deal of embarrassment when Walter Winchell thrice wrote that Kemp was shortly to become a groom. In fact, he said he apologized to the girl's family after Winchell's stories appeared. The girl, incidentally, is Martha Stephenson, a Dixie belle. The bandleader said she was a lovely girl but that marriage for him at the present time was just "not in the cards."

Unfortunately, Hal's music is not being broadcast during his stay at the Drake's Gold Coast room. And it is not only the Drake Hotel that does not have any broadcasts, but all Chicago hotels. Here's the story behind that. Last spring, practically all orchestras in Chicago hotels were broadcasting over Chicago stations with the programs being fed nation-wide over the networks. In practically all instances, the hotels were not paying anything for the broadcasts, with only a few of them contributing to the "line charges." (Line charges, in this case, were the cost of the use of the telephone wires from the hotel to the radio station. Broadcasts from hotels go over a telephone wire to the station and are then broadcast). The stations had been forced to hire more musicians by James C. Petrillo, "czar" of Chicago's musicians. To make up in a small way for this added expense and figuring that the publicity attendant to the hotel broadcasts was extremely valuable for the hotels, Chicago stations said the hotels would have to pay \$100 a week for the broadcasts. The hotels countered by saying they wouldn't pay anything, inasmuch as the stations

were getting famous bands without any talent costs. To date both the hotels and stations have remained adamant in their stand. And that is why, though Hal Kemp is playing at the Drake, Buddy Rogers at the Hotel Sherman's College Inn, and Guy Lombardo at the Palmer House's Empire Room, radio listeners are being deprived of hearing nightly broadcasts of these splendid orchestras. Chicago night-clubs and ball-rooms, however, figure that \$100 a week is a cheap price to pay for presenting their orchestras before millions of listeners. And so Abe Lyman is heard from the Chez Paree, Bob Crosby from the Blackhawk and Dick Jurgens from the Aragon. Buddy Rogers, for once, knows the valuable publicity attached to nightly broadcasts. When he

learned that there would be no pick-ups from Chicago's College Inn it is reported that he did not want to come there. But the contracts had already been signed and so he had to go through with his agreement.



—Newman-Schmidt
Orchestra-leader Hal Kemp and the former Martha Stephenson, N. Y. society girl, defied superstition to be married Friday, January 13

"Time to Shine"

HAL KEMP
and his Orchestra
EVERY TUESDAY
10 P. M., E. D. S. T.
ON COLUMBIA NETWORK

GRIFFIN
The Greatest Name In
SHOE POLISH



SWING KING?

Who is your choice for "Swing King" in the Star of Stars cavalcade? Is it Benny Goodman (left), Artie Shaw (center), or Tommy Dorsey (right)? Or is it someone else?

"FIVE for Shaw."

"Nine for Goodman."

"Seventeen for Dorsey."

The room is narrow and the row of girls bending over the big account-books play their pencils industriously. The teller picks up another pile of ballots.

"Three for Dorsey."

"Eight for Goodman."

"Fifteen for Shaw."

It is the annual Star of Stars poll which is taking this year a spurt never before experienced. That spurt, be it known, is the result of the new love of swing which so many listeners are confessing.

The high priests of jive have attracted to themselves tremendous individual followings. They have won for themselves the esteem and admiration of innumerable fan clubs. Under the soaring banner of their sort of music, they are organized one against the other, each with his own favorite against whom no one may say a harsh word.

So RADIO GUIDE tellers struggle under the deluge of their votes, and will continue to struggle until the last ballot comes into our counting-rooms postmarked no later than midnight, May 31.

College editors recently picked their own favorite orchestras and singers. As announced by *Billboard*, they gave Artie Shaw first place, Kay Kyser second, Tommy Dorsey third, and Benny Goodman fourth. As best swing-singer, they selected Bea Wain

first, Ella Fitzgerald second, Ginny Sims third, and Maxine Sullivan fourth.

But those are only the votes of a few hundred college editors. Our Star of Stars selections are those dictated by listeners themselves. Here is the voice of the public. Will it prove the college selections correct, or will an entirely new group of favorites be lifted to the rank of radio royalty? Your vote is important. Send it in now.



Above: At a dance at Northwestern U., Wayne King (left), orchestra-leader, was given a gold baton and presented certificate as honorary alumnus by Pres. Walter D. Scott



Benny Goodman (left), called "King of Swing," presented part of his collection of swing recordings to Dr. William Jackson, of the faculty of Harvard U., following Harvard's recently announced interest in modern swing music

MYSTERY SURROUNDS RETURN OF PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA SUNDAY

THERE'S mystery in the air these days—mystery of a musical nature which is putting certain maestros, critics, and followers of modern rhythm all in a dither as they contemplate what the solution might do to their profession.

Behind all this mystery is one whose name has been synonymous with modern music since the new "jazz" era came into being. This man of mystery, whose baton may beat in an entirely new style in rhythms, completely overshadowing the current "swing" and "continental" interpretations, is none other than America's King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman!

About eleven months ago Paul Whiteman decided that after fifteen years of steadily working to appease the musical appetites of a dancing world, with only three weeks vacation in all that time, that he would succumb to the lure of his own Texas ranch, taking an extended vacation which some day would end only when he "felt good and like it."

So, Paul Whiteman and his wife, the former Margaret Livingstone of the movies, did just that. They put aside all things which had to do with the making of a living, and betook themselves to Eagle Mountain Lake down in Texas where Paul could satisfy a boyhood dream of being a boss rider on what is known down that way as a "cay-ow ray-anch."

During the past year Paul and Margaret have enjoyed themselves doing just what they wanted to do when they wanted to do it, and without any concern for train schedules, booking engagements, or rehearsals. Paul, riding the range, loafing when it pleased him, bathing in the 30-mile-long lake, almost forgot the meaning of a rehearsal. There were no rehearsals in that way of living—they just up and

did things "when the spirit moved."

