

July 26, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 25

Week ending, July 26, 1958

EVE BOSWELL

EVERY
6^D
THURSDAY



KEEP IN STEP WITH SCINTILLATING

Eve Boswell

AS SHE
SINGS

Left right out of your heart

Coupling: **VOOM-BA-VOOM** R4455 (45 & 78)

PARLOPHONE RECORDS E.M.I. RECORDS LTD · 8-11 Great Castle Street · London W.1

(“Parlophone” is the Trade Mark of The Parlophone Co. Ltd.)

WRITE TO US—AND WIN A PRIZE

Every week DISC presents to the writer of the most interesting letter published an LP of the winner's own choice. All you have to do is address your letters to 'Post Bag,' DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. The subject can be anything connected with records, and if it is interesting, we'll print it, and if it is interesting enough, it will win the prize

POST BAG

The opinions expressed on this page are those of readers and are not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

Tommy, Marty and the rest, they're second-rate copies

WILL someone please inform those star-struck youngsters who twang the guitar and shake their legs a little, that they are not second Elvis Presleys. They know that there's only one room for one singer who shakes and plays guitar? Elvis gyrates because it's his way of expressing himself. Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde, Tommy Sands, etc., are only second-rate copies of Elvis. When they twang their guitars and jiggle their legs they're only doing it for money and because the teenagers like it. Elvis does it sincerely. It's his own original way of singing a song, not a gimmick. —M. KRINEN, Newton Village, Millerhill, Dalkeith. (There's a whole lotta shaking going on.)

essential style changes very little, and those who dislike his essential style tend to dislike his songs. Those who are impartial will judge him by the type of song they enjoy.

Presley is also accused of shouting, but it must be remembered that many songs are written primarily for shouting, and so the controversy returns to the type of song. Let Presley's fans and critics stop a moment and seriously try to see each other's point of view. —G. SANDERSON, London, S.E.13. (Presley shouts for YOUR joy.)

El's successor

IF anyone is to be Elvis Presley's successor, it is Gene Vincent, whose latest LP I have just bought.

He proves that he can sing with the best when he wants to. The numbers range from "Flea Brain" and "Frankie And Johnnie" to "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon" and "You'll Never Walk Alone." Congratulations, by the way, to your Don Nicholl; his weekly reviews are always extremely fair. —NORMAN R. KEARNEY, Bowring Park Avenue, Liverpool, 16. (Vincent for Presleydent—ouch!)

Song-writers, too!

JACK GOOD seems to do nothing but run down current hit parade stars. He tells us (DISC 28-6-58) that Jim Dale's fans write sensible letters, but Tommy Steele's and Elvis Presley's fans are usually illiterate. I don't think that fans of these two are any more illiterate than those of Jim Dale, Jerry Lee Lewis or Laurie London.

The titles and language used in some of the songs they sing helps to give this effect. I quote "Whole Lotta Woman" and "Whole Lotta Shaking Going On." The way the star sings also has a lot to do with how

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE LETTER

Reviewing with a gag is all right

LAST week DISC condemned, in their leader, the practice of some record reviewers of discussing a disc with a gag or a short quip.

I am no record reviewer or critic, but I would point out that among the good discs issued there are scores of rather trite offerings, such as "The Drunken Driver."

Would YOU praise such a disc after listening (to, say, an Ella Fitzgerald LP)?

Why shouldn't writers have fun when something sensible can be written about a record?

After all, if I were a literary critic I would not think of reviewing a Steinbeck novel alongside a Hank Janson effort. And if I did, I would feel inclined to ridicule the latter.

It seems to me that 50 per cent of a record reviewer's column should be informative, the other entertaining. Certainly the state of the recording business these days is nothing to be serious about.—BILL TREVOR, 91 Twickenham Road, Erdington, Birmingham 23.

(This point is a controversial one. We still stick to our own opinion, but Mr. Trevor has put his point well and wins this week's LP.)

he becomes known. Elvis's "Yew Ain't Nothin' But A Hound-dawg" leaves a lot to be desired, for example.

If Jack Good thinks the fans are illiterate I suggest he takes a look at song-writers and some of the singers as well.—ROBIN BAKER, Walsingham Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex. (All very "grammer-phony"!)

a worthless record. Somehow I cannot believe that a record which would have been "better off unheard" can become so popular.—GREGORY GERMANIS, Highlands, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. (Every critic to his own taste of lyrics.)

