

Vocalion

Charges to pay
1 s. 3 d.

RECEIVED

POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

No. 660
OFFICE STAMP



Prefix. Time handed in. Office of Origin and Service Instructions. Words.

154 m 10

m

To

2.32 LONDON P REDTD FM PLYMOUTH COLLECT FEE 13

LEONARD FEATHER STEAMSHIP NORMANDIE SOTON =

JUST TO WISH YOU BON VOYAGE = DAVE TOFF +

For free repetition of doubtful words telephone "TELEGRAMS ENQUIRY" or call, with this form at office of delivery. Other enquiries should be accompanied by this form and, if possible, the envelope.

B or C

DECCA RECORD CO. Ltd.,

DIRECTORS:
SIR C. F. ENTWISTLE, K.C., M.C., LL.B., M.P.
SIR SIGISMUND MENDEL, K.B.E.
SIR STANLEY MACHIN, J.P.
S. J. AVIDON. J. W. ENGLAND.
E. N. HOLSTIUS. R. D. WARNFORD-DAVIS.
E. R. LEWIS.
SECRETARY: F. T. WHITE.

60-62 CITY ROAD,
LONDON
E.C.1.

TELEPHONE No.:
CLERKENWELL 1060
TELEGRAMS:
DECCORD, FINSQUARE, LONDON

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE:

OUR REFERENCE WY/PB.
YOUR REFERENCE



21st September, 1937

Dear Sirs,

I have pleasure in sending you my
Notes on the records on October the first.

From now onwards there will be
included in the Press Bulletin some Notes on the
Vocalion Swing music records contributed by
Mr. Leonard Feather the recognised expert on
this form of music.

Yours sincerely,

Walter Yeomans.

JAY WILBUR AND HIS BAND

9125 "SHALL WE DANCE". Selection.

Here is a really excellent selection of tunes from the Fred Astaire film "Shall we Dance" played with great artistry by Jay Wilbur and his Band.

RECORDS OF PERMANENT MUSIC.

DECCA "X" SERIES.

There is now presented the first recorded performance of Schubert's Wanderer Fantasia, originally written for piano solo, and very much elaborated for piano and orchestra by Liszt. A truly brilliant performance is submitted Clifford Curzon and The Queens Hall Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. I most cordially recommend these records to your special attention.

DECCA-POLYDOR.

One or two of the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies have become extremely popular not to say hackneyed, and it is welcome news that the great European pianist Alexander Borowsky is to record all the Liszt Rhapsodies. The First Rhapsody now published is an interesting work and it is exceptionally well played.

V O C A L I O N

There is some kind of propagandist slogan which entreats you to "See Naples and Die". Well, you may as well "buy Vocalion and retire", for they are producing such an array of talent and good-as-gold music that this review will soon begin to read like a publicity sheet, which I assure you, it is not intended to be.

The above glowing tribute from the swing record reviewer of "Musical News and Dance Band" shows how well Vocalion has been adhering to its slogan "THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING MUSIC". My notes this month, and in future, will include comments on the new Vocalion releases.

BENNY CARTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA. - Guest Star: SOLEMAN HAWKINS.

S.104 "Blues in My Heart" - "Somebody Loves me".

Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax king already famous for his sole recordings on Decca, joins forces with Benny Carter in the revival of the old George Gershwin tune "Somebody Loves me". This alliance of two of the greatest swing music stars has been acclaimed in the musical press as a sensational idea. On the reverse Benny Carter offers a band-new arrangement of one of his most beautiful melodies, "Blues in my Heart".

LARRY ADLER (Vocal at the Piano)

565 "Smokin' Reefers" - "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues".

Though best known as a mouth-organ virtuoso, Larry Adler has a brilliant piano style and a unique voice for which the colourful song "Smokin' Reefers" provides an interesting piece of material. Both these titles have a distinctive, quiet charm of manner.

PHIL HARRIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

567. "Jammin' - "That's Southern Hospitality".

Phil Harris and his Orchestra, favourite band of the Hollywood film stars, have a big part in the new film release "Turn Off the Moon". Both the above numbers are featured by Phil Harris himself in the picture, and he sings them here in the same inimitable style.

A LONDON HOME IN THE NINETIES. M. Vivian Hughes. (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Hughes's first book *A London Child of the Seventies* had a certain objectivity that gave it real though slight documentary value; her second book on the same theme—herself—was a disappointment, a disappointment confirmed by this volume. Her life has been uneventful and the narrative, treated with disinfected brightness, is unbelievably flat, though the author "revelled" in everything and her enthusiasm was, if we believe her, infectious. The book deals with the author's life at a Teachers' Training College, her ten years' engagement and marriage, her trips to Toronto and Switzerland ("... every object and incident was exciting... buying a brioche at Amiens refreshment room... Our way from Geneva to Chamonix was by diligence, and I thought of the schoolboy's howler about Caesar contending into Gaul on the top of a diligence. Never before had I known what dust and thirst could be. We pulled up half way at some hostelry, and I boldly ordered a lemonade, thereby shocking Yetta"). This outline does little justice to the book's irritant quality. Miss Arnot Robertson once summed up the product of a certain school as "Hurrah-for-the-House-and-I'm-glad-I'm-not-pretty"; for House read Bedford College and that puts it across fairly well.

MOMENTS OF MEMORY. Herbert Asquith. (Hutchinson, 15s.) More Asquithiana. The memoir output of the Asquith family is exceptionally high. They are shock-memoirists. Mr. Herbert Asquith's remembered moments inevitably overlap with some of his father's and stepmother's. He covers the well-worn track with as much zest as he can muster—Winchester, Balliol, the Union, the old-age-pension-suffragette-Irish-question epoch, the War, the ousting of Asquith by Lloyd George... The only unexpected ingredient in his dish is D. H. Lawrence (what a knack that flaming Son of the People had for picking up upper-class friends!) whom he met from time to time and annoyed during the War by throwing stones at a bottle, thus, Lawrence complained, manifesting Man's passion to destroy.

Gramophone



Good and Hot

THERE are two trends in Jazz pulling apart. The basic one, broad and negroid, degenerates into something coarse and vulgar. The other, later in origin, is white and sophisticated, and in degeneration complex and emasculate. The perfect balance between these two is not often achieved, but fine hot music can come from either side of the Mason-Dixie line.

Perhaps Ellington has struck the balance most often—in his records of *Mood Indigo* and *Ring dem Bells*, for example. Frankie Trumbauer hit it in the first few records he made with Bix Beiderbecke, the best of which were *Singin' the Blues*, *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, and *Baltimore*. And Don Redman and Benny Carter in *Four or Five Times*, by the "Little Chocolate Dandies". But such a balance is very rare.

Louis Armstrong, who has earned the highest renown in the history of Jazz, has always been on the broad side. So have all the best negroes. The Chicago group, Teschmaker and the rest, who made records as "The Chicago Rhythm Kings" or "McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans", were on this side too, though with very different characteristics. (A splendid example of their intense dry style has just been reissued on Parlophone R2379 with *Sugar* on one side and *Liza* on the other.) Red Nicholls and the so-called "white school" which grew up round him, and almost all the best white combinations from Goldkette to Elizalde, with the single exception of the Chicagoans, have been on the sophisticated side, some more (e.g. Nicholls) and some less (e.g. Goodman). The division is roughly between black and white, but there are so many cross-

strains that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line.

Today a synthesis is being reached between the two trends. Goodman's Trio and Quartet records, perhaps a shade on the sophisticated side, are very nearly ideal. Then some fine records, unfortunately of commercial tunes, have been made by Teddy Wilson's recording band. The personnel varies, but the balance of style has so far been marvellous. There are eight titles in the current lists, on Vocalion S89, 92, 96 and 101. They are all very good; I think I liked *There's a Lull in My Heart* the best.

But two current records achieve almost complete synthesis, and rank among the best ever made. One is *Rhythm, Rhythm* (H.M.V. B8597) played by Lionel Hampton and his Band, with Johnny Hodges from Ellington's orchestra on alto saxophone and Buster Bailey from Fletcher Henderson's on clarinet, and Cozy Cole at the drums. It is a distant version of the song-hit *I Got Rhythm*. I am not an enthusiast about Hampton and his vibraphone, and we have too much of it here, but with Cole and Jess Stacey (at the piano) he makes up a wonderful rhythm section which gives a formidable swing. Hodges' opening solo is colossal, and Bailey's long solo on the clarinet is the best and most imaginative piece of hot playing I have heard in years. The record is as good as the best free improvisations of the old days.

The other is by Benny Carter, the gentlest and most musical of all the hot musicians, in *Ramblers' Rhythm*, played with the Ramblers on Vocalion S94. The Ramblers are a Dutch band, respectable and neat players but in no way sensational. After a well-played but unoriginal first chorus by the band, Carter comes in on the alto and plays as no one else could, with phrases which the change of a single note would spoil, and swing and feeling all his own. He follows up with a trumpet solo and finally takes eight bars on the alto in the last chorus which are as good as anything I can remember hearing.

JACK DONALDSON

MELODY MAKER
OCT. 16, 1937

Carter,

Disc
Show
No. 3

Top Poll

By PAUL HOLT

PRESENTING the third of this page's
twice-a-month record selections, in
which the best pressings in three
sections are brought to your notice.

JAZZ

VOCALION S104 (Benny Carter and a few of
the boys ambling through "Blues in my
Heart" and waking up a bit for "Somebody
Loves Me.")

Mister Benny Carter is as black as your hat and
his manners are perfect, and when he asks you a
question he looks down at his
knuckles for fear you should think
him too eager to know.



CARTER

Benny is one of the greatest individual
jazz performers in the
world (he plays alto sax and flute
and trumpet, and a nice clarinet,
but alto sax mostly).

He came to London some
months ago because he'd heard we
were interested in swing.

But we cannot be so very inter-
ested, because he's moved on to
Holland, where they are.

This disc is lazy and simple,
with an occasional impudent
change of key (the blues side).
Strictly for swing fans.

Others may wonder (after the whipped-cream
confections of modern jazzists) "What are they up
to? It sounds so simple, it's silly."

The Shape of Swings to Come

BENNY CARTER AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA. Recorded August, 1937, in the
Hague, Holland, for English
Vocalion.

First Session:

- Skip It
- Lazy Afternoon
- Blues In My Heart
- I Ain't Got Nobody

Second Session:

- Somebody Loves Me
- Mighty Like The Blues
- Pardon Me Pretty Baby
- My Buddy

First Session: Benny Carter (alto,
clar., tpt.); Sam Dasberg, Cliff Wood-
ridge, Rolf Goldstein (tpts.); George
Chisholm, Harry van Oven (tbns.);
Louis Stephenson (alto); Jimmy
Williams (alto, clar.); Bertie King
(tr.); Freddy Johnson (pno.); Ray
Webb (guit.); Robert Monmarche
(dr.); Len Harrison (bass).

Second Session: Benny Carter (alto,
clar., tpt.); Coleman Hawkins (tr.);
Jimmy Williams (alto, clar., tr.);
George Chisholm (tbn.); and rhythm
section as before.

The first three titles (of which the
first is only a tentative name) are
Benny's own compositions. The five-
piece brass section is all-white, while
the saxes, except Williams, are all-
coloured, as are Johnson and Mon-
marche. These sessions were made
while Benny was working in Scheven-
ingen, Goldstein and van Oven in other
bands in the same town. Johnson had
just finished a job locally and Hawkins
was at a night spot in Rotterdam. The
remainder were members of Benny's
resident band at the Scheveningen
Palais de Danse.

Two sides were released in mid-
September, other couplings being
scheduled for mid-October, mid-
November and December release.

MELODY MAKER
OCT 23rd 1937

'Jam - Music' Disc Album

A SPECIAL surprise has been
sprung on rhythm record fans
with the announcement by the
Decca Record Co. of their plan to
release an all-star album of
"Jam-Music" in the November
supplement.

Realising the increasing popular-
ity of the term "jam music" and of
the type of performances implied
by the expression, Decca evidently
decided that the time was ripe for
a representative selection of re-
cordings to be made available in
collective form.

As a consequence, a series of
records made under the direction of
Teddy Wilson have been assembled,
and the album, comprising fourteen
titles on seven Decca records, will be
available next Wednesday,
October 27, priced at 17s. 6d.

This novel experiment marks the
first occasion on which an album of
swing records has been issued in this
country comprising recent recordings
instead of historic discs, reissues and
the like.

Whether the public appreciation for
this type of music is sufficiently sub-
stantial to make this move worth
while remains to be seen, but there is
no denying that the real fans will find
the selection of music a veritable gold-
mine of the best jazz improvisation.

Benny Goodman, Johnny Hodges,
Frank Newton, "Choo" Berry, and
many others, recruited from the bands
of Ellington, Webb, Redman, Basie,
Henderson, Hill, Bryant, Stuff Smith,
and so forth, are amongst the soloists
to be heard, while the vocalists com-
prise Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday,
Helen Ward, Midge Williams, Roy
Eldridge and "Boots" Castle.

- ★★★★ Silk
- ★★★ Satin
- ★★ Cotton
- ★ Rags

HOW MANY IN AN 8-PIECE BAND?

Benny Carter and His Orchestra (Guest Star: Coleman Hawkins). "Mighty Like The Blues." Benny Carter and His Orchestra. "I Ain't Got Nobody." (**Vocalion S. 110.)

How big is an eight-piece band? All right, laugh. But unless you listen carefully, these jam sessions are apt to be deceptive. The question popped into my mind when Edgar Jackson, dealing with Benny's *Somebody Loves Me* last month, listed a personnel of thirteen pieces where only eight actually played. By way of contrast, the new Carter-Hawkins side, *Mighty Like The Blues*, might almost be taken for the work of a six-piecer. Except for the four-bar intro and coda, it consists of solos from start to finish.

Numbers Not for Effect

Personally, I prefer a band not to show off its quantity. It is sufficient reason for employing eight men if you can obtain an effect, even for a few bars, that could not be achieved with six, and even if that effect doesn't make it easy for

the average listener to realize the full size of the combination. *Mighty Like The Blues* is all the better for being quiet and lacking in splurges. Incidentally, it is not the first composition by Leonard Feather to be recorded by Benny, but it certainly marks his first worthwhile contribution to the Carter repertoire, for the previous effort, *I've Got Two Lips*, was just another commercial tune

Simple Blues Performance

The sixteen-bar chorus of *Mighty Like The Blues*, taken at first more or less straight by Benny on trumpet, and subsequently by Hawkins, George Chisholm, Benny on clarinet, and (for four bars only) Freddy Johnson on piano, is a simple blues performance in the mood that suits Hawkins best. Chisholm's solo is noteworthy, though slightly marred by Len Harrison's faulty pitch on bass. Behind Benny's clarinet comes some very worthy guitar work by Ray Webb.

I Ain't Got Nobody is played by the thirteen-piecer, with one of those four-saxophone choruses that only a Carter band can produce. The chorus split up between Bertie King on tenor, Benny on clarinet and Freddy Johnson, who again disappoints me, is rather a let-down after George Chisholm's chorus, not only because Chisholm is so admir-

Sharkey and His Sharks Of Rhythm.

"Old-Fashioned Swing."
"Mr. Brown Goes To Town."
(**Vocalion S. 112.)

Here is just such unpretentious, low-falutin' jazz as I prescribed last week for a tonic to cure the Raymond Scott trend in jazz. I like Bonano, because he makes no bones. He just goes ahead and swings like the devil. As well he might, with my ace clarinet man, Joe Marsala, and sundry other notables such as Eddie Condon and Joe Bushkin (both sides), Moe Zudecoff, Artie "Prize Bass" Shapiro, George Wetling (first side); and George Brunies, Fred Wayland, Al Sidell (second side).

The first is the better tune, but the latter the superior performance; that is, unless you go in for high-note endings.

Count Basie and His Orchestra.

"John's Idea."
"One O'Clock Jump."
(**Bruno. 02466.)

I still just can't see the idea of lauding a band whose every orchestration is composed almost entirely of phrases that are strongly derivative. *John's Idea* (surely not Comrade Hammond's?) starts with a piano chorus that is much too much Waller, then goes immediately into cliché No. 4 (MELODY MAKER back page, Sept. 18).

Hot Records Reviewed. . . by "ROPHONE"

able but because he is accompanied by organ harmonies and the ensuing solos are not. Question of routine.

There are no ensemble faults such as I noticed last month in *Blues In My Heart*, and from the orchestral viewpoint this title is the best of the four Carter sides made in Holland so far.



Some of the boys from the Benny Carter sessions

The main phrase of the last chorus is, note for note, an old piece of cheese previously entitled *Hotcha Razz-Ma-Tazz*. *One O'Clock Jump*, which is a blues, pinches Fats' old tune *Six Or Seven Times*, and finally does a whole chorus on a corny riff that was out of date years ago after being done to death by Fletcher Henderson, and was even sarcastically gagged by Riley and Parley in *I Wish I Were Aladdin*.

It's a shame, for the band has unlimited vitality, and the solos by Hersal Evans and Lester Young on tenors and Buck Clayton on trumpet, are swell. Perhaps next time we can have some compositions that are compositions, not composites.

Artie Shaw and His Orchestra
"Night And Day."
"Blue Skies."
(**Vocalion S. 111.)

Maybe Artie is right and I am wrong about this new band of his. Certainly

his own clarinet work is quite touching in *Blue Skies*, and the modulation into the last half-chorus of *Night And Day* is good stuff. For the most part, though, I still find that he has a long way to go before attaining the standard of individuality and swing that marked Sobbin' Bises and its contemporaries. And how about the surface scratch on this disc, by the way?

Bunny Berigan and His Orchestra.
"One In A Million."
"Who's Afraid Of Love?"
(**Vocalion 568.)

Nice work by Bunny, but two commercial vocals and an aura of Tin Pan Alley.

DECCA

presents an Album of

"JAM MUSIC"

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
DUKE ELLINGTON
CHICK WEBB
FLETCHER HENDERSON
DON REDMAN
COUNT BASIE
TEDDY HILL
WILLIE BRYANT
STUFF SMITH, etc., etc.



- | | | | |
|----|--------|--|---------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1 | Coquette, Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 2 | The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue)
Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3 | Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| | No. 4 | You let me down, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5 | All My Life, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| | No. 6 | Mary had a little lamb, Quick-Step | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7 | (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| | No. 8 | Easy Living, Slow Fox-Trot | |
| J5 | No. 9 | These Foolish Things, S. Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 10 | Why do I Lie? Fox-Trot | |
| J6 | No. 11 | How am I to know? Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| | No. 12 | I'm coming, Virginia, Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| J7 | No. 13 | Where the Lazy River Goes By, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| | No. 14 | I've Found a New Baby, Quick-Step | No Vocal |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of "JAM MUSIC" of improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the "jaz history" trend of our previous albums.

TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists. Benny Goodman leads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been culled from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS AND PERSONNELS, 17/6

THE DECCA RECORD CO., LTD., 60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

BENNY CARTER IN PARIS

Small Band In Swing Spot

THOSE who have been wondering what has happened to Benny Carter since the conclusion of his long and successful engagement at the Palais de Danse in Scheveningen, Holland, will be interested to hear that the brilliant arranger and multi-instrumentalist has settled down in a new resident job which promises to keep him busy for some little while.

He opened on October 15 in the main dance room of the famous Bœuf Sur Le Toit in the Avenue Pierre I de Serbie, Paris.

This is the night resort which was recently reported in these pages as being one of Paris' main centres of interest to followers of swing music. In an upper room in the same establishment Garland Wilson and Una Mae Carlisle were working together for some time on pianos. Garland is still there, and Una Mae, who has been in Holland on a short series of concert engagements, is expected to rejoin him any day.

REINHARDT JAMS IN

Django Reinhardt, the French gypsy guitar wizard, is also playing "upstairs" at the Bœuf Sur Le Toit, but frequently comes down to the dance room, and, in Benny's own words, "Gives everyone a real treat by sitting in with the band."

The combination working with Benny here is at present only a seven-piecer, though there is a likelihood of its being augmented in a few weeks' time. With Benny are Louis Stephenson on alto sax, Bertie King on tenor, and Len Harrison on bass. All three were also members of the full-size band he had with him at Scheveningen.

Completing the group are Jean Luino on alto, Frank Etheridge on piano, and Jacques Bourgarel on drums. Benny hopes to have Freddy Johnson, the noted coloured pianist, joining him later. He may also bring over George Chisholm, the Scots trombone ace who has been creating such a sensation on the strength of his performances in Benny's Dutch-made discs.

FOURTEEN THRILLING SIDES Found by "ROPHONE," Our Hot Record Critic

Decca Album of Jam Music (Fourteen Sides, J 1 to 7, with Album and Leaflet, 17s. 6d.)

THIS album sets a shoal of precedents. Never before (correct me if I err) has a swing album consisted of records that are, to all intents, new; and never, at such a reasonable price, has such a well-varied assortment of swing talent been made available to the great British masses.

Amongst those present can be spotted several of the leaders in the "M. M." referendum—Benny Goodman on clarinet; Hodges on alto; Cozy and Krupa on drums; Israel Crosby on bass; Holiday, Fitzgerald *et al.* as vocalists, to say nothing of young Theodore Wilson, pianist, who is heard on all seven records.

Of the fourteen sides it is almost an understatement to say that nine are masterpieces in their way. (But I've learned to be wary of overstatements.) The other five are *I've Found A New Baby*, in which the blemish is a drum solo; *Where The Lazy River Goes By*, where it's an off-pitch trumpet chorus; *Why Do I Lie?* where it's an undistinguished tune; *Marv Had A Little Lamb*,

where it's Roy Eldridge's vocal; and the piano solo, *Breakin' In A Pair Of Shoes*, which is just luke-warm. But even these five have their manifold attractions; and the remainder are so grand as to be almost beyond criticism.

I don't propose to go into elaborate detail about all of them, especially as the complete routine of each side, chorus by chorus, is dealt with in the special Decca leaflet; but I'll do what I can in the space

HABERDASHERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Silk
- ★★★ Satin
- ★★ Cotton
- ★ Rags

available here to give you an idea of the confection in the jam. (I suspect a touch of subtlety in the fact that the colours selected for the printing of the special leaflet were plum and apple!)

"Coquette."
"The Hour of Parting."

The first coupling has the most promising personnel of all, since it was waxed during Teddy's recent trip to California, and makes use of half the Goodman band, which was out there filming *Hollywood Hotel*. There is a tonal quality in the rhythm section here that cannot be found anywhere else in the album—something that must be attributed to the difference in recording. Mr. Goodman behaves himself admirably with a couple of simple solos which will satisfy only those who realise that his type of simplicity is the hardest in the world to achieve.



...obbing—1937
...alloway leads his
...mous Cotton Club
...as seven changes
...and has to work
...tap star Bill
...r Hollywood.
...d young Harold
...t) put over the
...w: "She's Tall,
...Terrific."
...otton Club girls
...the fast show
...South, Young
...Davis hit.



No, this is not Leo Carrillo, but no other than Cab Calloway, singing the ambitious production number: "Harlem Bolero."



Goodman Holiday in her most excellent mood.

"Brea a tune to which—oh. "You nts on *Easy Living* and "This oolish Things, see the "Easy nd make up your own "The was made on the same "Why polish Things, viz., with I am Jonah Jones, Teddy, order wh d Cozy. There is a in because that is all you could order in of the solos could be above th but at present I have together, find in this side the common, etry and form that The rity of the other num- skipped perhaps. album, commercial his level doesn't his agilit to sit at hare rus somewhat summary greyhouny with you long enough ne or two individual

Norvo guitarist, Dave nt fleeting but unfor- You Let Me Down. To nd in a lesser degree, You Let their authoritative I am ne enssembles in *Easy* in a slo ast *Affair* respectively. top-rung that. I almost forgot. Billie H himself, who also had fascinatio what to do with these

This I prize in the form of which I am. played with the rest of tempo, w

...e dismissing these six
...somewhat summary
...y with you long enough
...ne or two individual

...Norvo guitarist, Dave
...nt fleeting but unfor-
...You Let Me Down. To
...nd in a lesser degree,

...You Let their authoritative
...I am ne enssembles in *Easy*
...in a slo ast *Affair* respectively.
...top-rung that. I almost forgot.

...Billie H himself, who also had
...fascinatio what to do with these

...This I prize in the form of
...which I am.
...played with the rest of
...tempo, w

"MIKE'S" Review

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.
 "Mean to Me."
 "I'll Get By."
 (Vocalion S. 107.)

There is always an attractive informality about Teddy Wilson's recordings. As though his band were just sitting down to play a couple of tunes at a party—nothing elaborate, except their disguising of the tune. Even that sounds easy and natural.

I wonder whether Billie Holiday isn't overdoing one of her swell characteristics and making it into a mannerism. She avoided the tune of *Mean to Me* just a shade too much for my liking, but had the taste to keep to it just when the paraphrase threatened to become wearisome.

Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra.
 "Without Your Love."
 "Me, Myself and I."
 (Vocalion S. 106.)

The same informality is found in these records. But then it's the same gang nearly. Billie is just herself, keeping her variations of the tune within the bounds of discretion.

I like the pianist. He plays with admirable clarity and simplicity. Not always the same thing.

Artie Shaw and His New Music.
 "All Alone."
 "Because I Love You."
 (Vocalion S. 105.)

The modern fashion for jazzing-up sob waltzes of ten years ago. I can't see why anybody should bother.

Any band should be able to produce this sort of music in its sleep. Drab music.

VOCALION

Artie Shaw and His New Music (Am.)
 **** *Blue skies* (Berlin) (B21169)
 *** *Night and day* (Porter) (B21167)
 (Vocalion S111—3s.).

For personnel see THE GRAMOPHONE for October 1937, p. 215. Correction: for **Les Brunies** (p) read **Burness**.

I'm one of the die-hards. I refuse to agree that Mr. Shaw has improved matters by discarding his strings for a more conventional instrumentation. Strings, I know, are not considered ideally in keeping with the character of jazz, but I feel it often

The GRAMOPHONE

November 1937

depends more on the way instruments are used than the instruments themselves. Employed as Shaw employed them, for tinting "organ" harmony backgrounds, the strings gave a subtle pastel shade to the ensemble that was attractive not only because it was different from that of most other bands of the moment with their inevitable saxophones, brasses, and clarinets.

However, strings or no strings, Mr. Shaw still knows how to make swell records. There is a graceful elegance about these highly skilful arrangements, and with Shaw's immaculate clarinet to head them the performances do more than justice to the orchestrator's efforts.

Shaw started out to produce a type of jazz which, while it retained all the more incisive characteristics of the music, would at the same time eradicate all blatancy, and it must be admitted that he is achieving his ends as satisfactorily with this newer combination as he did with his earlier ensembles.

Sharkey and His Sharks of Rhythm (Am.)

*** *Mr. Brown goes to town* (Winstein) (B20366)
 **** *Old-fashioned swing* (Wharp, Bishop) (v) (B20599)
 (Vocalion S112—3s.).

20366—Sharkey Bonano (tmp and vocalist) with Joe Marsala (cl); M. Zudecoff (ten); Joe Bushkin (p); Eddie Condon (g); Art Shapero (b); Geo. Wettling (ds).

20599—Bonano (tmp and vocalist) with Joe Marsala (cl); Geo. Brunnes (trmb); Joe Bushkin (p); Eddie Condon (g); F. Wayland (b); Al Sidell (ds).

With so much of to-day's jazz being forced home on a self-importance acquired through the most ambitiously skilful arrangements, and big ensembles rehearsed to a point of perfection that is not eclipsed by the finest orchestras, it is more than refreshing to find someone who can bring us back to the fact that after all some of the best jazz is still that which comes from a small band which seems to be no more concerned with arrangements than it is with stressing its purely instrumental ability. Sharkey and the lads seem to come to the studio in the same happy-go-lucky frame of mind as they would go to a beanfeast, and the results are genuine swing achieved in the same jolly atmosphere of freedom and fun.

Both sides call for your attention to what is going on behind the solos. Listen in, and you will find a couple of pretty useful rhythm sections doing their stuff.

Billie Holiday and Her Orch. (Am.N.)

**** *Me, myself and I* (Gordon, Roberts Kaufman) (v) (B21249)
 *** *Without your love* (Film "Pick a Star") (Lange, Stryker) (v) (B21252)
 (Vocalion S106—3s.).

Billie Holiday (vocalist) with E. Hall (cl); Lester Young (ten); "Buck" Clayton (tmp); J. Sherman (p); F. Green (g); W. Paige (b); J. Jones (ds).

I commend both these sides to, among others, the B.B.C. if only because they should be the means of putting an end once and for all to the Corporation's silly idea that you can't dance to singing, and the boring "For Dancers" broadcasts which have resulted from this absurd complex.

But no, perhaps I am being too hard on the B.B.C. Perhaps they are right up to a point, because not only are most of our singers merely sickly crooners with no more rhythm than a badly poached egg, but few of our bands know how to accompany vocalists in a way that will keep the dance rhythm going. But I think the B.B.C. would be much better off if it tackled the matter from a different angle, if it encouraged our singers to be more rhythmic and our bands to accompany them suitably. We should then hear no more about dancers being put off by vocal choruses, and many broadcasts would be made much more interesting to those who only want to listen.

Benny Carter (N.) and His Orchestra (Mixed)

** *I ain't got nobody* (S. Williams) (AM395)
 *** *Mighty like the Blues* (Feather) (AM398)
 (Vocalion S110—3s.).

For personnel see THE GRAMOPHONE for October 1937, p. 215. (Note.—398 is played by an eight-piece contingent from the thirteen artists listed, i.e. Carter, Hawkins, Chisholm, Williams (in intro. and coda only), and the four rhythms.)

The trouble with *I ain't got nobody* is that it is impossible to adjust the volume. If you get it right for the solos, when the ensemble comes in the brass nearly blows your head off; but if you cut it down for the brass, then the solos are too "distant."

Apart from this I rather liked the record. Benny's arrangements are usually excellent, and this one is no exception. The ensemble is far from being a world beater, but it is not without something of the hall-mark which the hand of Carter might be expected to produce; and there are of course Benny's solos. There is also a solo by Chisholm which is not without interest. Experience under a man like Carter is having its effect on him.

The composition on the reverse is a commendable effort by the young London critic and enthusiast, Leonard Feather, who has an instinctive understanding of jazz, and for all his youthful exuberance is seldom far from hitting the right nail on the head. The record is a succession of solos with Chisholm's trombone not so far behind Carter's trumpet and clarinet and Hawkins' tenor.

Bunny Berigan and His Orchestra (Am.)

** *One in a million* (from the film) (Pollack, Mitchell) (v. by Art Gentry) (B20562)
 ** *Who's afraid of love?* (film "One in a Million") (Pollack, Mitchell) (v. by Art Gentry) (B20561)
 (Vocalion 568—3s.).

Berigan (tmp) with H. Schertzer, M. Matlock (altos); Art Dollinger (ten); Harry Greenwald, Harry Brown (tmps); Ford Leary (trmb); Les Burness (p); Tom Morganelli (g); Arnold Fishkin (b); Mannie Berger (ds).

I mention these mainly to explain that in spite of Berigan's elegant trumpet, and some worth-while clarinet and tenor by Matlock and Dollinger, these are "commercial" titles, and, made on different lines and by a different personnel, can hardly be compared with the earlier mentioned Berigan on H.M.V.

DECCA

presents an Album of

"JAM MUSIC"

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
 DUKE ELLINGTON
 CHICK WEBB
 FLETCHER HENDERSON
 DON REDMAN
 COUNT BASIE
 TEDDY HILL
 WILLIE BRYANT
 STUFF SMITH

etc., etc.



Seven records (fourteen titles) 17/6, including album and leaflet.

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1 Coquette, Fox-Trot | No Vocal. |
| | No. 2 The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue) Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3 Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| | No. 4 You let me down, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5 All My Life, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| | No. 6 Mary had a little lamb, Quick-Step | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7 (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| | No. 8 Easy Living, Slow Fox-Trot | |
| J5 | No. 9 These Foolish Things, S. Fox-Trot | No Vocal. |
| | No. 10 Why do I Lie? Fox-Trot | |
| J6 | No. 11 How am I to know? Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| | No. 12 I'm coming, Virginia, Fox-Trot | No Vocal. |
| J7 | No. 13 Where the Lazy River Goes By S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| | No. 14 I've Found a New Baby, Quick-Step | No Vocal. |

SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ART ALBUM 17/6

THE TUNE: An ordinary commercial number with no outstanding merits. It is not the material that counts this time, but what Teddy and his stars make out of it. There is no vocal chorus.

THE ROUTINE: *Introduction:* Piano. *First Chorus:* Baritone sax, with middle part by "JONAH" JONES on trumpet. *Second Chorus:* A really magnificent chorus by JOHNNY HODGES. *Third Chorus:* Piano, middle by trumpet. *Fourth Chorus:* Sixteen trumpet, eight alto, eight final ensemble.

No. 11. "HOW AM I TO KNOW?"

THE TUNE: A slow melody number which you may recall from the late nineteen-twenties. Teddy brings it bang up to date with a performance which, however, by no means destroys the melodic value, but tends rather to emphasize it.

THE ROUTINE: *Introduction:* HODGES on alto. *First Chorus:* Sixteen trumpet, eight clarinet, eight alto. *Second Chorus:* Vocal by HELEN WARD, famous for years with Benny Goodman's Orchestra. *Third Chorus:* Eight bars piano, eight ensemble.

No. 12. "I'M COMING, VIRGINIA"

This is our selection for the most remarkable fast-tempo number in the album, and possibly the greatest of the entire fourteen sides. Made at the same session as "How am I to Know?" but without a vocal chorus.

THE TUNE: Another old favourite revived, with a short chorus of unorthodox construction, twenty-four bars in length.

THE ROUTINE: *Introduction:* Four bars by the inimitable "COZY" COLE on drums, whose work on almost every title in the album helps to provide the solid foundation that makes Wilson's rhythm section unique in swing history. *First Chorus:* Led by trumpeter HARRY JAMES from Benny Goodman's Orchestra. *Second Chorus:* TEDDY WILSON at the very peak of his style in a swinging and exciting solo. *Third Chorus:* BUSTER BAILEY on clarinet. *Fourth Chorus:* JOHNNY HODGES in his most fascinating vein on alto saxophone. *Fifth Chorus:* Trumpet and final ensemble.

No. 13. "WHERE THE LAZY RIVER GOES BY"

THE TUNE: A grand blues number with an unconventionally constructed twenty-bar chorus. From the film *Banjo on my Knee*.

THE ROUTINE: *Introduction:* Two bars piano. *First Chorus:* muted trumpet, straight melody, by IRVING "MOUSE" RANDOLPH. *Second Chorus:* a real surprise here, MIDGE WILLIAMS, a coloured girl, known to millions of American radio fans, proves in her first vocal chorus with Wilson's boys that she is a swing singer with style and a real voice. *Third Chorus:* divided between piano and ensemble, with TEDDY WILSON turning in some of his greatest work in the album, in a style slightly reminiscent of Mead Lux Lewis.

No. 14. "I'VE FOUND A NEW BABY"

THE TUNE: Another evergreen of jazz, written fifteen years ago by that great veteran, Spencer Williams, and since revived by countless swing orchestras.

THE ROUTINE: *Introduction:* Piano and drums. *First Chorus:* Ensemble. *Second Chorus:* More fine work by BUSTER BAILEY on clarinet, with last half on trumpet by BUCK CLAYTON. *Third Chorus:* Piano, then LESTER YOUNG of Count Basie's Orchestra on tenor sax. *Fourth Chorus:* The only solo on drums in the album, in which JOE JONES the perpetrator, is to be commended for his restraint. After eight bars middle-part by clarinet, he returns again with some rather more exuberant breaks which, however, still do not break the bounds of discretion. *Fifth Chorus:* Sixteen bars of a repeated "riff" or ensemble phrase, middle part on tenor, then back to the "riff" for the conclusion.

DECCA

presents an Album of

"JAM MUSIC"

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
DUKE ELLINGTON
CHICK WEBB
FLETCHER HENDERSON
DON REDMAN
COUNT BASIE
TEDDY HILL
WILLIE BRYANT
STUFF SMITH

etc., etc.



Seven records (fourteen titles) 17/6, including album and leaflet.

- | | | | |
|----|---------|---|----------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1. | Coquette, Foxtrot | No Vocal |
| J2 | No. 2. | The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue), S.F.T. | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3. | Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| J2 | No. 4. | You let me down, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5. | All My Life, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| J3 | No. 6. | Mary had a little lamb, Quickstep | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7. | (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | } Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J4 | No. 8. | Easy Living, S.F.T. | |
| J5 | No. 9. | These Foolish Things, S.F.T. | } No Vocal |
| J5 | No. 10. | Why do I Lie Foxtrot | |
| J6 | No. 11. | How am I to know S.F.T. | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| J6 | No. 12. | I'm coming, Virginia, Foxtrot | No Vocal |
| J7 | No. 13. | Where the Lazy River Goes By, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| J7 | No. 14. | I've Found a New Baby, Quickstep | No Vocal |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of "JAM MUSIC" or improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the "jazz history" trend of our previous albums.

TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists. Benny Goodman heads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been culled from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS AND PERSONNELS, 17/6

SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ART ALBUM 17/6

THE DECCA RECORDS CO., LTD., 60/2 CITY ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

Hot Records Reviewed by - - - "ROPHONE"

WITH twenty odd records queueing up just around the corner, I shall have to hurry through the rest of the Decca jam album before I run out of space again.

All My Life is a Tour De Fitzgerald Force—Ella really gets under two skins in this piece: the tune's and yours.

I seem to scent MSS. on this side, alone of all in the album; not that it matters, and not that Teddy doesn't have a complete and compelling chorus on his

fertile ground, with some beautifully controlled and phrased work from Choo.

"I'm Coming, Virginia."

Although I disagree with the leaflet's contention that this is the best side in the album, I will concede that it is the best fast side. But Billie's four slow numbers have already cornered my affections. In an entirely different mood, *Virginia* is no less felicitous.

Tense Impact of Soloists

The recording is perfect, the rhythm section as solid as they come, and the solos by Teddy and Hodges so tense in their impact that I am reduced to that maligned adjective "hot" in attempting to describe them.

"How Am I To Know?"

Made at the same session as *Virginia*, this has a Helen Ward vocal, superior even to her other two recent Wilson guest appearances. Harry James's trumpet lead, content to elaborate the original melody, manages to do so without being gaudy. As it is a memorable melody I am all the more grateful. Quite a celestial record.

"Where The Lazy River Goes By."

I was going to call this one a patchy side, but to be truthful there is only one black patch, and it comes right at the outset, when Mr. Mouse Randolph

plays a muted chorus in which he is from a quarter to a semitone sharp.

Midge Williams, the NBC songstress whom the short-wavers will know, seems to have her own ideas, and good ones, which is a refreshing change from the vocalists nowadays, who either have Holiday's or Fitzgerald's ideas at second-hand or else no ideas at all.

Teddy goes almost boogie-woogie for a few bars here, to great effect, and in a manner that will convince a few sceptics that he is by no means limited to the single-note, springboard-bass style more usually identified with him.

"I've Found A New Baby."

This tune, to me, always brings back memories of the Chicagoans' recording. The first chorus of this version has a rather similar ensemble tone, though by no means as seething with sin as the original. Buster Bailey seems to be the pivot of the atmosphere. The whole record, though, is rather more of a Chicago busking vein than the usual fast Wilson jam performance.

The drum breaks just don't count. They should be removed gently and the remaining pieces of wax surgically reset.

Trumpet Up An Octave

The quiet indifference of the "riffed" last chorus, and the effect of bringing Clayton's trumpet lead up an octave in the last eight, may be rated one of the biggest kicks in the entire album.

To sum up, the album is a regular jam-mine. There was so much material from which to make the selections that the project could hardly have gone wrong. If I were never given anything else but this sort of thing to review, life would be very pleasant indeed.

