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No. 11

Action of So Many YoCo Students Proves Spring To Be On The Way

By Jerry Wald

Ah! Beautiful sunshine, balmy breezes, warm romantic summer night—! All this is in the not too distant future, for already spring—beautiful spring—is just around the corner. If you don't believe me, just look around the west corner of Youngstown College, just under the cafeteria window, any morning between the hours of 7:30 to 8 A. M., and you will see in a Dodge truck a young man, and a young girl deciding (for a half hour!) whether to go to classes or not . . . and we do mean Bob Ziegler and Eleanor Nalen. If you still don't believe me, merely look into the lounge and you will see Ralph Skarrett taking French lessons from Thelma Powell while Emily Davis looks on with great concern.

The brisk atmosphere might be the cause of that twinkle in Paul Dean's wicked eye, but we do know that it is because of a rumor that Joe Reardon (Ursuline Flash) and our own Peg McFarland (wow!) have met the parting of ways. Now

all Paul needs is an introduction to Peg; then watch to see whether or not "Mr. Dean Goes To Town."

Rae Brown has been caught by the June Bug also. Can you imagine her asking David James Nemeth whether or not he was any relation to Jesse James?

Spring heralds the return of the birds to the North, the return of Bob Arnott to YoCo and to Marge Murray, and the return of John Wilson to the Casa Loma Club—no not the one where Glen Gray is playing.

The germ of spring has also caught a group of boys, because they are already doubled up with laughter as Andy Melek gives his famous illustration of Ann Norton walking into and out of the college.

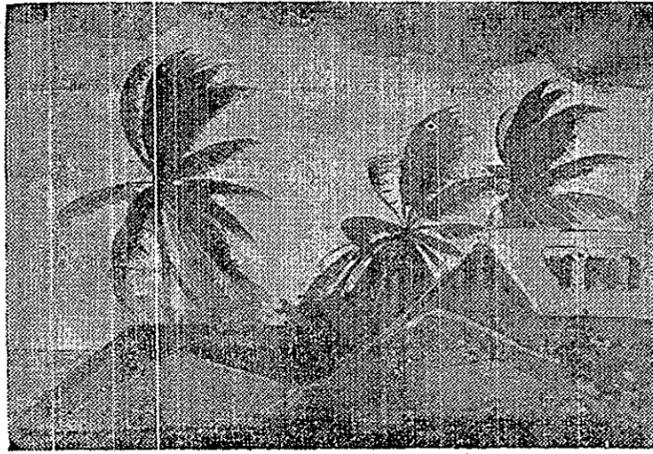
Big things are being planned, and Loring Sheffield is planning to remain sweet and demure (wow!) as best dressed man and best dancer in the life of Betty Wiggins.

Mosquitoes and other things make Phil Jones call, "Quick, Hen-

(Continued on Page 3)

Second Annual Drive for College Library Books Nears Completion

"Bahama Tornado" Is Described By Rosapepe



by Kennedy Ray

"Art for the public's sake," is the keynote of the Vindicator's campaign, now in full swing to awaken the general interest of the public in the field of art. The above print is but one of the 48 of the world's great paintings which were discussed and illustrated by means of slides by Mr. Joseph S. Rosapepe in assembly today.

This particular picture, entitled "Bahama Tornado," was painted by Winslow Homer (1836-1910), who was America's foremost water colorist. He was the first of the really great American artists to paint the life which was about him by ignoring European tradition. Most of his subject matter was gleaned from his travels in the Adirondacks, Maine, Florida, and the Bahamas. This picture, with the other 47 of the series, is on exhibition in the College lounge, having been loaned by the Vindicator. The pictures are in full color, through the use of a recently developed process which faithfully reproduces color and detail.

Mr. Rosapepe, who is a 1934

graduate of Youngstown College, studied art for several years in Naples and Rome. He was on the faculty of East High School for some time before becoming art critic for the Vindicator. In his lecture he brought out the fact that the movement to make the public art conscious is not confined to this particular district, but is a nation-wide movement sponsored by the National Committee for Art Appreciation. More than one hundred of the leading newspapers throughout the country are co-operating in the campaign to bring great art within the reach of everyone.

The pictures are being sold through the Vindicator in twelve sets of four, at 39 cents per set. Each set is accompanied by a pamphlet containing a lesson in art appreciation by Dr. Bernard Myers, art lecturer at New York University. Those purchasing the entire series of twelve sets will receive free a handsome collector's portfolio and an especially written book on art by Hendrick Van Loon entitled "A Short History of Painting."

Magician Wilford Hinkson Plans To Become A College Professor

It's no news when the proverbial dog bites a man. Neither would it be news if a college professor had a hidden yearning to be a magician. However, when a first rate professional magician has a yen to become a college professor, we have a situation which could very well be called news.

That is the status of Youngstown College's own magician, Wilford Hinkson, who has traveled from coast to coast as Wilford the Great, and Wilford the Magician. Since his birth in a small Pennsylvania town near Butler, Mr. Hinkson's life has been fairly seething with activity. Having been forced to leave school in the third grade due to sickness in the family, Wilford helped his family as best he could for five years. With two months tutoring, he was able to re-enroll in the seventh grade.

Moving to Churchill, near Youngstown, he attended Liberty High School, and completed the regular course in only three years.

More important, perhaps, is the fact that while attending high school, Wilford studied magic, and became one of the most adept magicians in this section. He then spent considerable time studying under several famous illusionists, most notably Keller and Thurston. Shortly thereafter, Hinkson started touring with various vaudeville units. He made nine tours of the United States, including thirty-seven states, and two foreign tours.

While touring through the western states, Hinkson was several times employed by the government to quiet unruly reservation Indians by proving white man's magic to be greater than their own.

Being a magician is dangerous as well as exciting. Several years ago, when scheduled to do his famous trunk escape at New Castle, Mr. Hinkson found the river to be frozen over. Rather than disappoint the crowd which had assembled, he had a hole cut in the ice, was bound

(Continued on Page 3)

Hermits Inc. Is Official Moniker For Local Group of Women Haters

By Kenny Ray

Hermits, Inc.—a name adopted at their last, very closed, and very secret meeting, is the official appellation by which that group of coed boycotters, mentioned in a recent issue of the Jambar, shall henceforth be designated.

Contrary to the usual procedure of appealing to Student Council for recognition, this group wants no publicity whatsoever. It was at the risk of his journalistic neck that your correspondent acquired this first-hand information as to the Hermit's activities. Through the grapevine press association, the Jambar learned of the meeting which was scheduled late on a particular evening at Raver's restaurant. It was a simple matter to disguise as da Japanese bus-boy and eavesdrop.

Not due to any lack of freedom of the press, but under threat of a punch in the nose, we find it advisable to withhold the names of

members for the present. At any rate, it is sufficient to say that seventeen earnest youths, representing most of the college cliques, bound together by a common purpose, gathered at the festive board. After partaking of their dollar and a quarter repasts, the serious business of the evening began.

Calling the meeting to order, the chairman asked for a report from the secretary on the results of the recent under-cover campaign for more house-dates. The secretary announced that although many broad hints had been dropped, not a single invitation for a house date had been extended to any member of the group.

After this information, it was immediately voted that the group put their boycott into effect, at least until the Junior Prom. The fact was brought out that while the members were dating, they had never been able to enjoy each

(Continued on Page 4)

Athletic Dance To Be Held Saturday

Student Council will sponsor another of the regular college dances this Saturday evening, March 11, when Tut Roberts and his Orchestra furnish music from 9:00 until 12:00 o'clock.

The dance, which is chaired by Charles Zellars, is called The Athletic Dance. During the course of the evening, the basketball awards will be given out. At intermission time refreshments will be served in the lounge.

The various committee heads include Ken Emery, Ray Walsh, Galen Elser, and Fred Lanz.

Admission is by student activity cards.

Newman Club Communion Breakfast to Be March 12

The Newman Club will hold its communion breakfast Sunday morning, March 12 at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Reverend Howard Sammon, the club advisor, will say Mass in the private hospital chapel, and breakfast will follow immediately afterwards in the dining hall. Newman members are asked to have their reservations in a few days before the affair.

Radio Club Play Nears End

Last night the fifth of the series "The Norton Family" was broadcast from WKBN, Youngstown at 7:45 by members of the Youngstown College Radio Club.

The plays concern a typical family and their church interests. Everyone is invited to listen to the sixth and last of the series Tuesday, March 14 at 8:45 p.m.

Mathematics Group Is Organized Here

A Mathematics Society, consisting of sixteen members, has recently been organized.

At their first meeting, the election of officers took place. Bill Beckman was elected President; Joseph B. Kenny, Vice-president; Elizabeth Church, Secretary; and John Keiser, Treasurer.

After mathematical games were played, a pleasing lunch was served by the hostess, Mrs. Foard. Each guest was received by Dr. Foard's little son.

The following are members: William Stambaugh, Ted Grizinski, Sidney Kulikoff, Tony Piccolo, Paul Emch, Harold Estes, Fred Obenouf, Edward Lynch, Carl Schroch, Joe Mikita, Larry Kundis, and Daniel Agnone.

Proceeds of Dorsey Dance to Be Donated

Students Broadcast Another Play Over WKBN to Aid Campaign for Books

Friends of Youngstown College Library Association have nearly completed their second annual drive for \$5,000, this sum being a part of the desired \$50,000 over a period of ten years.

In a meeting last week the drive had gone close to the \$3,000 mark. Business men and industries throughout the district are being approached for contributions, and are being urged to acquire membership in this association.

The library enthusiasts received a very pleasant offer yesterday when Tony Cavalier of the Nu-Elm Ballroom, an established Youngstown College booster, suggested that all proceeds over and above the expenses of the coming Tommy Dorsey dance be turned over to the library fund.

Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra, acclaimed by college students over the entire country as the number one band in the nation, will visit the Nu-Elm Ballroom Monday, March 13 for one night only.

In connection with this financial drive for more library books, last

(Continued on Page Two)

YoCo Sends Delegates To College Convention

Students Represent Youngstown at Conference for World Christianity

Four YoCo students traveled to Mount Union last Saturday to represent Youngstown College in the annual Student Conference for World Christianity at which more than twenty Ohio colleges were represented.

The convention began last Friday and ended the following Sunday, but the Youngstown delegation, made up of Paul Emch, June Wymmer, Nancy Findly, and Dick Thomas, were only able to be present for Saturday's program.

The purpose of the conference was to get "a realistic and idealistic approach to world problems in the light of Christian teachings" and was very inspiring to all delegates.

The affair began with a banquet Friday evening after which James Myers gave a splendid address on the Christian Faith and the Economic Problems of Mankind. Saturday morning and afternoon all delegates divided into six discussion groups varying from "Christian Missions" to "Racial and Minority Problems." At the banquet Saturday evening, Dr. Karl Clayton Leebrock, president of Kent State University, spoke on Christianity and International Problems. Following this came a social and recreational program. Sunday, church service was held for all delegates in the Union Methodist Church.

The Youngstown delegation separated upon arrival early Saturday morning and attended four of the six extremely interesting Seminars.

LOQUACIOUS

AT NIGHT TIME

By Betty Jean Wile



Cunning little Betty Marsh is having herself a time during Lent—no sweets, and that means nix on candy, pastry, "cokes" etc. Saw her the other evening refuse a rum and butter coffee—a caramel to you. That's the old W. P., Betty.

Among those to be present at the ultra-gala affair in Cleveland, April first, when the opera "Tosca" will be staged are Bill Semple, Blaine Gerdes, and Mickey Reinhr, who have added a little culture to their modes of living from all appearances. (I'll be seeing you, boys, 'cause I'm going that night, too.)

Genevieve Grenner, and Yours Truly have discovered interests in common. She's a former Miami University student, and knows quite a few people that I know from there. Jenny's a vibrant person to reminisce with.

Thank you, Carl Rosapepe, for defending me so gallantly!

Who'll be the next contender to keep Kenny Ray's hands warm in class, since Jayne Stone doesn't come to school anymore?

Student teaching is beginning to show on Van Court already. He looks tired and worn out, and he's complaining about lack of sleep and lack of meals. It seems all he gets done is rush, rush, rush, and he has no time left to eat—but that's only one person's opinion.

The night Jo Fusco dropped in at school all done up in her white nurse's uniform, she caused quite a sensation, and quite a few heart palpitations, too, I guess.

Paul Hrabko is aching to find out what, or who, is keeping Jerry Wald away from those nightly "Coke" sessions.

If there is one word that irks me, it's the word "cute." How that poor adjective is overworked is really something! People are "cute," things are "cute" — most anything and everything can be termed "cute." Mr. Webster defines it as being clever or shrewd, but I shudder to think of the ways in which these four letters get used, I confess that I'm guilty of overworking it.

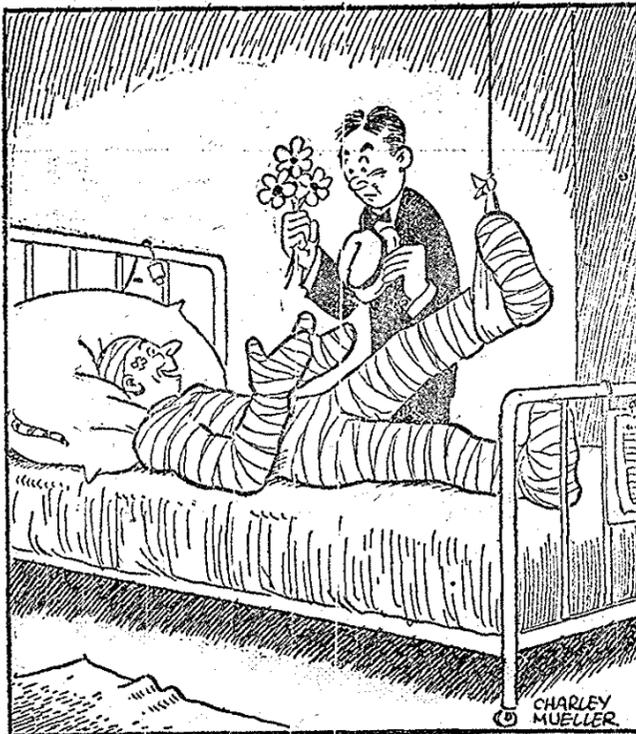
Picked up via reading, radio, etc. (This is being repeated by special request. I'm sorry I don't know its origin, or to whom we are indebted for this bit of philosophy, but in the face of so much insincerity and flattery, it is appropriate to repeat it now.): "It is rarity that gives value to all things, especially compliments." Think about this a moment.

One of the most refreshing songs hits of the season is "I Promise You." That tune wears you out running through your mind just as that "Umbrella Man" rumber did.

French sentry: "Halt. Who goes there?"
Voice: "American."
Sentry: "Advance and recite the 'Star Spangled Banner'!"
Voice: "I don't know it."
Sentry: "Proceed, American!"

OUR FELLOW DRIVERS

By Mueller



Travelers Safety Service

"We were on a three-lane highway in heavy traffic, and the dope thought I'd let him pass ME!"

Old Wick Home Gets "Sprucing Up" Under Remodeling Program

"The old house ain't what it used to be." The long vacated house, which stands next to our college, will soon burst forth into shining beauty as the remodeling work is now under progress. Old walls are being torn down; old pipes are being replaced by new ones, new windows are replacing the old ones, etc. The broad South veranda, where the younger set jived in the gay 90s, will provide a unique classroom for the typing students. The veranda is already enclosed in glass which will be removed when the warm weather sets in. Scenes from Venice still hang above the doorway of the northeast living room. The plans at present are that students will attend class in the dining room, as the psychological effect will furnish the neces-

sary hunger for education. Overhead the students will see a decorative beamed ceiling and perhaps the heavy-panneled lower walls. Some of the seven bedrooms on the second floor will be "thrown together" to make several larger rooms. The college expects to spend \$10,000 renovating and modernizing the homestead. Up-to-date lighting fixtures will be installed and city steam heat will be substituted for the present heating system. Heavy linoleum will cover floors throughout the building. Rumor has it that the business school students will be able to occupy the house in April, and that enough space will be left over for at least one recreation room.

Telephonic Talk by Mr. Chase Provides Interesting Program

The talk by Mr. Chase, of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company on telephonic equipment last Wednesday provided one of the most interesting chapel programs of the year. Although obviously handicapped by the limited assembly time, which forced him to omit much and refrain from going into detail on many points, he successfully held the interest of his audience far into the noon hour. One of the most popular features of the program was the man who talked with the aid of an artificial larynx. Also very interesting was that piece of trans-oceanic radio telephone equipment that turned speech upside down by changing high tones to low tones and low to high. A humorous item was that "Mae West", said into a microphone equipped with such an instrument, comes out "aw heck." After closing the program, Mr. Chase was occupied for some time answering questions of the more inquisitive members of the student body who gathered on the stage to get a closer view of the equipment. Later, Professor Bunn, who was very interested in the artificial larynx, and discussed enunciation and breathing with the man who used it in the demonstration, discovered that Mr. Chase was one of his former speech students. Mr. Chase has given his demonstration twice before in Youngstown, once for the Bell Telephone

Employees, and again for the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He has lectured in most of the cities of Ohio.

Library Drive Nears End

(Continued from Page 1) Sunday the Youngstown Branch of American Association of University Women sponsored a playlet from WKBN directed by Prof. Russell C. Bunn. Virginia Johnson, Patsey Stanly, Paul Dean, Frank Stewart, and Charles Zellars took part in the program which was in the form of a round table discussion concerning national and international affairs with reference to books now in the college library and other books that are needed. Although the library has an outstanding selection of books, it must be enlarged considerably over the next few years to keep pace with the annually increasing enrollment. Definite specifications on the size and content of college libraries in relation to the size of the student body and courses are laid down by accrediting organizations.

Hermits Inc. Is Club Name

(Continued From Page 1) other's company at dollar and a quarter stag dinners. It was agreed that the convivial conversation which took place was worth the price of the meal. Stimulated by their intelligent they seem at present.

Business Students Plan "Swing Dig"

Pioneer Pavilion will be the scene of the second winter dance of the Business School on Friday, March 10. Dancing will be from 9 to 1, with recorded music by the best bands in the country. The affair will be strictly sport, as fellows and girls may wear sweaters. The committee includes Gladys Mitchell, chairman, Mary Louise Piper, Stanley Orlo, Betty Roberts, Peg Raymond, Russell Bebb, Helen Lindberg, Betty Snyder, Wilda Winfield, Betty Finnegan and Marjorie Russell. The admission will be 25c per person.

Paderewski Appears In Film at Park Theatre

"Moonlight Sonata" starring Paderewski is now showing at the Park Theatre and will continue for three days until Thursday, March 9. The film is an appeal to the music lovers of the district. Paderewski, 76 year old master of the piano, former Premier of his native Poland broke his retirement in Switzerland to star in this picture, which was made in London. Paderewski's last appearance on the concert stage was about five years ago, when he played for charity. The picture commences with a concert by Paderewski in a large modern concert hall, and during the picture, the Maestro plays "Moonlight Sonata" Liszt, Chopin, and his own "Minuet." There will be no advance in prices for the picture.

Hinkson to Become Professor

(Continued from Page 1) and locked in the trunk, and was thrown into the water. He performed the escape from the trunk with his usual ease, but when he came to the surface of the river, he found himself under the ice, having been carried down stream. After remaining under water for over two minutes, he finally was able to find the hole and escape. Another time, while exposing spiritualism, several spiritualists came upon the stage and challenged him to allow them to tie him and then to make him escape. The magician could not refuse in front of the audience. They had about one hundred and thirty feet of heavy twine with which he was bound so tightly that circulation was impaired in his arms and legs. After a terrific struggle, he was able to free himself in seven minutes, but was bleeding so profusely from the rope cuts that the performance was forced to end. Hinkson has tried his hand in the business world, having owned a bakery for over a year, but prefers entertaining. Of course, there is a Mrs. Wilford Hinkson, who assists her husband in his performances. They have a young son who is now in the second grade. It is the ambition of the magician to change his title sometime from Wilford the Great, to Professor Hinkson, and to instruct in Psychology and Philosophy.

discourse, the company adjourned at a late hour, after mapping out a course of combination dinner-forums. Before leaving the chairman stated that any ^{W.C.} social standing the Hermits might encounter would be more than compensated by the intellectual growth attained through their regular round-table discussions. It is expected that the recently declining fad of knitting will be raging rampant within a short time if the Hermits remain as resolute as

LOOKING AROUND

With Jean Sause

Bright little girl is the coed featured so frequently on our campus. Clothes with the guidance of "Mademoiselle", conversation with sprinklings of Dorothy Parker, correct on E. Post, more fun than monkeys at a circus, that lovely, saddle-shoed demon is in the process of being educated. It takes more than "You cute kid, you", a whiff of Yardley's skin bracer and a high pressure goodnight peck to be able to tell the boys she's a pushover. You've got to admit, although she conceals it rather well, she's learning: (Yeah, I know, that's the trouble.) Just to show you what education will do, here's a sample of what floats about in her brainy intellectual topper.

Machiavelli, besides costing \$5.50 a dram, was the guy who told our modern politicians how . . . Avis Hibler scrubbing away vigorously with her pink tooth brush. Mariam Bascom, Jim Miller, and Joe Volk produce a smooth job of harmony . . . As Margaret Heasley put it, the seats in chapel after the first fifteen minutes are like downy, fledging bathtubs. . . . Connie Porter and Tiny Wells sharing their sandwiches . . . Mary Jane Plenderleith is contemplating the possibilities: A man with a past, or a man with a future? . . . It looks as if Bill Gubbins has given up hope with his sunshine . . . P. S. And this time, don't blame it on me. . . . Al Freed's new parlor game, button, button . . . Vincent Lynch being elusive behind the Chemistry lab desks, Vince, you don't have a chance . . . That very smart and clever Myron Noll stamping through the teaming rain for five blocks and then remembering he parked his car in front of the college . . . Jean Zebroski, more fun . . . Sugar and spice and everything nice — Betsy Findley. . . . Dave Legninger and Jack Leedy with apples in their pockets . . . Who was the disillusioned woman who cried, "He has no heart!" when Bob Baugh's pulse was tested? Hope you noticed the umps. . . . Just an idea, of course, Howard, but maybe the Phi Lamps are having a bigger dance with more ice cream . . . Leonard Skeggs seems to have become a household word in the Patrick family . . . Chuck Jenkins thinks Annie is lovely, just lovely . . . Martin Witt, a healthy shade of rose, carrying Peggy MacGoogan (Continued On Page Three)

Girls! Our New
"Linen Lady"
Blouses
In Luscious Shades
\$1.98
Brilliant as spring flowers . . . fresh as the paint on your front door! Linens and piques that will bring out the best in your new spring suits!
(Sportswear—Second Floor)
McKelvey's

THE BANDSTAND

Vol. I. No. 1

January, 1939

Price Five Cents

Tommy Dorsey's Life From Diaper Days To Orchestra Dais

It has often been said that it isn't how old a story is, but the manner in which it is told that makes it amusing. The



story of Tommy Dorsey's life, which varies in length with its age, has been told in all manners, and always seems to prove amusing. We have no new slant on the maestro's biography, but we do hope that by combining the styles of narration that have been used we too may paint an interesting word picture of the country's leading orchestra leader.

