The Swing Era
1940-1941

How It Was To Be Young Then

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Swing as a Way of Life

The Swing Era

How It Was To Be Young Then

The Men Who Made the Music:
  Glenn Miller
  Harry James

The Music in This Volume

Discography

1940-1941

TIME-LIFE RECORDS
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How It Was To Be Young Then

Growing up in the '30s and '40s was like putting together one of the jigsaw puzzles that lay half-finished on wobbly-legged card tables in a million American living rooms. On rainy Sunday afternoons we worked to complete Rembrandt's *Night Watch* in all its 1,000-piece glory, or an Olde English Hunting Scene. Collectively we were also assembling, with bits of our lives, an even grander super puzzle with a bewildering variety of pieces: bread lines, banana splits, rationing coupons; DC-3s, trolley cars, Model A Fords; Mickey Mouse, Albert Einstein, Lili Marlene; Count Basie, Eddy Duchin, Glenn Miller; Scarlett O'Hara, Dale Carnegie, Li'l Abner; jukeboxes, nylons, bubble gum, K-rations, gardenias, bombsights, saddle shoes; love and hate, life and death.

Who were we, the young of the Swing Era, the joiners of this giant jigsaw? We had names like Allen Ginsberg, John F. Kennedy, Jesse Owens, Bill Mauldin, Frank Sinatra, Oona O'Neill, Mary McCarthy, Eartha Kitt, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jackie Robinson, Norman Mailer. Malcolm Little would be better known someday as Malcolm X. Thomas Lanier Williams would become Tennessee. Whizzer White would move up to "Mr. Justice White." Grace Kelly would be addressed as "Your Highness," Richard Nixon as "Mr. President."

Most of us, though, would be famous only to our friends. We were named John Dickinson, JoAnn Phenis, Roberta Carnes, Joyce Furgie, Herbert Spohn, Robert Zang, Benjamin Gim, Ginny Hoyler, Ralph Goodpasture—and the person I remember best from the Swing Era, Joan Swallow. I can't find her in the mirror, but she turns up in old photographs.

The first piece in the puzzle was Home. Home was a two-story frame house on the outskirts of a small city in eastern Indiana. Inside it dwelt the statistically average American family: father, mother, 2.3 children. The 2 were my older brothers, the demigods of Home; the .3 was me.

My home was the center of the universe, and it was gratifying to learn, as I grew up, that others thought so too. Our state called itself the Crossroads of America and for 50 years had contained the Population Center of the U.S.A., a movable title that has since drifted west to Illinois. I finally grasped the idea by imagining the country as a large, irregular plate laden with 130,000,000 beans held aloft by Charles Atlas with his forefinger just under Sullivan County on the banks of the Wabash.

Muncie, where my cousin Charline lived, was much closer. It turned out to be a hotbed of something called "contemporary American culture." People named Lynd (he was a New Albany boy) had gone there to study the phenomenon and written a book about Muncie, giving it an entirely different name, *Middletown*.

"Heartland" was another thing people called us in books, though no Hoosier would have used the word—too highfalutin. The "Nation's Breadbasket," in which we were sometimes included, got closer to the gut facts. "Corn Belt" was best of all.

This Blessed State, this Happy Median was at the very navel of the universe because we lived in the greatest nation that had ever existed, the freest, most powerful and best—America. The Depression had brought hard times but, now that Roosevelt was in, most people felt that happy days were here again. Or soon would be. We children stood in our classrooms and sang with all our hearts:

> America, America,
> God shed his grace on thee,
> And crown thy good with brotherhood
> From sea to shining sea.

Like America itself in the '30s, our house was half in the country and half in the city. My father started life as

Two fans exploding with exuberant approval at a swing concert are as high in fashion as in spirit. This is what you wore then for a date: if you were a girl, a gay print dress; a boy, a double-breasted glen plaid suit.

a farm boy but found his livelihood in towns. In 1910 my newlywed parents set up housekeeping in the tiny community of Economy, Ind., where my father was cashier at the bank. He built his own home, eight years later, just beyond the city limits of Richmond, the county seat. He could drive to work, two miles away in the center of town, in ten minutes, but on his three acres, remote from sidewalks and traffic lights, he created a miniature farm.

Behind the house was his garden with rows of leaf lettuce, spring radishes, green onions, butter beans, carrots, string beans, peas, beets, cabbages, onions and potatoes—and the two most succulent of Indiana crops, tomatoes and sweet corn. Fruit trees made May beautiful with clouds of pink and white blossoms: Maiden Blush and Transparent apples, red cherries (good for tart, juicy pies if you could get them before the birds did); two plum trees in the chicken yard where our White Wyandottes pecked happily at windfalls; even a grudging peach tree.

We had berry bushes, clumps of asparagus and rhubarb, and an arbor of Concord grapes. In the pig lot, far enough back to be out of nose-reach, half a dozen Poland Chinas rooted and grunted and slurped watery milk from their trough. In the calf lot we sometimes fattened a young Hereford or Black Angus steer. I never ventured into the cow pasture, most remote of the acres, until I was big enough to meet Buttercup, the Jersey, eye to eye. Beyond the pasture lay The Woods where the world seemed to come to its northern end.

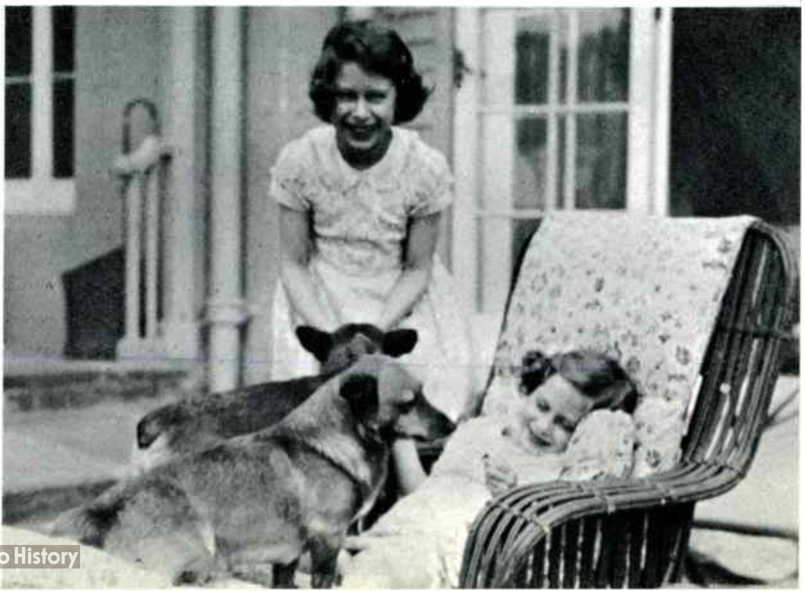
In the back yard was a modish sunken pool, edged with flagstones, where water lilies bloomed and big goldfish swam. From its center rose a birdbath in which dusty sparrows liked to sport; honeybees drank from its lip, stinging me when I tried to pick them up for a closer look. On a swing, hung between two stout poles, I lunged fiercely at the sky, hovered, and fell back again.

We could watch the seasons pass across our lawn. Spring came with furry gray nubs on the pussy-willow bush, followed by violets, tulips and narcissus. On Decoration Day we cut peonies and blue flags, which we never called "iris," for the family graves. On warm early-summer nights, as fireflies began to flicker and June bugs crashed against window screens, we rocked in the front-porch swing and inhaled the scent of mock orange and honeysuckle. In the terrible heat waves of summer we dragged ourselves from room to room seeking the breath of air that would bring sleep. The heat waves ended in still more terrible storms—they don't make lightning and thunder like that any more.

The sound of katydids in August meant frost in six

Not all of the young in this Swing Era sampler were famous then. Movie stars Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney *(below)* romp at a pool.

Author-to-be Joan Swallow babysits a nephew; future princess, Grace Kelly *(in striped playsuit)* builds sand castles; British Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret play



weeks. We were too busy stuffing ourselves with sliced tomatoes and corn-on-the-cob, fresh from the garden, to pay attention; but when we heard the first cricket in the house we knew the maple leaves would soon turn red and yellow and that all too soon the early twilights would lie blue upon the snow.

Winter was an indoor time. Our house seemed to be standard: living room, dining room, kitchen; three bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs; front and back porches; attached garage; cellar. Like the cow, the hand-stoked hot-air furnace had to be tended twice daily. We had no television, no dishwasher and no air-conditioning in our house, not even insulation. No refrigerator. We had an icebox, filled regularly by an iceman. In summer his truck drew kids like flies to sugar, and Mr. Shores, though he grumbled, never refused us a piece of ice to suck.

Bedrooms were different then. People were born in them. *I* had been born in the east bedroom, with Dr. Fouts attending, late on a Saturday afternoon, my father somewhere in the vicinity and able to report at once, to my brothers reading the funny papers downstairs, that they had a sister. It's a pretty picture until you remember that, with all her family within earshot, my mother had to be brave, like it or not.

Mother kept us from missing the "conveniences." She loved her family, she loved keeping house. Her love was expressed in the snowy shirts my father wore to the office, just enough starch in their collars and cuffs; the smooth, cool sheets on our beds, smelling faintly of the outdoors; the hot butterscotch-pecan rolls on the dining-room table; the pitcher of fresh lemonade on hot evenings; the feather-light angel food cakes on our birthdays. She had been a working girl once, clerking in George Mosey's store in Greens Fork, Ind. Both her sisters worked; Aunt Sue was a widow, Aunt Mae a grass widow. But it never occurred to my mother that there was any role in life preferable to hers.

This little world of childhood, My House, sounds idyllic, remote. It wasn't, though; it never is. I could hear the great world beyond at night, when things were quiet: it came blowing down through The Woods, the sound of "The Spirit of St. Louis" hooting at the crossings. The sound of trains as one lay in bed, still awake, is an unforgettable part of those years. Johnny Mercer listened to them too and wrote, in *Blues in the Night:* "Hear the train a-callin'/Whooooo-eeeee/Hear that lonesome whistle blowin'."

The great world beyond was even closer than the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the foot of the front yard lay U.S. 40, the National Road. A statue in the city park, the

with the royal Corgis. At 16, Gloria Vanderbilt sits on steamer trunk with her aunt, winner of a famous custody battle over her niece. At Whittier College, Richard Nixon plays a pipe-smoking innkeeper; and at Harvard, Norman Mailer plays football. At 17, Norma Jean Baker strikes a pre-Marilyn Monroe pose.

Madonna of the Trail, reminded us that the pioneers had come this way. And it was still the Way West.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road/Where the race of men go by, Sam Walter Foss had written, seemingly with us in mind. U.S. 40 never palled. The single most important event of my summer mornings at age 6 was the passing of "the interurban." The conductor and I always waved to each other. The interurban was an electric railway car that ran from Indianapolis to Columbus, Ohio; it was like the streetcars we rode in town, but sleeker, higher, faster and more perilous. Its track paralleled the road and crossed countless driveways. Even before the National Safety Council began issuing its lugubrious holiday forecasts, we had had the sound and sight of several bloody disasters on the National Road West etched into our nervous systems.

Some of the car traffic turned in at our driveway: the Watkins Man, a kind of traveling drugstore; the Fuller Brush Man. I sat at the other end of the living room and listened raptly to their spiels. How cleverly they revealed hidden, ground-in dirt in the carpet! How magically they removed it! The Magazine Salesman ("I'm working my way through college") came too. The Encyclopedia Salesman painted a grim picture of incipient mental malnutrition, only to be staved off by buying the six-volume *The New Home Interest Library.*

Eva Clevenger, next door, had an even more arresting parade of visitors. Like many people in the '30s who had spare bedrooms, she hung a sign out front: "Tourist Home." It brought in a dollar or two on a good night. One group of travelers remains indelibly in my mind (and in Eva's). They extended their stay a day or two, getting very cozy with the family and relaxing everyone's guard. Then one afternoon when the coast was clear, they whipped everything light and portable into their cardboard suitcases and were gone. "Even the doily under the lamp," moaned Eva, "even the toilet paper." The general conclusion was—Gypsies!

Pedestrians of the Depression

Beyond the blue horizon
Waits a beautiful day. . . .

Increasingly, a special kind of pedestrian turned off 40 and came up our drive. This was the hobo whom the Depression had made rootless and had set wandering across America. Tramps knocked at our back door for something to eat. When nothing better was available, my mother handed through the screen door slices of bread spread with butter and sugar. We watched through the curtains as the tramp returned to National Road and started west again, walking backward and jerking his thumb for a ride.

We were among the lucky who did not go hungry during those years. Plenty did. There were families like Malcolm Little's, outside Lansing, with nothing to eat some days but a big pot of boiled dandelion greens; on better days it might be corn-meal mush, or mush in the morning and cornbread at night.

The times were hard on teen-agers who could not afford schooling or get jobs. In 1935 nearly one out of four youths who had reached employable age since October 1929 was neither employed nor in school full time. But the New Deal, dashing down the dike from one leak to the next, did not overlook the young. The Civilian Conservation Corps was among the most popular of all New Deal measures (even diehard Republicans liked it), and a pet project of President Roosevelt, who saw to it that the first contingent reached camp only six weeks after his inauguration in 1933. The CCC, all volunteers, were mostly young men from the cities between the ages of 17 and 23, unemployed and single. A Corpsman received base pay of $30 a month, $22.50 of which went to his family if it was on relief. At its peak in 1935, the Corps employed more than half a million young men in 2,600 camps, and in its nine-year life it enrolled a grand total of 2.5 million. These civilian conservationists did indeed conserve a lot of their country, planting a billion trees, half of all the trees ever planted in the U.S., restocking streams with fish, fighting forest fires, halting erosion. The National Youth Administration, another New Deal measure, helped more than two million young people to stay in high school or college by paying them to improve their own communities and schools.

The poet John Ciardi, a Boston boy saving money for college, earned $14 a week in 1933 working nights as a shipping clerk. That was about standard for a recent high school graduate. A man with a college degree might get as much as $20. My oldest brother, Charles, a 1932 graduate of Earlham College, landed his first decent job late in 1933 as an outside man for the Personal Finance Co. in Cincinnati, calling on slow accounts and checking on new loan applications. A car was essential.

"Dad gave me his 1928 Model A Ford Sedan and I took off," Charles wrote to me in a reminiscent letter. "Pay was $90 a month plus $45 monthly allowance for your car. We received a rebate on phone calls made to the office, so the trick was to find a free phone whenever possible but to turn it in as paid. At the end of the month you were able to collect three or four dollars, a great help in those days.

"In September 1934 Ruth and I decided to get married. As it was nearing the end of the month, I was broke. Thanks to her father, Ruth had some money so she bought the ring ($6) and paid for the license. We rented a flat—two rooms and bath, utilities included, for $22 a month. We had no icebox and kept our perishables in a window box. Ruth used the landlady's washer for laundry.

"Life was good. We had a tough time lasting out the month, though. We learned you could take a milk bottle back for five cents and put four cents with it and get a loaf of bread. We went home to Richmond every two weeks, sometimes oftener, more to get two or three

On a summer evening, the corner drugstore is a great place for improving social graces through conversation.

A swing band coming direct from some glamorous locale, like Glen Island Casino, lightens the load of homework.

meals plus take-home goodies than because we were homesick.

"Stephen came to us in October 1935. Ruth went home to her mother's before he was born. In those days Reid Hospital charged $25 for delivery and a week's stay. Dr. Kreuger also charged $25 but that included care before, during and after."

In 1935 Charles and Ruth moved back to Richmond, a $17-a-week job and a $15-a-month apartment. "On Saturday night we would have Opal and Frank Slattery over and we would play bridge. Roasted peanuts from Tracey's were three pounds for a quarter and we would have a quart of beer; Ruth would make a 10-cent spice cake to go with our coffee later."

My other brother, Bud, was not quite 14 when the Crash came and the Great Depression got under way. I asked him how teen-agers fended for themselves in those days.

"I got a yard to mow once in a while through the summers of the early '30s," Bud wrote back, "and this was good for 25 to 50 cents. I sold packets of flower and garden seeds and made a little. Another fellow and I sold balloons along Highway 40 a couple of summers—mostly on Sundays when the traffic was out. We blew them up by mouth and fastened them to a stick or on a string. I can remember tying two or three on car-radiator ornaments and watching the fellow drive on with his girl, and hoping they wouldn't start to break until they got a ways down the road at least."

Factories were firing men then rather than hiring, but Bud earned enough at odd jobs for some social amenities.

"Things were cheap then. If you could not afford cigarettes at a dime a pack, you bought a sack of Bull Durham and rolled your own.

"On dates, if you were lucky, you walked to somebody's house and later down to the corner Coke place, where a fountain Coke with lots of ice was five cents. So you might only be out ten cents for the evening.

"Movies in 1932 and 1933 were only 20 cents or 25 cents. For a dance date the admission was one to two dollars per couple. You could afford this once in a while and generally borrow your Dad's car or double with someone who could get one."

Everyone needed a laugh in the '30s, and fortunately almost every American home had a magic laughing box called radio. It was an age of great comedians—Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly. I was a kid who had had my mouth washed out with soap (an experience, I find, that lasts a lifetime) for being too sassy, so I reveled in the sass of Charlie McCarthy.

I found radio's Little Orphan Annie a bore, but I choked down Wheaties in order to send away for Jack Armstrong's Shooting-Disc-Gun, and the Whistle Ring that enabled you to send code messages to beleaguered friends. For a while I was a devotee of Dorothy Hart and her Sunbrite Junior Nurses' Corps, but trying to round up empty Sunbrite Cleanser cans for my nurse's badge became too onerous. Even skulking down alleys in east Richmond, en route home from my piano lesson, I could seldom find a trash pit that contained one.

Richmond's favorite radio stars were the hometowners who had made good. Richmond housewives faithfully followed the network soap opera "Betty and Bob" because Will Reller's beautiful daughter Elizabeth played Betty. Everybody got a kick out of knowing that Elizabeth had spent two years at the Royal Academy in London getting rid of her Midwest accent, then had had to recover it in a flash when she broke into radio in Chicago, doing Junis Facial Cream commercials for Amos 'n' Andy.

If your family had no radio, there was still plenty of fun to be had, most of it mercifully free from the supervision of adults.

Alfred Kazin, the writer and critic, grew up on Chester Street in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, and he recalls, in *A Walker in the City*, that "We worked every inch of [our block], from the cellars and the back yards to the sickening space between the roofs. Any wall, any stoop, any curving metal edge on a billboard sign made a place against which to knock a ball; any bottom rung of a fire escape ladder, a goal in basketball; any sewer cover, a base; any crack in the pavement, a 'net' for the tense sharp tennis that we played by beating a soft ball back and forth with our hands between the squares."

Boys' games in the old days—before adult supervision set in—were naturally rich in violence and aggression. A good thing, too, in the opinion of Bil Gilbert, writing in *Sports Illustrated*. When he and his contemporaries played king-of-the-mountain, capture-the-flag, pioneer-and-Indians ("really nothing but loosely organized rumbles . . . the idea is to knock down or beat up other players") they worked off their hostilities in ways "untainted with subterfuge or twinges of guilt." Mumblety-peg developed nerves of steel, as players took turns flipping a knife to make it stick into the ground.

An Indiana boy also had to find plenty of time to practice basketball, sometimes using for a hoop a peach basket with its bottom knocked out nailed up over the garage door. Boxing held a special attraction for black kids, because, as Malcolm X says in his autobiography, when Joe Louis became world champion, "Every Negro boy old enough to walk wanted to be the next Brown Bomber." Malcolm was no exception.

Many of us spent a lot of time doing nothing. I liked to climb up on the pighouse roof and just sit there, studying the shapes of clouds and mulling over interesting questions such as why Amelia Earhart looked exactly like Charles Lindbergh. And it was delightful to lie in the grass and observe the movements of ants, or climb up in the trees and watch the leaves tremble in the wind. The intensity with which our senses responded to the physical world is, in retrospect, among the greatest joys of childhood. Eartha Kitt describes it in her own story, *Thursday's Child*, remembering the early years in rural South Carolina when she was separated from her mother and living among strangers.

"I spent many hours in the pine woods gathering pine cones. I would lie in a sunny spot and think of the Heavenly Father. I would watch the few planes that passed overhead, wondering where they were going, where they had come from, what made them fly, and if there was a little man inside to make them run . . . I lived in my thoughts and when my thoughts and serenity were broken, I felt hate unless Nature did it. . . . When it rained, I loved the rain—to run in it, to soak my feet in it, to wet my bushy brown hair in it, though I could never get it dry again. I belonged to Nature and Nature belonged to me."

William Zinsser, growing up on Long Island's North Shore, also spent a lot of time watching things, like boats on Long Island Sound. He recalls, in *Five Boyhoods*, that his favorites were the Fall River Line steamers *Priscilla* and *Commonwealth*.

"One of them passed every night at six on her voyage to sonorous Fall River, surely an enchanted place if it could beckon these noble vessels with such unswerving regularity. Sometimes I could hear the music of their bands, and if I waited 20 minutes the waves would lap up on our beach, all power spent but a link nevertheless with the traffic of the seven seas."

The game of Monopoly which came upon us in the early '30s united us in juvenile lust for money and power, and also united adults and children. When the generations felt like fraternizing, we also shared the pleasure of Sunday drives. Seeing how many different license plates you could spot was fun; so was watching for white horses. The real treat, though, was finding a new Burma-Shave sign like:

THE BEARDED LADY
TRIED A JAR
SHE'S NOW
A FAMOUS
MOVIE STAR.

or

FELLOW SPEEDERS
LET'S REHEARSE
NOW ALL TOGETHER
GOOD MORNING
NURSE.

Thus we rolled over the great plain of childhood—which had, nevertheless, its unexpected elevations and sudden drops. There were terrible ordeals sometimes, like Bill Mauldin's when he had to be a bridesmaid (there was a shortage of girls) in a Tom Thumb wedding at his grade school in Mountain Park, N. Mex. There were thrills, too, when for instance you were the little girl that got to hand a bouquet to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. There were scares. Billy Zinsser was terrified of kidnappers. "A shadow of fear fell over my life when the Lindbergh case broke. The papers reported the story in more detail than I cared to know, yet I pored over every word and photograph, hoping to learn something that would be useful when my time came. The worst picture was one of the ladder leading to the baby's open window, for *my* window was much nearer the ground, where any fool could reach it." And there were triumphs. Malcolm Little was a newcomer to town when he entered junior high school in Mason, Mich., yet "in the second semester of the seventh grade, I was elected class president. It surprised me even more than other people. But I can see now why the class might have done it. My grades were among the highest in the school. I was unique in my class, like a pink poodle. And I was proud; I'm not going to say I wasn't."

Early in 1931 the *Literary Digest* published a survey of vocational preferences among boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 18. The grown-up boys wanted to be aviators, architects, lawyers or electrical engineers, in that order. The little boys chose cowboys, aviators, soldiers, army officers, again in order. Girls of 18 were hoping to become typists, stenographers or housewives. Girls of 8 and 9, however, wanted to get into the movies.

Little Frances Gumm was one of the first to make it, aided by her family's theatrical connections, and emerged from her chrysalis as Judy Garland. Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, born in Idaho in 1920, was actually discovered in a drugstore by the editor and publisher of a Hollywood trade paper who asked her, "How would you like to be in pictures?" She had a walk-on role in her first movie, wearing a sweater and a skirt, and became Lana Turner, America's sweater girl.

Norma Jean Baker didn't have to make her way to Los Angeles: she was born there in 1926 and was steeped throughout childhood in movie lore. She was working in a defense plant when a photographer spot-

This four-door 1938 Ford V-8 Deluxe Convertible was popular with the young set long after vanishing from the ads.

MORON'S ECSTASY $1.00

8 Flavors of Ice Cream, Approximately a Quart
8 Fruit and Nut Toppings, which Includes:
Bananas
Maraschino Cherries
2 Halves Melba Peach
Tutti Frutti
Raspberry
Pineapple
Mixed Nuts
Whipped Cream

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ted her. His picture story led to work as a model and eventually to fame and fortune for Norma Jean as Marilyn Monroe.

A special group

"Teen-ager." According to the *Dictionary of American Slang,* "The U.S. is the only country having a word for members of this age group, and is the only country considering this age group as a separate entity whose influence, fads and fashions are worthy of discussion apart from the adult world. Before 1935 U.S. teen-agers considered themselves as, and were considered, young adults and not a special group."

I like this fact but am not sure what to make of it. Perhaps it simply means that we were the vanguard, the first of the Visigoths to appear on the frontiers of the Empire and test its defenses.

What is adolescence, anyway? A period of preparation—often exhilarating, often harrowing—with a forward motion taking you inexorably to that point when you will commit yourself: to a specific vocation, to a chosen partner (or to a life without a partner), to a life-style. No wonder we got scared at times.

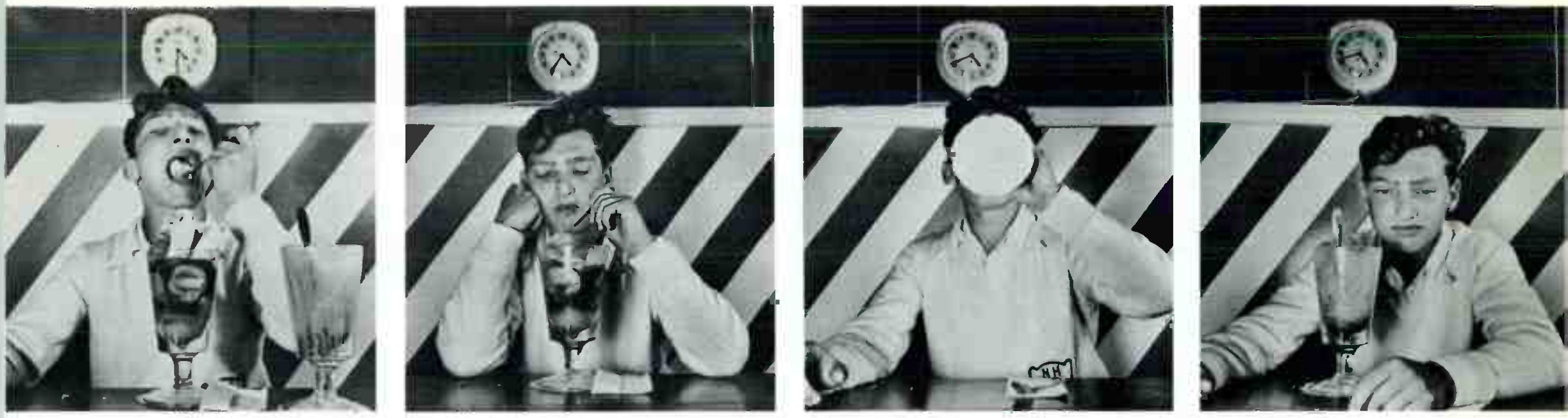
Teen-ager is only a word, and yet it meant something: it meant *us.* Words had once been no more than objects, mere shuttlecocks that you tossed back and forth in spelling bees. Now it was clear they could have important, personal meanings. "Character," a word beloved by our parents and teachers, had dominated our childhood; you were supposed to have a good one and develop it. It often had disagreeable associations, like being smartly rapped about the shins with an apple-tree switch if you told a lie. Whatever desire we had had for "character" temporarily yielded to the more insistent lure of "glamour," "personality" and their by-product, "popularity."

Glamour was fairly comprehensible. Brenda Frazier was its epitome. Brenda was beautiful, rich, famous, and socially prominent. O.K., I concluded, glamour was out.

Personality seemed to be more within my reach. It was a mysterious but not unattainable commodity. You bought it and applied it externally, like Tangee lipstick, or Ipana-for-the-smile-of-beauty. You also developed it on your own, by enlarging your biceps à la Charles Atlas, or your bust with exercises carefully detailed in *Good Housekeeping,* or by suppressing your own crude self and impersonating someone more winning. ("I declare, Betty Ann, blue is certainly your color." "Dave, is it true you have carried the ball more yards than anybody else?") Movies offered valuable pointers. Bette Davis, obviously, was loaded with personality. For at least three hours after a Bette Davis movie, I devastated my circle (they pretended not to notice) with my surly swagger and deadpan hauteur. Books, too, could help—like *How To Win Friends and Influence People.* Civic Hall was packed when Dale Carnegie came to deliver his message in person.

In preparation for high school, the arena for the main events of the teen years, even those of us who felt unable to achieve glamour or personality struggled to acquire "social graces," the prevailing euphemism for not picking your nose in public and getting across a dance floor without falling.

We tend to assume that everybody goes and always has gone to high school. In 1930 only 51 percent of eligible teen-agers were enrolled, versus 94.1 percent in 1968. The age at which youths might legally leave



school once varied greatly from state to state; and, indeed, when society was less industrialized, secondary education was often not necessary.

In a community like Richmond, Ind., during the '30s and '40s, some left school as soon as they could, on their 16th birthday. A Quaker family or two would send the young away to a Friends' boarding school, and occasionally wealthy parents sent a girl to Tudor Hall at Indianapolis. But by and large, the 1,000-odd youngsters attending Richmond's senior high school represented every class and condition in town: both colors and all economic strata, ethnic groups and religious affiliations. It was a good feeling, spending those three years with all one's contemporaries. High school was, of all the social institutions I have been part of, the closest thing to a microcosm.

A community's single high school must be all things to all men. Of the 330 graduating seniors in the class of 1942, 40 percent were in the "Academic" course following a traditional college preparatory curriculum. Twenty-nine percent were oriented toward careers in commerce or office work. Nearly one-fifth of the class, 19 percent, were enrolled in "Boys' General" or "Girls' General"; this meant, for example, that the girls studied "household chemistry" instead of the academic variety. The remaining 12 percent were future machinists, welders, draftsmen, woodworkers and printers.

More impressive than the variety of curricula is the range of extracurricular activities. The high school faculty, some one of whom served as adviser to each of the special-interest groups, were a race of heroes. Besides the usual sports there were tennis and golf teams, a tumbling club, a Ping-Pong group, two fencing clubs with a total of 60 members, and "sports study" clubs for spectators. The print-minded worked on the school newspaper, the yearbook, or the literary annual. The Dramatic Society put on plays. A boys' swing band, an all-girl orchestra, and a boys' glee club supplemented the regular band, orchestra and choir. There were aviation clubs, a photography club and four different art groups, not to mention a garden club, a conservation club (all boys) and "Rural Girl in Defense," some 20 charmers who posed for their yearbook picture in blue denims, leaning on hoes and pitchforks. The war contributed to swollen enrollments in two Red Cross clubs. A heightened awareness of far places, which would burgeon during the postwar years, already was visible in two "Around the World" clubs, a "World Affairs" club, and a club devoted to "Foreign Correspondence" (overseas pen pals). There was a cinema club, a science club, an archery club, an electricity club, and a club called "Latest in Literature." Debaters and future statesmen joined "Junior Forum." There were even Carver-DuBois and Phyllis Wheatley clubs which were not so much forerunners of today's black nationalism as refuges: the colored six percent of our class still had to sit, like their parents, at the backs of city buses and movie houses.

'Be Central! That's who!'

Central!
Be Gentle!
Be Brutal!
Be Central!
Big Apple?
Susie Q?
Red Devils!
That's who!

Basketball had been for decades the grand passion of Midwesterners. Galesburg, Ill. is said to remember Carl Sandburg as a scrappy right guard who captained the 1900 Lombard team and had a promising future until he turned to poetry. Basketball fever built up slowly, starting in late autumn and mounting steadily through the season to the last regular game in February. Then came the annual statewide tournament, a four-week elimination contest which progressed from Sec-

Still beautifying the U.S. are some of the one billion trees planted during the nine-year life of the CCC.

tionals to Regionals to Semifinals to Finals. For every team in the state, no matter how small, this could be Glory Road, and David-and-Goliath dramas played themselves out to the hysterical cries of fans. Defeated Goliaths took it gracefully: there was always next year.

The hard core of zealots in every basketball town are the high school students and their parents (and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts). But even families temporarily lacking a high schooler followed the team's fortunes on the radio, and the state tourney was as impossible to resist as a World Series. A Richmond High School girl's role in this group frenzy could be highly satisfying: she joined the booster club and worked hard for a place in Block R, the school's official cheering squad which occupied a special section, the best seats in the house, at each home game. "Working with the pep and precision of the Rockettes," says the 1942 yearbook, "these girls cheer the team and entertain the fans with clever stunts, songs and yells for each game, using red and white cards, balloons, tassels and miniature megaphones. The outstanding stunt this year was the displaying of a replica of the American flag, while they were singing 'God Bless America'"!

Secret societies were banned from our high school, but a group of eight girls from Block R, obeying the gaggle or bevy instinct, found themselves gathering most Friday nights after games to eat monster banana splits at Wheeler's. Soon we adopted a name, the R.O.D.s. We bought identical red hats and sewed onto them the white letters "R.O.D." Our sole corporate purpose was to enjoy ourselves and to stand out in the crowd, and we had no "secrets" except the meaning of R.O.D. itself. It is still a secret, because most of the R.O.D.s have forgotten what those letters stood for.

There were at least four formal dances a year, delicious occasions when you got dressed to the nines. How the feminine eye can still mist over as we glimpse, down the halls of memory, the dresses we wore to our senior dances. For a December dance, the simple but elegant red velveteen, and over it a floor-length white wool cape trimmed with scrolls of gold leather. The spring prom gown: drifts of pale-blue net trimmed in blue marabou, the off-shoulder neckline edged in self-ruching, worn with slender choker and bracelet of rhinestones. The commencement dance dress, for a warm night in June at an outdoor pavilion: the long, full, tiered skirt of waffle piqué in a glorious floral abstract print of apple green, lilac, black and white, colors that Renoir might dream on an April night; the bodice of white eyelet piqué, its neckline edged with beading threaded with black velvet ribbon. "Thank you," we said to our admirers, "I made it myself."

The arrival of the florist's delivery van on Saturday afternoon with the gardenia sent by your date meant the dance was practically beginning. No one publicly exhibited herself in hair curlers then, so somebody else went to the door while you stayed upstairs performing the various rituals which could sometimes be accomplished, taking time out for supper, in as little as four hours. By the time your date had arrived and made five minutes of halting conversation with your parents, you were ready to descend to, you hoped, looks of amazement and awe.

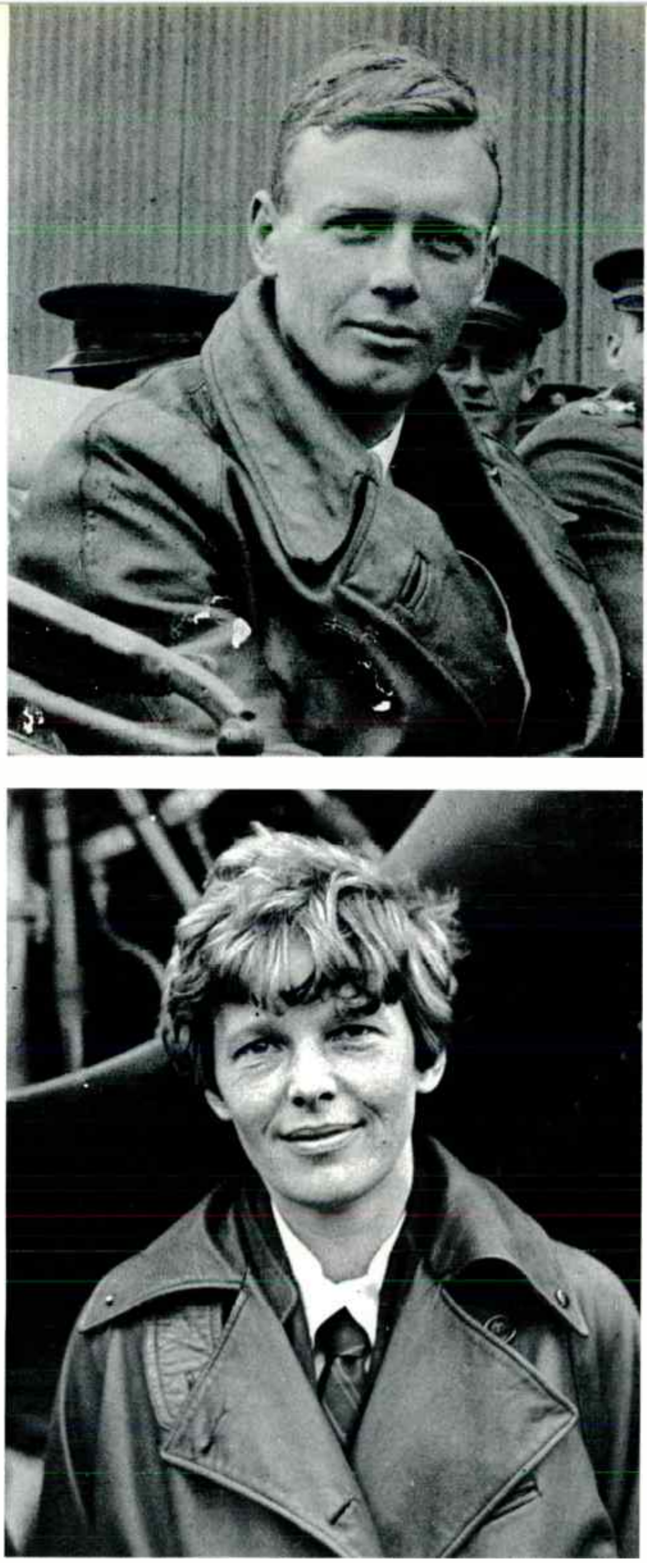
The school gym, with lights dimmed and draperies drawn to conceal the stands, was a stage set awaiting its actors. A specially imported swing band enveloped us in languorous, romantic music like *Moonlight Serenade* which urged us to dance cheek to cheek. (A girl who wore her gardenia on the right side was either inexperienced or not overly fond of her date.) A fine, jumping number like *In the Mood* made us want to jive and bounce.

Special excitement and suspense attended the year's biggest dances, when two lucky maidens were chosen to reign over the festivities: the Queen of Hearts in February, the Prom Queen in spring.

Some insist we were a very innocent generation. Others deny it vigorously. In my high school, thanks to the combined vigilance of faculty and family, we were, on the whole, innocent. We seldom said anything stronger than "darn," and when really provoked we followed the example of Joe Palooka's pal Jerry and exclaimed "!*#¿*!*!" There was very little smoking (actually I can't remember any), almost no liquor, certainly no drugs, and very little promiscuity. Only an occasional high school girl earned a yearbook accolade like "A delightful companion at any hour." Heterosexual affairs existed but were not flaunted. Other types of sexual activity were kept so private that most of us were completely unaware of aberrant behavior.

If you do not find yourself and your peers in the ambiance described above, you may do better glancing through the findings of Dr. Alfred Kinsey, the revolution-maker for whom our generation provided so much raw material: Ninety-five percent of males were sexually active by 15. Maximum activity occurred at 16 or 17. Eighty-five percent of married men had had premarital sex and 50 percent were unfaithful. Sixty-four percent of married women had engaged in premarital sex of one kind or another and 50 percent had had intercourse before marriage. Twenty-six percent had been unfaithful. One-sixth of women interviewed had achieved sexual climax prior to adolescence, one-fourth by the age of 15. Maximum activity occurred between 35 and 40.

If you were old enough to get laid (has anyone ever explained why males use this verb in the passive voice?), you were about ready for another badge of adulthood: your driver's license, which gave you occasional access to the family car. For daytime éclat you tried to get a jalopy. Few were as lucky as my classmate John Dickinson who drove a vintage automobile that had belonged to his grandfather some 25 years earlier, and was too beautiful to mar with decorations. And finally you achieved that other carte d'identité, your Social Security number, setting your foot on the path that would lead, 30 years later, to horrors like the "Chemical Bank Master Charge Statement Simplifier," a 3½-by-9-inch document that arrives each month with the statement and is the computer world's equivalent of *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake.*



Charles A. Lindbergh (*above*) and Amelia Earhart were alike in looks and in their daring flying exploits.

When I rewind my personal soundtrack to its beginning and cut out the radio, the first pop music I hear comes from a Victrola at my grandmother's house. A quavery voice sings:

Good morning, Mary Sunshine,
And how are you today?

The tape spins on. After long patches of hiss and sputter, a piano sounds a limpid, silver-blue chord of four notes. Try it: in the left hand, thumb on A below middle C, little finger on the B below; in the right hand, thumb on the D next to middle C, middle finger on G-flat. Play them together and you have the opening of Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady*. As an introduction to the great popular music of our time, you can hardly do better than this subtle, cool, moody, elegant, perfect work. Much of the quality of the music is built right into it. Even a child of 11, if she gets the notes right and maintains an even tempo, can almost do it justice.

The sheet music of *Sophisticated Lady* materialized on our piano one day after it became apparent to the family that there was a lasting affinity between me and the instrument. The name Duke Ellington meant nothing, but if he had written a song my brother Bud liked, I would learn it. Soon a second piece appeared, another beauty which I added to my repertory. This time it came from my father: Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust*.

Both the Duke and Hoagy had a connection with Richmond that I was unaware of then. One of our local factories, the Starr Piano Company, opened in 1916 a recording division called Gennett, pronounced like the name "Jeanette." Gennett no longer exists, but its fame will endure as long as there is an early-jazz buff. Recently I was dumbfounded to see, reverently displayed in an ambitious Italian publication called *Storia della Musica*, a picture of a warehouse-like building with the caption "Exterior of the Gennett record factory at Richmond, Ind." It stood beside the Whitewater River, smack against the C. & O. railroad siding. Musicians making recordings for Gennett had to suspend operations while trains chugged noisily by.

History sometimes gets made in just such unlikely places. The great Bix Beiderbecke made his first record, *Fidgety Feet*, in that building, with a group called the Wolverines. The year was 1924. The first Hoagy Carmichael number ever recorded, *Riverboat Shuffle*, was a Gennett product, and so was his first recording of *Stardust* (originally an instrumental). Hoagy was also at Gennett the day that his friend Bix with Tommy Dorsey and a few others improvised *Davenport Blues*, named in honor of Bix's Iowa home town. Six of the earliest Duke Ellington records were issued by Gennett, sides like *If You Can't Hold That Man* and *You've Got Those Wanna Go Back Again Blues*.

Meanwhile a surprising amount of good if not historic music was being made in other parts of Richmond, as it was in similar towns the country over. Paul Kring's 17-piece band was good enough to play in New York, for six months during 1925, in the Broderick & Felsen Revue at the Colony Theatre, 53rd and Broadway. Back home in Richmond, dances at the Elks Club, the

Small-town youngsters make a party of a June afternoon haywagon ride through fields of ripening grain.

Soft drinks, doughnuts and some records are enough to turn a living room into a ballroom on a Friday evening.

country clubs, the Leland Hotel ballroom, the pavilion in Athletic Park, the annual Hallowe'en masked ball at the Coliseum—all used live dance music, provided by groups like Paul Kring's.

As the Big Bands era arrived, Richmond's coterie of musicians found additional work as fill-in men for touring bands. Every big-name band arrived in town needing at least one instrumentalist, frequently more, to fill in for absent members. These pickup sidemen had to be able to read instantly the music for the third or fourth trumpet or saxophone part. Naturally the substitute musicians made their own informal ratings of the touring groups. Lowest place went to the band leaders who brought only a hard core—the rhythm section plus the lead men of other sections—but allowed the public to believe it was seeing and hearing the real thing. Sitting in with Duke Ellington's band, noted for its skilled and highly individualistic sidemen, was a stiff challenge for local musicians. A black man who played bass had been lucky enough to fill in with Ellington once; the other Richmond musicians considered this the peak achievement of their group.

A Richmond friend my age got some glimpses into this world because his father was a former professional jazz musician with many friends in the business. Some mornings, especially during the mid-'30s, he would find three or four transient musicians sleeping in the house, trying to save money from their skimpy pay by staying over with a friend. He recalls: "One night Paul Whiteman's Orchestra had played a job in Richmond and gone on elsewhere. About midnight I was awakened by someone pounding on our front door. It was the middle of winter and there was snow on the ground. A fellow was standing there with no coat on, and there was a taxi stopped in the street, with the driver standing outside holding an overcoat. 'Is this the Coate residence?' the fellow asked, and I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'My name is Paul Wingate. I'm a friend of your father's, I play tenor sax—I work with Paul Whiteman—and I need a place to stay.' I said, 'Well, fine, I'm sure that's O.K.' He waved to the taxi driver, who got back in the car and drove off, and then he explained that he'd been hanging out in a bar after the job, and had spent all his money and missed the band bus. So he'd hocked his overcoat with the taxi driver, if the taxi driver would bring him to our house.

"Well, he was obviously far out of it by then, so I had him lie down on the couch, which was all he cared to do, and go to sleep. I went back to bed. In the morning, my brother Jim and I got up early and went downstairs to see this fellow Paul Wingate. He was just awakening. 'Are you really with Paul Whiteman?' we asked, because that was the peak of big-time stuff to us. He said he sure was. We got my father's tenor saxophone and asked him if he would play.

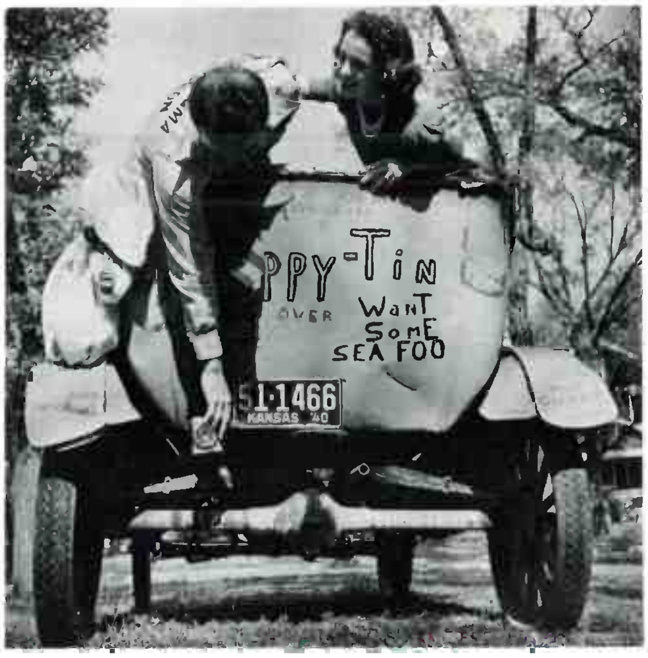
"So about 9 o'clock in the morning he started producing sounds we'd never heard on a tenor saxophone—big, very full sounds— and from the upstairs bedroom my father called out, 'Is Paul Wingate down there?' He could tell from the tone; nobody else could produce a tone that sounded like Wingate. He wound up staying with us two or three days, which was how long it took for my mother to figure out how to borrow enough money . . . to get Wingate's overcoat back from the taxi driver and to buy him a bus ticket to wherever the Whiteman band had gone."

The Big Bands had snuck up on us gradually. Back in the days when the family had an Atwater Kent radio

The high school gym is transformed into a crepe-paper paradise as these celebrants of the Junior Prom, self-consciously

—the kind with a storage battery that you took to the filling station to recharge—my brother Charles used to lie on the floor with his ear at the radio speaker, the better to hear Earl ("Fatha") Hines broadcasting from the Grand Terrace cafe on the south side of Chicago. On Saturday nights he listened to a radio program that featured "society" bands across the continent, starting at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, then on to the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, next the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, and winding up at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. Such musical tours, multiplied thousands of times in American homes, helped to create an enormous public of swing fans. Swing was probably even more pervasive than rock today, because, though it had its stuffy opponents, it found acceptance among some people at every level: sweet swing appealed to the older folks, and kooky swing—like the inspired corn of Spike Jones, for example, which is even now an excellent baby-sitter—attracted little kids.

solemn in tulle or in dark suits and white buck shoes, begin the grand march.


PPY-Tin
OVER
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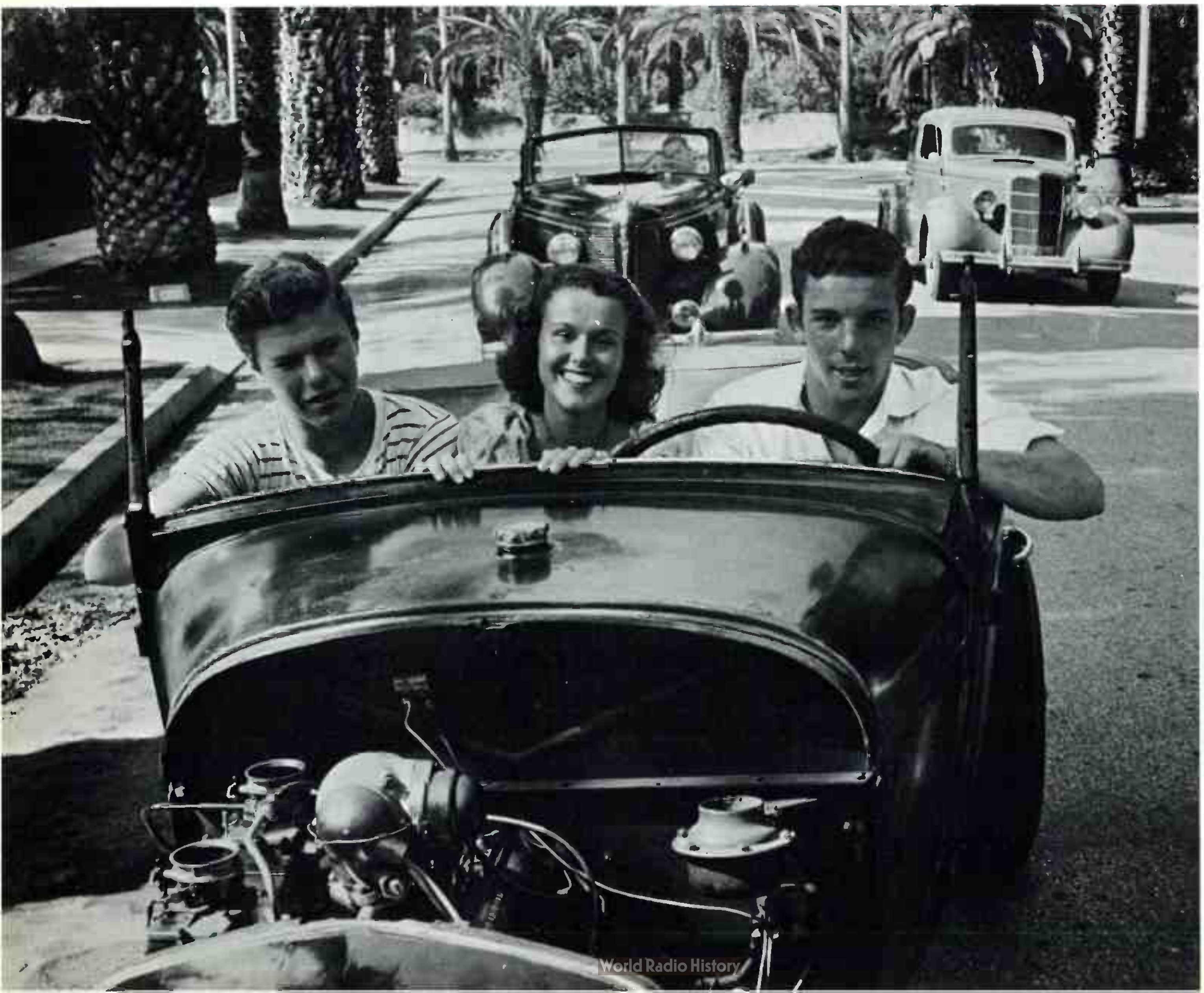
KANSAS '40

Jalopies are transports of joy, and a boy's ultimate in automobiling is a casual, manly spin (*below*) with a pretty girl beside him. But first come hours of labor (*above, left*) to make the thing run and the loving application of graffiti to conform to youthful convention.



By the late '30s we were trying to do-it-yourself. Lots of us had learned to play instruments, either at school or with bands sponsored by the American Legion or the Elks. What more natural than to play "swing" in our spare time? In 1939 I was part of a seven-man group (the oldest was a tenth-grader) that bought a few published arrangements and practiced them together. We had a clarinet, a sax, a trumpet, a trombone, a violin, drums and piano. Our repertory included numbers like *Deep in a Dream*, *My Reverie*, *Ferdinand*, *Two Sleepy People*, and, when we wanted to shake the rafters, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Our sole appearance, as I recall, was at the opening of Jones & Farmers, a farm-implement store. Roberta Carnes and I, the two girls in the group, stepped to the microphone at one point and duetted *Umbrella Man*. A seasoned farmer can take just about anything, and our audience bore up manfully. Mr. Jones paid us $5 for the afternoon's work. We spent it all on new music.

It was Juke Box *Friday* Night for Richmond teenagers, many of whom went to the weekly dance at the YMCA. The jukebox there was programmed to play all evening—no nickels required—and kids frequently went without dates, boys and girls matching up after they got there. But dates were welcome too. In those days a jukebox was the best sound system we had a chance to hear. A few of us owned portable record players, with speakers that were feeble at best. I had only a turntable, but somehow the sound picked up by the needle came out through our radio speaker across the living room, through an "open" frequency. Whether at the Y or at record parties in our homes, we danced to the same great Miller and Dorsey and Goodman and Shaw numbers that kids were listening to all over the country: *String of Pearls*, *Begin the Beguine*, *Frenesi*, *And the Angels Sing*, *Green Eyes*, *Snootie Little Cutie*. Many of these were the same tunes we heard on Saturday night when we listened to *Your Hit Parade*, a review of the Top Ten of the week.

(At the well-lit YMCA we danced in surroundings that were all our parents could wish for. They thought our capers there were a good outlet for surplus teen-age energy. But many Americans felt there was something immoral about swing and jitterbugging. A 1938 article in the New York *Times* quoted a psychologist who thought swing was "dangerously hypnotic" because it was "cunningly devised to a faster tempo . . . than the human pulse." Young people exposed to it would probably "break down conventions." As late as 1942, jitterbugging was forbidden at all Duke University dances—although, the yearbook noted, "certain students independently refuse to obey rules of dignity and grace.")

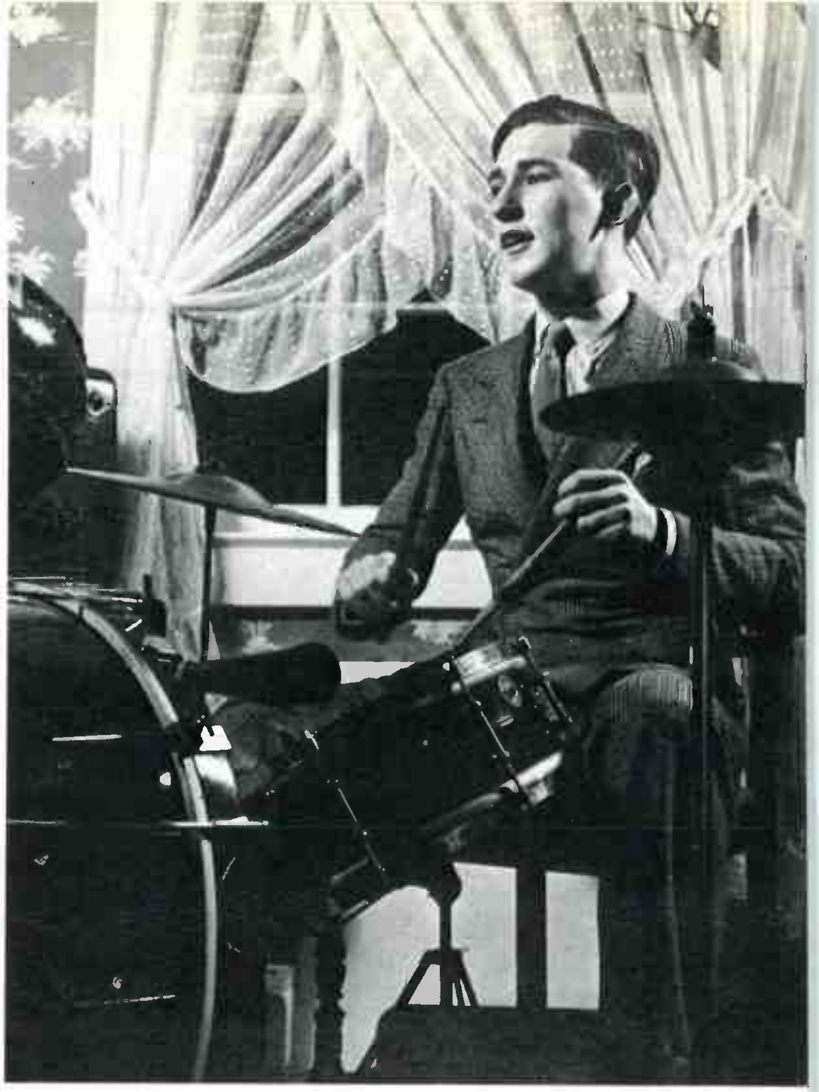
'A Big Band in person'

The great thing was to see a Big Band in person. The pinnacle of teen-age status in New York was to be present at the Paramount when the Goodman band rose up from the depths swinging *Let's Dance* to the joyous screams of its fans. During the band's weekday appearances, classrooms around New York could be half-empty. The Brothers on the faculty of Manhattan College used to head straight for the Paramount whenever Benny played there, and Evelyn Bennett remembers how the Manhattan College boys waiting in line would suddenly have to duck and run at the sight of a too-familiar figure. It was a Saturday, however, when Helen Harman had a particularly memorable Paramount date with her Lincoln School classmate Alex. Alex lived in the Hotel Pierre, Helen in the Columbia University area. So Alex's mother's chauffeur drove Alex uptown to collect Helen, then returned downtown to deposit the young pair at 43rd and Broadway. They were early enough to get seats in the first row. They saw the stage show featuring their idols, the Goodman band. Then they saw the movie. They saw the stage show again. They slept through the movie. They saw the stage show a third time. It was about here that Goodman took pity on the first row and sent them some hot dogs and Cokes.

Sometimes the Big Bands came to Richmond, but more often they appeared in larger communities nearby. The dance pavilion at Lakeside Park in Dayton was a favorite resort of Richmond couples. My brothers remember Herbie Kaye there, with his vocalist Dorothy Lamour, and Phil Harris with his luscious gal singer Leah Ray. In my day there were groups like Jimmy Dorsey with dimpled Helen O'Connell, and Alvino Rey who did weird and fascinating (and prophetic!) things with his electric guitar, the first amplified instrument I had ever heard. My greatest thrill came one night when the Stan Kenton band was playing at Lakeside. At the end of a set, urged on by my date, I approached the great man and asked him to show me the opening bars of *Artistry in Rhythm* on the piano. He did so, most graciously. I can play them to this day. If I ever meet Stan Kenton again, I'll ask him for the next eight.