Coleman Hawkins with The Ramblers.
"Something Is Gonna Give Me Away" (***).

"I Wanna Go Back To Harlem" (**).

(Decca F.6502.)

There is a gross case of mis-labelling mixed up in this somewhere. My copy is marked "Coleman Hawkins with The Ramblers" on both sides, but in actual fact *Something Is Gonna Give Me Away* is not played by the Ramblers. Moreover, there isn't any band on it at all. It is just Hawkins with a rhythm section, the pianist being, pretty obviously, Freddy Johnson. This label error might well be rectified, as people may be deterred from buying Hawkins' records by previous experiences of stiff and uninspiring arrangements played by the Ramblers. *Something*, etc., is a great relief from these performances. It is a simple and very natural swinging tune, built around a phrase which Hawkins is very fond of playing and which goes like this:—

Ex. 1.



and which has been heard, amongst other recent instances, in the coda of Stuff Smith's *Onyx Club Spree*. Hawkins plays solo throughout, except for an undistinguished piano chorus. He is obviously enjoying himself, and even his perilous approaches to one or two wrong notes—a most unusual trait—cannot mar my complete enjoyment of this record.

PUNTERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Favourite
- ★★★ 12-1
- ★★ 28-1
- ★ Outsider

own. Frank Newton's impassioned ending makes one regret again that this fine trumpet player's work is so little known over here.

"Mary Had A Little Lamb."

Made with half of Fletcher Henderson's Band (the last Henderson band but seven, was it?) with "Choo" and Roy Eldridge. The latter's vocal chorus makes one regret momentarily that he did not follow the example of Mary's little lamb and disappear one night. But once across the vocal, this side is

Swing Lecture Aided By Session Example

New York—The "swing" school lectures given by critics Leonard Feather and Robert Goffin made their bow with a jazz discussion and jam session here recently. Earl "Father" Hines was the chief guest of honor, and fronted a band which included Pete Brown, alto; Bill Coleman, trumpet; and Bobby Hackett, cornet and guitar man recently with Glenn Miller.

Feather and Goffin have lined up big jazz names for the lectures to come and invite the general public to come over and dig what goes. The address is the New School, W. 12th St. and the time 8:15 every Tuesday night.

"Rophone" Takes It Back

I Wanna Go Back To Harlem derives its title, it seems, from that rather unkind cut made in this column on the release of Hawkins' Swiss recordings, when I said "Hawkins, go back to Harlem where you belong." By now Hawkins should realise that I have seen my mistake and take it all back. Not that this will prevent me from pointing out that *I Wanna Go Back* is just another of those well-meaning Ramblers' compositions and arrangements, which means that the second chorus is very nice. For me, though, this is a single-sided record.



PAUL HOLT'S DISC SHOW No. 4

There is also about (for extra special connoisseurs) a Decca album of "jam music," which is really seven advanced lessons in negro style swing.

You have to tune your ear into it, or it sounds heavy, rough, monotonous. When you get the wavelength, there are some marvellous individual performances to listen to. (Decca J1-7.)

Rhythm : November, 1957

No British Swing

Now for Chisholm, who takes a whole chorus. In previous recordings we have watched this young Scotsman emerging slowly from the chrysalis of limited technique and sheltered experience (e.g., Teddy Joyce's Orchestra), and now, with the new confidence born of his appreciation of Carter's leadership and enjoyment of playing his music, he, at last, spreads his wings, and, in the language of Harlem, "takes off," shedding all inhibitions.

Chisholm's chorus in *I Ain't Got Nobody* is something for every aspiring British swing man to study. It shows very distinctly how, without the benefit of American birth, upbringing and environment, it is possible for you to absorb the rhythmic and harmonic fundamentals of swing improvisation. The transition over the chords of C7, F7 and B flat 7 by means of three simple groups of ascending thirds in bars 23-24-25 is either an extraordinarily lucky accident or a piece of swell harmonic ingenuity, and I prefer to believe the latter theory.

There are lots of other things here that may eventually turn the scales in Chisholm's favour with the few discriminating swing fans in this country. And aside from Chisholm there are other things galore in the record altogether.

Hawkins appears in a blue, but emphatic, chorus on *Mighty Like the Blues*, getting successfully under the skin of Leonard Feather's sixteen-bar chorus tune, which also provides opportunities for Benny on trumpet and clarinet, and

Benny Carter and His Orchestra.

"I Ain't Got Nobody."

Benny Carter and His Orchestra—Guest

Star : Coleman Hawkins.

"Mighty Like the Blues."

(Vocalion S. 110.)

The honour of the country may be considered partially saved by the presence in *I Ain't Got Nobody* of no less than seven (count 'em) British subjects who subscribe generously towards the success of the record. Names: Bertie King, tenor; Louis Stephenson and Jimmy Williams, altos; Cliff Woodridge, trumpet; Ray Webb, guitar; Len Harrison, bass; and George Chisholm, trombone—the first two being coloured.

Chisholm's work will be discussed in a moment. As for the other "Britishers" (vile word), though their individual contributions cannot be observed (except King's, who takes a brief but satisfying solo), I don't think I am twisting justice in saying that they mean as much as the foreigners in this disc. After all, an arrangement calling for so much sectional and ensemble work stands or falls on the unity and strength of the entire band, which can be made or marred by any one bloke. See what I mean?

Benny has turned in a lovely orchestration of the old Spencer Williams' opus (what a weakness he seems to have for Williams's tunes, by the way), not the least delightful feature of which is the chorus for saxophones, led by himself in the manner that makes every Carter reed section a treat for the ear.



DECCA

Presents an Album of

“JAM MUSIC”

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
DUKE ELLINGTON
CHICK WEBB
FLETCHER HENDERSON
DON REDMAN
COUNT BASIE
TEDDY HILL
WILLIE BRYANT
STUFF SMITH
etc., etc.



- | | | |
|-----------|---|----------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1 Coquette, Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 2 The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue),
Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3 Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| | No. 4 You let me down, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5 All My Life, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| | No. 6 Mary had a little lamb, Quick-step | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7 (This is) My Last Affair, Slow Fox-Trot | } Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| | No. 8 Easy Living, Slow Fox-Trot | |
| J5 | No. 9 These Foolish Things, Slow Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 10 Why do I Lie? Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| J6 | No. 11 How am I to know? Slow Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 12 I'm coming, Virginia, Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| J7 | No. 13 Where the Lazy River Goes By, Slow Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 14 I've Found a New Baby, Quick-Step | |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of “JAM MUSIC” or improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the “jazz history” trend of our previous albums.

TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists; Benny Goodman heads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been culled from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH
A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS
AND PERSONNELS—17/6d.

The Decca Record Co. Ltd., 60/2, City Road, London, E.C.1

MELODY MAKER NOV 20 1937

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO RECORD RELEASES for November 1937

Three shilling records

Berigan, Bunny, and his Orchestra. (New York, February, 1937.) *Blue Lou* (Comp., Edgar Sampson.) Bunny Berigan, leader and trumpet; Harry Greenwald, Harry Brown, trumpets; Ford Leary, trombone; Hymie Schertzer, Mattie Matlock, altos; Art Dollinger, tenor; Les Burness, piano; Tom Morganelli, guitar; Manny Berger, drums; Arnold Fishkin, bass. (For backing, see Carolina Cotton Pickers.) *Vocalion S.99.*
Carolina Cotton Pickers (N.). (Southern U.S.A., Summer, 1937.) *Get Together* (Comp., Chick Webb.) (For backing see Bunny Berigan.) *Vocalion S.99.*

This was recorded during an expedition in the Southern States by the American Brunswick recording engineers. Nothing is known about the band, except that it is coloured. It is in no way connected with McKinney's Cotton Pickers or any of the other combinations bearing similar names.

Jimmy Dorsey

Dorsey, Jimmy, and his Orchestra. (Los Angeles, March, 1937.) *Peckin'* (Vocal: Bing Crosby). *I Got Rhythm* (Comp., Gershwin; no vocal). Jimmy Dorsey, leader, alto and clarinet; George Thow, Toots Camarata, trumpets; Bob Byrns, Joe Yuki, Don Matteson, trombones; Jack Stacy, Skeets Herfurt, altos; Fud Livingston, tenor; Bobby Van Eps, piano; Roc Hillman, guitar; Ray McKinley, drums; Jim Taft, bass. *Brunswick 02481.*

This was recorded before the recent reorganisation of the Dorsey band, which resulted in an upheaval in the personnel. *Peckin'*, composed by Harry James, is based on a strain of the old Ellington composition, *Rockin' In Rhythm*.

Erskine Hawkins

Hawkins, Erskine, and his 'Bama State Collegians. (N.) (New York, May, 1937.) *Uproar Shout, Dear Old Southland.* Erskine Hawkins, leader and trumpet, S. Lowe, W. Bascombe, M. Green, trumpets; E. Sims, R. Range, trombones; Wm. Johnson, J. Mikell, altos; P. Bascombe, tenor; H. Henry, baritone; A. Parrish, piano; W. McLemore, guitar; J. Morrison, drums; S. Fields, bass. *Vocalion S.117.*

This band has quite a reputation in Harlem as a spectacular outfit on Luncelord lines. It has been recording for over a year with the American Record Corporation, but this is its first English release. The band, which appeared a short time ago at the Ubangi Club, was formed from a group of enthusiastic Alabama coloured college youths.

Edgar Hayes

Hayes, Edgar, and his Orchestra. (N.) (New York, July, 1937.)

Edgar Hayes, leader and piano; Bernard Flood, Leonard Davis, Henry Goodwin, trumpets; Clyde Barnhart, R. H. Horton, Davis James, trombones; Crawford Wethington, Roger Boyd, Rudy Powell, altos; Joseph Garland, tenor; Andrew Jackson, guitar; Kenneth Clark, drums; Elmer James, bass. *Brunswick 02482.*

Andy Kirk

Kirk, Andy, and his Clouds of Joy. (N.) (New York) February, 1937; *Down Stream.* Andy Kirk, leader and baritone; Harry Lawson, Paul King, Earl Thompson, trumpets; Theo Donnelly, trombone; John Harrington, John Williams, altos; Mary Lou Williams, piano; Ted Brinson, guitar; Ben Thigpen, drums; Booker Collins, bass. July, 1937; *A Mellow Bit Of Rhythm.* (As above, plus Henry Wells, trombone; Buddy Miller, alto.) *Brunswick 02483.*

Red Norvo

Norvo, Red, and his Orchestra. (New York, July, 1937.) *The Morning After* (Vocal: Mildred Bailey), *Do You Ever Think Of Me?* (No vocal). Red Norvo, leader and xylophone; Louis Mucci, George Wendt, Stew Pletcher, trumpets; Al Mastren, trombone; Leonard Goldstein, Chas. Lamphere, altos; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Herbie Haymer, tenor; Bill Miller, piano; Arnold "Red" McGarvie, guitar; Maurice Purtill, drums; Pete Peterson, bass. *Vocalion S.108.*

Maxine Sullivan

Sullivan, Maxine (Vocal) and her Orchestra. (Mixed.) (New York, August, 1937.) *Loch Lomond, I'm Coming, Virginia.* Frank Newton, trumpet; Pete Brown, alto; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Babe Rusin, tenor; Claude Thornhill, piano; O'Neil Spencer, drums; John Kirby, bass. *Vocalion S.116.*

Claude Thornhill, who directed this session, and Babe Rusin, are the only two white players in the combination which accompanies seventeen-year-old Maxine Sullivan, the coloured singer, who made her bow before British radio listeners in the "Broadway Matinee" broadcast on November 1.

Two shilling record

Polo, Danny, and his Swing Stars. (London, October, 1937.) *More Than Somewhat, Stratton Street Strut* (Both comp. Danny Polo). Danny Polo, leader and clarinet; Tommy McQuater, trumpet; Eddie Macauley, piano; Eddie Freeman, guitar; Dudley Barber, drums; Dick Ball, bass. *Decca F.6518.*

These are the first two titles made at Polo's initial session under his own name. The rhythm section was taken from the bands at the Coconut Grove, the Berkeley Hotel, the Four Hundred Club and Ciro's respectively, while Polo and McQuater are, of course, both with Ambrose.

MELODY MAKER NOV 20th 1937

DECCA

presents an Album of

“JAM MUSIC”

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN

DUKE ELLINGTON

CHICK WEBB

FLETCHER HENDERSON

DON REDMAN

COUNT BASIE

TEDDY HILL

WILLIE BRYANT

STUFF SMITH, etc., etc.



- | | | | |
|----|--------|---|---------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1 | Coquette, Fox Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 2 | The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue) Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3 | Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| | No. 4 | You let me down, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5 | All My Life, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| | No. 6 | Mary had a little lamb, Quick-Step | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7 | (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| | No. 8 | Easy Living, Slow Fox-Trot | |
| J5 | No. 9 | These Foolish Things, S. Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 10 | Why do I Lie? Fox-Trot | |
| J6 | No. 11 | How am I to know? Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| | No. 12 | I'm coming, Virginia, Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| J7 | No. 13 | Where the Lazy River Goes By, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| | No. 14 | I've Found a New Baby, Quick-Step | No Vocal |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of "JAM MUSIC" or improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the "jazz history" trend of our previous albums.

TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists. Benny Goodman heads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been culled from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS AND PERSONNELS, 17/6

THE DECCA RECORD CO. LTD., 60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

1927

★ ★ ★

SULLIVAN DEPT.

I HOPE you don't mind the name Sullivan, because I find that the rest of this column is about people called Sullivan:—

1. Francis L. Sullivan, satanic-cherubic English actor, reports that although Robert Morley has sailed they are still testing for a Louis in Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette." Testing him, in fact. They have sent the Sullivan features to Hollywood, where they are due today.

2. Maxine Sullivan, who is kinda cute, cullud, and quite a crooner. I have been listening over and over again to a Vocalian record which has her syncopating "Loch Lomond." I never guessed that ancient Scottish air could make such a swell swing song.

Maxine is seventeen and quite the darling of Harlem. Vocalists from the great New York bands . . . the Dorseys, the Goodmans . . . slip away o' nights down to the Onyx Club to hear her sing.

PAUL HOLT

BRITAIN'S FIRST REAL JAM RECORD

my Polo and his Swing Stars.
"More Than Somewhat."
"Stratton Street Strut."
(***Decca F.6518.)

UTSIDE Benny Carter's quintet session, this is the first jam record to be made in this country in accordance with every one of the principles I have always advocated the production locally of

FRUITERERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Strawberry
- ★★★ Mulberry
- ★★ Blackberry
- ★ Raspberry

...t-class jazz, viz., standard or original tunes, hundred per cent. improvisation, musicians with a common understanding of real playing, and a complete absence of self-consciousness or of commercial concessions of any kind. In view of this it is hardly surprising that this is my first four-disc British record, in other words the first one that merits the support of anybody who has the interests of our own swing music at heart.

In my opinion this disc shows that Danny Polo, Tommy McQuater, and Eddie Macauley are the greatest swing artists on their respective instruments in this country, and that Dick Ball

on bass and the remarkable new drumming discovery, Dudley Barber, run them pretty close. The attack of the rhythm sec-



Above: Maxine Sullivan, new vocal star.
Left: Erskine Hawkins—high note aspirer.

leaves time for just two choruses altogether. Maxine puts into this lively tune, of which I have never before heard a vocal rendering, everything that it deserves. Her voice has a soft, gentle quality which—oh, don't ask me. I'm blushing.

Does Wonders With the Tune

I suppose *Loch Lomond* will be the more popular side on account of its novelty. Certainly Maxine does wonders with the tune, but it is clearly more natural for her to tell Virginia she is coming than to announce that she'll be in Scotland before us; so, by geographical and

...the ROSE MORRIS effort. This, too, is a...
...bound with a spring, and fol...

W.C.T. Sons, Ltd., Ridgmont Street, London. It just write for it to John E. Dallas and such is their pleasure in their own production that they want everyone to see it.

Here and there are pages of useful hints on how to do this, that or the other, and photos of famous players. Tidy a "book of reference on all matters relating to Musical Merchandise," as Messrs. Dallas proudly describe it.

But in addition to these odds and ends of the musical instrument business, there are also lists of the famous Buschert, more of instruments, Albert Charles, Carlton Drums, and endless more.

All sorts of things that you and I wouldn't think of if we were setting up musical shops. Such as coat lapel badges for musicians to show what instrument they play, and a device called a "Tarka-tine" — so simple that anyone can play it.

And how right a phrase that is! I volume announces on its cover and one bound with a sort of wire spring, the from the House of DALLAS. Interestingly, any argument, there is the 224-page opus Ertely (in alphabetical order, to save truly impressive catalogues which have recently come into my hands.

Thus it is, maybe, that I still get a kick out of catalogues, although I haven't even the two-and-sixpence. And that, again, the reason for my delight with the stack of out of catalogues, although I haven't even

I can remember trying hard to spread two-and-six over some five hundred pages of goods, all of which seemed absolutely essential to my future well-being.

water and pocket ache. calculated to make a small boy's mouth

enormous four-inch-thick tomes, profusely illustrated with all the things dates back to the time when the big department stores used to send out through catalogues. I suppose it

ONE of my pet hobbies is looking

Console Flute details please.
Selmer
114/116 Charing Cross
Road, London, W.C.2.
M.M. 27-11-37
NAME
ADDRESS

Post free or at your dealer
3/-
TUTOR
FLUTE
SELMER

Get in the Money!
If you want to earn better money take a tip from those who are earning it and guided by us, is negligible. For 88 cash or about 2.6 weekly on the Selmer with the very latest full Boehm system. These flutes are precision made from hand-diced sharp keywork arrangement. The flutes are and are guaranteed to be built to the same high standards as the famous Selmer flutes. Start on the flute and start right by learning about Console today.

£8/8
or **2/6**
WEEKLY

READ, MARI

WHY NOT A JAZZ ARMISTICE?

"MIKE,"

a bit fed up with wading through a pile of samey records, suggests that activities should cease for a while in order to give creative jazz a chance to get its breath

Decca Album of "Jam" Music.
Directed by Teddy Wilson (Piano.)

As this review has to be written by Christmas, it will be impossible to take each of the records in this album separately. Life is too short.

Personally, I find the Album a little too much of a good thing.

Fourteen sides—all directed by Teddy Wilson. No wonder there is a certain sameness about them. Pity.

But, then, that is the whole tendency in the industry.

When somebody discovered the word "swing" we were inundated with "swing" records. Now, since they first heard of "jam sessions," I suppose we'll be swamped with "jam session" records.

And people wonder why I get bored with jazz!

Can't we have an armistice in jazz? One record per month and no more. It's its only salvation as I see things.

I am not saying that this album isn't worth while. It is—if it were spread over seven months.

And another thing. Isn't the informality of jazz being just a little overdone? There are some swell recordings in this bunch, but to my mind this sort of playing is not for recording studios. It belongs to the gin-mill.

Heaven knows one of the charms of good jazz is its informality. But these "jam sessions" are mere sketch books, as compared with a finished painting.

Or is jazz only a sketch of music? Maybe that's all it is.

Well, I get a little tired of sketch books after a while.

I yearn for form, for care, for an organised mind, if art is to be really satisfying.

There is too much facility in these records—as there is in most modern jazz.

Technique is one thing, inspiration another—and the two don't meet all that often.

I don't mean the technique of playing scales, but facility of expression.

Most of the music in this album doesn't say anything—but it says it very elegantly.

That's technique.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.
"Trumpet in Spades."

Ben Pollack and His Orchestra.
"Jintown Blues."
Vocalion S.113 A. & B.

I forget if Leonard Feather listed this Ellington side among the Great Revival records. I hope not.

This pretentious trumpet solo is beyond belief. A cockeyed Harlem version of *Post Horn Galop*. Hot Lips, 1937.

It's sad.

Ben Pollack's band is competent.

So many are these days.

That's sad, too.

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra.
"This is My Last Affair."
"Heaven Help This Heart of Mine."
Vocalion S.115 A. & B.



They give a lot of personal details on the labels. All I care about is seeing Mildred Bailey's name there. Then I listen and enjoy.

Can't say I care who plays the drums or what have you. They all sound alike these days, anyway.

Mrs. Norvo is still the greatest singer of them all. She knows the difference between manner and mannerisms, the rest don't. They're beginning to confuse coyness with charm.

Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra.
"Chris and His Gang."
"Posin'."

Vocalion S.109 A. & B.

Fletcher is overdoing the riff-unisongag. *Christopher Columbus* was amusing—once. Twice, and it's a bore. A bar or two of good clarinet and tenor.

Both sides too facile.

This is evidently National Facility Month.

Horace Heidt and His Brigadiers.
"The Bells of St. Mary's."
"Hot Lips."

Vocalion 569 A. & B.

Jazz 1937?

Can't they do better than revive *Hot Lips*, which was never more than a pure bit of ham?

Ah, me!

Artie Shaw and His New Music.

"Someday Sweetheart."
"I Surrender, Dear."

Vocalion S.114 A. & B.

Why "New" music?

"Genteel" would be a better word.

I can't think how anybody can touch the first title after the Goodman Quartet. But there, strange people rush in where the angels have so thoroughly trod.

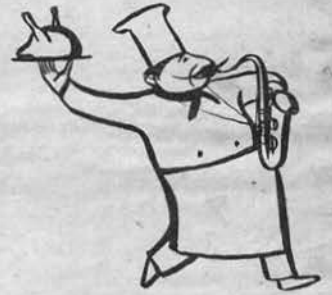
Second side is a dreary vehicle at any



REAL BRITISH SWING

Our contributor finds himself a brain-father and follows parental tradition by being tickled to death with his off-spring

by "SWING HIGH"



HOWARD JACOBS

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars.
"More Than Somewhat."
"Stratton Street Strut."
(Decca F. 6518.)

Extract from "Swing High," September, 1937:

With people like Polo and McQuater in his band, Ambrose should be persuaded to give us some real swing music now and then.

Extract from "Swing High," October, 1937:

We could do with far more than we usually get of Polo.

Personnel of Decca F. 6518:

Danny Polo, Tommy McQuater, Eddie Macauley, Eddie Freeman, Dick Ball, Dudley Barber.

AFTER this little preliminary, I hardly need explain that in a way I was the brain-father of the Danny Polo session, and that for once my press campaigning has had the right effect on a gramophone company. In view of the personal pride I can therefore take in the result, I shall not indulge in an orgy of "I-told-you-so," or

emphasise the fairly obvious fact that this is at last the rare bird I have been praying for month after month, an honest-to-goodness British swing record.

Instead, I shall go into mildly analytical details to bear out my contention that people like Polo start swinging where the so-called British swing combinations leave off. Without extra charge, I have

patiently copied down (Ex. 1) the first half of the last chorus played by Danny in *Stratton Street Strut* (alias *How Come You Do Me*), and if you follow me (and the solo) you may agree that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.

Danny starts on the last bar of the previous chorus with a growl on the ever-popular flattened 3rd, which is practically a part of the swing scale. For the first bar he returns to this note, relieving the simplicity of the threefold repetition by emphasising each note heavily and then contrasting them with a very rhythmic phrase in the next bar, beginning with the D syncopated into the previous bar. It is this syncopation of the D that is the making of the whole phrase. A musician with less understanding of swing, improvising a similar idea, might instinctively have played it, as in Ex. 2.

Things like this cannot be learnt, for



Ex. 1 *Growl*

Ex. 2

to breaks

Real British Swing

the only guide in extemporisation is instinct, natural or acquired.

After this first outburst, Danny gives us, and himself, a pause for breath by leaving the first two beats of the next phrase blank; building up his effect from there he sustains a high G for four beats (not hitting it quite in the middle, by the way, but after all it *is* a high G), after which the first main four-bar phrase is so nearly over that Danny uses the remainder of it as a link-up, or bridge, to the next phrase.

The descent on to the A 7th chord is neatly worked in Bar 6, after which he ascends on D 7th almost in straight quavers, but does not come back into the G 7th until he has used another F sharp as a passing note. The last phrase is the



only one in this excerpt that does not swing; the D, instead of being held over into the third beat, could more logically have gone down to B. After this Danny prepares for the four single-bar breaks which constitute the middle part of the chorus.

The long solo, which occupies the last minute or so of *Stratton Street Strut*, demonstrates as a whole how Danny builds up to a logical climax, getting warmed up gradually in his four consecutive choruses. The chalumeau chorus earlier in the record contains practically nothing which swings; it is during the final bout that he gets into the groove.

I am sorry this leaves me no space to deal with the grand work of Eddie Macauley, the hardly less brilliant stuff by McQuater, or the qualities of the rhythm section in *More Than Somewhat*. But, as I said, I can safely leave you to judge these for yourselves.

Danny, I'd been waiting five years for you to make a record like this.

BENNY CARTER

Benny Carter and his Orchestra continue to attract large and smart crowds to the dance room at the Boeuf Sur Le Toit, while, in the cocktail room at the same establishment, Garland Wilson and a white American pianist, Val Garman, have been earning considerable popularity with their duets.

DECCA

presents an Album of

"JAM MUSIC"

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON

(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
DUKE ELLINGTON
CHICK WEBB
FLETCHER HENDERSON
DON REDMAN
COUNT BASIE
TEDDY HILL
WILLIE BRYANT
STUFF SMITH, etc., etc.



- | | | | |
|----|--------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| J1 | No. 1 | Coquette, Fox Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 2 | The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue) | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2 | No. 3 | Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| | No. 4 | You let me down, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3 | No. 5 | All My Life, Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| | No. 6 | Mary had a little lamb, Quick-Step | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4 | No. 7 | (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| | No. 8 | Easy Living, Slow Fox-Trot | |
| J5 | No. 9 | These Foolish Things, S. Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| | No. 10 | Why do I Lie? Fox-Trot | |
| J6 | No. 11 | How am I to know? Slow Fox-Trot | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| | No. 12 | I'm coming, Virginia, Fox-Trot | No Vocal |
| J7 | No. 13 | Where the Lazy River Goes By, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| | No. 14 | I've Found a New Baby, Quick-Step | No Vocal |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of "JAM MUSIC" or improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the "jazz history" trend of our previous albums. TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists. Benny Goodman heads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been called from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS AND PERSONNELS, 17/6

THE DECCA RECORD CO. LTD., 60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON E.C.1

• DECCA ALBUM OF JAM MUSIC •

IN issuing the above collection, Decca have clarified a form which was fast becoming rather vulgar through the agency of our slightly bewildered but well-meaning B.B.C. This work recently had a cursory mention in a daily, and there is therefore the possibility that its purchase may be contemplated by that section of the public generally referred to as "lay," and they should not be put off by the thought of its containing anything remotely connected with these radio efforts.

I have listened to many albums of various kinds of jazz and I can say with all honesty that never before have I got such near-complete satisfaction from such a gathering of records for a specific purpose. The purpose here is a mixture for the propagation of extemporised jazz in general and the glorification of Teddy Wilson in particular. Through no agency but the incomparable genius of Teddy's playing, the latter completely

overshadows the former; surely there can be little doubt in the minds of all right thinking people that his playing represents the ultimate in jazz piano artistry.

It is not my intention to take these records one by one; I will merely digress long enough to tell you that the album consists of seven records, the personnels never exceed eight instrumentalists and a vocalist, and are drawn from such bands as Duke Ellington's, Benny Goodman's, Chick Webb's, Don Redman's, Fletcher Henderson's, etc. The vocalists are Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Midge Williams, Helen Ward, "Boots" Castle and Roy Eldridge. The whole thing was supervised by Teddy Wilson, who plays on all fourteen sides, with one as solo piano. The personnels appear on the labels and further information as to routine, etc., is comprehensively displayed on the leaflet that comes with the album. Priced at seventeen shillings and sixpence, this represents the best value in albums yet produced.

There is nothing unduly loud, very little fast and a complete absence of roughness about the majority of the discs, and if you have been applying yourselves assiduously to the pursuit of all that is best in this type of music, then you cannot fail at least to have heard some of the superb discs Teddy made for the Brunswick and Vocalion labels. The spirit of this album is of those records, in performance, style and temper. In order to put you in a well disposed frame of mind towards what is to follow, the compilers commenced by putting in as the second side an unusually beautiful tune by the name of "The Hour of Parting" (L'Heure Bleue), by Mischa Spolianski, and preceded it with another equally attractive one called "Coquette." These were made with Benny Goodman and some of his band in California, and which, but for the unfortunate advent of Miss Castle, bid fair to be the finest in the book. As it is, by far the best side of the fourteen is "You Let Me Down," though this had a certain amount of glitter

removed from it by a badly constructed and completely pointless introduction by, above all people, Johnny Hodges. However, the remainder of the record is magnificent, and goes on to prove my belief in Billie Holiday as "the" vocalist of all time.

Throughout, the general high tone of the album suffers only one temporary relapse into the mediocre—No. 6, "Mary had a Little Lamb," with a vocal by Roy Eldridge, but there is no question that the remainder is value plus, and an excellent nucleus for a collection.

In handing out bouquets to the individualists, special mention must be made of the outstanding alto playing of Johnny Hodges, Lester Young's tenor and the trumpet players in general. On the debit side there are some extraordinary bass noises from Stan Fields, of Erskin Hawkins' band, and an occasionally uninspired solo from Buster Bailey.

Complete Guide to Record Releases

Three-shilling records

December 1st

Bailey, Mildred (vocal), and Her Orchestra. (All N. except d. Bailey). (N.Y., June, 1937).—*It's The Natural Thing To Do, The Moon Got In My Eyes.* Buck Clayton, trumpet; Hersal Evans, tenor; Edmund Hall, clarinet; Ed Sherman, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Joe Jones, drums; Walter Paige, bass. Vocalion S.119.

Basie, Count, and His Orchestra. (N.Y., July, 1937).—*Listen My Children And You Shall Hear* (Vocal: James Rushing). *Smarty* (No vocal). Bill Basie, leader and piano; Ed Lewis Bobby Moore, Wilbur "Buck" Clayton, trumpets; Dan Minor, Geo. Hunt, trombones; Earl Warren, Ronald Washington, altos; Lester Young, Hersal Evans, tenors; Freddy Green, guitar; Joe Jones, drums; Walter Paige, bass. (Arr.: "Skippy" Martin). Brunswick 02490.

Carter, Benny, and His Orchestra. (Mixed). (The Hague, Holland, August, 1937).—*My Buddy.* Benny

Carter, alto, trumpet and leader (N.); Coleman Hawkins (N.), tenor; Jimmy Williams, alto, clarinet; George Chisholm, trombone; Freddy Johnson (N.), piano; Ray Webb, guitar; Robert Montmarche (N.), drums; Len Harrison, bass. *Lazy Afternoon* (Comp. Carter). Carter, alto and trumpet; Sam Dasberg, Cliff Woodridge, Rolf Goldstein, trumpets; George Chisholm, Harry van Oven, trombones; Louis Stephenson (N.), alto; Jimmy Williams, alto, clarinet; Bertie King (N.), tenor; Freddy Johnson, piano; Ray Webb, guitar; Robert Montmarche (N.), drums; Len Harrison, bass. Vocalion S.118.

Lunceford, Jimmy, and His Orchestra. (N.Y., winter, 1936).—*Muddy Water.* Jimmie Lunceford, leader and alto; Eddie Tompkins, Sy Oliver, Paul Webster, trumpets; Elmer Crumbley, Russell Boles, trombones; Eddie Durham, trombone and guitar; Willie Smith, alto; Ed Brown, alto and tenor; Earl Carruthers, alto and baritone; Dan Grissom, alto; Joe Thomas, tenor; Edwin Wilcox, piano; Al Norris, guitar; James Crawford, drums; Moses Allen, bass. *The First Time I Saw You* (N.Y., July, 1937).—As above.

Shaw, Artie, and His New Music. (N.Y., September, 1937).—*Shoot The Likker To Me John Boy.* (Comp. Shaw). Vocal (?) by Leo Watson (N.). *It's A Long, Long Way To Tipperary* (no vocal). Artie Shaw, leader and clarinet; John Best, Malcolm Crain, Tom Di Carlo, trumpets; Harry Rodgers, George Arus, trombones; Les Robinson, Henry Freeman, altos; Tony Pastor, Jules Rubin, tenors; Les Burness, piano; Al Avola, guitar; Cliff Leeman, drums; Ben Ginsberg, bass. Vocalion S.120.

Tatum, Art. (N.Y.). Piano solos. (N.Y., 1935).—*Liza, Beautiful Love.* Brunswick 02483.

Two-shilling records

Grappelly, Stéphane, and His Hot Four. (Paris, March, 1935). *Lily Belle May June.* (Vocal: Jerry Mengo). Stéphane Grappelly, violin; Django Reinhardt, Joseph Reinhardt, Roger Chaput, guitars; Louis Vola, bass. *Smoke Rings.* (Paris, July, 1935). Stéphane Grappelly, violin; Django Reinhardt, Joseph Reinhardt, Pierre Ferret, guitars; Louis Vola, bass; Arther Briggs, Pierre Allier, Alphonse Cox, trumpets; D'Hellemmes, trombone. Decca F.6531.

D'Hellemmes' trombone poorly balanced, which rather wastes a very pleasant effect.

Made at the second session the Quintet ever recorded, *Lily Belle May June* proves that at that time *les boys* were still musically fresh and had not yet run out of ideas. I like the tune. A drummer named Jerry Mengo, who takes the vocal chorus, has a charming style which makes one overlook the fact that it is obviously pitched too high for him.

Something From Norvo

Red Norvo and his Orchestra.
"Do You Ever Think Of Me?" (***)
"The Morning After" (**).
(Vocalion S.108.)

Andy Kirk and his Clouds of Joy.
"A Mellow Bit Of Rhythm" (***)
"Down Stream" (**).
(Brun. 02483.)

First sides excellent, showing both bands' finest qualities. Backings too commercial, especially the Kirk.

Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra.
"Blue Lou" (**).
Carolina Cotton Pickers.
"Get Together" (**).
(Vocalion S.99.)

Both good in parts, with good solo work by Bunny on his side, but these two numbers are to me so closely identified with Chick Webb that I am prejudiced against second-hand versions.

DECCA

presents an Album of

"JAM MUSIC"

(Improvised Swing Music)

Directed by

TEDDY WILSON
(PIANO)

Featuring Stars from the Bands of

BENNY GOODMAN
DUKE ELLINGTON
CHICK WEBB
FLETCHER HENDERSON
DON REDMAN
COUNT BASIE
TEDDY HILL
WILLIE BRYANT
STUFF SMITH

etc., etc.



Seven records (fourteen titles) 17/6, including album and leaflet.

- | | | |
|------------|---|---------------------------|
| J1—No. 1. | Coquette, Foxtrot | No Vocal |
| No. 2. | The Hour of Parting (L'Heure Bleue), S.F.T. | Vocalist: "Boots" Castle |
| J2—No. 3. | Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes | Piano Solo: Teddy Wilson |
| No. 4. | You let me down, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| J3—No. 5. | All My Life, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald |
| No. 6. | Mary had a little lamb, Quickstep | Vocalist: Roy Eldridge |
| J4—No. 7. | (This is) My Last Affair, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Billie Holiday |
| No. 8. | Easy Living, S.F.T. | No Vocal |
| J5—No. 9. | These Foolish Things, S.F.T. | Vocalist: Helen Ward |
| No. 10. | Why do I Lie Foxtrot | No Vocal |
| J6—No. 11. | How am I to know S.F.T. | Vocalist: Midge Williams |
| No. 12. | I'm coming, Virginia, Foxtrot | No Vocal |
| J7—No. 13. | Where the Lazy River Goes By, S.F.T. | No Vocal |
| No. 14. | I've Found a New Baby, Quickstep | No Vocal |

Something new in the way of swing music albums—the Decca album of "JAM MUSIC" or improvised swing music. The main difference lies in the fact that all the fourteen sides are recent recordings, in contrast with the "jazz history" trend of our previous albums.

TEDDY WILSON directs all these records and is an accepted favourite amongst swing artists. Benny Goodman heads an amazing list of instrumentalists to be heard in this album, artists having been culled from almost every important swing band. This combination of name value and novelty value should make the album our most successful effort of this kind.

THE SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ALBUM WITH A SPECIAL LEAFLET GIVING FULL DESCRIPTIONS AND PERSONNELS, 17/6

SEVEN RECORDS COMPLETE IN ART ALBUM 17/6

"ROPHONE"

Reviewing Hot Records, tells of

Trombone Playing Without a Trombone!

Artie Shaw And His New Music.
 "Shoot The Likker To Me John Boy."
 "It's A Long Way To Tipperary."
 (***) Vocalion S.120.)

Do you know how to play trombone without a trombone? This is one of the lessons to be learnt from Leo Watson, whose all too short contribution, described on the label as "Vocal (?) by Leo Watson," is the high spot of *Shoot The Likker To Me John Boy*. Ever since his early scat choruses with the Spirits of Rhythm I have considered Watson one of the great vocalists in the purely instrumental style. (To complete the illusion, by the way, he even slides his arm up and down playing an imaginary trombone while he sings.) His two eight-bar contributions to this Artie Shaw title become indescribably fascinating. After Armstrong it might be permissible to call Leo Watson the greatest exponent of this particular type of perverted vocalism.

Attractive Arrangement

Leo is not the only highlight on this side. The composition is Artie's own, and his arrangement and solo work have many attractions. All three sections of the band seem to have improved considerably, and as for Artie himself, I have never heard a more beautiful tone or a more fluent style produced from a clarinet.

Artie is brilliant in *Tipperary* too, but the arrangement is not inspired, and I have hardly had the inclination to play this side. I seem to be turning into an old reactionary, what with preferring the backing to Maxine Sullivan's *Loch Lomond*, and now forsaking the "novelty" of *Tipperary* in swing time in favour of the more straightforward jazz on the back.

Mildred Bailey (Vocal) and Her Orchestra.

"The Moon Got In My Eyes."
 "It's The Natural Thing To Do."
 (***) Vocalion S.119.)

Another of those invincible combinations: Mildred's lovable voice, Eddie Sauter's arrangements, Basie's solos and a couple of good pop tunes.

Art Tatum (Piano Solos) (1935).
 "Liza."
 "Beautiful Love"

Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra.

"Muddy Water" (1936).
 "The First Time I Saw You."
 (***) Brunswick O2491.)

People who only listen once to the better Lunceford records before reaching a decision will find them very smart and sophisticated and very dull. People who go to the trouble of a few more hearings will realise that sometimes there are enough merits to make it difficult at first to see the wood for the

SNOBS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Duke
- ★★★ Baronet
- ★★ Esq.
- ★ Mr.

trees. The fact is that in two such superior examples as the above, Lunceford can make a commercial performance much more interesting than any other band outside Ellington's. There is such unbelievable confidence and unity in the playing, and so much originality in the arranging (witness the conclusions on both sides, and the background to the vocal on *The First Time I Saw You*) that it is all too easy to dismiss such work as clever, affected, and so forth.

I don't like the high-note trumpet playing any more than Mrs. Jones next door does, and I don't usually go for vocal trios, though I concede that the trio work in *Muddy Water* makes a bold effort to vanquish my prejudice; but I do insist that this brass section can impart a kick, and the reed section a thrill, the like of which have seldom been heard in jazz.

Sceptics Please Note

For the sceptics I may add in conclusion that *Muddy Water* was made at the same session last year as another high-grade piece of Luncefordians, *Harlem Shout*.

Benny Carter And His Orchestra.
 "Lazy Afternoon."
 Benny Carter and His Orchestra.
 (Guest Star: Coleman Hawkins.)
 "My Buddy."
 (***) Vocalion S.118.)

With a composition somewhat in the style of *Scandal In A Flat*, and an arrangement equal in beauty to his famous *Foolish Things*, Benny has made a notable success of *Lazy Afternoon*. This is not only the style of work in

the chorus has still got me guessing and wishing I might see the original score. It is a great gift to be able to create such simple melodies and yet make them vitally interesting by virtue of such striking chord progressions.