Tommy, or, to be correct, Thomas Francis Dorsey Jr., was born of a pretty breezy morning in the month of November, 1905. The date, the nineteenth; the place, Mahoney Plains, Pennsylvania. Historians since then have listed him as first seeing the light of day in Shenandoah, but, no, it was Mahoney Plains.

The folks did make their home in Shenandoah during Tommy's childhood, and it was in that town that he was raised. That should become a musician's story at all startling, because his father was the best music teacher in the Keystone State in those days, just as he is today.

So it was that at a very tender age Thomas Jr. began exhaling into various types of wind instruments, even before he began to assume the worries of grammar school. It can be said right here that Tommy showed unusual promise from the outset and, even at the early age of three, got more tone quality out of a tin horn on Hallowe'en than any grownup in the town.

Tommy's early training in the field of music was pretty general. Like his older brother, Jimmy, he broke in on the trumpet, and together the boys did some mighty fine duet work. As a matter of fact, even today both Tommy and Jimmy play a mean load of trumpet and, confidentially, prefer playing that instrument to the ones with which they are identified. This, however, is getting a little ahead of our story.

Going back to Shenandoah, we find the town band in sore need

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Sentimental Gentleman Wins Two Music Polls

Tommy Dorsey was acclaimed the world's outstanding trombonist and bandleader in two polls concluded this month by leading music magazines.

In the annual poll for the best musicians, conducted by Metronome, Tommy rode into an easy first place position as the world's best first trombone player.

He was given the Orchestra World Achievement Award as the outstanding orchestra leader, capturing first place in a close race among his contemporaries.

FROM BANDSTANDS HERE AND THERE

By the Last of the Moa Egans

Arthur Schutt, one of the nation's top arrangers and pianists, turned to leading his own band last fall. Band substituted for T. Dorsey at Hotel New Yorker during Wednesday night commercial broadcasts and is now on vaudeville tour for Benny Meroff. Following vaude stands, band goes on its own again under Schutt's guidance. Vi Mele, former vocalist with Johnny Johnson and more recently with Jimmy Dorsey, joins Jack Teagarden's new band. Charlie Barber, former bass player with Fred Waring, has his own band at 52nd Street's Bandbox. Jack Jenny, one of New York's leading studio trombonists, also on 52nd Street with his own crew, playing at the Onyx.

The original Spirits of Rhythm are planning on getting together again, Leo Watson being back from his tour with Gene Krupa. It's not news anymore, it being quite some time since the parties concerned were married, but as yet we haven't seen either wedding recorded in print, so we announce the tie-bindings of guitarist Dick Morgan, ex-Horace Heidner now in Hollywood, and Pamela Hall, sister of Randy, radio scribe, and in Washington, Carl Ganzel, Earle Theatre pit trombonist, and Ginger Lee, dance band vocalist.

Jack Stacey, saxophonist in the original Dorsey profanity band, going to South America to play. Bernie Burkhold, former trumpet topper with Johnny Johnson's band, organizing his own band on the coast. Sid Brokaw, ex-violinist with Ozzie Nelson, doing studio work in Hollywood. Wife Martha Mears, also getting some assignments from the picture factories. George MacKinnon, Boston's Waxbox gossip collector for the Daily Record, turning out tunes almost as fast as Gotham's Nick Kenny.

Krupa Takes Trip. Gene Krupa, now touring the middle west after finishing his Palomar engagement, returns all the way to the coast to make his movie for Paramount. Fred Hoexter, partner in the original Onyx Club, released from the hospital and recuperating from a serious illness at his home in New York.

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(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Air Time

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra can be heard on the air every Wednesday night at 8:30 P.M. EST, with a repeat broadcast for the coast, going over those stations at 8:30 P.M. PST, the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Eastern Tour and Hotel Pennsylvania Signing Announced

Tommy Dorsey leaves the Hotel New Yorker this month, after a record-breaking thirteen-weeks' stay, to make a road tour through the East and Middle West. He will return to Father Knickerbocker's Playground, however, in the early spring and spend the entire summer of 1939 high atop the Hotel Pennsylvania, thus capturing one of the most sort after dance orchestra assignments in the metropolitan area.



The Dorsey band takes to the road! Freddie Sulce looks at the route ahead of him as the sign points to his home, in the opposite direction. Deep in its coating of white snow, New England beckons the band for its first stop.

Tommy and the boys finish in the New Yorker's Terrace Room at the stroke of midnight, January 10th, leaving to make room for Brother Jimmy and his band, who begin their engagement there at 12:01 a.m. January 11th.

The combined closing and opening of the two bands of the Dorsey Brothers on the same night is expected to be one of the musical highlights of New York supper-room history.

Following a broadcast from New York on January 11th, Tommy's route for the beginning of his tour will be:

- Jan. 12—New York City.
- Jan. 13-17—Hartford, Conn.
- Jan. 18—New York City.
- Jan. 19—Open.
- Jan. 20-26—Newark, N. J.
- Jan. 27-Feb. 2—Philadelphia, Pa.
- Feb. 3—Johnson City, N. Y.
- Feb. 4—Pottstown, Pa.
- Feb. 5—Waterbury, Conn.
- Feb. 6—Worcester, Mass.
- Feb. 7—Boston, Mass.
- Feb. 8—New York City.
- Feb. 9—Open.
- Feb. 10-11—Charlottesville, Va.

The tour starts with a one-night engagement at the famous Roseland Ballroom on New York's Great White Way. The last time the band played this spot was last fall, the night the East had been swept by a hurricane.

From January 13 to 17 the band will appear on the stage of the State Theatre in Hartford, a special five-day engagement.

Returning to New York to do a broadcast on Wednesday, the 18th, the band moves on to Newark, New Jersey, where it plays its second vaudeville engagement, being featured at the recently reopened Shubert Theatre for one week beginning Friday, the 20th.

The following Friday Tommy and his company open at the Earle Theatre in Philadelphia, their second engagement here within a year. In both the Newark and Philadelphia theatres the Raleigh-Kool radio programs will be broadcast directly from the stages on the Wednesday nights of the engagements.

Two weeks of college and ballroom dates follow the close of the Earle Theatre stay, beginning with a return appearance to the George F. Pavilion in Johnson City, N. Y. This will be the band's third visit to this spot within the past year. Another third-timer within the same period will be the following night's appearance at Sunnybrook Ballroom in Pottstown, Pa., Saturday, February 4.

Moving northward from here, the boys play a one-night stand at the Auditorium in Worcester, another return visit in less than a year. The following night, Tuesday, Tommy plays in Boston at the State Ballroom. Although the band has appeared at innumerable ballrooms in the suburban sections of the Hub and has played in the city itself for college proms and hops, this will be its first public dance date in Boston proper in two seasons.

The following night finds the band in New York again for its commercial radio broadcast, then southward again. On the tenth and eleventh it plays for the dances at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, one of the prize dance engagements on the collegiate calendar.

There will be more one-nighters, taking the band north and westward to Pittsburgh for a one-week's stay at the Stanley Theatre; further westward to the Lyric Theatre

(Continued on Page Ten.)

(Continued on Page Ten.)

RADIO and BAND MANAGEMENT



Sanford



Burns



Gluskin



Johns

Success of Broadcast Rests on Technicians As Well As Musicians

By HERB SANFORD

Visitors at Tommy Dorsey's Raleigh-Kool broadcast often are curious about the little glass cage known as the control room. Although the stage and the control room are at opposite ends of the studio, these two points are kept in constant contact through various bits of sign language.

The sign language, which sometimes bewilders and amuses people at a broadcast, is really a very small part of it. It's what goes on in the control room through the whole process of rehearsal and broadcast that makes it important to the show.

You might call the control room the funnel through which the entertainment material flows to reach listeners at their radio sets. The value and interest of the material get across to the listener to one degree or another, according to what happens in the control room.

Perhaps the most important person in the control room is the engineer, who is master of that mass of gadgets and buttons which comprise the control board. In front of the engineer is a series of "faders"—a separate knob for each microphone used in the broadcast. By turning this knob, left or right, a particular microphone can be faded in or out. There is one for the microphone in front of the brass, one for the microphone which covers reeds and rhythm, another for the vocal and dialogue mike, and still another in case there are solo piano passages. The engineer operates one "gain" control which regulates the over-all level or volume of the whole broadcast.

In the control room, the sound comes out of a loudspeaker, just as it does from a radio set. However, it is not the volume of the speaker which guides the engineer in operating the gain control, since the speaker volume is usually amplified. The engineer judges his level by the "V. I." the needle known as the volume indicator. He knows that this needle must maintain a certain level, fluctuating within certain limits, in order to make the output on the air right.

Several of us (including Tommy's arrangers, Paul Weinstein, Axel Stordahl and Deane Kincaide, and part of the time, Tommy himself, listen during rehearsal to get the proper "balance." That means simply getting the proper relation between the different sections of the orchestra. If the relation is right, then the effect created on the air is the effect for which the arrangement was conceived; if the relation is faulty, then the effect may not get across to listeners even though it is a good arrangement well played.

Each arrangement is a different problem in "balance," according to its general character and the specific things that are written in it. For example, "Panama" is a different problem than "Washboard Blues." "Panama" is pretty solid all the way through and is a constant build-up. It is important in this case that the brass and saxophones are evenly balanced so that one section does not override the other. It is important also to see that the level is not too high at the beginning, in order that there will be plenty of leeway for the build-up. "Washboard Blues" is more subdued and is full of varying bits of light and shade, including frequent passages during which it is important to hear

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Duties Keep Manager in Tight Spot

By ROBERT BURNS

Perhaps the question most frequently asked me by my friends and former classmates is, "What are your duties?"

I guess I must have a mysterious sort of position. Most everyone who knows nothing of it concludes beforehand that it must be pretty easy. (I guess that's because I manage to hold it down.) Their next assumption is that it must be highly entertaining and sort of a twelve-month-a-year vacation in night clubs, dances and proms.

True, we're always on the go playing the brighter night spots around the country and sometimes hibernating to less conspicuous corners of the U. S. A. But whether or not it's highly entertaining and vacation-like, depends entirely on one's viewpoint and in order to get a better picture of the situation, let's go back to the question first proposed, my duties.

The duties of an orchestra manager are multitudinous and detailed. Their purpose is to render assistance to the leader in whatever form it may assume. To begin with, there is the highly important problem of finances. These are handled entirely by the manager, under the direct supervision and guidance of the leader.

Next in line is personnel. All the members of the orchestra look to the manager for information about future bookings, transportation, dress, report time and such items of detail.

If a man becomes suddenly sick or unable to play, the manager has a problem of getting a satisfactory substitute in a hurry.

Then there is the mail, divided into two classes—fan mail and business mail. Fan mail is handled by a secretary, usually, but business mail is given prompt and personal attention of the manager.

There are the various problems of arranging suitable, comfortable transportation facilities between engagements. The proper handling of radio programs also falls to the lot of the manager. All programs must be submitted to the broadcasting stations several days ahead of the actual broadcast.

The musicians' union is the direct contact of the manager, and, believe me, the union is a mighty important part of any orchestra or musician. All questions of union permission and rulings are generally presented by the manager. At each engagement, the manager checks the terms of the contract with the employer or his representatives and takes up all complaints and adjustments.

The orchestra manager also acts as sort of social secretary for the leader, keeping him straight on his various appointments.

And now a new duty falls upon the manager—writing a column. Well, I'll try my darndest to make it a good one, and if I can be of any help to any of you, let me know and I'll be glad to answer your questions.

Johnson City, N. Y., George F. Pavilion, Friday, February 3.

HOW TO GET A HEADACHE

By H. JOHN GLUSKIN

To start my career as a columnist, I'd intended pointing out the various departments included in an orchestra. I guess you can cover that subject pretty well for yourself, by merely turning the pages of this paper.

The average person knows little about what goes on behind the scenes of the successful dance orchestra. Nine persons out of ten aspire to be bandleaders at some time or other and a fourth of these (a good number) have seriously started to follow the trail of music until they found the going too discouraging.

A young chap who would be a bandleader doesn't need advice. He needs courage, ambition and determination—plenty of each.

It's a tough fight and a long one. Bandleaders who are pushed into prominence overnight seldom last. If they do, it's because they have the ambition to work day and night to stay there and make full use of the breaks they've been lucky enough to get. Offhand I can think of no top maestro who won his post through a break he didn't earn.

Bandleading is no eight-hour-a-day job. I don't exaggerate when I say there are many occasions when the man with a band will have to put in an unbroken twenty-four or thirty-eight hours of steady work. Waving a baton is the least of his worries.

When you think you're ready to take on your own band, be certain your supply of aspirin or bromo—as you prefer—is ample. The headaches are many and come fast.

First, there's your library. You don't get places by playing stock arrangements. That means expense; or, if you do your own arranging, your own undivided attention for weeks. A band is no good without a large library.

Then, your men. They must be hand-picked and picked carefully. Don't be too anxious to select your closest friends. They may not pay any attention to you when you try to tell them off about a mistake. Listen to as many men as you can. Track down every good man you find and learn his availability.

Rehearsals are next in line. Here's the test. You'll find some of your arrangements aren't up to par. Others are too tough for the boys. It'll cut the heart right out of you. After you get one of your toughest arrangements down pat, one of your boys will walk out on you. It happens every time.

You need a reputable personal representative, unless you're well acquainted with the ropes of the business. Let him worry about your bookings—if you're lucky enough to get any—and, for the time being, concentrate your own grief on your musicians, arrangements and rehearsals.

That's only the beginning. If you went into details about long hops through blizzards, sleepless nights trying to make dates and the grief of trying to build up your band after you get those valuable early bookings, we'd fill the paper all by ourselves. Just take the first few tips and paste them in your hat. Then, if you're still determined to go on, ask your manager about the next move. If you don't have a manager—well, that's what we're here for; so let us know your woes and we'll see if we can't help you out.

You've heard the foregoing advice a million times. You'll hear it a million times more. Treat it kindly and hope it does the same for you.

Publicity Business No Pushover Racket

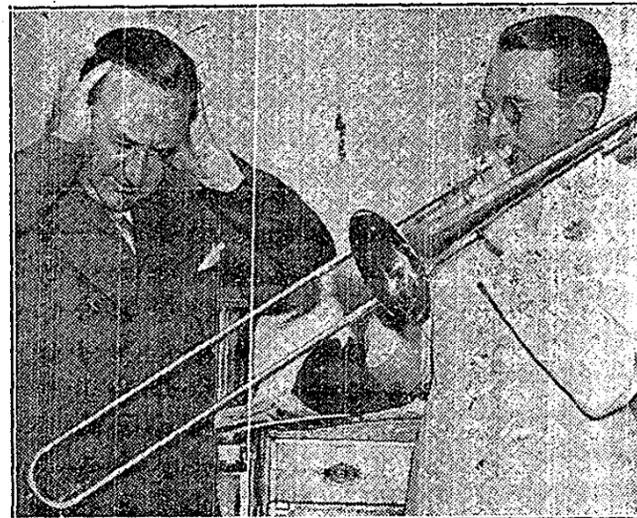
By TALBOT JOHNS

Radio Publicity Director
Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne

Publicity, in spite of what you read in the papers, is not a racket. It's business, with rules, just like

any music at all. There's one fact.

The same day, in comes a fan letter from a girls' business school in Ohio. "Dear Tommy," says the letter, "we all love your music, and play your records while we work at our typewriters. We spoke to the head of our school, and she installed



Publicity and news, all at once, broke into the nation's papers last March when Leo Fitzpatrick (left), manager of Detroit's Station WJR, cut Tommy and his band off the air for swinging the Scotch folk songs. This picture was taken when the two met, some months later, and used with much success.

any other job. Press agents, like anyone else, have to pull a few stunts once in a while, but for the most part the publicity for a radio artist is issued straight down a well-regulated groove. It has a definite purpose and a definite destination, and is printed as regularly as any other news.

For the best publicity is news, and facts—the things that are really going to happen or have happened. The details of Tommy Dorsey's radio programs are printed every week in the country's newspapers as regularly as the doings in Washington or the fluctuations on the stock exchange. Tommy's program detail is called publicity, the Washington activity is news, but they're both news just the same.

Like Gaul, radio publicity is divided into three parts. The first is the regular, week in and week out news of the type just described. The second concerns the wealth of detail that radio fans like to know about their favorites, and what are called "personal paragraphs"—little anecdotes that concern Tommy, his home, his family, the color of his shirts, a new man in the band, a special arrangement of a tune that is causing comment around the country or anything under the sun that is of interest. The third kind of publicity is the setup, or the stunt, and that's the kind that creates the slightly wecky press agent legend.

Here's a good example of a nice little story of the second type. Remember, the first motto of a publicity person is that you can't be limited by the lack of facts. One fact makes a page story, two facts will practically fill a book. But in the papers not long ago there appeared a little story about a factory in Pennsylvania that was experimenting with piped-in music from phonograph records for the entertainment of its workers during the day. Discordant music, said the article, caused a certain percentage of lost time and spoilage. Good dance music, "like that played by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra," resulted in a better day's output for the factory—a better production record, in fact, than if there weren't

a phonograph and a speaker for us. She says we actually do better work if we type in rhythm to your music.

There's the second fact, and between them, a darn good little story, which is sent out to 724 newspaper radio editors, 13 radio fan magazines, 12 radio trade magazines and 32 radio editors of news services like the Associated Press, United Press and others. Amplified by pictures of the girls' school and the factory, it makes a good feature page for radio magazines. The chances are that clippings from papers with an all-over circulation of about ten million readers will be returned to Tommy's publicity office, which isn't bad for an average little story that started out with two facts and the theme that people who work do better than average if they listen to Tommy's music.

The third type of publicity is known as the "setup" or the "stunt" and means just what it says. It involves Tommy or some member of the band in a situation that does not ordinarily exist, but which makes a funny, spectacular, interesting or out-of-the-way story or picture. This type of publicity almost always involves a picture, and is usually done exclusively for one magazine or newspaper. A picture of Tommy driving the Twentieth Century Limited or steering the "Queen Mary," for example, would not make much sense, but would get printed.

Another example that was printed in several papers was a picture of Tommy and Mickey Cochrane, manager of the Detroit Tigers, in which Tommy swung a bat at Mickey while he tried to play Tommy's trombone. No sense to it, but so what? It's all entertaining, and people like to be entertained. There is a fine knife-edge to be observed in stunt pictures and stories, because some of them kick back, or cause unfavorable comment. It's one job of a publicity man to try to figure out beforehand how much dignity a radio star can shuck off and still not go too far.

So you see, in spite of all the wild stories you hear about press agents and publicity, handling publicity is

(Continued on Page Nine.)

WOODWIND SECTION



Herfurt



Mince



Stulce



Rusin



Shertzer

Skeets Illustrates Musicians' Struggle

By ARTHUR "SKEETS" HERFURT.

I guess I have the distinction of being the only musician in the country to have played in all three of the Dorsey orchestras, first the Dorsey Brothers, then Jimmy's and now, Tommy's bands.

Maybe it would be a good idea to tell how it all came about. Just about this time five years ago, Smith Ballew came to Denver with Glenn Miller as his musical director and arranger. Harry Goodman, Benny's bass playing brother, had just left the band and Glenn scouted around Denver and found Roscoe Hillman, present guitarist with Jimmy, playing bass with Vic Schilling's orchestra at a small collegiate night club on the outskirts of town.

Glenn also wanted to find a trombone player who could substitute for him while he took a vacation to visit his folks in Fort Morgan, 140 miles away. Now, Denver boasted only one trombone player who could qualify, this being the gentleman of sartorial perfection, Don Matteson, also currently with Jimmy, but then in Wichita pursuing the affections of one of his romances of the moment. The love was dropped faster than pronto, however, when Don received word from the local boys that there was a good job awaiting him in Denver.

The Ballew band was booked into the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver from December to February that year. During that time Glenn some of the boys used to come near Vic's band quite frequently and one night Glenn offered me a job with Smith's band. Naturally accepted.

It was just after my change that the band moved on to New York. Roc, Don and I drove through a snowstorm all the way across the country only to find, on arrival, that M. C. A. wouldn't book Smith into the New York hotel spot they had picked for him because of the travelling band union scale for the out-of-town men in the band.

We all felt pretty low. In our first month in New York we made one record date with Smith. What had appeared to be the opportunity of a lifetime had turned out to be the greatest disappointment of our careers.

But this disappointment was destined to ripen into our greatest break. One afternoon Glenn brought Tommy Dorsey around to our room and sold him on the idea of using us in his contemplated band with his brother, Jimmy.

We started by doing a record date at the Brunswick studios, accompanying the Boswell Sisters. We had one of these dates each week until Tommy and Jimmy gave up their commercial radio program and the new band went on a barnstorming tour of one-night stands.

That period of once-a-week recording dates is a memorable one. The three of us had exhausted our funds and, being too proud to write home for money, we walked to and from recording and rehearsal dates. Not only that, but we filled our empty stomachs on soup in the automat at ten cents per bowl. As most musicians know, pay for recording dates usually comes through about a month after the job has been done. We were too proud to ask Tommy and Jimmy for any money and so we went along, practically starving. Then one day Tommy asked us if we were going to eat and, somehow, the fact leaked out that we had no money. Tom-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Mince Mincees Words in Story

By JOHN MINCE

Well, it's the final day to get this column in on time. I should have figs in there someplace, because all my life I've been getting my figs and dates mixed. Guess that explains why I've gotten such a late start on this thing.

The toughest part about writing a column is, "What to write about?" How I took up the clarinet? It's a pretty good story—I'll tell you about it sometime. My experiences playing with bands? Some pointers on what not to do with the clarinet? I'll do that if someone stumbles across this column and decides he wants to ask some questions, but not before.

Tommy said to write about anything, but write something!

Now he has something there. After all, the difference between anything and something is rather vast. Anything is sort of vague; something is very definite. So I think I'll write about anything. Wanna make something of it? Okay, go ahead, I can't.

But to get serious, I would like to tell you about how badly I wanted to play clarinet when I was a kid. It seemed to be the only thing in my mind and I was so determined I think I would have done anything to get an instrument.

My father couldn't see my point at all, and now, sometimes, I think I can sympathize with him.

In spite of my early age, work seemed to be the only logical solution to my problem. So I became a caddy and, as soon as I scraped together fifteen dollars, I bought my first clarinet.

The first song I learned to play was "Holy Night." Then I developed enough technique and nerve to play "William Tell" in the school assembly.

However, just playing what I called "plain pieces" proved to be pretty uncolorful and I became strongly interested in jazz.

I started by playing with all the big bands of that time, Whiteman, Womms, etc. Of course, I wasn't exactly in the band. I'd just pick them up at home on the radio, then play along with them. My consideration for the neighbors' feelings was the only thing that bothered me. At that, I wasn't too considerate, I guess.