But now, with the announcement that Paul Whiteman and his famous orchestra are returning again, opening at the Drake Hotel in Chicago for a four-week engagement beginning this Sunday, the musical fraternity began wondering about some of the rumors that had been circulating and just what that Texas ranch episode might have done to Paul Whiteman.

SPECULATION ran rife among the wisecracs of the musical world. What new musical forms, if any, would Whiteman introduce on his return? Could it be that during those eleven months of refreshing vacation the genius of America's jazz king had been stimulated, rejuvenated, and given a new lease on life? Were the rumors of a new Whiteman rhythm true—a rhythm which would sweep all previous interpretations of jazz before it?

It was pointed out that some time ago Whiteman obtained the services of Martin Gould, 22-year-old genius who is known for the unusual arrangements he developed for the Mutual Broadcasting System. Could it be that the Whiteman-Gould combination had discovered a new revolutionary treatment of dance rhythms?

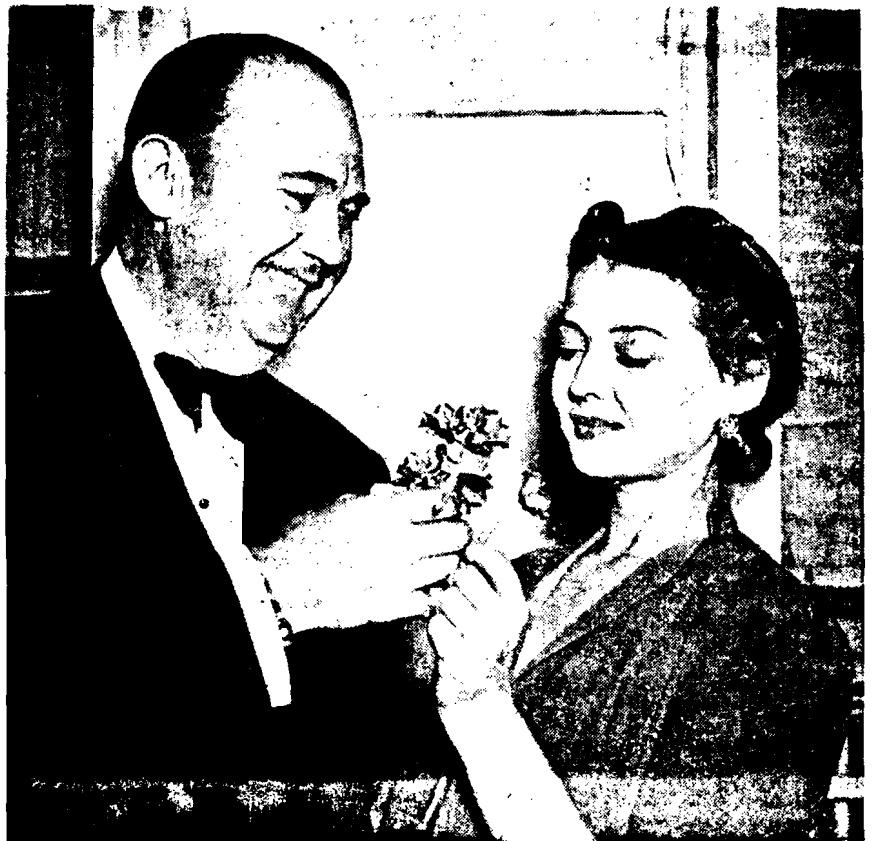
What is the answer? The mystified musical profession during these four weeks will listen to Whiteman's broadcast over the Mutual network from Chicago's Drake Hotel where the King of Jazz is playing. Listeners will hear that answer, too.



Bob Lawrence (above), young protege of Paul Whiteman, will sing with Grace Moore during the Kostelanetz program Wednesday night at 9 p.m. EDT. Bob is a graduate of Cornell University



Paul Whiteman presents Blues Singer Connie Boswell—Friday



Paul Whiteman and his troupe will be heard from the University of North Carolina during their broadcast Friday night at 8:30 p.m. EDT (7:30 p.m. PST). Above: Taking time out to discuss the Veterans Poppy Memorial Week campaign with Sylvia Sidney



When Paul Whiteman arrived in Hollywood recently to begin his new Friday night series for Chesterfield, he was greeted at the station by Lennie Hayton (right). A former pianist-arranger-composer for the "King of Jazz," Lennie is now a nationally known maestro in his own right

Whiteman Wears "Wed" Wool Woo!

The Paul Whiteman program seems to be a male fashion-parade. What with the Four Modernaires appearing in gray tuxedos with a black stripe down each trouser leg, and the Dean of Modern Music proving to be Master of Modern Style with a very reddish maroon tux and a matching maroon bow tie. And the maestro explains his attire with, "Ever since we played the song about Ferdinand the Bull I don't feel at home in any other suit!" Roy Barge conducts the twenty-eight-piece band during rehearsals and for almost every number during the actual broadcast. Whiteman goes in for little baton-waving, but lots of hip-waving to amuse the audience. Clark Dennis is now on this program, and this favorite of "Breakfast Club" listeners and other Chicago programs is doing a nice job of vocalizing.



King of Jazz

Paul Whiteman might be just another viola player today except for the fact that the advent of jazz music caught him at just the proper stage in his career. Whiteman was twenty years old, first viola in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, when the hot, fast music typical of the post-war era began to sweep the land. Something in it stirred Paul Whiteman, and he forsook the classics to follow in the footsteps of the great "hot" musicians—and, eventually, to take his place beside them. For Paul Whiteman was, and is, "The King of Jazz." The word "jazz" isn't much used today. "Swing" is the term we know. But the meaning is the same, the music is the same, and Paul Whiteman must still be acknowledged the dean of modern American music. Other orchestra lead-



ers have come and gone, many of them have made determined but futile efforts to usurp Whiteman's place on the pedestal of fame, but he still stands as securely as ever. And he has brought many of the currently famous right up with him. Bing Crosby, Connie Boswell, Jack Fulton, Morton Downey, Jane Froman, Mildred Bailey, Ramona—the list of Whiteman proteges is indeed a long one. Yes, indeed. Surrounded by the nobility of the world of popular music, a nobility he has done much to create, The King of Jazz still reigns. Tune him in this Wednesday, September 7, at 8:30 p.m. EDT, and say, with the rest of America, "Long Live the King."