You could also hear good live swing on college campuses. The Blue Devils of Duke were led by an undergraduate named Les Brown; the University of North Carolina had first a Hal Kemp and then a Kay Kyser student band. Even a smaller school like Miami University in Ohio had the Campus Owls, an excellent swing band that not only played for big Miami occasions like the Pan-Hellenic Dance but had a wider reputation that kept them working off-campus the year round. Some summers the Owls even went to sea on ocean liners. Playing in dance bands was one way students in the '30s could finance their college educations.

About one in every eight Americans between the ages of 18 and 22 was attending college in 1930, a ratio that persisted throughout the decade with only a slight dip in the bad years of 1932-34. Your choice of school was often pre-determined, either because Dad had enrolled you in Yale '34 at birth, or because State U. was the



Ubiquitous swing: a young drummer practices a paradiddle in the parlor; a couple sorts a stack of the latest records for an evening's entertainment; and youngsters in a Chicago settlement house mob Benny Goodman to get a closer look at that magical clarinet.

one place where you could get a scholarship. By and large, you had to decide between prestige and the opposite sex if you went to college in the East. In other parts of the country we had discovered coeducation a hundred years earlier.

Once the school had been chosen, girls as usual agonized over the problem of what to wear and consulted *Mademoiselle*, whose college issue each August was the freshman's Bible. In the early '30s coeds wore mid-calf dresses and silk stockings, but by 1940 the daily uniform was skirt, sweater, saddle shoes and bobby sox. The number and variety of a girl's sweaters constituted a status symbol, with extra points for angora and cashmere. Dirndl skirts were popular for warm weather and were easy to make yourself. Bandanas, sometimes called babushkas, covered the head. Brief respites from the saddle shoe were provided by sabots, huaraches, and espadrilles, and the loafer achieved lasting popularity. For formal dances the long ballgown reigned throughout the period; it was hard to tell which was sexier, the low-cut Ina Ray Hutton style of the '30s, or the strapless of the '40s. A curiosity of women's dress was the adoption of increasingly masculine attire. This was partly feminist: slacks said you were a free soul, like Marlene Dietrich; mannish suits proclaimed that you could handle a demanding job. Blue jeans, which girls took up en masse in the '40s, were loved for their comfort and practicality. Wearing your boyfriend's sports jacket was another form of "being pinned." And during the war, the regulation Marine shirt which you wore lounging around the dorm stood for the absent one himself.

It was all so simple for men. What did they need on campus except slacks, some shirts and sweaters (including an Argyle knit by the girl friend), a sports jacket or two, a tan raincoat (preferably dirty), and maybe some white bucks?

'The rites of rushing'

The statelier clothes in your wardrobe were chosen with an eye to the rites of rushing. Fraternities and sororities were like the Blue Grotto of Capri: so highly touted, so hard to get into, that having come all that distance and—with enormous bother—finally squirmed in, you *had* to believe it was worth it. Every college had its cliques: Mary McCarthy's *The Group* were eight Vassar girls of the class of '33 who had the South Tower of Main Hall all to themselves and were considered high-hat. But Greek-letter members sometimes found themselves in even more confining molds: inherited traditions which dictated "correct" behavior, a cultivated rivalry with other campus groups, a conscious policy of exclusion. The irony of relinquishing your freedom of social intercourse while simultaneously trying to "broaden your horizons" did not occur to many of us until later. Meanwhile it was great to display on your sweater the pin that said you were one of the elite.

To demonstrate conclusively their worthiness to join the elect, pledges submitted to hazing. On some campuses it was mild: making a symbolic pledge paddle (no one actually struck you with it) and doing a few chores for the members. Elsewhere it seemed like puberty rites in New Guinea: girls in a Pasadena sorority had to swallow "worms," grovel in the dirt, smoke cigars, massage each other's hair with molasses and raw egg, and—crowning indignity—vow never to steal a sorority sister's man. The solemn rituals of formal initiation could be impressive unless someone got the giggles—say, one of the trio of upperclassmen who had to sing, on cue, the three notes of the Mystic Chord.

Fraternities made life more interesting with parties, dances and picnics, but somehow I feel most nostalgia for their serenades. On my campus it was the Betas who did this best, singing *How'd You Like To Be a Beta Sweetheart*? at the freshman dorms in the fall, returning at Christmastime with carols and Beta ballads. And there were lovely, special serenades under the window of each girl that a brother pinned.

Looking through college yearbooks of that era, you get the impression that campus life might have come unstuck without the three great binders of bridge, beer and cigarettes. Somerset Maugham is supposed to have said that with three partners for bridge you can get through any crisis in life. But even two will do, and in a pinch you need only one victim for that anemic game miscalled "honeymoon" bridge.

One particularly harsh winter in the '30s, three adults in my family spent the bleak January evenings playing three-handed bridge, and they allowed me to sort and lay out the dummy. The disease I contracted then became dormant with the approach of spring and mercifully did not resurface until college, when a virulent epidemic broke out. Men and women were felled indiscriminately; whole fraternities and sororities were laid low.

If you had bid six hearts, doubled and redoubled, and it turned out that your partner didn't have the king after all, naturally you lit up a Lucky. Or a Camel or a Chesterfield or an Old Gold. In the depths of World War II, when Lucky Strike Green *and* Lucky Strike White had gone to war, it might be a Raleigh or a Kool, or a brand called Rameses that seemed to be made of ground Egyptian mummies. Even for these you whimpered gratefully when the candy-store man, after much stalling, loftily brought forth from his secret cache a single pack. It was, his attitude suggested, the very last in the state.

We felt no qualms about cigarettes. Why not smoke? It was good for you. Full-page magazine ads told us in 1937 that "By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels give digestion a helping hand." And without cigarettes, how were you to express the ineffable? Paul Henreid at the rail of the ship in *Now, Voyager*, lighting two cigarettes at the same time while Bette Davis watches, and handing her one. Lauren Bacall at the door in *To Have and Have Not:* "Anybody got a match?" Bogey, who almost singlehandedly turned the cigarette into a swagger stick and defined the niceties of its style.

Beer, in the new 3.2 model, was usually available just off-campus in places like the Purity and the P-Bell. Students drank with slightly more class in New Haven: when the Whiffenpoofs assembled at Mory's with their glasses raised on high, they drank ale, perhaps because it rhymes with Yale. The technology of the beer picnic took a great leap forward with the introduction in 1935 of beer cans. But, as usual, this advance into the future created new problems. Now you *had* to remember to bring a can opener.

Football, of course, was the center of gravity in college sports, the glamorous nucleus around which many elements revolved. Football was usually the college's closest link with its alumni and their pocketbooks, and with the public at large from whom future students (and future budget allocations) would come. For some high school graduates, football scholarships made a college education possible. For the student body at large, football provided pre-game rallies, floats to be made for parades, cheerleading posts to vie for, marching bands

A college weekend starts at a railroad station as an anxious boy with an identification card in his hat looks for his date, and a date waits to be found. The endings are usually happy: dates are united,

to join, the games themselves to attend, the post-game revelry of alumni reunions and fraternity dances. This was the stuff of which "school spirit" was made, a passion that reached fever pitch on the eve of the Big Game.

As Helen Harman, who spent her childhood in California, remembers: "Every year the climax of the football season at the University of California at Berkeley (referred to nationally these days as 'Berkeley' but always called 'Cal' locally) was the Big Game with the college's arch rival, Stanford. Cal's colors are blue and gold, and Stanford's are red and white. Feeling against Stanford annually ran high, and it extended itself to an anti-red-and-white feeling: one year in the late '30s, Cal partisans all over town overturned billboards advertising Chesterfields because they showed eleven football players in red jerseys with white letters spelling THEY SATISFY. Even Berkeley's red fire engines were seized and painted blue and gold so often (much shaking of heads and wondering what the next atrocity of the younger generation would be) that in 1938 the fire department itself painted the engines blue and gold in honor of Cal's trip to the Rose Bowl.

"On the hills back of Berkeley was (and is, I presume) the 'Big C'—a giant concrete letter, normally painted deep yellow (for gold), visible for miles. As the day of the Big Game approached, Cal students began their night-long vigils with bonfires to keep marauding Stanford students from painting the C red. Some years the Stanford students overwhelmed the guards and the day of the Big Game would dawn with—ultimate disgrace!—a Scarlet Letter on view.

"We used to hike up to the Big C and amuse ourselves by chipping away at the C's strata—first gold, then red, then gold, then red, for *inches*."

Track was less of a national fever than football, but even in track a boy could win a name as well as a letter, especially a boy like Jesse Owens of Ohio State. Like Joe Louis, Jesse was an Alabama boy whose family went North during his childhood. At the Berlin Olympics in

curlers and corsages are skillfully applied and dreamy couples end the evening dancing cheek to cheek.

1936, Jesse astounded Adolf Hitler and a stadiumful of Nazis by breaking two world records, matching a third and winning four gold medals.

The mental picture of Jesse Owens returning from Germany to the United States is so tinged with irony that it begs the question: Where was the social conscience of the young in the '30s? Not yet with the Negroes and the Jews, certainly. Sitdowns, not sit-ins, were the order of the day. Concern with religious, ethnic and racial discrimination would come later, in the '40s. Its texts were to be *Native Son*, *Strange Fruit* and *Gentleman's Agreement*. Its philosophy would be expressed in the title of a popular song which spoke so deeply (if inadvertently) of every American's need, it could be a national anthem: *Don't Fence Me In*.

What did concern young people in the '30s is embodied in the protagonists of two great American novels: Tom Joad of Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* and Robert Jordan of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Tom Joad—or, if you prefer, Henry Fonda—was a young "Okie" whose uprooted family wandered west out of dust-bowl Oklahoma to become migrant fruit-pickers in California. In the "promised land" they were gouged and exploited, harassed by the police and abused by strikebreakers and, in the end, fighting back, Tom Joad killed a man. Robert Jordan—picture him as Gary Cooper if you like—was an idealistic young college professor who died fighting as an American volunteer on the side of the Republic in the Spanish Civil War.

Both characters were drawn from life. Tom's model was an Okie Steinbeck had known. Hemingway's hero was based on Robert Merriman, a young Westerner who had studied economics at the University of Nevada, defended strikers in California and traveled through Russia and Eastern Europe preparing a book, which he never finished, on collective agriculture. He died in Spain as chief of staff of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion of the International Brigades.

To many young Americans the struggles of the Steinbeck and Hemingway heroes seemed noble and inspiring, yet migrant workers remained oppressed and in Spain the Republic fell though some 3,000 Americans had been killed or wounded—extras, it seemed, in a grim dress rehearsal of worse battles to come.

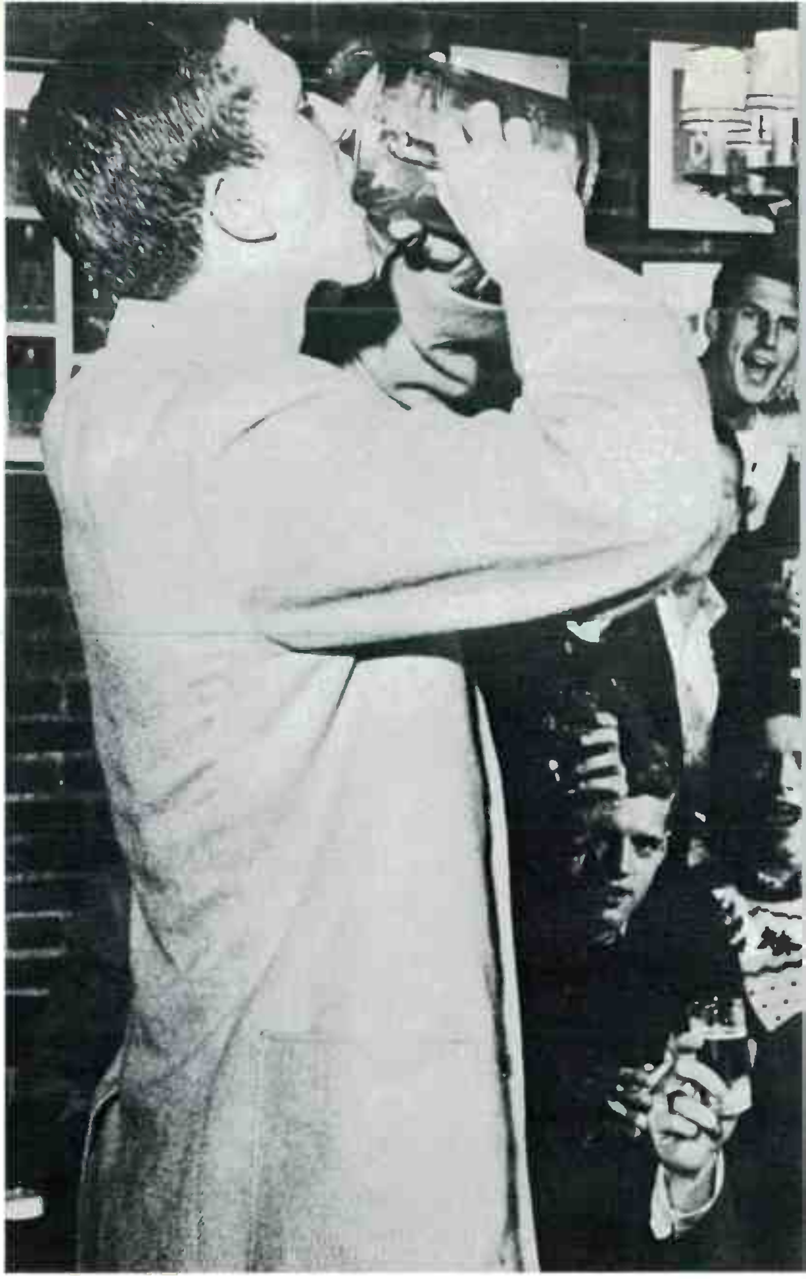
"September 1, 1939"

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade. . . .

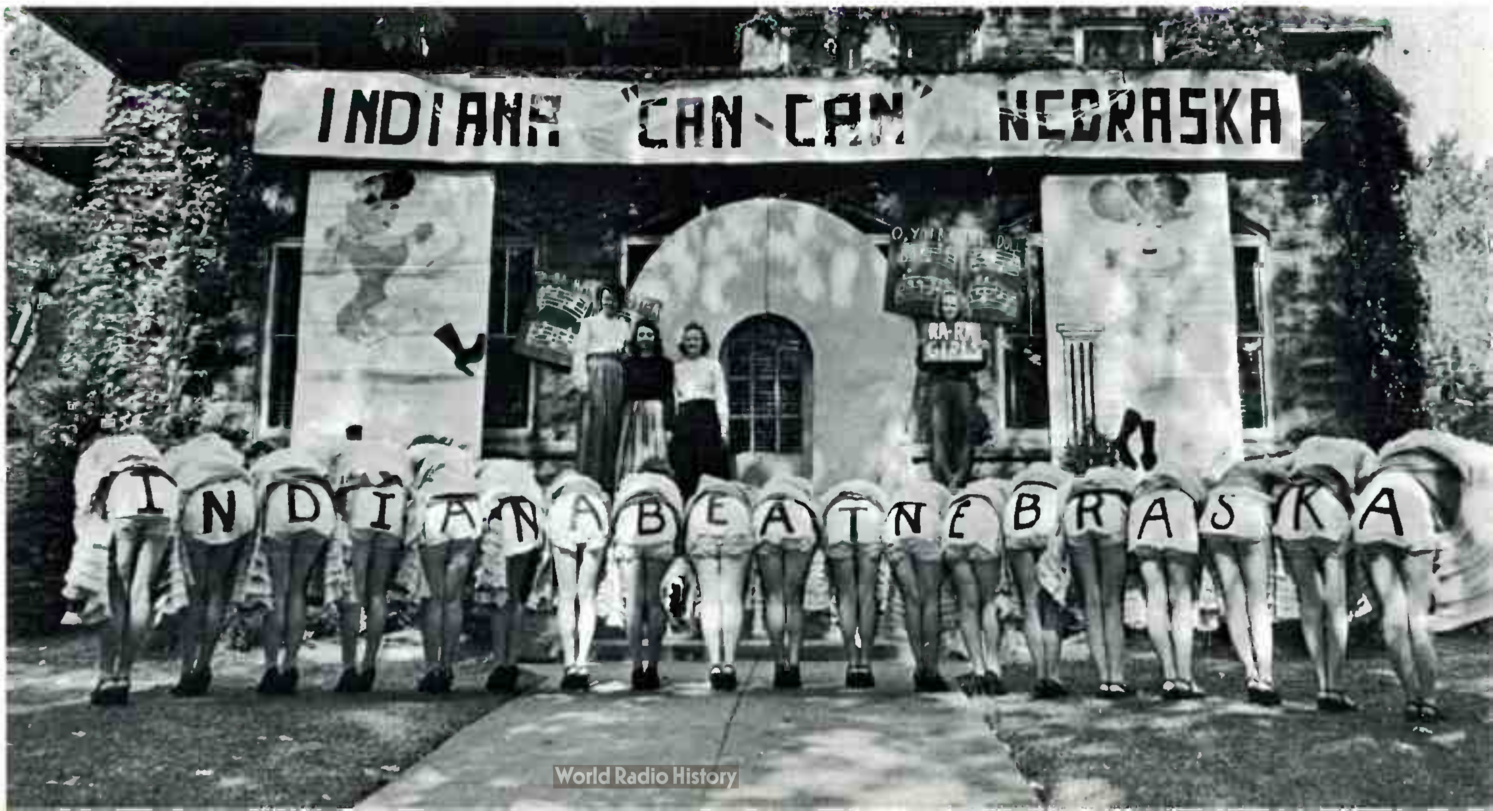
—W. H. AUDEN

If Wallace Stevens was right and all history is modern history, the story of our war, World War II, can never be irrelevant. But it now seems different. In 1940 and 1941 Americans went to Canada, not to escape war but to hasten into it. Some no doubt went for kicks, but for others it was a personal dedication: they wanted to help stop the horror that had spread over Europe: the persecution of the Jews, the blitz of Poland, the humiliation of France, the terrible Battle of Britain, when the whole world held its breath wondering if that handful of men could make it. The United States was not yet in the fight —no one knew for sure if it ever would be—but Canada had joined the Allies in 1939. So young Americans went north and enlisted, some in the glamorous Royal Canadian Air Force, an outfit that had lured their fathers during a similar period in World War I.

And then came Pearl Harbor. In those days in the Navy, if you were black you worked in the mess, period. Mess Attendant Dorie Miller on the battleship *West Virginia* didn't know his place. In the screaming, blazing maelstrom of that Sunday morning at Pearl, Dorie



College offers a chance for a final fling before the plunge into a world turning increasingly uncertain. An outdoor blanket party around a fire is decorously daring. Beer, another great cohesive element of campus life, provides a challenge for champions—an expert chug-a-lugger can empty a hefty stein in a few huge swallows. At football home-coming weekends, social fraternities compete in displays of loyalty to The Team. At Indiana University, Alpha Omicron Pi offers a rousing cancan with a traffic-stopping finale.



found himself on deck. First he moved his badly wounded captain to a safer position. Then Dorie, in his white apron, took over an unmanned, deck-mounted machine gun and fired at the waves of incoming dive bombers until his ammunition ran out and his ship sank. Two years later Dorie Miller went down with the U.S.S. *Liscome Bay* off the Gilbert Islands.

Also in the South Pacific, Lieut. John F. Kennedy led to safety the crew of PT-109 after a Japanese destroyer had cut her in two. Early in the afternoon of November 22, 1963, just over 20 years later, I was walking down Madison Avenue in New York City enjoying the still-pleasant autumn weather. Suddenly I noticed that people were forming little clusters in the street, inclining their heads to listen at open car windows. "Jesus," I heard a man exclaim, "I gotta call my broker!" Most of us remember exactly what we were doing when we heard that Jack Kennedy had been shot. Two of us, Bruce Henderson and Sam Summerlin, have written a whole book about what people remember of that moment.

He was *our* president, the first born in our century, the youngest man ever elected to the office and, we were sure, certain to be one of the best. We loved him when somebody asked, "How did you become a war hero?" and he answered, "It was absolutely involuntary. They sank my boat."

My high school classmate Robert Coate is now a Californian and active in politics. But in World War II Bob was an Army medic who was captured, shot in the arm by retreating Germans and left for dead. Army doctors eventually saved his arm, but it took a while.

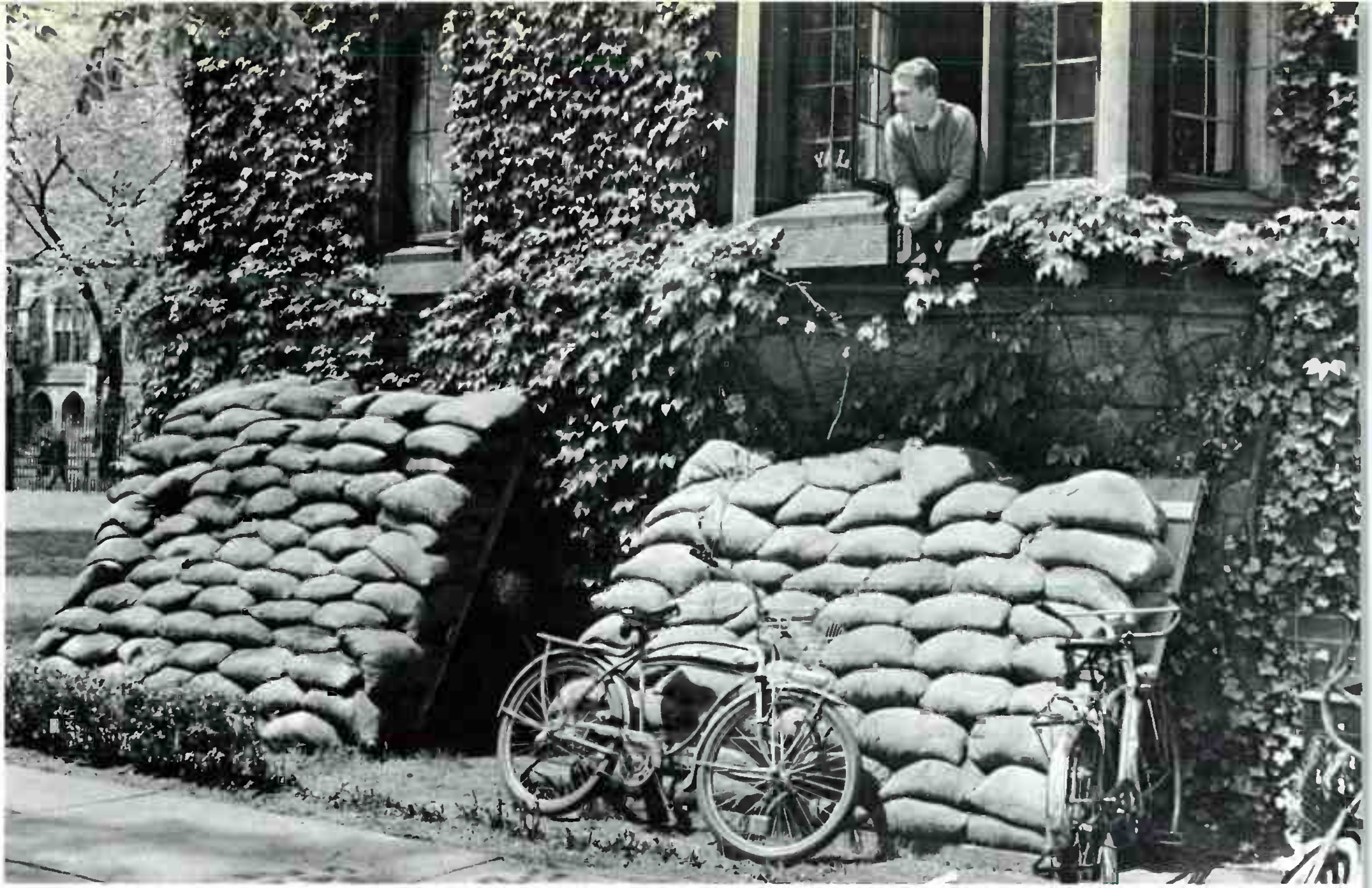
"I spent six months in Army hospitals," he told me. "You may recall Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich. The only people in Percy Jones were nerve injuries and amputees. It is a staggering sight to go into a hospital and see only young men, most of whom are either crippled or have lost limbs.

"About the time I was finally able to move around, Woody Herman's band came to play. My father had told me that a friend of his was in Woody's band playing sax, and I should go say hello to him if I had the chance. Herman played in an auditorium where all of us patients sat. The curtain parted and there was the Herman Herd! They sounded marvelous, great, out of this world. But after about four or five numbers, Herman said, 'I'm very sorry, we have to terminate the program,' and the curtain closed. I thought, I wonder what that was? I went backstage to find the man my father had referred me to. All of Herman's band were just numbly moving around, packing their instruments. I found my man and asked him what had happened. 'You can't imagine what it's like,' he said. 'From where we were sitting on that stage, we could see two thousand young guys, all without legs and arms.' And he said, 'I don't know how we played even four numbers.' "

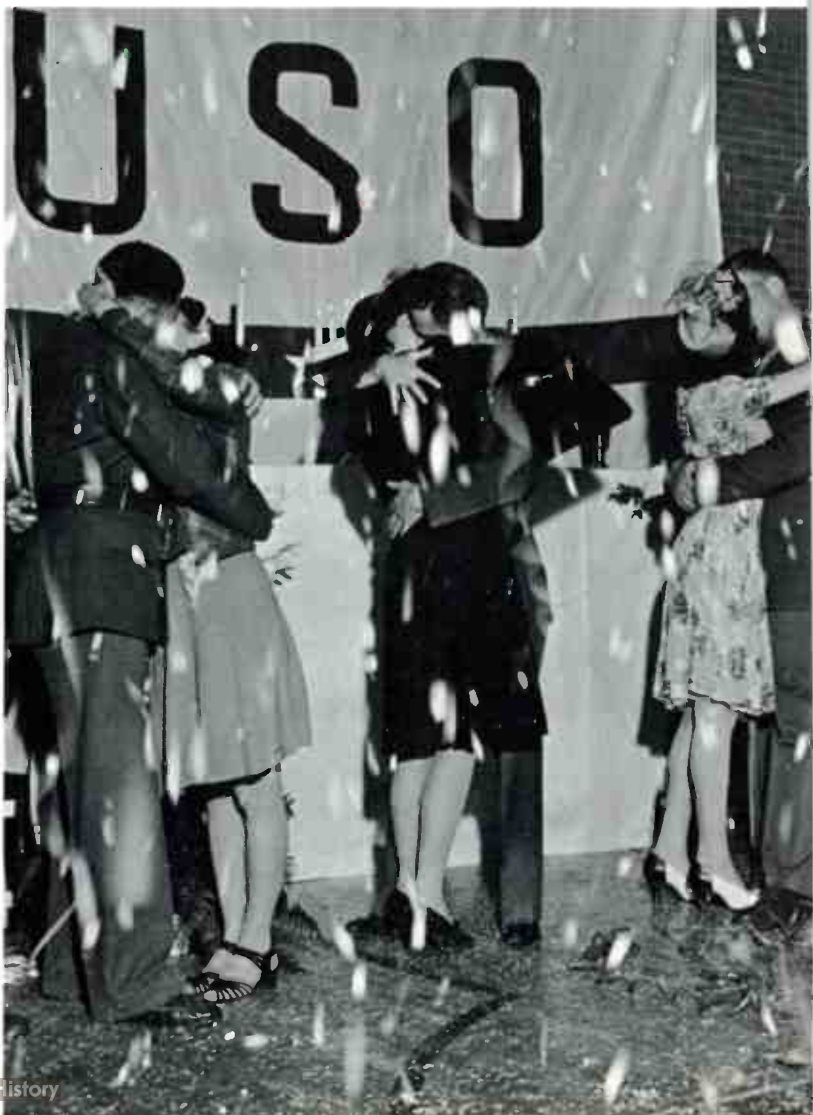
Herbert Spohn, now a psychologist at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, came to this country in 1936 as a German refugee kid of 12. He had, inevitably, a very special perspective on World War II, partly the result of his first experiences here:

"America seemed immense in every way, in promise and in disappointment. At first, the very atmosphere seemed to say, Anything is possible, any wish, hope, dream, can be fulfilled, any preference or whim indulged. Shortly after I arrived, I entered a soap-company-sponsored contest in which you had to match a set of photographs of twins. Such contests were very popular during those Depression years because the grand prize was always some vast, unimaginably great amount of cash. It seems to me the contest I entered promised a million dollars. Even if the amount is inflated by memory, it matches my then anticipations of America.

"Within a week after entering, a thick envelope ad-



War comes to Yale when sandbags are piled among the ivy against air raids. Girls step into men's jobs in steel mills (*opposite page, top*) and into women's jobs by marrying servicemen, sometimes in mass ceremonies like the one advertised at right and pictured below.

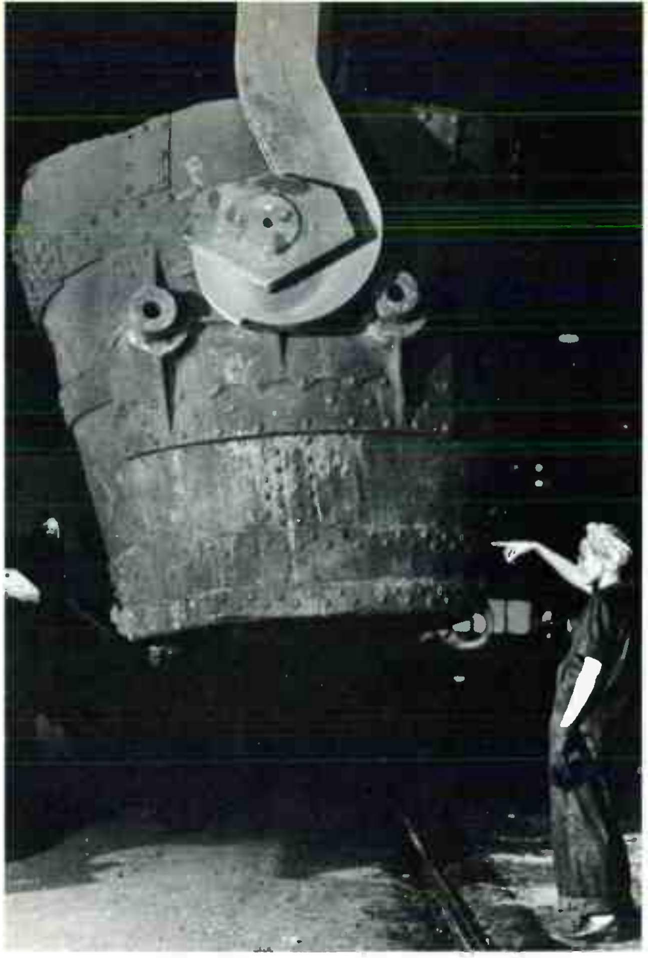


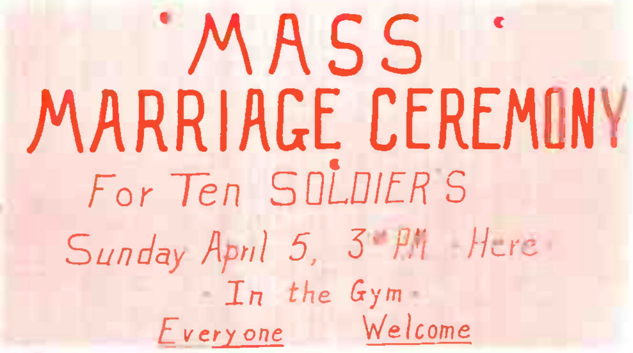
dressed to me from the soap company arrived. My God, here it was—I had won a million dollars—only in America!—the envelope was thick with hundred-dollar bills! And of course it wasn't. They had sent further instructions for more puzzles to be completed and more soap wrappers to be sent in. Yet notwithstanding the impact of reality upon my great expectations, some sense and hope of unlimited possibilities for self-development and self-aggrandizement, some sense that nothing was fixed, irrevocable, pre-ordained in America remained with me well into my 30s and beyond."

As a youth, Spohn struggled to gain acceptance from his American schoolmates but did not really begin to feel like an American until after combat service in the U.S. Army in World War II.

"World War II was the great enterprise of my generation," he said. "It fixed in me another image of America that remains largely uneroded by subsequent events. I remember an enormous tank retriever truck rumbling fully loaded with a disabled tank through a small French town, setting the earth over which it rolled and all the nearby houses trembling. That vignette symbolized for me American armed might in World War II as something inexorable, massive, inevitably victorious. And it was good to be a part of it, to be entitled to be identified with it."

There were others who served. Sergeant X of the beautiful story "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor," a





MASS
MARRIAGE CEREMONY
For Ten SOLDIER'S
Sunday April 5, 3 PM Here
In the Gym
Everyone Welcome

man very much like his creator, J. D. Salinger. And Yossarian, the too-sane madman of *Catch-22* who bore a remarkable resemblance to Joseph Heller and like him was a bombardier with the Air Force in the Italian campaign. Prewitt, whose bugle I can almost hear still, blowing out of the pages of *From Here to Eternity*, who will always wear for me the haunted face of Montgomery Clift. And of course Kilroy. Kilroy the ubiquitous turned up in every theater of the war, and found a postwar home in Tennessee Williams' play *Camino Real*. His finest moment came at the Potsdam conference in the summer of 1945. A special V.I.P. latrine had been set up there for the Big Three, and despite the iron vigilance of its guards, Joseph Stalin was heard to inquire of his American interpreter, as he came out, "Who is Kilroy?"

What did *you* do in the war, Mommy? In the summer of 1942 Mommy worked for the Volunteer Land Corps on a farm in Vermont, mowing hay and milking. Helen Harman became a welder on the swing shift at the Albina shipyard in Portland, Ore., turning out LCIs and LSTs. I worked on the night shift in a Richmond factory, inspecting airplane piston rings, and the summer of 1944 is in memory an almost surrealistic blend of tanned young men in crisp uniforms, home on their last leave; the thundering drone of the plant, like the motors of airplanes that six months hence might be carrying these very friends; and outside the factory, moonlight on the alfalfa fields. Late in the war Joyce Furgie, from the Mississippi river town of Moline, Ill., joined the Red Cross and served in Korea and Japan. She is one of the last (and among the few) members of our generation to see the fabled city of Peking.

Mecca, New Hampshire

Mecca beckoned. Not, of course, the real Mecca to which Malcolm X's amazing life-journey did take him near the end, but closer Meccas like New York and California. Robert Zang and Benjamin Gim, friends and classmates at West High School in Salt Lake City, were typical of many. After the Army and Columbia Law School, they did not go back to Utah but took a coast apiece—Bob went to San Francisco, Benny stayed in Manhattan. New York was also my destination, but a girl from the sticks knew better than to go there directly; an oblique approach was called for. And so, with several of my sorority sisters, I got a job as one of the waitress corps at the Hanover Inn.

The village of Hanover, N.H., which I saw first on a June day in 1946, seemed pure enchantment, the quintessential New England I had learned to love on calendars. Beside it, at the bottom of the hill, flowed the noble Connecticut River. To the east was a "mountain," the first I had ever really seen; I looked out the window every day on arising, to make sure it was still there. The

Swept off her feet (*above*) by a sailor and by the news of the surrender of Japan, a girl in Miami wholeheartedly joins in the nationwide jubilation over the end of World War II, the Swing Generation's war. Others, in the picture below, celebrate in Chicago.

Inn itself was a fine hostelry that breathed comfort and tradition. My cup overflowed when one morning I found myself serving breakfast to a solitary Robert Frost. I did my utmost not to let his poached egg slither off the toast as I lowered it before him with trembling arm.

Happily the rumor was true

Opposite the Inn was the campus of Dartmouth, indeed we were part of Dartmouth, one of the handsomest of New England colleges. Dartmouth once had (perhaps still has) the reputation of developing wild men, up there in the snowy wastes, and it was said that when stray girls wandered into range, Dartmouth came down like the wolf on the fold. Happily, this rumor turned out to be true.

Our eight months at Dartmouth may not seem a typical experience, but in two ways it was. First because it provided the sort of collegiate frolic that the war had cheated us of, and which we still wanted. (There was the difference that now, between parties, we were waiting on tables instead of cracking books.) Second because it was, for us, the opening chapter in an ever recurring American initiation rite: seeing our country, this unbelievable country, more than ever a brave new world with such wonders and people in it we could hardly wait to see them all.

Hanover was a fine place to start. Here we encountered our first really great art, the Orozco frescoes on the walls of Dartmouth's library. Here we were taken, by some of the wild men, to see the studio of the sculptor Saint-Gaudens in the foothills of the White Mountains nearby. Here for the first time we square-danced for real, at a little out-of-the-way village up the river. Here for the first time we met truly exotic Americans like Eedu and Anneliese Suursoo, two handsome blonds in their 20s who had abandoned Europe for America but still carried about them a certain aura that was unfamiliar and impressive. Eedu had literally lost his country: he had been an Estonian, a seaman, and Estonia had disappeared into the U.S.S.R. Anneliese had been German, but now her country was wherever Eedu was. Eedu was like some beautiful, dazed animal recovering from a near-mortal blow—he still knew very little English and was usually silent—and Anneliese was both wife and shepherd. She was as smart as she was good-looking, about our age and a thousand years older. Christmas Eve they invited us to their tiny Hanover apartment and we never forgot that great evergreen tree trimmed only with lighted white candles, and the black bread, spread with butter, that Anneliese had found or somehow made for a taste of home. I think we sang carols as we sat in the candlelight, but I know Eedu did not sing, and I tried unsuccessfully to read in his eyes what he was thinking.

Of all the frolics, Winter Carnival was the most fun, with a deserved notoriety as the foremost of Eastern college saturnalia. We probably did not do it justice in 1947, however. A great percentage of Dartmouth men were veterans not long home, and many of the veterans were ex-Marines. After three or four years of outdoor living in places like Bougainville and Iwo Jima, their enthusiasm for fresh air had waned, and a vigorous sporting life did not attract them nearly so much as a fraternity house game room with lots of booze and girls. Dartmouth men had long since run through the 10,000 gallons of New England rum that Eleazar Wheelock brought into the wilderness; now they were drinking "Seabreezes"—gin and grapefruit juice—by the pitcherful, and turning the music up loud. Maybe it was the freshmen who made those impressive ice sculptures that dotted the campus and who took part in all those ski events.

Twelve o'clock struck, the party was over, it was time to grow up. Ginny Hoyler and I found ourselves in Manhattan, Ginny working for the Community Service Society, conducting troops of slum kids through the New York subways to distant dental clinics. New York subways are much like the Surinam jungle, but Ginny with Wolverine cunning doped out a system: she hung back and let the kids lead the way. Some infallible instinct told them which exit to take and what direction to turn.

I enrolled in what might be called the finishing school of Miss Content Peckham, chief of research at *Time* Magazine. She ran a possibly nonaccredited institution of higher learning, but a good one. I suppose I had dreamed of resembling Jane Wyman in *The Lost Weekend*, the best-looking researcher *Time* never had; in memory, at least, Jane wears one divine little number after another, with never a stocking seam crooked or a hair out of place. It didn't work out quite that way. On the other hand, none of my friends were drunks, at least not steadily.

The usual solace

The Swing Era was nearing its end. The natural sweetness of youth was laced now with bitter flavors. The Bomb and the gas ovens had left an acrid taste we would never fully get rid of. And we had heard the Iron Curtain descending; Winston Churchill made us hear it, in his speech at Fulton, Mo., in 1946.

We solaced ourselves in the usual way. Oona O'Neill married Charlie Chaplin; her look-alike and friend, Gloria Vanderbilt, married Leopold Stokowski. Artie Shaw married Ava Gardner. Judy Garland married Vincente Minnelli. After 24 kissless Westerns together, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans got hitched. Even Elizabeth Taylor, that nice little girl that everybody had liked so much in *National Velvet* in 1944, was suddenly old enough to have dates, and it was clearly not going to be long before somebody got her to the altar.

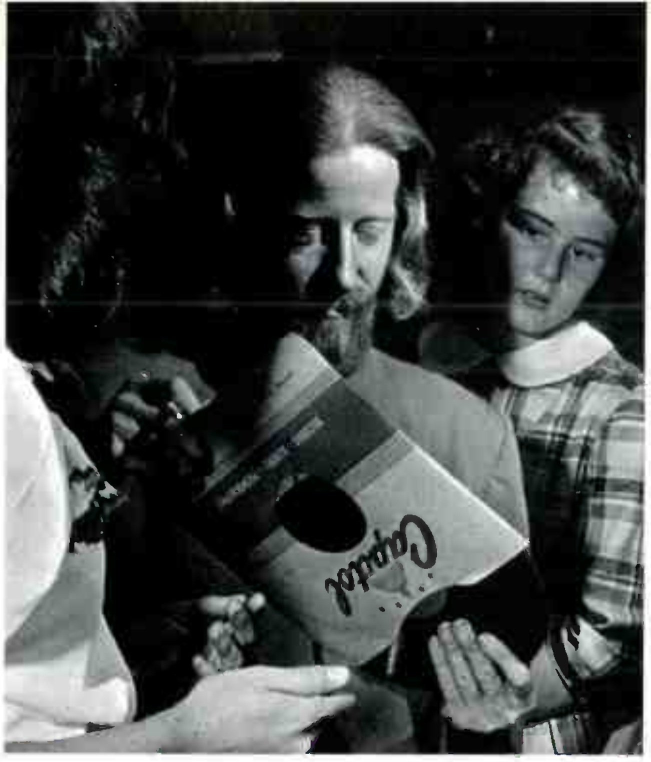
If you weren't deafened by wedding bells, you stood a good chance of crippling yourself stumbling over baby carriages and strollers. The birth rate took off like a V-2 rocket. Everybody bought Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care*. The Age of Spock had begun.

We were crossing several watersheds in the entertainment world. Television was about to take over the American living room. In 1948 there were still only 975,000 sets, but people without sets found reasons to drop in on their more fortunate neighbors when it was time for Milton Berle or Ed Sullivan. The Big Bands were breaking up: as early as 1946, eight bands called it quits within a few weeks of each other. On records, singers were taking the place of the bands, and the industry as a whole was adjusting to the introduction, in 1948, of the long-playing record.

The nation was changing in other ways. The Pennsylvania Turnpike and the Merritt Parkway, the country's first high-speed, long-distance, controlled-access super-

CORNELL
HARVARD
NOTRE DAME

Back at Princeton and other colleges, ex-servicemen display Nazi flags as well as pennants and T-shirts.



A hippie ahead of his time, bearded Eden Ahbez, a yoga and health-food devotee, displays a record of *Nature Boy*, his 1948 hit song praising the simple life.

highways, had opened in 1940 and now there were more and more of us to crowd such highways: medical breakthroughs like penicillin were keeping us alive longer.

A great change was under way in baseball, presaging vast changes throughout society. In 1947 Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers, an event which we all recognized as the crossing of an important frontier. Jackie was the first Negro to play in the Major Leagues. It was tough going at first—he was routinely insulted and sometimes even spiked in certain ballparks—but Jackie was tough himself. He became the Rookie of the Year and, two years later, the National League's most valuable player.

The first hippie appeared around 1948. His name was Eden Ahbez and he wrote a song called *Nature Boy*, about someone like himself. Eden was a gentle person who believed in love and ate vegetables. I was among the millions who found Nat King Cole's recording of his song irresistible.

At about the same time, Allen Ginsberg was kicked out of Columbia for scrawling an obscene, anti-Semitic phrase on his dormitory window. Ginsberg is a complex man, and it seems clear from his subsequent life and work—*e.g.*, the poem *Kaddish*, an elegy for his mother—that his love for his traditional-Jewish origins is at least as great as his impatience was then. Even then Ginsberg was trying to find—as we were all trying to find—a way of life that would work, and feel right. Interestingly, Ginsberg attempted a clean-shaven, white-collar, 9 to 5 existence in San Francisco for two years as a market research consultant. And he found it was not for him. He has become a good poet, but it may turn out that his life is his major work. The critic Louis Simpson recently concluded, surveying the '60s, "Hemingway created the life-style of the Lost Generation; Ginsberg created that of the Beat. It was a spectacular achievement." He is, of course, the guru of today's turned-on youth. A young friend astounded me recently, first by saying that she adores Frank Sinatra (I adored Frank myself, but that was 20 years ago), second by adding that on her campus now, Allen Ginsberg would outdraw Sinatra any day.

What will the Big Picture be?

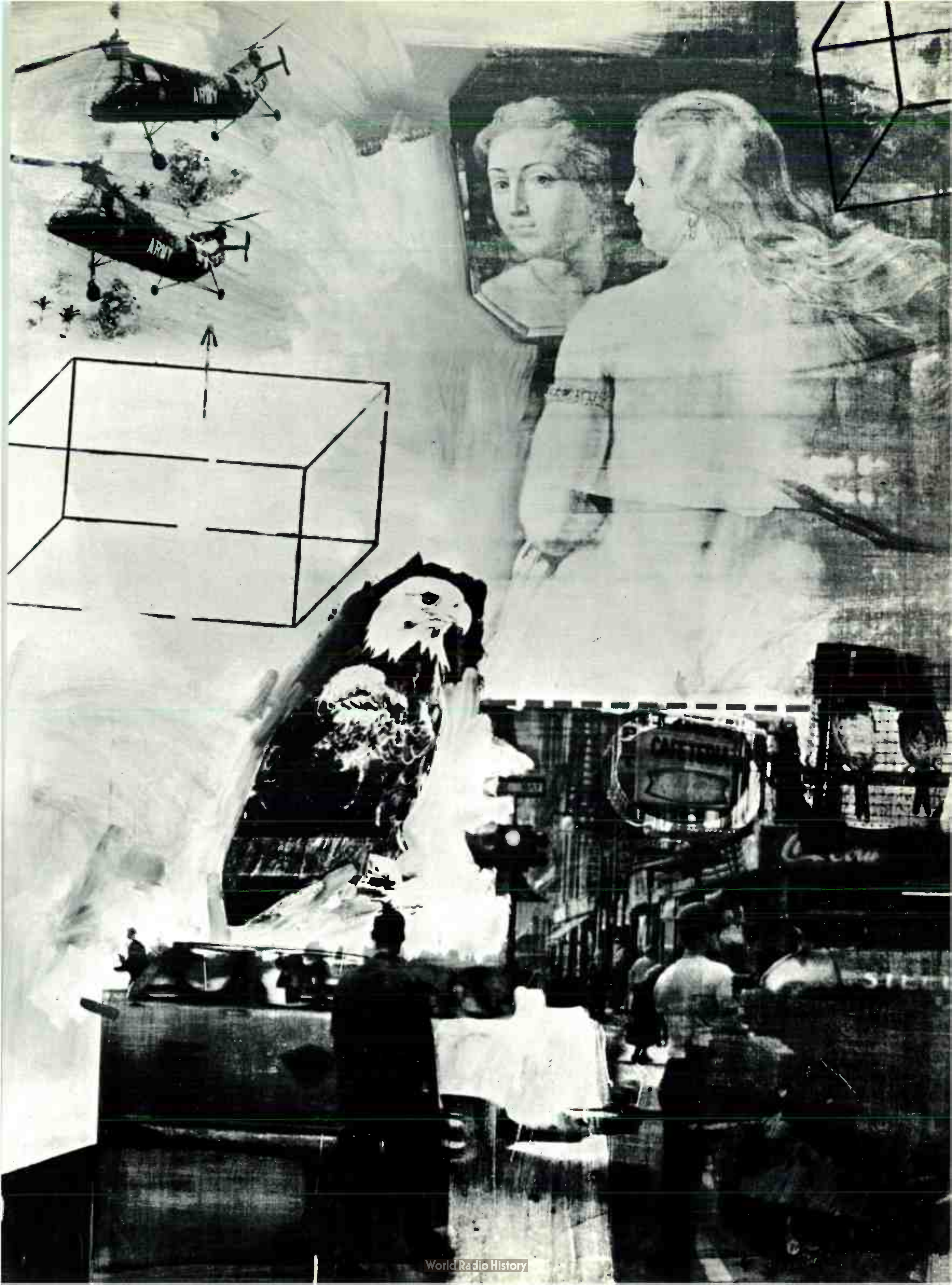
The puzzle we started on, way back then, has become very complicated. It is still unfinished and spreads farther all the time. Who can say what the Big Picture will be? Meanwhile I'm keeping my eye on Robert Rauschenberg (b. 1925, raised in Port Arthur, Texas), who like all good artists seems to pick up hints of the future a little ahead of the rest of us.

If I saw a Rauschenberg work in the Sahara, I think I could tell it was by an American and my contemporary. He is above all the master puzzler, trying to find a way to make disparate things fit together harmoniously. He likes to combine past and present, the divine and the mundane, the funny and the serious, painting with sculpture, real objects with representations. Somehow his artist's vision makes them coexist. The objects in his paintings are probably symbols, but they are themselves too. In *Tracer*, a lush Rubens nude may represent nostalgia for the past and for traditional concepts of order and beauty. On the other hand, Rauschenberg obviously enjoys her just as a lovely and desirable woman. A bald eagle on a perch says, perhaps, that the American spirit is immobilized; the eagle is also there because Rauschenberg loves animals. The painting was made back in 1964, but already the artist sensed the increasing burden of the Vietnam war and the problem of the cities. He even suggests—in the caged songbirds—our corruption of the physical environment. It cannot be accidental that the painting (reproduced here in black and white) is red, white, blue and black.

Whatever the Big Picture itself turns out to be, there is a name for those of us who added our pieces to it in the '30s and '40s. We are the Swing Generation—not only for the music we loved and still love, but because, like the swing shift in those wartime factories, we were the pivot between two worlds.

—JOAN SWALLOW REITER

Rauschenberg's *Tracer*, says author Joan Reiter in the text above, shows new pieces of the big picture puzzle which the young of the Swing Era are still solving.


ARMY
ARMY

The Men Who Made the Music:
Glenn Miller

It is ironic that, more than a quarter century after his disappearance over the English Channel, this angular and schoolmasterish man still is a symbol of romance for millions of people. For despite the evocative bittersweetness of the ballads his band played during those long-ago evenings of the late '30s and early '40s, despite the insouciant lilt of his *Jersey Bounce*, the unaffectedly high spirits of his *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, he looked like a psalm-singing choirmaster, standing there on the bandstand with his tight-lipped, perfunctory smile.

Of personal appearances, he once said: "I'm so nervous I'd rather go to jail than make one."

It is preposterous that so long after his passing this man's name should recall to so many what were to them the best of times. But such is the music of Alton Glenn Miller, out of Clarinda, Iowa, into the big time, for a few brief years the most successful of all big band leaders and last seen on Dec. 15, 1944 as he left England on a flight for Paris.

Part of the secret of the immortal Miller mystique lies in the emotions his music and his band expressed which the leader seemed to lack. A "Glenn Miller Band" under a Ray McKinley, a Tex Beneke, a Buddy De Franco is still a draw while other honored names call up only nostalgic echoes. He was *the* giant in the days of his glory—playing summertimes at Glen Island Casino while a nation listened beside radios in the dusk; playing autumns and winters in New York at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge and other dance tabernacles of the period; playing at all times and places through the portable phonographs which were part of every picnic basket and through the jukeboxes he correctly credited with

Miller supplies all the brass as he and fellow Colorado University summer students play in pianist Holly Moyer's band in 1925. Sax

starting him toward success. At least every other tune he recorded was an anthem of the age—and of the eminent bandleaders of the era, he was among the less dramatic.

Yet the creative process is part of the personality of the artist; and the Miller Sound, for all its twanging of the emotions, probably could not have emanated from a man unlike Glenn Miller. As a bandstand personality, Miller stood well back in the shade of colorful leaders whose philosophies and life styles shaped their dance bands in the '30s and early '40s: Goodman, a man of great, great style, unfailingly articulate and authoritative; Artie Shaw, quixotic, connubial, the catalyst of an infinity of gossip-column items; Tommy Dorsey, a brawling, damn-the-torpedoes broth of an Irishman who could be a real son of a bitch but almost never an uncharming one.

Miller had his orchestra, his genius as an arranger and his tremendous organizational and administrative ability. It was all he needed. He was then and still is more popular than Goodman, Shaw or Dorsey. Off the stand, he had, so far as I could tell, practically no personality at all. He had friends who spoke warmly of his very positive character, wild sense of humor and interest in the world around him. They extolled his devotion to music and his help to other musicians. In the half-dozen or so conversations I had with him over about four years, I found Miller perfectly civil but almost implausibly perfunctory and staggeringly uninformed about (and seemingly indifferent to) practically everything —except his music.

"Stylization in music is inevitable," Barry Ulanov, jazz historian and critic, quotes Miller as saying. "The style is the man. . . . Would you say that Wagner wasn't stylized? Is Ravel criticized for being Ravel?"

Of his devotion to music there is no question. He knew his trade and insisted on perfection in its practice. "We not only rehearse arrangements," one of his sidemen once said, "we rehearse every bar a thousand times until he's satisfied."

Nobody ever questioned, either, his warm devotion to his wife Helen and their two adopted children, though Miller never saw the little daughter, Jonnie, who joined the family after he went overseas. Paul Tanner, a former Miller trombonist, says Miller was interested in the world around him, but other old associates, pressed to describe Miller's outside interests, could recall only that he played golf and the stock market, both better than most musicians. (Bassist Trigger Alpert once asked Miller what to do with his savings. "Buy AT&T," said Miller. "What's AT&T?" asked Trigger.)

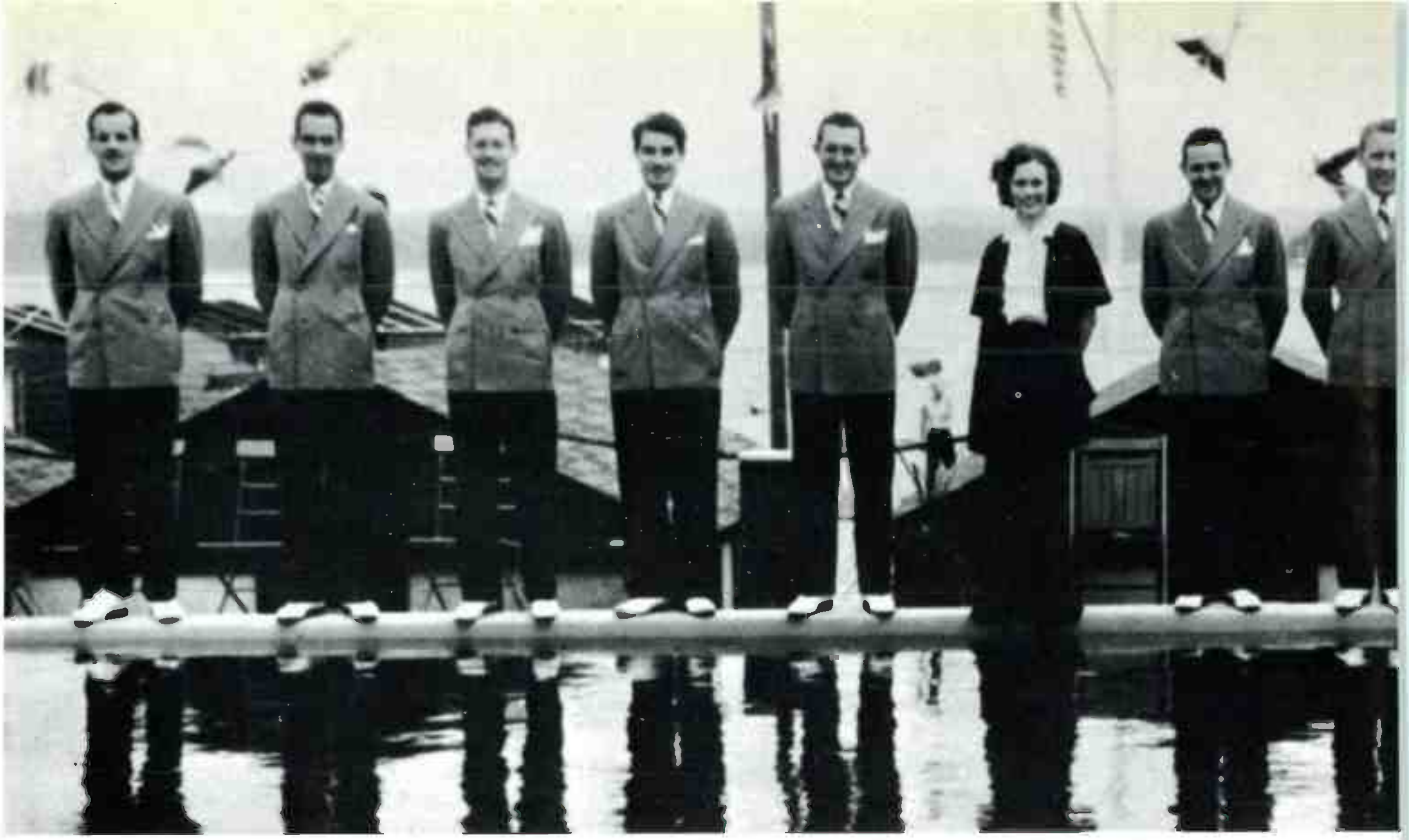
But, oh, his music

Even close and admiring associates say Miller's attitude toward most things was strictly business. He was not rare among bandleaders of the era in having struggled up from poverty entirely on his own merits, but where others blossomed into some of the most colorful characters of the age, Miller, though no small-town hick, retained many of the values of Clarinda, Iowa.