My Buddy is a care-free contrast, in the "solid sender" class. Its five solos follow an ascending graph, the last two providing real excitement—a full chorus by Hawkins, with grand accompaniment from the rhythm section, and a splendid trumpet solo from Benny, thoughtful and infinitely expressive.

Count Basie and his Orchestra.

"Smarty."
 "Listen My Children And You Shall Hear."

(***) Brunswick O2490.)

Felicitations to a Mr. Skippy Martin for two excellent arrangements. All the best Basie qualities bob up in this coupling, and for variety you have the two tenor men in solos: Hersal Evans in the first title and Lester (Motor-Horn) Young on the reverse. Basie's pianistic simplicity is very effective this time. No vocal is mentioned on either label, but *Listen* has a chorus and reprise by James Rushing.

Rushing Is An Exception

Rushing is a cut above the crooners who ruin so many coloured band records nowadays, and if you don't like him yet I might remind you that lots of people don't like Cointreau the first time they taste it. *Smarty* has no vocal and will cause you no trouble at all, so lend an ear.

Stéphane Grappelly and His Hot Four (1935).

"Smoke Rings" (**).
 "Lily Belle May June" (***).
 (Decca F.6531.)

Last month Decca issued a record by Coleman Hawkins and a three-piece outfit which they credited on the label to the entire Ramblers Band. Determined, it would seem, to balance out this numerical inexactitude, here they are this month with a title which they attribute to a Hot Four in which there are actually no less than nine people present!

The Quintet is augmented in *Smoke Rings* by a four-piece brass section. The idea was a very good one, but unfortunately the brass is

VOCALION

Artie Shaw and His New Music (Am.)

****I surrender, dear* (Barris, Clifford) (B21168)

*****Some day, sweetheart* (Spikes) (B21170) (Vocalion S114-3s.).

****It's a long way to Tipperary* (Judge, Williams) (B21710)

*****Shoot the likker to me, John boy* (Shaw) (B21714) (Vocalion S120-3s.).

The regular combination (see THE GRAMOPHONE for October 1937, p. 215).

Nobody can say that Mr. Shaw is not versatile. From making lovely music out of a sweet arrangement of *I surrender, dear*, doing the same thing, but with an additional pinch of rhythm, with *Some day, sweetheart*, he goes on to give an out-and-out swing version of your old friend *Tipperary*, and then puts the swing bug into a quaint coat to produce a novelty in *Shoot the likker*.

Maxine Sullivan and Her Orchestra (Am. Mixed)

*****I'm coming, Virginia* (Crook, Heywood) (v) (B21473)

*****Loch Lomond* (Trad.) (v) (B21472) (Vocalion S116-3s.).

Maxine Sullivan (vocalist) with P. Brown (alto); "Babe" Rusin (ten); "B." Bailey (cl); Frank Newton (tmp); Claude Thornhill (p); J. Kirby (b); O'Neill Spencer (ds).

Seventeen-year-old coloured swing singer Maxine Sullivan, who has made a great success in New York's Onyx Club, should prove to be something of a minor sensation. Applying swing idiom to such seemingly unpromising material as *Loch Lomond*, she shows that it can add something to the charm of even this lovely Scottish traditional folk-song when tastefully applied without undue stressing of the jazz accent. Working on the same lines, she achieves the same delectable result with *Virginia*.

Mildred Bailey and Her Orch. (Am.N.)

****Heaven help this heart of mine* (Samuels, Whitcup, Powell) (v) (B21334)

*****(This is) My last affair* (Johnston) (v) (C1751) (Vocalion S115-3s.).

*****It's the natural thing to do* (film "Doubles or Nothing") (Johnston) (v) (B21335)

****The moon got in my eye* (film "Doubles or Nothing") (Johnston) (v) (B21333) (Vocalion S119-3s.).

B21333, 4 and 5—Mildred Bailey (v) with E. Hall (cl); H. Evans (ten); "Buck" Clayton (tmp); E. Sherman (p); F. Green (g); W. Paige (b); J. Jones (ds.).

C1751—Mildred Bailey (v) with S. Carey (alto); H. Haymer (ten); Roy Eldridge (tmp); T. Cole (p); J. Collins (g); T. Parham (b); "Zutty" Singleton (ds).

I think most of you know Mildred well enough for it to be sufficient if I say that in her delightful way she makes the most of these "popular" songs and that the accompaniments are well up to the usual standard of her previous records. There's a swell tenor chorus in *It's the natural thing*, and Carey's alto in *My last affair* is the next best thing to Hodges's.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra (Am.)

****Do you ever think of me?* (Kerr, Cooper, Burnett) (B21377)

*****Morning after (The)* (Dorsey, Jaffe, Boland) (v by Mildred Bailey) (B21376) (Vocalion S108-3s.).

Norvo (xyl) with Leonard Goldstein, Ch. Lamphere (altos); Herbie Haymer (ten); Hank D'Amico (cl); Louis Mucci, Geo. Wendt, Stew Pletcher (tmps); Al Mastren (trmb); Bill Miller (p); Arnold "Red" McGarvie (g); P. Peterson (b); M. Purtil (ds).

Some like 'em fast, some don't. Personally I always think that you lose on swing what you gain on the roundabout, but if you disagree you ought to enjoy the revival of *Do you ever think*. It's about as near to the real thing as I've heard at the tempo, thanks to a good arrangement played by a band that has understanding as well as finesse. Still, you'll probably appreciate that a slower tempo is the real open sesame to style when you try the other side. Also it's got Mildred Bailey as well as Norvo's xylophone again.

Duke Ellington and His Orch. (Am.N.)

***Trumpet in Spades* (Ellington) (B19564)

Ben Pollack and His Orchestra (Am.)

****Jimtown Blues* (Ch. Davies) (B19889) (Vocalion S113-3s.).

B19564—Rex Stewart (solo tmp) with the regular Ellington combination.

B19889—Pollack directing "Fazola" (cl); Opie Cates (reeds); Harry James, Shorty Sherrock (tmps); Bruce Squires (trmb); Fred Slack (p); Joe Price (g); Thurman Teague (b), et al.

I have long been suspicious of records specially designed to feature individuals, because the individuals so often use them for purely exhibitionistic purposes, and my worst fears are confirmed in *Trumpet in Spades*. Rex Stewart uses it to show just how clever he is at triple-tonguing and other purely technical feats. As if anyone cared.

After this it was a great treat to turn over and find Pollack's boys enjoying themselves just swinging along brightly and naturally. There is some good stuff in this lively side.

Benny Carter (N.) and His Orch. (Mixed)

***Lazy afternoon* (Carter) (AM394)

****My buddy* (AM400) (Vocalion S118-3s.).

AM394—The regular combination (see THE GRAMOPHONE for October 1937, p. 215).

AM400—Carter (alto and tmp) with Coleman Hawkins (ten); Geo. Chisholm (trmb); Freddy Johnson (b); Ray Webb (g); L. Harrison (b); R. Monmache (ds).

If Carter's *Lazy afternoon* doesn't quite compare with his *Nightfall*, in its slow way, it is still a pleasing composition with Carter's own solos and a pleasant saxophone section as the better offerings from an orchestra which otherwise is just ordinary.

My choice, however, goes to the smaller combination in *My buddy*, a delightful old number that has for years been a favourite of mine. Here we have a sequence of solos by piano, Carter's delicious alto, Chisholm's trombone, Hawkins' still fascinating tenor, and Carter on trumpet, all unhampered by what on the other side seems to be a slightly cumbersome ensemble in spite of its many better points.

RECORD BY DISC-COURSE REVIEW

It is my privilege to introduce to you a record which, apart from giving me great pleasure in itself, also affords me the opportunity of paying a compliment to one who has not been living up to my expectations. I refer to Chick Webb and his Brunswick record 02470, *Rusty Hinge* and *Cryin' Mood*. I won't say it has no counterpart this month in excitement

content, for it has, but its return to the select party of top-flight recorders is something which is long overdue.

In *Rusty Hinge*, the arranger has made much of a very uninspiring tune, and it is, apart from the playing, very exciting. Louis Jordan mixes most of the things I dislike with some of those I do like in his vocal, and Taft plays a short passage which has a very pleasant line, but which is marred by one fluffed note. The band's excellence swamps my aversion to Ella Fitzgerald's singing and does a grand job with the reverse.

There is a **MUSTS** new kind of sentimental swing around lately. The name is Maxine Sullivan, the tune *Loch Lomond*, and the record Vocalion S.116. For more personable details you'd better write Alec Duncan, who came back from the States with rave ideas about this songstress. With my hand on my heart and my head in the clouds I nearly missed press day altogether this month, so engrossed was I with Miss Sullivan. This will probably cause a lot of high blood pressure in quarters

north of the Tweed but it's a marvellous disc. She sings *I'm Comin', Virginia*, on the reverse, and is accompanied on both by the Onyx Club gang, containing such people as Buster Bailey, Frank Newton and Pete "Fats" Brown. Listen for Claude Thornhill's piano on the Lomond side for a real thrill. Altogether I go for Miss Sullivan in a big way.

Because I am **BENNY CARTER** so disappointed **AND HAWKINS** with Hawkins' playing in *Mighty Like the Blues*, I am merely going to say that he made this with a contingent from Benny Carter's band in Holland and plays a completely unimaginative solo, certainly not up to my expectations. In fact, this is a very unimaginative side altogether, apart from Benny's solo contributions. The other side is something entirely different. It is *I Ain't Got Nobody*, and is played in fast tempo and shows the band up to great advantage. Chisholm's trombone is splendid and the arrangement superb. On the face of it, Bertie King (my tenor "nap" when he was with Ken Johnson) outplays Hawkins very easily, but we have another reminder that hasty judgment is foolish. This is Decca F. 6502, *Something is Gonna Give Me Away* and *I Wanna Go Back to Harlem*. These are solos by Hawkins with the Ramblers, though the full band appears on one side only, the second, and which can be dismissed with just a passing word. The title suggests a haunting wistful kind of performance, but it turns out to be a jiggy kind of affair. It is the first side that presents Hawkins in his own particular kind of elegance, playing as only he can play, and warming up considerably after the piano solo. In this tune he is accompanied by the rhythm section only, for which, many thanks.

Couched in terms of **MILDRED** the Decca Jam Album, *My Last Affair* and *Heaven Help this Heart of Mine*, Vocalion S. 115, present Mildred Bailey in her usual rhythmically appealing manner, and are, in every way, well up to the Bailey standard of instrumental and vocal excellence.

TUITION DEPARTMENT *She's My Lovely and I'm Happy When You're Happy, Ronnie*

At Par



Mildred Bailey's titles this month maintain her own impeccable standard.

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars

***More than that (Polo) (DTB3249)
****Stratton Street strut (Polo) (DTB3248)
(Decca F6518-2s.).

Polo (cl) with **T. McQuater** (tmp); **Ed. Macauley** (p); **E. Freeman** (g); **Dick Ball** (b); **D. Barber** (ds).

Danny Polo can take a bow for having produced the best jam session that has ever been waxed in this country. In the "ensemble" parts the ingredients are perhaps better than the way they are mixed, but such passages are short. The records are mainly solos, and it is in these that an excellent rhythm section has helped the three melody instruments to excel.

In fact, I may not be going too far if I say that these happy-go-lucky performances are of their kind about as good as anything we have had from America, though that may be mainly because in such American records as are to-day made with such small combinations the artists always seem to be feeling that they are having to compete with larger bands, and consequently the results lack the same happy unselfconsciousness.

Stephen Grappelly and His Hot Four

(French)

**Lily Belle May June (Crooker, Sullivan)
(v by Jerry Mengo) (77240)

***Smoke rings (Gifford, Washington)
(77435)
(Decca F6351-2s.).

77240—Grappelly (vln); **D. and J. Reinhardt**, **R. Chaput** (gs); **L. Vola** (b).

77435—Grappelly (vln) with **Arthur Briggs**, **Pierre Allier**, **Alphonse Cox** (tmbs); **D'Hellemmes** (trmb); **D. and J. Reinhardt**, **Pierre Ferret** (gs); **L. Vola** (b).

Somebody has forgotten how to swing his arithmetic. Although labelled as by Grappelly's Hot Four, the Lily Belle side has five players (unless singers don't count), and Smoke rings features ten.

Both sides were recorded round about the summer of 1935.

Needless to say, the larger combination in Smoke rings has considerably altered the character of the little group we have come to know so well, but it isn't for the worse. The brass section, which always plays muted and melodically, provides nice harmony and makes a good background for Reinhardt's more fanciful guitar.

Lily Belle is the quartet's usual sort of performance plus a slow vocal chorus before the tempo is quickened.

DECCA

Album of "Jam" Music

The following are the contents of the Decca "Jam" Album, the impending release of which was briefly intimated in these columns last month.

The performances are described as Improvised Swing under the direction of

Teddy Wilson, and I think I shall be giving you more than a general idea of what that means when I say that all the records are on exactly the same lines as those by Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra which Brunswick have been putting out more or less regularly during the last couple of years. They are not only by the same combinations as those used on various occasions by Wilson, but, as you will see if you care to check up the matrix numbers, were made at the same sessions as many of the Wilson Orchestra's Brunswicks.

If the Album as such has a fault it is that when you've heard one record you've heard most of them. I never quite realized until I got this batch all at one go how much alike some of these Wilson records could be, despite the varying personnels. Nor is the similarity made any less noticeable by the fact that most of them are in slow or slowish tempo. I think one would have to be a very devoted Wilson fan to be able to go through such a feast without getting indigestion.

However, considered separately, some of the records are delightful, and those who are particularly partial to this special brand of Wilsonian sophisticated elegance are not the only ones likely to enjoy them.

****(No. 1) *Coquette* (Kahn, Lombardo, Green) (LA1383)

*** (No. 2) *Hour of parting, The* (Kahn, Spoliansky) (v by "Boots" Castle) (LA1382)
(Decca J1-2s. 6d.).

Nos. 1 and 2—Wilson (p) with **Benny Goodman** (cl); **V. Musso** (ten); **H. James** (tmp); **Reuss** (g); **H. Goodman** (b); **Krupa** (ds).

*** (No. 3) *Breakin' in a pair of shoes* (Washington, Franklin, Stept) (B18518)

*** (No. 4) *You let me down* (Dubin, Warren) (v by **Billie Holiday**) (B18318)
(Decca J2-2s. 6d.).

No. 3—Teddy Wilson (piano solo).

No. 4—Wilson (p) with **Hodges** (alto); **T. Macey** (cl); **D. Clarke** (tmp); **D. Barber** (g); **G. Moncur** (b); **Cole** (ds).

*** (No. 5) *All my life* (Mitchell, Stept) (v by **Ella Fitzgerald**) (B18832)

*** (No. 6) *Mary had a little lamb* (Symes, Malneck) (v by **Roy Eldridge**) (C1376)
(Decca J3-2s. 6d.).

No. 5—Wilson (p) with **J. Blake** (cl); **T. McCrae** (ten); **F. Newton** (tmp); **B. Morton** (trmb); **J. Truchart** (g); **S. Fields** (b); **Cole** (ds).

No. 6—Wilson (p) with "B." Bailey (cl); "Choo" Berry (ten); **Eldridge** (tmp); **R. Lessey** (g); **I. Crosby** (b); **S. Catlett** (ds).

*** (No. 7) *(This is) my last affair* (H. Johnson) (v by **Billie Holiday**) (B20701)

**** (No. 8) *Easy living* (Robin, Rainger) (v by **Billie Holiday**) (B21218)
(Decca J4-2s. 6d.).

No. 7—Wilson (p) with **Cyril Scott** (cl); **P. Robinson** (ten); **H. Allen** (tmp); **J. McLin** (g); **Kirby** (b); **Cole** (ds).

No. 8—Wilson (p) with **Bailey** (cl); **L. Young** (ten); "B." Clayton (tmp); **P. Green** (g); **W. Paige** (b); **J. Jones** (ds).

**** (No. 9) *These foolish things* (Strachey, Marvell, Walker) (v by **Billie Holiday**) (B19496)

**** (No. 10) *Why do I lie to myself about you?* (Davis, Coots) (B19497)
(Decca J5-2s. 6d.).

Nos. 9 and 10—Wilson (p) with **Hodges** (alto); **Carney** (bar and cl); **Jonah Jones** (tmp); **Lucie** (g); **Kirby** (b); **Cole** (ds).

*** (No. 11) *How am I to know?* (Parker, King) (v by **Helen Ward**) (B21036)

**** (No. 12) *I'm coming, Virginia* (Cook, Heywood) (B21037)
(Decca J6-2s. 6d.).

Nos. 11 and 12—Wilson (p) with **Bailey** (cl); **Hodges** (alto); **H. James** (tmp); **Reuss** (g); **Kirby** (b); **Cole** (ds).

*** (No. 13) *Where the lazy river goes by* (McHugh, Adamson) (v by **Midge Williams**) (B20411)

**** (No. 14) *I've found a new baby* (S. Williams, Palmer) (B21220)
(Decca J7-2s. 6d.).

No. 13—Wilson (p) with **Musso** (cl); **B. Webster** (ten); **I. Randolph** (tmp); **Reuss** (g); **Kirby** (b); **Cole** (ds).
No. 14—As for No. 8.

About the only real disappointment is the one piano solo record (No. 3). If you want to be nice about it you can call it tasteful and restrained, but I find it a very dull version of a tune which seems to have given Wilson no inspiration.

I give *Coquette* four stars for being a lovely old melody and featuring some of the nicest playing I have heard from Goodman and Musso. The coupling (*Hour of parting*) is the same style of thing but hasn't come off quite so well.

Other revived melodies which you are likely to find familiar are *How am I to know?* and *I'm coming, Virginia*, both on the same disc (J6), both by the same combination, and both made the more enjoyable by Hodges's alto and to an only slightly less extent Bailey's clarinet. Then still among old tunes there are of course *Foolish things* and *I've found a new baby*. The former has a lovely solo by Wilson, Hodges again, Kirby's bass, and all round is most tastefully attractive. The latter is the one fast performance in the Album, and well up to standard. Those who like drum solos will find a good sample in *Cozy Cole's* slick offering.

Coming to the newer tunes, among the best of the melodies are *You let me down* (once more featuring Hodges), *My last affair* and *Easy living*, all three of which are made none the less desirable by Billie Holiday's vocals. *Why do I lie?* would be worth having for Hodges's alto even if there were nothing else to recommend it. *Where the lazy river goes by* features that excellent and too infrequently heard little singer, Midge Williams.

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars

***More than that (Polo) (DTB3249)
 ****Stratton Street strut (Polo) (DTB3248)
 (Decca F6518—2s.).

Polo (cl) with T. McQuater (tmp); Ed. Macauley (t); E. Freeman (g); Dick Ball (b); D. Barber (ds).

Danny Polo can take a bow for having produced the best jam session that has ever been waxed in this country. In the "ensemble" parts the ingredients are perhaps better than the way they are mixed, but such passages are short. The records are mainly solos, and it is in these that an excellent rhythm section has helped the three melody instruments to excel.

In fact, I may not be going too far if I say that these happy-go-lucky performances are of their kind about as good as anything we have had from America, though that may be mainly because in such American records as are to-day made with such small combinations the artists always seem to be feeling that they are having to compete with larger bands, and consequently the results lack the same happy unselfconsciousness.

Stephen Grappelly and His Hot Four
 (French)

**Lily Belle May June (Crooker, Sullivan) (v by Jerry Mengo) (77240)
 ***Smoke rings (Gifford, Washington) (77435)
 (Decca F6351—2s.).

77240—Grappelly (vln); D. and J. Reinhardt, R. Chaput (gs); L. Vola (b).
 77435—Grappelly (vln) with Arthur Briggs, Pierre Allier, Alphonse Cox (tmps); D'Hellemmes (trmb); D. and J. Reinhardt, Pierre Ferret (gs); L. Vola (b).

Somebody has forgotten how to swing his arithmetic. Although labelled as by Grappelly's Hot Four, the Lily Belle side has five players (unless singers don't count), and Smoke rings features ten.

Both sides were recorded round about the summer of 1935.

Needless to say, the larger combination in Smoke rings has considerably altered the character of the little group we have come to know so well, but it isn't for the worse. The brass section, which always plays muted and melodically, provides nice harmony and makes a good background for Reinhardt's more fanciful guitar.

Lily Belle is the quartet's usual sort of performance plus a slow vocal chorus before the tempo is quickened.

DECCA

Album of "Jam" Music

The following are the contents of the Decca "Jam" Album, the impending release of which was briefly intimated in these columns last month.

The performances are described as Improvised Swing under the direction of

Teddy Wilson, and I think I shall be giving you more than a general idea of what that means when I say that all the records are on exactly the same lines as those by Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra which Brunswick have been putting out more or less regularly during the last couple of years. They are not only by the same combinations as those used on various occasions by Wilson, but, as you will see if you care to check up the matrix numbers, were made at the same sessions as many of the Wilson Orchestra's Brunswicks.

If the Album as such has a fault it is that when you've heard one record you've heard most of them. I never quite realized until I got this batch all at one go how much alike some of these Wilson records could be, despite the varying personnels. Nor is the similarity made any less noticeable by the fact that most of them are in slow or slowish tempo. I think one would have to be a very devoted Wilson fan to be able to go through such a feast without getting indigestion.

However, considered separately, some of the records are delightful, and those who are particularly partial to this special brand of Wilsonian sophisticated elegance are not the only ones likely to enjoy them.

****(No. 1) *Coquette* (Kahn, Lombardo, Green) (LA1383)
 *** (No. 2) *Hour of parting, The* (Kahn, Spoliansky) (v by "Boots" Castle) (LA1382)
 (Decca J1—2s. 6d.).

Nos. 1 and 2—Wilson (p) with Benny Goodman (cl); V. Musso (ten); H. James (tmp); Reuss (g); H. Goodman (b); Krupa (ds).

*** (No. 3) *Breakin' in a pair of shoes* (Washington, Franklin, Stept) (B18518)

*** (No. 4) *You let me down* (Dubin, Warren) (v by Billie Holiday) (B18318)
 (Decca J2—2s. 6d.).

No. 3—Teddy Wilson (piano solo).
 No. 4—Wilson (p) with Hodges (alto); T. Macey (cl); D. Clarke (tmp); D. Barber (g); G. Moncur (b); Cole (ds).

*** (No. 5) *All my life* (Mitchell, Stept) (v by Ella Fitzgerald) (B18832)

*** (No. 6) *Mary had a little lamb* (Symes, Malneck) (v by Roy Eldridge) (C1376)
 (Decca J3—2s. 6d.).

No. 5—Wilson (p) with J. Blake (cl); T. McCrae (ten); F. Newton (tmp); B. Morton (trmb); J. Truchart (g); S. Fields (b); Cole (ds).

No. 6—Wilson (p) with "B." Bailey (cl); "Choo" Berry (ten); Eldridge (tmp); R. Lessey (g); I. Crosby (b); S. Catlett (ds).

*** (No. 7) *(This is) my last affair* (H. Johnson) (v by Billie Holiday) (B20701)

**** (No. 8) *Easy living* (Robin, Rainger) (v by Billie Holiday) (B21218)
 (Decca J4—2s. 6d.).

No. 7—Wilson (p) with Cyril Scott (cl); P. Robinson (ten); H. Allen (tmp); J. McLin (g); Kirby (b); Cole (ds).

No. 8—Wilson (p) with Bailey (cl); L. Young (ten); "B." Clayton (tmp); P. Green (g); W. Paige (b); J. Jones (ds).

**** (No. 9) *These foolish things* (Strachey, Marvell, Walker) (v by Billie Holiday) (B19496)

**** (No. 10) *Why do I lie to myself about you?* (Davis, Coots) (B19497)
 (Decca J5—2s. 6d.).

Nos. 9 and 10—Wilson (p) with Hodges (alto); Carney (bar and cl); Jonah Jones (tmp); Lucie (g); Kirby (b); Cole (ds).

*** (No. 11) *How am I to know?* (Parker, King) (v by Helen Ward) (B21036)

**** (No. 12) *I'm coming, Virginia* (Cook, Heywood) (B21037)
 (Decca J6—2s. 6d.).

Nos. 11 and 12—Wilson (p) with Bailey (cl); Hodges (alto); H. James (tmp); Reuss (g); Kirby (b); Cole (ds).

*** (No. 13) *Where the lazy river goes by* (McHugh, Adamson) (v by Midge Williams) (B20411)

**** (No. 14) *I've found a new baby* (S. Williams, Palmer) (B21220)
 (Decca J7—2s. 6d.).

No. 13—Wilson (p) with Musso (cl); B. Webster (ten); I. Randolph (tmp); Reuss (g); Kirby (b); Cole (ds).

No. 14—As for No. 8.

About the only real disappointment is the one piano solo record (No. 3). If you want to be nice about it you can call it tasteful and restrained, but I find it a very dull version of a tune which seems to have given Wilson no inspiration.

I give *Coquette* four stars for being a lovely old melody and featuring some of the nicest playing I have heard from Goodman and Musso. The coupling (*Hour of parting*) is the same style of thing but hasn't come off quite so well.

Other revived melodies which you are likely to find familiar are *How am I to know?* and *I'm coming, Virginia*, both on the same disc (J6), both by the same combination, and both made the more enjoyable by Hodges's alto and to an only slightly less extent Bailey's clarinet. Then still among old tunes there are of course *Foolish things* and *I've found a new baby*. The former has a lovely solo by Wilson, Hodges again, Kirby's bass, and all round is most tastefully attractive. The latter is the one fast performance in the Album, and well up to standard. Those who like drum solos will find a good sample in Cozy Cole's slick offering.

Coming to the newer tunes, among the best of the melodies are *You let me down* (once more featuring Hodges), *My last affair* and *Easy living*, all three of which are made none the less desirable by Billie Holiday's vocals. *Why do I lie?* would be worth having for Hodges's alto even if there were nothing else to recommend it. *Where the lazy river goes by* features that excellent and too infrequently heard little singer, Midge Williams.

EXPLANATORY

Last month I was unfortunate in having received a fairly pressing of Benny Carter's *Blues in My Heart* and *Somebody Loves Me*. I have since had the opportunity of hearing a friend's copy of this record and hasten to reassure you that the processing is perfectly o.k.

ARTIE SHAW
Night and Day
 Vocalion S. 111;
I Surrender, Dear, and Some-day
 Vocalion S. 114, Artie Shaw and His Orchestra. Knowing Sweetheart, Vocalion S. 114, Artie Shaw and His Orchestra.

After the Shaw's arrangements seem pathetically thin and lacking guts. This is particularly noticeable in the brass section. Artie's clarinet playing in the Goodman manner I find acceptable enough, but it besides abandon his strings for needs to make good swing music. The drumming is about the only thing that lends any kind of backbone to these four sides.

B.B.C. TO RELAY BENNY CARTER FROM PARIS

THE next programme in the B.B.C.'s series of Continental relays, the latest of which was offered by Willie Lewis, will cause considerable interest among swing fans who have been waiting to hear some more of Benny Carter.

After protracted negotiations with the B.B.C., Benny has at last reached an arrangement which will be mutually satisfactory, and which provides for the augmentation of his present seven-piece outfit at the Boeuf Sur Le Toit.

TWELVE PIECER

Drawing his talent from one or two other white and coloured combinations in Paris, Benny will assemble a group not less than twelve strong, and is already lining up the personnel for rehearsals.

This will be his first British airing since June, when he was relayed with his resident band from Holland with Coleman Hawkins as guest star.

The programme is set for Monday, December 20, on Regional, from 9.30 to 10.0 p.m.

DECEMBER 16, 1937

NIGHT AND DAY

Gramophone



Hand-picked for Christmas

When it comes to swing, choice is made easy by Decca, who have produced an irresistible album (17s. 6d.) of "jam sessions" or improvised numbers under the direction of Teddy Wilson. Over 40 stars are to be heard on the 14 sides, in bundles of 5 or 6 at a time, presented in such a way that styles can be sorted out, compared and contrasted. *I've found a new baby* is perhaps the most exciting, but *Coquette* is very good, and so are *All my life* and *Why do I lie?* In fact there isn't a bad record in the set.

If 17s. 6d. is too much for you, then get one of the 1s. cardboard albums from the Gramophone Exchange in Shaftesbury Avenue, which take four, five or six records, and fill it to suit the taste of the recipient.

If she's a girl-friend and dances well, try her with Mildred Bailey, who is without rival among white singers. Fill the album with *Where are you?* *Rockin' Chair*, *Never in a million years* and *My Last Affair*. (VOCALION S84, 88, 100, 115.)

For someone who has advanced some way along the path of jazz appreciation, try an album of Benny Carter's music, say *Gin and Five*, *New Street Swing*, *Ramblers' Rhythm* and *Somebody loves me*. (VOCALION S58, 81, 94, 104.) The last is particularly interesting, as Coleman Hawkins plays as a guest artist to the band. I must confess, however, that 1937 Hawkins makes me feel tired and ill, and I value the record for what is on its back.

HOLD IT "Posin'" is a new kind of novelty (hateful word) dance that is, apparently, the rage in America just now. Two bars are left tacet here and there for the dancers to hold any particular pose they might happen to fancy at that moment. I can imagine this to be a real hit with a lot of people I know, but it depends largely on the sort of company you find yourself in, and can be endless fun after a hard day's work.

Jimmy Lunceford has made a passably good version with a really good vocal from Willie Smith and some better than average playing by the band. The reverse, *Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet*, is something altogether too clever and too fast to merit much comment. There is a good vocal again, this time by trumpeter Eddie Thomkins, and the only part of the record that has any pretensions to swing playing is the last ten bars. There is a tie-up somewhere between the arrangement and a train journey, I feel sure, but the effect is rather obscured. Brunswick 02476.

Henderson's *Posin'* is slightly less exciting than Lunceford's and depends largely on the arrangement for its appeal. This is neither a minor riot nor a bring-down and is just one of those things that are hard to classify. *Chris and His Gang* won't make you climb up the wall, either, and is well in the Columbus circle groove. Vocalion S. 109.

THE DUKE STEPS OFF AND BUNNY STEPS IN

Duke apparently thinks enough of Rex Stewart's

trumpet to feature him in a composition called *Trumpet in Spades*, Vocalion 113, which simply provides Rex with the opportunity to play around in very fast tempo and let off a lot of steam in the shape of wrong notes in what was obviously intended to be a bewilderingly technical display of trumpet playing.

SEE ON REVERSE ALSO

BENNY CARTER FROM PARIS

THE next programme in the B.B.C.'s series of Continental relays, the latest of which was offered by Willie Lewis, will cause considerable interest among swing fans who have been waiting to hear some more of Benny Carter.

After protracted negotiations with the B.B.C., Benny has at last reached an arrangement which will be mutually satisfactory, and which provides for the augmentation of his present seven-piece outfit at the Bœuf Sur Le Toit.

TWELVE PIECER

Drawing his talent from one or two other white and coloured combinations in Paris, Benny will assemble a group not less than twelve strong, and is already lining up the personnel for rehearsals.

This will be his first British airing since June, when he was relayed with his resident band from Holland with Coleman Hawkins as guest star.

The programme is set for Monday, December 20, on Regional, from 9.30 to 10.0 p.m.

DECEMBER 16, 1937

NIGHT AND DAY

Gramophone



Hand-picked for Christmas

When it comes to swing, choice is made easy by Decca, who have produced an irresistible album (17s. 6d.) of "jam sessions" or improvised numbers under the direction of Teddy Wilson. Over 40 stars are to be heard on the 14 sides, in bundles of 5 or 6 at a time, presented in such a way that styles can be sorted out, compared and contrasted. *I've found a new baby* is perhaps the most exciting, but *Coquette* is very good, and so are *All my life* and *Why do I lie?* In fact there isn't a bad record in the set.

If 17s. 6d. is too much for you, then get one of the 1s. cardboard albums from the Gramophone Exchange in Shaftesbury Avenue, which take four, five or six records, and fill it to suit the taste of the recipient.

If she's a girl-friend and dances well, try her with Mildred Bailey, who is without rival among white singers. Fill the album with *Where are you?* *Rockin' Chair*, *Never in a million years* and *My Last Affair*. (VOCALION S84, 88, 100, 115.)

For someone who has advanced some way along the path of jazz appreciation, try an album of Benny Carter's music, say *Gin and Five*, *New Street Swing*, *Ramblers' Rhythm* and *Somebody loves me*. (VOCALION S58, 81, 94, 104.) The last is particularly interesting, as Coleman Hawkins plays as a guest artist to the band. I must confess, however, that 1937 Hawkins makes me feel tired and ill, and I value the record for what is on its back.

processing is perfectly oke.
 hasten to reassure you that the
 friend's copy of this record and
 had the opportunity of hearing a
Somebody Loves Me. I have since
 Carter's *Blues in My Heart* and
 ceived a faulty pressing of Benny
 in having re-
 was unfortunate
 EXPLANATORY
 Last month I
 ground to these four sides.
 thing that lends any kind of back-
 The drumming is about the only
 needs to make good swing music.
 besides abandon his strings for
 seems he has many things to do
 find acceptable enough, but it
 playing in the Goodman manner I
 the brass section. Artie's clarinet
 This is particularly noticeable in
 Artie Shaw's arrangements seem
 patheticly thin and lacking guts.
 Dorsey can do this sort of thing,
 how well Messrs. Goodman and T.
 Shaw and His Orchestra. Knowing
Sweetheart, Vocalion S. 114, Artie
I Surrender, Dear, and Some-day
 Vocalion S. 111;
 ARTIE SHAW
 and *Blue Skies*,
 Vocalion S. 111;
 Night and Day

DECEMBER 16, 1937

NIGHT AND DAY

Gramophone



Hand-picked for
 Christmas

When it comes to swing, choice is made easy by Decca, who have produced an irresistible album (17s. 6d.) of "jam sessions" or improvised numbers under the direction of Teddy Wilson. Over 40 stars are to be heard on the 14 sides, in bundles of 5 or 6 at a time, presented in such a way that styles can be sorted out, compared and contrasted. *I've found a new baby* is perhaps the most exciting, but *Coquette* is very good, and so are *All my life* and *Why do I lie?* In fact there isn't a bad record in the set.

If 17s. 6d. is too much for you, then get one of the 1s. cardboard albums from the Gramophone Exchange in Shaftesbury Avenue, which take four, five or six records, and fill it to suit the taste of the recipient.

If she's a girl-friend and dances well, try her with Mildred Bailey, who is without rival among white singers. Fill the album with *Where are you?* *Rockin' Chair*, *Never in a million years* and *My Last Affair*. (VOCALION S84, 88, 100, 115.)

For someone who has advanced some way along the path of jazz appreciation, try an album of Benny Carter's music, say *Gin and Five*, *New Street Swing*, *Ramblers' Rhythm* and *Somebody loves me*. (VOCALION S58, 81, 94, 104.) The last is particularly interesting, as Coleman Hawkins plays as a guest artist to the band. I must confess, however, that 1937 Hawkins makes me feel tired and ill, and I value the record for what is on its back.

B.B.C. TO RELAY BENNY CARTER FROM PARIS

THE next programme in the B.B.C.'s series of Continental relays, the latest of which was offered by Willie Lewis, will cause considerable interest among swing fans who have been waiting to hear some more of Benny Carter.

After protracted negotiations with the B.B.C., Benny has at last reached an arrangement which will be mutually satisfactory, and which provides for the augmentation of his present seven-piece outfit at the Bœuf Sur Le Toit.

TWELVE PIECER

Drawing his talent from one or two other white and coloured combinations in Paris, Benny will assemble a group not less than twelve strong, and is already lining up the personnel for rehearsals.

This will be his first British airing since June, when he was relayed with his resident band from Holland with Coleman Hawkins as guest star.

The programme is set for Monday, December 20, on Regional, from 9.30 to 10.0 p.m.

"MELODY MAKER"
 11th DEC 1937

TOPICAL SWING

SERGEANT-MAJOR'S GUIDE

- ★★★★ 'Tenshun!
- ★★★ Eyes Right!
- ★★ Stand At Ease!
- ★ Dismiss!

Count Basie and his Orchestra.

"Good Morning Blues" (***).

"Honeysuckle Rose" (**).

(Brunswick 02496.)

"Santy Claus, Santy Claus, listen to my plea,

Don't send me anything for Christmas but my baby back to me!"

WITH these topical sentiments, James Rushing provides the focal point of *Good Morning Blues*, which is a reconstruction of an Eddie Durham composition from the old days when Basie and Durham were together in Benny Moten's Orchestra.

Preceding the blues core of the record, a rather plaintive little minor-key melody is played attractively by Buck Clayton. Excepting for a somewhat inept ending this is a very satisfying side.

Watered to Death

Of all the unhappy occasions to select for the release of yet another *Honeysuckle Rose*! The rose has been watered to death this year and withers far more quickly than the blues. This version was waxed at Basie's first session a year ago, and as in the case of most of his first recordings, both the piano and ensemble work are too derivative. The famous riff from Henderson's record is lifted once again. Lester Young evidences what might be considered a crude sense of humour, but this can certainly not be said of his sense of style.

P.S.—The bass player was still out of tune at this time, and they gave him eight bars in the lime-light to prove it.

Maxine Sullivan (Vocal) and her Orchestra.

"Annie Laurie."

"Blue Skies."

(****Vocalion S.122.)

I give up. If Maxine can continue doing with other folk songs what she does to Annie Laurie, my

ethical objections to the stunt motive of this novelty will vanish in smoke.

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew... like dew on the gowan lying is the fa' o' her fairy feet... and for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee." Lines like these trip glibly from Maxine's lips, transformed into gems of rhythmic phrasing, with a smooth tone and well developed harmonic instinct. Claude Thornhill deserves all the credit in the world, not only for his magnificent arrangements, but for bringing Maxine to the public notice. *Blue Skies* is little short of perfect, with an extra kick in Babe Rusin's tenor solo.

Danny Polo and his Swing Stars.

"Blue Murder."

"That's A Plenty."

(*** Decca F.6550.)

What an artist this man Polo is! In the blues, which is a blues of such conviction and feeling as I never dreamed of hearing in this country, he takes four entire choruses, starting in chalmereau register and gradually climbing up for a gloriously conceived climax effect.

Tommy Makes A Bad Join

This record would be perfect were it not for the contribution of Tommy McQuater, whose four bars where he joins in at the end of the long Polo solo jar completely with the authentic blues atmosphere Danny has so carefully built up. Tommy's solo chorus also seems to miss the real spirit of the blues.

By a strange contrast, Mr. McQ. gives us in *That's A Plenty* what is probably the best solo chorus he has ever recorded (just before Danny's last solo). It is a pity there is a little fluff by Danny and a routine error on this side, for in every other respect it achieves the atmosphere of the number so perfectly that at times it might



★ Dudley Barber—the new drum "find" who appears in the latest Danny Polo record. ★

be easy to take the ensemble for that of the old Louisiana Rhythm Kings in their memorable recording of the same tune.

Eddie Macauley is very fine in *That's A Plenty*, but he really reaches the peak of his recording career in the blues. The rhythm section achieves the same abandon and power as in the previous coupling, with a special credit to the splendid solid drumming of Dudley Barber.

Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra.

"Yours and Mine" (***).

"Public Melody Number One" (**).

(Decca F.6540.)

In his trumpet chorus in *Yours And Mine* is a rare glimpse of the real Louis emerging ephemerally from the shroud of commercialism and offering a truly lovely performance in which he works up to a high-note ending which is logically placed, without the

Hot Records Reviewed by "ROPHONE"

usual synthetic suspense. And what a superb note it is!

It is obvious that Russell's band has improved considerably. There is now some sort of tone in the ensemble and considerably more team spirit. Louis' vocal is the shadow of the old days; he still harps on the dominant, as if too weary to introduce any real variations of the melody, and his gruffness seems to have lost the personal warmth that used to qualify him as the world's greatest jazz singer. To-day it is just gruffness.