Maestro Paul Whiteman and his orchestra members have been having troubles getting to the studios from engagement spots near New York

Paul Whiteman, especially when he is in a Broadway show, or playing at some exclusive restaurant, is one of the hardest working men in radio. He is on the go half the day and almost all the night. Usually he does not get to bed until the milkman is home and quite fast asleep, but Paul is up again in the forenoon and on his way to give a matinee or a *thé dansant*, after which he snatches a bite of supper, then dashes back for an evening performance. And three nights a week, he hurries to the NBC studios to hold midnight rehearsals for his Woodbury broadcasts. "Usually," he says, "everything goes smoothly, and we finish by three or four A.M., but sometimes there are rough spots to be ironed out and we have to stay up late."

In the studio, the musicians drift in singly and in groups and set up their stands and instruments. A few minutes later Paul arrives and the rehearsal is under way. He doesn't lead the band at the start of the rehearsal. Adolph Deutsch, his chief arranger, and Roy Bargy, pianist, take turns at it. This has given rise to the myth that Paul only waves the stick at broadcasts, that he does not lead at all. Such a story, of course, is absolutely untrue.

Paul begins conducting long before the rehearsal is over, but only after he has sat in the control room and heard exactly how every instrument will sound *when it's on the air*. His ear is uncanny. Though some thirty instruments are playing, he can tell which one of the brasses is a bit weak, and his voice comes booming from the control room loudspeaker to set the erring musician right.

Paul, by the way, is one of the quietest and calmest persons imaginable. When he tells a member of the King's Men, "Sing a bit louder, please. You're swallowing your words on the last line," one of the violinists whispers to his neighbor, "Boy! Is that fellow catching it!" Such a gentle admonition is considered stern reproof — from Paul.

While the orchestra rehearses, the visitor may see the other members of the program seated about the studio. Over there is Ramona, tall, dark, and slender in a white evening dress. She is smiling and gay, as when she sings, but when at the piano a little later, she becomes so intent that she looks unhappy. A few seats away from her is Durelle, a little bit of a thing, still in her teens. When she advances to the microphone for her song, she must stand on tiptoe to reach it.

Whiteman himself is seated on the sidelines for a moment, deeply engrossed in a conversation with a strikingly beautiful woman with red hair. You can see that they're very much in love; and why wouldn't they be? She's his wife, the former Margaret Livingstone of the films.

Now, with the band balanced to his liking, Whiteman takes the baton. It's about a quarter of an inch thick and nearly two feet long. When he leads the orchestra in a fast passage, he waves it so hard that it bends nearly double. Suddenly he stops and says, "Now, boys, let's play it *my way*, just this once." They begin again, and this time it suits him. Paul says his success is based upon a knowledge of musical balance, which he has gained in some way that he cannot understand (he thinks he must have been born with it) and insists every single note be played exactly as he has planned it.

It is all very informal — most of the musicians have their coats off, and a few of them are smoking while they play — but every note must be played just as precisely as though the band were giving a command performance before all the kings in Europe. It is this very insistence on perfection that has made the Whiteman band worth ten thousand dollars a week. (His new contract calls for a total of one million, five hundred and sixty thousand dollars for three years.)

And, incredible as it seems, this is the very same Paul Whiteman who was fired from a San Francisco band a couple of decades ago because, as his employer said, "Paul simply can't play good jazz!"

PORTRAIT OF PAUL: Born in Denver, Colorado, on March 29, 1895, the son of Wilburforce James Whiteman, for more than fifty years Supervisor of Music in Denver's public schools. . . . Paul has played in symphony orchestras since his eleventh year — was viola and violin player. . . . After playing in the Denver Symphony, took his first dance job with the band at Old Faithful Inn, during the San Francisco Exposition; this was his introduction to jazz. Other jobs came and went until the World War, when Paul (then weighing three hundred and three pounds) joined the navy and was put in charge of a forty-piece band. This gave him his first real chance to experiment with symphonic jazz . . . resulting in jazz's transformation from dissonance to real music. . . . Afterwards played various West Coast cities, then to Hotel Ambassador in Atlantic City, New Jersey, where a Victor Records scout heard him and gave him a recording contract. (Paul was so modest he postponed

his first recording date four times because he thought "the band wasn't good enough"! First record, *Whispering*, sold nearly two million copies. . . . Followed this with engagements in New York night clubs at two thousand seven hundred fifty dollars a week, then vaudeville. (Had a hard time getting first stage booking at nine hundred dollars weekly, but contract was immediately renewed at two thousand seven hundred fifty dollars in Palace Theatre.) Gave Symphonic Jazz concert at New York's Town Hall and repeated it by popular demand at Carnegie Hall a few months later — was so excited and happy that he cried like a baby throughout the performance. . . . Got six thousand dollars for a single evening at the party Clarence Mackay gave for the Prince of Wales. . . . Has best musicians he can get; pays them up to eight hundred dollars a week. . . . Is married, as you know, and father of two children, the infant Margot and Paul, Jr. . . . "There will be no comedians on my new program," says Whiteman. "Any guest stars will be outstanding vocalists or instrumentalists. Listeners who tune me in do so because they want to hear music. If they wanted comedy, they would tune in one of the comedy programs."



Ramona.



Mrs. Whiteman. She was the former Margaret Livingston, a screen star, until she married Paul.



his cast calls him "Pops."