Imagine my surprise, one day, when, during one of these parlor concerts, a stranger rang the doorbell, introduced himself as Irving Gibbs. Said he was passing the house, heard me play and would like to have me in his three-piece combination — guitar, drums and clarinet. I was on my way!

I started working. The drums and guitar played all rhythm, so, when I took a break, there was no distinction because the other two would continue to play right along with me. Maybe, if the three of us had been psychic our method would have corrected itself. However, none of us knew too much about what was going on and, since nothing was arranged, we had to have signals. So it was decided that when I wanted to take a break I'd close my eyes and, when I'd played enough bars to satisfy myself, I'd open my eyes.

This got me into the very bad

(Continued on Page Ten.)

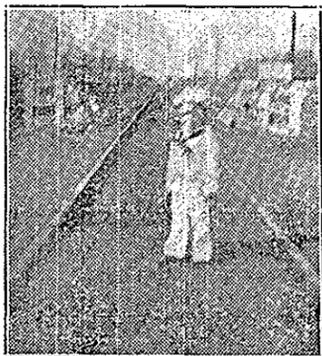
Sax Player Recalls One Big Moment

By FREDDIE STULCE

Well within the realms of a sad-sifted knot, this fellow muzzled in on the Greater Dallas Public High School Band to go to the World's Fair in Chicago, there to reveal a "wahoo" to let them know there was a Texas.

The fact that I hadn't seen a public school since my last year of grammar school escapades, didn't deter me and so, by thumb and crumb I managed to go. Before leaving, however, I had to quit my job as nith player in a three-dollar a night (sometimes twice a week, too) dance band.

Arriving in Chicago, we went right into things and spent three hectic days blowing off our heads. We were just getting ready to leave when I noticed in a newspaper that Guy Lombardo was opening near the city the third day after we were to take leave. That was unbearable! How could this happen to me? What had I done to deserve such a thing? I just had to see Lombardo!



Freddie Stulce, at the age of six, gets off on the wrong track.

Determined to stay for the opening, I went from player to player in the band trying to induce each to stay over with me but all to no avail. All I got were no's and sneers from the boys so I soon found myself without a friend. I'd made up my mind to see Lombardo, however, so I made up my mind to stay on by myself. It was a fine thought, until I remembered I didn't have any money. I crossed my fingers and wired home for my savings, which amounted to twelve dollars, five of which my grandfather threw in. It arrived and my vigil for the Lombardo opening was on.

With two days to kill and no spare money with which to kill them, I whiled away the time making extensive window-shopping tours. These were inexpensive, though a bit tiring, so my only outlay was for food.

Came opening night and, highly excited, I donned my best tie and my better suit (I had two) and made for the El. I think I rode those trains half a day until I finally came to the end of the last line. From there I only had to walk two miles and then my goal, the Dells, where Lombardo was opening.

It was only about 6:30 o'clock when I arrived, for I wanted to be there to get a good table. But alas, when I walked in, I was greeted with a cheerful, "What do you want here?" I explained my situation and mission only to be told that they didn't have a place for a single guest. I was brought down plenty. At first I was going to leave, dejected, then I decided to put on the pressure. The results

(Continued on Page Ten.)

A Hat, A Snapshot Inspire Confession

Fingernails And Old-Timers Bother the Babe

By "BABE" RUSIN

In making my debut as a columnist, I would like to establish the fact that I do so upon request. This is not my own idea.

However, somebody asked for it, so here goes.

I suppose I should start by informing you of something or other about tenor saxophonizing, or relating some incident in my life, but any information I might give would in all probability be something you already know, and an incident in my life would, I assure you, be very dull.

If I were to give my opinions pertaining to music, I would be subject to no end of criticism. Not wishing to commit myself, I won't delve into that subject as others who know less about it often do. (Dig.)

However, I will inject a personal touch, something of great importance to me.

All my life I have had a not unusual, but very bad habit. I have bitten my fingernails! Several months ago, so help me, believe it or not, I resolved to stop and, lo, I do! This may not mean a great accomplishment to you and you are probably right, but I don't mind telling that I am very proud of myself. Many times I had attempted to stop, but after a few weeks some little incident would arise and make me nervous. Without being aware of it, I would start gnawing at my nails again. Consequently, all in vain.

But this time I have put myself to severe tests, such as reading exciting books, seeing thrilling motion pictures and getting myself truly aggravated at something or other. So far I haven't succumbed. I really do believe that this time I've done it. (Editor's note—BRAVO!)

I have been thinking a bit along other lines since I started this writing and I've decided to lead with my chin after all. I've had something in the back of my mind for a long time and now I'm going to let loose.

I believe there is too much emphasis put on the ability of old-time swing musicians. I admit they were good in their day, but I feel that some of them, if playing today, as they did then, wouldn't even rate. There is too much competition on all instruments today. Nowadays, the average swing musician must not only have a sense of rhythm and an ear for harmony, but a good musical foundation. By that I mean, proper technique and tone.

Don't get me wrong. I am not referring to all old-time swing men. For example, I'll mention one man who played well ten or fifteen years ago and still cuts 'em just as well today...none other than Louis Armstrong. I have records he made more than ten years ago and they're still fine today. As a matter of fact, I personally don't think anyone has ever played as well on trumpet.

Styles of hot playing change gradually and it is up to the musician to change with them. The swing man of 'way back might have set a certain style, but it has been copied and, in most cases, improved upon. By that I mean the

By "HYMIE" SHERTZER

Wow! Do I feel "high" this evening! Maybe it was the hat my wife wore at the program the other evening or, well, maybe it was the visit of my musical buddies of 1925.

Yessir, 'way back in '25. I was a-swingin out on the violin—a mad genius (by golly, isn't that enough to make a guy high?) My old pals came down to the hotel with a snapshot showing our lively quintet in those bygone days. Were we a bunch of cats! But it was a good start and darn good practice for all this music that was to come later on. Would you like to hear about it? (Well—I have to write something, so it might as well be this.)

Back in my thick-haired (NO—I did NOT say thick-HEADED) days I never made money, but did I have fun! Don't esk! I went to school, did my homework, washed my ears (behind them too—Ummm) and wore knee garters. And the only thing I loved to do, besides eat a nice juicy salami sandwich, was listen to music. First of all I peeked in at all the neighbors' parties; I was goggled-eyed watching the pianist pump his leg up and down, up and down with that limp cigarette seemingly glued to the very tip of his lip. I envied that guy, so I studied the sax and started to smoke cigars. I decided to go those marvelous pianists one better.

Kidding aside though, whenever I heard tell of a coming concert (the kind we call "Longhair" stuff now—but what my violin professor used to call GOOD music) I'd make it my business to be there. Really, and I'm not handing out the well known schmaltz, I've always loved music, even when, at the eager age

(Continued on Page Nine.)

swing man of today has listened to many different styles and combined them into his own, thus making him a more interesting virtuoso.

Do I make myself clear? Or do you think I should have stuck to my fingernails?

What I really mean is that I have a pet aversion to hearing anyone speak about "The good old days."

If I might relate an incident... A few months ago I attended a baseball game at the Yankee Stadium and, at that time, the Yanks had acquired a new second baseman, Joe Gordon. One of the opposing batsmen connected with a smash drive that looked like a sure hit when, from apparently out of nowhere, leaped Joe, spearing it high in the air. It was one of the most beautiful catches I've ever seen. Immediately a young fellow at my right cried, "Boy, that Joe Gordon is terrific!" Whereupon an elderly gent behind us leaned forward and said, "Yep, the boy's pretty good, alright, but he'll have to go some to make catches like they did in my day!"

Now I ask you, is that fair? I don't think so, although in ten or fifteen years the young fellow on my right will probably be saying, "Yep, that boy's pretty good, but he'll have to go some to make catches like Joe Gordon did in my day."

That's life, I guess.

If you will turn to this column next month, you may follow Mr. Eusin's harrowing experiences in baseball stadia and fingernail biting emporiums in various parts of the East. He will also answer any questions pertaining to the playing of the tenor saxophone, with or without biting the nails.

BRASS SECTION



Smithers



Ferretti



Jacobs



Lawson



Kaminsky

Lawyer Boy Makes Good As Musician

By ELMER SMITHERS

"John Jones and his Famous Orchestra."

The lights flickered on and off before the tired but happy face of the boy whose name blazed in the mazzas.

At sixteen he had discovered in himself a deeply imbedded desire to play a saxophone. It was strange, this new feeling of wanting to conquer a thing with push buttons. The problem of getting a horn worried him, but, at last, as the result of a swap, he obtained what he thought was the "horn supreme." His practically brand new .22 rifle was gone, but imagine—HE HAD A SAXOPHONE!

John lost no time in learning to read. He spent every available minute studying the art of playing the sax, practicing scales, developing his technique. Finally, to his ultimate satisfaction, he termed himself a musician.

He remembered, as he faced the marquee, the remainder of his high school days. How the boys used to get together with their instruments to jive and jam. How they elected him to beat off the tempo and relied on him to keep them in the groove...how these sessions instilled in him the desire for leadership...how proud they were of their little six-piece band...and, oh, all those things that were so important.

After high school he had many plans about his rise to fame. "Why, he'd rock the music world!" But Mother had other ideas. And then, too, there was Dad, who thought music was a pastime and law was THE profession. Why, oh why had he always harped about being a lawyer when he grew up!

The outcome was the inevitable. Much to the satisfaction of Mother and Dad, John Jones tracked reluctantly off to college. One good feature, and the only one John could think of, was the opportunity to organize a really smart dance band. That thought made the college business more bearable.

He remembered how quickly he assembled a group of crack musicians and laughed as he recalled the kicks they had had playing dances for fraternities and such. And how the girls acted like jitterbugs, truckin', flat flottin' and even getting in the Boogie Woogie, all within eight bars! And the car-bending after each job at the local eatery.

He tried to remember his first move after college. Oh yes! The ink was hardly dry on his sheepskin when he fairly flew to a booking agency to see if they could place his band. He was sorry to disappoint Dad about that little office, but whoever heard of practicing law when one could play the sax!

Four weeks at the Palisades was the best the agency could do, but it was a thrill to John to see his name on the dotted line. He had signed so many contracts since, he reminisced. He had been awed by the money available in the business.

Then John Jones' smile broke into a wide grin. He heaved a happy sigh of relief. Yes, soon he'd have his little office in his own home town. He was so happy he had that sheepskin with those important letters. "I guess Mother was right," he mused as he recalled her persistence in the college matter.

It had been fun, all the glory, the barnstorming and the money. Yes, he had enjoyed it, but, he vowed, when he had that little of-

Bandleading

It is our aim to make THE BANDSTAND as entertaining and educational as possible. Inasmuch as each bandleader has his own idea and method of leading his orchestra and all are outstanding successes in their various styles, we thought you might like to read what they have to say about this baton waving business. Would you be interested in reading the why's and how's of the various leaders' methods? We'd like to know, so please drop us a card if you would.

Definition Of Swing

By ANDY FERRETTI

Swing music has been a major topic of conversation and newspaper and magazine literature for just about three years, yet nobody seems to be able to define it.

Countless articles have been written by reputable magazine contributors, yet none seems to be able to definitely put his finger on a phrase and say, confidently, "That is what swing music is." Orchestra leaders and prominent musicians of the swing school have been interviewed and asked to define this style of playing. Every mother's son of them gives a different definition and, nine times out of ten, one that can hardly be fathomed by the layman.

Swing isn't as complicated as all that. There's nothing new about it, so why all the ignorance on the part of our public? It's about time somebody told the folks just what swing is. So, I'm taking it upon myself to, once and for all, give THE definition of swing music, as clear a definition as can be given.

Swing is

Well, that clears up that. True, Andy is a rather quiet fellow, but he'll loosen up and discuss freely any problems you have on trumpet tooting.

He'd sit behind that new desk and say over and over. "Oh Boy! No more jitterbugs! My own bed every night! And never to have to do another one-night stand! Yes sir. Mother knew best!"

Elmer may come through with another story about what's what in the music business, but he'll also answer any questions you may have regarding trombone playing, if you'll just drop him a line.

Poor Copyist, Grief Laden for What?

By DAVE JACOBS

Like the chef who refuses to have anything more to do with the food after he prepares it, even refusing to eat it, so does the arranger consider his work done when he turns in his score. That is where the copyist comes in.

The copyist's work is, quite naturally, copying the arrangement, part by part, or, as the case may be, transposing it from concert form, so it will sound something like the arranger intended when the boys with the instruments start interpreting the markings.

And there, in the transposing, is where the headaches begin.

Some arrangers are careless in the scoring, not always intentionally, but due to high pressure speed and rush orders from the leader. Others make a perfect score, but the copyist butchers it so there are lots of mistakes that weren't even thought of by the arranger himself.

It's quite a job to make a perfect copy. One arrangement might be a copy. The next one may be a transposition. Usually they are rush jobs to the copyist, in much more of a rush than when the arranger was given his "rush" orders on them. And there, in the rush of being copied, lots of accidents pass by without being seen. There is always a hazard of listening to a football or baseball game or dance or concert music on the radio while you are copying. Thus you find your work completed with a 40-yard run through the middle.

Thus the trials and tribulations of the poor copyist. Some, of course, are very proficient in their work, but their script is bad. Others, vice versa. Some are slow, not always a detriment but a handicap, since copyists are generally given their work at the last minute and told to get it finished the following minute. Others are fast, but in their speed lack the necessary attributes of their work—being neat, clean and as letter perfect as is humanly possible.

The perfect copyist is one who embodies all the good points mentioned above—speed, proficiency, a minimum of mistakes, a clearly legible script, and the ability to edit and proofread an arranger's score.

When you find one who fits into that mold, hang onto him. He'll save you time, money and lots of griping. If you happen to fall into that category yourself, then hang onto yourself, fellow, because you have a mighty fine future in your field.

If you'd like to know anything else about this copying business and what makes it tougher, or if you have a few things you'd like to know about the musical Flit-gun (trombone), Mr. Jacobs will be glad to oblige in his next column if you'll just drop him a line.

New Broken Record

THE BANDSTAND is not meant to be used as a medium of boasts of the accomplishments of Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, but, being full of holiday spirit, we can't very well keep quiet about the new record they hung up in the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room. During Christmas Week, concluding with New Year's Eve, Tommy and the boys rang up the highest record for a one-week period in the history of the room.

Maxie Ignores Horn Fo' Dat Ol' Debil Sea

By MAXIE KAMINSKY

Nut Surprises; Girl Screams; Gate Scrams

By "YANK" LAWSON

Here is a little story about an experience of a good friend of mine, whose name will not be mentioned because he has since been wed. We'll just call him "Jim."

Jim had a date after we finished the job in Dallas one night. At the time, both of us were playing with the Crosby band. The girl was exceptionally beautiful and Jim was really looking forward to a very pleasant evening, as he was completely justified in doing. After a few sociable drinks at one of the local hot spots, Jim and his new-found acquaintance decided to go to her home for some scrambled eggs.

At any rate, it was one of those dismal nights, gloomy and raw, such as Dallas is wont to have on occasion in January; and the house was quite snug and comfortable by comparison.

Jim and, we'll call her Dorothy, were sitting on the divan chatting when Dorothy brought the subject around to a man who had been annoying her with his attentions. It seems this man was a bit insane. As a matter of fact, he'd been in and out of the hospital for the insane a number of times. Jim listened to the story with eager ears and a funny feeling gradually chilling his spine. The howling wind outside contributed an eerie sound effect.

The insane man, so Dorothy said, followed her everywhere. She had been forced to move from one apartment to another to avoid him. When she added that he'd threatened to kill her if ever he saw her with another man, Jim completely lost his appetite for scrambled eggs.

He was stammering out a hurried explanation about an early rehearsal that he'd suddenly remembered, when there came a terrific banging on the door. The mad man!

Jim, running frantically around the apartment, couldn't find even the semblance of a hiding place, while Dorothy stood in the corner wringing her hands and murmuring, "He'll kill us both." A very comforting thought at a time like that.

Finally, out of desperation, Jim took a run and dove head first through a window. Luckily they were on the ground floor and the room overlooked a lawn, or our story would have a sad and somewhat sudden finish. He swears he ran for blocks, thinking he could feel the hot breath of the maniac on the back of his neck. Finally he came to a bakery shop, in which he hid behind the flour barrels while the baker called the police.

With an escort of Dallas' finest, Jim returned to the house, expecting to find Dorothy badly mangled. But Dorothy had a little more composure than Jim, it seems, and had contained herself fully while she talked her demon lover into going quietly home. The police found him there and eased him off to the hospital for the insane again, and now Jim is happily married. For the correct finish to this story, I suppose he should have married Dorothy, but

Tommy just told me, before I left the Terrace Room, that he expected a column from me for this paper. Of course, that means I'll have to stop thinking about boats in my spare time and start thinking about something that'll interest you fellas.

Did you ever think about boats—I mean really think about them. A boat is a wonderful thing. Not a big, big one or not one too small. Just an ordinary, well, an ordinary lobster boat for instance. They're almost the best boats in the world. At least, that's how I feel about them.

I think everybody in the whole world should own a boat. Not big fancy ones. Just plain ordinary boats, and have a lot of food on them. Big steaks and lots of vegetables and a radio and a victrola and a whole big bunch of good records and a little bed with a hundred blankets on it.

When I get my boat I'm going to live right on it all the time. Then I won't have all those cars whizzing by me or I won't have to walk through a lot of crowded streets and get bumped by a lot of people and my boat'll be nice and quiet and drift with me and I'll eat up all those steaks and climb into my little bed and I'll just be thinking how silly I used to be when I didn't have a boat and only used to just think about them. 'Cause they're wonderful things—boats.

Maxie will probably get his boat. Ordinarily he'd write about trumpet playing, but, as you see, his attention is on other things. Lee Costaldo, who knows nothing about boats, will write on trumpets next issue.

W. Silloway Joins T. D. This Month

Ward Silloway, trombonist in the Bob Crosby orchestra since its organization, joined the Tommy Dorsey band, replacing Moe Zudicoff. Moe, who has been with the T. D.'ers since the latter part of the summer, joins Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Ward plays a clean trombone, excelling in either sweet or swing, having had plenty to do in both departments while with the Crosby ensemble. He has also had quite a bit of experience in the Dixieland style and should be of help to any up and coming trombone sliders who plan to concentrate on that division of swing.

Beginning next month, Ward will join the members of the brass section who write columns on this page and cordially threatens to take on all comers—questions, that is.

he didn't; so, aside from the finish, it's a pretty good story.

Undoubtedly there should be a moral to all this, but I can't imagine what it is. Maybe it will seal the lips of our numerous critics throughout the land who are eternally branding our brotherhood as "crazy musicians." The lunatic in this case is NOT a musician, the sane man is.

Next month, "Yank" will desert the true story field to concentrate on answering questions on hot trumpet tooting.

RHYTHM SECTION



Tough



Smith



Mastren



Traxler

THE BANDSTAND

A Newspaper for Musical Students and Fans

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Dave Jacobs, Trombone
Ward Silloway, Trombone
Andy Ferretti, Trumpet
"Yank" Lawson, Trumpet
Max Kaminsky, Trumpet
Jack Leonard, Vocals
Talbot Johns, Radio
Robert Burns, Management
Paul Weinstein, Arranging
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Lyle Van, Radio

Carmen Mastren, Guitar
Howard Smith, Piano
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"Babe" Rusin, Saxophone
"Skeets" Herfurt, Saxophone
Johnny Mince, Clarinet
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Richie Lisella, Transportation
"Axel" Stordahl, Arranging

GREETINGS, FRIEND

With this issue, THE BANDSTAND makes its debut and, we hope, many friends.

The primary purpose of this paper is to serve as a means of furthering musical knowledge among students and fans alike. Each member of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra has his own column. We hope that through this medium young musicians, trying to get their start, may profit by the experience of some of the boys who have already fought their way up the shaky ladder of success.

This issue serves to introduce you to the boys who will henceforth devote their literary efforts to answering questions and discussing general problems in music. In addition to departments for the various musical instruments, there will be features on vocalizing, orchestra management, radio production, phonograph recordings and musical conditions in general.

Whatever stories appear on Tommy Dorsey and his band will be kept in a general vein, newsy, entertaining and as unpress agency as possible.

THE BANDSTAND will be published each month. If you are not already on the mailing list, just send your name and address to Tommy Dorsey, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We would be interested in knowing if you are a student and at what school, or if you are a musician.

Piano Players Must Write In Says Pianist

By HOWARD SMITH

The first thing a budding columnist should do is choose a subject. I believe I read that in a book somewhere, many years ago. Well, all right then, a subject. What will it be? Perhaps the European situation? Yes, that would be a fine subject, if only I knew something about it. Washington would be equally as bright, but I'm afraid my knowledge of Washington is limited strictly to the backstage of the Earle Theatre and one night club, the name of which I can't remember, that featured a good swing band. There are a few other avenues open—what the well-dressed man is wearing column, badminton and checker column or an advice to the lovelorn column. Hmmm, let me see!

I have it! A gossip column! No, that won't do. I never hear any news, 'way over there at the piano, until it's stale; so that's out. A sports column, mayhap? But no, what would a musician who works seven nights a week, plus matinees, plus recordings, plus radio broadcasts, plus rehearsals and just a plain old plus, know about sports? Spots would be more appropriate.

It just looks like I'll have to write about music, hard though I've tried to take a different slant on things in a musical paper.

Tommy suggested I write a question and answer column for pianists and arrangers. That's a mighty fine idea, I think. Only one oversight. There are no questions and answers to fill up the initial column. So, added all together, that leaves me with absolutely nothing about which to write. And that, dear reader, is just about all I've written—nothing!

I honestly pledge myself to give next month's column more serious thought, however, and in as sane and sober a manner as possible, answer any questions that might be forthcoming on the art of tickling the ivories. I will not guarantee to make any correspondent the life of the party in two easy questions, but I will do my best to help him along. So fire away, Gridley, but not too deadily an aim, please!

SWING IN DIALECT

By CARMEN MASTREN

A pencil sure feels funny in my hand after holding a guitar for so long. Maybe I should have studied journalism instead of music now that we've gone literary. As one of my home town (Cohoes) political leaders once said, "Ladeez and a gental-a-men! I don't know for what am I gonna talkin' pa what I'm agonna say!"

That would be a good opener for me, because I haven't been able to decide just what I want to write about in this here now Dorsey Band Epistle. But there is one one thing I'm definitely not going to do and that is write about swing. After reading what most people write about that subject, I'm convinced I know as much about it as they do—nothing!

I suppose I could tell about a few funny incidents that have happened in my short career as a guitar player. About six years ago, for instance, I was working a few club jobs with, hold tight now, "Maestro Anthony Pasqual De Martini and his Broadcasting Orchestra." He spoke with an accent so thick you couldn't budge it with the Queen Mary.

I remember one night we were going to do a date and we were to meet on a certain corner at a certain time. The band consisted of nine men and, as it always will be, only three showed up on time. When the rest arrived about a half hour later, De Martini pointed to his wrist watch and yelled, "Come on a'fella! Da clock she's already and we ain't!"