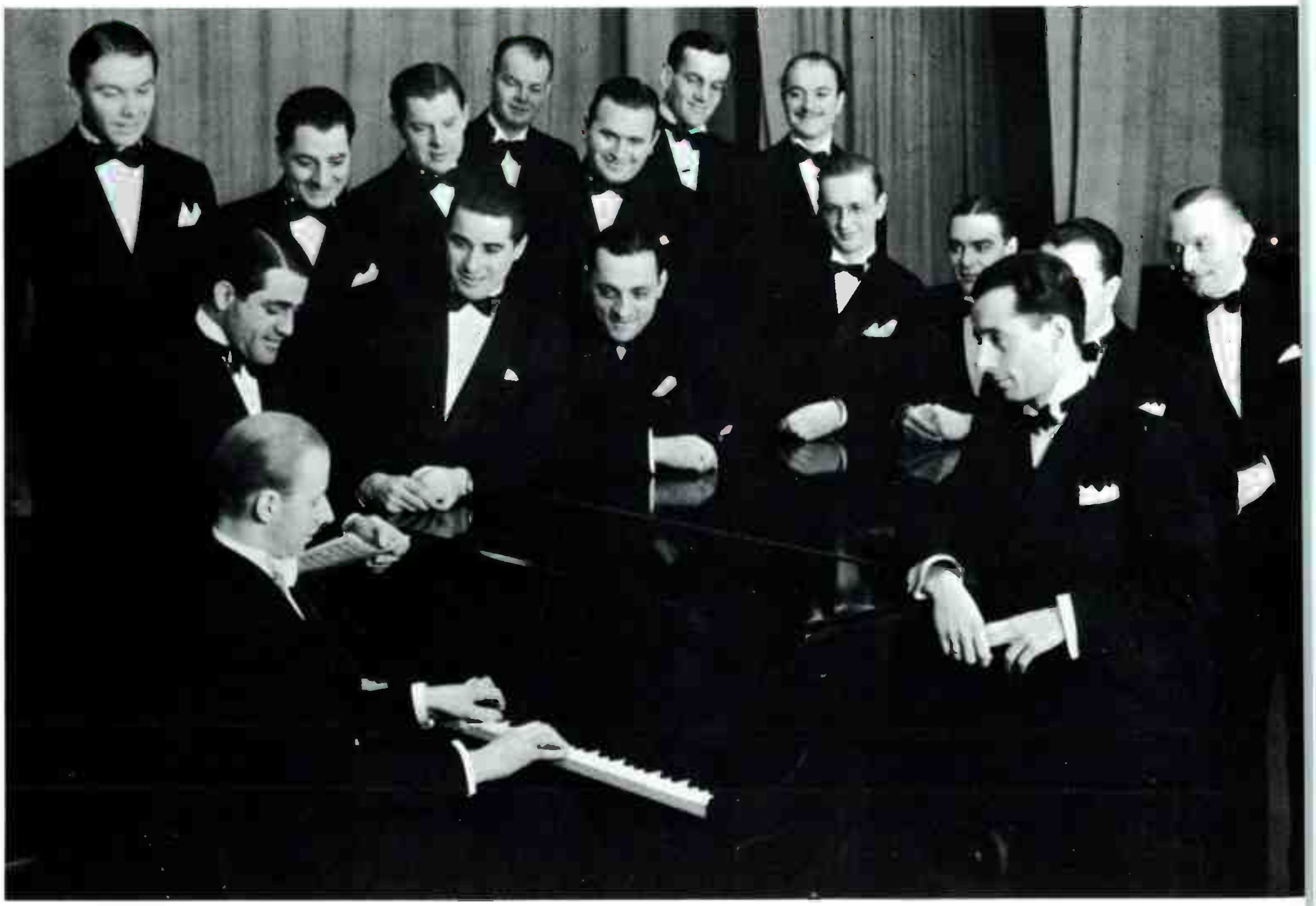
Permit me to anticipate critics (including some who were very close to him) who may say that I did not know Miller very well. Indeed, I did not, but what matters, really, is how Miller impressed the millions of people who clustered in front of his various bandstands. Many of them have told me that he impressed them as—well, as a nice fellow who didn't have much to say but who was perfectly pleasant. But, oh, his music—and then they rave about the sound that enchanted them in the evenings when their world was young.

Miller was born in Clarinda, Iowa, on the first of March 1904 to a poor family which moved steadily westward dur-

player substituted for trumpeter Bob Roller, who appears below at band's 1956 reunion. Trombone on chair marks Miller's place.



A natty, mustached Miller stands leftmost in a poolside picture taken in the summer of 1934 at the Sands Point, N.Y. Beach Club where the newly formed Dorsey Brothers Orchestra was then playing. Half the band were people who had come east along with Miller, vainly seeking jobs in Billy Rose's Casino de Paree. They included vocalist Kay Weber, here flanked by co-leaders Tommy *(at left)* and Jimmy, and drummer Ray McKinley *(third from left)*. Miller left the Dorseys in 1935 to assemble an orchestra for British bandleader Ray Noble, at the piano in the picture below. Miller, now clean-shaven, stands in rear center between trumpeter Charlie Spivak *(left)* and saxophonist Bud Freeman.



ing his childhood. His father was a carpenter and contractor who had a hard time supporting a family of six. For a time the family lived in a sod hut in North Platte, Neb. Glenn got his first trombone from a butcher who employed him as an errand boy. "It wasn't much of a one," said Glenn, "but it got me into the school band."

He had a passionate interest in music—on his own terms. He took no music courses at the University of Colorado while putting himself through school for two years by playing in a college band. But ten years later he studied on his own with the noted theorist Professor Joseph Schillinger, and one of his greatest hits, *Moonlight Serenade*, grew out of an arranging exercise he wrote for Schillinger. Miller never stopped learning and experimenting. He used his Army Air Forces Band as a laboratory and was planning a postwar civilian band with a new sound.

The teen-age college dropout played with several small bands, recorded a little with such jazz giants as Bix Beiderbecke and the Mound City Blue Blowers, sold an arrangement for $50 to Roger Wolfe Kahn, a scion of great wealth and a hopeless swing addict, and made the varsity, so to speak, when Ben Pollack hired him in 1925. In the late '20s and early '30s the Pollack band, firmly based on the leader's solid drumming and Miller's arrangements, had more authentic jazz feeling than any other white group. Pollack was a gifted leader with an uncanny ear for talent and his various bands included, along with Miller, such expressive soloists as Bud Freeman on tenor saxophone, Jack Teagarden on trombone, Benny Goodman on clarinet and Jimmy McPartland and Harry James on trumpet. In 1925, when the 16-year-old Goodman joined Pollack, he and Miller formed a friendship that lasted all Glenn's life.

Later, when Benny was being widely accused of rapidly outgrowing his hat, Miller, a man not noted for overpraising his acquaintances, said: "I roomed with him . . . he was a swell gent then and he still is . . . . You've got to really know Benny to appreciate his many wonderful qualities." Goodman later recalled Miller as "an excellent friend—generous and concerned . . . all the musicians in our circle admired him tremendously."

The abiding image that haunted and still haunts a whole generation is of Miller the leader. But musicians view things a little differently and, while not disdaining that side of Miller, they speak more admiringly of his talents as an organizer, an arranger and a jazz trombonist. When he could get the sidemen he wanted, Miller organized fine bands, as he did for the Dorsey Brothers, Ray Noble and himself. His own success with his very commercial swing was predicated principally on his own arrangements. And it is accolade enough to state that in a gutbucket time, when trombonists like Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Harrison, Lawrence Brown, Miff Mole, "Tricky Sam" Nanton and Benny Morton were abroad in the land, Glenn Miller did them no disservice when he kept their company. He was marvelous in a lovely, lyrical way, his slide slipping langorously from position to position to weave a pattern of pure jazz.

Miller was never dazzled by his own skill as a trombonist, perhaps recalling that in Texas in the '20s he failed to get into the Jimmy Joy band because he couldn't play the kind of trombone Jimmy wanted. "If I could play as well as Tommy Dorsey," Glenn once told his wife, "I'd star myself and others in the band. But since I can't play as well as Tommy, I'll have to make the band great by arrangements and precision playing."

"I think he would have traded in the whole thing," said Miller's treasured trumpeter Bobby Hackett, "to be able to play like Jack Teagarden or Tommy Dorsey." Yet he showed little professional jealousy and once wrote special music and lyrics to *Basin Street Blues* for Teagarden to sing.

Precision he demanded. "Order, proportion, planning, those were central to Glenn Miller's function as a bandleader," says Ulanov.

"In a field that was notoriously casual," says jazz critic John S. Wilson, "Mr. Miller was a systematic and painstaking man."

The right socks and cigarettes

He saw to it that others shared his pains. When the Miller band was on the Chesterfield show, sidemen who smoked had to smoke Chesterfields. Everybody had to wear maroon socks. "It was always 'Get your suits pressed and stop talking on the bandstand and shape up,' " a former sideman has recalled.

Miller wanted to be proud of whatever band he played with. He was content to earn $12 a week or so playing and arranging for Smith Ballew in the early '30s, but when the band played Denver, Miller refused to appear. His home was in nearby Boulder and he did not wish to be seen by people he knew with a band no better than Ballew's. "The band wasn't that bad," said Ray McKinley, who did play the Denver date. "It just wasn't good."

McKinley also remembered a story told by Hal Dicken-

Miller fishing, with wife Helen (in neckerchief) and friends.

Glenn "holds" Washington Monument in wife's 1940 gag shot.

son, one of the singers who made up Miller's Modernaires. The band was playing its theme song to start a concert in a big auditorium. The curtain rose. Glenn walked to the center microphone to greet the audience but on the way noticed that Hal displayed no handkerchief in the breast pocket of his jacket. Miller took a spare handkerchief from his own inside breast pocket, tucked it into Hal's outside pocket, walked back to the mike, turned, and said to Hal, "We wear handkerchiefs in this orchestra, Mr. Dickenson."

McKinley quotes Dickenson as saying, "To this day I don't even go to the bathroom without a handkerchief."

To capture the crowd

Miller fired men for failing to measure up to his standards but never for tossing a really inspired impromptu jazz riff into an arrangement. He played commercial music but he appreciated good jazz and had been a good jazzman.

"He was deeply concerned to find richer harmonic resources for jazz and dance bands, separately and together," says Ulanov. "He was convinced that in jazz, 'for the sake of rhythm, harmony was forgotten.' "

"I don't want to be the king of swing or anything else," Miller said one evening in 1939. "I'd rather have a reputation as one of the best all-round bands."

I think he had *the* best all-round band. But long before that, while he was with Pollack, he played some good jazz with Goodman and others, and there is testimony to his ability as a hot trombonist on a number of discs released in the years immediately thereafter. My own favorite is a 12-inch Brunswick by Red Nichols of *Sally Won't You Come Back*, on which he plays a beautiful, lazy obbligato behind Teagarden's vocal that is as memorable for me as any Armstrong ever played behind Bessie Smith. Yet he never allowed his affinity for jazz to turn his head and he was ever mindful of what captured the crowd.

"He had the ability to know what the public would like," Chuck Gentry, a former Miller saxophonist, remembers. "Occasionally he'd ask the band what numbers they liked. Whatever we liked, he would reject, thinking that whatever musicians liked the public wouldn't—and he was right.

He did not pander to commercialism—his taste was impeccable and his integrity irreproachable—but his intuition amounted to genius. Not only did he infuse the Pollack band with freshness, but he made arrangements of *Basin Street Blues* and *Beale Street Blues* which were used for a recording date, in February 1931, by a Goodman pickup group and which were the first things truly in the style Goodman had been trying to develop. Subsequently he provided the Dorsey Brothers with the idiom that made their band distinctive. And soon after that he hit upon what was to become known as the Miller Sound.

This discovery came in 1935 when Ray Noble, a British bandleader whose recordings had become best sellers because of their extraordinary resonance, commissioned Miller to form a group for him to lead during a forthcoming engagement at the Rainbow Room in New York. He could not have chosen an abler surrogate; Miller's taste and knowledge of musicians' capabilities produced a superb personnel. But Miller's association with Noble was important because of something else. In the Noble band, trumpeter Peewee

Erwin played the lead an octave above the tenor saxophone lead. Erwin left and his replacement proved less strong-lipped; Miller imaginatively substituted a clarinet lead.

This was the basis of the famous Miller Sound, though there is more to it than just a clarinet lead, as Ray McKinley has explained: "You also have to pick a key that will keep your clarinet way up high and your altos just about as high as they can play and you've got to keep the harmony tight. To get that shimmering sound the reeds must employ vibrato and have to be voiced close together and very high."

The Miller Sound did not particularly appeal to Noble and was not much used by the Noble band, but Miller must have sensed its possibilities, and it may have helped spur Miller to launch his own band in 1937. It was not a leap to be made lightly, despite the temptations of fame, the excitement and the challenge. When Goodman, Shaw, the Dorseys, Miller and others decided to form big bands in the '30s they took a tremendous financial risk. These musicians had assurances of work in radio and recording studios amounting practically to annuities, and some quite brilliant performers failed as bandleaders. Miller could have grown rich in comfort arranging and playing trombone for others, and for two impoverished, despairing years of indifferent audiences, snowbound buses and shortages of competent musicians he may have wished he had stayed in the studios. But to stay in the studios in the '30s was to acknowledge a measure of insecurity, a lack of ambition. Miller was not given to such acknowledgements.

We tend to recall the '30s, as we lived them or heard about them, as the Swing Era when Goodman was God to the kids shagging in the aisles of the Paramount Theater. It was a golden time of big bands playing in the great hotels of New York, Kansas City, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston, a time of theme songs, each with an imprimatur immediately identifiable, a time of solo vocalists and all those cozy singing groups sitting at the side of the bandstand and then rising, when summoned, like robots, stepping smartly to stage center to inform us that they hadn't the slightest intention of ever smiling again. It was a time of ballrooms and lakeside dance pavilions with magic names like Glen Island Casino and Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, a time of broadcasts "coming direct to you from...." It was the best of times but, for those in the business, only after they had made it.

Jet-black toast and tough rehearsals

A novitiate could be nasty and the early odyssey of Glenn Miller could not have been more discouraging, as a movie, *The Glenn Miller Story*, later showed, though its fictions and cloying sentimentality somewhat obscure the real Miller.

"Nothing I saw in the movie made sense except the music," said the late Hal McIntyre who, off and on, roomed with Miller from 1937 to 1941, was one of the most durable of his sidemen and got Miller's financial backing when he started his own band. "They made Glenn into a warm, human sort of fellow. He was the coldest fish that ever lived. I knew him better than anyone except maybe his mother. I know how he brushed his teeth in the morning and how he liked his toast. The waiter would bring up the toast and Glenn would put that icy eye on it and say, 'Take that toast back and bring it back jet black.' The poor waiter is standing

Wilbur Schwartz, Glenn's favorite lead clarinetist, who helped produce the distinctive Miller Sound, solos during one of the band's first recording sessions for Bluebird in April 1939. By the end of that year, the success of his records on jukeboxes, like the one on which Miller leans affectionately below, had made him America's top swing musician.

there, not knowing what it's all about, and Glenn would get impatient and ask, 'How dumb can you get?'

"I've seen him break up a rehearsal when things weren't going right and point: 'You and you and you—and you. You're fired.' Just like that. I'm the only guy who could get along with him. He was a miserable man. And he was my buddy. I loved the guy."

When Miller began recruiting musicians in 1937 he found few as good as McIntyre. In retrospect, one wonders if his band was worth much more than the $200 it got in June for an 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. appearance at Playland Casino in Rye, N.Y. But in the same month the band was booked for two weeks at the Blue Room of the Roosevelt in New Orleans, where it stayed for 10, and from there it went to the Adolphus in Dallas and the Nicollet in Minneapolis. The band created little public excitement and Miller struggled constantly to improve it, weeding out drunks and dubs among his sidemen.

He got a few coast-to-coast broadcasts, but after a disastrous tour through blizzard-swept Pennsylvania he gave up the band. In March of 1938, however, he began to rebuild. To a nucleus of McIntyre, Chummy MacGregor (piano), Rolly Bundock (bass) and Bob Price (trumpet), he added clarinetist Wilbur Schwartz, drummer Bob Spangler, trumpeter Johnny Austin and tenor saxophonist Tex Beneke.

"I drove all night through a snowstorm to New York," said Beneke later, "and when I walked into the studio where Miller was rehearsing I thought he'd give me some sack time. But he only said, 'Hello, there, Tex, grab your horn and let's go.' "

A little later Glenn hired Ray Eberle, a singer without professional experience, and in September Marion Hutton joined him. But at this point nothing seemed to help. In February 1939 he was close to giving up again, but despite lack of public acclaim, his music was catching the ear of people who knew a coming thing when they heard it. On his 35th birthday he was signed to play all summer at the Glen Island Casino. Summer was three months away, but he had caught the glory train and had more offers for immediate gigs than he could accept. One was too good to resist—a stretch at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook ballroom in New Jersey. Glenn would lose money but gain 10 broadcasts a week in an age when air exposure could make a band overnight. And by then he was proud of his band. Drummer Maurice Purtill, lured away from a flourishing teaching career, was invigorating the rhythm section and there was a new guitarist. Glenn added another trumpet and a trombone and had the first big band with eight brass.

Crowd in Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge stands too entranced to dance as brass men wave "wah-wah" derbies in unison.

The Meadowbrook and the Glen Island engagements were prodigiously successful, carrying the Miller Sound to every corner of the country. Now the band could reap the bonanza. At the Baltimore Hippodrome it drew $19,000, the biggest theater gross in the city's history, and in Syracuse it attracted the largest crowd ever to attend a dance there. For Bluebird that summer it recorded *Little Brown Jug* and its biggest hit, *In the Mood*.

Dancing derbies and discernible tunes

By now the band had an unmistakable individuality. There was the riff repeated over and over, swelling, then fading, and finally returning in a shattering crescendo. The astute Miller had picked up from Jimmie Lunceford the trick of having the brass section wave its "wah-wah" derbies in unison. Some sidemen said they felt like clowns, but the crowds liked it. And there was, of course, The Sound.

"Though his arrangements are inventive and refreshing," said the New York *Times* in January 1940, "he never forgets the melodic line. He lets you recognize the tune." People liked that, too.

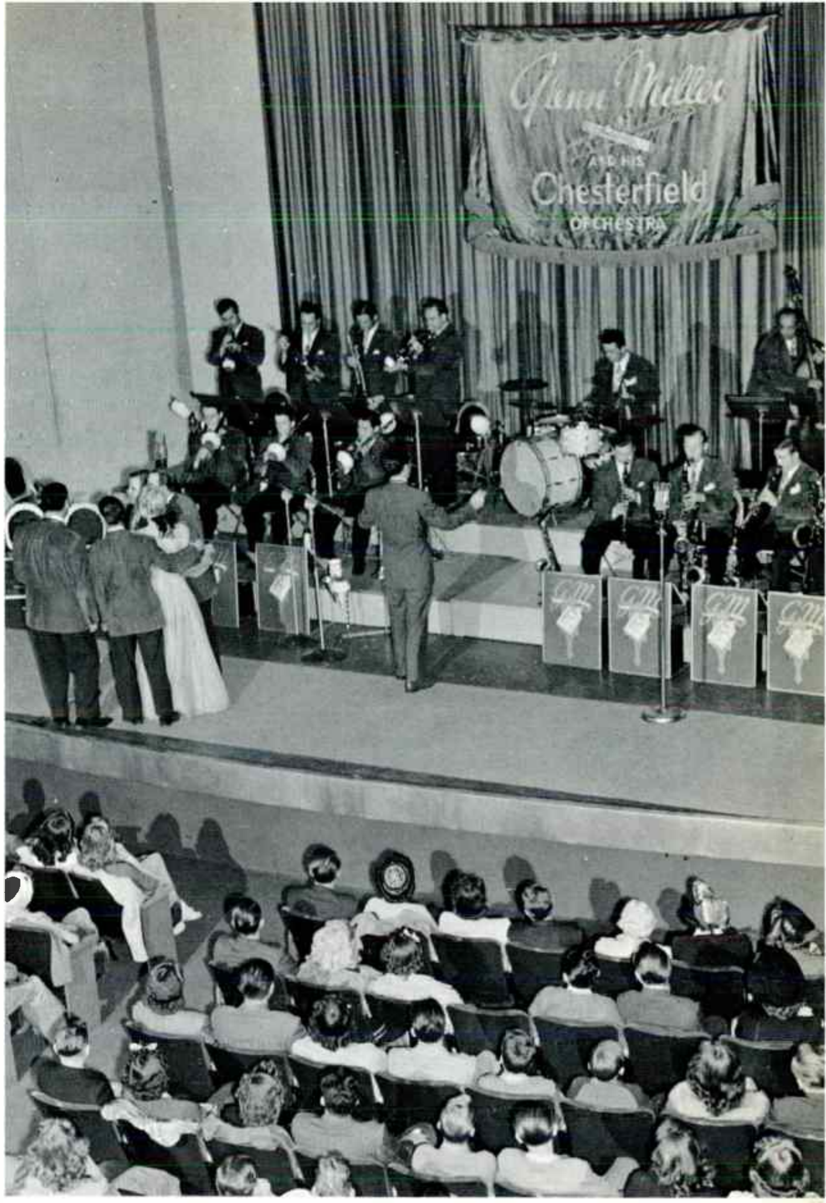
The band was working some 100 hours a week now, recording an average of two sides a week and appearing on radio for Chesterfield cigarettes thrice weekly. In early 1940 it was appearing not only at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge but on the stage at the Paramount Theater. Not every disc was a hit. Miller took the pop tunes of the day as they came, and some were dreadful, but Miller could put his gloss even on something like *When Paw Was Courtin' Maw*. If his upbeat recordings of *I'll Never Smile Again* failed in competition against Tommy Dorsey's version, his *Tuxedo Junction* handily beat Erskine Hawkins at his own tune.

The band made a couple of inoffensive movies, *Sun Valley Serenade* and *Orchestra Wives* of which TIME said, "Glenn Miller acts like Glenn Miller, without too much discredit to Glenn Miller." Nobody could make Glenn act, but the films were successful, since the band seemed beyond blunders. It monotonously won just about every conceivable popularity poll. Three teen-age girls in Philadelphia, listening raptly on a summer evening to a recording of Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*, failed to observe a fire in the house until a fireman rushed in to put it out. Even sidemen who hated him enjoyed the band's prestige. "There was excitement," said a contemporary. "They were on top."

And then, suddenly and shockingly and very, very sadly it came to an end on the evening of Sept. 27, 1942 at the Central Theater in Passaic, N.J., while Marion Hutton sobbed uncontrollably. The band had spent most of that last day together in a saloon across from the theater, and by the time one trumpeter was supposed to climb down the tiers in which the band was arranged on stage and take his solo he was too drunk to move. "Okay," said Miller, "stay up there, you son of a bitch."

Most of the sidemen were already slated for the armed services. Miller, who was 38, married, a father and weak-eyed, could have escaped the draft until the German army reached Chicago. He enlisted, was given a commission in the Army Air Forces and started organizing another band.

Higher brass chilled Captain Miller's dream of hatching a clutch of high-class service bands, but he did organize the 418th Army Air Forces Band out of the pick of a slew of able-bodied former ornaments of symphony orchestras, recording studios and such bands as those of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Will Bradley, Jan Savitt, Vaughn Monroe and Glenn Miller. Out of them he formed a dance band, a pseudosymphonic band with strings, and a controversial marching band.



Glenn leads band for a studio broadcast. Singers Marion Hutton and the Modernaires surround a microphone *(left)*.

Miller played *St. Louis Blues* and *Blues in the Night* at march tempo for the drills of the air cadets at Yale University where the band was stationed. The commandant of cadets and others objected. Miller prevailed, however, and even took to swinging Sousa marches, thus bringing to a boil Edwin Franko Goldman, prestigious conductor of Central Park Mall concerts. "It's a disgrace!" fumed Goldman. "No one can improve on a Sousa march. . . . My God!" Marshall Bartholomew, conductor of the Yale Glee Club under whose window the band marched twice daily, said he thought the arrangements were fine. Miller himself responded to Goldman as he usually did to critics.

"There hasn't been a successful Army band in the country," he said, "and if someone doesn't get after band music

Cold and stiff, as he often seemed in real life, Miller confronts Sonja Henie and John Payne in a scene from the 1941 movie *Sun Valley Serenade*. Warm and relaxed was the way Jimmy Stewart played Glenn in the heart-tugging 1954 film *The Glenn Miller Story*, with June Allyson as Helen. The picture drew sobs from some *(bottom)*, snorts from others.

and streamline it, Army music will be extinct in another couple of years. We've got to keep pace with the soldiers. They want up-to-date music. Why, there's no question about it—anybody can improve on Sousa."

"It was a marvelous experience," said Peanuts Hucko, remembering how he learned to play clarinet in that band. Peanuts was a tenor saxophonist whom Will Bradley had fired for his inability to play clarinet. Miller said, "You'll play clarinet—that's an order." Peanuts became a highly successful clarinetist.

"Everybody kept playing above their heads," Peanuts said, remembering some great performances recorded on V Discs, that marvelous series of records made, without pay, by a host of top musicians and distributed throughout the armed forces, along with portable phonographs, for the entertainment of the troops. "We made a V Disc of *Stealin' Apples* and it was the most-stolen record of any V Disc. When we got back, they were selling it under the counter for twenty bucks."

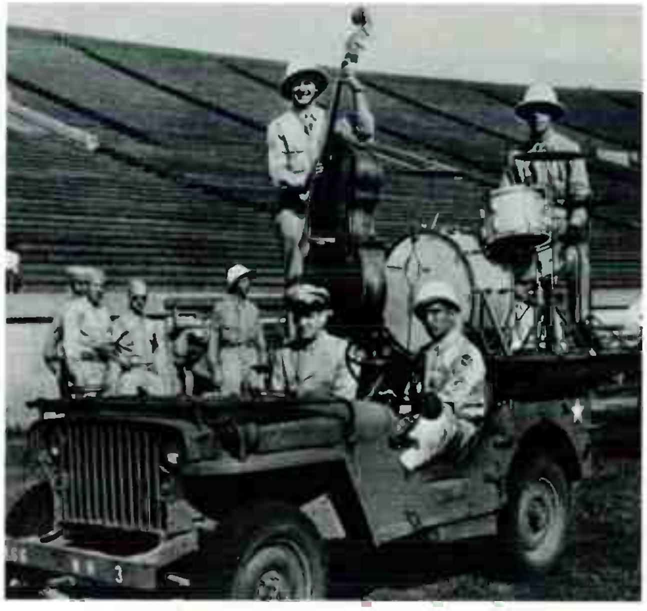
The responsibilities of command did not noticeably erode Miller's disciplinary standards. He occasionally pulled rank on sidemen as though he were still paying them, and he banned mustaches on enlisted men, to the dismay of some brass players who felt that the hair strengthened not only their egos but the brass man's most vital feature—his lip.

"He used to make us toe the mark," said Peanuts. "He said, 'You're musicians but you're also soldiers.' We went along with that—haircut, shoeshine. The GIs we came in contact with appreciated that."

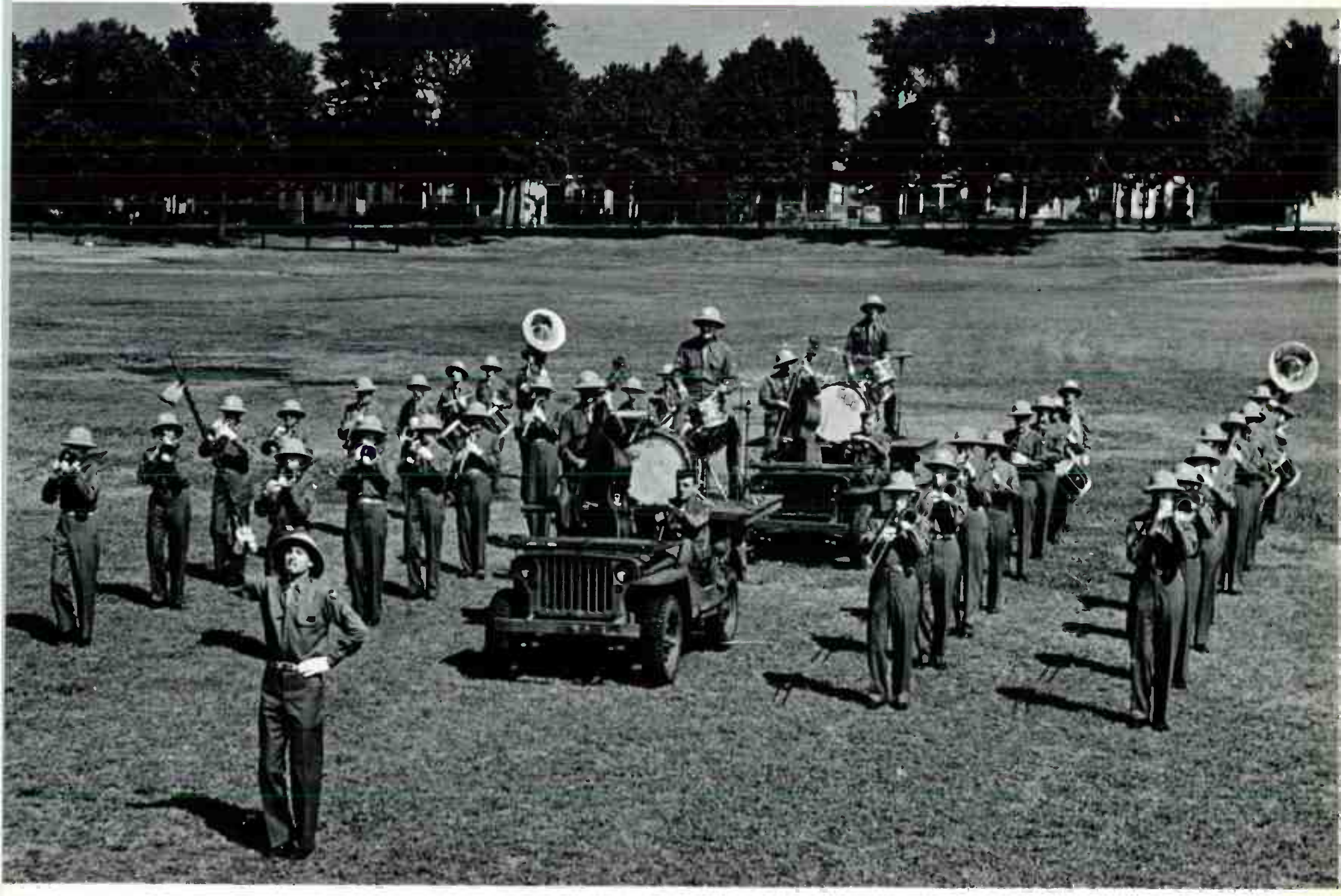
"It killed our souls to have to cut our hair," said Chuck Gentry, "but Miller had his reasons. The band was doing so many unmilitary things that Miller felt we should conform where it was easy. A lot of the guys went out to have uniforms tailor-made. Glenn relegated them to the closet."

"But though Glenn was strict," said McKinley, "sometimes to the point of heartlessness, that was not true when you got right down to the nitty-gritty."

Miller liked Trigger Alpert, got him a draft deferment,



A starchy, jeep-borne Captain Miller appears with bassist Trigger Alpert and drummer Frank Ippolito for a 1943 performance in the Yale Bowl by the 418th Army Air Forces Band. Below, Drum Major Sgt. "Doc" Winters leads Miller's band across a New Haven park, possibly in a swinging rendition of a Sousa march which horrified traditionalists.



got him a leave and paid his way to Chicago so that he could sit in with the band at Christmas, traded nine other musicians to an Army outfit to get Trigger for his Air Forces Band, and without an instant's hesitation loaned Trigger $1,000 to buy a bass Trigger fancied.

When Mrs. Alpert was having their first child, Trigger missed a day's duty with the band to be with her. "The next day Glenn called me in. I explained that Connie had given birth to our first child. 'What's his name?' Glenn asked. I told him and all he said was, 'Dismissed.' Three hours later I got a $100 war bond made out to the baby."

In the spring of 1944, after a year of playing coast-to-coast recruiting broadcasts, Major Miller led overseas an expeditionary force of 20 strings, five trumpets, four trombones, a French horn, six reeds, two drummers, two pianists, two bassists, a guitarist, three arrangers, a copyist, five singers, two producers, an announcer, two administrators, two instrument repairmen and two executive producers.

None of this entourage was superfluous. Every man had a job and most were trained also to substitute for some other band member in an emergency. The band carried a vast supply of instrumental spare parts. When it finally reached Paris, many of these parts helped revive ailing horns among the less well-supplied U.S. Army Band. The band's director, Ray McKinley remembered, wept with gratitude.

Some sidemen remember how they hated Miller for bucking the brass until he got permission to drag the band out of London, where they wanted to go sight-seeing, to new barracks, with bomb shelters, in the town of Bedford. German rocket bombs were hitting London, and Miller felt his band was unsafe. A buzz bomb demolished the band's London barracks the day after they left them.

Major Miller to General Smith: No

Miller was never much daunted by brass, musical or military. Ray McKinley recalled that General Walter Bedell Smith, a tough infantryman who was then Eisenhower's Chief of Staff in Europe, once summoned Miller to Paris to offer him command of the U.S. Army Band. Miller said, "No, thank you, sir."

"And why not, Major?" asked "Beedle" Smith who seldom heard the word "no."

"I don't understand that kind of music, sir," said Miller.

"That's all, Major," said Bedell Smith. A little later he emerged from his office, asked his secretary for his ulcer pills and remarked, "That damn Miller—well, at least he knows what he wants."

He did, indeed—and also what he didn't want.

His various groups were enormously popular on their personal appearances and their broadcasts for the BBC, but *Metronome* did print one soldier's complaint that Sam Donahue's Navy band was putting out better jazz. Miller responded furiously that he was playing to please the majority of the troops. His temper, never very thick, was wearing thin at having been kept for so long so far away from the combat troops he wanted to entertain. He was anxious to leave for Paris to arrange for the band's appearance there.

On the foggy afternoon of Dec. 15, 1944, Miller and two others took off in a small plane for Paris. Nobody will ever know for sure why the normally cautious Miller did not wait for a better day or a bigger plane. Ten days later, on Christmas Day, the New York *Times* reported: "Major Glenn Miller, director of the United States Air Forces Band, is missing on a flight from England to Paris, it was announced today. No trace of the plane has been found." None ever was.

"Everybody had a sense of personal loss," Peanuts Hucko said. Miller left a hole where he had been. For many of his sidemen it was the end of a dream.

"After the war," Peanuts said, "he was going to take the guys he picked that wanted to go and start a new band. He would guarantee us $300 a week, work or no. Those that had families, he would guarantee their homes."

"I've bought some land in Santa Ana, California," Miller told Alpert, "and I'm going to build houses on this land and sell them to you guys that want them—family guys like you, Trigger—and the houses are going to be designed something like this." Alpert kept for years the sketch Miller drew of the house he would build for Trigger.

Trying to do it Glenn's way

Miller had worked out a scheme for basing and working mostly in California and working a few months of the year in New York and on the road. And he planned to improve his music, as he always had.

"He was moving toward a different sound," Peanuts said. "He would have been bigger than ever."

"He once said to me," Ray McKinley recalled, " 'I've gone as far as I can go with the saxophone sound. I've got to have something new.' He was going to keep this same band, maybe with a few less violins—he had about 20 or so—and he said, 'I'm going to get the best and the most beautiful girl singer in the world, and I'll have you and Tex.' And I said, 'How are you going to have me and Tex? We sing the same kinds of songs.' But he said, 'Don't worry, we'll work it out.' "

The war went on and so did the band, visiting 11 countries in 14 months and making 300 personal appearances. There was a feeling among the sidemen of "trying to do it like Glenn would've." Something of the same feeling seems to have inhibited arranger Jerry Gray who declined to take over the band after the war, saying, "I somehow didn't think it was right to step into Glenn's shoes then."

But the band did continue, first under Tex Beneke, then under Ray McKinley, and then under Buddy De Franco, with continued success.

"There's a story that he's still alive," Hal McIntyre once said, "in a sanatarium in California." Fans still write to Miller asking for autographed photographs, and occasionally somebody will step up to De Franco and say, "Hello, Mr. Miller, I haven't seen you for a long time."

And even for those who know he is dead, the Sound endures—haunting, evocative, the best-remembered music of the Era of Swing.

—GEORGE FRAZIER

The troopship *Santa Rosa* docks in New York in August 1945, crammed with returning GIs, including members of Glenn Miller's wartime band, celebrating the end of 14 months in Europe. Squeezed between trumpet and cymbals is one of the band's announcers, actor Broderick Crawford.

CHRISTY

The Men Who Made the Music:

Harry James

Wide angle shot of a circus band of the 1920's. Zoom in to a small boy in an oversize bandsman's cap playing a snare drum with a crisp, professional beat. Come in tight, briefly, on the cap alone, then pull back to reveal, under the cap, the same boy, a few years older, now blowing a trumpet. Back off farther to show that he is now playing with a Salvation Army band. Cut to show a crowd of 1930s' swing fans pressing up to the bandstand, then pan back to the trumpeter, who is now wearing a wide-lapelled suit and a hairline mustache. As the trumpet continues to pour out a stream of incredibly high, rapid notes, cut to a crowd of middle-aged cruise passengers in black ties and formals dancing in a ship's ballroom. The trumpet continues playing as the camera backs steadily away to reveal, first, the trumpeter, heavier now and slightly graying, and then the whole ballroom, and finally cuts to a long shot of the ship sliding through moonlit Caribbean waters. With a final trumpet flourish, a title fills the screen: "The Harry James Story."

If such a movie is ever made, it probably won't tell the whole remarkable story of Harry Haag James, but it can hardly avoid presenting him as one of the few giants of the Swing Era who has bridged the generation gap and remained consistently popular without radically changing his style. He has developed a style compounded of his life and times. There are showbiz echoes in his trumpet—the get-'em-into-the-tent strains of a circus band. There is an element of the hot jazz he played with Benny Goodman, Ben Pollack, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson and others among his peers. (Leopold Stokowski once listed Harry's *Strictly Instrumental* as one of his favorite jazz records.) And there is his dance music, sweet and swing, which he can pour into a classical mold like *Carnival of Venice* or into one of his originals like *Music Makers* or into the latest Beatles tune.

In addition to a remarkable general music adaptability, James is an instrumentalist of phenomenal power, range and control. Christian Darnton, erudite author of *You And Music*, might have been thinking of James when he wrote: "Many of the feats of virtuosity executed by jazz players may smack of the vaudeville stunt. Nevertheless, the remarkable agility which first-class players show, as well as their ability to produce notes at the top extreme of the instruments' compasses, has set a wholesomely high standard for the orchestral player."

James has wisely never tried to be all things to all fans. One Louis Armstrong is probably enough for this world. Jimmy McPartland can sound so like the late Leon ("Bix") Beiderbecke, the great jazz trumpeter, that a few years ago a Chicagoan pausing outside the Brass Rail Theater Bar, where McPartland was playing, exclaimed, "My God, it's Bix!" But when Warner Brothers made *Young Man with a Horn*, from the 1938 novel whose protagonist is supposedly based on Bix, they hired James to play the trumpet solos mimed on the screen by Kirk Douglas.

The Warner Brothers executives were right. For most people who make no distinction among the various branches of jazz, Harry James is *the* archetypical hot trumpeter. If he has not created any musical institutions like the Glenn Miller Sound, he has proved himself one of the most imaginative of adapters and has remained one of the most sought-after and, to all appearances, best-adjusted musicians in modern history.

Too loud for Lawrence Welk

Harry James was born on March 15, 1916 in Albany, Ga., the only child of Everette Robert and Maybelle James. He was born in Albany because the Mighty Haag Circus, which featured his mother as an "iron jaw" aerialist and his father as band director, was playing there. They middle-named Harry in honor of the show.

Little Harry began his entertainment career at 5 as a contortionist. He now says that but for a mastoid operation, he might have wound up as the world's oldest living and still active human pretzel. As it was, he switched to playing drums and at 7 was good enough to substitute for the band's regular drummer. At 8 he began learning trumpet from his father and at 11 occupied a regular chair in the Christy Brothers Circus band.

In Beaumont, Texas, where the troupe wintered, Harry

A determined Harry James, 7, his career as a contortionist cut short by illness, begins a new life as substitute drummer in the Christy Brothers Circus band. He took to downbeats as easily as to back bends and at 8 began studying trumpet.

Unable to sit still, some jitterbugs dance onstage during James's engagement at New York's Paramount Theater in 1943.

lost a pet trumpet just as we started on the trip and was taking no chances . . .) when he suddenly remembered he had left his jacket on the bus. He put down the trumpet case (which was a double one, with two wonderful Selmer trumpets in it that he had picked up at the factory in Elkhart only a week or so before) and jumped back on the bus again. Just at this minute the station agent ran up and told the driver to pull out and drive down to the other end of the platform. . . . He put the car in reverse, and ran clean over Harry's two trumpets. There they were, flat as a sheet of music. Harry almost collapsed. . . ." The train arrived but failed to stop. The engineer had fallen asleep. Harry with his two flat trumpets got back on the bus with the other exhausted musicians for another long bus ride to catch the train at the next possible stop.

Among Harry's fervent admirers at that time was Louise Tobin, a baby-faced girl singer from Denton, Texas, who in private life was Mrs. Harry James. They had married in their teens when Harry was playing with the Art Hicks band and she was a fledgling singer.

"Not long after I met him," Louise recalled later, "out of the blue, he said, 'Do you think you could love me?' I said, 'What's your name—Harry who?' I think what truly attracted him to me was that I was so unsophisticated and in awe of everything. He used to educate me in the swing language. He seemed very sophisticated to me. He knew the ropes. Later, after we were married and having our problems, I remember saying to Harry, 'You can't judge me because you brought me up.' "

They had two sons, neither of whom is close to Harry today. Few married musicians of the Swing Era had much time to get to know their families. Leaders were even busier than sidemen and Harry was determined to be a leader.

Like Glenn Miller and most other ambitious sidemen, James dreamed of forming his own band, and in January 1939, with $4,500 borrowed from Goodman in return for a one-third interest in the new enterprise, Harry organized his Music Makers. Like Harry's music, the band's uniforms had a touch of the circus—they wore red mess jackets, white bow ties and winged collars. The music was even louder than the clothes and people took notice. "Strictly for swing kicks," said *Metronome* in 1940, "Harry James has the greatest white band in the country."

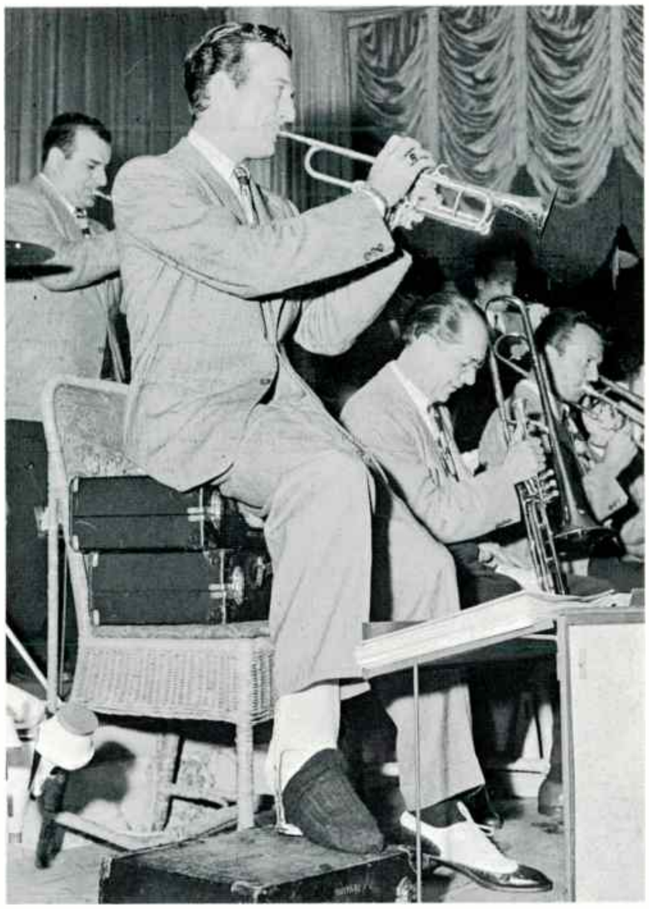
Metronome was a little ahead of the public. The James band got enough engagements to keep going but was not making much money. Goodman sold his interest back to James for $19,500, according to James—a profit for Goodman of about $800 a month on his investment.

The honeyed touch of dainty strings

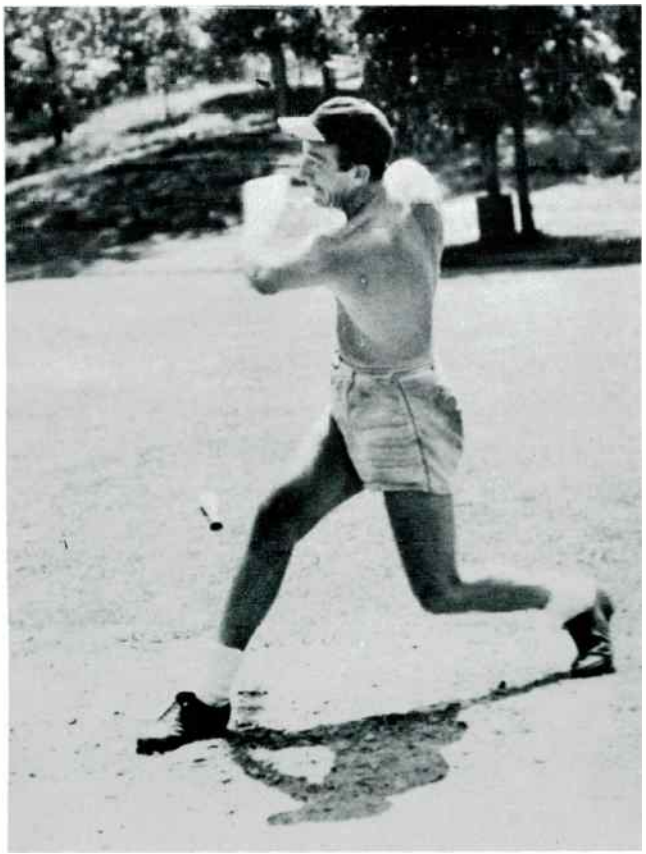
To meet the wartime demand for sweeter, more sentimental songs, Harry diluted his jazz-oriented jump with softer sounds. He began adding strings—first an experimental quartet, then more strings, until he finally had 24. "I added strings," he said later, "because I always liked strings and it gave us more variety. Naturally I hoped the public would like it, but I played what I liked." He tempered his own trumpet, playing more wailing melodies and fewer torrid improvisations. Jazz purists were appalled by what they considered a segue into schmaltz. "It would be a shame to discover that the Harry James band had really lost [its] thrilling drive," said *Metronome*.

Yet Harry's new sentimental emphasis, initiated during the early days of World War II, touched more American heartstrings than his music ever had before. On May 20, 1941 Harry recorded (on the B side of a platter) an old Al Jolson favorite, *You Made Me Love You*, in which his trumpet, backed by his dainty strings, poured on the quavers like honey on hushpuppies. For two weeks disc jockey Martin Block gave the recording a big ride on his show, and crowds began to line up for Harry's personal appearances. *You Made Me Love You* became Harry's first big hit record

Comparatively restrained James fans applaud at Paramount. Some began lining up at 4 a.m., brought lunch and stayed all day.



James is a baseball nut. In his first year with Benny Goodman he was captain, pitcher and heaviest hitter of the band's undefeated team. He played hard: at left, he assumes a menacing stance at the plate and takes a mighty swipe at the ball. He once broke his right foot sliding into third and for some weeks had to perform seated, propped on suitcases *(above)*.



Harry furnishes a hot obbligato as Nancy Walker belts

Harry and his second wife, movie star Betty Grable, fondly observe their daughter Vicki's early interest in music.

out *Alive and Kicking* in *Best Foot Forward*, one of Harry's movies. Film also features football parody *Buckle Down, Winsocki.*

and the song for which he is most remembered. He went up to the top of the charts with Miller, Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. In 1941 he placed second among soloists in *Down Beat's* annual poll, topped only by Benny Goodman.

The band was ably supported by Helen Forrest, a warm and tender vocalist who had sung with Shaw and Goodman, and Corky Corcoran, a big-toned tenor sax virtuoso whom Harry had not only hired but had adopted because Corcoran was only 17 and legally too young to work unless accompanied by a parent or a guardian. James went on to turn out an unforgettable series of wartime hits, like *I Cried for You, I Had the Craziest Dream, I've Heard That Song Before,* and *I'll Get By.* He never stopped playing swing, however, and in the spring of 1943 the band's performances in New York City's Paramount Theater drew such a mob of jitterbugs in zoot suits and bobby sox that police had to be called out to prevent a riot. *PM's* Max Lerner likened the scene to the ancient Greek revels of Dionysus—"only instead of the radiant young god you get a tallish young man with a horn."

"Each generation has to have its own craze and its own dance," Harry said of the jitterbugs, "and that's what it was then."

Another notable James vocalist had come to him by air in 1939. Harry and Louise were working in New York and finding the times far from easy. "Money was hard to come by then," Louise has recalled. The band was not doing well and Harry was looking for a boy singer. They were listening to the radio in their hotel room, Louise remembered. "Honey," she said suddenly, "listen to this boy sing." Harry listened and the next day went to an Englewood, N.J. roadhouse called the Rustic Cabin, where he signed up the youth, named Frank Sinatra, who had been singing at the Cabin for $25 a week and every day for nothing on three different New York radio stations.

Sinatra's success with James was modest. Their recording of *All or Nothing at All* sold a mere 8,000 copies—until 1943 when both men had arrived; then it perked up and eventually sold over a million. When Sinatra got a chance to join Tommy Dorsey, with five months still to run on his contract, James let him go—with no strings attached.

James replaced Sinatra with another unknown singer while auditioning some numbers for possible use by his band. "I don't like the tunes too much," James said, "but I sure like the way the kid sings." The kid, Dick Haymes, sang successfully with Harry and for years thereafter.

A .300 average for an audition

Harry played American Legion baseball in Beaumont as a youngster and was so promising a shortstop that he was once considered a prospect by the Detroit Tigers, who had a farm club in Beaumont. He organized his band into a team, complete with uniforms. "All the boys in Harry's band," said Louise Tobin, "were hired first because they could play baseball; second for their instruments." Musicians used to say you had to have a .300 batting average to get an audition with Harry.

"We carried more equipment for baseball than for music," recalled Frank Monte, Harry's longtime manager. "We'd be in that bus and we'd see something that could serve as a baseball field and, if we had an hour or so, we'd set up and play. In those days practically any bus you saw coming down the road was carrying another band, and we'd all stop and play baseball if we had the time. I'd always take our bus and stop at the first grocery store for beer, bologna and pickles, and we'd set up a picnic area too. That would save time. If we didn't have to stop and eat, we had more time to play baseball."

"Once we pulled off the road for a game," a former James sideman recalled, "and got stuck in a ditch and it cost Harry $300 to get towed out and we missed the date that night."

Harry gave baseball his all. He recorded a piece called *Dodger Fan Dance* in 1941 in honor of his favorite team, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and he once broke his right foot sliding into third and spent several weeks conducting from a chair.

Monopoly and Betty Grable, too

Harry also enjoyed Monopoly. "Harry always won," said Shorty Sherock, who played a lot of Monopoly with James when they were roommates. "He was a hell of a Monopoly player."

By 1943 Harry James was one of America's most successful bandleaders. He rounded out the American Dream on July 5 of that year, five days after his divorce from Louise Tobin, by marrying Betty Grable, pinup girl of a million GIs. "Harry never let me wear makeup—no lipstick," Louise said once. "Then he turned around and married a gorgeous showgirl."

Harry and Betty Grable had two daughters, and about this time he also took to buying and racing thoroughbreds. Some felt that Harry was neglecting his music, but his decision to disband the Music Makers in 1946 probably stemmed more from the general decline of big bands than from the pull of his outside interests. A few months later he bounced back with a new, streamlined outfit which, like his first band, had a string quartet and a lot of bounce. During the balance of the '40s, the vocalist-oriented '50s and the Rock Age '60s, Harry James, with only a few rests continued to lead a thriving orchestra which featured him in his old hits but also kept in tune with the times.

He was divorced from Betty Grable in 1965 and his 1967 marriage to Joan Boyd, a Las Vegas model, who bore him a son in 1968, also ended in divorce.

On a sunny winter day in 1970 he lunched contentedly with friends at a hotel near Miami. He was just back from playing for a swank Nassau cruise and was completing a hotel dance engagement before moving on to play at Las Vegas. The night before he had been beseiged by autograph-seeking admirers in the over-30 age bracket. "I don't make any concessions," he was saying, "but like anything else, there's good and bad rock and I play what I like, what I consider good." He was going on to say that he liked *Spinning Wheel* and *So Very Happy* when he had to break off. A pretty young thing in a miniskirt wanted her picture taken with him.

—BRUCE HENDERSON

At right, Harry rehearses for a 1968 Las Vegas reunion appearance with his 1939 "discovery," Francis Albert Sinatra.

The Music in This Volume

SIDE ONE

Band 1 IN THE MOOD

Glenn Miller version

Glenn Miller's biggest hit, which sold millions of records, is based on a very old jazz riff, previously used in a Fletcher Henderson tune called *Hot and Anxious.* Artie Shaw used to play arranger Joe Garland's embellishment of the riff under the slightly cooler title of *In the Mood* but never recorded it because it ran some eight minutes. Miller, a gifted editor, pared it down to fit one side of a 78. "Glenn would get the scissors out and start editing," said Ray McKinley, a former Miller drummer and vocalist, remembering how Miller improved the work of his arrangers. "A cut here, a cut there, do this, do that, and he'd cut it down to the meat and potatoes of the tune and it would be a good arrangement." Like Miller's *Little Brown Jug, In the Mood* is notable for simplicity and strength. From the saxes playing in unison on the famous intro, to the tenor sax dialogue, to the protracted, suspense-building ending, it is a fine example of the addictive Miller Sound.

Band 2 YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

Harry James version

Both Al Jolson and Judy Garland achieved notable performances of this tearjerker. Harry James liked the way Judy sang it and echoed her style in an instrumental he made, without great expectations, for the B side of a 1941 record. Disc jockey Martin Block took a fancy to the side and played it repeatedly for two weeks on his "Make Believe Ballroom" radio show. "We arrived in New York for a booking at the Strand in Brooklyn," James said later, "and saw these huge crowds lined up around the theater. We thought it was a fire or something. I walked up to some people and asked them what was happening and they said they were there to hear Harry James play *You Made Me Love You.* I couldn't believe it." Harry's trumpet expertly combines sugar and spice as the tune pulses romantically to a soft, insistent cymbal beat. The string quartet Harry used experimentally in this one blended so well with the band that he later added still more strings, to the distress of some jazz fanciers.

Band 3 FRENESI

Artie Shaw version

In 1939 Artie Shaw was in Acapulco recuperating from agranulocytosis, a blood disease, escaping the bobby-soxers and thinking out his identity as a musician. "Acapulco wasn't like it is now," he says. "It was just a little fishing village then. A mariachi band used to play *Frenesi* all the time and I liked it. I thought it was a Mexican folk tune." Actually it was a new hit by Mexican composer-lyricist Alberto Dominguez. When Shaw returned to Hollywood he recorded it, using the string and woodwind treatment he called "the sound of a small symphony orchestra with a jazz band buried in it." Issued as the B side of *Adios, Mariquita Linda, Frenesi* was a fast-starting hit. *Down Beat* called the new band "a baby Kostelanetz outfit—with more guts" and said, "Artie the unpredictable remains so." The reviewer liked the solo clarinet's "spiraling around on arpeggios and technically brilliant passages which have always been peculiar to the Shavian style" and added: "Brilliant music, this, combining original orchestration with facile performance. But certainly not hot jazz as Artie has played in the past." Yet *Frenesi* generates its own kind of heat with a lovely blending of swing and strings, a light, firm beat and an appeal to the feet and to the emotions.

Band 4 BIZET HAS HIS DAY

Les Brown version

"We'd be on the road, we'd do the one-night stands," Les Brown recalled, "and then we'd like to 'sit down' for eight or ten weeks. That's what we were doing in the summer of '41 at the Log Cabin Farms in Armonk, New York. We were doing a lot of swinging the classics—*Marche Slâve,* the *Anvil Chorus.* I don't remember whether I thought of this or whether my arranger, Ben Homer, did." Whoever thought of it, Homer arranged the Farandole from Georges Bizet's *L'Arlésienne* music and called it "Bizet Had His Day." Because that sounded too negative they changed "had" to "has." Bizet continues to have his day in this one which has become a classic in its own right. "We still get requests for it," said Les, "for 'that Bizerte thing' or 'the Biz-ett piece.' We always know what they mean." It's the kind of tune people remember. The stompy rhythm, the hand-clapping, the united "Hey!" of the sidemen and some happy solos make Bizet's day a lot of fun.

Band 5 DEEP RIVER

Tommy Dorsey version

"It was one of the very first full orchestrations I ever made," said the distinguished arranger Sy Oliver when asked about *Deep River* and the other Oliver-arranged numbers included in this volume. "I wrote it for Zack White in Cincinnati in 1928." Until then Sy had been writing only trumpet and sax choruses. He really spread his wings on this old spiritual, first published in a voice-and-piano arrangement by Henry Thacker Burleigh in 1917 but probably sung by slaves in other forms a century or more earlier. This arrangement, with its two-step approach and tricky sax chorus, has a 1928 sound. Tommy Dorsey recorded it, virtually unchanged, in 1941. It switches *Deep River* out of its usual dreamy, reverent channel and introduces some rapids and a cataract of drumming at the end. The band races downstream at a fast pace, with sensitive solos balancing driving drums, and makes port with a rousing three-chorus finale.

SIDE TWO

Band 1 TEMPTATION

Artie Shaw version

In 1940, about six months after he had naturalized Mexico's *Frenesi*, Artie Shaw recorded *Temptation*, a tune from the 1933 film *Going Hollywood*. It fitted the symphonic-style band he had in those days when he was talking about leading a 65-piece orchestra in a series of West Coast concerts of modern American music. It also had something of the Latin American pulse he was seeking. There was talk of his touring South America as featured clarinetist with Leopold Stokowski and he planned to do some recordings, he told a *Metronome* reporter, with "two Mexican tunes for every two American ones." The clean, clear tones of the clarinet in this arrangement contrast with the rather brooding atmosphere created by lavish use of strings and tom-toms.

Band 2 TUXEDO JUNCTION

Glenn Miller version

Erskine Hawkins recorded this first but Glenn Miller made it truly famous. As a student at Alabama State College, Hawkins played trumpet in a dance band along with Julian Dash and William Johnson. The three worked up a little tune from a musical phrase Dash had originated. After college, Dash joined the new Hawkins band which developed a "head" (unwritten) arrangement of the number. They used it first in Baltimore's Royal Theater when the management unexpectedly asked for an original number to accompany a vaudeville act. The audience liked it, so the band used it in Harlem's Savoy Ballroom as their sign-off piece, the number played at the end of each set. "Everybody inquired as to what we had played," said Dash, "so we developed it a little more."