DRUMMER BOY NUMBER ONE



Drums, drums, drums! No lack of them here. For Gene Krupa supplies each man with a drum to be used in his jungle-rhythm percussion numbers



Surrounded by clarinetist Sam Musiker, trombonist Bruce Squires, and trumpeter Jack Mootz, the ace drummer-boy beats out a torrid rhythm



Sam Donahue is Gene's tenor saxophonist and one of the hottest members of the band. Sam always shuts his eyes on "out of the world" spots

FIDDLERS and saxophonists who have become famous bandleaders may be a dime a dozen, but you can count on two or three fingers the drummers who have tiptoed into that charmed circle. One of them is Gene Krupa—today, America's No. 1 drummer boy! A Chicago lad, Gene began his drum-beating career as a substitute for a sick drummer while jerking sodas at a Wisconsin summer resort. His first big break was an engagement with Red Nichols' orchestra in 1929. Since then, drummer Krupa has played with such top bandmen as Russ Colombo, Mal Hallett, and Benny Goodman. Three years with Benny taught him a lot—so much, in fact, that he decided in April, 1938, to form his own band. Then, the Krupa drums really came into their own. Hot-music fans literally ate up his jungle rhythms, in one short year shot him to the pinnacle of their jitterbug world! Gene Krupa broadcasts over NBC on several night-spots throughout the week.

NBC Photographs by Jun Fujita and Max F. Kolla



Charming and very much alive is Irene Day, vocalist with Krupa's band. Shown here with Gene in the background, she's swinging a mean tune



You can almost see the weird light of the jungle on Gene's face in this shot. The riotous color of the Sherman's Panther Room heightens the effect



Here's the percussion specialist again, pounding out a hot number calculated to make any honest-to-goodness jitterbug cut rugs to a fare-thee-well



You might think drummer Krupa is singing here, but he's really repeating three or four words over and over. Seems they keep him in the groove

Judy Garland To Sing Torch Songs For Oakie, Goodman, on College Show

Judy Garland, 13-year-old blues singer who scored a personal triumph in the motion picture "Pigskin Parade," will bring her music to Jack Oakie's College for a little extra-curricular musical endeavor Tuesday night.

Judy recently guested for Bernie.

The torrid swing of Benny Goodman, in New York, will as usual alternate with Oakie's gags and music in Hollywood. Goodman's "quartet"—piano, drums, vibraphone and clarinet—brings to the Oakie show every week probably the most authentic "jazz" on the air. Hot-music fans the country over glue their ears to the loudspeaker when the quartet begins to improvise.

Goodman, one of the best clarinetists playing today, has three acknowledged masters of hot music to follow him in the "quartet." They are Teddy Wilson, colored pianist who is ranked among the all-time greats, Gene Krupa, often spoken of as the best drummer in the country, and Lionel Hampton, who does things with the vibraphone that have compelled the wonder of the great Stokowski himself!

Tuesday, March 9
9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST) CBS



Gene Krupa, drummer de luxe, and his orchestra are on "Fitch Bandwagon" this Sunday, NBC net



—Bus Gale
Toast of all jitterbugs is blond Martha Tilton. Martha's the vivacious young miss who does all the swing singing with Bennie Goodman's band heard over CBS every Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time



Swing King Benny Goodman

Benny Goodman and his swingsters invaded Carnegie Hall on Sunday night, January 16, for a special concert of swing music. The place was literally packed to the rafters with people standing all over the huge auditorium. Folding chairs were even put on the stage to take care of about 100 more people. The program included most of the numbers Goodman has recorded for RCA-Victor. His version of the popular "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" is something to cheer about, and believe you me, the audience not only cheered but whistled and stamped.

Guy Lombardo

Guy Lombardo has been identified as a leading exponent of the slow type of music, but the classification is in error, for a number which takes most bands ninety seconds to perform is played by the Royal Canadians in fifty-five seconds. Guy explains the aural illusion, saying, "We do not put rhythm under our tempo. We use no accented beats. It is this technique which makes our music different from that of our imitators."

Guy, who is also an accomplished violinist, was born in London, Ontario, shortly after the close of the last century. His brothers, Carmen (first saxophone), Leibert (trumpet), and Victor (baritone sax), are likewise of Canadian birth.

The boys took up music for fun, playing in the Sunday School orchestra in their home town. When someone asked them to play at a party and actually *paid* them for it, they were astounded. That encouraged them; they picked up a few extra musicians and played for dances during their school vacations, but earned only a few dollars here and there.

Finally they pooled their resources and managed to finance a trip to Cleveland, where they had to overcome many obstacles, being told that no one would like their style of music, which was just the same then as it is now. At last the Lombardos secured a booking at the Clairmont Cafe, and Guy argued the manager into putting in a radio line. With the publicity this brought them, they moved to one of Cleveland's leading night clubs, and stayed for three years, after which they played at Chicago's Granada. Then came their opportunity on the CBS, in 1928.

They have remained with the Columbia Broadcasting System uninterruptedly ever since, save for a brief interlude to do an NBC commercial. And Guy points with pride to the fact that he has proved himself right in continuing to advocate the type of dance music which he originated while still a schoolboy. Recent sponsors are the General Baking Company.

MEET THE GUY: Height, five feet, ten inches; weight, one hundred and sixty-five pounds; hair, dark brown and curly; eyes, brown . . . likes speed; owns sixty-five foot cabin cruiser and two hundred and twenty-five horsepower thirty-foot speedboat. Sleeps three to four hours daily; keeps all appointments, but is always late . . . devoted to parents; recently bought them estate in Greenwich, Connecticut . . . has a marked preference for double-breasted suits . . . owns a bull dog who is kind to delivery boys but bites all visiting celebrities. Is happily married.

Drum Dynamo

Gene Krupa makes a one-man show with his drum didoes. At his show March 29, substituting for Tommy Dorsey, King Krupa worked on those many drums as drums are seldom worked on. Gene beats with such terrific speed and vigor that he perspires freely during a number and pants for breath between numbers. He puts on a real jungle act, even chattering to himself and grimacing as he plays. You expect him any minute to stop beating the drums and start beating his chest. You can't help being stirred, even if you don't go berserk with his combination of primitive wildness and superb technique.



FOUR FAMOUS BROTHERS



Family ties in radio are strong, but seldom do families rival the Lombardos, who, with Guy (above) as leader, prosper years on end



Carmen, "Royal Canadians" first saxophonist, wrote "Boo Hoo," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Sailboat in the Moonlight," others



To keep key orchestral positions in family, Lebert gave up piano, learned trumpet. The Lombardo band has been on air since 1923



Youngest Lombardo brother is Victor, fourth saxophonist. Several who were in Guy's band 20 years ago are still playing for him!



