

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 21

Week ending June 28, 1958

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6^D
THURSDAY



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Smash Hit!

'THE ONLY MAN ON THE ISLAND'

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On the street where you live PB 819
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They're boring us to death

POST BAG

If you have something to say about the record stars, the record industry, or even about DISC—even if it isn't complimentary!—this is the place to say it. And your letter may win an LP, for every week DISC presents an LP of the winner's own choice to the writer of the most interesting letter. All you have to do is drop a line to "Post Bag," DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Recording stars are treating TV like a shop window

FANS are being cheated! Recording stars are misusing one of the most valuable mediums open to them—television.

They use TV as a glorified shop window. I don't object to their using television to introduce new recordings but they should not go to the extreme and bore everyone to death with the same thing repeated over and over again.

Recently, it seems that the Mod-larks' repertoire has consisted of the same old song—"Book of Love," while Lonnie Donegan, a few weeks ago, could sing nothing but "Grand Coolie Dam." Michael Holliday, Marion Ryan and Petula Clark have all succumbed in the same way.

Learn some new songs, please, you lot!—ANNE PAVEY, Norman Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

(If you had a new product—would you not advertise it?)

Performance

IT seems that the emphasis these days is placed too much on the personal life of an entertainer—but has this any relation to the artist's

capabilities?

Personally, it matters little to me, for instance, whether Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis has a wife of 10 or 65!

It is a star's performance that counts; his or her private life is the concern of no one else.—R. S. FLETCHER, Birmingham Street, Willenhall, Staffs.

'Popeye' fan

IS there a Bernard Bresslaw fan club? I am a keen "Popeye" fan and should like to join such a club. My friends and I all think that Bernie is great.—M. G. PRICE, Tiverton Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

(Not that we know of, though there soon will be, we think.)

Dead easy!

DISC does a great job in the way it prints record reviews; the full name and number of records being reviewed are most useful to chaps like me out here in Germany.

If we hear a record we like, to obtain a pressing we have to order it from England.—Pte. W. DUTTON, RAOC, BFPO 40, Germany.

(A service for the Service?)

In defence of the Americans

MR. A. A. SMITH (DISC, 14-6-58) should not condemn out of hand all visiting American artists because of the treatment he has received when trying to obtain autographs from some.

They are not all reluctant to sign. Johnnie Ray, Slim Whitman, Pat Boone, Marvin Rainwater, Billy Daniels, Freddy Bell and the Bell Boys and many others, have all signed for us or our friends. And usually they have pleasantly thanked us for our comments on their performances.

By far the warmest and most friendly of any artists, in our opinion, are the Tremiers. When we met them in their dressing room they signed their autographs, gave us each a glossy



"I like music while I work."

photograph of the group and chatted for quite a while about England and their tour.—NANCY LAWTON and MARGARET CURRY, Elder Gardens, Gateshead, 9.

AMERICAN stars have not subjected me to the brush-off treatment of which your readers complain. Indeed, thanks to their generosity, I have a wonderful collection of autographs including that of my favourite male singer, Frank Sinatra.

I have even heard American artists beg theatre attendants to let the fans

through so that their autograph books and programmes can be signed.

Last year when Count Basic played Birmingham I chatted quite freely with him after his performance, discussing his tour. He even remembered meeting me on his previous tour.

The "Count" and members of his orchestra welcomed all the fans and were quite happy to talk to them.—JO HAZEY, Hamstead Road, Birmingham, 20.

(It all depends on the time and place.)

But not Terry

I RECENTLY travelled 16 miles to Birmingham to see Terry Dene but when I went to the stage door and showed my fan club membership card, the door keeper would not let me go in for Terry's autograph on one of his records.

It really isn't fair. We join fan clubs so that we can meet our favourites but if this is the sort of

PRIZE LETTER

Third-rate 'Six-Five'

WHAT on earth has happened to "Six-Five Special"? When the show first appeared on TV the top British and American stars were presented on film and record and in person.

But since then the programme has gradually deteriorated and has become the sort of third-rate variety which may be seen at any cheap theatre in the country.

The BBC are largely to blame. They showed a lack of enterprise in allowing the original team to leave without so much as a murmur. I miss the dry humour of Pete Murray, the sparkling freshness of Jo Douglas, the slapstick of Freddie Mills, the ideas of ex-producer Jack Good and the music and rock of Don Lang.

The programme recently celebrated its first birthday; if the BBC do not buck it up it will be its last.—MICHAEL HARPER, Letchworth Road, Leicester.

Was the BBC right to change the formula of this show? Only time will tell. Meanwhile, an LP of his own choice to Mr. Harper for putting the case against the "new" programme so succinctly.

treatment we are to expect, what's the point of supporting the clubs?—MARY PRICE, Ashley Road, Broadwaters Heath, Wexes.

(The artist should explain this to the door keeper. The latter is only doing his job.)

Anything for Pat

I WANT to start my own "Pat Boone Album." Can any readers of DISC help me out with pictures or articles of Pat, please?

I should be happy to swap pictures of Lonnie Donegan, Elvis Presley, Tommy Steele, Rock Hudson, Jim Dale or Harry Belafonte.—KAREN MacKenzie, Spinningdale, Clighburn Road, Lanark.

(Her album would be a Boon!).

Great loss

IT was with a feeling of great sorrow that I read Don Nicholl's recent review of the last Chuck Willis recording; for it was the first news I had seen of Chuck's death.

I rated him as one of the leading exponents of rock 'n' roll and his tragic death is a great loss to the record world.—P. CRANER, New Road, Keresley, Warwick.

(We can only agree.)

Talent spotted

GLAD to see that DISC is the one paper to recognise the talent of Alistair McHarg. I enjoyed reading the recent article about him.

I don't have much opportunity to see him but I am one of his keenest supporters. Alistair is more worthy of praise than some of the trash making the Hit Parade at the moment.—ANNE MURRAY, Goshland Avenue, Newcastle, 12.

(We take a bow. Heard the new singing duo—"Banks and Bruce"?)

Where's Sammy?

I DON'T agree with Pete Murray's view (DISC, 14-6-58), that disc jockeys cannot make the public like a record or artist. I maintain that if a disc is played often enough it will capture the public interest.

It may not enter the Top Ten—but in all probability it will be No. 11!

Pete wrote that Sammy Davis was a great favourite of his, but you would never think so listening to Pete's shows on Radio Luxembourg.

He never plays any of Sammy's latest releases; Sammy's newest disc, "No Fool Like An Old Fool" is a gem. It came on sale four weeks ago. Since then, I've only heard it played over the air once—on a request show. And I was the one who wrote asking for it to be played!—(Mrs.) MARY WALTON, Hunters Square, Digramham, Essex.

(Slow-burning Pete?)

Tommy's choice

WELL done Tommy Steele! At last he has done what his heart told him was right and become engaged to Anne Donoghue. Some of his fans have really taken the news to heart and say that they will drown themselves as they feel that they all have a right to feel like a wife to him.

How can poor Tommy be a husband to 20,000 or more young girls?

Anne seems a fine girl and I think that she will make Tommy happy.—JENNIFER TURNER, White Horse Corner, Carlton Colville, Suffolk.

(20,000! Could be quite a run on engagement rings!)

TOMMY HICKS is getting married to Anne Donoghue—but Tommy Steele will belong to us—his fans—for a very long while.—NORMA CROFT, Primrose Drive, Huyton, Liverpool.

(Hope Anne knows!)

Classified Advertisements

The rate for insertion in these columns is 6d. per word. Copy must arrive at DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, not later than first post Monday for inclusion in issue of the same week.

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JIMMY JAGUES FAN CLUB.—Send S.A.E. for details to: Miss Phyllis T. Sowell (Secretary), 21 Redfern Road, Wiltenden, N.W.10.

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DECCA HOUSE ALBERT EMBANKMENT
LONDON E 8 11

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout
Britain (for week ending June 21st)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM / CLAUDETTE	Everly Brothers
5	2	ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE	Vic Damone
4	3	WHO'S SORRY NOW?	Connie Francis
3	4	TOM HARK	Elias and Zig-Zag
2	5	WITCH DOCTOR	Jive Flutes David Seville Orchestra
7	6	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Don Lang
-	7	BOOK OF LOVE	Chuck Berry The Monotones
-	8	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	The Mudlarks
-	9	BIG MAN	Sheb Wooley
-	10	SECRETLY	The Four Preps Jimmie Rodgers

Published by courtesy of "The World's Fair."

Original soundtrack
recording from the film
"Marjorie Morningstar"

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precious love**

**GENE
KELLY**

RCA-1088  45 78

RCA RECORDS
DECCA HOUSE ALBERT EMBANKMENT
LONDON E 8 11

TOP TWENTY

WEEK ENDING JUNE 21st

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
2	1	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers	London
8	2	On The Street Where You Live	Vic Damone	Philips
4	3	Stairway Of Love	Michael Holliday	Columbia
5	4	You Need Hands / Tulips From Amsterdam	Max Bygraves	Decca
1	5	Who's Sorry Now?	Connie Francis	MGM
7	6	Witch Doctor	Don Lang	HMV
3	7	Tom Hark	Elias and his Zig-Zag Jive Flutes	Columbia
6	8	Too Soon To Know / Wonderful Time Up There	Pat Boone	London
11	9	The Army Game	Original TV Cast	HMV
12	10	Book Of Love	The Mudlarks	Columbia
14	11	Big Man	The Four Preps	Capitol
19	12	Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley	MGM
9	13	Wear My Ring Around Your Neck	Elvis Presley	RCA
15	14	Twilight Time	The Platters	Mercury
10	15	Grand Coolie Dam	Lonnie Donegan	Nixa
13	16	Kewpie Doll	Frankie Vaughan	Philips
-	17	Rave On	Buddy Holly	Coral
-	18	Sugar Moon	Pat Boone	London
-	19	Lollipop	The Mudlarks	Columbia
16	20	I May Never Pass This Way Again	Perry Como	RCA



Now in No. 4 position, MAX BYGRAVES' disc has a great chance of moving even higher.

American Top Ten

These were the 10 top-selling sides in America last week:

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Sheb Wooley
2	2	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Everly Brothers
3	3	WITCH DOCTOR	David Seville
6	4	SECRETLY	Jimmie Rodgers
4	5	RETURN TO ME	Dean Martin
9	6	LOOKING BACK	Nat "King" Cole
5	7	DO YOU WANT TO DANCE?	Bobby Freeman
-	8	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
-	9	TWILIGHT TIME	The Platters
8	10	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Chuck Berry
-	10	JENNIE LEE	Jan and Arnie

ONES TO WATCH:

Zorro	The Chordettes
Leroy	Jack Scott



THE MUDLARKS' version of "Book Of Love" is still climbing steadily, and their earlier hit, "Lollipop" has edged its way back in the charts after slipping out for one week.



With so much work on hand, Dennis Lotis does not get to spend much time at home with his wife, the former South African model, Rena Mackie, and his two sons.

Sunshine tour 'down under' or filming in UK?

—THE CHOICE IS FOR DENNIS LOTIS TO MAKE

YET another of our singers has been approached with an offer of a trip abroad. This time it's 30-year-old Dennis Lotis, who is contemplating a suntuon journey to Australia when dull autumn strikes Britain.

Dennis made a successful tour of the kangaroo country two years ago when he was a singer with the Ted Heath outfit. But the fresh offer gives him a chance to star in his own show—with TV appearances from new stations at Sydney and Melbourne thrown in.

In the meanwhile, I hear that a British film company is keeping its fingers crossed. There's the likelihood of a good film part for Dennis if he decides to stay on in the U.K.

Appropriately titled—since Dennis can afford to wait a little longer before making up his mind—is his new Columbia long-player, "Biding My Time."

This, incidentally, was to have come out as "Sentimental Journey," but Mike Holliday got in ahead with the same title.

Separately issued will be another new pressing from Dennis, "One Man On The Island," which could turn out to be a Hit Parade number.

D.J. Dennis

STARTING from this week, Dennis will be back on BBC sound radio with "Dennis Lotis Presents . . .", a half-hour miscellany of music and song backed by Tony Osborne and his orchestra. A 10-minute feature of the show will be Dennis taking on the role of disc jockey when he'll present new numbers.

Next month, he revives the Associated-Rediffusion TV programme "Jubilee Show," which came off the air last January. The

appeal of this show is aimed at the Mums and Dads, particularly those who can remember the Edwardian era. Everyone is dressed in Edwardian clothes, and all the songs are from the turn of the century period.

Helping Dennis along will be guest girl stars and the resident chairman, Ian Wallace.

And for Radio Luxembourg listeners, Dennis will be back in "Your Valentine Show," in which he's already been heard 30 times.

This spate of radio and TV work is keeping Dennis in town these days. His home, which he designed, is at Mill Hill.

He's married to a former South African model, Rena Mackie, and they've two sons, Kim and Damon.

New group

A BRAND-NEW singing group whose first disc, "Don't Make Small Talk Baby" (Nixa) had an airing on "Cool" recently also turned up at the studio for its premiere. They were the four male singers who are known as The Polka Dots.

This group was formed towards the end of last year. The two founder members, tenor saxist Jimmy Walker and pianist Don Riddell, were in a West End dance band. They recruited saxist Joe Temperley from Oscar Rubin's band, and singer Tony Mansell, who had just left the Johnny Dankworth Orchestra after a stay of five years.

Don Riddell, who does most of the writing for the group, has studied serious music and gained a diploma; but in the past five years he's been around with several jazz bands, among them Vic Lewis, Tommy Whittle and Eric Delaney.

The group is mainly interested in singing rather than playing instruments, and the voices—from top

to bottom—are Tony, Don, Joe and Jimmy. But there's a lot of interchanging of voices to produce a variety of tone colours.

New voice

ANOTHER new voice among latest releases is that of British-born Phil Fernando, a 24-year-old beat singer who burst into Britain's show business only last month after making a name for himself on All-India Radio in Calcutta.

Six feet three inches tall, and huskily built, this boy looks like a tougher version of Elvis Presley, complete with sideburns.

Phil was born in Rangoon, Burma. His mother was Spanish, and his father Portuguese. The family moved to live in India while he was a youngster, and there he started singing in a church choir. Country-and-western records attracted him, and he sang them with his mother while his father played the fiddle.

After broadcasting and recording in Calcutta, Phil came to Britain to earn money to bring his folks to this country. He took a job in a foundry near

The POLKA DOTS are a new singing group made up of three former dance band musicians and a singer from Johnny Dankworth's band.



KENT WALTON'S COOL FOR CATS

Can Lita clinch the hat-trick?

PYE-NIXA have three popular girl singing stars on their list: Pet Clark, Marion Ryan and Lita Roza. This year Pet and Marion have both notched up top sales with their discs, and the Nixa organisation is hoping that Lita will complete the hat-trick.

Her latest release is a fast, bouncy number, "Sorry, Sorry, Sorry," with Bill Shepherd and his orchestra and the Beryl Stott Singers. An unusual instrument for a recording of this type is the harpsichord which features prominently. On the other side of the deck, and in more straightforward manner, Lita gives us a sentimental ballad, "Hillside in Scotland."

Lita recently returned from a rousing tour of Cyprus, and she's booked to go over to Paris soon for TV. But generally she likes staying in London where she lives in a cosy luxury flat at Marble Arch.

The annual question "Where are you going for Christmas?" has already been settled for Lita. She's booked for pantomime at the Pavilion Theatre in Liverpool which she last played as an 11-year-old juvenile dancer.

