

On the Records

A critical analysis of the latest record releases, covering both the musical and commercial angles of each disk reviewed. Reviews of greater length are given to recordings that possess unusual interest as to artist, selection, or both. Paragraphs in heavy type are designed for operators of automatic phonographs as a guide to the potential value of recordings in music machines.

Key: FT—Fox Trot; W—Waltz; VC—Vocal Chorus; V—Vocal Recording.

By M. H. ORODENKER.

JIMMY DORSEY (Decca 4262 and 4263)

Tain't No Good—FT; VC. Part I and II.

Me and My Melinda—FT; VC. *Absent Minded Moon*—FT; VC.

ONE of the newer of the five tunes for both sides of one platter and the pairing of two current pops on the other. Two sides are devoted to *'Tain't No Good* (4262), an excellent jump ditty that should catch the public fancy as did *Yes, Indeed*. But what Dorsey covers in the windings of both sides could have been more effectively packed into a single side. It's the spreading out of the singers rather than the instrumental virtuosity of the band that lengthens it. For the A side, opening chorus calls on the saxes in unison to introduce the riff. Trombonist Phil Washburn sings verse and chorus, and the maestro's alto sax completes the side, his improvisings cover half chorus. A trombone riff, accompanied by hand-claps on the after-beat, bridges the two sides. On the B side the band really gets started. Carrying on the repetitious riff for the opening chorus, the band fills in the musical mosaic sketched by the trombones. A Dixieland interlude brings on Helen O'Connell and Phil Washburn, picking the band apart for verse and chorus. Band picks it up again for an all-out half chorus, paced by the maestro's clarinet.

Sticking close to commercial lines, Dorsey gives a good account of the two pops. Irving Berlin's *Me and My Melinda* (4263) is taken at a bright and breezy tempo, the band taking care of the opening and closing refrains, with Washburn providing the vocal for the middle chorus. Tempo is slowed down for the *Absent-Minded Moon* ballad. The opening half chorus is topped by the clarinet, Bob Eberly is in good voice for the lyrical expressions, and the band picks it up for another half chorus to carry it out.

For the jump music the youngsters seek out, *'Tain't No Good* shows promise of enjoying the favor of phono fans. Of Dorsey's two-sided version, the B side, with Helen O'Connell added for the vocal, is the potential nickel grabber. And if Irving Berlin continued to score with *"Me and My Melinda"* as he has with all his other songs, Dorsey's entry figures prominently in the phono sweepstakes.

DINAH SHORE-FREDDY MARTIN (Bluebird 11487)

I Look at Heaven—FT; VC. *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*—FT; VC.

THIS record brings together the label's sweet singer and purveyor of sweet rhythms. While neither is heard to best advantage, with the songbird getting the edge, the vast commercial sales possibilities of Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin on the same record cannot be ignored. *I Look at Heaven* is a fetching lyric set to Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A Minor*, which Martin championed singly as an instrumental follow-up for his initial *Piano Concerto* click. Muted violins support Miss Shore's opening chorus, but the background is no match for the lush accompaniments woven when she sings on her own sides. The tempo is picked up slightly to make the band's playing brighter for the start of a second chorus, which appropriately enough features the piano, and then slowed down again when Miss Shore returns to sing it out. More effective is the combination for the *Anything But Love* evergreen. Again it's a conventional background, with strings predominating, but Miss Dinah's singing sheds enough luster to carry it on her own. Martin's tenor sax bridges her return to sing it out. It's taken at a moderate tempo, kept in strict time thruout.

Double billing of Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin is a cinch to make any phono sticker attractive. The *"I Can't Give You Anything But Love"* side holds greater promise for repeat play.

HORACE HEIDT (Columbia 36548)

Don't Tell a Lie About Me—FT; VC. *Your Eyes Are Filled With Music*—FT; VC.

HORACE HEIDT makes the most of the sentiment expressed by the title on the A side. Since it's the story that sells the song here, Heidt assigns it all to his singers. Pacing it at a moderate tempo, Charles Goodman makes the opening chorus appealing in spite of the corny cut-ins of Donna. Donna, joined by her Don Juans and later Goodman, gives the second chorus an attractive vocal twist that takes the side out in top-selling fashion. For the flipover, Heidt climbs on the Tschalkowsky band wagon, *Your Eyes Are Filled With Music* springing from the third movement of the master's *Fifth Symphony*. It's a theme rich in classical appeal, but its rhythmic development here as a slow ballad, in spite of Larry Cotton's vibrant vocal, fails to impress as popular fodder.

