

The Changing Face of Harlem – The Savoy Sessions

Dan Morgenstern Grammy Award for Best Album Notes 1976



The history of jazz is often told in terms of geography—a journey from New Orleans to Chicago to Kansas City to New York, and from there, throughout the world. Like any generalization, this way of outlining the music's development has its shortcomings.

New York had been a jazz landmark long before it became the chief incubator of a new style eventually called bebop. And for jazz purposes, New York in the main meant Harlem, the largest (and once most glamorous) black metropolis outside Africa.

In the '20s, Harlem was practically the entertainment capital of America, if not the western world. "The world's most glamorous atmosphere Why, it's just like Arabian Nights," said young Duke Ellington when first confronted with its splendors in 1923.

To the contemporary mind, conditioned to think of Harlem as a "ghetto," a vast slum, a breeding ground for social ills, this may seem like fantasy. But even today, there are fine streets and houses in Harlem, there is the Apollo Theater (the last remaining bastion of a once proud show business tradition), there are places to eat and drink well, and places to hear music. But sadly, for every one of the latter, there were a couple of dozen in Harlem's heyday.

These ranged from basement clubs and unpretentious saloons that might feature a piano player and/or a singer to such elaborate operations as the Cotton Club, with its especially composed, staged and choreographed revues featuring the best in black talent and catering exclusively to whites (black show people were allowed to watch). Duke Ellington, no longer so starry-eyed, was ensconced as house band leader here by 1927; the job was his stepping stone to fame.

There were the great ballrooms: The Alhambra, The Manhattan Casino (later Rockland Palace), the Renaissance (known as the “Renny”), Rose Danceland, and the most famous of all, The Savoy, where many dances that later swept the nation (and Europe and the globe) were born. At each of these, “battles of bands” were regular attractions, sometimes involving as many as our crack outfits.

There was the Rhythm Club, a musician's hangout where some of the most fabulous jam sessions of the '20s took place, and the Goofer's Club, where the dancers would meet to exchange ideas and news and have their own versions of the jams.

After repeal, there were also after hours spots, where liquor (and if wanted, other refreshments) could be obtained after 4 a.m., and which ranged from holes-in-the-wall to fancy counterparts of legitimate night clubs. Most of them had music, from an old upright in the kitchen to a full band.

The history books identify Harlem with two kinds of jazz: Stride piano style, also known as the Harlem or Eastern Seaboard School and bebop, said to have been born at Minton's Playhouse at 210 West 118th, one of the few historic Harlem music spots still physically in existence, though music is now heard there only sporadically. (Actually, there were other Harlem spots where Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie jammed, such as Monroe's Uptown House, and the seeds of bop sprouted all over the land, yet the Minton's myth seems here to stay.)

That leaves out perhaps the most characteristic and influential jazz style spawned in Harlem, the small-group “jump” music typified by two bands that started here (one hardly ever left, the other became a nation-wide attraction), Louis Jordan's Tympani Five and the Savoy Sultans.

Singer-saxophonist Jordan introduced his crew at the Elk's Rendezvous on Lenox Avenue in 1938, while the Sultans were unveiled as the houseband at the Savoy Ballroom a few blocks further north on Lenox in 1937. (Maybe there should be a Lenox Avenue style?).

With their two trumpets, three reeds and four rhythm, the Sultans held their own against all comers, no matter how voluminous. They did it with riffs and swing. Jordan only had one trumpet and two saxes, but he was a marvelous showman, and his crew could swing too.

Harlem jump music was an offshoot of swing, of course: primarily of the riff-based swing style that had its origins in Kansas City and the southwest. In Harlem, it became streamlined, and it is no accident that Count Basie's band had to come to New York to make a hit with its streamlined, riff-propelled swing—which in turn had a major influence on Harlem jazz.

Hot Lips Page, the great Texas-born and Kansas City-bred trumpeter and singer, left Basie before the band came east. He made his first records as a leader in New York in 1938, with a

typical jump band. With Harlem his home and spiritual headquarters for the rest of his life, he later became the incarnation of Harlem jazz.

Rhythm-and-blues, the music that was to supplant jazz in the affection of black Americans, was much influenced in its development by Harlem jump music, and it is no coincidence that Hot Lips Page was a master of blues, and that Louis Jordan featured blues heavily. In fact, it is difficult to draw a strict line between early r&b and vintage Harlem jump.