Another night when I was playing with the same band, a girl, feeling quite romantic, danced up to the stand and asked for a song with "spring" in it. Anthony turned around to the band and said, "Ho kay, boys. 'Whispering,' one, two!"

It all goes to prove you don't have to know your language to be a bandleader. Remember the tune, "Oh, How Am I To Know?" Anthony used to sing it, "Oh, How I Am To Know!" And this is no exaggeration!

Carmen really knows a few things about swinging out on the guitar and will take a hand at answering any questions you care to toss his way.

Some Tips On Playing Bass Viol

By GENE TRAXLER

The first essential for a good tone on a bass violin is, naturally, a good instrument. However, the finest bass in the world can be just a tiny bit out of adjustment and the tone will be affected tremendously. One note may boom out and the tone just a half step higher or lower will hardly be heard, along with being very untrue.

Always keep your bass in fine adjustment, having repairs by an expert fiddle maker.

The suggestions in this column pertain to getting the most out of your bass viol for dance work only. To get a stronger and clearer tone, especially when using pizz. bass, I'd suggest keeping the strings slightly higher than usual, but not too much so. This has a tendency to make the tone sound harder and also takes out a certain amount of the depth of tone.

I keep my strings about five-eighths of an inch high at the spot I pick the bass. This is approximately three to six inches above the end of the finger board. Don't use this, however, as the exact place, since it will vary on different instruments. Usually, the lower you pick, the harder and more responsive the tone. Find the section on your bass for the strongest and roundest tone across all four strings and then stick to it always.

Take it easy on the right hand, but really push with the left. The more pressure you use, the more solid tone you'll get. Try to make each note sound like an open string. Never pull so hard that the strings collide with each other on the finger board. That's a very important thing to remember. Pick moderately and you'll find your tone will come out nicely and carry farther.

Sometimes you may get disgusted and think you can't hear your bass very well. Forget it! As a rule, the tone carries 'way above the other instruments and can be heard clearly in any part of the auditorium.

On slow sweet tunes, when playing two beats to the bar, hold the tone for a full value beat and make it sound like Arco bass. This same principle applies vice-versa when bowing. Be careful not to drag the bow or anticipate the beat. Always blend the bass and the bass drum as closely as possible. When playing four beats, use a lot of walking bass, but always keep the basic bass notes on the first and third beats. Play your notes short when doing four to the bar.

Frequently the E or A on the D and G strings carry an overtone from the E and A strings. The tail gut or wire may cause the same trouble. The latter can be practically eliminated by rolling up a piece of cloth and sticking it under the tail piece, between the bars and tail gut.

The former can be remedied by stopping all the strings across the board with either right or left hand, as convenient.

In closing, I'd like to express my conception of a good dance bass violin player:

One who plays the correct bass notes either in two or four and doesn't fill in runs as a bass trombone part. He strives for tone and plays in time and tune. He follows the drummer in simple style rhythms and plays two or four beats with the bass drum.

OF DRUMS AND DRUMMERS By DAVEY TOUGH

There was a time when a drummer just had to beat good rhythms on drums to hold down his job, there in the background, unnoticed by the public.

Now, however, if you're studying the art of knocking traps around the bandstand you probably can do well to take a course in dramatics and contortions on the side. Showmanship has grown to be a most important factor in this business of being a musician, particularly in the drum department.

I don't base any statements on personal experiences. I don't lay claim to being a showman. I never heard anybody say I was a showman. I chew my wad of gum, shake my head a little, smile when I get a boot out of anything, and just enjoy playing my drums the way I like to play them. Maybe I should go in for the wilder display of enthusiastic playing, but I've always felt it didn't suit my appearance. I'd rather appear quiet and, more or less, harmless.

But you've probably noticed as much as I have how much show-

manship figures in the success of the man at the drums. Don't get me wrong, now. I don't mean a fellow can be a showman on drums, play them poorly and still get to the top. The primary purpose of the percussion instrument is solid rhythm to guide the band. Without that you can be the best showman in the world but you won't mean a thing as a drummer.

The average person who watches a band probably doesn't know whether the drummer beats a solid rhythm or a loose one. That's no insult to the musical intelligence of the public. The folks out front have too many other things to notice. It's the boys in the band who'll notice the flaws in the rhythm.

My tip to ambitious drum students is, "Get your rhythm down pat first. After you've mastered that, go in for your showmanship, but take it a little bit at a time."

Don't get me wrong. I am not casting any shadows on Gene Krupa's drumming. It is only natural to think of Gene when one

mentions showmanship and drumming in the same breath. I could go on for paragraphs praising Gene's work, but it can be summed up much better by quoting the results of Metronome's poll among musicians. In that poll the boys who really know their stuff voted Gene the country's best drummer.

Probably the easiest way to "go over" with the public is to really get lost in your work. Forget the people and let yourself relax, paying only heed to your rhythm. You'll find your head bobbing, in time to the bass drum pedal, and that will muss up your hair. If you've forgotten the people you evidently aren't looking at them. You must look somewhere, so you just stare into space. That gives you a weird, glassy look in your eyes and people will think you're a madman. Swell! By chewing gum you unconsciously have your mouth moving. Every time you kick your leg when your foot slips you'll bite your tongue and make a funny face. When you pound your finger with a stick you'll make a funnier one

and the people will think you're terrific.

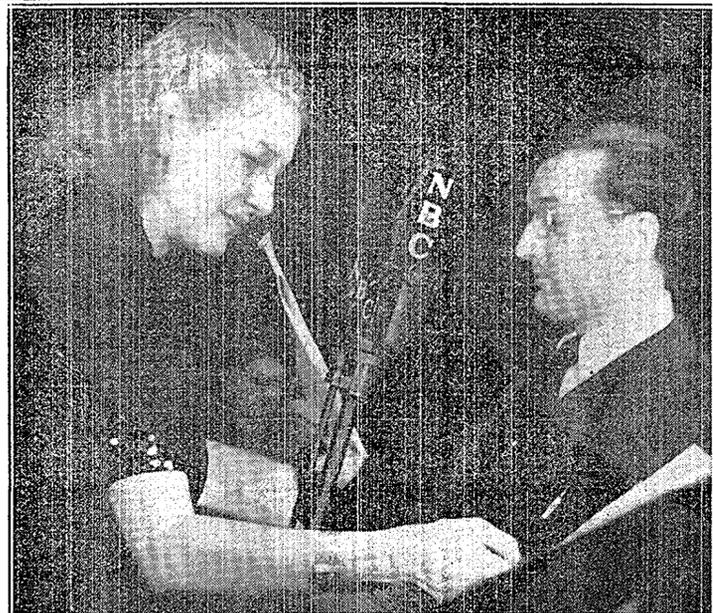
During intermissions you go behind the bandstand and, with the help of two of your buddies, get strapped into a strait-jacket. If you've played the average twenty-minute set, you should be almost back to normal in ten minutes and ready to cut loose again.

After drumming several months you'll probably notice yourself shaking a little, even when you're not working. Don't mind that too much, for it will add to your color, even though not to your health. People who see you walk by will think you're either eccentric or just have rhythm right down to the roots of your soul.

But, to ape the sign-off of my contemporary, Sidney Skolsky, don't get me wrong. I love drumming.

If, in spite of what Davey says in the above article, you still persist in playing drums and would like him to discuss your problems seriously, just send in your questions.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY



A candid shot of Shirley Ross and Tommy Dorsey as they appeared on one of Tommy's recent Raleigh-Kool programs. 'Twas on this program that Tommy sang for the first time, doing a duet with Shirley.



POLITICS OR SWING? Here we find Tommy and District Attorney Dewey of New York having a chat, but whether Tommy was talking politics, Dewey was talking swing or the two were just playing tic-tac-toe, is a detail on which our reporter slipped up. Sorry.



AHEM! Introducing Tommy Dorsey, publisher. Here we have Mr. D. being fixed up by the Twentieth Century-Fox makeup chief to a fashion befitting a newspaper publisher.

THURSDAY,
JANUARY 12
Roseland Ballroom
NEW YORK CITY

For five days beginning
FRIDAY,
JANUARY 13
State Theatre
HARTFORD, CONN.

In the Groove

Connie Boswell, at the right, recently a guest on Tommy's radio program, gets together with the Maestro for a bit of good humored "give."

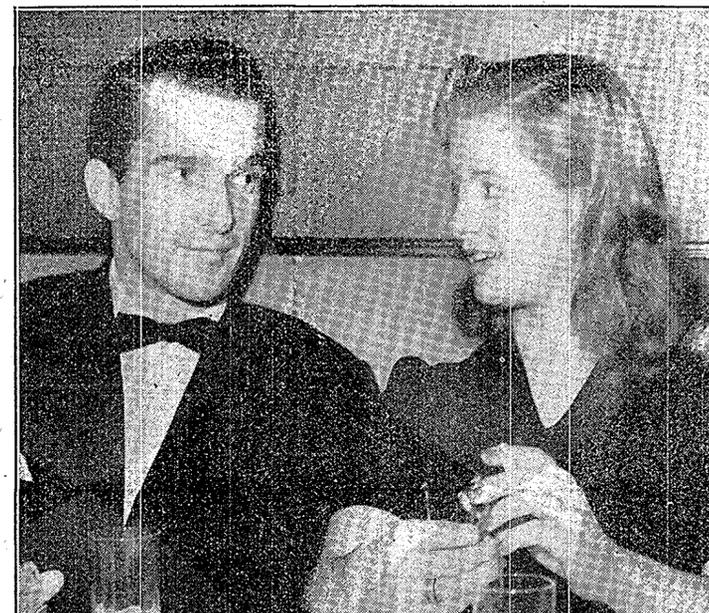


AMATEUR NIGHT The greatest array of amateur swing musicians ever assembled—Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Ken Murray, Bing Crosby and Shirley Ross. T. Dorsey, in the right background, was paid for his part in the show, so can't be classed with the rest of the group. The occasion was Tommy's amateur swing contest in Hollywood last summer. First prize of seventy-five dollars was given to the Community Chest when the applause meter showed no favorite. The band has not played any engagements together since then, although the members have done okay in picture and radio work individually.



RHYTHM OF THE VOCAL VARIETY Tommy really gets a boot out of the Pied Pipers, the octet of swing singers they discovered in Hollywood and brought to New York for his program. They proved so sensational on their debut with Tommy that they've been held over for second and third weeks. Notice the hand of the chap in the left background. He used to play trumpet and fing'rs each note as he "la do da's" it.

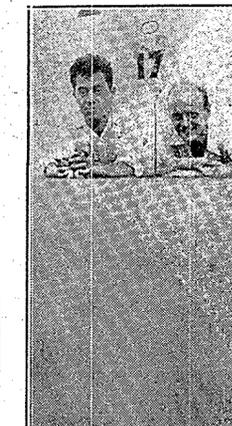
♦ SWING IN LOVETIME ♦



Jack Leonard and Adelaide Moffett, society songstress, drop into New York's Onyx Club to exchange a few vocal choruses. Walter Winchell recently predicted a January "blending" but they insist they're just friends.



SO THIS IS SWING! Tommy goes over an arrangement with Screen Star Alice Fay. They worked together in Rudy Vallee's band several years ago, but that's still no reason why Tommy should keep his eyes glued on the music with so gorgiss a creature by his side.



WHAT GOES? Maxie Kaminsky and "Axel" Stordahl laying down on the job. They both claim they do their best work on a golf course.



NEWARK, N. J.
Shubert Theatre
For one week beginning
FRIDAY,
JANUARY 20

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Earle Theatre
For one week beginning
FRIDAY,
JANUARY 27

Za Za Herself

Tommy strolling with Claudette Colbert. While in Hollywood Tommy watched Claudette filming "Za Za" and made a modern swingeroo for the famous dance, calling it "When Za Za Does the Con Con" (left).

ARRANGERS' TABLE



Wetstein



Bolognese



Stordahl



Lisella



Kincaid

Tips to Arrangers; Keep Scores Simple

By PAUL WETSTEIN

The arranging department of the T. D. organization is handled by three full-time arrangers plus several boys in the band who lend a hand when the going gets rough or, once in a while, tear off something on their own hook.

The three full-time members of the staff are "Axel" Stordahl, Deane Kincaid and myself, and, within the band, we find Howard Smith, Carmen Mastren and Freddie Stulce, all capable of turning out fine arrangements whenever called upon.

When a tune comes in to be arranged, Tommy looks it over and can decide at a glance which one of the three full-time boys will handle it. Each of us specializes in one or more particular type of arrangement, thus the decision at a glance. Deane handles all the "blues" tunes and songs that can be treated in a Dixieland style. "Axel" specializes in sweet arrangements on the order of "Can't I?" and "I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You." My job consists of the jazz pop tunes, novelty pieces and an occasional swing takeoff on an old favorite like "Carolina Moon" or vocal backgrounds such as "Who" and "Sweet Sue."

In giving arranging hints on the popular tunes of the swing type, it might be said that the one most important thing to keep in mind is to keep the arrangement as simple as possible.

When I started making arrangements, I used to knock myself out piling junk into the score until I finally thought I had everything I knew in three choruses—and I probably did have. At any rate, the results sounded awful. The first thing I had to learn was to "keep the thing simple."

Often four good bars in an otherwise ordinary arrangement will impress musicians and the general public a lot more than a whole page of "out of the world licks," "augmented seventy-second chords" and thirty notes to the bar. In doing that you find yourself with so much stuff there that what good material you have is all buried and never can be heard. For the same reason, modulations shouldn't be too long and vocal backgrounds shouldn't be so complicated that the singer needs a compass to find the melody. It seems the best rule to follow is, "When in doubt, leave it out!" The chances are ten to one nobody will ever miss it.

Voicing in popular jazz tunes is pretty much routine. It is up to the individual and best learned by experience. One thing to remember, however, is that close voicing is always safe, unless it causes the trombone men to blow their brains out trying to reach C's. Then open up the brass.

The question often comes up, "How can I get a start in arranging? Should I send a standard swing arrangement to a band and hope it will try it?"

To do that is as much a waste of time and effort as sending an original song to the George Spelvin Music Publishing Company, Inc. Your manuscript will never be tried over.

The best bet is to make the best possible and simplest arrangement of a currently popular tune. If possible, find out if the band you've planned to attack has an arrangement on the tune. If not, the chances are the leader will be pleasantly surprised to receive an arrangement on a popular tune he doesn't have, and if the arrangement strikes his fancy he'll probably use it.

The main thing to remember is

that a pop tune is the safest way of breaking into the field. Every band has plenty of standards in its library. I know if I hadn't been told this in 1934, I'd still be running around town looking for a job with an advertising agency or radio station. At that time, against my better judgment, I arranged a tune called, "Pop Goes Your Heart," brought it around to Joe Haymes and got started that way. I had another one with me at the time, a would-be "hot" arrangement of "I Know That You Know," and if I'd given him that one first I'd still be behind the backstop. The score had everything up to and including "The Last Chord."

The job I dread most, but which is actually a lot of fun once it's started, is making vocal arrangements such as "Sweet Sue," "Yearning," "Who," etc. The technique is to get a whole list of old song titles, a sound-proof room and a few sandwiches, lock yourself in for three days and finally emerge with the vocal background. You are then told off in no uncertain terms by the boys in the band when they learn they have to sing again and you wonder if life is worthwhile after all.

But it's all a lot of fun, any way you look at it. Whether my co-arrangers agree, I do not know. They can speak for themselves in their own columns.

Paul Wetstein will be glad to offer any assistance he can to persons interested in arranging technicalities. Just drop him a line.

Copyist Praises Work of Arrangers

By PAUL BOLOGNESE

It is wonderful to remember something my grandmother used to say to me half a century ago:

"I don't want to die because I learn more and more every day."

She was 89 years of age. Now I share the feelings she expressed in those days, for I too find myself still learning things in this changing world of ours.

Every day I do copying for Tommy, copying musical scores written in perfect taste for a public that demands variety. Naturally, I study.

While copying those scores, I note that I never find any repetition from one arrangement to another. For their work in this field I want to praise our youngest arrangers, Paul Wetstein, Deane Kincaid and "Axel" Stordahl. The first one, energetic in swing; the second, novelties in swing; the third, sweet in swing.

I wish I could find words to say more and more in praising those three gentlemen. I hope in the future to explain many more notations of how the Tommy Dorsey organization enjoys playing the music I have the privilege of copying.

In future issues of the Bandstand, Paul Bolognese will answer question on copying arrangements.

Let nothing go to waste, is the policy of successful bands. The other day at rehearsal a new arrangement sounded a little too complicated. "Hey, Paul," called T.D., "take some of these notes out and save them for another arrangement!"

Photography Favorite Hobby Of Musicians

By "AXEL" STORDAHL

From observations of various bands, including our own, I'd say the first thing a person should get when he wants to become a good musician is a good camera.

This may sound silly. It undoubtedly does. But in the last few years the camera craze has gained such a foothold on the musicians of our grand nation that a fellow just isn't "hep," as the jitterbug saying goes, unless he rolls his own film.

Personally, I go in for the movie variety, preferably colored stuff. Our trip to the coast last year gave me some excellent opportunities to get the best scenery our country has to offer. And, believe me, I took them. I have a lot of shots of the band—some funny, some pretty serious—and, all in all, a good evening's entertainment for anyone interested in our band and the trips it takes.

Tommy's another movie camera fan, owning a 16 millimeter job. Mine's an eight. He has enough scenic stuff to start his own travelogue bureau.

Johnny Mince is our most ardent candid camera fan, I think. "Skeets" Herfurt runs him a close second—or maybe Hymie Shertzer gets that position. Anyway, they're all top notch photographers, which makes it pretty tough on the boys in the band because you never know when somebody's recording your actions on film. Howard Smith and Paul Wetstein are two of our newer converts.

The Casa Loma band is full of cameras, both movies and still. Hal Kemp and most of his boys are ardent photographic fiends. So are most of Ozzie Nelson's boys. And in nine cases out of ten the fellows all develop and print their own films—except, of course, when they're on the road.

One former musician, Charlie Peterson, bass player, is now one of New York's leading commercial photographers. He found out he could make more money pressing a bulb than pushing a bow, so he bought himself a mess of lights, rented a studio and shoved the old bass fiddle into a corner of the attic down in Jersey.

Now, I don't say it's imperative you be a picture snapper to get along in music. But statistics do prove that music and cameras get along pretty well together. So, if you are wont to get your union card and a chair in a big band, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to take up photography on the side just as a hobby while you're practicing your music lessons.

So much for cameras. Having done with his pet subject, photography, Axel will now concentrate on his life's work, arranging. His specialty is sweet tunes, so if you are bent on becoming an arranger of sweet music, drop Axel a line. We'll try not to have a photo finish.

Byron Snowden currently conducted one of the most popular programs in Northern New England and Southern Canada (WQDM, St. Albans, Vermont), broke into radio in Troy, N. Y. His first assignment was to announce a dance program of a local band. Playing guitar in that band was Carmen Mastren. Now we find Byron offering his listeners a paper in which a column appears under Carmen's name. Small world, or something, what?

DIXIELAND BUILT ON IMPROVISATION

By DEANE KINCAID

Band Prop Man Enjoys His Work

By RICHIE LISELLA

My first one-nighter with the band was at Villanova College, early spring, 1936. I had started with the band during its stay at the Commodore Hotel in New York City. At the time, my job was driving the band bus.

We spent that period doing one-nighters around the East. During a date in Worcester Tommy thought he'd have some fun with the boys and so, while the band was playing, had me attach a bomb to the motor. A "bomb" is a little gadget loaded with powder, with wires at either end to connect to the ignition system. When you step on the starter it makes a long whistle, then there's a loud explosion and the car gets filled with smoke—but no damage done.

After the dance the boys piled into the bus and grew impatient as I stalled around to kill time. Finally on a high-sign from Tommy, I stepped on the starter. There was a whistle, an explosion and then all that smoke. The boys made a beeline for the door, but their speed was slow compared to Bobby Burns, our manager. Too bad nobody clocked him. I'll bet he set a new record. We found out the next day he did better than train time from Worcester to Boston. For a big fellow he sure did move fast.

After I'd been driving the bus three months, Tommy got rid of it, so then I took care of the instruments and music. By this time we'd opened at the Pennsylvania Hotel for the summer. When we finished there we went on one-nighters again, only this time Tommy chartered a Greyhound Bus instead of buying his own.

We'd usually arrive in town about an hour before starting time. That gave me enough time to set up the instruments on the bandstand. I never lacked help because whenever we stopped there always were plenty of fellows just waiting for a chance to carry in the mute trunks or bass or drums just to get inside to hear the band.

This past year we went out to the coast by way of Detroit, Chicago and Denver. We did a broadcast in Denver and then Tommy decided to take a vacation and spend it in Denver. The very next morning about one o'clock, however, he woke me up and told me to get the car ready. I thought he was kidding, but I found out twenty-six hours later he hadn't been, 'cause that's when we arrived in Hollywood. That boss of mine sure doesn't waste time once he decides to go someplace.

Our trip to the coast was very interesting and even I had a chance to meet the people I see in the moving pictures. I met Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Sue Carol, Andy Devine, Ken Murray and lots of others. One day Wayne Morris took me over to the studios to watch him work in "Brother Rat," and then had me as his guest at lunch. At the Palomar, where the band played for five weeks, I met Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Don Budge and Gene Mako.

You see, even the fellow who carries the instruments in the band has a lot of fun out of his job. No sir, I wouldn't trade my job for anything. I'll tell you about the time Tommy sent me on some errands by airplane—but not until next month.

It seems to me, the Dixieland style originated way back in pre-war days, built around the Negro styles played in and around New Orleans.

Dixieland is essentially improvised, whether written or not. If written, it must retain the sound of being improvised anyway, thereby becoming too complicated to lots of people. It sounds "muddy" or as if there is too much going on.

Let me explain why. First of all, a style must have its origin in someone's playing. I think we need go no further than Louis Armstrong for our idea of that style. Of course, he got it from someone else, but he went so far ahead that the style can be called his own without being unfair to anyone.

So, using Louis as a basis for our style, let's delve into the rest of it. Try to imagine Louis way back in his early youth, when he played with a small band. Early recordings indicate piano, banjo, trombone, clarinet and the trumpet, Louis on the last mentioned.

The lead part, or whatever melody there was to be heard, came from the trumpet. The clarinet played a sort of duet harmony (whenever it was possible to follow one so great as Louis) and the trombone filled in the holes, giving a faint suggestion of bass now and then. The clarinet part was, in general, just above the trumpet in harmony, rather than below, and the trombone player usually had the most work to do as a result, filling in the third harmony at times and the holes left by breathing spaces and the in-between phrase gaps, as well as the afore-mentioned bass now and then. So it is that the trombone part plays the most important role in Dixieland writing.

With the style being based entirely on improvisation, there isn't much of a definite system to go by in writing it. When a bunch of boys get together and jam, there isn't much of a coordinated sound to the music. When an attempt is made to write "that sound" for a big band like Tommy's, with three trombones, three trumpets and five reeds (clarinets), one must not get too coordinated or it won't be a very true ring of Dixieland. When one gets too involved, people stop their ears. All in all, it's a dangerous business.

