

Encounters: Musical Legends

PERFECTLY FRANK

PAULA HASSLER TEMPE, AZ

ALL HEADS TURNED as he strode down the center aisle toward the stage. His trench coat was slung over one shoulder, his fedora perched at a rakish angle, and a lit cigarette dangled from his lips. Stardom crackled from Frank Sinatra like electricity.

It was 1955, and my husband worked in the marketing department at Capitol Records in Hollywood. His job gave us access to recording sessions. We sat there that night enthralled as Frank recorded with Nelson Riddle's orchestra.

They were working on "Soliloquy" from the musical *Carousel*. Frank made a few wisecracks about it being difficult after repeating one complicated phrase several times. He quipped, "This ain't no 'Let Me Go, Lover," an unsophisticated novelty tune of that era. We in the audience hung on his every word and phrase.

My husband rubbed elbows with many recording stars, but that day, we were just two of the many Sinatra fans in the audience.