For a recording date, Hawkins needed something for the B side of *Gin Mill Special*. "We'll put in the little number we play at the Savoy," said Hawkins. The "little number" had grown by then to a ten-minute performance and had to be cut drastically to fit one side of a 78. He called the tune *Tuxedo Junction* after a streetcar junction in the Tuxedo section of his native Birmingham.

Billy May, remembering many performances of the piece, recalled a "battle of the bands" at the Savoy between the Hawkins and Charlie Barnet bands: "When it came to *Tuxedo Junction*, everybody in the Barnet band knew the trumpet solo. All nine trumpets—four for Barnet, four for Hawkins and, of course, Erskine himself—played the same solo together. The place was packed and everybody just about flipped out."

Glenn Miller picked up the tune after it was published and, as Dash said, "The rest is history." Miller's recording was such a smash that he called his California ranch Tuxedo Junction. His version is slower than the Hawkins original, but its pervasive, almost hypnotic rhythm builds a suspense that demands the cathartic finale only a disciplined brass section can deliver.

Band 3 BLUES ON PARADE

Woody Herman version

"The Band That Plays The Blues" was a cooperative outfit launched in 1936. It was Woody Herman's first band and it played so many blues so often that during a gig in a Houston bistro it drew a peevish note from the manager: "You will kindly stop singing and playing those nigger blues." Fortunately for the archives of swing, Woody and the boys ignored him. Woody and Toby Tyler recast a Jiggs Noble arrangement called *Blues in Six Flats* to create *Blues on Parade*. It is one of the best of the early Herman blues, full of the excitement and drive that made his "Band That Plays The Blues"—and all subsequent Herman Herds—something special. In February 1940 *Down Beat* said: "Woody's get-off antics on alto are unlike anything he's waxed before; Steady Nelson's trumpeting, with that fine, round Texas tone, cuts through wonderfully." The review also noted a failing all too common to recordings of the period: "It doesn't do justice to the band as it sounds in person."

Band 4 CHEROKEE

Charlie Barnet version

Ray Noble, the elegant British bandleader who wrote things like *Goodnight Sweetheart* and *The Very Thought of You*, also composed an *Indian Suite* which included *Seminole*, *Comanche War Dance*, *Iroquois*—and *Cherokee*. The Noble pieces show few traces of North American Indian music, but *Cherokee*, at least, has done well among palefaces. At the Beverly Wilshire in Hollywood, Noble's music, according to *Billboard* of December 2, 1939, "brought Marlene Dietrich to a dance floor for the first time in Hollywood history," in the arms of James Stewart, her co-star in the film they were then making, *Destry Rides Again*. She requested *Cherokee* six times and next day had her secretary ask Noble for a recording of it. Count Basie and Charlie Barnet also recorded it. Billy May hurriedly wrote the gutty, hard-swinging Barnet arrangement in a car on the way to the recording studio. Charlie liked it so well that he dropped Vernon Duke's *New York Nocturne* as his signature tune and substituted *Cherokee*.

Band 5 BOOGIE WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES

Earl Hines version

This vigorous version of the classic blues which W. C. Handy first published in 1914 leaped to life in 1940 on the stage of Chicago's Oriental Theater. A piano style called "boogie woogie," with eight beats to the bar in the left hand, was sweeping the country and the Hines band had been fooling around the night before with a boogie treatment of Handy's tune. The crowd loved what *Down Beat* later called its "subtle satire on boogie piano style" and the applause inspired George Dixon, straw boss of the band who also played trumpet and sax. "A thought came to mind to say something while Earl was playing," Dixon said, recalling the occasion. "Put out all the lights," he hollered like a man at a riotous rent party, "and call the law right now!" The audience laughed and when Hines started a solo, Dixon yelled, "Play till 1951!" Toward the end he shouted, "Don't quit now, Jack, don't quit now!" Hines left the hollers in when he made the record, which was the all-time "Fatha" Hines best seller. The sidemen, though subdued, are in there all the way, adding a touch of low register clarinet to the intro, putting saxes under Hines and letting the bass walk down at the end, but for most of the time Hines is in the foreground making the piano sound like a whole band.

SIDE THREE

Band 1 STEALIN' APPLES

Benny Goodman version

A toothbrush mustache, scholarly glasses and a downswept hairdo did little to disguise Benny Goodman as "Professor Magenbruch" in the 1948 movie *A Song Is Born*. The imposture would have failed anyway as soon as he started playing one of the numbers featured in the film, *Stealin' Apples*. This springy Fletcher Henderson arrangement shows instantly what made Benny King of Swing: the clean attacks and cutoffs, the phrasing, and the basically simple structure of Henderson's arrangement which, like all his arrangements for Benny, kept the focus on swing. The late Thomas ("Fats") Waller, that incredible fountain of music who was pianist, organist, composer, singer, comedian and occasional bandleader, wrote the tune. The lyrics were written by a frequent collaborator of Waller's, Andrea Razafinkeriefo, Duke of Antanariva and great-nephew of Ranavalona III, last Queen of Madagascar. This scion of Madagascan nobility, whose father died fighting the French conquerers of the island, was born in the U.S. and, as lyricist Andy Razaf, got his name on a good many records. The tune was a hit from its first performance on the July 8, 1939 "Camel Caravan" radio show. Its success was no surprise to Razaf. "It was the arrangement," he said. "Anything that Fletcher did caught on at once."

Band 2 STARDUST

Artie Shaw version

Hoagy Carmichael wrote *Stardust* in 1927 during a sentimental return to his alma mater, Indiana University. Bandleader Don Redman liked it and played it, but its popularity grew slowly. "It went from Don to Jean Goldkette," Carmichael says in his book, *Sometimes I Wonder*, "and then Isham Jones was handed a lead sheet that Victor Young mooched from Jean. It was the hard way in those days. Overnight hits on radio came later." Isham Jones's romantic rendering of *Stardust* inspired Mitchell Parish to write the beautiful lyrics. After that the song really took off, helped along by Walter Winchell's determined plugging of it. "In Italy it is called *Polvere di Stelle*," said TIME in 1955, "and ranks with *O Sole Mio* as an all-time favorite. In Japan it is called *Sutaadasuto*, and is one number record stores are not afraid to overorder. In England, where pofessionals call it a 'gone evergreen,' no song has sold more copies. In the U.S. it is called *Stardust*, and is the nation's most durable hit—comfortable as an old shoe and yet rare as a glass slipper . . . a 20-year-old Indiana girl, mortally wounded in a shooting, asked to have *Stardust* played at her funeral." Besides Isham Jones, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller all made fine recordings of *Stardust*, but none came close for tenderness, pathos, rapture and sheer beauty of sound to the version Lennie Hayton arranged for Shaw's big new band with string section. The ballad became one of the largest-selling instrumentals ever made. Shaw's *Stardust* is particularly memorable for its trumpet and trombone choruses and the lovely, dipping, soaring clarinet solo.

Band 3 LITTLE BROWN JUG

Glenn Miller version

J. E. Winner first published his words and music to *The Little Brown Jug* in 1869. Seventy years later Bill Finegan, one of the great arrangers of the Swing Era, expanded Winner's eight-bar jingle into a 16-chorus dance tune without spilling a drop. It was one of the first things Finegan did for Glenn Miller, who was himself a fine arranger with a talent for hiring other fine arrangers such as Finegan, Jerry Gray and Billy May. Miller's fruitful association with Finegan also produced numbers like *Hallelujah*, *Blue Skies* and *Runnin' Wild*.

In *Jug*, reviewers particularly liked the exciting tenor sax and trumpet solos. The band achieves a fine, relaxed but rocking beat, building momentum and volume gradually and neatly framing the solos. The tenor sax takes off like a relay runner, picking up the end of a trombone phrase. A later trombone solo is a tidy example of Miller's economical style. Canny use of cymbals throughout, plus artful shading and clever work with hat mutes in the brass section generate powerful swing. The Miller band used to get six requests a day for this one.

Band 4 WELL ALL RIGHT THEN

Jimmie Lunceford version

"It was a sign-off, a riff we played at the end of a set," said Sy Oliver. The musicians couldn't resist fooling around with these sign-off riffs, everybody pitched in new ideas and the riff outgrew its original purpose. "The trumpets would add a little and then the saxes and finally you'd have to change to something else for a sign-off," said Sy. On this one, a comical trombonist named Elmer Crumbley took to saying, "Well all right then!" at the end and Jimmie gave Crumbley's immortal line to the whole band (15 times plus one solo voice repetition at the end) when he recorded this head arrangement in 1939. Sy was playing trumpet in this session, his last recording with Lunceford before he moved on to another memorable career as an arranger with Tommy Dorsey. In this neat example of the easy, walking feeling the Lunceford band produced, the riff seems to grow just the way it originally did on the bandstand, with one improvisation sprouting from another and everybody eventually getting into the act.

Band 5 TWO O'CLOCK JUMP

Harry James version

Count Basie recorded his *One O'clock Jump* in 1937, Benny Goodman later added the number to his book, and one of his trumpeters, Harry James, began improvising on the trumpet solo, like a good jazzman. In his book, *The Kingdom of Swing*, Goodman recalls that ". . . we first started doing these descending trumpet runs in the last chorus of *One O'clock Jump* (so that everybody started referring to it as *Two O'clock Jump*) . . ." At that time it was more of a 1:30 jump, but when Harry recorded it with a studio group in 1938 before he had formed his own band, he still called it *One O'clock Jump*. In 1939 he recorded it again, this time going all the way and calling it *Two O'clock Jump*. It's still basically Basie with a little extra melody at the beginning and the descending trumpet runs Goodman mentions added at the end, but Harry's version gives it a new frenzy with the trumpet taking the chromatic scales oftener and more savagely. The boogie-woogie piano, with its "walking" left hand, is still there along with the familiar original Basie riff and the rising trombone glissandos. Whatever the hour, it jumps.

SIDE FOUR

Band 1 SUNRISE SERENADE

Glenn Miller version

"Frankie Carle wrote it and should have had the big success with it," said Ray McKinley, Miller's drummer, vocalist and eventual successor as bandleader, "but Glenn did." Miller had a way of picking up other people's tunes, like this one, which later became Carle's theme, and running to the top of the sales charts with them. He recorded *Sunrise Serenade* in 1939, the year he suddenly appeared in second place in both sweet and swing categories in the annual polls of both *Down Beat* and *Metronome*. He was now a formidable rival for Tommy Dorsey and for Benny Goodman, the respective first-place winners in sweet and swing. Miller's *Sunrise Serenade* stayed at or near the top of the best sellers week after week and competed hotly with Glen Gray's version for the nickels of juke box customers. It even did a smashing sheet music business which surprised *Billboard* because of "its difficult melody for homespun piano playing and vocalizing." Certainly the simple way Miller played it attracted customers. His blues-tinged arrangement, somewhat more robust than the Gray version, opens with clarinet and tenor sax taking the lead together (a Miller trademark), proceeds with a gently insistent theme, adds a poignant tenor solo and ends with the brass section hailing the sunrise.

Band 2 REDSKIN RHUMBA

Charlie Barnet version

"We just ran out of music," said Charlie Barnet, recalling the genesis of *Redskin Rhumba*, a classic example of an instant head arrangement. One night Barnet's orchestra was broadcasting live from the Lincoln Hotel in New York. The band was playing its closing number, *Cherokee*, when Charlie realized that if they stuck to their usual arrangement they would finish with several minutes to spare, leaving radio listeners with dead air or a frantically ad-libbing announcer. The band played on, improvising variations on *Cherokee.* "We stretched it and stretched it," said Barnet. The entertainment gap was successfully bridged and later Charlie wrote down a more fully developed version of the stretch-out. "When nobody writes down a head arrangement," he explained, "if somebody leaves, part of your arrangement has just walked off." During a period when the band could not use *Cherokee* as a theme because of a legal dispute, *Rhumba* was a useful substitute—and a flexible one: like work, as described in Parkinson's Law, it could be extended to fill the time available. The performance is a roaring, crackling romp with little rhumba feeling in it beyond the title but with plenty of growl trumpet, and a salty, jumping tenor solo set against a continuous repetition of wah-wahing trombones.

Bands 3 and 4 LONESOME ROAD Parts I and II

Tommy Dorsey version

Those diligent songsmiths Nat Shilkret and Gene Austin copyrighted in 1927 this familiar version of *Lonesome Road,* which is patterned on a traditional Negro work song. *Lonesome Road* was a feature of *The Show Boat,* a movie made so close to the dawn of the talkies that it was shot as a silent film and had a musical prologue added later. "I suppose I chose it because it was a nice, simple tune," said Bill Finegan, recalling his 1938 arrangement, "one of those pop, pseudo-folk-tunes. Most people think it's a spiritual. I thought so myself at the time. It was the first arrangement I ever did for Tommy Dorsey." Dorsey liked the arrangement so much that he recorded it on two sides of a 78, a rare extravagance in those days. Since Dorsey was already employing several arrangers, he couldn't offer Finegan a job. But one day Glenn Miller dropped in, Tommy played *Lonesome Road* for him and Miller hired Finegan. The arrangement has some resemblances to Sy Oliver's arrangement of *Swanee River* in its simplicity and in the straightforward, pure-toned trombone solo. Finegan (who later was Oliver's fellow arranger in a U.S. Army band) may have been, at this early period, somewhat influenced by Oliver, but his subsequent career is proof of a great and original talent.

Band 4 CIRIBIRIBIN

Harry James version

Alberto Pestalozza (1851-1934) was an otherwise obscure Italian composer who in 1909 wrote a tune dripping with mandolin-saturated sentimentality which became so widely popular after Enrico Caruso sang it that most people, including Harry James, thought of it as a folk melody. Poor Pestalozza barely gets credit on record labels. James revised the tune in collaboration with Jack Lawrence and first performed it while still playing with Benny Goodman's band at the Paramount Theater. Benny's other dazzling trumpeter, Ziggy Elman, was making a big solo splash with *And the Angels Sing.* Harry, as he has since recalled, felt he needed an equally flashy solo. He liked to spur old warhorses (as he later did with *Flight of the Bumble-Bee* and *A Carnival in Venice*) so he chose *Ciribiribin.* Many singers, including Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters, followed the same urge, as did Frank Sinatra in an early recording with the James Band. But it was the later James instrumental version, and especially Harry's brilliant trumpeting, that really put Pestalozza over. After a deceptively sweet and heavy opening, the trumpet rips into exciting cadenzas, mounts the breaks in fast triplets and swings into the final ride-out.

SIDE FIVE

Band 1 SWANEE RIVER

Tommy Dorsey version

Stephen Foster called it *Old Folks at Home* when he published it in 1851 but everybody now calls the lovely melody "Swanee River." A white man, drawn toward but not really into the songs of a captive black people, wrote it. A black man, Sy Oliver, who was a Foster fan ("It wasn't corn when he wrote it, you know") with an expert ear for any kind of music, arranged it for a black band, Jimmie Lunceford's. "The band never played it well," said Oliver, thinking back, "and the Lunceford record didn't sell." Some five years later Oliver took the arrangement to Tommy Dorsey. "Dorsey did an excellent job on it and the record was a big success," Sy said. "It was the same arrangement. You know, I never thought about that white-black-white business before, but now that I think of it, Foster had finally come full cycle." Oliver's arrangement retains all of Foster's poignancy. The solos, especially the trombone, are framed with Oliver's pre-eminent skill. It is, as Oliver said, "an exercise in simplicity bearing out Foster's original feeling."

Band 2 MUSIC MAKERS

Harry James version

"The band was known as 'Harry James and His Music Makers,' " said Frank Monte, "but the tune wasn't popular until after *You Made Me Love You* became such a smash hit. After that, everything was popular, including *Music Makers.*" The tune is one of the few Harry wrote himself and this setting is by Jack Mathias, his staff arranger. A *Metronome* reviewer called this and other Mathias arrangements "interesting without ever getting too involved." One interesting aspect of this trumpet-player's tune is that it emphasizes the trumpet section rather than solo trumpet, and features a catchy riff melody, smooth-blending, gutty saxes and a seductive beat. Not everybody has always dug *Music Makers.* Glenn Miller once asked Billy May to arrange it for the Miller band. May took a dislike to the tune and deliberately prepared so bad an arrangement that the band never played it. In conducting the arrangement in this volume, however, May obviously has laid aside his old reservations. *Music Makers* has stayed popular with most listeners. "It gets played every night," said Monte.

Band 3 LET'S DANCE

Benny Goodman version

What may be the world's most famous theme song first got on the air by a narrow margin. As Goodman says in his book, *The Kingdom of Swing,* "toward the end of September 1934, the word got around that the National Biscuit Company was planning to put on a big program at NBC . . . The setup called for a rhumba band, a sweet orchestra and a hot band. We had some idea we were being considered for the spot as the hot band." Representatives of the sponsor came to hear Goodman at the Music Hall. The band played all its best arrangements. "I, for one, really played as if my life depended on it, for, in a way, it did," says Goodman. They got the job, but, he says, "I later discovered that the sponsors had brought a group of employees up from their office, and asked them to vote for the band they liked best. We made it by one vote." The three-hour show, the longest sponsored program that had ever been broadcast, ran on 53 stations from December 1934 to May 1935. Each of the three bands opened its segment with *Let's Dance,* a tune arranged by George Bassman, which takes off from a swatch of *Invitation to the Dance* by the great German romantic composer, Carl Maria von Weber. The urgent beat, the fine alto solo, the jabbing brass in the last chorus and above all the lilting, lifting clarinet made this the theme song of an era.

Band 4 POMPTON TURNPIKE

Charlie Barnet version

On the Newark-Pompton Turnpike stands the Meadowbrook, one of the great dance halls of the Swing Era. Charlie Barnet often played here, and he gave the road's name to a tune which singer Dick Rogers and bandleader Will Osborne wrote and Billy May arranged for a 1940 record date. The number has a slow, swinging beat with a soprano sax providing excitement, but *Turnpike's* most famous landmark is a lively dialogue with a muted trumpet mockingly echoing the brief sax phrases. *Met-*

ronome critic Gordon Wright commented: "*Pompton Turnpike* is a really solid bit, with an unnecessary Alphonse and Gaston act between Charlie and trumpeter Billy May." Charlie Barnet, recalling how sick he and the band got of playing the much-requested number, agreed. "It's trite," he said, "and doesn't leave much room for inventiveness." But to most listeners the duet still sounds gay and funny. Part of May's arrangement never made it onto wax. The juke boxes of 1940 could not adequately reproduce his brass ending, so Victor simply cut the finale in all its recordings of the tune. To please the fans, bands always tried to play their big numbers the way they had on the record and *Pompton Turnpike* when played live now always ends a few bars short, as it does in this performance.

Band 5 720 IN THE BOOKS

Jan Savitt version

Russian-born Jan Savitt, son of a drummer in an imperial regimental band, came to America in 1914. At 14 he was a violinist in the Philadelphia Symphony, where he rose to become Stokowski's concert master, and later studied with conductors Artur Rodzinski and Fritz Reiner. Savitt even organized his own string quartet before turning from the classics to form the Top Hatters, the first radio station house band to emerge as a real name band. It was one of the better groups of the Swing Era, noted for its shuffle rhythm, a propulsive beat built around a piano-playing at double time. In 1939 Savitt and arranger Johnny Watson came up with a neat new number which had nice drive from a repeated and skillfully varied phrase along with some good trumpet, trombone and clarinet solos. It had everything but a name. All it had was its number, 720, in the band's library. In broadcasts from New York's Hotel Lincoln, Savitt appealed to his listeners for an appropriate title, but nobody seemed to have any inspired ideas so the riff tune remained just "720 in the books." Later Harold Adamson added lyrics, and Savitt's sensitive vocalist Bon Bon, one of the first black musicians to work regularly with a white band, made *720 in the Books* an even bigger hit.

SIDE SIX

Band 1 TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Duke Ellington version

Composer-arranger Billy Strayhorn joined the Duke Ellington band in 1939 and "from that day forward," as jazz critic and historian Martin Williams says, "perhaps we shall never know who contributed what to the Ellington book." The tiny, modest, bespectacled Strayhorn became a kind of musical alter ego for Ellington, sometimes sitting in for him at the piano. In one of the first numbers he wrote for the Duke, Strayhorn produced *Take the "A" Train*, which became the band's signature. He got the title from the fact that when New York added to its other uptown subway routes the "D" train, which branched off to the Bronx, it was no longer a simple matter of taking any uptown train to get to Harlem. Strayhorn now had to remember to take the one marked "A."

His musical memo to himself is essentially a smooth and happy ride rocking along over velvety saxes with muted trumpet in the background. Brass increases the propulsive feeling and, at the end, the number trails quietly out of hearing like red taillights vanishing in a tunnel. The *"A" Train* made its slowest and saddest run in May 1967 at Strayhorn's funeral in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, New York City. Retired baseball star Jackie Robinson was one of the mourners who heard violinist Ray Nance and the Billy Taylor Trio open a collection of Strayhorn compositions with a dirgelike version of *"A" Train*. "I don't think there was a dry eye in the church," said Robinson.

Band 2 SNOWFALL

Claude Thornhill version

The late Claude Thornhill's mind was in Cuba when he wrote *Snowfall*. "It was originally part of a suite Claude wrote in the '30s and was called *Fountain in Havana*," said Bill Borden, a Thornhill authority, recalling the days when he was arranger for Thornhill's brand-new band. "When we brought the band into Balboa, California, in 1940 we had to have a theme and we picked that. We couldn't call it *Fountain in Havana*—though relations with Havana were better then than they are now. We thought of everything—'Waterfall,' everything—and finally picked this title." This arrangement was the first version of the Thornhill theme song. Claude also made a more complicated arrangement using the French horns he brought into the band after World War II. The echoing chords and lacy piano at the outset of this gentle, wistful tune display the softer side of swing. There is also a swell of ensemble sound typical of the band's fine use of dynamics. Thornhill liked to set up a soft, mellow mood with one of his one-finger piano solos, or through six delicately blown unison clarinets, and then suddenly throw in a burst of gorgeous ensemble sound.

In 1942 Thornhill was sent to Pearl Harbor with Artie Shaw's Navy band. He arrived just after the base Christmas party and was among those picked for the clean-up detail. To ease the chore, some USO girls started playing phonograph records, beginning with *Snowfall*. And there was Claude, pushing his broom.

Band 3 MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Glenn Miller version

Moonlight Serenade grew out of an arrangement Glenn Miller wrote as an assignment while studying for a time with the distinguished music theorist Joseph Schillinger. The piece was originally called "Now I Lay Me Down To Weep" with lyrics by Eddie Heyman, who also wrote the words to *Body and Soul*. Miller never recorded this version, but later, after Mitchell Parish had supplied new lyrics and a less tearful title, it became Glenn's theme song. It was immensely popular and millions of radio listeners found it maddening to have the tune cut off part way as it usually was when Miller broadcast from Glen Island Casino or Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook or the Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania. It is a serenely beautiful piece with a recurrent theme, rumbles of brass and nimble clarinet solos. Ray McKinley, recalling the days after the war when he led a re-formed Glenn Miller Band, said, "I've seen people stand up in front of the band and actually cry. You could almost forget about playing any new tunes. If you didn't play *Little Brown Jug*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *In The Mood*, *Moonlight Serenade* and so on, these people would take you outside and beat you up."

Bands 4 and 5 ANVIL CHORUS Parts I and II

Glenn Miller version

"When Glenn asked me to do it," said Jerry Gray, recalling how he arranged this familiar bit of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* for Miller, "I was madder than hell. I said, 'What the hell can I do with a song like that?' But it became a challenge to me, so I sat down one hot summer night in Chicago and did a block arrangement. The band was enthusiastic. It was a bit of a backbreaker for the brass, but they liked it." So did Miller who recorded it on two sides of a 78, and often used it as a rousing finale for his radio broadcasts. The band gives it an operatic opening, tosses a bow in the direction of Verdi's melody and takes off on a well-hammered series of variations which build beautifully to a climax.

—PHILIP W. PAYNE

The Musicians Who Made the Recordings in This Volume

IN THE MOOD

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Manny Klein, Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Pete Candoli, Cappy Lewis TROMBONES: Si Zentner, Murray McEachern, Joe Howard, Milt Bernhart, Tommy Pederson SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Gus Bivona, Babe Russin, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry, Julie Jacob PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Nick Fatool

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: James Zito, Shorty Sherock, Ray Triscari, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Lew McCreary, Milt Bernhart, Joe Howard, Ed Kusby SAXOPHONES: Jack Nimitz, Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Justin Gordon, Chuck Gentry VIOLINS: Darrel Terwilliger, John De Voogdt, James Getzoff, Sidney Sharp, Harry Bluestone, Gerald Vinci, Emil Briano, Paul Shure, Edward Bergman VIOLAS: Samuel Boghossian, Gareth Nuttycombe CELLOS: Raphael Kramer, Anne Goodman PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Clifford Hils DRUMS: Nick Fatool

FRENESI

Same as YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU with Vincent de Rosa added on French horn, Gene Cipriano added on oboe, Skeets Herfurt and Justin Gordon also on flute, Chuck Gentry also on bass clarinet.

BIZET HAS HIS DAY

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: James Zito, Shorty Sherock, John Audino, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Lew McCreary, Milt Bernhart, Joe Howard, Ed Kusby SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Justin Gordon, Jack Nimitz PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool

DEEP RIVER

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Pete Candoli, Shorty Sherock, John Audino, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Lew McCreary, Hoyt Bohannon, Joe Howard, Ed Kusby SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Justin Gordon, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Clifford Hils DRUMS: Nick Fatool

TEMPTATION

Same as YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

TUXEDO JUNCTION

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Pete Candoli, Shorty Sherock, Ray Triscari, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Lew McCreary, Hoyt Bohannon, Joe Howard, Ed Kusby SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Justin Gordon, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool

BLUES ON PARADE

Same as IN THE MOOD

CHEROKEE

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Manny Klein, Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Pete Candoli TROMBONES: Si Zentner, Murray McEachern, Joe Howard, Benny Benson SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Gus Bivona, Babe Russin, Julie Jacob, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Nick Fatool

BOOGIE WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES

Same as CHEROKEE

STEALIN' APPLES

Same as BIZET HAS HIS DAY

STARDUST

Same as YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Same as TUXEDO JUNCTION

WELL ALL RIGHT THEN

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Conrad Gozzo, Manny Klein, Ollie Mitchell, Pete Candoli, Vito Mangano TROMBONES: Trummy Young, Ed Kusby, Si Zentner, Dick Noel, Joe Howard SAXOPHONES: Willie Smith, Joe Thomas, Willie Schwartz, Ted Nash, Chuck Gentry, Bob Lawson PIANO: Jimmy Rowles GUITAR: Al Hendrickson BASS: Joe Mondragon DRUMS: Alvin Stoller

TWO O'CLOCK JUMP

Same as BIZET HAS HIS DAY

SUNRISE SERENADE

Same as TUXEDO JUNCTION

REDSKIN RHUMBA

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Ed Kusby, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary SAXOPHONES: Abe Most, Skeets Herfurt, Babe Russin, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Nick Fatool

LONESOME ROAD

Same as DEEP RIVER

CIRIBIRIBIN

Same as REDSKIN RHUMBA

SWANEE RIVER

Same as DEEP RIVER

MUSIC MAKERS

Same as BIZET HAS HIS DAY

LET'S DANCE

Same as REDSKIN RHUMBA

POMPTON TURNPIKE

Same as DEEP RIVER

720 IN THE BOOKS

Same as CHEROKEE

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Same as CHEROKEE

SNOWFALL

Same as CHEROKEE

MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Same as REDSKIN RHUMBA

ANVIL CHORUS

Same as TUXEDO JUNCTION

Discography

The original recordings of the selections re-created in this volume

IN THE MOOD

Composer and arranger: Joseph C. Garland. Recorded for Bluebird July 26, August 1, 1939

TRUMPETS
Clyde Hurley
Mickey McMickle
Leigh Knowles
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Al Mastren
Paul Tanner
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Richard Fisher
BASS
°Rolly Bundock

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

Composer: James V. Monaco. Arranger: Harry James. Recorded for Columbia May 20, 1941

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Claude Bowen
Al Stearns
TROMBONES
Dalton Rizzotto
°Hoyt Bohannon
Harry Rodgers
SAXOPHONES
Vido Musso
Claude Lakey
Sam Marowitz
°Chuck Gentry
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima

VIOLINS
Glenn Herzer
Leo Zorn
Sam Rosenblum
Alex Pevsner
CELLO
Al Friede
PIANO
Al Lerner
GUITAR
Ben Heller
BASS
Thurman Teague

FRENESI

Composer: Alberto Dominguez. Arrangers: Artie Shaw and William Grant Still. Recorded for Victor March 3, 1940

TRUMPETS
Charlie Margulies
°Manny Klein
George Thow
TROMBONES
Randall Miller
Bill Rank
Babe Bowman
CLARINET
Artie Shaw
SAXOPHONES
Blake Reynolds
Bud Carlton
Dick Clark
Jack Stacey
PIANO
Stan Wrightsman
GUITAR
Bobby Sherwood
BASS
Jud DeNaut
DRUMS
Carl Maus

VIOLINS
Mark Levant
°Harry Bluestone
Peter Eisenberg
Robert Barene
Sid Brokaw
Dave Cracov
Alex Law
Jerry Joyce
VIOLAS
David Sturkin
Stanley Spiegelman
Jack Gray
CELLOS
Irving Lipschultz
Jules Tannenbaum
FLUTE
Morton Ruderman
OBOE
Phil Memoli
BASS CLARINET
Joe Krechter
FRENCH HORN
Jack Cave

BIZET HAS HIS DAY

Composer: Georges Bizet. Arranger: Ben Homer. Recorded for Okeh September 17, 1941

TRUMPETS
Bob Thorne
Eddie Bailey
Don Jacoby
TROMBONES
°Si Zentner
Warren Brown
Ronnie Chase
GUITAR
Joe Petroni
DRUMS
Nat Polen

SAXOPHONES
Les Brown
Steve Madrick
°Abe Most
Wolffe Tayne
Eddie Scheer
PIANO
Billy Rowland
BASS
John Knepper

DEEP RIVER

Traditional. Arranger: Sy Oliver. Recorded for Victor February 17, 1941

TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Ray Linn
Chuck Peterson
Jimmy Blake
TROMBONES
Tommy Dorsey
Les Jenkins
George Arus
Lowell Martin
DRUMS
Buddy Rich

SAXOPHONES
Fred Stulce
Johnny Mince
Paul Mason
Heinie Beau
Don Lodice
PIANO
Joe Bushkin
GUITAR
Clark Yocum
BASS
Sid Weiss

TEMPTATION

Composer: Nacio Herb Brown. Arranger: Lennie Hayton. Recorded for Victor September 7, 1940

TRUMPETS
George Wendt
Jimmy Cathcart
Billy Butterfield
TROMBONES
Jack Jenney
Vernon Brown
SAXOPHONES
Les Robinson
Neely Plumb
Bus Bassey
Jerry Jerome
BASS
Jud DeNaut
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool

CLARINET
Artie Shaw
VIOLINS
T. Boardman
Ted Klages
Bob Bower
B. Morrow
Al Beller
Eugene Lamas
VIOLAS
Allan Harshman
Kenneth Collins
CELLO
Fred Goerner
PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
°Al Hendrickson

TUXEDO JUNCTION

Composers: Erskine Hawkins, Julian Dash and William Johnson. "Head" arrangement, based on William Johnson's arrangement for the Erskine Hawkins band. Recorded for Bluebird February 5, 1940

TRUMPETS
Clyde Hurley
Mickey McMickle
Leigh Knowles
Johnny Best
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Tommy Mack
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Jimmy Abato
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Richard Fisher
BASS
°Rolly Bundock

BLUES ON PARADE

Composers: Toby Tyler and Woody Herman. Arranger: Jiggs Noble. Recorded for Decca December 13, 1939

TRUMPETS
°Cappy Lewis
Steady Nelson
Bob Price
FLUGELHORN
Joe Bishop
TROMBONES
Neal Reid
Toby Tyler
BASS
Walt Yoder
DRUMS
Frank Carlson

CLARINET
Woody Herman
SAXOPHONES
Joe Denton
Ray Hopfner
Saxie Mansfield
Ronnie Perry
VIOLIN
Nick Hupfer
PIANO
Tommy Linehan
GUITAR
Hy White

CHEROKEE

Composer: Ray Noble. Arranger: °Billy May. Recorded for Bluebird July 17, 1939

TRUMPETS
Bobby Burnet
Johnny Owens
°Billy May
TROMBONES
Ben Hall
Don Ruppersberg
Bill Robertson
GUITAR
Bus Etri
DRUMS
Ray Michaels

SAXOPHONES
Charlie Barnet
Kurt Bloom
Gene Kinsey
Don McCook
Jimmy Lamare
PIANO
Bill Miller
BASS
Phil Stephens

BOOGIE WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES

Composer: W. C. Handy. "Head" arrangement. Recorded for Bluebird February 13, 1940

TRUMPETS
Walter Fuller
Milton Fletcher
Edward Simms

SAXOPHONES
James Mundy
Robert Crowder
Omer Simeon
LeRoy Harris

°Took part in one or more of the re-creations in this volume.

TRUMPET & SAXOPHONE
George Dixon
TROMBONES
Eddie Burke
John Ewing
Joe McLewis
PIANO
Earl Hines
GUITAR
Claude Roberts
BASS
Quinn Wilson
DRUMS
Alvin Burroughs

STEALIN' APPLES

Composer: Thomas "Fats" Waller. Arranger: Fletcher Henderson. Recorded for Columbia August 11, 1939

TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Chris Griffin
Corky Cornelius
TROMBONES
Vernon Brown
Red Ballard
Bruce Squires
BASS
Artie Bernstein
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool
CLARINET
Benny Goodman
SAXOPHONES
Toots Mondello
Buff Estes
Bus Bassey
Jerry Jerome
PIANO
Fletcher Henderson
GUITAR
Arnold Covarrubias

STARDUST

Composer: Hoagy Carmichael. Arrangers: Artie Shaw and Lennie Hayton. Recorded for Victor October 7, 1940

TRUMPETS
George Wendt
Jimmy Cathcart
Billy Butterfield
TROMBONES
Jack Jenney
Vernon Brown
SAXOPHONES
Artie Shaw
Les Robinson
Neely Plumb
Bus Bassey
Jerry Jerome
BASS
Jud DeNaut
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool
CLARINET
Artie Shaw
VIOLINS
T. Boardman
Ted Klages
Bob Bower
B. Morrow
Al Beller
Eugene Lamas
VIOLAS
Allan Harshman
Kenneth Collins
CELLO
Fred Goerner
PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
°Al Hendrickson

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Composer: J. E. Winner. Arranger: Bill Finegan. Recorded for Bluebird April 10, 1939

TRUMPETS
Bob Price
Mickey McMickle
Leigh Knowles
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Al Mastren
Paul Tanner
BASS
°Rolly Bundock
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill
SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Stanley Aronson
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Allan Reuss

WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN

"Head" arrangement by the Jimmie Lunceford band. Recorded for Vocalion May 17, 1939

TRUMPETS
Eddie Tompkins
Paul Webster
Sy Oliver
TROMBONES
°Trummy Young
Elmer Crumbley
Russell Bowles
BASS
Moses Allen
DRUMS
James Crawford
SAXOPHONES
°Willie Smith
Earl Carruthers
Ted Buckner
°Joe Thomas
Dan Grissom
PIANO
Edwin Wilcox
GUITAR
Al Norris

TWO O'CLOCK JUMP

Composers: Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Harry James. Arrangers: Count Basie and Harry James. Recorded for Brunswick February 20, 1939

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Tommy Gonsoulin
Claude Bowen
Jack Palmer
TROMBONES
Russell Brown
Truett Jones
DRUMS
Ralph Hawkins
SAXOPHONES
Dave Matthews
Claude Lakey
Bill Luther
Drew Page
PIANO
Jack Gardner
GUITAR
Bryan Kent
BASS
Thurman Teague

SUNRISE SERENADE

Composer: Frankie Carle. Arranger: Bill Finegan. Recorded for Bluebird April 10, 1939

TRUMPETS
Bob Price
Mickey McMickle
Leigh Knowles
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Al Mastren
Paul Tanner
BASS
°Rolly Bundock
DRUMS
Cody Sandifer
SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Stanley Aronson
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Allan Reuss

REDSKIN RHUMBA

Composed and arranged by Charlie Barnet, based on Ray Noble's "Cherokee." Recorded for Bluebird October 14, 1940

TRUMPETS
Bernie Privin
°Billy May
Sam Skolnick
Lyman Vunk
TROMBONES
Spud Murphy
Don Ruppersberg
Bill Robertson
Ford Leary
DRUMS
Cliff Leeman
SAXOPHONES
Charlie Barnet
Kurt Bloom
Conn Humphreys
Jimmy Lamare
Leo White
PIANO
Bill Miller
GUITAR
Bus Etri
BASS
Phil Stephens

LONESOME ROAD

Nat Shilkret's copyrighted tune based on a traditional Negro work song. Arranger: Bill Finegan. Recorded for Victor May 1, 1939

TRUMPETS
Andy Ferretti
Peewee Erwin
Yank Lawson
TROMBONES
Tommy Dorsey
Dave Jacobs
Ward Silloway
Elmer Smithers
BASS
Gene Traxler
SAXOPHONES
Dean Kincaide
Johnny Mince
°Babe Russin
°Skeets Herfurt
Fred Stulce
PIANO
Howard Smith
GUITAR
Carmen Mastren
DRUMS
Dave Tough

CIRIBIRIBIN

Composer: Alberto Pestalozza. Arrangers: Harry James and Jack Lawrence. Recorded for Columbia November 8-30, 1939

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Jack Palmer
Claude Bowen
Jack Schaeffer
TROMBONES
Truett Jones
Dalton Rizzotto
Bruce Squires
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima
SAXOPHONES
Dave Matthews
Drew Page
Claude Lakey
Bill Luther
PIANO
Jack Gardner
GUITAR
Red Kent
BASS
Thurman Teague

SWANEE RIVER

Composer: Stephen Foster. Arranger: Sy Oliver. Recorded for Victor October 16, 1940

TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Ray Linn
Chuck Peterson
TROMBONES
Tommy Dorsey
Lowell Martin
George Arus
Les Jenkins
DRUMS
Buddy Rich
SAXOPHONES
Fred Stulce
Johnny Mince
Hymie Shertzer
Heinie Beau
Don Lodice
PIANO
Joe Bushkin
GUITAR
Clark Yocum
BASS
Sid Weiss

MUSIC MAKERS

Composer: Harry James. Arranger: Jack Mathias. Recorded for Columbia January 8, 1941

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Claude Bowen
Al Stearns
Nick Buono
TROMBONES
Dalton Rizzotto
°Hoyt Bohannon
Harry Rodgers
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima
SAXOPHONE
Vido Musso
Claude Lakey
°Chuck Gentry
Johnny Mezey
PIANO
Al Lerner
GUITAR
Ben Heller
BASS
Thurman Teague

LET'S DANCE

Composers: Gregory Stone and Josef Bonime. Arranger: George Bassman. Recorded for Columbia October 24, 1939

TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Jimmy Maxwell
Johnny Martel
TROMBONES
Vernon Brown
Red Ballard
Ted Vesely
BASS
Artie Bernstein
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool
CLARINET
Benny Goodman
SAXOPHONES
Toots Mondello
Buff Estes
Bus Bassey
Jerry Jerome
PIANO
Fletcher Henderson
GUITAR
Charlie Christian

POMPTON TURNPIKE

Composer: Charlie Barnet. Arranger: °Billy May. Recorded for Bluebird July 19, 1940

TRUMPETS
Bernie Privin
°Billy May
Sam Skolnick
Lyman Vunk
TROMBONES
Spud Murphy
Don Ruppersberg
Bill Robertson
DRUMS
Cliff Leeman
SAXOPHONES
Charlie Barnet
Kurt Bloom
Gene Kinsey
Jimmy Lamare
Leo White
PIANO
Bill Miller
GUITAR
Bus Etri
BASS
Phil Stephens

720 IN THE BOOKS

Composers: Jan Savitt and Johnny Watson. Arranger: Johnny Watson. Recorded for Decca September 21, 1939

TRUMPETS
Jimmy Campbell
Johnny Austin
Jack Hansen
TROMBONES
Cutty Cutshall
Don Sines
Al Leopold
DRUMS
Russ Isaacs
SAXOPHONES
George Bohn
Jack Ferrier
Ed Clauson
Frank Ludwig
PIANO
Gene DePaul
GUITAR
Guy Smith
BASS
Morris Rayman

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Composer and arranger: Billy Strayhorn. Recorded for Victor February 15, 1941

TRUMPETS
Wallace Jones
Ray Nance
Rex Stewart
TROMBONES
Juan Tizol
Lawrence Brown
Joe ("Tricky Sam") Nanton
CLARINET
Barney Bigard
DRUMS
Sonny Greer

SAXOPHONES
Otto Hardwick
Johnny Hodges
Ben Webster
Harry Carney
PIANO
Duke Ellington
GUITAR
Fred Guy
BASS
Jimmy Blanton

SNOWFALL

Composer and arranger: Claude Thornhill. Recorded for Columbia May 21, 1941

TRUMPETS
Conrad Gozzo
Rusty Dedrick
Bob Sprental
TROMBONES
Tasso Harris
Bob Jenney
BASS
Harvey Sell
DRUMS
Gene Leman

CLARINET
Irving Fazola
CLARINET & SAXOPHONE
Dale Brown
Ted Goddard
George Paulsen
John Nelson
Hammond Russum
PIANO
Claude Thornhill
GUITAR
Alan Hanlon

MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Composer and arranger: Glenn Miller. Recorded for Bluebird April 4, 1939

TRUMPETS
Bob Price
Mickey McMickle
Leigh Knowles
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Al Mastren
Paul Tanner
BASS
•Rolly Bundock
DRUMS
Frank Carlson

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
•Willie Schwartz
Stanley Aronson
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Allan Reuss

ANVIL CHORUS

Composer: Giuseppe Verdi. Arranger: Jerry Gray. Recorded for Bluebird December 13-27, 1940

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
Johnny Best
•Billy May
Ray Anthony
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
BASS
Trigger Alpert

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
Tex Beneke
•Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Jack Lathrop
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

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Abbreviations: b., bottom; c., center; exc., except; l., left; r., right; t., top

* * *

The Swing Era

Swing as a Way of Life

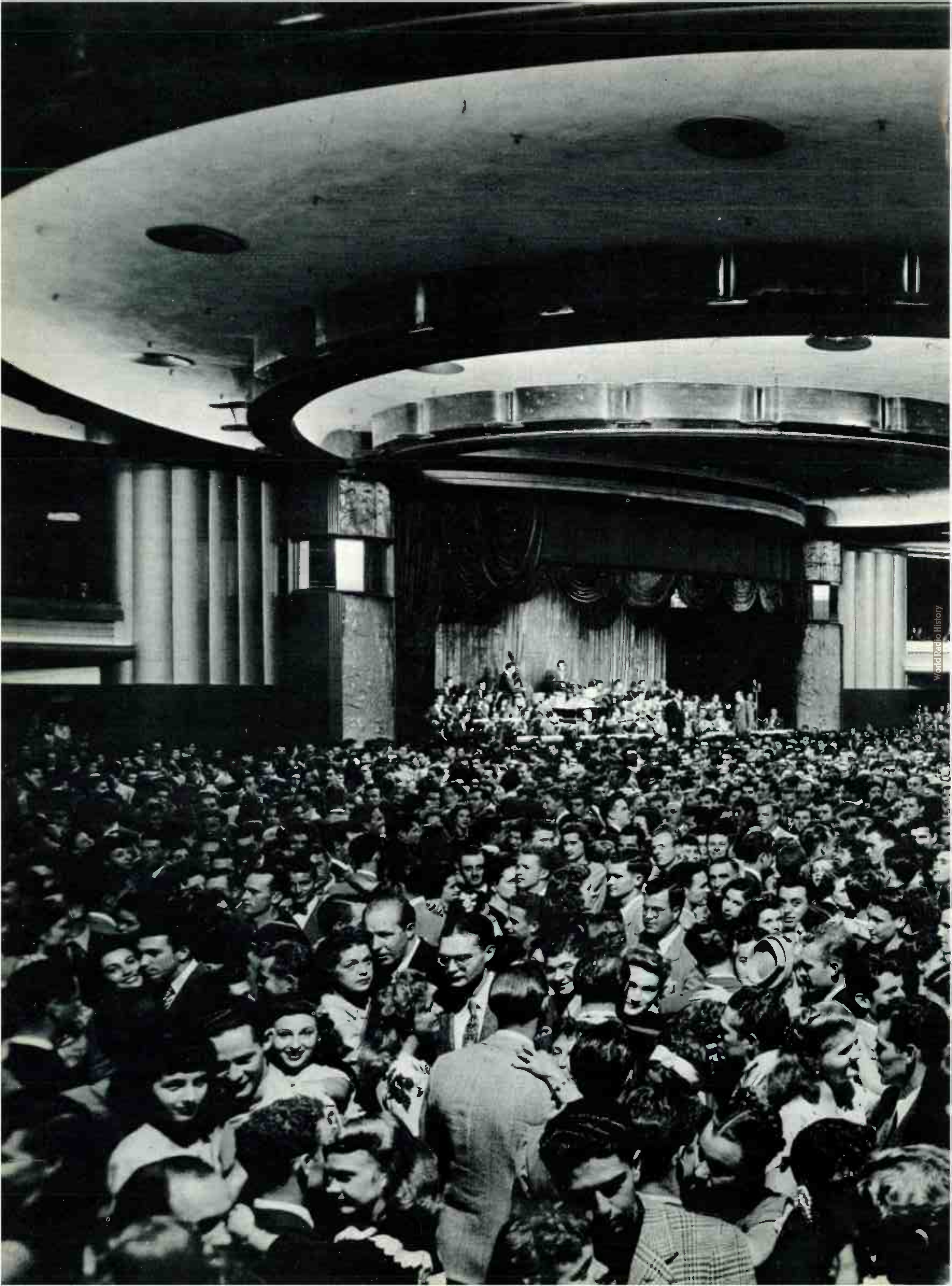
The Men Who Made the Music:
The Dorsey Brothers
Bob Crosby

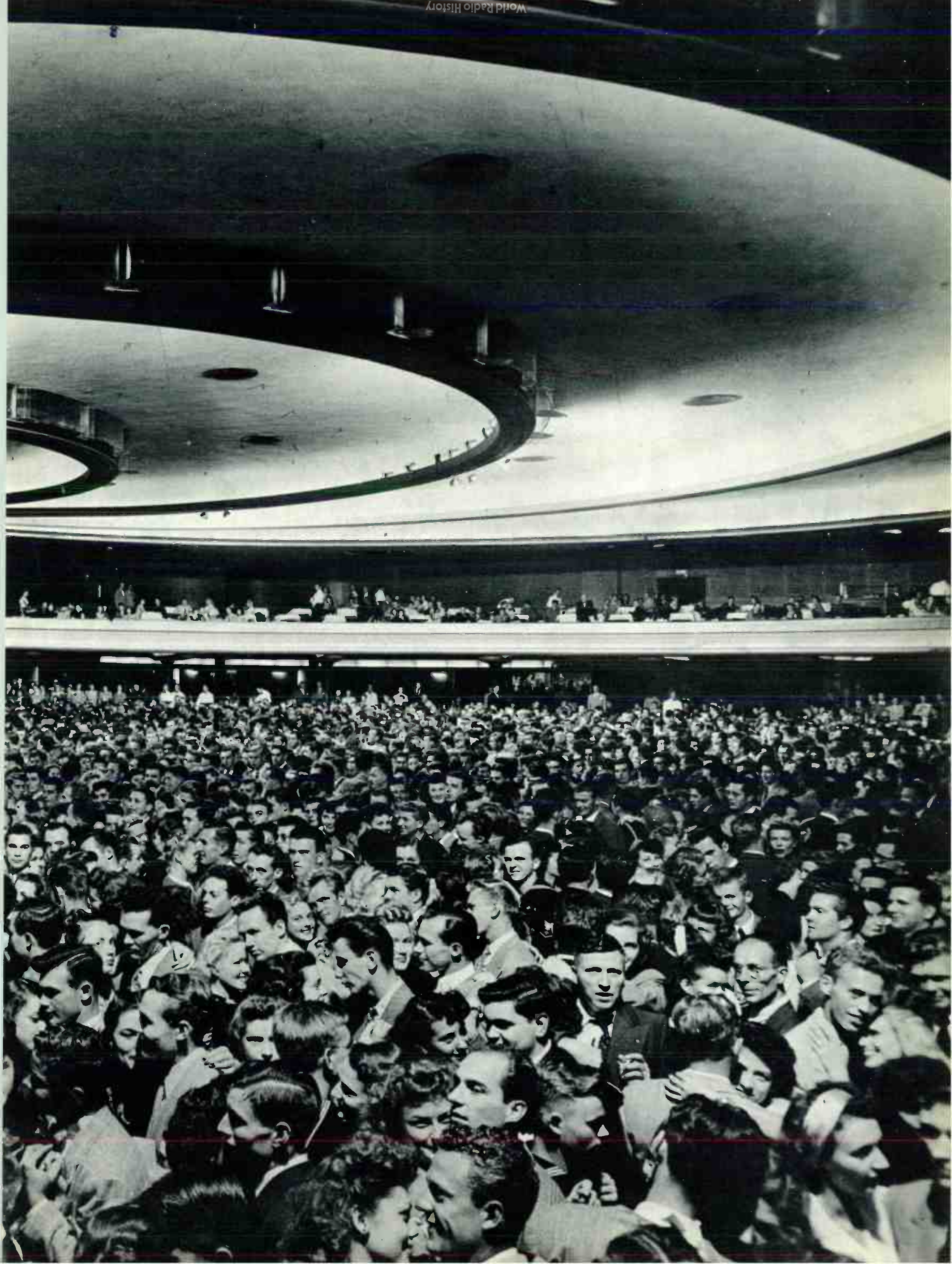
The Music in This Volume

Discography

1941-1942

TIME-LIFE RECORDS
NEW YORK





Swing as a Way of Life

For a host of people—musicians, ballroom operators, critics, singers, record collectors, bandleaders, arrangers, fan club members, composers, managers, dancers and just plain listeners—swing was more than just the music of the time. Says Ralph J. Gleason, whose account of the Dorsey brothers appears elsewhere in this volume: "It was the whole way of life. At first, when I was in my teens, listening to the Atwater Kent after the lights went out in our house in the little New York suburb of Chappaqua, back in 1933, the names of the bands meant nothing at all. And the ballrooms the music came from were so grand and unreachable that it was all like a movie in which you had only the sound track and you made the movie in your head.

"I knew about Glen Island Casino, that holy place of dance bands on Long Island Sound; a kid I knew in high school, who wore the first black-and-white saddle shoes I ever saw, spent every weekend there to hear Glen Gray. But going to Glen Island meant a car and at least six or seven bucks because it was impossible to think of it as a solo flight.

"Then I went to college, at Columbia, and I discovered to my wonderment that this music was available on phonograph records, some of which could be bought for as little as 35 cents. The phonograph was just beginning to come back after its eclipse by the newfangled radio. To play the records, I had to go up to the room of a musical maniac from Binghamton who was studying pre-med and jazz with equal intensity. For his musical education he had two black boxes of 78 rpm discs and a Magnavox. And so, on discs, I met Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson and the Dorsey brothers.

"My musical friend took me downtown to 52nd Street to hear John Kirby, Riley and Farley and Art Tatum, and for the duration of my four years at Columbia I went to bed at 8 p.m., rose at midnight and went downtown to hear music. You could get down from Columbia for a nickel on the subway and you could buy a snub bottle of Piel's for 45 cents at the tiny bar of the Onyx Club or the Famous Door or the 18 Club or at the long oval bar of the Hickory House and, if you had nerves of steel, stay for hours on one beer. Sometimes kindly citizens bought more. Sometimes one could just stand in the corner and not be bothered. I was in a corner in the Onyx listening to Waller the night the whole Basie band walked in and got on the stand. We left the club at 8 a.m. and I went to my morning class in history with music ringing in my ears.

"When I heard that Tommy Dorsey was going to play a Columbia prom I got primed for the event with Scotch and a couple of hours of records. I got to the prom early and I was in ecstasy. On that stage, even at the end of the ballroom, the band looked big, and Red McKenzie was the vocalist. Tommy played *Sweet Lorraine* and Red sang it, as always, waving his arms out of time like a plasterer at work on a wall.

"But what really did it for me that night was the pure, singing sound of Tommy's trombone on the ballads, the swinging sound of the sax section behind it, and then the Dixieland feeling when Tommy would do something like *Jada*.

"I didn't know it then, but that music and all that it implied and led to would be a part of my life from then on. It became an absolute necessity to hear the radio broadcasts of all the bands—Goodman and Miller and the Dorseys and Artie Shaw. But it became even more important to get to see them any time, any place.

←Shown on the preceding two pages is Hollywood's Palladium, the largest of U.S. ballrooms, jam-packed to capacity—6,500 dancers. Far in the rear can be seen the Glenn Miller Band, led by Tex Beneke *(in dark jacket)* who had been a tenor saxist and vocalist with Glenn and who took over the band after Miller's death.

"I worked out ways to beat the tab at the hotels. I learned to slip into the Palm Room at the Commodore, for instance, and sneak behind the band. Freddie Stulce, one of Tommy's saxophonists, would let me sit at the band's table; so would Tommy's vocalist, Jack Leonard. In the last set I could stand somewhere on the side and be transported as Tommy would hold up his finger for 'one more' and Bud Freeman would rock back and forth as he blew tenor choruses and Bunny Berigan or (later) Peewee Erwin would stand up, the trumpet singing out over the trombones and the saxes, and Davey Tough's superficially simple but deeply complex drums building and building over the saxophone riffs. And sometimes, with Tommy looking on, Les Jenkins would take a trombone solo, sweating and straining, his bald head flushing with the exertion.

"It wasn't just the music. It was a way of life."

Swing had many meccas. The sound of the big bands welled up amid the sumptuous elegance of the "biggest pleasure palace in the world," Hollywood's Palladium Ballroom, which had dancing room for 6,500 people and 30 muscular bouncers to keep the dancing orderly. On balconies overlooking the 12,500 square feet of dance floor were two restaurants, three bars and two soft-drink bars. The Harry James band once drew 35,000 customers here in a single week, 8,000 of them on a single night.

New York's Roseland had mirrored walls, a ceiling studded with electric stars and hostesses of notable refinement. It inspired stories by Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara.

Two suburban New York glamour spots were especially important to the bands. Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, was a cheery place with a large dance floor, tables around the dancing area and a balcony on all sides except over the bandstand. It drew large crowds of college kids, especially at its Saturday matinees.

The Glen Island Casino, recalled by Ralph Gleason, was the "cradle of the name bands." It was a huge, rustic building on a small island in Long Island Sound just off New Rochelle, New York. The ballroom was on the second floor, its high ceiling crossed by heavy beams from which hung the pennants of the major colleges and universities. The room was dimly lit. With the moon shining off the water through the windows and the band alternating swing tunes with ballads of love, Glen Island was a romantic place.

Not romance, but radio, made Meadowbrook and Glen Island major plums for bands. By what were referred to, almost in awe, as "radio remotes," the Casino broadcast 18 shows a week all over the country and Meadowbrook, more than 20. The exposure could make a band overnight. Glen Island helped launch Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra as well as the Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak, Hal McIntyre, Woody Herman, Claude Thornhill and Dorsey Brothers bands. Frank Dailey, a former bandleader who ran the Meadowbrook with his musician brothers, could afford to be picky and insist on bands like those of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller and Harry James. Bands competed to play these spots, played for low wages and lost money on their contracts with these places just to get that magic radio wire.

"We were at the Hurricane in 1943 for six months," Duke Ellington once said, recalling a stint at a New York nightclub, "and lost money. But we were on the air five or six times a week, and when we went back out on the road we could charge five to ten times as much as we could before that." Duke may have been exaggerating slightly, but the value of radio exposure was incontestable.

The bands of Les Brown and Teddy Powell often played in the Log Cabin in Armonk, New York, whose dance room was approached through the Log Cabin store where proprietor Auggie Husser offered jams and homemade pies. The customers included school kids.

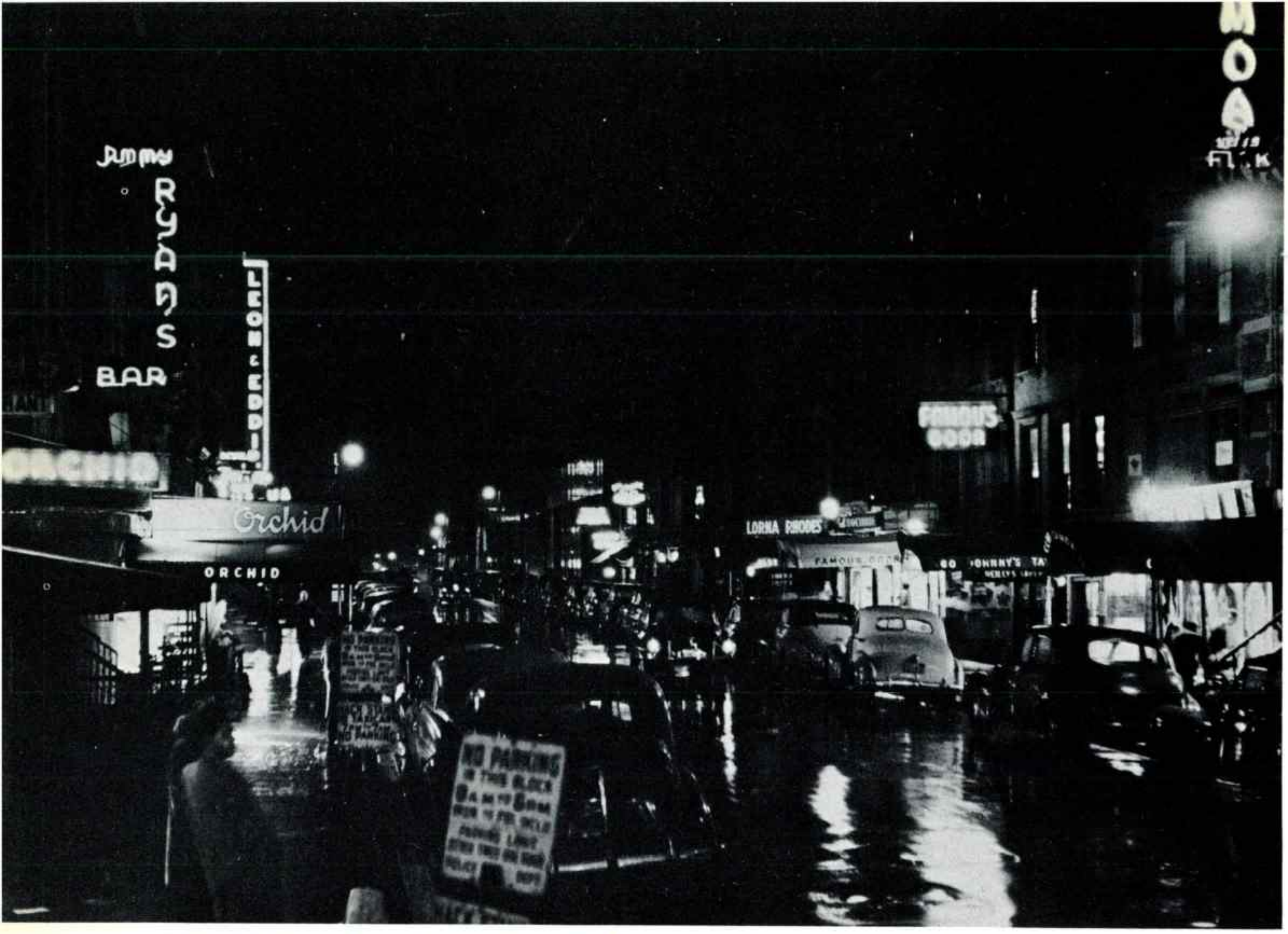
In dark and smoke-filled Harlem rooms the whiskey numbed the palate but left the ears sharply tuned to music. The Lenox Club was also called the Breakfast Club because here the breakfast-dance fad began. At Tillie's Chicken Shack composer Walter Donaldson promised Fats Waller a drink every time he played Donaldson's *My Blue Heaven*. He played it 25 times before his fingers went rubbery.