The music on this fascinating, entertaining and swinging album contains pure Harlem sounds as well as other ingredients, and that is as it should be, for New York, and Harlem were the meeting grounds for musicians, singers and entertainers from all over, and New York's "Swing Street," once it hit its stride, became a melting pot in its own right, albeit there were times when the chill of race prejudice slowed down the melting process.

The record industry generally lagged considerably behind what was happening in the world of jazz and black music, but when Savoy entered the jazz field at full steam in 1944, it proved itself one of the most aware labels. To be sure, the motive was to make a profit, and one would never characterize the late Herman Lubinsky, the label's proprietor, as a patron of the arts. But he had hip people working for him, and the picture in the recording field was changing drastically at this time.

The American Federation of Musicians had declared a ban on recording effective August 1942, and it wasn't until more than a year later that Decca signed an agreement with the union, while RCA and Columbia held out until the fall of '44. This interim period opened the doors for an unprecedented number of small, independent labels catering to particular audiences.

It was a new ball game, and Savoy played it well. The producer of most (perhaps all) the sessions on this collection (which contains a considerable amount of previously unissued material) was Buck Ram, best known for his later association with The Platters. He had been an arranger for swing bands and vocal groups (his Quintones, a pretty hip group, recorded for Vocalion in the late '30s, backed by all-star jazz groups) and studied the Schillinger system.

Our opening session, appropriately is under Ram's name. It features 11 pieces, a hand-picked gathering performing Ram's most ambitious works in the jazz genre.

Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Remo Palmieri, and Slam Stewart worked together in Norvo's groups; furthermore, Red, Teddy, Slam and Cozy Cole had all worked together in Benny Goodman's 1944 sextet.

The horns seem a more oddly assorted lot, but get along well. At this stage of jazz, all the accomplished players shared a common language; more readily than at any other time before or since.

Twilight In Teheran is part exotica a la Juan Tizol (well impersonated by Ellingtonian-to-be Tyree Glenn), part blues (for the blowing parts). Wilson, who plays very well on the whole date, leads off the solo order, followed by Frankie Newton in one of his too-rare appearances of the '40s. (Though only 36, this distinctive and original trumpeter was already in the twilight of his career; ten years later, he was dead). Glenn is up next, then Earl Bostic leaps in, typically exciting and eccentric. Norvo, crisp and clear, and Byas, warm and swinging, precede Slam's bowing/singing spot, and then Cozy and Shad Collins duet (a Basie alumnus, Collins never realized his promise). Glenn takes us back to Teheran.

Morning Mist, previously unissued, is a mood piece with an Ellingtonian flavor. Ernie Caceres, one of the few baritone specialists, has the outstanding solo spot, in a Carney vein, and we also hear from Bostic (so sweet he recalls Otto Hardwick rather than Johnny Hodges), Tyree, and Teddy. Dig that Bostic high note—he was quite a saxophone technician, and John Coltrane, who later worked in his band, learned a lot of things from him.

Swing Street opens with some melodic riffs, and has potent Bostic, nice Palmieri, warm Byas, good Teddy and a nifty Norvo solo. Cole is first-rate here, as through-out the date.

Ram Session, a blues with a modulation in each 12-bar sequence, has more fine Teddy and Red, amazing Bostic, and Newton, with that cloudy tone and personal conception, plus a break by Slam.

Pete Brown, though born in Baltimore, was a New Yorker from the day he made his Harlem debut at the Capitol Palace in 1927 at the age of 20. He didn't make his first recordings until 10 years later, with his good friend Frankie Newton's Uptown Serenaders. The two had met at the Brittwood Bar and Grill on Lenox Avenue, where Pete worked with Don Frye and Freddie Moore. Later that year, Pete and Frankie and Don worked at the Onyx Club on 52nd St. with John Kirby, who eventually had a fight with Newton. Pete left, too. (Their respective replacements were Charlie Shavers and Russell Procope, and the Kirby band went on to make history.)

Pete and Frankie worked together often during the next decade. Pete also led his own little groups on 52nd St., in Harlem, in Brooklyn and in the Bronx. The one captured here is typical. Charlie Parker captured Pete's imagination around this time; it changed his style. He died in 1963; in his later years he was plagued by illness. Pete was also active as a teacher from the mid-'30s on; two of his more illustrious pupils were Flip Phillips and Cecil Payne.

Oh-Wee is a romp on a familiar jazz pattern. Pete was a *hot* player; his tone, hoarser here than in the '30s, his habit of pushing the beat, and his penchant for tonguing were ingredients of a very personal style, and he could swing with a vengeance. Al Casey, that fine guitarist, takes a solo here that indicates bop was no overnight phenomenon.

