1939

Weekend April 22-23 [1939]

So starts another issue of my history. There has been an interlude of three months without record for with all the adversity there was neither incentive nor a surplus quarter to commence again. Saw George Abbott Saturday afternoon. He was very friendly and courteous, and he had a pleasant laugh that made me feel entirely at ease. He said that in no place of the theater has such a shortage as the music end. So he promised to call me for an audition.

Met Virginia Verrill at Camden Sunday. She was swell. Talked glibly of her accident, her music trials, how she likes to sing. Said she would sing "Monday Mourning" when she gets her New York spot.

Frank surprised me with his new attitude. He radiated confidence and has perfect trust that he is destined for big things now. But, he makes the reservation that one must work hard and apply himself exclusively, with his ideal constantly before him, to succeed.
Monday, April 24 [1939]

Lost my illusions about my new ideal when I heard her refer to me as the mail boy. Begins to look as though it won't be so easy to get off Saturday. And on top of that I have to play in Southampton Friday night. Went down to see Spivy last at night. I was rather rude & as she gave me the usual stall but she was nice enough otherwise and may come through. Then went over to see Kemp. I talked to his manager Mr. Peterson, and he said the thing was still in abeyance, which was better than a flat no.
Wednesday, April 26th [1939]

A very discouraging day. Started off by not being able to find my glasses and having to worry all day where they were. Then found out I couldn't get off Saturday. Neither Al nor Jack would change with me and Mitchell and Talbotson went up in the air when I suggested it. Then had to take the damned mail over in the rain. The only consolation to not being able to take the exam Saturday is that I don't have to study for it. Went down to the Commodore at night to see Mr. Nelson, and I waited two hours, but he wasn't in. But he called me later, said he was tied up with Sloan and made the appointment for Friday morning. Everything seeming to peter out into nothing once more.

CIT
Thursday, April 27 [1939]

Had forgotten all about Saturday when Hal Bourne [sic] brought it up this morning. So with his prodding talked Al into taking it and Mitchell agreed although churlishly. The came home to study and cut my cost accounting class. Found out that George Abbott had called so the whole problem was posed again. This was really an important decision for should I study tonight, take the exam, work Saturday off, etc. It really is fundamental to everything for with the Jimmy Mead’s letter it looks like I can't get anything without civil service and yet I should go with Jay Monday and I can't take both days off and I am so far behind in my studying, and the exam will probably never be open again to me. After wrestling with the problem for an hour, I decided to take the gamble and the path of least resistance and work on music tonight. So I sat around all night without doing anything.
Weekend, April 30th [1939]

Had my interview with Mr. Nelson from Denver. We talked about everything and he said that 450 had applied and the field had been narrowed down to 30. Didn't do much active pushing of my case but was alertly passive. Looks pretty good I think. But, it will mean such a repudiation and change from the last couple of years. But I have to be serious some time. Anyway played at Southampton Friday night. It was an awful brawl and we played until three o'clock. Got to bed at four and had to get up at five for my trip into New York. Got a ride in with Cliff Aldridge. Talbotson nipped in the bud my attempt to play sick Monday by telling me to come in at eight. So after thinking it over asked him if I could get out at 2:30 and it look[s] like I can. Was dead Saturday. Got to bed at three and slept until three Sunday. Met Dot Eifer (all 3622) in Linton's. She was very friendly.
Monday, May 1 [1939]

Had to get up so early and tried to be to work at eight. Time passed quickly however in anticipation. Had my audition. He made no comment whatsoever, laughed at the risque song and asked Love Resistance to be repeated. He thought he had canceled it but decided to listen any way. In afterthought it might have been more gracious to postpone it. Went up to see T.P. and he was embroiled in dodging a process server. He was running in and out of rooms, answering the phone and finally asked us to leave. He is being named as a respondent in a divorce suit. The affair left a bad taste in my mouth. Saw Virginia Speroni at night. She looked very nice and was quite charming.

After the audition was over George Abbott merely said "Goodbye."
Thur., May 4th [1939]

T.P. is all over the papers with his license jam. It looks like he is on the way out. Finally bought a suit at Wallach's. Coming from work I met Bill and Muriel on the street. They looked so smart. Had to force myself to go to school and then it didn't mean anything when I got there. This staying away until late always makes me feel griped when I come home because the fellows are sitting around bored and dull and whatever enthusiasm I have is lost right away and I get in a mood. If I get home with them it is all right, but when they get a head start on me it is bad. Asked Mitchell about speaking to Miss Talbotson, and he said he would be glad to help me but that things didn't look good.
Friday May 5th [1939]

Had our usual evening blowout. The company was increased by Sprague's cousin and Virginia Speroni. I played bridge & wanted to play poker.

Saturday May 6th [1939]

Felt wonderful to have a whole day in which nothing to do. Warm as the devil. Spent all afternoon in Spanish town listening to records. Bought Bruno [M??]. Tried to see Eddie Dowling, but he was out. At night was looking for excitement but couldn't find any. Sat and walked in the park. Made first mention of Denver and Jimmy didn't think I would like it.
Monday May 8th [1939]

Talked to Mr. Straight in personnel today. He talked voluminously and told me nothing except that I was a perfect blank to him, that Mr. Mitchell would have to beat the drum in my behalf or otherwise I would be just another mail boy and have to take my chance and turn with everyone else. Also, he indicated that the voluminous data he had on me was not favorable. But, how could I expect anything else with the kind of life I have been leading; yet in analysis I have only had one decent job and that was temporary. But, I felt blue all day because I was dressed so sloppy and Denver seemed a must if I am tendered the fellowship. I don't know if I want it or not but I doubt I will dare refuse it.
Thur., May 11th [1939]

I am finding it hard to keep up on this with the press of affairs. Tried to get a date all day but no success. Joan [Kirkness?] was very sympathetic and flattered, but she goes steady. Then I called a couple of other girls and no go. It makes me feel [completely?] futile when I am trying to get a date, and I can't. Was in pretty good humor yesterday as Jay got some encouraging news on the [??] song.
Friday May 12th [1939]

Felt pretty happy today, for life seemed good for some reason or other. Still tried to get a date but Mary Romayne had one, Harriet Kaplan was going out of town, and my little señorita didn’t feel well. So I promised myself I would go out to the Fair instead. In thinking over my position at CIT and thinking of that interview I had with the poseur personnel manager, when he said he knew nothing about me that was my cue to get sore and say that an intelligent and sincere personnel program would seek information on its own initiative. Spent all night reading my fascinating book "The World Is Mine." As so much of the finance made sense to me it made me feel how much I might have realized is with my wonderful education; but my failing is a lack of discipline to make myself do things I should and a lack of initiative to in conjunction with it to give me motivation and also a lack of initiative to realize on specific opportunities when presented to me.
Sat. May 13 [1939]

Decided to have that spree today that I have been trying to have for so long. So went to see "Stars In Your Eyes" in which a guy tries not to be seduced by Ethel Merman for two acts. Ethel Merman & Jimmy Durante doing "It's All Yours" and Ethel Merman doing "The Lady Needs a Change" were the high spots. Parts of it weren't too funny or good. Jimmy brought up [Lornai?] [Clu?] at night. She told me I had fooled her tremendously on our first meeting -- she thought I was very aggressive and self-confident but when she got behind it she saw it was nothing but a front. Which is absolutely correct -- I like to put on my poses, a suave man-of-the-world, but I am a shy, nervous country boy behind it all. She tangoed with me and improved my tango very much.
Wednesday May 17 [1939]

Having a hard time keeping up on this thing. Had a discouraging day. No word still from Denver. And, I loathe every minute more at the office. It all seems so futile, their attitude so slippery. I will take the first chance to get out of there. Then, the damned mail I took over to the post office and the bags kept falling off the wagon, time after time. I had to struggle and tug and finally, getting sorer every minute got them over to the post office. Then got back and found out that Jay had had no success with Nanny Noland. "Cafe Society" was not good enough and "Travel" is trite and too sophisticated. So I spent all night working on an escort sketch. Days go on and on and I am no closer to success. I am slowly drifting into nothingness.
Mon. May 22nd [1939]

A lot has happened which I haven't recorded. My refusal at Denver and with it my last hopes of doing anything outstanding intellectually; the Ivy Ball weekend at school, seeing lots of the gang for the last time; my date with Marian Goldstein Sunday and running into Witten at Montparnasse. Life seems lousy and plenty futile these days -- the job is stinking, music is at a standstill, nothing to look forward to. But I am trying to be cheerful while Jay is getting me down now with his disinterest. I had forgotten more or less about the Denver thing and Jim showed me an article in the paper about it making it all the worse that I missed it.
Tuesday May 23rd [1939]

Still having an emotional hangover from my Denver experience. I feel like I want to bite off someone's head in the morning because it would have been such a chance to redeem myself intellectually. The afternoon I always work into a better mood but the thing has really depressed me. Went to school at night. Felt pretty good when I found I had at least a respectable average in auditing.
Wed. May 24 [1939]

Got a letter from Senator Mead this morning saying nothing could be done. I hardly felt blue though because I am too used to it all now. Went down and heard Paul Whiteman’s broadcast. Met Tad Gillen ushering. Then went over and had a drink with Jimmy Capriles. Jimmy was very introspective concerning our songs and we had a long bull session as to where we were getting.
Friday May 26 [1939]

Felt pretty good today. That news about Calvert going to spend $1000 on clear heads and that the Yale show is really coming to town really pepped me up. This is the first good news I've had in a long time. Had our party at night. At the last moment we needed more people. So I got hold of Miriam Sindler and Marian Power. Then the Curacao didn't show up. But it was a good drink anyway. Had the girls upstairs in -- Marnie and Barbara Baker. They were very charming and interesting. Party broke up about four o'clock. Jay had a most funny experience leaving. When he and Carol left they heard a noise of water and Carol said, turning her head towards the sky, is it raining. Jay said I don't know it sounds like it. Then they came down the steps and there against the wall was some man urinating.
Weekend May 27 & 28th [1939]

Was very very hot. Dance at Philadelphia was very hot and nobody there; was very drab ending maybe to our career. Everybody in good humor Saturday because of the success of the party. Saw [Marry?] a couple of times and she looked so attractive. Have run into conflict though with Jack for he is going to take her out tomorrow if she will go. So, of course that gave me the perfect excuse to work myself up into a mood because he has a car and money.
Tues May 30th [1939]

Spent a dull Decoration Day. Sat around and read most of the day and listened to records. Went to the Hal Kemp broadcast at night. Met a guy by the name of David Magid from Richmond who lives in the Stratford Arms, and he gave me a ticket.

Fri. June 2nd [1939]

Had an uninspiring today. May be got Jay a break by seeing an ad in the paper from a pianist and I called him up to tell him about it. This illegitimate [sloe?] from the 18th floor got very annoyed at our interfering with his fine ping pong by knocking balls on his table and he didn't hesitate to say so. I saw Jimmy Capriles and the reason he didn't come to the party was because his date didn't want to come. He says New York's wonderful for push-push. Went to see Virginia Verrill. She couldn't see me because she was dressing, so I left a note asking to have cocktails and to call me. She didn't call and the whole thing was very annoying.
Sat. June 3rd [1939]

Had to get up at 6:30 to get to work on time. Work slow enough and morning passed without any mishap. Planned to study all afternoon but my good resolution wasn’t carried out. Went out with Jack to get a beer and got tied up with Emmett Beardsley, a Yale man. He was an old football, basketball, crew etc. man. He insisted on buying us beers and regaling us with his life. I got a little excited and was the life of the party at dinner. Went up to Baker’s after dinner. Had swell fun. Fred came in and we talked and had coffee and enjoyed ourselves.

Sun June 4th [1939]

Went out and worked in the boat. It was fun and everybody is anticipating a good summer. Got stopped by a cop coming back for bright lights, four in the seat, and no drivers license. Jack had to stay with the cops while Jay went down and got the license.
Mon. June 5 [1939]

No ambition today. Just go through my job mechanically, no hope, no plans just existing. Then found out I have two exams Thursday which helped to brighten things up! Tried to study at night but with no success. I am getting farther and farther behind life.

Tues. June 6th [1939]

Up at 6:30 studying. But it is so difficult to fix attention when you are so tired that I am afraid I didn't get much out of it. Finished up with school. Talbot mentioned that he used to run under Lawson Robertson. When I told him after class I was a Penn man, he seemed slightly annoyed. Everybody in pretty good humor around the room. But Sprague may join the Yacht club and live there. Jay told me again that Arthur Gershwin thinks my lyrics are good. Breslin had a fight with Arthur, [Mrs.?] Stanley Adams over Geraldine's songs.
Wed. June 7th [1939]

Got up at 6:30 to continue my studying. Find it hard to concentrate when I am so tired in the morning. Had an uneventful day at the office. Continued studying at night and did another four hours. Felt pretty good because I thought I was really absorbing the costing but afraid I am pretty weak on the auditing. Jimmy keeps asking me when I am going to do something about CIT. I don’t know if he is really interested but think he is merely trying to cheer me up when he feels good, but I do know that I have nothing to offer him.
Thur, Fri, 8th & 9th [1939]

Still on edge about my exams. Took them in the sweltering heat, and they weren't bad although I didn't know what to do about the mdse. acct. of a co-signer. Got locked in Gramercy Park between exams and had to ask someone to let me out. Got this bastard 60,000 mailing Friday late. Had to work until 10, all day Saturday I guess, and lose a Saturday off. Mood alternately one of griping and indifference to good spirits; griping at the cheapness and attitude of CIT, good spirits because of the *esprit de corps* of the gang.
Sun. June 11th [1939]

Finally got out to the Fair and wasn't a bit disappointed. Started off with the General Motors building, after which I had to wait an hour. Then went to the Telephone, RCA, Business Machine, Brazil, French, Belgian, Cuban Village and NTG shows. At the RCA building I was selected from the crowd to be televised. I was very nervous and had the dull spiritless interview that I always criticize in others. Was there from 11 in the morning to 10 at night. Last thing I saw was the fireworks -- fountain show.
Mon. June 12 [1939]

Started off by seeing Straight again. He had his usual glittering generalities -- set your cap for a job, ask questions about it, know all about it, so when there is an opening you will get it -- without saying anything specific. But, he was helpful in my interviewing manner -- show a sense of humor, and look your interviewer in the eye when you are talking to him, be nonchalant. Anyway, was glad to get it off my chest. Was out to Uncle Carl's for dinner. Hear Uncle Ben is out in the cold again. Came back and found Horace here.
Tues. June 13 [1939]

Started off at Walter Lowen; couldn't see Miss Lee, so I left a "message." Asked Trelegan about getting off Monday before the 4th. He didn't like it and in his usual [blanduer?] practically said no. And, I can't antagonize him because once he gets mad, he doesn't forget. He is a bad guy to cross. Went out with Helen at night. She looked very nice, but we got caught in the rain. Sat around her house and tried to become affectionate. We argued it out without my being able to persuade her to have fun. Tried to argue about the uncompleteness of our four year relationship, the triviality of it all and such. So raining like hell, I left about midnight and sulked.
Thur. June 15th [1939]

Today was pay day and I got my pittance. Had lunch with George Reis who is very concerned over anti-Semitism among our confreres. Got sore as the devil there when some dope called me "boy." Had dinner with Horace and Dave. Then saw "Rose of Washington Square." Enjoyed Alice Faye as usual.

Sat. June 16th [1939]

Every so often a series of annoying frustrations pop up to make life irritating. Starting with trying to promote affection with Helen Tuesday, finding out I had been leaving bulletins out of a couple of towns, then shooting my big mouth off, losing over a buck at poker which I couldn't afford, getting caught in the rain Tuesday, not being able to ride out to Long Island with Jack and missing out on a good dinner, all over my general static condition and miserable station in life -- well I am really griped.
Sun. June 17th [1939]

Job was swell. [Growel?] was enthusiastic and [band?] was all right. Lilly White couldn't do enough to make us feel at home. Jack and Franck insisted on upsetting the camaraderie by going to [Pat??] and upsetting the plans Jack had for the day. The manager of the Seven Pounds also was very nice to us. He likes the idea of musicians who are nice fellows and cooperate. Drank all day at the Seven Pounds and at Bowdoin Square. [??] and Jay were sick coming home.
Mon. June 18 [1939]

Really discouraged and griped at the office. Had to chip in a quarter to buy a raincoat and that symbolized the whole ugliness and cheapness of the situation. Then, to make it worse it was raining when I took the airmail over, and I had the devil of a time. Went up to Paula’s birthday in West Point -- Dave, Julie Jacobs, Helen and I. Had an interesting time but Helen griped me again with her emotional above-it-allness. I think that had better wind up gradually. Got to bed at three o’clock.
Wed. June 21 [1939]

Felt pretty good all day because of the anticipation of a pleasant evening. Paul Israel was here and talked to Jay. He is Beta Sig from Columbia. He has terrific ideas and radiates confidence, but wants some kind of an exclusive agreement. Had my date with Barbara Stern and really had a marvelous time. She is one of the most vivacious and lovely girls I have ever known. She is so enthusiastic about things like Rotterdam and the little colored boy at the Belmont Plaza. I rhumbaed with her, and it wasn't bad. Got home at two-thirty. The dancing was nice, the floor show good, and Barbara was grand.

There is something silly about the word you. When someone addresses you using that as the subject of an analysis the word is insidious and you is [??] in a defenseless-leaning sense.
Thur. June 22nd [1939]

Wrote Mrs. Fredrick Beatty in Jay's name, returning her lyrics On The Honeymoon. It made me feel blue as hell, having to send that back to her. Poor soul, she has probably been waiting for a response. At first eagerly, then wondering, finally sadly but never quite giving up hope that this was her chance to escape all the drabness and poverty of her life. Then I have to write her nicely that she is crazy. It made me feel like hell and made me think of another sitting home all alone and discouraged, blue.
Fri. June 23[rd] [1939]

Was a little bit worried about our party because Capriles had gone down to Curaçao and Henry couldn't come. But, it turned out my fears were groundless. It was a superlative in parties. Denny and his wife, Gene and Rene, [Lorna?] [Clu?], the three Stengels and the gang were here. Everyone got nicely happy and unrestrained. I got a little bit boiled and spent the evening making advances to Marjorie Stengel. She is my idea of a smart girl -- a nice figure, intelligent, clever, sophisticated. Had really a grand time shining in the center of the party and being very noisy and talking a blue streak.
Sat. June 24th [1939]

Was in swell humor today at the office. Had the pleasant aftermath of the party. Asked Trelegan about going home, to have my eyes looked at, and he agreed. Was at the Yale show rehearsal all afternoon and most of the night. It was very interesting. There was the Broadway atmosphere of the Roseland rehearsal room, very dingy, dark, and rude; the two tinny pianos and the players sitting at them in shirt sleeves; the exuberance and youthful enthusiasm of the Yale kids, their big chance on Broadway. The director, one of them, looking at the routines impassively, breaking his intensity only to say, they stink, his nervous running around, changing this, speeding that, shifting something else; the constant shifting to the script, the delightful amateurness of the actors, the noise and vibrancy of Broadway outside the open window.
Sun. June 25 [1939]

Spent the day again at the Yale show and hanging around Broadway. Had the preview at night before a hand picked audience at the Longacre Theatre. Among celebrities noted were Leland Hayward, Thyra Samter Winslow and Johnny Kenley. The show went over very well. The freshness of it plus a few highlights conspired to take the edge off the rough spots. Now the question is how ever we wiggle into it or which can we get out of it?
Week of 29 [1939]

What a hectic week. Yale show, three little maids, Helen's party, the fiasco with Marjorie Askwith and a trip to Coney Island until four o'clock, my very very swell date with Marjorie Stengle, Peckham's calling off the Yale show, preparing to go home, Nan Wynn's[?], Marjorie Stengle's stories and her "flattery," the editor of Variety. Never a dull moment.
Fri. July 7th [1939]

Boy, how I have neglected this. But between the weekend dame and Marjorie, I just haven’t had time to bother with recording my thoughts.

At the office I had nothing to do. Had to sit around and watch silly hats all day while [Affleson?] had a meeting. From twelve to six-fifteen I just had to sit there. Then I got a surly thanks maybe from the big executive.

Had a party at Stengle’s. It was not an ounce of excitement, as we were more restrained than in our own habitat. But it was good fun, the girls were charming and I fell all the deeper for Marjorie. She reciprocates to a certain extent but we haven’t established a real bond yet; but I have plenty of opportunity and as long as I don’t get too dull and keep promoting, things should move along.
Sat, July 8th [1939]

This was the hottest day yet. Could just sit around and do nothing all day. Watched Walters move. Called up Marjorie after dinner because I needed contact with her. She said she almost called us up to come over, which I like, because it shows she was thinking about us. Nancy and Jane sat around with us all night. Jane is a wonderful dancer and a most lovely girl.

A friend of Carol Howard’s was in earlier, Gregory Perkins. He is somebody quite [sound?] and bought us news that Hal Kemp is being promoted [for us?], so Jay may go up to Boston with him.

Everything is going along on top of the world; ever since I’ve met Marjorie; so I am heading for a fall but things are sure going swell now.
Tues. July 11th [1939]

Had my usual fixation today. She was supposed to meet me for lunch but couldn't make it, I guess. This is worse than I have ever had it before because there is nothing I can do about it and this intensity is upsetting the lightness of a pleasant relationship. Went to the WPA class tonight. It was surprisingly good and I think I will get something out of it. At least it's good to keep me from brooding too much about everything. But, something's got to happen soon about my job or I am going to be economically destitute.
Wed. July 12 [1939]

Was in better humor today and not as restless at the office, as my separation from Marjorie was coming to an end. Didn't even mind the late mail as I got back at six-twenty. Had a most swell time on my date. Just sat around and talked. [??] she really said and meant she liked me. The only trouble I am setting myself up as such a nice person -- so kind and thoughtful -- I wonder if I can keep it up perhaps it could be a permanent thing, instead of the transient thing it has always been, when one of Marjorie's charms and loveliness is concerned; and, there is nothing about her which brings up any doubts. She told me most interesting stories of her working for this terrific Nazi, the [nerve?] and getting ahead of her friend of 26 love affairs -- her getting money from [Lindbergle?] to get to Europe, her staying with them four months, her hitch-hiking around town, her love affair with her step father. What a girl she is!
Sat. July 15th [1939]

Had a hard time getting up after the fun at Yorkville last night. Worked without any undue incident. Tried to get hold of Jack Yellen, without success. Went to the trio rehearsal with Jay. Was over to Sylvia’s at night. Felt pretty good today for some reason although there is nothing in my career to justify ebulliency.

Mon. July 17 [1939]

Sat around on tetherhooks [sic] all day at the office because I hoped tonight would be another emotional high spot. Then when I got home there was a call from Marj with some kind of unimportant excuse; and to make matters worse she’s "tied up all weekend," which means no sailing. Would really have been in a mood -- all this making me take that realistic approach to her, which I have been dreading, except that I got a pleasantly mysterious letter from an unemployment agency about a job. Went to hear Lily Pons and Kostelanetz with Jim. When they came to the "Our Love" part of Romeo & Juliet, you could
hear a murmur of song run around the audience.

Tues. July 18 [1939]

First thing in the morning went to the Executive service. Their referral was for a statistician at the [g??ed] paper trade association. Couldn't see the guy but am seeing him tomorrow. Brooded about Marje all day.

Wed. July 19 [1939]

Was in an anticipatory mood all day. Started off by my interview with Mr. Deutsch. He wants a very competent man to handle all his statistics, so it doesn't look too good. Was grumpy most of the day until later afternoon. I found out my fears were groundless, that Marjorie hadn't changed. It has just been circumstances that have messed things up the past week. I didn't fool around last night and really told her my feelings.

She said I should start writing for magazines like the New Yorker. I will never get anywhere without hard work
and she believes I have the talent to do something. She argued such a good case for me that I guess I'll have to, whether I can or not. She told me her usual priceless anecdotes about the Baron, the orgiastic parties of the Count, the time Hirohito Saito took her home. Didn't want to come to the party, but I talked her into it.

Thur. July 20th [1939]

Had an easy day just sitting at the receptionist's desk on the 67th floor. Met Bernie Axelrod at Fifth Ave. Party plans beginning to take shape, which is good for someone else showing enthusiasm besides me. But we are having trouble getting people lined up.
Fri. July 21 [1939]

Had our party and it was a real bangaroo although perhaps lacking the spontaneity of the previous one. But, it was so noisy that someone sent a cop around to complain. That put a psychological blight on it all. We had a good crowd -- the three Stengles, the trio, Mr. & Mrs. Barkman, [Greim?], Melvin Natz and Van Moore. Broke up about three o’clock. Had trouble with someone and woke up in an apartment house as we were putting Jimmy in a rumble seat. Walked [Helene?] home, who was kind of in a bad way and when we came home Sprag was sleeping on the steps. [Greim?] was sitting in Central Park. Afraid we won’t have another party in a long time.
Sat. July 22nd [1939]

Had the usual yearnings after a night of high hilarity. Called up Marjorie and she said they had a good time but not as good as previous. But the three girls were all ecstatic which compensates somewhat. I tried to get down to some hard writing but was able to do only a little on my reformer poem. But, I don't think it is too bad which saved me from a mood of ineptitude. The post mortem of the shindig was that it was pretty good.
Sun. July 23 [1939]

Had my usual inactive Sunday. Sent my poem to the New Yorker, wrote Senator Mead, read and tried to write some more and thought about my obsession. Sat in the Park and went over to the zoo.

Mon. July 24 [1939]

In one of the those brooding moods again. Everything focussing on red hair and extra bright eyes. Got a trip to Philadelphia in the afternoon to deliver some stuff. Nobody around the campus.

Tues. July 25 [1939]

Another scorcher. Was confronted by the question -- "did I spend the whole $6 in Philly?" My conscience made no answer no, so I gave a half a buck back and then probably screwed up my supper money because Jack didn’t want to approach Frank for it, and I told Mr. White it was being taken care of. Jack Snow called up and said he had got married. Jay
was all excited at night and pretty encouraged because of a whole lead opening up through "Cye" & T.P.

Wed. July 26th [1939]

Was in a pretty good mood today because of the night. Then when I saw her -- something terrible had happened. I don't know what it was was [sic] or whom it concerned, but it was something terrific because it had the poor kid crazy. There is still some good left in me I guess because I instantly really sympathized with her and wanted to console her. But, it has put a stop to our relations for awhile and put the kibosh on sailing Sunday.
Fri. July 28th [1939]

Had a mean day at the office. Something doing every minute and then those two trips to the post office in the awful heat. Was in good humor at night for some reason. The separation from Marge is not as bad as it might be because there is a dramatic substance to it, not more casting off. Jay told anecdotes of the Schuberts, gleaned from Helena -- J.J.'s parties with hosts of girls; how insane he is of any love affair in the company; his lit friend who swoons when he is scolded.

Sun. July 30th [1939]

Got up to go sailing, but it was raining and I was tired so I forgot it. Spent my usual Sunday reading, writing for jobs, sent poems into the NYoker & [Cue?] I hope something resolves about Marjorie because life seems to be standing still.
Mon. July 31st [1939]

Today was a hard day. Sent out statements which was a mean job. Went over to the post office which was appreciated by all. Trelegan said I was spending as much time there as he was. Spent a lot of time running errands and made 30 ¢. Had to work until 10.

Wed. Aug. 2 [1939]

Had our party. Felt lousy before cause I called up Marjorie and she was still distant. Then went to the party and got very drunk. Picked up some Czech girls on the street. Had a big head. Tried to get Witty & [Hanch?] to stay over but Witty was drunk & had to get to Newark.
Fri. Aug. 4 [1939]

There was an air of uncertainty hanging around the place -- whether the big job was going out or no. I was able to bear it all with tolerance as my hopes are that I may soon get out. It was decided finally that it wouldn't be sent until Monday as there was an error in one of the forms, and we had to unstuff the thousands of pieces we had done. Dick Altheimer was up and Trelegan complimented me in front of him. I blew hot and blew cold emotionally all day; finally at night I called Marjorie and she sent me into a dither again. She is having social life but won't have it with me; yet, she is perfectly friendly and superficially encouraging; she is formulating new rules now -- that she won't make anything definite but I must call her on the moment and let her make up her mind then. Went up to Yorkville with Jack and Jay at night. Got myself mellow on her and splurted out my job-hunting problems.
Sat. Aug. 5th [1939]

Started off with a sweet glow to this morning. Found out from the agency that I am out in regard to that sugar job. And, I wanted it so badly. But, I didn't sell myself at the interview Thursday, so that is that. Guess I am going to hang around CIT for awhile. But fortunately went to the trio rehearsal for divertissement and then they took me to an audition. Then at night we drove down to Greenwich Village to eat dinner and afterward went to the Battery and watched the excursion boats pull out. Then jobless plus the uncertainty with Marjorie has made me feel pretty lousy.
Sun. Aug. 6 [1939]

Went out sailing. Had fun -- swimming and lying in the sun. Put on my usual act (?) of helplessness and simplicity. My good luck streak kept up as I dropped my beautiful cigarette lighter in the water.

Mon. Aug. 7th [1939]

Was in an awful mood today. The cumulation of all my woes, social and economic, of late ganged up on me, and I sat and stared into space. Had to work until 11 o'clock. Called up Marjorie and she sounded all right except that she said to forget about the weekend because she doesn't think that she would "like it" -- no reason, but just that. She is certainly turning into a temperamental headache.
 Tues. Aug. 8th [1939]

Continued on that awful drudgery, letter after letter. Felt a little better yesterday than the day before although there was no reason for it, just a natural reaction. Had lunch with Helen. She was her usual charming self, but lacking in the good old SA. Never have felt as discouraged and down as I have the last few days.
Thur. Aug. 10th [1939]

Felt pretty good today as a reaction from all the troubles I have had. Went in to see Mr. Straight and he told me to bring in samples of work I had done to him; generally he was evasive and mentioned again the vague "job" he was considering me for. But my uplift in spirit didn't last long; while I was going to school I suddenly remembered my ΒΓΣ key which had come off the chain, and it wasn't there. I went back to the office and tried to find it. No trace of it anywhere and I am afraid that I lost it when I went on that errand up 5th Avenue. Felt horrible -- this on top of everything else. This was a symbol of days when I was important and was the only remembrance I had that I was clever. Now it is gone and I don't see how I can ever replace it. And, in my weakness I begged a God for a break when I have repudiated.
Fri. Aug. 11th [1939]

Kind of worked myself out of my cloud of gloom. Nothing to make me feel better but just natural reaction. At night went with Jim seeking adventure. Started off at Chinatown which was very interesting although somewhat anachronistic. Walked around Mott and Pell Streets and then went over to the Bowery. Then went over to McSorley's and drank ale. Continually asked cab drivers for adventure but nothing doing. New York is really closed up. Ended up on 65th St. where we had been referred which looked potential enough but turned out to be a dud.
Sat. Aug. 12 [1939]

Had an awful time getting up for work. Called up Marjorie regarding our proposed date, and she had some kind of evasion. Said that if she were free, she would call me between five and six. I sat here with my fingers crossed, getting lower by the minute and 'no call.' I felt like crying, the frustration that seems to await my every desire. Even if I wasn’t fatalistic, the law of averages decrees something should come my way, but it seems ages since anything to titillate me has happened. Brooding in the room, decided to continue my search for the exotic and went up to Españaville. Got into a dance, that smacked of Havana. But, couldn’t get any girls to dance with me. Left about one and found a querida up the street and indulged in a bit of intensity emotional ne plus ultra.
Sun. Aug. 13 [1939]

Slept late. Worked most of the afternoon filling out job applications. The day dragged so and I felt so uninspired that, contrary to my resolutions, I called up Marjorie. She was annoyed and I cheapened myself even more. Although she didn't want to do it, in her philosophy of not being tied down, she said to call her Wednesday and offered to make it a definite. The trouble is that I need anticipation to keep my life interesting and this hit-or-miss stuff leaves no pleasant alternatives if nothing can be promoted. Anyway I do want to see her and settle the status of us. Was up until after one trying to write. It is hard to get started, but once I get into it, it goes along all right and I don't feel awfully [medieval?] as the creating goes on.
Mon. Aug. 14 [1939]

Still in good humor for no apparent reason. Spent most of the day running errands. Got out of the last at 5:30 to take a note to a club on 62nd St. At night rounded off my three new government applications. Flattered my ego by reading my Spanish vocabulary with Sprag. Had lunch with Charlie. Made plans for the cruise. But I am afraid, dateless, I will have to withdraw. Besides it is going to be expensive, having to buy new lifesavers and all. Was awakened this morning by a bitter letter from home because I wrote Joan what my salary was. But, I got another at night of repentance. Did a little poetry later in the evening.
Tues. Aug. 15 [1939]

Today was pay day. Went down to meet Helen, and she wasn't there. Then met Mike [Maire?] in Horn and Hardart's. At Spanish class at night saw movies of the Columbus round South America cruise. When the teacher learned I had been to Rio he asked me to describe it and did I ever stink. I was nervous and tongue-tied. Then got home to find Aunt Anna writing that she was coming down for the rest of the week. Which nicely complicates things. Jimmy said he had a "hunch" that Marjorie couldn't go on the cruise.
Wed. Aug 16 [1939]

Was in good humor today because of the impending excitement of the ball game. Joe Chevalier is in the doghouse because he put an important telegram in his pocket and took it home without delivering it, so I am going on the early shift for awhile. Lost the ball game 8 to 5 but I made a beautiful one-handed catch and made three hits; but if I had made one the last time with two men on base, it would have been better. Saw Marjorie finally. She was her usual magnetic self and for awhile had fun talking philosophy and the usual attitude I have adopted toward her. Then went down and saw Aunt Anna. So far so good and maybe everything will go off without mishap.
Mon. Aug. 21 [1939]

Things got more [pl??] after the weekend -- the storm
[??] trip that didn't materialize, the party afterward at
which everyone fell asleep, the fair Sunday with the
round of foreign pavilions.

Got up to go work at eight o'clock and found out that I
was supposed to go at ten. I was griped all day and felt
hell every minute. It was one of those days when the
cumulation of my whole position bore down on me.
Especially at night when I had to stay and close
[Grandies?] and I felt that I should have gone home
after the last collection. So I felt worse and worse all
the time. Got out of it at night when I settled in the
room.
Tues. Aug. 22nd [1939]

Feeling a little better but still discouraged by the press of my situation. Carting those damn mail bags around is so discouraging. Came home late and Jay griped me by his indifference and apathy. I make suggestions, he repeats them and that is as far as they get. Of course it is easy for me to criticize for I am not in his position. I don’t have to tramp around the streets all day and wonder where the next dollar is coming from. Studied Spanish all night.
Thur. Aug. 24 [1939]

Jack Trelegan got a call from personnel about an adjuster’s job at Broadway. He talked to me about it and reiterated his confidence in me but said he didn't think I was temperamentally fitted for it. I agreed with him as it is a job which I would want only for the toughness it would engender in me and for the experience in handling a car. However, he spoke of me to Miss Tillotsen and something may happen somewhere. At least I felt better yesterday than I had in the last couple of weeks. Studied Spanish all night.
Sat. Aug. 26 [1939]

Was in good humor all morning in the office. Made the time pass swiftly by translating *La Prensa*. Then came home and found a friendly letter from Olsen & Johnson. This made my spirits soar; and I immediately envisaged ambitious projects; I wonder how many of them I’ll carry on. Did a little research on my CIT ad possibility and wrote some letters. Started to sit around at night and everyone was so bored. Couldn’t get the fellows to go to Spanish town with me so I went alone. Couldn’t find any excitement so after a couple of hours came back home and went to sleep.
Sun. Aug. 27th [1939]

Got up prepared to do a lot of work and I did get something accomplished although not as much as I might have wanted to. Got off my letters to the Government departments, revised and sent my poem to the New Yorker. Typed up that risque song, started another song, wrote another job letter and went up to Spanish town. Got in a dance again but wouldn’t get those girls to dance with me except one. And, I was so terrible I better might not have danced. But, that restored my confidence. Then I heard a wonderful band that was sitting in and that helped restore my joie de vivre. Called up Marjorie and I think, perhaps for the last time. Her indifference reached a new high and at last I am becoming aware of the fact that I count for nothing with her.
Tue. Aug. 29 [1939]

As I was about to leave for work this morning, I suddenly noticed that my watch was missing. Looked all over [for] it but I couldn't find it as it wasn't on the chair where I left it. I was in mental hell all day. When I got home at night the worst was realized -- my watch, my chair, my keys. If only Charlie hadn't come, if only I had gone to the movies, if only I hadn't slept in Jay's bed, if only I hadn't gone to Spanish town Sunday and known about this band on 80th St. -- I would have had this latest in succession of blows -- my tuxedo, cigarette lighter, ΒΓΣ key, now my watch. Jay feels instinctively when he awoke that someone had been in the room. The fellows managed to talk me out of my despair and made me feel good by complimenting my letters to Olsen & Johnson, but it was a pretty awful blow. Reported it to the police but have little hope.
Regained my *joie de vivre* partially in a passive sort of way. One can't moon all the time. After thinking over the pros and cons decided to forget about going home. Was a wet rainy day and had the late mail. Jay was in a wonderful humor with his broadcast tomorrow and his working with [Hyana? Ilyana?]. Spent all night working, and I put a lot of time in although I don't know how much I accomplished.
Tue. Sept. 5th [1939]

Felt pretty good after my trip home. Got back in the routine without anything special happening. But did get furious when I was called "boy." Miss Schultz caught me in a pensive mood and asked me what the trouble was. I let myself go and said it was no fun dragging a mail bucket around which was bad taste. That dramatizing myself made me feel better. Felt pretty good about Jay's getting so many things moving. Went to see George White's Scandals. It was not very good. When I got home Dick Lipsitz called me up. That is a problem, what I am going to do with him.
Fri. Sept. 8 [1939]

A beautifully-malignant day. Henry is going out as an adjuster which probably closes the possibility of Broadway. Got home and had a call from Philip. Went down to the Waldorf and he was in good humor as business had been good and we started out to the Fair. Got out there and no money -- all $100 gone. We scurried back to the hotel and they were swell, but no trace of it. God, what I couldn't do with a $100. Got further infuriated by finding Jay out drinking beer instead of home working. I try to build everything up, and he is too god damned lazy and weak to do anything about it.
Sat. Sept. 9 [1939]

Had a tough time getting up this morning. Was blue all morning over the loss. Philip seemed pretty resigned, however. The big audition with Olsen and Johnson didn't come off as we didn't feel we were ready; I only hope they didn't expect me and feel that we weren't serious over it all. Went out to the Fair with Philip. He was seemingly impressed with the Lithuanian Building, but got too tired to see much. He got real confidential with me before he left and told me he had over $20,000 worth of stock and was going to buy some in my name, with me sharing in possible profits. There never is a dull moment in this emotional rollercoaster that has been so evident the last week especially.
Sun. Sept. 10 [1939]

Didn't do much today, except worked on my CIT ad, which probably stinks and won't mean a thing. But, I was glad to get it off my mind anyway. Felt not bad just from surfeit with my dismalness. Saw Marjorie Askwith, to say goodbye to. I wish she were a little prettier and [more?] [??]. Also I didn't go for the way when I asked her to go out and drink beer she suggested Cub [??]. But she is all right.