Bare, narrow and deep places

Many of the institutions along 52nd Street, Manhattan's Street of Swing, looked suspiciously like clip joints. Ryan's, the Famous Door, Onyx Club and Kelly's Stables were all bare, narrow, deep places, converted from the ground or first floors of old brownstone homes. But they offered just about everything in swinging jazz. Red McKenzie sang along with Bunny Berigan's trumpet. Art Tatum, Fats Waller and Joe Sullivan demonstrated the inexhaustible possibilities of the piano. Billie Holiday sang the blues as nobody else could. In the narrow closeness of the Famous Door, Count Basie's big band made listeners feel as if they were sitting in the bell of the trumpet.

Hotel ballrooms were of course different. In New York, date met date under the clock at the Biltmore, near Grand Central Station, and went off to the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel to hear Benny Goodman. The more knowing fanciers of bands had already heard him, in person at or by radio from the Urban Room in Chicago's Congress Hotel.

At the Terrace Room of the New Yorker Hotel, Tommy Dorsey's band enjoyed what trumpeter Yank Lawson calls the "built-in air conditioning" of an artificial ice rink which slid beneath the bandstand when not in use.



Nightclubs the size and shape of shoeboxes lined both sides of New York's West 52nd Street in the '30s and '40s when it was the Street of Swing. The faithful wandered among places like the Famous Door, the Onyx Club and Kelly's Stables to hear and compare the music of Count Basie, Bunny Berigan and Bud Freeman.

For good music at lower prices there was the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln on Eighth Avenue. The owner, Maria Kramer, paid musicians very little but lavished maternal solicitude on them. If a band she had booked when it was unknown later zoomed to fame—as happened with Artie Shaw and others—that band came back and played a cheap date for her now and then. She knew good music and hers was one of the first white hotels to book black bands.

Important as hotel dates were to bands for money and prestige, their fame among a wider audience depended even more on the sales of their records.

The record industry was a prime disseminator of and fuel source for swing. From small beginnings, the U.S. record industry grew to a $50-million-a-year business in the 1920s, then slumped to 1/20th of that in 1932 under the impact of radio and the Depression. It came back strong with the advent of the 35-cent 78-rpm record, the development of the electric-powered record player and the sudden ubiquity of the jukebox. By 1939 there were 225,000 jukeboxes in the U.S. using 13 million discs a year. Youngsters thronged record stores each week when new shipments arrived, to listen, comment and buy.

Radio stations quickly understood the value of playing recordings of vastly popular music. Whole programs could be built on nothing more than a stack of records and a good talker. The disc jockey became a figure of national importance, ardently wooed by musicians and record manufacturers. Disc jockeys and the boxes helped launch some great bands to fame.

A flood of recordings swelled to meet the demand. Not counting transcriptions, the kind of packaged programming sold to radio stations on 16-inch platters, the industry sold 10 million records in 1933, 33 million in 1938 and 127 million in 1941.

Three big companies dominated the swing and jazz fields but there were a dozen significant smaller outfits. Theoretically, most bands made all their records under the same or very similar names and for only one label at a time. In practice, musicians flitted like butterflies from label to label under various guises. Duke Ellington's manager, Irving Mills, signed an exclusive contract with Victor on behalf of the Duke. Soon records appeared under other labels by bands sounding much like Ellington's but called the Jungle Band, Mills's Ten Blackberries, the Harlem Footwarmers, Joe Turner and His Memphis Men, or the Philadelphia Melodians.

Commodore records issued some fine sides attributed to a musician identified simply as "Maurice" who sounded exactly like Fats Waller.

Shoeless Joe Jackson, the star outfielder who was banned from baseball after being accused of conspiring to throw the 1919 World Series, got his name on some record labels, but the clarinet on those records was Benny Goodman's.

Clef Records had some brilliant drum solos credited to the Chicago Flash, which does in a way describe Gene Krupa.

Bands did some of this label-hopping for extra money, a need which eventually disappeared in cases like Ellington's. But often musicians played under *noms de disque* just for the fun of it. Sidemen from different bands who particularly enjoyed playing together would sometimes combine forces for a recording session, no matter what their contracts said.

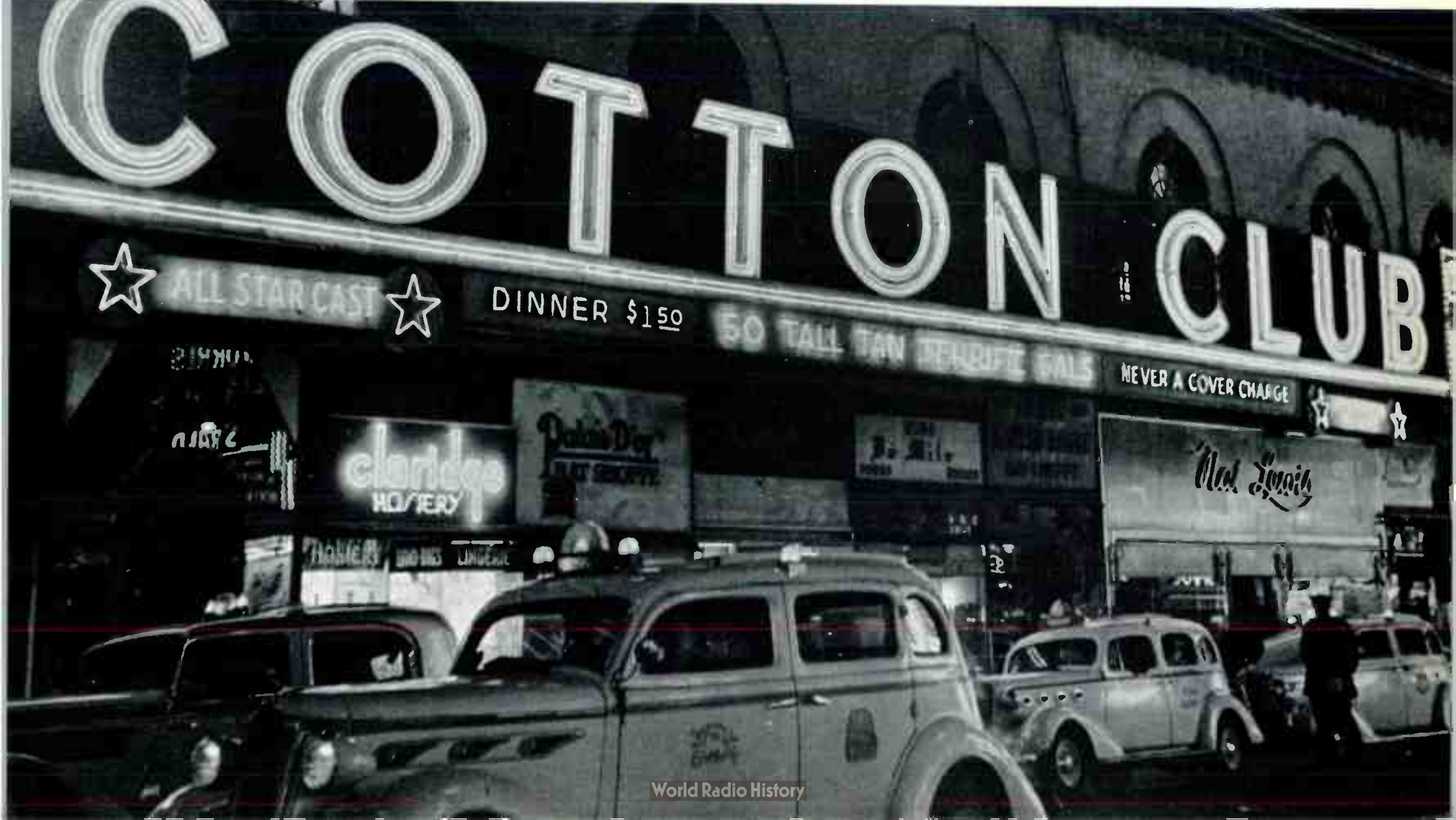
During the Swing Era, almost all popular records were ten-inch, 78-rpm discs which gave the musicians about three minutes to play a tune. "That was the good part about it," Earl Hines contends. "Just like when you are on stage, you want to leave the people wanting more. You concentrate more, you're getting to the meat of it because you know you're only going to be there for a certain length of time. When I got only two choruses to play I put everything I've got into them. There was more feeling in doing our recording than there is now."

Hines has his doubts about today's long-playing records. "It is a mistake putting out albums with ten or so tunes on them," he says. "Good tunes get lost that way. The disc jockeys never play the whole album, maybe just one tune they like, and the public never gets to hear the other tunes. Years ago we'd make just one record and it would last three months, and if it would go well they would keep it out there and you got time to see what was happening, you got new ideas."

Despite the advent of the LP—or perhaps because of it—collectors of 78s still abound. Many Swing Era collectors began by buying used jukebox records at ten cents each and graduated to buying every disc by their favorite bands they could lay their hands on. Some became real fanatics who scoured attics, basements and secondhand stores, joined collecting clubs and became part of a vast network of shellac-hoarders.

Collections grew until they threatened to take over whole houses. Alan Merriam, now an ethnomusicologist and a professor at Indiana University, remembers visiting the home of Edwin ("Squirrel") Ashcraft, the Chicago lawyer and early swing fan, at four o'clock one morning and being astonished at the piles of records, some of them great rarities, stacked without jackets in wobbly piles on chairs, tables and the floor. Ashcraft

Shuttle runs of taxis carried white people from downtown Manhattan up to Harlem's fabulous Cotton Club on Lenox Avenue where the delights included the music of the Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway and Jimmie Lunceford bands plus singers and tall, tan chorus girls doing, among other dances, the Harlem River Quiver.



was an untypically generous collector who freely gave away records to friends. Jacob Schneider, a New York collector, was and is more businesslike. He set out to amass the world's largest collection of its kind and believes he has it now—450,000 jazz, pop, sweet and personality records dating from about 1910 to 1955.

Swing fans listened endlessly to records and also spent considerable time dancing—to recorded music when necessary but preferably to the sounds of a live band.

Dancing was the central activity in the hotel and supper clubs, in the ballrooms or at the college proms. Most people danced the fox-trot, a simple shuffle that a spastic could master and a man with a dickey heart could safely dance all night. But the youngsters needed dances to match the driving music that was burning in their blood, and they got those dances from the same source which originated the jazz that became swing—the black community.

People with very long memories say it began with a dance called the Texas Tommy in the *Darktown Follies* of 1913.

The Texas Tommy's basic step was a kick and a hop three times on each foot, followed by the "breakaway," in which couples separated and each dancer maneuvered individually. Some of the Texas Tommy survived in the Hop which retained the breakaway and added a syncopated two-step or box step accenting the offbeat.

The record business slumped badly in 1932 but soon recovered, and in Lemcke's record store in Webster Groves, Missouri, as elsewhere in the U.S., kids were once again gathering weekly to hear and discuss new releases, perhaps to buy some of them. They bought shrewdly, with an eye to future trades.

Jacob Schneider, a New York attorney and record collector, looks over some of the 450,000 records he stores in the unused ballroom of the old Endicott Hotel. He claims his is the world's largest such collection. To hear them all, a music lover would have to listen steadily 12 hours a day for ten years and three months.

From the Charleston of the '20s, the Hop borrowed the Charleston Swing, a forward and back kick. After Charles Lindbergh's famous solo flight, the Hop became the Lindy Hop. By 1936 it was known as the Jitterbug.

In a slightly modified form, jitterbugging spread to the white world where it was joined by a dance known as the Big Apple which has been traced to a black dance hall in Columbia, South Carolina. Soon the smaller taverns and dance halls were posting apologetic signs: "Sorry, no Big Apple. Not enough room." The Big Apple started when the band leader (or any dancer) cried, "Cut the apple!" and dancers formed circles of eight to ten people each. At the caller's cry of "Come on and swing," the dancers would break into the Charleston Swing, a more violent version of the previous decade's Charleston. Each dancer would step forward on his left foot and kick the right foot up, then step back on the right foot and kick the left foot to the rear. Soon the whole circle would be a flurry of flying feet and counter-flying arms and elbows.

When the caller yelled, "Truck to the right!" each dancer would face right, raise an admonitory index finger, step forward and pivot, first on one heel and then on the other. "Truck to the left!" the caller would shout, and the circle would reverse. On "Peck to the east," the dancers would turn their heads to the left and make the chicken-pecking motions celebrated in the highly successful Harry James composition, *Peckin'*. On "Peck to the west!" they would peck right, "And you peck and you peck and you peck your best." At the cry of "Suzy-Q!" each dancer would clasp his hands together and swing his arms to the right while his feet pivoted sideways to the left, like a hammer thrower winding up.

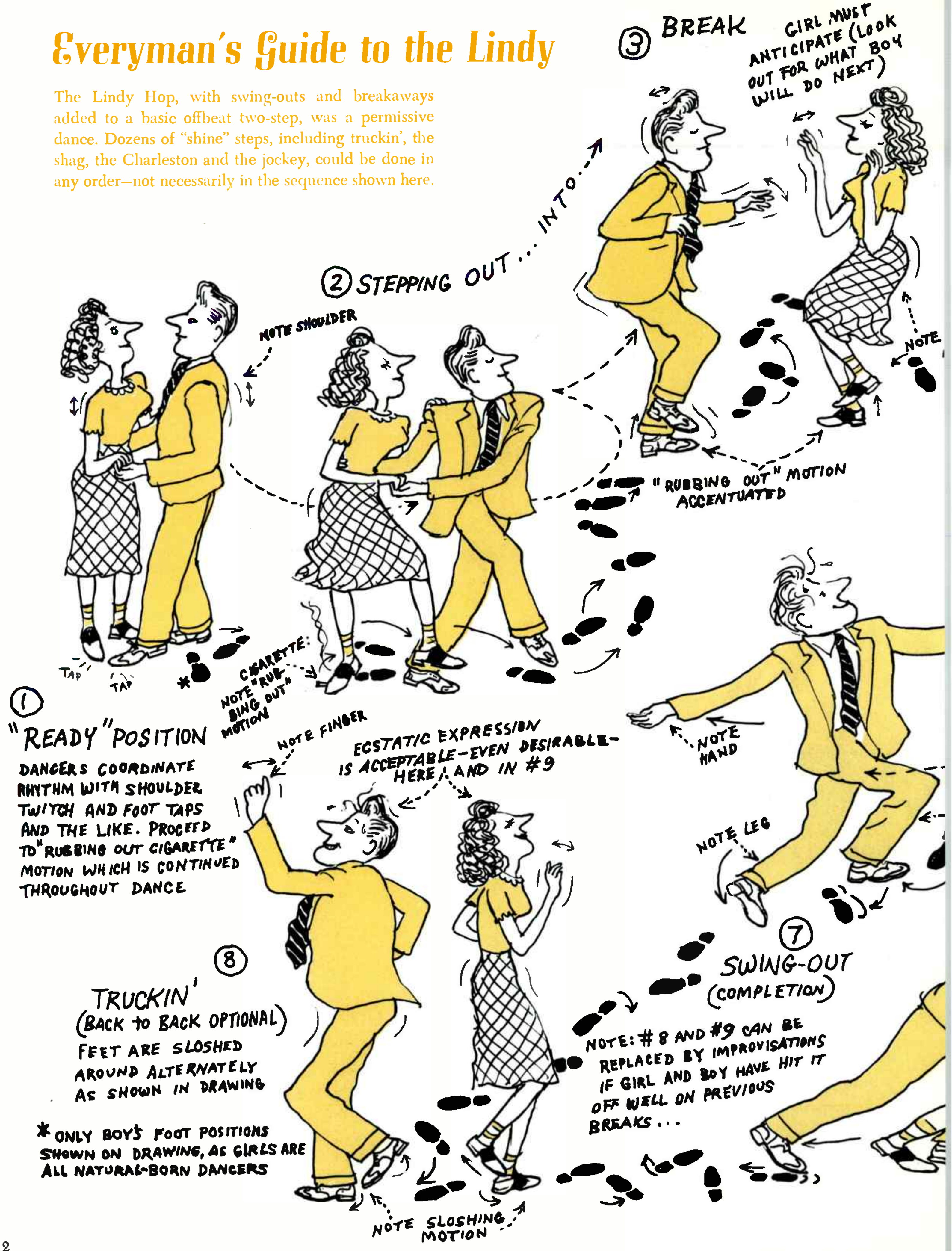
When "Praise Allah!" was the call, the dancers, arms aloft and quivering, rushed together into the center of the circle, chanting "Praise Allah!" In Kickin' the Mule, the boys leapfrogged, and then were leapfrogged by the girls. In the Organ Grinder, each boy knelt on one knee while his partner, with one finger atop his head, trucked around him. Back to the Circle Swing was a hazardous, kicking Charleston with the dancers all facing outward, feet flying wildly. A caller might single out a dancer by name and order him to "shine"—to shag, truck, Suzy-Q or improvise in the center of the ring to the accompaniment of applause and encouraging shouts.

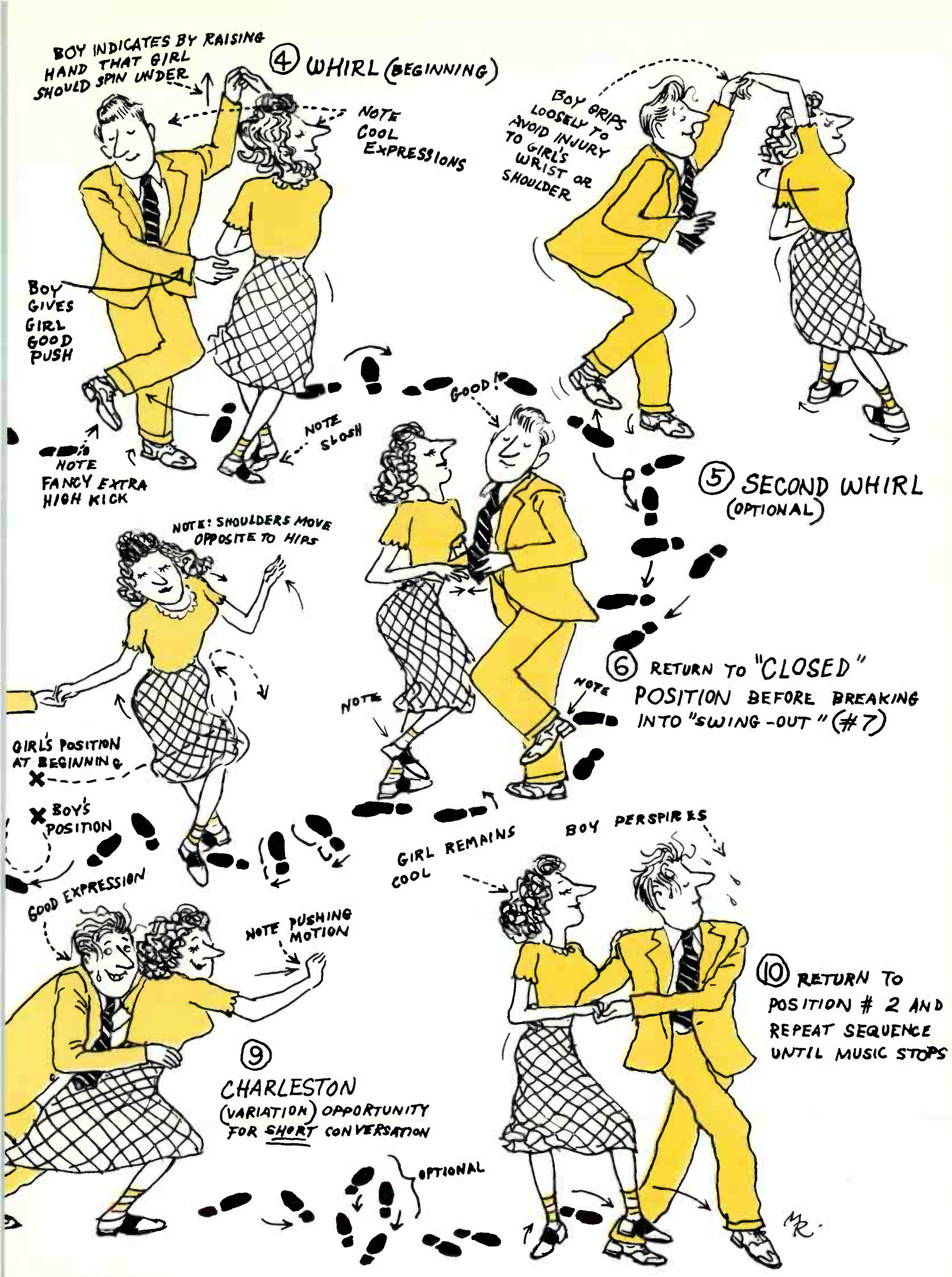
It got into the blood. One coed's father watched his daughter, coming home on vacation from the University of Michigan, truck up to the front door of their house,

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Everyman's Guide to the Lindy

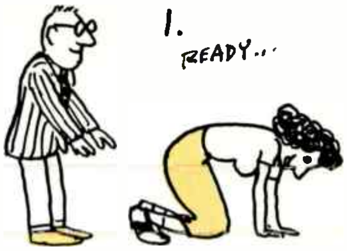
The Lindy Hop, with swing-outs and breakaways added to a basic offbeat two-step, was a permissive dance. Dozens of "shine" steps, including truckin', the shag, the Charleston and the jockey, could be done in any order—not necessarily in the sequence shown here.

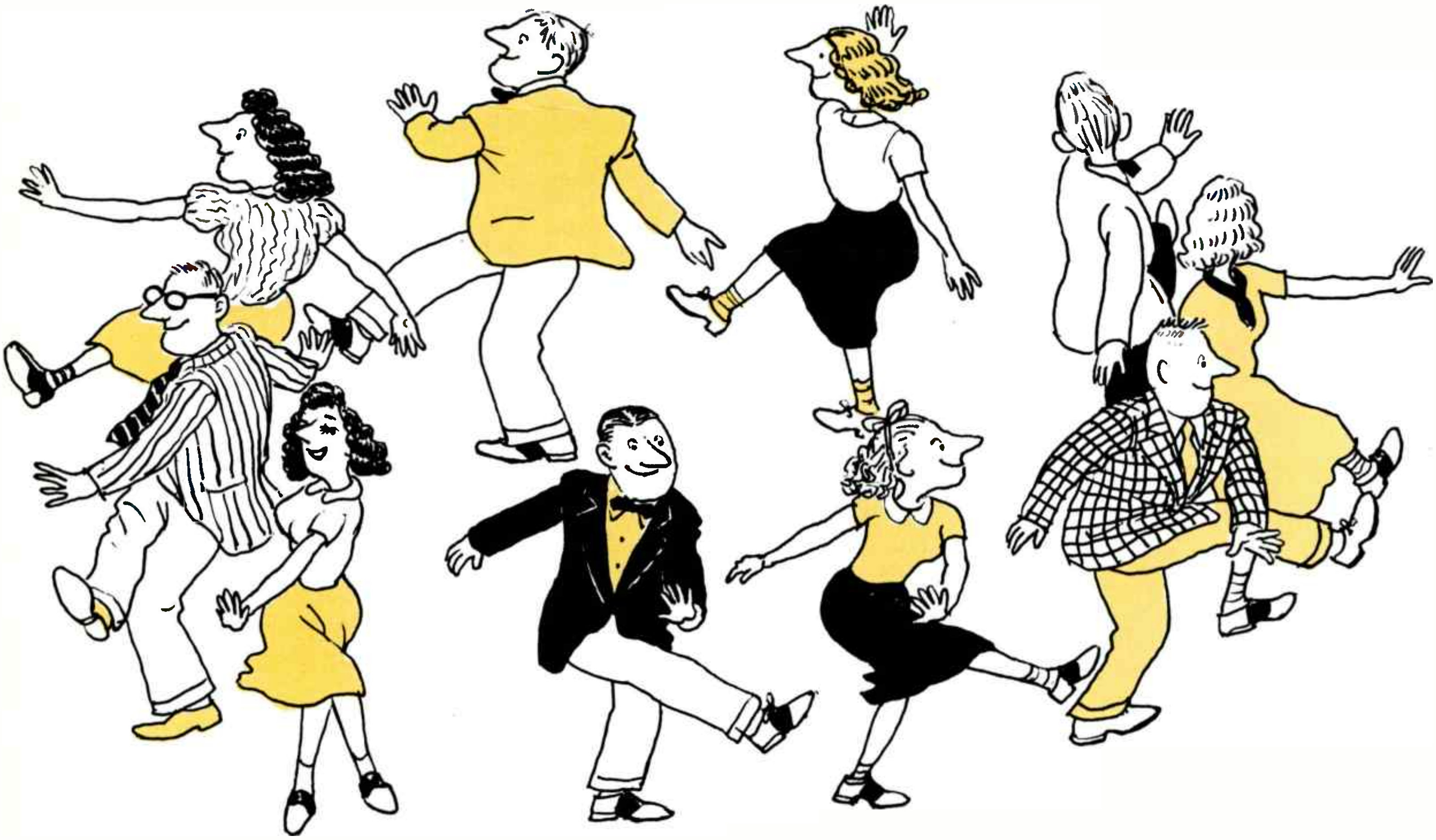

③ BREAK
GIRL MUST ANTICIPATE (LOOK OUT FOR WHAT BOY WILL DO NEXT)
② STEPPING OUT ... INTO...
NOTE SHOULDER
NOTE
"RUBBING OUT" MOTION ACCENTUATED
TAP
TAP
*
CIGARETTE
NOTE "RUBBING OUT" MOTION
①
"READY" POSITION
DANCERS COORDINATE RHYTHM WITH SHOULDER TWITCH AND FOOT TAPS AND THE LIKE. PROCEED TO "RUBBING OUT CIGARETTE" MOTION WHICH IS CONTINUED THROUGHOUT DANCE
NOTE FINGER
ECSTATIC EXPRESSION IS ACCEPTABLE—EVEN DESIRABLE—HERE, AND IN #9
NOTE HAND
NOTE LEG
⑧
TRUCKIN'
(BACK to BACK OPTIONAL)
FEET ARE SLOSHED AROUND ALTERNATELY AS SHOWN IN DRAWING
* ONLY BOY'S FOOT POSITIONS SHOWN ON DRAWING, AS GIRLS ARE ALL NATURAL-BORN DANCERS
⑦
SWING-OUT
(COMPLETION)
NOTE: #8 AND #9 CAN BE REPLACED BY IMPROVISATIONS IF GIRL AND BOY HAVE HIT IT OFF WELL ON PREVIOUS BREAKS...
NOTE SLOSHING MOTION


BOY INDICATES BY RAISING HAND THAT GIRL SHOULD SPIN UNDER
④ WHIRL (BEGINNING)
NOTE COOL EXPRESSIONS
BOY GIVES GIRL GOOD PUSH
NOTE FANCY EXTRA HIGH KICK
NOTE SLOSH
BOY GRIPS LOOSELY TO AVOID INJURY TO GIRL'S WRIST OR SHOULDER
GOOD!
⑤ SECOND WHIRL (OPTIONAL)
NOTE: SHOULDERS MOVE OPPOSITE TO HIPS
GIRL'S POSITION AT BEGINNING
BOY'S POSITION
NOTE
NOTE
⑥ RETURN TO "CLOSED" POSITION BEFORE BREAKING INTO "SWING-OUT" (#7)
GOOD EXPRESSION
NOTE PUSHING MOTION
⑨ CHARLESTON (VARIATION) OPPORTUNITY FOR SHORT CONVERSATION
OPTIONAL
GIRL REMAINS COOL
BOY PERSPIRES
⑩ RETURN TO POSITION # 2 AND REPEAT SEQUENCE UNTIL MUSIC STOPS
MR.

The Big Apple Blueprinted

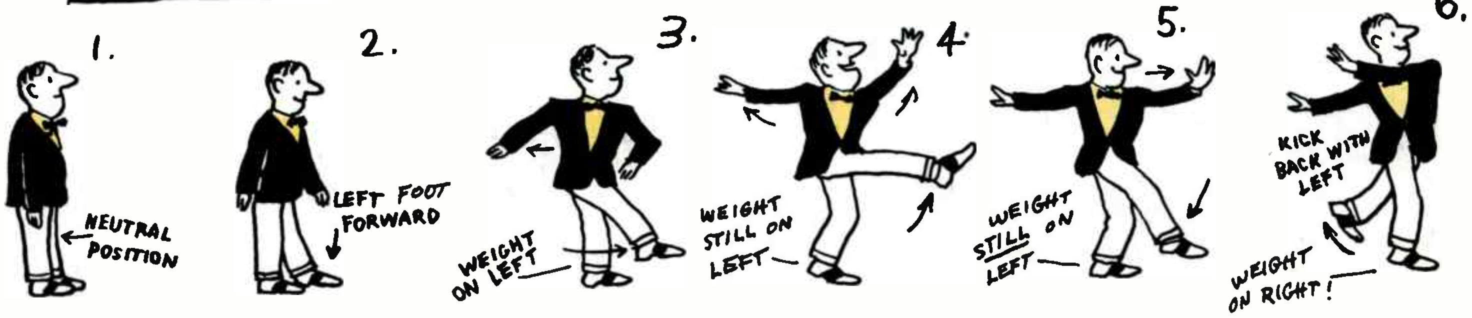
The Big Apple, which matured in 1937, allowed for improvisation, as did its predecessor, the Lindy Hop. A group formed a circle, usually facing center, and followed the caller's instructions—tapping the right foot in time to the music or doing the Charleston swing. Later in the dance, the caller might order a Charleston swing facing out, as shown below, a maneuver creating a particular hazard for other dancers.

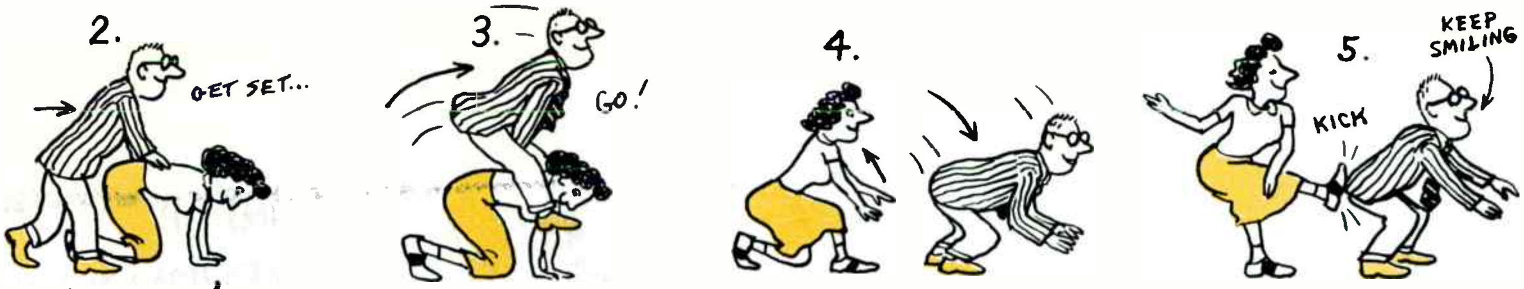




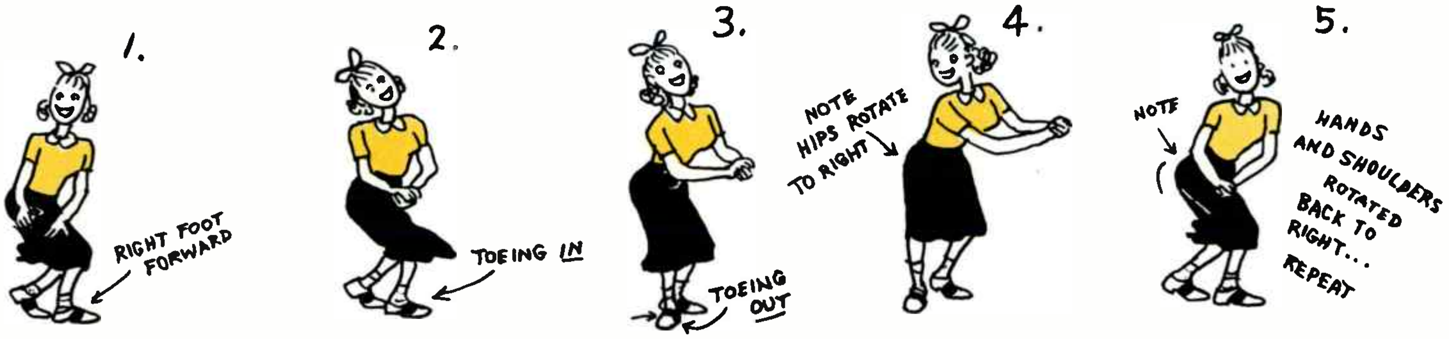
GENERAL VIEW OF GROUP PERFORMING ONE OF THE MANY STEPS IN THE BIG APPLE — THE CHARLESTON SWING (SEE INSTRUCTIONAL SEQUENCES). WHEREAS THE TONE OF THE LINDY HOP IS FRANTIC-COOL, SKILL-ORIENTED, THE PRIMARY THRUST OF THE BIG APPLE IS OVERTLY ENERGY-EXPENDING, NEOBUCOLIC, BOISTEROUS

CHARLESTON SWING

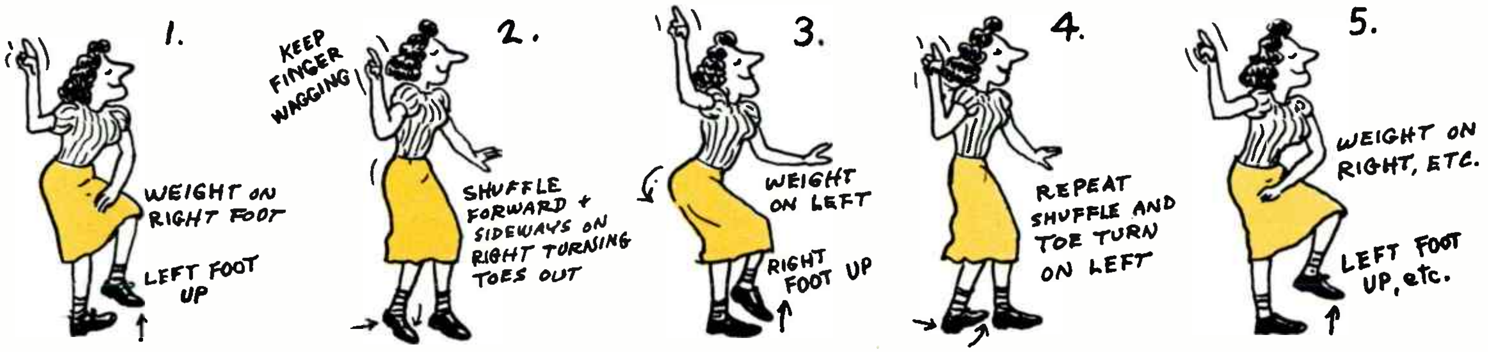

1.
NEUTRAL POSITION
2.
LEFT FOOT FORWARD
3.
WEIGHT ON LEFT
4.
WEIGHT STILL ON LEFT
5.
WEIGHT STILL ON LEFT
6.
KICK BACK WITH LEFT
WEIGHT ON RIGHT!


2.
GET SET...
3.
GO!
4.
5.
KEEP SMILING
KICK

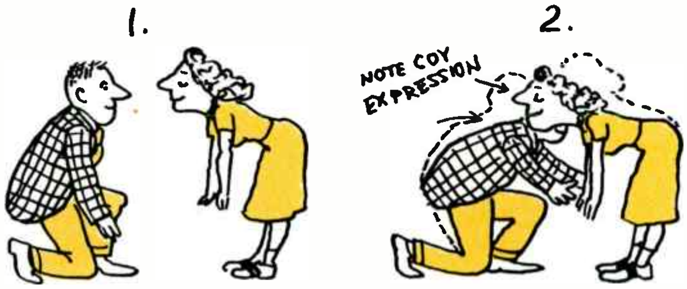
KICKIN' THE MULE


1.
RIGHT FOOT FORWARD
2.
TOEING IN
3.
TOEING OUT
4.
NOTE HIPS ROTATE TO RIGHT
5.
NOTE
HANDS AND SHOULDERS ROTATED BACK TO RIGHT... REPEAT

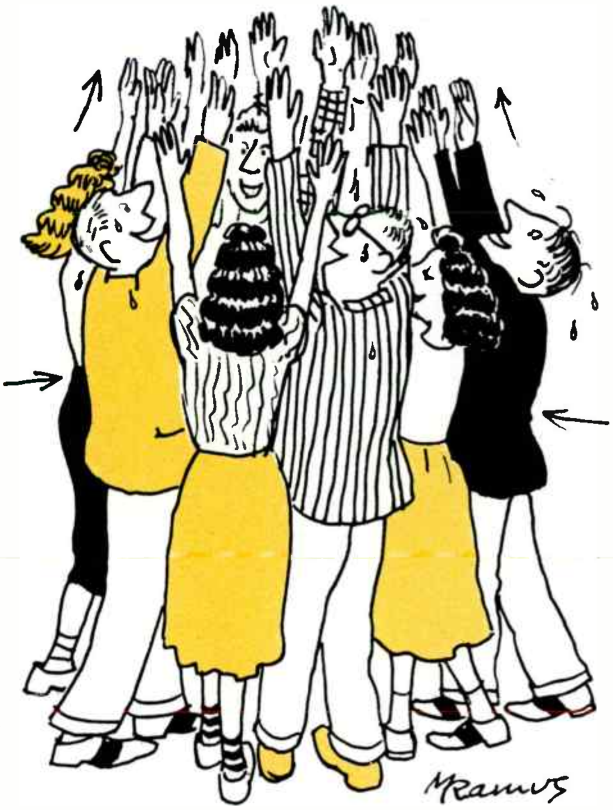
SUZY-Q


1.
WEIGHT ON RIGHT FOOT
LEFT FOOT UP
KEEP FINGER WAGGING
2.
SHUFFLE FORWARD + SIDEWAYS ON RIGHT TURNING TOES OUT
3.
WEIGHT ON LEFT
RIGHT FOOT UP
4.
REPEAT SHUFFLE AND TOE TURN ON LEFT
5.
WEIGHT ON RIGHT, ETC.
LEFT FOOT UP, etc.

TRUCKIN' (NOTE DROPPED FINAL G)

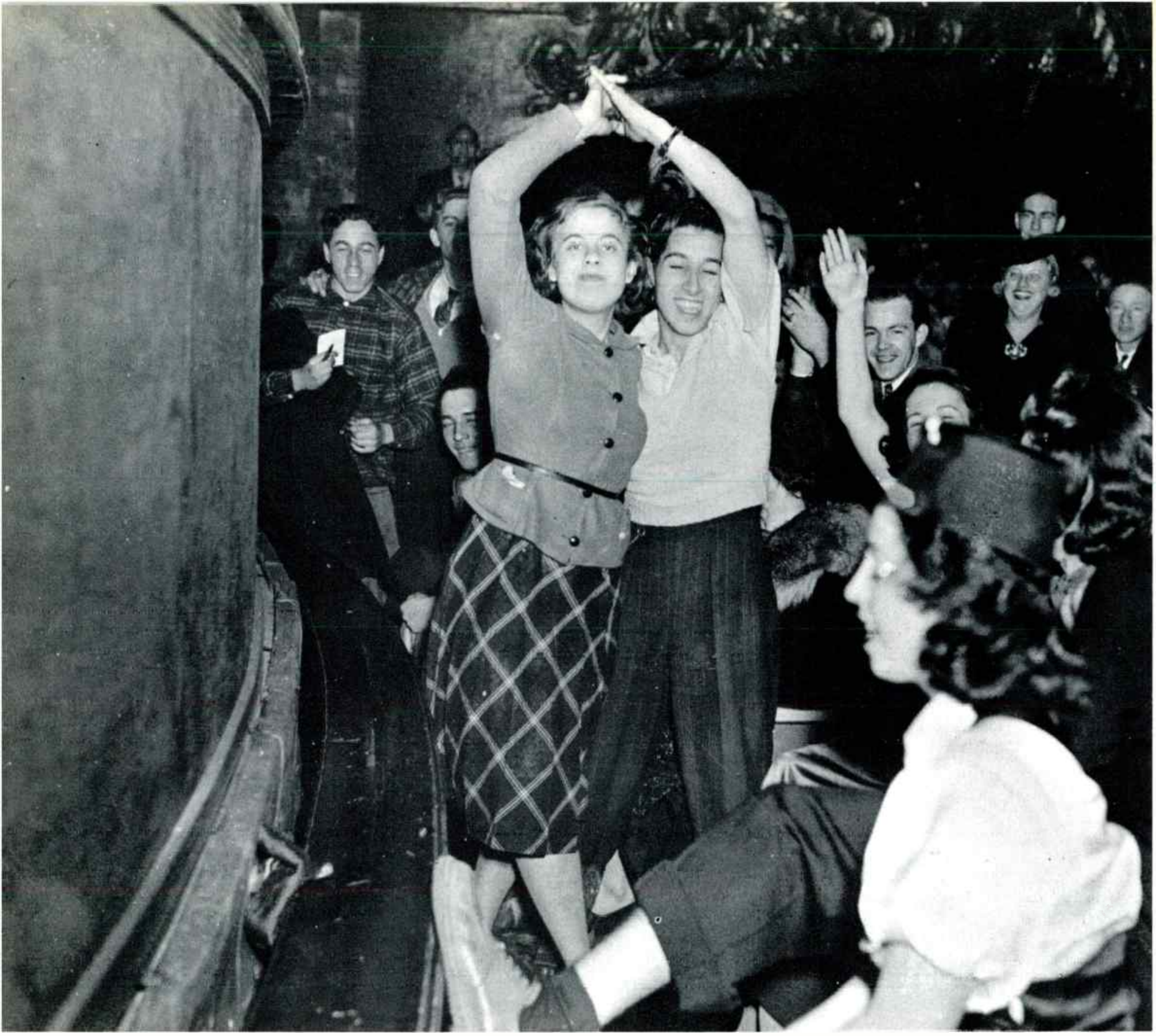

1.
2.
NOTE COY EXPRESSION

PECKIN' CHICKEN-LIKE MOTIONS OF HEAD AND NECK



PRAISE ALLAH

A GOOD FINALE: ALL SURGE TOWARD CENTER, HANDS TWITCHING OVERHEAD—THEN BOW LOW, YELLING "PRAISE ALLAH", RAISE ARMS AND BACK OFF



Mimi Elkind of the Bronx (long since become Mimi Lewin) still glows at the memory of 1939 when she danced in the aisles of New York's Paramount Theater to the music of Benny Goodman's band. "I had cut school," she remembers. "Haven't the vaguest idea who the boy was. He was just sitting next to me, and when Gene Krupa's drums rolled out in *Sing, Sing, Sing* we just jumped up and jitterbugged." Mimi's father saw this picture in the New York *Daily News* and bawled her out for skipping school, but after the theater put in its lobby a life-size blowup of Mimi and her partner, her father proudly showed his friends her picture.

then truck through the hallways and upstairs to her bedroom. He turned to his wife and asked, "Is *that* what we're sending her to college for?"

"The names float out of the mist like lost notes," says Lansing Lamont, now a Time-Life News Service correspondent in London, recalling how he used to dance to swing bands as a Boston teen-ager. "Vaughn Monroe playing at the Meadows, somewhere down the Worcester Turnpike about 15 miles from the Hub; Les Brown packing them in at the Totem Pole, a favorite place for high school double-dating. 'The Pole' seemed like the size of Willow Run and on many a Saturday night was one swaying mass of couples mesmerized by Brown's magic. It was not so much the aesthetic experience of listening to Brown's perfect orchestrations as what the mood of his band could do for you and your date. A schmaltzy rendition of *Stardust* could make all the difference between succeeding as a Don Juan or ending the evening with a warm handshake."

The dancing spread uncontrollably, even into the theaters where the big bands played. When Benny Goodman or Harry James was at the Paramount in New York, the kids would start swarming out of the Times Square subways at 4 a.m., their eyes aglow in the morning gloom, ready for the 10 a.m. first show. Zoot-suited boys—green pork-pie hats, yellow coats, pants that seemed to shrink in at the ankles and watch chains that looped down to their knees—lined up at the box office with bobby sox girls. At ten o'clock, the first 4,000 of them squeezed into the theater. Those doomed to wait for succeeding shows pushed and shoved. Once a policeman, pinned against a door jamb, got two ribs fractured.

Inside, the first-show audience patiently endured the movie. Then ushers moved to the edge of the orchestra pit and turned to face the audience, on guard. The curtain rose and there stood the hero of the day—Harry James, say—trumpet to his lips. As the first notes rose higher and higher, the kids swayed to the music, moaned, pulsed and throbbed. They clenched their hands and seethed in their seats. Unable or unwilling to sit still, they jitterbugged in the aisles, shagged in the balconies and boxes and stayed for show after show.

"It was all there," recalls Lans Lamont. "Within eight blocks were the Capitol, Roxy, Loew's, Paramount and Strand theaters. You had your pick of the big bands: James, Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnet and Gene Krupa. If you were lucky enough to get in, you lived in the theater for days on end. Nothing today can recapture that pause when the film had ended, the last chords of the organ had reverberated through the theater and then it came: Goodman's clarinet lilting *Let's Dance* or Charlie Barnet's saxophone shouting out *Cherokee*. You sat bolt upright, nudging your schoolmate and unconsciously beginning to pound your feet in rhythm. The stage lights burst aglow and out of the pit rose this marvelous ark filled with 16 or 20 men, their gleaming golden instruments flashing in the spotlights that bathed the whole scene.

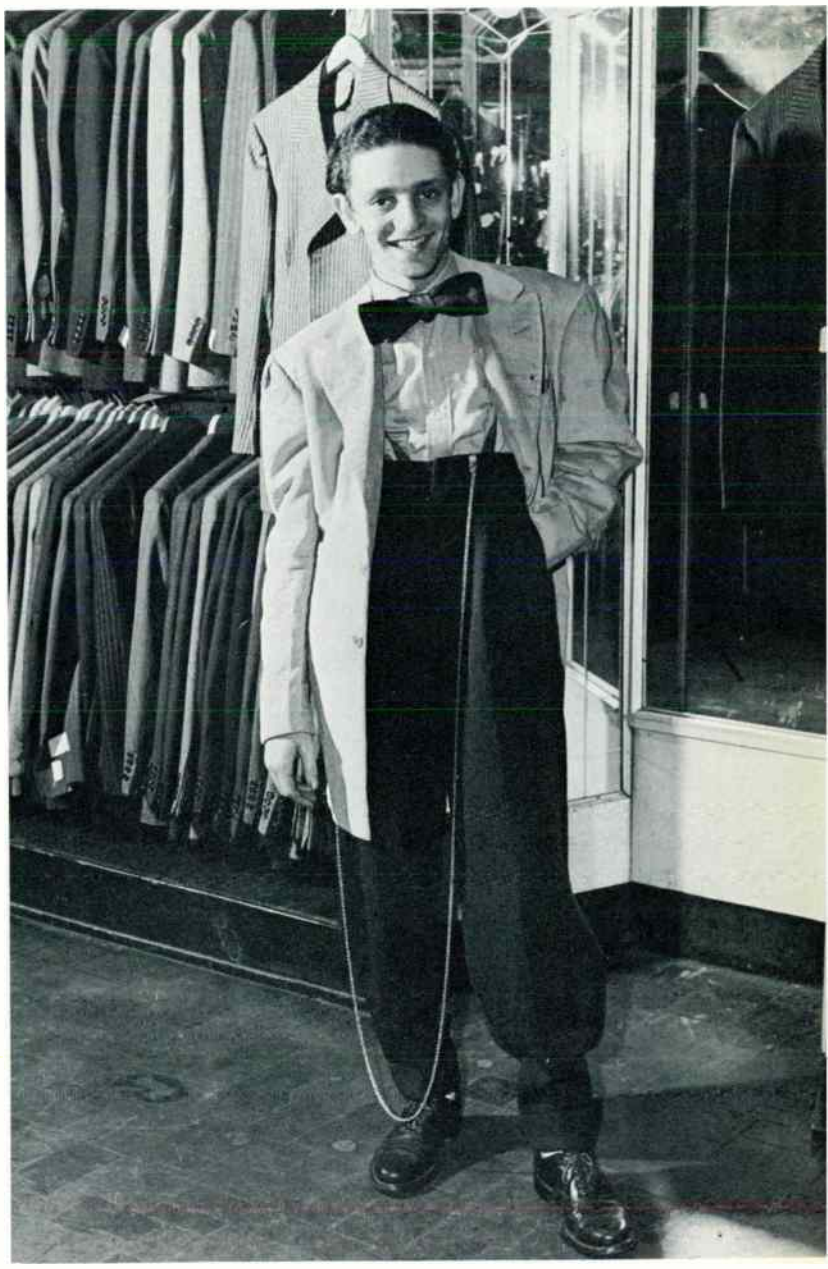
"There was hardly time to catch your breath—the band was already pulsating with life, the front sax section filling the hall with sweet notes, the brass setting your ears afire, Buddy Rich or Jo Jones flailing their snares, tom-toms and cymbals, a row of trombonists executing precision drill, Charlie Shavers or Cootie Williams piercing the rafters with a pure paroxysm of trumpet joy."

Everywhere from theater aisles to living-room floors sprinkled with sugar to reduce friction, white youngsters were doing the black-inspired dances of the day, while black youngsters were adding even greater inspiration to the original conceptions. One of the best places to see this phenomenon in action was Harlem's marvelous Savoy Ballroom, which ran from 140th to 141st Street on Lenox Avenue. A great marble stairway led to a vast room with space for tables and chairs and 10,000 square feet for dancing. Colored spotlights played intermittently on the dancers. A well-stocked ice-cream soda fountain offered chocolate-nut sundaes, banana splits and floats. Mostly what it sold was ginger-ale setups into which the customers poured their own portable potables while listening to Ella Fitzgerald's effortless singing and Chick Webb driving hard ahead on his snare and bass drums and flicking his sticks over the cymbals. The night Chick's band "battled" Benny Goodman's, 4,000 people crowded into the Savoy and even more (some say 25,000) gathered outside.

Many whites came to the Savoy to fox-trot or to listen to Ella and Chick. More came just to watch young black couples whirling through stylized, intricate and very, very fast dances. Shorty Snowden, king of the Savoy dancers, once said, "I used to dance seven complete choruses of *Bugle Blues* or *Tiger Rag* in a minute and three quarters, which was considered sensational." It *was* sensational.

"I've put together new steps in the breakaway by slipping and almost falling," Shorty continued. "I was al-

The swinging zoot suit had an in-and-out history. It emerged in 1942 only to be banned by the War Production Board as flagrantly un-austere. After the war it re-emerged briefly, then was folded away again.



ways looking for anyone dancing in the street, or just walking or doing anything that suggests a step. If I could see it, I could do it." After Snowden met Paul Draper, the great white dancer, some of Draper got into Shorty's version of the Hop. "Especially," Shorty said, "a running floor slide combined with a knee lock."

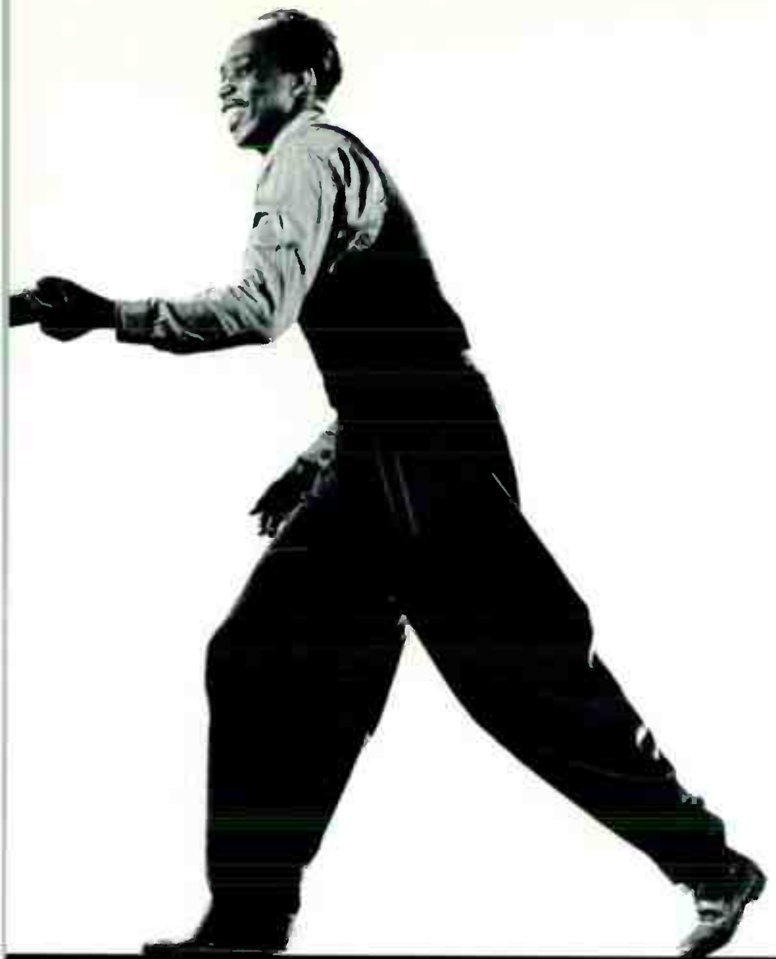
The kind of dancing Shorty and others perfected was "choreographed swing music," wrote the late Marshall Stearns and Jean Stearns in *Jazz Dance*. Younger dancers like Al Minns, Joe Daniels, Russel Williams and Pepsi Bethel produced the Back Flip, the Over the Head and the Snatch. Girls flew through the air as if shot from cannons. Musicians and dancers stimulated each other. "Great dancers make you swing," Duke Ellington once said, and Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden both have said they preferred to play for dancers.

The Savoy's floor was something special. "That floor was built to vibrate," trombonist Dicky Wells recalls in his book, *The Night People*, "but I didn't know it. I was standing by the bandstand and it started to vibrate, that floor was loaded so. I came out of there and didn't find out about it being a sprung floor until a year later. Yeah, I vibrated on out the door!" At the Savoy the real jitterbugs danced five nights a week to music provided by two alternating bands. The music never stopped. At the end of an evening even the dancers' shoes would be sopping wet.

The dancers rested on Wednesday and Friday nights, which were reserved for private social affairs at the Savoy. Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays they came early because the admission price rose at 6 p.m. from 30 cents to 60 cents and rose again at 8 to 85 cents. Monday was Ladies Night and Thursday was Kitchen Mechanics Night, when maids and cooks had the night off. The crowds were thin then, and the relatively open dance floor was great for practice.

On Saturdays the middle-aged white squares showed up to watch the dancers. On Saturday afternoons the dancers sent their best clothes out to be pressed for Sunday night. In their second-best suits they gathered in front of the Savoy, wisecracking and waiting for manager Charles Buchanan to rush out and offer to pay them to go in and dance for the people.

