

RCA VICTOR'S

IN THE GROOVE

NOVEMBER, 1948



TOMMY DORSEY
Showman and Musician
Six Pages of Pictures and Stories
About the Sentimental Gentleman



SPOTLIGHTS YOUR HIT RECORDS AND FAVORITE BANDS





A little mike session by the big two. Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman swap lines.

Here's to Dorsey's Zest for Work

**It's That Indomitable Energy That
Makes Hits Like "Until"**

By JOE CSIDA

Vice President, Billboard Magazine

If there is a single common denominator to be found in show-business personalities, who have made and stayed in the big leagues, it is what the creators of the cliché like to call a zest for living.

Tommy Dorsey has always had an abundant supply of said zest. While it, more than any other factor, is responsible for TD's rep as a frustrated light heavyweight, it is also the reason for his success as a bandleader.

Tommy works as hard and wholeheartedly as he plays.

Few people, even in music, rec-

ords and showbusiness circles, appreciate the full extent, and the depth of that success.

Sure, it's common knowledge that Tommy has made (not to mention spent) copious quantities of loot.

But only those who idle away lifetimes analyzing showbusiness shenanigans realize how Tommy's career not only parallels, but is and has been a little ahead of the rise, decline and promised renaissance of the popular band as an outstanding part of the entertainment picture.

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In the golden days of popular dance bands (the late thirties and early forties) Tommy was contributing in a most substantial manner to burnishing banddom with that bright glow.

He did it by hard work, imagination and an almost supernatural feel for the kind of music people liked and wanted. "Marie," "Boogie Woogie," "I'll Never Smile Again," and name your own favorite.

Then, for reasons too complex and numerous to bore you with, and completely beyond the control

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the dorsey i know

By **JACK EGAN**

New York Editor of Downbeat Magazine

Tommy, Harv, Tweed or TD, whichever nickname you might apply to the younger Dorsey brother, he is one of the most indefatigable, aggressive, fabulous, hard driving, charitable, resourceful, prodigal, stubborn and contradictory persons with whom I've been associated in the music business.

I mention the last, contradictory, if only because some of the characteristics refute each other.

Take the uncanny Dorsey stamina. It has long been a wonder to all his contemporaries how the guy keeps going on a maximum of five hours' sleep a night. He never retires before five or six a.m., spending the pre-dawn hours planning new projects, eating Italian food and mapping out ideas for his various enterprises that have included bands, management, a newspaper, an oil well, a ballroom, tours, publishing, promotion and what have you? Whatever it is, Tommy's probably already discussed it at some all-night session with an audience that would number five to ten characters with as widespread a variety of occupations and interests as you are apt to find anywhere. He likes having plenty of people around.

Whenever he attempts anything, he always wants to do it better than anyone else. Forget the expense! In this respect he's equally aggressive, extravagant and stubborn. None of his henchmen, of which there are plenty, can argue financial angles with him. And what has griped them, over a period of years, is that contrary though his methods of procedure may be to all reason and plain, common business sense, he invariably winds up with the project at hand a booming success.

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AS TIME GOES BY

PHYSICALLY there's a point beyond which every man stops growing. That's true professionally too, especially in the music business; however, this is a formula which Tommy Dorsey has knocked into a cocked equation. Tommy grew up with the music business and it has grown considerably also as a result of his being around. Now after 11 years on top, Tommy Dorsey is still the subject of awed talk among band leaders who, since sharing the Sentimental Gentleman's hey-day, are playing for little gelt and less glory in obscure joints around the nation. These pictures of Tommy's earlier days show him with a darker head of hair but a smile no lighter than the one he wears today. Above, Jerry Colonna, Bruce Cabot and the maestro. Upper left, Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Bing Crosby, Tommy. Bing hides Ken Murray in the background. Lower left, Tommy, Bing, John Scott Trotter and the youthful Spike Jones, then an obscure drummer.



tommy dorsey, back seat driver

By **GEORGE SIMON**

Editor, Metronome Magazine

During one of those Metronome All Star dates, on which you've always got your hands full making sure you give each guy in the band a break, I asked Tommy Dorsey to play a particular kind of jazz solo.

Now Tommy hadn't been doing much work for a few minutes and being one of the top men in the group, I naturally thought he'd appreciate the spot-light for awhile.

"Listen," he said, "I can do that solo, but I think somebody else here can do that particular kind of thing better. Now why don't you . . ." and then he suggested another soloist. How many musical headliners would be modest enough to do that?