But carry on, we can't stop here! The best way to study Dixieland, as any other style, is to listen to recordings. But you can't be too modern to go back about 15 years. When you go back that far, you find crazy-titled, apparently meaningless tunes, such as "Sugar Foot Strut," "Ostrich Walk," "Muskrat Ramble" and others, besides an endless variety of "blues."

Blues are particularly good to work with, but they'd best be left alone for the time being. It would take too much space to discuss them this month.

The first step, then, is the intense listening to recordings of those who came from the old school of New Orleans jazz. There are numerous musicians to hear—Armstrong, King Oliver, Paul Mares, Johnny and Baby Dodds and others. I'm not much of an authority on records, having derived what I know from long association with several boys from New Orleans, playing the style according to the way they had advanced it to the present time.

Deane specializes in Dixieland and Blues arrangements and will gladly answer questions and discuss problems in future columns.

High School Writers Form Music Club

Students to Advance Study Of Dance Music

Bandleader Endows First Chapter in New York City

An organization of editors and writers for high school newspapers in the Metropolitan area of New York was formed by a group of fifty representatives recently when they gathered in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker as guests of Tommy Dorsey.

Under the guidance of Tommy and his staff the club will endeavor to further the knowledge of modern popular music in general.

The first meeting, held Saturday, December 17, was more or less of a social nature, serving to let the members get acquainted with each other and with Tommy, who is endowing the organization. Close to forty high schools in the Metropolitan area were represented, either by editors of the papers or members of the staffs, assigned to cover the event. Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey, Staten Island, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Manhattan sent delegates.

The second meeting was held at the Hotel New Yorker, Tuesday afternoon, December 27. H. John Gluskin, attorney for Tommy and the band, conducted the meeting until the election of officers and supervised the drawing up of the rules, regulations and by-laws, all of which were made by majority vote of the group.

One of the first moves made was the selection of a name for the organization. "Scribes of Sentimental Swing" was suggested by one of the group and unanimously adopted by the others. An insignia will be drawn up and from this membership pins will be designed and given the members.

As a precaution against becoming overcrowded, the members voted that the club rolls should be limited to two representatives of each active high school newspaper. The invitation to join shall be to the editor of each paper and it shall be left to his choice whether to join along with one of his assistants or staff members, or pass the invitation along to two of his fellow writers.

No person, once a member, will be made to forfeit his membership by graduation. Upon the graduation of a member, however, an undergraduate editor or writer will be added to the club.

Temporary officers, selected at the second meeting, are Marie Williams, of Yonkers, N. Y., president; Lou Leopold, of the Bronx, first vice-president; John Hill, of Yonkers, second vice-president; Norman Greenberg, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., recording secretary, and Norman Hoffman, of the Bronx, corresponding secretary.

Other charter members of the New York chapter of the Scribes of Sentimental Swing are Joan Alles, Applebaum, Bernard Bass, man Blitz, Jean Blodstein, Adairles, Vincent Charles, Jacqueline onant, Helen Darck, Morris Diamond, Joan Donegan, Marion Faber, Fischman, Millicent Gabowitz, ana Giacquinto, Kathleen Harrington, Nathaniel Hausman, David Hewitt, John Hill, Gertrude Kaye, Chel Katz, Marcella Kower, Florence Lananbaum, Claire Lantz, Alice Levine, Betty Lightman, Anita Lowy, Margaret Lupin, Irene Majewski, Cecelia Matelson, Walter Murphy, Augustine Nasta, Regina Roth, Melvin Seeger, Irving Shadlen, David Slairu, Everett Smith, Jr., Carla Soffietto, Richard Spahn, Anne Villone, Marilyn Weinstock, Louis Weintraub, Robert Wendlinger, Benjamin Wetheimer and Anne Zolty.

To Expand

As Tommy Dorsey and his band go on tour, other chapters of the Scribes of Sentimental Swing will be formed in the cities in which they play. The band's tour will in



The Scribes of Sentimental Swing gather around their sponsor, Tommy Dorsey, who is endowing this organization. This shows a part of the group of fifty charter members at a meeting in the Hotel New Yorker. As Tommy goes on tour he will organize chapters in various cities throughout the country for the furthering of musical knowledge among the youth of America.

"So You Want To Be A Radio Announcer?"

By LYLE VAN

Chief Announcer, Raleigh-Kool Program.

The requirements of a network announcer in New York are vastly different today from what they were, say, five or six years ago. At that time if you had a pleasing voice, a good personality and a good sales delivery, you had a fair chance of making the grade, regardless of your past radio experience.



Today, you must not only have a fair knowledge of languages, a good personality, a real selling voice, but also the "gift of gab," and I mean by the latter having at your instant command pure, unadulterated "ad libitum." And it doesn't stop there. You must have some good, practical experience in announcing at some smaller radio station.

So often we are asked, "How did you happen to get started in radio?" and most always the majority of us who have been in the game for seven or eight years invariably have to answer, "We just drifted in." And that's usually true, just drifted in without any premeditation or particular preparation.

In my own case, for example, a knowledge of music and several years of vocal training led me into radio ten years ago down in Atlanta, Georgia, singing on the air just for the thrill of it.

I think that many of you who should happen to read this little dissertation and would like to make radio, in this particular field, your goal would like some good, practical advice as to a course of preparation. So, here goes, and I'll take them as they come.

First, don't attempt to make the major networks unless you have had at least two years of experience at a smaller station. You'll feel

no way affect the activities of the New York group, which will carry on and conduct meetings as usual. Tommy will meet the high school editors and writers in the various cities in which he plays vaudeville at a time arranged prior to his appearance. Because of travel and lack of time in one city, it will be impossible to have meetings in cities in which he is playing one-nighters. Efforts will be made to include these cities in the various Metropolitan groups. Where this is impractical, the New York headquarters will set up a plan whereby these communities may organize chapters by some other means.

more secure, better fitted and have the necessary poise that good announcing requires.

The next thing that I can think of right now is, you must know how to pronounce, and pronounce correctly, the names of all the well-known operas and their composers, as well as composers and compositions of note. In other words, you must have a working knowledge of languages—French, German, Italian and Spanish. When I say a working knowledge, I mean that you must be able to pronounce readily foreign names on sight, whether you speak the language or not. This necessitates at least a fundamental knowledge of the proper use of the phonetics of the various languages.

Another thing, don't think that because your voice is not "smooth and mellow" that you wouldn't be suited for announcing. Very often a voice that is distinctive and outstanding in other ways is just as desirable.

Don't try to put on airs by trying to sound good. You'll fail. Be natural when you speak and success will eventually be yours. A good break, of course, is always welcome by the best of 'em. Good luck.

Potential big-time radio announcers can get more good tips from Lyle in future issues of THE BANDSTAND. Just drop him a line with any questions you want answered.

PUBLICITY BIZ NO RACKET

(Continued from Page Two.)

largely a matter of dispensing news. Things are always happening, and a publicity man is just a reporter with a perpetual assignment—in this case, Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. In addition to being a reporter you have to be (1) a biographer, because when a radio star becomes famous people immediately want to know all about him (2) a feature writer, to take the technical aspects of orchestras and the radio business and translate them into stories for the radio public (3) a diplomat, to answer letters from people who don't like to hear a swing version of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" (4) a fairly healthy individual, because in show business things happen at night, but have to be publicized in the daytime, with a resultant lack of sleep.

So next time you pick up the paper and see Tommy's picture, or a story about Edythe or Jack, or Tommy's face on a magazine cover, just remember that at least two, and maybe more, of Tommy's publicity men lost at least one night's sleep getting it there.

Good night, now.

HYMIE CONFESSES

(Continued from Page Three.)

of six I wanted to be a steam locomotive engineer.

Now, as I started to say at the beginning, back in 1925, I started doing the Catskill Route. Every summer we (you might know some of the other fellows—Red Hymie Rosenbaum, Sammy Weiss, Joey Sara, Murray Schlam) played and played for the rocking chair crowd—and we really had fun. We played what we wanted, when we wanted, and how we wanted. And did we eat! And on the cuff!

About that time (after I graduated from school) I landed my first non-musical job—a Bank Teller. (Why, yes, I was a banker in my younger days. Didn't you know?) And even then I stuck right close to my music. Every Saturday night I played a wedding (with one of those hotcha pianists) or a lodge dance or a (pahdon my blushes) bit of a symphony concert. And, you guessed it, I earned more that Saturday night than I did "teller-ing" all week at the bank. So I told my bank boss to get lost and I was officially set on the rocky road of rhythm.

The road has its pleasant ups and its depressing downs. We all know that. But, cigar butt in mouth, I've always managed to get along financially, have a heck of a good time and see plenty of scenery. I've worked with all sorts of outfits and all kinds of leaders. I was stranded in Texas, during the National Bank holiday of 1933 without a nickel or a salami or a cigar in sight. I wore overalls and a farmer's hat and picked my teeth with country straw to amuse the customers in the Village County Fair of prohibition days. Then came one day when my ole Catskill Mountain pals and I joined up with a bespectacled Chicago boy who plays a hot clarinet, Benny Goodman. After a six-months' booking in New York City, we landed in Los Angeles at the Palomar and a bunch of Western kids gaped at us the way I used to gape at that pianist. And so, jitterbugs were born.

After that it was the Rockies for us. No more Catskills, real good cigars and no more stogies. I've even been in the movies (ahem), in "Big Broadcast of 1937," and "Hollywood Hotel." In the latter I had some lines to say. I was so good they not only cut out my lines, THEY TOOK OUT THE WHOLE SCENE. Alas! Alack! I've played at Debutante parties just as I used to play at a Second Avenue boys' dance.

Yep, and then the fourth time out at the coast, I saw another record-breaking crowd going crazy about another bespectacled "Top" man—and here I was swinging out with the new best band. Great stuff—eh Tom?—and long may it last!

Whew! Can you imagine his wife's

Alumni Notes

The Tommy Dorsey College of Sentimental Swing! For lack of anything else, and just to be commercial, we shall call the band just that, but only for this column, so you'll catch the idea of it. Herein we present the activities of those who have served with us in the past and have been given their diplomas.

We don't list our post-graduates, our alumni who have returned to carry on—Andy Ferretti, Dave Jacobs and Davey Tough.

So, our Alumni:

First Trumpet — Sam Skoinick, Steve Lipkin, Charlie Spivak.

Second Trumpet — Sterling Bose, E. Graham, Max Kaminsky, Jimmy Welch, Bunny Berigan, "Pee Wee" Erwin.

Third Trumpet — Cliff Wetterau, Joe Bauer.

First Trombone — Joe Ortalondo, Walter Mercurio, Red Bone, Frank Donofo.

Second Trombone — Lefty Earl, Ken Pickering, Les Jenkins.

Third Trombone — Moe Zudicoff, Earl Hagan.

First Saxophone — Noni Bernardi, Mike Doty.

Second Sax — Sid Stoneburn, Tommy Macy, Joe Dixon.

Third Sax — Johnny Van Epps, Sid Block, Bud Freeman.

Fourth Sax — Clyde Rounds.

Piano — Paul Mitchell, Dick Jones.

Drums — Sam Weiss, Sam Rosen, Maurice Purtill.

Guitar — Max Cheikes, Bill Schaffer.

Bud Freeman, free lancing around New York. Reports that he is returning to Tommy's band are untrue.

Charlie Spivak, one of the more recent grads of the band, doing studio work around New York City.

Bunny Berigan, who played that trumpet solo on the record of "Marie," among other things, playing his band on one-nighters around the New York area.

"Pee Wee" Erwin's wife, Roberta, almost completely recovered from burns she suffered in a household accident last fall. "Pee Wee" now playing with Raymond Scott.

Dick Jones, pianist with the original TD band, chief arranger for Glen Gray's Casa Loma crew.

Les Jenkins, back in New York from a trip to his native Oklahoma City, now playing trombone in Artie Shaw's band.

Clyde Rounds has just left Bunny Berigan's band to stay in New York City.

Clarinetist Joe Dixon now with Fred Waring.

Tommy Macy tooting his saxophone with Abe Lyman's band.

Mike Doty, Joe Ortalondo and Johnny Van Epps all playing with Larry Clinton's outfit.

Paul Mitchell is tickling the ivories in the house band at the Springfield, Mo., radio stations.

Sam Rosen beating out rhythm in Charlie Baum's society band.

Maurice Purtill, just returned from a trip, is giving drum lessons to several pupils.

Maxie Kaminsky has temporarily forsaken boats to swing out at the Onyx.

Sam Weiss drumming in the house band at WNEW, New York. He recently sat in with Tommy's band during the spell between Maurice Purtill's departure and Davey Tough's return.

Steve Lipkin trumpeting for Les Brown.

Red Bone has put aside his trombone for a while and is now doing free lance arranging.

When last heard from, Frank Donalfo was with Ruby Newman.

Ben Pickering sliding his slide with Ted Lewis' band.

Earl Hagan, affectionately called "Junior" by the boys in the band, doing studio work in Hollywood.

Noni Bernardi playing lead in Benny Goodman's band.

hat making a fellow break down and confess all this stuff! I'm just as surprised at all this "confession" talk, but confession, they say, is good for the soul. And, oh yeah, as I started to say, my wife's hat is a riot (looks like an old pretzel baked out of shape). And I still love music.

Hymie, our first saxophonist, will help you with problems you may have about your sax tooting—or your wife's hat—if you'll just write him a note re same.

Man at Work!



A study of a guitar player making rhythm. Subject of the study is Carmen Mastren.

DORSEY ORCHESTRA TAKING ROAD TOUR

(Continued From Page One.)

In Indianapolis, north to Detroit and the Fox Theatre and a series of one-nighters through the Middle West.

Paramount Again

At a date in April to be decided by Tommy and Paramount Manager Bob Weitman shortly, the band moves into its second home, the Paramount Theatre in New York City. It was at this theatre that the T. D. band, playing its third engagement in less than a year last fall, established an all-time high attendance record and was held over the four weeks. Bob would gladly have kept the show a few weeks longer, but the boys were on the verge of collapse as it was, what with doubling between the hotel and theatre and doing the commercial broadcasts besides.

Following the Paramount appearance Tommy and the band will open at the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof for the summer season. The actual opening date will be announced shortly.

RADIO TECHNICIANS

'MAKE' RADIO SHOWS

(Continued from Page Two.)

the harmonic and rhythmic design in the background at a level which will enhance the solo without detracting from it. At all times it is important to get the right amount of the rhythm section—not too much or too little—and this varies somewhat, naturally, according to the style of arrangement. The same thing applies to vocal accompaniment.

The "committee" listens for all these points in rehearsal, and we discuss them with Tommy as each number is rehearsed. When everything is rehearsed, including announcements and dialogue, there is a complete "dress" rehearsal of the entire program. During the dress, we make notes on all the above points, review them afterward with Tommy, and make any necessary adjustments.

This all probably sounds very technical and serious. Well, it is serious in that it is important that the material go out on the air in the right way, but it's not so serious that there's no fun in rehearsals. There are always some laughs. And there's one thing we can always look forward to at the end of the dress rehearsal. At the point where Tommy plays "Getting Sentimental" at the end of the program, he always plays something else in the dress rehearsal—and we can never tell what it's going to be. If we guess, we're sure to be wrong. And it's not so much what is played as how it is played—and the members of the band are never backward about joining in and making it a real clambake.

Of course, the program has to be timed, since we have exactly 29 minutes and 30 seconds on the air. It usually runs pretty much as expected, but we are always prepared with optional cuts. When Tommy appears to be cutting off his head, using his hand as an axe and wearing a quizzical look, he simply means "Shall we make the cut?" If we answer by pointing to our noses, we mean "Don't make any cut—we're on the nose."

Dorsey, Mastren and Leonard Win Poll

Maestro Runs Away With All Honors on First Horn

It's nothing of a novelty for Tommy Dorsey to win first place among lead trombone players, so it was little surprise when the final results of the Metronome poll were announced and Tommy was on top again.

Of course, the wide margin by which he led his runners-up is something to write home about. Tommy ran up 1,444 votes, while his nearest competitor, Jack Teagarden, had only 77. Out of fairness to Jack, it is only right that we point out that this was in the race for first trombone. Teagarden won first place on second, or hot, trombone with 868 votes.

Tommy got off to an early start in the contest, gained himself a substantial lead, and made it even more substantial as the poll progressed. In reporting the results of the poll, Metronome states: "As was to be expected, Tommy Dorsey won first (lead) trombone honors, though his margin of victory is almost unbelievable. Such a runaway needs no further elaboration."

And so we abide by Metronome's decision. It needs no further elaboration. It is interesting to note that Bobby Byrn, a discovery of Tommy's, placed fifth in the contest. Bobby, now playing lead trombone in Jimmy Dorsey's band, was discovered by Tommy when the brothers were together with their own band four years ago. The band was playing in Detroit. Tommy heard Bobby play, brought him East to Glen Island Casino and eventually turned over his parts to him when he left to form his own band.

Tommy also garnered himself 180 votes in the hot trombone division, finishing in third place. Glenn Miller finished second with 248.

Carmen Scores Win Over Strummers in Close Race

Without benefit of dialects, Carmen Mastren swung into lead position and stayed there in the Metronome poll for the annual all-star band of the nation.

Winning by a substantial margin, Carmen captured 595 votes along with his first-place spot—154 over his nearest threat, Ben Heller of Benny Goodman's band.

It is nothing new for Carmen to win polls among leading guitar players of the country, particularly in the swing division. He's been up in the running since he first came into prominence when he used to play with Wingy Manone's small combo on West 52d street. Since he's joined Tommy's band he's been a consistent winner in the polls of the various magazines.

Metronome called it an easy win for Tommy's strummer. The magazine also pointed out, in mentioning the final results, that the guitar division was a classic example of what name band connections will do, Carmen being with T. Dorsey, Heller with Goodman; third position man, Nappy La Mare, with Bob Crosby's band, and Al Avola of Artie Shaw's crew getting fourth place.

Most amusing angle of this division was the tie between Allen Reuss and George Van Epps. Allen points out the Metronome write-up, is a pupil of George's!

Carmen's newest ambition is to capture the title of "Outstanding Substitute Bandleader." During the past year Carmen has been taking charge of the Dorsey band when Tommy has had to leave the stand, and also been conducting for the floor shows in spots like the Palomar and Hotel New Yorker. If you think he doesn't enjoy this arm-waving exercise, just get a load of him in his glory in front of the band some night. Toscanini, watch out! Mastren is on the way!

Jack Holds the Lead To Win Over Bing Crosby

Jack Leonard's steady climb up the ladder of success was highlighted this month by his winning the Metronome Magazine poll for the most popular orchestra vocalist.

In previous years Jack has always been in the running, but never quite for top honors. During 1938, however, his popularity skyrocketed, not only among fans but in the trade as well. The poll, incidentally, is conducted primarily among musicians.

When asked about beating so prominent a singer as Bing Crosby for first position, Jack alibis that "Bing isn't really a vocalist. He's a star. Most people just consider fellows who sing with bands when they vote. Ye gods, if Bing were singing with a band, or if the classification called for all singers, with or without dance band affiliations, none of us would stand a ghost of a chance against him."

There are a few hundred people who still think Jack can outsing anyone. These are the members of the Jack Leonard Fan Clubs, organized by high school and college students—mostly girls, 'tis true—throughout the country. They write him regularly, save clippings in which he figures, and just about swooned out of the picture when Walter Winchell printed the item that Jack would wed Adelaide Mofett. Jack had writer's cramp for a week writing explanations to his correspondents that Walter had made a "slight overstatement."

Jack has already had opportunities to go "on his own," but has held back, feeling he isn't quite ready for the big step as yet. A leading radio sponsor wanted Jack last spring for his own program and several motion picture companies wanted to take options on his services for pictures and give him screen tests. "Maybe in a year or two, but not right now," Jack answers—and that's that.

Top Crooner



Here's Jack Leonard winning a few hundred more votes as the nation's top band vocalist.

SING HERE TO STAY

(Continued From Page One.)

over each other's shoulders and warble a gentle "Sweet Adeline?" Remember the days of the bus rides? Everybody in the car was either a Crosby or Boswell, and nobody was going to tell anyone differently. As a matter of fact it often sounded pretty darned good.

A fellow doesn't have to take vocal lessons to be the best crooner in a ballroom when he's dancing with his girl. Sometimes the crooning is a little harsh, particularly in that husky whisper that is affected for this type of singing, but there isn't a soul to tell him he isn't as good as any voice in the band that's playing his favorite song. Nobody but the girl, for she's the only one who hears him. And the girls, bless 'em, just bear the brunt of the whole thing and endure it. Women were born to suffer.

I can't name the number of times fellows and girls, sometimes a little too happy from giggle water, have tried to force their way onto the bandstand to do a vocal. Usually the top bands are well protected against such invasions and so spare the audience without insulting the potential idol of the airwaves. But sometimes the person is allowed to go on. Well, who am I to criticize people who sing into microphones on bandstands.

You learn to like singing in the cradle, when mother sings you a lullaby, and as you grow up you live constantly in a world of music. If you can learn the lyrics as fast as the songs come out you will undoubtedly someday be recognized as the life of the party. Whether that is the reason for such an interest in learning the words to songs, or whether it is because people like to do it for their own amusement, I probably never shall know. But I do know that lyric learning is taken just as seriously by the onlooker as by we who have to learn them if we are to earn our keep.

So, it makes no difference whether a fellow can carry a tune or not, at the proper time and in the proper place, to his own mind he is the best singer in the world, though he be undiscovered. And if everyone is a good singer to his way of thinking, there is certainly nothing I can tell him to make him any happier.

made of staunch stuff, even if I do say so myself.

Freddie has graduated listener to performer in the intervening years since his cago escapade, and a right-entertained performer he is too. fills a chair in the woodwind section of the band and will give any tips you desire on clarinet and flute. Freddie is also an arranger—being one of his outst works in this field.

MINCE MINCES

(Continued from Page Three.)

habit of playing with my eyes closed. We got our signals mixed plenty, for many times I'd play chorus after chorus and not realize I was wrong until something opened my eyes.

My first job away from home was with Joe Haymes in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It was a wonderful band and I was really happy. It was with that band I met the people who rapidly became and still are my best friends. We were all so young and enthusiastic, we sort of "grew up" together. I think the mere mention of Joe's name to any musician who ever worked for him will bring you a wholesome smile. What makes Joe such a definite character are his more outstanding experiences as a bandleader, some happy, some harrowing, some good and some bad.

One little incident occurred when we were on the road. We went to Rolla, Missouri, but none of us knew where we were to play. Someone finally asked a policeman and he directed us to the local theatre. That scared all of us since we'd never played on a stage before. We prepared for the show, however, and were all ready to go on when it was noticed Joe was missing. It seems he'd come to the theatre later than the rest of us and the doorman wouldn't believe he was the leader because the band was already on the stage, ready to start playing. So Joe had to go around to the box office, buy a ticket and go through the front of the house and then had to argue his way through a staff of managers, ushers and stagehands to get from the front to the back of the house.