Public Melody Number One is a repetition of Louis' infamously short and inadequate appearance in the film "Artists and Models," dished up in the worst commercial fashion with an appalling, gallery-courting finish.

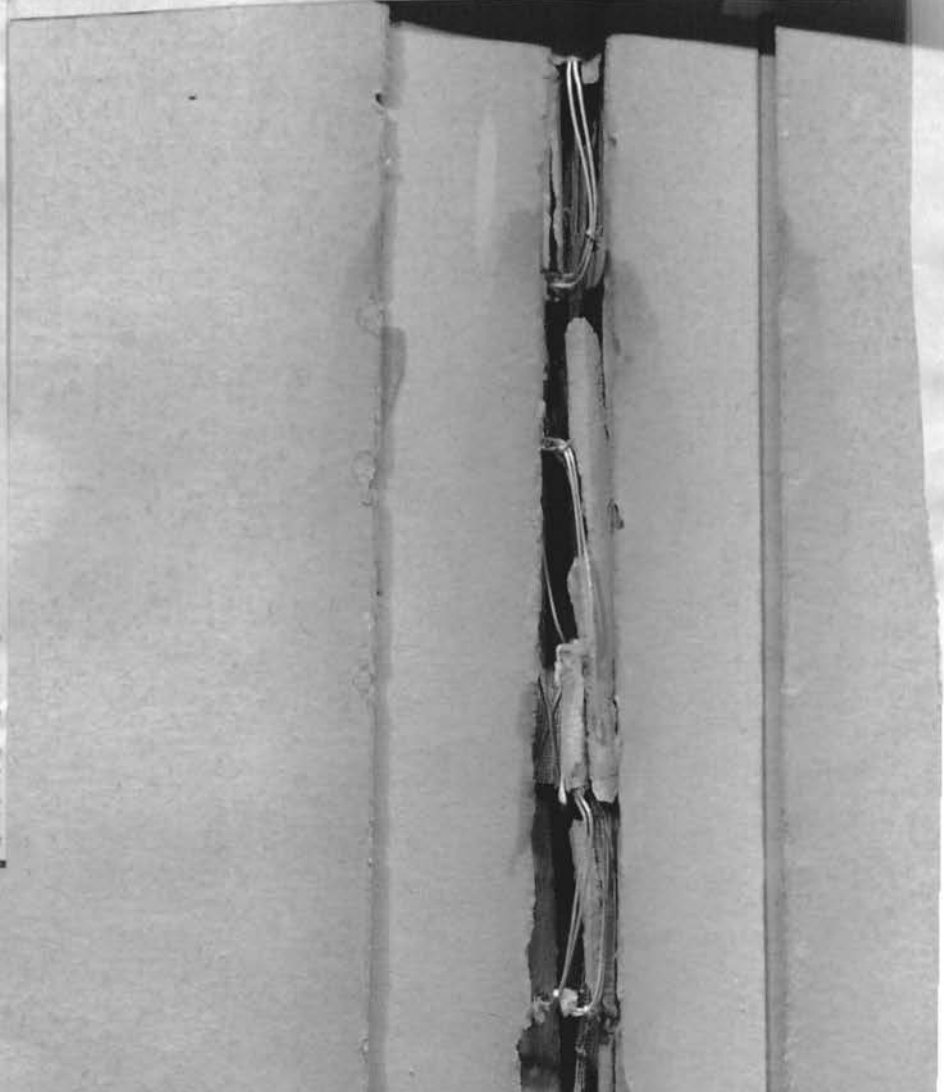
Red Norvo and his Orchestra.

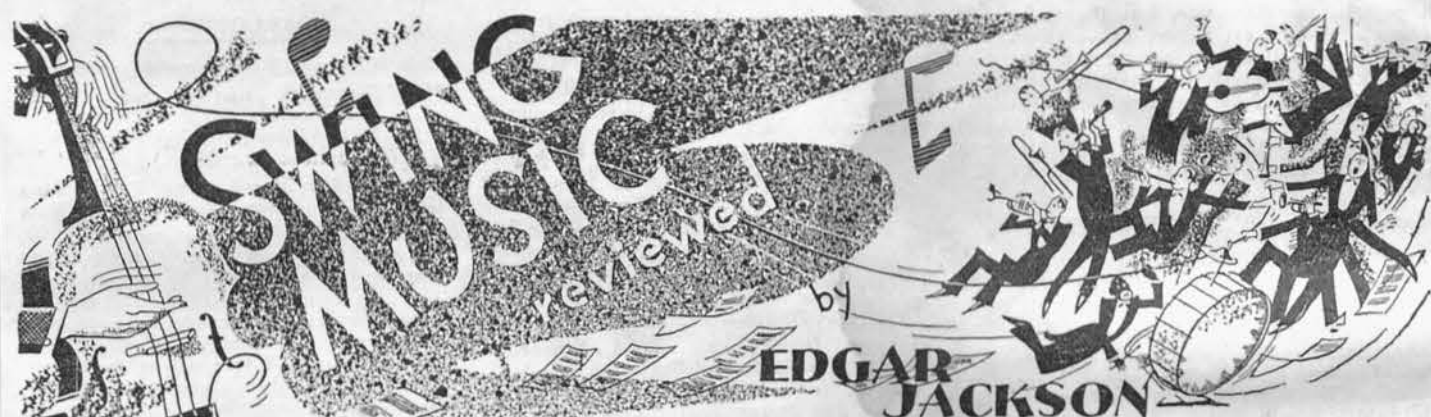
"Russian Lullaby."

"Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie." (***Vocalion S.121.)

Clap Hands is a tune that may have sinister recollections for some of us, but in case that should give you any false ideas let me point out that the Norvo version is an Edgar Sampson arrangement, and by the time Edgar and his protagonists—notably Norvo, D'Amico, Haymer, Miller and Pletcher—have finished with it, it might almost be a good tune.

Russian Lullaby has the advantage of being a good tune in the first place. D'Amico's contribution shows him as a clarinetist who manages to dissociate originality from eccentricity, with admirable results.





BRUNSWICK

Edgar Hayes Quintet (Am.N.)

****I know now* (Warren, Dubin) (film "The Singing Marine") (v) (62679)

***So rare* (v) (Herst, Sharpe) (62575) (Brunswick 02495—3s.).

Hayes (p) with Rudy Powell (cl); Andy Jackson (g); Elmer James (b); Kenneth Clarke (ds, vibraphone). Vocalist, Bill Darnell.

One of the few things not only good but different that recent jazz has given us is the Goodman Quartet, and when you think of the success it has been it is rather surprising that there have not been more attempts to copy it.

Perhaps you will say the reason is because no one could, but from what I know of American recording companies that would not prevent most of them from getting the nearest approach and putting it out with all the song and dance necessary to make you think that by comparison the Goodman group was just an also-ran.

These passing thoughts were of course inspired by the fact (to which you will from them have tumbled) that Hayes's Quintet is a pretty obvious pinch of the Goodman plan. Except for the addition of a bass and guitar in the rhythm, the instrumentation is the same, and the general pattern from which the cloth is cut is as nearly identical as needs be, even to the restraint and outward simplicity. Unfortunately, however, the Hayes combination just misses the subtlety, artistry, ingenuity and æsthetic perfection which the Goodman restraint and apparent simplicity, far from concealing, only made the more obvious. Nevertheless the Hayes Quintet is well worth hearing. It is neat, tuneful and, within the limits prescribed by rather too patently "commercial" treatments (with the inevitable vocal refrains) of "commercial" tunes, stylish.

Count Basie and His Orchestra (Am.N.)

****Good morning blues* (Durham) (v by James Rushing) (62511)

***Honeysuckle rose* (Razaf, Waller) (61542) (Brunswick 02496—3s.).

62511—Wm. Count Basie (p) with Earl Warren, Ronald Washington (altos); Lester Young, Hershel Evans (tens); Ed. Lewis, Bobby Moore, Wilbur "Buck" Clayton (imps); Dan Minor,

Geo. Hunt (trmps); Fred Green (g); Walter Paige (b); Joe Jones (ds).

61542—See THE GRAMOPHONE for August 1937, p. 121.

Here you have a rather nice opportunity of considering how experience can improve a band's recording technique.

Honeysuckle rose was one of Basie's first records. It opens with a piano solo with the Count playing so like "Fats" Waller that anyone might be excused for thinking it was "Fats" on one of his off days. Lester Young follows with a tenor solo in which his sense of the satirical rises to his blowing the rude fruit at himself; then there is a bass solo with anything but perfect intonation; and the record finishes with sequences of ensemble riffs which, if they do nothing else, at least remind you that there is a curious similarity between the harmonies of *Honeysuckle rose* and *Tea for two*.

With all its minor faults and generally rather slapdash atmosphere I feel that if the band repeated this performance to-day it would be the better of the two sides.

You will see what I mean if you listen to *Good morning blues*. The fault of this side is that it has a slightly uncomfortable background of self-consciousness in both tune and interpretation. Nevertheless the playing is more polished, the texture less closely woven, the points made more convincingly, and consequently the whole thing more obvious. If these qualities had been applied to *Honeysuckle rose* one might have had a better chance of realizing what a fine rhythm section this band has, how good Lester Young's tenor is, and the fact that all round the record is a genuine swing performance.

James Rushing's vocal in *Good morning blues* gets a good deal nearer to being the real thing than most of the singing we get nowadays.

Casa Loma Orchestra (Am.)

***Casa Loma stomp* (Gifford) (DLA835)

***Swing low, sweet chariot* (Trad.) (DLA 833) (Brunswick 02497—3s.).

Art Ralston, C. Hutchenrider, Dan D'Andrea (altos); Pat Davis, Ken Sargent (tens); Frank Zullo, Grady Watts, Walter Smith (imps); Wm. Rauch, "Pee-Wee" Hunt, Fritz Hummel (trmps); Joe Hall (p); Jack Blanchette (g); Stan Dennis (b); Tony Briglea (ds). Conductor, Glen Gray.

If this new recording of *Casa Loma stomp*, the tune by which in 1927 the Casa Loma band may be said to have made its name, is meant to herald a come-back for the combination, it has misfired. You can marvel at the slickness of the playing, but the fact still remains that the original Parlophone record was to my mind far the better. For one thing the slower tempo enabled the whole thing to have a better style of rhythm. This new fast tempo is probably introduced to show the technical ability of the band. If so, it succeeds. For sheer musicianship and precision of ensemble, the record is better than most. But technique isn't everything, even though, as colleague "Spike" Hughes said on our recent broadcast, the quickness of the band may deceive the ear.

Much the same remarks apply to the coupling.

DECCA

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars

*****Blue murder* (Polo) (TB3250)

*****That's a plenty* (Pollack) (TB3251) (Decca F6550—2s.).

Polo (cl) with Sidney Raymond (alto); Tom McQuater (tmp); Eddie Macauley (p); Eddie Freeman (g); Dick Ball (b); D. Barber (ds).

Although his name is omitted from the labels, to last month's personnel has been added Sidney Raymond, alto saxophonist. He was not officially supposed to be on the session, but strolled into the studio after the first two titles (issued last month) had been completed and was conscripted to help out in the accompaniments of the remaining two.

Good as last month's sides were, these two are even better. Doubtless this is to a great extent due to the fact that they were the last of the four to be made, by when the boys had warmed up, but Mr. Raymond can take his bow for at least having had something to do with it. The background harmonies—I have never heard any better balanced—are by no means a negligible part of the proceedings and you won't have to listen so very carefully to realize that Raymond had quite a lot to do with them. This applies particularly to *Blue murder*, a most unusually sweet performance of the Blues in which Danny Polo plays with an ability and tastefulness that are outstanding even for him, and Eddie Macauley shows that Blues is his forte. On the whole this

RECORD BY DISC-COURSE REVIEW



A JAM SESSION HAS BEEN ARRANGED

DECCA F. 6518.

Stratton Street Strut and *More Than Somewhat*, by Danny Polo (clarinet) and His Swing Stars. Personnel: Tommy McQuater (trumpet); Eddie Macauley (piano); E. Freeman (guitar); D. Barber (drums); and Dick Ball (bass).

BECAUSE of the apparent enormity of the successful waxing of a British jam session, I want to bring the above record to your notice. Although sponsored by that American clarinet wizard, Danny Polo, and because of this cannot be reckoned as being 100 per cent. British, it is the enthusiasm which he has infused into the remaining members of this group for which he must be particularly praised.

Dismissing the second title with barely a sidelong glance (it is by no means as good as the first), it is a pleasant business to hail *Stratton Street Strut* (née *Ding-Dong Daddy*) as the first of what is to be hoped will be a long line of British improvised recordings. Everyone plays with just that carefree spirit which is so essential to this type of performance, with Tommy McQuater cutting loose in his best manner and making full use of both registers. Eddie Macauley again shows that he is quite the best we have here and comparable with America's best, and during Danny's exciting last three choruses there seems to be more than a hint that everyone is enjoying the situation enormously.

As long as this kind of thing continues, unstinted praise from this department is a surety.

IMPROVEMENT NOTED

Shoot the Likker To Me, John Boy, Vocalion S120. The arrangement seems to have been inspired by the better coloured bands with a true rhythmic urge. The bring-down is vocalist Leo Watson, that trombone player from the Spirits of Rhythm. He mars what otherwise might have been a peerless swing disc. The band plays with real conviction and Artie's clarinet is in the Goodman class.

The reserve is Tipperary, a boring attempt at jazzing up.

FAMILY PARTY

The Norvo band seems very intense and greatly excited about being in a recording studio during *Do You Ever Think Of Me*. The performance is as polished as usual and Red's dainty playing weaves itself about in this and the reverse. *The Morning After*, in which Mildred Bailey sings. This is a slow, sentimental kind of number, the words of which would have some difficulty in getting past a public morals committee. It is vocalion S 108.

Miss Bailey does certain things to *The Moon Got In My Eyes* and especially to that saga of the sickle, *It's The Natural Thing To Do*. She runs disarmingly through the whole gamut of pastoral problems marital with great support from Messrs. Buck Clayton (trumpet); Hersal Evans (tenor); E. Hall (clarinet); J. Sherman (piano); F. Green (guitar); J. Jones (drums); and W. Paige (bass), who must all have bouquets for their fine performance. Vocalion S 119.

Perhaps Artie Shaw has never made a better record than

JAN 1938
by "MIKE"

Benny Carter and His Orchestra.
"My Buddy."
"Lazy Afternoon."
Vocalion S.118 A. — B.

Guest artist Hawkins on the first side makes me put up with the too-loud-echo of the recording.

Still, I wish Benny and Hawk would go back to America.

These sides lack that elusive something called atmosphere. Freddy Johnson's piano is swell; so is George Chisholm's trombone.

And as for Hawkins

This is the grand manner and no mannerisms.

I played this side twice—I can't say more.

●
Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra.
"The Moon Got in My Eyes."
"It's the Natural Thing to Do."
Vocalion S.119 A. — B.

Mrs. Norvo didn't come out top in the MELODY MAKER Referendum's women vocalists' section.

Which just proves the futility of Referendums.

She has the supreme gift of making

interesting songs I wouldn't cross a ditch for.

But I suspect La Bailey of catching some of Billie Holiday's mannerisms. At least, Billie's charming habits become mannerisms in anybody else.

And still the Referendum was all wrong. Mildred Bailey is unique. Which means that any record she makes, I'll play twice.

●
Artie Shaw and His New Music.
"It's a Long Way to Tipperary."
"Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy."
Vocalion S.120 A. — B.

The only swing "Tipperary" ever had swung a lot of British soldiers into their graves.

Something like a million of them, Mr. Artie Shaw.

Clean, but not funny.

DAILY EXPRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1938.



VOCAL

I'M sorry to have to say it, but Messrs. Gigli, Tauber, Tracy and Bing Crosby just have to step down this week while I award the prize in their section to a seventeen-year-old New York cullud gal called Maxine Sullivan.

As middle-age creeps upon me I had thought that I might settle by the fire towards evening with a pipe, a good book and the Misses Connie Boswell or Frances Langford. And now along comes Miss Sullivan to wake me up again.

She has a voice like one of those celluloid balls they throw up on water jets at shooting galleries; light as a bubble and miraculously poised.

And she sings a slow, mournful number called "Gone with the Wind" (Vocalion S.125.B) with just that "lift" to move you.



VOCALION

Teddy Wilson and His Orch. (Am. Mixed)

*****Nice work if you can get it* (Gershwin)
(v) (B21982)

****Things are looking up* (Gershwin) (v)
(B21983)
(Vocalion S128—3s.).

Wilson (p) with **F. Robinson** (cl); **V. Musso** (ten); "**Buck**" **Clayton** (tmp); **A. Reuss** (g); **W. Paige** (b); **Swing Roo** (ds). Vocalist: **Billie Holiday**.

Although *Nice work* has its brighter aspects, both these are essentially records for when you are in a quiet, pensive mood.

"Buck" Clayton provides a mild shock by starting *Things are looking up* with the melody of *I can't get started with you*, but you soon find out that you haven't got the Berigan record on after all, and settle down to the dreaminess of a rather seductively sad Billie Holiday, and a generally somewhat subdued band, the appeal of which lies in its finesse. All of which seems to be in keeping with the number, in spite of the suggestion to the contrary in the title.

Whether this restraint is quite so appropriate to *Nice work* is a matter you must judge for yourselves. But even if you find the answer in the negative, I think you are likely to agree that this is the more attractive side. Billie Holiday has some good twists on the original lyric, Teddy Wilson's piano playing is in every way immaculate, Vido Musso's tenor is tastefully artistic, and even if the whole thing isn't the acme of liveliness, it still has the hall-mark of that particular brand of polite elegance which has been the Wilson trade mark for some time.

The new Vocalion records for February 1st are not to hand at time of closing for press.

They will be reviewed next month.

Thatcher Henderson and His Orchestra

(Am. N.)

****Let 'er go* (Clinton) (v by **Jerry Blake**)
(B21731)

****What's your story* (Johnson, Henderson)
(B2173)
(Vocalion S129—3s.).

Fletcher Henderson (p) with **Hilton Jefferson**, **Jerry Blake** (altos); **Elmer Williams** (ten); **Dick Vance**, **Russell Smith**, **Emmett Berry** (tmbs); **Ed. Cuffee**, **John McConnell**, **Al Wynn** (trmbs); **L. Lucie** (g); **Israel Crosby** (b); **Pete Suggs** (ds).

Have you noticed what a fashion it has become to make up hot tunes of licks? The sort of phrases that were once used

mainly as breaks now make the first two bars of the number, the second two are an echo of, or answer to it, and so the whole chorus goes on, with possibly a more flowing melody for the third eight bars, but often only the same procession of licks. And the barrenness of the procedure is none the less obvious for the fact that they try to cover it up by scoring the lick in harmony for one section of the band (usually the trumpets) and then changing the colour by giving the answer to some other section (usually the trombones or saxes).

Although (as you will see if you care to recall, for instance, the tune *Big apple*) he is by no means the only perpetrator of this vogue, one of its arch priests is Larry Clinton. He has practised the fashion for more than one of the earlier compositions, and now here he is doing it again in *Let 'er go*. But perhaps after all there's something to be said for the scheme. It lends itself well to colourful orchestration and rhythmic interpretation, though why Mr. Clinton should have this time chosen a lick which, if only from too constant usage, is already becoming one of the corniest of the day, beats me, and I have to confess that although Fletcher Henderson's *What's your story* may not be the most inspired of tunes, it is at least a bit above Clinton's.

The performances are about equal to the tunes. With arrangements that, except for a couple of clarinet solos by Jerry Blake, feature mainly the ensemble in the current mode of block scoring, they have their points, but if I've heard worse from other people I've heard better from Fletcher.

Glenn Miller and His Orchestra (Am.)

****Community swing* (Miller) (B21236)

****Sleepy time gal* (Lorenzo, Whiting)
(B21235)
(Vocalion—S127—3s.).

Miller (trmb) with **Geo. Firaro**, **Hal McIntyre** (altos); **Carl Biesecker** (ten); **Ch. Spivak**, **Mannie Klein**, **Sterling Bose** (tmbs); **Jeffe Ralph**, **Harry Rodgers**, **Jerry Jerome** (trmbs); **Howard Smith** (p); **Dick McDonough** (g); **Ted Kotsaftis** (b); **Geo. Simon** (ds.).

Many of you will remember Glenn Miller as one of the chief arrangers for the Dorsey Brothers when they ran a joint orchestra, and Red Nichols in the days of the Five Pennies. He is also of course one of the best trombone players of the old jazz school.

One of Miller's pet devices was to bestow a rich warmth of tone colour on a simple melody by scoring it in close harmony for instruments playing in the lower register, with comparatively little deviation from the original theme or intricate weaving of counter melodic effects. This procedure he has adopted in *Sleepy time gal*, and the result is most attractively melodious especially as the performance is so good, balance and phrasing both being excellent.

Community swing as a composition is more on the lick-and-answer principle, which I have just described in the foregoing Fletcher Henderson disc, and the arrangement is consequently more in keeping with it. But even here one finds Miller's penchant for quality and richness of tone, and the same nice, clean straightforward phrasing.

Both records should appeal particularly to those who like the less bizarre, more melodic types of jazz.

"DISC-COURSE"

HEAT IN THE POLO REGIONS

DECCA F. 6550.

Blue Murder.
That's A Plenty.

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars.
(Personnel as last month.)

SEEPING through the upper crust of British dance music have come the above titles, creating a new high for swing music made in this country by British players and giving more than a jolt to America's hitherto acknowledged supremacy in this field.

Blue Murder is just the blues. Eddie Macauley and Tommy McQuater one chorus apiece and Danny all but four. Tommy proves himself to be England's most ex-

THE PICK OF THIS
MONTH'S RECORDS
OF INTEREST TO
MUSICIANS

citabile and exciting trumpet player; Eddie has developed his Wilson complex into a charming personal style and Danny builds up his choruses with a fine sense of climax; he really blows rhythm into that clarinet.

Unfortunately, the rhythm section is incredibly weak as a section. Dick Ball backs up splendidly, but as there are only two melody in-

struments in the band these four should have contrived to give a more solid background. This is very apparent on the reverse—a scrappy, hell-for-leather affair, popping away with a series of minor explosions.

Scott Wood's *I'm SINCEREST* *Gettin' Sentimental*
FORM OF *Over You* is very
FLATTERY much in the Dorsey manner, complete

with trombone and sax choruses, but while the former is in every way a technical and tonal achievement a great deal of the atmosphere is lost by its almost entire lack of legato treatment. A little of the robustness of this rhythm section would have not come amiss in the Polo sides.

For the reverse we have *Star Dust*, in which Freddy Gardner comes into his own with a beautiful, straightish, and warm-toned alto solo, in fact I could have done with more of this and less of the histrionics of the lady vocalist. Columbia FR 1852.

By now the tremendous capabilities of the Sullivan vocal chords will have become apparent, though I have come across two flagrant confessions of ignorance of her existence from her very doorstep. Maxine has four credits on Vocalion this month; two with the Onyx boys, *Annie Laurie* and *Blue Skies*, and two as vocalist with Claude Thornhill's pick-up band, *Gone With The Wind* and *Stop! You're Breakin' My Heart*, S 122 and 125 respectively. What also emerges from these discs is Thorn-

Red Norvo still maintains his position as the slightly amplified King of Swish with *Russian Lullaby* and *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*, Vocalion S 212. Edgar Sampson arranged the latter with good results, though for this type of number the brass is rather on the weak side. Red's xylophone is,

as usual, amazingly deft and by way of variety you will spot a quotation from Rimsky-Korsakov during the tenor solo in *Clap Hands*.

hill's beautiful phrasing and the all-to-brief appearance of Toots Mondello, a white alto player who has long been recognised for his perfect tone and section leadership. Maxine is a natural born stylist and knows the value of the word legato. Frank Newton's short solo in *Blue Skies* is also something to mark, as well as the really swell arrangements on both sides of this record.

SEE OTHER

Artie Shaw Tackles 24-inches of Blues

Hot Records Reviewed
By "ROPHONE"

CURRENCY GUIDE

- ★★★★ Pounds
- ★★★ Shillings
- ★★ Pence
- ★ Day-before-payday

Artie Shaw and His New Music.
"The Blues" (Parts I and II).
(*** Vocalion S.124.)

THIS idea, of which to my knowledge Shaw's is the first instance on record, should have been carried out years ago. The claims that its popularity is holding jazz back and not eradicate the fact that twelve-bar blues has always been like an armchair at the bedside to real hot musicians; so, as long as they continue to enjoy playing blues (and they will always play their best when the theme has an appeal for them), blues records will continue to be made and will continue to thrill those who under-

stand the basic sincerity and unpretentiousness of jazz of this kind.

To embark on a double-sided blues, then, is an experiment that might have been undertaken by any recording outfit in the past twenty years, and one which Shaw and his boys approached with obvious enthusiasm. The treatment is unorthodox to a certain extent, notably in the framing of the routine round the pianist, Les Burness, and the strong drum rhythms throughout, with a frequent six-eight effect. Burness has an addiction to thirds and sixths which makes his style quaintly attractive, but the bland dominant and tonic with which he concludes each side strike me as a rather out-of-place touch of humour.

Exciting Drumming

The drumming, though, adds enormously to the excitement, and, though prominent, is well enough balanced to allow the rest of the rhythm section its due.

Needless to add, the key is B flat—why does the blues invariably sound more at home in this than any other key?—and here is the order of the solos:—two trumpet, two tenor by Tony Pastor (the second really grand), and on the second side two trombone, three clarinet. I don't know which trombonist this is, but whether Mr. Arus or Mr. Rodgers was responsible he is yet another of Artie's finds, and, when identified, must be added to my mental notebook of the jazz élite.

On the minus side of the account are the chorus pinched from Armstrong's *Savoy Blues*, quite unnecessary, and the chorus with polka accompaniment, quite banal. But the net result is emphatically on the plus side.

Claude Thornhill and His Orchestra with Maxine Sullivan.

"Stop! You're Breakin' My Heart."
"Gone With The Wind."
(*** Vocalion S.125.)

This girl Sullivan is just a dream, that's what. She has a chorus and a bit on each side of this record, and steals the honours from under such distinguished noses as those of Messrs. Manny Klein, Arthur Bernstein, Toots Mondello, Babe Rusin, Chauncey Morehouse and Jack Lacey. For a pick-up band this is a good combination. The trumpet work of Klein, if it be really he, is more than a surprise, as I always imagined him as a fine brass-section leader but nothing more.



CLAUDE THORNHILL

who heads a fine pick-up band to accompanying the one and only Maxine Sullivan.

Gone With The Wind gets a wee bit dull in the second chorus, though if you enjoy Tommy Dorsey playing straight you'll go for Jack Lacey, too. *Stop, etc.* offers all-too-brief evidence of the superiority of Mondello as a white alto ace. Maxine's tone and phrasing beggar description. As a sample I'd like you to catch the way she accents the word "breakin'" both in the first and the last quarters of her chorus.

Hallmark of Carter Genius

Benny Carter and His Orchestra.
"Skip It" (***)

Benny Carter and His Orchestra with Coleman Hawkins.

"Pardon Me Pretty Baby" (**).
(Vocalion S.126.)

In the same style as *I'm In The Mood For Swing*, though the performance is not quite so clean, *Skip It* bears the hallmark of Carter genius, a chorus for four saxophones. Though it's not quite the reed section of the old Club

Harlem Orchestra, it still has Benny on lead alto and a pretty nice blend; after which George Chisholm gives a reposeful, perfectly phrased sixteen-bar solo, Freddy Johnson takes over rather ineffectually before Benny's final alto contest with the ensemble.

Jam Ensemble Is Messy

Pardon Me is less successful than the previous fruits of the Duke sessions. Chisholm, Jimmy William and Johnson all happen to be below their best form, and the jammed ensemble in the first chorus is messy. The best part, a chorus split between Benny's trumpet and Hawkins, in which Hawkins' final phrase is (if I may coin a phrase) simply terrific.

Edgar Hayes Quintet.

"So Rare" (***)
"I Know Now" (**).
(Brunswick 02495.)

Lukewarm swing, served by clarinetist Rudy Powell and rhythm section with vibraphonic interludes by Ken Clark in which you can almost count your clichés before they're hatched and plenty of crooning for the suburban taste (yokel choruses, one might say). *I Know Now* is never more than neutrally pleasant, but *So Rare* is a better vocal and some of Hayes' is salutary piano.

Hot Records
Reviewed
by
"ROPHONE"

Danny Polo (Clarinet Solo) with Eddie Macauley (Piano).

"Mr. Polo Takes A Solo." ***

"Money For Jam." **

(Decca F.6578.)

After the Polo band session was over, Danny stayed behind with Macauley

and Dudley Barber to do a little light mugging, and the above two extra sides are the outcome. Their free-and-easy origin is well reflected in the style, and also, alas, in the under-recording of the drums. *Mr. Polo Takes A Solo* bears a remarkable resemblance to an old chord sequence which you should recognise. Danny's work is completely relaxed, without the slightest forced effect or technical display. Just a hundred per cent. style. Grand stuff.

Money For Jam is a far less successful show; Danny seems to be pulling his punches, as if somebody is standing behind with an axe; and the tempo drags quite noticeably towards the last chorus. Nevertheless, Macauley's chorus, and the passage he shares breaks in with Danny, can hardly offer cause for complaint.

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.

"Things Are Looking Up."

"Nice Work If You Can Get It."

(***Vocalion S.128.)

The first Wilson release since the Jam Album. Welcome back, Teddy and Billie. *Nice Work* is self-descriptive, with some of the nicest work coming from the leader and from Billie in her softer, more restrained mood. Note the way she twists the words and music of *Nice Work* each time, particularly in the last eight.

Things Are Looking Up is a less interesting piece of Gershwin than its

APIARISTS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Queen Bee
- ★★★ King Bee
- ★★ Worker
- ★ Drone

film-mate, and is treated with rather too much respect. Buck Clayton gave me a shock by using an introduction that convinced me I had put Berigan's *I Can't Get Started* on the turntable.

Has it ever occurred to you that Teddy Wilson's impeccability is helped not a little by the piano he uses in the Brunswick studio? It is obviously an instrument with just the right crisp tone for his style. Points like this escape the enthusiasts, who wouldn't care if Teschmaker played on a converted tin whistle with a matchbox lid for a reed.

* * *

Corny Riff
On The Tonic

Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra.

"What's Your Story?"

"Let 'Er Go."

(** Vocalion S.125.)

Let 'Er Go, by Larry Clinton, is a patchwork of *Copper-Coloured Gal* and Clinton's own middle-part of *Spooky Takes A Holiday* (the corny riff on the tonic). *What's Your Story?* is a far more acceptable piece, Henderson's own, but on the strength of the solo work the first side is of more interest. Tenor (Ben Webster), trumpet (probably Dick Vance), and even Israel Crosby on bass, all have their moments, though the honours go to Jerry Blake for his clarinet and vocal work on both this and the backing. He saves the disc from mediocrity, for Fletcher's band has lost the personality of yore, and, though the material (mostly block-scored) is by no means bad, it is not worthy of such a distinguished old name. Blake has a good voice and an appealing, if not pronouncedly hot, style.

* * *

HOT RECORDS
REVIEWED
by
"ROPHONE"

FROTHBLOWERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Tun
- ★★★ Barrel
- ★★ Stein
- ★ Thimble

Glenn Miller and his Orchestra.

"Sleepy Time Gal."

"Community Swing."

(** Vocalion S.127.)

I have hardly yet forgiven Glenn Miller for the unspeakable hot arrangements he perpetrated while with Ray Noble—repetitive, old-fashioned, sluggardly. With a band of his own to interpret his ideas he seems to have perked up a trifle, but his own compo-

sition, *Community Swing*, is still packed to the last millimetre with the same old stock phrases and tiresome unison stuff. Surprisingly, though, this new band puts over a performance that comes near to saving the show. Hal McIntyre is a good new clarinet man. *Sleepy Time Gal* is less cornily scored, with a first chorus that does right by the tune, for which I have always had a soft spot.

Like about fifty-seven other bands at the time of writing, this one has possibilities that sadly need further development.

"ROPHONE,"
Our Hot Record
Critic, has a
GREAT
URGE
to use the
WORD
"GREAT"
for **BILLIE HOLIDAY'S LATEST**



Bobby Stark . . . trumpet with Chick Webb . . . reaches for a high one

Billie Holiday and her Orchestra.
"Summertime" (****).
"Who Wants Love?" (**).
(Vocalion S.130.)

IT SEEM to have used the phrase "Billie Holiday's greatest record" so many times that it is beginning to lack conviction, but *Summertime* is another great temptation. Not only Billie, but the accompanists, the words and the music, combine to establish an interpretation of the title so realistic that you have to loosen your collar.

The recording dates from Billie's first session, its original mate being the memorable *Billie's Blues*. It was, they tell me, recorded on the hottest afternoon of New York's record-breaking heat-wave in summer, 1936, so that the artists had climatic as well as musical inspiration.

The calculated monotony and subtle change from the minor to major key of *Summertime*

makes this the greatest Gershwin tune of the entire *Porgy and Bess* score. The fact that Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, Joe

Bushkin, Dick McDonough, Cozy Cole and Pete Peterson participate will give you an idea of the accompanimental value.

Berigan grows out a lovely introduction and is heard to advantage throughout, while Shaw also upholds the mood established from the first note of the disc.

Don't bother me now with *Who Wants Love?*, which, by comparison at any rate, is just another Holiday record, even with Buster Bailey, Lester Young and Buck Clayton to help it. *Summertime*, when you know it, turns out to be one of the few records of its kind that may outlive by years the material on which it was founded.

Artie Shaw and his New Music.

"Fee Fi Fo Fum" (****).

"Sweet Adeline" (**).

(Vocalion S.131.)

Shaw's guitarist, Al Avola, wrote *Fee Fi Fo Fum*, though, if he wrote the first phrase of the first chorus it must have been a case of re-incarnation. The best parts of this generally rather likeable piece are not the arranged passages, but the solos by Mr. Burness at the keyboard and by Artie, who turns to his own and highly effective use the increasingly overworked trick of placing a heavy anticipatory accent on the last beat of the bar before.

TRANSPORTATION GUIDE

- ★★★★ Limousine
- ★★★ Coupe
- ★★ Push Bike
- ★ Pram

about Basie's piano, with its tinkly one-note exposition of scrappily isolated phrases, but in the coda the effect of his right hand tenths creates a

fine climax.

If the reverse were not a pop tune with a commercial vocal, this would be a four-star coupling.

Louis Armstrong and his Orchest
"Alexander's Ragtime Band."
"Red Cap."

(**Decca F.6583.)

An intro better suited to a newer first chorus shockingly arranged, bleating first alto; vocal at the end of Louis's ability, and a swell trumpet chorus—that's all there is to *Red Cap*, in which the improvise noted lately in Luis Russell's band longer to be observed.

Red Cap is the latest addition to a series of sagas of lower-middle-class for which *Shoeshine Boy* still a vogue. It means pullman for Louis does nothing that he has done ten times better in scores earlier records.

Revolution In Lyric Re-writin

Johnny Mercer and his Orche
"Murder Of J. B. Markham."

"Last Night on The Back Por
(***Vocalion 577.)

I recommend this, with the reservation that they mustn't make any like it, for it is again the type of which is grand once or twice, but easily become boring. Mercer, the writer and singer who was Teagard's buddy on some Whiteman record a six-piece swing choir and a nice band with him there. Most of the sagas feature him as soloist, figured backgrounds, ingeniously scored.

The *Back Porch* revival is aimed at a revolution in lyric re-writing, with champion line in "I kissed her on a sofa in the presence of the chauffeur. For budding rhymesters this is an astonishing object-lesson on the ties you can take with our language. "Tower of Pisa" "Champs Elysees" is a specimen particularly tickles me, but there many other similar gems.

Bar Room Masterpiece

The bar room masterpiece on the back turns out to make quite a fitting battleground for rhythmic purposes. The rhythm section could have been strengthened and the arrangement does not make the best of the number, but there is a particularly noteworthy feature in Artie's own clarinet work; firstly the way he fills in between the phrases of a good vocal by Tony Pastor, but lastly and mostly his solo chorus about an inch from the start of the record.

This is so perfectly (and I mean perfectly in the literal sense this time) constructed, phrased and intonated that in these days when the ear is accustomed to overlooking slips here and fluffs there it might seem almost impossible to believe that this was improvised, did it not carry the imprint, in its musical character, of the genuine jazz idiom.

However emotionally one can be carried away by Teschmaker, Russell, Mezz *et al.*, nobody but Shaw or Goodman could qualify for this particular compliment.

REHEARSAL



The boys have a break for a spot of (very) light refreshment.

No. 5
of a Series
in which
**ANDY
GRAY**
takes you
behind the
scenes to
see the stars
rehearsing



Above: Danny Polo at the mike, with Eddie Freeman and Norman Brown on the guitars.
Below: George Chisholm, Sidney Raymond, Eddie Macauley, and Tommy McQuater.



THIS week I am going to take you to a rehearsal for a jam session recording. "What!" I can almost hear you say: "A rehearsal for a jam session? Nonsense!"

But not so fast. Is it?

Funnily enough, there is usually more preparation for a jam session than for an ordinary

commercial band rehearsal. At a commercial rehearsal once over the spots correctly and everything is fine.

But at a jam session — and especially a jam session that is to be waxed—it isn't as simple as that. The piece is played over first from a rough arrangement and then it is played around with and improvised. Maybe it is tried over five, ten, twenty times with different tone colours and instrumental blending before the result is satisfying—that is, if real swing men are playing it.

Just to prove it, come with me this week to the Decca Recording Studios and hear Danny Polo and his boys gutbucketing their way to fame.

It is rather a strange journey from the "M.M." offices in Tudor Street to the Decca Studios, which take the entire top floor of a large, four-storied, City warehouse. Although the distance is not great, on the way you pass two cold storage firms and enter the warehouse through a centuries-old graveyard. The whole atmosphere is as far away from hot music as Lombardo's schmaltz is from Goodman's swing.

That is until you get right inside the studio. Then the cold storage houses and bone yard are soon forgotten. Your foot starts beating rhythm the minute you hear the tempestuous trills of Danny Polo's clarinet, the rip-roar licks from Tommy McQuater's trumpet, the rhythm from Dudley Barber's drum-sticks, Dick Ball's bass, Eddie Macauley's piano and the guitars of Eddie Freeman and Norman Brown, the coloured guitarist with the Mills Brothers.

usual to have at least three solos of sixteen bars on a side. Solos of fewer bars are not so effective, although Norman Brown made good use of eight bars in *Don't Try Your Jive On Me*.

I noticed that a contrast was always sought when solos were arranged. For instance, after a loud Tommy McQuater spell, Eddie Macauley's quieter piano work made a fine contrast.

But the star of this outfit is undoubtedly Danny Polo. He broke new ground by taking a chorus on alto sax in *Jazz Me Blues*. This was the first time Danny has ever recorded an alto sax solo. Judging by its reception in the recording booth, it won't be the last.

However, good as Danny's alto solo was, I still prefer his quiet, clean-cut clarinet work.

But, just as a band puts over a vocalist by its instrumental background, so, too, does a swing ensemble put over a soloist by its backing up. That is why there was lots of trouble taken in fixing just the right proportion of volume for soloist and ensemble.

There were three mikes: one for the band, one for the guitars—perched on high stools, and one for the piano.

Before the session was ready for the wax, the various instruments changed places several times. Dudley Barber, who uses wire brushes on his cymbal more than sticks on his side-drum, moved his kit to three different spots before it was right. Likewise, burly Dick Ball had to try several positions for his bass.

And Danny Polo, George Chisholm, Sid Raymond and Tommy McQuater changed places four times before they lined up: trumpet (nearest the piano), alto sax, trombone and clarinet.

Another difficulty to be surmounted during rehearsal was the rather ragged entry of the boys after a solo. To rectify this, they came in on the 'bird crotchet of the sixteenth bar, thus allowing a beat for one or two hesitators. This did the trick and resulted in clean, fast "take-ups."