On Sundays, dancers, musicians and actors from Broadway shows jammed the Savoy. Now, dressed in their best, dancers executed steps too fast for the eye to follow. Shorty Snowden tightly clutched his partner, Big Bea, who was a foot taller than he, while his feet shot out in all directions. Stretch Jones danced with Little Bea, who was a foot shorter than he and was always getting lost. The folks from downtown loved it and showered tips upon the dancers. The northeast corner of the ballroom was the Cats' Corner, where only the best dancers could sit or dance. A poor dancer blundering into this sacred region was ignored. A good dancer moving in was considered an invader and was

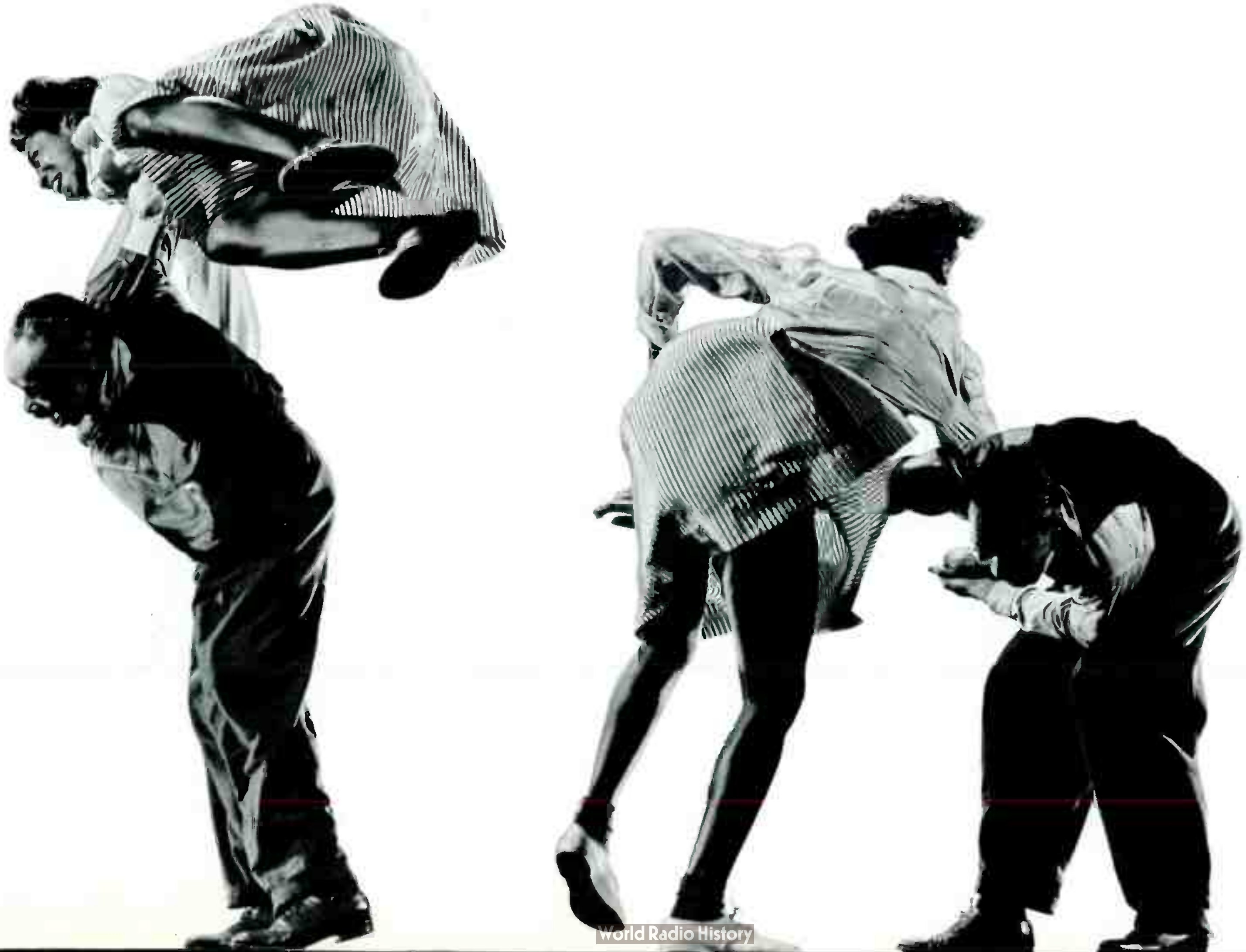


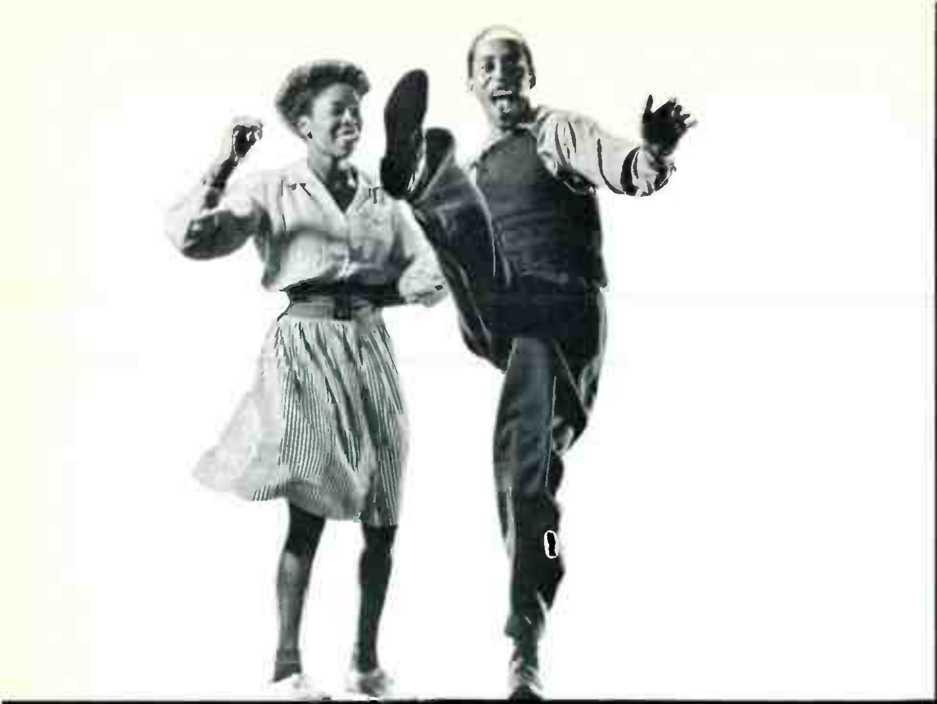
promptly discouraged, often by gracefully administered Charleston kicks to the shins. Any dancer who copied another dancer's specialty risked being tromped on by the crowd.

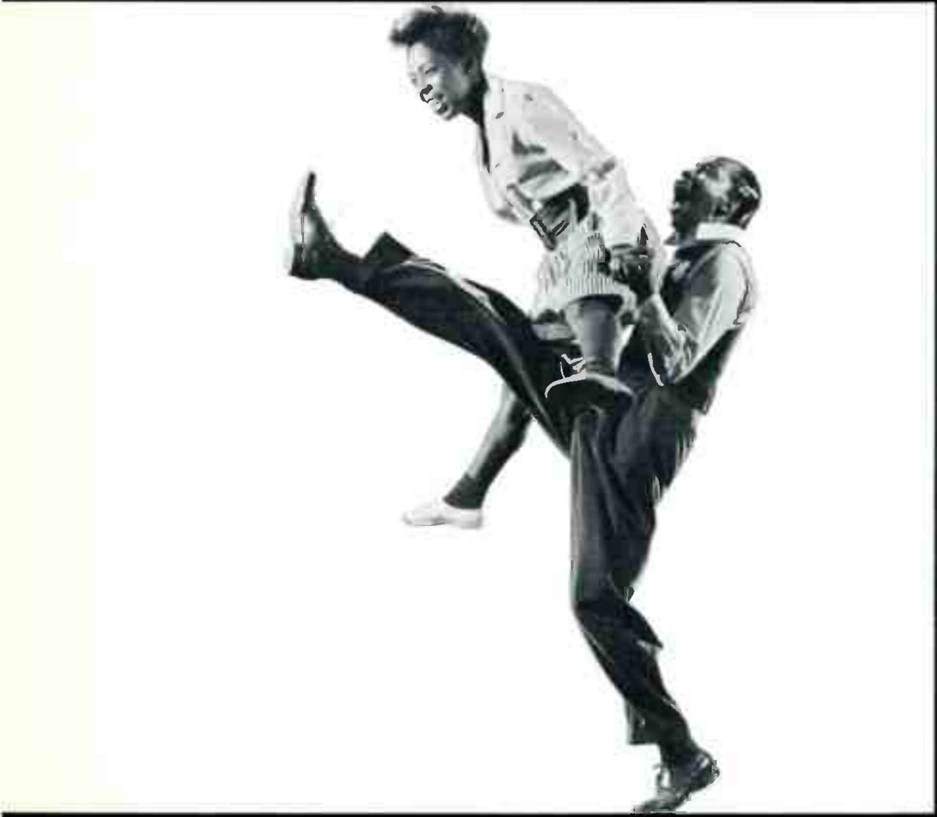
Most of the men who set the land to dancing and listening to swing started as boys consumed with a desire to make music.

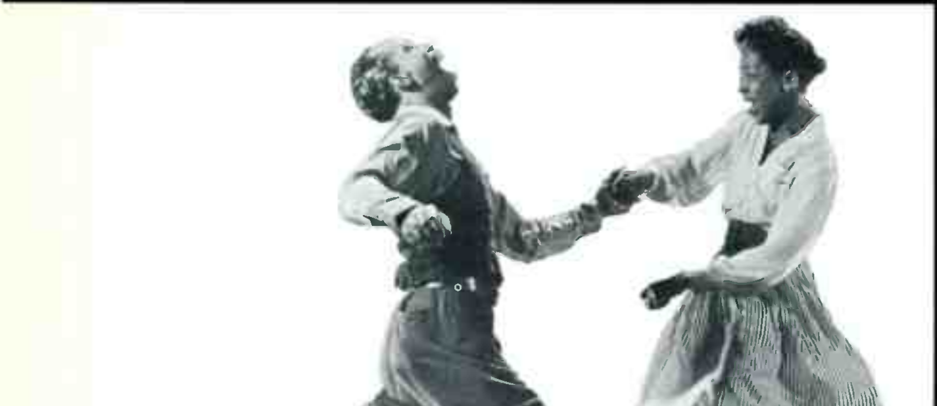
Arranger Larry Wagner, who wrote *No Name Jive* for Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, says, "I learned trumpet by myself from a book. I'd practice all day. You've got to be greedy to practice to be an instrumen-

Most ballroom Lindy Hoppers stayed on the ground. Some experts took to the air. In the "round-the-back" demonstrated here by Harlem dancers Leon James and Willa Mae Ricker, the dancers start with the swing-out. Then Willa Mae moves closer for a take-off and Leon swings her over his back, guiding her flight with his arms, back to the floor for the next fancy figure.









Leon and Willa Mae cut many a fantastic step. Leon executes *(top left)* a spectacular high kick. In a variation on the Charleston *(left center)*, he sends Willa Mae soaring high astride his limber right leg. Then, as Willa Mae steadies him and helps pull him along,

he throws himself into a heel-and-toe slide *(bottom left)*. If the floor was slick enough, his slide could carry him the length of a block-long ballroom. In a felicitous finale *(above)*, Leon and Willa Mae jump high into the air in an exuberant gesture of pure dancing joy.

talist." Sidney Bechet at six would sneak his older brother's clarinet out of a dresser drawer and practice under the porch. Louis Armstrong remembered: "I had an awful urge to learn the cornet."

Tens of thousands of kids hopefully joined forces in thousands of local dance units. Most of them, of course, were destined to go nowhere and their earnings were miniscule. At least one outfit contrived to *lose* money. This went under the name of Bill Gold and His Pieces of Eight—perhaps in itself a reason sufficient to put it into the red. The location was McKeesport, a steel, tin and coal town not far from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The time was the Depression. The Pieces of Eight put up hard-cadged money to buy stock arrangements, practiced diligently on the instruments purchased by culture-oriented parents, hoping they had spawned Heifetzes or Damrosches. More: they hired halls, themselves waxed the floors, paid for posters and tickets. Every weekend. And no one ever came. No one. Pianist Bill dropped his ambitions for a career in music, and even dropped his first name in the career he did adopt.

Out in Missoula, Montana, Alan Merriam played clarinet in various high school and college bands, doing Saturday-night gigs in Indian reservation towns and helping the bass player get his instrument out through the back window when fights started. The crowds didn't always like the swing the kids were trying to play. Sometimes the band had to cozen a backwoods audience by announcing, "And in our next number we will feature Harold Herbig who will play his solo with his *eyes shut*!" This always stunned the locals. The band rented a bus and spent all of one summer gigging around Montana. At the end of the season they divided the profit. It came to $2 each. "It was better than not playing," says Merriam.

Many swing musicians worked their way up through the studio bands in radio stations. These jobs paid well and the hours were reasonable, but they bored most sidemen stiff. They usually had to play pretty dull music (though they managed to slip in many a good riff) and their musical judgment was often overridden by sponsors and advertising executives. Most of the best musicians were attracted to the big swing bands whose life was glamorous though often tough, and the music was challenging but fun. For many, the big band bus was a way out of a dull little hometown.

A young musician found that in a band he was one of a large family of talented people, sharing all the problems engendered by artistic sensitivity and close proximity. There was much warm affection. To be with friends, men quit good jobs or stuck with foundering bands. But there were also rivalries, childish jealousies, cliques, intrigues and a great and often resented dependence upon that father figure, the bandleader.

"There were always these politicians that spoiled the band," says William S. ("Popsie") Randolph, Benny

MILLINDER
LUCKY MILLINDER

Lucky Millinder's band traveled in the battered bus shown above. "You could not stand up in it," drummer Panama Francis says. It was triple-decked with bunks for nights when the band could find no hotel rooms.

Goodman's longtime band boy. "A guy will say to another guy, 'You ought to be getting more money. I can't live on the road on what I get. How do you manage?' And the other guy will say, 'Yeah, I oughta be getting more.' And then the trouble starts."

Says Yank Lawson: "The night we joined the Tommy Dorsey band Tommy offered to take us to hear his brother Jimmy, and Buddy Morrow said, 'No, thanks, I don't go out with leaders.' I don't think Tommy ever forgot that."

"Musicians are a strange and jealous lot," the Casa Loma Band's Glen Gray once said. "If the saxophonist gets more opportunities to show off than does the trumpeter, that's the beginning of a feud."

Two sidemen might get along musically but not otherwise, or vice versa. A New Yorker Hotel audience was once astonished to see a clarinetist and a trumpeter fly at each other's throats, accusing each other of having loused up the set. Sidemen were adept at sabotage. Buddy Rich kept playing little drum riffs during tender moments in Frank Sinatra's ballads, even after Frank reportedly punched his nose. But years later Frankie helped finance Buddy's new band.

A few musicians, mostly bandleaders, developed hobbies outside music. Harry James played baseball fanatically. Guy Lombardo raced speedboats and Frank Trumbauer and Orville Knapp flew airplanes for sport. Jack Teagarden tinkered with cars and Tex Beneke with ham radios. But most musicians found it hard to develop interests outside the band. In the opening weeks of 1940, Glenn Miller's men played two daily sessions totaling five hours of music (six on weekends) in the Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. They also played three radio programs weekly, each preceded by a long rehearsal, plus four, and sometimes five, shows daily at the Paramount Theater, and in their spare time recorded nearly 30 sides of 78-rpm records.

Even more demanding was the road, say a Christmas-season tour in unreliable cars through snowy, icy Pennsylvania with Glenn Miller, or 30 consecutive one-night

Bands often hit rough roads. When Millinder's bus broke down, the sidemen thumbed rides from farm trucks, as in the picture above, to their next night's gig.

stands through the broiling summertime Midwest with Benny Goodman. When the next engagement was no more than 200 miles away, the sidemen, after a late supper and perhaps a jam session with men from any other nearby band, would sleep a few hours in a hotel and leave the next day by bus or in their own cars. But often the overnight jump was 300 or 400 miles, and the band, after finishing its engagement at 2 a.m., would dine, either jam or rehearse, and by 4 a.m. at least some of the band would be ready to drive through the night. As trumpeter Shorty Sherock, a veteran of half a dozen top bands, remembers it: "Everybody was there except the girl singer. She was always late." Girl singers say they were always prompt.

Somebody had to ride herd on the sidemen most of the time. Popsie recalls how it was when he was acting as road manager for Goodman: "If the bus left at 3 p.m. I'd tell them to be there at 10:30 a.m., because if you say 3 then some of them won't show until 7 p.m. Sometimes they'd surprise you and all show up at 10:30 a.m. Then I'd just start the trip early.

"When we were playing the Paramount the first show would start at 10:45-11 a.m. I'd call some of these guys at the hotel and say, 'The show's starting'; and they'd say, 'OK,' and go back to sleep. And then the stage would start to go up and here would come some of these guys trying to climb on while the stage was going up and them knocking over music stands and all. Sometimes they wouldn't show up at all and I'd have to get on the stand and hold an instrument, not play, just hold it to fill up a chair."

If a band got into town early the musicians would sit in the hotel lobby until the cheaper day rates began, since sidemen usually paid their own expenses on the road and the price of a hotel room could be important. Many a sideman was broke before he got his pay, which came weekly with most bands but nightly with some struggling bands which might not have another engagement that week or whose members had less than complete faith in the financial probity of the leader.

Usually a band arrived for an engagement in mid-afternoon, too late to go to a hotel. At the job site the musicians would set up their instruments and music, test the permanent public address system and, if it was inadequate, install their own portable system. Then they would rush to find tailors to press tuxedoes and to freshen up the girl singer's filmy gown. Often none was available, and the sidemen, having eaten quickly in the handiest greasy spoon, would rush to the ballroom and struggle in rest rooms to revive their clothes. By eight o'clock they were on the bandstand, as trim and fresh-looking as possible.

Keeping natty could be an economic problem. When the Casa Loma Orchestra first appeared in white ties and tails, some of the men had to adopt weird crouching postures on the stand. They had tails but no socks. When Eddie Condon was playing with Artie Shaw's band at New York's Paramount Theater, the sidemen were wearing brown suede shoes. Eddie and drummer George Wettling hit on a thrifty scheme. Eddie's feet were hidden during the performance except for one moment when he put his right foot on a chair and played a 16-bar solo. Wettling's right foot was hidden throughout; his left was exposed. For that engagement they shared one pair of brown suede shoes.

The starchiest band on the road

One critic always remembered a particular band as being sloppy because the first time he saw them they looked haggard and unpressed. He never knew that the band had eaten little for nine days and had not a dime to spare for pressing. Even when a band had time and money for laundering, things sometimes went wrong. One band manager, during a long stretch on the road, left all the band's laundry outside his hotel-room door in one immense bundle marked "No starch." Two sidemen returning late and in very high good humor changed the instructions to "Heavy starch." The band wore sheet-iron-stiff shirts for the rest of the trip.

The road manager was vital to band logistics. Before a long train trip Popsie would find out if the railroad planned, along the way, to switch off the baggage car containing the instruments and attach it to some later train bound for the same destination. If so, Popsie would give up his roomette and sleep in the baggage car. "I'd wake up and smell flowers and look around and the rest of the car would be full of coffins and flowers." But when the car was switched Popsie would be there, handing out bribes and getting the instruments onto the next available train so that they always arrived on time. "Some of those other bands, they'd get there and have to borrow instruments from some high school band and fake it," he recalls. "But not us."

Haircuts and crap games on the bus

Musicians spent their bus time sleeping, playing cards, reading, eating and drinking. Some sneaked an occasional joint of marijuana, then called "tea," among other names. Sometimes they cut each other's hair. They gambled constantly. Shorty Sherock remembers the day a musician brought some toy racing cars aboard the bus. The sidemen lined up the cars at the rear of the center aisle and placed their bets. On signal the bus driver slammed on his brakes and the little cars went flying down the aisle. At the end of that lively trip the bus's brakes were completely shot.

Dice and cards were the more usual implements of chance. Billie Holiday related in her book, *Lady Sings the Blues,* a memorable crap game in Count Basie's bus: "I was on my knees in the bottom of that bus from West Virginia to New York, a few hundred miles and about twelve hours. When we pulled up in front of the Woodside Hotel everybody was broke and crying. I was filthy dirty and had holes in the knees of my stockings, but I had sixteen hundred bucks and some change."

A bus trip could be a nightmare. Benny Goodman in *The Kingdom of Swing* recalled the rickety bus he once hired to take his first band to a one-nighter in Johnson City, New York, on Christmas night: "We hadn't traveled outside the city when we discovered there was no heat in the bus. Then it started to snow, and here we were crawling along about 15 or 18 miles an hour. Johnson City is up around Binghamton, with hills all the way. Going up, we had to get out and walk on some of them. Coming down, the brakes didn't hold and we skidded all over the road, bumping a truck once and breaking some of the back windows. To top things off, the driver had never been outside of New York, and he would make a wrong turn every so often. . . .

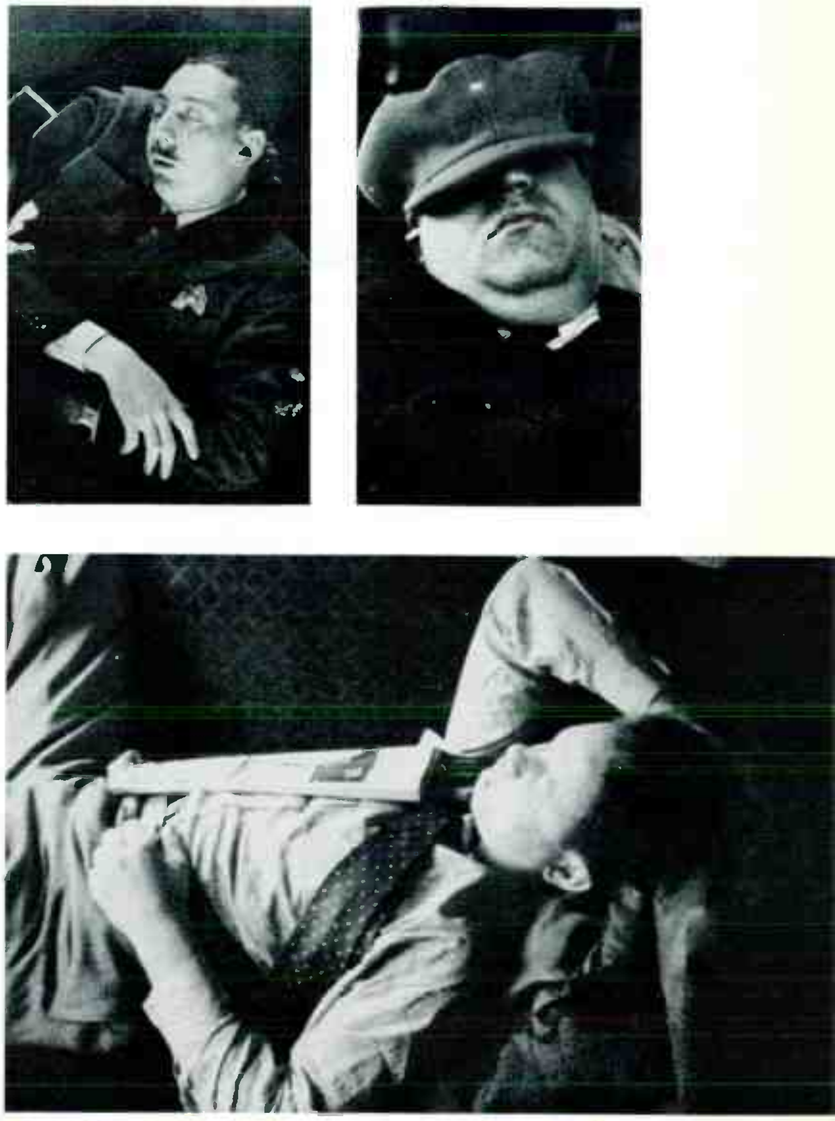
"We were due at the place to start playing at eight, but what with one thing and another, it was 11:45 before we got there, with everybody squawking about the bus, half-frozen, and in just the mood to play. . . . The next day we came home on the train."

Yank Lawson remembers a cold trip with Tommy Dorsey's band: "I went to sleep with my face against the bus window and got Bell's palsy. The nerves were frozen. I had a solo and I came out without warming up or anything and started to blow and it just went 'foooot.' Nothing came out. Tommy said, 'Why don't you get some sleep?' I couldn't play for eight weeks and Tommy paid all the bills."

Gene Krupa, now firmly settled in Yonkers, New York, says: "That life was so full of greasy spoons and bad food. You yearned for a night off and when you got it you'd get so drunk you wouldn't know what was going on anyway. I used to look at the lighted windows of the homes and yearn for the same kind of life."

Arranger-composer Eddie Sauter was blowing trumpet with the Charlie Barnet band in 1935 when, as he recalls, the band was fired by the Hotel Roosevelt in New Orleans after one night. (Barnet says the band played there six weeks; perhaps it just *seemed* like six weeks because the band was unpopular.) Sauter joined Barnet's next band, which was fired after a week in Bar Harbor, Maine, because it couldn't play enough like

Sleep on the road was a sometime thing. Above, three sidemen of the Lucky Millinder band share two beds in



the Star Hotel in El Paso, Texas, which broke its whites-only rule for Millinder. Drowsing at right are three Bob Crosby sidemen: drummer Ray Bauduc, clarinetist Irving Fazola and trombonist Warren Smith.

Rudy Vallee's. "It was the strawberry season, and we were so broke that I remember living on flounder and strawberries," Sauter recalls.

Shorty Sherock's longest road trip was with Krupa's band in Pennsylvania and West Virginia: two and a half weeks of one-nighters without checking into a hotel. "We slept in the bus, washed up and shaved in men's rooms. When we got to Washington there were no hotel rooms because the war was on and military people had priority. So we drove out to the Washington Monument. Everybody picked out a comfortable tree and went to sleep underneath it with the bus seats as pillows. We finally played the job and got top performances from everybody."

Some bands practically never left the road. In an average year, Jimmie Lunceford's band covered 40,000 miles to play 200 one-night stands, 15 weeks of theater and a four-week ballroom gig. When World War II swept many swing musicians into the armed forces, some of them found dodging buzz bombs in England with Glenn Miller's band or island-hopping with Bob Crosby's only slightly more arduous than peacetime working conditions.

Along with the other difficulties and dangers of the musical life, the color bar was, for black musicians, a constant irritation, a frequent humiliation and an occasional deadly hazard. Black bands could not get jobs at the best white hotels or get meals or beds at most white restaurants or hotels. A black band arriving in a new town usually checked in with the leading black citizen, the preacher or the undertaker, who knew which homes would take black paying guests. Duke Ellington's great band played Loew's State Theater on Broadway in 1938 but not the Paramount or the Strand, the big show houses then specializing in swing bands.

Recording executive John Hammond recalls his struggles to find New York restaurants which would take black diners. He helped to launch one such place—Cafe Society Downtown which was followed by Cafe Society Uptown—but even there the management had trouble keeping waiters from steering all black customers to balcony tables.

Hammond was a leader in erasing the color bar. The musicians themselves had begun the process in the early days of jazz when white musicians began listening to and learning from the jazz masters of New Orleans. In the Swing Era, blacks and whites mingled in after-hours jam sessions to play for their own pleasure. There were even Friday-morning jam sessions on the stage of Harlem's Apollo Theater until the musicians' union ruled that playing to paying customers for free was musical madness.

A few bold recording companies cut records, and some radio stations did broadcasts with mixed bands without identifying the invisible performers—but nobody would hire a mixed band for public performance. Hammond created a scandal in Mount Kisco, New York, high society when he hired for a country-club dance a band which included such great black jazzmen as Fats Waller, drummer Zutty Singleton, alto saxist Benny Carter and trumpeter Frankie Newton, as well as whites like guitarist Eddie Condon, bassist Artie Bernstein and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. "I remember getting two quarts of Gordon's gin for Fats," says Hammond, "poured into a water pitcher, so it looked like water, and by the time he got to the piano he was all over it. The kids loved the music; the adults hated it. Since my father was president of the club, they couldn't do anything to me."

Eddie Condon's mixed-band Town Hall concerts helped, too, and so did Duke Ellington's triumphal tours of Europe. Duke was received as an honored guest in royal palaces and in the homes of the rich and famous. The tours helped him to get bookings in some of the better U.S. hotels.

At Hammond's urging, Benny Goodman hired some great black arrangers like Fletcher Henderson and Edgar Sampson. Other bands followed his lead and Chick Webb completed the circle by hiring a white arranger, Van Alexander. Goodman pioneered again by hiring Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, and again other bands followed his lead. But life was still a little extra tough for black musicians. On one of the Good-

In World War II more than 4,500 musicians and entertainers worked in battle areas and found that travel conditions were not too different from what bands had experienced at home in peacetime. Here the cast of a USO musical comedy is sacked out on the floor and atop the baggage in a Navy plane bound for Guam.

man band's southern gigs Lionel Hampton was rescued from the harassments of two local cops only because the chief of police was a jazz fan.

Dicky Wells recalls that many black musicians returning safely from a tour of the South used to kiss the sidewalks of New York. "In those days, when we were traveling in the South, most cats had firearms somewhere, somehow," he recalls; "The ofays would try to frighten you if somebody got out of line, and want to beat up the band or shoot somebody."

Billie Holiday remembered a Southern tour with Artie Shaw's band: "It got to the point where I hardly ever ate, slept or went to the bathroom without having a major NAACP-type production." The North was often no better. A Detroit theater manager made Billie wear dark make-up because she looked too light-skinned to him to be singing with Count Basie's black band. When she sang with Shaw in a New York hotel, the manager made her enter and leave by the back door. Lena Horne recalls her fury at being asked to sing to black GIs and finding that the camp commander had filled the front seats with German prisoners of war; blacks sat in the rear. Lena got down off the stage, went out into the audience, turned her back on the Germans and sang to her countrymen.

Pearl Bailey remembers being refused service by a waiter in a Chinese restaurant in Chicago. "He started with the language I couldn't understand, but he kept ending with, 'Me no serve.' That did it. I told him in a slow Oriental drawl, 'You think I came to America to pick cotton. I was told you came to do laundry, so, brother, serve.' And you know what? He did."

For all their hard work, few sidemen got rich playing with the big bands even in their palmiest days and fewer still were astute money managers. The American Federation of Musicians, through its local unions, helped musicians to get at least a living wage, though "union scale" varied widely, not only from city to city but between black and white locals and between different places of entertainment in the same town. AFM President James Caesar Petrillo achieved better returns for musicians from radio and recording work, though his ban on instrumental recordings, affecting most of the record companies for 27 long months, was one of the blows, like wartime rationing and changes in public taste, that combined to kill the big bands.

Odd hours and long trips made normal family life impossible for musicians. Many married sidemen fretted over the possible infidelities of their wives, perhaps because they were not above a bit of romance on the road themselves. One famous brass man had a pair of alligator shoes, too good for road trips, which he left at home with his wife. He returned from one trip to find that a fellow musician had been making free not only with his wife but with his alligator shoes. The friend was contrite. "I couldn't help it," he said, of the brief affair, "it was *so* good." Said the brass man later, "Well, I couldn't shank him for that. But I sure gave him hell about those alligator shoes."

The life drove many to drink, some of them heavily. An often-repeated story has it that the late Bunny Berigan, well into the sauce, once leaned back a little too far before launching into a trumpet solo in New York's Paramount Theater and fell six feet from his perch on the band platform onto the stage. But few sidemen thought of abandoning the swinging life. "What do you suppose Guy Lombardo's drummer tells people he does for a living?" they used to ask each other. Not all were great artists. "For every top man in the bands I've worked," says bandleader Thad Jones, "there were three or four you wondered where they came from." But there were an astonishing number of good ones. Some are retired, many work daytimes at more prosaic jobs but still go out on gigs nights and weekends and many are working fulltime in radio, TV, recording and film studios, at the clubs in Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe and Reno or in the big bands of such still-active leaders as Duke Ellington, Harry James and Count Basie.

The sidemen who make the re-creations for this series are nearly all veterans of swing, all full-time working musicians, squeezing in these recording sessions in the evenings. Some, like Skeets Herfurt, come to Los Angeles from as far away as Lake Tahoe to re-create the music they lived in the '30s and '40s.

In addition to sidemen, a swing band needed singers. Sidemen who also sang usually got along well with their peers but most musicians looked down on "boy" and "girl" singers who did nothing but sing. A girl singer had the special problem of being a lone woman in a busload of men. She could build a wall of ice around herself or become one of the boys, but either way was likely to be criticized by the sidemen. A third desperate option was to fall in love with one of the musicians.

Some singers had tough starts. Frank Sinatra, training for the future, sang 18 radio shows weekly at such hours as dawn, noon and 5 p.m. for free, just to get the exposure. Ella Fitzgerald, in her first amateur-night appearance at the Harlem Opera House, was too scared to do the dance number she had planned. She sang instead, got a chance to appear with Chick Webb's band at Yale, knocked the undergraduates dead and was on her way.

Bandleaders had their favorite singers and singers had their favorite bandleaders. Helen Forrest was in such demand that she became the only girl to have sung with the Artie Shaw, Harry James and Benny Goodman bands. Many of his former sidemen are critical of Benny Goodman, but girls like Helen Ward and Louise Tobin remember him as a wonderful boss. Peggy Lee thinks the BG band was the best support a girl ever had. "The big band era gave a singer a grounding you couldn't beat," she says. "Just to sit there on the bandstand and listen to that music and those musicians!"

Glenn Miller signs autographs for his admirers at the Meadowbrook ballroom. A bandleader had to meet and greet the public as well as produce memorable music.

Sometimes the routine got to a singer. Kenny Sargent played sax and sang in the Casa Loma Orchestra. He must have sung *For You* thousands of times, but one night he got up, sang 16 bars of it—and sat down. "I forgot the words," he said. The words were often very forgettable. "Lyrics were always a means to an end for me," said Helen Ward. "Some of them were lovely, they made sense. But many were just plain stupid. Take the song *Martha*, which was strictly a man's song. I was annoyed that I had to sing the tune at all, so I used to sing 'Arthur, Arthur.'" But Bob Eberly thinks lyrics added to the romantic mood of the music.

Singers bravely sang cryptic lyrics like "Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats" and baby-talk lyrics like the ones about the "fee itty fitty" in the "itty bitty poo" and strictly nonsense lyrics like "The Flat Foot Floogee with the Floy Floy" and "Hut-Sut Rawl-son on the rill-er-ah."

What made a good bandleader? Perfectionists like Goodman, Miller and Tommy Dorsey produced thrilling music in a tense atmosphere. Under more relaxed

Among the best vocalists of the Swing Era were Lena Horne *(left, below)* shown singing Cole Porter's *Let's Do It*; Bonnie Baker *(center, below)* whose baby-voiced version of *Oh Johnny* with Orrin Tucker's band sold half a million records; and Billie Holiday *(right, below)*, seen with Ben Webster *(left)* and others of Willie Bryant's band. With Glenn Miller's band *(bottom left)* at the Meadowbrook are singers Marion Hutton and Ray Eberle. Composer-vocalist Johnny Mercer sings along *(bottom right)* with pianist Willie ("The Lion") Smith.

leaders like Henderson, Count Basie, Jimmy Dorsey and Ellington, bands also made thrilling music and seemed to be having more fun.

A leader had to help to project to the public an image of a band with a unique and thrilling sound. He also had to persuade somebody to finance the band's beginning, deal daily with the personal problems of the sidemen, confer with the band's manager, the band boy, the booking agents and the managers of places where bands played. He had to work with record-company and radio-station executives, and in his spare moments he was expected with charming ease to sign autographs.

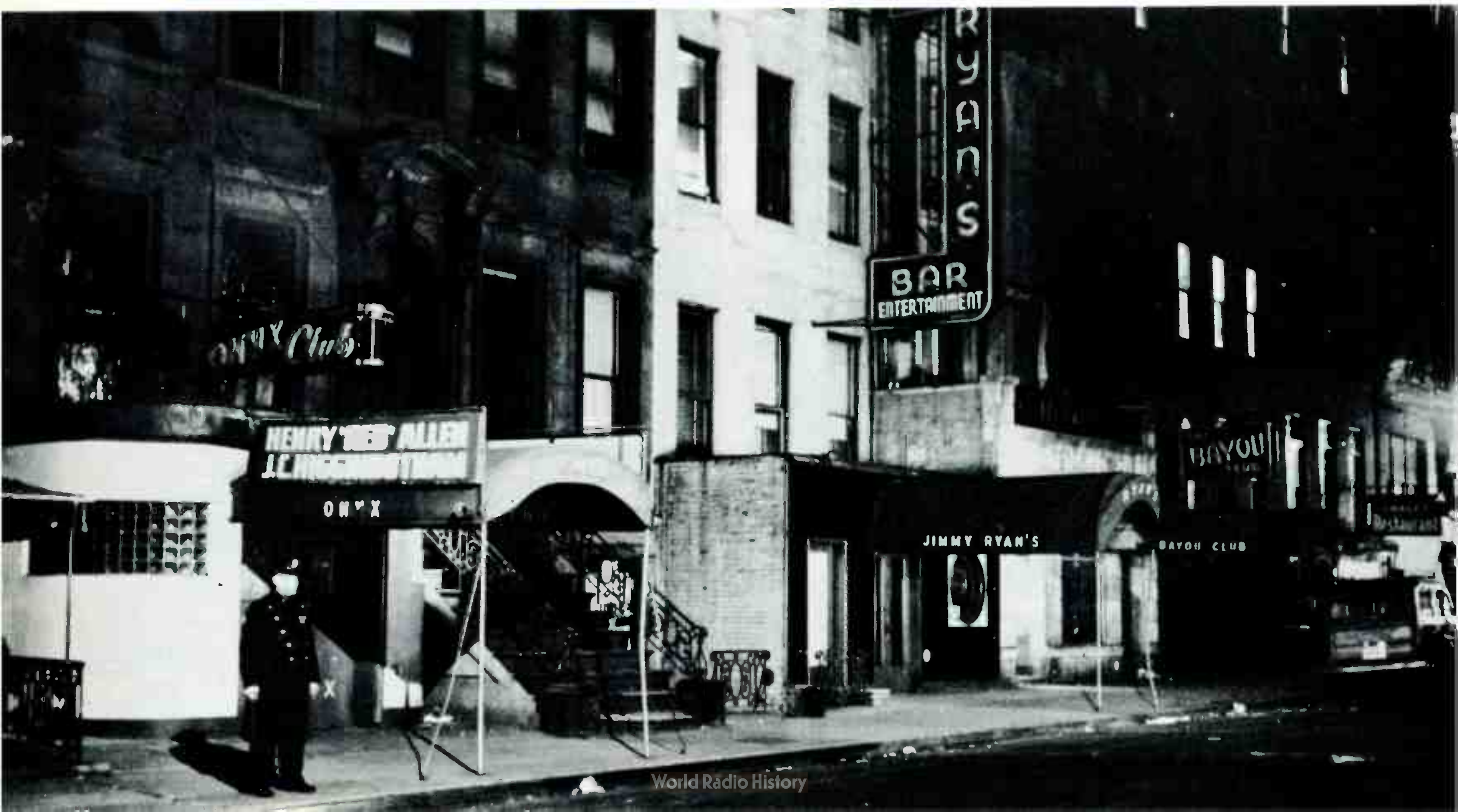
Duke Ellington has proved that a fine musician who can write with exquisite sensibility for the various skills of his sidemen can also be a great bandleader. But Cab Calloway, who could not arrange anything or play an instrument, except for occasional attempts on the drums, once told an interviewer: "A band must consist of good musicians, must have top-flight arrangements, must be well-rehearsed and competently led. But that isn't enough. . . . People can't be held and entertained in the complete sense by sound alone. There must be something for the eyes to see. . . ."

Calloway was something to see. A tall, handsome man with a million-dollar smile and a happy, friendly air, he would launch the band into action, then, with elbows flying, would furiously dance out from under his hat.

PRESIDENT
MR. PETRILLO

Spiffy music czar Petrillo enters his office. His ban on recordings deprived bands for a time of an important segment of their audience and helped to kill big bands.

The crowds gone and night spots dark, a single cop guards New York's Swing Street in the late '40s. Mayor William O'Dwyer closed the clubs because of wartime fuel shortages; none survive today on 52nd Street.



Once he danced off the bandstand and broke an ankle. He would encourage soloists with great roaring shouts. And he would get a stranglehold on a microphone and sing. Once he forgot the words and sang "Hi-de-ho," the phrase which eventually became his trademark.

Bands depended heavily on arrangers, composers and lyricists. Arrangers were usually capable sidemen who could read and write music easily, knew what each instrument could and could not do, and were sensitive to the musical strengths and weaknesses of the band members. Arranging could be frustrating. Eddie Sauter, who has written music for many bands, who has led his own band with Bill Finegan and who is greatly respected among swing musicians, sees his life in swing as one long battle between his highly original ideas and the demand for more commercial music: "Any arranging I was ever satisfied with was undercover; it got in sidewise."

Some arrangers got on particularly well with bandleaders. Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn became musically almost indistinguishable. Sauter, who suffered long bouts of tuberculosis, remembers Goodman gratefully. "Benny kept me a whole year on my income —$75 a week—while I was ill. He also went out of his way to visit me." Most arrangers also liked to compose and some of them added greatly to the stream of fresh, new sound the bands needed to keep swing alive. Duke Ellington's torrent of original numbers has placed him high among American composers, and men like Sy Oliver, Larry Clinton, Gene Gifford, Edgar Sampson, Eddie Sauter and Johnny Mercer also increased the sparkle of the Swing Era.

Johnny Mercer sang with the Paul Whiteman band and in radio shows with Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby. After hours he sang for fun in New York's 52nd Street night spots. He has more than a thousand songs to his credit, 80 percent being his words to other people's music and 20 percent being his words and his music. On songwriting for the big bands, Johnny says: "God, it was hard. I was so young. I started at 15 and had my first song, *Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You*, published at 21. Writing song titles is the hardest part and writing funny lyrics and a good ballad is the toughest. You can be given a tune you are not fond of and have to write the words. But if you know the composer well enough you can tell him it isn't such a good tune and he'll give you a better one. Jerome Kern wouldn't mind, for instance. Words are tougher to do than music.

"I have a good ear, but I can't play the piano. Paul Weston took down *Dream* for me. I sort of hit the chords with my fists. I write notes in a sort of shorthand. Then I either play the piece to a publisher with one finger or bring a pianist along to play it.

"*Lazy Bones* took the longest to write. It took a year and Hoagy Carmichael helped a lot. That song really started me off and I am deeply appreciative. But *Days of Wine and Roses* came pouring out in ten minutes. It was as if someone was dictating to me."

After all the necessary ingredients had been assembled, a band still needed financing and a place to play. Too often, places which hired bands were gangster-controlled, a situation which began with mob-run speakeasies and continued after Prohibition ended, with gangster domination of some of the nightclubs in Manhattan, and in Detroit, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City and Boston.

In Chicago the Cotton Club, Friar's Inn, Grand Terrace and the Pekin Cafe (later replaced for a time by, of all things, a police station) were all hangouts of gangster Al Capone or his brother Ralph ("Bottles") Capone. In the heart of Harlem, gangsters Owney Madden and "Big Frenchy" De Mange hired burly bouncers under Herman Stark to keep all but the affluent blacks out of their Cotton Club.

Lena Horne was still a Cotton Club chorus girl when she scored a hit singing a duet, *As Long as I Live*, with Avon Long. She wanted to try for a singing job elsewhere, so her stepfather, a fierce little Cuban named Miguel Rodriguez, asked the club's bosses for her release—"a little too forcefully," Lena has recalled. "Some of their boys followed him out into the street and beat him up very severely. Next day, one of the bosses came to me and said, 'Who do you think you are? You know you can't work anywhere but here.' " Lena had to run away to get a full-time singing job on the road with Noble Sissle's band.

Gangster interests behind the Cotton Club used a judicious display of mob muscle to wrench Duke Ellington away from a Philadelphia theater which had him under contract. Another gang found a gracious old house with white columns near the Cotton Club and set up the competing Plantation Club. They hired Cab Calloway, a recent Cotton Club star. Cab got to play just two nights. Then rival gangsters wrecked the Plantation Club and murdered Harry Block, one of its principal backers.

The bands behind the bands

Fortunately mob interests did not extend to all branches of the music business, and though bands often complained (sometimes with justice) of rapacious or indifferent management, band financing was largely outside the criminal orbit. Financing for bands came sometimes from another band as it did when Benny Goodman backed Harry James or when Glenn Miller backed Charlie Spivak and Hal McIntyre. Sometimes it came from people with great confidence in their own musical taste and commercial instincts, like Si Shribman who, with his brother Charlie, owned or operated a chain of New England ballrooms. The bands of Tony Pastor, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Woody Herman and Claude Thornhill, all started with Shribman money and

Shribman bookings. Si could book them not only into his own ballrooms but into most New England colleges where they met their natural audience, the kids.

John Hammond, whose name inevitably comes up in any discussion of Benny Goodman, Count Basie or the beginnings of swing in general, deserves extensive discussion as the archetype of activist buff. As a boy, he used to pass Harlem's Alhambra Theater on 125th Street on his way to his viola teacher's Riverside Drive studio. He took to dropping off the streetcar and visiting the Alhambra where he fell in love with jazz. He began to buy "race" records, the music of Negro artists then bought by few whites. He toured Harlem with Artie Bernstein, later Goodman's bassist, and got to know the black musicians.

The scout behind the newspaper

As a young man with a private income, he became a musical scout, driving off in his car or flying to Kansas City, Galveston or the Pacific coast, wherever anyone was blowing a hot horn. He could be an unnerving listener, sitting at a nightclub table and reading a newspaper while a band played, but if he liked the music, the musicians soon got offers of jobs and bookings, introductions to new players and better vocalists. Hammond accepted no commissions for this promotional work, and when he became American recording director for the English division of Columbia Records, he used his musical protégés as often as he could to make jazz records for sale in England. He energetically promoted the Goodman and Basie bands, as well as the careers of Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian, Lionel Hampton and boogie-woogie pianists Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson and has never stopped crusading for good music.

The swing scene was covered journalistically only by a handful of knowledgeable reporters. These writers knew what the music was all about, and though their reviews could dissect a band pitilessly, their magazines' popularity polls and annual awards meant kudos, publicity and, inevitably, money to winning musicians. Sidemen might complain about some of the notices but most of them respected the coverage of *Down Beat* and *Metronome,* the only important magazines which consistently chronicled the swing scene, as well as the occasional pieces in *The New Yorker* and *Esquire*.

Not only musicians read the swing magazines. Fans followed their columns devotedly and some enthusiasts still treasure complete files of these periodicals.

As has already been chronicled elsewhere in this series, World War II saw the beginning of the decline of the Big Bands of the Swing Era. Many sidemen went into the service; the bands that remained had to fight increased taxes, gasoline rationing and, in some areas, the blackout or brownout. To these troubles were added wars within the music industry. The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) asked radio stations and networks to pay more for the privilege of broadcasting music by ASCAP members. The fight kept ASCAP tunes off the air for ten months in 1941 and led to a proliferation of swing versions of traditional numbers like *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.* Earlier in the Swing Era, Tommy Dorsey had been cut off the air for swinging *Loch Lomond,* because a radio station manager thought that listeners of Scottish extraction might be offended, but now people were used to it.

Another musical war broke out when James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, called a strike against the recording companies in an effort to win royalties for the musicians, most of whom earned nothing from a record except the recording fee. It was more than two years before all the companies agreed to his demands and during that time the vocalists, who did not belong to the AFM, had largely supplanted bands in the recording studios. Public taste, too, had turned away from swing and toward sentimental ballads. Big band bookings declined as the costs of road trips rose and the bands began breaking up.

And the Swing Era, as such, was over. For a statement on what its passing meant to its most devout adherents we can turn again to Ralph Gleason: "Those were carefree days, golden days, sequestered days, and they cannot come again. No more would there be those white mess jackets and the potted palms. No longer those warm nights with white flannels and blue jackets at the Roton Point Casino in South Norwalk or the Ritz Ballroom in Bridgeport. No longer those lovely formal evenings at Glen Island or Frank Dailey's or the Essex House or the Waldorf.

"Funny how the music can still do it, though. The taste of the Scotch, the snarl of the waiter when you had only a buck left to tip him. The fragrance of the girls in their summer dresses at the roadhouses. And all those nights listening to the radio. In the darkened living room, carried by your imagination to the College Inn, the Madhattan Room, the Garden Court in Berkeley, the Palladium, San Francisco's Peacock Court. The less cynical among us would actually breathe, 'They're playing our song.' Ah, yes. They played it for years, take your choice. It was any of hundreds, and they were all, all of them, such lovely melodies."

—JOHN STANTON

In this recent photograph there are no ghosts of boys in white dinner jackets and girls in filmy organdy dresses. But at the Swing Era's height, musicians and dancers at Glen Island Casino looked out from the ballroom over this balcony rail and the fieldstone seawall at the moon-burnished water of Long Island Sound and Fort Slocum's lights twinkling magically in the distance.

While still in transition from skirts to pants, Jimmy Dorsey *(above)* was a slide cornetist at age five. By seven he was playing with a band in Shenandoah, Pa. Younger brother Tommy also began on cornet, but by nine *(left)* he was a skilled trombonist. Taught by their coal-miner father, both boys could double on most brass and reed instruments.

The Men Who Made the Music:

The Dorsey Brothers

The first thing about the Dorseys was that they were Irish. They had Irish eyes and Irish smiles, Irish brooding moods and—notoriously—Irish tempers, mostly derived, I guess, from Tess Dorsey, the stout and sentimental mother who gave birth to James Francis on Leap Year's Day of 1904 and to Thomas Francis 21 months later. Their musicianship was the bequest of their father Thomas, a thin and professorial man wildly miscast in his job as a $10.20-a-week coal miner in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. For extra earnings father Dorsey gave music lessons and coached bands. From about the time they started school, his sons got cornet lessons from their old man, who then veered them to sax and trombone. "I want my lads to go somewhere," he insisted. "They got me to teach them, and I didn't have nobody."

In their early teens the Dorsey boys were already in their father's band, playing waltzes and two-steps and quadrilles. Only Jimmy went to high school briefly. When they were 16 and 18, the Dorseys enlisted some other teen-agers into an orchestra, euphorically dubbed the Wild Canaries, and played a summer at Carlin's amusement park in Baltimore. A couple of years later Jimmy signed on with Jean Goldkette's jazz band in Detroit and got Goldkette to hire Tommy. Goldkette's cornetist in those years was Bix Beiderbecke, as instructive a jazz player as the Dorseys could possibly have known in their musical development. From Goldkette's incubator they went on, one or the other or both, to most of the big bands of the '20s, Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Rudy Vallee, Red Nichols, Roger Wolf Kahn—one-night stands, recording sessions, radio shows. A payroll voucher for the Paul Whiteman band in 1928 shows Jimmy Dorsey making $200 a week, $50 more than Bing Crosby and plenty of scratch for those days.

By then Jimmy Dorsey was a master technician of the alto saxophone. A textbook he wrote, with its exercises and advice to aspiring musicians, became the standard for anyone who wanted to play alto sax in a dance band. With Whiteman, he was featured as a virtuoso, and his specialty, later recorded as *Oodles of Noodles*, became the basis for his theme, *Contrasts*, as well as *Tailspin*.

Influential as Jimmy was as a jazz soloist, Tommy on trombone topped his brother as a pop instrumentalist and probably affected the course of popular music more. In the late '30s and early '40s it used to startle traditional jazz fans to find out that the veteran New Orleans trombonist, Kid Ory, who had played with King Oliver and had given Louis Armstrong his first job, insisted that his favorite trombone player was Tommy Dorsey.

During the early '30s the Dorseys headquartered in New York. They were in constant demand for studio work, for not only could they solo, but also they were schooled, reading musicians who were, like their father, perfectionists. Both were in the bands of many of the top radio programs. They played a lot with Glenn Miller, so it was a natural thing that Miller, admiring the Dorseys and not yet ready to become a band leader himself, should urge the former leaders of the Wild Canaries to start their own big band. Years later Jimmy Dorsey flatly stated that "the instigator of the band was none other than Glenn Miller."

Glen Gray had already discovered a market among young people for a white band that played something that might be equated with the style of the big Negro dance bands, Fletcher Henderson's, Jimmie Lunceford's, Duke Ellington's and McKinney's Cotton Pickers of Don Redman. Gray had been a smash success at Glen Island Casino and in ballrooms across the country, and it seemed possible

Thomas Dorsey Sr. hid his sons' shoes to keep the boys home practicing. If their progress, reviewed nightly, failed to please him, he knew his wife had let them out. Finally satisfied with their achievements, he said proudly, "I can't be playin' with my sons any more. They're gettin' too fast."

that all dance music need not necessarily be limited to the sweet, bland, lushly orchestrated music of leaders like Guy Lombardo, Vincent Lopez and Eddy Duchin.

The Dorseys' unofficial headquarters in the mid-'30s was a saloon called Plunkett's, strategically located on 53rd Street. The two brothers, and the rest of the studio men with jazz leanings, could hang out there and make their radio shows on time. To Plunkett's in 1933 came members of the old Smith Ballew band, stranded by a canceled date and introduced by Glenn Miller, who had been Ballew's trombonist, arranger and manager. Jimmy and Tommy began to make their first records with "The Dorsey Brothers" on the label, though the band was hardly more than a pickup group. (For one recording, the bandleader was neither Jimmy nor Tommy but a musician fated for a different kind of fame, Eugene Ormandy, who wound up as musical director of the Philadelphia Orchestra.) Later, recruiting sidemen from among the clientele at Plunkett's, they began assembling a big band and building a reputation on records. They did a lot of accompaniment work: among those they played for were Mildred Bailey, the Boswell Sisters and Bing Crosby. Tightening and perfecting their organization, they put out a long stream of discs for Decca in 1934. They also played dates up and down the East Coast, and in the spring of 1935 settled down in Glen Island Casino for what they hoped would be their lucky break into radio.

The band was a stunning, instant hit. Even the senior Dorsey, ear to loudspeaker back in Shenandoah, remarked judiciously, "The boys are getting so they execute better all the time."

Just so. But all through the years that they had been perfecting themselves as jazz-swing musicians, the Dorseys had also been honing another talent—for combat. Mother Tess Dorsey recalled that "there was always this bickerin' between them. Tommy was a great one for pushin', and Jimmy for takin' his own sweet time." The hot-tempered, whisky-drinking brothers themselves never troubled to deny their rivalry, perhaps because they knew that underneath it lay respect and loyalty. When they were apart, each always referred to the other as "The Brother."

Fistfulls of brotherly love

Their fights, and they were authentic fistfights, were no doubt part of a natural tendency to get their Irish up, and this penchant led them into celebrated scraps with others as well as one another. Music stands bore the main brunt of a tiff Tommy once had with Benny Goodman, but on another occasion actor Jon Hall emerged from Tommy's house with cuts and contusions requiring 50 stitches. Benny Goodman has recalled that Jimmy left the Ted Lewis band after a New Year's Eve argument which ended with Jimmy's belting Lewis over the head with a clarinet. "It seems that everybody had a few drinks and was feeling good, and Jimmy decided that was a fine time to panic the folks at the club with an imitation of Lewis playing clarinet." As late as 1949, Jimmy, annoyed by a heckling milkman at a dance, clubbed the fellow with a clarinet, raising a two-inch lump.

Of Tommy's temper, arranger Sy Oliver says, "He had a temper all right but it was usually in a good cause. He got in more trouble trying to help other people than anything else. He wasn't the kind of guy who would start

JD *(second from left)* and TD *(right)* pose with other members of the Wild Canaries (their first band) in 1922 when they played at Carlin's, an amusement park in Baltimore.

Tommy beat bandleader Charlie Barnet at tic-tac-toe on the set of *A Song Is Born* in which both played their horns. Danny Kaye and Benny Goodman had speaking parts.

Tick-Tack Tournament
T.D.

Tommy clowns for a home movie. From left are: Frank Devol, Yvonne King, Jack Egan, Tommy, Alyce King and Dick Morgan. All but Egan, a press agent, were with Horace Heidt.

Beneath the hostilities of the battling Dorseys lay a deep mutual affection which showed itself oftener with the passing of the years, as in this moment at a late '30s ballgame.

a fight with a waiter—he'd start a fight with the manager."

The intra-Dorsey feuding was "mainly about music," Jimmy noted. "In our short-pants days, the battles concerned who played cornet better." Tommy recalled that he "got so mad at Jimmy one day that I went over to his room and smashed all of his saxophones on the radiator. Once, in a surge of brotherly affection, I went down to the pier to meet Jimmy on the *Ile de France*. Jimmy had been touring Europe in an orchestra that included Muggsy Spanier and George Brunies. We hadn't seen each other for months, but within five minutes we were fighting again." Yet Howard Christianson, who was a friend of both Dorseys and later Jimmy's manager, diagnosed their relationship as "squabbles that may have seemed bitter" overlying "a basic foundation of love."

A tempo tantrum, a sizzling split

One of their battles was over Tommy's preference for a fast beat over Jimmy's preference for a slow one. And it was just that question that took the Dorsey feud to the flash point on the night of May 30, 1935.

The band was about to play *I'll Never Say Never Again Again*, and Tommy kicked off the tempo. Jimmy looked up from his seat and slyly remarked, "Isn't that a little too fast, Mac?" Tommy put down the trombone, walked off the bandstand, drove to New York and never looked back. From then on for years, people had to talk less about "the Dorseys" and more about "JD" and "TD." JD kept the band, and even the name "Dorsey Brothers" for the rest of that gig at Glen Island and the rest of the Decca recording contract. TD went out on his own.

It is interesting now to go back and see how the jazz world, where both Dorseys had strong reputations and where their hearts were really at, treated them. Everybody dug the Dorsey Brothers band. It swung, for one thing, as few other big white bands had swung, and it had shown, on records and then on grinding night-after-night road tours, that it was possible to make some silly Tin Pan Alley songs swing and give the soloists room to blow jazz.

So when the Brothers broke apart, the hot music fans split down the middle. Some of them said that Jimmy kept a jazz-oriented band and Tommy went commercial. Just as many said exactly the opposite. I remember once listening to Tommy Dorsey records with Artie Shaw when a woman who was with us sneered at Tommy's "commercialism." I thought Artie was going to hit her, even though, as it happened, the woman was his current wife. Like the rest of TD's peers, Artie Shaw knew that Tommy was a hard worker and a superb musician with a dedication to what was musically right.

In hindsight, with the Dorseys established by history in the top ranks of swing, it is easy to make the judgment: the Dorseys had perfect taste hooked to high talents and arduous schooling to produce impeccable artistry. If this carried them, a decade after their split, to grosses running from $625,000 to $991,000 a year, and to lifetime earnings high in the millions, that seems more like just reward than the consequence of pandering to the public. Their scores and scores of lovely classics show that their real dedication was to their art and not to money. Tommy got rich enough to buy Walter Chrysler Jr.'s yacht (which he renamed *The*

Sentimentalist), but his passion was music, not yachting.

I remember Tommy standing up there on the bandstand with that sharp nose and those bookkeeper's glasses and a suit that looked as though it didn't fit. Years later, when Tommy was a millionaire, his suits still looked as though they didn't fit. Jimmy always looked as if his clothes had been not only tailored but possibly woven for him.

With the original band Jimmy went first to the West Coast for a long run on a commercial radio hour with Bing Crosby, and then to hit records: *All of Me* and *Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga* with Helen O'Connell singing; *I Get Along without You Very Well* with Bob Eberly; and a series of Eberly-O'Connell duets like *Green Eyes* and *Tangerine*. Jimmy's records with these two singers made his band one of the biggest draws in box-office history up to then.