Well, I started writing about anything, wound up writing about something and still told how I picked up the clarinet, started playing it and even managed to squeeze in an experience or two. No kidding, I didn't think I could do it.

Send your questions on clarinet playing to Johnny. He'll answer them in his next column.

Photo Finish



While Gene Traxler takes a picture of somebody taking a picture of him, Arranger Paul Wetstein, Guitarist Carmen Mastren and Arranger "Axel" Stordahl recover from a day in the fresh air.

Trumpeter Ferretti Guested on Return

The Onyx Club, New York's Cradle of Swing, played host to Tommy Dorsey and the members of his band at a party Nov. 5, honoring Andy Ferretti, in celebration of his return to the orchestra that night.

Andy, first trumpet player in the Dorsey band for more than two years, decided to settle down in Hollywood while the orchestra was playing at the Palomar last summer. Three months away from his favorite orchestra proved a little too much for Andy, so he hoisted the lonesome signal and returned pronto.

Pottstown, Pa., Sunnybrook Ballroom, Saturday, February 4. Waterbury, Conn., Sunday, February 5.

STULCE RECALLS

(Continued from Page Three.)

were fine, for I wound up with a little spot over in a corner, fairly near the bandstand.

So, there I sat from seven p.m. until 3:30 a.m., mouth open sometimes in awe and the rest of the time waiting for another bite of watermelon. Lombardo was best and watermelon second only to him. I thought. Not only did I get eight-and-a-half hours of Lombardo music, but also an autograph and a ten-minute talk with Guy, all in addition to the piece of Texas watermelon for dessert. I felt so wonderful at closing time that I left the waiter the huge sum of thirty-five cents for his eight-and-a-half hours' service. At that, I thought I was leaving a good sum.

So excited was I after all this that instead of going home to bed, I packed my things and left for Texas immediately. I couldn't sleep that night anyway. Luckily I'd been given my train and meal tickets in advance, for my bankroll at that stage totaled thirty-five cents.

This was a few years ago, but you'll never find me laughing over anyone taking a long hop to hear a band do a one-nighter. Every time some fellow comes up to the bandstand and says he's a musician or another fan who's travelled a great distance to hear the music, I think of myself and that three-day stopover in Chicago to listen to Guy Lombardo. Music fans are

Free Subscription

If you are interested in music, why not drop Tommy Dorsey a line and tell him you'd like to receive THE BANDSTAND every month. If you act immediately, may obtain a subscription for the year 1939, gratis!

Write Tommy Dorsey, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Biography of the Trombone Man *Skeets Illustrates Musicians' Struggle*

(Continued From Page One.)

of a trombone. The answer is evident. And from that day on Tommy has been sliding a trombone.

Tommy gave the horn a lot of attention just as, in due time, the horn gave him a lot of attention. He played and practiced every chance he had. Not that it was compulsory, just because his father was a music instructor. He really enjoyed playing the instrument. That, more than anything else, is probably the outstanding factor in his success story.

To Tommy nothing was more important than the trombone. That's

worked with various touring dance orchestras and radio studio bands Tommy saw service under Red Nichols, Vincent Lopez, Rudy Vallee, Lennie Hayton, Andre Kostelanetz, Gene Goldkette, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Eddie Elkins and with the California Ramblers.

During the latter part of this period a band known as the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra would appear on phonograph records now and then, usually accompanying a popular featured vocalist, occasionally turning out an instrumental swing classic. The band would be composed of Tommy and Jimmy and from seven to eleven other top ranking

snow. Tommy Dorsey wasn't a big name and couldn't very well command any top money.

A break-in at New York's French Casino helped iron out the wrinkles in organizing a new band. Then Tommy took the boys on a tour through the south and into Florida for a few weeks. Slowly, very slowly but surely the band was catching on. The climb was a tough one and nobody knew it better than T. Dorsey, so over-anxious to reach the top just to prove how wrong were the skeptics who told him he was foolish for making his move.

Returning to New York he opened at the Hotel Lincoln. While he didn't set the town on fire, he did set some new records for the hotel and began getting a foothold on the younger set, which liked his different, clean-cut style of swing.

As the spring rolled around once again, Texas beckoned. It was while he was out there, playing at the Exposition in Fort Worth, that Tommy received his first national break. Fred Waring was taking a two-weeks' vacation from the Ford program, then one of the biggest shows on the radio charts. Tommy was selected to substitute.

That substitution paved the way for one of Tommy's biggest stepping stones—the Raleigh-Kool commercial program. He'd come back to New York and was doing a little bit alright at the Hotel Commodore when he was offered the cigarette program, playing the background and accompanying music for Jack Pearl and his crew and Morton Bowe.

The breaks for which he'd worked so hard were finally beginning to come for Tommy. On the heels of his commercial contract, even though he was just in the background, came a pair of arrangements which were about to pivot the band into the national prominence.

One was a novelty glee club effect of an old tune called "Marie." Some people remembered the song, but it wasn't considered the song to be so sensational on being revived. The novel touch given it by Tommy's arrangers made it good listening for the boys, so Tommy thought it might click with some of the dancers too. The other arrangement, made that same week, was labeled "sacrilege" by some of Tommy's long haired friends when they first heard it. But it was Tommy's pet, the first arrangement on which he himself had ever worked, featured his pet lick in the introduction and so he was determined to take a fling at putting a classical composition to swing rhythm. Thus Rimsky Korsikoff's "Song of India" was turned over to the shag artists, later to be identified as "jitterbugs."

Eli Oberstein, production chief for Victor Records, heard Tommy do the numbers and went crazy about them. Need we go into details? Tommy rushed down and made two more sides and Victor put out the record that was to become its biggest seller of all time—"Song of India" and "Marie" by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Even today this record is listed among the company's current best sellers, though it was waxed two years ago.

The rest of our story is more recent and probably quite familiar to you. Business boomed at the Commodore. In the summer Jack Pearl and company and Morton Bowe left the Raleigh-Kool program, giving Tommy the entire half-hour show for himself. He was booked into New York's Hotel Pennsylvania to set a new string of records for the beautiful roof garden. The weather was unusually hot, but it was a pleasure to perspire that summer.

Things continued to break favorably for the Tommy Dorsey band in the fall as it returned to the Commodore, opening before the biggest crowd in the history of the hotel, and enjoying a continuation on the commercial program.

And so they've kept climbing for the past year. Last summer Tommy took his boys into brand new territory, Hollywood, there to gain a whole new legion of friends and followers who have remained true to them even to this day. All across the country ballroom records were shattered as the band played the leading dance palaces. And all of this climaxed by a fifty-two week renewal on the Raleigh-Kool program and the most colorful opening night in the annals of the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room, not to mention the crowded nights that have followed.

But through all this Tommy Dorsey remains just plain Tommy Dorsey. You don't have to be a big-money man or a luminary of the theatrical or radio world to be

(Continued from Page Three.)

my reproached us in no uncertain terms for not having said anything sooner and handed us each a twenty-dollar bill. That was a fine gesture on his part and for that we admired him all the more. In fact, I haven't forgotten it to this day. Tommy did a lot for us kids and we've always been grateful to him for it.

When we started our one-nighters we made our first jump to Philadelphia with a handicap from the outset. Bunny Berigan, who was our first and only trumpet player, had a radio program in New York that night and couldn't get to Philly until eleven o'clock. Tommy had to double on trombone and trumpet. Don, Roc and I were probably more excited about Bunny's absence than Tommy himself, but our enthusiasm over realizing a life's ambition of working with the Dorseys was too much to bring us down enough to matter. The first ten rows in front of the bandstand were jammed with musicians and in between sets they would corner us and ask questions. And, of all things, the questions they'd ask would be the same ones I'd been asking musicians in bands that had come through Denver. To be truthful about the whole thing, I probably didn't know any more about the answers than the fellows asking the questions, but it was a great thrill. I don't think a lesser person than a newly inaugurated president could have felt so important. Not that we were cocky; we did try to give our sincerest opinions.

Our next date was at Amherst University. The Casa Loma Orchestra, number one band of the time and the "rage" of the campus, had been booked for the prom in the large gym, but because tickets for more than capacity had been sold, our band was hired to accommodate the overflow in a smaller gym. Casa Loma took the honors that night, along with most of the crowd. We weren't very well known and even those who came to our dance out of curiosity weren't sure whether or not they liked the music. Naturally, we thought we had the best band anyway.

Bunny Berigan had decided he was taking too much risk in giving up his radio commercials, so Charlie Teagarden had been with us for the Amherst date. He played fine, too, but of course he was under contract to Whiteman, so we had to look for another trumpet player.

During rehearsal the following week, Tommy discussed the problem of getting a good all-around trumpeter for the band and we suggested Jerry Neary, whom we thought was playing in Butte, Montana. Glenn had heard Jerry some years before, liked him, and so

his friend. He prefers associating with plain, ordinary, everyday people like the fellows you and I know.

In the hills of New Jersey he has a huge estate, usually referred to in fan magazines as a "farm," on which he has a twenty-eight room house and the recently added fixtures that make it one of the show places of the East, sixty-five foot swimming pool, tennis courts, badminton and handball courts, barbecue ovens, a playroom the size of a night club and plenty of bars, though he never touches liquor himself.

It can't very well be said that he leads a quiet home life, because he seldom gets home. His work—seven nights a week and Saturday luncheons, in addition to record and radio commitments—keeps him well "on the go" in New York City. Every chance he gets, however, he drives down to Bernardsville (that's the town in which his palace is located) and spends the day playing with miniature trains or an erector set, or just loafing around in some old clothes, perhaps playing a little football, tennis, ping pong, or, if it's not too cold, taking a quick one in the pool.

He shares his home with his family—Mrs. Dorsey, a non-professional Detroit girl; Daughter Patsy and Son Thomas 3d, better known as "Skipper." A visitor will also find a houseful of guests, including a smattering of society people, musicians, writers, newspaper people, bandleaders, picture people, collegians and, as we mentioned before, just plain ordinary people like you and me.

Tommy put through a long distance call to Butte. The operator there informed us that Jerry had gone to Denver and he was located there. Believe me, it was quite a thrill for us to talk with him over the phone. Tommy told him to hop the next train for New York and it was only a few days before Jerry was with the band.

However, the job of playing first chair and hot trumpet proved a little too much for Jerry's lip so he had to leave. Tommy fixed him up with Benny Goodman, who was then starting his own band to open at Billy Rose's Music Hall. He was succeeded in our band by George Throw, then with Isham Jones' band.

Six weeks of one-nighters broke the band in right, then we went into the Sands Point Bath Club on Long Island. To us that was the job of jobs. We had dinner served us at six-thirty, went to work at seven-thirty and played whenever we felt like it. At eleven we were served sandwiches and coffee after which we'd play a set or two and go home. In the mornings we'd go to the club and play softball on the beach with the lifeguards.

We did a lot of rehearsing that summer and Tommy developed a sweet band that, in my humble opinion, had one of the best tonal qualities of that time. Our shadings and dynamics were fine. We took great pride in the arrangements made for us by Glenn Miller, Herbie Mayers, Joe Glover, Arthur Schutt and Bob Van Eps.

One of the most exciting nights of that summer developed from one of those quiet Mondays. It is on those "quiet Mondays" that the boys drop their cards and run to play "Dinah" whenever they hear a car approaching — and that's all. Well, we hadn't heard a car all evening and the cards were getting bent out of shape so, after intermission, for lack of anything else to do, someone dared Jack Stacey to dive off the high dive into the pool, clothes and all. Jokingly, Jack offered to do it for ten dollars. Imagine his surprise when the boys took up a collection, handed him the ten dollars and told him to "go to it." Stacey has always been sort of a hero in my estimation, ever since that night. Of course, he paused on the edge of that high dive for an awful long time, but he had what it takes. Either because he needed the ten spot or because he couldn't stand the names we were calling him, he finally held his nose and leaped in.

I could go on relating incidents like this indefinitely, but space is limited and so are readers' patience, so I think it would be much wiser to end this here and continue at some later date.

STARS EXPOSED AS SWING CATS

It is amusing, if not amazing, the number of cinema stars in Hollywood who are confirmed swing music addicts. Though most of them confine their musical activities to off-screen moments, there are many of them who, in their own quiet way, take their music quite seriously. These facts were brought to light last summer when Tommy Dorsey held an "amateur" swing contest on his Raleigh-Kool program from Hollywood.

The competitors on the show were Bing Crosby, who takes his hide wacking (drumming) in no matter-of-fact light; Dick Powell, a former professional saxophonist, who tackled the trumpet on the program; Jack Benny, bending his bow over a violin in something a lot peppier than "The Bee"; Shirley Ross, who plays a fine load of piano, and Ken Murray, tooting a little legitimate and a little swing clarinet.

In his hunt for musical talent among the stars, it was also discovered that Fred Astaire plays fine swing piano; Jack Oakie, clarinet; Lew Ayres, piano and banjo; Ginger Rogers, Rosemary Lane and Cary Grant, piano; Andy Devine, tuba; Bob Hope, saxophone; Jimmy Cagney, guitar; Marjorie Weaver, violin; Charles Butterworth, Jackie Cooper, Jackie Coogan, Mickey Rooney and Mae West, the drums.



Tommy with his family—Daughter Patsy, Son Thomas, 3d, better known as "Skipper," and Mrs. Dorsey.

why he gave up books and classrooms after his high school days and started tramping around Pennsylvania with Brother James.

The first band was a flop. Their father told them they weren't ready for the road, but the brothers thought they knew better and so started out at the helm of their own organization. They called themselves "The Dorsey Brothers' Novelty Band." It is doubtful if anyone, even old-time swingsters of the Shenandoah Valley, will remember the band, for it didn't last long enough to warrant attention.

The next time the boys left home it was with an established band, not "on their own." The father was right, for the additional stay at home following their venture proved profitable in more ways than one. Their playing improved, they had more time for practice and by being there they received their first big break—an offer to join the Scranton Sirens.

The Scranton Sirens may sound like a corny title today, but in those days it was one of the best Dixieland combinations ever to tour the Eastern States. It was this band that took both Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey from their home town in Pennsylvania to bridge the gap to big-time music for them.

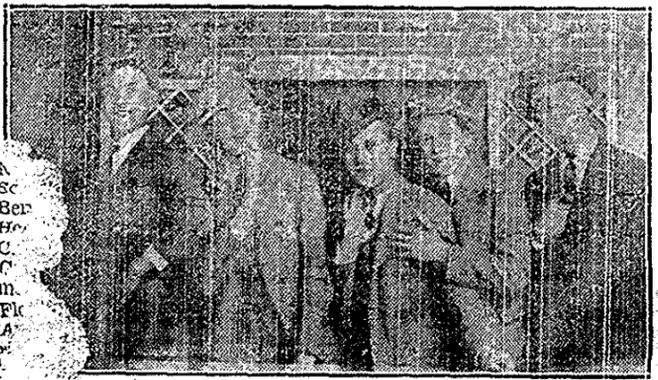
The brothers split after leaving the Sirens, going separate ways. Now and then they'd find them-

musicians from the studios. Sometimes it would turn out to be nothing more than jam sessions—epic making jam sessions—then again the boys might get serious and turn out some of the finest blending ever put on wax.

Because of the attention given the band through its work on records, the brothers were persuaded by friends to form their own orchestra for dance engagements. So, in the spring of 1934, we find Tommy and Jimmy with their own band at the Sands Point Beach Club, one of the more fashionable spots on Long Island. Tommy directed the band, which consisted of three trombones, one trumpet, three saxes and four rhythm. Bob Crosby and Kay Weber were the vocalists.

The band was a mild success that summer, then created a real stir when it went into the Riviera on the Palisades of the Hudson and, when colder weather set in, Broadway's Palais Royal night club, since reconducted into the present Cotton Club. Their records were the talk of the music industry and even today they are treasured by musicians and fans alike.

After a road tour the band opened at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, directly in the wake of the Casa Loma band's two-season stay there. The collegians went for the band in a big way and success seemed assured.



The Dorsey Brothers' Novelty Band. This was the first band ever by the boys. Left to right, Jimmy Crosson, Tommy, Cliff Zugg, Jimmy, Donald Nyer.

together in a dance orchestra band, but for the most part worked separately.

bands with which Tommy read like a Who's Who in the world of Music. Like most of the top men, Tommy put in his with the King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman. T. D. and P. W. are close friends today, but in those days just a little different, and of Shenandoah lasted a mere seven months as a trombone slider in the nation's leading band. In the ten years in which he

It is no secret that Tommy and Jimmy had different ideas on how songs should be played. They still have, as you will notice in listening to the two orchestras. That difference of opinion was climaxed at the end of the Glen Island engagement, with Tommy starting his own orchestra.

The boys were now going separate ways again, and here, in the fall of 1936, we see the organization of Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. The sledding was mighty tough in those days, even when there wasn't any

Tommy Dorsey Record Library

A complete list of records made for Victor by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra:

- 25144—"Take Me Back to My Boots and Saddle" and "On Treasure Island."
- 25145—"Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town."
- 25159—"Now You've Got Me Doin' It" and "Weary Blues."
- 25172—"It's Written in the Stars" and "One Umbrella for Two."
- 25183—"At a Little Church Affair" and "Don't Give Up the Ship."
- 25191—"Alone" and "Two Hearts Carved on a Lonesome Pine."
- 25206—"Weary" and "Pagan Star."
- 25214—"Love Will Live On" and "Then I Shan't Love You Any More."
- 25216—"I'm Shootin' High" and "Lovely Lady."
- 25217—"I Picked a Flower the Color of Your Eyes" and "Please Believe Me."
- 25236—"I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You" and "I've Got a Note."
- 25246—"A Rendezvous in Honolulu" and "That Lovely Night in Budapest."
- 25256—"Gotta Go to Work Again" and "Every Minute of the Hour."
- 25284—"You Starled Me Dreamin'" and "Robins and Roses."
- 25291—"You" and "You Never Looked So Beautiful."
- 25292—"It's You I'm Talking About" and "Will I Ever Know?"
- 25320—"Stardust."
- 25326—"Royal Garden Blues" and "Jada."
- 25335—"Where Is My Heart" and "Long Ago and Far Away."
- 25341—"Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Did I Remember?"
- 25349—"On the Beach at Bali Bali" and "No Regrets."
- 25352—"San Francisco" and "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby."
- 25363—"That's a Plenty."
- 25446—"For Sentimental Reasons" and "Another Perfect Night Is Ended."
- 25447—"A High Hat, a Piccolo, a Cane" and "Close to Me."
- 25467—"After You're Gone."
- 25474—"That Foolish Feeling" and "Where Are You?"
- 25476—"I'm in a Dancing Mood" and "Tea on the Terrace."
- 25482—"There's Frost on the Moon" and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now."
- 25487—"May I Have the Next Romance With You?" and "Head Over Heels in Love."
- 25496—"Jamboree" and "Maple Leaf Rag."
- 25508—"If My Heart Could Only Talk" and "The Goona Goo."
- 25509—"Mr. Ghost Goes to Town" and "Lookin' Around Corners for You."
- 25513—"On a Little Bamboo Bridge" and "How Could You?"
- 25516—"Dedicated to You" and "You're Here, You're There."
- 25519—"Melody in F" and "Who'll Buy My Violets?"
- 25522—"Song of India" and "Marie."
- 25532—"Sweet Is the Word for You" and "In a Little Hula Heaven."
- 25534—"Thanks for Everything" and "I'll Dream My Way to Heaven."
- 25539—"Mendelssohn's Spring Song" and "Liebestraum."
- 25544—"I've Got Beginner's Luck" and "They All Laughed."
- 25549—"They Can't Take That Away From Me" and "I've Got Rain in My Eyes."
- 25553—"Turn Off the Moon" and "Jammin'."
- 25556—"Black Eyes" and "Blue Danube."
- 25557—"Wanted."
- 25559—"Honeysuckle Rose" and "Blues." A Jam Session at Victor.
- 25570—"Nola" and "Satan Takes a Holiday."
- 25573—"Wake Up and Live" and "Sleep."
- 25581—"Can't You Hear That Mountain Music?" and "Good Mornin'."
- 25591—"Love Is Never Out of Season" and "Our Penthouse on Third Avenue."
- 25596—"Strangers in the Dark" and "Happy Birthday to Love."
- 25609—"Goin' Home" and "Humoresque."
- 25603—"You're Precious to Me" and "That Stolen Melody."
- 25623—"The Things I Want" and "Allegheny Al."
- 25635—"Have You Got Any Castles, Baby?" and "You've Got Something There."
- 25648—"You and I Know" and "Goodbye Jonah."
- 25649—"If You Were Someone Else" and "An Old Flame Never Dies."
- 25657—"Night and Day" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

- 25663—"In the Still of the Night" and "Who Knows?"
- 25686—"Once in a While" and "If It's the Last Thing I Do."
- 25692—"Moanin' in the Mornin'" and "Down With Love."
- 25693—"Dipsy Doodle" and "Who?"
- 25703—"The Morning After" and "I May Be Wrong."
- 25794—"In a Mission By the Sea" and "Getting Some Fun Out of Life."
- 25733—"A Little White Lighthouse" and "I'm the One Who Loves You."
- 25741—"The One I Love" and "I Can Dream, Can't I?"
- 25750—"Just a Simple Melody" and "Little White Lies."
- 25763—"The Big Dipper" and "Smoke From a Chimney."
- 25766—"Just Let Me Look at You" and "You Couldn't Be Cuter."
- 25767—"Beale Street Blues" and "Stop, Look and Listen."
- 25774—"More Than Ever" and "Annie Laurie."
- 25780—"Oh, Promise Me" and "Shine On, Harvest Moon."
- 25795—"Bewildered" and "Jezebel."
- 25799—"How Can You Forget?" and "There's a Boy in Harlem."
- 25803—"Good Night, Sweet Dreams, Good Night" and "Moonlight on the Purple Sage."
- 25815—"Yearning" and "Deed I Do."
- 25813—"Comin' Thru the Rye" and "I Never Knew."
- 25824—"What'll I Do?" and "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."
- 25828—"You Leave Me Breathless" and "Says My Heart."
- 25832—"I'll Dream Tonight" and "Cowboy From Brooklyn."
- 25848—"I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You."
- 25856—"Now It Can Be Told" and "My Walking Stick."
- 25866—"Music, Maestro, Please" and "All Through the Night."
- 25879—"This Time It's Real."
- 25887—"Barcarolle" and "Canadian Capers."
- 26012—"I'll See You in My Dreams" and "Stop Beatin' Round the Mulberry Bush."
- 26016—"The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" and "Copenhagen."
- 26030—"Ya Got Me" and "There's No Place Like Your Arms."
- 26054—"Boogie Woogie" and "Weary Blues."
- 26062—"Rainbow 'Round the Moon" and "Stompin' at the Stadium."
- 26072—"Carolina Moon."
- 26085—"Lightly and Politely" and "Washboard Blues."
- 26097—"Room With a View" and "Down Home Rag."
- 26105—"Sweet Sue, Just You" and "Tin Roof Blues."
- 26115—"Angels With Dirty Faces" and "Between a Kiss and a Sigh."
- 26126—"Midnight on the Trail" and "Hawaiian War Chant."