Mon. Sept. 11 [1939]

Still living in my hell of standstill. Everything going along and though I smile, I am beginning to be terrified. At least got my "copy" in order and I am going to submit it tomorrow. Felt pretty good in the room because Jack helped me get my ideas across and I got Jay to thinking about doing some work.
Tues. Sept. 12 [1939]

Showed my "advertising idea" to Jack, and he thought it was good. Miss Tillotsen was pleased by my interest, and I am going to go in tomorrow to get her reaction. I hope to God it may show a way out. Still in my usual luck, played poker and lost a half-dollar that I can afford like the man-in-the moon. Harold was in town and luckily I had a couple of tickets for Bob Crosby's broadcast, so I took him. Was in pretty good humor today because at least I am trying to do something to better myself.
Sept. 16th, Saturday [1939]

A happy day for a change. Got up in the morning with the sense of impending importance. Went to the fair rehearsal and then sat around until it was time to go down town. It was hot, and we were scared; an hour and a half had to be killed, so we sat around in the Edison listening to Little Jack Little broadcast. Then went over to the Winter Garden at 5:30. The stage man thought we had picked a bad time as there were some auditions on. But Mr. Olsen saw us right away. He listened to everything, and it went over swell. There were a lot of people listening also, show people and others, and the songs brought laughs, the rhymes approval and the melodies whistling. Olsen said we had the toughest thing to offer as everyone writes songs, but he told us to see the show and then come back and talk with him.

Very happy. At night went up to the Post Lodge and saw Charlie. Then [??] back to the village -- MacDougalls and [??].
Sept. 17, Sunday [1939]

Still in a pleasant afterglow of yesterday. Wrote a sketch today on Hitler which wasn't too bad. Now if I can only think of one with a less dangerous theme. Played cards at night with Dick Campbell and Jack and that about comprised my day. Jay and Jack went apartment hunting and found a beautiful place on the drive.

September 22nd, Friday [1939]

Having a tough time keeping this up without a pen. But this is significant because it constituted my introduction to Broadway. We went down to Hellzapoppin and there were no tickets for us. So we went backstage and Olsen took care of us right away, sending us into the audience as soon as the show started. It was swell and then after it, we went back stage. Then we met Tom [Niex?]. Olsen had no use for our stuff, but he was swell and said he would try to help us.
Mince, Pinsk, [Omish?], [??utsk]

Monday, Oct. 9th [1939]

Was hot today and everyone's nerves were on edge. The work just came and came. Got messed up in the telegram figuring and with all my figuring couldn't make them come out right. Then Jack caught me going up to the Grand Central and called me back. Took the air mail to the post office, ate dinner, came home, changed my clothes, went to Spanish class, drank beer at the Rio Grande and then hung around Broadway until Hellzapoppin was out. Then had to wait while Uncle Oley had an audition. While waiting talked to Al, the guy who might want to buy some of our music, the girl who was so nice -- she said she liked our songs immensely, especially "tropical emporiums of lust." Then Uncle Oley put me immediately at ease by saying "Hello Genius." I waited around his room for awhile but it was crowded so I said I would be back. Uncle Oley kidded me about Spanish. That is the way I like
things to progress -- to be on a high plane, but not have to swing one way or another, except that that leaves everything still up in the air.

Thurs. Oct 12 [1939]

Felt so good not having to work today. Got up with my cold worse. Then went down to see Uncle Carl. He gave me an old watch which at least is better than nothing. Then he came back to the room for a while. Went down to see Olsen. He was tied up with "bankers" so I talked with Mary Sutherland. He saw me as he was leaving and he took me to the Essex House with him. He said the sketches were good, the sketches [music] good, but when I asked him for $200 he grimaced. It ended by nothing happening and he sending me to the Ambassador to pick up a ticket for the Straw Hats for him. Saw Marjorie tonight. She was swell and I think she enjoyed herself.
Fri. Oct. 13th [1939]

After the holiday the work was really piled up. There was so much of it plus that damned [B?tract] ocean. So it was just go-go-go, until eleven o'clock. I had to give up all thoughts of school. Then Jack asked me to come in Saturday, and I wouldn't refuse him. I feel so sorry for the load that he is carrying. After finally getting out made my nightly trip to Hellzapoppin'. Had the hell of a wait. Finally Oley came out and asked me why I hadn't come upstairs. So, he took me out to have a drink with his friends, who were evidently people of importance. Said I should contact him for lunch, but he didn't give me his phone number and it was all done in such a hurry; I felt like such a pest.
Sat. Oct. 14th [1939]

Got up at nine, leisurely went downtown, got my picture taken and then went to work at 11. Worked until 3. Then came home and sent in an application for the statisticians exam. Was cold as the devil today. Hack’s dad was in at night. Beginning to worry about my date for the party especially with Frank and Allen coming. Went down to Rio Grande with Jay and Aurora.
Wed. Oct. 18th [1939]

Got up greatly rested after my third 6:30 rising. Had my usual day at the office. I am getting numbed by it all. Saw Miss Tillotsen and my prepared speech all went to hell. But she said she would talk to Mr. [McA??] and see what his report was. Jack had his tale of woe about what Stright said to him on his personnel ratings; his reports of unsatisfactory and "very good" interpolated between good and excellent. He gave me his tale of woe instead of my giving him mine. Jimmy said he was too tough. Was in pretty good humor at the room with all the fellows in good humor, the party in anticipation, did some writing and some reading.
Finally had a morning when I could sleep, and it sure felt good. Was a very quiet day at work and that helped to keep my spirits up. Called up Ole Olsen tonight. I got backstage first and Al gave me the phone in Oley’s dressing room. He knew me right away and startled me by saying "The actor is just about to go on; how is your shirt; this is Olsen of Olsen Olsen and Olsen talking; my shirt is too long; if you want to do something come down here and cut it off; let me talk to your secretary, I like talking to real people." I lacked the spirit to play the thing up; and, I introduced a sordid note by saying that the bank was not so good because they paid such low salaries, which I instinctively felt that he didn’t like. Also talked to Mary this morning. Hearing her made me feel better and although I didn’t radiate brilliance, at least I talked to her. Tried to study tonight, but got no where.
Sat. Oct. 28 [1939]

Got up at 6:30 to take my civil service exam. It was brutally tough, and I was a wet rag when I "finished" it; told the fellows I was working. I don't know how I got through the day. Went down to see Olsen after the show and he took Sally Bond and us to dinner at Mr. Sprague's, the airplane magnate. We had a wonderful time and worked there. A Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were there also. Then we came back and worked for three hours, then went back to the show. We ironed out all the weak spots until 2 o'clock with Olsen coming [??] with all the brilliant suggestions, but just the same a lot of our material was accepted. Feel pretty happy about it all although it may not mean anything.
Mon. Oct. 30 [1939]

Today was pay day. Was on tetherhooks [sic] because of how things were coming off. Got along the best I ever have in Spanish class. When I got home Jay was all excited over the events -- Olsen’s apartment and the beautiful, mysterious girl, the reception that the material got at the Lamb’s Club, the deference with which Jay was treated, etc. I only hope my absence won’t kind of shunt me out of the picture; and then, again, what are we going to get out of it; our cerebral emanations can really be accepted and with a thank you we are finito. But, we can only sit and await developments.
Tues. Oct. 31 [1939]

Still on the high plane after the excitement of the past couple of days. Everything passed off smoothly enough at the office. Went to the dentists and he took pictures of my teeth. I now only have to worry about the bill. Went down to the Straw Hat at night. Saw Olsen first, and said hello. He kind of tempered my high spirits with his matter-of-factness. But after comparing everything done at the Straw Hats, I decided I had a right to be ebullient.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
(Not transcribed).
Scandals:

- Opening - Don't want sex or diet, different clothes. Women girls from around here, are Jackies in town.

Draper Aug - Soothing Chemwoman - dashboard.
Baby, let's get married. The American way. 38 and a virgin - you can't take it with you.

Tef's Vision - For 25 acre wife will lose. Wife and lover, one man. You must know I know what you're going on. She prepare her new clothes in the kitchen.

Young Boy - Dance hall coquet in this big black. Makes addition with chalk on the dining and says I'll get this if it matters all night.

Columnist at home - Breakfast. Every remark by wife, 'husband' is a wife's all right. Comfort station at fair.

[Not transcribed]
[Not transcribed].
Dear Berry,

First act ends with, bone-shaped armor from the guards, the Dancer, having to shut the piano, so he was the first to go at the God Damned subjects as the curtain goes down.

E-15: Friday 7-9.
- Power temperature increased. The barn is almost in.

6-9: Well this isn’t anything to look for.

8-10: I will get hot and cold, and I’ll open and shut my eyes.

May 15: In the bed - To Madame Berry above.
- She is sleeping.

May 16: In the world is the same.

Pik’s face, I’m fighting - Here I left an arrow in my back and they work my face, if I had a crooked lip, they’d

[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
The Diary of Ray Evans, 1939-1945

[Not transcribed].

Do you like ___

Went to sell me if so

Yes I like

[illegible]

[illegible]

When the sun shines thru the blind, turning up my blinds.

[illegible]

[illegible]

When the Chinese Ambassador wife starts to work.

[illegible]

Chinese girl botics.

[illegible]
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
Saturday Nov. 5th [1939]

Felt a little refreshed even though I did get up at six-thirty after my two hours of the night before. Going through the motions at work with a glassy, dull resignation to it all. Had my tooth pulled in the afternoon. Didn't hurt particularly. When I got home, I found a telegram with the words -- "raise the fifty dollars somehow!" That raised encouraging complications. Went out at night with Jay and Aurora to the Rancho Grande, Village Vanguard and McDougalls. Had some fun. Wished that I had had Mary with me.
Tues. Nov. 7th [1939]

Had a pleasant, uncreative day. Got up at noon, went downtown with Jack to buy records and sat around the room in the afternoon. I had dinner with Mary at night at the Fleur de Lis. Enjoyed myself as usual, but get no emotional thrill from her that I have gotten from some. But, I think it is just being deferred in the natural evolution of things; she is so clever and personable. At least accomplished the finishing of my essay on Spain --- Loyola, El Greco, Vega, Léon, Calderòn, etc. Aurora was over and kidded around with her. Feel pretty good because of the enthusiasm being evinced for our new song "I Can't Get Over Love."
Thur. Nov. 9 [1939]

Life has a precipice like quality to it these days. My being shunted out of the Lambs Club picture has definitely not contributed to my peace of mind. I don’t think Jay would screw me, but a lot of things can upset the applecart. As it stands I have no standing at all, and the most individual thing I created, the parody on the Three Little Maids has been entirely tossed out. I have provided the motivation for it all but I have a very nebulous part in the setup. Then Jay was talking tonight about going to South America with the trio, especially with the incentive of Aurora. All my ambitions are kind of backfiring. Then the party planned at Rancho Grande for Saturday night is falling thru as Jay and Jack don’t have dates. Which kind of puts me on the spot with Mary. Everything seems so discouraging at the moment. Met Sybil Applebaum on the street yesterday. She tells me the NRP is still going.
Fri. Nov. 10th [1939]

Another sweet day. Everything went along all right at work and I got thru with the late mail by 6:30. I was feeling pretty good at the close of the day. Got on the subway at 33rd and rode down to 28th, forgot my cigarettes. Hotfooted it back to the office and got them. A wide little loss of $2.50 that of course has to happen to me; what a nice malignant force has been dogging me lately. Then hearing of Jay's success at the Lambs, the new student show, my total exclusion from the scene, the despondency of it all becomes even more poignant. Lying in bed I hear Jack ask Jay to go out with him when Doris comes. I realize how lonely and how much of an outsider I am. Then for the party planned for Saturday night, everything is all up in the air. I probably won't see the Lamb's show which will symbolize my unimportance.
Sat. Nov. 11 [1939]

Still had an emotional hangover tinged with disappointment. Natural effervescence was beginning to overcome it, however. After much maneuvering Aurora said Jay and she would go at night so I went down to get a table. Then after all at night, Jay decided that they weren't going. His point about the impracticality was well taken, but at dinner recriminations started to come up, and I subtly evinced displeasure so the thing carried through as planned. I had a wonderful time, not getting to bed until 6:30, but I don't think anyone else felt as satisfied about it all. Mary told me that don't be surprised at Olsen's using one to gain his own ends. She is vibrantly lovely, and if only she had more of the sensual oomph; but she is so charming that is almost forgotten.
Sun. Nov. 12th [1939]

Every thing that happened today happened at the Lambs. I didn't have any trouble getting in and then after I got to the banquet. Met the playwright from the cruise there. Among the constellation that glittered there was Frank [Cr??], Syd [sic] Grauman, District Attorney O'Dwyer, Governor Hoffman, Hoagy Carmichael, Jack Whiting, Sam Harris, Wally Ford, Dan Parker, Lew Lehr. The show went over swell, but our party wasn't so good. At the banquet Governor Hoffman and Chick Johnson were pouring water on each other. There were some swell gags told. The two dogs in life's most intimate moments, the kid watching them and his father asking him if he wanted to grow up and be a house detective; the newly married couple at the hotel who when the clerk asked them if they wanted the bridal, no he'd just hold her ears down until she got used to it; the lady who went to the doctor with the baby and wanted to know what was wrong with it -- he said, looking her over, that she couldn't feed it -- it was her...
sister's baby but she was mighty glad she came; Olsen and Johnson may be an asset to the club but they were a pain in the asset to him.

Tues. Nov. 14 [1939]

Yesterday overslept for the first time in history and didn't get to work until 11. Got my cigarettes back in Spanish class which made me feel better. This morning I was awakened by hearing that Philip was in town. The day was uneventful except that the idea of this revue is beginning to crystallize; except that I fear it is entirely too ambitious. Had dinner with Philip, and he was nice. It looks like Jack Mills is really going to publish our tune "Shadows of Midnight Blue."
We. Nov. 15 [1939]

Today was pay day, but nothing else happened to make it pleasant. Passed dully enough at work. Went to the dentists tonight and find I really need about $300 worth of work. Where can I get $300! That made me feel swell. Dave was over tonight and we went bowling.

Fri. Nov. 17th [1939]

Was pretty blue today, in one of those sentient moods where the hopelessness of my life becomes clear. Had to work overtime because of the Bauentract job. Came home and lost my poker winnings of the night before. The two girls from Nevada were here. Tried to get a date with Mary but she has some sort of a rash and is not socially available.
Sun. Nov. 19th [1939]

Worked all day -- on the show idea -- "Soup's On," and I studied Spanish. Went up to Menkin's after dinner. Mr. Menkin gave me the most inspiring lecture I have ever had. Told me to be confident to lose that damned inferiority complex. Said my record showed intelligence and ability to be taught, but that I always created doubt in people's minds that I had anything. Forget caution, take a chance, don't be afraid to make mistakes. That is the whole theme of my futile life so -- caution; don't try to argue unless you are sure of your facts but when you are, let go, as an example when he was dictating to me and I would ask him to repeat, he got sore and said to write it anyway; I could always find out later if I was right or not. I was only human; only my vanity makes me want to be right and to stick up for my rights when the situation is too much. Between my vanity and my inferiority complex I have a tough time taking an intelligent approach to anything. But I've got to forget that damned inferiority complex and forget caution when I am right.
Mon. Nov. 20th [1939]

Went through the motions of my job. It is all so terrible. Felt good when Miss McGrath complimented me. Went to school at night.

Fri. Nov. 24 [1939]

Was over to see Marjorie for the first time in months. She gave me a wonderful pep talk. Said I had the ability to do significant things but that I would have to sit down and work. She said I should lose my inferiority complex and with my background just working and plugging I could do things, because I am good; but I have to work. She really got herself worked up and said she is going to harp on this theme. She was the nicest she has ever been and she said she was going to include me in her social plans. That makes the third time this week I have been given inspirational lectures.
Sat. Nov. 25 [1939]

This was my Saturday to work. Left a little early, which I didn't like to do, but which was necessary as I had to get some liquor from Calverts. Took a nap in the afternoon. Had a party at night. Was a small affair but had a lot of fun. Mary was so nice and lovely, but she has such a terrific air of reserve. She is very receptive to my attention, but I don't think she would ever do anything to advance it herself.
Mon. Nov. 27th [1939]

Felt great after losing money I couldn't afford last night; and I was so happy about getting a free meal today. Had an emotional experience today. Without any warning I was called in and asked about going to Morristown as an adjustor. It came like a bolt in the blue, and I tried to evade it and tell her I didn't want to leave New York. It was the same situation as when I first went there. She said I was being very juvenile, and there was practically no hope for me if I wouldn't consider this. So I told her I'd try to sell myself, and she sent me down to Heiman. But, he put the kibosh on it all by saying I wasn't the type. It would be a dirty trick on myself and CIT to give me the job. I was an intelligent person, but not the tough adjustor type and I should try to get in an accounting unit or something. He was nice and tried to sell me the idea of not doing anything hasty; as if I could! Tried to write tonight, but I am getting no cooperation from Jay and the whole thing is so immense and I have so little talent when it comes right down to it.
Wed. Nov. 29th [1939]

Worked a little late tonight with the mail. The day was uneventful. Came home in a gripe, but Jay had effervescence so I worked out of it. McGuire wants us to write another song about "Emily." The stuff I have been working on Jay found acceptable. He is making some wonderful contacts at the Lambs.

Thur. Nov. 30th [1939]

Pay day! Bought me a Spanish dictionary. The evening was ineffectual. Couldn’t get a date with Marjorie and couldn’t write. Went for a walk in Washington Heights. Felt depressed at the magnitude of all I am trying to do. Especially when I can’t create sustainedly.
Tues. Dec. 5th [1939]

My mood is persisting. The excitement that Jay is having, the perversity of my set up in the whole situation, the level of enthusiasm in "my project", the hopelessness of my job, the lack of high spots in my life, the success everyone else is having -- I have been getting on everyone of the fellow's nerves. Was up to Uncle Carl's tonight. Tried doing a little writing but it is all so hopeless with the inexperience and Jay's lack of enthusiasm. I haven't a thing to say to the fellows any more and little more at the office. Also the money problem, my low funds, and the three rent payments in this period, the letters from home, my teeth -- all have me in a sweet gripe.
Thur. Dec. 7th [1939]

Still in my mood of defeat. A discouraging letter from home didn't help to cheer me up any. As the day went on I kind of worked out of it. Read in the library after work and ate enchiladas at the Restaurant Xochitl. Went to Du Barry; it was good but cheered me up as I felt I was not too far away from that standard. Saw Walter Connolly and Ted Peckham there.

Sun. Dec. 10th [1939]

Brightened up a little today. Although the greater part of the day I was in the dumps. Jay coming out of his shell plus the natural reaction to it all was a bit lightening. Finished my long sketch, but don't consider it particularly effective. Read Somerset Maugham’s "Christmas Holiday" until late at night. Liked his lives attributed to Chesterfield. The amoral congress .... it’s pleasure as temporary, its position ridiculous, and its expense damnedable.
Wed. Dec. 13 [1939]

Had the [Baurontract?] job today to work on. Had an interview with Bulger. His attitude was different than Heiman's; he said if a situation came up where a branch could stand and experiment he would consider me' which doesn't exactly dovetail with my plans at all. When I told Mrs. Tillotsen she said "I should keep after him"; and when I asked her about any other jobs possibly she was very snotty. Jack got sore tonight and gave [??] and Marty the bounce. Had a poker game after work. Lost as usual!
Usual day at the office. Pulled a boner by giving Miss Ewing Echor's New Yorker which had been held up all day and she got furious! Went out to Uncle Carl's for dinner. It was the most depressing thing out there the way they all moped about the badness of business. Jay said the Lamb, Hildebrand, complimented him on the brand of lyrics in "What'll You Have." That is good after the agent Allen yesterday did the same thing. But that isn't making any money. And this guy Hildebrand has written two revues, a musical comedy and has had 15 songs published and nothing has happened to any of them. Got a very intriguing call from Marjorie Stengle.
Sat. Dec. 16 [1939]

Had another big night. Didn't get up until two o'clock after my five o'clock return from the CIT party. Did some work in the afternoon and Jay showed more enthusiasm than he has in a long time. Had a good night in poker and won $1.00. Then we all went out drinking beer -- Aurora, Jay, Dick, Jack and myself. Went through a few village spots and ended up at Rio Grande. Had too much beer and at a hamburger place felt sick as the devil afterward. But I was all right when I got out in the air.
Mon. Dec. 18th [1939]

Was a blue day. Had an interview with Straight and made him au courant with developments. He was his usual ambiguous self and told me to wait around until January anyway. Then he saw my fingernails! He very curtly asked me if I got enough to eat so that he would spring his bon mot about my fingernails and I could have squelched him in that I don't have enough to eat; but I didn't have a leg to stand on and he was right in saying it indicated a lack of self-discipline. It made me feel bad because I am afraid I can do nothing about it. [Womer?] in Spanish class told me his father had just died. As badly off as I am, he is worse as poor kid, refugee and all, evidently well educated and wealthy at one time, his world must be topsy-turvy.
Tues. Dec. 19th [1939]

Had the emotional hangover from my disappointment of yesterday. But I didn't bite my nails once. Helped me a little to get the thing off my chest and tell it to Jack. I feel like such a heel when I gripe around the office for it is not anyone's fault but mine. Was going to Hellzapoppin' tonight but [Supoler?] came over. He was impressed by Jim's enthusiasm and manifested 100% of his own. But Sprog feels he is too New [Yorkee?] and Bronxy unconsciously to have too much chance of success. Worked a little bit in my policy of self-discipline and abnegation.
Fri. Dec. 22 [1939]

Was enabled to get through the day by the thoughts of the fun at night. The party was very unwieldy [sic] and not too successful. Millions of people came, most of whom I didn't know. There was unpleasantness aroused by Sprog's tactics in regard to sicking his friend, Meyers, on Jake whenever Jake got set with a girl. Everyone felt that it was a lousy way to act. I felt frustrated myself by my inability to have anyone to focus my "interests" on. Frank called up Marjorie Stengle, which she didn't like, but I don't think she knew who it was. Frank and I picked up a couple of girls at 21 later and had fun.
Sun. Dec. 24th [1939]

The spirit of camaraderie was very rife here with Jack and myself all alone. Sat around half the afternoon, then went to Helen's engagement party. There were millions of people there and it was very elaborate. Laid off a couple of hours, then went over to Stengles. It was dead there until I suggested getting the Victrola. That pepped things up immediately. I had a very good time. Had a lot of fun with a girl named Lillian. But, I always broke things up when Marjorie came on the scene, as that didn't seem cricket after all my protestations to her. Kept veering back and forth between them all night. Finally ended up the last two hours with Marjorie and although I had amorous intentions, they weren't resolved. She went to bed about six and I stayed around for an hour talking philosophy with Colin Fraser.
Wed. Dec. 27 [1939]

First day on early shift. Wasn’t too bad getting up early and it was pleasant to get out in daylight. It was bitterly cold out today, and I had a swell cold to add to it. Went out to Uncle Carl’s for dinner. He gave me the money for stockings for mother for Christmas. I felt so cheap because I couldn’t even put the $.75 toward it; but Aunt Syd gave them to me for $5.00 anyway. Did a little writing at home at night. Talked to Marjorie on the phone and had a most animated conversation with her. She said she had nothing to do for New Years and I would like to invite her up to Salamanca except there is the problem of return and what we would do when we got there.
1940

Thur. Jan. 4th [1940]

Was pleasant to get out at three-thirty again. Went to the dentist and found that tooth must have $75 worth of work done; God knows how I'll do it. Worked all night on my "Du Barry" sketch, and I think it is the best one I have ever done. At night went down to see Oley. He wasn't very friendly but I saw Mary who was very glad to see me. She invited me down to her apartment where we had tea and cookies and sat by the fire. I got home at two-thirty. And I was planning to get to bed early.

So starts a new year, here!
Sat. Jan. 6th [1940]

Had my baptism into taking the mail early. Meant to work all afternoon, but went skating and then couldn’t do anything further. At night my social plans were complicated by Micky and Ann McAllister coming here. So I brought Mary here. It wasn’t exciting but it is always warm when she exudes her personality. Sat around her place by the fire after taking her home. I wish I could get emotionally excited about her. She has everything else one could want but that. Got to bed at five as usual. The day wasn’t satisfactory, however, as I did nothing to advance the million projects I am fooling around with.
Wed. Jan. 10th [1940]

Was in pretty good humor all day. This early shift is much more conducive to contented spirit. Was out to Uncle Carl's for dinner. Went to Glen[n] Miller's broadcast with Jimmy. He told me I ought to let the music slide temporarily until I could establish myself more securely economically. As he said I am getting older and it is getting harder and a few dollars more per week would mean so much more to me. Had arguments of policy on development of "Hearts 'A Poppin'." One thing about this new schedule, it is certainly making my life fuller, especially as long as I am following my objective more assiduously.
Fri. Jan. 12th [1940]

Didn’t have too much trouble getting up although I only had four hours sleep. Got through the day without too much trouble. Everything was aimless at the office. There was the big job to work on, but no one seemed concerned about it, and no one was giving orders. Walked out about 4:30 although no one but Tad said to do it. Tried to see D.A. all day but couldn’t get in. I felt good because I hate to bring the thing to an [sic] head, when I have so little chance of success, yet every minute I delay makes it that much harder to get out. Something has got to happen soon, as I can’t go on this way much longer. Went to school. Decided “Heart’s a Poppin” was no good and are going to write it all over again and not go down until Wednesday. It is such a long shot, however, getting Olsen interested and all, that maybe we are foolish to try to do too much about it. Had a long discussion about moving out to Long Island for the summer, and I flatly said I wouldn’t go.
Tues. Jan. 16 [1940]

Only had about four hours sleep but didn't have any trouble getting through the day. Was busy, but Jack let me go early. Sprog suggested a "Design for Living" pattern for us and Mary. Regardless of my feelings that immediately put me on my haunches. I know I would regret absolute disinterest and if I make an issue of it I will probably regret that too; also I would regret making an issue and then having Sprog become disinterested. Anyway I went down to see her but she was engaged.
Thur. Jan. 18th [1940]

Got off earliest yet -- at three. Went out with Mary at night. Spent more money than I should have at One Fifth Ave; but I had a swell time and so did she. Met all the entertainers. Carl, the artist, was sitting with us and telling jokes. I hear the worst stories I have ever heard in mixed company. Didn't get in until 4. Olsen was very nice to me at the theater and when I asked him if we could see him Saturday he said: "You boys, any time!"
Fri. Jan. 19th [1940]

Was dead tired when I got up this morning. Overslept slightly and was a little late getting the mail. It was cold and there was snow. I should have taken a cab. I put in money for a cab and felt ashamed as hell doing it, as Jack knew, but every little bit helps. Was tired all day. Came home to find that Kostelanetz's new song "Isle of May" is our "Shadows of Midnight Blue." Saw Jack Mills and he wants to go through with it; we have no legal rights, and it is just another lousy break. Finally decided to write an impassioned letter to Kostelanetz. Finally finished up "Heartz a Poppin."
Memories of an [oaf?]

Sat. Jan. 20th [1940]

Had no trouble getting up for work after my new schedule. Was quiet and I read La Prensa all morning. Went down in the afternoon to see Oley. He told us someone had sent a song called "Loves A Poppin," so that put cold water on it right away. However, he liked our song, suggested changes on two and said to come around at night. Played cards before going down, and I had my usual luck, losing terrifically for awhile, but I finally recouped to bring it down to $.30. Then went down to the Winter Garden. As exciting as the previous time was, this was terrific. There were, Oley Jr., Ruth, J.C., Mack, a pretty girl, Bobby, all listening and they all thought the thing was a smash. So we played it over and over again, making changes here and there, fueling ideas about it and we finally ended up at one o'clock, to return the next day. Oley kept talking about putting it in the show, so that appears to be his thought in relation to it. It will be a grand break if cold water isn’t dashed on somewhere in the source of it. The pretty girl was a staunch ally because she didn’t "yes" inferior suggestions.
Sun. Jan. 21 [1940]

The day was built up on what might happen in the afternoon at Olsen’s. We got there at four and found out we were in the midst of a Finnish relief party -- veddy, veddy society. Saw our friend, Alan Corelli there. We were allowed to drift without any impact until six. Finally they got Jay playing piano, and we had a reason for being there. At one part of the evening Olsen got all the crowd singing "Heart's a Poppin," and it sounded good. Heard a most dramatic speech by the Finnish consult; he ended up "whatever happens Finland will always consider America her friend." Then all excited and enlivened, I went down to get Mary. The evening wasn't too brilliant but it was pleasant to be with Mary. Then we had hamburgers by Mary's fireplace to close the evening.
Mon. Jan. 22nd [1940]

Had a toothache all day. So I was down in the dumps. Went down to the Winter Garden again and it was pretty exciting. Johnson heard it and liked it, playing with Jay. Olsen took the manuscript, is going to try it out with the Four Belles and the Charioteers and now the thing will develop itself. If everything goes well, there are two possible angles -- a spot in the show and a big publishing house behind it. So we have our fingers crossed.
Sat. Jan. 27 [1940]

What a hiatus this was. I got up full of the best of intentions in the world, but they resolved into nothing. Got furious when I asked Jay to do some work so that he first got up at the piano and for forty minutes did nothing. I let myself go and told him what I thought of it all; trouble is, when I should have pressed my advantage I let up and cleared the atmosphere, so that I don't know what effect it will have. Went down to see Olsen (found out I didn't have a date) and he didn't have any news for us, but gave us something else to work on. We fooled around a few minutes at night and went down later, and he seemed interested. But we got in Johnson's and Olsen's secretary's hair because he was supposed to go someplace. The secretary was especially snotty. We were a little disgusted and disturbed by the transiency and diversion of his enthusiasm.
Mon. Jan. 29th [1940]

The usual blue Monday. Nothing of any significance happened until tonight. We went down to see Olsen and there was the usual interminable waiting and getting glaring looks from the secretary and Johnson. Finally Olsen got dressed and we went downstairs to the piano. He like it as I knew he would (the audience included Byron Gay) and he took it under his wing; he said the Charioteers have My Heartz a Poppin. He invited us to go out with him to the Pick a Rib, but Jay thought he said do you want a lift so he turned it down. We were cursing all the way home on account of it all. The secy. gets me down as she is definitely antagonistic. What it will all mean, I don’t know, but it is definitely exciting!
Wed. Jan 31 [1940]

Things were easier at the office today after the sleigh ride of yesterday. Went to the new Spanish class today, and I was a little out of my depth. But it appears interesting. Played poker tonight and had my usual losing streak although I came out of it finally and only dropped $.15. Went down to see Mary, and she is much better, but no date on the weekend. Then went up top see Oley. Even the Secy. was a little friendlier. He had Jack Cappe’s name and phone number on his wall, and he is going to take the songs up to him. Oley was very rational tonight, and it was a pleasure to hear that he is still behind everything. Was talking to Byron Gay who seems to be a pretty good guy.
Sat. Feb. 3 [1940]

Was a prelude to my birthday. After finishing work, hung around Hellzapoppin waiting for Bobby Summons but only found him when I went down the second time. Played 15 games of ping pong in which he won 8, and I won 7. I had him 3-0 and 7-4, but ended up on the short end. Bad omen in that Oley is forgetting about Heartz a Poppin and thinking more on Happy as a Lark, but giving most of his attention to Oh Gosh. A new complication in that Jay may get a job as an accompanist in Boston. Sort of had a party for me at night. Made the rounds in the Village. Picked up a couple of girls in Marta only didn’t take them home as they lived in Washington Heights. A guy in 31 almost took a sock at me when I inquired at his door for Bobby. He was really mad.
Tues. Feb. 7 [1940]

Overslept until eight o'clock this morning after getting in at four. (Something happened last night when I tried to prolong a good night kiss with Mary, I think; I felt she didn't like it). I think I am getting a job in the mathematical end of one of the computing units. Jack was all excited about it, and I shared it to a degree except that it might conflict with the interest being put forth by Mr. Straight. Saw the report sent to Buffalo and was good but vague. Had my first ping pong match and beat Lopez by the skin of my teeth. Had a full day with the job possibility, school, a couple of lyric ideas I got. I hear Jay is getting a job at Olsen’s restaurant. That is fine. I am getting ignored but someday I should get a break for my efforts, too. Only hope Jay doesn’t lose interest.
Tues. Feb. 13th [1940]

In a static inactivity. Jay much worse. In a mental conflict because of my being shunted aside in the Olsen relationship. Thrust myself on Jay when he went down at night and kept myself very purposefully in the foreground. I knocked down a curtain in his room and he got very mad, although he pretended to be kidding, I don’t think he was. I am trying to desperately to maintain a *raison d'etre* in it all. Mary was her usual vague self, Olsen was uninspired, and I was vaguely disturbed over it all. Put my doubts in record after we returned by asking Jay if he "minded my tearing around with him in these escapades."

The Diary of Ray Evans, 1939-1945
Wed. Feb. 14th [1940]

The emotional carryover of last night afforded little food for ebullience. Was in terrible blizzard and storm today. The one bright spot on the horizon is the way my stock is booming. I think I have more cause to be alarmed now than ever before for everything so exciting before has now more or less resolved into nothing and my part in the future relationship is so vague. I saw Straight today and although he was more sincere and realistic than ever before, he had no encouragement to offer me and the "thing" I had been mentioned for "fell through." Was unusually stupid in Spanish class tonight. Jay is worse again.
Fri. Feb. 16 [1940]

Was in a blue mood after my reception of the previous night. It wasn't anything too tangible but just the atmosphere. I was just another "hanger on." And when I said we were "working" he said that he was hot on his penguin idea. Jay was home. On thinking it over I was afraid maybe I had put him in a bad light too, inasmuch as I felt myself was persona non grata, so I didn't say anything about the encounter to him. The fact that I didn't have to elaborate on it, and he was home, and we again might have our show on the road soon boosted my spirits some, although it was mainly [??] ennui from the drabness of my mood. I had to call up Bernice to call off the party again, but I am afraid I didn't do it with the ultimate of smoothness.
Fri. Feb. 23 [1940]

It is awful the way I am neglecting this. Every night I have good intentions but when it comes to writing before I go to bed I am too tired. Today was a usual day at the office but I was feeling pretty good because of the rumor John told me that "someone" was going to be promoted in a couple of days. Went to the dentists in the afternoon and then had a mental struggle as to whether I should go to school or not; finally did and it was worthwhile although I don’t know what I can do without the books. Everything going along fairly smoothly with the music; I missed a good bet probably by not going down to the Winter Garden with Jay later, but I felt too tired and sloppy. Got a good letter from home in which mum was anxious because of my last letter and assures me that there was always a "place in the business."
Sat. Feb. 24th [1940]

Was a day of good happenings. Got a good sleep. Played ping pong with Bobby in the afternoon, and he beat me again 6-4. Met Jay and he was all excited about the Belles acceptance of "Heartz a Poppin." Their interest is bound up with ours as they want to get in with Olsen too. Then I had the pleasant prospect of a date with Mary at night. When I went to the theater I got mixed up in a club date that Oley Jr. and Ruth had at the [Nualpin?]. Mary liked that as she had never seen them work. But after the show Sprog was waiting and Jay was with us. So we went down to the City Dump. It was all right. But I felt very romantically sentient and I didn't have much chance for expression. And worst, she was evasive about any commitment next week. So the evening ended in a note of frustration and annoyance.
Sun. Feb. 25th [1940]

Got up at nine o'clock to go to the broadcast of the "Four Belles." They are very nice and are really enthusiastic about "Heartz a Poppin." Also their manager, Bob Kerr, who wants to publish the thing which complicates the matter as we don't know how important he is and we are not supposed to let Olsen know what is taking place. But, I am afraid we will have to tell him. Everyone in good humor today as the result of the smoothing out of things. Had a big discussion tonight about going out on the island and I put up every objection possible but everyone wants to go. I wouldn't mind living in the city but I don't want to be separated from Jay. I only hope it turns out for the best.
Mon. Feb. 26 [1940]

Had an emotional hangover all day from the Long Island living proposition. But got out of work early and came home, read some economics, ate dinner home, and then sat around and griped. Went down to Winter Garden with Jay and Olsen was the nicest he was ever; he treated me kindly and was very rational. He talked about the musicians for his piece, Jay taking organ lessons at his expense, not to give "Heartz a Poppin" to Bob Kerr as "we" wanted to make money out of it, the new ideas he had and he generally exuded excitement. I felt swell and it clarified the Long Island situation by giving me a more tenable position.
Thursday, February 29th [1940]

Pretty much over my slap in the face yesterday with Tad and Barker getting jobs. It seems that I just can't get a break. Was pretty tired this morning after our entertaining last night. Went up to Bernice and met her just as she was leaving. She doesn't want to come Saturday if Sudduttes aren't coming; it looks like we are going to end up drinking a bottle of liquor between us. Then went over to Olsen's for the audition of the fellows upstairs. They went over pretty well, but it cost me $.50 worth of beer to melt into the background. Wish I could get some clothes. I am getting disgusted, the sloppy way I have to dress all the time.
Fri. Mar. 1 [1940]

Today was a good day. First got confirmation of the party with Sudduttes coming and Bernice not going out of town anyway. Then when I got home at night Jay was bursting with news; Olsen liked all four songs, he was going to try to make money with them, he wanted to get into ASCAP too, he was going to put on the Ice Show at the fair and music would be needed, everything going along splendidly. Went to school and distinguished myself by my ignorance; I persist in answering and I am so much out of my depth it is ludicrous. Was exhausted by my chasing around so I went to bed early, but happy.
He is moving along satisfactorily and I think that, within him, he has means to make advance if he will just continue having an inquiring mind and all that goes with it.

While he is presently assigned to the general mailroom, he has some personal ideas on advertising and has been submitting some of this work to personnel. We are presently operating on a greatly reduced advertising budget so there might not be any great interested [sic] developed from this particular phase. But what I am trying to say is that if he continues to look over and beyond his present job and ask questions about a better one, he should receive it. The fact that he is thinking ahead means that he should get ahead.