Above: Maestro Vincent Lopez' recent revision of the "Star Spangled Banner" has received the acclaim of D.A.R.'s Mrs. David D. Good.



"Dipsy Doodle" isn't Larry Clinton's only claim to distinction. In 1937, he arranged more than a fourth of all songs published. Larry leads his own orchestra for NBC's Saturday night "Quaker Party," 8 p.m. EST

Herbert Wayne King

Herbert Wayne "The Waltz" King was born in Savannah, Illinois, in 1901, the son of a railroad man. His first job was as doctor's errand boy at seventy-five cents a week. The family moved to Oklahoma, then Texas, and Wayne King's next jobs were garageman's helper and bank clerk. His father gave him a clarinet for his fifteenth birthday.

By the time he was graduated from high school, he could play the instrument well enough to earn his way through Valparaiso University. Having a hundred dollars left over when he was made a B. A., he went to Chicago, and spent all but four dollars of it before he landed a clerkship with an insurance company (later they made him cashier). He lived at the YMCA in the Windy City, practising saxophone meanwhile, to the dismay of his neighbors, who forced him to stuff pillows into the mouth of the instrument. Six months later Al Short, then Tivoli Theatre orchestra leader, now NBC production man, gave him a job. After a time the manager of Chicago's Aragon Ballroom invited him to form a fill-in orchestra, which he did. Soon this orchestra was one of the Aragon's feature attractions. In 1927 a local station put in a line to pick up King's music. Lady Esther face powder took over his sponsorship on September 27, 1931. This resulted in one of the longest contracts any broadcaster has had with a single sponsor.

CHICAGO.—To the premiere of Guy Lombardo's broadcast on the Lady Esther Serenade. Compared to Wayne King's broadcasts, Lombardo's initial show for the cosmetic company was unusual in many respects. In the first place, in all the seven years Wayne King was sponsored he never permitted a studio audience. At Lombardo's premiere, Columbia's main studio was packed to capacity with many people even standing. I don't think that Wayne King ever spoke to his radio audience, although I did hear him sing on the show. Guy Lombardo introduced all the numbers himself and personally expressed his thanks to his well-wishers as well as outlining his plans for the Lady Esther series. (Incidentally, he plans on picking a future hit tune on each broadcast as well as playing one "old-timer.") And a loud cheer for the sponsor! True, it was good business and created plenty of good-will on opening night, but nevertheless not every sponsor will let a half-hour program go by without at least putting in one commercial. Yet that's exactly what the sponsor did. With the exception of announcer McCormick's brief opening and concluding announcements and Guy's brief speeches, the whole program was devoted to music. There wasn't a single commercial. And it was a swell show. Outside of Guy, who led the band but played no instruments, the busiest man on the stage was brother Carmen. He was jumping up and down like a veritable jack-in-the-box. One minute he was playing his sax, then he would pop up to do a vocal; a second later he was playing the flute, and three or four times during the show he joined two other band members when they did some numbers as a vocal trio. It's no wonder that Carmen alongside Guy is so thin. Guy is a big, heavy-set fellow. Carmen is a medium-sized chap and more of the thin-man type.

Just why was Wayne King replaced by Guy Lombardo? That had the boys along radio row wondering ever since the first startling announcement was made that the King had abdicated in favor of the Guy. Many of the "wise-boys" had said for years that King owned a piece of the cosmetic firm that was sponsoring him, but that theory was blasted when the Waltz King and Lady Esther parted. There seems to be no reliable story as to the real reason for the split-up. However, one story which is as good as any of the others being circulated simply states that King wanted more money than the sponsor was willing to pay. That seems about as logical a story as any.

The composer of *The Waltz You Saved for Me* and his wife, Dorothy Janis of the movies.



SWINGING THE KING

Dear VOL: I have just read Patricia Albee's letter condemning Wayne King's rendition of swing music. Miss Albee thinks it is a "grave mistake" on the part of Mr. King. Well, I most certainly think it will be a grave mistake if he stops playing it. No swing band can play "Caravan," "Satan Takes A Holiday," or "The Big Apple" better than the "Waltz King." Long live the king and long may he swing!
—Doris M. Hammel, Baltimore, Md.

VOL: I agree with Patricia Albee regarding Wayne King's swing music. I wish he would stick to his smooth waltzes, as there is nothing more restful to tired nerves.—Mae E. Lynch, Nyack, N. Y.



—Wesslimann

Frances Langford, rhythm singer on Hollywood Hotel, wins top honors as best female singer of popular songs



—Hal A. McAlpin

Bing Crosby, skipper of the Kraft Music Hall, again leads the field of male singers in Star of Stars Poll

CROSBY AND LANGFORD WIN SINGING HONORS

SINGERS OF POPULAR SONGS BOOSTED TO REPEAT TRIUMPHS IN HEAVY VOTE

"POPULAR" music is really popular—and so are the singers of that popular music! The fifth division of the fifth annual Star of Stars Poll—the election to determine the most popular male and female singers of popular songs—brought out by far the heaviest, most hectic voting of the year. Almost twice as many votes were cast to name Frances Langford and Bing Crosby winners as have been cast in any other election!

Miss Langford, sultry singer on the Hollywood Hotel program heard Friday nights at 9 p.m. EDT on CBS, scored the most sensational victory to date. She polled within a handful of ten times as many votes as Kate Smith, who won second-place honors! Every section of the country was represented in the flood of ballots that catapulted Miss Langford into the lead and kept her there throughout the tabulations. Last year she ended Miss Smith's long reign as most popular female singer of popular songs when she won her first victory in that division. She also rated highest of all women in the Star of Stars poll itself.