Prompt service

IT'S very annoying, walking into a record shop, to be asked immediately by the assistant what one wants to buy.

For me, there is pleasure in browsing through records before making my choice.

In some shops, for some reason, dealers keep their stock behind the counter and well out of the way of a would-be purchaser.—D. J. BROWN, Parkside, Tynemouth, Northumberland. (Hidden treasures?)

'Horse-boxes'

O**N** holiday in Italy last month I was naturally interested in the disc shops, and I found a complete absence of 78 r.p.m. "old-fashioned" records. I also found far more playing time on Italian 45 r.p.m. standards than on British ones.

I've another grouse, this one about

British record shops. There's an increasing number of disc shops doing away with audition rooms and substituting "horse boxes" instead. These may be good enough for the inquisitive teenagers who hang out of them with their eyes rolling while hideous screaming issues forth, but for the sane person wishing to hear an LP, costing about £2 and containing music, they're not good enough. I now refuse to buy an LP from these shops, but go on to an excellent "records on approval" firm.—TERRY JONES, Brooklands Park, Gloucester. (The Italians enjoy life at 45.)

He's right

I**N** recent copies of DISC I have read Jack Good's articles on a few of today's so-called singers. I would like to say that I admire the way he has put into words what I'm sure many people think.

One can have an idol without behaving like a raving idiot and trying to tear him to shreds. Do these brave, strong teenagers honestly think that Elvis Presley cares what they think of Frank Sinatra?—(Miss) A. KELSEY, St. Peter's Avenue, Kettering, Northants. (A good word for Good's words.)

Hop it!

I**T** makes one wonder if the record industry is on the way out when we hear such records as "The Only Man On The Island!" I credited Vic Damone with more sense than to record such trash.

If this is all the lyric writers can give us for our money I suggest they go and live on an island by themselves—and hurry up about it.—C. PETTMAN, Waterford, Nr. Hertford, Herts. (If this title "clicks," maybe you'll be the "only one on the island" that disagrees!)

Utter trash

W**H**Y must we always have the "Army Game"? They started out as a gang of actors signed by ITV to do a series of army comedy shows. Now every time you switch the TV or radio on you either see or hear them on records. They're even in the Top Twenty. The record buying public are to blame for buying such utter trash. Why can't some good drama producer buy them out of this very un-amusing comedy act?—"A Donegan Fan," 2 Alan Avenue, Fallsworth, Nr. Manchester. (Take 14 days CB!)

Yours disgustedly

I**N** a recent issue of DISC (12-7-58) to our disgust we find you have written that Tommy Steele cannot do anything but talk and sing. My friend and I think he is good at everything, including dancing. We think you and everybody else are jealous of him.—EILEEN JOHNSON and ROSEMARY CLAYTON, Swinderby Road, Newark, Nottingham. (We're jealous? We cannot talk, sing or dance!)

Tax reduction?

A**R**E there any plans for reducing the purchase tax on records—LPs in particular? When one considers that on a 35s. 9d. record there is over 10s. tax it seems a terrific lot. Surely, if it were reduced to, say, 3s. 6d. or less, more records would be sold, and the Government would gain. In any case, why does it have to be so steep? Is the Government short of money, or something?—C. BONNER, Somerville Road, Leicester. (Afraid that the tax man is trying to hit an all-time record!)

Hark at this!

J**U**ST a note to let you know that, after hearing the song "Tom Hark," none of the blokes out here want to go home any more.—L.A.C. J. LOWE, R.A.F., Tengah, Singapore 24. (The Tommies dislike Tom!)



"I shan't be a second getting ready—put on a couple of long-players."

One more Pat
I WAS very happy to see the picture of Pat Boone (DISC 12-7-58) and it will be added to my collection. I look forward to the next occasion when you will print Pat's picture.

The best part of DISC is the readers' letters, although I must say that I find all the articles interesting.—PAM BOOTH, The Drive, Arden Park, Stockport, Cheshire. (If you want another look at Pat, just glance at the opposite page.)

Jack went too far

HAS Jack Good quite finished? He has gone too far, this time, by writing a highly ungrammatical article (DISC 28-6-58) and implying that all Elvis Presley fans are of a low standard of education.