It certainly was non-stop. When the ensemble finished rehearsing, the individuals went on playing, working out new licks and polishing up old ones.

Most enthusiastic about non-stop rehearsals seemed to be Tommy McQuater, George Chisholm and Sid

Raymond, who tried for novel effects over and over again, while the others took a break at the gin bar or on the tennis table at the other end of the studio.

It took about an hour to polish up a number ready for recording, but I cannot tell you how the final efforts sounded, for I left when the rehearsal was over. But if a test of performance is judged on effort at rehearsal, the result should be good.

where he couldn't with mere sales talk.

"I am ready to stand by the Association," he said, "so long as the others do, but I am not going to see my business ruined, and if something isn't done about it immediately I shall default too and give out special orchestrations myself."

BEHIND THE SCENES

This threat of independent action and open breach brought matters to a head within the publishers' association, and there is now considerable activity going on behind the scenes to see what can be done about it and how the house can once again be put in order.

The B.B.C. still frowns against any such practice, but it apparently turns a blind eye to the obvious fact that it has been going on and may still go on if steps are not taken actively to prevent it.

Or should it be prevented? Wouldn't it be a much better thing for the B.B.C., the publishers' association and the D.B.D.A. to have a three-cornered agreement on the matter?

OBITUARY

THE MELODY MAKER deeply regrets to announce the death last Sunday, February 6, of the well-known pianist, Edward Norris, and hastens to offer its deepest sympathy to his young widow, Mrs. Goula Norris, and the bereaved parents.

Edward Norris, who was in his thirty-seventh year, passed away peacefully after a long illness at the London residence of his father, Moss Isaac Esq., one of the oldest members of the London Stock Exchange.

The funeral took place last Wednesday at the Crematorium, Golder's Green.

Gives the Chicago Flavour

Add to this George Chisholm's trombone (an addition which gives the Chicago flavour) and Sid Raymond's tenor sax and what have you? That's right. England's reply to America's swing supremacy!

The boys were lifting *Don't Try Your Jive On Me* and going out of the world on it. Len Feather...

LONDON

Edited by
Noel
Thompson

Round
About
Midnight
By IAIN LANG



DANNY POLO

JAZZ CORNER

SINCE I referred a week or two ago to young George Chisholm and his trombone, I have been asked again and again where he can be heard. Luckily a gramophone record (F6604) has just been issued which gives generous samples of Chisholm. On this record he is with "Danny

Polo and his Swing Stars," who also include two of Ambrose's aces—Polo himself and Tommy McQuater, Scots trumpet player.

Polo's hot clarinet will be a revelation to those who have heard him only with Ambrose.

'Jive'

ONE side of the record is "Mozeltov"—Hebrew for "Good Luck"—and the other, even better, is "Don't Try Your Jive On Me."

"Jive," in Harlesemese, has several meanings. In this case it means "kidding."

P.S.—My ultimatum on the subject of Bob Crosby band records has been effective. "Squeeze Me" will be issued next month, and "South Rampart-street Parade" soon afterwards.

IAIN LANG

DECCA

presents Album No. 2 of

"JAM MUSIC"



Starring
TEDDY WILSON RED NORVO
BENNY GOODMAN COUNT BASIE
STUFF SMITH BENNY CARTER
WILLIE SMITH

and Stars from the Bands of
DUKE ELLINGTON,
BENNY GOODMAN,
FLETCHER HENDERSON
and many others.

TEDDY WILSON AND HIS ORCH.

- J8 { No. 1 How Could You? Fox-Trot Vocalist: Billie Holiday
 No. 2 Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, Slow F.T. " "

TEDDY WILSON (Piano Solos)

- J9 { No. 3 Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Quick-Step
 No. 4 Don't Blame Me, Blues

TEDDY WILSON'S QUARTET with RED NORVO, HARRY JAMES, JOHN SIMMONS

- J10 { No. 5 Blue Mood, Blues
 No. 6 (Parts 1 and 2)

STUFF SMITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA

- J11 { No. 7 After You've Gone, Quick-Step Vocalist: Stuff Smith
 WILLIE SMITH ("The Lion") AND HIS CUBS
 No. 8 Achin' Hearted Blues, Slow F.T. Vocalist: O'Neal Spencer

TEDDY WILSON'S QUARTET with RED NORVO, HARRY JAMES, BOB HOWARD AND HIS ORCHESTRA with BENNY CARTER, TEDDY WILSON

- J12 { No. 9 Honeysuckle Rose, Fox-Trot No Vocal. JOHN SIMMONS
 BOB HOWARD AND HIS ORCHESTRA with
 BENNY CARTER, TEDDY WILSON
 No. 10 I Can't Dance (I've Got Ants in My Pants), Fox-Trot

COUNT BASIE QUINTET

- J13 { No. 11 Evenin' Fox-Trot Vocalist: James Rushing
 TEDDY WILSON'S QUARTET with RED NORVO,
 HARRY JAMES, JOHN SIMMONS
 No. 12 Ain't Misbehavin', Fox-Trot No Vocal.

TEDDY WILSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

- J14 { No. 13 Remember Me, Fox-Trot Vocalist: "Boots" Castle
 No. 14 I'll Never be the Same, Slow F.T. Vocalist: Billie Holiday

7 records (14 titles) complete in Album with Leaflet, 17 6. Single records 2 6 each.

DOWN BEAT, CHICAGO, May 1938

DANNY POLO (Decca)
B-1 Blue Murder, More Than Somewhat (Polo).

WINGY MANNONE (Decca)
B-2 Tar Paper Stomp, Tin Roof Blues, Weary Blues, The Butter and Egg Man.

SIDNEY BECHET (Decca)
C-2 Viper Mad, Sweet Patootie.

JOHNNY DODDS (Decca)
C-2 Blues Galore, Shake Your Can.

Of all the jam records this month, the two sides by Danny Polo take the honors. They are polished, well conceived, and played with feeling and ingenuity. Once again American hats must go off to these English musicians.

Except for the Polo record, the general quality of performance of these discs is so low that they were rated stereotyped, in spite of excellent work by individual soloists.

ACE TROMBONIST TURNS UP TRUMPS AS AN ARRANGER

Danny Polo and his Swing Stars.

"Don't Try Your Jive On Me" (***)

"Mozeltov" (***)

Eddie Carroll and his Orchestra.

"Dinah."

"If I Had You."

(***Parlophone R.2473.)

GENTLEMEN, I give you the star of the month—George Chisholm. Not only does he tear off his greatest recorded chorus to date in *Don't Try Your Jive On Me*, thus raising this Polo title to a level higher than anything on the previous session, but he also crashes through with amazing success as an arranger in Eddie Carroll's *Dinah*.

Without any of the usual theoretical training, with no-

thing but the instinctive flair for swing that his trombone playing betrays, he has turned out an orchestration that enables this band to sound more like a first-class American swing outfit of similar size than anything previously made in Britain, even including anything Ambrose has made. I hail Chisholm as the first British arranger who has exactly the right idea, and no pretentious ambitions towards programme music or any of the flamboyant effects that have spoilt the efforts of others over here.

Band Deserves Plenty of Credit

The band itself deserves plenty of credit, too. It is disastrous that this group has since dissolved. The reed and brass sections have real attack; only the rhythm lacks what it takes, and that probably through under-recording. The clarinet solo by Jay Farley, with lovely tone, is a particular surprise.

If I Had You, arranged by Carroll himself, is the same thing on less successful lines, starting well but tending to monotony owing to the close adherence to this not very extraordinary tune.

To revert to the Polo jive, in addition to the excitement of George's chorus, one must note the increased fullness of the ensemble in the excellent first chorus, and the use of a five-piece rhythm section with two guitars as in the old Condon-Bland days. I need hardly add that Danny's own solo is grand.

Swinging Jewish Folk Songs?

The old Jewish ditty, *Mozeltov*, makes a good minor-key sixteen-bar swing chorus. Danny takes his first recorded tenor solo. His ideas are there, but the technique

Hot Records Reviewed . . . by "Rophone"



George Chisholm, trombonist outstanding and now in the running for pen honours

weak. Chisholm again walks away with the honours. Throughout the last half of this side is worked a neat fade-out effect by means of successive solos on piano, guitar and lastly bass by Dick Ball, with a startling all-in fortissimo two-bar ending.

Mozeltov to you, Mr. Chisholm!

GANGSTERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Big Shot
- ★★★ Torpedo
- ★★ Con Man
- ★ Squealer

U.S. TOP-OF-THE-POLL TRUMPETER'S RECORD

DOG FANCIERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Pedigree
- ★★★ Thoroughbred
- ★★ Good Points
- ★ Mongrel

Harry James and his Orchestra.

"Life Goes To A Party."

"When We're Alone."

(***Vocalion S.133.)

HERE at last is the recording debut as a star in his own right of Harry James, who has been elevated on to a dangerous pinnacle by out-voting Armstrong, Berigan and all, in the *Down Beat* Referendum. It is hard to expect anyone to live up to an honour of this sort, but on his showing here James has clearly established a claim to a high rating, if not as high as all that, among the world's trumpeters.

Life Goes To A Party is his own composition, which he has featured with Goodman's band and presents here with a nine-piece combination. The saxes play raggedly and out of tune. It is fortunate that they have little to do as a unit and that the ensemble as a whole has considerable punch.

Points to note are the nice harmonic ideas of Jess Stacy in his rather too single-notey piano solo (particularly like the passage around bar 12); the sense of form and climax in Herschel Evans' excellent tenor chorus; and, in the two trumpet choruses that follow, Harry James' ability to build up an atmosphere almost in the manner of Louis' *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, aided by exciting figures in the background, Joe Jones' drumming and Stacy's occasional intrusions, all of which cut into one another without any confusing effect, James really sends himself, the orchestra and the listener. I'm sorry about the mechanical fade-out at the end. I thought only British bands resorted to that sort of trick nowadays.

Goodman's New Slide Man

"When We're Alone" is as near as I admit to *Whisper Sweet*, but contains good things by Stacy and Evans, and an eight-bar muted trumpet solo by Dick Clayton. Vernon Brown, Goodman's new trombonist, played on this date and wrote the arrangements.

The welding of Goodman and Basie talent in this disc bodes further treats. Harry James has got something here.

Woody Herman and his Orchestra.

"Dupree Blues."

"Doctor Jazz."

(***Brunswick 02558.)

This much can be said for the above coupling: it gives you a chance at last to hear what the Herman band is really like, the previous titles released here having been rather unkind to him. Woody's band has a Dixielandish personality akin to Bob Crosby's, and Woody himself, as I keep pointing out, an agreeable cross between Teagarden and Bing.



HARRY JAMES

Dupree Blues gives him some nice material to work on; the band does nicely enough, and the solos are passable. Neil Reid plays a neat trombone. *Doctor Jazz* has rather too many clichés to be a commendable arrangement, but here again you will like Woody's vocalising.

Teddy Grace (Vocal).

"I'm So In Love With You."

"I'm Losing My Mind Over You."

(**Brunswick 02555.)

Miss Grace made her debut so promisingly with *Rock It For Me* (02475) that this coupling lets us down. She sings nicely, but somehow just fails to rock it. Of the accompanists, the rhythm section is heavy, the clarinetist (Slat's Long) interesting and remarkably like Joe Marsala.

Chick Webb and his Orchestra.

"Rock It For Me."

"Strictly Jive."

(***Brunswick 02559.)

If you had Teddy Grace rock it for you, take warning that Ella Fitzgerald must have her place in an adjacent rocking chair, her version being no less indispensable to any self-respecting collection. It's a one-woman show, vocal from start to finish, and Ella has that intangible lift and ease in her phrasing that will ruin your blood pressure. My only fear is that her current mannerism of sticking in a couple of extra aitches

to pad out certain phrases may become tiresome. (Spre-he-head around, ple-he-henty tight, ho-ho-ho-ho-rock-it-for-me.)

Strictly Jive, even with Webb as composer on the label credit, sounds like the work either of a white arranger or a very indifferent coloured one. The saxes are strictly on the ribs, as are the many familiar licks in the score, though Taft's blowing helps to stir up the embers a trifle. Tolerable, but nowhere near the class of the backing.

Lil Armstrong and her Orchestra.

"When I Went Back Home"

(***).

"Lindy Hop" (**).

(Brunswick 02553.)

I like Lil's personality, and I cannot grumble at the tenor solo by Prince Robinson, the piano by James Sherman and the clarinet by Buster Bailey in *When I Went Back Home*. What I can and do grumble about is the balance in the rhythm section, which seems to be all drums. *Lindy Hop* is not the old pop of that title.

Red Norvo and his Orchestra.

"Worried Over You" (***).

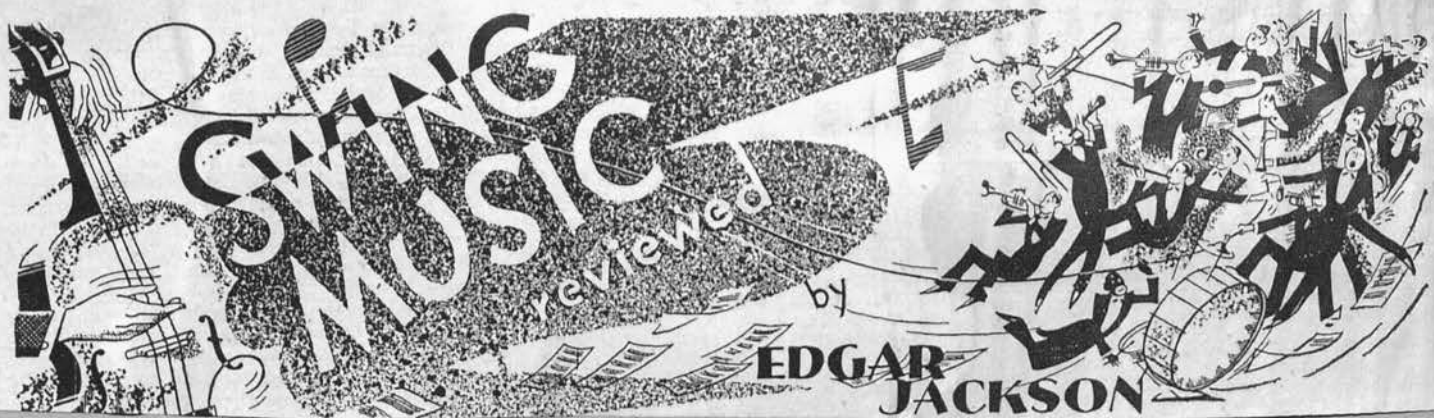
"Tears In My Heart" (**).

(Vocalion S.132.)

Both slow, thoughtful, with a lovely chorus by Mildred, nice clarinet and xylophone; both just a trifle dull.

Hot Records
Reviewed
by
"ROPHONE"

Champion rhyme in the first aside is "quarrelin'" with "dar'g." Can you take it?



DECCA

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars

****Don't try your jive on me* (Polo) (DTB3484)

****Mozellov* (Polo) (DTB3485) (Decca F6604—2s.).

Polo (*cl., ten*) with **T. McQuater** (*tmp*); **G. Chisholm** (*trmb*); **E. Macauley** (*b*); **N. Brown, Eddie Freeman** (*gs*); **Dick Ball** (*b*); **Dudley Barber** (*ds*).

Have you ever had a plum tree that has not been without its abundance of fruit and then one morning gone out to find that over night has grown a new plum, the largest and ripest of them all? If so you have some idea of what the addition of Geo. Chisholm means to this group. Geo. is becoming a second Higginbotham.

And Mr. Chisholm is not the only change in the tree. Since I went into ecstasy over this little jam combination last January, yet another plum has appeared—Norman Brown, the Mills Brothers' coloured guitarist. He seems to have found a spot to sprout which is not so hidden from the sunlight as Freeman's, and is a great success.

I shall have to content myself with saying that it is chock full of haunting melodies, that of them all *Summertime* is one of the most fascinating, and that Billie Holiday sings it as it should be sung.

Other side not such a good tune, but equally good performance.

Harry James and His Orch. (Am. Mixed)

****Life goes to a party* (Goodman, James) (B.22086)

*****When we're alone* (From "Penthouse Serenade") (Jason, Burton) (B22084) (Vocalion S133—3s.).

James (*tmp*) with **Carl Warren, Jack Washington** (*altos*); **Herschel Evans** (*ten*); **"Buck" Clayton** (*tmp*); **Eddie Durham** (*trmb* and arranger); **J. Stacy** (*p*); **W. Paige** (*b*); **Joe Jones** (*ds*).

Goodman's hot trumpet man (he recently came top in a "Who's Your Favourite Swing Trumpet?" referendum in America, polling more votes than people like Armstrong, Berigan, "Cooty," etc.), with Goodman's pianist and a contingent from Bill Basie's coloured band.

Life goes to a party is fast, exciting, and in addition to having good solos by Stacy, Evans and James, shows how a rhythm section can tear things up and yet keep the party clean.

The other side is apparently what happened after the party was over. The conversation is less of a hubbub, people speak more quietly, choose their words better and say nicer things. I'm all for this more peaceful life.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra (Am.)

****Tears in my heart* (Samuels, Whitcup, Powell) (v) (LA1440)

****Worried over you* (Rose, Nelson) (v) (LA1441)

(Vocalion S132—3s.).

Norvo (*xyl*) with **Len Goldstein, Ch. Lamphere** (*altos*); **H. Haymer** (*ten*); **H. D'Amico** (*cl*); **Louis Mucci, Geo. Wendt, S. Fletcher** (*tmps*); **Al Mastren** (*trmb*); **Bill Miller** (*p*); **Arnold McGarvie** (*g*); **P. Peterson** (*b*); **M. Furtell** (*ds*)
Vocalist: **Mildred Bailey**.

Two rather wistful little trifles played with all the finesse of Norvo's excellent band and none the less appealing for "Red's" elegant xylophone and Mildred Bailey's singing.

The Rhythm Wreckers (Am.)

***Somebody stole my gal* (Wood) (21435)

***Wabash blues* (Dingle, Meinken) (19918)

(Vocalion S135—3s.).

Fazola (*cl*); **L. Singer** (*xyl*); **L. Reiner** (*g*); **M. Stein** (*b*); **B. Johnson** (*ds*).

Vocalion proudly announce this "The Corniest Record Ever Made" and I've no quarrel with the description. But I shall really have to report the matter to our Ministry of Labour. The importation of such records by American bands is simply taking the bread out of the mouths of some of our own. And there is no excuse that the Americans do the job better than we do.

VOCALION

Artie Shaw and His New Music (Am.)

****Fee fi fo fum* (Shaw, Avola) (B21459)

***Sweet Adeline* (v by **Tony Pastor**) (B21425)

(Vocalion S131—3s.)

*****Free wheeling* (Shaw) (v by **Leo Watson**) (B21715)

*****I've a strange new rhythm in my heart* (From "Rosalie") (Porter) (v by **Leo Watson**) (B21711)

(Vocalion S134—3s.).

Shaw (*cl*) with **Les Robinson, Henry Freeman** (*altos*); **Tony Pastor, Jules Rubin** (*tens*); **John Best, Malcolm Crain, Tom di Carlo** (*tmps*); **H. Rodgers, Geo. Arus** (*trmps*); **Les Burness** (*p*); **Al Avola** (*g*); **Ben Ginsberg** (*b*); **Cliff Leeman** (*ds*).

Note.—This personnel applies also to *The Blues* (21462-3) reviewed January, on p. 351. It was responsible also for B21710 and B21714 reviewed December last (p. 307), and not as then stated the personnel as given in THE GRAMOPHONE for October, 1937. Apologies for error.

Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra

(Am. Mixed)

*****Summertime* (From "Porgy and Bess") (Gershwin) (v) (B19537)

****Who wants love?* (Film, "The Bride Wore Red") (Kahn, Waxman) (v) (B21687)

(Vocalion S130—3s.).

19537—with **Art Shaw** (*cl*); **Berigan** (*tmp*); **J. Bushkin** (*p*); **D. McDonough** (*g*); **P. Peterson** (*b*); **"Cozy" Cole** (*ds*).

21687—with **"Buster" Bailey** (*cl*); **Lester Young** (*ten*); **"Buck" Clayton** (*tmp*); **C. Thornhill** (*p*); **F. Green** (*g*); **W. Paige** (*b*); **J. Jones** (*ds*).

At last the music of "Porgy and Bess" has been released here, and *Summertime* being the first record from this Negro opera by the late Geo. Gershwin to be reviewed in this section, I ought to have been able to make it the occasion to tell you something of the interesting story of the opera, and how it came to be written.

But with only a few inches left, it seems

PERFECTION"

RED NORVO collects unstinted eulogy from our critic this week.

ays our Hot Records Critic "GROPPHONE" of Teddy Wilson's Disc "Blue Mood"



nd Album of Jam Music. Decca, seven records, 2s. 6d. each (with album 17s. 6d.) Teddy Wilson's Quartet. "Blue Mood" (Parts I and II). (***Decca J.10.)

Count Basie Quintet, with James Rushing (Vocal). "Evenin'." Teddy Wilson's Quartet. "Ain't Misbehavin'." (***Decca J.13.)

HOPE I shall be pardoned for plunging straight into an analysis of the above record without any preamble about the jam album as a whole, with which I shall be dealing later. At the moment this record has me so excited that I can hardly talk about anything else.

Having got that load of blues off my chest, I can turn with equanimity to the rest of the album, which, one observes, is more varied in content than the previous one. Whereas in Vol. I thirteen of the fourteen sides were orchestral Wilson records and the other one a Wilson piano solo, the present album only contains four Wilson orchestral sides, the other material being composed of four sides by the Wilson-Norvo quartet, two piano solos (infinitely better, I'm glad to say, than the disappointing one in the last album), and four sides by entirely different jam combinations under other leaders.

SWIMMERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Trudgeon
- ★★★ Side Stroke
- ★★ Breast Stroke
- ★ Cramp!

Blue Mood (released in Decca as *Just a Mood*, but changed here to avoid confusion with Benny Carter's compilation) is a twelve-bar blues through-bridge, no intro, no bridges, no — played by Red Norvo, Gropphone; Teddy Wilson, Harry

Of this last group, the most interesting to me is Count Basie's *Evenin'*, by the same group whose *Shoeshine Swing* and *Lady Be Good* came out almost a year ago. The interest lies in the fact that when I first received a copy of *Evenin'* a year ago I could not see it at all. James Rushing's singing seemed too much on the rough side, and since the vocal occupies most of the record, there wasn't much left to enjoy.

James takes four choruses, on the next four (split up between the A and B sides) and three, James returning for the twelfth and last chorus.

Humbly I confess that Comrade Hammond at the time told me I was crazy; and after incessant playings I have come to realise that Rushing's singing has not only a gradual fascination, but perfect musical discipline

Too much for the hard facts. To all the heights of rhetoric that I find essential to an adequate description of the beauty of the record is a task that I would not be unwilling to undertake, but which would turn this column into a record review into a page-er. The Decca leaflet is much cautious in describing this as "one of the greatest jazz records of the last ten years." I would go a farther than that. I would say that no jazz record at any time has given me greater pleasure or greater thrill.

Wilson (Piano Solos). "Don't Blame Me." "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." (****Decca J.9.)

Wilson plays the blues of his life; Norvo plays with the most swinging and excels anything ever recorded; Harry James has an astonishing propensity for the blues, playing his four uses right off in the first side but allowing one's interest to wander for a second.

Only an abject Philistine could find the slightest word against these, the two finest solos Teddy has ever recorded. You may well imagine that Eddie Macauley all but cried when he first heard them.

It were not for one detail—occasionally doubtful pitch of the bassist—this could be called a perfect record. At all times, it is as near to perfection as anything I ever want to hear.

The quartet's *Ain't Misbehavin'* on the back is worlds apart from *Blue Mood*, but is nevertheless charming and unassuming music, which might easily have been ruined if that out-of-tune bass player had been near enough to the microphone.

The first side is taken dead slow, the second fast. Both have the sense of form so essential to a solo, and the exquisite musicianship so natural to Wilson.

which you may not recognise at first, in the same way that, as I explained recently, you may find Bessie Smith crude until you have adapted your ear to her style.

Evenin' is not only a fine tune with good lyrics, but it is an extraordinarily intriguing record altogether, with a splendid first chorus by Basie on piano, and excellent accompanying effects by Lester Young on tenor and Carl Smith on trumpet during the vocals.

The quartet's *Ain't Misbehavin'* on the back is worlds apart from *Blue Mood*, but is nevertheless charming and unassuming music, which might easily have been ruined if that out-of-tune bass player had been near enough to the microphone.

Bob Howard and his Orchestra. "I Can't Dance, I've Got Ant In My Pants." Teddy Wilson's Quartet. "Honeysuckle Rose." (***Decca J.12.)

The Bob Howard side dates from those early days when he used a good band, including Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson and Buster Bailey. Teddy leads off with a nice chorus, Bailey has some good stuff, Benny is below par on trumpet, and perversely I find the most attractive feature is Howard himself whom I have usually found quite boring. He uses an entirely different routine and even alters the chord sequence of the number, but the main thing is that his personality registers. For *Honeysuckle Rose* (what, again?) my comments on *Ain't Misbehavin'* can be lifted in toto.

I will now skip the rest of the jam album until next week and turn to other things.

Artie Shaw and his New Music. "I've A Strange New Rhythm In My Heart" (***). "Free Wheeling" (**). (Vocalion S.134.)

As far as I am concerned you can keep most of this record as long as you leave me the sixteen bars on side A and the eight on side B, in which there are all-too-brief appearances by my favourite vocalist, Leo Watson.

To be able to improvise such delightful phrases at all, much less sing them in tune, is an achievement for which Leo Watson deserves everything short of the Legion of Honour. He has redeemed the decadent art of scat singing.

"The Corniest Record Ever Made" —The Rhythm Wreckers. "Wabash Blues." "Somebody Stole My Gal." (Vocalion S.135.)

As the official title explains, this is another of those burlesques, but funnier than most. I haven't attempted to star it, as it depends on your sense of humour. The absurd glissing of the Hawaiian guitar, and the horses' hooves effects, plus wa-wa-trumpet and Fazola's pre-War clarinet phrases make the first side the better of the two from the jive standpoint, but on *Somebody Stole My Gal* the concluding chorus is played in modern style, by way of contrast, and reminds us that Fazola can be a swell clarinetist when he means to.



Teddy Wilson

Another Album of "JAM" MUSIC

Ready on March 4th will be another Decca album of Jam Music. Out of the seven records (2/6 each separately) only three sides do not feature Teddy Wilson. As they have not yet arrived for review, here are the essential details:—

Teddy Wilson (Piano solos): "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea"/"Don't Blame Me" (No. J9).

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra: "How Could You"/"Can't Help Loving That Man" (No. J8); and: "Remember Me"/"I'll Never be the Same" (No. J14).

Teddy Wilson Quartet (with Red Norvo, Harry James and J. Simmons): "Blue Mood." Two sides (No. J10); and: "Honeysuckle Rose" (No. J12); and: "Ain't Misbehaving" (No. J13).

Stuff Smith and His Orchestra: "After You've Gone"; and **Willie Smith and His Cubs:** "Achin' Hearted Blues" (No. J11).

Count Basie Quintet: "Evenin'" (No. J13).

Bob Howard and His Orchestra: "I Can't Dance" (No. J12).

Round About Midnight By IAIN LANG



Left: Paul and Grace Hartman, who will be in the new Sherek show "— And So To Laugh," opening at the Dorchester Restaurant on March 15. Above: Maxine Sullivan.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1938.—Page 9

ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT By IAIN LANG

JAZZ CORNER

THE other night Ambrose said to me, "I'm going to have a fight with you." As I'm always polite to the rich and famous I meekly held out my chin.

It appeared that Bert was indignant because this corner hadn't paid due tribute to his "get-off" trumpet man, Tommy McQuater.

Best Hot Trumpeter

BERT thinks he is the best hot trumpet in the country. I think so, too. So the fight was over before it had begun.



McQuater—here's his picture—comes from Ayrshire. Can anyone tell me why, of the comparatively few dance musicians on this side of the Atlantic who have any idea of swing, about 70 per cent. are Scots?

My own theory is that it's because the folk tunes and popular songs and dances of Scotland have a much stronger rhythmic feeling than the English equivalents.

IT'S possible, too, that the bagpipes have something to do with it. Their nasal sound isn't so far from the "dirty" tone of a Chicago clarinet.

IAIN LANG

FROM HARLEM

A BRIGHT interlude in the ordeal of an impatient patient was the arrival of the New York mail bringing a picture from Maxine Sullivan.

Here it is on the page, to prove that the little high-brown singer from Harlem looks as cute as she sounds.

IT'S good news that things are shaping well for a visit from Maxine. But if she comes to London it will have to be soon, for wise old Sam Goldwyn has signed her up for film work and she is due to go to Hollywood in July.

JAZZ CORNER

TALKING of jazz singers, one of the week's disappointments was Mildred Bailey's contribution to the relay of Red Norvo's band from New York.

I didn't catch even a hint of the appealing spontaneity of her records, such as "Willow Tree" and "More Than You Know," and thought she sounded mechanical and mannered.

Worth the Money

THE ether wasn't over kind to Norvo's xylophone tone. Still, there was a great deal worth listening to, and the orchestrations—by Eddie Sauter, I suppose—alone were worth the price of a year's wireless licence.

IAIN LANG

GREAT STUFF THESE SMITHS!

Hot
Records
Reviewed

Stuff Smith and
His Orchestra.

"After You've
Gone."

Willie Smith (The
Lion) and His
Clubs.

"Achin' Hearted
Blues."

(***Decca J.11.)

G R E A T
s t u f f,
t h e s e
S m i t h s ! W h e t h e r
by coincidence or
in a spirit of wil-
f u l f r i v o l i t y,
D e c c a h a s
c o u p l e d t w o c o l o u r e d b a n d-

l e a d e r s w h o s e c o m m u n i o n b e g i n s
a n d e n d s w i t h t h e i r s u r n a m e s .
T h e f o r c e f u l n e s s o f t h e v i o l i n
o n s i d e A , c o n t r a s t i n g w i t h t h e
e f f o r t l e s s a n d u n c o n c e r n e d m a n -
n e r o f t h e e l d e r S m i t h o n s i d e B ,
t e m p t s m e w i c k e d l y t o a s s e r t
t h a t S t u f f i s r o u g h a n d W i l l i e i s
w i l l y - n i l l y .

S t u f f i s a b i t t o o r o u g h f o r m y
t a s t e o n t h i s p a r t i c u l a r o c c a s i o n ,
a n d i t i s a w o n d e r t h e m i l i t i a
w a s n o t c a l l e d o u t t o b r e a k u p
t h e f i g h t b e t w e e n h i m a n d J o n a h
J o n e s i n t h e l a s t c h o r u s . B u t
t h e t w o s o l o c h o r u s e s a r e
a m o n g s t t h e
m o s t e x c i t i n g
e x a m p l e s o f
j a z z f i d d l e
p l a y i n g y e t r e -
c o r d e d .

T h e L i o n ' s
r a t h e r g e n t l e
r o a r c o n s i s t s o f
a t w e l v e - b a r b l u e s w i t h a c c e p t a b l e
v o c a l s b y O ' N e e l S p e n c e r , d r u m -
m e r f r o m t h e O n y x C l u b B a n d .
T h e w h o l e t e n o r o f t h e p e r -
f o r m a n c e i s m o r e r e l a x e d t h a n
t h a t o f o t h e r r e c e n t l e o n i n e e f -
f u s i o n s , t h e o n l y f a u l t b e i n g t h e l a c k
o f t o n e o r i n d i v i d u a l i t y i n t h e
t r u m p e t p l a y i n g . A n d i f i t ' s r e a l l y
F r a n k l i e N e w t o n I ' l l e a t t h e D e c c a
l e a f l e t w h i c h s a y s s o .



by
"Rophone"

wards, can be very proud of these routine performances. Sunny Side was previously waxed in France, where Louis made a double-sided version for Brunswick with a European band that was touring with him. This new rendering is greatly inferior, though the other one was no masterpiece. Every one of Louis's vocals to-day seems less Armstrong and more hamstrung than the last. The trumpet chorus-and-a-half are the passport, visa and sales ticket which help for identification purposes.

Once In a While has to skip the fences of a vocal and an orchestral chorus

before Louis takes off. The band sounds heavy and lethargic.

Ella Fitzgerald and her Savoy Eight.

"Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" (**).

"It's My Turn Now" (***).

(Brunswick 02561.)

Even if Bei Mir is hardly up Ella's alley, she does introduce a twist or two that sound more Hebrew than Harlem. This will sell on title rather than artist appeal.

The backing is the sort of thing that spells Fitzgerald, and, without any sparka, it has a certain glow.

Art Tatum (Piano Solos).

"Stormy Weather."

"Gone With The Wind."

(***Brunswick 02564.)

The titles tell the story. All the false flashiness, all the sound and fury, the stormy weather, in fact, of other recent Tatum efforts, seem to have gone with the wind, and instead we have a glimpse of another Art, an Art which has restored my waning faith in the gentleman.

There is something of the allure of the slow-tempo Waller in the first chorus of Stormy Weather. Gone With The Wind, too, is real piano playing and real jazz playing which will leave the hotcha boys restless and dissatisfied. There are a few flourishes at the end, as if to remind us that this is the guy who can do those clever runs, but there is a more than reparatory dose of Grade A Tatum.

Frank Froeba and his Orchestra.

"Who?"

"Gables In The Steeple"

Ella Logan, Scots swing singer, who is Hollywood's latest sensation, has a word with saucer-eyed Misha Auer.

Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra.

"How Could You?"

"Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man."

(***Decca J.8.)

"I'll Never Be The Same" (****).

"Remember Me" (**).

(Decca J.14.)

These are the only four sides in the Jam Album played by a full-sized Wilson contingent. The first three are up to Teddy's highest standards, while the fourth was presumably included in the album because Mr. Goodman

happens to participate.

The main charm of How Could You? is its quiet, easy-going polish. No British musicians and very few Americans understand how to inject the

maximum of swing and inspiration into a performance as unobtrusive as this. Even Billie Holiday hardly raises her larynx above a mezzo-forte, and the Ellington coterie, comprising Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams and Harry Carney, glides along in an equally smooth groove.

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man proceeds in just the manner you would expect if you know the tune and Teddy's cus-

ALTO, Tenor, Bass, Clar. Louis, Style
LES HARRIS, TIDEWAVE BOB.
THOMPSON, FREE FOR GIGS, ETC.

HITCH HIKERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Hotel
- ★★★ Hostel
- ★★ Hut
- ★ Haystack

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

FLAT TO LET

M.M. 12.28

Name
Address



"DISC-COURSE"

A MATTER OF STYLE

OWING to the clamour of public appeal, which seems to indicate that the supposedly fresh method of presentation was not altogether to the liking of those people who read this review, it is now being served up to you in its old form, thus:—

DECCA F. 6604.

Mozeltov.

Don't Try Your Jive on Me.

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars.

The volume of sound at the commencement of "Don't Try" would have suited me for the remainder of both sides. It seems that quiet has yet to be linked with British swing sessions. Danny has added George Chisholm to his personnel and he toots some very creditable choruses indeed. The rhythm section (particularly the drummer) having now erred on the loud side, there is still a ragged atmosphere about the ensemble. Messrs. Polo and McQuater live up to their established reputations, the former popping a surprise through the medium of a tenor chorus. Eddie Macauley has yet to receive proper treatment while playing solo.

"Mr Polo Takes A Solo"

"MONEY FOR JAM."

*Danny Polo, Eddie Macauley,
Dudley Barber.*

After the band sessions these three stayed behind to try their hands at some trio sides, which, while not displaying the inventiveness of the Goodman trio, at least present several attractive and moving solos from Danny, some thoughtful filling-in from Eddie, and an unobtrusive background from Dudley. "Money for Jam" is the less interesting. Mr. Polo's solo-taking being in a more relaxed mood.

VOCALION S. 128.

Nice Work if You Get It.

Things are Looking Up.

**Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra
with Billie Holiday.**

VOCALION S. 130.

Summertime.

Who Wants Love?

Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra.

The first two sides are as near perfection in this kind of music as these ears require to hear. In the second Teddy takes a solo that stands for all time as one of the greatest arguments in favour of improvised swing, with a delicacy and enchantment of melodic line rarely heard these days. "Summertime" is from the negro opera, "Porgy and Bess," and is a delightful melody bewitchingly sung by Billie and played by Berigan, Shaw, Bushkin, McDonough, Cole and Peterson. This is a relic of one of her very first recordings, while the backing is from a more recent one with Clayton, Bailey, Young, Thornhill, Green, Jones and Paige.

VOCALION S. 131.

Fee Fi Fo Fum.

Sweet Adeline.

Artie Shaw and His New Music.

Artie's band plays both of these numbers with competent enthusiasm, and Tony Pastor sings the inebriates' delight with some force. I like most things about Mr. Shaw's band these days, but he must watch those accented fourth beats.

FRETTED HARMONY

MARCH—APRIL 1938

RECORDS REVIEWED



**TERRY
USHER**

Before we close, those who consistently deride the efforts of British swing stars should hear **Decca F6550** *That's a Plenty*, by Danny Polo's Swing Stars. This is not far from the standard of small American swing outfits. The trumpet is especially stylish, and we have piano a la Wilson, too, though not by any means slavishly copied. I am quite unable to find any fault with the record, here of the reverse, *Blue Murder*. This is the blues in the very best tradition. Put the disc on when your pet pan-American pet persistently prates!

Hot Records Reviewed

by
"ROPHONE"

LADIES' UNDERWEAR GUIDE
 ★★★★★ Crepe de Chine
 ★★★ Silk
 ★★ Linen
 ★ Flannelette

Buster Bailey (clarinet), Charlie Shavers (trumpet) and Maxine Sullivan at Maxine's latest Victor studios session.



Mr. James Takes a Jump
 Harry James And His Orchestra.
 "One O'Clock Jump." (***)
 "Jubilee." (***)
 (Vocalion S.136.)

Maxine Sullivan (Vocal) And Her Orchestra.
 "Nice Work If You Can Get It." (***)
 "Easy To Love." (**)
 (Vocalion S.137.)
 All this fuss and pothee about Maxine Sullivan's use of traditional

Mr. James jumped in on us a month ago with this Baste-cum-Goodman band of his, and his second jump, notably the 1 a.m. one, bears up lustily. The Count's blues is moulded into a treatment different from the original Baste version, with Jess Stacy ready to knock you off your ears in some really amazing piano passages. Herschel Evans, whose Christian name I have seen spelt four different ways (I'm not worrying), is right down to earth in his tenor solo, with fine rhythmic background.

tunes seems to have obscured the fact that she has never relied on them for her repertoire, a vast proportion of which comprises standards and current pops. All of these she infuses with so much individuality that most aspiring singers will just burst into tears. How can anyone, so utterly effortlessly and with such a minimum of deviation from the original melody, extract so much from these simple tunes?

Vernon Brown is the trombone surprise of the year. Newly added to Goodman's band, he belongs to the Benny Morton school of sliders. Harry James himself has personality and form, like all the soloists on this coupling.

Thornhill's arrangements are again a model of pianissimo perfection, and Charlie Shavers' muted trumpet background work is wonderful. I have taken a mark off *Easy To Love* for Buster Bailey's dull and out-of-tune solo, but otherwise there is little to choose between the two titles. It is Buster who causes the male vocal surprise with a couple of gruff interjections at the end of *Nice Work*.

Jubilee, another poor effort from the pen of the commercialized Hoagy, introduces a coming Ella Fitzgerald in a coloured gal named Helen Humes. James's work in the last chorus is reminiscent of the way Louis used to build bricks out of pops.

Maxine, as long as you can dish it out. . . .