If the public's fancy calls again for a song like *"It's a Sin To Tell a Lie,"* Horace Heidt fills the bill with *"Don't Tell a Lie About Me, Dear."* It's the same type of song, a simple melody with a sentimental story and easy to sing along with, and definitely rates a sticker in the music boxes.

BOB CHESTER (Bluebird 11489)

What To Do—FT; VC. *As We Walk Into the Sunset*—FT; VC.

The bouncy rhythms bannered by Bob Chester hit an excellent stride in *What To Do*, from the *What's Cookin'?* movie. The powered trumpeting of Sy Baker and Betty Bradley's scorchy singing sell it big all the way. The heavier rhythms, however, do not blend as well with the lush melody of Charles Abbott's ballad on the B side. Gene Howard sings the middle refrain.

There's a dandy for the music boxes in *"What To Do,"* especially for the locations where youngsters congregate and seek out peppy items. Moreover, it makes for tie-ins with the picture.

CARMEN CAVALLARO (Decca 4270)

Always in My Heart—FT. *She Is*—FT.

The brilliant piano style of Cavallaro are show-cased on these two sides. Backed only by the subdued rhythms of guitar, bass and drums, Carmen carries both ballads in free and easy style. Plays them straight for the start, and then embellishes each with his improvisations. The A side is a beautiful Latin lullaby from the picture of the same name and shows the piano style of the maestro to excellent advantage. *She Is* is a weakie from Yale University's 1941 student show.

For smart and class locations, among whose patrons Carmen Cavallaro's piano magic has full meaning, his *"Always in My Heart"* is a cinch to catch coins. (See ON THE RECORDS on page 68)

On the Stand

Reviews of orchestras playing hotel, night club and ballroom locations and one-nighters. Comment is based upon the present or potential commercial value of the band, as well as its musical quality.

Nick Jerret

(Reviewed at Kelly's Stable, New York)

SLIGHTLY more than a year ago young Jerret collected five of his friends and began playing jazz for a living in some of Boston's least fashionable resorts. On Christmas Eve, 1941, Jerret and the same five chums opened at the very plush Mayfair, Boston's fanciest hotel, and now here they are, making their start along Jive Canyon, 52d Street.

That's progress, but it is nothing compared to what lies ahead for this remarkable six-piece combination. Barring mishaps, in much less than another year they'll be naming their location in this town. They are the most sensational group that has broken in around here in years.

Instrumentation is unusual—two trumpets, a clarinet, piano, bass and drums. Each man is a virtuoso in his own right and they play together as if they were weaned on the same bottle. And, speaking of weaning, the average age of the band is something short of 21 years.

Jerret plays clarinet, with an occasional turn on alto sax. He does some of the solo lead work, sharing it with first trumpeter Ralph Osborne. Most of the straightaway playing, however, is done in ensemble, with trumpets and clarinet blending to perfection. Piano, bass and drums round out the picture.

A 19-year-old genius named Ralph Burns presides over the piano and splits arranging duties with Jerret. This Burns is perhaps the outstanding member of the bunch. In ensemble he is to the band what Billy Kyle is to John Kirby's crew, and his solo work is of a caliber unapproachable by more than five or six 38-ers in the country.

Jerret's clarinet solos are also of a sensational nature, involving a fresh style, excellent technique and a wonderful feel for jazz. Also a bow is due Joe Santinella, second trumpet, who evokes thoughts of some great horn men when he takes off. Santinella is a riot with horn open or muted, and is worth a close listen when pairing with Osborne or Jerret.

As if all this instrumental talent weren't sufficient, the band brings with it the girl singing prospect of the year in Frances Wayne, a striking brunette with a true contralto, perfect rhythm, and, most interesting, a brand-new style which is composed, not of mannerisms, but rather of deep understanding and feeling for the spirit of what she sings. She is ready to perform any place, but needn't leave this band to do so, because it, too, is ready for the best.

The style of the band, by the way, is best characterized as "Kirby with his hair down." The playing is never raucous,

always in the height of taste, but with imagination. The style is bound to be accepted by the most righteous jazz critics, but is equally certain to find favor in spots where swing fears to tread.

Library is most standard and swung classics. Carter.

Eddie South

(Reviewed at Cafe Society Uptown, New York)

EDDIE SOUTH employs a sure-fire metier for the clientele of this swank Upper East Side room, which gets a mixture of boogie woogie adherents along with an ivory-towered class that regard b. w. as an art form worthy of serious attention. Paced by South's highly literate violin, his combo indulges in a varied concert with accents on gypsy airs and ride material.