Bing Crosby, host at the Kraft Music Hall on NBC at 10 p.m. EDT Thursday, repeated his victory among male popular singers for the third consecutive year. Last year he edged Lanny Ross out of first place. This time his lead was much more sizeable, although greatly overshadowed by Miss Langford's in her group. Jerry Cooper's supporters fought for him throughout the voting, but Crosby's fans gave him too much of a lead in the early stages of the poll. Donald Novis, who has not been heard regularly on any national network for a couple of years, won the support of apparently well-organized fan clubs, and their votes surged in at the last moment to place him third among male popular singers. Don Ameche and Jeanette MacDonald, who won the election for actors and actresses last week, placed fifteenth and sixth respectively this week.

Results in each division of the poll are announced weekly in *RADIO GUIDE*. The ballot for the eighth poll—the one for dance orchestras—is on the inside front cover of this week's issue. Turn to that page now; fill in the ballot!

Turn to the inside front cover for the dance-orchestra ballot!

Results in the Fifth Division of the Star of Stars Poll

Female Singers

1. Frances Langford
2. Kate Smith
3. Dorothy Lamour
4. Annette King
5. Frances Allison
6. Jeanette MacDonald
7. Jessica Dragonette
8. Jane Pickens
9. Deanna Durbin
10. Connie Boswell

11. Harriet Hilliard
12. Anne Jamison
13. Martha Tilton
14. Judy Garland
15. Muriel Wilson

Male Singers

1. Bing Crosby
2. Jerry Cooper
3. Donald Novis

4. Kenny Baker
5. Lanny Ross
6. Nelson Eddy
7. Jack Baker
8. Robert Simmons
9. Tony Martin
10. Rudy Vallee
11. Frank Parker
12. Dick Powell
13. Ralph Kirby
14. Buddy Clark
15. Don Ameche



Announcer Ken Carpenter: His chime-ringing feud with Bing Crosby has attained national prominence

New Year's Eve brought an unique present to Bing Crosby from his patron saint, Paul Whiteman. The gift was an old school book used by Bing Crosby at Gonzaga University and inscribed with all the cartoons and scribbles accompanying every school-boy's study. "Harry Lewis Crosby, Jr.," is scrawled across the fly-leaf and many other pages of the book, which is an "Illustrated Bible History," by Dr. I. Schuster, and which passed through the hands of Bing's brother Edward before the Crooner inherited it. After Bing, the book knew several more owners—one of whom finally became the writer of the Paul Whiteman radio show. That's how Paul recovered it for Crosby. Among Bing's cartoon illustrations in the old book is a policeman, a motorman, and two jockies—these casting their shadows ahead at Crosby's interest in thoroughbreds.

SINISTER SWING . . . SUNDAY

The most lethal of all musical instruments is the drum. This has been pointed out by Roy Shield, musical director of the NBC central division. If that be so, then Gene Krupa rolls along far out in front as the music world's most sinister figure. As Shield points out, drums send men marching to war, serve as the signal for executions and stir jungle warriors to frenzy. These uses of the modest, plebeian drum are fatal to human beings. Krupa's drumming, on the other hand, is not nearly so ominous. The only victims of his killer instinct are "dillers," unless you know of a few jitterbugs who have tied themselves into un-untieable knots via his music. Gene is really a demon with the drums, the acknowledged king. His orchestra even features a number in which the drums solo for as long as the audience can stand the hypnotism. When Gene Krupa and his orchestra visit the "Fitch Bandwagon" there will be a treat in store if you can trust yourself with Gene's toying with the "wolf-in-sheepskin" instrument. Of course, there's plenty more to his orchestral music besides Gene and the drums. NBC.

Eastern 7:30 p.m. Central 6:30 p.m. Pacific 4:30 p.m.



In 1936 Richard Himber's orchestra placed third in its division in the Star of Stars Poll; in '37, seventh. This year the orchestra was first!

RICHARD HIMBER WINS TOP-ORCHESTRA TITLE

VOTES POUR IN TO END WAYNE KING'S
FOUR-YEAR REIGN OVER CONDUCTORS!

THE fans have upset a dynasty! For the last four years listeners have voted Wayne King's musical soothsayers the most popular dance orchestra on the air. This year a new monarch has won the crown. Richard Himber, heard at present on CBS on "The Monday Night Show," won the support of followers whose votes poured in an avalanche across the vote-tabulators' desks to sweep him to victory as the most popular orchestra leader of the current year.

In most polls during the last two years Himber has placed high, but this is the first time he has won in the Star of Stars Poll.

Doubtless much of the popularity of the conductor - composer - arranger stems from the fact that he has been heard on programs on all the major networks within the past year, and thus has reached a multitude of listeners who found more enjoyment in his music than in the arrangements of others.

Wayne King, who has been almost undisputed in his occupancy of the orchestra-leader's throne, slipped this

year to third place. Several changes in the routine of King's programs, climaxed by the sudden dismissal recently of Phil Stewart, his announcer for the six preceding years, may explain at least part of his drop. Phil Spitalny, whose all-girl orchestra has been a noteworthy radio phenomenon but who has never before ranked with the top-flight leaders in popularity in the Star of Stars Poll, this year was catapulted into second place.

Exponents of "swing" appear to be not as numerous as their publicity would indicate, judging from the results announced this week. The leading swing bands, Benny Goodman's and Tommy Dorsey's, placed seventh and fourteenth, respectively.

Results in each division of the Star of Stars Poll are announced in **RADIO GUIDE** each week as quickly as available. This week a new poll is announced on the inside front cover. Votes cast on the ballots published there will determine the most promising new star of 1938. Turn to that page now. Vote for your favorite! Help him up the ladder of new fame!



Wayne King, who will be aired from the State Fair in Detroit Tuesday, Wednesday nights

Turn to the inside front cover for New Stars' Poll!