It's really amazing and gratifying to see how true Tommy has been to that "best-there-is-in-jazz" code of his.

You may or may not know that Tommy plays a good jazz trumpet as well as his trombone, but never has he tried to impose himself over such stars of his like Pee Wee Irwin, Bunny Berigan, Yank Lawson, Ziggy Elman and the current Charlie Shavers.

Tommy encouraged all these jazz men as few other leaders have ever encouraged the hot men in their organizations.

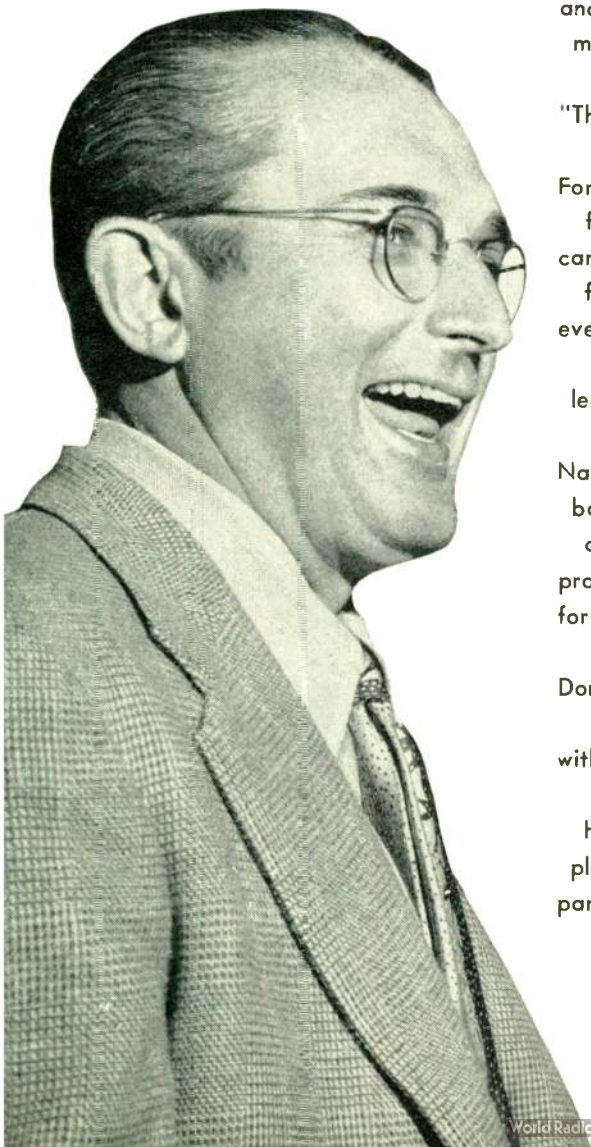
On the job he'd let them blow chorus after chorus and on records he'd often feature them much more than he would himself. Even now you ought to see him on the stand, grinning, happy, even jumping when one of his men really gets going and starts rocking the joint. Tommy lets him blow on and on, till exhaustion. The musicians and the crowds love him for it.

That's been Tommy's stand all along, to encourage them all, no matter what style, what color, what instrument.

There's no better demonstration of this than those nights in the old days when Tommy used to stand by, trombone in hand, enthralled, encouraging a guy named Les Jenkins to blow more and more and more. And what did Jenkins play? A trombone!

Jazz could stand more back seat drivers like Mr. TD.

laugh it off



Tommy threw back his head and roared with laughter in the small plastered room behind Atlantic City's Steel Pier. "That was a good one," he said, recovering a little, "it sends me."

Tommy Dorsey has a sense of humor and humorous enjoyment that would leave the most hale and bellowing traveling salesman gasping in three anecdotes and a pun.

"That reminds me," Tommy said, his eyes alight, "of my bout with old Henry Ford. You see he signed me to do an air show five nights a week, then all of a sudden he cancelled the contract. That was quite a blow for a minute till I realized why. He didn't even know I was a band leader, he thought I was a news commentator. When he learned the truth he canned me quick."

And what did Dorsey do? Naturally he laughed it off . . . got quite a bang out of it. Naturally, for Dorsey. As we continued to talk I realized that it was this propensity—you might even call it talent—for laughter that is probably Tommy Dorsey's greatest asset.