Bellevue for You introduces a riff based on *Exactly Like You* chords. The tempo, of a sort rarely heard today, is typical jump, and there is good work by Pete, Al and pianist Kenny Watts, formerly leader of Dickie Wells' Shim-Shammers, a group featuring two kazoos, piano, guitar,

bass and drums that held forth at the Shim Sham Club owned by Wells, a former dancer and famous Harlem sportsman not to be confused with the trombonist of the same name. Kenny later led a group known as Kenny Watts and his Kilowatts, and still later was a long time incumbent at the Surf Maid Bar in Greenwich Village.

Pete Brown's Boogie has Pete getting boppish (harmonically) in his second chorus. Watts is idiomatic, and the still-active Casey again shines. Pete gets some stuff going at the end that sounds like a double note.

Moppin' the Blues is a jump blues of the sort *Jazz at the Philharmonic* established firmly—all riffs. The tempo is up, and Watts sounds unusually fluent. Casey's choruses are well clinched, and bassist Al Matthews walks well. Pete returns, and Eddie "Spareribs" Nicholson has a drum tag. Happy music.

Side two is entirely devoted to Hot Lips Page, and that is as it should be in a Harlem tribute. Lips knew every nook and cranny of "Uptown," from fancy to down home, and wherever he went, he was welcome. When Lips walked in, the joint would start to jump. He was a catalyst, an impassioned jam session man, and a lover of humanity in all its varied manifestations. The feeling was reciprocated, yet fate wasn't kind to Lips. He died in Harlem Hospital in 1954, ostensibly of heart failure brought on by pneumonia, but actually of the consequences of years of scuffling and bad luck, which he fought with both hard work and hard living. He was only in his 47th year.

Dance of the Tambourine (like all the pieces here, a Lips original) is a minor blues with a bridge. This is a superb band, with Clyde Hart, John Simmons and the immortal Sid Catlett making up a 24-carat rhythm team. The front line of trumpet, two altos and tenor is typical of Lips' small bands, sometimes modified by two tenors, sometimes with a trombone added. They always jumped. Byas is fine here, and Lips has a spot on mellophone bridging the tenor solos, as well as some telling growl trumpet, (with due respect to Cootie Williams, Bubber Miley, et. al., Lips was the master of that art.) Not to mention his singing. He was the greatest of blues singers and a phenomenal jazz singer, a combination mastered by few.

Uncle Sam's Blues was one of Lip's hits, though chances are he never cashed in much on its success. Hart accompanies the vocal masterfully, and George Johnson contributes a characteristic alto solo (a versatile musician, still active today, he also played lead in Louis Armstrong's 1931 band). The references to "Fritz and Tojo" will not, we trust, prove incomprehensible to younger listeners.

Pagin' Mr. Page is one of the best instrumentals Lips put on wax with his own groups. Paced by Catlett's marvelously springy and accurate time and Lips driving lead, it has that Kansas City-cum-Harlem flavor. Hart's solo struts, backed by riffs. Lips' mellophone statement is yet other propulsive riff, then Byas glides in, followed by very fluent Johnson. Lips drives the blues down, paced by Sid's rim shots. This one captures the spirit of Hot Lips Page.

I Keep Rollin' On has fine Lips lyrics. The singing is impassioned, Hart again plays great fills, and Lips takes a growl chorus before completing the story, and this excellent date.

I Got What It Takes presents another facet of Lips. It is an original ballad, and the lyrics have a subtle message. Tiny Grimes and Clyde Hart (doubling celeste) offer a tasty obbligato, and Don Byas, who had one of the loveliest tenor sounds, tells a short but moving story.

Good For Stompin', a previously unissued instrumental, opens with Lips riding on a riff. The inimitable Vic Dickenson follows; then Ike Quebec, another great Hawkins disciple, has his say. Lips returns for 16 bars, then the volatile Bostic completes the chorus. Ike returns (or is it Byas this time?), then Tiny (another cat still on the scene) has a spot. Jack "The Bear" Parker, one of Lips' favorite drummers, trades off with the ensemble, Hart takes the final bridge, and Lips delivers the closing of this swinging sermon on the old *I Got Rhythm* text.

