

Hearsay From Hometown Hal

Some time ago in Marion, Alabama, a small boy, just six years old, used to sit on the floor beside the piano at which his sister practiced. In him was growing the love of music and the desire to learn how to play some sort of instrument. This boy, two years later, got his first job, receiving two dollars a week for peddling a piano at the local theater. And that is how Hal Kemp, one of our most beloved and well-known orchestra leaders, started his career.

Tuesday morning Tiny Waddill and I had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Kemp, whom I admit I almost called Uncle Hal because I have heard Peggy Dunaway, his niece, speak of him so often. Anyway, the meeting turned out to be quite different from what I expected. It was about 12 o'clock when we arrived at the Dunaway home. Of course neither of us knew what to ask nor what to write in our notebooks. Mrs. Dunaway greeted us and led us into the living room where Hal Kemp and his father, Mr. T. D. Kemp, Sr., were talking to a newspaper man. Hal immediately apologized for his informality, shirt sleeves and no tie, which, along with the sweetness of Mr. T. D., whom they all call "pappy", made us feel quite at home. I have known "pappy" for a long time and can easily understand how he and his lovely wife have three such successful and attractive grown sons and daughters as T. D., Jr., Mrs. Dunaway, and Hal.

Mr. Hal Kemp then told us the story of his career, very patiently, for Tiny and I had to learn the spelling of all names and titles of foreign hotels. It seems that at the age of ten Mr. Kemp took up trumpet playing, at twelve the clarinet, and at fourteen he moved to Charlotte. And are we proud to claim him! Several years later Hal and four of his friends, Bob Buck, Paul Whitlock, Bob Dye, and Tootie Crayton, organized a real "sur-nuf" jazz band, practicing at the Buck home on the corner

f Morehead and Tryon streets. Did you say that the Blandwood Apartments nearly went crazy—yes? (Tena Grainger will tell you that—the Blandwood is right next door.) In 1921 the boys won one of Charlotte's first amateur contests and a prize of \$25.00 for playing *Song of India*; they also played for the opening of Alexander Graham Junior High School. Then young Hal Kemp unpacked his instruments and books at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, where he quickly assembled the Carolina Club Orchestra. This band went to Europe the next summer, 1924, to play at the Picadilly Hotel in London. They also had an engagement, although I don't know just when, in Shelby, N. C., where a certain Mr. Hoey, who is now our governor, praised the "fella's" highly. Now, sad but true, is the point in my story at which I must relate that Hal Kemp gave up music and settled down to go to King's Business School. "But", said he, "music kept pounding in my ears, so I persuaded John Scott Trotter to go back to Chapel Hill with me." John Scott was found by Mr. Kemp playing hymns in Sunday School. In 1925, then, Hal and John Scott rounded up Ben Williams, Skinny Innis, Saxy Dowell, Harry Pond, and Dick Macky to form the original Hal Kemp band. All one summer was spent in Hendersonville where Mr. Kemp became a great friend of Alex Holden, who has been with him ever since; Hal also met Fred Waring, who was attending a wedding in Asheville. It seems that the then prominent band leader took a fancy to the Kemp outfit and secured for them a job in Buffalo, N. Y.

From there the band went to Toronto, Canada; but, alas and alack, no more theatres. They were refused. "We were so awful," said Mr. Kemp, laughing. So down to Penn. State they went to call on Fred again. In N. Y. they were given an audition at Strand roof where they had to play a piece of music assigned to them. "The chief catch was that none of the hoys could read music except John Scott and me," Hal explained. "So I took the lead with the saxophone and we faked through it."