Records by Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven:

- 25201—"The Music Goes Round and Around" and "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes."
- 25220—"One Night in Monte Carlo" and "The Day I Let You Get Away."
- 25314—"Rhythm Saved the World" and "At the Codfish Ball."
- 25568—"Twilight in Turkey" and "The Milkmen's Matinee."
- 25577—"Alibi Baby" and "He's a Gypsy From Poughkeepsie."
- 25605—"Posin'" and "If You Should Ever Leave."
- 25607—"Don't Ever Change" and "Our Love Was Meant to Be."
- 25610—"Who'll Be the One This Summer?" and "Is This Gonna Be My Lucky Summer?"
- 25620—"My Cabin of Dreams" and "Am I Dreaming?"
- 25630—"Stardust on the Moon" and "Having Wonderful Time."
- 25632—"Are All My Favorite Bands Playing or Am I Dreaming?"
- 25647—"After You" and "All You Want to Do Is Dance."
- 25652—"The Big Apple."
- 25673—"Tears in My Heart" and "The Lady Is a Tramp."
- 25676—"Josephine" and "If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon."
- 25695—"You're a Sweetheart" and "Nice Work If You Can Get It."
- 25821—"When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam'" and "Everybody's Doin' It."
- 25899—"As Long as You Live" and "A-Tisket, A-Tasket."
- 26005—"My Own" and "You're as Pretty as a Picture."
- 26023—"The Sheik of Araby" and "Chinatown, My Chinatown."
- 26066—"You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby" and "Sailing at Midnight."
- 26119—"Thanks For Everything" and "Do You Remember Last Night?"

Dorsey Fan



Marjorie Weaver, scintillating Twentieth Century - Fox star, boasts a phonograph record collection composed exclusively of Tommy Dorsey records.

MID-WEST OPERATORS CONVENE AT CHICAGO

Coin machine operators of the greater mid-western section of the United States will hold a four-days' convention in Chicago, January 16 through 19.

The highlight of the meeting will be the annual banquet on Thursday, the last night of the session. Several thousand people have already made reservations to attend, among them between two and three thousand coin machine operators from various parts of the country, along with the leading phonograph manufacturers and distributors.

FROM BANDSTANDS HERE AND THERE

(Continued From Page One.)



Egan

Rainbow Room, Al Donahue goes to Palm Island, Fla... Benny Goodman goes on tour following his N. Y. Paramount engagement... Larry Clinton doing one-nighters and theatres... Red Nichols playing month of January at Nicollet Hotel in Minneapolis... Eddy Duchin leaving New York's Plaza Hotel latter part of this month... Wayne King into Drake Hotel, Chicago, after which to New York's Hotel Astor... Eddie De Lange starting Phil Baker commercial program. Vocalist Elisse Cooper to appear on show with ork... Al Kavelin slated for Stephens Hotel, Chicago.

Swing Street.

Fifty-second Street scene sees, as mentioned, Charlie Barber at Bandbox. Gus Martel's ork also playing here... Jack Jenny's ork, Merry Macks and Dr. Sausage & Pork Chops, colored novelty band, at Onyx... Mildred Bailey, Red Norvo, John Kirby's band at Famous Door... Spirits of Rhythm heading long list of acts at Little Club... Gordon Andrews' band behind Jack White's comedy at 18 Club... Joe Marsella and band with Adele Girard at the Hickory House... Fats Waller at the Yacht Club.

Russ Morgan leaving ciggie commercial to go on tour, his first away from New York area... Song Publishers' Contact Man Charlie Ross, promoting dancing and basketball games every Sunday at Westchester County Center in White Plains, N. Y., gave up big name band policy and is now featuring Herb Gordon, local music man... Barney Rapp into Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, middle of this month... Artie Shaw winds up his Hotel Lincoln, N. Y., engagement end of this month... Joe Haynes doing one-nighters in East... Matty Malneck, ex-Whiteman violinist, doing fine for himself with own outfit at Paramount Studios.

"MARIE"

For two years people have been asking us for the words of patter background sung by Tommy Dorsey's orchestra while Jack Leonard is singing the straight chorus of "Marie." Well, to put a lot of minds at rest, here 'tis, just as our sixteen tried and true musicians sing it every night:

"Oh, Marie, 'tis true... Just breakin' for me... Girl of my dreams, I want you, I need you... Have a little faith in me... Tra, la, la, la, la... Here I go cryin' again; won't you take me, darlin', take me... On a night like thissss... We'll go pettin' in the park... Oh, the way I like it, darlin', I'm yours... Spoken as it came from me... Oh, body and soul... I'm contented... Livin' in a great big way... MAMA!"

Three Polls for Stars: Musical Press Notes

Metronome

The annual Metronome poll for top musicians on the various instruments was concluded in the current January issue. Final results showed the winners to be Jimmy Dorsey, first sax; Eddie Miller, tenor sax; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Chu Berry, fourth sax; Harry James, first trumpet; Bunny Berigan, second trumpet; Sonny Dunham, third trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, first trombone; Jack Teagarden, second trombone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Jack Leonard, male vocalist, and Ella Fitzgerald, female vocalist. Other T. Dorsey musicians to finish in honorable mention are Johnny Mince, third only to Goodman and Artie Shaw on clarinet; and Yank Lawson, second to Bunny Berigan on hot trumpet. Tommy and Goodman were the only two bandleaders to have three representatives among the firsts—themselves and two others of their respective bands. In another section of the magazine, George Simon reviews Tommy Dorsey's band in a full-page article, rating it with a high "A." Tommy's new vocal discoveries, the Pied Pipers, are given picture space.

Orchestra World

And still another poll, this one "Orchestra World Achievement Awards." Tommy Dorsey won in the "Orchestra Leader" division, with Benny Goodman second and Larry Clinton third. Winners in the "Orchestra Musician" division are Harry James, Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman, and among the "Orchestra Vocalists," Dolly Dawn, Martha Tilton and Ella Fitzgerald lead at the finish line. A reason must be given for each selection made by the voter. Headlines and headline stories reveal that CBS has bought Brunswick; that Florida is hoping for a wide open '39 season (who isn't?), and that cellars are at a premium on 52d street. Tommy's picture graces the cover and on Page 4 you'll find a story about the band and its leader's personal history. Musicians' wives will either storm Jess Carlin's office or get a big kick out of the story by Life McKelvy, "Wives Who Run Bands." The four-page picture spread shows, among other things, Al Donahue going bumps; Gene Krupa waving a baton instead of a drumstick; Jack Wardlaw's trailer-traveler; Blue Barron's band at the Paramount, and a swell new picture of Irene Taylor.

Downbeat

An issue of Downbeat was due in the mails just about the time we were ready to go to press, so we haven't the latest information on that paper's poll to find the top musicians and bands. However, we do have the most recent copy on hand and from that we learn that the favorites in the Downbeat poll are Ella Fitzgerald, vocalist; Benny Goodman, soloist; Larry Clinton, arranger; Goodman Quartet, trio and quartet division; Artie Shaw, swing band; Casa Loma, sweet band; Harry James, swing trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Jimmy Dorsey, alto sax; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Bob Zurke, piano; Bob Haggert, piano; Gene Krupa, drums; Benny Heller, guitar; Henry Busse, corn trumpet; Russ Morgan, corn trombone; Carmen Lombardo, corn sax; Ted Lewis, corn clarinet; Eddie Duchin, corn piano; Candy Candido, corn bass; Abe Lyman, corn drums, and Alvino Rey, corn guitar. Front page headlines announce that "Panassie Predicts Ballyhoo Will Kill Jazz" and "N. Y. Musicians Vote in Tense Election." Maestro

Tommy rates his picture in Downbeat three times, with Football Hero Ward Cuff, with Tennis Star Don Budge and by himself, figuring out a game called Tune Tinker.

Variety

Getting the undivided attention of all the bandleaders at present is the series being written for Variety by representatives of the nation's leading universities. Each gives an unbiased viewpoint on how the various orchestras and musical styles rate at his or her college. None pull any punches, and it's all worthwhile reading matter for anyone interested in dance bands. We can't very well mention the standings of the various bands here, since they aren't rated that way. However, we can say from our observations in reading the articles to date that the boys and girls aren't quite as wild in their enthusiasm for swing as they were. Judging from what's been written, they do like their swing, but not in overdoes, nor in too wild a state of frenzy. Subtle swing seems to best describe what the collegians go for today. Sweet music still rates right up there, and bands that have excelled in that style for years now, and seen some style sensations come and go, still get votes from the younger set. All in all, however, it looks like a pretty fair consensus that a good mixture of both sweet and swing, without getting too slushy on the former nor too wild on the latter, is the current college preference in music. Correct us if we've made any mistake.

Billboard

Latest issue of Billboard has cover photo of Vic Hyde, billed as the "One-Man Swing Band." Headline story tells of Broadway business, reporting the holiday just past was the best for the Gay White Way since 1929. Williamsport, Pa., is the center of the weekly radio survey. Leading programs are NBC Symphony, Chase and Sabinson program, Hit Parade, Guy Lombardo, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Easy Aces, Lum and Abner, Walter Winchell and Lowell Thomas. This Billboard survey, which takes in a different locality each week, is probably one of the most complete and accurate in radio circles. The reviewing stand casts critical eyes and words upon the bands of Jay Mills, George Olsen, Wayne King, Arlie Simmonds and Don McGrane and the Southern Gentlemen. Billboard, incidentally, has been going overboard in building up its coin operators' department, a commendable move, since it gives one of the music field's leading outlets the recognition it deserves.

New Game

Swing Magazine, Detroit's gift to the musical world, will introduce a new quiz game in its next issue, which hits the streets just about the same time we do. It is built along the idea of Kay Kyser's Musical College, but in print rather than in person. Magazine showed considerable advancement in its last issue, using more pictures and feature stories about ork leaders and their stars. New offer by Swing will give fans ready-to-frame pictures of band leaders which have appeared in full-page size in the periodical, for ten cents.

Via the Campus

A new musical paper, Collegiate Swing, made its debut last month, rolling off the presses of Lexington, Virginia. It directs its appeal to the collegians of the country and will be issued bi-monthly by O. W. Cleal Jr. First headline proclaims Swing as King Throughout the Nation! Paper also features considerable comment on phonograph records.

ONE MAN'S OPINION

From Hollywood
by Bernie Balmuth

The recent student poll conducted in student assembly by the Jambar was a very wise move on the part of Editor Thomas. The staff has at long last wrung from the students their opinion of their paper!

This seems peculiar, doesn't it? It took a poll to make students criticize their own paper! That they had criticisms was conclusively proven by the results of the poll. That they have no conception of the purposes of the column "Letters to the Editor" is just as evident. When the entire student body comes to the realization that each person has his hands in the working of any unit in the college activities—when each student begins to realize that the failure in any one of these units is just as much his liability as that of the student in charge if he has refrained from offering either assistance or advice—then would YoCo have the "true college spirit" which so many find lacking—then would each and every student merit "Petey Penguin" as his nom de plume.

This is the belief of the entire Jambar staff which strives to the best of its ability to represent the student body as it dictates. This is the belief of all those students who already merit "Petey" for the interest they have shown in YoCo activities and functions. This is not only—ONE MAN'S OPINION.

AND MORE—

The poll showed that, while 50 per cent of the students are perfectly satisfied with ONE MAN'S OPINION, the remaining students think it is as big a flop as some of Hollywood's contemporary high-budgeted films.

Therefore, it is evident that this column either contains some worthless material or is lacking in some things which the dissatisfied readers believe would be interesting. Which is it? . . . and, if so—what?

PLAYS AND PROGRAMS

Offering herewith short reviews of plays which have recently passed beneath your writer's reading lamp and radio programs of unusual merit. . .

PLAYS

"The Wind and the Rain" by Merton Hodge is an interesting little comedy having nothing to do with the elements. It relates the experiences of a medical student from his entrance to the Scottish university to his graduation. Mr. Hodge wisely refrains from allowing dialects to interfere with his play.

"Why Marry?" by Jesse Lynch Williams is a social comedy dealing quite cynically and satirically with a marital question. Though it was a Pulitzer Prize winner, some will like it and others will find it too sexy.

RADIO

Don't fail to listen to a Fred Allen program. He's a true entertainer offering an hour of fine humor while many other so-called comedians fail to click for even a half an hour.

If you haven't done so already, try Bob Hope's program and see why a few of the top comedians are beginning to worry.

Kellogg's "Circle" program looked as if it would be a complete flop at the first, but it has already improved 100 per cent and is still going stronger.

Dinner Guest: "Will you please pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk most of them."

Parade of Opinion

Committees

Out of all of the talk and writing on college campuses concerning the state of the world, one of the most unusual developments is the formation at Temple University of a "Committee for Racial and Religious Tolerance." Purpose of the group is "to unify all groups and individuals on the campus who wish to promote racial and religious harmony."

But, true to tradition, collegians cannot help adding a bit of satire to the whole situation. At Emporia, Kansas, State Teachers College, undergraduates have founded a "Committee for the Investigation of America's Minding its Own Business in the Japanese-Spanish-German situations." Every member must develop a definite "ho hum" to be used in ignoring foreign atrocities. Said one of the founders: "We do not intend to respond to anything in the way of anything except what we think of ourselves. We support nothing. We are against everything. We do not feel that we have sufficient information to justify anything, especially effort."

And that, at least, is a new way of dramatizing a non-intervention policy.

Trends

But on the foreign situation in general, college and university undergraduates seem to be in as much of a quandary as most U. S. citizens. The following seems to be the general trend on the campuses today:

All believe that aid should be given refugees, and many student groups are raising funds to financially prove their sympathy with the downtrodden of all nations.

Few support the persecution of minorities, and most all heap coals of denunciation on the heads of the totalitarian states.

Democracy is supported enthusiastically, but many believe that steps should be taken to promote its support by groups of all ages.

General accord is expressed with the "keep America out of any war" idea, and many favor a policy on the part of our officials that would prevent them from making actions or statements that might arouse the ire of foreign nations.

Opinion is about evenly divided on President Roosevelt's rearmament program.

Propaganda

College newspapers and student organizations have been bombarded during the last month with letters from "a Chinese student" asking for support of the Chinese in the current "incident" with Japan. These letters ask that U. S. students "send letters to men in key government positions urging them to make unlawful the sale or shipment of arms or munitions; and other war materials to aggressor nations." Surveys of collegiate opinion on the Sino-Japanese war indicate that the collegians believe Japan to be the aggressor, that the U. S. should take the side of war-torn China.

But most collegians believe today that the U. S. should not go beyond its borders to fight another nation's battles. Not so word-strong are most editorial on the subject as the one in the University of Mississippi *Mississippi*, but most seem to be in accord with its sentiments:

"No one questions the fact that aggression and brutality are abhorrent to a civilized people such as we Americans pride ourselves on being. But for such a nation to be pinched by the nose and carried into a propagandistic woodshed to have its mind whipped into shape is equally abhorrent. It's about time the U. S. began to be a little more selfish in its convictions. If necessary, we can 'live alone and like it.' The only thanks we've ever had for sticking our noses into the affairs of other nations is a bunch of repudiated debts and an invitation to play the sucker again."

Letters to the Editor

Editor, Jambar, Sir:

This problem of marking has become quite serious. What are most of us doing about it? We're either adopting an "I don't care" attitude or grumbling among ourselves. Of course there are a few who needn't do either. To them, this missive is not of particular importance.

Let's stop and think over the situation. Are you one of those who is grumbling over a 'D' or a 'B' that should have been a 'C' or an 'A'? Have you ever paused to consider that perhaps your instructor is doing you a favor by not giving you the benefit of the doubt? Some of our professors tend to make it easier for us, and as a result, they are creating an unnatural and artificial environment. When we get out into the world, we're not going to be asked whether we received 'B' or 'D' in college, but we shall be told to produce. Upon the result depends our future.

Most of our professors try to be sympathetic in their attitudes, but it can't be expected that they all grade the same. Primarily, the marks will be the same, but each individual will have his own standard; so it is unfair to hand in the same work to two different instructors. Then you might say, "Well, grade with a 'P' or an 'F'." Such a system also has its disadvantages. There are always those who are content to merely just get along. Therefore, is it fair to place such students in the same category with those who do better or excellent work? The more true experience obtained, the more efficient we shall become. So, if one of those "rough" instructors is chosen, even if we fail and are compelled to repeat, experience and

satisfaction will be gained—that is, if we conscientiously try.

We may be able to deceive ourselves by thinking that we are geniuses, but there will come a day. It's better to take a fall now than later. Do you remember the old adage, "You can't teach an old dog—?"

Yours truly,

Bob Rott

Dear Editor,

The Evening Student Council has just completed an evening student survey regarding the popularity of the JAMBAR column "Loquacious at Night Time."

Of the 934 students in evening classes, 933 voted yes for this column. The inquiring reporter was not allowed to vote. This overwhelming majority proves definitely that the evening students like this column.

We sincerely wish you and your whole staff continued success for the rest of this year.

Very truly, yours,

THE EVENING STUDENT COUNCIL

Paul F. Hrabko, Secretary
Wilford R. Eckert, President.

Looking Around

(Continued from Page 2)

down the steps. . . . "The frat pin was silver and shiny" he said. "It was a huge thing, really, with a black stone in the middle and would I wear it?" Tenderly he presented me with a three foot thermo, borrowed from the little room next to the lounge—that's love, girls, in an academic sort of way.

International Relations Club Again Organizes and Makes Busy Season Plans

The International Relations Club held its reorganization meeting February 22 with eighteen members present.

Fred Segal was elected president, replacing Dan Chance who headed the organization last year. Betty Jones was elected vice president, and William Bowen, secretary and treasurer. Victor Kurjan was appointed to write an International Relations column in the JAMBAR, and Dan Chance was made publicity director of the group.

Followig an open forum discussion of the "Guam Fortification," with all members taking part, refreshments were served by Mr. McCorkle and his committee.

The next meeting will be held March 8 at 7:30 in Room 112. Mr. McCorkle and Dr. Stearns are the faculty sponsors.

Music Notes

By Woodrow Van Court

Grand opera, its color, drama, music, and imaginative flights more continuously enjoyed by New York with its Metropolitan opera — is made possible to Youngstown through the San Carlo Opera company that averages 300 performances a year in fifty to sixty cities of the United States and Canada. Fortune Gallos, the producer, doesn't ask a subsidy and so far he has escaped anyways near a deficit.

For the Park Theatre performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" Monday, March 20, a remarkable cast of singing actors, a large chorus of new, young members, a corps de ballet that gives entertainment on its own account, brilliant orchestra and excellent ensemble singing, all combine to attain a blend of balance with precision that is only possible in a first class production. Freshness of the colorful costumes and the scenic settings will contribute to the making of a memorable performance.

Spring On the Way

(Continued From Page 1)

ry . . . the Flit (Leeson)! Bob Anderson has been going down to Ohio State to see his many loves. The last time he went "down there" he was caught: speeding 100 miles per hour! "Was I driving too fast?" asked the timid Bob.

"Heck, no," answered the patrolman, "you were flying too low."

John Roe is staring the open season in spring by trying to be a draftsman. Well, he sure has a good start . . . he has a lot of draft!

No doubt the open season on love will find someone for beautiful

At the Theatres

PALACE

March 7-9 On Stage: Ted Lewis and his orchestra with an all new revue; On screen, "Boy Trouble" with Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles and Donald O'Connor.

March 10-13 Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray in "Cafe Society" plus "Boy Slaves" with Anne Shirley.

March 14-16: On stage: Eddy Duchin and his orchestra and revue; on screen "Beauty for the Asking" with Lucille Ball.

March 17-23: Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Love Affair."

WARNER

Now showing: "Honolulu" starring Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Friday, March 10: "Huckleberry Finn" with Mickey Rooney and Walter Connolly.

Friday, March 17: "Made for Each Other" Carole Lombard and James Stewart.

PARAMOUNT

Now showing: Don Ameche and Ritz Brothers in "Three Musketeers" and Jane Withers in "Arizona Wildcat."

March 17: W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and "Little Tough Guys in Society," with Dead End Kids.

STATE

March 7-9: "Ambush" Lloyd Nolan and "Juvenile Court" Frankie Darro and his gang.

March 10-13: "Paris Honey-moon" Bing Crosby and "Forged Passport," Paul Kelly.

March 14-16: "I Was a Convict" Barton MacLane and "Little Adventurers."

March 17 - 20: "Sunset Trail," Hopalong Cassidy and "St. Loui Blues," Lloyd Nolan and Dorothy Lamour.

PARK

Now Showing, "Moonlight Sonata" with Paderewski.

March 10-13: "Duke of West Point" and "Society Smugglers."

March 14-16, "Nancy Drew, Reporter" and "Dark Rapture."

March 17-19 "Idiots Delight" and "Risky Business."

March 20 San Carlo Opera company in "Rigoletto".

Mary Carter who has gone unnoticed for some crazy reason. Boys, wake up before it's too late! This is open season. This is the time to go out and capture yourself a woman! So hurry . . . only fourteen days till spring!



First Time as a Regular Feature
"Broadstreet"

Spring HATS

In 10 different colors and 3 brim dimensions! All are "Durotized" to repel water and hold their shape. Sizes 6 3-4 to 7 1-2 for all men.
Men's Shop — Street Floor

STROUSS- HIRSHBERG'S

The Viking Club

Presents

The Annual Dance of the Shamrocks

At

STAMBAUGH AUDITORIUM

MARCH 17, 1939

Featuring
Wick Mackey and his Orchestra
9:30 to 1:30

Admission \$1.25 Per Couple

The Jambar

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Faculty Advisor Professor John W. Bare

All unsigned editorials are written by the Editor-in-Chief and represent the opinion of the Jambar.

We Know a Secret!

The Jambar has been "let in" on a secret. We can't tell you exactly what it is, but we can give you a good hint.

Recently, fifty-six students were compelled to leave Youngstown College because they had fallen down in their scholastic standing. The occasion was unprecedented in the history of YoCo, though other "purges" have been made which weren't quite as drastic.

This step by the administration served as a forewarning to the remainder of the student body that a student with poor grades would not be tolerated. It marked a definite trend towards strengthening the academic standard of the school.

Though we feel sorry for some of those students who were forced to leave, the Jambar heartily approves such a purging action. The more difficult it is for a student to get good grades and remain enrolled the higher will be the academic standard of our school.

But, to get back to our secret, we must say that in the office of President Jones there is a comparatively long list of students who have been placed on "probation" because of low marks. Some of the students on this list have been warned; others have not. But the surprising part of the whole affair is the unexpected and familiar names which can be found on this "black list."

We dislike very much to betray a confidence, but in order to save a few persons from "getting the axe," we feel that we shouldn't keep this secret entirely to ourselves.

Support Our Advertisers!

In our recent Jambar "popularity poll" there were several suggestions that we have a weekly paper and that we have more advertising. Of all the many suggestions offered, this undoubtedly was the one we would most like to "follow thru" with.

We have been striving since September to build up our advertising so that we might have more money with which to put out either a superior bi-weekly or even a superior weekly Jambar. Unfortunately, the advertising has not been nearly what we wanted and expected.