You know every organization as large as ours might be compared to a cherry pie and if there are 100 cherries in pie, one in two will force way to top and rest content to stay put. I think he just wants to keep going, not stay put and eventually he will arrive.
Weekend March 2-3 [1940]

Felt in swell humor Saturday because everything promised so well for the weekend. Spent all afternoon cleaning up the room for the party. The night started off by picking up Claire and then going over to Bernice's. Arriving there we were confronted with the embarrassing situation of Bernice being plastered and having a couple of drunks there who were in a miserable state -- burping, singing, rolling on the floor, etc. -- and there were Bill and Muriel calmly taking it all in. We did the amenities there and then came over to our place (meeting Frank on the subway). We got here and there was Jean stretched out on the bed asleep. But, finally the party got started and proceeded along smoothly and a little dully. Then I went to pick up Mary and got back just as the Sudduttes were leaving. From that position on the party gained momentum and proceeded until three. There was lots of entertainment and lots of hilarity; even Mary did a bit. Sprog and Dorothy and Mary and I went home in a taxi. I was amorously enlivened and asked her how the emotional train was progressing. She frankly replied
that she regarded me as a friend and nothing more; when I tried to hint that maybe it might develop she was silent. It was a hard scene to stage because of the vagueness of the objectives; but, that smile! She was entirely in command of the situation as always. I will always remember, however, her sweetness at the "parting." This leaves me in a very undecided state. Should I try to pursue her or merely leave it the way it is; She has enriched my life so, but I can't afford unobjectified, unillusive meanderings.

Got up early Sunday morning for the "Heartz a Poppin" broadcast. It was swell. Then sat around all afternoon talking. At night went to the cocktail party on 67th St. There were millions of people there. I didn't have a very good time but the other fellows did.
Mon. April 1 [1940]

Well I have skipped a whole month for no reason except that the high level of emotional excitement just wouldn't let me get down to doing this. Today was the first day of vacation and job hunting. Had a psycho-analysis at the Margaret Scott Miller Agency, wherein I was told I had the perfect setup for high intelligence, caution, reasoning, but that I lacked conceit, although people often thought I had such. Went to hear Joe Wong release "Land of Make Be Love" in the afternoon. At night Sprog inveigled me into going to the movies with Vicky and Jerry. Ran out to go to Hellzapoppin. Mary annoyed me because she was so casual and didn't introduce me to her mother. Reframed songs for June Winters and some guy and there was enough ebullience manifested for sustained high spirits. Olsen called me "banker" again which annoys me for I want him to think of me as a song writer.
It is useless to seek happiness other than in the warmth of human relations.

In art there is no fashioning or inventing, only liberating!
[Not transcribed].
Two sides to every story - Mine is the wrong one

Dear service,

Oh but I belong to Canada - I belong to Uncle's and to you. Very hard to get on to write again.

Stay when you are - Most actors would be to decline to come to get us closer to the laurel cheaper you.

My stenoper Enemy - Ooh big year a big and if

We all have some circles in my eyes. Same when you will. It hurts like a heartbreak.

There must be someone in my mind with a show. I think if you were to wait for another graduation to grow up.

Merrily sheek a lightfall. If I don't learn I'll be arrested from the side walk. We'll sleep in different beds. The mayor of Ontario is crazy about my play. I send this to you Ray because I'm not going to Broadway yet.

Planned cards with tooth pick for hips - let me kit to go back to Sunday's and put when new tooth pick. This one has been ruined!

I see spots before my eyes that look like handbreaks - if you were with mine save it for me.
[Not transcribed].
The Diary of Ray Evans, 1939-1945

[Not transcribed].

He has no conversation but he talks all the time.

Life is a mixture of what I know made up of any given moment.

I will tell you, if you solemnly promise not to cry anymore.

Men have been called upon millions of years; but women have always been judged for what they are. The idea of common sense is more than to mean and mean more than is say.

A husband should pay bills and compliments.

They have no sense or authority - they have their mother and their manners.

A clergyman who wants to be a preacher is a learned one wants to be a clergyman.

All American cities - it is something in their climate.

All women seem to have mothers - that's in their tragedy.
Never try to understand women - women are pictures, men are problems.

The kind of woman - society, plain and color.

One should always be in love - then be careful not to marry.

Teenage is sex, fiction, English class. Owner.

Difficult to learn, need to write. Every word has a past and every word has a future.

Moderation is a fatal word; nothing succeeds like excess.
Don Tamaulipas

Spain has sincerity, nobility, and
self-control. Learning is best to talk to
horse, find for tall men. Rules for
women, laws to call birds, but only
Spain has address bringing pride, and God
Spanish are not good writers, there are too
many amateurs. Numbers do not have
honesty, cunning, and singularity.

Talent requires individual outlook on life
and aptitude for creation. Spanish
concentration on the picarones, while
Spanish taken upon legs,quiry, and lives in his
winds, picarones made in Spanish show
a lack of induction. Not

Vicente de la Cigala. Life of Marcone de Obregón
Concentration on the picarones, world

Ran de Leva wrote 200 plays. The plays
are operatic works in which were taken
plots of music

Cattocin - Warin keeps with religious
and sense of humor of his time.

War a great lack of food in Spain of the
golden age. And great delight in
practical jokes.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
If you pretend to be good for someone else, your enjoyment; if you pretend to be bad it doesn't I can recite every thing except forgetting.

Crying is the refuge of plain women, and the vice of pretty ones.

Australia is interesting; I've just found it on the map, what a curious place, just like a package case.

Is a very young country, wasn't it made at the same time as the others?

Religious are a damned mine warp, and they make us so respectable.

The women didn't have a very tall, but it was tall enough so she has a very fine figure.

Chloe is due to a wanted female sail made for the English market.

I must have a good start at tea.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
Wed. April 3rd [1940]

Started off with a good interview at Hausner & Levy. It is so swell to be treated like a human being. The went up to see Slim Galton. Meant to go further but I got tied up with Jay and the Belles; then we went up to Olsen’s and worked for awhile. Had some excitement when we put on his radio and couldn’t turn it off. I asked Mary for a date and she was very indifferent so I got a date with Marjorie. She was all excited because she sold a story to Esquire. Then got a call from Ross-Federal to come in tomorrow. Stengle’s were swell, in Mrs. Stengle offering to help Doris. We got into a discussion on self-honesty and unselfishness, which made me seriously wonder to what extent I was poseur.
Mon. April 8th [1940]

Had the thought of getting up to go back to my hole. But it wasn’t so bad when it actually happened as Jack is so swell about it all and people like Miss McGrath and Miss Garvis are. The day passed swiftly and then we wanted to resolve the apartment situation at night. Sprog, and Alan disliked the Greenwich Village place and then Sprog took issue on E. 72nd without any basis except we might find something better. Jake got sore and then we hit an emotional contretemps. But it was all broken through with Jay coming home with the news of all the excitement. We had to write “In Old Scheveningen” in a hurry, which we did. It went over all right and things look marvelous. Oley took us to a party at the Lexington for the United Airlines Stewardess graduation class. It was swell fun, under the aegis of Charley [Andresten?]. I got a little drunkie and didn’t get home until 5:00 A.M. What worries me is my lack of constructive suggestion in the adaption of our work and my nebulous part in it all.
Pick up

Thur. Sept. 26 [1940]

After all these months getting back to this. And what a hectic 5 months it has been -- the ice show, the new apartment, my "affair."

Today I was in a pleasant glow in the aftermath of the broadcast plus a good nights sleep. Came no closer to a job but was pleasantly received in a couple of places I "crashed," and I didn’t waste much time although I only had my half a day. Got furious tonight when on the phone talking to Fanny Black the boys got the bright idea of pounding the piano in my ear. As a joke it could be accepted but I resented their annoyance at my conversation. Did a little serious reading in "Business Cycles" later on which encourages me that maybe I can get out of this hole and become mentally alive again.
Friday, Sept. 27 [1940]

Spent my usual morning of sleeping and then went on my rounds. Had a couple of good ones so I quit early. A Miss Cook at Walter Stewart Associates was very nice and I met a Miss Hedges at Shell Oil who was a former cruise staffer with Holland-America. She knew everyone I knew and we had quite a talk about our travels. That immediately put me in a good frame of mind for a good interview with the personnel man.

Olsen took us down to the 4:40 after the theater, with Sally and Miss Minnesota. We just sat around and talked for three hours and nothing happened.
Sunday Sept. 29 [1940]

Awoke to find Eddie Dietrich here, prior to sailing for Panama & Cuba. We talked then went over to see Don. We saw his baby, Joan Gay, and had dinner with him. Didn't accomplish much today.
Mon. Sept 30 [1940]

A very discouraging day. Very sleepy. I made the rounds this morning and got a referral to Jersey City. I deferred this while a [sic] puttered around town and finally ended up by not being able to see the guy. Ross Federal had no encouragement so I just tramped and tramped. I met a nice woman at E.C. Hooper, who promised she would call when something was up. I sure felt blue, for I'm getting near the end of the rope. Then went down to the theater and Olsen was everything but friendly. He didn't say a word to Waring and then told us how sorry he was he didn't invite us to go along. He showed no enthusiasm for "G'Bye Now"; all in all it was a very depressing evening.
Tues. Oct. 1 [1940]

A day of action. Got up in the cold of dawn to answer an ad and found out it was [one] I had already answered. Then went all the way out to College Point to see this aircraft firm and the guy was pretty nice and it looked like I might get called soon. Had nothing else happen although I cracked Schenley's and at Crossley's they appear to be interested. Everything is in a mess with the Songs with it looking like Waring is trying to pull a fast one by his telling Jay he thought he was publishing "Merry Go-Round." There is Kerr's interest in it all, the importance of Waring to everything, the long vs. short term aspects, Waring's slight arousing of distrust, and the BMI-ASCAP fight to complicate everything. But enough action anyway top take me out of the dumps.
Wed. Oct. 2nd [1940]

It was cold & rainy when I got up. But I went uptown to see Mr. Baldwin at Crossley. He wasn’t in so I went to a movie and came back. Then I had my interview. He was a swell guy and of all the firms I have been to, that was the one I most would like a job with. But I don’t know how much I impressed him. Things began to take a more pointed turn with Jay bringing back reports of Kerr wanted to work for us. That implies big things and immediately gave the atmosphere a lift. I went to the Belles broadcast and was hurt afterwards when Jay wanted Al to stay around and not me. The danger now is my complacency over not working and the way I am heading for the rocks.
Thur. Oct 3rd [1940]

Got a good rest by sleeping all morning. Then went up town to see a few people and didn't see any body. Did talk to Art, and he wants me to go out and do some field work for him next week which won't be fun. Went on a 4 Bell rehearsal then had to go over to some recording company to talk about a release. It left a bad taste because again it looks like it all is being used and we're not getting anything out of it where everyone else is. Gersline came in tonight and gave us the bad news that he will be back about on the first of December. So I guess we got to start looking. And, with all the uncertainty that just adds a little more fuel to the fire. Was surprised when those at Ross Federal knew about my extra curricular activities. Art has been talking.
Fri. Oct 4th [1940]

I started making the rounds of the leftover places today and it was pretty discouraging as they were all small, unimpressive places. But I did have a pretty good interview with a Mr. Whitman at Macy’s in which I believe I impressed him somewhat and recalled myself. I found out I got two calls, one from an employment agency. Chased uptown to see Jay and tell him of an audition for the Murtagh sisters at Hellzapoppin. It was pretty good. Art was down tonight and told me there was work Monday. Went up to ask Oley to come to the party and I still can’t tell if he is sore or not. I am pretty sure that there is an ice show going on.
Sat. Oct. 5 [1940]

Spent the day getting ready for the party. Was anticipating a pleasant time. However, things got off to a bad start when the 4 Belles said they couldn't come, and things never did get organized properly. But it was fairly successful. By coincidence Andre Wallach was here. Olsen came down and bought everyone hamburgers and beer. I don't think he would have had a good time, but the Charioteers were here, and he got them all excited (and himself, too) about the songs. They said they were going to record "Heart on Ice" and maybe put it in the show. June was here and she kind of got thwarted in her informal "jam session" idea. But she stayed till 5. On the way home I tried to make the amorous approach and as usual she wasn't even kind. She must detest me or else be so self-centered she just can't have interest in anything else. I wasn't any more hurt than usual, but the pointlessness of weaving fantasies about her was very apparent.
Sun. Oct. 6 [1940]

Spent the day talking the pleasant afterglow of the party. It was pretty successful in retrospect and outside of writing a letter to Whitman's of Macys, I did nothing else today.

Mon. Oct. 7 [1940]

Was good to get back in harness only it was kind of dull and inducive to clock watching for awhile. But by afternoon I was feeling good and joining the spirit of camaraderie. Went up to the theater later & Olsen was nice. He kind of talks the ice show and it looks good for the Charioteers record. June was remarkably cool.
Tues. Oct. 8th [1940]

Worked today with out anything important happening, except that it looks like the current session is over tomorrow. Had lunch with Judd. Had hoped that all the things in prospect might have started to take more definite form today, but nothing seems to quite take shape ever. I always feel disgusted with Jay although it isn’t his fault. But our viewpoints are so different on so many things. Was over to see Fanny Black tonight and spent a pleasant evening. I have got to do something about a job soon because all this uncertainty is hell.
Wed. Oct. 9 [1940]

Had a hard time squeezing out work today but I finally hit it on this job the cute girl was doing. In fact I was supposed to stay and work tonight and probably was very foolish in walking out. But, I did wait to hear the Belles do "Merry-Go-Round," and I was disappointed. Art met me on the street after I told him I had a date. Olsen was very ebullient tonight and was just bubbling over with ideas for songs and gags. Kerr is going to bat for "Merry-Go-Round" tomorrow in the cartoon and it is liable to be a very significant day!
Thur. Oct 10th [1940]

This might have been the happiest and most significant day of my life. Only it wasn't because our ice show didn't open tonight and the other one did. Got away from that screwy job at the office and punched a mailing all day. Went out to Ben Bruskin's at night for dinner. They were very swell. Kept hoping for a big buildup tonight with favorable news from Kerr, but apparently nothing happened. Dr. Addleston finished up that bad tooth and now only I have to pay him. God, what tonight might have been!
Sat. Oct. 12 [1940]

Hated to have to get up and go to work today. And I had to stick it out all day with no "ifs" or "ands," doing nothing much of the time. Came home in a gripe and sat around most of the night doing nothing. Finally joined Jay to go up to the Theater but nothing happened there.

Sun. Oct. 13 [1940]

As uneventful day. I got up with good intentions but I got into my usual slough and nothing happened. If only I could get some of my old ambition back. Tried to write some songs but I didn't get very far. Took a long walk at night.
Wed. Oct. 16 [1940]

Got up at 6:30, with only 3 1/2 hours sleep to go register for the draft. I had to stand around until almost nine before I was signed. At work was almost always at the end of the rope until I got a little busy late in the afternoon. Finally decided to be an opportunist and ask Holzapfel for a permanent job. He was nice, said I was on the "preferred list" but couldn't do anything for me. I'm glad I asked him because Dave called me later and said I had lost the job at his place by not calling today. That put me beautifully in the hole. Came home and found Frank Farrel & Johnny Harris here so perforce. I kind of pulled out of it. Jay has something up over the BMI decision because he asked me not to go to "Hellzapoppin" with him tonight as he had a "scheme." I felt hurt and then relieved because I don't want to get on the nerves of Olsen and Jay talks pretty well.
Thur. Oct. 17 [1940]

$1800 [??] a job.

Fri-Sat. Oct 18-19 [1940]

Still living in the pleasant glow of success.

Sun. Oct. 20 [1940]

Went apartment hunting and everything was very drab and unsatisfactory. Still on the emotional express.

Mon. Oct. 21 [1940]

Fitted into the routine of work pretty well. However, I am getting a little worried the way it is all piling up and I am getting nowhere with it. Went to the theater tonight and had my usual 2 o'clock return. Life still very pleasant. I am playing my part of naivete now and Olsen expects I gush like a school boy.
Tues. Oct. 29 [1940]

Got to get back in the swing of things and keep this up. Heard at the office that the work is not being done satisfactorily. They are bringing another guy in, from the N.Y. State Unemployment Service and the job will be "supervised." There go all my illusions and my raise. Went up to visit Roy Gordon tonight. He told me Art just walked out on Dot because he felt he couldn't live with one woman. He said we shouldn't allow Art to move in on us. So far my number hasn't been called.
Wed. Oct. 30 [1940]

Found myself in the draft 3396. I probably won't have to go this year, but I am right in the middle of the program. A new guy was hired today so my new status will soon be clarified. If it is bad, it will be hell because I can't quite out this and I can't endure being a stooge at $22 a week. Went up to Helen Eckers tonight. It started out to be the usual dull evening but some guy was there with a lot of dirty jokes who brightened things up. Art took a big load off my mind by saying he was moving back home and wouldn't want to move in with us.
Mon. Nov. 11 [1940]

Again an interlude of inertia. Nothing has happened except for the let down in BMI excitement. Had an average day at work and didn't accomplish too much. Went to the theater at night and "Take Heart" went over but "Ain't A Sayin'" isn't good. Everyone was in good humor tonight.
Sun. Dec. 1 [1940]

I've got to turn over a new leaf and keep this thing up. Got up to work this morning and it was short enough not to be annoying, and I made a few bucks. Rested this afternoon. Had company at night -- Leonard Dohm and Marguerite Levitt -- who is plenty O.K. Miss Peters has a honey of a friend -- Jean Robey (?) -- and she rented her apartment to three women. Went to the theater as usual and Olsen gave Jay *carte blanche* out here to go ahead on getting the stuff in the show. He said they are leaving town in six weeks.
1941

Fri. Jan. 16th [1941]

My "success" has gone to my head as far as being conscientious about this. Am worried about the way I'm getting behind at the office. Felt pretty grumpy tonight until I went back to visit [Vie?] [Ricks?]. Larry Ross did "Mary" and Colonel Stoopnagle, his guest, did "Window Wiper" tonight. We have now had Fanny Ross on "Bounce" & "Mary" twice, Waring on "Mary Goes Round" twice, Ben Bernie on "Window Wiper", Dinning Sisters on "Bounce", We the People "Bounce," and Manhattan Merry-Go-Round on "My Heart's in America." Jay said the trio got a swell reception with "Mary" and ["Panamalita"] in Newark. Kaufman heard ["Panaminanda"] being rehearsed for the air & didn't object.

The Winter Garden party last night was a big success. Many celebrities and in the Truth & Consequences game were Ella Logan, Admiral Byrd, Lou Nova, Muriel Hudson, Jack Durant, Jimmie Dunn. Was in a gripe today because Jay was sick and he couldn't work and because I had missed out on a good party. I was in an awful mood and was appeased at night by my being told that I should have banged in at Kerr's, that the "girls liked me" and by the fellows soft soaping me. So - my vanity mollified -- I felt good again. Spent the evening with Pat Shirley & Dave in "There I Go." Went down to the theater after. Olsen was swell and said he was going to talk over a couple of "things" tomorrow.
Tues. Jan. 21 [1941]

Was in the pleasant afterglow of my skating date of last night. I have gone "but it's fun. Worked hard all day because Jim was out. Didn't accomplish all I wanted to. Paid my usual call to the neighbors tonight and had my usual enjoyment. Went down to the theater. Jay scared me by hinting there might be a cleavage if the trio goes to California. I don't think I would want to live without my contacts with this life. But I don't think Bob or he would let me down. Olsen gave us two quarts of liquor as did Bee [Edlund].
Tues. Feb. 4 [1941]

26 years now. I tried hard to dramatize Pat's dogmatic delineation of the rules all day, and that plus Mr. Bostwick's being nice to me kept me out of a mood. My trouble is that I can't go half way measures or use temper when I want something; I must go at it whole hog. Pat certainly put the quietus on my emotional seethings. That was only being realistic but life is only fun when you can kid yourself about it. Of course I had been sensing this non-response all along. I am on the spot now because I can't sulk and allow her to justify herself entirely and yet psychologically I can't force myself to try to be entertaining; and I can't whine or plead; I am definitely a man who should be without women for they have never brought emotional fruition yet. I wish I hadn't seen her today.

Signed contracts on "Time's A Wastin'." Mr. Olsen finally heard one of the songs -- "G'Bye Now." 26 years old and really insignificant.
Wed. Feb. 5th [1941]

My emotional viciousness was lightened somewhat today. But I still wanted to hurry home and see what would happen. But nothing did for she was out on a date. I don't think I could look at another woman, but I have thought that before. Art was up tonight to see me (?). Mr. Olsen almost ignored me but he was terribly tired. Nothing to highlight the day.

Thur. Feb. 6 [1941]

Gradually in the acceptance of the fact that socially I am a flop. I really think I have lost other than clandestine interest in girls. Had my bad tooth out today and it was quite a job. No bad after effects and it was really infected. Went visiting tonight. Comported myself with aloofness and what the reaction was I couldn't tell. But I think the regret on the part if any was merely perfunctory and casual. Went to bed early with my tooth. At least there are enough interesting things happening outside to keep life from being a total blank.
Mon. Feb. 10 [1941]

Felt so horrible this morning that I couldn’t go to work. So slept late, went to the dentist’s and then hung around Pat. Took Pat down to hear Fred Waring as he did ”Merry-Go-Round.” I have partially resigned myself to her inaccessibility but no telling what might happen on a little encouragement. Realistically I shouldn’t want to become involved. But I hate pointlessness and love weaving allusions. Guess I’ll just have to let events take their course.
Sun. Feb. 15 [1941]

An up and down day. Pat was in her own little world most of the afternoon so I consequently was in a mood. Just sat here in desperation trying to think of something to do. Finally started writing lyrics and I thought they came out pretty good. Then Pat came in tonight gay and vivacious and I perked up. Went down to see Mr. Olsen and he was in swell humor and was nice. He told me about the show and what we might hope for. Then he took me on a taxi ride on his way to Washington. Herbie Pine told me a band called the Corn Cobblers is making a transcription of "Merry-Go-Round."
Sun. March 16 [1941]

This is probably foolish, but I am going to try once more to keep it up. Slept until after one and was so rested it was wonderful. Read all afternoon. Then went to Joan Brooks for dinner and had some delicious fried chicken. Didn't like the way she accepts Jay as being a permanent part of the trio. Came home and read "Days of Our Years" until two o'clock. It is the most fascinating book I have ever read. The scenes of brutality in Arabia, Morocco, Palestine and Ethiopia are sickening. But I suppose I get a vicarious outlet to my Slavic sadism in them. Good gag about Mussolini and his dentist and [bob? 606?]; the Italian army and the [Arstanis?] official. Heard Jan Garber play "G'Bye Now." Every announcer I heard ended his program "G'Bye Now."
Mon. March 17th [1941]

We hit NO. 1 tonight on the Horace Heidt hit parade; I wonder if it is significant. Anyway, it made me very happy. Capello was up tonight prior to leaving for the army and we semi-feasted him. Jake and I hit a rapprochement about living together for the summer.

Tues. March 18

In the pleasant afterglow of my "success." Have a hard time keeping busy at the office. Art Simon came up and I was bored to tears. Mr. Olsen was in good humor tonight. Found out why "G'Bye Now" was the no. 1 song -- there was a letter from Horace Heidt asking Oley about a part in the picture maybe for a band [4/4 time signature]. That puts bad taste in it all.
Sun. March 30 [1941]

A lazy day. Got up late and read most of the day. Was quite happy that "G'Bye Now" is catching on at the theater. Heard Russ Morgan and Jan Garber do it after I came home. Gave Jimmy a pep talk about 24th St. It certainly sweetens my disposition when I want something.
Wed. April 2nd [1941]

Today was a happy day. Felt good at the office and time passed quickly. Jimmy is still vacillating in the apartment question, but it looks good for 24th St., and he practically told Jack that (I hope). Art got me in a spot tonight when he asked me to come over and bring Pat and Shirley. I should have refused but I accepted and now I am in kind of a spot. But reading in Variety that "G'Bye Now" was in the 15 best sellers was exciting as was the fact that Frankie Masters has recorded it. Olsen was in good humor and was impressed. I shook hands with Wendell Willkie and also saw Elliot Roosevelt. The latter looked like a wise guy. J.C. Flippen was also around.
Thur. April 3 [1941]

Everything went along pleasantly in the afterglow of the heightened activity on "G’Bye Now." Uncle Moe came to town; he is quite a gay one. I was very excited about Bing Crosby, Russ Morgan doing "G’Bye Now," and their record was out tonight. I got myself all messed up because Olsen told me to put it on the house machine and it spoiled the stooges after theater bit. Denny Murray was sore, the engineer was sore, Oley Jr. was sore, and Olsen was a little disgusted; besides it didn't sound too good.
Mon. April 14th [1941]

Was very refreshed after my eight hours sleep. Time didn't go too slowly at the office as I had work to do. Was in kind of a sullen mood as I intended to think Jay had let us down. Olsen was indifferent at the theater as I expected. Heard a new band do "G'Bye" -- Carmen Cavallero from the Carlton Hotel in Washington. It was very warm today.
Wed. April 16 [1941]

Jim won't be in all week which is [\ldots]

Thur. April 17th [1941]

An exciting day. Time went swiftly enough at the office but I worried about what to do in regards to Quantico. Mr. Robinson was very friendly with me. Vaughn Monroe's record came out, and it is swell. Chan told me it used to be his band. The sound man got sore at me when I asked him to play the record and said the other one was "lousy." He was nasty. Then one of the chorus guys asked Chan why they made him sing "songs like that." On the debut side were Gus Arnheim, Dick Kahn & Bernie Cummins, and Goodman reputed to be going to do it. Olsen was evasive about Quantico, so I don't know what to do. Got my draft questionnaire.
Sun. May 4 [1941]

A lazy day. "G'Bye Now" was 10th in the country according to the Inquirer. Went down to 24th St. and looked over the place. Gerslines took a bed and the radio. Philip came to town. Just sat around with him a few minutes.

Tues. May 6th [1941]

Happily enough, time went very fast today at work. Was disappointed when Marie told me Gerslines had taken the bed, radio, vacuum cleaner and drapes with them. Gave the records to Al tonight and he was very impressed as were the others. Got a big kick out of hearing Goodman did [sic] "G'Bye Now" last night and hearing Heidt say that it "stands a good chance of being the song of the year." Everything going along very well. Must there be a bad interruption or is this only delayed dividends on 3 years of struggle.
Tues. June 17th [1941]

Still in my mood at work but natural ebullience almost brought me out of it. Got my draft notice for a second exam, but true to my philosophy of not caring now, I didn't let it get me down. And I don't care especially now except for the de-rooting. According to "Billboard" G'Bye Now wasn't so bad & I heard some good plugs by Heidt, Bob Hope, Paul Whiteman, Vaughn Monroe and Russ Morgan. Bob Hope was especially important. Saw Pat & was not as cordial as I would have been. Dave missed the [Kingsholm?] Saturday.
Wed. June 18th [1941]

Spent all morning hanging around for the draft doctor and then they only gave me an appointment to see an eye doctor on Monday. So went to work in the afternoon. Horace was in tonight. Life still revolving around "G'Bye Now." Heard Danny Kaye did it tonight. But it was annoying to see it still off the best-seller sheet in Variety and to hear that this record program on WOV is going to change it for a theme.
Sun. June 22 [1941]

Was still hot as blazes. Spent all day here working on songs. Also called up Horace Heidt. He was friendly as he could be and said not to do anything about publishing "Hello There" until we heard from him. I hope the song is good as "G'Bye Now" is really dead. Our last source, the Inquirer showed it practically non-existent in sheet music sales.

We. June 25th [1941]

Today not especially eventful. "G'Bye Now" coming back in the picture with Monroe and Herman records evidently selling and lots of plugs in the last two days. The only trouble is now that life is getting so dull from lack of social activities. I don't do my thing anymore except fall asleep.
Wed. July [9] [1941]

The office was uneventful. Just go on in the same routine and don’t seem to be accomplishing much. Was in good humor until I saw Variety and how we were blitzkrieged off of our ranking. Ate dinner up town and Olsen was further griped because the guys wouldn't go to Pal Joey with me. So I went alone and enjoyed it. Hear they are singing "G'Bye Now" with the organ at the Paramount. Wrote words to "Let's Go Home."

Thu. July 10 [1941]

Accomplished nothing today except write George Abbott, which he probably won't answer. I had so many ambitious plans, too, for writing plays and songs. The fellows are going away to the boat for the weekend and to be consistent I have to disdain it. But, Saturday when I should most like to go I couldn't. "G'Bye Now" sure is dead; don't hear it a bit. This woman situation is driving me nuts. I have got to meet somebody soon or get a complex.
Sat. July 12 [1941]

Awfully dull here alone, but I passed the time by sleeping, and reading. Was broken hearted when Heidt didn't play "Hello There." I am so lonely and bored! Something has to happen soon.

Sun. July 13 [1941]

Went up to see Menkins. I may have made a mistake emphasizing to them my lack of social life. They may get involved. Mr. Menkin kept inveighing to me to get some exercise and get out and meet people. Heidt confirmed that he wasn't used "Hello There." That didn't help the joie de vivre. I hear that Jack is going to Cleveland.
Mon. July 14 [1941]

Broke thru my discouragement with Heidt to recapture joie de vivre. Our natural ebullience and esprit de corps conspired to brighten things. Sent Heidt some more songs for better or for worse.

Sun. July 20th [1941]

Nothing of note took place. Sent revised "Hello There" to Heidt and this is our last contact with present fame. Jack spent most of the day with us.
Mon. July 21 [1941]

Was in better humor today although nothing happened. It's good to know that the Heidt thing is still in the cards possibly. At night tried to get the party organized. Did nothing else.

Thur. July 24th [1941]

This was a bad day. Got a letter from Horace Heidt in which he said he had never heard from us about revisions to "Hello There" and he couldn't "wait any longer." So we called him up and he was vague enough to suggest this was a squeeze play. That hurt. In my "will to win" I went down to see Will Bradley. He told me to send "Stuff Like That There" to him.
Sat. [July] 26th [1941]

Was in good humor all day. But the blow fell -- Heidt played "Hello There" and not ours.
Tues. Sept. 2nd [1941]

Got quickly back in the routine of being back in N.Y. Got my raise at the office. It was bad at night -- called Vera & no date tomorrow night, Jimmy heard about it and said the devil with them and Gersline called and said he is taking his furniture out on the 15th. I guess Vera is just another frustration in my social mishaps. I guess I am just not meant to go with girls.

Wed. Sept. 3rd [1941]

Was pretty blue all day over my social definition. I wonder when, if ever, I might attain desired congeniality. Jimmy looks good for the naval reserve, which sort of solved the apartment worries. Spent the night writing letters and sitting around.
Thur. Sept. 4th [1941]

Was in better humor during the day, the result of natural volatility. But, it hurt me at night when the fellows didn't ask me to play ball. I guess I haven't made any friends there. Looked at rugs in Macy's in the evening. It looks like we are going out on a limb for the apartment.

Fri. Sept. 5th [1941]

Was in pretty good humor today as I worked hard. It was awfully hot. Finally saw Olsen by going to dinner at the 4:40. He was wonderful and even kissed me. Am disappointed that Uncle Moe isn't coming down.
Mon. Sept. 8th [1941]

Today was a pretty good day. Felt pretty good and the apartment seems to be proving out. Fred Waring did "The Window Wiper Song" tonight which was a surprise after "Mary Goes Round" on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round last night. Went to Fred Waring’s broadcast tonight. Was pleasantly surprised to find that on the junior economist Civil Service exam I took in March 1940 I got 87% and was 27th on the list; that should mean an offer.

Tues. Sept. 9th [1941]

Today was another smooth one. Gave the dentist $50.00. When I got back home I found an offer from the Civil Service for a $2,000 a year job. That’s now a problem. Called up Vera and she was swell. Changed the party for Sat’y & I hope to God it comes off. Kay & Caroline were here when I went to bed.
Wed. Sept. 10th [1941]

Today turned out to be a very pleasant day. Was worried this morning by the implications of my leaving Edo for the civil service, with the draft and everyone being so swell there, but I will have to send the letter in anyway. Ascap is coming back but we got nibbles today from Major Bows, Peter Van Steeden, Wheeling Steel & D'Artga. Vera is coming to the party and bringing a friend. May have been foolish when I showed temperament when she suggested having Carson there. Olsen called Jay today and had him come up to go over some new music. Called home tonight.
Sun. Oct. 26th [1941]

Now that the stress of "Sons O' Fun" is over may be able to get down to this. Jay left this afternoon with my prayers and hopes of a miracle. However, even if we just get program credit it won't be too bad. Went to the movies tonight. Was in good humor today because at least our interests will be represented at Boston.

Tues. Oct. 28 [1941]

An unimportant day. I am afraid that the pattern of life at present is drifting into that, especially after all the excitement of "Sons O' Fun." Our contemplated excursion of Sat. Nite was not promoted today as Vera didn't show up for lunch. Called Pat, but she wasn't in. Finally wrote Myron about his cousin's song. Heard Harry James' "G'Bye Now" for the first time tonight.
Wed. Oct. 29 [1941]

Another dull day. Have been kidding around too much at the office. Will have to stop it or I am going to get in a lot of trouble. Ascap signed with the networks today. I suppose that kills whatever chance we had to get established. Have a date with Vera for Saturday but wouldn't count on it.

Thur. Oct. 30th [1941]

Got up at 5:30 this morning to get into work early. Worked hard all day. Laweth said he would get me some help which made me feel in good humor. Our day for Saturday will probably be tomorrow which I don't like but which is better than nothing. Even Sprog has been bursting with camaraderie these days.
Sun. Nov. 2nd [1941]

Worked a little bit on the house and sat around. Went out to see Pat and continued my drinking of the weekend. Jay called, but, unfortunately I wasn't home.

Mon. Nov. 3rd [1941]

Quiet day at the office. Talked to the new girl and she is quite terrific. Looked at furniture tonight. Was sort of depressed in the evening.

Tues. Nov. 4th [1941]

Only worked until 4 o'clock because of election. Was strapped without money as the banks weren't open today. At lunch spilled coffee all over Finger's papers. Still biding time waiting for Jay to come back from Boston.
Wed. Nov. 5th [1941]

Another dull day. However, glad to see that Variety confirmed what the Boston papers had said about our participation in the show. Was bored tonight, so went out looking for excitement but didn't find any.

Sat. Nov. 8th [1941]

Was in pretty good humor at work. Spent a fortune this afternoon on a necktie and haircut-shampoo. Was very bored tonight, so went to the movies.

Sun. Nov. 9th [1941]

As is becoming my usual pattern, did nothing constructive today. Did go over to see Don and his family in Newark. Ate dinner in a Czecho-Slovakian Restaurant over on E. 72nd St. Am drifting terribly these last few weeks. Don't even have enough ambition to get my horns out and play with the Edo orchestra.
Mon. Nov. 10th [1941]

Day passed pleasantly enough. Jay's story of the "Hoe Down" was exciting enough in its implications although it was too bad the rest of our stuff was cut out. Uncle Carl worried me tonight when the first question he asked me on the phone was how Philip's "rheumatism" was. I meant to call home but we went out looking for furniture and I forgot. Figured it would take $50.00 more to furnish the house "sparsely." Sat around and worked on songs tonight. Olsen's going to be traveling soon.

Thur. Nov. 14 [1941]

Was tired today after tearing around last night. The work at the office is really getting heavy. Went to the movies tonight.
Sun. Nov. 16 [1941]

Felt wonderful after my 14 hour sleep. Went walking in the Village this afternoon. Dropped in to the Whitney Museum and saw pictures of artists under 40. Saw "International Lady" tonight, in which a band played "G'Bye Now." Did nothing at home later.

Mon. Nov. 17 [1941]

Usual Monday at work -- dull at first, then acclimatization in the afternoon. Was depressed by that fat little Navy clerk finding an error in one of my summaries and seemingly making a cause celebre out of it. Am very definitely pointing my social strategies at the very beautiful new secretary. Went to the Corporation meeting tonight, but it was called off. Came home and, as usual, worked on songs.
Tues. Nov. 18th [1941]

Worked hard all day. At night had our Corporation "dissolution" meeting. Kerr intimated that we would get our $50 back; then Goodman tried to talk us out of it. It was done very smoothly and is in all of Kerr’s propositions, suspect. It is suspicious why, if the Corporation is to be dormant, they want us to take it over. It was sort of left up in the air.

Thur. Nov. 20th [1941]

Had a quiet Thanksgiving. Slept until noon and during the afternoon cleaned up a lot of little things, practiced on my sax and read. Had dinner at Petipas. Didn’t feel like doing anything after my "[raistering?]" last night. Sprog tried to raise the issue of his rent, predating his case around discomfort, but I refused to be involved.
Sun. Nov. 23 [1941]

Spent all day playing the new radio. It is beautiful and swell and I hope I never regret buying it. Called up Woody Herman tonight, and he was very nice. Am going to see him tomorrow.

Mon. Nov. 24th [1941]

One of those days. Everything went all right during the day; then I had that damn orchestra practice that stunk. At night came home to see Woody Herman and Jay fooled around until it was 10:30 before we got up there. We didn't see him and I had wanted to go up at 9:00. Of course, I sulked and made a perfect ass of myself. On top that the radio went bad and sounds like hell. Just one of those days! I owe Jay more than he owes me, but this was so pointless.
Tues. Nov. 25th [1941]

Was in bad humor all day. Then got home and found $950.00 worth of checks. Baby? We hired a maid. I think.

Mon. Dec. 8th [1941]

Everyone was tense and helpless today. De Fasola was actually vicious. Heard the president declare war. Then there was the rumor going around that Germany was going to attack us. Sort of regained my stolid apathy later in the day broken thru only by flashes of what reality we are up against.

Wed. Dec. 10 [1941]

War depression has kind of stabilized and everyone is accepting it. In the light of tonight it looked like there might not have been an estrangement from Olsen after all. This Gertrude Lawrence broadcast of "From Everyone Over Here" looks exciting.
1942

Fri. Jan. 2nd [1942]

So begins another year. I'm going to try to be faithful to this. Worked hard today from 5:30 rising on. Everyone restrained after New Years. Found out I really missed a swell time by not going to New Haven.

Sat. Jan. 3 [1942]

Was depressed at work. Found out it would cost $10.00 to get my coat fixed. So celebrated by buying a $6.00 George Gershwin album at Macy's, which, I found when I got home, had two defective records. Uncle Carl got me mad by telling me when I was all tired that I had to bring a present tomorrow. I don't know what to bring or when and where I will get it. Saw Olsen tonight and he was the epitome of charm.
Sun Jan. 4th [1942]

Slept late. Then went out to Uncle Carl's, taking a bottle of Calverts. Had a pretty good time at his anniversary party but drank a lot.

Mon. Jan. 5th [1942]

In pretty good humor all day. I worked very hard at the office trying to finish the month. Marieanne is sure getting awful cute. It will cost me $5.00 to get pocket of my jacket fixed. I am really running up debts these days.

Wed. Jan. 7th [1942]

Continued my hard work at the office. Spent a couple of hours sitting around Olsen's dressing room. He was unobjective and silly. I am afraid we are losing him. Looking forward to my date with Marion.
Thur. Jan. 8th [1942]

Quite tired all day after my hard night. Everything sort of messed up today. Sprog says he isn't coming to the party, Vera can't come although Diane says she will. I sure don't want this thing to flop. Even lost our big relief plug on "Everyone Over Here" for tomorrow night for no apparent reason. Don't feel particularly happy. May be stuck tomorrow night, too.