I wonder whether he realises that he is unjustly criticising his own readers, the people who buy DISC each week

JODY REYNOLDS
ENDLESS SLEEP



Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for the week ending July 19th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
1	1	RAVE ON	Buddy Holly	Capitol
5	2	ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE	Vic Damone	Philips
~	3	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds	London
3	4	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Marty Wooley	Decca
6	5	OOH, MY SOUL	Little Richard	Mercury
2	6	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM / CLAUDETTE	Everly Brothers	Capitol
~	6	SALLY DON'T YOU GRIEVE	Lonnie Donegan	Nixa
7	7	WHO'S SORRY NOW?	Connie Francis	MGM
8	8	SECRETLY	Jimmie Rodgers	MGM
10	8	TWILIGHT TIME	The Platters	Mercury
~	9	I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY	Connie Francis	MGM
~	10	SUGAR MOON	Pat Boone	London
~	10	JENNIE LEE	Jan and Arnie	Capitol

Equal: {
 Marty Wooley
 Little Richard
 Everly Brothers
 Lonnie Donegan
 Connie Francis
 Jimmie Rodgers
 The Platters
 Connie Francis
 Pat Boone
 Jan and Arnie

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

VERA LYNN
EVERY HOUR EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE



"Sugar Moon" had been climbing steadily, but now PAT BOONE's latest hit has begun to slip and this week stands at No. 9.

TOP TWENTY

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
1	1	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers	London
2	2	Big Man	The Four Preps	Capitol
3	3	You Need Hands / Tulips From Amsterdam	Max Bygraves	Decca
9	4	Sally Don't You Grieve	Lonnie Donegan	Nixa
12	5	Endless Sleep	Marty Wooley	Philips
5	6	Twilight Time	The Platters	Mercury
7	7	Rave On	Buddy Holly	Coral
6	8	On The Street Where You Live	Vic Damone	Philips
4	9	Sugar Moon	Pat Boone	London
~	10	Hard Headed Woman	Elvis Presley	RCA
8	11	Who's Sorry Now?	Connie Francis	MGM
11	12	Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley	MGM
16	13	The Only Man On The Island	Tommy Steele	Decca
10	14	Book Of Love	The Mudlarks	Columbia
~	15	Think It Over	The Crickets	Coral
13	16	Stairway Of Love	Michael Holliday	Columbia
~	17	When	Kalin Twins	Brunswick
20	18	I'm Sorry I Made You Cry	Connie Francis	MGM
14	19	Witch Doctor	Don Lang	HMV
15	20	Tom Hark	Elias and his Zig-Zag Jive Flutes	Columbia

ONE TO WATCH:
 Trudie Joe Henderson



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	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
3	3	HARD HEADED WOMAN	Elvis Presley
~	4	POOR LITTLE FOOL	Ricky Nelson
7	5	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
6	6	PATRICIA	Perez Prado
4	7	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Everly Brothers
5	8	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds
8	9	SECRETLY	Jimmie Rodgers
~	10	REBEL ROUSER	Duane Eddy

ONE TO WATCH:
 Don't Ask Me Why Elvis Presley

Records from AMERICA

DANNY AND THE JUNIORS
DOTTIE

H.M.V. POP504 (45)

EYDIE GORMÉ
 Gotta have rain

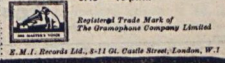
H.M.V. POP513 (45)

Ella Fitzgerald
 St. Louis Blues
 Beale Street Blues

H.M.V. POP499 (78)

LISTEN TO "RECORDS FROM AMERICA"

Introduced by GERRY WILMOT
 Radio Luxembourg every Tuesday 9.45-10 p.m.



E.M.I. Records Ltd., 6-11 Gt. Castle Street, London, W.1

★ KENT WALTON'S ★ COOL FOR CATS

THE night I said on "Cool": "We are now going to have a personal appearance of Russ Hamilton, and I hope he's here because he may not be." I wasn't kidding. A lot of people thought it was a gag, but it wasn't.

Fact is, Russ busted into the studio while "Cool" was on the air, and we'd all been keeping our fingers crossed for him to turn up.

It was almost a miracle that he made it. Earlier that day he'd been broadcasting in Devon, and he expected to catch a train direct to London. But when he got to the station he found there wasn't a train that would get him to town on time. So he hired a car for a very fast drive to Taunton, and managed to leap on to an express there.

It was 22 minutes past six when he got out at Paddington and that left him 38 minutes to grab a cab and rush to Wembley. At seven, we went on the air—and still no Russ.

I had my back to the set where he was going to appear, so I didn't see him come in. Yet when the cameras switched on to him he looked so calm you'd have thought he'd been in the studio all day.