(Continued on page five, col. three)

Train of Thought

Sees All—Hears All—Tells All

Choo-chooo-chooo-cho-cho-chooooo! Here comes that ole puffin'-rootin'-snootin' twain—ready to unload some more news (dirt!) for your gossip mongers—so gather 'round! Did you know that Lib De Armon is the proud new sister of an eight pound baby boy? His name's Jimmy and he's cute as a little ole bug. Cumnock's Jimmy's cute too—and we hear that lil' ole Edmiston gal's got a Jimmy at State and—Whoa! on the Jimmy's for today—It makes one dizzy in the head to try to keep track of all these phone calls in the dorms, but what's this that lil' bird just told us?—He said that Sally C. and Hatch aren't getting as many as usual? Girls, you're slippin'!—Well, aren't we all!—that same lil' bird told us that there's a far-away look in Sue's eyes these days—think his name's Bay.—Queens will be well represented at the dances this week-end—there'll be Sally, Cumnock, Sara D., Earhardt, Frances Lowrance, Virginia Hickman, Martha Brandon, Dot Branan—and oh! slews more! Don't know what Davidson would do without Queens—"Ducky" is always one of the leading figures at the Clemson dances.—Sybil didn't lose any time at the Carolina Mid-Winters—neither did Ann M.—"Cookie" spent last week-end at W. & L. and says she had a swellegant time—Russ is cute, all right.—There'll be a mad rush the night the new parlor's opened, hold your hats, wigs, 'n' false teeth girls ('n' don't get stomped through the floor.)—There were several Clemson lads on the campus last week-end—quite a few strained necks were reported but ain't it always that way! Hear Millie Massenburg had a grand time at Winnie's—Could Sam have been the reason?—speaking of visits, Ida Mae reported a marvelous time at Laura's. John seems to come first on Judy Walter's list without a doubt—Helen P. and Margie have a John, too—Everyone seems to be taking these tennis lessons pretty seriously—maybe (just maybe) with some male spectators we could have some feminine Don Budes—Lib, is it Charlie or Sid, huh? Judy White seems to have a way with the opposite sex, but we wish she wouldn't wear her hair up—There's another cute girl here, name's Pat—Here's to Wanda Daber for being the school's man-hater.—Keller was once tom-boyish but now she's Harry-boyish! (We made that one up ourselves!) While we're in that suite, we might as well wonder when Suber's goina get her ring (not from a telephone, either) and how Billie's Bob and Julia's "Son" are coming along.—We'd all like to flock to Dot Faircloth's wedding to hear McGregor sing—hope she'll be able to sing at ours, if she's still alive—we ain't even got a prospect—We know Martha was in "pig-heaven" with Freddie last week-end—Bet "Weezie's" sorry Maxie moved.—When the weather begins getting warmer, a young girl's fancy always turns to thoughts of Spring clothes—speakin' of Spring, wonder if "Pug"

Hips, Hips, Away!

Something had to be done! I had gotten to the point where I either had to reduce—and immediately—or put on enough more weight to be a fat lady in the circus.

The circus business being what it is, I had even toyed with the idea of going to live in Turkey or some such place, where fat ladies are not only tolerated but much admired.

But before I took either of these drastic steps, I thought I'd give this reducing dodge one more tumble.

Of course I wasn't really FAT. No woman is. If you don't believe, that ask the fattest one you know. She'll tell you, yes, she may have "put on a little weight" over the winter, but then it always did run in her family to be "fleshy." But who wants to be all skin and bones, anyhow? Look at some of those silly girls in the movies—you could hang your hat on their shoulder blades. Is there anything pretty in that?

No, I wasn't fat (horrible word!), only a little on the plump side. Maybe ten pounds overweight—fifteen at the outside. (My biggest shock was finding out that by medical standards the count was nearer thirty pounds!)

Personally, I didn't mind being overweight—much. There is nothing so conducive to self-delusion as excess poundage. It's not your figure—it's just that old "ironside" you have on. Or the dress you're wearing—you must have been out of your mind when you let that saleswoman talk you into a little number with horizontal stripes. Or it's the weather—as soon as it gets a little cooler (or warmer, or dryer) you'll be outdoors every day and you'll walk those few pounds off in no time.