DAILY SKETCH
 SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938.—Page 9

ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT By IAIN LANG

JAZZ CORNER

SUCH thoughts as I have had about jazz this week mainly concern two new records. One is by a small band directed by Willie Smith, the coloured pianist known to Harlem as "the Lion," and it's called "Ach'n' Hearted Blues."

It's very unpretentious and by no means perfect—the trumpet chorus might be a lot better—but it is as genuine a piece of jazz as I've heard for some time.

SO it has gone back again and again on to my gramophone for the sake of its authentic atmosphere as well as for some splendid piano-playing by the Lion.

'Blue Mood'

THE other is also a blues—"Blue Mood"—played by Teddy Wilson's Quartet. Wilson is the most fashionable of jazz pianists, and with him are two players of renown, Harry James (trumpet) and Red Norvo (xylophone).

The playing in this record is brilliant. And yet I have my misgivings. James and Wilson seem to me just a little self-conscious, and with all its virtuosity I think the record lacks the warmth of "Ach'n' Hearted Blues."

But both records are very well worth listening to

DECCA 2nd JAM ALBUM

Swing music albums seem to be getting more and more popular. Even if you don't count Parlophone's Bessie Smith portfolio, since it was in the nature of a special "event" to commemorate her passing, there are still two others—the Decca 1st Jam Album and the H.M.V. Swing Album—which have been released within the last three months, and now here come Decca with another.

There is really a good deal to be said for issuing records in album form. First of all, you get (at no extra charge provided you buy all the records) a convenient means of storage; secondly, the performances being looked at as a series and given consecutive series numbers, it is so easy to see at a glance if one has missed any.

The idea works also to the advantage of the recording companies. Issue records helter-skelter, and people just pick out the one or two they like best; but issue them in series, each series having consecutive numbers for the various records in it, and people are inclined to buy even those they like least for the sake of having the series complete. This applies especially to specialised music for minorities (such as swing), since those who like specialised types of things are usually fans, and fans are always collectors.

This was, of course, my idea (since copied by H.M.V. and others) when I induced Parlophone to start the first swing record series ever produced in this country, the Parlophone 1st New Rhythm Style Series, but they, and those who subsequently followed their lead, eventually defeated their own ends by carrying the idea so far that it became unwieldy and people lost interest.

For instance, the Parlophone 2nd New Rhythm-Style Series, commenced in May, 1932, and still going on, has now reached the absurd number of 160. Who on earth is going to maintain interest in such a long-drawn-out and bulky scheme, which may go on until eternity for all the indications there are that it will ever be completed.

No series should last for more than a year. If it is advisable to continue a series after its first year, every January the new year should be added to its title (e.g. The Parlophone 2nd New Rhythm-Style Series—1938 Edition) and the numbering recommenced from One. In this way it would not be beyond the interests or pockets of most people to endeavour to complete at least one or more years.

If the companies want to go one better they could at the end of each year give free storage albums to all who have bought a complete series. The cost of the albums would be more than repaid by the profit that would be made on the extra records sold to those who, for the sake of getting the albums, purchased certain records they would not otherwise have bought.

The companies could easily prevent themselves being tricked into giving albums not fairly earned, because they would despatch them only in exchange for dealers' receipts for every record in the series.

Of course, the companies would have to take care that second-rate or unsuitable records were not pushed into a series by accident, or in the hopes that the series would sell them, and, unfortunately, this is

what has happened in more than one instance, thereby destroying confidence in the series.

To come back to this 2nd Decca Jam Album, the records (there are fourteen of them on seven discs) can be obtained separately at 2s. 6d. per disc, but if you buy all seven at once for 17s. 6d., you get the album free. I imagine most people will buy the lot, if only for this reason.

Out of the seven discs, the following four are so far to hand:—

Teddy Wilson Quartet (Am. Mixed)
****(No. 5) *Blue mood*, Pt. I (Trad.)
(LA1429)

****(No. 6) *Blue mood*, Pt. II (Trad.)
(LA1430)
(Decca J10—2s. 6d.†)

Wilson (p) with "Red" **Norvo** (xyl).
Harry James (tmp); **John Simmons** (b).

Teddy Wilson Quartet (Am. Mixed)
****(No. 9) *Honeysuckle rose* (Razaf, Waller)
(LA1431)

Bob Howard and His Orchestra (Am.N.)
***(No. 10) *I can't dance* (C. Williams)
(v) (39521)
(Decca J12—2s. 6d.†)

1413—As for 1429 and 1430 (J10).
39521—**Howard** (vocalist) with "B"
Bailey (cl); **Benny Carter** (tmp); **Teddy Wilson** (p); **C. Holiday** (g); **E. James** (b); **W. Johnson** (ds).

Count Basie Quintet (Am.N.)
****(No. 11) *Evenin'* (H. White) (v by James Rushing) (C1658)

Teddy Wilson Quartet (Am. Mixed)
****(No. 12) *Ain't misbehavin'* (Razaf, Waller, Brooks) (LA1408).
(Decca J13—2s. 6d.†)

1658—**Basie** (p) with **L. Young** (ten); **Carl Smith** (tmp); **W. Paige** (b); **J. Jones** (ds).

1408—As for 1429 and 1430 (J10).

Teddy Wilson and His Orch. (Am. Mixed)
****(No. 13) *Remember me* (Dubin, Warren)
(v) (LA1381)

****(No. 14) *I'll never be the same* (Malneck, Signorelli) (v) (21219)
(Decca J14—2s. 6d.)

1381—**Wilson** (p) with **B. Goodman** (cl); **V. Musso** (ten); **H. James** (tmp); **A. Reuss** (g); **H. Goodman** (b); **Krupa** (ds). Vocalist "Boots" **Castle**.

21219—**Wilson** (p) with **Bailey** (cl); **Young** (ten); **Clayton** (tmp); **F. Green** (g); **Paige** (b); **J. Jones** (ds). Vocalist: **Billie Holiday**.

In these days when small combinations too often try to sound like big bands (an endeavour in which they can be assisted by the peculiarities of recording), it is a treat to find the Wilson Quartet not merely content to sound its size, but actually stressing it by the restraint and simplicity with which it plays *Blue mood*. All round, I place this as one of the most delightful records ever presented in the name of jazz. The Wilson mentality, which has a refined tastefulness of its own, is reflected in the poetic pensiveness of both the composition and the way it is played, but for all its superficial delicacy this record has everything that not only gives the Blues its character, but makes it so fascinating.

OVER →

BOTTOMLESS SWING

Our list-topping contributor wishes the bottom would fall out of the swing market—which is just about the sort of thing he WOULD say!

by "MIKE"

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.
 "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man."
 "How Could You?"
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 1 and 2.
 (Decca J.8.)

TEDDY WILSON is making too many records, and half the time the best thing in them is his little piano introduction.

I wish the bottom would fall out of the "swing" market and make some of these people go to work.

Just now they're sitting back and living on the dividends paid by the public demand for "swing" instead of for music.

Billie Holiday sings in both sides. I like her, but I'm beginning to take a bad view when she mucks about with a tune too much.

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man is good enough not to need over-elaboration.

How Could You? has little tune to speak of, but Billie is surprisingly faithful to it.

Teddy Wilson.
 "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."
 "Don't Blame Me."
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 3 and 4.
 (Decca J.9.)

I think Teddy Wilson would have got more matter into the first side if he'd played slower.

The persistent quavers grow pianola-like.

There is twice as much genuine invention in the second side.

Don't Blame Me is charming.

Teddy Wilson's Quartet.
 "Blue Mood" (Part 1 and 2.)
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 5 and 6.
 (Decca J.10.)

Sometimes I wish this were the only kind of jazz in existence. You get more good music from playing the blues than anything else.

These two sides are delightfully easy to listen to. And that is one of the first things I ask of jazz.

This is the first record in these modern times that I have wanted to play again.



Left: Sid Weiss (bass), Marty Marsala (trumpet), Joe Marsala (clarinet). January 8 broadcast failed because of reception, but was recorded and re-broadcast on March 24

Stuff Smith and His Orchestra.
 "After You've Gone."
 Willie Smith (The Lion) and His Cubs.
 "Achin' Hearted Blues."
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 7 and 8.
 (Decca J.11.)

I seem to remember that once Stuff Smith pleased me by playing with a natural tone, and I was grateful.

In this record he smears and whines, and the whole affair is just one more "swing" record.

As for the other Mr. Smith, I like the way he and his band play the blues.

Teddy Wilson's Quartet.
 "Honeysuckle Rose."
 Bob Howard and His Orchestra.
 "I Can't Dance."
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 9 and 10.
 (Decca J.12.)

Whenever I hear *Honeysuckle Rose* I realise the attraction of Fats Waller. This tune is one of the great love-songs of



Below: Lola Bard, singing with Bobby Hackett, seen on left

jazz, so good that it cannot be mauled about very much.

The Wilson Quartet doesn't try to and I like it.

The second side isn't very funny.

Count Basie Quintet with James Rushing.
 "Evenin'."
 Teddy Wilson's Quartet.
 "Ain't Misbehavin'."
 Second Album of Jam Music, Nos. 11 and 12.
 (Decca J.13.)

Why James Rushing should get a label-credit for making his peculiar, rather un-

Continued on page 8

smaller accompanying orchestra. They sound cleaner and the tone is sweeter. Bing Madison has a half chorus in the first title and seems to be doing his best to reproduce Hawkins' exotic rhapsodising. It is rather a relief when the less efficient Charlie Holmes takes over in the second half. Higginbotham is featured in *I double dare you*.

Quintet of the Hot Club of France

- ****Honeysuckle rose* (Waller, Razaf) (DTB 3523)
 ****Souvenirs* (Reinhardt, Grappelly) (DTB 3527)
 (Decca F6639—2s.)

The regular combination (see THE GRAMOPHONE for March 1938, p. 442).

If only for the technique and ingenuity of wizard Reinhardt, I find *Honeysuckle rose* not only entertaining, but refreshing in spite of the countless records there have been by the Quintet over the last year or two.

Souvenirs has the added attraction of being a new and quite delightful little entr'acte sort of melody, which properly handled might well be built into a hit.

DECCA 2nd JAM ALBUM

(continued)

Teddy Wilson and His Orch. (Am. Mixed)

- ***(No. 1) *How could you?* (Dubin, Warren) (v) (20912)
 ***(No. 2) *Can't help lovin' dat man* (Kern, Hammerstein 2nd) (v) (21985)
 (Decca J8—2s. 6d.†)

20912—Wilson (p) with J. Hodges (alto); H. Carney (bar); "Cooty" Williams (tmp); A. Reuss (g); J. Kirby (b); "Cozy" Cole (ds).

21925—Wilson (p) with P. Robinson (cl); V. Musso (ten); "Buck" Clayton (tmp); A. Reuss (g); W. Paige (b); S. Roo (ds).

Vocalist (both titles) Billie Holiday.

Teddy Wilson (Am.N.) Piano solos.

- ***(No. 3) *Between the devil and the deep blue sea* (Koehler, Arlen) (22026)
 *(No. 4) *Don't blame me* (Fields, McHugh) (22025)
 (Decca J9—2s. 6d.†)

Stuff Smith and His Orchestra (Am.N.)

- ***(No. 7) *After you've gone* (Creamer, Layton) (v) (18819)

Willie Smith (The Lion) and His Cubs (Am.N.)

- ***(No. 8) *Achin' hearted blues* (C. Williams, Johnson, S. Williams) (v) (62595)
 (Decca J11—2s. 6d.†)

18819—"S" Smith (vln and vocal) with Jonah Jones (tmp); J. Sherman (p); B. Bennett (g); M. Walker (b); Cole (ds).

62595—W. Smith (p) with P. Brown (alto); "Buster" Bailey (cl); F. Newton (tmp); J. McLin (g); J. Kirby (b); O'N. Spencer (ds and vocal).

These six sides, with the eight reviewed last month, complete Decca's "Second Album of Jam Music."

Anyone who has heard any of the more recent records by Teddy Wilson's Orchestra will have a very good idea of what to expect from J8. Both sides are played with that suave elegance which, as I have remarked previously, Wilson seems to have made his

trade mark, and if the result is more suited to the drawing-room than elsewhere it still has the appeal of charm and the cachet of style. With Kirby and his immaculate bass the Ellington contingent are the stars of *How could you?* Every note of Hodges' alto-solo is a joy, and almost as much can be said for what is, I presume, Carney's baritone, though it sounds very like a tenor. Clayton's trumpet and Musso's tenor are the high spots of the Jerome Kern Opus, which doesn't gain anything from Roo's rather naughty triplets.

To a great extent the same general remarks apply to Teddy Wilson's solos on J9. Both illustrate the technique of a virtuoso, and the taste of an artist, but to what extent these purely technical devices can be said to have been used to portray the real spirit of jazz is something I leave for you to argue with yourself. *Don't blame me* is "in rhythm" only to the extent that it is "in tempo," and is more in the nature of a reverie. For this reason I prefer *Between the devil*. Not that it is a better record of its kind, but the kind appeals to me more.

We come back, however, to jazz in the flesh (I nearly wrote in the raw) on J11. Stuff Smith is no more an idealist than he is a dreamer. To him jazz is just the joy of a glorious tear-up with nothing barred, so long as the rhythm keeps the old feet tapping. Played this way, the game may have its limitations if you want to get high-brow and talk about the value of jazz as an art form and all that sort of stuff, but it has its advantages as a restorative for tired limbs and jaded mentalities. Also it has the benefit of that little thing which means nothing to the crowd, but so much to those who respond to it, known briefly as swing.

Willie Smith may also be said to provide the genuine article, though in his case it takes on this occasion the form of the Blues, that melancholy, nostalgic music which is the Daddy of all jazz and of which that most undeservedly unrecognised of all artists, the late Bessie Smith, was the Mammy. Funny how it seems to run in the blood of so many people called Smith.

H.M.V.

Benny Goodman Quartet with Ziggy Elman (Am. Mixed)

- ***Bei Mir Bist du Schöen* (Jacobs, Secunda, Cahn, Chaplin) (v by Martha Tilton) (OA17754, OA17783).
 (H.M.V. B8725—3s.)

Two sides of *Bei Mir Bist du Schöen* by Benny Goodman... in a swing series. Why?

For that matter, why one side? What can this tune have to do with swing music?

Nothing. It's just a popular song of the moment.

Nonsense. If Goodman does it, it must be swing.

Fine. Swing music, hit song. Two birds with one stone. Simple as A B C. Easy as making two and two into four. That's it. Four will mean more on the balance sheet than two. Grand, we'll do it.

† The discs may be obtained separately or the seven complete in album, price 17s. 6d.

Yes, it would be grand if it could be worked like that, but unfortunately there's a snag in it. Goodman may equal two, so may the song in its right sphere, but you can no more add them together than you can mix water with oil. So the only thing left to do is to separate them again, and as two from two leaves nothing the answer is really no more than a nice big duck.

Mind you, I am not denying that they have dressed the duck up most skilfully. In fact his adornment has been carried out with such a degree of technique that he looks more like a peacock. Outwardly every detail is complete. Mr. Elman has even taken care that his religion shall not be left out of the picture.

Well, it's all fine so long as you don't know too much about birds. If you do, you are apt to realise all too quickly that for all the smart attire our peacock is, after all, only the ugly duckling. You see, fine feathers make fine birds only if they are on a well-shaped body, and *Bei Mir Bist du Schöen* isn't the sort of body that swing feathers lie well on.

The whole thing is nothing more than a very cleverly executed show-off.

Larry Clinton and His Orchestra (Am.)

- ****Campbells are swinging* (*The*) (Clinton) (AO015841)
 ****Midnite in Harlem* (Clinton) (AO014692)
 (H.M.V. B8726—3s.)

015841—Clinton directing F. Hereford, J. Sedola, Irving "Babe" Rusin, Sid Stoneberg (reeds); B. Cusamano, W. Kelly, R. Muzzillo (tmbs); A. Polacoay, C. Heather (tmbs); Irving Brodsky (p); J. Chesleigh (g); A. Whistler (b); C. Moorhouse (ds).

014692—For personnel see THE GRAMOPHONE for February 1938, p. 397.

After the Goodman catch-penny almost anything would sound sincere, so this is perhaps not the most appropriate moment to start a discussion on the merits or otherwise of jazzing classics, folk songs, traditional airs and the like. I will therefore content myself with pointing out for your information that *Campbells are swinging* is just a hot version of *Campbells are coming*, and we will take the record on its face value.

It will, of course, be quite unnecessary for me to say that it starts off with bagpipes effects. For what the remark is worth, they are done capably. The rest of the record alternates between solos and ensemble choruses, the latter based mostly on riffs. If Mr. Clinton had his tongue in his cheek, the efficient performance tends to conceal the fact, but the best parts of the record are those which were not scored—the solos by clarinet and Babe Rusin on tenor.

Regarding *Midnite in Harlem* (see also review of the Chick Webb version, p. 485), as the orchestra is directed by the composer one presumes that the interpretation is as he wanted it to be, therefore who am I to start querying it? As a matter of fact, there is little to query. It is a workmanlike performance of a quite conventional hot arrangement. Anything the record lacks is in the doubtful sincerity of the composition—and you can't blame the band for that.

Benny Goodman and His Orch. (Am.)

- *****If dreams come true* (Sampson)
(OAO17454)
****Life goes to a party* (James, Goodman)
(OAO17044)
(H.M.V. B8727-3s.)

B. Goodman (cl) with **Schutzer, Koenig, Rollini, Musso** (reeds); **James, Elman, Griffin** (tmbs); **Ballard, McEachern** (trmps); **Stacy** (p); **Reuss** (g); **H. Goodman** (b); **Krupa** (ds).

After the foregoing H.M.V.'s, these two titles by the Goodman orchestra come like a breath of fresh air.

Edgar Sampson's tune is a delightful little melody and the band plays the honest-to-goodness arrangement in a manner that shows it at its best. In the first chorus the muted trumpets, answered by clarinet, have a quite Ellingtonesque flavour. Goodman's clarinet solo follows, and has more heart appeal, as distinct from cold-blooded technique, than we have heard for some time. A melodious and stylish trombone comes next and then the ensemble, relieved by eight bars of Musso's effective tenor, swings easily the last chorus. All round, a most attractive performance.

Life goes to a party may, as a composition, be no more than just another pyrotechnical effusion, but there is something about it which makes you feel that it is not pretending to be anything more than what it is, and the fact that the performance is exciting doesn't conceal that it is good. Musso's tenor, Benny's clarinet and Harry James trumpet are all featured, and the exuberant Krupa doesn't fail to let you know that he is in the outfit.

PARLOPHONE**Eric Siday and Reg Leopold** (violins).

- *****Tiger rag* (La Rocca) (E8883)
The Rhythm Gangsters
****Blues* (Siday) (E8882)
(Parlophone R2505-3s.)

8883—with **Sam Gelsley** (g); **Don Stuteley** (b); **Max Abrams** (ds).
8882—**Eric Siday** (vln); **Frenchie Sartell** (tmp); **Jack Penn** (p); **Gelsley** (g); **Stuteley** (b); **Abrams** (ds).

Tiger rag is a sequel to Siday's and Leopold's *Honeysuckle rose* and *Jed and Elmer* which got me so excited last January. The only real difference is that it is faster. That may or may not make it better jazz, but it certainly does say something for the astonishing technique of these artists. Even in the fastest passages the execution is perfect, and if Siday takes the first bouquet for playing the lead, Leopold gets one just as big for the way he follows Siday. The understanding between these two in the matter of phrasing is something that defies explanation.

But more important than the technique of the performance is the basic idea behind the whole thing. Eric has developed a new idea of fiddle jazz, and while to some it may sound purely crazy there are others who will see in all that they find most effective in swing. For one thing it has that abandon which is the soul of jazz atmosphere. And that's not all, but the rest you will have to discern from the record for yourselves. It's too long a story to start going into here.

The coupling is an attempt to capture the real character of the Blues. If it hasn't quite come off you must blame our national temperament. We appreciate the Blues mentally, but not sentimentally.

Still this is an interesting and original performance. You may remember that in speaking of Max Abrams and His Rhythm Makers' *Ain't misbehavin'* and *Way down in New Orleans*, in February, I remarked that Frenchie Sartell was the most advanced trumpet stylist in the country. Well you will realise from his playing here that there was some justification for the statement. Eric's violin is stylistically even more advanced. The accompanying rhythm section is perhaps mainly responsible for anything the record lacks. Musically it is more than competent, but it has just failed to capture that twelve-eightish effect which is obviously what was required.

Miff Mole and His Molers (Am.)

- ****Shim-me-sha-wabble* (Williams)
(400850) (1928)
***Some sweet day* (Rose, Jackson, Olman)
(40758) (1926)
(Parlophone R2506-3s.)

400850—**Mole** (tmp) with probably **Frank Teschmaker** (cl); **"Red" Nichols** (tmp); **Joe Sullivan** (p); **Eddie Condon** (bjo); **Krupa** (ds).
40758—**Mole** (tmp); with **J. Dorsey** (alto, cl); **Nichols** (tmp); **A. Schatt** (p); **Ed Lang** (g); **Vic Bertou** (ds).

Although *Shim-me-sha-wabble* was recorded as far back as 1928, this is its first release over here.

It is interesting for at least two reasons.

The first is the presence of the late Frank Teschmaker. This Chicago-style clarinetist has always been a source of considerable interest to the students of early jazz, and has recently been the subject of considerable controversial discussion in the correspondence columns of a contemporary. In view of the scarcity of records featuring Teschmaker, this one, in which he is heard to advantage as both a soloist and in the ensemble, should be of considerable value in deciding the merits of the many opinions which have been voiced concerning his work.

The second point concerns Krupa. Krupa is acclaimed to-day as one of the most rhythmical of all drummers, but few realise that he is really one of the old school and that he had the same inspiring effect on a band then as he has now. One has only to listen to this record to appreciate the point. In spite of the less satisfactory recording of those days, one can hear quite clearly that there was a rhythmic urge even in the way Krupa then played his bass drum, that few drummers can create even to-day.

For the rest this is a bright, sparkling record and shows that a few, at any rate, of these earlier records were better than some people realise. The job is to find them and recognise them.

I can only tell you about the last half of *Some sweet day*. The new pressing is not yet to hand (it is a revival, originally on Parlophone R3320), and somebody seems to have bitten a chunk out of my original copy. What is left seems rather dull. For all his technique Miff Mole seems finicky and Nichols rather corny, even for those days.

Eddie Carroll and His Swingphonics Orchestra

- ****Midnite in Harlem* (Clinton) (E900)
***Night time in Cairo* (Roy Martin)
(E9001)
(Parlophone R2504-3s.)

Carroll directing **Harry Hayes, J. Farley** (altos); **Benny Winestone, Ben Greenwood** (tens); **Jim Macafer, A. Mouncey** (tmbs); **Erec Breeze, Geo Wilder, Woolf Phillips** (trmps); **Bob Macee** (p); **A. Slavin** (g); **Doug. Lee** (b); **Sid Heiger** (ds).

Competently played in a quite straightforward manner from the stock arrangements, any shortcomings these records may have is more the fault of the tunes than the performances. The theatrically synthetic *Midnite in Harlem* we have already discussed so there is no need to go into it again, as it merely remains for me to add that *Night time in Cairo* is no better as a composition. In fact, it isn't so good, for it lacks the superficial brightness which is one of *Midnite in Harlem's* few redeeming features but that is probably because, according to the respective composers, Cairo is a languorous place compared with Harlem, or, should I say in view of the tune's prop title, a madhouse?

VOCALION**Harry James and His Orch.** (Am. Mixe)

- ****Jubilee* (Film, "Every Day's a Holiday") (Adams, Carmichael) (B22083)
*****One o'clock jump* (Basie) (B22252)
(Vocalion S136-3s.)

22083—For personnel see THE GRAMOPHONE for March, 1938, p. 445.

The main difference between these two sides is very much what you might expect from a glance at the titles.

Jubilee, a film song, is mostly ensemble with a vocal by a young lady who makes a very fair job of it, and of course a trumpet solo by James himself. The playing is easy and rhythmical and as the number certainly no worse than film songs usual are, the record may be said to be a success.

One o'clock jump—you may remember Count Basie's record of it on Brunswick 02466—is entirely a soloist's affair. The sequence is piano, tenor, trombone, trumpet and piano, and all are good. The general character of the record is one of relaxation and ease and one has an opportunity of enjoying what is really good swing music in an atmosphere of tasteful repose.

Maxine Sullivan (Am.N.)

- ****Easy to love* (Film, "Born to Dance") (Cole Porter) (B21936)
****Nice work if you can get it* (Film, "Damsel in Distress") (Gershwin) (B21939)
(Vocalion S137-3s.)

With **Claude Thornhill** (p) directing **Pete Brown** (alto); **Babe Rusin** (ten); **Buster Bailey** (cl); **Ch. Shavers** (tmp); **J. Kirby** (b); **O'N. Spencer** (ds).

And to finish up here are two so immaculately groomed little performances by Maxine Sullivan, to lull you to sleep and happy dreams of soothing cares until next month.

DISC-COURSE

"QUINTETTE" MAKE GOOD DISC AT DECCA.

VOCALION S. 134.

Free Wheeling.
I've a Strange New Rhythm in My Heart.

Artie Shaw and His New Music.

The more I hear Artie Shaw's clarinet playing the more certain am I that Mister Goodman will have to look to his laurels. Other exciting spots are the piano and tenor playing. Friend Leo Watson is credited on the labels with vocals on both sides; the only thing that came my way was some very peculiar and unsettling noises which come somewhere in that wide category "scat."

VOCALION S. 133.

Life Goes to a Party.
When We're Alone.

Henry James and His Orchestra

As you know, I have been a staunch James supporter for some time now, but I prefer to reserve judgment on him as a band-leader in his own right. I have seen others fade before the terrific glare

of being top of their instrumental class, which happened to James recently. For these two, during the first side (James' own composition), the image of Henry Allen seemed to be not far distant. Herschel Evans' tenor and Basie's piano bring highlights to the performances on both sides, which are little more than elaborations and extemporisations.

DAILY EXPRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1938.

BIG GAME HUNTERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Elephant
- ★★★ Lion
- ★★ Jaguar
- ★ Skunk

Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra.

"When You're Smiling."
"If Dreams Come True."
(**Vocalion S.141.)

Lester Young does some fine work, in which you will notice a peculiar, tricky little phrase in semiquavers. Turn to *When You're Smiling*, by Teddy Wilson, and you will find the same trick towards the end of his solo in the last chorus. Let's hope he doesn't wear it out.

This Wilson coupling, played by half of the Basie band, has the trombone of Benny Morton replacing the usual clarinet, and is below par. Morton takes a straight chorus, playing consistently sharp, to open *When You're Smiling*, and takes a hot chorus on the reverse which, though inventive, lacks tonal vitality.

Maxine Sullivan Sings The Best Spring Song

New Records Reviewed By PAUL HOLT

The Decca man was cunning. He didn't call, but sent without comment a new Maxine Sullivan pressing of "Folk who Live on the Hill"; knowing well that I am all for a new Sullivan.

This little negress, who has the voices of Frances Langford and Elisabeth Welch white hot, refined to pure gold, here drops all tricks, sings thrush-sweet.

So there you are. The star spring records. Straight from the horse's mouth. Nothing terrific, bar Miss Sullivan. Looks like they're holding their own, though.



Joe Marsala, with his own band at Hickory House for the past year or so. Recorded with Len Feather's Olde English Swynge Band.

Hot Records Reviewed by "ROPHONE"

"Swing" is "in the Air"



LEITH STEVENS, conducting the CBS Saturday "Swing Session" (Wayne 12.30 a.m. B.S.T., Sunday).

THE orchestra of one of America's best-known "swingsters," Tommy Dorsey, was abruptly cut off "the air" recently. They were "swinging" "Annie Laurie" and doing so in territory teeming with individuals of Scottish descent!

The incident has caused a good deal of discussion. It served to disclose that there are thousands of Americans who, not liking "swing" in any form, feel particularly outraged by the sound of hot trombone "licks" dislocating the sedate melodic strains of "Loch Lomond" and other ageless favourites.

A Cleveland, Ohio, station quickly followed the lead of Columbia's WJR, in Detroit, in prohibiting swing versions of "Comin' through the Rye." The movement evidently is growing. One Scotsman expressed himself thus in a letter to one of the offending orchestra leaders: "I wish I could slip back into the Doric tongue to tell you what I really think about it. English doesn't lend itself to the subject. Mighty heavens, man! Canna ye find tunes enough in your Tin Pan Alley and leave us exiled Scots our heritage from Caledonia?"

Strangely enough, it was an Irish-American, with the forceful name of Leo J. Fitzpatrick, rather than an individual of Scottish blood, who started this musical counter-revolution. As manager of WJR, he controls what is to be heard "on the air" in the Middle West and Canada round about the automobile manufacturing regions of the Great Lakes. Nobody has yet swung "Killarney;" it just happens that Irish Mr. Fitzpatrick was brought up on Scottish airs. He is confessedly and aggressively sentimental about them. "If swing bands are permitted to desecrate them, they may next be swinging 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' or our national anthem, or who knows what?"

This Thing Called Swing

Swing has now exuberantly ruled for several seasons. A statistical inquiry made during the recent series of NBC concerts by Toscanini showed that even the *Maestro's* immense prestige is insufficient to assemble radio audiences comparable in mere numbers with the hosts who listen to swing music. In circulating a list of ballads which performers were warned not to "swing" over his station, Mr. Fitzpatrick was apparently running against the tide. Determined upon his course, he was nevertheless curious to know what support he might expect from listeners. Unmistakably they told him! "A person who does what some swing addicts are willing to do to the classics would certainly put scorpions in a baby's bed," one of the more

restrained endorsers of his action told Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Cut it! cut it!" another listener urged, more succinctly. Stating the case in historical perspective, one writer observed: "Just as a single shot fired at Fort Sumter started the Civil War, you have taken a step which promises to save us from becoming a nation of gibbering idiots. By all means let us, as President Harding said, get back to normalcy." Another sympathiser paid for a telegram running to several hundred words, to express his attitude: "You have called the turn," he summed up, "on this thing called 'swing,' which properly is for the African bushman who started it."



HOLLACE SHAW (left) and MAXINE SULLIVAN, exponents, respectively, of Sentiment versus Swing.

Five popular NBC orchestra leaders, including Eddie Duchin, have meanwhile rendered a sort of composite opinion to the effect that "swing is definitely on the way out." If this should prove to be the case, it is evident the collapse will not occur overnight. Swing still has a bizarre vitality, very well typified by the extraordinary demonstrations which occur at every Saturday "swing session" which the Columbia Broadcasting System holds in one of its theatre studios in New York, where, as the rest of America tolerantly admits as it views metropolitan eccentricity, anything at all may happen.

Without quite reaching the degree of outdoor informality which permits ginger-beer bottles to be thrown at performers, a typical swing session nevertheless is a wholly American thing. It has about it a deceptive, polished freedom which only experts can achieve or appreciate. The audience at the outset is invited to "come on in, hang your hat on the floor,

A famous American band was "faded out" recently for "swinging" "Annie Laurie." A heated controversy is now raging on the whole subject of "swing," writes our New York Correspondent.

and let's get jiving away while the goin's good." The Swing Session has been a sort of rough-and-ready proving ground, a combination of laboratory and forum for the swing intelligentsia.

Protest and Counterblast

It was appropriate, therefore, that Mr. Fitzpatrick's protest should evoke an energetic counterblast from what has been called the "hot-bed of the jitterbugs." The swing "fans" are entirely unabashed. Calling upon a precocious logic, one of them inquired, "What is the King James version, if not simply a modernised version of an older text?"

To give the debate a wider audience a novel test was recently arranged by CBS in which the public was asked to judge as between representative examples of swing, on the one hand, and deferentially-rendered sentiment on the other. In Detroit an audience of several thousands, including many Scottish people, gathered at Mr. Fitzpatrick's invitation and applauded vigorously an orchestra and vocalists who carefully executed the familiar Scottish airs in their traditional style and tempo. By switching back to New York listeners were given the swing versions of the same pieces, played at the Saturday "swing session." In line with its nonchalant practice of offering its ware for what they are worth, spokesmen of the swing group offered no elaborate dialecting on their side of the case, further than to say that they felt it perfectly reasonable "to point up the inherent rhythmic qualities of each piece in a new way."

Both Hollace Shaw, representing sweet soprano sentiment, and Maxine Sullivan, the lyric Negress whose singing of Scottish airs at the New York Onyx Club started the vogue in this direction, have been heard from time to time on programmes arranged in America especially for British listeners. This time they "confronted" one another at a distance of some hundreds of miles.

Occasionally, after the swing version, Mr. Fitzpatrick stated frankly that had he not known in advance he would never have recognised the familiar air he had just heard. He said at the close he felt satisfied to leave the final judgment to radio listeners. As far as he has control of the situation the ban will continue, for in his view, "you would hardly take a crude, careless brush and try to touch up a Rembrandt. I have been called," he added, "an old fogey and a musical stick-in-the-mud, but I don't care at all."

The debate continues with opinion sharply divided. Meanwhile, CBS scouts this week brought to light something which might conceivably serve to bring the rival factions together by including something of each; they found in a Bronx, New York, community house, under the direction of a WPA adult recreational expert of the New Deal, a grandmothers' swing band! No time was lost in bringing this amazing group to play on the National network. I saw these grey-haired, silk-gowned ladies recently, rehearsing in CBS No. 1 Studio, oblivious of the momentous issues involved as they concentrated gravely on the tympani passages of "Wedding of the Painted Doll."



One of Benny Carter's last actions in England was to hear the Rhythm Sisters render him their own version of his tune, "Nightfall." Here he is seen with them on the day before he sailed.

Benny Carter Bids Europe Au-Revoir

A CREDIT TO THE PROFESSION

AFTER nearly three years in Europe, Benny Carter, the most brilliant all-round jazz musician ever to visit this country, slipped quietly out of London on Wednesday, and boarded the Normandie at Southampton, bound for home.

Benny's return to America, which he had contemplated for some time, was nevertheless not definitely decided until very recently. After concluding his engagement of nearly six months' duration at the fashionable Boeuf et Le Toit in Paris, he considered one or two offers which would have kept him on the Continent for some time, but finally decided to establish his connections in New York.

IN DEMAND

Arriving in London on Sunday night, he spent a couple of days clearing up business matters and saying good-bye to the many friends he has made here. His arrival in New York next Monday will go immediately into the possibilities of forming a new all-star band with the great combination which made him famous over here on the strength of his recordings long before he ever came to Europe. One or two famous band-leaders, white and coloured, have already made generous bids for his services as arranger, so it is evident that Benny is making a wise move.

The story of his stay over here, despite the many embarrassments caused by labour permit difficulties, has been one of continuous triumph. After coming across from Paris, relinquishing his job in Willie Lewis's Orchestra in order to act as staff arranger for the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, Benny spent nearly a year in England, culminating in the memorable MELODY MAKER concert.

EUROPEAN SUCCESSES

Last summer he assembled a partly-English band which enjoyed considerable success in Scheveningen, after which his work in Paris, and concerts in Italy and Switzerland, kept him constantly busy.

As souvenirs of his visit, Benny leaves behind him the series of Vocalion recordings with which he set a new high level for British swing recording standards; and, most important of all, he leaves a record of good fellowship, personal charm and musicianship, in all of which categories he is a credit to the profession.

MUSIC with GUTS

Hot Records Reviewed

by

"ROPHONE"

Harry James And His Orchestra.

"Texas Chatter."

"Song Of The Wanderer."

(***Vocalion S.146)

MR. JAMES continues to provide music with guts; and that's not all. As a composer he fulfils the promise of *Life Goes To A Party* by putting some swell ideas into *Texas Chatter*, notably the unexpected chord changes in the middle part.

He leads the first chorus with such an amplitude of expression that, if you tried to take it down on paper and have another trumpet player reproduce it, he would never get within a mile of the original. I also have rather a weakness for Jess Stacy's piano and the very pent-up tenor of Herschel Evans, which somehow reminds me of a passion fruit squelching with juice. Vernon Brown also plays an impressive passage on trombone, and the solid backing and cymbal work of Joe Jones is a lesson in efficient drumming without the showmanship of which I complained last week.

Practically all the wax in *Song Of The Wanderer*, a good old tune, is divided between James' trumpet and the vocal chorus of Helen Humes, who is so good this time that I won't even mention E—F—, as there is really no need for comparison any more; she is a good vocalist in her own right.

Technical tit-bits:—If we must go into details over James' work, listen to the passage after the vocal chorus and notice the effect of the grace notes in bar two, and the curious and attractive open-and-shut effect in bar fifteen.

Red Norvo And His Orchestra.

"The Week-End Of A Private Secretary" (***)

"More Than Ever" (**)

(Vocalion 142)

Mildred Bailey And Her Orchestra.

"Thanks For The Memory" (***)

"If You Ever Should Leave" (**)

(Vocalion S.148)

Johnny Mercer's amusing lyrics give Mildred a delightful rôle as the office girl who went to Havana and fell for a Cuban. The semi-rumba atmosphere is none the worse for being alien to swing music, and the net result is good music plus entertainment. *More Than Ever* is a typical Norvo-Bailey performance of an average pop tune. The band has come along considerably since its virtually complete overhauling, the most obvious improvement being in the rhythm section, which now boasts no less magnificent a drummer than George Wettling.

The first of the sides under Mildred's name dates from the same session as *Lover Come Back To Me* and doesn't fall far short of that standard. *Thanks For The Memory* is perhaps the best pop song since *Gone With The Wind*. My only kick is against that rather inexplicable line about burning toast and prunes.

Dating from an earlier session, *If You Ever Should Leave* is pleasant, but the instrumental passages are a bit dull, and Herschel Evans' tenor suffers in comparison with the solo by Chu on the reverse. There is, though, a short piano passage by James Sherman, who, I am assured, has one finger missing on each hand. It certainly doesn't seem to bother him.

Melody Maker 30 April '38

RECORD OF THE WEEK
 Recommended to all musicians,
 irrespective of whether their par-
 ticular instrument is featured:—
 "One O'clock Jump" by
 Harry James and His Orches-
 tra (Vocalion S136).

Tenor (Herschel Evans)
 Trumpet (Harry James)
 Trombone (Eddie Durham)
 Piano (Jess Stacy)
 Jam ensemble

One O'clock Jump by
 Harry James' Orchestra
 (Vocalion S136)

*Alto (J. Hodges)
 †Tenor (V. Musso)
 *†Piano (Teddy Wilson)
 *Bass (J. Kirby)
 †Bass (W. Paige)
 *†Singing (Billie Holiday)



Harry James, Benny
 Goodman's star
 trumpet, recording
 with his own
 band on Vocalion

"ROPHONE," review of hot records

MOUNTAINEERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★★ Everest
- ★★★★ Mont Blanc
- ★★★ Brendon Tor
- ★ Hornsey Rise

ing a milk cart
Red Norvo And His Orchestra.
 "Tea Time."
 "Jeannine."

(***Vocalion S.143)

This is the first non-commercial, non-
 vocal coupling by the revamped Norvo
 band; in other words, the first opening
 for public inspection of the new line-up.
 All the band's current soloists are dis-
 played, briefly though effectively, in
Tea Time (which is comp. Norvo but
 almost undoubtedly arr. Sauter). You
 can hear d'Amico's clarinet (one of the
 few holdovers from the previous band),
 Red's xylophone, Jerry Jerome's tenor,
 Wes Hein's very interesting trombone,
 and the slightly expressionless but pro-
 mising trumpet of Jimmy Blake.

The composition, which could well
 have been dubbed *Prelude in F Minor*,
 is scored with the brilliance and
 imaginativeness of tone colour that I
 associate with Sauter.

In the dream of lilac time on the
 other side (lilac time is no longer three-
 four time) there is a full chorus by
 Norvo which bears something more
 than casual audition. Drink it in deep,
 hum it or play it over, and appreciate
 that Norvo does more than improvise
 a chorus. He creates a new tune, which
 is the aim of every great improviser.