Tommy had to find a band. He thought of Joe Haymes who was then at the McAlpin Hotel in Manhattan. Haymes was a leader who had a rather small name with the public but a good name among musicians for having interesting bands. Haymes never felt really comfortable as a leader, and Dorsey took over almost all of the band as his base, including Haymes's chief arranger, Paul Weston. TD signed a contract with RCA Victor and began recording in the fall of 1935; Victor already had Benny Goodman under contract and had discovered that the swingy music everybody was hearing on radio could sell discs. Tommy whipped the band into shape with the perfectionism that his bitterest enemies always had to concede. Howard Christianson remembers that Tommy would "get up in the middle of the night to get things done—he was a tireless worker." The first thing Tommy did was to stick Sterling Bose in the trumpet section. "Bozo" was a Beiderbecke devotee who played with a driving, rhythmic style of his own, and Tommy chose him out of conviction that the brass section should have a standout jazz trumpet soloist. Tommy's brass section always had top soloists and he always gave them room, just as Jimmy's saxophone sections were distinguished for team play.

Then Tommy added the first of two men in a rhythm section that was to make swing history. Dave Tough, a tiny, mournful-looking man who resembled a jockey, came originally from Chicago. Tommy heard Dave the first time, Dave later recalled, one day when Tough was practicing in a back room at Plunkett's. Tough was an epileptic and a problem drinker, but in 1936 he had sobered up temporarily and Tommy went looking for him for the band, eventually driving to Boston to find him working in some joint. The next recruit was a guitarist who was then play-

Danny Kaye mimes a solo for A Song is *Born*. Band includes (from left) Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Dorsey, Goodman and Barnet. TD and BG squared off at one session but, Barnet says, knocked down only music stands.

JD and his clarinet head a wedge of bandsmen in the 1944 MGM opus, *Lost in a Harem*, starring Abbott and Costello as oriental magicians. Jimmy and his boys blew in occasionally with appropriate music like Jimmy's own *John Silver*.

ing on 52nd Street in the Hickory House, with Wingy Manone's group. He was Carmen Mastren, a young player unknown aside from his appearance at the Hickory House, where Tommy sat in now and then.

For other trumpets Tommy got Andy Ferretti and Bill Graham and, later, Max Kaminsky and Peewee Erwin. Bud Freeman, the Chicago tenor sax player, came in, and by the middle of 1936 TD had the kind of band he wanted, except that he had not yet enlisted Bunny Berigan for a solo trumpet chair. Bunny joined briefly, left to lead his own band and came back three years later. The things he recorded with TD, *Marie* and *Song of India* especially, are among the finest examples of the Berigan style.

Looking back, it is obvious that Tommy Dorsey loved the Chicago-style Dixieland musicians. Carmen Mastren was working with a Dixie combo when Tommy hired him, and Freeman was lengendary as a hot soloist. Thus Tommy shaped a band that could transform itself in an instant from a big swing band into the Dixieland combination that he called the Clambake Seven, including his own trombone, one of his trumpet soloists, Freeman on tenor, a clarinet, plus a rhythm section. Joe Dixon was Tommy's first clarinetist; Johnny Mince lasted the longest. Since TD played pretty fair tailgate when he wanted to, and he had a tight but swinging rhythm section, it was a winning combination on numbers like *The Music Goes Round and Round*. The big band/small group adaptability put TD right in there with the man he saw as his only rival, Benny Goodman.

Tommy used his players with skill. Dixon and Mince were expert clarinetists, influenced by the same early jazzmen as had influenced Goodman, but Tommy conceded the clarinet to Goodman and used them sparingly, usually for fills and short choruses. For his long swinging solos he leaned on two instruments. One was the swing tenor of Bud Freeman, and then of Bud's successors—Babe Russin, Don Lodice, Skeets Herfurt, Boomie Richman and, very briefly, Paul Gonsalves of Duke Ellington's band. The other instrument was the trumpet, played at times by Bunny Berigan, Peewee Erwin, Sterling Bose, Max Kaminsky, Lee Castle, Ziggy Elman and others. When the mood was right, Tommy would let them stretch the arrangement, usually the roughly three minutes of a 78 rpm disc, by playing chorus after chorus until the crowd was screaming.

The Jimmy Dorsey band, as the successor to the original Dorsey Brothers aggregation and composed of all-star studio men, stressed ensemble. Fewer JD sidemen in the late '30s had the stature of such TD jazz players as Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman or Davey Tough. But they could all play, and they played together with beautiful precision.

Tommy listens to a record with his first wife, Mildred ("Toots"), and their children, Pat and Thomas III (now an IBM executive). At his big New Jersey house, Tommy entertained lavishly, bringing home carloads of weekend guests.

In 1944, Tommy and his second wife, actress Pat Dane, were in court, accused of assaulting actor Jon Hall, who, Tommy said, had tried to embrace Pat. The case was dismissed.

Both Dorseys scored with what the music business used to call novelties, and with vocalists. Tommy's record of *Boogie Woogie* was one of RCA Victor's best sellers for years, and Jimmy made a whole series of novelty and jazz instrumentals for Decca that were prime jukebox favorites. To sing, Tommy had Edythe Wright, a thin and sexy-sounding girl who made, among other numbers, *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby*, *Dipsy Doodle* and *Music Maestro Please*. For some of his most memorable hits—*Marie*, *Yearning*, and *Who*—Tommy used Jack Leonard, with the band acting as a chorus responding to him. Comic as it seems now, TD's swing versions of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Song of India* and Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* earned anguished accusations of desecration from many solemn admirers of the classics. "What's the harm in giving these old masters a coat of 1935 enamel?" Tommy joked.

Jimmy hit big box-office successes in theaters and ballrooms and within a few years gained added strength from the duo-vocals of Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly.

And then, of course, after Jack Leonard left Tommy (first to go on his own, unsuccessfully, and then to go into the army), TD ultimately picked up a skinny kid from the Harry James band, Frank Sinatra. It was a break for both of them. Sinatra learned from Dorsey as well as contributing some of the most successful moments the TD band ever had. Frank candidly says that his style, which became *the* style for ballad singers, evolved from the way Tommy played trombone. Tommy had an amazing consistency of tone and the ability to extend the sound for long periods without seeming to breathe. Sinatra picked that up. "Tommy taught me everything I knew about singing," Frank has said. "He was my real education. In

On Thanksgiving Day, 1951, Tommy, his third wife, Jane, and their daughter Susan posed with a turkey—to plug an airline catering firm—before a band tour of Brazil which was cut short by disputes with impresarios and ended in litigation.

the middle of a phrase, while the tone was still being carried through the trombone, he'd take a quick breath and play another four bars."

Jo Stafford, who did *Embraceable You, Who Can I Turn To* and other numbers with Tommy, said almost the same thing. "I'm certain that Tommy's trombone style must have had an effect on every singer who worked with the band. I know that in my case I learned a great deal about phrasing and breath control while sitting on the bandstand listening to him play."

Although both brothers were fans of the big black bands such as Duke Ellington and Count Basie, Tommy adopted more of their ideas than Jimmy did, and even, when he hired Sy Oliver from Jimmie Lunceford and later Ernie Wilkins from Basie, moved directly into their style. Tommy offered Oliver $5,000 more than "whatever you're making, playing and writing for Jimmie," and Oliver went on to write many famous and popular originals and arrangements for TD, including *Opus One, On the Sunny Side of the Street* and *Well, Git It!*

"He was great to work for," says Sy. "He gave me a completely free hand. He modeled the band on what I was doing. He never even assigned the vocals." At a time when Dorsey had Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers singing for him, he would let Sy decide who sang what in an Oliver arrangement. Sy left Tommy in 1943 only because he was drafted. By that time he thought the band was "one of the best bands I'd ever worked with."

Tommy paid his musicians well, but he wasn't as openhanded as Paul Whiteman had been. In the late '30s he hired the sharp little pianist Joe Bushkin, after Joe sat in on trumpet (on which he doubled occasionally) one night with TD's band at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in New Jersey. Bushkin had played with Wingy Manone, Joe Marsala, Eddie Condon and other 52nd Street bands. Bushkin's description of the hiring: "Tommy asked how much I was making with Bunny Berigan and I said 'Ninety dollars,' and that was it." Bushkin wrote several hit-list songs, such as *Oh Look at Me Now*. By a happy chance, he soloed on celesta in *I'll Never Smile Again*, just because there happened to be a celesta in the recording studio.

On November 19, 1956, the Dorsey brothers and their 82-year-old mother celebrated Tommy's 51st birthday at the Hotel Statler in New York. A week later Tommy was dead.

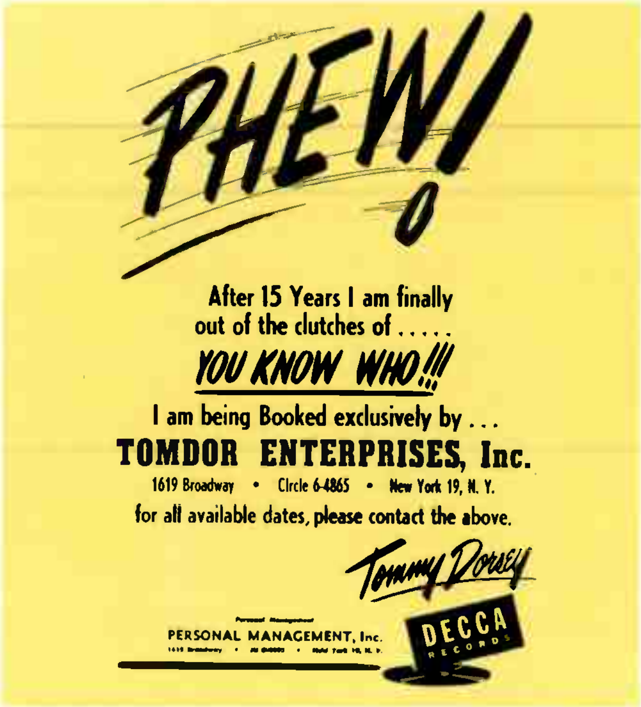
Happy Birthday
Tommy

Jane, Jimmy's wife for 21 years, divorced him. The grounds: habitually waking her before dawn to listen to his recordings.

During World War II both Dorseys played frequently at Army camps, Navy bases, hospitals and war-bond rallies. Tommy survived the war years well with theater and location jobs that people could get to despite gasoline rationing, and came out with a box-office rating that was still tops. But Jimmy suffered irreparable losses when, after their series of hit discs, Helen O'Connell left him to get married, and Bob Eberly went into the Army. The band lost commercial appeal, but Jimmy continued to play a lot of punchy jazz for one-nighters and hotels.

Jimmy, who never had Tommy's hard edge, did not fight the decline. Friends have always insisted that if Tommy had not quit that night in Glen Island, Jimmy would really have been content to sit in the saxophone section forever and just play. Everybody who ever worked for Jimmy loved him. He was gentle and kind and generous. He put up with drunkenness and missed rehearsals that Tommy, whom some bandsmen remember as "cruel" and "ruthless" and even "brutal," would never have tolerated. And Jimmy had his moments of box-office glory, too. One time in 1940, a Texas oilman flew Jimmy's band to Houston in two chartered planes for a birthday party at a one-performance cost of $10,000. His postwar slump can probably be traced partly to bitter episodes in his personal life—his house burned down, he quarreled with his wife, and one of his managers stole a lot of money.

Tommy, who fought the world as vigorously as he fought Jimmy, battled his booking agencies and eventually, when his contract expired, took out a full-page advertisement in *Billboard* announcing his "escape" and the formation of his own agency. Angered at the prices he was getting from ballrooms for his band, he headed several



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When his MCA contract expired, Tommy ran this ad in *Billboard* announcing his own "Tomdor" management.

Soon after announcing that they would join forces, the Dorseys appeared as guest sidemen with Ray Anthony at Duke University's "Joe College Weekend." With this happy 1953 tryout began their three final, and successful, years together.

other bandleaders in buying the Casino Gardens in suburban Los Angeles. One Saturday night Tommy coolly announced at the Palladium that on the following weekend he would be playing at his own ballroom.

All through the late '30s the feud went on strenuously, each Dorsey band striving to top the other in record sales, hit tunes and theater grosses. Sometimes they played eyeball to eyeball in the same city, and when the Dorseys met they gave one another thin smiles and barely cordial salutations. Once they scheduled a let's-make-up meeting at the Astor Hotel in Manhattan, where Tommy had just added violins to his band. Jimmy, full of booze, couldn't resist saying sarcastically that Tommy *needed* violins. So Tommy jumped down from the bandstand and socked Jimmy. Their reconciliation began at their father's funeral in 1942, and they began to work amicably, together.

Christianson recalls that once "when Jimmy was ill in Philadelphia, Tommy rode a train nightly from New York to head the band." When they joined to go into the sheet-music business, they smoothly solved the problem of hierarchy by getting two sets of business cards, one that said, "Jimmy Dorsey, President" and another that said, "Tommy Dorsey, President." This business collaboration outmoded one aggravation of their rivalry: the heightening of it by their managers for box-office and publicity value. They found another common interest in making *The Fabulous Dorseys*, a rosy-hued 1947 movie depicting their climb to success from the Pennsylvania coal mines. Tommy (but not Jimmy) was practically on the wagon from 1937 to 1940, removing one detonator of Dorsey battles

Ultimately their musical disagreements faded and their perennial mutual respect came to dominate. One day Tommy was kicking around some TV show ideas with Jackie Gleason and heard himself say, "What about my brother Jimmy?" And so in 1953 Jimmy and three remnant members of his band joined Tommy's band, 18 years after the walkout at Glen Island. But it wasn't the Dorsey Brothers band this time. It was Tommy's band, the Tommy Dorsey orchestra featuring Jimmy Dorsey, at Manhattan's Hotel Statler. The band would play a set with Jimmy's arrangements featuring Jimmy, and the two brothers would play a couple of numbers together. It worked out well—so well, in fact, that they went on the CBS television network (forgetting Tommy's earlier fulminations against the ravages of TV in the entertainment world) as a summer replacement for the Jackie Gleason show.

They clicked, and in passing—this must have some sociological significance—introduced Elvis Presley to the general American audience. Their success induced Gleason to splice the Dorsey program into his regular CBS series. Tommy and Jimmy continued to work together, and in the fall of 1956 Tommy returned to the Statler in New York and worked out of there for one-nighters and college proms.

Tommy's married life had been stormy enough to have cracked up in two divorces, and that fall, at the age of 51, he was nearing a third. One night at his 14-room house in Greenwich, Connecticut, he ate a heavy meal of Italian food sent up from New York. His wife, Jane New Dorsey, a onetime Copacabana showgirl, and her mother dined with him, and the occasion was apparently not too frigid even though Jane was sueing Tommy for a split on grounds of "intolerable cruelty." He went to his room at nine o'clock and locked the door in deference to the terms of the separation required for the divorce. When he had not reappeared at two o'clock the next afternoon, his wife got Tommy's business manager, Vincent Carbone, to climb through the bedroom window. Tommy was dead, suffocated, doctors found, on food regurgitated while he was asleep. He had taken a lot of sleeping tablets, not, it seemed an intentionally lethal amount, but enough, probably, to have kept him from coping with the nausea. He left a bitter note, not of suicide but of protest against the divorce. At the funeral in Manhattan, an organist played Tommy's ever-so-familiar theme, *I'm Gettin' Sentimental over You*, and Louis Armstrong sent a wreath woven around a trombone.

Jimmy carried on for a few months, ironically scoring his biggest record hit. He had recorded, under his own name for Fraternity Records, an arrangement of an old ballad called *So Rare*, with something of a rock 'n' roll beat to it, and Jimmy's alto on the pretty tune. Just as he was about to be awarded a gold record for its sales, and only seven months after Tommy's death, Jimmy died of lung cancer. Just 22 years after that Glen Island contract they were both gone.

Isn't that a little too fast, Mac?

—RALPH J. GLEASON

The Men Who Made the Music:
Bob Crosby

For some seven years of the Swing Era, Bob Crosby and his orchestra ripsnorted across the land, delighting multitudes from real Dixieland fans who loved the solid music to squarer types who liked the leader's engaging manner, casual chatter and pleasant singing. Few listeners knew that the leader could play only the most rudimentary drum.

The band had some of the greatest blowers of the age and enough arranging and composing talent to stock three ordinary bands. They were purveyors of the New Orleans style of 30 or 40 years earlier, not of the new "swing" of pacesetters like Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and the Dorsey Brothers. But instead of being treated like anachronisms they stayed at or near the top of the polls for most of those seven years with Benny and Glenn and Tommy and Jimmy. The sidemen drew better salaries than most did in those days. The band broadcast regularly from the best night spots. New York's Lexington and New Yorker hotels, Chicago's Congress Hotel and Blackhawk Restaurant, Boston's Ritz-Carlton Hotel and the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles. They made movies—*Let's Make Music, Presenting Lily Mars, Thousands Cheer, See Here, Private Hargrove* and *Rookies on Parade.*

At one time the band was trailed everywhere by a friend of one of the sidemen. She was Mrs. Celeste LeBrosi, a wealthy Long Island widow right out of Scott Fitzgerald, who traveled in a limousine equipped with a two-wheeled trailer for her luggage. When the band was at the Ritz-Carlton, she took the hotel's whole top floor and ran up an entertainment tab of more than $1,100 in a single week.

The Bob Crosby band began early in 1935 with eight musicians in search of a leader. They were all refugees from one of the bands of Ben Pollack, the gifted drummer whose various sidemen over the years could stock a swinging hall of fame. This particular band broke up in California because the musicians were becoming discouraged. Business in those Depression days was poor, the sidemen's salaries had been cut and, as trumpeter Yank Lawson says, "Future bookings didn't look bright. We started having meetings and talking about an alternative." Bassist Harry Goodman went off to join his brother Benny, but most of the sidemen, including Lawson, clarinetist-arranger Matty Matlock, saxophonist Eddie Miller, trumpeter Charlie Spivak, pianist Gil Bowers, guitarist Nappy Lamare, drummer Ray Bauduc and saxo-

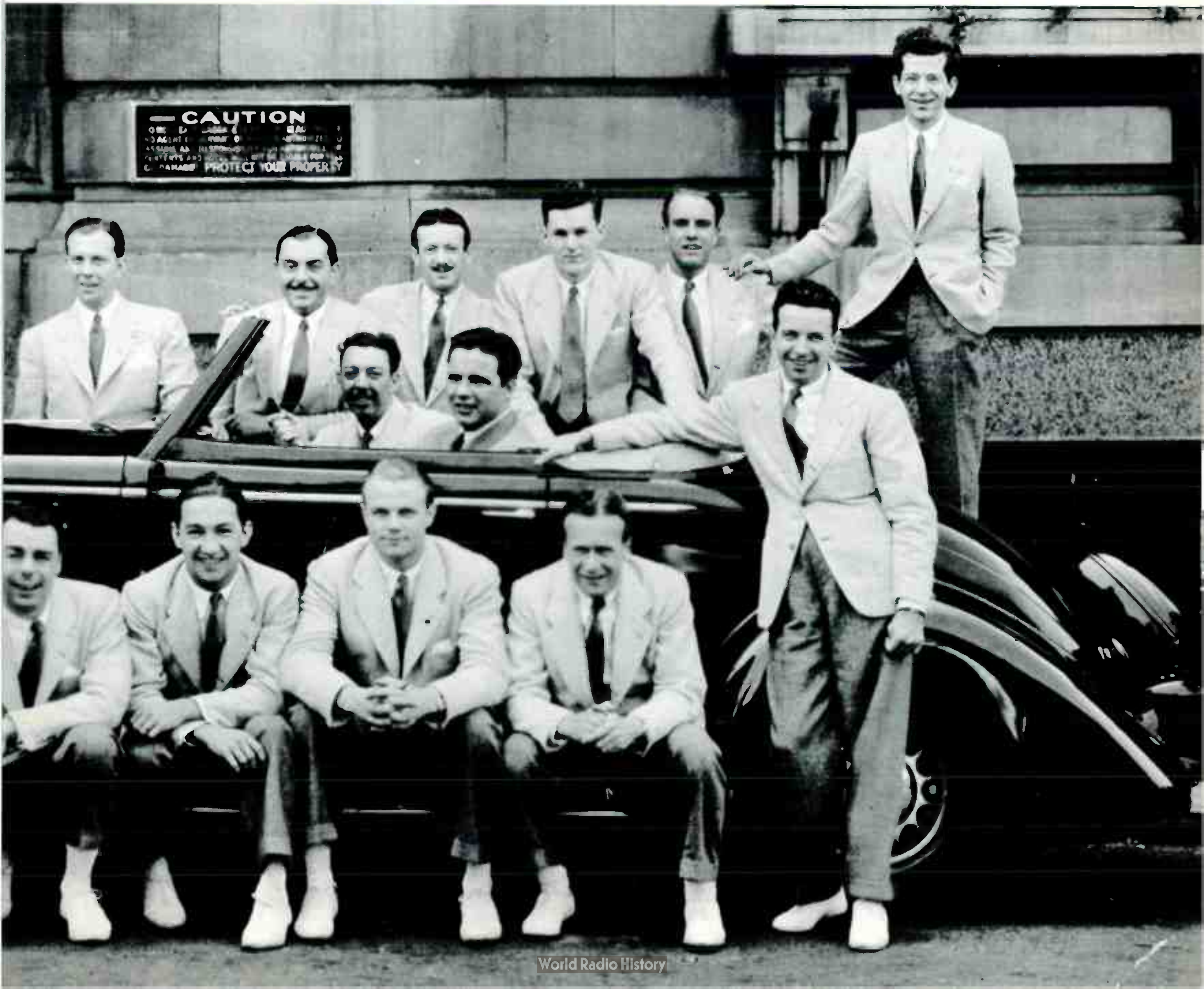
Gathered in, on and around a 1935 Dodge convertible coupé are the original members of what became one of the era's happiest bands. Bob Crosby is at the wheel, beside drummer Ray Bauduc. In the back row: Joe Harris (trombone), Charlie phonist-organizer Gil Rodin, decided to form a new band under the direction of trombonist Jack Teagarden, who had left Pollock a little earlier.

They made their various ways to New York where Rodin, who had landed a radio job with Benny Goodman, kept them alive with occasional one-night stands. They also cut some records under the name of Clark Randall and His Orchestra. "Randall" was Frank Tennille who had been a featured vocalist with Pollack and whom the sidemen chose as the new band's first front man. Those Brunswick sides, made in March 1935, are collectors' items now because the line-up is virtually the same as that of the first Bob Crosby Orchestra and because they had an extra trombonist named Glenn Miller who later decided to go off with Ray Noble instead of with the Bobcats.

In January 1935 "Pollack's Orphans," as other musicians called them, got a break. Rodin, as contractor for a new radio show, Kellogg's College Prom with Red Nichols, found berths in the band for some of his friends. The Nichols band soon caught the ear of Tommy Rockwell of the Rockwell-O'Keefe agency, then one of the biggest bookers and builders of bands. But to go on their own, the Orphans needed a personable front man with a well-known name. Tennille, who agreed to step aside, was not famous. Teagarden, the band's next choice, was under contract to Paul Whiteman. None of the sidemen could wave a baton convincingly, not even Rodin, a fine organizer who had brought Goodman, Miller and Teagarden into Pollack's band.

Cork O'Keefe, the other half of Rockwell-O'Keefe, offered the band a choice of three batonists: singing trumpeter

Green (violin), Phil Hart (trumpet), Eddie Bergman (violin), Yank Lawson (trumpet), Bob Haggart (bass), Deane Kincaide (arranger-saxophone). In *front:* Matty Matlock (clarinet), Gil Bowers (piano), Eddie Miller (saxophone), Frank Tennille (vocalist), Gil Rodin (manager-saxophone), Nappy Lamare (guitar). Horns soon replaced the fiddlers. Some others also left, but Rodin, Bauduc, Haggart, Lamare, Miller, Lawson and Matlock were with Crosby at the end.



Bob spent his 14th summer picking cucumbers near Spokane. His father, a pickle factory's bookkeeper, got him the job.

Johnny ("Scat") Davis, Goldie (the sole professional name of Harry Goldfield then playing trumpet and doing a tap dance for Paul Whiteman) and Bing Crosby's kid brother, George Robert Crosby, better known as Bob, recently boy singer for the Dorsey brothers.

Rodin and his friends decided that the band was already loaded with featured instrumentalists, that Davis and Goldie were a bit too corny and that Bob would do because he was, as Lawson says, "Bing's brother and a good-looking guy who would make a good front. And we figured, if he was good enough to sing with the Dorsey brothers he couldn't be too bad in that department." Lawson and the others also liked, and still do, Bob's easygoing ways and unpretentious charm.

Crosby and the Orphans decided to go it together while "sippin' sodas" in a drugstore on 55th Street and Sixth Avenue. They became the "Bob Crosby–Gil Rodin Corporation," chartered in the state of New York and billed professionally as Bob Crosby and his Orchestra, though more widely known as the Bobcats, a name which technically applied only to the small jazz combo within the band.

"During the next seven years," Crosby said later, "we were jazz-mad gypsies, roaming the country to play dance halls, picnics, carnivals and cabarets."

To Bob Crosby at age 21 the Orphans' offer seemed heaven-sent. Youngest of an expansive Irish household of seven children, he was born on August 25, 1913 in Spokane, Washington. Bob played baseball and football and was Spokane High's tennis champion in 1929.

Like brother Bing, who was a little more than nine years his senior, Bob attended Gonzaga University and like Bing left college for show business. He tried to make it Bing's way—by singing. He attempted a debut in an amateur show at 13. The organist played a lead-in to *Five Foot Two Eyes Of Blue* five times; Bob opened his mouth five times but nothing came out, and finally he fled.

The shadow of the 'best' Crosby

He did better singing at a walkathon. A Spokane radio station did a weekly on-scene broadcast of the endurance contest and bandleader Anson Weeks heard the station in San Francisco. "Anson knew that Bing had a brother who also sang," Bob said later, "so he sent for me. I was picking cucumbers in Spokane when I got the call." Bob responded to Anson's call so eagerly that he forgot to pack his suspenders and sang his first date with his arms clamped tightly to his sides to keep his pants up. Weeks sent him home after six weeks but eventually rehired him and Bob sang with the band for two years. Then in 1934 came an offer to sing with the Dorsey Brothers band. Tommy, Bob recalls somewhat bitterly, was less than enthusiastic. "Tommy wouldn't let me sing for two nights. He said, 'I got the best band in the land. Why can't I have the best Crosby?' " Tommy soon modulated into a brighter view of Bob and in his six months with the Dorseys Bob sang often and made more than 30 records with the band. But Bob saw only a limited future for himself as a boy singer. He wanted a more active role.

All his life Bob Crosby has fought to stand outside the shadow of "the best Crosby." His father, Harry Lillis Crosby Sr., and his other brothers, Larry, Everett and Ted, all seemed content with niches in Bing's enterprises. Bob and Bing never battled like the Dorseys; Bing often helped his younger brother, sometimes surreptitiously, and Bob developed a line of jokes about Bing. "What? Fight with the Bank of America?" he once said when asked if he quarreled with Bing. "I was 14 before I knew Bing was my brother and not my father. Bing sent me his old clothes. . . . I was the only kid in the first grade who had tux pants with pleats. . . . We are blood relations but his blood is richer than mine. . . . I once found a $5 bill. I took it to Bing. He said, 'We have to share it.' He took it to the drugstore to change. He kept three, gave me two. That's the story of my life."

Just before he joined Pollack's Orphans, Bob was singing at the Paramount Theater with Lee Wiley, already a great song stylist. "As comedy, it would have been terrific," he said later with disarming modesty, "but it was meant to be romantic." Bob suffered from no illusions about his musical ability but worked hard to improve his voice; for a time he even took lessons from retired opera diva Amelita Galli-Curci. He had charm, a quick wit, an ability to get along with people and a passion to make his own way. Fronting a band seemed a good chance. "Nobody could say Bing was a better bandleader than me because he didn't lead a band."

Bob's debut with the band was a hastily arranged one-nighter at the Roseland Ballroom. "After an hour on that stand," Rodin recalled, "with Bob out front wisecracking and waving his magic wand, we knew we had our man." Bob's breezy charm added a personal identity to the band's strong musical identity, while Rodin attended to hiring, firing, rehearsing, and planning programs as well as buying and writing arrangements. One girl singer might complain that Bob kept the best songs for himself, as singing bandleaders often did; more important to the sidemen were Crosby's frequent public mentions of each of them, keeping listeners aware of each man's individual contribution. Nobody left the band just because he couldn't stand Bob, and years later many gladly came back and toured with him again.

Bob had executive skills, too. In 1940 the band arrived at the financially ailing Empire Theater in Syracuse, New York, to find the house dark and the manager missing. Crosby rounded up electricians, stage hands, ushers, box office attendants and union officials, generating so much publicity in the process that the band played to record-breaking attendance.

From 1935 to 1942 the Crosby band won fame as a versatile outfit whose theme song was Gershwin's gentle *Summertime* and whose repertory included hit ballads and jump tunes, novelty and comedy numbers and even waltzes. But its musicians found their true inspiration in the collective improvisations of the band's "danceable Dixieland."

The key sidemen were dedicated to good jazz. Drummer Ray Bauduc, tenor saxist Eddie Miller and guitarist-singer Nappy Lamare were natives of New Orleans and had been raised on the righteous sounds. The biggest problem with Bauduc, says Rodin, was getting him to play dance music in addition to Dixieland. "When we played ballads," Lawson says, "Bauduc was always fixing his drums."

Matty Matlock, born in Paducah, Kentucky, and raised in Nashville, played New Orleans-style clarinet and could score the classic jazz repertory for big band instrumentation without losing the essential spirit of the music. Bob Haggart, another great arranger, was born in Douglaston, Long Island—hardly a jazz mecca. But he quickly learned the New Orleans message from Bauduc and conveyed it both on his bass fiddle and on paper. The sidemen cheered him after playing through his first chart and remained his fervent fans. "He was one of the greatest talents in America," says Rodin, "and could have been one of the greatest writers in the world."

Deane Kincaide added another valuable arranging talent to the band, and Yank Lawson's driving trumpet, in the opinion of some listeners, helped sustain Bauduc's beat. Gil Rodin, the band's musical director, mentor, father-confessor and policy maker grew up in Chicago on hot music and was firmly committed to its virtues.

These men set the style and direction the band maintained through subsequent changes in personnel, especially in the piano, which the band called the "hex seat." Illness forced out Gil Bowers, the original pianist. The famous Joe Sullivan, who followed Bowers, wowed the band with his inspirational playing and contributed to its library such originals as *Little Rock Getaway* and *Gin Mill Blues*. Sullivan discovered he had tuberculosis when he had an injured arm X-rayed. The band played a big benefit for Joe and hired Bob Zurke as his replacement.

Zurke's small hands could not stretch to play the tenths required in stride piano style, but he compensated for this

In 1934, soon after some of its members posed for this baseball picture, the band of Ben Pollack *(fourth from left)* broke up in California. Gil Rodin *(in dark shirt, center)* later organized "Pollack's Orphans" into the Bob Crosby band.

Eddie Miller lifts a lissome leg as he joins Bob Haggart *(center)* and Nappy Lamare in one of the exhibitions which made the Crosby band a whole show in itself. The boys did their celebrated fan dance to the strains of *Beautiful Lady.*

with a dazzling contrapuntal technique. Someone in the band had to keep constant track of Zurke, a heavy drinker who once threatened to divorce his wife because she kept nothing in the refrigerator but food. When Zurke broke his leg, Pete Viera replaced him but soon developed arthritis. Sullivan returned briefly and finally Jess Stacy joined the band in 1939 and stayed to the end. Stacy had already made a name with Benny Goodman. "He was a little away from Dixieland," says Rodin, "a little more swing-oriented, but he adapted very well."

Among notable later recruits were trumpeter Billy Butterfield and a fat clarinetist, born Irving Prestopnik, who disliked the name "Irving" and had his name changed legally to just "Fazola." Everybody then called him Irving Fazola. Benny Goodman admired his big clarinet tone. "When you saw him without his clarinet," says Bob Haggart, "you wouldn't dream he could make such beautiful, sensitive sounds."

Because it was a corporation whose founding members split the profits every year, the Crosby band was more stable than most, but trouble developed when some felt the profits were too small. Part of the trouble, Gil Rodin says, was that Tom Rockwell had made himself a partner and took his profit off the top, charging the band for such things as part of the maintenance costs of his agency's New York office. In 1938 the band left Rockwell-O'Keefe for a rival agency, Music Corporation of America, and continued to operate as a cooperative, with highly beneficial financial results for members. In 1940 *Down Beat* published the following estimates of the members' incomes from the band: Crosby, $25,000; Rodin, $20,000; Bauduc, $17,000; Miller, Haggart and Lamare, $15,000 each; Matlock, $14,000; Butterfield, Stacy and Fazola, $10,000, and the other sidemen $8,000 each. These were good wages but few of the Cats were in it just for the money. "We didn't do it to be successful," says Rodin. "We did it to be happy."

Doris Day, one of the band's series of girl singers, who Crosby predicted would one day be a sensation, was paid at an annual rate of $3,000 during her brief tenure.

The Crosby band, unlike some big bands, usually featured a show of some kind. Tall Bob Haggart, flanked by Miller and Lamare, both short, all of them with their pant legs rolled to the knee, would perform a fan dance. Bauduc at the drums was a show all by himself, changing his approach to suit each soloist. He conserved his energy by sleeping a lot and could sleep anywhere he could find room to stretch out. Bauduc claimed he needed 12 hours to get eight hours' sleep because he "slept very slowly." At Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant he and Haggart first improvised *Big Noise from Winnetka*. The simple but effective routine, still much in demand today, won the Crosby band a movie contract and a radio show.

Bob Ottum, a senior editor of *Sports Illustrated*, was in high school in Minneapolis when *Big Noise* first appeared.

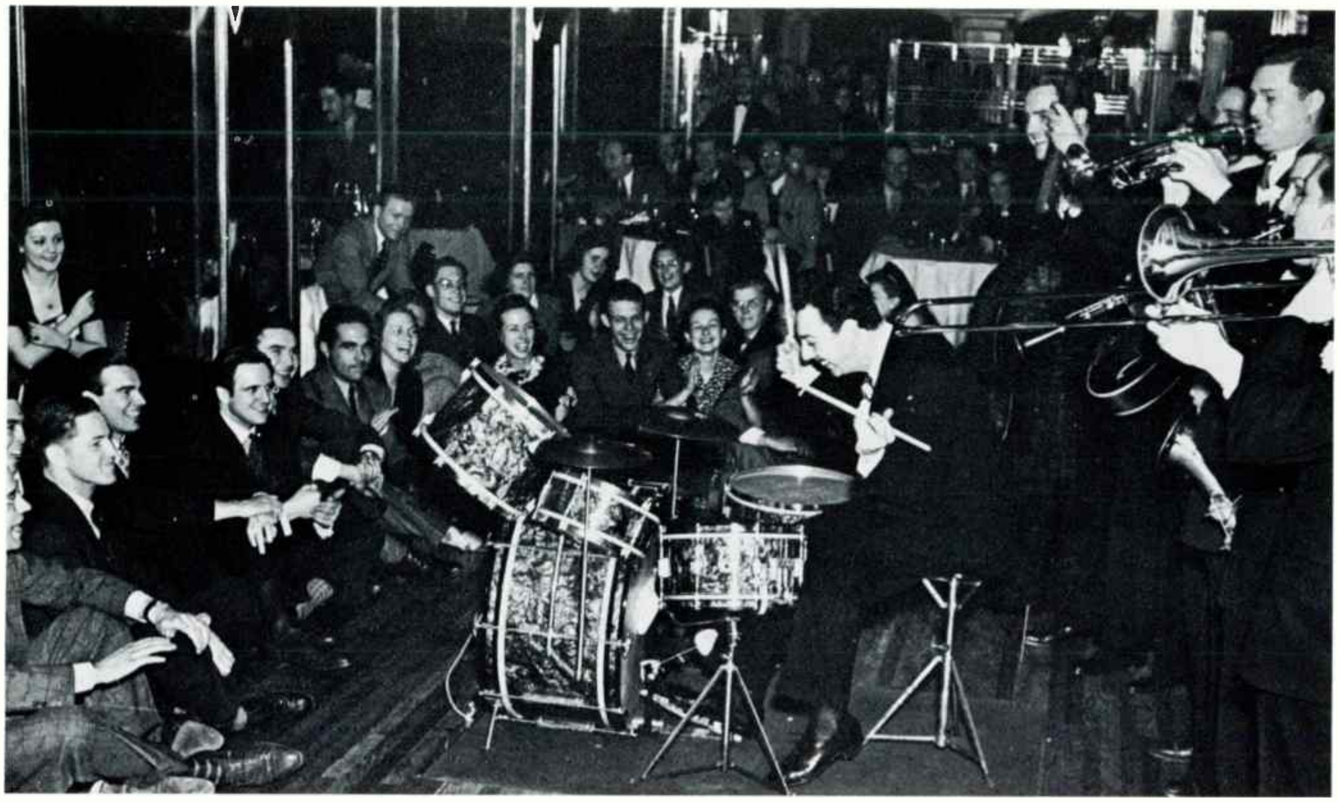
"It introduced a fantastic new sound," he recalls, "back in the days before recording studio trickery and quadruple playbacks. Anyone listening to a record always knew who was playing what instrument. Then along came this special sort of *thumpy* sound full of delightful mystery because no one except those who had actually seen it performed knew how it was done.

"I first started hearing *Big Noise*—about 22 times a day —over station WCCO in Minneapolis and learned it was by Bob Haggart and Ray Bauduc who played bass and drums for Bob Crosby. I decided that either our family's old Philco radio was finally shot or that Haggart or Bauduc was first whistling and then chanting into a barrel. Our exclusive North Side Jazz Symposium (about 11 of my Patrick Henry High School friends and one record player) decided Haggart was slapping his bass some new way. Then one wealthy club member who had been all the way to Chicago and attended one of the Sunday afternoon sessions by the Crosby band at the Blackhawk Restaurant revealed that 'Mister Bauduc takes his sticks, see, and taps them against the strings of the bass.' We called WCCO and got this flash out on the air the same night."

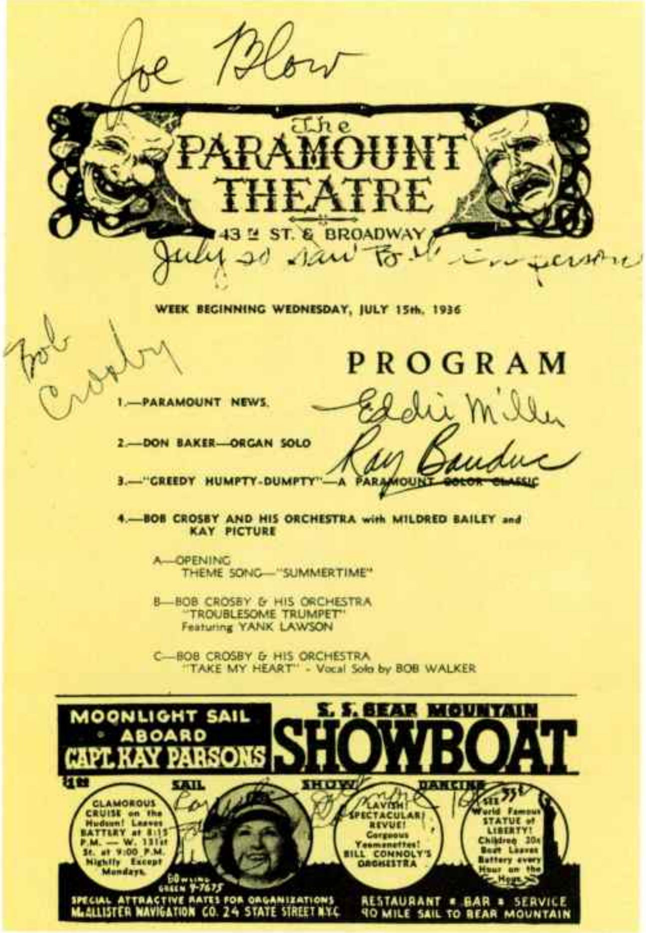
Haggart and Bauduc vividly recall the birth of *Big Noise*. The band played special Bobcat Fan Club gigs on Sundays at the Blackhawk, Bauduc remembers, and then did a radio broadcast from the restaurant. "All our fans came and packed the joint." One Sunday the band planned to record its broadcast, hoping the recordings would entice a big tobacco company into sponsoring the band. After the Fan Club show, ending with a session by the Bobcats, Crosby asked the crowd to let the sidemen rest a few minutes before the broadcast.

Nothing doing. "The kids held onto the rubber carpet that carried the drums," Bauduc says. "They were screaming and yelling for more." Crosby asked Bauduc and Haggart to distract the fans so the rest of the band could "catch their wind and rest their chops." The two began jamming and Bauduc noticed that the cold weather had tightened the head of his big floor tom-tom, bringing its pitch close to the open G-string of Haggart's bass.

Big Noise from Winnetka was another Crosby band act and became so popular that it was a feature of the band's first movie, *Let's Make Music* (*below*). It was repeated in two other films, *Reveille with Beverly* and *Presenting Lily Mars*.



The band struck paydirt in 1938 at Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant. On Sundays, as part of the act, the eight Bobcats would leave the bandstand and play on the dance floor, where the fans crowded around them, roaring approval.



Joe Blow

The PARAMOUNT THEATRE
43RD ST. & BROADWAY

July 20 Saw Bob in person

WEEK BEGINNING WEDNESDAY, JULY 15th, 1936

Bob Crosby

PROGRAM

1.—PARAMOUNT NEWS. Eddie Miller

2.—DON BAKER—ORGAN SOLO Ray Bauduc

3.—"GREEDY HUMPTY-DUMPTY"—A PARAMOUNT COLOR CLASSIC

4.—BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA with MILDRED BAILEY and KAY PICTURE

A—OPENING
THEME SONG—"SUMMERTIME"

B—BOB CROSBY & HIS ORCHESTRA
"TROUBLESOME TRUMPET"
Featuring YANK LAWSON

C—BOB CROSBY & HIS ORCHESTRA
"TAKE MY HEART" - Vocal Solo by BOB WALKER

MOONLIGHT SAIL ABOARD CAPT. KAY PARSONS S. S. BEAR MOUNTAIN SHOWBOAT

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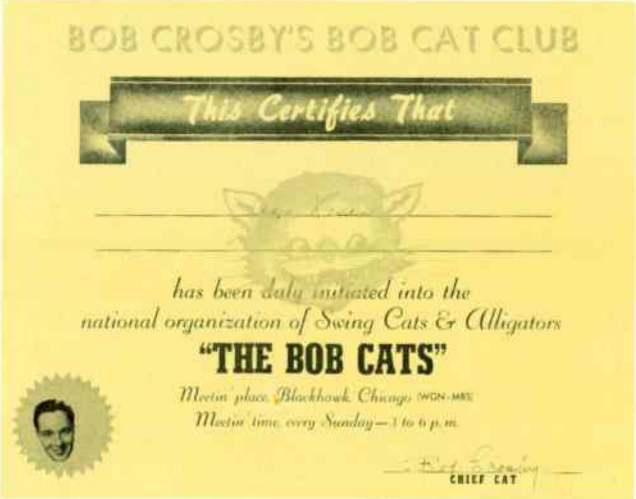
90 MILE SAIL TO BEAR MOUNTAIN

Jean Berger of New York, once vice president of the Bob Crosby fan club, still treasures these mementos: an autographed program ("Joe Blow" was Matty Matlock), a Bobcat tie clasp and a Bobcat Club membership certificate.



BOB CROSBY'S BOB CAT CLUB

This Certifies That

has been duly initiated into the national organization of Swing Cats & Alligators

"THE BOB CATS"

Meetin' place, Blackhawk, Chicago (WGN-MBS)
Meetin' time, every Sunday—3 to 6 p.m.

Bob Crosby
CHIEF CAT

"So I started vamping on the tom-toms and Haggart on the bass," says Bauduc. "We went along for a while, then I said to Hag, 'Give with the whistle,' and he did."

"I have always been able to whistle through my teeth," says Haggart. "I'm not sure I can whistle the *other* way."

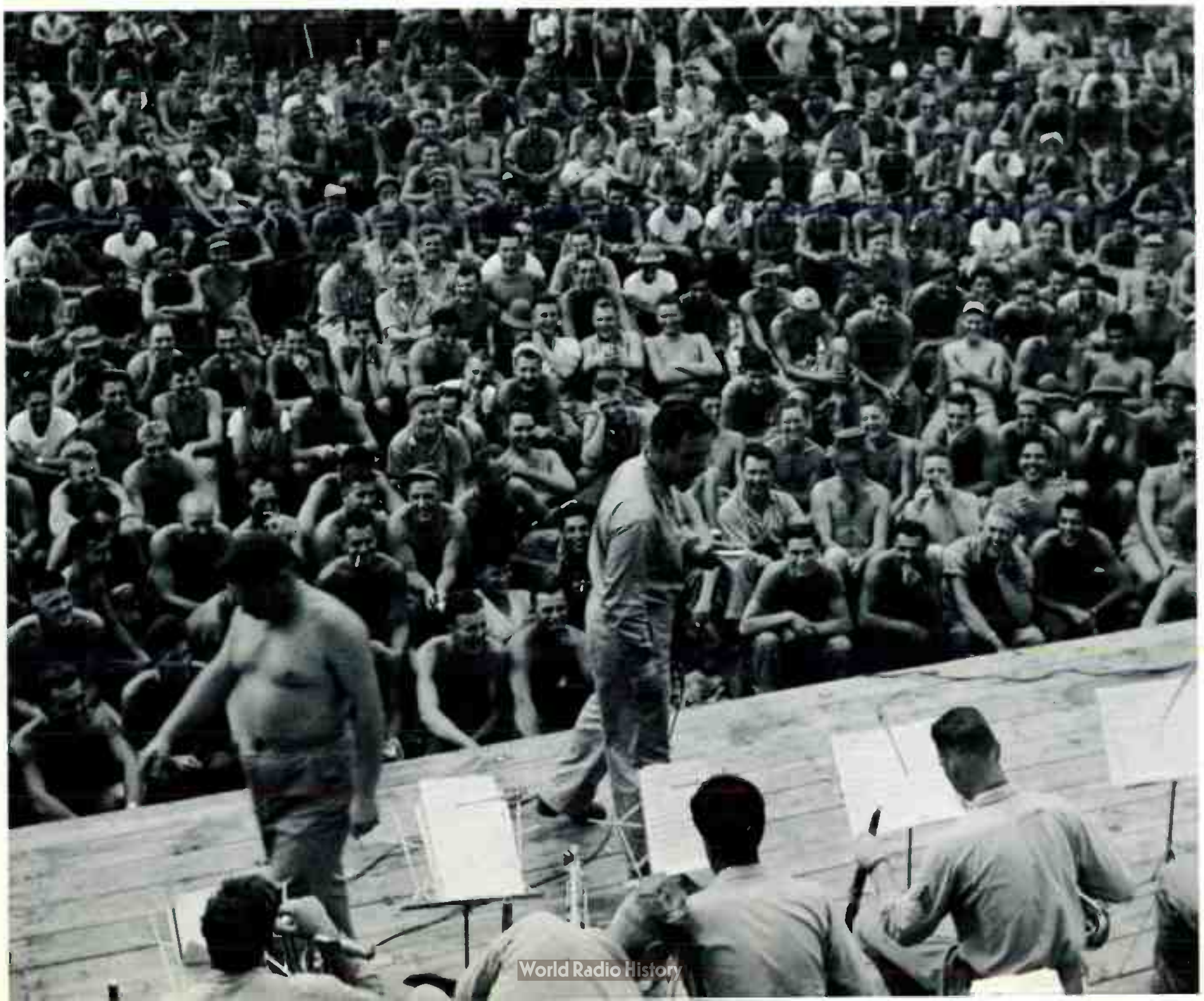
"I remember a gag I used to do with Nappy Lamare when we were kids," says Bauduc, "playing on his banjo with my drumsticks. So when Hag was through whistling I started vamping from tom-toms to the G-string with my sticks, and Hag, thinking quickly, started arpeggioing up and down on the G-string. The kids were screaming. We really broke it up."

"The name came to mind," Haggart says, "because most of the audience was composed of kids from such Chicago suburbs as Oak Park and Winnetka. It could just as easily have been *Big Noise from Oak Park.*"

Haggart and Bauduc soon recorded the number and Bauduc thinks it sold 35,000 records in the Chicago area alone within a month. A number of imitators quickly tried to get the sound. "One well-known bass player thought I did it with my fingertips," says Haggart, "and he worked on it for weeks and couldn't figure it out." The Jimmy Dorsey band took a run at the number but had to use three men—neither the bass player nor the drummer could whistle properly, so trumpeter Charlie Teagarden whistled.

Soon after Bing married Kathy Grant, the Crosby clan met at his house in Holmby Hills, Los Angeles, for their mother's birthday. Standing are: *(from left)* Everett, Bing, Larry, Ted and Bob. Sisters Catherine and Mary Rose sit with their mother, who has since died, as has Everett. Larry works for Bing, and Ted is a rainmaker in Opportunity, Washington.

On Ulithi *(below)* and other embattled South Pacific atolls, Lieutenant Crosby and his "Merry Men of the Marines" won ringing applause during World War II from hot, homesick GIs whose favorite request number was *White Christmas.*



Do people still want to hear it? "Every single night," says Haggart. "It does get a little tiring."

Aside from diversions like *Big Noise*, the Crosby crew was serious about music. Matlock, Haggart and Rodin went to the best sources for material or inspiration: to King Oliver's Jazz Band for *Dixieland Shuffle* (alias *Riverside Blues*) and *Royal Garden Blues;* to Louis Armstrong for *Savoy Blues, Stomp Off Let's Go* and *Muskrat Ramble;* to The Original Dixieland Jazz Band for *At the Jazz Band Ball;* to Jelly Roll Morton for *Wolverine Blues;* to blues singers Big Bill Broonzy *(Louise, Louise; It Was Only a Dream);* and to Kokomo Arnold *(Milk Cow Blues).* They gave old jazz classics a new lease on life and brought authentic blues to an audience generally unfamiliar with its message.

The Bobcats, an eight-piece combo made up of the rhythm section plus the strongest sidemen, won additional popularity for the band, on records and in person, by delivering fresh and flowing Dixieland of the highest caliber. The Bobcat numbers not only made good listening but gave the musicians a chance to improvise in an unfettered small-group context after which they could tackle their parts in the sections with renewed creative vigor.

When war came and the draft began taking sidemen, the band decided to break up rather than continue with less talented substitutes. In a final July 1942 recording session they produced Crosby versions of *Anchors Aweigh, Semper Paratus,* the *Army Air Corps* song and *The Marines' Hymn.*

Bob Crosby joined the Marines in 1944, causing his brother Bing to remark: "This just changed the odds on the war and made the Japanese 8 to 5. Remind me to get rid of my war bonds."

Bob went in as an aviation specialist and was transferred immediately to the 5th Marine Division as a line officer with the rank of second lieutenant. A second lieutenant he remained at his own request until he returned to the U.S. after VJ-day. Bob was slated for combat duty, but in Hawaii the brass discovered his morale-building talents and put him in charge of a 30-man entertainment unit.

A couple of cargo planes for a song

"Members of the 120th Divisional Band were made available to me," he recalls, in a conversation with Barbara Wilkins of the Time•Life News Service, "but the only thing I'd heard them play was *The Marines' Hymn.* I started walking around the tents where some of the guys in the band were living when I saw one tent with a patch of marijuana growing beside it. I walked in and said, 'What instruments do you guys play?' That's how I got the nucleus of my first group."

The show Bob put together included a very good jazz band, a hypnotist, a comedian, and two essentials for entertaining enlisted men—a hillbilly fiddle and a guitar. Bob wanted to get the show out to combat areas but transportation was scarce. On the advice of General Holland M. ("Howlin' Mad") Smith, Bob sang a few choruses of *The Rose of Tralee* to Commanding General Pat Mulcahy of the Marine Air Wing, asked for and got two C-46 cargo planes. The group covered 29,000 miles in four months.

"We could perform as a full group," says Bob, "or we could splinter off a section that could even go entertain eight guys manning a radar station. We were always in combat areas. We'd even have a jitterbug contest with guys participating. In the forward area, of course, there were no girls."

With a second group of 60, Bob entertained at all the islands. "We went to Guam, Saipan, Green Islands, Emirau, Ulithi, everywhere," he says. "But a musician stops being a musician and becomes a stretcher bearer when there is combat. I lost some boys on Iwo Jima who were serving as stretcher bearers."

Soon after VJ-day Bob received secret orders to go to Washington, D.C. "I ran into Eddy Duchin on the plane and neither of us said a word to each other about where we were going or why. We were both under secret orders—to play a bond rally. And on the same program."

After the war Bob put together a new band, briefly, but the world had changed. Patrons preferred sweet stuff in 1946, ballads and easy tempos. "They got all the excitement they wanted during the war," Bob explained, remembering how Marines at Bougainville had asked for *White Christmas* instead of *March of the Bob Cats.* "Now they want to settle down and dance quietly." The band had little success with the new trend and broke up.

Years after the Crosby band had broken up, it was reunited, in part, for a gig at New York's Rainbow Grill. Jazz critic John Wilson thought the veterans had "weathered the years

Bob worked as a single and made a few movies, doing a particularly effective job as a Rudy Vallee crooner in *The Five Pennies.* He did well in CBS and NBC TV shows produced by Gil Rodin and frequently revived the old band or just the Bobcats for record dates or club engagements. In 1964 he put together a nine-piece group for a tour of Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines, and in 1966 New York's Rainbow Grill jumped for six weeks to the sounds of Bob Crosby's Bobcats, featuring Yank Lawson, Matty Matlock, Eddie Miller and Bob Haggart. Leopold Stokowski congratulated them after one performance of *South Rampart Street Parade* for getting such sounds with so few players "without being imprisoned by the usual bars and notes that limit other professionals."

Today Crosby, who describes himself as "the only guy in the band business who made it without talent," lives in La Jolla, California, with his second wife, June. They have five children. Cathy, the eldest, had a brief acting career and then married a Texas oil man. Christopher appeared with his father at the Rainbow Grill in New York's Rockefeller Center and has been singing with some success.

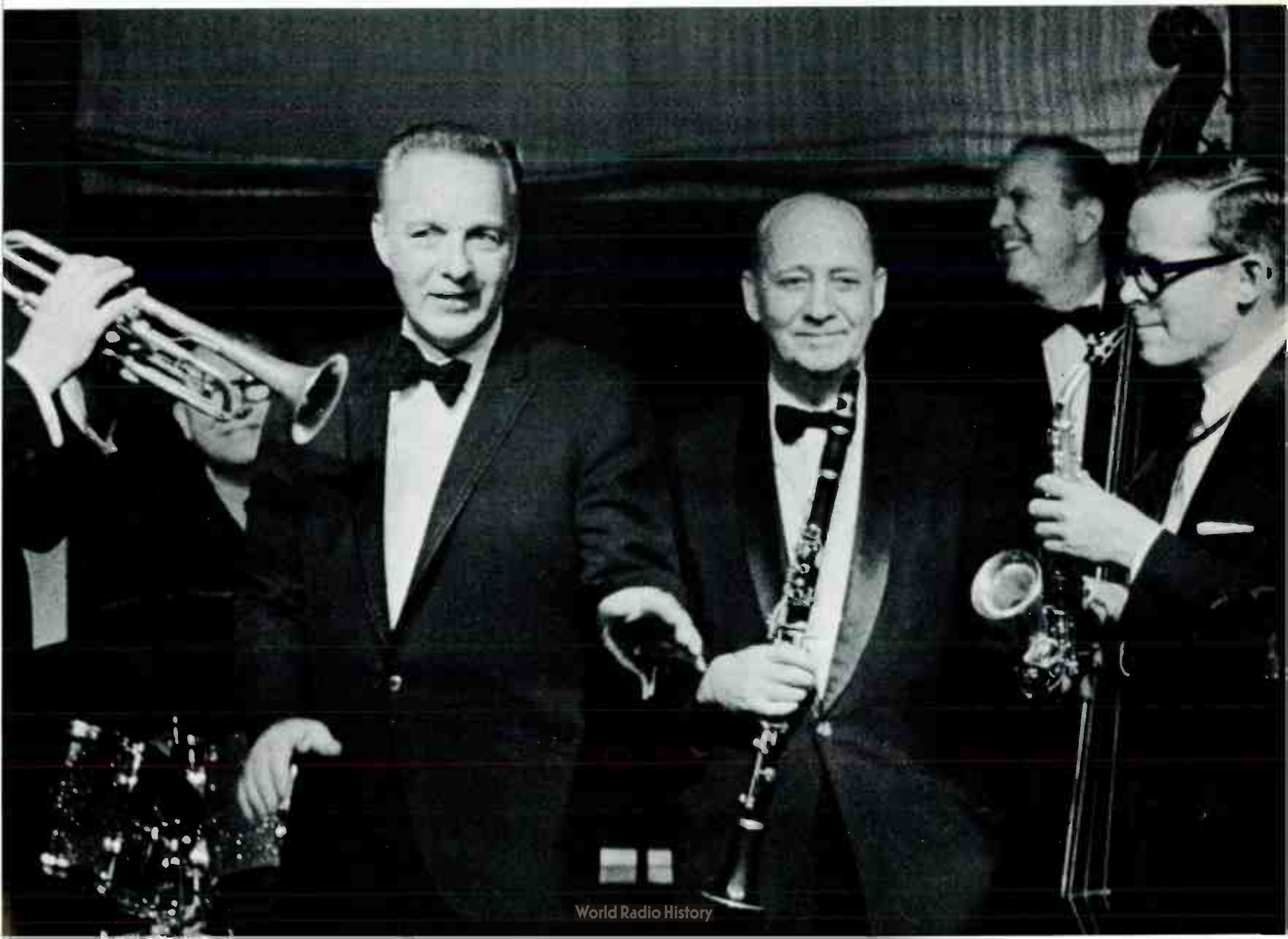
Gil Rodin, who studied television on the GI Bill, is both a TV and record producer and a vice president of Kapp Records and MCA Music. Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart are co-leaders of The World's Greatest Jazz Band, which includes Billy Butterfield among other stars.

Matty Matlock is an arranger on the West coast. Ray Bauduc, whose wife Edna inherited a fortune, lives in comfortable retirement in Texas. Nappy Lamare is playing and teaching in Los Angeles. Eddie Miller is back in New Orleans, a permanent member of Pete Fountain's successful small band which is not too unlike the Bobcats. Jess Stacy is retired but still plays for an occasional wedding or bar mitzvah.