On the other hand, though, the advertising this year has increased and as a result we have been able to spend more money for cuts, mats, features, etc. Those companies which do advertise in the Jambar, therefore, are largely responsible for many Jambar improvements and are certainly deserving of support from Youngstown College students.

The result of the question in the Jambar poll concerning whether or not a student would recognize those companies which advertise in the Jambar, showed that 277 of 348 voted in the affirmative. This fact was quite pleasing to both the editorial and business staff for it proved Jambar advertising was, at the very least, read by most of the students.

Whether or not the ads are paying off in dividends to the advertisers, we can not prove by any available statistics, but we can urge every YoCo student to support as well as to read the advertising of those companies which buy Jambar space.



Campus Comments

By
Dave Mackil

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

We are deeply indebted to Mr. Sigal for his letter to the editor printed in the last issue. Not only does it prove that somebody reads this tripe, but it also gives us a chance to re-emphasize the conditions in the lounge room and affords us an opportunity to fill up column space.

Mr. Sigal's letter was undoubtedly prompted by friendship rather than knowledge of the case, and we have witnesses who will back up our story that although the ashtrays were accidentally knocked over—the debris was left there deliberately. We were also accused of "yellow journalism and villification of a lowly type." It is true that the method used was a trifle gauche, but certainly not out of keeping with the conditions which we were trying to correct. He goes on further to mention that "if we are to mature along with the college . . . that more would be accomplished by concentrated effort." And a little later on in this massive missive he calls it "unintelligent and vicious drivel" simply because we had the audacity to assume that college students should have had enough training in the social graces to know and do what is right. But to change the subject—a congratulatory pat on the back to the students who in the past five weeks have made an effort to keep the lounge clean and orderly.

PETEY PENGUIN

Who is he? They call him "the kid"—guaranteed to get in ten sentences to your one word. "Who is she?" Dark-haired, business school, Irish, and we can't understand why the boys haven't looked into this before. "Snorky" Wilson would make a swell walking advertisement for those companies who claim that pep comes in a package. What four fellows are having a race to see which one can do what first, and who beat them to it?



Keep in touch with us, we will let you know.

Campus Camera

WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS SCHOOLING,
HERBERT SULLIVAN,
14-YEAR OLD CHILD GENIUS,
IS PREPARING TO BE A MATHEMATICAL PHYSICIST BY TAKING PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY, MECHANICS AND TRIGONOMETRY AT SANTA ANA JR. COLLEGE. ALTHOUGH HE ALREADY HAS PASSED THE ENTRANCE EXAM TO THE CALIF INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, SULLIVAN PLANS TO ENTER OXFORD UNIVERSITY IN ENGLAND.



THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT HAS A CAT ON ITS PAYROLL! THE BLACK FELINE RECEIVES \$16 PER YEAR (FOR FOOD) FOR CATCHING MICE IN THE GREENHOUSE

RICE INSTITUTE IS STILL USING SEVERAL OF THE LIGHT BULBS THAT WERE PLACED IN SERVICE WHEN THE COLLEGE WAS OPENED IN 1912!

NOW ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN...
YOUNG SULLIVAN NUMBERS AMONG HIS FRIENDS, EIGHT OF THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING MATHEMATICIANS!

The College Angle

by Victor Kurjan

The nations of the world are arming for war! Vast sums are being spent on armaments. Hundreds of thousands of men in nearly every country are being taught to march and fight. And yet—nobody wants to fight. The people do not want war. Why, then, do men go on preparing for it?

Certain nations, chiefly Japan, Germany, and Italy, hope to get through war what they have been unable as yet to get through peace. These "have-not" nations claim that they can no longer endure their present economic conditions. They are demanding that changes be made to give them the land and resources by which they may have security from hunger and unemployment and obtain a decent standard of living. These nations insist that they do not want war, but they demand a change and are prepared to take risks to bring this about.

At this point it is necessary that we recognize one fact: in the world in which we live today nations are no longer independent units, able to live by themselves. They are now interdependent parts of a complex

whole. Thus we can see that countries of the world are hurting themselves by their endless conflict and competition with one another.

What should be done? If the "status quo" nations do make concessions, how will the dissatisfied nations act? Will they be satisfied with better living conditions, or will they seek additional power and prestige through the concessions made? Bear in mind the fact that nations have been forced into dictatorship through economic necessity.

Again, what difference does it make what the dissatisfied nations do with the proposed concessions? If peaceful concessions are not made, these nations will go to war to effect a change. Since the "have-not" nations have everything to gain and little to lose, while the "have" nations, mainly England and France, stand to lose the most by war; and, furthermore, since nobody "wins" a war, the only sensible thing to do to provide for the welfare of all is to make concessions to those desperate nations to bring about a peaceful change.

Collegiate Exchanges

The Delta Tau Delta and Beta Theta Pi fraternities withdrew from the Ohio University Interfraternity Council after the Council voted for the limitation of fraternity memberships to sixty. Later reports from University stated that the Delta Tau Delta and Beta Theta Pi will be represented at the Faculty Fraternity Committee's meeting to continue their protest against limitations until university authorities should officially approve and proclaim the regulation of maximum fraternity memberships.

Ohio Green and White

Out at University of Indiana the bows in girls' hair mean more than just a decoration or ornament. When the ribbon is worn on the right side it means that Betty Co-ed is a customer of the date bureau for the coming week-end, but if it appears on the left she's all dated up. When the bow is on top, boys, it's no use, cause she has a bad case of "steady-itis."

Does Akron have the most beautiful women—or does Kent? The

choicest of femininity from both the University of Akron and Kent State University will be gathered together for the intercollegiate Battle of Beauty to be held on Saturday, March 18.

The occasion will be an Akron U.-Kent State Goodwill Dance to be sponsored by the Butchtelite and the Kent Stater, campus newspapers.

Akron Buchtelite

Ohio State University is attempting to outlaw all jallopies on its campus. Stock report: American Can headed for a new low, Blodgett of Toledo U.

Congratulations are in order for Kent State University. The paper, named the Kent Stater, will have the distinction of being the only tri-weekly in Ohio and one of the few throughout the nation. So, to our neighbors at Kent State we wish the best of luck and will be looking forward to reading the new Kent Staters.

Intramural Night To Be Held Next Wednesday Evening

Stars to Play Penguin Jr. Varsity

Fencing, Dancing, and Mixed Swimming to Make Up Rest of Program

Youngstown College students will hold their first annual "College Intramural Night," under the supervision of Ranny Leyshon, at the Y. M. C. A. next Wednesday evening, March 15.

The most outstanding players in the Youngstown College Intramural Basketball League will meet the Penguin Reserves in one of the main events of the evening. Between halves spectators will enjoy three fencing matches between YoCo students.

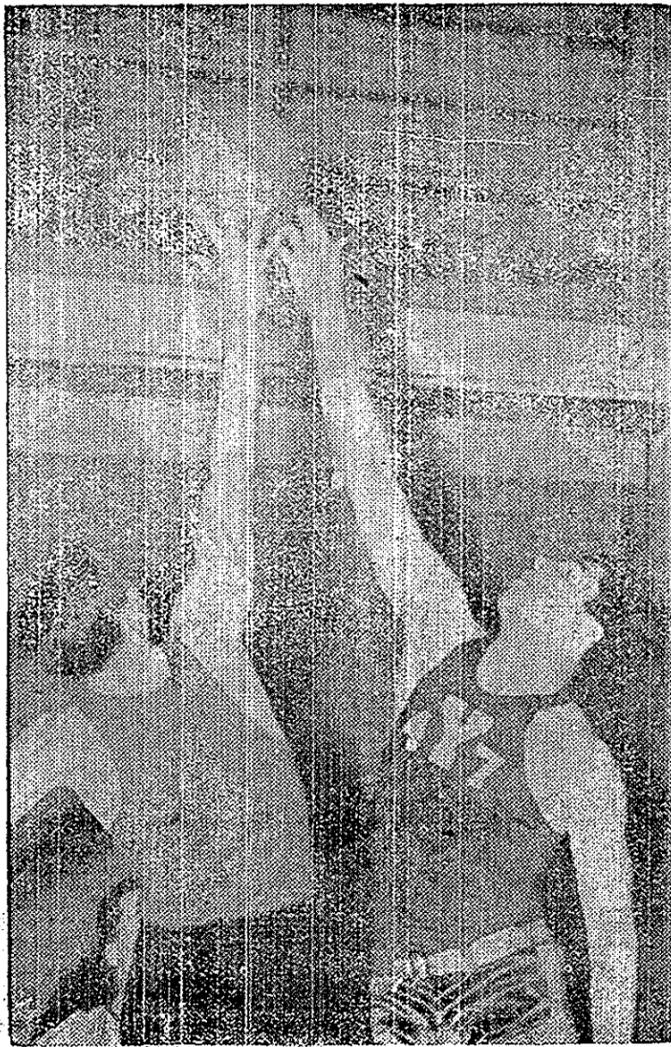
A well balanced program has been arranged and will include the basketball game, mixed swimming, and dancing in the "Y" auditorium.

The party will begin at 8 p.m. All college students cordially invited to attend. Price of admission 50 cents per person.

The affair has been whole heartedly approved by President Howard and should prove to be one of the most outstanding parties of the year.

Members of the Intramural All Star basketball squad as selected by Leyshon are: P. Bowers, E. Long, R. Curl, Barons; All Stars: J. Heber, T. Geho, Warden, D. Thomas, P. Lynn, Sig Delts; Perantoni, Grubis, Barons; and J. Pressley, No Stars.

Penguin Cagers Practice Jumping Center



Above can be seen Kenny Bergman, forward, and Jack Green, guard, attempting to get the tip off during one of the Penguin practice sessions.

Westminster Tops Youngstown 56-41

M. Miller, star Titan forward, paced a classy Westminster quintet to a 56-41 victory over the Youngstown College Penguins at New Wilmington last week.

Coach Ray Sweeney's five kept within range of the Titans in the early part of the game, but the Titans swarmed in a barrage of buckets in the finale to pull away to a 52-31 lead. Youngstown rallied but the lead was too great to be cut down.

Miller netted nine field goals and fouls for a total of 23 points.

YoCo	G.	F.	P.
Bergman	3	3	9
Corletzi	2	2	6
Meyers	0	0	0
Heber	3	1	7
Reinehr	2	1	5
Thiel	1	1	3
Enterline	2	1	5
Reeves	1	2	4
Aiken	0	2	2
McLaughlin	0	0	0
Yauman	0	0	0
Totals	14	13	41

Westminster	G.	F.	P.
Patton	2	0	4
M. Miller	9	5	23
Stack	0	2	2
Wilson	2	1	5
J. Hetra	1	3	5
Riol	1	4	6
Fox	3	0	6
Yellig	0	2	2
F. Hetra	0	2	2
Mercer	0	1	1
C. Miller	0	0	0
Leonseay	0	0	0
Totals	18	20	56

Phi Gams Wallop Phi Kaps

In one of the most one sided intramural battles of the year, the Phi Gams walloped the Phi Kaps 18-5 yesterday to take second place in the Intramural League. Bowers made 18 points for the winners.

Record Youngstown Cagers for Past Season

Youngstown	Opponent	Score
19	Mt. Union	27
18	Davis-Elkins	47
30	Geneva	45
28	Wash. & Jeff.	41
32	Hiram	34
36	West Liberty	34
36	Davis-Elkins	51
37	Alumni	29
34	West Liberty	16
38	Westminster	41
23	Ohio College	25
39	Thiel	35
37	St. Lawrence U.	45
27	St. Vincent	42
39	Thiel	25
27	Bowling Green	33
45	Hiram	22
41	Westminster	56
37	St. Vincent	47

Penguins Drop Finale To St. Vincent 47-37

Reserves Hand I. M. Champions First Set Back With 34-17 Walloping

In the final game of the season, St. Vincent College nosed out the Penguins 47-37 in an exciting game at the Y gym Saturday night.

The game was similar to the previous encounter between the two rivals as both teams battled on even terms until the final period when the cagers from Latrobe staged a belated rally.

The teams were deadlocked at halftime 15-15. By the end of the third quarter St. Vincent was leading 33 to 17. Lally of St. Vincent was again the high scorer with 21 tallies, while Bergman of Youngstown accounted for 14 of the losers points.

In the preliminary the highly touted Penguin Reserves gave the Sigma Delta Beta Intramural Championship team a 34-17 shellacking.

The Sig Delts, who had only five of their seven men, were able to give a good account of themselves until the last quarter when the Reserves began hitting the hoop from every angle. The winners were leading by four points at halftime and by three points at the beginning of the last quarter.

McLaughlin accounted for ten of the Jr. Varsity points, while Heber made six for the losers.

St. Vincent	G.	F.	P.
Shea	2	2	6
Brown	4	1	9
Lally	8	5	21
Strosser	0	0	0
Nath	4	0	8
Reeves	1	1	3

Totals 19 9 47

Youngstown	G.	F.	P.
Bergman	4	6	14
Corletzi	1	1	3
Sylak	1	0	2
Meyer	4	1	9
Reinehr	3	0	6
Enterline	0	0	0
Patterson	1	1	3

Totals 14 9 37

Sig Delts Conquer I. M. Championship

The Sig Delts ended their Intramural League schedule with flying colors as they completely smothered the Eagles last Monday, 41-15, to gain undisputed possession of the Intramural Basketball Championship.

The game was completely one sided from start to finish as the victors offense and defense clicked with amazing precision. At halftime the count was 19 to 7.

Heber, Sig Delt forward, again won high scoring honors with 12 points. Bevington was the high point man for the Eagles, with 6 points to his credit.

The win was the seventh straight intramural victory for Sigma Delta who, incidently, were under the management and coaching of Red McLaughlin.

Penguins Run Wild Over Hiram With 45-22 Win

Youngstown College cagers, playing their best game of basketball for the 1939 campaign, romped to a 45-22 triumph over a hapless Hiram quintet last week to avenge a pre-season defeat by the up state aggregation.

The Penguins held only a slim lead, 16-12, at half time, but started clicking shortly afterwards to storm in a constant flow of points.

Bergman, Meyer, and Corletzi accounted for 33 of the victors' tallies.

In the preliminary, the College Reserves trounced Fitch High's varsity, 31-18.

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Penguin Patter

By JAMES BROWN

Youngstown Gridders to Hold First Practice In Last Week of August at Camp Fitch; Penguin Golfers Invited To Join Ohio Association

Coach Dike Beede announced today that the Youngstown college football team will not hold spring practice as had been rumored but that they will begin their regular prep sessions sometime in the last week of August. He stated that in all probability the team will journey again to Camp Fitch to undergo strenuous training for the coming season. He is confident that the Penguin squad will be in top form next year and that they will have a very good season. At present the football schedule is undergoing a few minor changes, but it will be released sometime in the near future. The Penguins, though, will open their second chapter of football history with Geneva.

Youngstown college has been invited to join the Ohio Intercollegiate Golf Association, Dr. Castle Foard, Penguin Athletic Director announced today. The invitation came from L. C. Boles of Wooster College, president of the newly organized group. The association plans a 72 hole medal play tournament at the Ohio State U. course on May 26-27. Due to a one year residence rule set up by the league it will be hard for Youngstown to enter this year due to the poor cooperation on the part of the upperclassmen. In a recent meeting there were twelve applications made for berths on the Red and Gold squad with only two Seniors present. Without the aid of students other than Freshmen it will be impossible for YoCo to enter the Association. The Association would not only give plenty of helpful training to members, but it would also be another great step in the advancement of sports at Youngstown College.

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Nu-Elm Ballroom

Dress Optional
Public Invited
Admission \$1.00 Per Couple, Tax Paid
Tickets On Sale at Stones Grill and Brass Rail

Student Opinions

By Medicus and Murphy

Well, it's Wednesday afternoon, and we are in deep conference in the clean corner of the lounge (believe it or not), trying with all our might to drum up a question for the week. We have discussed women, dates, good fellows, conditions of the lounge; in fact, all sorts of silly questions have been delved into, and we must have used them all. So, to save ourselves more worry and strain upon our limited mental capacities, we are now going out to ask students what questions they would put in our column if they had the misfortune of writing it. It's just a novel idea, and absolutely not a means of escaping work. So, "what do you think?"

Betty Brown — Sophomore. I would make a survey concerning the problem of why more men don't dance at the noon dancing hour. It isn't because the students do not know each other or because they don't dance. Could it be that the man are bashful about asking us

beautiful girls to dance with them? Ken Bergman — Freshman. The question I would ask would be, that when a woman buys a new hat, and you know the only kind they can buy, do they feel as silly as the hats look? It seems to me that any normal woman would have better sense than to let those latest Paris creations rest on her pretty, pretty head.

Fred Segal — Junior. Why not campaign for such a thing as debate teams, and enter into collegiate relationships? In this way the Jambar would be the means by which the college may be known to other institutions. To follow this course, my column would try to interest more students in outside activities.

Peg McFarland — Freshman. Although my opinion does not represent the attitude of the entire student body, it does reflect the ideas of the majority of us Freshmen. I believe that if questions were asked as to choice of the ideal Freshman girl or boy, and why, quite entertaining results would arise. It is common logic that competition adds spice to any phase; therefore, I

think that the answers to such questioning would prove vitally interesting.

Peg Cassidy — Sophomore. The goofier the questions, the better! People who study hard (supposedly) all day expect to have something more or less frivolous to look forward to reading once every other week. Other columns may contain such dry subjects as Economics, Mathematics etc., but give us questions dealing with jitterbugs, lounge gossip, new hair-dos and all things that aren't every day hum-drum affairs.

Women May Use Y Equipment

All women in Youngstown College are invited to come to the "Y" and use the ping-pong and badminton equipment without charge. Ping-pong tables are available all day and in the evening.

The Y. W. C. A. has entered the National Sports Round choosing ping-pong and badminton as the sports to be stressed. For those interested in learning these sports, the following classes have been

Jack Wagman Named Number One Netter

Jack Wagman, star Red and Gold netter, has been seeded number one on the Youngstown College tennis team for the coming year. Dr. Foard announced today as he released a lengthy list of prospective candidates.

Norman Inglis is ranked second, with Stan Sylak, Dick Thomas, Art Durivage, Jack Leedeey, Bod Hedlund, Alfred James, and Frank McLaughlin following in order.

The tennis schedule is also completed. Home games have been drawn up with Hiram, Westminster and Mt. Union. The Penguins will travel to Case for a single match, and the Akron Zippers will visit here for one. The schedule will be opened here on May 3rd against Hiram.

scheduled:
Monday 5-6, 7:30-8 p.m.
Tuesday, 12-1 p.m.
Wednesday 9-9:45 a.m.
Friday 7-8 p.m.

Ticklers

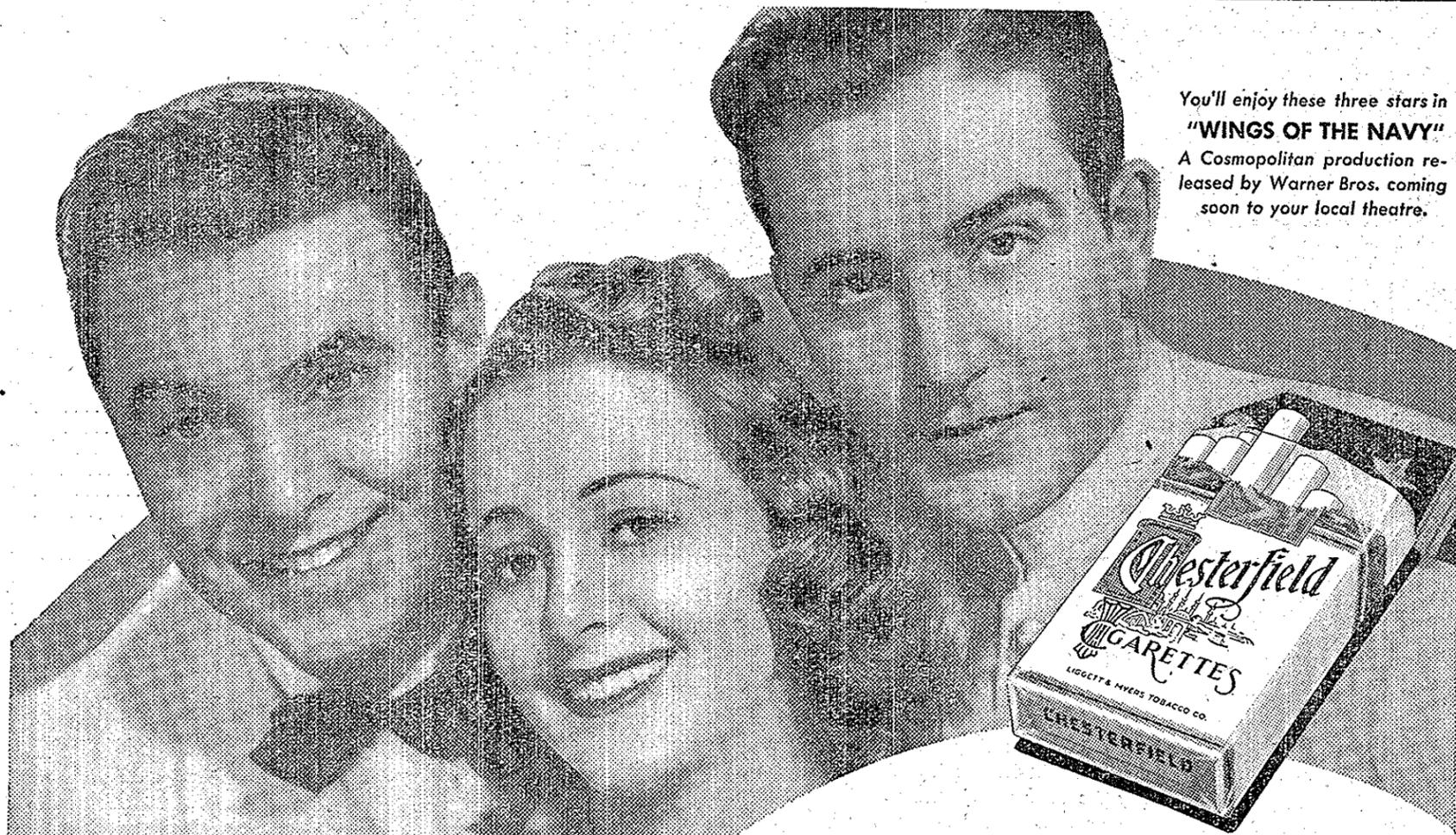
My girl must be an alchemist
And so I'll have to drop her;
For every time I take her out,
My silver turns to copper.
We'd hate to dine with Myrna Loy
She'd make us total wrecks.
We'd rather dine with Hitler,
He always grabs the Czechs!

Please?
NO!
Pretty please?
No!
Just this once?
No.

Aw gee, mom—all the other kids are going barefoot

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I think you're swell—
And so do you.



You'll enjoy these three stars in "WINGS OF THE NAVY" A Cosmopolitan production released by Warner Bros. coming soon to your local theatre.

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