Honeysuckle Rose has souvenirs of
 every record this group ever made.

So has *Souvenirs*.

Honeysuckle Rose by any other name
 would sound like Quintet du Hot Club
 de France.

But pleasant.

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra.

"From the Land of Sky Blue Water."

"Lover Come Back to Me."

(Vocalion S. 138.)

I would hardly have chosen either of
 these songs for Mildred Bailey to sing,
 but she has chosen a good band to go with
 them.

Mrs. Norvo sings as well as ever.

Artie Shaw and His New Music.

"Monsoon."

"Free for All."

(Vocalion S. 140.)

Monsoon is a nice idea, but a little less
 tone-painting and a little more tune
 would have made for better jazz.

Jazz cannot live on screwy harmonies
 and muted trumpets. People forget that.

Music in the Russ Morgan Manner.

"Ragging the Scale."

"Lights Out."

(Vocalion 576.)

Before ragging the scale I suggest that
 the fiddle players learn to play a scale
 without faults of intonation.

This pompously-named band is a tre-
 mendously negligible force in jazz.

Manners maky the man; Russ
 Morgan's manner hardly makes inter-
 esting music.

Maxine Sullivan (Orchestra under the direction
 of Claude Thornhill.)

"Easy to Love."

"Nice Work if you Can Get It."

(Vocalion S. 137.)

These sent me to sleep. Miss Sullivan's
 trouble still seems to be not how but what
 she sings.

Maxine Sullivan.

"The Folks Who Live on the Hill."

"Darling Nellie Gray."

(Vocalion S. 139.)

This record also sent me to sleep.

I have come to the conclusion now that
 Miss Sullivan is a mighty dull singer.

"Rophone" can get a kick out of her.
 She bores me to tears.

It's all a question of how you feel.

Harry James and His Orchestra.

"Jubilee."

"One o'clock Jump."

(Vocalion S. 136)

What the young woman singer call^s
 "Jooverlee" isn't the *Jubilee* I hoped. I
 mean it isn't the Willard Robinson opus
 that Trumbauer made years ago.

For the rest I think I prefer Harry
 James away from his own band.

With Teddy Wilson he is a swell
 trumpet player. In these records it's all
 just another band.

these charming old folk songs, but if you think again you will realise that it is on the appalling taste of the public that the blame must lie. If people didn't buy these records the companies wouldn't put them out.

Notice, please, however, that I said "jazzing" these songs. I point this out because certain critics, whose stock-in-trade seems to consist solely of their ability to create a sensation, do not seem able to realise the difference between the vulgarities which jazz can produce and the charm which can lie in the rhythmic idiom, and have blindly bludgeoned out a diatribe against any attempt to present such songs as these in any other manner than the conventional one. Little Maxine Sullivan, for instance, has come in for some very hard knocks from their caustic pens, simply because to enable them to appear high-brow in the eyes of their readers, these flag-wavers have refused to acknowledge that the artistry of Maxine is something very different from the banalities of catch-penny jazz, and in fact adds something to the inherent appeal of any song she has yet sung, even though she does sing in what for want of a better description I term the swing idiom.

VOCALION

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra (Am. Mixed)

**** *From the land of the sky-blue water* (Eberhart, Cadman) (B22267)

**** *Lover, come back to me* (Hammerstein, Romberg) (B22268)
(Vocalion S138—3s.).

Mildred Bailey (vocalist) with H. d'Amico (cl); "Chu" Berry (ten); J. Blake (trmp); Teddy Wilson (p); A. Reuss (g); P. Peterson (b); D. Tough (ds).

Maxine Sullivan, Vocalist (Am. N.)

**** *Darling Nellie Grey* (Hanby) (B21938)

**** *Folks who live on the hill* (The) (Kern, Hammerstein II) (B21937)
(Vocalion S139—3s.).

Acc. by P. Brown (alto); "Buster" Bailey (cl); C. Shavers (trmp); Claude Thornhill (p); J. Kirby (b); O'Neil Spencer (ds).

You have only to hear either of the records by Maxine Sullivan to realise what I was driving at when I said in the review of Wingy Mannone's Regal-Zonophone disc that she added something to the intrinsic appeal of any song she chose to sing.

Nellie Grey is jazz, inasmuch as it is "in tempo" and sung in what I am still having to describe as the jazz idiom, but I ask you in all sincerity, has the song lost any of its inherent allure because of that, or can it be said that the application of the idiom to it has made it in any way distasteful, let alone vulgar?

It may be argued that in this song, as well as in the delightful little song on the obverse, Miss Sullivan uses none of the frills and twists which when applied to standard music often irritate those less partial to the jazz vernacular, that she just croons softly, without any embroideries or affectation. Well, I agree, but you still can't get away from the fact that the whole thing is in the jazz idiom. It is

just that the jazz idiom is not vulgar in itself, but only in the way it is sometimes employed. Which is just what some people cannot, or pretend they cannot, see.

But even if Miss Sullivan had employed the jazz vernacular as well as the idiom, I cannot see that that would inevitably have vulgarised the song.

Consider the two Mildred Bailey titles. Unlike Maxine, Mildred invokes every melodic artifice, twist and frill she has been able to think of, and believe me they are plenty. Both her records are a mass of such devices, some of her own invention, others culled from what may be described as the general dictionary of jazz. Yet here again is there anything which could be described as anything by tasteful, artistic and altogether charming?

The reply will now probably be that Miss Bailey is not singing standard traditional songs, but if so it is futile. *Lover, come back to me* and *Land of sky-blue waters* may not be traditional folk-songs, but for the sake of



RAY NOBLE

—back in England from America with a Canadian band to appear in variety, and it is hoped on new records

this argument they come into the same category because they are the same type of simple tuneful music. Both come from light operettas, and as such are fundamentally anything but jazz. If in these instances they have become jazz, it is due to the way they are treated. But the word jazz has a very wide meaning these days, and an application broad enough to include all the charm and artistic appeal of any music that has yet been thought of.

Definitely you should hear both the Sullivan and the Bailey discs to enable you to maintain a sense of proportion and realise, when these arguments crop up about "jazzing" the classics, which of the records

which have provoked them should be decried and which should be praised. But even if you prefer to keep out of controversies, you will still find the discs delightful entertainment and fascinating insights into the talent of two of the greatest swing singers of the moment.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra (Am.)

**** *More than ever* (Jones, Green) (v) (B22406)

*** *Week-end of a private secretary* (The) (Mercer, Hanighen) (v) (B22407)
(Vocalion S142—3s.).

Norvo (xyl) directing Len Goldstein, Hank d'Amico (altos); Jerry Jerome, Chas. Lamphere (tens); Zeke Zarchy, Barney Zudecoff, Jim Blake (trmps); Wes Hein (trmb); Bill Miller (p); Alan Harlow (g); Pete Peterson (b); Geo. Wittling (ds).

Numerous changes in the personnel, but they have not made any noticeable difference. Norvo's is still one of the best swing outfits of the moment, and playing it at an easy tempo makes a very pleasing job of the tuneful enough *More than ever*.

As Mildred Bailey regrettably relates, the secretary spent her week-end in Havana, among rumber-ing Romeos. (Cue for rhumba rhythm.) Now she's back boiling the office kettle, crying over spilt milk and waiting for the time when she can spill some more. More smart than sincere, but good entertainment for the sophisticated.

Red's xylophone is a high spot again in both titles. So is Mildred.

Artie Shaw and His New Music (Am.)

*** *Free for all* (Shaw) (B21900)

*** *Monsoon* (Shaw) (B21897)
(Vocalion S140—3s.).

The regular combination (see *The Gramophone* for March, 1938, p. 445).

Artie Shaw's ventures in composition are curious contrasts. *Monsoon* is a cross between Ellington and Benny Carter in their most melancholy moods. *Free for all* is a cross between a drunken party and a storm in a tea-cup. Musically, *Monsoon* is by far the better piece of work, but I've always had a sneaking partiality for an occasional bust-up, especially if its not serious enough to leave any nasty after-effects. It enables one to forget the more doleful sides of life, which is more than *Monsoon* does.

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra (Am. N.7)

*** *If dreams come true* (Sampson, Goodman) (v) (B22255)

** *When you're smiling* (Fisher, Goodwin, Shay) (v) (B22194)
(Vocalion S141—3s.).

Wilson (p) directing Lester Young (ten); Buck Clayton (trmp); Benny Morton (trmb); F. Green (g); W. Paige (b); Joe Jones (ds). Vocalist, Billie Holiday.

Both sides are the usual Wilson polite swing, but not up to standard. Morton plays sharp almost all through his straight solo in *Smiling*, and while his style on the other side is rhythmically interesting, the tone does not suggest the work of a star soloist. The best parts are the tenor sax solos, Wilson's piano and Billie Holiday.

WORDS OF ADVICE FOR THORNHILL

Hot Records Reviewed

by
"ROPHONE"

THIRSTY ARABS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Oasis
- ★★★ Well
- ★★ Puddle
- ★ Mirage

Fats Waller and His Rhythm
"Paswonky."

"How Ya, Baby."

(***H.M.V. BD.5354.)

MANY thanks to H.M.V. for lending an ear to my requests for the release of *Paswonky*. I hope its original backing of *Black Raspberry Jam* will follow shortly. There is no particular explanation why I like *Paswonky*, and if you like it there will be no explanation either.

Fats doesn't explain what the title means, but no doubt it is something unprintable.

I like the other side, too.

Technical tit-bit:—In the second chorus of *Paswonky* notice the curious effect of the sixth played by the tenor sax on the sixth beat of each two-bar phrase, and the recurrence of the idea behind the trumpet solo.

Maxine Sullivan and her Orchestra.

"Dark Eyes" (**).

"A Brown Bird Singing" (***)

(Vocalion S.144.)

I should like to take Claude Thornhill by the arm and offer gently a few well-meant words of advice.

Claude, your arrangements for Maxine are becoming less and less rhythmic and more and more feebly highfalutin'. Maxine's singing is suffering accordingly. If you think you are going to improve her by taking the Harlem out of her style and making her just another ballad singer you are making a lamentable mistake. *Dark Eyes*, with the quotations from Rachmaninoff, the rallentandos and similar ineptitudes, illustrates my point.

One quality she has which so few



Irving Fazola, "discovered" by Ben Pollack a year ago, and now playing clarinet with Bob Crosby.



Balley and Holiday records she may go places.

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.
"I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star."
"Let That Be A Lesson To You."
(**H.M.V. B.8636.)

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.
"Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks." (**)

Benny Goodman Trio.
"Silhouetted In The Moonlight."
(***)

(H.M.V. B.8635.)

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.
"Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Benny Goodman Quartet.
"I'm A Ding Dong Daddy."
(***H.M.V. B.8734.)

Of six sides of Goodman at one gasp I'll take the last coupling, thank you. "Alexander" dates from 1936, the period when nobody but Goodman himself took a solo, but the arrangement sounds more like Fletcher Henderson than Jimmy Mundy, which helps. The Quartet grapples admirably with the greyhound tempo and only falls down when Mr. Krupa starts his juggling tricks at the end. The other four sides are commercial; the colourless and deadly competent singing of Martha Tilton cuts a deep gash into the heart of each title. She sings slightly better with the Trio, possibly because she can hear herself.

You may be interested to know that my American Victor copy of *Ding Dong Daddy* is pressed from a different master and that the solos are rather better than those on the master used for the H.M.V. release. It happens too often that second-best masters are sent abroad, instead of copies of the originals.

popularity. In spite of this, Hadyn Wood's "Brown Bird Singing" makes a very attractive "vehicle" (as they say in Hollywood) for Maxine, and with one's ear glued to the gramophone it is possible to discern that the accompaniment is harmonically charming.

Wingy Mannone and his Orchestra.

"Loch Lomond."

"Annie Laurie."

(**Regal-Zonophone MR. 2732.)

Now you can call this heresy, sacrilege, blasphemy or whatever you will. This is a different kettle of fish altogether. Play it and realise in what exquisitely good taste Maxine's treatments were.

Regarded purely as jazz there is good stuff on both sides: a solid rhythm section, an interesting tenor man and fair trumpet with rather soulless tone by Wingy, whose singing is the caterpillar in the salad.

Slim and Slam.

"That's What You Call Romance."

"Ti-Pi-Tin."

(***Vocalion 145.)

According to the special Vocalion

leaflet this is soft swing month for their releases, with Slim and Slam cited as an example. These two Harlem gents sing and play guitar and bass respectively, accompanied by a drummer and no mean pianist. *That's What You Call Romance* has something of the intimacy of the old *Spirits of Rhythm*; the entire side—especially the last eight bars—forms a veritable definition of swing.

An alarming feature on both sides is the solo work on a bowed string-bass which, believe it or not, is played almost in tune.

Slim and Slam are real Harlem at its most inconsequential.

Gerry Moore and his Rhythm.

"Ti-Pi-Tin."

"Always And Always."

(*Parlophone F.1090.)

Skip the commercial aura, the pedestrian rhythm section and the horribly confused alto and clarinet of Derek Neville, but notice the vocal in the second title by a newcomer, Toni Adaire, who has the right idea. With more confidence and training and a couple of hours a day listening to

"DISC-COURSE"

MAXINE SULLIVAN'S failure to click this month seems to be not so much her own fault (she sings with quiet charm, though a little uncertainly at times) as the efforts of her director, who has seen fit to surround her with an atmosphere of drooling sentiment. There is so much insincerity and bad taste in these records that a reference to them would only be bad taste on my part. In no way making up for the deficiency in credits there is some delightful trumpet from Charley Shavers. The records, for those interested, are:—

VOCALION S. 137.

Nice Work If You Can Get it.
Easy to Love.

S. 139.

The Folks Who Live on the Hill.
Darling Nellie Gray.
(accompaniments by orchestra under the direction of Claude Thornhill.)

VOCALION S. 141.

If Dreams Come True.
When You're Smiling.
Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra,
with Billie Holiday.

The reason why these sides by Teddy Wilson and Billie are such good jazz is that there is always so much melody in them and a complete absence of pretentiousness. Think of most of the good things this group has done and you have pretty well the sum of these two sides.

There has been some talk of a successor to Bessie Smith, and Midge Williams has been voted. Billie Holiday will do for me until the next one comes along, and I think that will be some time happening.

*Daily Express
1938 May 19-20*

JAZZED CLASSICS

ARE NEW FAD

By Paul Holt

MAYBE I'm wrong, but it now seems certain to me that the whole of the music business has gone screwy, haywire, or plain daft.

Tim Pan Alley is in a panic; crooners pine—and at the same time there's a boom on. The boom is in jazzing old, revered and well-remembered songs of childhood, courtship.

Throwing the classics in the gut-bucket.

[Gut-bucket: a technical term meaning jazzing up on the last hot chorus of a tune.]

In California Connie Boswell uses an urchin voice and plenty of *yumph* in versions, all her own, of Flotow's "Marta" and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." (This week-end's new Brunswick record.)

In New York little Maxine Sullivan, tired of swinging Scots airs like "Loch Lomond" and "Annie Laurie," is now tackling "Black Eyes" (hear those velvet tones linger over Oh chi-chor-nya!) and reaches a new peak in ballad-fiend's delight, "Brown Bird Singing." She combines a lingering tenderness with the kick of a mule.

Being Different Isn't Necessarily Being Good

says

“**ROPHONE**”

in his review of hot records

MANSERVANTS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Major Domo
- ★★★ Footman
- ★★ Flunkey
- ★ Boots

Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra
 “I Can't Believe That You're In
 Love With Me.”
 “You Brought A New Kind Of
 Love To Me.”

(***Vocalion S.150).

DOES a record have to be different to be good? Sometimes I wonder. In such cases as the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, every time a new issue comes in I am faced with six minutes of boredom because I know it is going to be no different from the last release. Yet, when a new Wilson record arrives, for exactly the same reason, I settle down comfortably, confident that I am going to enjoy myself.

*Those Billie
 Holiday Twists*

The only solution can be that Wilson's formula is an extraordinarily happy one. Though you can generally anticipate the order of the solos, and the twists that Billie Holiday is going to give the tune, you find in nine cases out of ten that the system still doesn't grow stale. Thus, the only deciding factor before the verdict is brought in is the merit of the tunes themselves. In this instance they qualify immediately for approval.

I Can't Believe fits Miss Holiday like a glove, and *You Brought* is an old Maurice Chevalier number for which I have always had a soft spot. Miss Frances Hunt is the vocalist on this one. She is one of the ex-Goodman varieties, and rates somewhere between Helen Ward and Martha Tilton. The high spots are Vido Musso's tenor, and the clarinet of an unknown Los Angeles youngster, Archie Rosati.

*Art of
 Harry James*

Technical tit-bit:—Notice Harry James' phrasing in his obbligato to Frances Hunt. Instead of just filling the in-between spots, he waits for her to start each phrase and then carries right on without any fear of clashing with her.

MELODY MAKER - 29-5-38

**UNA MAE'S
 “FATS”-STYLE
 DISCS**

LEONARD FEATHER, indefatigable scribbler on matters jazz, will soon qualify for the title of king of jazz, as he has already several worth-while recording sessions in this idiom to his credit.

Last week he added further to his laurels in this direction by organising a very interesting session in the Decca Studios in the Fats Waller tradition.

For the purpose he brought over Fats' onetime broadcasting partner, Una Mae Carlisle, from Paris, and, using her as the very attractive centre piece, gathered together an excellent bunch of boys to give her worthy accompaniment.

Judging by the results in the studio the discs should be well worth hearing, for both vocally and pianistically Una is a delightful artist with a great sense of humour, and Leonard's judiciously selected band was well up to the occasion.

No arrangements were used, but the boys got so well in the groove with Una's inspiring leadership that they waxed six titles with the greatest ease well under time schedule.

Here is the personnel of this excellent bunch. David Wilkins (trumpet); Bertie King (tenor and clarinet); Hymie Schneider (drums); Alan Ferguson (guitar); and Len Harrison (bass).

MELODY MAKER

Artie Shaw and his Orchestra.
"Whistle While You Work."
"Non-Stop Flight."

(***Vocalion S.147.)

Talking about Disney, Artie Shaw's version of one of the "Snow White" tunes is an extraordinarily fine example of how a good arranger makes good bricks out of straw. Indeed, believe it or not, this is the better side of the coupling.

Artie's own opus on the back is a typical sixteen-bar chorus affair. Tony's highly individual tenor pleases me more and more. You know all about Artie's clarinet and arranging.

Technical tip-bit: Notice the wonderful effect of syncopation on the trumpets in the first chorus of *Whistle*. Also the nice eight-in-a-barish effect running throughout. Tony Pastor's vocal is abetted by some stylish phrases, whistled, I can reveal, by Artie himself.



ARTIE SHAW and his new foursome. Artie on clarinet, Cliff Leemans on drums, Sid Weiss on bass, and Al Avola on guitar. Making bricks without shaw?

DAILY SKETCH

(By IAIN LANG)



Una Mae Carlisle.

IF a Vocalion recording session in London this week comes out as well on wax as it sounded in the studio the results should be happy.

The heroine of the occasion was Una Mae Carlisle, playing some of her swellest piano—and that means pretty swell.

She had a small band, including David Wilkins, on trumpet, with her, and the titles included "Mean To Me," "Anything For You," a Waller evergreen, "I'm Crazy About My Baby," and a blues.

AMERICAN criticism of hot records made on this side of the Atlantic is, as a rule, downright disrespectful. For a change, the leading American jazz review has saluted a London-made disc as "best of all the jam records of the month polished well conceived . . . full of feeling and ingenuity"—and much more in the same strain.

The record is one of the earlier Danny Polo waxings. The thought of what America will say when it hears the later

. . . By Iain Lang

and still better Polos must keep Danny in a permanent state of blushing.

One of these later Polos is issued this week-end—"If You Were the Only Girl in the World," backed by "Jazz Me Blues" (F6615). It's well worth hearing.

BROADCAST

The only presentable things in Luis Russell's contribution are the solos by Higginbotham, Russell and Holmes (last mentioned sounds a bit corny nowadays) and they are not helped by the rather dirty accompaniments. For the rest, the record is very raw, the ensemble tone sounding very coarse and crude and made none the better by the inevitably grunting tuba. In those days the band was called Luis Russell and His Burning Eight, under which title the record was originally issued in America.

Phil Green and His Swing on Strings

****Cry, baby, cry* (Eaton, Shand) (v) (E9116)

****Lambeth walk* (From the Film: "Me and My Girl") (v) (E9115)
(Parlophone F1123-2s.)

Oscar Grasso (vln); Ivor Marrants, Geo. Elliott, Joe Young (gs); Wally Morris (b); vocalist, Betty Davis.

This is where the local lads come in and, unless I'm mistaken, make good. The high spot is Ivor Marrants' guitar (he plays lead and takes all solos); but that says nothing against Grasso's violin, Wally Morris' solid, steady musicianly bass, or the two accompanying guitars. Between them these lads even manage to get some lift into *Lambeth walk*.

Betty Davis, daughter of one of the men in the Romany Band at the Hammersmith Palais, is not much more than fourteen years old. At the moment she's a little musical-comedyish, but she's got poise and confidence and is not devoid of the right idea. With a little more experience in the right school she might turn into a real find.

VOCALION

Artie Shaw and His New Music (Am.)

*****Non-stop flight* (Shaw) (B2241)

*****Whistle while you work* (Churchill, Morey) (v by Tony Pastor) (B2237)

(Vocalion S147-3s.)

Shaw (cl) directing Les Robinson, Hank Freeman (altos); Tony Pastor, Fred Petry (tens); Max Kaminsky, Chuck Peterson, Norman Ayres (tmbs); Geo. Arus, Harry Rodgers (trmps); Les Burness (p); Al Avola (g); Syd. Weiss (b); Cliff Leeman (ds).

In *Non-stop flight* Artie Shaw gives us another swell arrangement, played as well nigh perfectly as doesn't matter. The changes in personnel have done nothing to upset the polish or spontaneity of the band. The sections and ensemble play with a verve that is a joy to hear. Tony Pastor's tenor and shaw's clarinet are the solo high spots, but they have nothing on the rest of the performance, which throughout is as interesting as it is invigorating.

A good arrangement more than capably put over has also made a most attractive record of *Whistle while you work*, a tune which, good as it may be for bath-tub whistlers, is hardly the most inspiring material to swing. Even the vocal chorus is good. If we must have vocals let them be by Tony Pastor. Whoever whistles the breaks may not be the most technically brilliant siffleur, but he knows how to make up and cope with a swing phrase.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra (Am.)

*****Jeannine, I dream of lilac time* (Shilkret Wolfe, Gilbert) (B22457)

*****Tea time* (Norvo) (B22458)
(Vocalion S143-3s.)

Norvo (xyl) directing Len Goldstein, Hank d'Amico (altos); Jerry Jerome, Chas. Lamphere (tens); Zeke Zarchy, Barney Zudecuff, Jim Blake (tmbs); Wes. Hein (trmb); Bill Miller (p); Alan Harlow (g); Pete Peterson (b); Geo. Wettling (ds).

Change a few names of soloists, and you can pretty well read for *Tea time* all I have said of Artie Shaw's *Non-stop flight*. The composition is slower and a rather melancholy mood takes the place of *Non-stop flight's* jollity, but both are equally good numbers, equally well scored.

And the more one hears these American bands the more one notes their astonishing skill. Take as just one detail the length of the notes; each one always held for exactly its correct value—a most essential point in achieving precision and obtaining steadiness of tempo, but one which is usually quite lost upon most English bands. So could one go on, picking on point after point, such things as balance, matching of vibratos, hitting notes without smearing up or down to them. Purely technical considerations you will say. I agree, but then in spite of what some people still appear to think jazz to be good needs to be technically perfect. All the instinctive understanding of the character, the idiom, of jazz, as distinct from "straight" music, won't get anyone very far unless he is first and foremost a musician. That is what put jazz back so far in its earlier days.

Technically, *Jeannine* is just as good as its coupling, but the tune hasn't lent itself to quite such an interesting treatment. Nevertheless, you are going to enjoy Norvo's delightful xylophone on this side as much as on the obverse. And that goes for most of the other solos, too.

Slim and Slam (Am.N.)

*****That's what you call romance* (Gaillard, Stewart) (v) (B22320)

*****Ti-p-tin* (Laveen, Grever) (v) (B22441)
(Vocalion S145-3s.)

Slim Gaillard (vocalist, guitar), Slam Stewart (vocalist, bass), A. N. Other (ds).

Shades of the original Ink Spots and Spirits of Rhythm are revived in this latest negro "novelty" combination. By way of something fresh, the bass player goes in for bowed hot solos. At first hearing the records may appear to be no more than a couple of lively coloured lads enjoying themselves, but behind the superficial inconsequent gaiety the stuff is there, and it's good. Swing is just born in these coloured folk, and it comes out in the oddest ways.

Teddy Wilson and His Orch. (Am. Mixed)

****I can't believe that you're in love with me* (Gaskill, McHugh) (v by Billie Holiday) (B22195)

*****You brought a new kind of love to me* (Fain, Kahal, Norman) (v by Frances Hunt) (LA1407)
(Vocalion S150-3s.)

22195—Wilson (p) directing Lester Young (ten); Buck Clayton (tmp);

B. Morton (trmb); F. Green (g); W. Page (b); J. Jones (ds).

1407—Wilson (p) directing A. Rosati, (cl); Vido Musso (ten); Harry James (tmp); Alan Reuss (g); J. Simmons (b); B. Lewis (ds).

Meet two new artists—Frances Hunt and Archie Rosati. Frances has sung with Goodman. She is the typical American white girl singer, good as they go, but not to be compared with the coloured girls. Her style is a little too artificial, almost affected.

Rosati is a youngster from Los Angeles. As yet comparatively unknown, I would never be surprised to find him an accepted star. He has it all—technique, tone, taste and an original style that is none the less effective for the easiness with which he constructs simple but unexpected phrases.

For the rest you have the usual Wilson formula of all that is best in swing, presented in the politest manner.

Mildred Bailey and Her Orch. (Am. Mixed)

*****If you should ever leave* (Cahn, Chaplin) (v) (B21332)

****Thanks for the memory* (Robin, Rainger) (v) (B2266)
(Vocalion S148-3s.)

21332—Mildred Bailey (vocalist) accd. by Herschel Evans (ten); E. Hall (cl); Buck Clayton (tmp); J. Sherman (p); F. Green (g); W. Paige (b); J. Jones (ds).

22266—Mildred Bailey (vocalist) accd. by H. d'Amico (cl); "Chu" Berry (ten); J. Blake (tmp); Teddy Wilson (p); A. Reuss (g); P. Peterson (b); D. Tough (ds).

Maxine Sullivan (Am.N.)

****Brown bird singing* (d) (Haydn-Wood) (B22370)

****Dark eyes* (trad.) (B22369)
(Vocalion S144-3s.)

Accd. by Claude Thornhill (p) directing "Toots" Mondello (alto); Buster Bailey (cl); Raymond Usari (bass cl, fl); Chas. Shavers (tmp); J. Kirby (b); O'Neill Spencer (ds).

Having worked off almost everything I have to say about Mildred and Maxine last month, I need only add that it all applies equally to these new records.

Strings in Swing Time (Am.)

***Oriental stock exchange* (Croom-Johnson) (B22231)

***Professor visits Harlem* (Marks) (B22230)
(Vocalion S149-3s.)

Strings in Swing Time are a combination of strings, wood-wind and rhythm, consisting, it seems, mainly of symphony players. Technically, the playing is of a very high standard, but the compositions, especially *Oriental stock exchange*, are too classical in conception (at least that's the way we'll put it for the moment) to mean much as swing music.

Still, if you like the kind of thing this is quite a pleasant noise, even if it is little more than just another attempt to do something different that has more or less fallen between whatever stools it may have been trying sit on.

KNOCKS FOR BENNY

Whilst everybody else in the jazz world is hailing Benny Goodman as the Reigning King who can do no wrong, our critic finds him getting monotonous

by "MIKE"

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"Alexander's Ragtime Band."
Benny Goodman Quartet.
"I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."
Swing Music 1938, Series Nos. 205 and 206.
(H.M.V. B. 8734.)

EXCEPT from the familiar technical point of view there is remarkably little to be said for the first side. It is oddly mechanical and monotonous. It's a great pity about the Goodman boys. When they first started they were such a welcome relief from their stereotyped white contemporaries. Now, in their own way, they are just as stereotyped.



Above all they need an arrangement with at least *one* new idea if they are going to be interesting again to any but the blind fan.

The quartet record is full of virtuosity.

I'd rather there was less speed and more music.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks."
Benny Goodman Trio.
"Silhouetted in the Moonlight."
Swing Music 1938, Series Nos. 207 and 208.
(H.M.V. B. 8735.)

I suppose the least one can say of the latter-day Goodman band-records is that there are few better ways of playing commercial numbers.

It then becomes a matter of whether you happen to like the tune the band plays. I'd have liked the first side of this record more if I thought the tune was anything but shapeless and wandering.

In short, when I have a tune I like I don't mind having the Goodman band play it for me.

Something remains of the old trio on the second side, but not much. And I could dispense with the vocal refrain even if the tune does come from a film.



Musicians who have graduated from Paul Whiteman's band recently clubbed together to buy him an unique birthday present—a bronze and mahogany door for his office. Inscribed "The Door of Opportunity," it bore the signatures of the ex-Whiteman celebrities. Above are Morton Downey (left), first boy "graduate" of the band, Mildred Bailey, first girl "graduate," and Paul himself.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"I've Hitched My Wagon to a Star."
"Let That Be a Lesson to You."
Swing Music 1938, Series Nos. 209 and 210.
(H.M.V. B. 8736)

As heretofore mentioned, the desirability of possessing this record depends upon whether you like the material.

The manner is familiar and typical.

Quintette of the Hot Club of France.
"Liebestraum No.3."
"The Sheik of Araby."
Swing Music 1938, Series Nos. 211 and 212.
(H.M.V. B. 8737.)

They make this *Liebestraum* sound so much like *Basin Street Blues* that I forgive the quintet for putting one of my less favourite tunes on the label.

The introduction is too long and Grappelly is not inventive enough to impress me with his near-czardas playing.

The Sheik is the usual hot club stuff.

Fats Waller and His Rhythm.
"Paswonky."
"How Ya Baby?"
(H.M.V. B.D. 5354.)

Is one reason why Fats Waller remains the only live personality in present-

day jazz due to the fact that he *enjoys* his music?

Everybody else is so deadly earnest and out to make an impression on the fool public; they forget that jazz should be enjoyed even more by the player than the listener.

These two sides have Fats' usual spontaneity and I enjoy listening as much as he enjoys playing.

Adrian Rollini and His Orchestra.
"Blue Prelude."
"Mississippi Basin."
Second New Rhythm Style Series Nos. 163 and 164.
(Parlophone R. 2515.)

What the first side is doing in this series I can't think.

It has no style and next to no rhythm, and a godawful melodramatic vocal refrain. I recommend the trombone first chorus as an object lesson in poor phrasing and breathing in the wrong places.

The player evidently has little feeling for the shape of even a not-very-good tune like *Blue Prelude*.

The second side is almost unbelievably dreary and undistinguished.

Continued on page 54

Knocks for Benny - - - - - **continued**

This record shouldn't be in a list of any kind, least of all in this Series.

Bert Firman's Quintuplets of Swing.
"Blue Strings."
"Keep Goin'."
New Swing Style Series Nos. 43 and 44.
(Parlophone R. 2514.)

Both these are quite pleasant little pieces with no particular character or invention to them.

Why is it that immediately jazz comes along the violinists must forget everything they were ever taught about tone?

Or is sliding and smearing about the thing to do?

Venuti's greatness was always his restraint and knowing just when and when not to employ his tricks.

Nobody else has ever thought of studying Venuti, it seems.

Wingy Mannone and His Orchestra.
"Loch Lomond."
"Annie Laurie."
(Regal M.R. 2732.)

If you will excuse me, I'll pass on. . . .

Harry James and His Orchestra.
"Texas Chatter."
"Song of the Wanderer."
(Vocalion S. 146—A. and B.)

I wish I knew what it is that's wrong with these boys.

They play in a pleasantly lilting tempo, they play well, they are not pretentious, yet there is something lacking.

They lack something that makes you listen to every note intently.

In both ideas I found my attention wandering; that shouldn't happen. I like Mr. James and his trumpet, though I am not thrilled.

Jazz has become too safe, somehow. Listening to it there is none of the glorious uncertainty we used to have.

In short, the thrill has gone.

Maxine Sullivan.
"Dark Eyes."
"A Brown Bird Singing."
(Vocalion S. 144—A and B.)

Well, well.

I never thought I'd live to hear a Harlem "swing" singer singing in Russian.

If Miss Sullivan is going to be a ballad singer from now on she'll have to be judged by different standards.

In which case these two songs have never been sung with more ghastly bad taste and less feeling for the meaning of singing.

I hope Rachmaninoff gets his royalties for the quotations in *Dark Eyes*.

Slim and Slam. (Bass and Guitar.)
"That's What You Call Romance."
"Ti-pi-Tin."
(Vocalion S. 145—A and B.)

This act is a cheerful affair.

For its singing and guitar playing it resembles a score of others, but no matter.

The string bass, as a melody instrument, is a lot of fun, and is played with more regard to tone than most jazz string players care to.

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra.
"If You Ever Should Leave."
"Thanks for the Memory."
(Vocalion S. 148—A and B.)

As not in the case of the Benny Goodman orchestra, I am indifferent to the material of Mildred Bailey's recordings.

She can swing what she likes and I'll like it.

I happen to like the tune and lyric of



Thanks for the Memory, so I like this side twice as much as the first.

Which is quite a lot.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra.
"Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time."
"Tea Time."
(Vocalion S. 143—A and B.)

For some reason the Norvo combination lacks personality.

But at least the second side is pleasant. The music has shape and form without striving after effect, and is worth listening to twice.

Milt Herth, Willie Smith and O'Neill Spencer.
"Lost in the Shuffle."
"The Campbells are Swinging."
(Brunswick 02585—A and B.)

This bizarre trio of organ, piano and drums is hardly my idea of musical paradise, but it is sufficiently odd to be intriguing.

Indeed, the first side has a peculiar fascination of its own—a fascination of being on a roundabout in a Harlem gin mill.

The noise of the second side is almost a justification of the choice of material.

I must confess to being quite amused by it all.

Jabbo Smith and His Orchestra.
"Absolutely."
"How Can Cupid Be So Stupid."
(Brunswick 02586—A and B.)

I know nothing about this band, and though I am not over enthusiastic about Mr. Smith's singing, I still find its music most pleasing in its restraint.

The sort of jazz which I can listen to

for a long time and like. It is full of charmingly played passages and neatly-turned phrases.

Andy Kirk and His Clouds of Joy.
"The Big Dipper."
"Bear Down."
(Brunswick 02687—A and B.)

All the clichés you want here, but if you forget that you've heard it all before I suppose this sort of average, 1938, music has its points.

Personally, I get rather tired of it all rather quickly.

Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra.
"Let That Be a Lesson to You."
"Sweet as a Song."
(Decca F. 6655.)

No surprises here, I am afraid.

I wish I could say it were really the same old Armstrong. It's the same old newer Armstrong though now nearly six years old and with nothing to say.

PIANISTS WHO CAN'T PLAY LEGATO

Continued from page 52

Send your entry in quickly if you wish to enter. You can do one, two, three, or as many as you wish, developments on the same or slightly altered bass parts, or, if you wish, you can do your extemporising on a chord sequence of your own choosing.

The winning entry, or part of it, will be published in next month's RHYTHM.

The only rules are that first and third beats of the left-hand part are single notes only, *not octaves*, that the off beats are within a register similar to the one given, and, if possible, the bass will have either a law-and-orderly arranged tonic and dominant routine, or a little melodic line of its own.

And don't forget to let me know what you would like in your own corner. There might be room to answer a few queries, so if you have one, send it along, addressed to me, c/o RHYTHM, Victoria House, Tudor Street, E.C.4.



BIX PLAYS IT GRAND

The tops of to-day and yesterday, according to our critic, are Bix-Trumbauer and Wilson - Holiday

by "MIKE"

Frankie Trumbauer with Bix Beiderbecke and Ed Lang.

"For No Reason At All in C."
"Wringin' and Twistin'."
(Parlophone R.2532.)

I'M glad this has been reissued, for it is a record I had forgotten all about.

What a charming performance it is too; isn't Bix playing it grand and picking up his cornet for the last few bars?

Here is where your moderns can learn about invention. This record was issued over ten years ago, almost so that nobody noticed it. To-day it would be ballyhoo'd as "Swing."

They'd be wrong, anyway. This is some of the most exquisite jazz ever recorded by three of our greatest artists.

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.

"Sentimental and Melancholy."
"Don't Be That Way."
(Vocalion S.188.)

The combination of Wilson and Holiday still produces the monthly tops for this scribe.

One bar from that piano, one small earful of that voice, and I curl up and forgive everybody everything, or very nearly.

In this case there is plenty of piano and enough singing to make me stick to my first thoughts.

Louis Armstrong's Original Washboard Beaters.

"Nobody But My Baby."
"Candy Lips."
(Parlophone R.2531.)

This is almost the first Armstrong record I ever had.

I've still got it, but because it was a good one with a lot of guts about it, it's a bit worn.

So you can see why I welcome its reissue.

A little primitive it may be, but there is no doubt about its being good jazz.



At an elaborate ceremony held at the A.W.H. Clubhouse in New York City, the senior class of New York University conferred on Chick Webb the honorary degree of Master of Drums

Coleman Hawkins and His All-Star

"Jam" Band.
"Honeysuckle Rose."
"Crazy Rhythm."
(H.M.V. B.8754.)

Is it the influence of Benny Carter, or what? At any rate, there is a general spirit about this recording that is most pleasing, with Hawkins, if not at his most terrific, at least obviously the Master.

For a moment or two one can imagine oneself back in happier times.

Ella Fitzgerald and Her Savoy Eight.

"I Was Doing All Right."
"It's Wonderful."
(Brunswick 02605.)

If I must have a "bedroom voice" I want this voice in my bedroom.

Ella Fitzgerald is one of the Three Important Women (singers) in my life.

You know the other two. This is the sort of record I keep.

Dick McDonough and His Orchestra.

"Dardanella."
"Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."
(Vocalion S.174.)

This is a nice gesture on Vocalion's part.

It would have been a nicer gesture if during Dick's lifetime they'd let him make more records by himself and not saddled him with a band.

Good guitar players don't need bands. They need opportunities.

Danny Polo and His Swing Stars.

"Jazz Me Blues."
"If You Were the Only Girl in the World."
(Decca F.6615.)

Good, but the rhythm section needs loosening up a bit. No follow through.

Bob Crosby's Bob Cats.

"Stumbling."
"Fidgety Feet."
(Decca F.6704.)

Once we elderly gentlemen have got over the memory of Fletcher Henderson's record of the first side, I suppose this will do.

Bob Crosby plays it as a period piece, which I think is the wrong attitude to take.

If the piece is worth playing it should be played from an entirely modern standpoint.

If not, then why play *Stumbling*,
Continued on page 13

No. 1 Rule for Drummers—continued

phrase it in the same way as they do—that is, with the full values of notes and correct accents.

I can't show you how to do the second two on paper, but I can try to show you how and what to phrase.

Ex. 1 is ordinary Boy Scout beat, and anybody can make it sound rhythmic *à la* boy scout. But if you leave out the first of the two quavers and play it as Ex. 2 it becomes a very different rhythm and should sound like dance music when played at medium tempo.

Ex. 1, of course, can also be phrased to sound like dance music, but I want to show you the difference between one sort of rhythm and another. Incidentally, when you are practising all the examples I have written, play a steady four-in-the-bar with the bass drum.

Play Ex. 2 repeatedly without a pause, and make sure you are playing it correctly.