Results in the Eighth Division of the Star of Stars Poll

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Richard Himber | 8. Kay Kyser | 15. Abe Lyman |
| 2. Phil Spitalny | 9. Rudy Vallee | 16. Shep Fields |
| 3. Wayne King | 10. Eddy Duchin | 17. Walter Blaufuss |
| 4. Guy Lombardo | 11. Hal Kemp | 18. Ben Bernie (tie) |
| 5. Horace Heidt | 12. Sammy Kaye | Phil Harris |
| 6. Ted Flo-Rito | 13. Jan Garber | 19. Ozzie Nelson |
| 7. Benny Goodman | 14. Tommy Dorsey | 20. Glen Gray |



Above: Nye Mayhew, whose smooth swing band at the Glen Island Casino is aired several times weekly over MBS, is serious-minded, modest, athletic. He's 34, stands 6' 4", has green eyes, brown hair, weighs 190 pounds

Behind the "seen" at the Paul Whiteman program last week: Songstress Joan Edwards showing to an admiring Mrs. Whiteman (Margaret Livingstone) a new evening dress she designed herself. Of gleaming satin, it had small musical notes embroidered all over it. Paul himself was spending most of the time between broadcast and rebroadcast practising his golf stroke, with the baton substituting for a club. Advising him was Roy Barge, chief arranger for the Whiteman band, who plays a very good golf game. Red McKenzie, who was guesting on the program as one of the members of the "bargain-counter" band Paul had assembled for that show, was rushing around looking for more tissue paper with which to cover his comb. He played a comb in the "bargain-counter" band, and its tissue paper had been torn through by the spirited playing of the first broadcast. Les Lieber, another member of the guest band, had put aside his ten-cent fife, and was busy working on a typewriter backstage. Les' main job is as a member of the CBS publicity department, and he had to finish a feature story by the next morning.

SWINGING, ROCKING

—Sunday, MBS

Have you met Mr. and Mrs. Swing? Maybe you know that personified couple as Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. Red is one of the chief exponents of that same color-scheme in music—red hot. He himself cavorts nimbly and nastily on a "pile of bones"—xylophone to the tenderfeet of swing—along with his band-directing duties. The feminine half of the famous Mr. and Mrs. act rocked herself to musical glory and the title of "Rocking Chair Lady" by her individual rendition of that ballad of pathos on rockers, "Old Rocking Chair." Whether or not you are acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Swing (there's that word again!) and their stock in trade, you may have the opportunity of meeting or remeeting them under auspicious circumstances when he of the torrid tempos and she of the tremulous tones will be the spotlight entertainers on the MBS "Show of the Week" on Sunday.



When Orrin Tucker opened at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York recently, many of his bandleader friends dropped in to congratulate him. Left to right: Leith Stevens, Tucker, Guy Lombardo, Emery Deutsch, Russ Morgan

Now comes Vincent Lopez to write tunes with crazy titles. His are "Swinging at the Graveyard," "Swinging with the Goons," "Parade of the Pink Elephants," "Two Nights in a Turkish Bath," and "Ham on Rye" . . .

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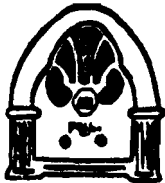
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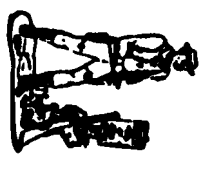
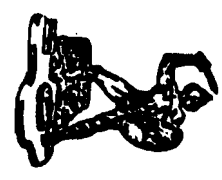
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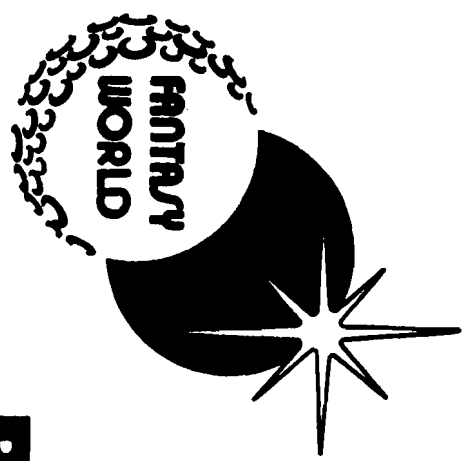
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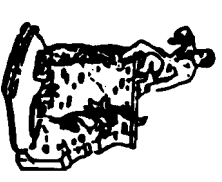
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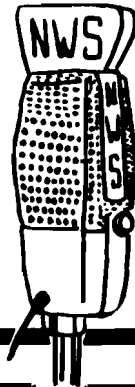
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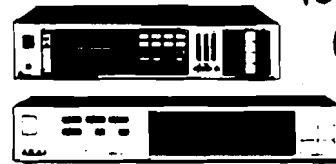
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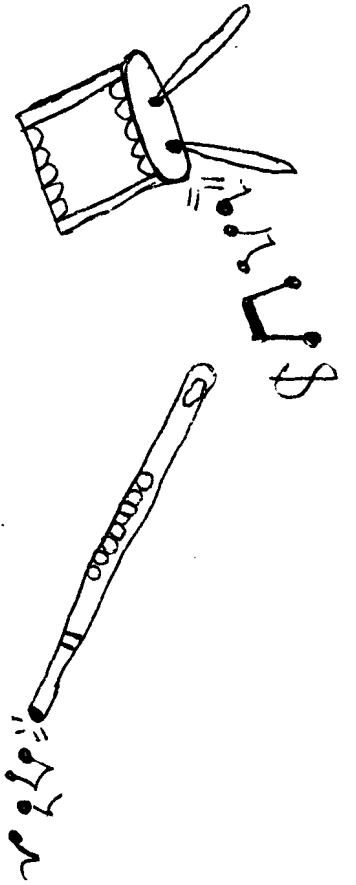
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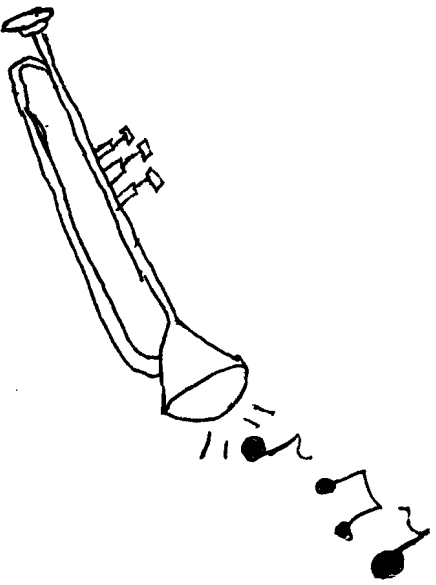
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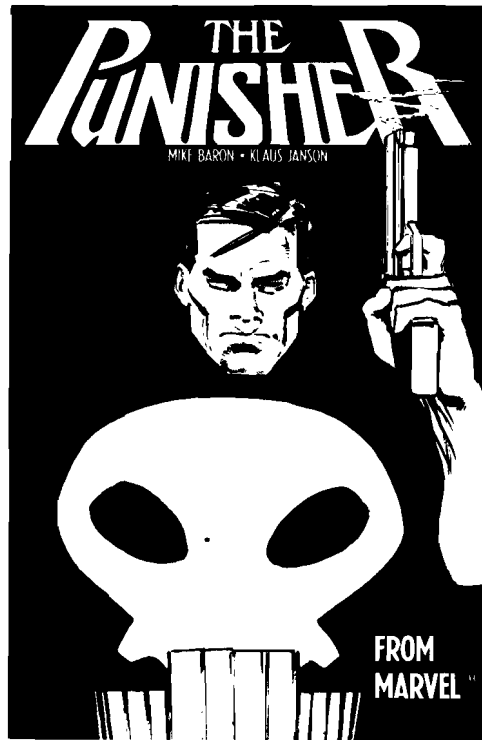
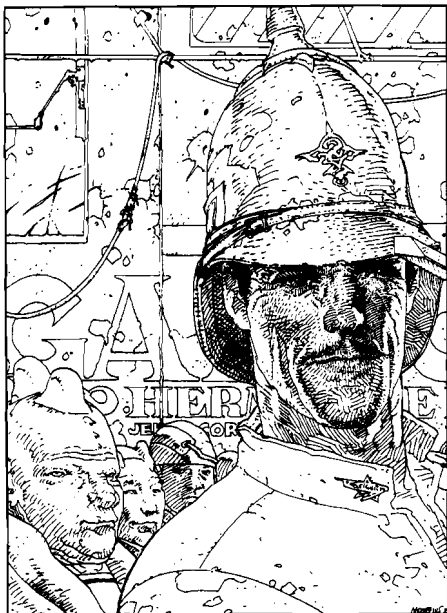
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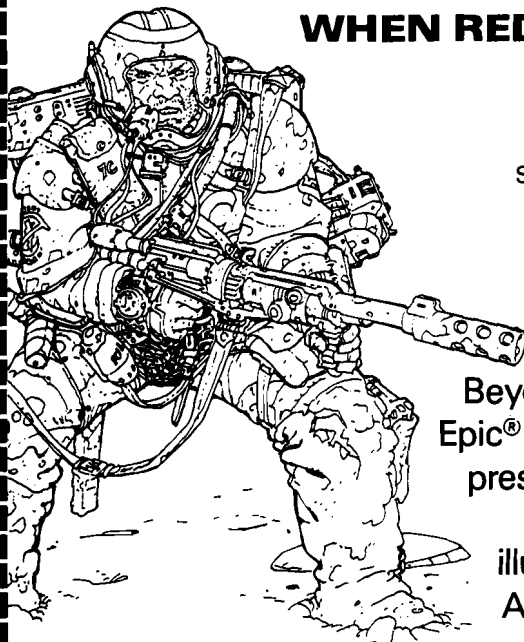