Fri. Jan. 9th [1942]

Invited Jim Golden to our party. Was in pretty good humor all day. Marion astounded me by saying that Harry Graham had been sweet on Grigas. That sort of took some of the luster off of him. She was cute tonight but so drunk. Artie hinted I am getting a raise.
Sat. Jan. 24th [1942]

Worked a little late at the office. A party blew up at the place. It was noisy and sloppy. Didn't get to bed until two o'clock. Pat didn't have a good time. She said "every time I see her I seem to dislike her a little more." She agreed I might very well be a heel at heart. I tried to acquit myself but don't think I did very well. But on my part I don't think she gave me too much chance to pay attention to her. Everyone tells me I cook bad.

Mon. Jan. 26th [1942]

Asked Marion to dinner Saturday nite. I have to watch myself with her. The silly kid asked me to come over to her house for lunch. I need simple barmaids like she to dazzle with my "pretty speeches," awe by my veneer of erudition or amaze with my savior faire and hints of exotic places. Then my extreme libido confuses even this simple pattern.
Thu. Jan. 29th [1942]

Was in good humor all day with the after effects of the "jingle" success. Olsen berated me for not coming in his room at night and waiting outside instead. Still wrapping too much emotional energy around Marian. I am liable to find myself in too deep or too annoyed.
Sunday May 10 [1942]

Slept until 3 o’clock. Marian called and said to count on Wednesday. Called up home and heard about our screen credit. Ate at the Cafe Francaise. Olsen was very vague about the “ice show.” Wrote two more “Yankee Doodle Dandy” jingles.

Tues. May 12th [1942]

Was in pretty good humor today because of my anticipated pleasant social engagement. I went bowling and had a good start of 104 halfway in the first game but ended with only 132. Nothing else is going on.

Wed. May 13 [1942]

Time went pleasantly at office with prospects of evening ahead. Was able to answer Bostwick on a couple of questions. And prove I was in right with missing req., so I felt pretty good. Took Marian to Stork Club and spent a fortune but had a good time, so didn't mind too much.
Thur. May 14 [1942]

Was horridly tired all day. Got my new bridge put in at the dentists. Everything blue and dull at home. Jimmy is back.

Sun. May 17 [1942]

Was in pretty good humor today because I had a good time last night. But as Elane’s comment showed and Jimmy’s people don’t think, I am distinguishing myself with my interest in Marian. Got a kick today, the first one in a long time, by hearing "Brazilly Willy" on the Prudential program.

Mon. May 18th [1942]

Was in a sort of "Blue Monday" mood all day as was Marianne. Didn’t do too much work. Went out to see Uncle Carl.
Sun. May 24th [1942]

Was in pretty good humor today. Walked down to Washington Square this afternoon to see the picture exhibition. Ate dinner at [Demons?], a Brazilian restaurant. Saw "Sons O' Fun" after dinner.

Mon. May 25th [1942]

Marian was working between Finger and myself today, and it was quite a shambles. People made cracks I didn't like. The day ended sort of blue. Came home and painted and worked on the Super Suds commercial.

Wed. May 27th [1942]

Feeling bad about Jay's defection from duty. However, the pleasant aftermath of the ball game kept me in pretty good humor. Had my last bridge in today. Went over and visited Colonel Krieger tonight.
Tues. June 2nd [1942]

Started the day in high spirits. However, the hint that I was thrown off the ball team brought me down to earth. Worked very hard. Bought tickets for "By Jupiter." When Jay came home, found that we were blacked out on Super Suds.
[Not transcribed].
1943

Jan. 1, Fri. [1943]

So starts another year. Moped and felt pretty badly all day because of my cast off. I can see the loneliness ahead, because in all emotional things she was so ideal. Tried to forget in study but not too successfully. Mrs. Levison came in tonight and started housecleaning.

Jan 2, Sat. [1943]

Continued my martyrdom. Advanced every urgent argument but she just smiled and said no soap. I think she enjoys being in the driver's seat. Meantime I am making a perfect fool of myself. Studied a little but not too successfully. Saw Olsen and he was very rational about a new show. But Jay can't do it in the present set up.
Mon. Jan. 3rd [1943]

Marian intimated today that I was aces again with her mother and she intimated that the "great separation" would not take place. So I was in pretty good humor all day. Tonight worked on "Women of the War." Jay is hot on Olsen's idea but don't know if we can make it. I dropped my new pen today, and I am afraid I wrecked it.

Thur. Jan. 6 [1943]

Things went pleasantly enough today. The party is developing all right. I worked pretty hard. Went shopping for a sport coat and finally bought one at Macy's for $29.50 which was really too much. Went swimming at the St. George and felt swell afterwards.
Fri. Jan. 8th [1943]

Was in pretty good humor today. The party doesn’t look so good, with only eleven for dinner now. Haig was as nice as pie to me today. Having a hard time making both ends meet with all these extra things. Spent the evening cleaning up around the house. Uncle Carl asked me to get him a couple of broadcast tickets and I don’t think he liked it when I told him I didn’t think I would be able to.

Sun. Jan. 10 [1943]

The aftermath of the party was pretty grim. The floor smelt terribly from the sickness. Trying to clean it up, I stained my new shoes. Sat around all day and brooded about what Doris told me about not getting a raise. Went over to the German American and got my five dollars.
Mon. Jan. 11 [1943]

Felt pretty blue in the aftermath of the party with my ruined shoes and the rug. Had a little of my ammunition taken away with the report. I am getting a nickel raise. Marian felt so sick and I worried about her. Had to go uptown to get Uncle Carl tickets for the Fred Waring’s broadcast. Had to borrow from Doris and Alan, I am so broke.

Thur. Jan. 14 [1943]

Marian gave me a shock when she said she had promised her friend to marry him on his first furlough. It might be better but I hate the thought of giving her up. But, I don’t think she will do it. Got a rebuff from Laweth on my wanting a bigger raise; my "maximum" is $1.10! Haig started again on giving over some of my work. Went out to dinner with Art Simon & Marian. Her unhealthiness worries me.
Fri. Jan. 15th [1943]

Marian had me crazy today with her indisposition. Should have worked over time but I was exhausted. Jay was in good humor and we still might work on the show. This has been an awful week. Said goodbye to Johnny Meyer.


Got up early and waited for Jay to get up and work on the song. It came out pretty well and now we have to wait. Had to wait two hours before meeting mother. She looked good, and we went out to the Hotel, then went to eat in Lindy.

Mon. Jan. 18th [1943]

Was very blue all day, for no apparent reason. Marian was "propositioned" by her new interest yesterday. I feel I am getting farther away from her than ever. Went to Olsen & Johnson's radio broadcast which fell pretty flat.
Tue. Jan. 19th [1943]

Worked very hard today trying to clean up all the inventory. Had a blue extra office day as both my stocks dropped 1/4 and in bowling we dropped 3 games. Had a long talk with Marian and temporarily talked her out of her lukewarmness. She looked awfully sweet tonight.

Wed. Jan. 20 [1943]

Finally finished the inventory except for a few strays. Took Marian, Doris and Mother out and spent a fortune. The evening was successful enough but I wonder what the repercussions will be on both sides!

Sun. Jan. 24th [1943]

Was the last day with mother. Aroused her by asking her pointed questions about Marian. Don't think she could ever stand it. Got stuck with dinner for four again, which reduced to minus financially. Fooled around with Spanish all night.
Mon. Jan. [25th] [1943]

Worked very hard today but made no appreciable progress. Stayed until after seven and came home exhausted. Studied Spanish for awhile and went to bed. Called up Mother and she feels better.

Wed. Jan. [27th] [1943]

Woke to find the ground full of snow. Was at work at 7:30 and was awfully tired by afternoon. Went to the dentist and find I had to lose my bad tooth. Spent the evening at home listening to the radio. Horace called me this afternoon.

Thur. Jan. [28th] [1943]

Was the worst storm I remember today. Might have messed myself up at the office when I gave Bostwick an incomplete memo on transfers. Was dead tired at night.
Fri. Jan. 29 [1943]

Worked pretty hard today and pretty well got caught up. Alan fixed me up with a friend of Elaine's for tomorrow night. Studied a little Spanish and went to bed.

Sun. Jan. 31 [1943]

Got up at 11 o'clock and cleaned up the house. Elaine told me later on I had really been rude to her friend. Met Marian. She was happy as her mother and she had met up. We bowled, ate and then sat around the apartment.

Mon. Feb. 1 [1943]

Was in good humor today and Marian was feeling radiant. I didn't ride in because as usual he came late and I wanted breakfast, so I expressed disapproval by taking the subway. Worked hard and the day went very fast. Studied Spanish at night.
Tues. Feb. 2nd [1943]

Worked hard today but didn't get very far. Won the bowling bet with Haig and had the satisfaction of victory. Average 155. Went over to Larry Finger's after bowling. Sig overslept this morning and we had a merry time getting to work in Walker's car.

Fri. Feb. 5th [1943]

Was so tired this morning. A head on collision was started when Haig gave me hell about telling Loweth only of my draft recall. "I am directly responsible to him and no one else." Lost a tooth tonight.

Sat. Feb. 6 [1943]

Haig was wondering where I was when I walked out yesterday afternoon. A head on collision is coming soon. Cleaned up the house, slept, studied and then went down to the village with Alan for a few drinks.
Sun. Feb. 7th [1943]

Got up at 11 and studied all day. Went to [Lenn?] [Fings?] to dinner with Doris, Jay, Alan, & Elaine. Then went to a concert of "rhythm" instruments at the Museum of Modern Art which was funny. Saw Olsen later and he is getting tied up with a Lamb's Club show soon. "Sons O' Fun" is closing soon.

Mon. Feb. 8 [1943]

Was in bad humor today with Doris out. Nancy taking French leave, not knowing what to do about the draft board, the relations with Haig. But the day passed without incident. Tonight went to the Spanish dinner and enjoyed it very much.

Tues. Feb. 9 [1943]

My bad humor continued with Nancy still out, missing Marian in the morning because we started too late. But I improved as the day went on. We won three games in bowling. I got my card from the draft board.
Wed. Feb. 10 [1943]

Was very blue today mainly because I feel I am held in such low repute at the office where it counts. Marian came in crying this morning because her mother had insisted that she bring her check home to her instead of cashing it. Spent all evening studying. Nancy finally came back.

Thur. Feb. 11 [1943]

Marian continued in hot water, now over me. The old bitch went to all her relatives and told them about the kid running around with a "kike." Went up to plant II this morning. Probably got in trouble by walking out this afternoon to go to the dentists. He only charged me $5.00 for all this work.
Fri. Feb. 12 [1943]

Marian's mother called me at the office and asked me to come to see her. She wanted to know if Marian was going out with me tonight. What a mess! We saw Casablanca.

Sat. Feb. 13 [1943]

Had the "command performance" at Marian's house. I never heard such a pack of lies and neurotic ravings as the castigation she gave the poor kid. Met Doris & Myron tonight and we went to see "Air Force."
Sun. April 25th [1943]

So starts another series. It was a beautiful Easter and I took a walk on 5th Ave. this afternoon, ending up at a Spanish movie. This was very discouraging as I couldn't get any full length sentences. Met Doris and Philip was with her. Had a little guy with him, for some mysterious reason. He may the the guy he is breaking into the business. This may be a lifetime regret for me.


Another series (?). Program went over well today with biggest audience. Gamey said he was satisfied, but to cut out excess words, and Dun said he was very happy. Got my foot in it by asking Helen to go out Saturday, assuming she would stay with Doris, but Doris doesn't want her and has been very rude. Helen said there was a scene at Helen Crow's house by Helen Lusardi accusing her of "stealing" me from Marian. Saw Gertrude Lawrence broadcast tonight.
Thur. Oct. [7] [1943]

A dull day. Nothing much to do at work. Feeling depressed. Saw Helen, Doris & Elsie down at Johnnies. Helen was having a lot of fun with a sailor.
[Not transcribed].
Mon. Oct. 11 [1943]

Really went over the coals today with my scripts. Ken seemed pretty discouraged by the way things are going. But, I thought the program today went pretty well. Spent the afternoon with Jack on his way to Arizona. Syd Goldstein called me up tonight and asked me if I "wanted to borrow any money." Thought I did a good script to take in tomorrow!

Tues. Oct. 12 [1943]

I was turned over to Frankel of the script department today. I don't like that as he can't help me nearly as much as Ken. But they told me Perkins was watching my work. Had a swell audience at the broadcast but my stuff didn't go over too well, I thought. Went to the fraternity anniversary banquet tonight. There is a slight fly in the ointment in that I am getting paid as of the first week of the broadcast while the others, who are also, had nothing to do with the first week.
Wed. Oct. 13 [1943]

Was tired all day. Got my first pay check. Didn't do much work as I was trotting around with my typewriter, and I tried to wash the windows, not too successfully. The way the paint doesn't dry up is very annoying. Program was very good today.

Thur. Oct. 14 [1943]

Didn't do much today. Got a letter from Corporation Tax Bureau telling me we could be fined $5,000 for not paying tax. I went out to see Aunt Syd. Program was only 15 minutes long as was pretty dead.

Sat. Oct. 16 [1943]

Had a long bull session in Carney's office today. Got up disgusted with my bad knee and emotional hangover, but things are going enough better with the show to brighten up. Eddie took us all to lunch at Joseph's. On way cross town Mr. Carney introduced me to Mr. Wells of Leuven & Mitchell who are looking for writers for Basin Street. Came home and worked a good while. Dick came in and later Alan.
Mon. Oct. 18 [1943]

Was exhausted after my 3 o'clock bedtime. Had an emotional hangover because of my engrossment in her and the way it's getting so complicated. Had to wait an hour and a half at Syd's and he wasn't too happy over my not putting on any weight. My ideas went over okay with Camey as did my script with Frankel. The program was fine today with a big audience. Went to see Mr. Walls at Leuven & Mitchell. His plans are in abeyance pending his writer's status in the army, but he asked me to submit scripts.

Tues. Oct. 19 [1943]

Stayed at home and worked all day. Helen called and charged me up. Show was pretty dull although they had a big audience at the Play House. Got a mysterious call from Frankel about Changing the form of the bits. I am disappointed in the way everything is going.
Wed. Oct. 20 [1943]

Program went much better today. Fortunate as Carney was not in very good humor this morning. Bought a suit and a topcoat and paid $185.00 for them. That’s more than I’ve ever spent on clothes in my life. But as long as the program goes, I don’t care! Left material at Leuven & Mitchell.

Fri. Oct. 22nd [1943]

Was a good day. Submitted my stuff at Columbia, did a little shopping and then when I got home I found Wells at Leuven & Mitchell had called. His man is going in the army and he wants me to see him next week. Jay is really going in for this writing business. Called home tonight.

Sun. Oct. 24th [1943]

Had an emotional hangover in that I feared I had left Helen with a bad taste in her mouth. I am anxious to talk to her tomorrow. My leg was much better although badly bruised. Still in good humor but something will have to give soon. Called Nancy up. She tells me Kemp is really batting it out to Haig. Spent a quiet day.
Tues. Oct. 26th [1943]

Worked hard all day bringing everything up to date. Rained brutally. Marlo gave us a terrific pep talk about staying together as a team -- and really cracking the radio field. He obligated me to help Jay out. Philip was in town. We ate at Rubens.

Wed. Oct. 27th [1943]

Perkins didn’t seem too impressed when I gave him Marlo’s pep talk. Took Philip to the program. Marlo wants us to do a lot of work for a Follies package transcription. Worked hard all day. Got my coat and bought a hat. Was blue at the program because they cut out my opening.

Thur. Oct. 28th [1943]

Worked hard all day on Follies package show. Sent Jimmy a Xmas present. Program had a swell audience. Ken quit and Al told me he is getting a raise. Also, that Ken is throwing a lot of work his way. Was a miserable rainy day. Talked to Marian, and she really gave me the cold shoulder! Helen told me Doris has been in an awful mood lately!
Sat. Oct. 30th [1943]

Tried to work but didn't get anywhere. I seemed creatively dry -- but it was better later this evening. Saw Doris this afternoon and put myself out to be nice to her. Saw her and Ann at Johnny's. Went to Cafe Fatina later. Tried to write well after yesterday's horrible show!

Tues. Nov. 2nd [1943]

I am still in the dog house with my sweet sister! Helen tells me she is nasty with her too. She is really getting to be a sweet problem. Program went fair today, but I am vaguely uneasy about it all. If only I had got "Basin Street" I'd have something to fall back on. Sproul told me he mentioned to Carney I wasn't too happy about throwing out that Halloween bit.

Wed. Nov. 3rd [1943]

Got a letter from home wherein I was called down for being "mean" to Doris. So I called her up and gave her the devil for letting the thing get out of control. The program was good today but again they cut something out. That's getting to be horrible. Carney gave me some bits back to rewrite.
Thur. Nov. 4th [1943]

Program went good today, but, as usual, I only had one spot in it! Carney is taking me off openings and giving me departments to do (?). Finally had it out with Doris. She was ashamed of my reason, but I guess she's over her annoyance. She warned me not to let myself get too involved with Helen. Stock market went to hell today and I lost another $100.00.

Sun. Nov. 7th [1943]

Worked hard all day writing skeletons and letters. Felt lonesome so I called Helen up. Couldn't contact my sweet sister, so I think I'll just do a little ignoring on my own. Spent a quiet day.

Mon. Nov. 8 [1943]

Stock market went to hell today. So, I sold my Curtiss-Wright at exactly what I paid for it! Now the problem is whether to buy back in or not. The program was jammed today. I took Aunt Ida over to see it.
Tues. Nov. 9th [1943]

Carney slapped me down at the start when he said he didn’t like any of that work I did over the weekend! I got a letter from William Morris and took some material up for their inspection. Think I hired Fanny Black’s maid. Switched stock to B.K.O, which has been a good move so far. Jay is sick.

Wed. Nov. 10 [1943]

Another blue day. Carney didn’t like my stuff, and I wonder how much longer I am going to last! And, I’m afraid I did nothing good for tomorrow. It cost me $25.00 to change over my stock. Have possible trouble by Jay telling Syd I was working too hard. Things are really going lousy!

Thur. Nov. 11 [1943]

Carney liked my Marine bit so he put it in and Jay said it played swell. So I fell in better humor. Had dinner at Helen’s Sister In-Law. I’m going to have a sweet time giving her up. Bevan at William Morris hadn’t read my scripts, so he said he’d tell me to come back.
Mon. Nov. 15 [1943]

Well things have clarified a bit after the dynamic flow of events of the past few days. Perkins told me not to feel blue as I had done a creditable job and Marlo reiterated that later. The only problem is the money situation now. Saw a screening of "Mark Twain" this afternoon and it was superb. Talked to Helen twice.

Wed. Nov. 17 [1943]

Got next to last check today, as no contract was in mails. No letters from Morris or Ashley and stock market down -- everything getting pretty bad. Then Jay decided not to go to Olsen which may be the worst break yet! At least have spot announcements to keep busy on so not too much time to worry. Said goodbye to Larry Finger.
Thur. Nov. 18 [1943]

Felt pretty blue all day. Called Carney and found out he wasn't paging me for this week. Also, William Morris gave me a stall. Mark Twain spots went over all right with Marlo, but all I did was kicked out the window. Saw Guadalcanal Diary tonight. Did a lot of writing later on my "play." Am really starting to worry about money!

Fri. Nov. 19 [1943]

Today was better. Completed the Mark Twain and have $150.00 coming from them and the Follies. Then went up and sold the song to Monica. She thought it was swell. Very interesting her story of the dirt in the Stork Club dressing rooms and the Jewish question. Worked late again tonight. Also stocks went up a bit.
Mon. Dec. 6 [1943]

So starts a new chapter -- in the script department of Columbia. Today apparently went all right, if not sensationally, but I am groping for support. If this goes bad I'll really have bad confidence. Ate dinner with Uncle Ben. Was amazed when he gave Doris $20.00.

Wed. Dec. 8th [1943]

 Didn't do anything until 4 o'clock when I got a couple of small assignments. Everything is apparently going all right, if not exciting. Getting a little griped because I hear neither from Doris or Uncle Carl. Think I'll let both them call first.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
IT'S A GREAT NIGHT

It's a great night for clambake
Or a hayride or a hamstaik
But with the stars so bright, what a lovely
It's quite a night for romance /sight
It's a great night for some music
Or a movie as you choose it
But with the moon so right and the weather
It's quite a night for romance /right
It's a great night for a park bench or a
dark bench
Or sitting by the lake
What a break
For everyone who's wooin'
Can go dancin' or canesin!
It's a great night for a sailor
Or a banker or a tailor
And we can find delight anyway we might
For it's quite a night for romance
[Not transcribed].
A HEAVENLY HAVEN
In a heavenly haven
So far from the jar and the shove
Where I'm hoping and saving
You'll come and surround me with love
I'll be heavenly happy
To find you in my rendezvous
Blues can never attack me
In a heavenly haven with you
So let's go to it while we may
To stay in a romantic way
And ever and ever let's make your endeavor
Be purposely, perfectly gay
So when paradise beckons
Let's dwell in the spell of this view
And rejoice every second
In a heavenly haven for two

MORE POWER TO YOU
You make the sunset glow the rivers flow
You tame the rain and stop the snow
So I have to love you
More power to you
You make the valley green, the heaven gleam
You light the night and kindle the scene
Seems I have to love you
More power to you
I would scour the blue
For a tower for two
And an hour or too
In a bower with you
You make the winter gay, the summer stay
You sigh and I must soon obey
Guess I have to love you
More power to you
I'D LIKE TO BE STRANDED WITH YOU

I don't want a famous movie person
Castaway with Hemingway would only start me
My one uninhibited view
I'd like to be stranded with you

I would never want a debutancy
A tropic isle would just be vile with Dietrixy
Oh perish the thought of a crema party
I'd like to be stranded with you

Keep me free from women drawn by Betty
I want no dames with claim to fame or weddings
If cannibals insist I bestay with confetti
First let me be stranded with you

BEING IN LOVE

Being in love
It's such a daily duty
And seeing with love
I do without light for sight

Being in love
I've cut out being moody
Agreeing with love
I won't listen to news that might confuse me

My matter of fact is pushed off the track
My hum-drum is stunned, my heart's at attention
I'm perched on a thrill, I'm sliding up hill
My romance is the fourth dimension

Being in love
There's naught to hold my thunder
No wonder
I'm sprawling and fleeing and keying my being
12th Step for Love
[Not transcribed].
MY MUSICAL SECRETARY
I'm gonna marry my musical secretary
And have her rhythm all my own at my home
She'll make life brighter when her little
 Says I love you. I do I do /typewriter

I'm gonna marry my musical secretary
And listen every evening long to her song
She'll make life brighter when her little
 Says I love you, I do I do /typewriter

When she takes shorthand I'll take her hand
And bells in hear'll go ding, ding, ding
I'll take her dictation and from sheer
The buzzer in my heart'll ring. / exhilarated

MY NEW KENTUCKY HOME
In my new Kentucky home,
Used to have Sears Roebuck in the outhouse
Now it's the book of the month for /station
In my new Kentucky home /relaxation

So it's heigh ho and swing around
And they're all forgot the headown
Now it's heigh ho they go to town
And the music's hot and lowdown

Used to shoot MacKays in a game of checkers
Now they drive em nuts with Sinatra records
Used to drink their moonshine rough and green
Now they use it in cars for gasoline
Used to shoot the ravencrows in the hucks
Now they help em with the income tax
The Jones boys used to hunt from spring to fall
Now they spend their time playing basketball
GRANNY PUT THAT ICEPICK DOWN
Gramma put that icepick down
I didn’t mean to slug ya.
But I always get so upset
When I see you dealing from the bottom of
the deck
Gramma put that icepick down
And don’t you lose your temper
But I didn’t mean to be mean.
When I mixed your orange juice with gasoline
Gramma you’re an old lady of eighty
And your blood can’t stand the pressure.
So can’t you take a joke without takin’ a poke
At your loving relation—don’t be so impatient.

FOUR SEASONS
In summer I met you one night by chance
We lit cigarettes, we sat out a dance
We made a date, I could hardly wait.
In autumn we sat neath the harvest moon
We went to the fair strolled arm in arm there
We talked of this, had our sweetest kiss.
Then came winter and I started to doubt
I called so much and you seemed to be out
Would the spell of it all, my own paradise
Bold wish the cold and the snow and the ice.
When springtime brought ringtime we suddenly
That this thing was real
Romance had come true.
The clock had gone round and we found love
It took four seasons but all the more reason for you to be mine.
Thurs. Feb. 24th [1944]

Went to Hollywood, for me reason to get out of the way here. Tried to see Columbia, but in production. Went up to B.M.I. and introduced ourselves as "writers" of new O & J shows. Guy, Eddie Jannis, got all excited and is going to send B.M.I., N.Y. a letter to contact Schuberts in "score." That can be a volcano. Met Billy Boyle & Charioteers on street. [Tanner?] has been writing for Bob Burns but has bad intestines. Went to movie at night.

Fri. Feb. 25 [1944]

A beautiful day! Got the slough off from Janis at Universal and I griped because Jay wouldn’t look for a piano to do some work. Tried to write a radio sketch & it stank. Had words with Jay over attitude toward show. Got hell from home for writing to Helen & not Doris. Went to hockey game at night.
Tues. Feb. 29th [1944]

Went out to the studio. Dave Murray came in. He is certainly hitching his wagon to our star as far as the new show is coming on. Felt blue when I heard Ed. Hartmann talking to a couple of groups whom I thought were songwriters for the new picture. But, when I asked him he said that nothing had been done on the new picture. Saw the agent Helen ____. She was very enthusiastic about spotting us in a gag show. Olsen didn’t like it when we told him.

Wed. March 1 [1944]

Rained all day long. Went out apartment hunting, and we tramped many footless blocks without any success. Had a conference about new show, and it started off okay. However, I take it all with a grain of salt until I see a *fait accompli*. The living situation is getting bad.
Wed. March 21 [1944]

We got the news today from Johnson that Blane and Martin are practically signed for the show. In his rough way he said he would like to give us a break, but he wouldn't go to bat with Kaufman over music. Of course, that put Olsen in our dog house, but things look bad. Olsen tried to cheer us up, but it was mainly double talk. The future sure looks bleak. Olsen kept away from us most of the day like his conscience hurt him.

Thur. March 22 [1944]

Took it easy all day. Went out to Santa Monica and got my watch. Stopped in at Olsen's on the way. Sat in Santa Monica and watched the Pacific. Life is getting very dull and I am getting very blue. Something has to happen soon.

Fri. March 23 [1944]

Today was the big "audition." But, the big stiff just stared into space and we made no impression whatsoever. We are as far from that show as we ever were. Met John Cecil Holm in the Plaza bar. Everything sure looks bleak. Even the radio show is out.
Sat. March 25 [1944]

Events moved fast today. Picked up Wendy at noon and she was very sweet. Jay had to go and pick up Kaufman and bring him to the studio; on the way he put the question up to him definitely. Kaufman said enough to assure us we weren't being considered even. Lou [sic] Pollack came out to play songs and he raised a lot of more enthusiasm than we did. Jay thinks Olsen even is giving us the brush off now. But one good thing -- Hartman asked Jay to play some songs for the new picture. Otherwise had a good time -- drinking and dancing at the Plaza.

Sun. March 26 [1944]

Tried to make contact with Frank Waters, but he is overseas. Teased Jay into going over to see Wendy and we sat around there most of the afternoon. Went to the movies at night. Lots of conversation about our status, but that is all it probably is.
Mon. March 27 [1944]

All evidence definitely points to the kiss of death now. Olsen barely speaks. I felt pretty badly until he gave me two tickets for the show tonight. It was gala with all the Universal people there. Wendy looked fascinating. Had trouble getting her and myself home, and I ran up a hefty cab bill. Maybe I should have hung around the Universal Party. But I got a little petting in although not as much as I wanted, but it was something. She sure is sweet.

Tues. March 28 [1944]

Today brightened up a little bit. Played songs for Ed Hartman and he listened attentively and took a couple under advisement. Then Olsen said he is going to take us to our agent. This, in total, was the first ray of sunshine we have had in a long time. It still hurts, however, to see the show building up around us, and we powerless to do anything about it.
Wed. March 29 [1944]

Started off the day by playing some songs for Eddie Janis. He was very nice, kept telling us he wanted something for us, but we couldn't hit it today. He asked us to come back before he leaves Saturday. Worked out at Universal in circus music. Alan admitted the show was gone, but has ideas on interpolated numbers.

Thur. March 30 [1944]

Played some more songs for Hartman. He was not too enthusiastic and left certain doubts in our mind as to his total authority. Johnson got very nasty over our using his dressing room and said he was paying writers $800 a week and we were interfering with them. Some of the previous excitement definitely left yesterday.
Fri. March 31 [1944]

Tried to play some songs for Eddie Janis, but he was all upset about his friend’s death, so we had to bow out. At the studio, Burton Lane played songs that were very good. He was very nice. We didn’t do much work, till late in the afternoon, when we decided to be opportunists and try to write Kaufman’s Mom, Dixon’s idea that he told Jay about in the car. Olsen is getting very hyper-critical and looking for flaws whenever he can. Jim Luntzel tried to get an entree at Warner’s but he didn’t get anywhere. Met Burton Lane -- very nice guy.

Sat. April 1 [1944]

Wendy didn’t want to go out tonight when I called her this morning. However, I didn’t brood about it. Went out to the studio. It was very quiet. Eddie Hartman came down to hear some new songs and he is talking like we are going to get a hunk of the thing -- at a minimum, anyway. That can’t fall through. Then Murray gave us a big talk on how Olsen is always discussing us and wants to put in a private show just to demonstrate what we can do. Also, had a reply from Sam Wood. So it was a pretty good day. Went out drinking at night. One spot had waitresses in halters and bare midriffs!
Sun. April 2 [1944]

Fate was kind today. We took a walk up into the hills, to the lake, and we wandered off a dirt road a few feet on a path for a clearer view. All at once there was a terrific rattle and a big snake slid in to the bushes. A few inches and ____. We were scared stiff, but by throwing a few stones and not getting any response we risked a dash back to the road. It was close! Heard Samba on the Kostelanetz program as Brasil Moreno. Went to the Palladium tonight.

Mon. April 3 [1944]

Johnson told us definitely to keep out of his bungalow and to "leave the writers alone." He was very sweet about it but then we heard him shouting to Murray right after that he had given us orders to stay away from his premises. So that's going to be very awkward. It will be unfortunate to get him down on us. Olsen sat around with us for awhile and had more enthusiasm for our endeavors that he has had in a long time.
Tues. April 4 [1944]

Went up to BMI and finished the "Guilty" song. We spent an awful lot of time getting lines to come out right. Olsen liked the song very much when he heard it. Sat around at Universal in afternoon, finally winding up at auditions for new picture. When I came home -- I got sick to my stomach! There was a letter from Helen saying "someone" had sent a letter of mine to her, to her husband -- and that there is hell to pay. I may be in a beautiful mess again.

Thur. April 6 [1944]

Did the songs for Eddie Cline and he did not object to any. Hope everything is going all right for we have a slight sense of uneasiness about it all. Haven't seen Hartman in quite a while. Olsen was out but was as friendly as an [sic] shoe. The battery went dead in the car again and just by luck we got it started.
Fri. April 7th [1944]

Somehow the tempo of excitement has slackened perceptibly lately. Had to leave the car to be fixed so we went up to B.M.I. and sat around. Took Miss Frazer to lunch at the Derby. She is funny -- especially when she said a Hollywood girl bumps into you a foot before she breathes down your neck. Called up Eddie Hartman when we went out to the studio, but I got what seemed like a curt answer. Also, I wish Jay hadn't tipped our hands to Don George. Went out with Wendie and Connie after dinner. The evening was particularly gala but it was a chance. Were at the Ambassador Hotel which is quite fancy.

Saturday, April 8 [1944]

Another day of inactivity. Saw Hartman twice but he didn't say anything. Was a terrific windstorm all day. Tried to find some excitement at night, but no luck.
Sun. April 9th [1944]

A very dull Sunday. Walked a little bit in the hills, then went over to Griffith's Park. Went to the movies in the early evening. Came home and wasted the night. I meant to do so much in the way of writing yesterday, but I just couldn't bring myself to doing anything.

Mon. April 10th [1944]

Today hit a new low in melancholia. We had the meeting with Dorothy Devore and set up a campaign and then went out to the studio. The new songwriters met with Olsen and we heard him giving them all the ideas about the audience participation number! That cuts us out totally. I haven’t felt this blue in a long time. He has been a heel to us in a personal sense (although we have actually no claim on him and from a business standpoint he has perfect freedom of action), and there goes the whole future glimmering. We had no position with anyone who counts and only the tenuous movie possibility to justify any phase of the trip. This actually was it!
Tues. April 11th [1944]

No question about how the wind is blowing. The atmosphere is one of intense hostility. "Great God" hasn't said a word to Jay in a week, and has to try to make conversation for me. The day was very blue. Went over to Dave Menkin's to visit at night, which was pleasant. I called up Sam Wood and he said to call again on Thursday as he was just leaving on location.

Wed. April 12th [1944]

Felt a little better today from sheer passing of time. Jay tried to make up with G.G. and that cleared the atmosphere a little. Now they're trying to give us the "story" of another show they are going to put on. Had an audition with John Grant, but didn't have what he wanted. No matter how much we have, we never have enough. Went to the Turnabout Theater at night. That was swell.
Thur. April 13 [1944]

Tried to see Sam Wood, but he didn't come in and the girl said "he would call me." That's probably the end of that! Went out to the studio in the afternoon. Got some more double talk from Olsen. Found out that the Circus motif may not be used in the picture -- which means we are sunk, if so. Luntzel got a little sarcastic about the "song" we wrote for him. Didn't accomplish much today. Hugh Herbert told us some funny stories -- especially about going visiting, getting in the wrong house and starting to swear in front of some society ladies.

Fri. April 14th [1944]

Spent all day at the studio. Olsen again bubbling over with enthusiasm and double talk. All but confirmed that the circus idea for the night club is well on its way to being junked. Didn't accomplish much in the way of work although I came home at night and worked on the Devore shtik. I am afraid of it, because of the long time I haven't done this kind of thing and because of the character involved.
Sat. April 15th [1944]

Finished skit for Devore. Ellwood said it was all right. Was awfully sorry to see him and Gross leave. Then, Johnson reappeared and gave us baleful looks on sight. Tried to finish the ballad but got bogged down. Went to Olsen's ice show at night.

Sun. April 16th [1944]

Sat around all day, anticipating the night. After sitting around the Hotel until 9 o'clock, I got the call that she is "at Oceanside," so would I please forgive her. At least, she called. I was disgusted. So, I asked a girl sitting in the lobby -- Cora Duff -- to have a drink with me. She was waiting for someone, but had a drink and the minute we sat down her friend came, and that was that. That added a little fillip, however. So, had a drink there. Went over to the Knickerbocker and this concluded a pretty dead evening!
Mon. Apr. 17 [1944]

Today followed the usual pattern. First did our act for Dorothy Devore and her manager, Fred Burkett. They thought it was swell, and just what they wanted, so that's that for now. Jay got a letter from Metro and I called and made an appointment for Wednesday. They were very suspicious of the thing and said to bring the "letter." Then, we found out the story on the movie. It is out of Hartman's hands and Feld has commissioned Carter and Rosen to write members for it. The only thing not set is what the "specialties may require." That was the coup de grace and now we are really sunk. Something just has to happen, or else -- at least, Hartman, feeling sorry for me, said he would give me any tip off he could, but he was in the dark as much as I was. Told Olsen and got the usual semblance of action, but actual brush-off from him. At least, I am getting a little bit more conditioned to these things and am following the typical Hollywood pattern.
Tues. April 18th [1944]

Another one of those "full" days. Got out to the studio early to hear what the songwriters had to perform. Spent $2.25 for haircut and shampoo which was brutal. Caught Olsen in the middle of the afternoon and he called up Kithenger at Fredericks. We went right over and he heard a couple of things. He asked us to give him a quote on "individual songs and on the whole score." Olsen must have given him a terrific sales talk, for we didn't perform enough to warrant that opening. Then, went up to N.C.A.C. [National Concert and Artists Corporation] to see what was doing there. Miss Reinhardt said she would try to get $200, but would probably get $150. Miss Ainsworth said she was going to pitch us definitely for Gerry Moore when he gets out here. Everything had been going pretty good so we went up to Warner's to see about "Mark Twain." Harry Garfield was nice and told us to leave a copy and he would send it to N.Y. Went to see "Cover Girl" at night. The "Tomorrow" number was wonderful and the whole picture was good. Well, today broke the skein of despondency a little anyway.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
Wed. April 19th [1944]

Got to the studio early to report to Olsen on our ice show interview. He didn't give us any concrete help, but he was interested. Murray told Jay later that they had production offices all set up in New York to take care of situations like these. I didn't let Olsen forget about the movie music, either. At M.G.M. had to wait for an hour and a half for Finston to return to his office. Almost went crazy sitting there. But, finally he came and turned out to be good-natured but eccentric. He seemed to surprised that we weren't members of Ascap, if we were "amateurs," what we were looking for, etc. He had Louis Sidney's letter right there, and that must carry weight. I am wondering if he is the right guy to see, however, as he didn't have any piano in his office, and it all seemed so strange. But, he said he would call back and arrange for an audition. Ran into Sammy Fein [sic] over there.
[Not transcribed].
Thur. April 20th [1944]

The first thing everyone asked us was how we made out at Metro. We built it up a lot bigger than it was and they were "impressed." No action on the ice show so I talked to Murray and practically asked him to handle it. He said he would talk to Olsen and see what he said. The annoying thing now is the picture. Olsen is talking now about getting a musician just for "screen credit." There is something being done as Jay heard music department men talking about "circus" music, Eddie Cline was talking about a dance routine, and Rosen and Carter were on the set all day. Olsen said to remind him to do something about it tomorrow but I am afraid we have missed the boat again. This trip out here looks like more of a financial flop every day.

Fri. Apr. 21 [1944]

Worked with Miss Devore. She may be all right. Went out to the studio and worked myself into an awful lather because nothing was being done. And the day ended up, without anything being done -- including ice show. Jim Luntzel brought a big publicity man over from A.P. Sat around Plaza at night & drank.
Sat. April 22 [1944]

Another day of disappointments. Worked in the morning on Miss Devore's thing and finally finished it. Then, went out to the studio. Nothing happened except that there is a chorus girl call Monday. Olsen gave us the old double talk before leaving on "Jerks Beserk," an ice show in Hollywood Bowl, and the usual conversation about opening up an "office." Tried to pin him and Murray down about calling Kittering and didn't get much satisfaction. Olsen agreed in principle, but that's as far as it went. Went to see an awful show "Dream of Romance" at night. Thought it was in Hollywood and it was in Los Angeles, so at 8:30 started on a trolley ride to town. Jay was furious.