Dorsey is a salesman in every sense of the word. A musician first, a salesman second, with only a shade of importance between the two talents. Tommy reminisced a bit. He told me about his first engagement playing the trumpet when he was in knee pants. It netted him exactly 68 cents. "It's funny," Tommy chuckled, "the trombone was forced on me as a kid. I liked the trumpet best. It just happened the boys needed a trombone player." He laughed out loud again.



fired by henry ford, stuck with the trombone as a boy, caught with his musical pants down, dorsey's answer is look for the funny side

Tommy left the dressing room to play a set for the summer crowd that filled Steel Pier's Crystal Ballroom.

As I moved around toward the front of the stage I heard the shout go up, "Until, Until!" That is a story in itself. Tommy loved "Until" when he first heard it last year. He

recorded it along with about nine other numbers in one day during the pre-ban rush. Then, in the

hurly-burly of his frantic existence, he forgot about it. Tommy told me laughingly that he sent for a copy of

his own record, listened to it and then faked a new arrangement right on Steel Pier, even though he didn't

have the eight piece vocal group he needed at that time. On the upper left on this page we see Tommy

in full motorman's regalia at the "Saints and Sinners" club. On the right he holds up Tex Williams

with two discs instead of guns. On the left a platter splinters over his Irish head. It's all a gag,

but how Dorsey loves a gag. He likes to laugh it off.



Charlie

WHAT'S GOING ON IN TELEVISION



Piquant Martha Stewart poses obligingly to show us the latest in sweaters after appearing with Spade Cooley at the Santa Monica Ballroom.

THE DORSEY I KNOW

(Continued from Page 3)

Perhaps the most unusual Dorsey characteristic is that having to do with clarity. Not only do many of his acquaintances scoff at this, so does Tommy. Yet, TD has proven himself the good Samaritan, unheralded and with no fanfare whatever, to many of his pals in the business who, during the years, have found themselves at the ends of their respective financial ropes.

Had it not been for Tommy's loan of \$5,000 to a struggling leader a decade ago, the newcomer would not have survived to conduct one of the greatest musical attractions of our times. This was a loan, not an investment, though at the time Tommy could have written his own ticket.

True, he's befriended some and received some handsome dividends. These were business in vestments; the others, good fellowship.

An amazing man this Tommy. Harv, Tweed or TD and, believe me, getting to know him well enough to write about it, was an experience I wouldn't exchange.

Novel Video Lick By Spade Cooley

The latest wrinkle in the Video business comes from the West, where Spade Cooley is putting on a tele show originating from the Santa Monica ballroom. The stint features Spade and his band, which you know so well on RCA Victor records, and guest stars: the latest, Martha Stewart at left. One amazing feature of this new television twist is that the video shows have increased rather than decreased business at the Ballroom.

Spade pulled an original gimmick out of the hat in presenting his show. While dancing is in progress, television cameras scan the entire floor. Thus those with television sets at home can watch the dancers. Mother can make sure that sister Susie is out with the right Joe.

Ray McKinley

Musical entertainers are giving television quite a whirl in Philadelphia over WCAU-TV the station owned by the Evening Bulletin. Ray McKinley appeared there

TOMMY'S ZEST

(Continued from Page 2)

of any single music maker (even TD), bands began to slump.

But a couple of million people were taking their musical entertainment via platters spun on radio station turntables. And who winds up as the first of the name bandleaders turned spinners but Tommy boy.

Now it would seem that Claire and Carl Consumer are ready to listen to a little tasteful, full pop-band music again.

And who's right up there leading the way? You've heard "Until," haven't you? There'll be more coming.

And Tommy's doing it the same way he always has. With a zest for hard work.



Roy Rogers, left, congratulates Spade Cooley on his new television show in Santa Monica.

recently on Doug Arthur's Record Room, a series headlining record personalities. Ray claimed his marksmanship with a shot-gun was excellent, and for the sake of a good show Doug let him try. The boys entered into the experiment in fine spirits. A moment later the glass shattered and for your information Doug still televises his Record Room series.

The Caldwelles

The Caldwelles appeared on WCAU-TV's "Show Business" emceed by Ethel Foster recently. "Show Business" is a weekly spot that high lights figures in the music and entertainment world.

Kate Smith Nixes Huge Offer at London's Palladium

Kate Smith has turned down a fabulous offer of \$20,000 per week to perform at London's famed Palladium.

Ted Collins, Kate's manager, says that radio commitments in this country were partially responsible for her decision.