Though it seems doubtful that the original Crosby band will ever ride again, the band's work remains its monument. It was summed up by Duke Ellington in these words: "A band with an amazing amount of color. We feel that here the tan has attained a very luxurious lustre, perhaps through absorption. However that may be, a truly gutbucket band, capable of really getting down there."

—DAN MORGENSTERN

well" and said they drove into *Big Noise from Winnetka* and their other classics "with the high-spirited attack that was a Bobcat hallmark." Yank Lawson (trumpet), Matty Matlock (clarinet) and Bob Haggart (bass) were ably seconded by such sterling replacements as Cutty Cutshall (trombone), Cliff Leeman (drums) and Bob Wilber (soprano sax).



The Music in This Volume

SIDE ONE

Band 1 A STRING OF PEARLS

Glenn Miller version

Few numbers so quickly bring a pleased, remembering smile to the faces of old swing fans as *A String of Pearls.* It is unmistakable Miller—the stylish sound, the light but strong beat, the confident ensemble work and that golden trumpet solo. The commanding introduction, with the same note sounding four times, an octave lower each time, ushers in the melody, played in harmony by three saxes. A wailing alto sax takes the tune, then turns it over to the full-voiced tenor, and over the ascending sax figures comes the trumpet.

Jerry Gray remembers how he wrote *A String of Pearls.* "I was young and still single and living at home in Somerville, outside Boston. My folks were at the movies and I sat down at the piano in the dark and it came to me, the whole thing—the introduction, the melody and the arrangement, and by the time the folks came back I had the whole thing in my head. It was that simple, just took me a couple of hours. Then Glenn got it and changed it a little bit here and there and we added Bobby Hackett's trumpet which really helped it a lot. The thing became an instant success so Glenn put me on composing instead of just arranging. *A String of Pearls,* I guess, was the fastest work I ever did—the fastest and the biggest."

Band 2 DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

Glenn Miller version

This song would never have gone anywhere in its original form. Sam Stept first wrote the tune for a lyric entitled *Anywhere the Bluebird Goes,* but Charles Tobias and Lew Brown put new words to it, and when America went to war *Don't Sit under the Apple Tree* was suddenly a very timely piece to play and sing. Glenn Miller gave it a no-nonsense arrangement, starting out fast and bouncy, letting muted trumpets have their chance before turning the rest of the number over to Tex Beneke (who sings it again in this recording) and the other vocalists. Metronome's critics gave the number a glum B-minus but the public marked it higher. In mid-1942, as the boys were marching, sailing and flying off to battle, *Don't Sit under the Apple Tree* was fourth on Down Beat's list of most-played records.

Band 3 WARM VALLEY

Duke Ellington version

The sensual tone, the soaring phrases, the soft embellishments all mark *Warm Valley* with the style of Johnny Hodges. Everything in this lovely Ellington work plays up to the alto saxophone—the close-harmony brass and the respectful trumpet are careful not to break the mood that the sax sets from the wistful beginning to the questioning end. Hodges played for Ellington for 38 years. He started out on the soprano sax—an instrument most jazz men looked on as a joke except when Johnny or Sidney Bechet played it—but he soon switched to the alto. "Most earlier players," writes Barry Ulanov, "had merely doodled with the instrument, but Hodges in 1928 already possessed a fully developed mature style distinguished by a warm broad tone, inflections intensely hot but never coarse and a powerful beat. He seems to have an inexhaustible supply of ravishing melodic phrases in all moods and tempos." A thoughtful musician, Hodges constantly worked over his musical ideas and challenged the resources of his instrument with long leaps and agile runs—like those heard in *Warm Valley.* "He's the only man I know who can pick up a cold horn and play it without tuning up," said Duke Ellington.

Hodges was 63 and still playing beautifully when he died in May 1970. Skeets Herfurt, who knows every record Hodges ever made, played Johnny's alto part for this album only a few days after his mentor died. "I felt very choky about it," Skeets says, "I've learned more and gained more from Johnny than from any other musician I know. Playing *Warm Valley* was very nostalgic and very sad." It was a nostalgic occasion too for the others playing with him and when Skeets finished the number they all broke into prolonged applause.

Band 4 SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Tommy Dorsey version

A century ago the bishop of Calcutta, on returning home from a missionary trip to Africa, related that in the region near Victoria Falls he had heard a native song strikingly like *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.* He learned from the natives that it was inspired by the legend of a dying chief who was put in his canoe, as was the tribal custom, and pushed down the Zambezi River toward the great falls. Just as the canoe reached the brink, a chariot descended through the mists and carried the chief to the heavens. An American legend gives the song another origin: A slave in Tennessee, sold and about to be separated from her daughter, was ready to throw the child and herself into the Cumberland River when an old woman halted her, saying, "Let me read the Lord's scroll to you and let the chariot of the Lord swing low." The mother was reconciled and her story passed into song.

In actual fact, such songs as *Swing Low* may be derived from the work songs African boatmen used to sing as they paddled the rivers. But, like all spirituals, *Swing Low* is more closely related to the white man's hymns which the slaves heard and sang in church. The Fisk Jubilee Singers made the song popular on their tours a century ago and Anton Dvořák, in the first movement of his New World Symphony, gave the melody to a flute for a brief solo. (That famous *Going Home* theme in the second movement sounds like a spiritual but isn't: Dvořák wrote it himself.)

This Dorsey arrangement gives the melody to almost everybody in the band, starting with a muted trombone that sounds as light as a trumpet. The trumpet sings it, the saxes take it first soulfully, then irreverently, and eventually everybody has at it with an odd mixture of accented beats and unexpected juxtapositions of figures and harmonies. Deane Kincaide, who arranged this version, remembers that "I took a lot of stuff from some race records by Mitchell's Christian Singers and made a sort of hodgepodge of what they did and what I used to do when I was arranging for Bob Crosby."

Band 5 FLYING HOME

Lionel Hampton version

The late Malcolm X described his first encounter with *Flying Home* in his *Autobiography*. He was at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem where Lionel Hampton was appearing. "I went a couple of rounds with the girls from the sidelines," Malcolm wrote. "People kept shouting for Hamp's *Flying Home* and finally he did it. I had never seen such fever-heat dancing. I could believe the story I'd heard about this number—that once in the Apollo, Hamp's *Flying Home* had made some reefer-smoking Negro in the second balcony believe he could fly. So he tried and jumped—and broke his leg, an event later immortalized in song when Earl Hines wrote *Second Balcony Jump*." Hamp's famous hot number had such a wide reputation for breaking up places that once, in Connecticut, police forbade him to play it in a theater because they thought the balcony would collapse when the crowd warmed up.

All this frenzy was aroused by a man whose instrument is one of the gentlest in the band—the vibraphone, a sort of xylophone with metal resonators, each equipped with a tiny electric-powered fan which adds vibrato to that resonator's note. Hamp was a drummer who came upon the vibraphone when Louis Armstrong took him along on a recording date. Hamp was playing it in small bands around Los Angeles when Benny Goodman heard and hired him. With Hamp, the Goodman trio —Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Benny—became a quartet. While he was with Benny, Hamp remembers, "We were flying back to Atlantic City. It was my first plane ride and I was humming a riff to myself. Somebody asked me what I was doing and I said I was just amusing myself. What I was really doing was taking my mind off the plane ride." In Atlantic City, the quartet worked the riff up into a number and there was, of course, only one name for it.

On the bandstand, *Flying Home* runs for six minutes or nine or, when both the crowd and band are going nonstop, for as long as 20 minutes. The recorded version runs about three. A phrase on the vibes gets the band going in medium up-tempo. It comes back to ride over a set of gutty saxophone riffs. Then the tenor sax slips in with an "Ah, So Fair" lick from *Martha*. It stays around for a long set of variations, then heats things up by sticking to a single note while the trombones rasp beneath. The heat rises when the vibes push the trumpet up higher and higher, and with ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta BAM! the band riffs out. Hamp, as fine a band leader as he is a vibes soloist, is still playing tirelessly. A few years ago, dubbed "The Vibes President of the United States," he was given New York's highest cultural honor, the Handel Medallion, named after old George Frideric who could swing a mean concerto grosso in his day.

SIDE TWO

Band 1 JERSEY BOUNCE

Benny Goodman version

It was a Swing Era rule that if one band made a big hit with a song no other band would get very far with it. *Jersey Bounce* broke the rule. Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller both made best sellers of it. The jumpy little tune was created by a saxophonist named Bobby Plater. Mel Powell arranged it for Goodman. A gifted pianist, Powell gave himself a catchy introduction, a succession of breaks rippling through the piece and some modern harmonies in his solo near the end. He also found ways to give the tenor sax a ripe solo, the boss some high clarinet and the trombone a little raw work.

Powell was an early intellectual of the Swing Era. As a precocious New York schoolboy, he kept trying out his own compositions on his piano teacher who, he recalls, "seemed to prefer Mozart." Powell turned to jazz full time at 14, after graduating from high school. He auditioned for Goodman when he was only 18 and was, as Goodman remembers it, "so scared that I had to ask my secretary to help me decide whether he was any good—I couldn't tell." Powell became soloist and arranger for Goodman and later for Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band. After the war, finding band life too hard, he took a job as a movie studio pianist where his major assignment was playing backgrounds for cartoons. He found that even harder. The constant glissandos he had to play blistered his knuckles as he ran them up and down the keyboard until one day a fellow worker, Andre Previn, showed him an easier way: play them with a comb.

Turning more and more to serious music, Powell studied under Paul Hindemith, became an admired and influential composer of electronic music and wound up as chairman of the Composition Faculty at the Yale Music School and, now, as Dean of Music at the California Institute of Art—a long bounce from Jersey.

Band 2 I CRIED FOR YOU

Harry James version

This was one of the first numbers Helen Forrest recorded with Harry James. Harry Rodgers, the arranger who also played trombone for James, remembers how Helen met Harry. "She was singing with Goodman," he says "and wanted to try something of her own, so she came over to the studio to ask me to make a couple of arrangements for her. Harry came in and I went over to tell him what I was doing. 'That Helen Forrest?' he asked. 'I'd like to meet her.' I was surprised he didn't know her, so I introduced them and a couple of months later she left Goodman and came over."

Miss Forrest sings *I Cried for You* again for this album. At the studio, conductor Billy May went over the number. "Helen," he said, "do you know you're hitting a D-flat in the original?" She knew it, Helen replied, "although Harry wouldn't tell me what the note was. He thought if I knew how high I was going, it would frighten me." "Well," said May, "time passes and I was just wondering. . ." and he started the number. "Working in a studio where your voice doesn't really open up," says Helen, "it's hard to tell exactly what you're doing. So at the end I asked Billy how I'd done and he said, 'Don't worry, you're hitting your note.' "

Helen has retained not only her high D-flat but also the impeccable skills that made her the nonpareil among big-band singers. "She was a musician's singer," says Rodgers. "She phrased good, sang with feeling but always clear, no mumbling. I listened to her from brass sections for six years and she got better all the time." Sam Marowitz, who was Harry James's saxophonist, still speaks of Helen with affection and admiration: "You could tune your horn to her voice even at the first show in the morning at the Paramount theater. She was always right and if you weren't with her, you were wrong."

Band 3 BASIE BOOGIE

Count Basie version

"Boogie-woogie?" said a long-hair musician years ago on being introduced to this eight-to-the-bar piano style, "We've had it around for a thousand years, only we call it *ostinato*." Not quite a thousand years, actually. *Ostinato*, which is the persistent repetition throughout a composition of a single phrase, goes back to twelfth century motets and was a favorite device of renaissance and baroque music. In the 1880s or '90s, blues pianists in lumber and construction camps of the south or west used the repetitive device in a style called "fast Western." In the 1920s this was picked up by pianists around Chicago who developed it into the boogie style: a walking-bass figure kept going by the left hand while the right hand plays against it with all kinds of counterpoint, free variations and broken octave tremolos.

Boogie-woogie might never have gotten out of Chicago if John Hammond in 1935 hadn't come upon a record made by Meade Lux Lewis in 1929. Hammond found Lewis washing cars in a garage and brought him to New York where Lewis, along with Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, made boogie-woogie popular in the 52nd Street and Village jazz joints. Count Basie's boogie is a piano piece with orchestral accompaniment. At first, the piano is more blues than boogie but soon it rolls full out with the boogie bass and gets the band rolling.

The name boogie-woogie, incidentally, was invented by Pinetop Smith, an erratic and talented pianist who adopted the expression "pitchin' boogie," which meant throwing a rent party. All that anyone really remembers of Pinetop now is one number, *Pinetop's Boogie Woogie*, which he recorded before he died in a dance-hall brawl in 1929.

Band 4 CHARLESTON ALLEY

Charlie Barnet version

Like so many other swing tunes, *Charleston Alley* was born without a name, a danceable tune written in 1940 by Horace Henderson, Fletcher's younger brother. "We didn't name things until we needed them," Charlie Barnet explains. "There was no reason for a song to have a name until it was recorded. Until then it was just a number. And a lot of titles we thought up were in jokes, or about something that happened to the boys." In this case, what had happened to Barnet's boys was a little trouble in Charleston's red-light district that landed some of them in jail for the night. "I called the tune *Charleston Alley*," says Charlie drily, "to remind them of their indiscretions."

The band introduced the number at the College Inn in Chicago's Sherman Hotel and it caught on right away. The public never got tired of it and neither did the players—they made three different recordings of it. In this 1941 version the trumpet opens with an emphatic half chorus, the tenor sax boots along over the drums, and after a set of chromatically descending chords, the soprano sax leads the sax section for a half chorus, then the trumpet blows in for an easygoing reprise. "In the idiom of swing music," says Barnet, "*Charleston Alley* was right between the eyes. Nobody had to stretch to understand it."

Band 5 AIR MAIL SPECIAL

Benny Goodman version

In a recording studio, after five or six tries at a number there was nothing the sidemen hated to hear more than the sound engineer saying, "Let's go for another" or "Let's take it again" or "We'll hold that one for a safety." What they loved to hear him say was "Good enough to keep" and when, in March 1941, the engineer applied those welcome words to a number Benny Goodman and the sextet had just finished, Benny decided to use them as the title. Benny did the number again with his big band a couple of months later at a time when his arch rival, Artie Shaw, was having great success with his *Special Delivery Stomp*. So Goodman changed *Good Enough to Keep* to *Air Mail Special* and that is its name today.

The piece is based, as so many Goodman head numbers were, on a Charlie Christian riff—the nervous insistent phrase that keeps pushing its way in all through the piece. The first solo is a classic show of single-string guitar improvising. After a clarinet chorus, and a querulous growl trumpet, comes a famous tenor-sax solo in a vigorous and earthy style. Billy Butterfield, who played trumpet for the big band version, remembers how popular *Air Mail Special* was. "The audience would break up our program and shout and holler for *Air Mail*. It was quite a barn burner."

SIDE THREE

Band 1 9:20 SPECIAL

Count Basie version

9:20 Special is vintage Basie, showing off the precision and sensitivity and carefully leashed strength of his 1941 band. Trumpets, saxes and rhythm go at it together, the muted horns with a light propulsive swing and the saxes with a feathery touch. The styles of the soloists are easy to identify. The piano notes are placed carefully and economically, the trumpet is clean and tight over the ensemble and the tenor sax is fluent and inventive. Why the title? The band had come to the recording studio after a night's work in Chicago and by the time they finished this number it was 9:20 a.m.

Band 2 THE MAN I LOVE

Benny Goodman version

Very few songs—and certainly none as great as this one—ever had as tough a time trying to break into show business as *The Man I Love*. George Gershwin composed it in 1923 as the verse for a song he was writing for *Lady Be Good*. But it was so overpowering that he threw away the chorus and just kept the verse. When Otto Kahn, the famous angel of the opera, was asked to help back *Lady Be Good*, he said he wasn't interested—until he was told that the score included a tune that had stuck in his mind ever since Gershwin had played it for him some months before. So, because of *The Man I Love*, Kahn put up $10,000 and right after the Philadelphia tryout, the producer yanked the song—it had left the audiences cold. In 1927 Gershwin tried again, using *The Man I Love* in his first version of *Strike Up the Band*. It didn't make it then either—and neither did the show. Refusing to give up, Gershwin put it into *Rosalie* as a number for Marilyn Miller. It came right out.

Meanwhile, the song was not languishing. Eva Gauthier, the distinguished French art-song singer, introduced it in a 1925 recital at which Gershwin was her accompanist. Lady Mountbatten, wife of the future war hero and viceroy of India, coaxed an autographed copy out of Gershwin and asked her favorite London band, the Berkeley Square Orchestra, to play it. Other bands in London took it up, then bands in Paris and finally some in the U.S. When, in 1930, Gershwin gave it a last try and put *The Man I Love* into his second (and successful) version of *Strike Up the Band*, it sounded so familiar that it had to come out.

Why, since it had made its way into the permanent popular repertory, couldn't *Man I Love* make it on Broadway? "It has a certain slow lilt," Gershwin himself explained, "that subtly disturbs the audience. The melody is not easy to catch—it presents too many chromatic pitfalls. Hardly anybody whistles it or hums it correctly without the support of a piano or some other instrument." Helen Forrest, who made a memorable rendition of it 30 years ago with Benny Goodman, says it more succinctly. "It's a singer's song," she remarked, when she did it again for this album.

Band 3 SUMMIT RIDGE DRIVE

Artie Shaw version

This is jaunty, small-scale Shaw—just Artie and a quintet. "But I didn't want to use that word, quintet, for the group" says Shaw, "so I called it the Gramercy Five, after the New York telephone exchange." The piece itself was named after Artie's Hollywood home address, 1426 Summit Ridge Drive, where he rehearsed the group. The number brought to jazz the unfamiliar jangle of the harpsichord, used for the first time in a swing band. "Artie phoned me," recalls pianist Johnny Guarnieri, "and asked, 'Johnny, you know how to play the harpsichord?' 'Sure,' I said, figuring I could find out pretty easily.' 'Come on over,' Artie said, 'we're cutting a side with one tomorrow.'" When he got to the Summit Drive apartment and confronted the instrument, Guarnieri had to admit that he'd never laid a finger on one before. "But Artie didn't mind. I guess he liked my nerve. I sat down at the harpsichord—I remember it was built by a guy who lived in Ypsilanti, Michigan—and I got the hang pretty fast, except I had trouble in runs where I had to use the fourth and fifth fingers. The action is different from a piano and you have to hit sharply with all the fingers or the notes won't sound. I went home and practiced until I could trill with the fourth and fifth fingers for 20 seconds. Then I was O.K."

Summit Ridge had not gotten very far when Shaw broke up his band a few months later and went into the Navy. "But when I got out in 1945," Artie says, "I found I had a hit in *Summit*. I think, to use a clumsy expression, it's because it was a record ahead of its time." Others thought it was because of the harpsichord—but not *Metronome's* reviewer. "The harpsichord is novel," he wrote sternly, "but so is ground glass in a ham sandwich."

Band 4 ADIOS

Glenn Miller version

Almost any composer would have been grateful to a band for doing as well by his music as Glenn Miller did in his ingratiating performance of *Adios*. But Enric Madriguera, who composed *Adios* and was a leading conductor of Latin music, hated swing. Madriguera, who had studied the violin under Leopold Auer, the renowned teacher of Heifetz and Elman, denounced swing as "just a little germ that spread fast. It is not the type of music for America. It is blatant and makes people neurotic. It comes from the world's distress and was born out of people trying to forget by going to nightclubs and drinking."

To this attack on his art, Glenn Miller turned the other cheek, with a beautifully conceived rendition of Madriguera's song. The melody and the counter melody flow along on reeds and brass. The trombones, with a flourish of aluminum derbies in front of the bells, achieve a special Miller sound. The trumpet sings muted solos. *Adios* shows how pleasingly Glenn Miller's band could pour out music like hot fudge while never losing its parade-ground precision.

Band 5 GOLDEN WEDDING

Woody Herman version

Anyone who has had to sit through the pupil recitals that piano teachers inflict on parents will recognize this little piece as something called *La Cinquantaine*. It means *Golden Wedding*, of course, and is the only claim to musical immortality left by the late Gabriel-Marie, a French composer who conducted provincial symphony orchestras in France around the turn of the century. He wrote *Cinquantaine* in 1887, referring to it as "a tune in the antique style" and arranging it first for violin or cello, later for the piano. Jiggs Noble arranged the Woody Herman version largely for the drums. At the start the tom-toms beat behind the Arabic wail of the clarinet. After some general whomping and wailing, with the trumpet sputtering around, the drummer gets different pitches out of two tom-toms before working himself into a fury on the snares and cymbals. Then he settles back to take on the rest of the band and at the end drives the clarinet clear out of its highest A above high C.

SIDE FOUR

Band 1 BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

Artie Shaw version

Jeanette MacDonald introduced *Beyond the Blue Horizon* in a 1930 film called *Monte Carlo.* She sang it sitting in a train compartment en route to the Riviera and, as she passed through the countryside, peasants in the fields sang back at her in harmony. The movie arrangement, full of clickety-clacking rails and locomotive whoo-whoos, was, composer Leo Robins boasted, "the talk of the movie industry at the time." (Jeanette revived the song in 1944's *Follow the Boys.*) Artie Shaw got along fine without iron-horse effects: his version is full of the reasons his music was almost never boring—a skillful use of strings, a variety of textures, a constant moving from strings to reeds to brass and back to strings, the injection of a jazz chorus into a somewhat sweet mixture. The opening, dreamy and slow, is a fooler. The ensemble picks up the pace, bending the notes slightly. The firm-toned clarinet comes on and the trombone butts in, playing jazz jokes over the strings. The original trombonist was Ray Coniff and his playing gave no hint of what he does today with his full-blown Ray Coniff singers. *Metronome* in 1940 gave *Horizon* an "A—best Shaw side to date."

Band 2 CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO

Glenn Miller version

"I guess I have maybe a dozen keys to Chattanooga," remarks Tex Beneke, who sang *Chattanooga Choo Choo* in both the original recording and in this one. "The folks there always treat me well." This Glenn Miller landmark, written in 1941 by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren, was introduced by Miller in the movie *Sun Valley Serenade* and has been played in several films since. The Andrews Sisters latched on to it and sold 250,000 records. Miller sold more than a million.

The train introduction carries over into the first chorus with the saxes and brasses riding along fast. Then they keep the wheels moving in 6/8 time while Beneke goes into the give-and-take that he, the Four Modernaires and Marion Hutton made memorable. "When we played *Choo Choo* in *Sun Valley Serenade,*" says Beneke, "we musicians didn't care much for it. But Glenn knew what appealed to an audience—he was seldom wrong on that. Today everywhere I go I have to play *Choo Choo* two or three times an evening. To do a tune over and over again for 30 years would drive a man crazy except for that saving feeling of appreciation from the audience. The reaction is always good and makes me feel good too."

Band 3 AUTUMN NOCTURNE

Claude Thornhill version

Claude Thornhill felt most at home in the quieter sectors of swing, setting off his own tasteful piano playing with soft, sophisticated arrangements that always deferred to the melody. *Autumn Nocturne,* a sad-sweet little piece, was arranged by Thornhill and, next to his memorable *Snowfall,* was his biggest request number. This is the way it was done by his first band in 1941. The piano introduces the theme, playing it prettily over a soft, ensemble counter melody. The band swells the tune and the piano resumes. Next comes a lovely, limpid chorus originally played by Irving Fazola, one of the last of the great New Orleans clarinetists. And then it is the piano again winding up what is, in effect, a small, piano tone poem.

Band 4 BENNY RIDES AGAIN

Benny Goodman version

Benny Goodman's is the only bad back that has ever been celebrated musically. *Slipped Disc* commemorates his spinal troubles and *Benny Rides Again* hails his return to the band in 1941 after a three-month siege. For the occasion, Eddie Sauter wrote and arranged one of the most advanced swing numbers of the time. Compared to its changing textures, its minor-key brass ensembles and its complex harmonies, such famous Goodman numbers as *Blue Skies* or *Stomping at the Savoy* seem Early American Swing. Clipped phrases, a growling trumpet, gutty saxes and brasses decorate the opening segment. The tom-toms sound and the clarinet rides in for a long ensemble under the saxes and then sets out on a series of brilliant solos—piercing, plaintive, commanding.

"With Benny out sick," says Sauter, one of the most admired and adventurous popular-music arrangers then and now, "I had time to fool around. I'd never had the courage to do this type of thing before. Benny always thought my arrangements were too classical. In *Benny Rides Again,* there's some *Caucasian Sketches, Sing, Sing, Sing,* a little country Brahms, very bad Vaughn-Williams, a little *Clarinet à la King*—they're all involved in it."

The original recording ran four minutes, 40 seconds, too long for the standard ten-inch record, so it appeared as Goodman's first twelve-incher with Helen Forrest singing *The Man I Love* on the other side.

SIDE FIVE

Band 1 THE MOLE

Harry James version

LeRoy Holmes, Harry James's arranger, had stayed up all night doing a special rush order. James needed a jumpy piece for the B side of a record and Holmes had set down an intriguing rhythmic phrase with a simple melody on top. "It's fine," said Harry when Holmes handed it to him. "What do you want to call it?" "I don't know," Holmes replied. "I'm tired and I'm going to bed." After the recording James asked the band for ideas for a title. One sideman said that the repeated figure reminded him of an underground character called the Mole who was the current villain of the Dick Tracy comic strip. The title has always annoyed Holmes—he had hoped for something exotic. *The Mole* became one of Harry's bigger hits.

The title character, played on the baritone sax, keeps running in and out of the piece, scurrying into the introduction, getting underfoot through the easy muted brass, moving with the strings, and is still stumbling around when, after a fat tenor sax bit, everything ends on an up-the-scale flare.

Somewhere in the number there is a mistake: that's the way James himself always wanted it. Harry was superstitious—he came of a circus family—and in one of his early recordings, he worried about a mistake he had let get by. When the piece became one of Harry's first hits, he decided that was an omen. From then on, if a recording sounded too good to him, he'd say uneasily: "Let's do it again." He wasn't satisfied until the piece was a little flawed—nothing anyone else would notice, but just short of perfection.

Band 2 A SMO-O-O-TH ONE

Benny Goodman version

Benny was a little late for a studio date in 1941 and, while hanging around, the other members of his sextet put on a small jam session to warm themselves up and help the engineers adjust their equipment. They took their cues from Charlie Christian as he kept trying out riffs on his electric guitar. He found one they all liked and they went to town with it. Usually, such impromptu numbers were played and forgotten, but this one, by chance recorded on the spot, was many years later issued as *Waiting for Benny*. You'll easily identify in *A Smo-o-o-th One*, one of Benny's best-known sextet numbers, the riff that the band liked and recorded that same day. It is a quirky phrase introduced by trumpet, tenor sax and guitar. It moves over the clarinet, romps past a growl trumpet and a booting tenor sax, answers the repeated "smack" on the trumpet and leads into the guitar solo near the end.

After hearing Christian play a session with Goodman, Eddie Durham, the first jazzman to use an electric guitar, remembers the days back in Oklahoma when Charlie was switching from the piano. "I never saw a guy learn to play faster than him," he said, "and I'll never forget that beat-up five-dollar wooden guitar he used to take to jam sessions."

In this number, as in *Air Mail Special*, the guitar's rhythm pulls the group along while the guitarist himself breaks away into offbeat accents and surprising patterns. The effect of Christian's inventiveness and harmonic daring spread beyond Goodman's band. Charlie was the first important influence on such future jazz radicals as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonius Monk, with whom he used to play in after-work sessions in Harlem before his death of tuberculosis at the age of 22.

Band 3 BLUE FLAME

Woody Herman version

Everybody in the swing years knew that the sound of *Woodchopper's Ball* meant Woody Herman coming on; the strains of *Blue Flame* meant Woody and his clarinet were signing off. This theme song is the bluest of the blues that were the specialty of Herman's first great band—THE BAND THAT PLAYS THE BLUES. It was written by Jiggs Noble, Herman's arranger, and Joe Bishop, his part-time flugelhorn player. The blue mood is set right off by low trombones and saxes with the clarinet filling in. Then the trombone comes on in the "dirty" (rough, growling) style for which Neil Reed, Herman's star trombonist, was noted. The clarinet joins in, slipping in and out until the final stretch and the sustained chord on which the music falls away.

The piece is in Herman's most relaxed style, one that reflects the man. Woody is not a worrier. When he set up his second band (the first of his Herds) he told the players, most of them new to him, that he'd thrown away his arrangements but they'd get along. That was all right for most of the standards, which the men had played elsewhere, but none of them had ever touched *Blue Flame* which was all Woody's. So Woody sang them a chorus and told them to take it any way they felt like. By the time Woody did get an arrangement, the men had worked out their own *Blue Flame* and didn't need it.

Band 4 WELL, GIT IT!

Tommy Dorsey version

"*Well, Git It!*" says Sy Oliver, its composer, "started out to be *Bugle Blues*, but when I got through there was nothing in it that could be identified as a bugle, so I changed the name and opening lines." The piece is basically a 16-bar blues. It opens with a now-famous two-trumpet display, played originally by Ziggy Elman and Chuck Peterson. A trombone takes over on a one-note figure and wild modulation builds to solos by a loose clarinet and a stiff tenor sax. The piano runs in and then a trumpet climbs up the chromatics to a high-pitched dialogue with another trumpeter.

One of the most powerful of swing's brass blowers, Elman began music as a five-year-old by studying the violin "because my father enjoyed it." As he grew up, Ziggy found he could play almost any instrument he tried—piano, organ, clarinet. He broke in professionally as a trombonist, took up the trumpet because it gave him chances for solo work. He was playing trumpet in a house band in Atlantic City in 1936 when Benny Goodman nabbed him. Instead of letting him sit back in the trumpet section and break in gradually, Benny handed Ziggy the first trumpet book and told him to get out there and play. Ziggy joined Tommy Dorsey in 1940 in time to contribute to *Well, Git It!* and a score of other popular Dorsey recordings.

Band 5 PERDIDO

Duke Ellington version

Though Juan Tizol, the Duke's valve trombonist, wrote and arranged it, *Perdido* wasn't his particular dish. His métier was the smooth, lush tone that he exploited so well in some of his other compositions like *Caravan* and *Azure*. *Perdido* is for hot horns. "We were traveling," Tizol recalls, "and I was sitting in a railroad coach tapping the window and the melody came to me. I thought, that's pretty good and I better write it down before I forget it. I gave it to the Duke that evening and he liked it." Ellington at the time was feeling a little pressed by the popularity of Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford and wanted to challenge those free-swingers on their own ground. *Perdido* was a happy answer. A perennial Ellington favorite, it has become a staple of jam sessions.

The Ellington beat is always clear and comes on strong with the heavy, syncopated left-hand piano chords—and from then on the beat is everybody's business, not just the rhythm section's but the saxes and the trumpets too. A stentorian baritone sax takes the first chorus. Then the trumpet and tenor soloists take over—by turns sentimental, brassy, biting—and after a muttering drum and a hesitant piano, the ensemble blares a finale.

SIDE SIX

Band 1 SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Glenn Miller version

The Song of the Volga Boatmen first became familiar to Americans through the concerts and records of Feodor Chaliapin, the legendary Russian basso who had once worked as a stevedore on the Volga and had heard the boatmen, chanting "*Ei Ukhniem, Ei Ukhneim*" (which doesn't mean anything; they're more groans than words).

As a World War II ally, Russia was newly popular with Americans in 1942 when Glenn Miller set Bill Finegan to working out this arrangement. Finegan poured in almost everything but the Volga itself. Along with the spooky bass introduction comes a whooshing that might be the wind over the steppes. Trombones play the melody in a minor key as a muted trumpet mutters in the background. The band swings heavily into the major, the alto sax offers an imaginative little solo, and then comes the most ingenious part of the piece: a brass canon, a kind of round in which the theme is tossed back and forth between trumpets and trombones while hand-claps and cymbals keep the beat. Swing critics at the time liked the rich orchestration, but it isn't certain that Chaliapin would have. "The boatmen's song," he used to complain, "is tortured for American ears."

Band 2 CONTRASTS

Jimmy Dorsey version

For a song that became an anthem of the Swing Era—heard on hundreds of stages and bandstands, on movie sets and war programs, on uncounted coast-to-coast broadcasts—*Contrasts* had an inconsequential beginning. Jimmy Dorsey wrote it when he was a kid in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, as one of those show-off solos every young saxophonist cuts his teeth on. He called it *Oodles of Noodles* and once recorded it under that name. After he broke with his brother Tommy, he chose it as the theme song for his own band. From the first melting solo to the wistful signing off, the number is almost all in the style that was uniquely Jimmy's; the tone is full and virile, especially in the lower and middle registers, and the improvisations never slight the melody. The title itself reflects the distinctive approach of Jimmy's band in both the contrasting ensemble work and in the sudden tempo changes—from slow to fast and abruptly back again.

Band 3 STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL

Harry James version

In 1942 Harry James felt his band was going too heavy on vocals and looked for some numbers that didn't require singers. *Strictly Instrumental* was just what he was looking for. Usually instrumentals were showcases for the band's get-off men and ensemble virtuosity, the killer-dillers that pulled the audiences away from dancing to crowd around the bandstand. This one is a quieter kind, strictly for dancing. For most of the first chorus, the muted trumpet talks back and forth with the band. The tenor sax goes at it lightheartedly. Then the trumpet is back, dancing over the counter figures and then winding up its conversation *sotto voce* with the rest of the band. The trumpet was Harry James, as it almost always was. But having a star like Harry presented a problem to the band on the rare occasions when he didn't show up. When that happened, Claude Bowen took Harry's intimate solos, Al Cuozzo played the lead parts and Nick Buono came on for those long high notes. It was probably the only time in swing history when it took a trio to blow one man's horn.

Band 4 DANCING IN THE DARK

Artie Shaw version

Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz were going over their score for *The Band Wagon* in 1931 at Dietz's house in Greenwich Village. What the show needed, Dietz kept saying, was a serious song, something with a philosophic message. Browsing through his bookshelf, he pulled out a volume called *Dancers in the Dark*, and quoted a few sentences from it.

Getting back home long after midnight, Schwartz sat down at his piano and in hardly more time than it took to play his idea through, composed his somber *Dancing in the Dark*. Deitz set appropriately somber words to it—"We're waltzing in the wonder of why we're here, Time hurries by—we're here and gone. . ." But the song was inordinately long and they both felt it was not what the show needed—a tune the audience would be humming on the way out of the theater. So they imported a number called *High and Low* that they had written for a London show, and *The Band Wagon* audience did go out humming its catchy phrases. But the song that is still hummed, sung, played and heard everywhere today is, of course, *Dancing in the Dark*.

In Shaw's version, the strings are always present. "Artie was excited by strings," says pianist Johnny Guarnieri. "Other bands had used them but what Artie wanted—and Artie always knew what he wanted—was a flowing effect and he kept the men working over different voicings until he got it." Strings underlie the opening brass statement, take the first chorus, comment gently on Artie's clarinet and keep flowing as Artie told them to. "Shaw's big band," said *Metronome* approvingly in 1941, "sounds as a big band should."

Band 5 AMERICAN PATROL

Glenn Miller version

John Philip Sousa didn't write all those marches he played, although it sometimes seems that way. *American Patrol* was composed by F. W. Meacham, a busy arranger of other men's music. He wrote the march in 1885 and then passed without further notice into musical history. Sousa appreciated its snappy, no-fooling phrases and used to play it early in his programs to rouse his audiences. He leaned heavily, of course, on his brasses. Jerry Gray, in arranging *Patrol* for Glenn Miller, reversed the martial order by putting the saxophones up front. Led by the baritone, they march off, the muted trumpets trotting after. A roll of drums signals a change as the band breaks into *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* and *The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

Such interpolations are in the best military band tradition. In his first recording of *American Patrol*, done in 1909, Sousa pulled in *Hail Columbia*, *Dixie* and *Yankee Doodle*.

It is interesting to see what happens to military 4/4 time when a swing band takes over. Sousa, with 4/4, gets you up on your feet and marching. Glenn Miller, with 4/4 plus a little syncopation, gets you up on your feet and dancing. Of course, the old New Orleans street-marching bands knew that trick, way back at the very beginnings of jazz.

—JOSEPH KASTNER

The Musicians Who Made the Recordings in This Volume

A STRING OF PEARLS

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Pete Candoli, Manny Klein TROMBONES: Si Zentner, Murray McEachern, Joe Howard, Benny Benson SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Gus Bivona, Babe Russin, Chuck Gentry, Julie Jacob PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Skeets Herfurt (alto saxophone), Babe Russin (tenor saxophone), Manny Klein (trumpet), Ray Sherman (piano)

DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, John Best, Frank Beach, John Audino TROMBONES: Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary, Lloyd Ulyate, Dick Noel SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Willie Schwartz, Justin Gordon, Plas Johnson, Abe Most PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool VOCAL: Tex Beneke, Eileen Wilson and vocal group

WARM VALLEY

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Pete Candoli, Shorty Sherock, Frank Beach, John Audino, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Dick Nash, Lew McCreary, Lloyd Ulyate SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Justin Gordon, Jack Nimitz PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Skeets Herfurt (alto saxophone), Shorty Sherock (trumpet)

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Pete Candoli, Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, Frank Beach, John Audino TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary, Dick Nash SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Justin Gordon, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry, Willie Schwartz PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Joe Howard (trombone), Pete Candoli (trumpet), Abe Most (alto saxophone), Justin Gordon (tenor saxophone)

FLYING HOME

Same as A STRING OF PEARLS with Emil Richards on vibraphone SOLOS: Emil Richards (vibes), Plas Johnson (tenor saxophone), Pete Candoli (trumpet)

JERSEY BOUNCE

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, John Best, Frank Beach TROMBONES: Dick Nash, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Justin Gordon, Plas Johnson, Willie Schwartz, Jack Nimitz, Abe Most PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Justin Gordon (tenor saxophone), Dick Nash (trombone), Abe Most (clarinet)

I CRIED FOR YOU

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Frank Beach, John Best, Uan Rasey, Joe Graves TROMBONES: Dick Nash, Lew McCreary, Milt Bernhardt, Joe Howard SAXOPHONES: Willie Schwartz, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry VIOLINS: Lou Raderman, Jimmy Getzoff, Mischa Russel, John De Voogdt, Bob Barene, Eddie Bergman, Lenny Atkins, Isadore Roman, Irv Geller, Darrel Terwilliger VIOLAS: Sam Boghossian, Lou Kievman, Jan Hlinka CELLOS: Armand Kaproff, Kurt Reher, Nino Rosso PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool VOCAL: Helen Forrest SOLO: Joe Graves (trumpet)

ORCHESTRA MANAGER: Abe Siegel
MIXER: Rex Updegraft

BASIE BOOGIE

Same as WARM VALLEY SOLOS: Pete Candoli (trumpet), Plas Johnson (tenor saxophone)

CHARLESTON ALLEY

Same as SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT SOLOS: Pete Candoli (trumpet), Plas Johnson (tenor saxophone)

AIR MAIL SPECIAL

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPET: Shorty Sherock CLARINET: Abe Most SAXOPHONE: Justin Gordon PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Al Hendrickson BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Al Hendrickson (guitar), Abe Most (clarinet), Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Justin Gordon (tenor saxophone)

9:20 SPECIAL

Same as WARM VALLEY SOLOS: Skeets Herfurt (alto saxophone), Pete Candoli (trumpet), Plas Johnson (tenor saxophone), Ray Sherman (piano)

THE MAN I LOVE

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, John Audino, Frank Beach, John Best TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Milt Bernhart, Dick Nash, Lew McCreary SAXOPHONES: Willie Schwartz, Abe Most, Justin Gordon, Bill Green, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool VOCAL: Helen Forrest SOLOS: Abe Most (clarinet), John Best (trumpet)

SUMMIT RIDGE DRIVE

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock CLARINET: Abe Most HARPSICHORD: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Al Hendrickson BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Ray Sherman (harpischord), Rolly Bundock (bass), Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Abe Most (clarinet)

ADIOS

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Pete Candoli, Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, Frank Beach TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Dick Nash, Lew McCreary, Lloyd Ulyate SAXOPHONES: Wilbur Schwartz, Abe Most, Justin Gordon, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Shorty Sherock (muted trumpet), Joe Howard (trombone)

GOLDEN WEDDING

Same as JERSEY BOUNCE SOLOS: Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Abe Most (clarinet)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey TROMBONE: Dick Nash SAXOPHONES: Willie Schwartz, Justin Gordon, Abe Most VIOLINS: Lou Raderman, Jimmy Getzoff, Mischa Russel, John De Voogdt, Bob Barene, Eddie Bergman, Lenny Atkins, Isadore Roman, Irv Geller, Darrel Terwilliger VIOLAS: Sam Boghossian, Lou Kievman, Jan Hlinka CELLOS: Armand Kaproff, Kurt Reher, Nino Rosso PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Abe Most (clarinet), Dick Nash (trombone), Jack Marshall (guitar)

CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO

Same as DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE without Eileen Wilson

AUTUMN NOCTURNE

Same as SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT SOLOS: Ray Sherman (piano), Abe Most (clarinet)

BENNY RIDES AGAIN

Same as JERSEY BOUNCE SOLOS: Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Abe Most (clarinet)

THE MOLE

Same as I CRIED FOR YOU without vocal and with Justin Gordon added on saxophone SOLO: Justin Gordon (tenor saxophone)

A SMO-O-O-TH ONE

Same as AIR MAIL SPECIAL SOLOS: Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Justin Gordon (tenor saxphone), Abe Most (clarinet)

BLUE FLAME

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Joe Graves, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Ed Kusby, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary SAXOPHONES: Skeets Herfurt, Abe Most, Babe Russin, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Abe Most (clarinet), Milt Bernhart (trombone), Jack Marshall (guitar)

WELL, GIT IT!

LEADER: Glen Gray TRUMPETS: Conrad Gozzo, Manny Klein, Joe Graves, Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey TROMBONES: Joe Howard, Milt Bernhart, Lew McCreary, Si Zentner SAXOPHONES: Abe Most, Skeets Herfurt, Plas Johnson, Babe Russin, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Mike Rubin DRUMS: Irv Cottler SOLOS: Joe Graves, Shorty Sherock (trumpets), Joe Howard (trombone), Ray Sherman (piano), Abe Most (clarinet), Babe Russin (tenor saxophone)

PERDIDO

Same as WARM VALLEY SOLOS: Pete Candoli (1st solo trumpet), Shorty Sherock (2nd solo trumpet), Plas Johnson (tenor saxophone), Pete Candoli (last solo trumpet)

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Same as SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT SOLOS: Skeets Herfurt (alto saxophone), Shorty Sherock (trumpet)

CONTRASTS

Same as A STRING OF PEARLS SOLO: Skeets Herfurt (alto saxophone)

STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL

Same as JERSEY BOUNCE SOLOS: Shorty Sherock (trumpet), Justin Gordon (tenor saxophone)

DANCING IN THE DARK

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Uan Rasey, Frank Beach, Joe Graves TROMBONES: Lew McCreary, Joe Howard SAXOPHONES: Willie Schwartz, Abe Most, Plas Johnson, Chuck Gentry VIOLINS: Lou Raderman, Jimmy Getzoff, Mischa Russel, John De Voogdt, Bob Barene, Eddie Bergman, Lenny Atkins, Isadore Roman, Irv Geller, Darrel Terwilliger VIOLAS: Sam Boghossian, Lou Kievman, Jan Hlinka CELLOS: Armand Kaproff, Kurt Reher, Nino Rosso PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLOS: Abe Most (clarinet), Joe Graves (trumpet)

AMERICAN PATROL

LEADER: Billy May TRUMPETS: Shorty Sherock, Frank Beach, John Best, Uan Rasey, John Audino TROMBONES: Milt Bernhart, Dick Nash, Joe Howard, Lew McCreary SAXOPHONES: Willie Schwartz, Abe Most, Justin Gordon, Bill Green, Chuck Gentry PIANO: Ray Sherman GUITAR: Jack Marshall BASS: Rolly Bundock DRUMS: Nick Fatool SOLO: Shorty Sherock (trumpet)

Discography

The original recordings of the
selections re-created in this volume

A STRING OF PEARLS

Composer and arranger: Jerry Gray.
Recorded for Bluebird November 3, 1941

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
*John Best
*Billy May
Alec Fila
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
*Babe Russin
*Tex Beneke
*Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Bobby Hackett
BASS
Doc Goldberg

DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

Composer: Sam H. Stept. Lyricists: Charles Tobias, Lew Brown. Arranger: Jerry Gray. Recorded for Bluebird February 18, 1942

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
*John Best
*Billy May
Steve Lipkins
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
BASS
Doc Goldberg
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
*Tex Beneke
*Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
Skippy Martin
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Bobby Hackett
VOCAL
Marion Hutton, *Tex Beneke and The Modernaires

WARM VALLEY

Composer and arranger: Duke Ellington.
Recorded for Victor October 17, 1940

TRUMPETS
Wallace Jones
Cootie Williams
Rex Stewart
TROMBONES
Joe Nanton
Juan Tizol
Lawrence Brown
BASS
Jimmy Blanton
DRUMS
Sonny Greer

PIANO
Duke Ellington
SAXOPHONES
Otto Hardwick
Johnny Hodges
Ben Webster
Harry Carney
CLARINET
Barney Bigard
GUITAR
Fred Guy

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Traditional. Arranger: Deane Kincaide.
Recorded for Victor February 17, 1941

TROMBONES
Tommy Dorsey
Les Jenkins
George Arus
Lowell Martin
TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Jimmy Blake
Ray Linn
Chuck Peterson
DRUMS
Buddy Rich

SAXOPHONES
Fred Stulce
Johnny Mince
Paul Mason
Heinie Beau
Don Lodice
PIANO
Joe Bushkin
GUITAR
Clark Yocum
BASS
Sid Weiss

FLYING HOME

Composers: Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton. Arranger: Lionel Hampton. Recorded for Decca May 26, 1942

TRUMPETS
Ernie Royal
Jack Trainer
Eddie Hutchinson
*Manny Klein
TROMBONES
Fred Beckett
Sonny Craven
Henry Sloan
BASS
Vernon Alley
DRUMS
Lee Young

SAXOPHONES
Bob Barefield
Ray Perry
Illinois Jacquet
Jack McVea
CLARINET
Marshall Royal
PIANO
Milt Buckner
GUITAR
Irving Ashby
VIBRAPHONE
Lionel Hampton

JERSEY BOUNCE

Composers: Bobby Plater, Tiny Bradshaw, Edward Johnson. Arranger: Mel Powell. Recorded for Okeh January 15, 1942

TRUMPETS
Jimmie Maxwell
Al Davis
Bernie Privin
TROMBONES
Lou McGarity
Cutty Cutshall
PIANO
Mel Powell
DRUMS
Ralph Collier

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
SAXOPHONES
Clint Neagley
Sol Kane
Vido Musso
George Berg
*Chuck Gentry
GUITAR
Tom Morgan
BASS
Sid Weiss

I CRIED FOR YOU

Composers: Gus Arnheim and Abe Lyman. Lyricist: Arthur Freed. Arranger: LeRoy Holmes. Recorded for Columbia June 5, 1942

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Claude Bowen
Nick Buono
Alex Cuozzo
TROMBONES
Dalton Rizzotto
Hoyt Bohannon
Harry Rodgers
FRENCH HORN
Willard Culley
PIANO
Al Lerner
GUITAR
Ben Heller
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima

SAXOPHONES
Claude Lakey
George Davis
Sam Marowitz
Corky Corcoran
VIOLINS
Leo Zorn
Samuel Caplan
John de Voogdt
VIOLA
William Spear
CELLO
Al Friede
BASS
Thurman Teague
VOCAL
*Helen Forrest

BASIE BOOGIE

Composers: Count Basie and Milt Ebbins. "Head" Arrangement. Recorded for Okeh July 2, 1941

TRUMPETS
Edward Lewis
Al Killian
Buck Clayton
Harry Edison
TROMBONES
Robert Scott
Eli Robinson
Edward Cuffee
BASS
Walter Page
DRUMS
Jo Jones

PIANO
Count Basie
SAXOPHONES
Earle Warren
Jack Washington
Tab Smith
Don Byas
Buddy Tate
GUITAR
Freddie Green

CHARLESTON ALLEY

Composer and arranger: Horace Henderson.
Recorded for Bluebird January 7-23, 1941

TRUMPETS
Lyman Vunk
Bernie Privin
Bobby Burnet
George Esposito
TROMBONES
Don Ruppersberg
Bill Robertson
Spud Murphy
Ford Leary
DRUMS
Cliff Leeman

SAXOPHONES
Charlie Barnet
Kurt Bloom
Jimmy Lamare
Leo White
Conn Humphreys
PIANO
Bill Miller
GUITAR
Bus Etri
BASS
Phil Stephens

AIR MAIL SPECIAL

Composers: Charlie Christian and Benny Goodman. "Head" arrangement. Recorded for Columbia March 13, 1941

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
TRUMPET
Cootie Williams
TENOR SAX
Georgie Auld
DRUMS
Dave Tough

PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
Charlie Christian
BASS
Artie Bernstein

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*Took part in one or more of the re-creations in this volume.

9:20 SPECIAL

Composer: Earl Warren. Arranger: Buster Harding. Recorded for Okeh April 10, 1941

TRUMPETS
Edward Lewis
Al Killian
Buck Clayton
Harry Edison
TROMBONES
Dicky Wells
Dan Minor
Edward Cuffee
DRUMS
Jo Jones

PIANO
Count Basie
SAXOPHONES
Earle Warren
Jack Washington
Tab Smith
Don Byas
Buddy Tate
Coleman Hawkins
GUITAR
Freddie Greene
BASS
Walter Page

THE MAN I LOVE

Composer: George Gershwin. Lyricist: Ira Gershwin. Arranger: Ed Sauter. Recorded for Columbia November 13, 1940

TRUMPETS
Alec Fila
Jimmie Maxwell
Irving Goodman
TROMBONES
Lou McGarity
Red Gingler
BASS
Artie Bernstein
DRUMS
Harry Jaeger

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
SAXOPHONES
Skippy Martin
Gus Bivona
Bob Snyder
Georgie Auld
Jack Henderson
PIANO
Bernie Leighton
GUITAR
Mike Bryan
VOCAL
°Helen Forrest

SUMMIT RIDGE DRIVE

Composer and arranger: Artie Shaw. Recorded for Victor September 3, 1940

CLARINET
Artie Shaw
BASS
Jud DeNaut
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool

TRUMPET
Billy Butterfield
HARPSICHORD
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
°Al Hendrickson

ADIOS

Composer: Enric Madriguera. Arranger: Jerry Gray. Recorded for Bluebird June 25, 1941

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
°John Best
°Billy May
Ray Anthony
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Warren Smith
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
°Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Bill Conway
BASS
Doc Goldberg

GOLDEN WEDDING

Composer: Gabriel-Marie. Arranger: Jiggs Noble. Recorded for Decca September 27, 1940

TRUMPETS
Bob Price
Steady Nelson
Cappy Lewis
TROMBONES
Bud Smith
Neal Reid
BASS
Walt Yoder
DRUMS
Frank Carlson

CLARINET
Woody Herman
SAXOPHONES
Herb Tompkins
Bill Vitale
Saxie Mansfield
Mickey Folus
PIANO
Tommy Linehan
GUITAR
Hy White

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

Composers: Richard A. Whiting and W. Franke Harling. Arranger: Artie Shaw. Recorded for Victor September 3, 1941

TRUMPET
Lee Castaldo
TROMBONE
Ray Conniff
BASS
Eddie McKimmey
DRUMS
Dave Tough

CLARINET
Artie Shaw
SAXOPHONE
Georgie Auld
PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
Mike Bryan
STRINGS 15

CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO

Composer: Harry Warren. Lyricist: Mack Gordon. Arranger: Jerry Gray. Recorded for Bluebird May 7, 1941

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
°John Best
°Billy May
Ray Anthony
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
BASS
Trigger Alpert
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
°Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Jack Lathrop
VOCAL
°Tex Beneke and The Modernaires

AUTUMN NOCTURNE

Composer: Josef Myrow. Arranger: Claude Thornhill. Recorded for Columbia October 6, 1941

TRUMPETS
°Conrad Gozzo
Rusty Dedrick
Bob Sprentall
TROMBONES
Tasso Harris
Bob Jenney
GUITAR
Barry Galbraith
BASS
Harvey Cell
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool

PIANO
Claude Thornhill
SAXOPHONES
Dale Brown
Jack Ferrier
Lester Merkin
John Nelson
Hammond Russum
CLARINETS
Irving Fazola
Jimmy Abato
FRENCH HORNS
Richard Hall
Vince Jacobs

BENNY RIDES AGAIN

Composer and arranger: Eddie Sauter. Recorded for Columbia November 13, 1940

TRUMPETS
Alec Fila
Jimmie Maxwell
Cootie Williams
Irving Goodman
TROMBONES
Lou McGarity
Red Gingler
BASS
Artie Bernstein
DRUMS
Harry Jaeger

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
SAXOPHONES
Skippy Martin
Gus Bivona
Bob Snyder
Georgie Auld
Jack Henderson
PIANO
Bernie Leighton
GUITAR
Mike Bryan

THE MOLE

Composers: LeRoy Holmes and Harry James. Arranger: LeRoy Holmes. Recorded for Columbia December 30, 1941

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Claude Bowen
Nick Buono
TROMBONES
Dalton Rizzotto
Hoyt Bohannon
Harry Rodgers
GUITAR
Ben Heller
BASS
Thurman Teague
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima

SAXOPHONES
Claude Lakey
Sam Marowitz
Dave Matthews
Clint Davis
VIOLINS
Alex Pevsner
Sindel Kopp
Leo Zorn
VIOLA
Bill Spears
CELLO
Al Fried
PIANO
Al Lerner

A SMO-O-O-TH ONE

Composer: Benny Goodman. "Head" arrangement. Recorded for Columbia March 13, 1941

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
TRUMPET
Cootie Williams
BASS
Artie Bernstein
DRUMS
Dave Tough

TENOR SAXOPHONE
Georgie Auld
PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
Charlie Christian

BLUE FLAME

Composers and arrangers: Jiggs Noble and Joe Bishop. Recorded for Decca February 13, 1941

TRUMPETS
Johnny Owens
Cappy Lewis
Steady Nelson
TROMBONES
Neal Reid
Bud Smith
Vic Hamann
DRUMS
Frank Carlson

CLARINET
Woody Herman
SAXOPHONES
Herb Tompkins
Eddie Scalzi
Saxie Mansfield
Mickey Folus
PIANO
Tommy Linehan
GUITAR
Hy White
BASS
Walt Yoder

WELL, GIT IT!

Composer and arranger: Sy Oliver. Recorded for Victor March 9-13, 1942

TRUMPETS
Ziggy Elman
Jimmy Blake
Chuck Peterson
°Manny Klein
TROMBONES
Tommy Dorsey
Dave Jacobs
George Arus
Jimmy Skiles
DRUMS
Buddy Rich

SAXOPHONES
Manny Gershman
Bruce Snyder
Fred Stulce
Heinie Beau
Don Lodice
PIANO
Milt Raskin
GUITAR
Clark Yocum
BASS
Phil Stevens

PERDIDO

Composer: Juan Tizol. Arranger: Duke Ellington. Recorded for Victor January 21, 1942

TRUMPETS
Wallace Jones
Ray Nance
Rex Stewart
TROMBONES
Joe Nanton
Juan Tizol
Lawrence Brown
BASS
Junior Raglin
DRUMS
Sonny Greer

PIANO
Duke Ellington
SAXOPHONES
Otto Hardwick
Johnny Hodges
Ben Webster
Harry Carney
CLARINET
Barney Bigard
GUITAR
Fred Guy

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Traditional. Arranger: Bill Finegan. Recorded for Bluebird January 17, 1941

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
°John Best
°Billy May
Ray Anthony
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
Hal McIntyre
°Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Jack Lathrop
BASS
Trigger Alpert

CONTRASTS

Composer: Jimmy Dorsey. Arranger: Fred Slack. Recorded for Decca April 3, 1940

TRUMPETS
Johnny Napton
Nate Kazebier
Shorty Solomson

SAXOPHONES
Jimmy Dorsey
Milt Yaner
Sam Rubinwitch
Charles Frazier
Herbie Haymer

TROMBONES
Jerry Rosa
Sonny Lee
Don Mattison
DRUMS
Buddy Schutz

PIANO
Joe Lipman
GUITAR
Guy Smith
BASS
Jack Ryan

STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL

Composers: Edgar William Battle, Bennie Benjamin, Sol Marcus and Edward Seiler. Arranger: Jack Matthias. Recorded for Columbia December 30, 1941

TRUMPETS
Harry James
Claude Bowen
Nick Buono
TROMBONES
Dalton Rizzotto
Hoyt Bohannon
Harry Rodgers
DRUMS
Mickey Scrima

SAXOPHONES
Claude Lakey
Sam Marowitz
Dave Matthews
Clint Davis
PIANO
Al Lerner
GUITAR
Ben Heller
BASS
Thurman Teague

DANCING IN THE DARK

Composer: Arthur Schwartz. Arranger: Lenny Hayton. Recorded for Victor January 23, 1941

TRUMPETS
George Wendt
Jimmy Cathcart
Billy Butterfield
TROMBONES
Jack Jenney
Vernon Brown
Ray Conniff
BASS
Jud DeNaut
DRUMS
°Nick Fatool

CLARINET
Artie Shaw
SAXOPHONES
Les Robinson
Neely Plumb
Bus Bassey
Jerry Jerome
PIANO
Johnny Guarnieri
GUITAR
°Al Hendrickson
STRINGS 9

AMERICAN PATROL

Composer: Frank W. Meacham. Arranger: Jerry Gray. Recorded for Victor April 2, 1942

TRUMPETS
Mickey McMickle
°John Best
°Billy May
Steve Lipkins
TROMBONES
Glenn Miller
Jim Priddy
Paul Tanner
Frank D'Annolfo
DRUMS
Maurice Purtill

SAXOPHONES
°Tex Beneke
°Willie Schwartz
Ernie Caceres
Al Klink
Skippy Martin
PIANO
Chummy MacGregor
GUITAR
Bobby Hackett
BASS
Doc Goldberg

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1940-1941

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ON THE COVER: Stanley Catron and Kaye Popp, both 17 and both then appearing in the Broadway musical *Something for the Boys*, demonstrate for Gjon Mili's camera one of the steps of the Lindy Hop. The picture first appeared in the Aug. 23, 1943 issue of LIFE.