This season she'll be principal boy in "Aladdin"; principal girl will be her sister, Alma Warren.

Liverpool is her home town and this year will be the scene of a rare family reunion. Her younger sister, who was Lita's secretary but later married and emigrated to Canada, is returning for a Christmas holiday visit with her husband, so the whole family will be together again.

That's real planning ahead, especially when many of us are still wondering where to spend our summer holidays.

I hear a whisper, too, that Lita is being considered for the leading part in a bright Broadway show that may come to the West End.

Southampton, and sent home the fare for them early this year.

While his parents were still at sea, Phil recorded his first two sides for Nixa—"Make Ready For Love" and "Blonde Bombshell."

Host Marty

ARE you a member of the Marty Wilde fan club? If not, think it over smartly. For Marty is now playing host to his fans.

"I always go out with one fan every week," he told me between recent "Cool" rehearsals. "I've been too quiet in the past, sitting

at home and playing records."

When his new disc comes out on release from Phillips (titles: "Endless Sleep" and "Her Hair Was Yellow") Marty will be touring the Moss Empires circuit.

One of Marty's secret ambitions is to be a songwriter; in fact, his first disc, "Wildcat," was one of his own compositions.

"I wasn't very pleased with it though," he told me. "But now I'm taking up the study of music seriously."

Marty hasn't had a holiday for the past couple of years, and he's looking forward to the possibility of a Continental tour soon. But that has to be fitted in with other plans, which include a part in a new film with TV personality, Hattie Green.

That will lead him to his second big aim—to become an actor.

"I've always wanted to become an actor," he said. "Next year I hope to enrol at a private acting school and start a new career."

THIS WEEK'S SURE THING

I'LL think you'll go for Johnny Ray with his new Phillips pressing, "Lonely For a Letter." This one shouldn't stop until it's well up in the top bracket, and I make it this week's choice.

A wonderful version of "Chanson d'Amour" comes from London label with Art and Dotty Todd as the two singing stars. Bobbie Helms makes a welcome return in "Jacqueline" on Brunswick that should keep his fans happy. Two "sisters" groups I've heard this week both deserve a mention. First, the Kendal Sisters, in a trans-Atlantic offering, "Won't You Be My Baby" (London).

And I'm pleased to reserve the second tribute for those British girls who've really shot to the top, the Kaye Sisters, who currently invite us to join them in "Stroll Me" (Phillips).

SEE YOU FRIDAY.

Microgroove records, both LPs and EPs, may be expensive, but they give value for money IF they are treated carefully. In this article DOUG GEDDES explains what damage just slight carelessness can cause and shows how to take care of these delicate discs.

I'm going to start a Record Protection Society! The misuse of LPs and EPs (perhaps because the users don't realize that they are dealing with a very delicate product) never ceases to amaze me.

I can't think of any other article costing between 30 and 40 shillings which receives such scant attention.

Careful handling is the most important thing to remember about microgroove discs. Without it, damage—difficult to detect with the human eye—can result which will seriously affect the reproduction from your favourite disc. And it's the quickest way of wasting the hard-earned shillings which are spent by thousands of record collectors every week.

The playing surface of an LP or an EP is nothing but a spiral groove, very fine in composition with more than 200 grooves to each inch.

It's easy to appreciate, then, that the separating "wall" between the

grooves is indeed very thin in composition and calls for special care in handling.

I've seen microgrooves thrown around with no regard for the damage to the playing surface and the ultimate loss of quality.

But it is not just a question of manhandling that must be strictly observed. Even the lightest handling can be detrimental if not done in the right way.

Microgroove records should never be gripped on their playing area but slid out of their containers with care being taken to ensure that the hands touch only the label or the outer, non-playing edges.

DUST TROUBLE

Again, when putting a disc on to the spindle of the record-player, keep the hands clear of the playing surface.

Why should this be, when you think that you are handling your discs delicately?

The danger lies in the moisture and greasiness from one's hands. No matter how dry digits may appear, there is always a slight moisture on the skin, and perhaps a warm hand touching the cooler surface of a record can cause con-

densation on the surface.

Moisture in itself is no great enemy of the record material—but it traps fine particles of dust in the record grooves. And that means trouble.

The plastic material from which such discs are manufactured is particularly prone to collect dust, even under strictest observation, and dust is the biggest evil connected with LP and EP records. The very fine playing tracks have no room to accommodate it.

The record material sets up "static"—a magnetism such as you can get from rubbing combs on your coat sleeves—drawing dust to it like a magnet attracts iron filings.

This being the case, it is essential if you wish the perfect reproduction that the manufacturer intended, to see that you keep your records free from dust and the grease that arrives on them through faulty handling. Otherwise, both the record surface and reproduction will suffer.

A smooth, dampened cloth will remove most of the foreign matter, but avoid using silky material—

they won't stand it

that will set up further "static." This method will always suffice for want of an alternative, but there is always the disadvantage of the record picking up further stray dust during the short drying process.

Any "static" set up will produce a crackle whenever a record is played.

There are a number of "anti-static" cleaning fluids and pads available, and I cannot recommend their use too highly. Cost is relatively low, and well worth while.

LOT OF MONEY

Important, too, are the record sleeves, and the plastic or thin paper "inners" on LPs are most vital.

Having taken the trouble to keep disc surfaces clean, it is only logical that full use should be made of the containers supplied by the manufacturer. They all help to keep dust away from the record.

The outer covers cost the manufacturers quite a lot of money and although they are used as an attrac-

tive sales medium their prime purpose is one of protection.

With such a cover, a disc can take that little accidental knock without any ill-effect on the playing surface.

The subject of record covers reminds me of the hundreds of tattered and torn copies I have seen in recent years. And, sometimes, the people concerned were really those who should have known better.

These covers are attractive as well as useful and deserve to be treated with respect. Record manufacturers go to great lengths to produce attractive covers and in the case of classical records they search museums and art galleries for suitable illustrations, and pay enormous sums of money in reproduction rights.

Designers and artists are called in, and top flight writers prepare the sleeve notes. It is not unusual for £400 or £500 to be spent on art work alone for a jacket.

So next time you go to play an LP or an EP—keep your hands off!



"My daughter was expecting you—she went out!"

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THE EVERLY BROTHERS

They hit the top with their first record

THE repeated record successes of the Everly Brothers is, once again, a good example of the old maxim that a good act can't be kept down.

One of the freshest sounding male duos to come our way during 1957, the Everlys are chalking up big sales once more with their current hit, "All I Have to Do Is Dream."

DISC's Don Nicholl give this a high star rating in our May 17 issue and forecast it as another strong one for the boys. He commented that it might take a little time to reach the top, but the Everlys and the public have accelerated its success into the best sellers.

The pair's discs have a habit of rising rapidly and their first release for the Cadence label, "Bye Bye, Love," gained them overnight popularity in the States.

Within days the Everly Brothers were one of the hottest pieces of shellac property on the Cadence label.

"Bye, Bye, Love" became one of America's biggest record hits during mid-1957, the boy's waxing of it held top placings in all record charts.

A release in Britain was only

... then came

that sensational follow-up

natural and soon record buyers here were clamouring for the London issue.

The success was soon repeated in this country and, if ever an act were established rapidly on a first release, the Everly Brothers certainly claimed the honours hands down.

They held a high position in the British charts with this recording and soon record buyers were clamouring for a follow-up. It came, the sensational hit recording of "Wake Up Little Susie."

This stormed to the top, although encountering strong competition from our own King Brothers on the way.

Record-wise the pair have been missing recently in this country, but now their "All I Have to Do Is Dream" has elevated them once more to a place in the upper bracket.

Though newcomers last year



Records. Archie saw their immediate potentialities and signed them on the spot.

Timing and a good song play an important part in the success of any recording artist. The first song that Bleyer gave them, "Bye, Bye, Love," proved to be just the one and the refreshing treatment that these new youngsters were able to give it had all the right ingredients.

Since then, of course, the Everly Brothers have gone further in personal success.

In person they are much in demand and, having a great many years experience behind them, despite their youthfulness, they supply a very satisfying act to their vocal art.

Let's hope that the success of "All I Have to Do Is Dream" will not only be the forerunner of many more hits for them, but an inducement to pay our shores a visit before too long.

Mervyn Douglas

EXTENDED PLAY

reviewed
by
**JACKIE
MOORE**

FRANK SINATRA

The Lady Is A Tramp; Witchcraft; Come Fly With Me; Tell Her You Love Her.
(Capitol EAP1-1013)

A GREAT EP from Sinatra with four wonderful numbers. *Witchcraft* we already know from the single release, and *The Lady Is A Tramp* comes from the soundtrack of the "Pal Joey" film—both of these have Nelson Riddle backings.

The most interesting track is *Come Fly With Me*, something of an appetizer for the album due here later in the year. On this, Sinatra has a great beat backing from the Billy May band, and if the rest of the album is like this, no wonder they have been raving.

I know it sounds like sacrilege, but I've been getting a little tired of the Nelson Riddle backings to Sinatra, and Billy May makes a change. Unobtrusive, but with a



FRANK SINATRA

driving beat, this arrangement has helped to make *Come Fly With Me* one of the best Sinatra's for a while.

Those who felt Sinatra sounded tired on his last long player will be more than happy with this track. He's back in "Swing Easy" form on this.

Tell Her You Love Her is on the slower side, an attractive, romantic number which completes a collection of four top Sinatras.

THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET

Quintessence; Brain Wave; Minor Trouble; Cynthia.
(MGM EP642)

THESE four tracks were recorded between 1951 and 1954, during which time the Quintet had a complete change of personnel. The Shearing sound remained constant, though, and as always comes over as fresh as the first time we heard it. There's something soothing about the cool delicate jazz which comes from every Shearing group, whoever is around to provide it.

The four numbers are all originals and make relaxing listening.

THE VOICE OF VIC DAMONE

Silk Stockings; The Breeze And I; Sugar; A Man Doesn't Know.

(Mercury MEP9534)

A MIXTURE of very good and very dreary Damone. Worst things first, Damone's treatment of *Sugar*, which you'll remember as an up-tempo number when Peggy Lee sings it, on this disc is so slow

Sinatra's back in 'Swing Easy' form

kind of romantic Italian love song. A good disc for those who like something out of the rut and enjoy listening to continental music.

MANTOVANI Plays The World's Favourite Love Songs
For You Alone; My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose; And This Is My Beloved; I Give My Heart.

(Decca DFE6448)

and pedantic that you scarcely recognise it.

On the two show numbers, *Silk Stockings* and *A Man Doesn't Know* things liven up considerably. Damone is much better on these "production" numbers than on the simple arrangements.

Despite *Sugar*, this is still a good disc.

VIERA

Zombie Jamboree; Come Near My Love; Johnny Is The Boy For Me; Don't Ever Love Me.
(Donegall Records MAU501)

CONGRATULATIONS to Donegall Records for at last putting this talented cabaret artiste on record. I doubt whether Viera will ever find herself topping the Hit Parade, but most certainly a lot of people will enjoy her records.

On this one, the flavour is international, appropriately enough as Viera can sing in no fewer than eight languages. The songs couldn't be more varied, from the weird tale of love in a cemetery in *Zombie Jamboree* to the sultry *Come Near My Love*, based on an old Jugoslav tune and sounding like the best

The Mantovani version of the traditional *My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose* is one of the most beautiful arrangements I've heard on this kind of disc. The full, rich sound of the famed Mantovani strings blends with a solo flute and provides the kind of orchestral recording which you can bear over and over.

The other three titles are not so outstanding, but the magic touch is still there.

RON GOODWIN and his Concert Orchestra

Music Of The Sea
La Mer; Galway Bay; The Song Of The High Seas; Spanish Main.

(Parlophone GEP8684)

RON GOODWIN was born in Plymouth, which may be why he has made such a fine job of these



MANTOVANI produces a wonderful arrangement of an old song.

melodies inspired by the sea. The titles he has chosen make a nice contrast.

The first two he treats lyrically with lots of strings, then, on *The Song Of The High Seas*, the arrangement is more dramatic, with sweeping strings and strident brass. If you remember the "Victory At Sea" television series you'll know this theme.

The last title is in tango rhythm. An attractive orchestral disc.

JOHNNY CHRISTMAS AND THE SUNSPOTS

I'm Gonna Sing Sing Sing
Mister And Mississippi; Black, Brown And White; Lost Love; Harmonica Train Blues; Sing Sing Sing.
(Starlite ST EP5)

I HAVE a feeling that Mr. Christmas and his friends have missed the boat. They are a kind of skiffle group plus, but I wouldn't

COVER PERSONALITY

FRANK SINATRA and Perry Como have been at the top of the tree for a long while, so when they both decide, independently, that an unknown has got star potential, then they know what they are talking about.

Certainly they made no mistake over an "unknown" called Vic Damone. Both prophesied a big future for him.

With such encouragement young Vic could scarcely give up, so he hired himself a manager and a Press agent and started to sing professionally.

Success soon came. He graduated from radio spots to a radio series and dates at all the leading clubs and hotels.

All this was many years ago for Vic is no newcomer to the game, yet it is only his current recording of "On The Street Where You Live" that has really put him on top in this country. Perhaps now that he has made an impact over here we shall be hearing a lot more of him.



VIC DAMONE Top stars forecast his success



(This week's cover picture of Vic Damone is a DISC Pic.)

In 1954, soon after he was mobbed, Vic went back to MGM—he had made several films for them before—and met his future wife, actress Pier Angeli. Now they have a young son, seen "dressed to kill" on the left.

say they were exactly inspired. The days of any old skiffle noise are not only numbered, they are positively doomed and these boys haven't that extra something to pull them out of the rut.

I enjoyed Robby Robinson on harmonica, though.

BLOSSOM DEARIE

Everything I've Got; Thou Swell; I Hear Music; I Won't Dance.

(HMV 7EG8359)

A GIRL who could go through a life with the incredible, and completely genuine, name of Blossom Dearie would have to be quite a gal. A play-through of this extended play reveals a Blossom with a casual sense of humour, a small but interesting voice and a feeling for jazz which comes out more in her piano work than her vocalising.

She can sound quiet and naïve—as on *Thou Swell*—or rather more worldly wise on a number like the mildly wicked *Everything I've Got* but her attraction for me lies, I think, in the feeling one gets that she couldn't care less. There's nothing pretentious, or dead earnest about Blossom Dearie. But how could there be with a name like that?

EDDIE CALVERT

Great Standards
Easy To Love; What Is This Thing Called Love; I Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Taking A Chance On Love.

(Columbia SEG7802)

THE Norrie Paramor Orchestra, in full strength, provide the lush backing behind Eddie Calvert's full-toned trumpet. Eddie keeps a good varied pace through this selection of standards and as always the result is professional—and very commercial.

Best track is *What Is This Thing Called Love*, with its Latin American rhythm section and Eddie in restrained mood.

The Golden Trumpet man should have a steady sale with this one.

Back in the charts

The Platters have made it again

SO The Platters have broken through again, this time with their Hit Parade waxing of "Twilight Time"!

This particular disc has been riding high in the American charts of late, including holding the coveted No. 1 spot.

Three weeks ago it entered our charts at No. 18 and has since gained in sales impetus, bringing a well-earned success for this dynamic vocal team.

Though their name may have been missing from the best seller lists for a while, their disc sales have always remained consistent, particularly so on LPs.

The Platters have a string of albums to their credit—"The Flying Platters," "The Platters" (Vol. 1 and 2), and "The Fabulous Platters" and all have commanded excellent sales figures.