What would have happened if he hadn't been there? Well, our director Brian Taylor had arranged

OUTSTANDING

SEVERAL months back I made a prophecy that Oriole would be releasing authentic Latin-American Cha-Cha-Cha tracks from the Secco label. Seems my little crystal ball really was looking well into the future, because nothing happened for a time.

But now my lucky star shines again, and I'm glad to say that three long-players of this attractive rhythm will be on the counters very soon.

RUSS TAKES IT IN HIS STRIDE

SURPRISE FOR JOYCE SHOCK

SINGER Joyce Shock, who visited our "Cool" studios recently, tells me she's got a surprise in store for her, and she doesn't even know what it is yet. She thought she was going to Weymouth for the summer sea-



a soft-shoe dance for his number "Tip-Toe Through The Tulips," and the dancers would have gone through with it.

Ex-Butlin recoat Russ has known the times when he didn't have much spare cash jingling in his pocket, but he tells me that one of his most embarrassing moments was only a few months ago. He and his pianist, Derek New, had arrived at Euston Station in London on their way to Nelson, Lancashire, from Dublin. Somehow, their pay packet hadn't turned up, and at the station booking office they found they were two shillings short of the fare for the journey north.

Derek, who'd been in Luxembourg, felt in his pockets but found only a couple of foreign coins. With a shrug, Russ dug deep into his linings and discovered tucked away a crumpled and forgotten five-shilling postal order. But a glance at the date dismayed them—it was barely 24 hours valid.

Russ raced to the post office, and shoved the note over the counter. The clerk looked at it doubtfully—and then paid over two shining half-crowns.

With their new riches, the pair bought their tickets, and squandered most of the rest on cups of tea—the only drink they could afford to celebrate on.

WHEN I mentioned among last week's new releases "The Bird On My Head" and "It's Easy" I hadn't noticed that both songs have the same composer—a versatile writer named Ross Bagdasarian, who's much better known as David Seville, of "Witch Doctor" fame.

And since he's come into notice with some of the most original beat music written lately, I thought you'd be interested to read a little about him.

David Seville—a name he adopted in 1956—was brought up in his father's vineyard at Fresno, California, and for the first 19 years of his life it seemed fairly certain that he was going to be a tractor driver on the family estate. But he was lucky in having a cousin named William Saroyan, who's a dramatist with considerable fame in the States, and David landed a job in one of Bill's plays.

During this time he and Saroyan wrote a song called "Come On-A My House," but no publishers accepted the invitation.

Ate their grapes

During the war he spent a year in England with the U.S. Air Force, and after his discharge went back to grape-growing. The bottom fell out of the grape market and he and newly-wed wife Arnhem ate a lot of grapes that year. Later, with his wife and two children, he moved to Los Angeles with his unpublished song and 200 dollars in his pocket. He kept singing the song to anyone who'd listen, and finally a young girl singer named Rosemary Clooney put it on wax for Columbia.



Concepcion Orchestra is outstanding, both in treatment and performance.

Even though the bands and singers are unknown in this country, I think you'll agree that this is music of the long-lasting type, and Oriole by putting a dozen tracks on each LP are giving good value.

I'm sorry, though, that Oriole didn't put dancing instructions on at least one of the sleeves instead of using up space just to tell how good the bands are.

YOUNG TALENT

FIVE teenagers, whose ages averaged out come to a little under 17, have just made their first disc for Columbia that the kids will go wild about. Listen to them on "Teenage Love" and "Jean and Dorothy" and you'll see what I mean. You'd think they'd been practising together for years, and it comes as a bit of a shock to find they got together only three months back.

Both numbers were written by 16-year-old Peter Chester, leader of the group known as "The Five Chesternuts," and son of comedian Charlie Chester. Others of the

THIS and THAT

AFTER "Witch Doctor" comes another smash hit from the David Seville stable, "The Bird On My Head." As before, David's issue is on London, and Don Lang has his spicy version on HMV. It's a No. 1 choice for song, and the British star will probably just edge the American out of top sales.

Nat "King" Cole is back with another surefire seller, "Come Closer To Me," which Capitol have adorned with a Spanish trio and a cha-cha rhythm backing. Capitol are also promoting new talent with Janice Harper, a singer who reminds me of an operatic-type Vera Lynn, and very listenable to, too.