Lips' Blues (also issued as *Double Trouble Blues*) is masterpiece. After the opening trumpet/ensemble statement, Lips sings his own lyrics fiercely, yet with underlying humor, effectively backed by Tiny (some quite boppish figures crop up in the second chorus). Bostic's unusually structured, dramatic solo is one of his best, Lips sings again, then takes up the trumpet for a climactic ending to a dynamic performance. The trumpet solo is the essence of simplicity, yet far from traditional in harmonic orientation. Lips' sound was one of the most powerful ever coaxed from a horn.

Blooey, another previously unissued gem, is a blues à la *Mahogany Hall Stomp* (Lips was as close to Louis as any trumpeter or singer, but those who branded him imitator were way off the mark). It opens with trumpet breaks, then trumpet solos over ensemble. Floyd "Horsecollar" Williams, a legendary Harlem player seldom heard in solo on records, takes the alto spot, somewhat à la middle Pete Brown. Dickenson's solo is a gem; Hart and the section do a Basie; Byas plays strongly, answered by the band; Tiny goes in and out the window, and the concluding ensemble features typical Lips Page riffs.

Side C opens with one of the bosses of the tenor, Mr. Ben Webster. All three of his entries are previously issued alternate takes, every bit as good as the original versions.

Honeysuckle Rose, by one of Harlem's most illustrious sons, Fats Waller, is taken at a relaxed tempo. The rhythm section supports Ben firmly, and there are spots by Pettiford and Guarnieri before Ben's wonderful out chorus (he hollers, but stays firmly in control of his emotions).

I Surrender Dear, a Webster showcase, opens in his middle ballad style, not yet on the lofty plateau of his later years, but pretty damn good. Then the tempo doubles (dig the bridge).

Blue Skies is another mellow performance. O.P.'s choice of notes and great time and sound tell why he was Jimmy Blanton's natural heir and one of the most influential of all bassists. The always fitting Johnny Guarnieri glisses into his solo.

Webster was a regular visitor to Minton's and Monroe's, and it was at the latter place that he first heard a strange young altoist named Charlie Parker. Ben spread the message: All saxophonists had better watch out—something new had been born.

Saxophonist Herbie Fields was also a regular uptown, but there the similarity to Webster ends. Known to session habitues as “the self sender,” because he enjoyed his own work well enough to make up for any lack of appreciation by musicians or listeners, Fields was an odd mixture of good tone and technique and terrible taste. He enjoyed some success, notably as a heavily featured member of Lionel Hampton's band, and even won an *Esquire* New Star award (for alto). He recorded quite prolifically with his own groups, ranging from big bands to combos, then turned from jazz to commercial dance music, eventually dropped into obscurity, and committed suicide in 1958, at 39.

The main point of interest on the two performances under his name here is the piano playing of Lionel Hampton. Though Hamp's two-finger piano style is well known (and a direct translation of his vibes technique), the fact that he can play piano much more sophisticatedly is not well publicized. I have long believed him to be the author of the locked-hands (or octave doubling) style generally credited to Milt Buckner, and offer as proof his 1939 *Denison Swing*.

Both *Run Down* and *Nuts to Notes*, the former an *I Got Rhythm* variation, the latter (I think) based on *Laughin' at Life*, have interesting and very swinging piano solos, plus good spots from Casey and Stewart (the latter especially on *Run*) who keep things moving well. Fields is slightly hysterical on *Run*, more relaxed on *Nuts*, which also has nice tenor/piano unison.

We've already met Tiny Grimes on the second Lips Page date. Tiny originally was a pianist and dancer, and did one of his early stints at the Rhythm Club, in 1938. Shortly thereafter, he switched to guitar, breaking in with The Cats and a Fiddle, a popular vocal and stringed instrumental group in the manner of the Spirits of Rhythm and the (early) Ink Spots. His jazz spurs were earned with the fabulous Art Tatum, in a trio also including Slam Stewart.

Tiny gave Charlie Parker one of his first record dates, and for that he has been unfairly maligned by Ross Rus-sell in his *Bird Lives*. Russell claims that the Grimes session with Parker (which produced two instrumentals in addition to the two pieces included here) was an attempt by the guitarist to prove himself as a singer, and he makes the affable and modest musician out to be an insensitive egomaniac. Actually, the kind of singing done by Grimes is typical of the time and was probably the a&r man's idea rather than Grimes'. Anyhow, it's harmless fun, and there's room for Parker to solo, which is what counts.

Both *I'll Always Love You Just The Same* and *Romance Without Finance* are previously unissued takes—major additions to the Parker discography.