Additionally, they have achieved a high standard of success in person. Their act is fully charged and patrons of any club or theatre are never disappointed when The Platters take the stage.

Recently, they have been engaged on a world tour and everywhere they have proved themselves an outstanding hit. Britain was no exception when they burst in on us

at the London Palladium during April last year.

The Platters made their first real impact in Britain with their Mercury recording of "The Great Pretender" and "Only You," a smash hit that firmly embedded in the minds of disc buyers their very apt stage name.

Soon, they were following up with a list of exciting titles which included such songs as "My Prayer," "You'll Never, Never Know," "On My Word of Honour," and "He's Mine."

Apart from their earlier successes, however, none has since quite made the maximum impact, but "Twilight Time" has every indication of planting them firmly up that precarious hit parade ladder once more.

Apart from their vocal appeal, The Platters have tremendous verve on stage and they are also fortunate in having within their five members a most attractive feminine asset, Zola Taylor.

Zola is usually referred to as



by DOUG GEDDES

"the dish," and if ever a description were apt, this one is.

She has an abundance of vivacity which has added to the total offering. The Platters are able to supply. Her talents don't rest only on her personal appeal, however, for Zola is no mean soloist; in group numbers she is a driving force.

Add to these qualities the fact that she dances, plays piano, and composes and it is immediately obvious that The Platters have "the right dish on their menu."

The masculine side of the group consists of baritone Paul Robi, lead tenor Tony Williams, bass Herbert Reed, and second tenor David Lynch.

Tony was brought up in New Jersey, one of a very large but happy family. His mother had been quite a singer in church choirs and young Tony soon found that his interest was to follow the same course.

His sister Linda, who became famous in her own right as Linda Hayes, had shared his early childhood liking for vocalising, and both had a great deal of religious singing as their early background.

As soon as Tony was able, he was heading for New York with singing as a career in mind. Before the big break came, however, Tony had many heartbreaks and lots of mental chores to perform.

David Lynch is a one-time cab driver from St. Louis and, apart from his normal position in the group as second tenor, he quite often takes over the lead spot for certain numbers.

Herbert Reed had considerable experience as a singer in choirs; he is the deep-voiced bass, but in his earlier days he sang tenor.

Finally, there's Paul Robi: he originates from New Orleans. He, again, has been interested in singing all of his life and studied the piano for more than eight years.

Behind this team, one man has been responsible for much of their impact on the public, their manager, Buck Ram.

He composed "The Great Pretender" and a string of The Platter successes. He is the man who has dedicated himself to establishing the group as an all-time favourite.

But even he, with all his drive, knowledge, and techniques, could never have made it unless The Platters had been blessed with talent. They can spell that word at any time with a capital "T."

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

The splendid, the great, the booming record industry is in a mess and it's all the fault of

EVERY once in a while the pianos stop in London's street of music publishing, the disc company pluggers take a pause from being professionally nice to people, and everybody throws up their hands and wails: "Today the business is going to the dogs."

Usually it is a dose of panic-induced hypochondria. Today it happens to be true.

Today the record business is in a heap of a mess, the same sort of mess that clutters up show business altogether.

Today record companies are turning out more rubbish than ever before in the history of recorded sound.

Today the whole crazy world of entertainment has been tipped on its head, shaken up and diced into little bits until we've arrived at a new set of values, which shrugs away entertainment ability and performing talent.

We've arrived at the stage where a recording executive, hearing the test dubbing of a new singer, can exclaim in cynical resignation: "Heck, he's bad enough to be a success!"

Don't laugh. It happened. The recording executive knows it, although the subject doesn't.

We are in the state where young voices like, for instance, Matt Munro (who I'm sure

The GIMMICK

won't mind me mentioning him this way) can go on having to be satisfied with working instead of starrng.

So here we are. The great record business, where the men who have to find new records to make each month spend sleepless nights thinking of the right one, and where the right one for too long has been the erotic, guitar-jangling, washboard scrapings of jumped-up amateurs who haven't got the first suggestion of entertainment artistry about them.

Today you don't need personally. You need a publicity man.

Today the world of show business is ruled by an American word of the advertising industry—GIMMICK.

In the last ten years artists without it have had to fight with

their bare talent, and dead-beats with it have been shot up into the giddy heights of stardom like American space rockets—coming down again quickly.

Youngsters with talent go begging if they haven't the necessary crazy quirks to make them good subjects for big publicity campaigns.

There isn't but one young performer holding the cheapened title of "star" today who has a right to that term.

There isn't one who can in truth and honesty claim the



MATT
MUNRO

power of enthralling, dazzling or amusing an audience.

And there's not an impresario, a recording manager, or disc jockey in the business who, in a quiet corner wouldn't agree with me.

But why? Why is the most fascinating business in the world fast sinking into a morass of mediocrity?

Because it has found itself a new god, a new idol at whose clay feet it places its offerings.

THE KIDS.

Today the whole business—and particularly the record business—is geared to satisfy the tastes of these adolescents.

They rule. Their likes and dislikes create the standards by which the disc industry particularly, adjusts its output.

Can you wonder we get the

The column that pulls no punches

expense of all other tastes, not by turning the entire industry into a machine that turns itself inside out trying to find new crazes to tickle every whimsical turn of fickle, teenage fancy.

Having gone through the nerve-shattering monotony of rock 'n' roll—whose exhilarating beat was wrapped in inarticulate, tuneless lyrics—the grating whine of skiffle with its glorification of everything that was amateur and tatty, we are now being driven into the ground with orchestrated, amplified and glorified penny whistles shamelessly masquerading under the stupid title of "five-flutes."

It is this sort of gymnastics by the record industry that leads us to have to endure not only the sound but the sight of such people as Jerry Lee Lewis, who brought to this country an all-time low in entertainment.

Despite what you might have been told, Jerry Lee Lewis went home after only three days because his London performances were the abysmal end.

The only thing the publicity did for Mr. Lewis was to make his short tour go with a bang. Without it he would just have passed away ever so quietly.

So for pity sake, let's forget the childlike chasing after the bigger, the glossier, the sweeter gimmick.

Make records, good records with talent.

Then the only people to throw up their hands will be the perplexed buying public who won't know which smash hit to buy first.

unmitigated rubbish which swamps the disc shows, the TV variety shows and the never-ending chain of discs themselves?

And it's no good complaining about the low standards of young people nowadays. They are entitled to young, shallow and slightly seat ideas and tastes. That's the joy of being young.

And they are entitled to be served well by the record industry.

Where the irresponsibility lies, is within the record industry itself. The maxim of quick returns has led to a neglect of all other types of audience for the sake of the erratic, teenage mood and taste.

Certainly the disc industry must give the teenagers what they want . . . but not at the

*YOUR WEEKLY***

DISC DATE

**with DON NICHOLL*



Ballad-singing trio who put Britain ahead this week are (left to right) DAVID WHITFIELD, JIMMY YOUNG and MALCOLM VAUGHAN.



MUSIC in the AIR

Radio Luxembourg

268 m. Medium Wave,
49.26 m. Short Wave.

JUNE 26

7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
9.15—Liberace.
10.00—It's Record Time.

JUNE 27

7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Friday's Requests.
9.15—The Dickie Valentine Show.
9.45—Riverboat Shuffle.
10.15—Record Hop.

JUNE 28

7.00—Saturday's Requests.
9.30—Scottish Requests.
10.00—Irish Requests.
10.30—Spin With the Stars.
11.30—Jack Jackson's Record Round-up.

JUNE 29

7.30—The Winifred Atwell Show.
8.00—Smash Hits.
8.30—Calling All Stars.
9.00—Roxie Time With Jim Dale.
9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.
9.30—The Cream of the Pops.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Chris Barber.

JUNE 30

7.45—The Song and the Star.
9.15—Glenn Miller Story.
9.45—1958 Singing Star of the Year.
10.00—Jack Jackson's Hit Parade.
10.30—Pete Murray's Top Pops.

JULY 1

7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.

8.30—Tuesday Requests.
9.15—Dennis Day Show.
9.45—Records from America.
10.00—The Capitol Show.
10.30—Fontana Fanfare.

JULY 2

7.15—Great Tunes from Great Shows.
7.45—Midweek Merry-Go-Round.
9.15—Favourites Old and New.
9.45—Amateur Skiffle Club.
10.00—Pete Murray's Record Show.

AFN

JUNE 26

7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Music From America.
11.00—Late Request Show.

JUNE 27

6.00—Music On Deck.
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Stars Of Jazz.
11.00—Late Request Show.

JUNE 28

7.00—Music In The Air.
8.00—Grand Ole Opry.
9.00—America's Popular Music.
10.00—Music Views From Hollywood.

JUNE 29

4.00—Highway of Melody.
10.00—Mitch Miller.
11.00—Portraits in Music.

JUNE 30

6.00—Eddie Fisher Show.
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Hollywood Music Hall.
11.00—Late Request Show.

JULY 1

7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Modern Jazz 1958.
11.00—Late Request Show.

JULY 2

7.00—Music In The Air.
11.00—Late Request Show.

Three British ballad men 'come up'

PAT BOONE
Sugar Moon; *Cherie I Love You*
(London HLD8640)*****
(D.N.T.)

PAT'S done it again... that's the only conclusion one can possibly draw after spinning *Sugar Moon*. A slow sentimental ballad with the beat woven into it, this song is sung unerringly by Boone. What a winning tone this boy has, what warmth and ease. Yes, another half which is going to carry the star right up into the Top Ten. On the flip the singer goes a-waltzing with a dreamy, romantic number, *Cherie, I Love You*. Like a breath from the past, this performance still has the charm to capture the modern ears.

No doubt about it, Pat must be reckoned as one of the top men of the record world for his consistent successes.

JIMMY YOUNG
Her Hair Was Yellow; The State of Happiness
(Columbia DB4147)*****

THE Young idea about *Her Hair Was Yellow* sounds as if it might be the right one to justify

SOME potential hits in this week's bag with Pat Boone bursting back on to the scene via his "Sugar Moon." It ought to rise like a sputnik for the Boone boy.

A good week for British ballad men too... Malcolm Vaughan, David Whitfield and Jimmy Young are all showing with smooth material and performances to match.

As for the girls... well, I'm afraid they're completely in the shade of the old Fitzgerald tree. Ella's got a beauty in her production of the "St. Louis Blues."

brings his liquid tenor to the lyric. A slight muffling on the studio sound, occasionally, is the only fault with the disc, but it's negligible.

A good, powerful version, *Miss You* uses the same musical director, but here Frank gets a chance to show his paces in the easy rhythmic department. The old song retains its appeal and provides a pleasing contrast to that one upstairs.

DAVID WHITFIELD
That's When Your Heartaches Begin; The Right to Love
(Decca F11039)*****
(D.N.T.)

WITH a sweep of Roland Shaw's strings, Whitfield plunges into the slow ballad *That's When Your Heartaches Begin*. This nostalgic waltz could easily bring David back into the upper sales region.

He sings the song very well indeed and I enjoyed the overall production. There's a coating of glamour here from the big orchestra and chorus. David seems to be improving vocally with recent releases and this recording underlines the fact.

The Right to Love has a more modern slant and plenty of size. Guitar and piano are used to race out the rhythm with Whitfield while the chorus rounds off the vocal noise. Again, David's power is employed wisely.

Yes, I think it can do the trick.
ELLA FITZGERALD
St. Louis Blues; Beale Street Blues
(HMV POP99)*****

AN incredible performance of the *St. Louis Blues*. If I had six stars to award I'd give them to Ella

Columbia's decision to cover the number with him.

Jimmy has a good backing from Norrie Paramor as he clips through this ballad. *Her Hair Was Yellow* ought to be in the big sales very shortly—and I reckon Mr. Young will be collecting a heavy share of them.

The State of Happiness is a breezy, rhythmic entry which may be regarded as the second half of the disc, but it's got the kind of sparkle which could easily cause it to emerge, eventually, as the top slice.

Chorus chant with Jimmy as he nips along.

MALCOLM VAUGHAN
Every Hour, Every Day of My Life; Miss You
(HMV POP502)*****
(D.N.T.)

MALCOLM VAUGHAN'S interpretation of the ballad *Every Hour, Every Day of My Life* should see him happily ensconced in the six-figure sales bracket again.

Frank Cordell's orchestra and the Michael Sammes Singers supply a so-smooth backing as Malcolm

RATINGS

- *****—Excellent.
 ****—Very good.
 ***—Good.
 **—Ordinary.
 *—Poor.

And the really hit records that look like spinning to the top we'll be marking D.N.T. (Don Nicholl Tip).

for the verve and intelligence she brings to this arrangement of the W.C. Handy classic.

She goes through the song, shifting gear like a racing driver... from straight blues phrasing she goes into scat and swift rhythms with all the artistry at her command. A superb side for your collector's shelf—and make a note of the brilliantly fluid backing by Frank De Vol.

Nelson Riddle backs Ella on the flip number from the film of W. C. Handy's life. And for this half, Ella plays straight with the blues. A fine coupling for one of the most exciting singles I've received this year.

ROGER WILLIAMS

Indiscreet; Young, Warm and Wonderful

(London HLR8643)****

PIANIST Roger Williams rarely puts out a poor performance and he keeps his standards intact with this disc.

From the film theme, *Indiscreet* is a gentle, romantic melody which the soloist plays in his typical rippling style. There is an orchestra and vocal chorus with him on this coupling to fill out the noise when required and both are used discreetly on *Indiscreet*. A melodious charmer.

Young, Warm and Wonderful sounds all of that. Again we get a delightful melody and a clear-cut performance. Chorus sing a lyric on this half while Williams coaxes those petal drops from the keyboard.

VERA LYNN

Every Hour, Every Day of My Life; The Wind Cannot Read

(Decca F11038)***

VERA sings the slow ballad *Every Hour, Every Day of My Life* with a dignified charm while Glen Somers puts an understanding orchestral backing behind her.

A lot of sincerity here but not enough fervour. I kept getting the feeling that Vera was putting a rein (unconsciously or otherwise) on the song.

The film theme *The Wind Cannot Read* is a slow, descriptive piece of sad romanticism. There's a wealth of beauty here which fits the tenor of the film's story perfectly. But, that it will ever crash the harsh demands of the pop market I doubt.

PEE WEE HUNT

Miss Otis Regrets; I Love Paris

(Capitol CL14884)****

JAZZ trombonist Pee Wee Hunt revives a couple of Cole Porter specials for his latest single and more than just Hunt followers will appreciate the coupling.

Miss Otis Regrets is taken with muted trombone by the star while a rhythm team accompany him. Use of bass is attractive while Pee Wee Hunt waltzes through the familiar melody.

With *I Love Paris*, Pee Wee returns to Disneyland, the kind of music he really loves. There's a rousing speed about this arrangement which may be far removed from Porter's original ideas on the ballad... but it's entertaining stuff.

NAT "KING" COLE

Looking Back; Just For The Fun of It

(Capitol CL14882)*****

CONTRASTS in Cole—that's what we receive with this Capitol release from the "King." *Looking Back* is very near to being

slow rock... very near to being a spiritual. It is neither, but it succeeds as Nat warms to his theme.

Backed by Dave Cavanaugh's orchestra, he sings impeccably and never sacrifices the sincerity needed by the lyric.

Orchestras—and styles—change for the turnover. Billy May takes up the baton for the up-tempo *Just For The Fun of It*. A good number which Nat moves effortlessly all the way. And Mr. May lives it up in the middle with a big band noise after his fashion.