"Got A Match" is an instrumental novelty that "The Daddy-Os," an American group, will find a following for on Oriole. Russ Conway attempts the same number, but "Toby's Walk" on the reverse of his Columbia disc.

We haven't heard of Little Richard for a while, but he's back again on London with "Ooh My Soul." And in quiet contrast, the week has given us another Mike Holliday taping with a very smooth "I'll Be Loving You Too" (Columbia).

group are Bruce Welsh and Hank Rankin, both 16 (vocals and guitar), Gerry Furst, 19 (amplified harmonica), Johnny Johnson, 17 (bass and piano), Peter, incidentally, beats the drums.

This surely must be the youngest group in the business, and it's loaded with talent. Their first disc was recorded privately, but it came to the notice of Columbia, who decided to release it. Won't be long before these boys are back in the studio for their second release.

THE DAVID SEVILLE STORY

Maybe it was the grapes that gave David the idea for another of his successful songs, "Hey Brother Pour The Wine."

I'm sure he's going to keep us entertained for a long while yet. As

he says: "I'm delighted that grapes failed that year or I might still be driving a tractor in a vineyard somewhere, while whistling 'Come On-A My House' to the jack rabbits."



DAVID SEVILLE: Failure of the grape harvest led to fame and fortune.

★ watch max bygraves drive "die kleine bimmelbahn" (the little train) right to the TOP



EVE HAS A
REMARKABLE
'FAULT' ...

She's too GOOD for the Top Twenty



COVER PERSONALITY

EVE BOSWELL

IT has always been a regrettable fact that singers can be too good for a long stay in the hit parade charts. Except for the occasional success, their records are missing from the charts all too frequently.

Names like Como, Sinatra, Anne Shelton, Ella Fitzgerald, Sammy Davis, to name but a few, seem to find hit parade records constantly eluding them. Not that they mind too much, for their records continue to sell over much longer periods than the overnight pop successes, and their careers are established.

Without making comparisons, for she, too, has her own individual style, Eve Boswell falls into this category. How often does one see Eve's name in the Top Twenty? All too seldom I'm afraid.

Even when she does crash the charts, it is usually with one of her novelty specialties, rather than with one of her first-rate ballads. Titles like "Sugar Bush," "Pickin' A Chicken," "Cookie" and "Keeping Cool With Lemonade" spring quickly to mind.

But what of the many other wonderful discs that Miss Boswell has produced? They've brought in healthy royalties, over a long period of time, but I've always felt that they deserved greater

sales recognition than they actually achieved.

Oddly enough that situation may be remedied the long way round, for Eve Boswell is now gaining quite a reputation for herself in the States.

Such was the success of her first LP in America that Capitol Records, who release her discs there, were soon demanding a further one. Currently her "Sentimental Eve" LP made here is gaining her further credits.

However, like all top vocal stars, Eve Boswell's destinies are not entirely ruled by the success of her records. When they do strike it rich, she would be the last to object. The income is naturally useful, but additionally it brings the name with bigger impact into the public eye in the widest possible way.

In the meantime, while overnight pop successes sit around kicking their heels wondering where their next meal ticket is coming from, Eve Boswell is never idle. If she is, it is from personal choice, either as a holiday or to be with her family for a while.

Eve is one of the attractions right now at the Queen's Theatre in Blackpool, for example. There she is allowed to demonstrate the full scope of her theatrical knowledge. She has never rested on her laurels, and she has always made a point of furthering her many talents AND adding to them when possible.

She has never rested on her laurels, and she has always made a point of furthering her many talents AND adding to them when possible.

She has never rested on her laurels, and she has always made a point of furthering her many talents AND adding to them when possible.

JOINED THE CIRCUS ACT

It is not surprising, therefore, that one finds Eve Boswell not only singing something like "Swingin' Shepherd Blues," but also playing the solo instrumental parts on the recorder. Her velvety voice is well known, but in addition she plays piano, saxophone, clarinet, and dances both ball and tap. And now the recorder!

Eve Boswell was born in Budapest, Hungary, into a true show business family. Her parents had a reputation as a circus act—The Hugos—a name of high value wherever the act played.

After her own education in Switzerland, Eve joined the act at an early age. They toured everywhere and, not only did it develop her into an experienced performer, but it gave her an insight into many languages and broadened her travel education.

The act appeared everywhere in Britain and Europe and, around the outbreak of the last war, they found themselves accepting an offer in South Africa with the famous Boswell's Circus.

