


CUSTOM
HIGH
FIDELITY

A photograph of Sarah Vaughan sitting on a dark wooden bench with a red cushion. She is wearing a white, strapless, floor-length gown with a full skirt and lace detailing. She has short, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**SARAH
VAUGHAN**
at the
BLUE NOTE

MERCURY

AT THE BLUE NOTE
SARAH VAUGHAN
With Hugh Peretti and His Orchestra

A High Fidelity
Recording

1. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS (Ray Noble)
(Joy Music—ASCAP—2:44)
2. S' WONDERFUL (George Gershwin)
(New World Music—ASCAP—2:27)
3. TENDERLY (Jack Lawrence-Walter Gross)
(E. H. Morris—ASCAP—3:07)
4. IT'S MAGIC (Cahn-Styne)
(M. Witmark & Sons—ASCAP—3:08)
5. HONEY (Simons-Gillespie-Whiting)
(Leo Feist—ASCAP—2:17)
- B. LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS
(Herman Hupfeld) (Harms—
ASCAP—2:38)

MG-20094 A

LONG
PLAYING



MICROGROOVE

MERCURY

AT THE BLUE NOTE
SARAH VAUGHAN
With Hugh Peretti and His Orchestra

A High Fidelity
Recording

1. I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE (McHugh-Fields)
(Robbins Music—ASCAP—3:38)
2. I DON'T KNOW WHY (Turk-Ahler)
(Leo Feist—ASCAP—2:58)
3. PARADISE (Brown-Cilford)
(Leo Feist—ASCAP—2:51)
4. TIME ON MY HANDS (Adamson-Gordon-Youmans)
(Miller Music—ASCAP)
5. GIMME A LITTLE KISS (Turk-Smith-
Pinkard) (ABC Music—ASCAP—2:32)
6. MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE
(Bob Merrill) (Ryan Music—
ASCAP—2:36)

MG-20094 B

LONG
PLAYING



MICROGROOVE



SARAH VAUGHAN AT THE BLUE NOTE

Orchestra Conducted by HUGO PERETTI

THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS
S' WONDERFUL
TENDERLY
IT'S MAGIC
HONEY
LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE
I DON'T KNOW WHY
PARADISE
TIME ON MY HANDS
GIMME A LITTLE KISS
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

Not long ago on one of the happy days when Sarah Vaughan was going to open at the Blue Note, Frank Holzfeind, the bouncy and cruddle owner of the world's most famous jazz club, received a letter from his old friend, Dave Garroway.

"I wish I could be at the Blue Note this engagement," the Old Tiger wrote. "It's one of the things I miss most being in New York. And with Sarah there it would seem like home. Anyone in Chicago who doesn't take advantage of the chance to hear that great voice is, as Duke Ellington would say, 'desperately uncool.'"

In a sense, Sarah Vaughan and the Blue Note grew up together. In the early days, late 1947 and 1948, the Blue Note was another saloon in Chicago's Loop. It's only distinction seemed to be that it was run by a thoroughly inexperienced saloon keeper who seemed to be off his rocker: of all things, he was going to try to keep his place open while offering nothing but jazz music. It just wasn't done. In fact, in recent days in Chicago, it just hadn't been done. Worse than that, as though jazz itself were not far enough off the beaten track, Holzfeind astounded the pundits of the business when he announced, before his place was many weeks old, that he was going to give star status for two weeks to a kid nobody ever heard of, name of Sarah Vaughan. That is, nobody except the handful who dug her at a South Side spot called the Rhumboogie. "You'll lose your shirt," the experts warned. "My wife tells me I got more shirts at home," Holzfeind wisecracked nervously. "In a year, this girl will help me pay my rent—or if I'm wrong, I'll be broke and I won't have to pay any more rent. So what can I lose?"

That first engagement was not the most startling business success that ever stormed the Windy City. But the few customers

who heard Sarah Vaughan herald a whole new era of daringly creative singing, why they just flipped. Dave Garroway was there every night until 11:50 p.m., just in time to make it to the NBC studios at midnight where he dreamed up smooth phrases he never even knew he had to describe this former choir girl from Newark. Business kept getting a little better, so that by the end of her two-week engagement, the bartender had to read *Down Beat* on his own time.

But the next year! To make a long story short: she helped the Blue Note pay the rent. Just as she has built her superb following at the Blue Note year by year so that today she is queen among the royalty of jazz which comes to that remarkable place, so have she and the Blue Note attained their world-wide reputations separately since those early days. The "Supreme Court of Jazz" is what one writer called the Blue Note recently. Sarah? Someone once called her simply "The Divine Sarah Vaughan." That covered it. It stuck and it always will.

Here, then, is Sarah Vaughan at her most divine, bringing back memories of exciting nights at the Blue Note.

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