CONNIE FRANCIS

I'm Sorry I Made You Cry; Lock Up Your Heart

(MGM 982)****

I FORECAST sales success for Connie's "Who's Sorry Now?" several weeks before it began to move and I think she's worth watching for more big sales with her latest, *Sorry*.

This ballad is not, of course, well-known like its predecessor but it has the same slow, appealing beat. Connie sings it sweetly to the same sort of backing which gave her the goods before. Joe Lipman directs the music.

Lock Up Your Heart provides



CONNIE FRANCIS waxes another "Sorry"—"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry"—which promises big sales.

MGM with an interesting dilemma if they wish to face up to it. This slow number has more value inherently than the one being given top deck treatment. Don't be surprised if it comes through.

KATHIE KAY

Hillside in Scotland; Tomorrow Is My Birthday

(HMV POP498)****

KATHIE scored a minor success with "Tammy" hence, presumably, the decision to get her on *Hillside in Scotland* too.

It's a good performance of the slow ballad, but I've still heavy doubts about the ballad's capabilities so far as the hit parade is concerned.

The song beneath is a natural for request record programmes, but on examination it proves to have more story than the title would imply.

A good, slow romancer which Kathie handles easily.

VICTOR SOVERALL

To My Love; Come Back To Sorrento

(HMV POP501)****

VICTOR SOVERALL is a straight pop balladeer of considerable merit, and HMV have given him a good reliable number in *To My Love*.

I cannot see it whipping a path through the Top Twenty but, no doubt, there will be plenty of customers who will enjoy the record.

But I don't particularly see why another cover of *Come Back To Sorrento* should be needed just now. There are sufficient fine versions of this song to satisfy those who want it.



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DISC

Hulton House, Fleet Street, London
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SPARE A 'WHISTLE' and help a good cause

WE never fail to admire the efforts in the cause of charity of our show business friends.

Not the least of their charitable organisations is the famous SOS (Stars Organisation for Spastics) which has already done so much good work for spastic sufferers.

In acknowledging the work of all concerned in this direction we are proud to be able to announce their latest idea for furthering this great cause.

As most spastics have insufficient control over certain muscles and cannot, in consequence, whistle, a new club called "The Whistlers" has been launched. The plan is that the more fortunate should "whistle for those who cannot" by contributing 2s. 6d. to help spastics.

The Supreme Council of Whistlers includes such well-known personalities as Max Bygraves, Eve Boswell and Alma Cogan, whilst Cyril Stapleton, a tireless worker in this direction, has the title of Master of Whistler Musick.

Prize for Imperial Whistler

The entrance fee to become a Whistler is 2s. 6d., and a coupon for your remittance is printed below.

Members are asked to recruit other Whistlers, and in doing so they rise in rank. For recruiting 12 members they become Master Whistler; Grand Whistler for 48 new members; and Imperial Whistler for 100 recruits.

For the first reader to reach the Imperial Membership, DISC will provide a memorable day in London. This will include lunch with one of your favourite stars, a visit to a TV or recording studio, and a West End show in the evening.

However, apart from any inducements from us we are sure that you will support this cause wholeheartedly. It is for a very worthy end, and your small contribution will help towards making life a little easier for many less fortunate.

So "whistle while you work" and spare a "whistle for all those who cannot."

FILL IN THIS COUPON USING BLOCK CAPITALS
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(Cyril Stapleton)
28 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

(NAME and whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc.)

(Full Address)

I enclose Postal Order No. Value
DISC 28/4/58 (Crossed " & Co.")

Can 'Fred Psst' top the Hit Parade?

OUT of the mass of regular hand-out material which arrives in the DISC office, one from British Lion Films cheered up our normally dull Monday morning. We decided, for a change, to print it in full so that you, too, might share our amusement:—

On the set of the new Boaling Brothers comedy "Carlton-Browne of the F.O." at Shepperton Studios, comedians Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas have begun to turn their hands to the composition of film music.

Inspired by the rising popularity of the Kewla bear, and the high pop rating of "Tom Hark," they are busy with an original composition entitled "Fred Psst."

Brilliantly scored for male voice and cannon, it will be offered to the film's musical director, John Addison, who is most unlikely to accept it.

Never the same

Recording will take place on the studio lot, as the discharge of cannon on the music recording stages has been known to have shattering results on the delicate equipment.

Says Sellers, "We are very fortunate in having the services of Joe Boomer, one of the best cannon players in the country. The 1812 overture is never the same without Joe."

A new method of marketing the discs is envisaged. Learning from the unqualified success of the early distribution of limited copies of "My Fair Lady," the Sellers/T-T epic will go one step further: No discs will be issued at all!

Maxine records with 'Humph'

SONGSTRESS Maxine Daniels, recently in cabaret at London's Embassy Club, has been engaged to record a further three programmes with Humphrey Lyttelton and his band for transmission on Radio Luxembourg.

Maxine will be busy on these next week, pre-recording them for later broadcasting.

Also, during next week, Maxine will be recording a further broadcast show, this time for the BBC West Indian Service.

Maxine returns to the Embassy Club for a further stint on July 28.

Japanese want Joe Loss

BANDLEADER Joe Loss has suddenly found new record popularity, this time in Japan. His records, noted for their dance tempo, have recently been released in that country for the first time, and such has been the interest that there is a demand for his discs to be issued regularly.

Ballroom dancing is extremely popular in Japan and, Joe Loss was approached to award some sort of trophy.

Loss, intrigued by the idea, immediately consented. He arranged for a Joe Loss Trophy Cup to be prepared and despatched from London Airport.

DISC understands that the cup is of solid silver, and is valued at £250.

The Loss presentation will be given to the winners of the all-Japan Ballroom Dance Championships which are being held in Tokyo next Sunday.

Star of the film, "Carmen Jones," American songstress, OLGA JAMES, stopped off in London for a few hours on her way to a brief continental holiday. She will be back in Britain in about a month's time to make a recording. (DISC Pic)



Oscar Rabin's death shocks all

BOTH the musical profession and the dancing public were deeply shocked last week-end to learn of the death of bandleader Oscar Rabin.

Aged 59, Oscar had entered Putney Hospital for a brief rest, but a heart attack whilst in hospital was the cause of him passing away during his sleep.

Son of a Russian cobbler, Oscar was brought to Britain at the age of four. He developed a natural aptitude as a musician and soon after leaving school he was working professionally in theatre orchestras.

In the field of dance music Oscar Rabin was held in very high esteem by the dancing public. His band has been resident at London's Lyceum Ballroom since 1951.

In 1957 he was awarded the Carl-Alan trophy, the musical "Oscar" awarded to resident Mecca Palais bandleaders.

Despite the popularity of his name, Oscar Rabin was hardly a well-known figure as is the case with most leaders. He preferred that his band should be fronted by a younger personality, and Oscar himself was content to be the driving force as a playing member sitting in with his own band.

New jazz four

A NEW modern jazz quartet is to get its first broadcast with Ted Heath on his programme on Saturday, July 19.

The quartet, all amateur musicians, have recently passed their BBC audition with honours. They are booked immediately for their July debut show.

The combination consists of leader Lennie Best (vibes), Brian Bee (piano), Eddie Faultless (bass), and Dick Brennan (drums).

A second date, again on the Ted Heath show, will be broadcast on Saturday, July 26.

Mathis visit

NEGOTIATIONS are in hand for a proposed visit to this country by American singing star Johnny Mathis.

Johnny has been increasing his following during the past few months, particularly on LP sales, and a trip to Britain would enhance this reputation and be welcomed by his many fans.

Express disc

THE success of James Kenney as a singer, and the interest in the Nixa LP of the show "Expresso Bongo," has caused the Nixa company to issue two tracks from the LP as a single. They are "Shrine On The Second Floor" and "Expresso Party" and they are for immediate release on both 78 and 45 rpm.

TV for Joyce

JOYCE SHOCK, Frankie Vaughan's talented sister-in-law, will be seen in a TV production from Margate on July 1.

Joyce will be accompanied, amongst others, by Jimmy Wheeler.

The big American BO
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DECCA RECORDS

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Frankie Vaughan for '100 Stars' show?

PLANS are forging ahead for the sixth "Night of a 100 Stars" which, as previously announced, will be held at the London Palladium at midnight on Thursday, July 24.

There are still many names yet to be booked for this big all-star charity performance, but the line-up to date makes it a big occasion that should not be missed.

Stars who have so far agreed to appear include Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More, Gilbert Harding, Paul Scofield, Hermione Baddeley, Dora Bryan, James Kenney, Laurence Harvey, Jayne Mansfield, Margaret Leighton, Constance Cummings, Wendy Hiller, Dennis Price, David Tomlinson, Yolande Donlan, Jack Hawkins, Richard Todd, Yvonne Arnaud, Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, and Frankie Howerd.

Beatrice Lillie, who will be in London again during this period in "Auntie Mame," has also consented to appear.

The committee are hoping that Dickie Valentine, Frankie Vaughan, Norman Wisdom, and Julie Andrews will also be able to accept the invitation. It is also hoped to have the whole company from "Espresso Bongo."

There is still much speculation whether singing star Frank Sinatra will be in the show, but at the time of going to press there was no definite news of his acceptance.

Tickets for this mammoth show, which is in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, are on sale now from the London Palladium box-office.

JACKIE GLEASON —COMEDIAN

VIEWERS in the North and Midlands are to see on their screens one of America's top comedy series, "The Honeymooners."

This new show, commencing on Sunday, July 6, will give British viewers the chance of seeing famous bandleader Jackie Gleason in a comedy role.

Jackie plays the part of a bus driver, and is joined by Audrey Meadows as his ever-suffering wife, a next door neighbour played by Art Carney, and the latter's wife by Joyce Randolph.

The show, a 30-minute one, is a great favourite with American viewers on CBS-TV. It resulted from a comedy sketch during a previous "Jackie Gleason Show" series.

The theme music, "You're My Greatest Love," is an original composition by Gleason.

Kwela lessons

ORIOLE Records are to produce a record of dance instruction for the devotees of the Kwela.

Due out next week, this 78 rpm is entitled "How To Dance The Kwela" and the instruction is given by two well-known dance tutors, Mrs. Noel Andrews and Guy Tynegate-Smith.

Singing star Kathie Kay chats to David Johnston (left) and Dave Toff of Toff Music (centre) in a cafe in London's Tin Pan Alley (DISC Pic)



News in Brief

BBC-TV producer, Francis Essex, has lined up a star-studded cast for his "Burst Into Song" programme to be screened next Saturday, June 28.

Among those engaged are Anne Shelton, Shirley Eaton, Tony Brent, Larry Adler, Alma Cogan, Kevin Scott, and Patricia Bredan.

During the programme, David Jacobs will be out in the London streets with his "roving eye" camera, and his on-the-spot interviews will be fed into the show during transmission.

SINGING star Dennis Lotis began a new half-hour weekly series on the BBC Light programme last night (Wednesday).

The programme will allow Dennis to act as compere, choose his own songs, and have a request spot each week.

Being interested in classical music, Dennis will introduce a few popular pieces in his programmes from time to time. The music is to be provided by the Tony Osborne Group.

THE popular Hedley Ward Trio, recently touring with Terry Wayne, open next Monday (June 30) for their summer season at the Regal Cinema, Great Yarmouth. They will remain there until September 14.

Their last one-nighter prior to Great Yarmouth is at the Odeon, Guildford, on Sunday next, June 29.

During their Yarmouth stay, the Hedley Ward Trio will undertake several Sunday concerts. Towns

Duke's trip not fixed

THOUGH there has been much speculation recently about a proposed visit to Britain by Duke Ellington and his orchestra during October, the Harold Davison office are unable to confirm the exact dates or venues.

It seems highly probable that this trip will come off, though it would appear unlikely that the Ellington Orchestra will play for eight evening performances in Leeds as has been rumoured.

TOP HITS



Tony
BRENT
Chanson
D'amour

COLUMBIA DD4128

CONNIE
FRANCIS

I'm Sorry
I made you Cry



MGM 982



George Hamilton IV
I Know
where I'm Goin'

H.M.V. POP505



DANNY and the
JUNIORS
Dottie

H.M.V. POP304



Kathie Kay
Hillside
in Scotland

H.M.V. POP458



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included in this plan are Margate, Clacton, Cromer, Scarborough, Bognor and Felixstowe.

FOR the BBC-TV "Extra Special" show on Saturday, July 5, producer Russell Turner will be featuring Don Rennie, Susan Denny, Al Saxon, and the music of Tony Osborne, Jim Dale will, as usual, compere the show.

In this particular production, Russell Turner will also have an additional artiste—his wife. She is, of course, the well-known Barbara Lyon.

THE BBC Light programme begin a new series next Sunday, June 29 of "Play It Again." The producer will be Johnny Stewart who has had long experience with the popular "Sing It Again" series.

The new show will have at least thirty tunes within its half-hour span, to be played by well-known star instrumentalists. Among these will be Tommy Reilly (harmonica), Leslie Baker (violin), Jack Embrow (accordion), Jackie Brown (organ), and Cecil Norman and Eddie Macauley on two pianos.

hit record
BY
MAN
to dance?

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THE BIG BEAT

LITTLE RICHARD
Ooh! My Soul; True Fine Mama
(London HL08647)****

LITTLE RICHARD'S back and without the slightest change from the squealing, screeching power which originally brought him into the big sellers.

Whether this coupling was made before his "retirement" or after his supposed change of heart, I don't know. I do know that his fans won't be disappointed with the frantic Ooh! My Soul.

True Fine Mama is a steadier rock number which has some thumping piano at the start. Richard takes the lyric in that throat-tearing fashion which he has used so consistently. If the boy has any tonsils they must be like shredded wheat by now!

DION AND THE BELMONTS
Teen Angel; I Wonder Why
(London HLH8636)*****
(D.N.T.)

DION and The Belmonts are new names to me but—my gosh—they've got the rock rolling here all right!

Teen Angel is a slow beater which they punch out with tremendous force. A pumping instrumental backing thunders along while the soloist and vocal team ram the message home. Has enough power to punch its way into the Top Twenty.

There's the same kind of strength on the flip with the quicker I Wonder Why. Opens up with a sort of Morse code phrase from the leader before the group pick it up and whip into the song.

There's enough life for three discs here and enough clear noise to keep the jukes shaking for months.

Give it air and you've got a big one here.

JIMMY JACKSON
Swing Down, Sweet Chariot; This Little Light of Mine
(Columbia DB4153)***

JIMMY JACKSON dives into a couple of traditional tunes here, and it's Swing Down, Sweet Chariot

Natural verve from **JIMMY JACKSON** on a couple of spirituals with a modern beat.



LITTLE Richard's raising the roof again. It's always difficult to know whether this bundle of dynamite is in the record business or not... but when he spins one thing is certain—you certainly cannot ignore his presence.

My top marks in this field this week, however, go to Dion and the Belmonts. As an outfit I don't know them but I'm pretty sure that they're going to be massive if they continue in the vein of "Teen Angel" and "I Wonder Why."



"Dig that crazy beat!"

Little Richard comes screeching back

LITTLE RICHARD
—no change

—but my tip
is for a new
rock-pounding
group



which is able to give him the best ride.

Bill Oliver has arranged these items and directed the strumming backings. There's chorus work with the Jackson boy too. Together they pack a lot of life into this spiritual.

There's a modern beat to the spiritual on the flipside also and Jimmy handles it with a natural verve that ought to stand him in good royalties.