Sun. April 23 [1944]

Was a beautiful Sunday. Worked all afternoon on Durante sketches. They came out not too badly, I think. Also, worked at night on them. Found a place to get 10¢ beers later in the evening. Today is Doris' birthday. The Durante thing is my psychological hope of repudiating Olsen.
Mon. April 24th [1944]

Was a cold, sun-less day. However, lots of things happened. When we arrived at the studio we got a call from M.G.M., telling us of an appointment tomorrow at 4:00. That set us right on top. Elmer came in and told us O & J were disgusted with the music written for their pictures and they had an awful time on the set. But Feld had had it all recorded so it was a closed case as far as we were concerned. Another tough break. Johnson told us the song stunk, but that was "show business." Always someone trying to pull a fast one on you. We got Murray to call up Kittering as a representative of Olsen and Johnson. He didn't get him, and when the guy called back he wants Olsen in on it, with a deal concerning Westwood. Olsen's entrance in to it will probably mess it up. He didn't bother with us at all yesterday because there is absolutely nothing he can do. I finished the two Durante sketches and they look pretty good. Called up Miss Ainsworth and told her I'd drop them off. Asked Kirby if he'd like to go out to Metro with us, and he said he'd let us know tomorrow.
Tues. April 25 [1944]

The tempo quickened again today. They started the night club scene in the picture and that hurt, especially with Olsen maintaining his accustomed aloofness now. It’s such a satisfaction to know that things are going on without him. N.C.A.C. has a big show for Edward Everett Horton that they are trying to build for fall, and we may be in the picture. That would be terrific but over our head. However, might as well see what happens and meantime they will work in Durante-Moore. They are also taking us over to P.R.C. Thursday. Had out "audition" at Metro. However, they guy who heard us was only an arranger and we were sort of sloughed off. However, he liked what he heard, and he is supposed to make a report to the powers that be, so now we just have to wait. That was fairly satisfying. Had a slight squabble with Jay at night because he wouldn’t drive down to mail the music, so I had to walk down.
Wed. April 26 [1944]

Spent all day out at the studio. Johnson kept coming back to his bungalow and throwing us out and by the end of the day he was ugly as hell. Everyone's tempers were on edge and they told Olsen and Johnson they looked "tired." -- too many things on Olsen's mind. Was glad to get away from there and go to Los Angeles to see Katharine Dunham. That was wonderful.

Thur. April 27 [1944]

In the morning rehearsed Miss Devore. She is not nearly good yet and the record she cut sounds pretty bad. Went up to B.M.I. afterwards and met Miss Frazie's nifty successor. Miss Frazie says her new office looks like a "whorehouse." Then had an audition at P.R.C. with Saul Bernie. It went over fine and there should be something there when they actually need something. Miss Ainsworth brought Mr. Morton along, the head of the agency. She gave us a terrific sales talk about "getting something on paper" and signing up. Met Wendy at night and had fun at the Plaza, dancing and a couple of drinks.
Fri. April 28 [1944]

Called up M.G.M. but I think I got a stall when they said the guy was out of town until Monday. So, spent the day out at the studio. Luntzel fixed it up for us to be on a broadcast with Olsen at night, Erskine Johnson's program on K.E.C.A. It was fun and they gave us a swell plug during and after the program. So, the guy suggested that we come back on our own. We are going to owe Luntzel a lot for all this. He makes plenty of cracks about the way we slough off his ideas. Gave Miss Devore's song to her new accompanist. The contract we are signing says "if material unsatisfactory" we have to furnish more at no additional cost. That is very nasty, but we are not worrying about it at the present moment.

Sat. April 29 [1944]

Got a call from NCAC that a PRC job is in the offing. Only we may have to work in with a third guy. Told Olsen about all the things we had in prospect but he didn't react, except to say that the way we were going we didn't need an "appointment with Bob Alten." Happy over everything. Sat around and drank beer at night.
Sun. April 30 [1944]

Spent all day and evening, too, trying to develop ideas on the Horton show. Didn’t come up with anything sensational, but at least, I think we have something to talk about.

Mon. May 1 [1944]

Started off the day at the Agency. Met Ken (?) [Ted] Sisson, radio head of Pedlar and Ryan. He explained what he was looking for on this Horton program and I read our sketch. I did it badly and he wasn’t swept away with the idea. However, the impression, I felt, wasn’t bad and he told us to try some more ideas. Then N.C.A.C. gave us a contract to sign, but we told her we had to talk it over with Olsen. Then went out to PRC and met Lew Bellin. He isn’t a bad guy personally but can’t help us much professionally. He gave us quite a sales talk on the idea, as did Bernie, and although we tried to squirm out of it, that wasn’t to be. At one point he wanted to throw the whole thing away. So we went to work and there was one song he had us start on, which came out all right. I can tolerate it, but Jay is very much disgusted with the set up.
Luntzel gave us hell at the studio for fooling around with P.R.C. -- said that it would kill us while he was trying to build us up with Johnson and Hoppe. He even had Olsen give us a lecture -- but he did it half-heartedly. He doesn't give a damn what happens to us. Had some words with Jay over the advisability of signing with NCAC. He says he can't trust my judgment and I feel I can't trust his. Had to rehearse with Devore at night. She has a coach, now, Boris Petroff who certainly tore everything apart. Now, we have more work to do and have to go back there again on Thursday. That thing is getting out of control and something has to be done about it. Went to the Ice Capades at night. Parts of it were very beautiful. The production numbers were military, Russian, South Seas, Southern, Lockheed, and Viennese.
Wed. May 3 [1944]

Went up and said hello to Eddie Janis. Then went out to P.R.C. Bernie heard what we had done and he raved and raved. Then he started in on his sales talk again as Bellin had told him we weren't too happy about it all. Jay is taking it with more of a sense of humor now, anyway. Ainsworth is telling us to get on the ball with the contract or her hands are tied. Met Martha Tilton and she was swell. Sweet and raved about the songs. She said it was "inevitable" we should meet. Also, the writers were there, a couple of young girls. They have to be pleased, too. And Neufeld, the producer -- but, that's the way it goes. Bellin wasn't too much help from a singing angle and as a business head he's been kind of a flop so far.
Rehearsed with Dorothy Devore. Petroff tore everything we did apart and rewrite it himself. But I must admit it is better. Then went out to the studio. Was terrifically hot. Shooting outside. Eddie Cline almost hit that kid Clements because he wouldn't lie down. It was a very tense moment. Olsen said he would call Morris for us, then he walked right out and sloughed it off. Jay got a little sore when I didn't like something he was playing and he said he couldn't "trust my judgment." Drank beer at night.

Fri. May 5 [1944]

Finally got Jay to NCAC to see what's what. Got the contract basis resolved satisfactorily and Ainsworth says he has a lot of contacts all over the town. She is apparently on our side in the P.R.C. deal, but you never know. She didn't like it when I said the script was weak. Went out to the studio and everyone in good humor there. Met Doly Mitchell (Hotel [Ch??isky]) and she is terrific. She wants us to write a song for her. Now that it doesn't seem to matter, it is easy to see how distant Olsen is from us.
Sat. May 6 [1944]

Went out to PRC. Bellin was very neurotic and is so worried that we are out to cut his throat - "there is a well between us" which he can't penetrate. Everything is so confused that it is a very queer situation. Did the two songs for some of the other people there and none of them took exception. Came into town, sent mother a present, and came back to the house to relax. My date was canceled again, this time Connie calling to tell me the news. I think that is the end. So, spent the evening in aimless drinking. Saw Bob Hope walking down the street. Everything was sure jammed at night.

Sun. May 7 [1944]

Was a warm pleasant day as I headed out to Redondo Beach. Got picked up on the hill by a fellow who is a movie actor -- I think Henry Aldridge. Had a thrill while waiting for the bus to hear a couple of girls singing "G'Bye Now." I asked them how they remembered such an old song and they said it wasn't so old. Had a pleasant time at Hersch's and a terrific meal. Didn't have much to talk about except reminisce, but that was fun. Came back and ran into Dave Murray who bought me a drink. I need some feminine companionship to keep from going nuts.
Mon. May 8 [1944]

A dull day. Wanted Jay to work but he was in a mood to do-nothing. Miss Reinhardt called about another radio program. Couldn't get Murray to call about the Ice show -- he is too slippery. Got hold of [Brent?] at M.G.M. and he said "Harry Link would have to pass" on the music, so that's that. Was drinking in Olsen's room with him and June Morner. Got a little gay, so after dinner I continued at Mike Lyman's and the Plaza. To get home I had to walk up the hill.

Tues. May 9 [1944]

Went out to Universal. Was fidgety all day and tried to get Jay to work on a song, but I got the usual; slough-off. Unless there is a definite objective in view, it's almost impossible to get him to create; he puts on that artistic inability or mood and I am helpless. One of these days I am going to blow up and get this thing set. Since we have come out here I have easily held up my end of this enterprise. Ainsworth didn't call, so I called her and found out we were expected at PRC at 4:30 tomorrow. It's a good thing I called. Murray got a little annoyed when I brought up the ice show again and he says he can't get any answers out of Olsen.
Wed. May 10 [1944]

Sat around the house until it was time to go to NCAC. I am getting very irritable and every little thing irritates me. Signed at NCAC with the contract as expected. Ainsworth almost threw us when she said she had been talking to Ralph Blane and he couldn't figure out where we fitted in to the Olsen and Johnson picture. We covered it up but lost a little face there. Then did the songs at PRC. Everyone had mass enthusiasm with Tilton directing it. She is swell. Met Mr. Frankess. Ainsworth set the deal with Bernie. He called us into the office first and wanted to know what Bellin had had to do with it all. That put us on the spot as Ainsworth had evidently been telling him the Bellin was a load on our neck. But, we stuck up for Bellin and said this was a 3 way thing. However, I think we got the idea across that we want to work along. And, Bellin makes it so dramatic! Bernie says he can do a lot for us -- that we are "great" -- so we'll see what happens. The deal was set for $1200. Ate at LaRues with Bob Hope, Ray Milland and Ella Raines.
Thur. May 11 [1944]

Went out to the U. Worked on a good song for Tilton. Jay came up with a good theme but I couldn’t get anywhere on a lyric. Johnson was very affable and spent most of the day talking to us and raving about song. Told his wife that Jay “would be a big sonofabitch” some day. Was restless at night so got Jay to drive into town for a couple of beers.

Fri. May 12 [1944]

Met Bellin out at PRC. Had a session on the song for the spot. We had one idea and he had another and then Bernie came in to confuse us all. It was not a pleasant session. Then went over to NCAC and heard the Scramby Amby records. Had dinner at Bellin’s. Reminisced with his wife over cruise days and he gave us the inside dope on Bernie.
**Wed. May 17 [1944]**

Spent the day at U. and finished the Polka. Olsen starting to be sweet and show an interest in us again. Picked up a screwball dame in the car who wanted an intro to Olsen. Dave Chudnow called up about the music so stayed a little late working. Saw Howard Blake in Sardi's. Wish we had some material ready.

**Thur. May 18 [1944]**

Went out to PRC. Had the "Highway Polka" okayed. Jay wrote two manuscripts and we signed contracts for the picture. Came home in the afternoon and sat around. I got annoyed at receiving another electric bill from Elaine so Jay decided to ask them what was what. That is a ticklish situation. Drank beer at Mike Lyman's in the evening and I felt pretty good, although lonely. Got home to find telegram from Marlo and Bee and everything all excited. Prevailed on Jay to drive into town and call him back, although he didn't want to. Got Marlo out of bed to find out he wanted one minute spots on "Make Your Own Bed."
Fri. May 19 [1944]

Got up with a slight hangover. Left material for Blake and then went over to Martha's house at noon. Met her sister, Liz. Had a nice time rehearsing and talking. Then went over to PRC and wrote manuscripts. Bernie brought some movie producers in to hear us. Got the news there about Scramby Amby -- the material was bad, couldn't be used, the guy wanted us so badly, Miss Reinhardt was all upset, everything had gone in reverse. That was really tough as I had planned on that, and I can't see what went that badly wrong. I guess I was riding too high and now all that future security has gone glimmering. That knocks down my confidence in myself as a writer. Had to go over to Dave Matthew's house at 4:30 and we all tromped over there and no one home. So we went to Chudnow's office and went over the arrangements with Spud Murphy. He'll do a good job. Got home to find a rush telegram from Marlo, so dreamed up something and sent him a telegram. Had a couple of beers in the Plaza and had trouble with an obnoxious drunk.
Sat. May 20 [1944]

Finished up the material for Marlo and sent it special-air mail. Then went out to PRC. Walked in on a producers' meeting so went out and sat in the car and finished the song. At night had the usual drinking and loneliness. I have to meet some people or I will go nuts out here in my spare time. Still feeling blue over that radio flop but at least have the compensation of the music going along all right.

Sun. May 21 [1944]

Sat around all day and didn't accomplish anything. Felt blue most of the day. Even walked downtown to get a Variety. Called Bellin at night as I promised. Felt guilty as I told him we would be out there "sometime in the afternoon." I didn't make much sense over the phone and I guess he realized it. Saw two excellent pictures -- "Morgan's Creek" and "Private Hargrove." I think it is this loneliness that is depressing me so.
Mon. May 22 [1944]

Started day off at PRC. Felt a little guilty about sneaking around corner with Bellin. Director Sam Neufeld, didn’t like the sequence of out “Hat” lyrics, so there’s going to trouble there. The present of liquor that we were going to get looks bad -- they cannot sell it to us wholesale and a can will cost us $50 -- with everyone probably thinking we got it for nothing. Went over to Universal in the afternoon, where nothing happened. Called NCAC and wasn’t happy about the way they sloughed me off. Bernie didn’t agree to the way we wanted program credit, so that’s out.

Tues. May 23 [1944]

Were over at PRC with the other arrangers. Got that out of the way except for the “Hat.” Bellin was over and he wasn’t the acme of friendliness. Saw Eddie Janis and he said he was looking all over for us -- made us promise to give him first “refusal” on the score. Got our check at NCAC and Ainsworth gave us a pep talk. Went to Palladium at night. All those people there and I am so lonely!
Wed. May 24 [1944]

Spent the day at Universal. It was a dull day. The problem facing us as how to present this interview on June 3rd. I was going to call Martha about it, but I bowed out at the last minute. Otherwise nothing happened. I found a letter home from Doris asking me for a loan of $20. I couldn't send that, but I did send her $10 which I am liable to miss soon.

Thur. May 25 [1944]

Were over to PRC, which was good, as they had called us. Had our usual audition and usual huzzahs. Walked around town looking at pianos and window shopping, then went back to PRC to see the hat. It looked swell and our song fitted. Then, had the thankless task of asking Martha Tilton to be on our program. She was sweet about it and said to call her back Monday. How I hated to do that! Was lured into a preview at night at the Paramount and it was some Republican awful thing. So went to Jimmies and drank. Was talking to waiters from Knickerbocker. She introduced me to guy who writes all Harry Ravel’s songs and was contacted to do songs for Martha Tilton at PRC.
by Mr. King. I should have led him on but I revealed myself too soon. He was drunk, but was mumbling about Martha Tilton, a "boyfriend," and red cross. I wanted to take waitress home, but she evidently had a rendezvous with him. I have to watch my money, for I am spending it much too fast.

Fri. May 26 [1944]

Quite a full day (and expensive one!). Went over to PRC first and auditioned a fellow for the picture, David Bruce. Then went into the city. Got the whisky and they had twice as much as we needed there. Then roamed around the city. Ran into Wendy on the corner, which was funny as we had passed Connie coming down. Bought a suit in Silverwoods. Then got presents for Johnson and Bernie. Had a lot of fun trying to track down a pen in Bullock's window for Bernie as no one in the store knew where it was. Then went down to Olvera St. It was pleasant and gay. Met a bartender at a place who was from Hollywood and knew Olsen & Johnson (Olly Fisk). Then I met a Mexican girl, Grace, who was very sweet and whom I am supposed to see next week down there.
Sat. May 27 [1944]

Sat around the house all day relaxing in the "morning after" -- with nothing to do. Miss Bolster invited us to a party in her place. It was gay, smart and fun. I didn't make any friends but I enjoyed being in the atmosphere. Peter Godfrey, director of "Christmas In Connecticut," was there as well as Angela "something" who is in "Gaslight" and "Dorian Gray." It was a different sort of evening.

Sun. May 28 [1944]

Woke up with a bad headache and a bad humor. So after breakfast went in to town to see the movie, "Pin Up Girl." I came home at night expecting to do something, but I fell asleep on the bed. What is really depressing me is the lack of mental activity -- this failure to create something just to have it around for future needs and to keep myself from getting rusty -- which is very important. It is a case of self-discipline and sometime I am going to regret all these days wasted in "relaxation."
Mon. May 29th [1944]

Spent the day at Universal. I annoyed Jay by not accepting his slough off of my suggestion to write a song. But, I stuck to my guns and got a measure of satisfaction. Luntzel borrowed our car and we had to take a trolley into town to the bank. When we got back we gave Olsen and Bee their presents. There was much gushing and oohing, but they both liked what they got. Then Olsen gave us an empty bottle back with a poem on [it] that "topped" ours. Luntzel told Olsen about Hedda Hopper and that he should write her a letter about us. Olsen tried to squirm every which way -- saying it wouldn't look good if we were on her program after Erskine Johnson's -- that there would be no one to sing -- that we ought to give it all to "charity" -- but Luntzel, aided by Bee and Dave, wouldn't let him slip out. And the letter was actually written. Called Martha and she agreed to sing for us on Friday, which is a big load off of my mind. Martha O'Driscoll had us come to Milton Rosen's office to play "Shangri La."
Tues. May 30 [1944]

Was a dull cold day. Went over to Martha's house and rehearsed with her. She was very charming and good as usual. Said she might have a party on Saturday night and we were invited. That would really be something. Sat around the house all afternoon and at night drank in Jimmies. Nothing noteworthy happened.

Wed. May 31 [1944]

Got up early to call Chudnow but no PRC meeting until tomorrow. So went out to "U" and got the broadcast on the road with Luntzel. The [feeling?] is there all night and it looks like it will play satisfactorily. Olsen was in bad humor. Glad I didn't want anything. Went out to Long Beach at night to see Dorothy Devore's art. It was an excruciating experience in that cheap theater and then in the Villa Riviera Hotel. I think Petroff has ruined a lot of the artiness in the material. She even introduced us at the Hotel, but got out names wrong. Just what to do with the art now, I don't know. Reinhardt told me that the Gerry Moore material was no good. I guess I better stick to songs.
Thur. June 1 [1944]

Had the final meeting at PRC. Cliff Nazarro and Betty Broudel [sic] (Joan Leslie’s sister) were both there. The picture looks like it might be cute. I was disappointed when Martha wouldn’t let us pick her up for the broadcast. I had a suspicion she was a little annoyed by it all. Told Janis about Monday and he is coming out. Bellin has some kind of story about a song for Republic and giving the score to Chappelle, and I waited for him and he never came back. Went out to the U and got the script. It looks swell and I think it handles Martha adequately. I wonder what Luntzel wants out of all this. He sure is knocking himself out and I hope it turns out to be a wise move all around. Was dog tired so after dinner I came home and got in bed. Had a long talk with Lubin. He told us many anecdotes of old timers and lore of Hollywood. When he first heard Larry Hart’s lyrics and it was the only time he felt discouraged -- then Hart asks Mr. Lubin if they were okay. That was a funny story of Wilson Mizner stealing a cash register and pleading defense that he was a drunk writer and thought it was a typewriter.
Fri. June 2 [1944]

Got up a little later for I was tired. Went up to see Eddie Janis before going out to Universal to explain about Bellin. I clarified all that and he threw a lot of crap about how much he wants a "good song" from us, etc. I made a mistake, I think, in telling him how much we are getting for the PRC job -- that might make it tough to get an advance, especially when he has to go through New York to get approval. Then went out to Universal and made sure everything was all right. Saw Miss Reinhardt out there. We are going to meet Hedda Hopper Monday or Tuesday. Then came the broadcast -- it went over swell. Martha pitched right in and Johnson liked it. Luntzel had a friend, Craig _____, who handles Schenley radio advertising. Was not especially nervous and only fluffed a couple of speeches. Life is certainly hitting a grand and glorious tempo. I am getting scared of the swing of the pendulum now. Martha wants Jay to dub in the picture instead of Bellin, which will also be "fun."
Sat. June 3 [1944]

Got up late and went down to listen to the records. They only had the master, and it sounded surprisingly good. The only trouble was that Martha's song was too slow. We had a difference of opinion as to whether to buy her a present or not. Jay said it was corny, so we ended up by doing nothing about it. Then went out to her home at night for a party. It was swell and we had a fine time. The place was full of musicians and show people -- Charley Dant and his wife, Mr. & Mrs. [Robert] Redd (he, director of Sealtest program, she Gogo De Lys), Mr. and Mrs. Wickes (commercial artist), Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs (Tommy Dorsey, publishing), Sam Weiss (musician). I made a stupid remark when I asked Martha if she was going to use a PRC dressing room. That’s the trouble -- when you aren’t relaxed, in the company of strangers, you overdo things to make conversation. Didn’t get home until 2 o’clock.
**Sun. June 4 [1944]**

A day of relaxation after the swift tempo of the past few. Sat around and tried to dig up a new routine for Dorothy Devore. Went to the movies at night -- "Meet The People" and "Cry Havoc."

**Mon. June 5 [1944]**

Well, today was the big today! I wasn't too happy about it. The band was swell and got an awful lot done. The "Highway Polka" was ruined because four people can't just get together and sing. "Say It With Love," Martha made take 2 because she "made a mistake" on take 1 -- only it was the other way around. Then, we told them to print 1 and they printed 2, so the thing is all confused. I don't think Martha came out as well as she could. She looked so worried and disgusted by it all. Betty Broudel is a sweet girl and she is so enthusiastic about it all! Elwood Ulman called us up about a possible picture at Columbia. God tired and worn out at night.
Tues. June 6 [1944]

The picture started today and we spent most of the day on the set. First heard the two records on "Say It With Love" over at Sound Studio and decided that there wasn't enough difference between them to worry about it. This was D day, and we spent it chasing records and catching movies made! There was electricity all over the air. The picture looks pretty cute -- depending on camera angles, lighting, etc. They gave Martha plenty of takes on the "Hat" song and she is doing it marvelously, considering all the difficulties of the thing. Bernie wants to get into the act now, too. He put the bee on us yesterday as to what kind of a deal he could make if he got us work. Jay immediately got his fur up, but I think basically it might have its points. He was running down Bellin to us, so I guess there might be more trouble there. Jay called up Universal and Olsen got on the phone and talked his head off with statements of friendship and "affection." So, it goes.
Wed. June 7 [1944]

The tempo didn't drag today, if not as encouraging. Went over to PRC and watched them shoot. Then went over to Columbia and auditioned for Del Ford and Moe Howard, for Elwood's picture. That would be a beautiful assignment, but Howard said Lou Levy was in the picture and that may screw it up. All we can do is wait. Then went out with Bellin to try to peddle the score. Put our big pitch on Janis, but he didn't react as I hoped. He said there isn't a commercial song there that he could go out on a limb with, and he was disappointed. Of course, with a Tilton record that would put a different complexion on it, and he evidently called Bernie and told him that. So, Bernie and Ainsworth are going to put the screws on Martha, which I don't like, but which may be necessary. It may be to her advantage to make a record, too, if she has the time. Bernie said that he can't work with Bellin as he is "communistic" and he is getting his tentacles into us. He and Ainsworth were in deep buzz-buzz in the corner, which she told Jay was about us. It looks like the Hedda Hopper thing is falling through.
Thur. June 8 [1944]

Went over to the studio. It is a pleasant place to hang around -- talking to all the people. They did the "Invitation" number very well. Went up to see Harry Garfield about "Mark Twain" and he said that, not hearing, nothing was in the wind. I asked him if he was interested in the Martha Tilton score and he disdainfully said no. Chudnow says he will have Jonie Taps listen to it. He sure thinks it is good. Went out to Dave’s at night. Had a real argument with Jay over future relations with Bernie. He has the superior attitude of not touching him, while I say we ought to play along for whatever he can on the record. I don’t think he ought to be so arbitrary. I got picked up by a guy on Sunset who told me an interesting experience -- he picked up a girl looking for a ride near Santa Monica and a few minutes later a sailor. The two started fooling around and in no time were on the floor in the back of the car having a little orgy. Shut my mouth.
Fri. June 9 [1944]

Day started off nicely with the jerk having no trace of my laundry. He is getting, more adamant now that I must have got it! Now I will have to buy some clothes for the weekend. Out at P.R.C. we had another session - Janis, Bernie and Ainsworth. This one was full of histrionics and ran the whole gamut of the emotional scale. Ainsworth promised Janis every plug under the sun, but if he is not enthusiastic what if he does take it. Everybody is whispering in the corner. But Martha said gladly she would record the numbers, which is what he wanted, so that’s that. I told her not to feel obligated to do this, but she said she would be glad to, although her past enthusiasm, I felt, was lacking. Went out to see Olsen, and he barely spoke to us. But, Dave invited us to a farewell party for them tomorrow night. Took care of my income tax without paying anything. But, that laundry situation is really bad. Kirby asked us what Feld had against us. He made a pitch for Shangri La in his new picture and Feld said it was a good song, but he wouldn’t use it for a couple of reasons!
Sat. June 10 [1944]

After fighting with the laundry man and having him tell me I never brought it in, they finally found my laundry. It was at the washing place. Then stopped in town and bought me a shirt and a tie for Philip. Went out to PRC and relaxed watching them shoot. Everybody seems to be very happy over the way the picture is going. Bernie made sure he emphasized that we have an appointment with Johnny Mercer on Monday. Martha told me on how she was ready to break with NCAC, and how her husband forced Ainsworth into doing something for her. Also, how Birdwell took her on, through Ainsworth, at a percentage of her last year's earnings instead of his customary $25,000. At night Olsen's party. It didn't break up until five in the morning. There was a galaxy of stars there, including Jack Oakie, Ann Baxter, Henny Youngman, Alec Templeton. It was loads of fun.
Sun. June 11 [1944]

Got up very tired at noon. Sat around all afternoon and wrote verse. Went down to meet Marguerite and they didn't show up. I waited an hour, which was very disgusting. So finally ended up by drinking beer at the Plaza bar all night.

Mon. June 12 [1944]

Spent the usual pleasant day at P.R.C. Just sat around the set and talked to people. At five met Johnny Mercer with Ainsworth. He was a swell guy and seemed to like to music very much. I got Ainsworth sore when I tried to discourage "Invitation" in lieu of the two commercial things. Ainsworth handled it very nicely. The only thing is that we left without the thing being consummated positively. We are supposed to come back tomorrow with the playbacks, which don't sell the stuff particularly. But, I think the thing is pretty well set.
Tues. June 13 [1944]

Went down to see about a place but it was useless even to put in an application. Then went over to see Ellwood and he said the music would wait until last. Jay said he was washing that off. Then went over to PRC. They were shooting the nightclub scene and it was quite elaborate. Martha asked Jay to play for her at a benefit Saturday, and I would like to go, but I don’t know whether I am included or not. I guess I better forget about Patty as that head camera man is obviously on the make for her. Took the sound tracks down to Glenn Wallichs. He was perfectly satisfied so we had dubs left there and there and left them in his store with the music. Everything going along all right. Olsen was very annoyed because we hadn’t taken his suggestion about looking up the Hotel. I guess we’re not going to have a chance to say goodbye to him now. Sat home all night and tried to write a lyric to that manuscript Eddie Janis gave me.
Wed. June 14 [1944]

The usual day. Got out to P.R.C. about noon. Janis called us to see what was going on. Almost had a fire on the set when some celluloid caught fire from a hot lamp. Luntzel has us tentatively on the radio July 7. He is starting to want to work out a deal. Went out with Bellin to contact music publishers. Allen Ross and Joe Nadel at Chapelle [sic] gave us a lot of time, but whether they want the score or not I don't know. Among the complications are splitting the sides, getting at H 1 plug, signing with Capitol as a publisher. Tried a few more, but none of them showed as much interest as Chapelle. Jay put me in an awful spot when he told Bellin all about the record and Capitol, etc., after I had played dumb about it before. I bet he thinks me a beautiful jerk. Olsen is apparently going without saying goodbye as Bee says he is leaving tomorrow. Took Jean Osgood home from the set at night. She is a baby, and entirely uninhibited. Some of her stories were very funny, but the tragic part was that there was nothing to do and no place to go, when a little social life was in order.
Thur. June 15 [1944]

Day followed usual pattern. Everything pleasant over at PRC. My new friend gave me a big smile in the restaurant but not much more. Met Bellin in the afternoon. Lew Porter said not to do anything with songs until record came out; that there was no chance of a big house doing anything with a PRC score. Janis met us on the street, and he and Bellin almost came to blows. We are to meet him tomorrow. Bellin is not getting much out of it, as he gets no Ascap credit out of this. It's a good thing he didn't write them or he could stymie us. Worked till midnight on that lyric for Janis. Olsen has gone. Left at noon today. That's that, and is the end of a certain era. I wonder when we'll ever see him again?
Fri. June 16th [1944]

This was the last day of the heightened tempo of watching "our picture" being made. Stayed out there until mid afternoon when we had our appointment with Janis. Everything went along pleasantly, but informally. The crux of the whole matter is the record and if anything happens to that we are dead pigeons. We stopped at Shapiro-Bernstein in the morning and got the guy very annoyed because we didn't have the music with us. Saw the restaurant dolly for a second, and she was very nasty. I asked her if she was doing anything over the weekend and she didn't answer me.

Picture finished at 11 o'clock. It got very sloppy towards the end, but they had to complete it. Bellin had a new bug in his mind -- that we would have to make a deal with him in performance royalties as BMI would keep his share. Actually, he was admitting that they would not further his Ascap position all along. So ends our first picture. I wonder what we can do for excitement now?
Sat. June 17 [1944]

Had to walk down and back for breakfast and stay around the house all day, with Jay up to Long Beach with Martha Tilton. I wrote letters for about three hours in the afternoon. Ran into Bee at night, and she said Mrs. Olsen was very happy with her present. Saw Dave Murray later and he was his usual suave self. "Jerks Beserk," is a definite, he said, just so Oley can prove his point. Drank some beer afterward and then went to the Hangover. Met a character by name of Kelly, who took us and three Lieutenants -- Gibson, Jordan and Holloway -- over to some apartment. Here, we drank and Jay played piano and had a pretty gay time. She was a very attractive woman, considering her probable age.

Sun. June 18 [1944]

The usual Sunday. Had to make our own breakfast. Got so hungry in the afternoon that I made an issue out of it with Jay to go and eat. After dinner went to see "Make Your Own Bed." Came home then and sat around. This living situation sure is horribly circumscribing.
Mon. June 19 [1944]

The express train came to an abrupt halt today. And, a sweet shock it was! At Capitol, the girl said Wallich's was out of town for two months and that they didn't have Martha Tilton scheduled to record on Wednesday. That is the end of everything -- thousands of dollars gone out the window! The only thing to do is check with NCAC tomorrow and see what's what. I thought this all was too good to be true! Went down to Cliff Nazarro's house in the morning to get the music. He has a pretty place on Hesby St., and he played piano for us and raved about our music. Then went over to Universal to say adieus there. Tried to get hold of Hartman but he was on the set all the time and couldn't get to him. Then came into town and got the coup de grace from Capitol. So sat home and worried about it.
Tues. June 20 [1944]

Beat it up to NCAC the first thing. They didn’t know anything about the possibility of their [sic] not being a recording. So, they checked with Martha and she said it merely had been moved ahead because of her later date for leaving. That took a load off my mind, but the thing still is a little nebulous and can get upset in so many ways. Spent some time getting the gas request for the car on the way. Came home in the afternoon and fell asleep. At night went to the Palladium. Didn’t have any amorous excitement, but it was pleasant being there.

Wed. June 21 [1944]

So hard to find something to do all day. Drove the car for the first time. No incidents except starting off in high. Talked to Martha and she said she was only going to record one of the songs (which if backed up strongly, might be better). However, when I told NCAC, they said they would go to work on it right away, as that wasn’t the understanding. Whatever it is I hope it comes out all right. Spent the rest of the day and all the evening just reading.
Thur. June 22 [1944]

Tried to make the day constructive but couldn't. Called Chudrow 3 times, NCAC, Martha -- but no news. Especially Martha not hearing from Capitol was bad as time is getting short. I wonder if it's worth all this aggravation. Went over to PRC and I felt like an awful fool. I had to be announced before I got in and Sam Neufeld and Dickey were in the office alone. I had nothing to say to them or them to me. John Wray sent us a telegram to call him, so we finally located him on the "Wonder Man" set. We watched him rehearse and then went out for a drink. Our "drink" turned into a carousel and we ended up by looping, but really. Had some dinner and came home and went to bed.

Fri. June 23 [1944]

Went up to see Eddie Janis and told him record was postponed. He didn't seem unduly perturbed. Studied Spanish in afternoon. Ran into Carolyn Cromwell in the Tropics. Sam Weiss, with her there, said not to give the music to BMI. Had a drink with Johnny Wray again. The record looks bad, and it is going to be an awful disappointment if it falls through.
Sat. June 24 [1944]

Took it easy all day. Contacted Martha late in the afternoon and she canceled the date as her husband was coming in. Made it for next Wednesday, when she wants Jay to play for her at the Canteen. That ruined our night. She hasn't had any word from Capitol. I guess we better forget about it. The woman, Mrs. Mott, whose phone I used was very unpleasant about it. She asked me not to do it again except in case of "emergency." Spent a pointless evening with a few drinks.

Sun. June 25 [1944]

Sat around all day. It's a good thing I have started "studying" Spanish again or I'd go crazy. Met Marguerite and Ray at 5:30. We came up here for a couple drinks, then went to dinner at the Knickerbocker. Couldn't get in a movie after dinner, so went back to the Hangover. Spent a fortune here -- and this was sure something I couldn't afford -- but they had a good time, I think.
Mon. June 26 [1944]

Went out to see NCAC to try to clear up this record situation. Waited for Ainsworth and she said to relax, she was working on "something big" for us. When she called Capitol, the secretary said she thought Martha had been there. However, when I talked to Martha she said she had heard "nothing." So, the thing is still up in the air. I sure hope Martha is playing fair! Ate dinner at the Tropics with Tommy Dorsey on one side of us, Russ Morgan on the other, Johnny Mercer and Paul Weston around. Came home, read and studied.

Tues. June 27 [1944]

Today we got the "kiss of death." NCAC talked to Mercer, no date has been "set," and they sounded like they have given up. That put me in a beautiful mood. I have a little over $200 left to my name and nothing in sight. Met Johnny Wray for cocktails and sort of forgot my troubles that way. It seems I can’t get a real break out here. I can get so far and then someone knocks us over. I am more than a little worried now.
A day of complete frustration and bitterness. Bellin told me that Mercer was interested in the "Polka" so the first stop was to see him. He wasn't in, so called NCAC and got a very curt "no information." Then went up to BMI and Janis told us he heard Martha was recording tonight and definitely wasn't doing our songs. He said he knew from the start with record companies having the cream of the crop available, why should they bother about songs from a PRC picture. So, I guess we got a beautiful slough-off from Capitol, Tilton and NCAC. This is so heartless and I felt horrible. Tried to find Mercer late in the afternoon, but he didn't show up. So went to pick up Martha for dinner [at] the Canteen and she had gone up to Camp Hoan with Orson Welles. One of these days I like to forget about. But, I'm getting awfully close to the border financially and something has to happen!
Thur. June 29 [1944]

Revived somewhat, just due to the natural passage of time. Spent the day in Los Angeles and enjoyed myself walking around. Went to the tourist bureau to see about going to Mexico over the weekend. Tried to see Johnny Mercer at night, but he was busy, so we left the "Polka" for him. Tilton says she isn't recording because they can't "get a studio" for her. That's just a debacle and a serious thing for me. Now we have to rely more on Bellin, which is bad, too.

Fri. June 30 [1944]

Started off the day at NCAC. Ainsworth wouldn't see us but sent Treanor out to express their "regrets" at the record mishap. The bad thing is that they have nothing new to excite their interest about us. Got the music and the dub back from Capitol, but the girl took it off Weston's desk, which might not be good. Tried to get the acetates at PRC, but Neufeld didn't want to give them up. Played the songs for some guy named Hughie, then went over to Embassy and played them for Jacobs. He kept them to show to Dorsey. Drank [beer?] at night.
Sat. July 1 [1944]

Things picked up slightly today. Met Sol Bernie on the street and he said to drop over to the Studio, that "they might need a couple of songs for a picture." Then he gave me a lecture on how you always should have "someone working for you." Called Ainsworth and she pretended she knew about it, but told us to talk money to him. Then went exploring for a piano, with no success. At night met Nellie in the Hangover. She took us in tow and we didn't get home until 4 o'clock. That was a stupid way to spend money.

Sun. July 2 [1944]

A completely inactive today. Read or studied all day long. Felt pretty sullen mostly through the cumulation of inactivity, I guess. Got a nice sunburn on the back porch.
Mon. July 3 [1944]

Spent the day at PRC. Bernie was very affable and asked if we would give Ainsworth a "$100" on a $600 job. We played some songs for Alfred Stern and Sam Neufeld, but everything got confused. Each one had definite ideas in mind and one song we didn't have available for them. So, we are supposed to call back on Wednesday as Stern apologetically told me he had to listen to the music of the Zahler. That could be a stall, but the only reason I could care is that I need the money. Bernie was telling us left and right how we need someone in there punching for us. He called Georgie Hale while we were there and gave him a build up on us, then talked to us about what Joe Glaser could do for us.
Tues. July 4 [1944]

A quiet Fourth. Got up and went over to Martha's house. It was pleasant and her mother invited us to come over at any time while she is gone. She was going to make two other songs on the record if she had made it. Spent the rest of the day studying and reading.

Wed. July 5 [1944]

Went up to Embassy but the Dorseys hadn't heard the record. Went up to BMI and Janis was still enthusiastic about his "Sugar Pie." Had some phone calls to make late in the afternoon and went home first; I got beautifully sore when Jay refused to write to Leo Forbstein at Warner's because "he was reading the paper." I was so disgusted that I walked down to make the calls although I showed no rancour when he picked me up in the car. Went to Canteen with Martha at night. She sure is a terrific performer. Said goodbye to her and to a lot of dreams. Jay said why he prefers living in N.Y. is that Marlo, his uncle, Elaine etc. are the kind of people he likes and are his entries to friends he wants. Out here he knows no people like that.
I tried to call home, but there was a delay of over an hour getting there. I was really in a mood at night after Martha left.