ARMSTRONG

TEAGARDEN

WILLIAMS AT THE

CLICK

Louis and Big "Tea" Split The Bill With A Fresh, New Band At Palumbo's Famous Night Club

The old and the new, the experienced and the fresh, the mellow and the facile joined together at Frank Palumbo's Click in Philadelphia recently and together they produced a bit of night club showmanship that had few equals for balance, pace and honest entertainment.

Louis Armstrong brought his All Stars to Philadelphia for the second time under the sponsorship of Frank Palumbo. Sharing the musical chores with Louis was Gene Williams, former vocalist with Claude Thornhill, whose 12 piece, though not pretentious musically, produced a fine dancing beat.

Louis wasn't talking much in back of Click's huge revolving stage. His ulcers were bothering him and he sat around quietly sipping milk. Meanwhile Jack Teagarden fiddled with a musical sliding rule of his own invention composed of four strips which, when moved in respect to each other, produced the various chord break-downs used in the jazz riff.

Teagarden was speculating rather dreamily about the band he said he was going to put on the road as soon as he got stabilized financially. Big "Tea" wants an eight or nine piece unit. He said it will be hard to arrange for, but if done right it should really go places.

Lower left on this page tall, lanky Gene Williams shares an impromptu chorus with Louis Armstrong who took the new-comer under his wing at the Click. On the right are Louis' All Stars: Velma Middleton, Father Hines, Big "Tea," Louis, Sid Catlett, Arvell Shaw, Barney Biggard.



Hit Song Fulfills Writer's Dream

In 1925, a genial radio singer in Newark, N. J., wrote a song called *In My Dreams*. Today, 23 years later, *In My Dreams* is a commercial success on a record by Vaughn Monroe.

The story of those intervening years is one of success, prosperity and yet continuing frustration for the composer, Jimmy Shearer.

In the things of this world Jimmy has just about everything anyone could wish for. He owns Station WHBI in Newark, N. J., and he has a host of friends in every walk of life. But only recently, with the success of *In My Dreams*, has Jimmy realized his basic ambition . . . to be the composer of successful, published commercial songs.

Though none of them, but *In My Dreams*, has been published, Jimmy has composed over a hundred melodies. During the early years of radio, published songs became restricted. This was Jimmy's meat. While other musi-

BASIE JOINS RANKS OF BANDS RE-SHUFFLING FOR ECONOMY

The Spooner Again



Mask for the Goose is mask for the Gander as chorine and Spooner try to peek at each other. Who is she? Who is he?

Herman, Spivak and Krupa Have Also Made Move

A new sign of the times is indicated by a recent move by Count Basie in which he re-shuffled his entire band in a salary-economy maneuver.

The Count put his entire organization on two weeks' notice just before he closed at the Strand Theater in New York. Then the men were rehired at a lower salary figure voluntarily.

Woody Herman, Charlie Spivak, Les Brown, Jimmy Dorsey and Gene Krupa made the same move some time ago.

Count Basie's personal manager pointed out that it had reached the point where the Count would gross as high as \$10,000 a week on one-niters and still show a financial loss.



Jimmy Shearer

cal features dropped off, Jimmy was a steady radio artist . . . singing and playing his own unpublished ditties.

In My Dreams is typical Vaughn Monroe fare. Vaughn realized that when he first heard the song while visiting Jimmy Shearer at his farm near Freehold, N. J., in 1946.

Arnold Wins Baritone Bout

The people in the area of Chattanooga, Tenn., make no bones about whom they like best among America's Baritones. In an overwhelming vote they chose Eddy Arnold in a competition run by Bill Bailey disc jockey over Chattanooga's WAPO.

Bill ran a little contest called "The Battle of the Baritones." It started out quietly enough, but in two days the mail began to pile in. It seems Bill played the records of popular baritones in competition with each other on the same show; the fans voted as they listened.

Bill himself says he's never seen anything like it in his seven years in radio as an announcer. His program, which was the vehicle for the "Battle of the Baritones,"

Says Jimmy: "No one can play my song like Vaughn Monroe and his recording of it is the answer

is called the "Musical Clock." It grows more popular daily.



Bill Bailey

to a million of my prayers."

Remember that when you listen to *In My Dreams*, Record 20-3133.