First, though, we hear another never-before issued piece from a different Tiny session. *Groovin' With Grimes* was the sole instrumental resulting from a session with The Three Riffs. It is in the *Air Mail Special* mold and features two fleet choruses by Grimes, a short but interesting

solo spot from pianist Joe Springer, who played in Gene Krupa's band and with Roy Eldridge, was an associate of the early boppers on 52nd St. and a frequent jammer in Harlem, and later became a follower of the peculiar psychological and cosmological theories of Wilhelm Reich. Bass Robinson walks well, Doc West, a very good drummer who died young, fills in between riffs, and there is a bop ending.

I'll Always Love You opens with a Parker flare, and Bird is quite audible behind Tiny's vocal (as is Clyde Hart), then soars into his solo, flying through the changes with unique aplomb. Tiny takes it out, vocally.

Romance Without Finance is a rhythm tune that suits Tiny's vocal talents better. Again, there's a Bird-led intro, alto notable behind the vocal, and a Bird solo, with piano bridge. Tiny takes a full guitar chorus, and a few bars of piano bring back Tiny, the singer, with Bird again behind him. The vocal interjections are by Jimmy Butts, still around today as a singer-entertainer in cocktail lounges, usually teamed up with a lady piano player-singer.

Also still around, and like Butts mainly active in New Jersey, is veteran blues singer Viola Wells Underhill, professionally known as Miss Rhapsody. She recently recorded for a small collector's label and has been highly praised by the British blues specialist Derreck Steward-Baxter.

Miss Rhapsody did three sessions for Savoy, and she knows her trumpet players. On this, the first, she had the redoubtable Emmett Berry, on the next, Frankie Newton, and on the last, the legendary Freddie Webster. The rest of the band here is fine, too, and her husband turns in a nice job on guitar.

Bye Bye Baby is a goodnatured compendium of blues lyrics from varied sources, including *Roll 'Em Pete*. At one point, the musicians join the singer in "congregational" response. *My Lucky Day* is a rhythm ballad, including verse as well as chorus. There's a nice Berry obligato, and Walter "Foots" Thomas, veteran of the Cab Calloway band and its predecessor, The Missouriians, takes a pleasant solo.

Hey Lawdy Mama was a popular blues piece recorded by, among others, Andy Kirk's band and Louis Armstrong. It's a Detroit number, and the references to "the bottom" have to do not with the human anatomy but with the Motor City's black entertainment center of that time. Berry has a fine solo here, with cup mute, and Cozy Cole's drums are much responsible for the firm tempo and swing of the performance. Cozy's brother Reuben Jay is also heard from.

Groovin' the Blues is a typical mid-'40s jive blues, already r&b in flavor. There are solo spots by trumpet, tenor, piano and guitar, and Miss Rhapsody shows she could keep up with the times.

The final session is one of the very few on which that gifted pianist and arranger, Clyde Hart (from whom we've heard quite a bit already), was the leader. Dead of tuberculosis at 35 in

March 1945, he had established himself as one of the most popular pianists with the new breed of jazz musicians, and would have played a significant role in the development of bop had he lived.

The two instrumentals, though long unavailable, have been issued before, but the two pieces with vocals have never been released and were unknown even to discographers.

Smack That Mess is not an obscure drug song but a harmless ditty about a way of “giving skin.” The ubiquitous Herbie Fields is responsible for the convoluted bridge. Benny Harris’ trumpet obligato is in fact a solo played behind the vocal, and very good at that. The tenor of Budd Johnson, sounding as fresh as it does today (and did in 1934), is heard before the vocal resumes.

Dee Dee’s Dance, by drummer Denzil Best (a regular at Minton’s on trumpet before lung trouble forced him to change instruments), is a transitional line, as much swing as bop. Everyone except the composer solos, including Chuck Wayne, who, like every guitarist on this LP, tips his cap to Charlie Christian. Harris, an interesting player, shows Roy Eldridge roots in his muted spot, and Budd lazies à la Lester. The ensemble presents a nice variant of the head before going out as it came in.

Little Benny, later also known as *Bud’s Bubble* and *Crazeology* (as which it was recorded by Charlie Parker), is one of the trumpeter’s several contributions to bop literature (another is *Ornithology*, also copped by Bird). This is a more boppish piece than *Dee Dee’s*, and the trumpet solo is also more in that idiom. The first tenor solo is by Budd, the second by Herbie, who plays alto elsewhere on the date. Though he’s the leader, Hart is modest, taking just the intro and a bridge for himself. Wayne is also heard.