THE DIAMONDS
Don't Let Me Down; High Sign
(Mercury MT207)***

VOCAL group, The Diamonds, make use of their deepest voice for colour in the slow beating Don't Let Me Down. Opens up with a gimmicky phrase and continues with a rather muzzy performance.

Melody is fairly catchy and there's a good assist from the Herb Hardisty orchestra that should please juke box merchants.

High Sign is a rocker using the familiar sax noise as the team chant affably. High Sign is a plea to the girl friend... or rather the would-be girl friend. Neat chanter.

SLIM WHITMAN
Candy Kisses; Tormented
(London HLP 8642)***

GUITAR-TWANGING, voice-twanging Whitman revives the

Danny Kaye hit Candy Kisses—and doesn't make it quite the charmer which Kaye did.

But it's a good, pleasant melody and it might come through once more on that count. Slim's treatment is extremely ordinary and the song has to rely on itself, I'm afraid. Backing comes from the Jimmy Haskell orchestra.

The country man really sounds Tormented on the turnover as he whines through a slow ballad which has a rock drum and a cling-ling piano.

JACK HASKELL
Hungry For Love; The Night of the Senior Prom
(Oriole CB1442)***

JACK HASKELL slips a good, bright beat into Hungry for Love and his light voice suits the number. Hugo Montenegro directs the orchestral accompaniment and builds up a happy, large sound. There's a vocal group, The Honey Dreamers too, used sparingly.

Some rock sax about the mid-mark has a commercial squawk but the side never loses its dancing tempo.

The Night of the Senior Prom is a bad title for Britain, but the slow, beating romancer will please those customers who give it a spin.

Not an outstanding disc, but good of its kind.

BOBBY FREEMAN
Do You Want to Dance; Big Fat Woman
(London HLJ8644)*

WITH a Latin-like rocker, Bobby Freeman chants Do You Want to Dance while piano thumps in the most boring fashion I've heard for years!

Come to think of it, Freeman bored me, too, with his lack of imagination on this side. He

squeals out the words as if he were reading a menu rather than a lyric which was supposed to mean something.

Big Fat Woman lacks originality in melody, sound and words. Freeman shouts through it in a style to match.

The disc has a lot of noise but—for the life of me—I can't think of anything else worthy of remark.

DON RONDO
Her Hair Was Yellow; Blonde Bombshell
(London HLJ8641)***

RONDO'S cutting of Her Hair Was Yellow clip-clops along pleasantly with a chorus backing up the singer. Don sings it as if he's trying to turn himself into another Como—and he very nearly succeeds!

Billy Rock's orchestral accompaniment features some ear-catching guitar, and the side has a sway quality which will do Don no harm on British counters.

Blonde Bombshell is a gentle rocker which still sounds to me as if it needs an extra zip. It just misses the boat—all the ingredients are right, but they aren't being stirred in the right way.

MARTY WILSON
Hey Eula; Hedge-Hopper
(Brunswick 05750)***

MARTY WILSON'S version of the Hey Eula! number from the picture "The Long Hot

Summer," is a clever instrumental treatment that has a load of atmosphere.

The easy, natural beat carries the group happily along for a side which could creep into some handsome sales given the slightest opportunity.

On the reverse, Marty and The Strat-O-Lites bring in an organ for the rough, forcing pounder Hedge-Hopper. Again a shoulder-swinging success with the vocal group filling out the noise.

A disc which has plenty of potential—and one which moves from start to stop in a very contagious manner.

THURSTON HARRIS
Be Baba Leva; I Am Out To Getcha
(Vogue V9108)***

ON the Vogue pop label we get Thurston Harris rocking hoarsely to a firm rhythmic accompaniment. The title phrase Be Baba Leva is used in the same fashion as we used to get hey-bob-a-rebob. Good squawking sax in the group with Harris helps to keep this half moving along smartly.

For the flip the instrumental team open it up neatly again before Thurston comes in with an easy-mover that might catch some attractive sales.

There is a little hesitation gimmick employed but, for the most part, it's a straightforward slice.

OVER the POINTS

with Pete Murray

ACTING COMES FIRST WITH PETE AND JO



PETE MURRAY and JO DOUGLAS

Useful!

I WAS reminded when I saw Jack Good's picture in DISC dressed in cap and gown of the crack attributed to Billy Cotton, Junior. On hearing that yet another new producer had been recruited from the ranks of the universities, Bill cracked "Well, I don't know what kind of a production team we'll have, but we should be able to form a smashing rowing eight."

They are together again, but this time in a straight play.

FAIR SWOP FOR JOHN!

I SAW John Fraser dining in one of the favourite eating places of show business people. John's hair has been dyed black for a new musical play that will soon be presented at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

The reason that John's hair has been changed is because in the play he's playing the part of a young Jewish boy and his own fair hair would have been rather unconvincing. By the way, my Jewish friends will be glad to know that John's meal was strictly kosher!

Of course, at the moment John's name can be seen in lights over the Leicester Square Theatre as one of the stars of "The Wind Cannot Read." This film was shot in India and the unit is still chuckling over the incident when John was cycling alone through an Indian village.

He was stopped by a group of Indians who insisted on introducing him to the Sardu (the Holy man) who claimed he could speak English. His vocabulary was limited, I'm afraid, to "Good morning"; the fact that it was five o'clock in the afternoon didn't matter.

The Sardu offered John a present which turned out to be a Woodbine, which he accepted gratefully. As is the custom John had to give something in return.

He felt in his pockets and brought out a packet of twenty Pall Mall's—before he could say anything



further the Sardu blinded John with a further piece of English, "Thank you very much," and took the lot. Admittedly the Woodbine is "a great little cigarette," but to swop it for a packet of 20 is carrying that catch-phrase too far.

Incidentally, record fans, John will soon be making a new record to follow up his excellent versions of "Why Don't They Understand" and "Trolley Stop."

I'M like a kid let out of school—elated! For the first time in eighteen months I'm going to act. Not a leading role in London, or even on television, but at a small theatre in the delightful city of Chester.

As you may have gathered, acting is my first love and in future a great deal more of my time will be devoted to it. And I want the parts to be juicy and full of drama.

That's certainly the case with the play I'm rehearsing at the moment, "Dead on Nine." I spend a great deal of my time in this play preparing for the murder of my wife, played by none other than Jo Douglas. Whether I succeed or not, those people living in the Chester area will have to find out for themselves.

Incidentally Jo, too, is first and foremost an actress, and some seven years ago she was offered a Hollywood contract which she turned down in favour of remaining with her family—so I think those of you who can come will be in for something of a surprise—and we'd like to think it will be a pleasant one.

The play opens on June 30 and is the first of a six week festival of plays. ABC TV producer Arthur Lane is presenting a different TV or film name each week to fill the leading role.

Arthur's keeping his fingers crossed in the hope of getting some of the top stars in the country. Most of them are very keen, but are not always available.

Daddy Fred can't go

ANOTHER exciting project is a trip to Cyprus that has been lined up by the War Office. Glen Mason, The Fraser Hayes Four, Freddie Mills and Jo Douglas were all invited. Sorry to say that Fred won't be able to make it as he recently became a Daddy for the second time, and doesn't like the thought of leaving his wife at this moment.

Too bad, Fred's great clowning would have gone down extremely well with the boys out there. However by the look of things it's going to be very hot and I don't mean just the weather!

Incidentally Yana and Stan Stannett recently returned from a six week trip and told me the lads are really pining for entertainment on the island.

'Oh Boy!' just rocked along

WELL at 10.37 precisely on Sunday, June 15, it happened. "Oh Boy!" exploded on to our TV screens. Jack Good promised something exceptional and he gave it to us. From the very first hysterical roar as Marty Wilde came out front

to sing the first number, the show rocked along at a pace that would make the "Six-Five Special" appear to be on a go-slow strike.

Mr. Wilde has developed into a first rate entertainer. Unlike many of today's singers, rockers and balladeers, Marty really "thinks" the words of the songs he sings. Full marks for that.

On this showing Mr. Wilde will still be going strong for many years to come. A boy that can develop in such a short space of time will undoubtedly continue to do so in the future.

Other highspots were Ronnie Carroll singing *Are You Sincere*, and the irrepressible Bertice Reading.

Everyone combined to make this into one of the most exciting shows to be screened for a long time.

So good was it that I have only

Tricky time for Pat

HAVE you ever felt like having a look behind the scenes to see a disc jockey in action? Well, very few of us play our own records. The turntables are, in fact, operated by a technician behind a glass panel. In charge of this room and of the whole programme is the producer.

Pat Osborne, who produces the Vera Lynn record show, had rather a tricky moment the other night. Vera introduced Jimmy Young singing "State Of Happiness"—on went Winnie Atwell's "Lazy Train." Consternation.

Pat rushed round to Vera and told her to apologise and to drop the Jimmy Young record. "Introduce Ronnie Hilton singing 'Her

He set the new Jack Good TV show moving at a terrific pace and revealed that he has got the sort of talent that will last.

MARTY WILDE



one black mark, the choice of a slow number as record of the week and the embarrassing close-ups of the poor unfortunates who happened to be standing by the juke box.

But even though it was certainly a good show, it will prove one very strong point: It is extremely difficult to present a record visually. Will anyone find the answer?

Hair Was Yellow' next" she said.

"Lazy Train" was just coming to a halt when Pat noticed the next record set for play had a Columbia label. Funny, she thought, Ronnie Hilton records for HMV. So she took another look at that record—it turned out to be Jimmy Young's "Her Hair Was Yellow," the other side to the "State Of Happiness."

This time the mistake was really rectified, Hilton went on as announced, and Mr. Young had his airing lower down the order.

PICK of the WEEK

RECORDS that have taken Murray's fancy this week include a great rock 'n' roller from Billy Ward called "Jennie Lee" (London). This has got beat, bounce and, most important of all, a different sound.

Connie Francis has once again chosen a song that's nearly twice her age. Frankly I can't see any-

thing stopping "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" (MGM) from becoming a very big hit.

For an LP I don't think you can do better than Ted Heath playing "Jolson Classics" (Decca); superb arrangements. This is the Uncle Ted I like. Soft and subtle. Much more effective than some of the over-arranged blarings of a few months ago.



TONY HALL

HALL MARKS THE BEST IN JAZZ BY TONY HALL

takes a look at the
American scene

"PLEASE tell us more about new American issues," say your letters. "Even if it only makes us green with envy about what we're missing."

So, here goes. But don't despair. Be patient. Many could easily be issued here before long. First, let's look to the West. The latest World Pacific (that's Vogue here in Britain) issues include...

Six plus one

● **THE GERRY MULLIGAN SONG BOOK**—Gerry Mulligan and THE Sax Section: six Mulligan "standards" (like "Sextet," "Four and One Moore," "Venus de Milo," etc.) plus a



GERRY MULLIGAN

new one, blown by Gerry, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, Allen Eager. Zoot and Eager both play alto a lot; Al blows baritone, too.

No piano. But Basie's Freddie Green joins the bass and drums. The Lester-school of New York jazz.

Thoughtful

● **THE STREET SWINGERS**—ex-Mulligan valve-trombonist Bobby Brookmeyer, with top guitarists Jim Hall and Jimmy Raney, backed by bassist Bill Crow and drummer Osie Johnson. Thoughtful yet swinging,

easy-on-the-ear yet attention-holding, mellow-toned jazz.

Each of the hornmen contributed two compositions. Brookmeyer's liner notes are as whimsical as some of the tracks.

Enjoyable

● **CRITICS' CHOICE**—Pepper Adams' Quintet: "Down Beat" poll star, Adams, 27, is the best new baritone saxist in years.

His swinging combo contains ex-Kentonite Lee Katzman (by far the best trumpet soloist in the band that came to Britain; but Stan didn't give him a single solo spot), Jimmy Rowles (piano), ex-Messengers' boy, Doug Watkins (bass) and another former Stan-man, Mel Lewis (drums). Standout track is a Thad Jones' theme called "Zec." An enjoyable LP.

Musicianly

● **A SURE THING**—a most musicianly album of Jerome Kern numbers, superbly sung by 25-year-old David Allen. A steady, sober, in-tune singer, he's worked mainly on radio and in clubs. Johnny Mandel did the scores for strings etc.

No jazz world-beater, this album, but extremely restful and relaxing. And honest.

14 tracks

● **SIDNEY BECHET HAS YOUNG IDEAS**—Put traditional soprano-sax star, Sidney with modernists Kenny "Klook" Clarke, pianist Martial Solal and Canadian bassist Lloyd Thompson (now a familiar face on the London scene) and what have you got? A thoroughly enjoyable, unpretentious, no-school LP. It features 14 tracks... recorded in three-and-one-half hours!

Deep-digging

● **THE HARD SWING**—a composite album of deep-digging jazz by Art Blakey's Messengers (McLean-Hardman generation and an excellent track it is, too); Chet Baker Quintet (with Phil Lrso, Bobby Timmons, etc.—"The Crew"); pianist Elmo Hope's Quintet (with some wonderful Harold Land tenor); Pepper Adams and Co.'s "Zec"; and trumpeter Jack Sheldon's group (with top-notch Kenny Drew piano).

All good, swinging stuff. The cover: an obscure-looking stripper plus uncredited tenorman!

Jazz feast

● **THE ARRIVAL OF VICTOR FELDMAN**—London-born Victor's first American LP is a constantly swinging, thoughtful, jazz feast. Heard on vibes and piano, he uses only Stan Levey (drums) and an almost frighteningly good new bassist, Scott La Fargo (who ranks with Paul Chambers and Wilbur Ware as the best new bassists of this decade).

There are three new Feldman originals amongst the ten tracks, which also include Miles' "Serpent's Tooth" and Dizzy's "Bebob" (taken at a frantic pace.) For my money, Victor's already the best vibist in modern jazz after Milt Jackson. A fine LP.

Irritating

● **SOUTH PACIFIC IN HI FI**—Chico Hamilton Quintet: this is sure to be the biggest seller of all the LPs I've mentioned. But, for me, the most thoroughly pretentious and irritating. Though the musicianship is uniformly high throughout, I fail to see how it can be classed as jazz. However, it might be your meat; and it is due for early UK release.

Now to the East

Now, a quick switch to the East... ● **BLUES GROOVE** (Prestige)—a change of pace—though not of



COLEMAN HAWKINS

heart—by Prestige. This highly elementary, deep-rooted LP stars "The King of the Four String Guitar," Tiny Grimes (remember him?) and tenorist Coleman Hawkins. A straightforward al-

bum that's up to the neck in blues feeling. Extra-special swinging track: "Marchin' Along." Should have a wide appeal.

No piano

● **TWO HORNS/TWO RHYTHM** (Riverside)—the very underrated Kenny Dorham on trumpet with a pianoless quartet. 'Tother horn? The sour-toned, but soulful Ernie Henry. This was the late altoist's final disc-date.

Most interesting theme: "Jazz-Classic" which suggests a fusion of jazz and classical contrapuntal conceptions. Both horns hold your attention: especially Dorham.

Monk influenced

● **THE CHICAGO SOUND** (Riverside)—a most emotional blowing date by the excellent bassist Wilbur Ware, employing two of the best of the new, modern saxmen—the fiery, emotional Johnny Griffin (tenor) and the bird-based, sincere-sounding John Jenkins (alto). Ware's solos and general conception grow more impressive on every album. Monk has obviously influenced him a lot.