Thur. July 6 [1944]

Went out to see Ainsworth first, but she wasn't in. Jay didn't want to go and put up a [?ick]. Missed a piano by a few minutes as the one he promised us he was giving to another guy when we came in. Missed a piano by a few minutes as the one he promised us he was giving to another guy when we came in. Had another session over at PRC. This one hit a new high as they had the "musical director" of the picture there. He had some corny songs that he tried to put in the thing and he showed some rancor at first when we were interposed in the situation. Neufeld reversed his field over what he had liked the time before and that confused the thing more. But, I guess we got the job. The musical direction is obviously incompetent, and the little producer gets so hysterical that it is quite a session. Stayed at home and studied and read at night.
Fri. July 7th [1944]

Went to PRC in the morning and then the appointment was changed to the afternoon. Ran into Gene Meredith over there. Ainsworth was raving over the situation and she said it won't happen again. She was giving me a long spiel over the phone and she asked me "if she had done right?" But it looks like we are selling screen rights on the songs forever, which is really bad. And instead of $600, it is either $400 or $500, with Bernie looking most disgruntled about the whole thing. NCAC won't touch it again. What our standing with Bernie is now -- I don't know. Went up to BMI and arranged to use the piano tomorrow. It is bad getting obligated to someone like that. Janis gave me a big pep talk saying he "wanted to call up people about us." Starting to worry now whether we can hand over "What Am I Saying" without Olsen.
Sat. July 8th [1944]

Spent all day up to BMI. Janis is sure excited about that song. Couldn't get in touch with Stern so don't know if he wants the 3rd number or not. Went out to drink beer in the evening and ended up with Nelly. Another one of these stupid things that makes me lose my sleep.

Sun. July 9 [1944]

Worked in the afternoon on the songs for PRC. They came out pretty well. Wanted to study them, but I decided to relax and didn't touch my Spanish all day. Saw "Blues In The Night" after dinner. Earl Bruce passed us on the street and he inspired a yen to go out looking for excitement. So had a few drinks and then came home.
Mon. July 10 [1944]

Spent the day over at PRC. When the producer first heard the new tunes he didn't like them, but when Sam heard them he agreed that they could be all right -- "if projected right." So, it was set, and it's now in Zahler's hands -- which I think is bad -- as I think his mind has collapsed. He sent Spud Murphy a telegram, and Spud doesn't know him from Adam. We are out on a limb and I hope it holds. The important thing is the first he is going to get to sing. Went over to see Mercer and he said he's "like to do something with the Polka," that we should bring him in a manuscript. He was a little abashed when he found out we had been there for a week. I was tired so I came home, read and studied.
Eddie Janis got a little disturbed when we couldn't work up any enthusiasm for "Super Pie." Maybe that wasn't smart. Anyway he recorded it with Caldwell and it sounded all right. From now on in, it is all his baby. Went to school at night and it looks like lots of fun. I am way ahead of them in grammar, but in practice and conversation it will be good. Coming out I ran into Gene and Kay Goodman on the street. They are nice people. Then met Jay with Johnny Wray and Betty Davis and that took care of my day until 5:00 this morning. We watched them fixing up the sound track at Goldwyn -- among those concerned Danny Kaye, Sylvia Fine, Dave Rose with Gloria DeHaven in the audience. The evening was a practical success as our music sounded good and Johnny implied he might be able to bridge us into the big time. Let me conversational and we got into a bull session about illusion, etc. It was a good night.
Wed. July 12 [1944]

A good day. I was really exhausted when I got up at 8:30 and I felt that way all day. Finished up at PRC. They got Spud Murphy to arrange and Kay Saunders to sing. She is very versatile and should be good, although she may have trouble on "Where Can You Be." Stern is happy and Alexander especially likes the last song. So now there is nothing to do but wait until Monday. Then went to Los Angeles. Jay's aunt took us out to dinner and we really had a wonderful meal. We counted to treat her, but she insisted on treating us. "Sally" was swell -- very light, gay and nicely done. I was sure glad to get to bed tonight.
Thur. July 13 [1944]

In the aftermath of the pleasant glow of having everything done. Cleaned up the lead sheets and the lyrics for the production. Saw Ainsworth over there and she admitted that she knew Tilton was not going to record our numbers. Zahler says we're the "hottest thing" in town. We met Gilbert Roland on a serial set over there. Zahler sure is a caracter [sic] -- foggy, incompetent, and corny. I only hope he doesn't ruin the recording with his stupid ideas. Went to school at night. It was pleasant but not awfully instructive. The teacher thinks I am pretty good, which is nice. The trouble is I have relaxed in my studying which isn't good. Zahler -- songs bad, slow mind, old timeness.
Fri. July 14 [1944]

Relaxed all day until late in the afternoon. Then went over to Capitol and the secretary found the music on the "Polka" -- after looking all over the place -- on Weston’s piano. Contracts not ready over at PRC. Laura says the music is wonderful in "Swing Hostess." Then went for our rendezvous. Watched them shoot a couple of scenes and then we were off. Johnny brought Georgeanna Smith and Mary Moore along. The latter was kind of a pill, very Hollywooden, and she broke the thing up for her and her girlfriend right after dinner, about 9:30. We first drank martinis at the Plaza and then went to Dalton’s on La Cienega for dinner. Drank more martinis, then came up on the hill here with a [crash?]. We both fell asleep while Johnny and Betty wandered. Got to sleep about two but kept getting up all the time for a drink of water. There is supposed to be a reprise tomorrow night, but I hate to think of the money I spent.
Sat. July 15 [1944]

Sat around the house all day until mid afternoon. Then, Kay Saunders came up to rehearse with her friend Gloria Green. They are the two most uninhibited girls I have ever met. Four letter words to them are the "meat" of conversation. I am glad Mrs. Beeson wasn't around as it would have been very embarrassing. Met Dolly Mitchell in the market and drove her home. She is staying in the hills for a couple of weeks. Went over to see Johnny and the party was postponed. So, over the risks on the picture and they went out to have a couple of drinks. Killed the evening until late and then went out to Jim Dolan's. Kay and G.G. were a little [??med]. Took them home at two, via a drive in, where they were singing and using dirty language *ad infinitum*. G.G. is a character with a very facile brain, sings like a [dingy?], and has a cynical outlook on life. She has a ton of reserve between her and life. Got to bed at the usual four in the morning. The tempo of the last week has been very stimulating.
Sun. July 16 [1944]

Sat around all day. Did some Spanish studying, but didn't accomplish anything else. Saw a Frank Sinatra audition broadcast at night. It was pretty good. Nothing exciting happened.

Mon. July 17 [1944]

Day started at PRC in the afternoon rehearsing Kay. She was much more restrained than previously. Everything seems to be under control. Bernie is pressing us for that story, so we're really on the spot. Went over there to watch Johnny Wray's opus. June Horne was there. The way Danny Kaye broke the $1300 worth of drums was a revelation. The presumed party didn't materialize. Johnny was tired and had a conference with Goldwyn. Georginna apologized for walking out the other night, but the other dame was more phony than ever. Went over to visit Dolly Mitchell at night. We invited her out for a drink, but she is on the wagon. So, we sat around and talked about music and bands.
Tues. July 18 [1944]

Had a fight in the morning over whether we should go out to PRC or not. I called up Alexander and he said to come out before the recording. Jay got sore because he said I should have told him we were busy not that "would it be all right if we waited?" Anyway we tried to write our story during the day, but I don't like Jay's and he doesn't like mine. Recording session started at 7:00. Kay was bad and could only get them one number. Spud Murphy was there and helped a lot. He is a plenty smart and nice guy. Herb Taylor was playing in the band. Zahler made a nice pitch for us with Mario Silva, who was playing piano. We are going to write him a letter. Saunders was pretty disgusted with herself and now they all have to get together tomorrow afternoon.
Wed. July 19 [1944]

Had lunch with Luntzel. He will handle publicity for us for 3 months at $50 a month and will give us a full time job. Later on he hopes to get in the act, but knowing our position he will give us the commission now. It seems pretty good to me and well worth it. Went up to see Dave Jacobs and he still asked us to leave the record. So -- might as well do it. Ran into Bellin later. He was rankled over the PRC job and showed it. But, he wanted us to make a record of the "Polka" with him so we went over to his house to get blanks. At night we had the recording. We didn't get out until 9 o'clock, when it only should have taken a short time. Kay just doesn't have it. She is so nervous and you can't tell what will come out. She took several takes on each one, but nothing sensational resulted. Stern immediately got upset when he found out she sang at Jim Dolan's -- "a nightclub singer." Which, of course, reflects on Zahler and perhaps on us.
Thur. July 20 [1944]

Worked on my script all day. I think it came out pretty well. Got a lot of sun in the back and relaxed. Went to school at night. Drank a few beers at Freddies. Met Dewey Barto in the street and he asked us to call him in a couple of weeks.

Fri. July 21 [1944]

I went out to PRC to see the picture. They had tough luck on it with the first "Jim" never showing up, the second being pulled out by the Guild, and the third trying it. Met Mary Beth Hughes. Zahler took me to lunch at Brittinghams. Met Jess Carlin there, of Orchestra World, who was going to "interview" us. Only when it got around to that he wanted to sell us an "ad" instead. We sloughed that off, but we'll never get the interview. Zahler told me we were crazy to sign away exclusive movie rights on our songs. Took a record of "Polka" up to Sally Loft. Bellin has us call him "very important" and he wants Jay to make him lead sheets on the tunes. Eddie Janis wanted to know what we were doing with the "[History?]" music. He wasn't too happy when I said it was "wandering around."
Sat. July 22 [1944]

Spent the day at PRC. Was disappointed that Mary Beth Hughes was so unfriendly. She acted very contemptuous of us. And she sang a wrong line in "Are You Stopping." But, the thing symbolized so perfectly that it can be covered over. They were all worried about the practicality of that and our reputation hung in the balance, but it apparently came out all right and that is what counts. Bernie was very cold. I told him we hadn’t settled with Ainsworth yet. I called her and actually got an appointment for Monday. The producers of this picture are pretty nice, but Bernie implied that it was our fault that Kay didn’t sing so well. She was there, but without much oomph. Zahler says he is one guy that doesn’t want a cent for helping us. Saw Arthur for a second in the Brown Derby. He was with some sailors, so we tentatively arranged a get together for his next trip in.
Sun. July 23 [1944]

Went down to Los Angeles. Tried to see a Spanish movie, but couldn't get in. So went to a horrible burlesque show. Had dinner over to Jay's aunt's and saw Mrs. Goldstein. Had a swell dinner. We brought up Forbstein and seemingly the thing was set until Mrs. Rosenthal said maybe it wouldn't be smart. I foresee trouble in that. Mrs. Goldstein told a hilarious story about the guest at the Zionist home who everyone was afraid of because he was an "Arab." After treating him with kid gloves all evening they find out he is an "Egyptian Jew!"

Mon. July 24 [1944]

Went out to see Ainsworth. Gave her her commission and Bernie's gratuity. She, as usual, was walking of tremendous things but there was little or nothing concrete in it. It's all just so much talk. Sat around the house most of the day. Gave Mercer a record on "Polka." We caught him in the office and he was nice -- even remembered what we were there for. Went to the newsreel at night.
Tues. July 25 [1944]

Sat around the house till late afternoon while Jay finished typing the scripts. We then took them over and left them with Bernie. I don't think they are too good, but they are in now. Bernie gave us a terrific sales talk. He told us Ainsworth wasn't doing anything for us, and he could, because he knew the right people. He took us to some guy's office on the lot who makes soundies and told him to arrange an appointment for us with Sam Coslow. Bernie talks big about Stella Unger, M.G.M. and all his connections and there's no doubt he makes sense. We'll have to see what happens. We went to the Palladium opening at night. Dolly Mitchell enlivened what would have been a dull evening, but her boyfriend, Red Dorris, was right there. Saw the usual coterie of "notables" -- Helen Forrest, Dick Haymes, Jimmy Dorsey, Andrews Sisters and all the music publishers.
Wed. July 26 [1944]

Started the day off at P.R.C. They shot "Love Came Between Us" and it went off all right. They showed "Swing Hostess" but wouldn't tell us about it. However, Bernie says it is okay. But, he doesn't like our scripts particularly. Zahler says he is going to get our tunes published for us. Went over to Johnny Wray's after we left the picture -- sad mistake. We hung around his office and then went out to dinner. He told us fascinating anecdotes about his theatrical life in England. He had a friend half-Persian, half-American who was seduced at the age of 13 and cut out a guy's stomach at 16. Then, there was the son of the Arabian ruler at the exclusive prep school in France, whose father, to make him pass his subjects, promised him the two most beautiful women in the country. Then we went to The Hangover and heard Buddy Rich. He was so sensational, I never heard anything like it. On the way home stopped in to Jim Dolan's and got paint all over my new suit. I am sick about it.
A hectic day. Started off at 11 to try to get records from Sound Service. First, had to get Neufield's [sic] permission to take them out. Then found out that they didn't have masters with both tracks. So, tried down at Electrovox to see if they could put both tracks together. They had no machine for playing back "vertical" cuts, a new one! So, went to Radio Recorders and they can't put both tracks together, either. But, the stuff sounded wonderful on their equipment. So, we asked Neufield [sic] to borrow his and we will have them dubbed from those. Bernie called Abe Olman and made arrangements for him to listen to the score. Everybody is very happy over the picture there and the music. We sure are getting involved with Bernie. Ainsworth walked in on us in his office and her face fell a mile when she saw us as thick as thieves. At Spanish class the teacher had me read my theme to the class. He told me I was very good! Freddie the bartender told me about some interesting erotic experiences of his.
Fri. July 28 [1944]

Continued on the record quest. Got Neufield's set and took them over to Radio Recorders. Stopped in to say hello to Johnny and went to lunch with him at the Gotham. Met Dave Andrews there. He asked us to stop in to Pathe and see the cut on "Invitation." When Todd heard that we were sent there by Chudnow, he blew-up. In front of Frankess and all the execs he screamed that Chudnow was a jerk and we were jerks and that we had a lot of nerve busting in when it was all finished and then trying to upset things. But he finally quieted down and was very cooperative. We had him take the introduction out of the number and it was all right. He gave a lot of technical insights on his job. The appointment with [Lenser?] wasn’t set, so we have to stay home and wait for it. Went to Jay’s aunt’s for dinner. Had a fine chicken dinner, and so much of it. After dinner a nice-looking girl came to call, but I didn’t get her name.
Sat. July 29 [1944]

Got up early to wait for Bernie's call. But, it never came. So I spent the day studying Spanish and writing letters. Went to the Bowl at night. It sure is a beautiful place. Sylvia Sidney sat next to us. Also saw Johnny Wray there. Met Dave Menkin and his friends, the Benders, and we went up to Menkin's apartment after dinner.

Sun. July 30 [1944]

Spent the day studying and writing letters. Dave called up in the afternoon and invited us to see "Family Man" with him, with Hanley Stafford. We had dinner at the French House and then went to the show. It was very amusing.

Mon. July 31 [1944]

Now starts the slackening of tempo. Tried to find Olman all day but no success. Also tried to see Johnny Mercer but he left word "no news." I am afraid we are really at an impasse now. Spent the day reading, writing, studying as usual.
Tues. Aug. 1 [1944]

Went over to try to get the records but they weren’t ready yet. So, went in to see Bernie. He was more ebullient this time than ever speaking of the wonders he could do for us with no reservation. Went to the dentist’s in the afternoon. He has done work for Mrs. Olsen and Sammy Fain. He was very dubious of that big bridge and thinks he will have to [resin? reset?] the whole thing. That was pleasant news! He told me if there was any chance to go back to N.Y. to do it and let my doctor there handle it! Then went up to see Abe Olman. He was swell and told us we had the songs. But, they are loaded! He suggested we go to a smaller house who can give us some action. At school I had to take over the podium. I guess I am sort of a favorite with the teacher. So I have to write a sketch for a phone call for one of the attractive dames in the class. Drank beer at night. One girl in the class, when I was up front and said I had no friends, I should leave my phone number!
Wed. Aug. 2 [1944]

Tried to be cooperative today after the little bow-up of last night. So, didn’t go down town till late in the afternoon. Saw Sam Weiss in the Tropics and he said to come back on Monday. Saw Nat Wynkoff and he was very nice. He said if we couldn’t get anything else done, he would "print them up." But, Bellin would have to sign the consent decree. Stayed home at night and fooled around.

Thur. Aug. 3 [1944]

Had another little blow-up this morning when I wanted to go out in the trail right away but was overruled. So followed the usual routine -- reading studying. Went out to see Bernie in the afternoon. He said to throw these songs in any place we had the chance, as he didn’t want Bellin to get anything out of them. Worked on the "sketch" with Lee-Arnold after Spanish class. She is a very cute and intelligent girl. We could only take her part of the way home because of the gas in the car. Talking to Freddie at the bar, he apparently is in the same racket and was manager of Glen Gray and Ted Weems at one time. Maybe I talked too much!
Fri. Aug. 4 [1944]

Went back to the dentist today. He annoys me the way he keeps suspecting that I won't pay him. He wouldn't make the next appointment until I said I would have the money. He sure is critical of Hal's work. That is the only good thing in the situation, for the picture on that bridge sure looks bleak, and I can't just believe Hal's work wouldn't stand up to that extent. But, it sure set me up beautifully. That really made me feel gay. Had dinner again at Mrs. Rosenthal's. It sure was wonderful and then after dinner we took Mrs. Goldstein to the station.

Sat. Aug. 5 [1944]

Was terribly blue today -- the hangover of the tooth business. I sent a letter to Dr. Addleston asking his advice. Went to the Bowl at night and heard the Viennese music. It was very pretty. Saw the red-haired girl from my Spanish class there. Things sure look bleak -- with money worries, my teeth, general lack of excitement.
Sun. Aug. 6 [1944]

Another intensive day of flitting from subject to subject. Wrote, studied, read, worked on songs, wrote lyrics without accomplishing very much of anything. Even stayed home at night. Sure feeling awfully blue.

Mon. Aug. 7 [1944]

Lay around the house again in my apathy. Went down at 3 o’clock to get the records. Then went over to see Sam Weiss. He liked the stuff and asked us to come back when Buddy Morris was there. There was an interesting scene there while Jane Franklin demonstrated a song to Phil Harris. Saw Ainsworth. Even her grandiloquent promises were less imposing. She called Bernie about the scripts, and I guess he told her that they stunk, which is bad for our prestige. Came home at night and couldn’t stand it, so we went back downtown. At "Jimmies" found out that the dour, interesting guy who never spoke to anyone is a Penn man. "Hangover" was gay with musicians all over the place. Lyman [Vinch?] was there as well as the gabby, intellectual guy I used to see at "Jimmies." He said he suspected me of being too "intellectual" to write songs.
Tues. Aug. 8 [1944]

Spent a full day studying and working on my plot. Tried to see Johnny Mercer at night, but no luck. A bloom was put on things by finding out that we could see "Swing Hostess" tomorrow. So wasn’t in too bad humor yesterday. Went to school at night. These sure fix up my evenings. Took Lee home afterwards by way of Jimmie’s bar. Called Luntzel and at least he isn’t sore at us. We are going to see him later in the week.

Wed. Aug. 9 [1944]

Saw "Swing Hostess." It was cute but not great. Most of the cast seemed pretty disappointed in it. The music sounded all right and, for better or worse, that is it. Ate dinner in the Tropics. Saw Mercer there talking to Sam Weiss. I may have made a faux pas when Mercer said "he wanted to do the Polka" and I asked him "if that meant anything?" I thought he was a little annoyed as he said, "his desire means a little." I sure hope I didn’t upset anything, but I sure could have very easily. There is always something for me to worry about!
Thur. Aug. 10 [1944]

Things brightened up a bit today. Went out to Universal to see Luntzel. Watched them shoot "Arsene Lupin" and met the star. Jay is going to work on the few angles we have so far. He took us to lunch. Then he took us over to see Ted Cain, the head of the music department. He was very swell and said they were looking for music; maybe we can start off with a clean slate there! Had an argument again about whether to go over to P.R.C. or not. But, that was resolved by our finding out that Bernie had called us. So we went over and found out he has two big things in view; one, going under the aegis of Joe Glaser, the other about a show that is being done here. This can all lead to some horrible complications, but I don't know what we can do without such leads. We'll just have to see what develops. Had a milkshake with Lee after class.
Fri. Aug. 11 [1944]

Went out to PRC for the appointment. The thing was postponed until later in the afternoon. Called up Morris and got the brush off from Sam Weiss; so I guess that pipe dream is over. The audition didn’t go over like a house afire cause we didn’t quite have what Jack Mosser wanted. But we are supposed to meet him tomorrow, let his cast hear some tunes. Went down to Olvera St. and foolishly spent a fortune, but, at least I had a good time.

Sat. Aug. 12 [1944]

Jay got up with an awful hangover. But, the appointment with Mosser wasn’t until 4 o’clock, so by that time he was over it. After we got there, the girl, Patsy Parker, told us with tears in her eyes that she had to sing for the soldiers, so we made the appointment for tomorrow. We did a couple of tunes for the other people there and they seemed to go over all right although you never can tell. Stayed home at night, read, wrote lyrics which is the first Saturday night I can remember being home.
Sun. Aug. 13 [1944]

Had breakfast with Lillian and Alice. It sure was good. Then we sat around and talked and drank wine. Alice's boss, Kleinert, came up, so we bowed out. Then went to the rehearsal of the "Show." Patsy Parker liked "Stuff Like That There" a lot and she wanted her arranger to hear it. She was to call us later in the night to set it up, but she didn't call, so it looks like it may have got lost somewhere. Spent quiet evening at home reading.

Mon. Aug. 14 [1944]

Another hectic day. Went down to see Morris, but he won't be in town for a long time. Met Bellin and he absolutely insisted he would not "sign" away the songs without a reason. We had it out long and loud but he insisted he wouldn't throw the stuff away. So we went up to see Syd Lorraine, who is absolutely mad. But he wants to hear the songs tomorrow. Gave the songs to Patsy Parker. However, Mosser wanted to know what the "deal" was, and told us most of his music came from the "exploitation" possibilities. So I called NCAC and told Treanor to get on.
it. Ainsworth is on vacation so I don't know what will happen about it. Took Lee to the Hangover. She sure has a nice figure. She kept telling me how lonely and disgusted she was; I couldn't tell if she was making conversation or propositioning me. However, I don't think she had an especially gay time.

Tues. Aug. 15 [1944]

Went over to see Syd Lorraine with the score. There was an opera bouffe scene there with the Victrola that wouldn't play. So we ended up going down to the music store. Lorraine didn't even hear the songs but offered us $150 for them. Just to get rid of the things we acquiesced. We did a stupid thing in signing the contracts without having them filled in. Also, I didn't want to let the thing go without assessing Newfield's 1¢ a copy, and Lorraine put up a squawk and said "verbally" he would do it. The tried to see Mosser. He gave us the line that the girl had to buy her own material which was just a line. He wanted us to come back at 7 o'clock and I got sore because Jay wouldn't do it. We finally saw him at his shop after 10 o'clock and he wanted us to make him a so much per week offer. Tried to see Mercer at night about changing "Polka."
Wed. Aug. 16 [1944]

Another hectic day. Mercer called up and told us to meet him at 12 o'clock. I had to go to the doctor's first and get my ear cleaned. Then we went down to Mercer and he told us to call it off! It's like a Mirage in the distance, which keeps remaining away. So went over to Radio Recorders and got the records on "Parents." Called Zahler and he was all excited. He had a possible picture job for us. So, we met the man -- Layton Brill -- and it sounds great. They are going to try to make an intelligent musical, wherein the music is integrated in the story. He was with Oscar Hammerstein for 15 years, so he knows what he wants. Then, his partner, Bill Rowland, seems to know the scene, too. Anyway we made a good impression and are supposed to get together tomorrow. Also, fixed up the song for Patay at the show, although there is nothing on paper and I never think it will be in by tomorrow night. Saw Mercer in the Tropics and he said Weston wanted "some change in lyrics" but "he didn't want to mess into it." But, the impression was that he wanted to skip the whole thing.
Thur. Aug. 17 [1944]

Called Brill twice but he could give me no idea of when he would be able to audition us, which kind of took a zest off it. But, it may be tomorrow night. Spent a couple of hours watching "The Big Little Show." The song won't go in until the second night. Patsy Parker seems to think it is wonderful. Hope she isn't kidding herself. Zahler told us he is working on the publishing of the "Parents" score. It was the final night of the Spanish class. Lee and I put on our skit and there were movies shown. Everyone was telling me how "good" I was and Mrs. Coty told me her husband is a music publisher, Reliance Music. Went to the It Cafe with Lee afterwards, but it wasn't gay. She doesn't like my driving, or my conversation doesn't titillate her; psychologically I shouldn't have torn myself down as much at the beginning. She is very cynical and says she was hurt so much before. Now she needs "5 men" -- to live in, for intelligence, to play with, and a couple of others. I could go for her, but I don't think I am going to get the chance.
Fri. Aug. 18 [1944]

Saw around until it was time to go to the dentist's. He finished up his work and I gave him $15, and that was that. The girl in the "Big Little Show" says she is leaving the show, so what happens to the song I don't know. We were very bored last night so we came down the hill about 10 o'clock. Saw Saul Bernie on the corner and took a dame over to Whiteley.

Sat. Aug. 19 [1944]

Went out to Leighton Brill's home in 3737 Long Ridge Drive. It sure is a beautiful place. We did a lot of songs but I have a feeling we didn't click. We should have played more operatic type music like "Wind, Sand, Stars" or "Mark Twain." We felt pretty blue after it. Went down to Club Brazil at night. It was very gay and there were lots of women there. Saw a couple of women having a fight on Vine Street when we got back to Hollywood and it was pretty disgusting.
Sun. Aug. 20 [1944]

Had dinner out at Hinch’s. Had a fine meal and I am glad I went out. They are returning to Salamanca soon. Nothing else happened today except that it was pretty hot.

Mon. Aug. 21 [1944]

Had the problem about whether to go up to see Eddie Janis or not about the score, when Lorraine offered us only $100. That puts us in a tough spot without the record for Janis to hear. So, we ordered another, finally, at Radio Records. Went out to PRC and told Saul. He got very annoyed about the cent a copy idea, but when he called Lorraine, he backed right down. So, we’re not going to worry about that anymore. Went over to see Johnny Wray and we ended up by getting gay across the street. He talks about using “Elizabeth Arden” some time, which would be a wonderful break for us. Went out with Hewitt and Young at night. Went to the Hangover and then we were fed at their home. It was a lot of fun.
Tues. Aug. 22 [1944]

A full day. Lorraine called up in the morning and said to be sure and come in that afternoon. Then after rushing over to Radio Recorders they didn't have our record ready. So we skipped it and went to see Janis anyway. He was given a direct pitch by us so he wrote to N.Y. to see if he could match Lorraine's "offer." When we told Lorraine we wanted to hold off for a week, he took it all right, which was a relief! Met Red Pierson on the street and he told us some interesting facts on O & J. The letter that Boyle wrote him telling him what a cheap jerk he was, was good. Finally, saw Mercer. He showed us the lines he didn't like, but his attitude didn't give much hope that he would do it even with a satisfactory change. He implied that with the thing being a fait accompli, why not skip it entirely? At night, went to a Spanish movie at the Marquis Theater. Sure is amazing how little of it I get!
Wed. Aug. 23 [1944]

Called up Bill Rowland to find out the news on the picture. He said he would have Brill "call me." I guess that thing has gone down the drain all right. Twisted my knee opening the garage door and this time it feels funny. I couldn't walk after dinner and I may have really done a job on it. Called Chudnow and he promised to send me a check. Went to bed early, tired and discouraged.

Thur. Aug. 24 [1944]

Finally had our long awaited appointment at Universal. He listened and listened and the only comment he had was that some of our stuff wasn't "general" enough. However, I think the over-all effect was good. He wanted to know if we would do "B" pictures! Saw Mr. Doyle out there, the PRC cameraman, and he said he wanted to "see us in about a month." Saw Rose Bey and she sure was vehement on belonging to Ascap and also how great a guy Don George is -- all the things he has done. Finally saw Mercer and he says he will do the song "in his program." However, there was enough vagueness there to not get excited about it -- and we were hoping for a record! Went to Mr. Klein's house
at night for Spanish conversation. It was a lot of fun although LA was in a mood. I think I really could go for her. Felt very blue at night.

Fri. August 25 [1944]

Mercer's office called up and told us to get the "Polka" cleared. That was a swell shot in the arm. So got it done at NBC, through a friendly girl, Mary Williams. Then had the problem of what to do with Bellin and he finally signed the same thing. Went up to tell Janis and he gave me quite a lecture -- about not selling material for $100.00, being careful whom you are seen with, not getting caught in a groove of small time. He told us about Wayne and Raleigh, now at Paramount, refusing ever to play for an "assistant" producer. He keeps screaming for a "great" song and then he will "do things" for us, too. That we should make him an advisor! Saw "Big Little Show" at night. It was pretty good. Parker sang the song and it has possibilities, although not good tonight.
Sat. Aug. 26 [1944]

Was brutally hot. Called up Brill and he said the hitch in the proceedings was whether they were going to make a musical or not. It sounded reasonable as he explained it, so all I can do now is call again in a week. We were both feeling in very good humor today. Went to Club Brazil at night and it was very gay.


Impressions of "South of the Border."

The 30 minute wait in line at bus station; the way it looked at first like I would never make the bus. The pleasant ride along the ocean to San Diego. The discouraging reception at the Tia Juana [sic] bus station. Missed two busses an hour apart for which they didn’t sell a single ticket. So got together with 4 Mexicans and took a taxi to the border for $7.50. Had a lot of fun using my Spanish and it wasn’t too bad. This one fellow attached himself to me in Tia Juana [sic]. So, I helped him get straightened out at the immigration center and we walked the town and had dinner together. After dinner I ditched him. Had a nice room in the Hotel Caesar but it cost me $5.00. That night tried to look for excitement.
Had a lot of beer to drink and had most fun when I got away from the American spots and got into the native bars. There were cowboys and musicians and knife packing and gun toting hombres. Next day I took bus to Ensenada. This was very interesting, a bus full of Mexicans and me the only American. The trip was beautiful over hills and along the ocean. Ensenada is a little jewel. Got a room at Commercial Hotel for $2.50. Had more chance to use my Spanish here. I could speak it but can't understand it. Went swimming in the Pacific, took a walk to the outskirts of town and used my Spanish wherever I could. Had a wonderful juicy big steak dinner for $1.25. At night I drank much beer and feeling very gay, hit the local hot spot. This was full of muchachas, Mexicans, Americans, etc. I had a table so a couple of Russians came and sat down with me. Had a good time drinking, dancing, etc. Met a nice girl, Marieta. Next morning retraced my steps, and at the end of 5 busses arrived on the hill at 5 to 8, just in time to hear the "Polka" done by Mercer.
Thur. Aug. 31 [1944]

Back into the maelstrom and the heartaches! Tried to show the "Polka" around. Morris is loaded, Chappell says "come back next week" and couldn't see Warner's. It was pretty discouraging. Called Brill and he gave me another kind of stall about a "musical director." That thing is gone, I guess. Went to the Spanish circle but I was the only one who showed up. So, Mr. Klein and I talked about politics. In Jimmie's Bar I was talking to a Mexican who was showing me how to pronounce.

Fri. Sept. 1 [1944]

A stupid day. Went up top see Lou Lang and he had left for New York about 10 minutes before! We were heart broken especially as we could have made it without any trouble if we had known. We were up with Janis, signing for the "Parents" score when we should have been with Levy. So went up and played it for Jack Maas at Shapiro-Bernstein. He thought it was swell and wants to send it to N.Y. Went out to P.R.C. Bernie was his usual hot air. He keeps talking Joe Glaser to us.
but says we have to "break away from NCAC." He ruined the record trying to play it on Frankess' machine, which broke our hearts! I sure hope the other one is in good condition. Went over to see Johnny Wray. He may have a chance to spot a song for us in his picture although I doubt it. Anyway, he was talking it over a couple of drinks.

Sat. Sept. 2 [1944]

A dull day. Sat around the house, read and worked on a song and at night went out and did a little drinking. Otherwise nothing happened.

Sun. Sept. 3 [1944]

Spent a quiet day at home, reading etc. Nothing happened. Went over to visit the Menkini's in the late afternoon. Had a dinner in a very expensive place on La Cienega, The Somerset House. It was good but the service was terrible. Afterwards went to the "World of Tomorrow" show at Pan Pacific. It was pretty dull except for the K-9 act.
Mon. Sept. 4 [1944]

Labor Day. Went downtown to a Mexican movie. It is so disconcerting that I can understand so little of it. At least, passed the day without getting too bored. At night, wrote and studied.

Tues. Sept. 5 [1944]

Started out by trying to get the music to the "Polka." It was at the copyists. Then went to get the second record -- only to have them drop it on the floor in front of us and break into a million pieces! So, we had to try to get more dubs from the bad copy we have. We got them but they didn't come out so well. So, played it for Happy Goday and he liked it well enough to send it in to the Andrews Sisters. Jack Neavs was left a copy, too. Janis gave us an ironic smile when he saw us going in to the ASCAP building. Ate dinner at the Tropics. It is awfully frustrating to be sitting right next to Mercer and being unable to talk to him! Intended to spend the evening at home, but things were so dull and I felt so blue that we went out "carousing." Brill told me Harry Ravel was doing the music on his picture.
Wed. Sept. 6 [1944]

Went out to Miss Herendeen in the late afternoon. She "liked" our music and called up Arthur Schwartz while we were there. However, he didn't call her back so I don't know what goes. Other than that the day was dull. Stayed home at night and killed time.

Thur. Sept. 7 [1944]

It was brutally hot today. Went downtown to try to play a song for Janis but he had left already. Went in the Tropics but still didn't have a chance to see Mercer although he was in there. I am afraid he will forget all about us. Chase got us an appointment with Arthur Schwartz for Tuesday. That is possible a great opportunity; at least it will be very interesting. Went to school at night. The class is much more interesting now and much more advanced. I am out of my depth in it at present.
Fri. Sept. 8 [1944]

Still the terrific heat. Went down and did a couple of songs for Janis. "Waitin'" he liked but it is too late as they have taken the song with the same title. And that also knocks out "I'll Be There." I have ceased worrying about these things. Spent on the night trying to change "Shangri La." We worked about four hours and I think got something pretty good.

Sat. Sept. 9 [1944]

It cooled off quite a bit so that put the kibosh on our trip to Olsen's. The car got impossible, so took it to a garage. Had a new carburetor put in and it seems to make a world of difference. Kay Saunders invited us over to her house for a drink and to hear the records. Got a little gay, so went up to Dolan's later in the evening. Same old merry-go-round.
Sun. Sept. 10 [1944]

Had a big blow off today over going to Olsen's to swim. Jay said it was too chilly, but I felt it was a typical California day. And I think events bore me out. I blew up because I feel I am always kicked around when it comes to the car. So I walked down for dinner and back. I didn't get over it because I feel that I always take the back seat and there isn't a lot [of] equity in the thing. If I only had my driver's license it would make it much simpler.

Mon. Sept. 11 [1944]

Still in the aftermath of my gripe. But, it seemed to most practical thing to ignore it, which I did. Went down to L.A. in afternoon and saw a Spanish movie. I could understand a little more this time, but not enough more to make me happy. Then at night saw "Porgie and Bess." [sic] It was thrilling.
Went over to Warner's with high hopes but they didn't come through. Arthur Schwartz was swell and very intelligent, but we just didn't sweep him off his feet. He criticized our rhymes in many places. It was pleasant and pointless. Then I broke off a piece of tooth on that bridge and now I am in a beautiful spot. It is going to cost me a fortune and lord knows what the result will be! This really got me down. Went up to see Lorraine and he was really indignant because he said someone had said out at PRC that we got $500 for the songs and he was in an embarrassing position; also that he couldn't give Neufeld a cent a copy as that would set a precedent he couldn't continue. That is another annoyance. Went over to see Mercer but the office was locked. Went to school at night but didn't have much joie de vivre. If only something good and exciting would happen to me instead of troubles all the time.
Wed. Sept. 13 [1944]

Was beautifully blue today -- with the broken tooth and the bleak future. I am so sick of getting kicked around. Am I in the wrong business, or is there a balance that will swing the pendulum the other way. Stayed home all day. Tried to see Mercer late in the afternoon, but he was tied up.

Thur. Sept. 14 [1944]

We had to drive Elaine's aunt down to L.A. and Jay wasn't very happy about it. She is sort of a screwball and has decided to "break" into show business. She wants us to "collaborate" with her, which is just what we need. Came back to see Bernie and he wasn't in. We hung around and hung around, but no trace of him anywhere. Then, to break the chain of frustration we went to see Mercer. Surprise of surprises, we saw him. Surprise of surprises, we saw him and he was very enthusiastic about "Cat and Canary." It won't mean anything except his getting to know us a little better. But, it sure buoyed us up to have something favorable on the horizon. School was stimulating as usual.
Fri. Sept. 15 [1944]

Today the axe fell. Dr. [Schinz?] said to scrap the whole unit and put in a "removable" bridge, which is just what I want! I felt half-sick all day. I tried to call up Dr. Addleston but I couldn't get through so I sent him a long night letter. Not only the expense, but my poor mouth! Sometimes I feel like rebelling against all this kicking around; I feel that sometimes I get more than my share. I feel horrible about the whole thing.

Sat. Sept. 16 [1944]

Wasn't too happy today although a little more fatalistic about it. Studied all day and at night went down to Chinatown for dinner. Then went over to Club Brazil. It was jammed with single women and we took a couple home -- "Rose and Sunny." They were sweet and intelligent although we didn't overpower them. Spent too much money but at least broke thru the cloud a little.
Sun. Sept. 17 [1944]

A quiet uneventful day. I studied and read and more of less forgot my troubles. Also worked on songs a little bit. Otherwise spent a quiet, uninteresting day.

Mon. Sept. 18 [1944]

Everything closed because of the Jewish holidays so went into L.A. and saw "Nana" with Lupe Velez. It was good but very discouraging to me as I seem to understand less every time I go. When I returned Jay said Ainsworth had called about the Tilton picture. However, she was so vague about it, saying that "we should see Martin Mooney," that I have certain doubts about it. But all I can do is wait until tomorrow and see.
Tues. Sept. 19 [1944]

Another sweet day! Called up Mooney at PRC and he, very disinterested, told me to "call him next Monday" -- they weren't ready for music yet. Which is the usual stall. So tried to get Ainsworth and explain. She was a lot of help suggesting nothing to reassure me, except that she "wasn't worried." So beat it over to see Martha. She wasn't there so we talked to her mother for an hour. Then she came in and threw her arms around us, for she was happy to see us. So we talked about her trip and then the picture. She doesn't know anything about it yet, but she's not going to insist on us. Then went over to PRC to try to find Bernie. It looks like he is being eased out. He was fighting out on the street over where he could have an office and he barely spoke to us. He was furious and finally walked away without saying anything and just left us standing there. We felt like a 2¢ and out "big shot" pose took an awful cuff. So finally ended up my day by getting a letter from Dr. Addleston in which he said he couldn't practice dentistry by distance! I think I have been getting more than my share of kicking around lately!
Wed. Sept. 20 [1944]

To add to the "gayety" I woke up with a cold and Jay the same. So, stayed around the house all day and brooded. Saw Eddie Janis and he said he only "waits a year" for a song and then gives up. Called the dentist but couldn't get an appointment for a week. I feel horrible about the whole setup and situation.