South is backed up by an orthodox rhythm section consisting of Stanley Fields at the piano, Gene Fields picking the guitar, Doles Dickens at the bass and Joe Johnson pounding the drums. Other instrumentalist is Rudy Powell at the sax. All are capable soloists in their own right, doing right well by the South repertoire.

South's offerings include sprightly Hungarian and Russian folk airs, which he plays with feeling and authority. This septa sprite of Romany gets rapt attention during his solo interludes. The transition into the modern idiom is accomplished nicely, with standards before going into the riff stuff. South is equally proficient in this line of endeavor, dandapation being of the floor-filling variety. Arrangements include some glee club effects and contain much novelty and originality. Cohen.

Don Kaye

(Reviewed Turnpike Casino, Lincoln, Neb.)

QUITE out of place in a ballroom, Don Kaye's styling would, on the other hand, be excellent played to tables in more intimate clubs or hotel rooms. Terp demands in this spot have always been slightly jumpy, while the Kaye library, arranged by Walter Grene, isn't very plentifully stocked in that category.

The Kaye organization features two very able girls, the petite singer, Betty Parker, and the electric guitarist and fiddle double, Beverly Blake. Girls contrast with each other in work and appearance, Betty a brunette and Beverly a blonde. Either girl is capable of stopping traffic and does so frequently.

Kaye makes a singing foursome by gathering the two girls, Ben Adams, trombone, and Kingston Ebner, pianist, around the p. a. Each of the boys takes solos, too, altho most of the single appearances belong to Betty, and deservedly.

Instrumentally, it's a doubling band. Besides Beverly, on strings, Ebner can leave piano for slide, and Hal Skeen, trumpet, also. Kaye himself augments at the piano once in a while for a double keyboard effect. Normal set-up is three brass, three sax and four rhythm.

If Kaye keeps out of ballrooms and in spots where the full possibilities of the girls and his style would be felt, he'll get on. Oldfield.

On the Air

Comment on dance remote programs from the standpoint of showmanship, presentation and general listening appeal rather than the musical ability of the bands reviewed.

By DICK CARTER

Woody Herman

(Hotel New Yorker, New York, Mutual Network, Saturday, March 21, 2-2:30 p.m.)

HERMAN'S band is rolling in high gear these days. Any doubt that it belongs in the orchestral upper crust has long since been done away with. The excellence of this sustaining remote, therefore, came as no surprise whatsoever, altho one might ponder over the fact that the band sounds as good over the air as it does on records or on location, which cannot always be said for other swing crews.

Somewhere along the line Herman has discovered that it is possible to play jazz without sounding like 10 a.m. in a boiler factory. His band is one of the few that can be listened to with a consistent degree of comfort, without constant turning of the volume dial.

Holding back nothing on this shot, Herman played his eight top arrangements. The maestro took a few vocals in his usual effective manner, and Billie Rogers, fem trumpeter, scored neatly with a zestful *Zoot Suit* lyric and horn

take-off. Carolyn Grey did a couple of ballads in fine fashion. Voice is rather throaty, but is right on the note most of the time.

Mitchell Ayres

(Pelham Heath Inn, Bronx, New York, Mutual Network, Sunday, March 22, 11:15-11:30 p.m.)

THERE was nothing spectacular here, the band reeling off four very danceable arrangements, Ayres announcing his own stuff in as few words as possible, and Meredith Blake singing two choruses in simple, straightforward English. So, while there was nothing spectacular about the shot, there also was nothing annoying about it. The band and vocalist are apparently satisfied to furnish music for dancing or relaxed listening. They are on the right track, too. More bands with this attitude would mean fewer futile attempts to dazzle the natives and an increase in the number of easily listened-to remotes.

Played two pops and two standards, with Miss Blake showing versatility on

Deep in the Heart of Texas and Miss You. Ayres's announcing furnished welcome relief from the garbled blathering usually furnished by Mutual on these New York shots.

Climbing Fast!

NEW YORK, March 28.—Frances Wayne, Boston youngster who has turned 52d Street here upside down warbling with the Nick Jerret band at Kelly's Stable, had signed to sing with Charlie Barnet at a reported salary of \$225 per week. Under the arrangement, Billy Austin, manager of Jerret, continues as personal manager of Miss Wayne, with the prerogative of pulling her out of the band on two weeks' notice. Miss Wayne goes into rehearsal with Barnet tomorrow.