For almost four years, Eve was to tour that country, playing almost every city and village. Soon after the tour started, Eve's friendship with the proprietor's son, Trevor, began to ripen, and it wasn't long before they married.

Apart from her talents with the family act, Eve Boswell particularly

wanted to sing. Trevor encouraged her in this direction and, by an odd chance, she gained the much-needed opportunity. The regular singer for a local dance band was unable to attend a concert in a military hospital in Johannesburg and Eve Boswell got her first chance.

Being very professional, even at that time, she made more than a little impact with her listeners. Soon work was coming her way in the sphere she most wanted. She sang with most name bands. As a soloist, she built herself a very big reputation throughout South Africa, in theatres, nightspots, and on radio and records.

ON THE MAP WITH GERALDO

Such was her progress, Eve had very little left to conquer, and so, her eyes turned to new pastures, she made her way to Britain. Her first meeting in this country was with Geraldo and, after that session and hearing one or two of her South African discs, she was soon singing with him as the featured vocal star.

Her intimate voice and style quickly won her the large following she had known in South Africa. Her reputation during her two and a half years with Geraldo put her high up on the star-studded map.

Eve Boswell was soon recording in this country and made her first disc for Parlophone. She is still one of their star names.

Deciding to go solo, she did her first revue tour with Derek Roy, and scored a personal success everywhere. Since then, she has become one of our established stars in every type of show business entertainment—revue, variety, television, radio, records, and pantomime. Miss Boswell has conquered the lot.

TO GERMANY FOR A DISC

And she is now repeating previous Blackpool successes in her current show.

What of the future? That, like her past, promises to be as busy as ever. During her Blackpool season she is undertaking several Sunday concerts at nearby resorts, including the Isle of Man, plus a BBC "Blackpool Nights" broadcast on August 27.

Following Blackpool, Eve intends to visit Germany for a hectic tour there in November. She will also be working on the completion of an LP which she is making there, under the direction of a German recording company.

Following this, and her touring dates, the vivacious Miss Boswell has several TV and radio dates lined up for her in Hilversum, Holland.

Currently on record, Eve Boswell has a bright and exciting new release. This particular title is called "Left Right Out Of Your Heart" on which both she and her record company are pinning great hopes. It is coupled with "Voom-Ba-Voom." It has all the right ingredients with a great deal of professionalism.

Let's hope that the latter ingredient doesn't cause it to suffer. It so often happens to such great artists as our cover personality.

MUSIC in the AIR

Radio Luxembourg

208 m. Medium Wave.
49.26 m. Short Wave.

- JULY 24**
7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
9.15—Liberace.
10.00—It's Record Time.
- JULY 25**
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.
- JULY 26**
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.
- JULY 27**
7.45—Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr.
8.00—Mario Lanza Sings.
8.15—Calling The Stars.
8.45—The Duke's Discs, with the Duke of Bedford.

- 9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.
9.30—Cream of the Pops.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Humphrey Lyttelton.
11.00—Top Twenty.

- JULY 28**
7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Monday's Requests.

- 9.15—Favourites Old and New.
10.00—Jack Jackson's Hit Parade.
10.30—Pete Murray's Top Pops.

- JULY 29**
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 30**
7.15—Great Times 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

- JULY 24**
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Music from America.

- 11.00—Late Request Show.

- JULY 25**
6.00—Music On Deck.
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Stars Of Jazz.
11.00—Late Request Show.

- JULY 26**
7.00—Music In The Air.
8.00—Grand Ole Opry.
9.00—America's Popular Music.
10.00—Music Views From Hollywood.

- JULY 27**
4.00—Highway of Melody.
10.00—Mitch Miller.
11.00—Portraits in Music.

- JULY 28**
6.00—Eddie Fisher Show.
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Hollywood Music Hall
11.00—Late Request Show.

- JULY 29**
7.00—Music In The Air.
10.00—Modern Jazz 1958.
11.00—Late Request Show.

- JULY 30**
7.00—Music In The Air.
11.00—Late Request Show.

Eton proved difficult, but Humph got his way

ETON and journalism. The Guards and cartooning. High society and a low, cool trumpet. Add all that together and come up with one word—Humph.

Is Humphrey Lyttelton a freak, a throw-back, a refugee from the Ritz? None of these—he's just a character who fell in love with a trumpet.

That was way back in 1936—and he has been in love with it ever since.