And it's never, by any chance, your own fault. How could it be? Why you don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. (An ostrich.)

will be a Spring bride—Inez, we didn't know you were so smart—must be great! "Blue Skies" is playing over this here music-box, and we're thinkin' of ya Bruton—Queen Sally really has a King in David—while our minds are over Davidson way, (they have a habit of wandering), we hear that Elliott hears from a certain KA quite regularly.—Ya can't beat "Red" Reins and Katherine McQ. Martin for friendliness—Lib Taylor has a way with Belks.—We're dying to meet Alene's Alfred, she's got his pin, ya know.—Helen C's interest is at State—and we hear it ain't one-sided either!—Have you seen the picture of the sun-tanned young man in Dot Wright's room? Hope we'll see sompin' like that at the beach this summer! A group of business students are planning a beach party for the Spring holidays—! And so ending our Snooper Parade, we'll hop our special train and depart—P. S. Hope our smoke didn't get in your eyes! Bye.

The Drake University student newspaper is having a lot of fun with its new "Foundation for Absent-Minded Professors." Qualifications for membership are something like this one pulled by Drake professor: He lectured for one hour to his senior domestic relations class on "evidence," a junior class subject!

Every state and 47 foreign countries are represented in the Harvard University student body.

Thacker's

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

Pompous Persons Proudly Picked

Sally McDowell—President of the Boarding Students, has not only the qualities of filling this job adequately, but also the beauty of making her Maid of Honor for May Day.

Mildred Sneeden—Friendliness and sincerity have made her one of the favorites on the campus. She well deserves her position as president of the Sophomore Class and member of the Sophomore Council.

Annie Mae Brown is one of the most industrious and gay little persons to be found in this college. Her good leadership and management are shown by the many positions that she holds: Editor of Queens Blues, Society Editor of Coronet, member of Creative Writing Group, member of Radio Club, and member of National Leadership Fraternity, Alpha Kappa Gamma.

Georgia Hurt's leadership and gay personality can be felt in the many workings of the school, such as: Assistant Business Manager of Queens Blues, Junior Stage Chairman for Stunt Night, and member of Alpha Kappa Gamma, National Leadership Fraternity.

Marjorie Timms' striking appearance has brought for her the honor of being May Queen. Her popularity is not limited to her beauty, but also her ability to head the Senior Class as its President.

Mildred Lowrance is the spiritual leader of our campus in the capacity of President of the Student Christian Association. "Mitty", as she is known to her friends is also a member of the business staff of the Coronet, and secretary of Alpha Kappa Gamma. She has attained the unusual honor of being entered in "Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges."

Helen Cumnock—Behind her gay facetious, manner little would one suspect a serious level head of the student carrying on the all-important talk of Student Body President.

Helen Hatcher—There is no doubt of Hatch's importance on the campus. She is President of the Student Christian Association, member of Sigma Mu, Scholastic Fraternity, member of Alpha Kappa Gamma, National Leadership Fraternity, and Iota Xi, Journalistic Society.

Sue Mauldin—Capable and efficient are the keynote to Sue, who really gets things going, especially on the Coronet, of which she is Editor-in-chief. Sigma Mu, Scholastic Fraternity proudly holds Sue as one of its members.

FRANCES FROGGE

Not to be outdone by Life's Magazine's ideal girl, the Blues gives its ideal girls all rolled into one. May we present Miss Frances Frogge.

- Hair.....Sally McDowell
- Eye.....Frances Marion O'Hair
- Nose.....Sue McNulty
- Eyebrows.....Katherine Martin
- Mouth.....Maujer Moseley
- Figure.....Nancy Hovis
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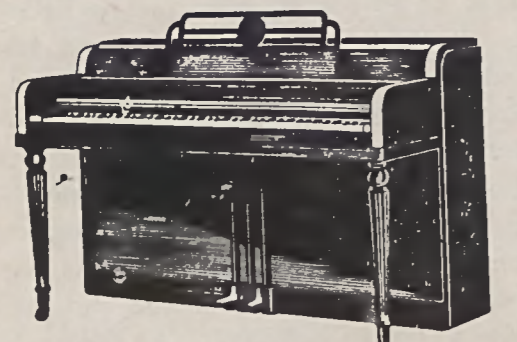
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