Mature set

● **THE JOHN LEWIS PIANO** (Atlantic)—MJQ-mastermind Lewis' first solo piano on LP.

A thoroughly challenging, mature set. Most moving in its deceptive simplicity and surprising power.



JOHN LEWIS

Supporting cast includes Percy Heath, Connie Kay, Jim Hall and Barry Galbraith (guitar). An important recording.

Saying so much

● **SONNY CLARK TRIO** (Blue Note)—Clark, now "home" after five years on the West Coast, is fast becoming one of my very favourite, Silver-school pianists. Less angular than Horace, Sonny is saying so much these days. This exciting LP teams him with Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. An excellent buy.

I hope shortly to write about Sonny at length.

REVIEWS

THE MASTERSOUNDS Jazz Showcase

Un Poco Loco; Wes Time; Lover; Dexter's Deck; If I Should Lose You; That Old Devil Moon; The Queen and I; Spring Is Here; Water's Edge; Drum Tune. (12in. Vogue LAE12103)

THE Mastersounds are a new American, MJQ-instrumentated group. World Pacific boss Dick Bock took quite a risk when he signed them. But his gamble soon paid off and their second album (jazz impressions of "The King and I" tunes) has been among the best-selling jazz LPs in the USA for a month or two now.

The personnel: Buddy Montgomery (vibes), Richie Crabtree (piano), Monk Montgomery (Fender electric bass) and Benny Barth (drums).

There are underlined denials in the notes that the group has "no similarity in sound or approach" to the MJQ. But just listen to *The Queen and I*, for a start. Or the fugual theme treatment of *Deck* (the blues our own Ron Rendell used to play as "Blow, Mr. Dexter"). Queen is really synthetic MJQ.

Most of the other tracks are "head" arrangements. Several are rather too contrived and cute for my ears, even though there is plenty of freedom for blowing. Some of the phrasing (viz. *Devil Moon*) is even on the corny side. All four are good musicians. Maybe you remember Monk Montgomery on that Art Farmer "Mau-Mau" set (*Esquire*)? Well as he plays, I still prefer an ordinary bass to the Fender electric job.

His brother, Buddy, is a good vibes-player, but his conception of time appears to fall far short of that of Milt Jackson or Vic Feldman, to name but two.

Pianist Crabtree is probably the most interesting of the soloists. Though frankly, there is no individual soloist who can match up to the MJQ's Milt or John Lewis.

MJQ fans could well give it a try. But I suspect that they, like me, may well feel it's all rather second-hand stuff. (***)

OSCAR PETERSON TRIO — SONNY STITT ROY ELDRIDGE, JO JONES

At Newport

Will You Still Be Mine?; Joy Spring; Gal in Calico; 52nd Street Theme; Monitor Blues; Willow Weep For Me; Autumn in New York; Roy's Son.

(12in. Columbia 33CX10109)

THE first four tracks (side one) constitute a typical Peterson Trio set. If you saw any of the JATP concerts last month, you'll know exactly what to expect. Blindingly brilliant playing and inter-play by three superb musicians. An intense, breath-takingly technical and rhythmic tour-de-force. Swinging and uninhibited yet strangely tense and mechanical.

For pianists, it is probably the ultimate. For me—and many of the musicians I know—utterly exhausting. Even Clifford Brown's *Joy Spring*, taken at a beautifully calm tempo, develops into a frantic Peterson performance.

The reverse adds Sonny Stitt (alto and tenor), Roy Eldridge and

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SWINGIN' THE BLUES

Featuring:
DIZZY REECE
TUBBY HAYES
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EXTENDED PLAY

"OPUS DE FUNK"
JIMMY DEUCHAR SEXTET
"Opus De Funk" — "Lullaby In Rhythm"
EXA 79

TEMPO RECORDS, 113 FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

This is the way it should be played

MUSICAL changes usually take many, many years to become established—but not jazz. That music "grew up" (taking the first King Oliver recording session as the time when it reached full manhood) in the incredibly short period of about 15 years. In less than ten years it had made itself felt throughout America and even across the seas to London.

This was largely because of the First World War and the influence of the Mississippi river on New Orleans, St. Louis and Memphis.

The earliest bands found plenty of work on the large riverboats and this jazz spread northwards. Immediately after the war Chicago became the centre of jazz interest. The best musicians left New Orleans to play there.

King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Noone and countless others played at the Royal Gardens, Dreamland, the Apex Club, and the Savoy.

Classic examples

It was from there that Oliver made records which are still the classic examples of New Orleans style. A clear melodic lead, easy flowing clarinet riding high above the trumpet and then running right down into the ensemble, a trombone playing a rhythmic line fitting in the gaps in the trumpet's phrases.

The whole lot was superimposed on a strong rhythm section modelled very much on the marching band.

It's the very opposite of syncopation, which is the white man's jerky paraphrase of New Orleans style.

Jazz is a language. The New Orleans masters of the classic jazz period spoke it to perfection. The conversation flowed smoothly from one to the other, perfectly balanced, logical and musical.

Because of this, whenever I hear a King Oliver, a Hot Five, or a Noone disc of the late twenties, I know I'm hearing jazz as it should be. Jazz at its most beautiful.

There was little showing off in the true jazz of those days. There were no musical tongue-twisters. Every word meant something. Every word had a purpose and fell

into its rightful place in the scheme of things.

Such is the language of New Orleans Jazz.

Later, in the twenties, jazz spread to New York. It attracted the attention of the white

dance musicians of that great city. The great city itself demanded flashiness, bigger bands, showmanship. Jazz itself inevitably suffered.

Later still, the originators of the style passed on. Soon they will all have gone and New Orleans jazz as such will be dead.

Fortunately there are plenty of wonderful recordings from these days. So many, in fact, that it is hard to single out discs for individual mention. All the Oliver Creole jazz bands, most of the Armstrong Hot Fives and Sevens, the first Jelly Roll Morton discs, particularly those with Kid Ory and Johnny Dodds, the Jimmy Noones with Hines and Joe Poston, many of the Clarence Williams with Sidney Bechet and Louis and a host of others.

If anyone wants one record to dig into I would suggest the *Georgia Bo Bo* by Armstrong. This one has all the good things rolled into one.

Bill Bramwell
My Old Man; Shoutin' In That Amen Corner.
(Starlite ST 45 004)

It's not supposed to be policy to knock one's fellow critics. But the reviewer who wrote: "Someone trying to imitate a trumpet who sounds as though he has swallowed a bar of soap," about Bill Bramwell, was way off the beam.

Actually I don't think he even knew it was Bramwell, or he might have kept mum. Bill Bramwell is one of the few in this country who have absorbed the "spirit" of jazz. In addition he plays the most fabulous guitar.

Bill plays in the McDevitt Skiffle Group. He plays all the hard parts. His solos are a revelation and stem

directly from the work of Teddy Bunn.

These aren't great jazz but they're good fun. And that's always a consideration. I'd sooner see Bill in the flesh, but when he's not there these'll do. I liked them.

One of the first to leave New Orleans and certainly the first band to record in the New Orleans style, Ory enjoyed a wonderful reputation until the thirties, when he forsook music to farm chickens in Los Angeles. In 1940, with the revival of interest in the older men of jazz, Ory emerged once again to lead a band of greats, and greats they were, with Jimmy Noone, perhaps the greatest of them all, on clarinet.

Noone played the best New Orleans clarinet there was. He is not present, however, on this disc, having died in 1944. These were made some twelve years later when

POTTED HISTORY OF JAZZ STYLES NEW ORLEANS

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BILL BRAMWELL

KID ORY IN EUROPE

Tiger Rag; Memphis Blues; Dippermouth Blues; Four Or Five Times; South; Washington And Lee Swing; Down In Jungle Town; Basin Street Blues.

(Columbia 33CX 10116)

KID ORY is the greatest exponent of New Orleans trombone style. He ALWAYS plays just the right note at just the right time. A great jazz soloist, he is even greater in ensemble work.

One of the first to leave New Orleans and certainly the first band to record in the New Orleans style, Ory enjoyed a wonderful reputation until the thirties, when he forsook music to farm chickens in Los Angeles. In 1940, with the revival of interest in the older men of jazz, Ory emerged once again to lead a band of greats, and greats they were, with Jimmy Noone, perhaps the greatest of them all, on clarinet.

Noone played the best New Orleans clarinet there was. He is not present, however, on this disc, having died in 1944. These were made some twelve years later when

TRADITIONAL jazz by OWEN BRYCE

Ory played in Paris.

Here they play eight numbers all strongly associated with New Orleans style: *Dippermouth Blues*, that great classic of Armstrong's; *Four Or Five Times* to remind us of Noone; Benny Moten's famous *South*; *The Memphis Blues* by W. C. Handy.

We tend to judge our New Orleans music by the early records, recorded under difficult conditions with no audience. But that's all wrong. Jazz was first of all played on the streets, and then in the dance halls to crowds.

So on this disc we have the excitement of the final drum breaks, the great, thick, trombone smears which bring out the whistles and cheers of the Paris crowd. And quite a lot of the paraphernalia of the jazz musician's gallery tricks. But they're great tricks. And the jazz is there all the time. Great jazz, vital jazz, living jazz.

EDDIE CONDON AND HIS ALL STARS

Recapture The Roaring Twenties Wolverine Blues; Chimes Blues; Put 'Em Down Blues; Davenport Blues; What-Cha-Call-Em Blues; Minor Drag; China Boy; My Monday Day; Apex Blues; Heebie Jeebies; St. James Infirmary; That's A Plenty.
(Philips BBL7227)

A GREAT trombonist doesn't have to worry about styles! Here's Vic Dickenson again, this time playing Condon's own odd

brand of Dixieland. Big Band to modern, modulating into mainstream and dicking with Dixie, that's Dickenson.

This could be one of the best Condon LPs to date. For one thing there's a lot more arrangement than usual and for another, the tunes are mostly delightful gems from the classic period of jazz.

Then there's Wild Bill on trumpet, Dickenson on trombone, Wetling on drums, all playing at their best. Just let me remind you, too, that their mediocre efforts just about match up to most of the other's best!

The title reflects the tunes played, so let's talk about them. *Davenport Blues* brings to mind Bix, whose tune it was. *What-Cha-Call-Em Blues* hasn't been played, to my knowledge, since Fletcher Henderson, aided and abetted by Joe Smith, had the last word back in 1927. I never expected anyone to try *Minor Drag* after Fats showed the world how some 30 years back.

Monday Date and Apex Blues both belong to the Apex Club, Chicago late twenties, and Earl Hines and Jimmy Noone.

All in all, these are excellently-played versions of the best numbers of jazz's greatest period.

SIDNEY BECHET QUARTET
Baby, Won't You Please Come Home; Margie; I'm Going Way Down Home; After You've Gone.
(Esquire EP178)

THIS is really quartet music, as the piano is not used here, but it should be in quartets.

This EP is another one from the Paris session with Kenny Clarke, alias Licquet Ali Salaam.

"I'm going way down home" is one of those Bechet compositions built up on a simple but effective phrase. Bechet is the master of the build up. His inventiveness is only equalled by Coleman Hawkins and Louis.

Eddie Bernard on piano and Pierre Michelot on bass are effective. But this is Bechet's record throughout. Glorious Bechet, sweeping everything before him and matched only occasionally by the tasteful drumming of Kenny the Klook.

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REVIEWS continued from page 14

to Jones. Sonny's tenor-sound is so untypical of him that in a blind-fold test I'd have sworn it was Lester Young. But he plays extremely well, building excitingly on the blues and Roy's Son. (This is really "Allen's Alley" and for the second time on recent Grand LPs, drummer-composer Denzil Best appears to be deprived of royalties).

Sonny's alto is heard on *Autumn*, which is, as you'd expect, a moving performance.

I'm sorry about Eldridge. On the two-up-tempo, he is but a shadow of his former great self. He plays with blasting, high-noted heat but puts down little of value. His ballad, *Willow*, is more successful but still not outstanding. Jo Jones carries out his JATP rôle with driving conviction.

Throughout the LP, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis are excellent.

A hard one to rate. Much of the Peterson playing is brilliant. Sonny, too, is good. If you dig JATP, this is for you. (***)

STU WILLIAMSON

Pea Jay; Just Friends; Darn That Dream; Hungry Child; Big Red; Red Cross; It's The Talk Of The Town; Oom's Tune; Rose Bud.
(12in. London LTZ-N15123)

THIS is a blowing session, California-style. With trumpeter Stu are brother Claude Williamson (piano), Leroy Vinnegar (bass), Mel Lewis (drums), Charlie Mariano (alto), Bill Holman (tenor) and Jimmy Guiffre.

Pea, Child, Big and Bud are Holman originals. *Tune* is Mariano's and *Cross* is, of course, Bird's. They were cut two-and-a-half years ago.

Mariano moves me more than the other soloists. Very much an ornithologist, he plays with power and passion. Holman has played much better than he does here. Guiffre is in average form. The rhythm section is fine with Claude's solos well worth hearing.

Leader Stu plays with warmth and feeling throughout. But his inventive powers seem somewhat limited.

So much of what he plays in solo is too much on one level and lacking in originality. But he's obviously a sincere swinger.

Best track by far is the funky blues, "Hungry." There's a fine mood and excellent solos. The extra half-star is for the LP's emotional content. Otherwise, it's only average. (***).

SONNY ROLLINS QUARTET "Saxophone Colossus"

St. Thomas; You Don't Know What Love Is; Stride Rode; Moritat; Blue Seven.
(12in. Esquire 32-045)

I'M proud of the fact that my record collection contains almost every disc Sonny Rollins has made. And there are at least nine LPs which haven't yet been issued here.

Of all his albums to date, I find this, in many ways, the most consistently successful and satisfying. Not yet 27 years old, Sonny is

unquestionably the most courageous and influential musician in jazz today.

I use the word "courageous" deliberately. Because I get the impression that he is never afraid to try anything experimental, if he feels it worth the while, even under the strain of recording conditions.

Here is a veritable giant. With a huge, though hard, rugged sound. At first hearing, he'll bowl you over with what appears to be torrid, extrovert heat. But the more you listen, the more you'll hear how introspective and explorative his playing is.

Technically and harmonically, he'll leave you flabbergasted at times. And rhythmically he has more beat than most of the Lester-school tenors lumped together. The wonderful thing is that his inventive powers don't yet appear to be anywhere near their peak. Every track of every new album has something new to say.

On this issue, he's backed by the ever-tasteful, swinging Tommy Flanagan (piano), the deep-digging

Doug Watkins (bass) and the wonderfully gifted Max Roach (drums). I did not use to think Max was right for Rollins. But the more I listen, the more I feel I was wrong. They're great together. Every track is exciting. *St. Thomas* is jazz with a calypso beat. *You Don't Know* is a tender yet virile and full-blooded ballad. *Stride* is a snorting excursion in the minor. *Moritat* (remember "Theme From the Threepenny Opera") — same tune) becomes a wonderful, medium swinger, played with passion, which never lets up.

The closer, *Seven*, a minor blues, hits a great groove from the off (Doug Watkins' solo). Sonny's playing in places here recalls that on his "Veird Blues" with Miles, in conception and experiments with time. Max turns in a classic drum solo on this one. Flanagan is fine throughout.

One you'll play again and again and never tire of. Great, repeat, great jazz saxophone playing. Thoroughly recommended. (*****).