Why!—The boy even walked out on a Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's to wander down to Charing Cross Road and buy himself that piece of brass. "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen," that's what he thought it was then—and it is still.

It had to be beautiful, or something, for he first practised his

magic in the London home of his grandfather, the Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. And to do that he had to climb right up to the attic.

He conquered his Family—spelt it with a capital F, says Humph—but Eton was more difficult.

The straight quote is: "There is a tendency among public schools to regard jazz as an influence undesirable for the sons of gentlemen."

Undesirable or not, Eton got its Sunday afternoon jam sessions—and when the war came the family

tradition demanded that Humph enter the Guards.

So he landed on the Salerno beach-head in Italy with a gun in one hand and his trumpet in the other. Came the end of the war—and V.E. night found him sitting on a handcart outside Buckingham Palace playing "High Society" to the crowds while they waited for the King and Queen to appear on the balcony.

After the war, he resisted an effort to get him back to Eton as a master—and studied the real old masters, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Bunk Johnson—the New Orleans music.

And between times he drew cartoons for the "Daily Mail," wrote jazz articles, wrote stories for comic strips—and kept on playing his trumpet.

The real turning point came in

SPOTLIGHT

Humphrey Lyttelton

1948 when he formed his own band and was invited to the International Jazz Festival at Nice, becoming famous overnight when the great Louis Armstrong himself listened to his playing and said: "That boy's sure something on a cornet."

Humph had arrived—although he still took a pretty dim view of the way his name was constantly linked with his cousin, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, now Lord Chandos.

Said Humph: "He has never been to a jazz club. I have never been to the House of Commons."

Now the band was in demand. It played all over the country, made frequent broadcasts and an increasing number of records. Soon the Humphrey Lyttelton Club opened in Oxford Street, London. It became a centre for young enthusiasts from all over London, East End and West End.

The old Etonian, ex-Guards officer, pulled his tie loose, rolled up his sleeves, blasted away at his trumpet and set them alight with the sort of music that sends them no matter where they come from.

Even Humph's father turned up one night to listen—he listened all right, but he sadly said that he didn't understand what it was all about.

So far, it was still part-time music. The great leap into full-

time gave Humph's outfit a new smoothness, a full tone, good balance and an assured technique.

Humph's music is not bounded by conventions. If it sounds right, that is the way he plays. And it seems to sound right for an increasing number of fans.

He aims at the top. He wants to be the best trumpet in the best band in the country.

And he knows that only hard work will get him where he wants to go. And if hard work means showmanship, brightness, dash, Humph can give it.

Nothing bores him more than people who claim that the only good jazz is trad jazz, although he truly believes that America is the real home of his sort of music.

That is why he was so enthusiastic when Louis Armstrong liked his stuff. He even wired home from that Nice Festival: "Have shaken hands with Louis Armstrong."

At home, Humph is a family man, now building a modern house in North London that made the local town hall planners throw up their hands in horror. But it was the sort of house that he wanted, that gave him room to practise his trumpet without waking all the folk around and he stuck out for it and won . . . and to have room for his new baby.

You have to be pretty determined to come all the way from Eton and Harrow cricket to top place in British jazz. Humph has—and he is pretty determined. His strength and drive shows in his music. And his talent.

Jimmy Rushing, probably the greatest Blues singer alive, said: "Humphrey plays a good horn. A lot of trumpet. I rate him as one of the best white blues players I ever heard. He feels blues like we do."

Humph's real secret is that he helps you to feel it that way too.

Michael Cable



PANDEMONIUM

When Gilbert Becaud appears on stage

INTO London last week came one of the singing rages of France, Gilbert Becaud. Some of you may have been lucky enough to have seen him on BBC TV on Saturday evening.

Most French artistes seem to exude charm, and Becaud was certainly no exception when I met him.

Such is his success in France these days, he is often named as the French Frank Sinatra. However, this is a tag that he would prefer not to have.

Becaud has long wanted to visit Britain, but pressure of work has, until last week, made a trip here impossible. As it was, he could only manage a weekend, with sufficient time to rehearse and do his one TV show, before hastening straight back to Paris for a frantic round of engagements.

Becaud was born in Toulon in 1927, but a family move shortly afterwards caused him to be brought up mainly in Nice.

Music was evidently in his soul, for he began to study the piano at an early age. He entered the Nice Conservatoire

and, after intensive musical study, left a particularly talented pianist.

Paris was naturally the centre to which he had to head and, though there was no overnight success for Gilbert Becaud, he was soon making his presence felt in musical circles.