Thur. Sept. 21 [1944]

My cold was pretty well broken up today. I called Martha and she said she had made a strong pitch for us over to PRC, that they were "happy to hear us" and that it was going to be that way or else! That put a different complexion on things and brightened them up. She suggested we call Mooney then but we called Ainsworth instead. She had pretty much the same story. So in the afternoon went out there and got a script (which looks pretty horrible for Tilton). Ainsey was her own immense self. She told us we should make sure Tilton sings one of the "Hostess" songs when she goes on the air. Did "Call Me" for Janis and he liked it. Asked us to leave a copy with him.
Fri. Sept. 22 [1944]

Still feeling a little distorted in the head with that damned cold. So just sat around most of the day, not even reading Spanish. Otherwise nothing happened except working on songs a little.

Sat. Sept. 23 [1944]

It was brutally hot the hottest day of the year. So although I was feeling lousy, decided to go out to Olsen's and let the sun bake out my difficulties! However, when we got there we found Mrs. Olsen had been in N.Y. for a month. So we went out to Santa Monica and sat in the sand. At night went to Ocean Park. It was not terribly exciting but it was different. The sun made me feel fine, although it brought out a cold sore. When we returned found that Martha had called us twice.

Sun. Sept. 24 [1944]

Nothing happened.
Mon. Sept. 25 [1944]

Took "Call Me" up to Janis. Went over to see Martin Mooney. He was very indefinite and vague, but they aren't starting until late in October so anything can happen between now and then. So, we are going to try to work it out with Martha, which he says is "80% of it," if she is satisfied. However, this isn't going to alleviate my financial problems. Mercer did the "Polka" again and it sounded wonderful. I don't know the reason, but it sure gave us a mental lift. Had a couple of drinks with Johnny Wray and then wound up at his house. We drank, had fun, and got a little lazy. We made a tentative date to go out together Saturday night.

Tues. Sept. 26 [1944]

Tried to check on what is happening to the "Polka" but Shapiro was closed and Leeds hadn't heard. Otherwise stayed around the house all day. Nothing very stimulating in all this.
Wed. Sept. 27 [1944]

Got up early to go to the dentist's. When he saw the situation he said not to bother with the fixed bridge, but resolve it all with a movable. It would be cheaper and would last longer. That is the last thing I want, but I don't know what I can do about it. He wants me to go back to N.Y. and have Dr. Addleston do it, and if I had a place to live there I might do it. But I am going to let the thing ride for another 10 days. Otherwise spent the whole day at home, not very happy about anything.

Thur. Sept. 28 [1944]

Played our change in "Call Me" for Janis and he didn't like it. So now we have to change the whole section. Worked all day on the songs for the "picture" but very discouragingly I couldn't get anywhere. Found out from Mercer's office that "The Cat" is scheduled for next Wednesday. So, that put a glow on things.
Fri. Sept. 29 [1944]

Worked all day on the songs and made a little progress but didn't finish them off. I am afraid I am losing my touch, it is coming so hard. Went over to PRC in the late afternoon. I did a dumb thing in telling Laura we didn't want Martha to record the numbers, because of the "third guy." That didn't sound good. Saw Bernie and he looked happy. He gave us a big sales talk on Joe Glaser. Apparently he doesn't know anything about the Tilton picture as he didn't bring it up. Then went over to Johnny's. We killed our quart at his house and then I got horribly sick out of his bottle on the way down. After I heaved a few times in the Chinese restaurant I felt better. Then went over to "Brazil" but it was dull and I felt foolish after building it up. Then went to Olvera St. but that was worse, so then returned to "Brazil" and this time it lived up to expectations. The music was good and Johnny thought the floor show was fine.
Sat. Sept. 30 [1944]

Worked my brain to the bone trying to polish off those five songs, but they still didn't come off right. I hope they go over, with all the work we are putting on them. Miss Bolster had her party at night and we enjoyed it immensely. We played that acting game and I was able to stand out somewhat, which made me feel good. Didn't get to bed until 4:00.

Sun. Oct. 1 [1944]

Studied a little bit and worked all day on the songs. Got them a little more in order. Otherwise, uneventful day.

Mon. Oct. 2 [1944]

Worked on songs all day and got them pretty well cleared up. Got bad news from Leeds in that they didn't want the "Polka." That leaves only Shapiro! Janis liked the change on "Call Me" so I think that is cleaned up. Tried to find Mercer in the Tropics, but no go. He is going to forget who we are.
Wed. Oct 4 [1944]

A full day. Started off by finding that Shapiro didn’t want the "Polka" which was a blow. So, took it up to Warner’s without much hope. Then went to the broadcast. The "Cat & Canary" was as exciting as it could be and Mercer gave our names a coast-to-coast say. So, I called up everyone to listen in at night. Ainsworth says she has "something good" for us. Then went over to Tilton’s. Martha liked all the tunes and decided to learn them all and let PRC pick out the ones they wanted her to sing. While we were there an invitation to the PRC-Birdwell party came and she invited us to go along with her. She dismayed us by saying that she had a recording program tonight (called off on account of her cold) and one of the songs was so amateurish it was laughable. That really burned us up, but there was nothing we could do about it. Saw "Dr. [Knock?]" at night. It was swell and everyone made us feel right at home. Asked Mercer if we should "give the song to Janis." He was a little embarrassed but said why not.
Thur. Oct. 5 [1944]

Went down and got the records. Was surprised how enthusiastic the sourpuss in the dubbing company was about the song. Took it up to Janis and the excitement is still there for him to send it to New York. Went over to see Johnny Wray. Carrie was there and we got embroiled in a drinking bout. Then they wanted us to go out to dinner with them but I begged off because of school. I felt a little silly but it came out all right as I spent too much money anyway.

Fri. Oct. 6 [1944]

A dull day. Took the music up to Eddie Janis and found out that he hadn't made the dub, so no hurry. Otherwise stayed at home all day and did nothing.
Sat. Oct. 7 [1944]

Sat around the house all day, but didn’t mind because we had the party to look forward to. Got over to Tilton’s and they were still eating dinner so we sat around till they finished. Went over to PRC party. It was pretty sumptuous but dull. Saw Jim Luntzel, Chase Herendeen, Sammy Fain, Ainsworth plus the “celebrities” there. It was pretty glamorous but nothing happened so we left and went over to South Gate to see Lionel Hampton. Spent the night in his dressing room. It was fun hearing them all reminisce over their old experience with the band. But, he had a tune he wanted Martha to do and he went right out and asked her. While we stand back, everyone gets in there and gets favors from her. We have got to organize this some way. Lionel Hampton invited us to a chicken dinner next week, but I don’t think we will even make it. Leonard warmed up to us after the evening got going, but he was pretty stand-offish at first. But, it was loads of fun.
Sun. Oct. 8 [1944]

Nothing happened at all today. Stayed home, studied, read, absorbed a little sun, went down for dinner then came back and spent the evening here. Hope this will be a good week as there are lots of things to upset it.

Mon. Oct. 9 [1944]

Back in the swing of nothingness. Went up to see Janis and he hadn’t sent the record in yet. I don’t know why, but he seems to be stalling. Now, he doesn’t want to send “Call Me” in with it; maybe later. Bellin fixed it up with Danny Cameron of “Words & Music” to hear the “Polka.” He liked it but wants to get a sub of Mercer’s broadcast with the auto horns before sending it in. He would send [sic] “The Cat” in except that Janis is. Spent the rest of the day around the house, studying and reading.
Tues. Oct. 10 [1944]

A day of minor annoyances. Called Martha and she evidently hasn't done anything on the songs. I have a feeling she doesn't like them. So, we invited her to go out Thursday night although Tuesday would have been much better. Then, tried to fit Johnny Wray into the pattern but he isn't sure and I have to call him tomorrow. This can be a lot of fun if it works but an awful flop if it doesn't. Went over to PRC and couldn't walk in without calling, which was annoying. Bernie had a ticket for "Winged Victory" which Jay could have. But after paying for it and driving all the way to the strip to pick it up, he found it gone. So I went to Spanish class, gave my talk on B.A. and concluded my evening with a few beers. I am certainly sitting on the edge of a precipice.
Wed. Oct. 11 [1944]

Another day of minor annoyances; especially trying to get this "party" organized. Johnny didn't know and was supposed to call me back, but didn't. Tilton is okay but she was to call me back and give me her friends' address and didn't, so wonder if something has gone wrong there. Then, she says the doctor has told her not to sing, which screws up her coming over to PRC with us to do the tunes for Mooney. I am afraid if we do them ourselves, there may be an awful egg laid. Then, Bernie called up and said he was going to try to set up something with Glaser tomorrow. All we would need would be his setting it for Thursday night. So, all in all, I felt pretty disgusted about the turn of events. Saw Johnny Mercer in the Tropics and he gave us a big hello. Worked a lot on the "Band Baby" song, which looks like it might turn out pretty well.
Thur. Oct. 12 [1944]

A hectic day. After getting the party organized, we got the rush call from Bernie to meet Joe Glaser. He was frank, said he didn't handle songwriters and didn't have any interest in them. His music venture he gave up because the financiers expected certain plugs. However, he might do something for us on specific songs or possibly on the Zanzibar show. But there would be a cut of 1/3, at least. Then Bernice told us on the way home that it might be 1/2, to lay the groundwork for his part of it. Told Eddie Janis and he became like the sun; told us he has written to Tompkins about "putting us under contract." Had our party at night. It was good up until the Brazil, where they had a new impossible band. However, Martha had a good time although I don't know how well she hit it off with Johnny. Bernie was very annoyed when he called Martha and she told him we "were writing songs for her picture."
Fri. Oct. 13 [1944]

Feeling pretty good with the increased tempo of things. Worked on the patter for Johnny Wray all day and I think it began to take workable form. Went up to see Eddie Janis and he was furious. Bernie had written asking for a "written confirmation" of his promise to pay a cent a copy on the "I Accuse My Parents" show, and he was fit for murder. He never promised that and for Bernie to blandly tell him he did made him blow his top. So far, we are in the clear and are blameless, but we did make a remark to Bernie once that Janis had said he would give the cent; but that was on "Swing Hostess" and not this. It's a damn shame that we have to have this trouble. Went over to see Martha and she came home exhausted from running around and in no mood to talk about songs. She can't sing at PRC tomorrow, but will go over with us to lend "enthusiasm" to the thing. Went over to Johnny's for dinner. We had a swell meal and the alcohol flowed freely in the usual pattern of those things. He sure is pitching for us on the patter and I hope we can pull something out that will suit his fancy, whether it gets in or not.
Sat. Oct. 14 [1944]

We got up early to go over to PRC and then Martha called and called it off, because of her voice. So started working on the patter for Johnny Wray. Bernie called and told us about a song he wanted for "$125" for Judy Clark, a hurry up job. It doesn't look too "kosher" but we'll see what happens next week. Then Johnny called and told us to rush with the thing, because he was out on a limb. So, we rushed thru and went over to Goldwyn. It wasn't it, and for one thing it was too long. If we had hit the nail on the head, he was prepared to take us out to Goldwyn, but it wasn't that way. He seemed to lose his enthusiasm after that, but he told us to streamline it and pack it with "punch" and "have it in reserve." We might have missed a terrific boat, but it just didn't work out so we can just wait around and see. Went to the "party" of Jay's friend at night, but it was very dull.
Sun. Oct. 15 [1944]

Spent all day working. Finished the patter for Johnny, got started on the P.R.C. song and finished "Band Baby." We sure have a lot of irons in the fire -- "Cat & Canary" -- Janis' contract -- "Wonder Man" -- Tilton's Picture -- the other P.R.C. song -- Joe Glaser. This will be perfect or miserable, and I sure need the former.

Mon. Oct. 16 [1944]

A confusing day. Martha was sick in bed so couldn't go over to PRC with us. That ruined everything as Bernie really bashed in to our efforts and when the smoke cleared, the only thing he liked was "Camera Girl." So, now we have to write a "commercial" ballad like "I'll Walk Alone." Bernie has some kind of a deal cooked to have our pictures taken with him. We have to watch these things, or we are going to be in over our head. But, in conjunction with that, the publicity head there, a very nice guy, took down some information on us for the "record." Then went over to see Johnny. He thought the revised patter was swell, but couldn't do anything till he saw what the other people brought in. But, he didn't call us.
back, so I guess that is a long shot done. Tried to see Mercer, but he couldn't be disturbed, or so at least the new girl told us. So we wound up by going to his program. Martha was furious when she heard what happened at P.R.C. and when she comes back she says "she is going to put her foot down."

Tues. Oct. 17 [1944]

A hectic day! Started off at P.R.C. Sol heard "Guilty," and it was all right except he tried to change some lines. But we were adamant and that's the way it evolved. So he sent us over to see Martha. It was okay with her and seemingly everything was under control. Came back and talked to Neufeld about his Judy Clark song. The $121.00 was on the level, and we said we'd do it, just so that it never got around. Neufeld is a nice guy, so I like to do these things for people who are nice. Then the fun began. Bernie asked us how much we wanted for the songs for Martha. We told him a thousand, and he almost hit the ceiling. He said the budget only called for $450. We put up a fight and he said "we were absolutely right -- that we shouldn't give up good material so cheaply!" He was playing it
very smart as he knew we wanted that thing badly, and he was agreeing with us that the money was not adequate. So, we left in a definitely strained atmosphere and went over to tell Ainsworth what was doing. She called Mooney and put it to him on the basis of not being fair, that we only wanted what was just. Bernie kept sloughing off the idea of Mooney hearing the things without a deal being set, as he would be doing his job well if he got us at a low figure and he didn't want us bargaining with Mooney but him. And, he said they would have to work with someone else, then. So, our going directly to Ainsworth was a terrific slap in the face to Bernie. Anyway, we have to call Ainsworth tomorrow and try to get the deal set. One possible advantage is that we have Tilton on our side and her having left town feeling the thing was all set. Spent some time watching them record for "Wonder Man." That thing over there has fallen through. Saw "I Accuse My Parents" at night. That was a swell picture, a real surprise. The music sounded good.
Poor song material! The star was bogged down by poor song material! So said Variety of "I Accuse My Parents." The effect of that might be irreparable -- to think of all the people who read that our song material was poor, besides Alexander, Stern, Bernie, Frankess, etc. I don’t know when I have felt so low -- because that was right in print and couldn’t be disclaimed, and also I don’t know why they said it, for I thought the songs were good. Then couldn’t get any satisfaction out of NCAC, which added to my cup of joy. Finally, Ainsworth called me at four and said that Mooney "would fight for what we want," probably about $600. However, we have to approach Bernie again and lord knows what his attitude is. Today was a day I won’t forget in a hurry. Tried to see Mercer, but no soap. Wrote "Stop The Hub-Bub, Bub" for Neufeld, which came out easy and pretty good. Went to bed at 9:30, discouraged and disgusted.
Thur. Oct. 19 [1944]

Went out to PRC in the afternoon. Did the song "Hubbub" for the Neufields, Judy Clark and it went over fine. Unfortunately Bernie had Syd Lorraine there and immediately Bernie starts with having Lorraine publish it. We agreed just to keep Bernie happy although it was a foolish move. Then took up the question of Martha's songs again. He was still adamant about the $400 and gave us argument after argument "how much he was helping us -- and why we should do it, etc." We got disgusted and went up to see Ainsworth. She said there was no more she could do and that we should see Mooney tomorrow, tell him that we would come down to $600 from $750 for Martha's sake. The tough thing is his not having heard the music. Went over to see Johnny Mercer. We waited an interminable time and Jay was getting more disgusted all the time. Finally saw Mercer and he thought "Band Baby" was swell, with the exception of one line. He didn't give us any definite promise of doing it, however, as he did on "The Cat And The Canary."
Fri. Oct. 20 [1944]

What a day! Started off at P.R.C. by seeing Mooney, and he told us we would get the $600. However, "not to quote him directly to Bernie (?)". Then, we didn't see Bernie all day except with Lorraine. Lorraine gave us a 6 month's deal on the music for "Hub-Bub" which was a concession although it is practically throwing the number away giving it to him. Rehearsed Judy Clark at noon. She is cute, but doesn't like the verse on the song. Then, Bernie gave us the brush off that he was "going out to see some rushes," so we went over to see Johnny. And boom -- in no time at all we were in to see Goldwyn! He was swell, very friendly and courteous and really liked our patter. However, he didn't feel happy unless Leo Robin put something in it, so when we sat around with Robin most of the cute stuff vanished. So, he left it in our hands and we are supposed to call him at noon tomorrow with our completed thing. And, we also have to fix that thing at P.R.C.
Sat. Oct. 21 [1944]

Well, today the dream ended. We got up early and rushed over to PRC to polish off our "efforts." We finished and on the way out saw Bernie, who grudgingly acquiesced in the figure we wanted, to the extent of telling us to see him Monday. Then, had to beg off of the rehearsal with Judy Clark and went over to Goldwyn's. The revised effort pleased Johnny and Gregg Toland thought it was cute, Ray Heindorf was asking for the music, etc., then Leo Robin came in. He liked it "but" -- and then we started changing. He put his finger on what he didn't like and we couldn't better it on the spot, but we filled in words for size, which sufficed for him. Then the bombshell fell. Sylvia, needled by Goldwyn, or piqued by the idea of outsiders wrote something, staying up the whole night before. That was the kiss of death and she was plenty cold. Goldwyn did us the courtesy of listening to us, mumbling something about Monday, asking us our background and goodbye. Robin and Forbes consoled us by the contacts we had opened up. Went out to Johnny's at night and got drunk.

THE. END.
Mon. Oct. 23 [1944]

The merry-go-round started again. Got over to PRC early to work on the samba after discovering that the camera song wasn't practical. Rehearsed with Judy Clark at noon and tried to make a record with her, but couldn't find a place. Bernie was going up to the music room with a couple of guys who looked like songwriters and that put a bad implication on things. So, first change we had we went to his office and he still kept giving us the double-talk -- picture was 9 days long and they were not going to record Friday (Mooney later told us it was 16 and they were recording Friday). He told Mooney over the phone while we were there that we were insolently "demanding a $1,000." He also spoke in that vein to Janis. So he is dangerous and undoubtedly he is pulling a fast one on us -- and how I need the money! Went up to see Janis. He wasn't welcoming us with open arms when he found out we hadn't done anything the "The Cat" and Glaser. When we asked him for advice on that he shut up like a clam. But he did help us by calling up Bernie and telling him that Tilton was talking about us in Frisco. Met Belin and we talked to Leo Talbert about the "Polka."
will take it if we can get him synchronization rights. Neufield might do it if we split out 50% with him. Everything pretty discouraging and hectic and if we don't get this job I am going to be in a swell spot!

Tues. Oct. 24 [1944]

Started the business day off by calling Ainsworth and telling her the situation. She said she would call Bernie and try to smooth things over and that next week she "would take us around." Went over to PRC in the afternoon. Max Alexander caught us in the lunch room and in front of everybody wanted to know what "kind of publicity deal" we had made. That was very embarrassing so we later tried to explain to him in the office. But, both he and Stern, whom we saw later, were not happy and accused us of bad faith. What a mess -- then Janis and Bernie had another fight over it. Bernie was screaming that he would run Janis out of town. Also, Bernie would not give us any answer on the picture, but more of the "tomorrow" business. We accidentally ran into Mooney, and disgustedly he told us to go tell Bernie that he had
authorized the amount and to give us a check. Bernie glibly tells us that Mooney has no authority! Watched Johnny Wray rehearse his Goldwyn Girls in the patter. It sounded pretty dull and, I don't think, as good as ours.

Wed. Oct. 25 [1944]

Things finally came to a head today. Janis called us first and asked us to come up for a consultation on the "Bernie matter." He is hitting the ceiling and had our copy of the contract photostated as evidence. I wish this damned thing would die -- there can be an awful stink before we get through. Then went over to the studio. Spent most of the time with Judy and the shooting of "Hub-Bub." But, on one of our walks around the grounds we ran into Mooney and Lew Landis going up to hear "songs." We had to follow the intruders and found out it was young Nacio Brown, Lorraine's girl protege and Lorraine. When we came in, those concerned said let's hear some good music and our stuff went over fine. "Guilty" they liked and also "Camera Girl" and although we did didn't see Bernie before we left, we
saw Mooney and he disgustedly told us that Bernie said he had "closed the deal" with us. It was a sweet victory!

Thur. Oct. 26 [1944]

Finally came to the end of the trail! Started the day off by getting a call from Bernie to "settle within an hour" or else! So, we went over and told Martha what was going on. She and her mother were furious and she was disgusted also on account of the way they wanted her to record. So we went to see Mooney and he was more disgusted than ever. Told us to come back at 1:30 and see Schwalb. Schwalb talked to Bernie and tried to get at the merits of the matter. Finally Schwalb asked us to take $550. Rather than have all the aggravation, we took that, for it represented a "victory" over Bernie. Then, he was as sweet as he could be. Spent a little time with the arranger who looks adequate but not sensational. Finally took "Band Baby" over to Mercer.
Fri. Oct. 27 [1944]

The tempo slowed up a little bit today. Wrote letters all morning. Went downtown and saw Janis. He was happy over our "victory" over Bernie. Went over to see Bernie and the contracts weren't ready so are going back on Monday. Then watched Johny rehearse a little while. He told us that Gregg Toland said our material was much better than the patter they ended up with. Rehearsed with Martha in the late afternoon. After dinner saw my first PRC picture, "Dixie Jamboree." It was pretty dull.

Sat. Oct. 28 [1944]

Spent a quiet day at home, until I called Johnny. He is going in the army! That is a lousy break for us beside breaking up our social life. We went over to see him late in the afternoon and he looked pretty unhappy. In fact, he was almost rude to us. So, went down and ate dinner in Chinatown, then to "Brazil." It was gay last night. I danced once, with a terrific dame named Dorita, but otherwise made no conquest. Car stalled at bottom of hill.
Sun. Oct. 29 [1944]

People kept calling us up and asking if our car had been stolen. Spent the day studying, reading, writing letters, etc. It was a quiet Sunday.

Mon. Oct. 30 [1944]

A blue Monday. Everything dull and unexciting. Went downtown to see a Spanish picture. I understood so little of it was laughable. Went to the library to try to see a review on "Swing Hostess" in Chicago, but apparently there wasn't any. To top things off, I busted the frame on my glasses at night. That's all I needed. So I went to bed at 10 o'clock disgusted.

Tues. Oct. 31 [1944]

The month ended up in fine style! I was miserable in the morning without my glasses. Found out it cost me $6.50 to fix them. Went up to see Janis and he gave me the bad news about "The Cat And The Canary." They thought it was a fine song, but what would they do with it? So Janis told us to peddle it and he "hoped it would be a big hit." Unfortunately, we have no angle to get to
Woody Herman now. When we brought "Call Me" up to Janis, he reversed his field on it and said it was too light, too insignificant to sent to N.Y. And, before he had raved about it! What the hell can you go by these days! Played "The Cat" for Nat Wynckoff and he liked it, but said it is strictly an "angle" song. He said BMI was crazy not subsidizing people like us who could give them material, which they need so badly, while they waste so much every other way. Tried to see Leonard Joy over at Decca, but couldn't get past the front secretary, Went over and watched Johnny's rehearsal. He has a stay of two weeks before his "execution." Then went over and got the contracts from Bernie. As suspected, he had a lot of nice little clauses there, principally PRC having to approve any publisher! It was really a disgusting day. And, to top it off Mac hit me for a loan of a dollar in Jimmie's Bar.
Wed. Nov. 1 [1944]

Showed our PRC contracts to Janis and he said we should have a rider on that "publication" clause, so that either an Ascap or BMI house should get it. We asked Bernie what the intent of that clause was and he said to be sure that we gave Southern first preference; but, in case Southern turned it down, he had "ideas" with this "terrific" publishing outfit he was creating. At least he was frank about it so we signed without any mental reservation. Saw Johnny Mercer in the afternoon. Asked him about the possibility of a record on "The Cat" and although he didn't say he would make it himself, he said he "thought someone there ought to make it"; "We should go back and tell the publishers there would be a Capitol record." He was nice but we can't go on that, of course. Left a record for Woody Herman at the Garden of Allah. Then, came the recording. The arrangements were horrible and so was the guy as director. It was so tough on Tilton, but she came through beautifully and her second take on "Guilty" was sensational. We went over to her house for cake and chocolate afterward. Her making a record doesn't look good for us, as she is going on a long theater tour soon.
Thur. Nov. 2 [1944]

Spent most of the day at home. Went out to Sound Service and picked up Martha's record, then had two dubs of our own made. The band and the arrangements were even more impossible when heard again. Martha wasn't very happy about it all. This guy making the subs said the quality of the records was very bad. "Swing Hostess" met the reviewers this afternoon. I have my fingers crossed apprehensively, for we couldn't stand another slam.

Fri. Nov. 3 [1944]

A frustrating day. Couldn't wait to get the reviews on "Swing Hostess." They liked the picture but went into no panegyrics about us; in fact The Reporter, just the opposite, said "this being a musical, the songs have to be mentioned! With one exception, they are just things to sing!" Janis told us BMI is printing up copies on the "Parents" score. We played the dubs from the session Wednesday and I never hear such a horrible thing in my life. They were distorted, noisy, fuzzy and impossible! I felt sick, especially after spending all that money. So,
went over to Sound Services and told them about it. They intimated their first mixture might not have been too good, but said there had been a better set sent over to PRC. After waiting all day for Mooney, we finally got one of these and took it back to the recording studio. It sounded a lot better, so we ordered two more dubs. Spent the evening at home doing nothing.

Sat. Nov. 4 [1944]

A dull, gloomy, raining day. Picked up the second set of records in the afternoon. They weren’t perfect, but seemed a lot better. Then went out and watched the picture. The director sure is a friendly guy. He told us if we had any more suggestions on "Camera" to come out with them Monday. Saw another bad review on "Swing Hostess" in Motion Picture Herald. They said the music was very "routine." What the hell do they want! Drank beer at Jimmie’s at night. Bernie’s secretary is an habitue of that place.
Sun. Nov. 5 [1944]

Went to the Roosevelt rally. It was pretty dull, although they had entertainment. But, it was good to get away from here on a Sunday afternoon. Spent the evening at home, studying, reading, etc. Was cold as hell in here.

Mon. Nov. 6 [1944]

This was a hectic day. Started off at Southern with Nat Wynecoff [i.e.Winecoff] blithely showing us the telegram from N.Y. that they couldn’t handle another score. Bernie had crossed us up, by sending in the lead sheets without our having the record with them. Then went out to the studio. The set was tremendous and I felt important being connected with such a thing. It took many takes to get the Camera song down, but they finally did it. I sure hope it doesn’t look corney [sic] because that would be the last straw! Neufeld told us how disappointed he and Sig were with it as it "doesn't compare with the 'Hostess' numbers." That was great, especially with Schwalb and Mooney frowning and all the expense the thing was running up. Then to climax matters, Alexander-Stern screamed we had stolen the idea from "Happy In Your
Work" which was so ridiculous it was fantastic. So Jay tried to explain to Schwab, and I hope he succeeded. Wynecoff keeps telling us BMI should put us on payroll. Fine, but apparently no one wants to do anything about it. Sam Neufeld sure has a lot of contempt for PRC. He says all the reviews are bought and that PRC is going hog-wild in its program. How can killings in "Crime, Inc," for example, be dramatized when millions are dying all over the world. When it was all over, felt much better at night, a sort of relief, so we went downtown and had a few drinks.

Tues. Nov. 7 [1944]

Election day. Tried to see what Janis would do for us on the score. But he was wily and wouldn't give us any satisfaction. So, we went out to see Bernie and he told us "to wait a little while," which was okay. He was very nice and I hope that no fast one is pulled. We were worrying about how the rushes on "Camera Girl" would turn out and apparently they were all right, although something was wrong with the print. Saw Johnny for a second, but I don't think he is a friendly any more. The rest of the day was devoted to the election.
Wed. Nov. 8 [1944]

Feeling like everything is at a dead end. Went over to Capitol to see if anything was doing with "Band Baby" but no soap. So, went out to see Ainsworth. She greeted us like long-lost brothers and tried to raise a lot of enthusiasm about the songs in the office. We left copies of everything with her, so she will have some "ammunition." She says she will help us try to get a Capitol record, but first we have to sell Martha the idea. Went to see Woody Herman. He wasn't there, but we talked to his wife and she said they "got a big [boot? boat?] out of the lyrics"; but, they hadn't been able to play it on their machine. However, she told us to come back tomorrow night and that cheered me up so much that I went to a movie! Saw "Rainbow Island" and "Till We Meet Again." Also went over to Menkin's, but Dave wasn't home.
Thur. Nov. 9 [1944]

Went down and had another dub made from the "Swing Hostess" record. All I do is spend money for records. Janis told us that Woody Herman had told him the same thing about "The Cat" his wife had told us. Went out to P.R.C. to kill time and see what the picture was doing. Bernie has some pal who has written a song that he wants us to "help him polish off," so we have to meet him tomorrow. Alfred Stern told us that they were setting up a picture on "a camera girl," which was the reason they were so perturbed by our song. That is the hell of a coincidence and sure puts us in a good spot with them; and maybe P.R.C. generally. Went over to see Johnny. He was rehearsing Vera and we had lot of fun kidding around. Then went out and gave the record to Ainsworth. She was her usual affable self. Tried to see Woody Herman but he wasn't in. I am afraid that is going to be a long process. Was uninspired at school at night.
Fri. Nov. 10 [1944]

A rainy, but interesting day. Went out to PRC in the morning for our appointment with Bernie's new protege, Ray Downey. He has a song in 5/4 time. It is cute, but very difficult. Bernie wanted our opinion and we said it was good, which it is, but we don't want to fool around with it. He was a lieutenant in the Army and went through the Aleutian campaign. He is bitter and cynical; he hates the world, everyone wants to kick him around, and "all he wants to do is make money." I felt sorry for him as he is a nice guy, but very emotional. Went down to see Jay's uncle in the Ambassador Hotel. It was fascinating sitting there and listening to him expound his theories of business success -- "a man can't be dominated by his wife," but gets to the peak by hard work, sweat and blood. Some of his business associates were there -- Ralph [Montevalley?] from Frisco Calverts and Dave Taub from here. At night saw "Swing Hostess" and "Town Went Wild" with Bernie. "Swing Hostess" went over better than I expected and only just missed being very good. Bernie brought his wife and Edwina Patterson.
Sun. Nov. 12 [1944]

The rain finally stopped but the day was cold and gloomy. Read, wrote and studied all day and night both. Had a puncture with the car, but the auto club fixed it up.

Mon. Nov. 13 [1944]

Rain, rain and more rain! Received a call from a "Mr. Conkling" at Capitol Records regarding material for Betty Hutton. Do we have material! Went up to see Nat Wynckoff and he can't do anything on "Hey Jose" until Peer returns. But, he gave us another one to work on "Nostros," which he says will be a number one song. Spent the rest of the day home, changing lines on possible songs for Betty Hutton, reading, writing. It was an exciting day and I hope something comes of it.
Tues. Nov. 14 [1944]

An exciting day. First went to Capitol and Mr. Conkling. While waiting Miss Call told us about "Band Baby" and Tilton speaking of her picture score, and Miss Wilkin said she thought "they had something for us." Very pleasant! Conkling was very enthusiastic about our three songs "Stuff," "Mashed Potatoes" and "Elizabeth Arden." He thought everything was wonderful, and wants Mercer, Hutton and may be DeSylva to hear them. But, it seems to be too easy! Met Dolly Mitchell on the street. She said she heard Mercer mention our names that night. Ignatz got a reneg from Schwartz on the advance, but Schwartz absolutely promises record on the "Polka." Janis wants to sent it to N.Y. but Bellin won't sign the consent decree. Mercer did the "Polka" again on the air tonight for some strange reason. Jay played for Martha out at Santa Monica. She was talking about records and songs but would give him no encouragement whatsoever. As usual, I will have to make the pitch to her I guess. It certainly was a full day! Saw Woody Herman, but he didn't throw himself in our arms. Said to call him in a few days when he would have a chance to check the record.
Wed. Nov. 15 [1944]

Got up the earliest since coming out here practically to go out and watch Martha shoot "Guilty." It went over okay, but maybe she was moving around too much, but that's what Lauders wanted! Schwalb said he hoped this one would be "better than 'Camera Girl' which was too draggy!" Always something. Mercer gave us a beautiful plug on "Band Baby." Only in the afternoon he said Jerry Livingston and I felt very embarrassed asking him for correction. But, we mentioned it to Miss Call and she said she'd tell him; in the evening he had it right. I felt worried about it so we hung around the Tropics hoping he would come in, but he didn't. So after the evening program we "casually" walking along the street, thanked him as he was coming out of NBC parking lot and everything seemed okay. Were supposed to meet Ignatz in the afternoon, but he never showed up and then he said he was there, but we weren't. Felt tired and happy at night.
Thur. Nov. 16 [1944]

In the afterglow of the success of "Band Baby," Janis thought it was swell and wants to send it to N.Y. Anytime anything good happens, he implies how BMI is going to "put us on payroll!" Disposed of "Highway Polka," to Art Schwartz. He wouldn't give us any money, but he promises us a Maestro record. At least we are getting rid of Ignatz that way. But on thinking it over and reading the contract, I see that he knows nothing about the synchronization rights; and we warrant that this is ours to dispose of in any manner whatsoever. That poses ticklish problem. Tried to get the piano copy back on "Baby." Bowlsey didn't have it, Weston didn't either (but he told us it was a nice tune) and finally led around by Nappy La Marr [sic] we found Matty Matloch who made the arrangement. But, he said Mercer had it, so we decided to leave well enough alone. Still feeling good.
Fri. Nov. 17 [1944]

Everything still rosy. Went out to PRC in the late morning and stayed there most of the day. Martha’s husband isn’t coming home tonight and she didn’t want to go to Palladium without him, so that’s that. I made the pitch directly to her about giving to Capitol and she still hasn’t reneged. Met Doug (Warren!) who used to write for Hall Halley and is now in publicity with Mort Stein, who said the only thing good about “Swing Hostess” was the music. I read a good review of it in Box Office of November 11th. Went up to see Syd Lorraine about a piano part for Judy Clark and I committed a breach of manners by looking at music on the shelf and stuff on his desk. Jay said his secretary was furious. What a stupid thing to do! I hope the secretary doesn’t carry it any further. Eddie Janis was telling us he gave us a buildup to Sam White at Pine-Thomas and we should go out and see him Monday. That would be a wonderful break. Spent the evening at home writing letters.
Sat.-Sun. Nov. 18-19 [1944]

An uneventful weekend. Drank beer Saturday night. Sunday read and worked on "Nosotros." Still feeling good about everything.

Mon. Nov. 20 [1944]

Day started off with Jim Conkling calling and setting an appointment for 4:30 tomorrow. But, I didn't like the way he wanted to know if we "had anything else." Went out to PRC to see Sam White. He was hip and said Mercer had been talking to him about us. That is unbelievable! But, unfortunately, he only wants songs that are going to be hits, or are going to be worked on. And he only wants record demonstrations. So, that kind of limits us. Tried to see Schwartz but he was busy. Talked to Lorraine and he said he was "glad to do anything for you boys." Sent "Band Baby" to New York. Spent the night polishing up the material for the audition tomorrow. That is so important to us, I hate to think of what happens if we flop! If only it comes through.
Tues. Nov. 21 [1944]

Spent all day getting ready for the demonstration. As the time got closer I got more nervous and more nervous. When we finally broke in on it we found our worst fears realized and everyone there -- Mercer, Weston, Wallichs, DeSylva. The latter was a surprise as he got a big kick out of the things. I thought we had a fine reaction and we have to wait to find out. I've got my fingers crossed.

Wed. Nov. 22 [1944]

Kept hoping all day that Conkling would call. But, unfortunately he didn't. We met a couple of nice guys over at Monogram, Scott Dunlap and Joe Kaufman. Bernie had give us a good buildup to Kaufman, so he was very friendly. Dunlap said when he had scripts ready on "Sunbonnet Sue" on the Belita picture he would let us do a couple of numbers on spec, and if they were it, he would do business with us. Which is fair enough! Sent "Nosotros" in with Wyncoff. I don't know that it knocked him off his feet, but it made sense at least. Then went up to Lorraine to get copy of "Hub-Bub." Lorraine said we were "very much in the thoughts" of him and Bernie! The went over to see Sam White.
He was friendly and listened to records. They were okay, but very jivey, so his use of them would depend on who is in the picture. But, did "Mashed Potatoes," "Did You Ever" and "Hey Jose" for him and they might fit. He especially liked the last, for he is "mu
y aficionado" to the music, Latin. Then, went over and watched Johnny Wray dubbing tapes. He was not the acme of friendliness and I guess his approaching induction has scared him.

Thu. Nov. 23 [1944]

A beautiful warm day. Read and studied and then went out to Menkin's for dinner. Had a fine dinner, and it sure tasted good. We had a good time.

Fri. Nov. 24 [1944]

Back in the swing of things. Conkling called up and said the only song of ours under consideration was "Stuff." And he wanted to know if we had anything else! A likely thing. Also, he wanted to know what we might have for Ella Mae Morse. So I am to call him next week for an appointment on these, plus Tilton. Then went over to Electro-Vox and made the record for Sam White. It cost $4.80, but was a good record.
Went up to Janis's to finish the manuscript on "Stuff." He is very annoyed that we haven't clarified the publishing position on "Crime, Inc." with Bernie. He said if we were procrastinating that much, we should return to N.Y. Got another lead when Chudnow called us for a 2:00 appointment on Monday. Tried to think of ideas for Betty Hutton at night, but got nowhere fast. Incidentally, Patsy Parker said Hutton had seen her out to Charley Foy's. That's great, if Hutton heard her sing "Stuff" which could knock the whole thing out.

Sat. Nov. 25 [1944]

Tried again to get an idea for a song for Betty Hutton but nothing came. That is the most discouraging thing in the world when I recognize the importance of an idea, but can't come through with it. Went down to see Martha. After the show only could say hello to her as she was talking business in her room. Went to Chinatown to dinner and then to Brazil. Felt depressed most of the day.
Tues. Nov. 28 [1944]

Forgot to write about yesterday, which was busy, especially because we seemed to have gotten the Republic picture of Chudnow. If only I didn't quote him too low a price! I had to spend most of today around the house as Jay was out to Lockheed with Tilton. Read, worked, sat in the sun. When he came home, he gave me the bad news that Tilton can't go to Capitol tomorrow, that she is spending the rest of the week in San Diego! That's great! When I called up Conkling, he seemed very annoyed by it all, and said they wanted to "skip it for the time being!" I guess we better forget about Tilton helping us out. After school, finished up "the Gashouse Gang." I hope.