Shoot The Arrow To Me Cupid again features the vocal talents of Joe Gregory, and since this, as far as I know, was his only shot at recording, and it took 32 years for the results to be made public, we shouldn’t be too hard on him—in fact, he’s not a bad rhythm singer.

A piano intro and bass solo by the great Oscar Pettiford are followed by Budd Johnson over ensemble. There’s a spot of Little Benny’s trumpet behind the vocal, and Fields surfaces briefly before the vocal recaps.

So concludes this interesting journey through the Harlem (and its spiritual outpost, 52nd Street) of the mid-40s. It was a time when the dichotomy between art and entertainment had not yet become a major jazz issue, when bop had not yet been proclaimed a revolutionary break with the past but was peacefully cohabiting with mature swing, and when “Uptown,” though no longer an entertainment mecca, was still a place where musicians could go after work to jam or have a great breakfast, or get a taste after hours, and where they still stomped at the Savoy. The message lingers on.

DAN MORGENSTERN

SIDE A

Twilight in Tehran
Morning Mist
Swing Street
Ram Session
Ooh-Wee
Bellvue For You
Pete Brown's Boogie
Moppin' The Blues

SIDE B

Dance of the Tambourine
Uncle Sam's Blues
PagIn' Mr. Page
I Keep Rollin' On
I Got What It Takes
Good For Stompin'
Lip's Blues
Blooley

SIDE C

Honeysuckle Rose
I Surrender Dear
Blue Skies
Run Down
Nuts to Notes
Groovin' With Grimes
I'll Always Love You Just The Same
Romance Without Finance

SIDE D

Bye Bye
My Lucky Day
Hey Lawdy Mama
Groovin' The Blues
Smack That Mess
Dee Dee's Dance
Little Benny
Shoot The Arrow To Me Cupid

PERSONNEL:

A 1-4: Buck Ram All-Stars: Frankie Newton, Shad Collins:
trumpets, Tyree Glenn: trombone, Earl Bostic: alto sax, Don
Byas: tenor sax, Ernie Caceres: baritone sax, Red Norvo: vibes,
Teddy Wilson: piano, Remo Palmieri: guitar, Slam Stewart: bass,
Cozy Cole: drums, September 18, 1944.

A 5-8: Pete Brown Quintette: Pete Brown: alto sax, Kenny Watts: piano, Al Casey: guitar, Al Matthews: bass, Eddie Nicholson: drums. July 11, 1944.

B 1-4: Hot Lips Page & His Hot Seven: Hot Lips Page: trumpet, mellophone, vocals, George Johnson, Floyd "Horsecollar" Williams: alto sax, Don Byas: tenor sax, Clyde Hart: piano, John Simmons: bass, Sid Catlett: drums. June 14, 1944.

B 5-8: Hot Lips Page Band: Hot Lips Page: Trumpet, vocal, Jesse Brown, Joe Keyes: trumpets, Vic Dickenson: trombone, Earl Bostic, Floyd "Horsecollar" Williams: alto sax, Don Byas, Ike Quebec: tenor sax, Clyde Hart: piano, celeste, Tiny Grimes: guitar, Al Lucas: bass, Jack Parker: drums. September 12, 1944.

C 1-3: Ben Webster: tenor sax, Johnny Guarnieri: piano, Oscar Pettiford: bass, David Booth: drums. April 17, 1944.

C 4-5: Herbie Fields: tenor sax, Lionel Hampton: piano, Al Casey: guitar, Slam Stewart: bass. May 4, 1945.

C 6: Tiny Grimes: guitar, Joe Springer: piano, Bass Robinson: bass, Doc West: drums. November 3, 1944.

C 7 & 8: Charlie Parker: alto sax, Clyde Hart: piano, Tiny Grimes: guitar, vocal, Jimmy Butts: bass, vocal, Doc West: drums. September 15, 1944.

D 1-4: Miss Rhapsody: vocals, Emmett Berry: trumpet, Foots Thomas: tenor sax, Reuben "June" Cole: piano, Harold Underhill: guitar, Billy Taylor: bass, Cozy Cole: drums. July 6, 1944.

D 5-8: Benny Harris: trumpet, Herbie Fields: alto sax, tenor sax, Budd Johnson: tenor sax, Clyde Hart: piano, Chuck Wayne: guitar, Oscar Pettiford: bass, Denzil Best: drums, Joe Gregory: vocals. December 19, 1944.

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