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

MINDY CARSON

I Love You Baby
Baby, Baby, Baby; I'm Not
Just Anybody's Baby; I Don't
Want To Walk Without You
Baby; Baby Face; Don't Cry,
Cry Baby; My Melancholy
Baby; Everybody Loves My
Baby; I Can't Give You Any-
thing But Love, Baby; I'm
Nobody's Baby; My Baby
Just Cares For Me; I've
Found A New Baby; Baby
Won't You Please Come
Home.

(Philips BBL7249)

MINDY'S split personality on this disc. On one side she's sweet and sexy, singing love songs, then she switches over to the up-tempo half-dozen titles, starting with *Everybody Loves My Baby*.

SHE'S SWEET, SHE'S TENDER, AND SHE'S SEXY. IN FACT . . .

She's quite a gal is Mindy

At times she splits surprisingly like Lena Horne, particularly on the beat numbers.

A truly versatile artiste, Mindy can adapt herself to any kind of song, yet without losing her own personality. You probably saw her on television singing her own great version of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, which starts with just Mindy and the rhythm section and features the homespun gal at her sexiest best.

Compare this with the tender *Baby, Baby, Baby*, or the tongue-in-cheek *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, and you'll see what an artiste Mindy Carson is. Just one thing I can't understand: why did it take so long for Mindy to come over and illuminate our television screens?

THE JOSH WHITE STORIES

Volume II

Good Morning Blues; The Grey Goose; You Won't Let Me Go; Don't Smoke In Bed; Trouble In Mind; Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child; Two Little Fishes; I Know Moonlight; Red River; I Had A Woman; Fine And Mellow; Strange Fruit.

(HMV CLP1175)

BLUES and spirituals are such maltreated forms of music occasionally that it is a great relief to hear the simple, effective way Josh White and his daughter Beverly sing these, the second collection in the Josh White series.

As well as the traditional *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child*, there are some songs in more modern style, and also Billie Holiday's *Fine And Mellow*, a worldly wise comment on love.

As always, Josh White's understated, relaxed, yet so moving treatment of these American songs makes other less talented performers look pretty silly and exaggerated.

PAT BOONE SINGS

IRVING BERLIN

All Alone; How Deep Is The Ocean; Say It With Music; Always; Be Careful, It's My Heart; Soft Lights And Sweet Music; Remember; A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody; What'll I Do; All By Myself; The Girl That I Marry; Say It Isn't So; They Say It's Wonderful; Count Your Blessings.

(London HA-D2082)

THE sleeve bears the inscription "Pat Boone sings these ballads the way I like to hear them sung . . . Irving Berlin." It would be presumptuous of me to make any criticism after that, though I'm sure some of the songs would sound better for more life in them.

Pat Boone sings them all so reverently that they sound dead,

LONG PLAYING REVIEWS

by JACKIE MOORE

disc that I practically fell asleep, but if you want a terribly quiet, restful piano disc, you won't find a less noisy one than this. Soothing, but boring, I found.

DAKOTA STATON

The Late, Late Show

Broadway; Trust In Me; Summertime; Misty; A Foggy Day; What Do You See In

Unfortunately we also hear more solo vocals than usual on this album, and that isn't so pleasant. Wonderful as they sound on their group arrangements, individually they sound odd, to say the least.

Setting aside this one complaint, the rest of the disc is superb. Rugolo has used the Latin-American rhythms to terrific effect, even on numbers like *What's New* and



Her?; The Late, Late Show; My Funny Valentine; Give Me The Simple Life; You Showed Me The Way; Moonray; Ain't No Use.

(Capitol T876)

ANOTHER fabulous cover from Capitol, the horse of superb cover photographs. As you can see from this sleeve, Dakota is some girl. Looking like that, it is hardly necessary to be able to sing.

Unfair though it may be, however, she can sing, too. In an intimate, bluesy way, with her own jazz style, which George Shearing describes as "dynamic." And anyone who can take *My Funny Valentine* and give it still another fresh approach has my congratulations and affection.

It's difficult to describe Dakota Staton's singing, because it varies with the songs she sings, but at all times she's sexy, modern—and fabulous. Take a listen to *Moonray* and you'll see what I mean.

THE FOUR FRESHMEN

Voices in Latin

Frenesi; If I Should Lose You; Gramola; Yesterdays; Tangerine; What's News; Brazil; Chelsea Bridge; Mine; Star Eyes; The Breeze and I; Again.

(Capitol T992)

GREAT arrangements as always from Pete Rugolo on this Freshmen disc, which this time features two of the boys, Ken Albers and Bob Flanigan, on trumpet and trombone respectively. The result is some great work, especially on *Chelsea Bridge* and *Tangerine*.

THE FOUR FRESHMEN are great—except when they sing solos, then they sound odd, but there are some great arrangements from Pete Rugolo.

Again, which at first hearing wouldn't seem suitable.

Mostly the Freshmen have big-band backing, but on *Chelsea Bridge* and *Yesterdays* the rhythm section only is featured—a section which includes Shelly Manne on drums and Laurindo Almeida on guitar.

GUY MITCHELL

A Guy in Love

Symphony Of Spring; East Of The Sun; The Moon Got In My Eyes; So Do I; Allegheny Moon; Where I May Live With My Love; Pennies From Heaven; Under A Blanket Of Blue; Me And The Moon; The Singing Hills; East Side Of Heaven; Was It Rain.

(Philips BBL7246)

YOU can have a lot of fun with this disc. Try playing it through to friends and get them to guess who is singing. You'll get quite a few suggestions, but I'm willing to bet not many people will recognise Guy Mitchell.

We've heard Guy singing of romance before, but usually in what I can only describe as a "jolly" way. On this there has been a transformation and we can hear what the Mitchell voice really sounds like without the Mitch Miller trimmings.

That voice is deep, relaxed and very attractive. If you want a sample, listen to the first title, *Symphony of Spring*, a ballad

which has the Glenn Osser string giving a sympathetic backing! Guy in tender mood.

JANE MORGAN and THE TROUBADORS

"Fascination"

Fascination; An Affair To Remember; Stars In My Eyes; It's Not For Me To Say; Intermezzo; Around The World; My Heart Reminds Me; River Seine; Midnight In Athens; Speak Low; Two Different Worlds; Yours Is My Heart Alone.

(London HA-R2086)

JANE MORGAN has a warm voice and a nice way with a song but I wouldn't say this disc was a great success. The titles are a mixture of continental songs and standards and the treatment seems to have become confused.

Things liven up on *Speak Low* with Jane Morgan and the Troubadors getting together on a well arranged version of a beautiful song. But *River Seine*, which I thought used to be a lilting, happy number about the Parisian river

on this disc is a tired, rather dreary love song.

The ballads are more successful than the continental titles, but on the whole I found the disc disappointing.

DOROTHY SQUIRES SINGS

BILLY REID

It's A Pity To Say Goodnight; In All The World; I'll Close My Eyes; Safe In My Arms; Danger Ahead, Beware; This Is My Mother's Day; Coming Home; A Tree In The Meadow; Yes, I'll Be Here; I'm Walking Behind You; The Gypsy; Reflections On The Water; I Still Believe.

(Nixa NPL18015)

TWO things came first in my mind after listening to this disc. What an amazing number of wonderful songs Billy Reid has written. And how much Dot has changed since the days when she first sang songs like *The Gypsy*.

Don't be misled. These are not re-issues of Dot's original recordings, but completely new arrangements and an entirely different Dot Squires. For instance, *A Tree In The Meadow* becomes an up-tempo number, with a *Love and Marriage* touch in the backing—and to my mind it sounds far better than the original.

And on that old *Gypsy* number Dot has a vocal group giving out with the boom-booms. Mind you, she can still revert to her old

He has his own brand of music and his own style of humour, and they have put him right on top

SUCCESS. SUCCESS. ALL THE WAY

A STORY has been going the rounds of Tin Pan Alley about the publisher whose office was decorated with a photograph of a poorhouse. Under the picture were scribbled these words: "There, but for the grace of Stapleton, go I!"

The business certainly appreciates the work of the cheerful, indefatigable Cyril Stapleton. Of all the men who make making-music their livelihood, he holds a unique position. It's never been worked out, but he must certainly have had more air-time than any other contemporary bandleader. His distinctive music, his unmistakable humour, put him in the forefront. And there he stays.

'You have talent'

Stapleton the Showman, Stapleton the Businessman, Stapleton the man of Music. All wrapped up in a slight, fair-haired chappie of 43 who knows everyone there is to know in show business—and who's liked in return by every one of them.

It's been a steady story of successful musicianship all the way for Nottingham-born Cyril.

By the time he was 19 he'd won a scholarship to the Trinity College of Music in London; the violin was his instrument—and so well did he play that one of the world's leading violinists, on hearing him, remarked earnestly: "Young man, you certainly have talent. All you need now is a foreign name and a new fiddle." But it wasn't to be. What the world of classical music lost, dance bands gained. Cyril Stapleton joined Henry Hall's famous dance band as second violinist.

"Only time I played second fiddle in my life," he quips now. Within four years, he was leading his own band—a team of six in a West End restaurant. Quickly, it became the place "to go" in London; Cyril became known as the man with rhythm. In those days, he recalls, he got through a baton a week, so keen was he to extract the last ounce of beat from his band.

Lack Hylton, who had a flair for spotting the potential top-notchers, signed Cyril to play at the London Casino. Only one thing prevented it—the war.

Instead of a dinner-jacketed Stapleton, there was a Stapleton in Air Force blue. He conducted RAF bands throughout the war in all parts of the world.

A pal of mine who played trumpet under him at one camp concert outside Cairo supplies a typical story of Stapleton, the musician.

Almighty uproar

"There were about a couple of thousand lads listening," he recalls, "when suddenly there was an almighty uproar from a bunch of a hundred Arabs who'd crept in to listen. They'd never heard 'Western' music before. And they went wild about it."

"They wanted to take Cyril's baton away with them—they'd never seen a bandleader and thought that was the magic charm to make music."

"An imaginative drummer finally gave them a stick and sent them back with their camels into the desert."

Two years after the war ended, Cyril took over where he'd left off—back at the restaurant in

by
Michael Cable

SPOTLIGHT

CYRIL STAPLETON

London where, in 1937, he'd made himself that reputation as "Mr. Rhythm."

After that, he got a growing following from radio listeners, disc buyers and concert audiences who fell for the sweet and strong music by the Stapleton band in no uncertain way.

And then the accolade. In September, 1952, he took over the BBC's plum job as leader of the Show Band, first man to fill the gap left when Henry Hall's resident BBC dance band went off the air in 1937.

Cyril determined then: "We want to be more of a musical show than just a band. I shall try to please the majority of what we hope will be a vast listening public—no easy job."

I can remember those words as though he'd said them yesterday. For throughout the five years the Show Band was broadcasting, the Stapleton recipe was unchanged. He certainly provided a show. He looked for—and got—top calibre guest stars every week. Three

times a week, totalling 135 peak minutes. Stapleton kept to the high standard he'd promised. Always in the fore with prospective hits, always on the mark with the changing trends. Listening figures were colossal.

Howl of protest

Cyril Stapleton brought quite a number of new singers to our attention too, most successful of whom was bus driver Matt Munro, guided into the limelight by the mastermind of music.

There was a howl of protest from all parts of the country when the BBC decided just a year ago that the time had come to give more time to other dance bands... and that Cyril Stapleton's Show Band must disband.

"A tragedy," said Cyril. "The Show Band, augmented to 54 crack musicians for broadcasts, was the only one of its kind left in the world."

But the King of the Big Band took it in his stride. His office in Shaftesbury Avenue became the

whirlwind focal point for the setting up of a new Cyril Stapleton orchestra.

It was an apt comment by Cyril when he went into hospital a few weeks back for a complete rest: "The most hectic season I've ever known."

Off to Scarborough to open his summer season on June 30, Cyril takes with him a new title to add to the ones he's collected over the years. He's now "The Master of Whistler Musick."

A tireless worker for charity, Cyril takes the title to aid the National Spastics Society. Bob Sharples has written the Whistlers' national anthem... "When you're feeling blue, you know the thing to do..."

Explains Cyril: "Motto of the Whistlers is 'Whistle for the kids who can't' based on the fact that imperfect control of the facial muscles prevents most spastics from whistling."

He whistled. A happy whistle. And you'd never hear bad music from Stapleton. This sounded fine.

LP REVIEWS

continued
from page 16

dramatic style on a song like *Safe in My Arms*, but frankly I prefer the more modern Miss Squires at her best with a beat on *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*.

"MUSIC FOR THE GIRL FRIEND"—She Adores The Latin Type

Batanga Cha Cha Cha; Guemba Mambo; Hot In Hail; Daquiri; Cuba Libre Cha Cha Cha; Penthouse Mambo; Ritmando Cha Cha Cha; Serenata En Batanga; Merengue a la Moda; Birthday Mambo; Cha Cha Cha In Tropicana; Dreamers Cha Cha Cha.

(Brunswick LAT8231)

BOY, what an energetic girl this must be. There are none of those sleepy mambos which were so beloved by my ex-boy friend from the Argentine. He was a Latin type but I'm sure he'd have been horrified at the amount of energy you would need to chance these cha-cha. This is real frenzied stuff—merengues, cha-chas and

mambos with never a pause for breath. I was worn out just listening, but if you are having a lively party, try this. Only don't blame me if the ceiling collapses.

JULIE ANDREWS

The Lass with the Delicate Air As I Went A-Roaming; London Pride; The Floral Dance; These Precious Things; Where'er You Walk; Pedro, The Fisherman; Tally Ho!; If My Socks Were Only Winged; The Lass with the Delicate Air; Canterbury Fair; To A Wild Rose; O The Days Of The Kerry Dancing. (RCA RD27061)

A SELECTION of tunes picked by Julie Andrews as her own favourites. Some she has sung many times before, songs like the traditional *Canterbury Fair*, and others are titles she has always wanted to sing. *London Pride* is one of the latter and it is more suited to her clear, pure soprano than I imagined.

All the songs included here are

definitely "square," and Julie gives them the appropriate straight treatment. On *Tally Ho!* you can see how her lovely voice has developed over the past year or two both in technique and feeling. There's



more maturity, too, in *The Lass with the Delicate Air*.

For the Mums and Dads this one is the answer to their oft-repeated remark: "Can't your young people really sing these days?"

HERE COME THE MODERNAIRES

Makin' Whoopee; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Amor; Here I Am In Love Again; A Foggy Day; I Concentrate On You; April In Paris; Speak Low; Blow Gabriel Blow; Laura; But Not For Me; East Of The Sun.

(Coral LVA9080)

THERE'S lots to enjoy on this Modernaires disc. Their Latin-American *Laura*, for instance, or their swinging great arrangement of *But Not For Me*. And the backings throughout are of a top big band standard, all except one coming from the orchestra of

JULIE ANDREWS made her own selection for her latest LP, some old, some new, but all delightfully sung.

Charles Bud Dant.

The exception is *April In Paris*, which has the Skip Martin band and uses the same arrangement as Basie.

The Modernaires are one of the better vocal groups, but they don't sound so good as soloists.

BILLY WARD AND HIS DOMINOES

Featuring Clyde McPhatter Sixty Minute Man; Little Things Mean A Lot; Learnin' The Blues; These Foolish Things; Pedal Pushin' Papa; Have Mercy Baby; Until The Real Thing Comes Along; Lovesome Road; Rags To Riches; Love, Love, Love. (Parlophone PMD1061)

A SELECTION group of standard songs, according to the cover notes. The selection is a good one, with plenty of variety, but unfortunately I found the arrangements too standard to sustain interest.