Wed. Nov. 29 [1944]

The victory express kind of got derailed today. First we went over to General Service to let Rosemary Lane hear the songs. She didn't like them and was very jerky in her dislike! She would hear a little, then say "no -- not for me!" She didn't make us look too terrific before all those strangers and her final remark
was that they were the "best she'd heard." Went up to see Mercer and Weston in the late afternoon. Everything was so relaxed and easy. It would have been wonderful if Martha had been along. What we played for them didn't hit for Ella Mae Morse but there is a possibility of "The Cat & Canary." Then went up to see Janis, and he immediately is getting ready to send that & "Call Me" to N.Y. for $100. He wants to get his hands on "The Cat" because of angles that might develop any minute. But we don't want to just lose it, just to get it published, and so there will be trouble, I think.

Thur. Nov. 30 [1944]

Went over to General Service and rehearsed with Rosemary and the new girl. Rosemary was sweeter and more cooperative today and with a good arranger, Hershel Gilbert, it looks like it might come out all right. When we told Janis we didn't want to give up "Cat and Canary" yet, he wasn't happy. So he gave us a pep talk and that was that. Spent the rest of the day around the house and school at night.
Fri. Dec. 1 [1944]

Stayed home all day, wrote letters and worked on songs. Finished "All My Love," I think, which was getting to be a psychological hurdle. Met Bill Benton and he seemed to be a nice guy. Met Oley Jr. and Johnny Wray on the street after dinner. I am supposed to check with Johnny next week.

Sat. Dec. 2 [1944]

Today was the recording. I came out pretty horrible mostly because Rosemary kept upsetting the orchestra and the arrangement was a little tough on the band. The other girl on "Sayin" was horrible and I sure hope that gets lost somewhere en route. The director and producer seemed satisfied but I don't think it was very good. Sax said he would try to give us "something good" in his next picture. Went to Le Baron's and arranged for a picture for Xmas. The guy there wants us to go out with him some night. I felt like an awful jerk when I told the girl by Sardis "I couldn't donate a pt. of blood" and the sailor wanted to know if I needed a wheelchair!
Mon. Dec. 4 [1944]

Called Martha up this morning to ask about going to Capitol. Leonard very gruffly said she was "busy" and to call "later in the week." Great! Met Syd Lorraine on the street. He said he wants a "novelty" song to work on and that he is really going out and do something with it. I told him we would bring up what we might have. Had my pictures taken -- 6 shots. I hope they come out well. Janis got "Band Baby" back from N.Y. They didn't think it was "up to our best," but they praised us in the letter. Saw Chudnow at General Service and dropped off the manuscript. Then went to see [Carley] Harriman at U.A., but our check wasn't ready. Went over to PRC but neither Arbite nor Bernie were there. Then tried to find Johnny Wray. Finally picked him up at Goldwyn late and we had a couple of courtesy drinks as he had "things" planned with Heindorf. I felt blue as hell seeing how much fun he was having and the respect he was getting because he was "writing a story." Saw Jim Conkling in The Tropics. He told us "Stuff" was almost sure, Morse didn't like "Cat" and that there was no use getting excited about Tilton as she wouldn't be recording for a long time.
Tues. Dec. 5 [1944]

Sat at home waiting for something to happen, but nothing did. Worked on songs but didn’t accomplish anything special. Jay did some recording for Johnny Caldwell & Lynn. Janis said he’d gladly pay a penny for the "Crime" score, so now to get Bernie to come through. Went to school at night.

Wed. Dec. 6 [1944]

Another beautiful sunny day. Went down town in the middle afternoon. Saw Sam White and no decision yet. He asked us "to give Mercer a dig" about being in his picture! Saw Bernie and he said BMI could have the "Crime, Inc." music, if they give the penny a copy and "work on it." The last is the question mark as Janis refused to commit himself one little bit on that. But he gave Tompkins a good pitch on the songs, asked for $1200 and we’ll see what he might say. Saw Wynkoff and he hadn’t heard anything from "Nosotros" yet. So went to the Tropics, ate, and came home. Got my Xmas box from Mother and it was wonderful. She shouldn’t have gone to all that trouble and expense!
Thur. Dec. 7 [1944]

In the morning went down to recording studio and made a record of three of the ballads. It came out fairly good so we took it over and left it for Same White. Then went over to Farmer’s Market. It is a very interesting and colorful place. Ran into Berke, the director, there and didn’t like the evasion I got about the picture. So we went over to General Service and ran into Chudnow. Sure enough things are screwed up. It appears Republic “didn’t like the script” so that they have to completely rewrite it. I hate to think what they might do with the music. But anyway, everything is at odds and ends, and Chudnow said that even "if the picture wasn’t made" we’d be paid! Great! That would really set me back on my fanny if it fell through as I have been making an awful lot of plans on the $250. After school sat around Jimmies. Got friendly with a couple of the steady dames there and drove them home, but had to wait till midnight to do it. Also drove a couple of soldiers on the way.
Fri. Dec. 8 [1944]

Still on the pins and needles, with all the uncertainty with how things can fall -- Mercer & Hutton, & "Girls" -- When I talked to Conkling on the phone there seemed to be an awful lot of doubt in his voice when talking about "Stuff." Sat around the house during the afternoon & night. Had a little excitement when there was a small flood in the house.

Mon. Dec. 11 [1944]

Lost my tooth today. It was badly infected so I guess it's a good thing it's out. But that doctor gripes me the way he is so afraid I won't pay him. I was pretty knocked out for awhile, until the later afternoon. Set up a date with Jim Conkling for tomorrow to hear "Hubba Hubba" and he told me "Stuff" was in; he wanted to know what names to put on the contracts. Felt pretty good, so went to see "Brazil." It was a fine picture.
Tues. Dec. 12 [1944]

A happy day. Did "Hubba Hubba" for Jim Conkling and he thought it was swell. So he asked us to make an acetate on it and leave it for him. Went over to General Service and there was an ominous lack of activity in Harriman’s office. No news and no check. So Ainsworth had called us and when I told her about it she said she would follow thru. Then got a call from Luntzel. He had heard Hutton rehearsing "Stuff" on the set at Paramount and she told him she thought it was a great song! So I guess the recording is all set, especially when we signed the publishing contracts earlier at Capitol. Also, Luntzel has set up an audition for us at Paramount with Lipstone, the head of the music department. Went to school at night. I hope that nothing screws up the Saxe [sic] picture as I need that money, but bad!
Wed. Dec. 13 [1944]

Got a check for $100 and a contract from Capitol. The check was especially important as it looks like the Saxe [sic] deal is going to turn out to be a fiasco. Ainsworth talked to Harriman on the phone and he was very evasive so she sent us over to their lawyer, Leslie at R.K.O. He didn’t have much to say to us, and didn’t seem to be impressed by our damages, but said to wait the 24 hours and see what developed. Saw Janis and told him about Hutton. But, he was in lousy humor any way so there was no particular reaction. Couldn’t sleep last night and as I tossed in my bed, it came to me that the activating influence in my life is "fear" -- fear of driving a car, fear of speaking up to people, fear of the future, fear of social life, everything fear. I am not living, I am too afraid. The clutch in the car broke, and it cost $82 to fix it. Great!
Thur. Dec. 14 [1944]

Had to get up early to go to the dentist’s. He posed a new problem for me, but may be a happy one, by saying he could give me a fixed bridge for $250. That would be wonderful, if only it would last and I can spare the money. Kind of felt blue all day. I used the money from Sax and that’s all there is to it. And apparently the picture will never be made. Recorded "Hubba Hubba" on an acetate for Jim Conkling. Put "Scheveningen" on the other side, which may have been a mistake, but is a gamble. Played "All My Life" for Janis. He kept hearing it and hearing it and apparently liked it but he had his inevitable ideas for changes. At least, we did our duty. The Spanish class was gay. We saw movies, sang, etc. Mrs. McGuire, I am afraid, is getting a case on me. I felt strange as hell walking up the street with her hanging on my arm. She is a sweet thing, but I wish she were a little younger or better looking before aspiring to an affair. Klein invited me to a Xmas dinner at Carolina Pines Tuesday night.
Fri. Dec. 15 [1944]

The big day! Went down to Paramount but our audition was at 2 o'clock. We had a big argument over whether we should have given "Stuff" to Capitol, as a matter of principle, with Jay saying I am governed by "fear." Had our audition with Mr. Lipstone at Para. He called in Joe Lilley, who is the hell of a nice guy and on our side a hundred per cent, it seemed. As far as I could tell the audition went over pretty well and we got in more numbers than we had originally planned on. So, we weren't signed then and there, but our material was as good as we have to offer. Joe Lilley suggested we come to the recording, so we checked Capitol. They weren't too anxious, but we showed up there and let us "hide in the corner." I thought "Stuff" came out beautifully and Hutton told us she loved it, wanted to put it in a picture, and commented generally in uninhibited terms. We should have left after the number, but Martha came down and we kept her company. We really got a look at the "big time" yesterday. NCAC still getting a stall from Saxe [sic] and now it's off until Monday.
Mon. Dec. 18 [1944]

Stayed at home all day, with the tempo slackening. Drove the car up the hill alone, and felt so accomplished. NCAC couldn't get any more satisfaction out of Harriman so they wanted me to see their lawyer. However, I called Chudnow and he said definitely not to do that; Sax was still working, Harry Warner was going after Republic and the thing was becoming a big issue. Had a great time helping Benton get the two dames out of his room. That was quite an outfit!

Tues. Dec. 19 [1944]

Went down town in the afternoon. Janis got the okay on the "Crime" score, financially, but wants to get a music commitment from them. Went out to see Sam White. He was inaccessible but wanted to "keep the records." Bernie wanted to know what was happening with "Crime." Wynkoff hadn't heard about his stuff. Saw Lorraine and he was very annoyed about Bellin, but he is putting out "Say It With Love" and says he is going to get on it. Went to Mr. Kline's dinner at Carolina Pines. It was fine and afterwards went over to [Mrs?] [Given's?] house for dancing and records.
Wed. Dec. 20 [1944]

We worked a little bit on songs and got the ballad into workable form. Went walking for awhile with Bill. Bought liquor for Xmas, but couldn’t get cards. Also, don’t know how I will get my picture home as the studio had no folders to mail it in. Luntzel called us and said Mr. Lipstone wanted us to contact him. Maybe that is our break, I hope.

Thur. Dec. 21 [1944]

A horribly frustrating day. Tried to get Lipstone give times and not once could I get him. I am getting the psychological feeling that this is a pipe dream. Couldn’t see Luntzel. Zahler was out so just nothing happened. I wish I knew what was behind this Paramount business.

Fri. Dec. 22 [1944]

Lipstone finally called us. He wants us "on a gamble" to write something for Betty Hutton -- not swing, but great comedy lines! I sort of was non-committal but after thinking it over I have decided that it is a bad idea. Went up to BMI. Got feeling very gay in 3 hours of drinking. So, we took Lynn out -- over to P.R.C. -- tried to
pick up Laura, then went up on the hill. Took Lyn[n]
downtown and she had other plans, so we ate and
came back and had that after drinking feeling.

Sat. & Sun. Dec. 23 & 24 [1944]

Christmas all over. Heard Hutton's record over at
Capitol. They're not happy about it and "she might do it
over." Got annoyed as all hell at Jay because he
wouldn't go over there. When we thought there was
"open house" he shied away like a scared rabbit.
Sunday was over at Lyn[n]'s apartment, which was gay
and a shame to have to go over to Kay's. But, saw Sally
& Margaret over there, but it was dull.

Mon. Dec. 25 [1944]

Christmas. Nothing exciting. Restaurant situation in
Hollywood was brutal. Ate breakfast in bowling alley
and dinner at Jim Mill's Bar. Feeling pretty disgusted
over inability to get out a [sock?] [rider?] for Hutton.
Tuesday, Dec. 26 [1944]

Managed to fill the whole day with some sort of activity. Went over to see Luntzel and he said we ought to go ahead on the "speculative" basis with Lipstone; then, if we can click we will really be able to drive a bargain. That being the easiest way, we left it that way. Then went over to PRC and got some publicity pictures of Martha for the cover of "Guilty." Everything is okay between Janis and Bernie again. Stopped in and said hello to Martha. Saw Sam Saxe [sic] on the General lot. He said they were still "working on the script, but that the picture was still going to be made!" He looked so woebegone and blue that I didn't have the heart to ask him about our money. Stayed at home knocking my brains out on Hutton, but still a long way from anything resembling a good number.
Wed. Dec. 27 [1944]

Continued digging on ideas for Betty Hutton. I am not very happy about the progress. Called Miss Wilkin about going out for a drink. I think she was a little embarrassed by it all. But, she said she would like to go tomorrow night. Then I made the thing more embarrassing by asking her to invite "Norma" but didn't say anything about Miss Call. I hope this comes off all right and doesn't get messed up along the line.

Thur. Dec. 28 [1944]

Didn't do much today as it was muggy and I was wondering how my "date" would turn out tonight. It was fun and Norma came along. She is very quiet, so I think it would have been better if Miss Call had come instead. But it was O.K. and Janis said DeSylva had had a finger in our summons from Paramount. Tried to get my marine friend at the Biltmore, but I just missed him.
Fri. Dec. 29 [1944]

Sat around waiting for my marines to call. Then they were late, but finally got together. They weren't too bad, but the evening definitely lacked an *elan*. Most of the day sat around and grubbed for ideas.

Tues. Jan. 2 [1945]

Back in stride after New Year's vacation. Had to go to dentist's. He has me worried sick by all the x-rays he took. I can't stand much more trouble with my teeth. Then, got a letter that there is trouble in N.Y. apt.; the relatives want their furniture! Worked on the Hutton songs and gradually getting things organized a little. Went to school at night. It was fun to get back.
More activity today. Went downtown for the first time in weeks. Wynkoff gave us a stall on "Nosotros" so I guess that is washed up. Then went over to see Janis. He told us that Bellin had told him he wasn't responsible for BMI not getting "Swing Hostess." What a liar! Strolled over to Capitol and had a long talk with Jan Conkling. He talked about a song for the Kings. Letting Capitol hear our new Betty Hutton song as soon as we sent it. Janis liked "Love Lies" very much and wants to record it for N.Y. Then in the afternoon got a call from Blue networks about clearing "Stuff" for Philco. That was really exciting. So I told Capitol about it immediately and I hope they don't screw it up as they didn't know they were "publishing the tune." Then John Parsons, publicity man for Philco, called me up about it. I gave him our names etc. and then met him personally at the Knickerbocker where we had a drink together. He is quite a guy. Hope everything goes along all right on this thing.
Thur. Jan. 4 [1945]

Stayed home and worked all day. Feeling in good humor because the trend looks good. Luntzel talked to Everett Crosby and Lou Levy about us. Nothing exciting.

Fri. Jan. 5 [1945]

Luntzel called us to say publicity okay on program. So we ordered a record made. Also got a squib in Sidney Skolsky’s column. We showed that to Conkling and he kept it like he was going to investigate. That could make trouble, but it seems there’s always something. Like finishing the “Betty Hutton Blues” and decided I didn’t like it. Dentist didn’t find too much wrong with my teeth, except some cavities, which will cost me another $25. Otherwise everything pretty much in control.

Sun. Jan. 7 [1945]

Went to the program. It was quite a production. Thought the song went over okay. John Parson’s took us right down to the front row practically. The publicity was marvelous.
Mon. Jan. 8 [1945]

Went back into the whirl of activity. Saw Janis and sat around his office talking. We told us to be under no "illusions" in regard to Paramount. Got our record of the Hutton broadcast and took it over to Paramount. Went over to General Service to see Sam Saxe [sic]. He says he has the script approved and now just waits a starting date. He didn’t like it when I asked for a check, but said we would get it as soon as it starts. Luntzel invited us over to the Canteen. Met Nancy Parker and did some number for her. Jay is getting excited by Luntzel's patronage and interest. He is afraid that we are getting too involved.

Wed. Jan. 10 [1945]

Dentist filled two teeth today. I was going to write my draft board what I was doing but Jay and Bill talked me out of it. So Bill took me over to see his friend Duffy and he said to sit tight. Sat around and talked to Duffy. Went out and drank beer and then we had dinner in Hollywood. Spent the evening at home.
Thur. Jan. 11 [1945]

Sat around the house most of the day. Jay still incapacitated with his poison oak. Was downtown a few minutes and went to school at night. Luntzel told us that he had talked to Lipstone and told him we have things in process.

Fri. Jan. 12 [1945]

Another day when nothing happened. If this Paramount deal doesn't jell we are sure going to be out on a limb. Paid my income tax, did a little studying and that was my whole day.


Luntzel came up to hear our Hutton things. He thought they were wonderful and got so excited that he knocked down a tree in the yard. We are sure getting involved with him. I hope we're not heading for trouble and that his reaction isn't skewed. Spent rest of the day studying and reading.
Mon. Jan. 15 [1945]

An interesting day. Janis had copies on the "Parents" songs, and they looked swell. And, just before I had read this review in Variety where it said "The songs, such as they are, didn't impress." This time Bernie had read it, and "he called it [to] our attention." He wanted to know the ramifications of the Saxe [sic] deal, as P.R.C. is going to make the picture. We implied that we were tied up only in the case of a Republic release, but after thinking it over at night that seemed a mistake. That gave Bernie lese majeste to upset the thing which he tried to do by calling Schwalb right then and passing on the information. But, Schwalb seemed to know it. Met Saxe [sic] in the lobby and he was as happy as a little kid and told us we would be "paid very shortly." The thing is very complicated now, one reason being by our not being sure whether we want this thing or not. Also, we couldn't find the contract at home at night. Went out to Charlie Fox's with Bill to spend the evening.
Tues. Jan. 16 [1945]

Had my last filling done at the dentist. He is really a jerk as he isn’t going to do any more unless I assure him I will pay him as soon as he finished. His attitude is very annoying. Met Luntzel and Frank Ryan at Lucey’s and then we went over to N.B.C. to use a piano. Ryan said there was nothing we could do to break our N.C.A.C. contract unless we didn’t work for four months. And if they intervene at Paramount they are due commissions till the end of the deal. So, everything is all messed up as to whom is going to negotiate for us and everything else. We discussed later what to do about Luntzel and what seemed fairest was to offer him 10% on all movie works.

Wed. Jan. 17 [1945]

Had our appointment with Lipstone at ten in the morning. He thought “Square” was a good idea, but hadn’t been explained well enough, especially the second chorus. However, he liked the “Blues” very much and arranged an audition with DeSylva on the basis of that. DeSylva thought it was too “immodest,” but hearing “Square” thought it was wonderful. But the low-downness of
the second chorus is what he wants in the first, so we have to revise it. Lipstone was already talking money to Luntzel, so everything looks pretty good! I hope this won't be another Goldwyn deal. Saw Jim Conkling. With his usual enthusiasm he thought "Square" wonderful. We talked on and on to him about music and records. They all think "Stuff" will sell big! I hope they're right.

Thu. Jan. 18 [1945]

Spent the day thinking about changes in the "Social Circle" and reading. Sam White called up and wanted to know with whom he would have to make a deal in "Hey Jose." So I referred him to Wynkoff and called him to wise him up on it. He seemed pleased, and that might swing us into "Nosotros," which would be swell. Things are going too swell -- I am getting worried! Had the Spanish party at the Spanish Kitchen. It was pleasant and I enjoyed it. Met a screwball at Jimmies, who reads palms and told me I had the most sensuous hand she had ever seen. That was interesting!
Fri. Jan. 19 [1945]

Stayed at home all day. Worked on the song. Had an argument over the use of the word, "droop." His attitude of infallibility griped me no end. But, it ended all right. At night wrote letters.

Mon. Jan. 22 [1945]

A raw windy day. Worked on songs, read, Luntzel called us of keeping things moving with Lipstone, Gottlieb and Levy. We went to the Canteen at night. Met Gil Lamb, Nancy Porter, again and her husband, Walter Holmes. The latter told us of their dinner with DeSylva in which he was telling them of the songs we write. That was a great shot in the arm! So much depends on this Paramount deal, it just can't fall through!

Tues. Jan. 23 [1945]

Still feeling right on the edge of the precipice. Went down town in the afternoon and Fibby [Garen?] and Eddie both knew of our "approaching success." We sure felt a lot more important about it all. Went to see Lipstone at 5. He had no objection to the changes so now we go back to DeSylva. He is on the spot and he did didn't want to criticize
anything after the last debacle. Went to school at night. Vera, saying she only had a few years to live, chilled me; I felt very sorry for her. How little a group like that knows about one another.

Wed. Jan. 24 [1945]

The big day with DeSylva. He approved all the changes, but what was doubtful about a couple of things getting by the censors. So Lipstone was to follow that end. Did a couple of ballads for DeSylva then and "All My Love" got a big reaction. What we want to do is get a chance to submit some King Cole stuff, where I think we might have a chance. On "Square," we just have to wait and chew our nails and hope nothing happens to derail the train. Went over to PRC. Saxe [sic] told us if we had a chance to throw "Cat" into Paramount he would let us substitute for it. Sam White has a scene all planned for "Hey Jose" which would make it very good. I would get a big kick out of getting that in. So now it's just a case of waiting and hoping that all this doesn't go up in smoke.
The merry-go-round stopped with a definite bump today. Janis told us the B.M.I. deal in "Crime, Inc." was off -- the resemblance to this old "Guilty" was too close. That was a great break. And, if it has to be cut out of the picture, we're washed up at P.R.C. It put a bad taste in everything. All we can hope for is that BMI was supersensitive and that when we see the other song we can safely brush the whole thing off. Legally, we might be in an awful spot. Bernie didn't seem perturbed, but he thinks that we are a 100% responsible, whereas P.R.C. would also have to face a suit. But, he got Marks on the phone right away and wants to put the same deal over with them, at a bigger fee, and a commission for Bernie. This can roll up in to an awful headache, especially with getting us in wrong with Janis & B.M.I., so I have my fingers crossed. To make things definitely annoying, I lost my initial ring -- somewhere, sometime -- after wearing it 15 years. I feel lost without it.
Fri. Jan. 26 [1945]

As I look over the angles of this publishing deal, I can see where someone is going to get hurt and it will probably be us. But it can also be Bernie, Marks or Janis. Why the hell did this have to come up. Lauren said they previewed the thing today, so now I have another reason to keep my fingers crossed. Jim Conkling called me up to see if we had "done anything" on the girls song. I had to tell him no, which I wish I didn't have to. I will have to start working on that as it is too good a thing to slough over. What I wouldn't do for an inspiration. Went over to Laura's at night. Things started slow, but once we got the bottle out it brightened up considerably. Her friend, Marianne, was nice, but had a bad figure. Laura had a big spread and we took rhumba lessons. Got home at 3:30.
Sat. Jan. 27 [1945]

Got up feeling a little groggy. This was an annoying day in many respects. Had our audition with Alec Gottlieb. He was nice but indifferent. Came home and slept. Met the most terrific girl I have met out here, in Jimmies, via Athens. She comes from Greece but speaks Park Avenue English. In the course of things Max touched me for another buck, which irked me plenty. We drove beautiful home and while parking to let her out some dumb old woman backed into us, locking the cars and knocking paint off our fender. They called the Auto Club to straighten things out. That killed the evening and also my resolution to work on something good tonight.

Mon. Jan. 29 [1945]

A day that was sort of disgusting. Went down at noon and saw Janis. He had a copy of the other "Guilty." We didn’t see any risk. So, we went out with it to Bernie. Bernie thought the whole thing was silly (after we waited for him a couple of hours) and he wrote the letter to B.M.I., explaining how P.A.C. felt about it. Luntzel wanted us to
go see Happy Goday, but we put it off until later in the week. Luntzel didn't seem too happy down at the Lantern. Jay played for Judy. She didn't kill them, so she didn't do "Stop The Hub-Bub." Dinah Shore was there. She was wonderful. She must have sung for almost a half-hour, whatever the boys wanted and seemed to really enjoy doing it. At dinner in the little Chinese restaurant and Claudette Colbert was sitting almost across from us.

Tues. Jan. 30 [1945]

Starting to get a little worried about the lack of activity and apparent disinterest at Paramount after we made those changes. Couldn't get Luntzel all day, but he did call at night when we weren't home, which made me feel better. Sent that letter to BMI in N.Y. That is the stupidest thing I ever heard and I hope it turns out well for all concerned. Went to school at night. Felt very embarrassed because I made a speech about the "luz roja" section of Rio.
Thur. Feb. 1 [1945]

The rain really struck in force, today and was torrential. I am getting that uneasy feeling now in regard to Paramount; there has been too long a time without anything happening and I can see the pattern of frustration developing again, especially with Luntzel being so quiet. The work-or-fight bill passed today so my future activities definitely are going to be circumscribed anyway. Had a fight over going out Saturday night. Jay screamed that we couldn't afford the gas, that we were running behind, etc.; mathematically, we are okay, but there is always that unforeseen emergency and hearing it put that way, I gave in. But, only that we do it the following Saturday. I wanted to bring up the trip to the movies last Sunday, which could have used a half-gallon, but it seemed such a jerky thing to do. But, basically it is the same situation -- whenever there's a sacrifice, I have to make it. I was blue in school at night. Ran into Saul Haynes in Jimmie's. He told me Johnny Wray is in the Navy at San Diego.
Fri. Feb. 2 [1945]

A horrible rain all day. Felt blue on general principles, with the way I am getting down near the danger mark at the bank and the lack of activity on all fronts. Called Luntzel and he said he had been unable to contact Lipstone, so just have to "relax." At night went to the Palladium to hear Gene Krupa. I would have had a better time if I had some money to spend.

Sat. Feb. 3 [1945]

Got a haircut and shampoo -- mucho dinero. Then, for a change of scene, and to see how my Spanish had improved, I went down to the California Theater. I found out I understood more the first time that [sic] I did the second. Sat there for five hours and came out discouraged and blue. I was "broke," nothing concrete in sight, a dull weekend socially to look forward to and a strong desire to get back East for a little while.

Sun. Feb. 4 [1945]

Today I am 30. Did nothing but sit around the house. Undoubtedly over half my life is gone, and I sure have missed success by more than a little if this venture at present doesn't work out. I guess I better give up.
Mon. Feb. 5 [1945]

A bit more pace to today. Went down and got the coup de grace from B.M.I. New York. So, I called Bernie and have him a carte blanche to do something with the score; he said "not to hang around with BMI" and "that, at the worst, he could set it with Lorraine." Did a pile of tunes for Donna and Louise King. Don't know if they liked their piece of material so much, but they got a boot out of some of the other tunes. Meanwhile, news from Luntzel is beginning to come in if he is playing angles. Hear Hutton is doing "Stuff" on Duffy's Tavern Friday. Conkling, as enthusiastic as ever, but wish something would happen with Paramount. Bill Benton dropped in at night.

Tues. Feb. 6 [1945]

An exciting day. Called Luntzel. He said he was waiting till Lipstone "called him." That attitude isn't like Jim. I wonder if he is putting the screws on us or what; but we just can't sit up here doing nothing. And, Conkling said DeSylva is still raving about the tune, but that "Life Of The Party" is also getting into discussions! Janis hit the ceiling today. We were just talking casually
and mentioned our air plug Friday and the fact that we couldn't make much money on "Stuff." Every remark cumulated and he ended up calling us ungrateful, stupid and double dealing; he hinted, threateningly, that when BMI gets some name writers, we will be out on a limb on both counts. He was completely irrational, but you can't give him any argument. We have to go back tomorrow for an "accounting." Had our King sisters audition at night. Donna started off by telling us that the sister song wasn't quite it, but when they started to analyze it, they could find very little they didn't like. So, it ended up by our trying to punch it up a little. Then we got into the popular songs. They thought everything was wonderful and are going to do the old "Hubba Hubba," if we can get the idea of the new one in to it (and Victor will let them). All in all, it was very satisfactory. Jim told us that when we made our big pitch at the Capitol meeting after we left Mercer said "he wishes we would let him in our weed patch!"

Wed. Feb. 7 [1945]

Went down to see Janis first. He had calmed down and was in good humor, but he still told us we should do business with B.M.I. Went up to see Nat Winkoff and heard "Hey, Jose" sounding through the hall. So we went in and Sam White had finally come through with the
thing. So, we signed contracts, which was a pleasant thing. Luntzel called and said he had talked to Lipstone and he would "see us next week." I hope that is the McCoy. Saw "Crime, Inc." with E.C. Marks. What they did to our songs in that is brutal to contemplate. The cut of the first chorus in "Camera Girl" is so horrible that I wish they'd take the whole interlude out. That is so disgusting--work so hard and so long to get something right and then have someone irresponsible bungle things like that. Marks, a very nice guy, couldn't tell what he heard in all the confusion, so he asked us to bring the records up to the office. Marks is quite a philosopher and he kept telling us what a great "future we have out here."

Thur. Feb. 8 [1945]

Took the records from "Crime" down to Dempsey. Then went down to Capitol to do the new "Hubba Hubba" for Conkling. Everything seems all right then came the question of publishing. Conkling made a terrific pitch for Capitol and it looks like we will have to give in as he holds all the cards; goodbye -- Janis. He subtly told us that giving "Stuff" to them "helped us a lot with Buddy." But he seemed genuinely distressed that in the short time we are going to
lose money on "Stuff." To help us out, he even suggested that he might get Capitol to clear it with B.M.I., and they might make a proposition to sign us up exclusively. But, in this thing -- where he would have to go out on a limb and fight Victor, sell the idea of doing a tune the girls pick, he would like to keep the direction of it where he could watch it! Anyway emotions were strung out all over the place and we are left in a spot, as everything says B.M.I., him or Janis; yet I don't want to put my neck on the line in case anything should be upset.

Fri. Feb. 9 [1945]

Got up feeling so tired after only a couple of hours sleep. Finished "Hey Jose" and took it up to Winecoff. Everything is on the way and that is taken care of. Saw Bernie and how jerkie he was. I asked him what the reason for cutting the camera song that way and he just gave me that dirty look without answering! He was really nasty and I felt the hell with him. Stopped over at Mrs. Tilton’s and told her about the mess. She was disgusted also and said Martha would probably skip P.R.C. from now on. Had another annoyance when Hutton was called off the program. After telling everyone about it, the song wasn't done after all.
Mon. Feb. 12 [1945]

Had a pleasant weekend with the Zarape Saturday night and Menkin’s party Sunday. But, today the merry-go-round kind of got off the track. I met my Mexican neighbor, Augustín Rose. He seems like a nice guy and that few minutes of talking helped me immensely. I walked past his house while his aunt was giving lessons to Mrs. Biberman and the aunt broke off in the middle to thank me for taking her nephew down the hill. Felt blue as all hell, sitting at home and just waiting for something to happen. Then Luntzel called and said Lipstone would see us tomorrow. Saw Fred Dempsey on the street and he said the song left him cold; so, that’s that. However, he told us to come up any time with whatever we had. Went over to see Jim Conkling. There was a funny one -- the Kings want to do "Stuff" instead of "Hubba Hubba." It seems all the enthusiasm on the latter is dissipated. It would mean a lot more to us to have "Hubba-Hubba," but it is out of our hands, I am afraid. He wasn’t in such a good humor either and he got annoyed at some remark about the "Sister" song.
One of Robin Hood stories.

A detective story.

A song shark gets famous as a result of getting hold of a victim who doesn’t know the score. He is a ghost writer and incredibly dumb.

Tues. Feb. 13 [1945]

Got up early for our "appointment" at Paramount. It was put off from 10:30 to 11:30 to 1:00, and finally Lipstone showed up at 2:00. He had no reason to want to hear anything, so he said he would show us right through to DeSylva. That is what we wanted in the first place and means that everything will rise or fall on its own merits. Then hung around B.M.I. all afternoon and looked at old songs that Janis was digging out. Went to school at night and again as the "idol" of the class; I am ashamed of being such a "teacher's pet." Felt in pretty good humor with everything apparently going well.
Wed. Feb. 14 [1945]

A dull, cold day and I felt the same way. No phone calls, no nothing. I guess that puts the demise on "Hubba, Hubba" so now the only excitement in prospect is DeSylva. Felt blue and discouraged all day.

Thur. Feb. 15 [1945]

Sat at home on pins and needles waiting for something to happen. But, nothing did! Finally went down town. Did "Sometime" for Janis and he thought it was okay. He wants us to come back tomorrow when he can go over it. Went down to see Jim. He thought "Coffee Pot" was a good idea, so he took the lyrics home to the girls. Also wanted the "Sister" song, which I felt didn't kill him on the changes. Every time I relax too soon I always seem to regret it later. Had the usual clambake at school tonight. I wish I knew whether the McGuire dame is giving me bedroom eyes or not; but it isn't too smart to get mixed up in anything like that. The only thing is I could stand a little excitement for a change.
Fri. Feb. 16 [1945]

Got down too late to see Janis, by five minutes. That griped me as there was no reason for dawdling. Went up to see Winecoff and he said he hadn't signed contracts yet on "Hey Jose." He needs the music to send to N.Y. so we tried to get it from White to have copied. But, he was in conference. Saw Sax. He is as happy as a little kid over the fact that his picture starts next week. He has to get a girl who can sing to Rosemary Lane's sound track, in the same key and really punch the songs. He is leaving that up to us. Great! Luntzel had his first skirmish with Lipstone. Lipstone offered $1,000, and Luntzel laughed. Lipstone said we would "set our careers back by 5 years." -- that this would open up so many doors for us! However, Luntzel was adamant, so now negotiations begin, with Lipstone goes to DeSylva. This is terrifically important and there are so many ways it can get screwed up that it scares me. The dentist started on my bridge. He drilled for a solid hour. The old bridge came out at night, so now there's a big hole in my mouth.
Mon. Feb. 19 [1945]

A full and somewhat exciting day. Started off with Sax, and he was still waiting for the "inefficient P.R.C. music dept." to get him a singer. Met Claudia Drake, who before she knew who we were, considered "Saying" an awful stinker. However, when Jay worked it out with her, it sounded much better and took away some of the mess. Also, met Pamela Blake, the star of the picture, and a very sweet girl. Saxe is constituting us his musical directors and wants us to follow through with him 100% on all phases; he isn’t going to let P.R.C. put anything over on him. Saw Sam White, with Chudnow, discussing orchestration on "Hey, Jose." White has a lot of enthusiasm for it. Took the music over to Winecoff and left strict orders that he should return it tomorrow. So, after all that hectic activity, went over to Paramount. Jay rehearsed with Nancy for an hour and a half. She told us that she and Milton were telling our story to "someone" and that "someone" said it was a lousy trick for Paramount to beat us down. Luntzel didn’t get to Lipstone today, but is going tomorrow. Came home cold, tired and enervated by all the chasing around. So I went to bed at 9 o’clock and slept like a log.
Tues. Feb. 20 [1945]

A hectic day to end all hectic days. Started off with a call from Lipstone as to whether Luntzel was "a composer" with us or not. I told him no, which made him very happy. Then went over to rehearse with Nancy. There, Jim said we could cover up "our slip" very easily by saying that his participation we had agreed to "keep quiet"! This put a nasty touch on everything and it is easy to see trouble ahead. Then went over to P.R.C. and worked with the girl who is dubbing the picture. She is not terrific but may be all right. anyway. Handle his music in wonderful manner got ourselves in the clear by telling him that the girl was less than perfect. Then, back to Paramount. Now our troubles started! Had a long [??] talk with Jim in which he begged us to back him up in the participation angle; he seemed to think it was just "vanity" that would prevent us. But, we showed him that not only were we casting doubt in the whole matter on the ownership of the song, but it was bad for us in every respect. I felt sorry for the poor guy as he was really out on a limb. Then into Lipstone’s office. Lipstone categorically said that as an employee of Paramount Jim could not put himself out as a manager "selling" talent to Paramount; if Jim were a writer there was no quarrel, but he would
have to share in all credits and royalties. That was an impossible situation. So, they went to Jim’s boss and it ended up with Jim bowing out. But, not before he let it slip that we had worked for P.R.C., wherein Lipstone was going to get a “quote.” That was the worst break of all -- as he said, how can we expect to go from $300 to $2500! Things, certainly ended up unprofessionally and stupid. We were vulnerable and Lipstone might [have] found it out. What the routine is now, I don’t know. Then went to the Canteen. Nancy singing our song went over okay if not sensational. But, Milton was so grateful. He took us out to Chasen’s with him afterward. There, he kept telling us we must have guts and not let Lipstone or even DeSylva scare us. We absolutely had to hold out and stick to our guns. If DeSylva didn’t buy it, he would buy the song himself! But, it’s so easy for other people to say things like that. Then to conclude the day at midnight a call from Luntzel telling us of the telegrams he had sent to DeSylva, Brown and Lipstone, placing him on record as officially backing out. The poor guy is worried. I sure can’t foresee what comes now.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
No Fun. To 25c and hit
it Great feel went
At least One of home
Went away for lands, go by
A dream of a dream
Stage down Jackson
Little little heat
Caught a gay bug in a Susan Carroll
Mom said
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].

The old heart is mine
Won't let the new heart in
My soul is all against it
What am I to do

I'm buffeted about like a straw in a storm
Though thou dost doubt you can't (make sense)

The old heart is mine
Wants the new heart in me
Sheds the new heart in me
And I'm a scum up near the dead, dead sea

Sought to fly and dwell in a place
But it seems I dwell in the mud-bottoms.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].

Paul Stewart - Miss Cook
Forbidden - Miss Hall
C. E. Hazel - Miss Bull
Crosley - Mr. Baldwin
Barnes - Mr. Ward
Walter P. Burns - Walter
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
Long since ago, love
Speaking of love
Not been enough alone
Not it essentially
A substantial moment
Your eyes on the horse
Cried or wept
Adaptively marred
Feather in my cap
Take of a tear
Nigh, it is such a little thing
I'm gonna quit it all to charity
Repulsive tides
Duncan Pugh
Sitting in a plush room
Possibility to love is coincidental
I can't get over you
Take my hand (and that promise)
Grape the plan
Moonlight
Our tree
Bent under
All that feels as such
Wriggled down, if you can get it
Memory in my heart
Try it up, to think, think
Not to lose sight
Not, not, right
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].
I'm mad about Manhattan.
She was picked in Piccadilly
There's a, claret.
I'm in Philly.

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As we say in followed sheathed figs up
subway fare.
Colin stagger with whiskey chasers
bursting upon a crooked like a strongman
saying: "escape a world."
From your still breakfast
This also read as
Pinedez her.
Split a futility
Thinking home to an egg to "I'll slumber
Seafish & under all over his face
He was back.
The moon that you're in
Captured a fleeting moment of beauty
Head of a child born from awaking
God's hand - once brought
I love you very much - but
A luscious little tea cup
Speak what a case
Once deep in gone.
Bet a race.
I wear you
Just made seat
A bit worn with her boots
Torn up in men
Announced again the word
Dance still Shaker
Secrets of joy on a melody.
[Not transcribed].
[Not transcribed].