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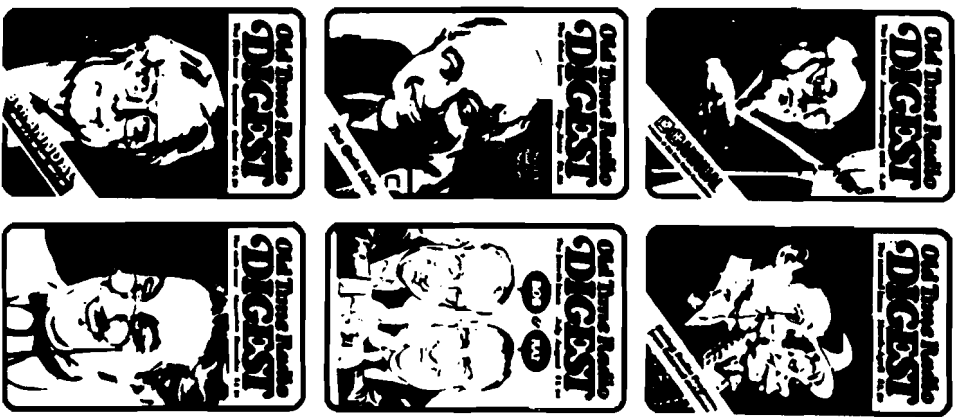


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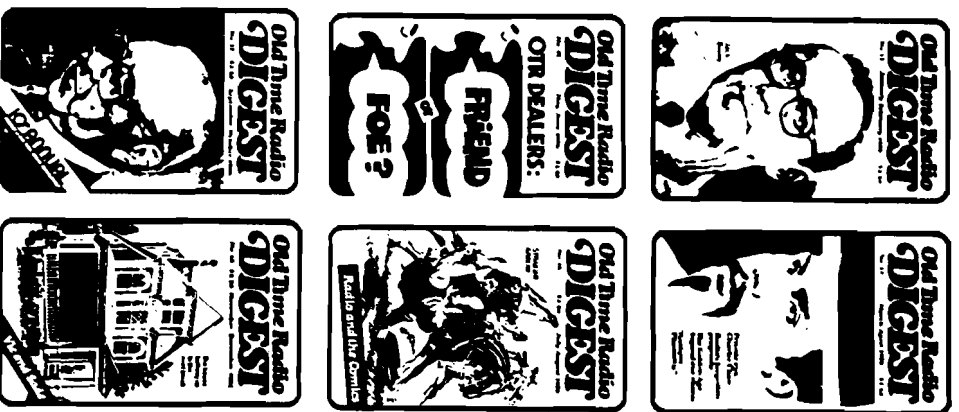
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