The group have fine voices, especially Clyde McPhatter, who has a big, hearty approach; but the spark is missing on this disc.



DALE



STEELE

SIDETRACKS

by
Jack
Good



PRESLEY

tolerance demanded by El, they are seething with rage against his critics. Thus, had I written my attack on Elvis instead of Jim Dale a typical reply from a Presley fan would have been as follows:

"Dear Sir, thank you for writing about El. I am sorry you criticised him but everybody can have their own opinions I have mine but if you don't like him why not say nothing at all instead of criticise like Frank Sinatra who we do not criticise even if we don't like him which we don't. But El wouldn't want us to be rude to anyone because of him. I belong to the World Wide Elvis Club and the International and Commonwealth Elvis Presley Fan Club and our motto is keep pulling for Elvis and we certainly will. Thank you again for writing about El. Yours in El."

But the most extraordinary thing about the Dale fans is that sometimes they are right. One of them in a letter tore to shreds my whole attack on what Jim Dale had

New time for 'Oh Boy!'

THE latest developments make it look as if "Oh Boy!" will not continue a fortnightly run on Sunday nights. What exactly will happen to it isn't at all clear. Maybe after the 29th it won't make another appearance. Who knows?

But just in case there is a discussion about what the show's new viewing time should be, I should be very interested to know what you, the people for whom the show was created, think about it—that is what day of the week and what time in the evening you would like to see Oh Boy!

Some people have asked how much time we have to rehearse Oh Boy! Well, that's not an easy question to answer. All the artistes have to assemble for rehearsals



Empire with all the technical equipment—mikes, cameras, lights, etc. This means that time is very valuable on that day, and it doesn't help when—as happened the first week—Marty Wilde's taxi driver takes him instead of to Wood Green (ATV Theatre) to Wood Lane (BBC Television Centre) right on the other side of London.

Nor does it help when one of the Vernons Girls steps in a bucket of black paint.

The great fan mystery

Intellectuals, toughs, or religious fanatics?

"FANOLOGY"—this is my name for a fascinating new study—the study of how groups of fans vary according to the artists they support. The sort of question Fanology investigates is "How do Frankie Vaughan fans differ from Marion Ryan fans?" (Answer: One lot are girls and the other, boys.)

Well, I know that's an easy one, but then you're only just beginning aren't you?

What started me off on this interesting hobby was the reaction I got from my rather harsh, and slightly unfair, attack on our Jim the other week. The letters I got from Dale fans were unlike any I had previously received. Jim should be proud of them. They were all spelt right for a start—the thing that rarely happens with the Presley fans and never, never happens with Steele fans.

More than that, they were intelligent, argumentative and slightly aloof. Most impressive. I can only think that Dale fans are the intellectuals of the fan world.

No illusions

The Dale fans don't have any illusions. They don't imagine him to be their boy friend, father or lover. They don't say "Jim Dale is the world's greatest," as do the Presley fans about Elvis. They firmly state "Jim Dale is one of England's (get that) best singers." The reserve of it is amazing.

The Steele fans are, when roused, a violent lot. They feel Tommy is a weak little boy who needs protecting and mothering. If I had written what I did about Tommy instead of Jim the letters

would have been of a totally different nature.

Instead of (I quote) "Dear Sir, I read your article on Jim Dale in this week's DISC with annoyance, but not without considerable amusement" it would have been "Dear Slobb (that's to show you what you are), You stinkin idiot, why dont you tak a running jump into the nearest river, you fool, you leevie Tommy alone or you will get very unpopuler and very likely get the sack so watch out my gang is waiting for you if you don't print this I will no you are a coward."

No offence!

The approach of the Presley crowd is different again. Being a Presley fan is like belonging to a persecuted religious sect. They know how much they are hated and so have become very public-relations conscious, trying not to offend and yet not budging an inch from their worship of the martyr Presley.

The Elvis faith is liable to possess the most unlikely people, from debutantes to middle-aged office workers. They have a persecution complex about Presley and take offence very easily.

For instance, if I were to mention "the dark eyes and side-boards of Presley"—I would get dozens of letters saying "Why criticise Presley for his dark eyes? He can't help them. And anyway they look smashing, so do his sideboards, so why do you object?"

To his fans, Presley is a father figure. What El says goes. El says to be nice to the Press and Frank Sinatra, whatever they may say, and the fans meekly obey. Just the same, underneath the

said, in one simple sentence. "You should know, having produced 'Six-Five Special,' that Jim only says what the script-writer writes." To this there is only one reply: "She knows, y'know."

Jeremy Lloyd—you're an old square!

Mixed batch is fine listening

SYMPHONIC DANCES
The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra.

Waltz from *The Sleeping Beauty* (Tchaikovsky);
Galop from *The Comedians* (Kabalevsky);
Norwegian Dance Number 2 (Grieg);
Schwanda The Bagpiper, Polka (Weinberger);
Pavane For A Dead Princess (Ravel);
Sailor's Dance from *The Red Poppy* (Gliere);
L'Atelienne Suite Number Two, Farandole (Bizet);
Le Cid, Navarraise (Massenet);
Pizzicato from *Sylvia* (Debussy);
Sabre Dance (Khat-chaturian);
Racchanelle from *Samson And Delilah* (Saint-Saens).
(Capitol P8369)

YOU could hardly have a more mixed programme than this from the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. The recording quality is of a high

whenever they can all make it at one time. And that presents some problems.

For instance, for our rehearsal today (Thursday), Marty Wilde flies in from Edinburgh (where he is currently appearing), rehearses for a couple of hours, and then flies back. For this rehearsal John Barry's Seven and Jackie Dennis are coming to London from Bournemouth.

Altogether we do about four days of rehearsal—but only on the day of transmission itself are we able to rehearse at Wood Green

Flattering

I MUST say that the recording industry's attitude to "Oh Boy!" has been a very flattering one. Usually it works like this: When a new artiste gets a recording contract, he or she, is given a date on one of the pop-music shows. In the same way, established artistes get a date on one of these programmes to give a sales-boost to their latest recording.

With Oh Boy! it has been working the other way. Every artiste we have used who has not had a recording contract before joining the show has since been offered one—and not only that, our established recording artistes, having been given a number to do on Oh Boy! have in more than one case gone away and promptly recorded it.

CLASSICAL CORNER

by J. C. DOUGLAS

standard, the performance attractive and the resulting disc makes exceptionally pleasant listening.

There is nothing in this selection which will give your listening powers too much strain. On the contrary it is most relaxing.

Of its kind, this is one of the best mixed-batch discs issued recently.

BEEHOVEN

Symphony No. 7 in A Major
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.

(Capitol P8398)

THIS symphony is full of the force and vitality of Beethoven and in the stronger passages this performance is excellent. It is in the more gentle second movement, with its quiet theme for strings, that the disc is not so successful. This movement is taken a little too much on one level for my taste.

An interesting disc, but not as

good as the Columbia version from the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer.

STRAVINSKY

Petrushka.
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet.

(Decca LXT5425)

THIS is the complete ballet score, not the group of extracts we normally have on record, and it takes up the entire disc.

The orchestra give the Stravinsky work the exciting flavour it deserves in the music written for the crowd. The haunting, strange theme for Petrushka himself, too, receives the sympathetic reading which is so much a feature of Ernest Ansermet's conducting.

A first-class performance of a fascinating work.

NEWS
FROM
BEHIND
THE
LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL

Kwela man

GENUINE enthusiasm is such an infectious thing that I'm sure Kwela music must become a fever all over Europe. If it does, the man responsible will be a Dutchman called Evert Wyngaard, who is here on a tour to promote Kwela music.

Wyngaard is in charge of all native recordings in the EMI South Africa Bantu Record Division, and he is obviously mad about the Kwela rhythms. So much so that after a reception last week he entertained a small band of people to dance after disc of Kwela music and became so excited that he sprang to his feet and danced.

I should love to see some of our publicity men do that!

How's this for a piece of descriptive record reviewing? "Erroll Garner has a gift for piano playing comparable to breaking the sound barrier with a paper kite," an American paper, of course.

Caught on

THAT Penny Whistle Jive has certainly caught on in a big way. Next month Oriole are releasing a 10 inch long player featuring all their Penny Whistle boys.

They go from one extreme to the other on Oriole. Also in their lists for July is an extended play of

Eric Coates marches, played by the Michael Freedman orchestra. Mrs. Coates liked the disc so much that she has written a dedication for the cover.

I wonder which of these two discs will still be selling in a year or two.

Rising star

FEVERISH activity in Fontana offices these days. The young label is beginning to make itself felt, particularly with rising star Johnny Mathis.

Now he is climbing high with his *Teacher, Teacher*, plans for a visit to Britain are being made for Johnny.

The latest position: Lew and Leslie Grade are negotiating with G.A.C. in New York with a view to bringing him over in the autumn.

Busy Frank

Frankie Vaughan is in for a hectic summer. On July 7 he starts his season in Brighton, with a first night in aid of the Boys' Clubs.

At the week-ends he will go back to work on the remaining part of his new film *The Lady Is A Square*.

Frank hopes to fit in another American visit at the end of the summer, then it's back here again for another film. I hope he manages to get some rest sometime.

● PENNY WHISTLE CRAZE

● FRANKIE TO U.S.?

● PLANS FOR MATHIS



Neddie Seagoon, alias Harry Secombe, may soon be making a long player. See "Goon's LP?"

including *A Penny A Kiss*, *Not As A Stranger* and *Till The End Of Time*.

Bud and his Buddies are up against competition from the Gibson Girls on Oriole.

Goon's LP?

THERE'S talk of a Harry Secombe long player, with a possibility of featuring a selection of show tunes. Harry will have to make the disc during the day, in between journeying to the Palladium for his "Large As Life" show.

They work for their money, these comics. Norman Wisdom is up at 5.30 in the morning to get to Pine-wood, where he is filming *The Square Peg*. He is ready and on the set at eight, leaves the studios at five-thirty and is on his way back to town for *Where's Charley?* at six-thirty.

Unlucky Ruby

RUBY MURRAY has still had no luck finding a house, though she has been looking around for some months. Ruby's sister and niece are over from Canada at the moment, and the trio have been scouring the home counties for a settling place for the Burgess family.

Ruby was more fortunate on the Derby. Typical of Ruby, she only put a shilling or two on *Hard Ridden*. She will never get used to the feeling that it isn't naughty to spend some of her hard-earned salary.

It's easy!

STEVE ARLEN's new disc "Easy And Free" has quite a story behind it. Steve was appearing in the ill-fated revue "Keep Your Hair On" and getting to the theatre early one day heard someone play-

ing a very attractive tune on the pit piano. He investigated and found Larry Ashmore, the band's bass player, at work composing a song.

At the time Steve was looking for a number to record, thought this could be it and went along with Larry to lyric writer Peter Green. Result was *Easy And Free*, a possible hit for Steve.

O.K., Bud

OUT on Starlite this week, a disc by Bud and his Buddies, of a song called *June, July And August*, published in America by Budd Music. On investigation this particular Bud turns out to be Buddy Kaye, composer of several hits,

OVER THE BORDER

by
Murray
GauldKEN WINS 'EM OVER
—DOWN SOUTH

RIGHT away from the usual run of show business and music-making, I took a trip down the Clyde last week . . . across to Dunoon, on the Argyllshire coast, for the opening of the New Pavilion Theatre.

It was the big night of the year for the Coast summer shows—and the man behind it, Chalmers Wood.

For a mere 10s., Mr. Wood, in collaboration with British Railways, can give you a very pleasant few hours at the seaside, a comfortable trip there—and a first-class show at the end of it.

Not to forget a "sea" trip by ferry across to the popular resort from the mainland.

All for ten bob
For that ten bob you get comedy, dancing, popular music and . . . Kenneth McKellar.

Ken tops the bill on alternate weeks with comic Alec Finlay, who is there all the time. Kenneth takes every other week off to do his hit Television show, *A Song For Everyone*, which every week brings McKellar more and more admirers, more and more fan-mail—and most of it from the South, where people are just beginning fully to realise what an entertainer this tenor is.

will be pretty busy until more or less the time he sets out for Canada and America on an autumn tour.

What happens in the *Chalmers Wood bargain-basement then, when McKellar isn't there?*

Fill-ins? No! not quite . . . the standard of the acts replacing him are much more than that.

They include the *Tanner Sisters*, *Donald Peers* and *Maxine Daniels* and *Betty Driver*—and, of course, there's more to come. Nobody's going to be stuck for a show to see at Dunoon this summer.

Like a lot of other Scottish theatres—in fact most of them—Dunoon's New Pavilion will be closed next Thursday. Both McKellar and Alec Finlay are appearing before Her Majesty the Queen at the Glasgow Alhambra in the Scottish Royal Variety Performance.

Crossed Fingers

ANOTHER young performer looking forward eagerly to her biggest night in the business is 18-year-old Sally Logan—titled Scotland's "Nightingale."

Sweet little Sally is thrilled to bits about appearing on the Royal Show.

There's a new assurance about everything she does on stage.

And there's nothing big-headed about her.

The Royal Show will surpass anything else in her three years on the boards. In fact it blots out everything else from her mind.

"My really big thrill has been my steady climb up—and I'm keeping my fingers crossed," she smiled modestly.

Normally she just does her act—but she recalls one BBC/TV she did, *Goodbye Gaiety*, produced by Freddie Carpenter. That was last July.

About a year ago Sally did an audition for a proposed musical, *Marigold*, which is Mr. Carpenter's pigeon. She was one of hundreds auditioned—and what she did they liked.

Wait and see

"We're very pleased with you," they said. "But we'd like to wait and see."

A couple of months ago she was asked down to London to go through her paces again. Then she had her worst break.

On the way down she took ill, and landed up in hospital with symptoms of appendicitis. She was all right—but she was OUT as far as the audition went and she's heard no more about it.

Yet Sally, with the proper handling—and Freddie Carpenter would be the man to do that—could get somewhere.

It can't be that long before a television series is offered her. Recording should follow that. Then it will swing on *Old Lady Luck*—like everything else in the entertainment world.

2 OF THE BEST DISCS EVER+

LITA ROZA

"Sorry, Sorry, Sorry"

coupled with
"Hillside in Scotland"

N.15149 (78 & 45)

MARION RYAN
& GARY MILLER

"A Couple of Crazy Kids"

coupled with
"Ivanhoe of England"

(sung by GARY MILLER)

N.15151 (78 & 45)

+ EXCLUSIVELY ON nixa



Frankie was in fine form

FRANKIE VAUGHAN and JANETTE SCOTT (left) go into "Kewpie Doll" during Sunday's "The Frankie Vaughan Show" on ITV, transmitted from London's Prince of Wales theatre. Frankie was in great form with a completely relaxed style. The KING BROTHERS were also featured in the show and they are pictured (below) during a break in rehearsals with Janette Scott.



'DISC' NEWS IN PICTURES

BY RICHI HOWELL

SHE MARRIED HER MANAGER

Carol, eldest of the vivacious KAYE SISTERS vocal group, married her manager, LEN YOUNG, in London last week and there as bridesmaids were Sheila (left) and Shan (right).

Mr. and Mrs. Young will have to wait for their honeymoon: the Sisters will be busy in a summer season at Blackpool.



They called it a 'spasm' party

That "spasm music" group, the City Ramblers, threw a party at the "Cellar" in Greek Street, Soho, last Friday. Fancy dress was the order of the day, so WEE WILLIE HARRIS turned up in a lounge suit.