**TAKE IN
THESE NEW
RELEASES**



FOR A *Record* GOOD TIME

POPULAR

DESI ARNAZ
PERHAPS, PERHAPS,
PERHAPS
THE MATADOR
Record 20-3113

COUNT BASIE
BYE, BYE, BABY
JUST A MINUTE
Record 20-3051

TEX BENEKE
FOINCIANA
(Song of the Tree)
THE MAN I LOVE
Record 20-3112

ERNIE BENEDICT
TICKLE POLKA
HOYER WALTZ
Record 20-3129

RUSS CASE
YOU STARTED SOME-
THING
THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
AND YOU'RE SO
BEAUTIFUL
Record 20-3080

MILTON CROSS
THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS
JINGLE BELLS FANTASY
Record 20-2974

**JACK LATHROP AND
THE DRUGSTORE
COWBOYS**

DAINTY BRENDA LEE
CORNBELT SYMPHONY
Record 20-3119

CUANTO LE GUSTA
SAY SOMETHING SWEET
TO YOUR SWEETHEART
Record 20-3077

JACK LATHROP
HAIR OF GOLD
YOU CALL EVERYBODY
DARLING
Record 20-3109

HERBIE FIELDS
JOHN JOHN
IN A PERSIAN MARKET
Record 20-3052

SAMMY KAYE
HERE I'LL STAY
GREEN-UP TIME
(Both from the Musical
Production "Love Life")
Record 20-3063

FREDDY MARTIN
ON A SLOW BOAT TO
CHINA
CZARDAS
Record 20-3123

RAY MCKINLEY
WHAT DID I DO
THE MORNING GLORY
ROAD (from the film "If
This Be My Destiny")
Record 20-3124

**THE PAGE
CAVANAUGH TRIO**
DADDY-O (I'm Gonna
Teach You Some Blues)
(from the film "A Song
Is Born")

THAT'S THE WAY HE
DOES IT
Record 20-3065

LOUIS PRIMA
LOVE THAT BOY! (from the
film "Race Street")
LILLIAN
Record 20-3079

HENRI RENÉ
DOWN BY THE OLD
MILL STREAM
ESTRELLITA
Record 20-3110

JEAN SABLON
TELL ME, MARIANNE
LILLETTE
Record 20-3111

COUNTRY

CECIL CAMPBELL
PLEASE DADDY DON'T
DRINK NO MORE
CHANT OF HAWAII
Record 20-3116

HARMONEERS QUARTET
LIVING WITH JESUS
I HAVE A HOME
Record 20-3107

HANK
"The Singing Ranger"
JUST A FADED PETAL
FROM A BEAUTIFUL
BOUQUET
I'M GONNA BID MY BLUES
GOODBYE
Record 20-3126

PEE WEE KING
NEW YORK TO NEW
ORLEANS
SAY GOOD MORNIN'
NELLIE
Record 20-3106

ZEKE MANNERS
TWIN TROUBLE
GROUCHY GAUCHO
Record 20-3125

CHARLIE MONROE
I SEE A BRIGHT LIGHT
SHINING

THE GRAVE AT THE FOOT
OF THE MOUNTAIN
Record 20-3115

**LUKE WILLS' RHYTHM
BUSTERS**
THE TEXAS SPECIAL
A NICKEL IN THE JUKE BOX
Record 20-3081

**BLUES AND
RHYTHM**

JAZZ GILLUM
THE DEVIL BLUES
WHAT A GAL
Record 20-3118

BILL JOHNSON
ELEVATOR BOOGIE
MY BABY'S GIVING ME
THE BRUSH
Record 20-3108

JESSE STONE
BLING-A-LING-A-LING
WHO'S ZAT
Record 20-3127

WINGS OVER JORDAN
UNTIL I FOUND THE LORD
HE'LL UNDERSTAND AND
SAY "WELL DONE"
Record 20-3128

RE-ISSUES

GEORGE OLSEN
UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES
AMBROSE
ELEVEN MORE MONTHS
AND TEN MORE DAYS
Record 20-3114

JIMMIE REWARD
MY LITTLE GIRL I LOVE
YOU
MISTAKES
Record 20-3117

AMERICA HAS TAKEN THIS SONG INTO ITS HEART

Eddy Arnold's

JUST A LITTLE LOVIN'

20-3013

If you haven't a copy, get one now. Almost a million have been sold

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TO:

"RCA monogram in a circle, 'RCA Victor,' the representation of a dog listening to a phonograph, the phrase 'His Master's Voice,' the words 'Red Seal,' and the word 'Bluebird,' are registered in The United States Patent Office as Trade-marks of The Radio Corporation of America."