Ex. 4 consists of four beats in the bar, in what is called "anticipated rhythm" and to play it in tempo requires lots of practice. It is called that because it is a quaver before the beat all the time. Study this rhythm carefully because it improves your sense of tempo greatly if practised properly.

This rhythm occurs a lot in ensemble phrasing and codas and you should phrase it with the front line. You can imagine how it will sound if you do not play it correctly! For safety's sake you *could* play it as in Ex. 3, but we are not concerned with that aspect right now.

Ex. 5 is a typical dance rhythm. Play it continually (with bass drum four-in-the-bar) for about 30 bars—but do *not* play it as Ex. 6. That is how some people might play it and that is why it would not sound rhythmical. You can see now why phrasing is so important.

Ex. 7 is a step further than Ex. 5, and is very tricky to play in tempo and rhythmically.

This is probably the most difficult out of all the examples, so practise it very carefully. The accent comes in an unusual place and that is why it is tricky, but it is pure dance music, and to be a good dance drummer you must be able to phrase it every bit as well as a good front-line man.

Ex. 8 is the good old Charleston beat. Remember, it is not *what* you play so much as *how* you play it. It is said that very few musicians can play a Charleston beat correctly.

Ex. 9 is another Boy Scout beat. Ex. 10 is the same, with the second and third quavers tied, giving you another phrase which will help you a lot if you practise it carefully.

Always bear in mind that everything you do must be rhythmic; even a cymbal crash can be timed correctly, and it will sound rhythmical.

Points on PENNSYLVANIA

1. Sockets rolled from the body in one piece. Turned over rim prevents pad wear.
2. Pad opened with penknife shows triple layer construction, double woven felt, tin foil, and waterproof brown leather.
3. Hair spring action carried on simple two pillar adjustment instead of usual four.

Pennsylvania Saxophones come to you with a 15 year guarantee and are sponsored by Selmer leading specialists. This is your guarantee that the instruments are produced at the lowest possible price consistent with fine workmanship.

4/8 WEEKLY On the easiest of terms or for as little as 19 gns. cash. You can purchase these instruments from any good dealer.

Pennsylvania details please.

R.8/38.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Selmer 114 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2

NO "SWEEDREAMS" PLEASE

The inexpert vocalist's commonest fault is running words together—how to overcome this is told below

by PHYLLIS FROST, L.G.S.M.



Isabella Allen, NBC radio singer, seems to be more concerned over "tennisoutfit" than "sweedreams"

LAST month's article dealt with the vowels. This one will deal with consonants, and how these consonants are split into various groups according to the physical process of their formation.

Those consonants preceding a vowel are called initial consonants, and those following a vowel are called, as you might imagine, final consonants.

Do not be scared by the first group name, Labials; this only means that the consonant is formed by the lips as opposed to those formed by other processes.

The first of the labials is B, as in Bar, Bare, Bee, Beer, By, Byre, Bow, Bore, etc., etc. This is a vocal consonant, and by this I mean that it will require a spot of vocal aid in the sounding. When it becomes part of a double initial consonant, as in Blow, we are apt to abuse it by the fatal *er* sound, as Ber-low. Here it is again, in Ber-ay, Ber-eeze, Ber-ing, Ber-oke, and so on. Take good care that you don't fall into this ever-open trap.

M, as in Mar, May, Mare, Me, Mere, My, Mire, Mow, More, etc., is another of the vocal consonants, and be sure to make good use of the vibrant feeling around the nasal cavities (towards the bridge of the nose) when sounding this

consonant. Use it to improve volume, purity and smoothness of tone.

P, as in Pay, Pair, Pea, Peer, Pie, Pyre, Paw, Pour, Purr, Power, etc., is in no way aided by the voice in the sounding.

W, as in Way, Ware, We, Weir, Wire, Woe, Woo, War, etc., is a vocal consonant and is therefore aided by the voice. If you are not sure of the comparison between the vocal and non-vocal consonants try them out for yourself, and you will immediately see what I mean. One is aided and produced with and by the voice, the other is quite a different sound and has no tonal quality of its own.

Dentals is the name of the next group, and are the consonants produced with the tongue touching the top front teeth.

D, as in Day, Dare, Dee, Dear, Dye, Dire, Doe, Door, Donor, Dour, etc., is a vocal consonant.

T, as in Tar, Tare, Tea, Tie, Tear, Tire, Toe, Tore, Tower, Too, Tour, etc., is a non-vocal consonant, but be crisp on the sounding of it, to avoid appearing insipid.

Th, as in Thigh, Thaw, Thin, Thong, Thorn, etc., is known as hard Th, and is not vocal. The soft Th, as in Then, They, The, Thee, Though, Thy, Thou, etc., is a vocal consonant. Don't take my

word for it, try them over and compare the two — then you will notice the difference.

Labio-dentals is the name of the next group, and they are formed with the lower lip and top front teeth.

F, as in Far, Fair, Fee, Fear, Fie, Foe, For, etc., is non-vocal.

V, as in Vain, Vim, Vine, Veer, Vow, Voice, Verse, etc., is a vocal one, and, properly studied, one which will help you in your efforts to produce good emotional tone.

The next group are the Sibilants. Sh, as in She, Shy, Show, Shoe, etc., is a non-vocal one.

S, as in Say, See, Sigh, Sow, Sue, etc., and C as in Cell, Cease, Cymbal, City, etc. This latter we call soft C, and it is non-vocal.

Z, as in Jazz, Breeze, Fizz, Buzz, Ooze, Zoo, etc., and as S, as in Raise, Vase, These, Rise, Hose, Lose, etc., are vocal, as you have probably found out for yourself by this time. I am sure that you realise how disastrous is the exaggeration of Sibilants. You must neither hiss nor buzz, as the microphone is very quick to voice its audible protest as soon as you start to do so. Get someone in the room to listen to you for this fault.

The next group, called Gutturals, are formed with the root of the tongue and the soft palate. The soft palate is the part of the mouth between the hard palate (the roof of the mouth), and the throat. The word itself means throaty, and these consonants are formed very near the throat.

G (known as hard G), as in Gay, Get, Gear, Guile, Go, Girl, etc., is a vocal consonant.

K, as in Key, Kill, Kind, etc., and hard C, as in Cat, Come, Cold, Cool, Curt, etc., are not vocal.

Next come the Partals, which are



Continued on page 15

Bix Plays it Grand - - - - - continued

except in the early '20's Confrey manner it deserves?

Chick Webb and His Orchestra.
"Moonlight and Magnolias."
"I'll Chase the Blues Away."
(Brunswick 02602.)

The first title is hardly good Chick food. The vocal is dreadful and the band lives down to it admirably.

The second title, for all the good singing by Ella Fitzgerald, is not up to standard.

It all sounds very tired.

I trust this is only Homer nodding.

The Ink Spots.
"That Cat Is High."
"Oh! Red."
(Brunswick 02606.)

This sort of combination is apt to sound very much of a sameness after a while.

Whether you will like this record or not, depends on how often you can bear the same formula.

Personally, I'm not sick of it yet.

The Casa Loma Orchestra.
"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."
"Malady in F Minor."
(Brunswick 02603.)

I see no reason either to repeat or change my views on "swung" Scottish tunes.

Except that I haven't got a gun, it's a good thing for the safety of the Casa Loma band that they lie over the ocean.

Bad jazz.

The malady on the second side is purely mental. Repetitive mania, I should say.

Una Mae Carlisle and Her "Jam" Band.
"Don't Try Your Jive On Me."
"Love Walked In."
(Vocalion S.162.)

This is sheer plodding: plodding for me to write about it, plodding music to listen to.

As far as I'm concerned this is a completely negative record. There's nothing wrong with it, and nothing happens in it.

It has no charm. It's just vacant wax to me.

Gerry Moore.
"So Little Time."
"This Time It's Real."
(Parlophone F.1140.)

In spite of being tied to "strict tempo" supervision, as announced on the label, Gerry manages to make charming records.

Good listening.

"Fats" Waller and His Rhythm.
"My Very Good Friend the Milkman."
"Black Raspberry Jam."
(H.M.V. B.D.5376.)

In spite of what any of you may suggest to the contrary, I still keep to my liking for "Fats" Waller.

By producing atmosphere in his records alone he is worth half-a-dozen of your modern riff-raffs.

It's a very important thing—atmo-

sphere, and a matter that most of you have forgotten.

That's why we get "swing" instead of jazz, these days.

"Swing" has only the atmosphere of the laboratory about it.

Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra.
"Mendelssohn's Spring Song."
"Shine On Harvest Moon."
(H.M.V. B.8752.)

First side is about as uproariously funny as these things usually are.

Having forgotten the tune after the first chorus, the soloists fail signally to produce an improvisation that is worth tuppence.

And, of course, there is a very smart first-time bare phrase which is repeated with the inevitability of any dull joke.

This band is the Club Bore of "Swing."

Artie Shaw and His New Music.
"I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time."
"The Chant."
(Vocalion S.159.)

What I like about modern records is that the reviewer need never worry which side he plays.

The above titles were stuck with some seven other records on an automatic change, and I don't know yet which side it was I heard first.

I imagine the *Chant* is the screwy, "primitive" one.

I don't see why it need be, though.

Louis Prima and His Band.
"Now They Call It Swing."
"Yes There Ain't No Moonlight (So What!)"
(Vocalion S.192.)

Louis Prima turns up again. He plays the trumpet nicely—in these raucous days, most welcomingly nicely with a lilt and in a reasonable register.

I only wish somebody would turn up and do something different, and no matter how loud and nasty.



Connie Boswell—as "glamourised" by Hollywood

Louis Prima is good average 1938 "Swing music." If I had a home I wouldn't write to the old folks about it.

Maybe one is no longer expected to think of jazz in that way.

Sid Millward and His Band.
"Someday Sweetheart."
"From Monday On."
(Parlophone F.1152.)

A good example of how the British have assimilated the accent but not the essence of jazz during the past five years.

This band gives a very good impression of jazz without for a moment suggesting that it will ever have an original thought to express in the language.

Adrian Rollini and His Orchestra.
"Bill."
"Singin' The Blues."
(Vocalion S.191.)

William is evidently related to Mr. C. Columbus.

I wish these band boys could hear how ridiculous they sound to a critic's ears.

If I don't get four or five Christopher Columbus riffs per month I think I'm going deaf.

Or else that jazz has found a new idea.

The second side gives you the words of the tune Bix made an instrumental masterpiece of (strict tempo, no vocal, you remember?).

Slim and Slam.
"Flat Feet Floogee."
"Chinatown, My Chinatown."
(Vocalion S.158.)

They tell me that the first, superbly nonsensical side is a sensation in America.

How anybody can memorise the tune of the New Sensation I can't imagine.

What I like best about Slim and Slam is their bass-and-vocal-in-octaves act.

This is an entirely new noise in any kind of music.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"I Want To be Happy."
"Rosetta."
(H.M.V. B.8753.)

Typical Goodman band recordings—with everything that the designation implies.

You probably know all about it by now.

Maxine Sullivan, with Claude Thornhill and Orchestra.
"Black Eyes."
"It Was a Lover and His Lass."
(H.M.V. B.8759.)
"Moments Like This."
"Please Be Kind."
(H.M.V. B.8749.)

The words of *It Was A Lover and His Lass* are by Shakespeare, the music by Thomas Morley (1557-1603).

Listening to Miss Sullivan's singing and Mr. Thornhill's arrangement, you wouldn't think it.

There is nothing more to be said that is printable.

VOCALISTS UNDER FIRE

Having survived her outspoken criticisms on girl danceband vocalists in last month's issue, Miss Frost now has a go at the men

by **PHYLLIS FROST, L.G.S.M.**



Monte Rey



Nat Gonella



Bernard Hunter



Brian Lawrance



Gerry FitzGerald



Sam Browne



George Melachrino



Jack Cooper

IN last month's issue I took it upon myself to comment separately and individually on the girl vocalists singing on the air. Since (rather to my surprise) I'm still alive and kicking, I propose to have a go at the men.

They're nearly all for the high jump this time, and I find most fault with the Crosby school. Heaven forbid that I should be condemned as a strait-laced inmate of an Academy, but heresy or not, I can only regard Bing Crosby and his followers as a pain in the ear.

I am the first to appreciate Crosby's remarkable qualities, and for the life of me I do not know why he has to spoil his otherwise impeccable performances with the gross over-emphasis which inevitably appears.

That heaving of the voice and the

thrusting forward of the vowels apparently appeals to many of our English vocalists, and it is difficult to listen to their work and give it the appreciation which it would undoubtedly otherwise deserve when they constantly give one the impression they have dined over well and are feeling bilious.

I hope he will forgive me for saying so, but **HUGHIE DIAMOND** (Eddie Carroll's Band for broadcasts) comes over very clearly as an arch devotee and graduate of this style.

Notice Hughie sing words such as sh-Hine and t-Hell. Take these faults and similar ones away, and see if you wouldn't like his singing a hundred times better.

CHICK HENDERSON (Joe Loss' Band), also of this school, but not quite so

pronounced. Qualities overshadowed. Perhaps the Crosby old school-tie is a little faded in Chick's case.

DENNY DENNIS (Roy Fox's Band). Possesses the same type of voice, but uses it with more discretion, and has a naturally pleasing style. Note his good tone, good phrasing, and absence of exaggeration.

AL BOWLLY (Syd Lipton's and Lew Stone's Band for broadcasts). A pattern for all English vocalists, and, to my way of thinking, one of the best, if not the best, in the world. We know Al's voice went off, but since his return from America and the surgeon's knife it is back with a bang, and with it, all of Al's previous and long established ability to put over songs to perfection, even although some of the songs he sings, as with all vocalists in constant demand, are apt to be of the tripe-and-onions variety.

Al's way of serving up tripe is such that it could grace a banquet, and that, after all, is one way of saying that he is a fine artist, unspoiled and unaffected. Excellent breathing, the right amount of "ripple," fine vowels and phrasing, and the ability to make his listeners "feel" a song with him, are the assets which make Al Bowly a worthy pattern for anybody.

CHIPS CHIPPINDALL (Sydney Lipton's Band). Pleasant and unaffected. A little throaty, obviously a powerful voice trained down to the mike. A shade more sparkle and vivacity would make him first-class.

JACK COOPER (Jack Jackson's Band). Has the sparkle Chips Chippindall lacks.



Denny Dennis



Chips Chippindall



Al Bowly



Chick Henderson



George Evans



Gene Crowley

WHY DON'T BRITISH MUSICIANS SWING?

That's an old question, and one to which a lot of people answer "They do!" But here, at any rate, is a new point of view

by JACK BUTTERWORTH

WHY don't British dance musicians swing? That's a point that has been fiercely debated many a time, and never so fiercely as by those who maintain that they do.

It is my job to be present at innumerable stage band shows, gramophone sessions, concerts, dance halls, and the like. So I at least have heard enough British "swing" to know its quality. Furthermore, I have been an addict to American "hot" records for a decade, and a reviewer of records for a large part of that time. And my experience in these respects leads me to the firm conviction that there is practically no real swing played in this country.

Our own boys not unnaturally get pretty hot under the collar at the persistent failure of such critics as "Mike" and "Rophone" to appreciate their recorded efforts, but if they would try to look at the matter in a clear and detached manner, they would be forced to admit that they have done little or nothing to justify their belief in their ability to put out swing stuff.

Just why there should never have been any serious number of good British swing records is rather puzzling, but the fact remains that while there are plenty of first-rate American discs, those worthy of note produced in British studios during the past ten years could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and that is being flattering.

If this depressing estimate is accepted—and it is certainly near enough to make no odds—it seems pertinent to make some sort of speculative inquiry as to why such a state of affairs exists.

That we have quite a number of fine players on various instruments seems to me to be beyond reasonable doubt, so

that the paucity of good British jazz becomes even more mysterious.

I think that, as usual, "Mike" in his dissertations on jazz has contributed more to the truth of the matter than most people.

An important point that he made some time ago stands out particularly clearly in my mind. He stated, in effect, that one of the chief troubles was the preoccupation with swing. His argument was that it is no good saying "we are going to swing" this or that tune, but that swing should be inherent in any good jazz man's playing no matter what material he is featuring. Most important of all, he said, was that any musician playing dance music on any sort of job who did not play with swing was getting his money under false pretences.

All this is true, and it would seem to cover the ground pretty adequately, but there still seems room for additional observations and suggestions.

Probably the most glaring difference between American and British jazz as I hear it is in the degree of relaxation apparent in the playing.

While the former is almost always noteworthy for its easy, to-morrow-will-do-as-well-as-to-day atmosphere, the home product invariably sounds all keyed up and self-conscious.

This is a most important difference, since without absolute ease of performance good jazz is impossible, and here, unless my observations have led me sadly astray, is the main cause of our failure to produce good swing.

Probably one of the reasons for this is that if there is one thing the British musician likes better than another it is intricacy.

Simplicity is one of the key features of good jazz, and as it is easier to be simple

than complex I am always amazed when I attend a genuine "jam" recording session to find everyone present armed with tricky arrangements which would take much time to master thoroughly.

By the time everything has been made shipshape enough to go for a master all spontaneity has gone from the performance. That there is some support for my contention is to be found in results, as I do not remember hearing anything better in the way of British-made swing music than the discs turned out by Danny Polo on Decca, when all the "arrangements" used could have been written on a cigarette paper.

After all, it is no more than elementary common sense to suggest that it is quite impossible to play in the carefree, abandoned manner inherent to swing music if close attention has to be paid to a musical score.

This amounts to an advocacy of playing without dots, which is just what I am driving at where so-called jam sessions are concerned. The numbers used for these are invariably the ever-greens of jazz, and a musician who does not know all these thoroughly by heart is not worth his salt.

Simplicity of method is one aspect and simplicity of playing is closely related. And that, I submit, is precisely what good extempore playing should represent, not, as is so often the case, a mere matter of how clever an instrumentalist can be with the chords of a given number.

In a dissertation such as this, naming
Continued on page 35



George Chisholm



BEDROOM v. GINMILL

Almost an apology to Maxine Sullivan;
and more than a compliment to
Billie Holiday

by "MIKE"

Maxine Sullivan.
"Moments Like This."
"Please Be Kind."
(H.M.V. B. 8749.)

I HAVE reached a conclusion about Miss Sullivan. She isn't, never has been, anything approaching anything that might be called a jazz (or "swing") singer.

She has the charm of Lucienne Boyer—the ability to make pleasant background noises on sentimental subjects.

So I'm now very sorry I ever said anything about *Loch Lomond*—almost.

It was all Miss Sullivan's idea of how a Scottish folk tune should be sung. And who is to say she is wrong—until she calls it "swing"?

Ace Harris and His Sunset Royal Orchestra.
"Rhythm 'Bout Town."
"One Little Word Led to Another."
(Vocalion S. 152—A and B.)

Such is the state of jazz that I cannot tell whether this band is composed of white or coloured musicians.

Obviously, so long as they produce 1938 jazz, it doesn't matter.

When shall we come to an end of this synthetic music?

Second side, on second thoughts, makes me think the band is white. Surely not even the 1938 Negro could be quite so genteel and arch.

Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra.
"He's Funny That Way."
"Now They Call It Swing."
(Vocalion S. 153—A and B.)

This girl is no ballad singer. She has charm; but she also has a way of singing things with a lilt.

She has the taste to pick a band that adds a convincing rhythmic running commentary.

Miss Sullivan picks a salon orchestra. That's the difference.

Maxine may have a bedroom voice; Billie has ginmill artistry.

And which would you choose? I wish I could agree with the words of the second title. Yet, in a way, Miss H. is right.

When "swing" is good it's just jazz and no more.

She is the only person I know who was good in both periods—jazz and "swing."



Frances Faye, rhythmic pianist and vocalist now in London, with Glen Gray, leader of the Casa Loma Orchestra. Frances's claims to fame include the fact that she invented the "zazz-zu-zazz" lick!

Stuff Smith and His Onyx Club.
"I've Got a Heavy Date."
"Here Comes the Man with the Jive."
(Vocalion S. 154—A and B.)

I like the first side for its ingenuousness.

Its attraction is its unpretentiousness.

Mr. Stuff Smith's fiddling should be more closely studied by the Hot Club Quintette.

He plays something closely approaching music.

Second side is good fun and no headaches.

Fats Waller and His Rhythm.
"I Love to Whistle."
"Am I In Another World?"
(H.M.V. BD. 536.)

Fats adds whistling to his repertoire. The words and music of the first side

Continued on page 50

Bedroom v. Ginmill - - - - - continued

hardly inspire. I don't suppose Deanna Durbin ever meant them to.

Fats makes purses out of sows' ears with the greatest of ease.

What a charmer the man is!

The first (piano) chorus of the second side is enchanting. He remains Personality No. 1 in contemporary jazz.

Bunny Berigan and His Orchestra.
"An Old Straw Hat."
"Lovelight in the Starlight."
(H.M.V. B. D. 5368.)

I'm glad to see this is not listed in any Series.

This sort of band is best doing an average plum label job.

Then it does the job better than most.

I like to look on this record as the best way of playing contemporary pops.

One can pass the vocaliste by.

I can foresee the day when we'll have to make more definite class distinctions in jazz.

This record must be classified as "straight" in 1938.

"Toots" Mondello and His Orchestra.
"At Sundown."
"I'll See You in My Dreams."
(Vocalion S. 151—A and B.)

I heard this after the Berigan record. I could swear it was the same band, and Benny Goodman's, too.

That's how jazz is in these days.

No new ideas, but pleasant so long as we critics are not expected to accept the music at more than its ear value.

Music like this is mass-produced to-day.

It holds no surprises. I knew what the alto would play all along in the second side.

Trombone is perilously like ham. I hope I never see him in my dreams.

Harry James and His Orchestra.
"Can't I?"
"It's the Dreamer in Me."
(Vocalion S. 155—B.)

How sentimental our moderns are growing!

First side is much influenced by Hawkins. Its first chorus is luscious—even treacly.

Founded on the worst aspects of Bean's latter-day balladry.

When will a tenor be vicious again? Or is it now the sentimental gentleman's instrument *par excellence*?

The idea (second side) has spread to the trumpet as well. Beautiful, but a little bit dumb.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra.
"Always and Always."
"Please Be Kind."
(Vocalion S. 156—A and B.)

Interesting inasmuch as I am always intrigued to hear what Mildred Bailey can do with uncompromising material.

But even this charming singer can't make this record into good jazz.

Commercial brand, 1938, and I suppose we must be pleased that it's as good as it is.

Willie Smith and His Cubs.
"The Old Stamping Ground."
"Blues, Why Don't You Let Me Alone?"
(Brunswick 02598—A and B.)

There's wit in the first title, and charm in the music.

Charm is a quality too long absent from jazz.

Both sides of this record have it, particularly the opening of the first title.

Edgar Hayes and His Orchestra.
"Fugitive From a Harem."
"Sophisticated Swing."
(Brunswick 02596—A and B.)

First side is one of those modern pieces with a "smart" title.

Raymond Scott might have written it. Maybe he did, but that's no reason why Edgar Hayes should play it.

Meaningless, full of "screwy" harmonies and sequences that a first-year student would turn down as futile. I didn't last it out, so I can't tell whether the end improved matters.

Second side is, fortunately, less aggressive than its title suggests. But still we don't get anywhere. The tune is badly constructed.

Lil Armstrong and Her Swing Orchestra.
"Happy To-day, Sad To-morrow."
"Let's Get Happy Together."
(Brunswick 02597—A and B.)

I'm afraid I don't get the charm of Lil Armstrong. It is a purely personal dislike of this way of singing.

If you agree with me, there are obviously thousands who wouldn't.

Much the same sentiments fill me when I think of the "Swing Orchestra."

It's all rather commonplace and drab.

Count Basie and His Orchestra.
"Out of the Window."
"Every Tub."
(Brunswick 02595—A and B.)

I think this band has more of a way with it than most.

It has a certain guts and a good drummer.

While jazz demands no more than these two qualities, this band will do.

On the whole, I think Count Basie gets nearest to the old jazz of all moderns.

Lionel Hampton and His Orchestra.
"Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?"
"I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby."
Swing Music 1938 Series, Nos. 217-8.
(H.M.V. B. 8747.)

I like the tune of the first side, but somehow this performance doesn't efface the memory of the first recording I ever had of the numbers.

Whose that was, doesn't matter. I've

forgotten the details but not the performance.

Both sides have a certain easy elegance which is pleasing.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"Loch Lomond."
"One O'Clock Jump."
Swing Music 1938 Series, Nos. 213-214.
(H.M.V. B. 8745.)

First side is beyond comment.

Why doesn't Mr. Goodman do a "swing" version of the Mozart clarinet quintet?

He'd get a lot of publicity out of it.

I thought he was a musician with better taste than to follow this unfortunate "swing-version" vogue of 1938.

The second title is nearer the real Goodman, so why worry about recording *Loch Lomond* if you can play the blues?

Luis Russell and His Orchestra.
"Savoy Shout."
Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.
"Jubilee Stomp."
Second New Rhythm Style Series, 165-166.
(Parlophone R. 2523.)

Something very healthy about the Luis Russell record. It has many dateable faults, but it still has a freshness of outlook that we lack to-day.

A fairly early Duke, but already unmistakably Ellington, bowed bass and all.

What character there is in an Ellington record, even in its less important moments.

I'd forgotten how good *Jubilee Stomp* was until this re-issue. Gratitude herewith.

Eddie Carroll and His Swingphonic Orchestra.
"Creole Love Call."
"Dinner and Dance."
New Swing Style Series, Nos. 45-46.
(Parlophone R. 2522.)

Very nicely played, but the tempo and dolling up of the Ellington tune is entirely out of keeping with the character of the music as Duke conceived it.

I suppose that's unimportant, though, if you are a "swingphonic" orchestra, whatever that may be.

Second side is one of those repeated cliché numbers.

I wonder they ever stop.

Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra.
"Little White Lies."
"Tears in My Heart."
Swing Music 1938 Series, Nos. 215-6.
(H.M.V. B. 8746.)

"Swing Music, 1938 Series," and Tommy Dorsey's name on the label, and you know what to expect.

Not a note of this surprised me. My only surprise is that Dorsey doesn't die of the boredom of churning out this sort of junk.

Of course, it's well played. The band costs enough in wages, so it ought to play well. Good jazz, though, is something money can't buy.

(4)
THE RAGE OF AMERICA!

All over America, people are enthusing about the amazing records by **Maxine Sullivan**, the young coloured singer who has proved to be the biggest musical sensation of the last year. Her records have reached a sale of over sixty thousand.

England is following the fashion, too, and Maxine's soft alluring style has invoked the praise of every critic, musician and fan in the country. If you haven't heard her yet, ask for these records right away:

MAXINE SULLIVAN (Vocal) and HER ORCHESTRA

S.122 {ANNIE LAURIE
 BLUE SKIES

S.116 {LOCH LOMOND
 I'M COMING VIRGINIA

S.125 {STOP! YOUR'E BREAKING MY HEART
 GONE WITH THE WIND

Vocalion Alphabetical List - February and March

Bugle Call Rag (V) H. Heidt. & Brigadiers	575	Oh, Dear! What can the Matter Be? (J)	
Community Swing (S) Glenn Miller & Orch.	S.127	Ella Logan (Vocal)	578
Fee Fi Fo Fum (S) Artie Shaw & His Music	S.131	Ragging the Scale (L) Russ Morgan	576
Free Wheeling (I) Artie Shaw & New Music	S.134	Sleepy Time Gal (C) Glenn Miller & Orch.	S.129
I've a Strange New Rhythm in My Heart (F)		Somebody Stole My Gal (W) R'thm Wreckers	S.135
Artie Shaw & New Music	S.134	Summertime (W) Billie Holiday & Orch.	S.130
Jingle, Bingle Bells (O) Ella Logan (Vocal)	578	Sweet Adeline (F) Artie Shaw & His Music	S.131
Last Night on the Back Porch (M)		Tears in My Heart (W) Red Norvo's Orch.	S.132
Johnny Mercer & Orch.	577	Things are Looking Up (N)	
Let 'er Go (W) F. Henderson & Orch.	S.129	Teddy Wilson & Orch.	S.128
Life Goes to a Party (W) H. James & Orch.	S.133	Vieni, Vieni (B) Horace Heidt & Brigadiers	575
Lights Out (R) Russ Morgan	576	Wabash Blues (S) Rhythm Wreckers	S.135
Murder of J. B. Markham (L)		What's Your Story? (L) F. Henderson's Orch.	S.129
Johnny Mercer & Orch.	577	When We're Alone (L) H. James & Orch.	S.133
Nice Work if you can get it (T)		Who Wants Love? (S) Billie Holiday & Orch.	S.130
Teddy Wilson & Orch.	S.128	Worried Over You (T) Red Norvo's Orch.	S.132

Please refer to the separate Complete List of Vocalion Records (up to and including the January Releases). This together with the above will give complete List of Vocalion Records issued to date.

Copyright subsists in Vocalion Records. Any unauthorised broadcasting or public performance of such records constitutes an infringement of such copyright and will render the infringer liable to an action at law. Licences for public performance or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance, Limited, 144, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Vocalion Records, being manufactured under patented process, may not be sold below fixed price
 THE DECCA RECORD CO. LTD., 60 CITY ROAD, E.C.1

Crystallite Printing, Tonbridge

MARCH, 1938
 Leaflet No. 34

Vocalion

3/- Swing Records



**THE KING
 & QUEEN
 OF "SOFT
 SWING"**

**RED
 NORVO
 and
 MILDRED
 BAILEY**

(Exclusively on Vocalion Records)

Red Norvo & His Orchestra

(Vocal by Mildred Bailey *)

Just released:

Worried Over You * S.132
 Tears In My Heart * S.132

I Know, that You Know S.32
 Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid S.32
 It all Begins and Ends with You S.36
 Picture Me without You S.36
 It can Happen to You S.43
 Now that Summer is Gone S.43
 A Thousand Dreams of You S.59
 Smoke Dreams S.59
 I would do Anything for You S.84
 Liza S.85
 Jivin' the Jeep S.91
 Remember S.91
 Never in a Million Years S.100
 I've got My Love to Keep Me Warm S.102
 Slumming on Park Avenue S.102

Red Norvo (Contd.)

Do You ever Think of Me? S.108
 The Morning After S.108
 Russian Lullaby S.121
 Clap Hands (here comes Charlie) S.121

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra

'Long about Midnight S.42
 More than You Know S.42
 For Sentimental Reasons S.51
 It's Love I'm After S.51
 Trust in Me S.67
 Where are You? S.84
 Little Joe S.88
 Rockin' Chair S.88
 You're Laughing at Me S.100
 Heaven Help this Heart of Mine—Vocal S.115
 This is My Last Affair S.115
 The Moon Got in My Eyes S.119

The World's Greatest Swing Music

good, also really outstanding and the trombone remarkably reminiscent of Lawrence Brown. And to think that this band is just one of scores like it in the States!

(2)

Introducing a Great New Star!

HARRY JAMES and HIS ORCHESTRA

S.133 {LIFE GOES TO A PARTY
WHEN WE'RE ALONE

"... Cheerful news around town. Harry James has gathered together a magnificent recording combination... including Jess Stacy, three saxophone players, the drummer, bassist and Buck Clayton from Count Basie's Orchestra. The band is a nine-piece affair with arrangements by Eddie Durham, who substituted for Vernon Brown on trombone on the date. The four sides made... are enormously successful from start to finish." (John Hammond in "Down-Beat")

Vocalion takes great pleasure in presenting the first recording, with a band of his own, by Harry James, the brilliant white trumpet player of Benny Goodman's orchestra, who recently startled the swing world by polling more votes than any other trumpet player in a nation wide American ballot, outdistancing even such stars as Louis Armstrong and Bunny Berigan.

"Life Goes To a Party" is a number composed by Harry James and Benny Goodman. Played in fast tempo, it commences with an arranged ensemble chorus, after which Jess Stacy, the pianist from Goodman's band, takes a brilliant and unusual solo with some intriguing sax work in the background helping to build up the atmosphere. Next the coloured star, Herschel Evans, from Basie's orchestra is heard in a great solo, after which Harry James takes up his trumpet and plays throughout the remainder of the record, building up to a very exciting climax and following it with an ingenious fade-out effect.

"When We're Alone" ("Penthouse Serenade") is notable amongst other things for the beautiful ease with which James exposes the straight melody in the first chorus. There is another fine solo by Stacy, after which Buck Clayton takes a short muted trumpet solo. In the last chorus comes some ensemble work which sounds remarkably full when one considers the size of the orchestra.

Harry James must certainly be welcomed as the most important new band leader in the recording world for many months.

ARTIE SHAW and HIS NEW MUSIC

S.134 {FREE WHEELING (From film "Rosalie")
I'VE A STRANGE NEW RHYTHM IN MY HEART} Vocals by
Leo Watson

Those who enjoyed Artie Shaw's delightful record of "Shoot The Likker To Me John, Boy" on S.120 will be especially struck by this new coupling. "Free Wheeling" is another of Artie Shaw's own compositions on similar lines to "Shoot The Likker," with plenty of solo work, not only by Shaw on clarinet, but by Tony Pastor on tenor and Les Burness on piano. The record ends in a style reminiscent of Artie's memorable record of "Cream Puff" on S.63, with a coda played by Artie accompanied solely on drums.

"I've A Strange New Rhythm In My Heart" is one of the Cole Porter numbers from the film "Rosalie." Undoubtedly the strongest attraction on this side is the tantalisingly fascinating vocal in the unique "scat" style of Leo Watson, the coloured singer who was introduced previously in "Shoot The Likker." There is no doubt that Leo Watson has at once the most individual and amusing style that has ever been exploited on a swing record. His short solo in "I've A Strange New Rhythm In My Heart" leaves one's palate tickled and one's mouth watering for more. There is an even shorter but equally delightful contribution by Leo Watson in "Free Wheeling."

(3)

The "Corniest" Record Ever Made!

THE RHYTHM WRECKERS

S.135 {WABASH BLUES
SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL

This record is going to keep musicians laughing for months to come. Several times before attempts have been made to burlesque old-style jazz playing, or "corny" playing as musicians call it, but never before has such a completely effective and delightful piece of buffoonery been perpetrated as this. It goes the limit in lampooning everything outmoded, every hackneyed phrase and idea that can be called to mind.

Featured on both sides is the clarinettist Fazola, well-known for his Vocalion records with Ben Pollack and Sharkey. Actually Fazola is one of the most stylish of clarinettists, and to prove it he relapses into normal swing style abandoning the burlesquing, in the final chorus of "Somebody Stole My Gal." However, it takes a wise man to make a fool, and his subtle impressions of "gobstick" playing of the Ted Lewis era owes much of his success to his knowledge and understanding of real style.

In "Wabash Blues" he is heard with a contingent from Pollack's orchestra, and in "Somebody Stole My Gal" with a group from Gus Arnheim's orchestra, including L. Singer, xylophone; L. Reiner, guitar; Manny Stein, bass, and B. Johnson, drums.

Don't miss this record—its a riot! And that last chorus of "Somebody Stole My Gal" is all the more exciting for its contrast with the "corn" that has preceded it.

Hot Scotch from Hollywood!

ELLA LOGAN (Vocal)

578 {JINGLE (BINGLE) BELLS
OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

(Orchestra under the direction of BILL HARTY)

Ella Logan is one young lady who has succeeded in carrying coals to Newcastle by registering a huge success as a rhythmic singer on the American radio. This young Scottish girl used to be well known in London as the vocalist with Jack Payne's band. She also recorded with Jack Hylton, Spike Hughes, Al Bowlly and others. In America she has lately added to her achievements by appearing with notable success as a comedienne in several big Hollywood musical films, such as "Top Of The Town."

Bill Harty, who often played in the same bands as Ella during their days in London, is Ray Noble's drummer-manager, and is now with Noble's band in Hollywood. He helped to assemble the star combination which accompanies Ella on the two lively modernised versions of old English folk songs which she presents here. These are the numbers which she originally sang with the Riley-Farley band who started the "Music Goes Round" rage two years ago.

She has also sung in America with Wingy Mannone, Adrian Rollini and similar swing outfits. This first opportunity of hearing her since she crossed the Atlantic will not only revive pleasant memories for many of her fans over here, but will provide a delightful recorded introduction to her for those who only know her through her film work.

HEAR WHAT YOU WANT - WHEN YOU WANT IT - Only on a gramophone record

MELODY MAKER

JUNE 4TH 1938.

"Toots" Mondello And His Orchestra
"At Sundown"

"I'll See You In My Dreams"
(**Vocalion S.151)

So, the mystery man, after years of hiding behind his veil of commercial radio work, has exposed himself for rhythmic inspection at long last. I had often heard hushed rumours that Toots was the only man comparable with the great coloured altos and I had certainly noticed his fine leadership of the Goodman sax section in its early days; but never had I been able to

trace any substantial recorded examples of his solo work.

In this coupling he has taken enough of the limelight to reveal himself as a player with the attack and style that combine all too rarely in this instrument, and the way he leads the reed section in the last chorus of *At Sundown* is a treat for sore ears.

The arrangements reach no great heights of inspiration, nor do the other soloists. The brass is thin and the rhythm section variable, with some occasional good drumming by Sammy Weiss.

But you're okay, Toots.

Billie Holiday And Her Orchestra
"He's Funny That Way"
"Now They Call It Swing"
(**Vocalion S.153)

First hearing: A bit rough and too much like all the other Holidays. *Second hearing*: Not really so rough—and it has something. *Fifth hearing*: Individual as ever, and quite fascinating.

The attempt to adapt the lyric of *She's Funny That Way* to the opposite sex results in some curious rhyming, such as "plan" with "gal"; but it doesn't bother me.

Technical tit-bit: Study Billie's phrasing in the last half chorus of *He's Funny That Way*. Notice how she delays the words of the phrase "for me ev'ry day"—the similarly delayed and heavily accented "if" in "if I went away" and the way she slides on to the second syllable of "away" in the same phrase; and the slight anticipation of "I've" at the start of the last four bars. All typical Holiday traits—and they all spell swing.

Red Norvo And His Orchestra
"Always And Always"
"Please Be Kind"
(**Vocalion S.156)

The usual Norvo polish, Bailey vocals, and arrangements that make the most of indifferent material.

JUNE 11TH 1938

THE MELODY MAKER

HOT RECORDS REVIEWED BY "ROPHONE"

JUST ANOTHER OF 'EM!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IN New York I remember best a number called "Flatfoot Floogy." Nobody knows what it means. The composers, dusky troubadours Slim and Slam, say they don't either but doesn't it sound nice . . .

Ace Harris And His Sunset Royal Orchestra

"Rhythm 'Bout Town"
"One Little Word Led to Another"

(**Vocalion S.152)

IT fair breaks your heart, it do. Here is a band that is practically unknown in America and is probably regarded as just another second-string coloured orchestra, playing in remote Dixie dance halls. Yet the arrangements and performances have more zest and swing than you will ever hear from a band that is regarded as a famous top-liner in this country. The riffing at the end of *Rhythm 'Bout Town* is regular Savoy Ballroom stuff. Pianist and trumpet are good, alto really outstanding and the trombone remarkably reminiscent of Lawrence Brown.

And to think that this band is just one of scores like it in the States!

Stuff Smith And His Onyx Club Boys

"Here Comes The Man With The Jive"
"I've Got A Heavy Date"
(**Vocalion S.154)

Your first reaction to *Man With The Jive* may be one of revulsion (glorifying the dope peddler and all that), but assuming you are now accustomed to the fact that all Stuff's production numbers have something to do with a Certain Subject—even *Got A Heavy Date* has some unison calls of "Light up! Light up!"—you can settle down and enjoy the musical qualities, which are plentiful. Stuff's violin and the drumming of Cozy the Killer, combined with the pervading sense of humour, make *Jive* a felicitous piece of work. Jona' Jones' trumpet inevitably sounds little sharp.