His career in the big time seemed to commence when he met famous French singing star Jacques Pills and became his accompanist.

Pills gave him every encouragement, making him study and work even harder, with little thought for relaxation.

And Becaud turned his musical knowledge to good use, turning out a number of musical offerings, mainly for short films. Yet, he had never seriously considered writing songs until he toured with Jacques Pills.

On their travels together, Becaud began composing the

first of what was to become a prolific output of songs. Some were created in Canada. Others he associates with visits to New York, Peru and Argentina.

By now he was not only writing songs for Jacques Pills, but for most of the leading names on the French stage.

Though it meant that he was to lose a good accompanist, Jacques Pills believed that Becaud should try his hand as a solo singing performer. It was a decision that was to set Gilbert Becaud on the way to great personal success.

He made triumphant appearances in his home country and throughout most of Europe. A visit to America was another crowning glory and he played to rave notices everywhere. He was hailed as the "Ambassador of French Song."

By now he had become the



(DISC Pic)

toast of Paris and top engagements were his for the picking. His appearances in French music halls are often the scene of wild teenage pandemonium, such is the sway that he holds as a

singing star in his own country.

Apart from his good looks, his treatment of any song leaves no doubt as to his talent. His charm, presentation and gaiety are additional assets for this personable singing sensation.

His records in France sell in astronomical proportions and, for those who have the taste for songs of this style, his sales are increasing in this country.

He can be heard on his own LP—"Contes Chantes," and he also appears with other distinguished French singers on another LP entitled "Gentlemen of Paris."

More recently he has had an EP release called "Bravo Becaud," containing four of his own popular compositions.

All of them serve as first-class introductions to the art of Gilbert Becaud. If you saw him last Saturday evening, then you'll need no persuasion.

If his countrymen (and women) allow him the time, Gilbert Becaud hopes to return to Britain for a much longer stay. I, for one, hope that that will be possible.

Meanwhile, as I left him the other day, Becaud said: "I hope to see you again soon: either in London, or perhaps Paris." If my editor would only let me, I'd soon choose the latter. D. G.

NEWS FROM BEHIND THE LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL

Diana Dors could start recording

★ ★ ★

Lotis radio show hits the jackpot

★ ★ ★

Catastrophe if Dot changes weight

★ ★ ★

Back to Paris

DOT SQUIRES is leaving us again on August 7 to return to the Moulin Rouge for cabaret. Before she sails, she will be fitting in more television dates, including Richard Afton's "Music Hall."

Dot wore one of her collection of terrific new dresses on the Dickie Valentine show last week. It was a white lace affair. Note for the girls—there were no seams on the dress; every join had been matched carefully and the lace pattern continued so that the entire dress was in one

piece. If Dot's weight alters one way or the other it will be a catastrophe!

Her next disc, they tell me, is going to be a winner. It's called **Torre Molinas**, the name of the resort on the Costa Brava where Dot and Roger Moore spent their holiday. Backing it will be **Mother's Day**, the third time Dot has recorded this, because she wasn't satisfied with the way she sang it on her Billy Reid long-player.

Breathtaking

TALKING of dresses reminds me that you must see Diana Dors when she comes your way in variety. One of her dresses is breathtakingly tight until it reaches the knee, when 350 yards of white nylon net suddenly spring out. So you see, they're not just trying to save material when they make Di's dresses so tight!

Incidentally, if you get around to listening to the Dors voice while she's appearing at your local theatre, you'll find it's very pleasant indeed. Maybe we will be finding her name on a disc very soon.

★ ★ ★
● Pat Kirkwood returns to the West End in the Autumn in a show called "Chrysanthemum." Pat has her first try at management as well as starring in this production due to open in September.

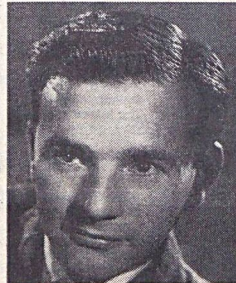
★ ★ ★
● Coming up next month on Capitol, a four-part epic covering the story of the Stan Kenton band from 1940 up to the present day.

He does the lot

IT looks as though Dennis Lotis is going to be seen around London town for some months to come. His radio show has proved so popular that the series has been extended, and, but for his other commitments, could run from now until the end of the year.

Ironically enough he has been so busy with this show and with the Jubilee television series which started again this week that he has had less time to spend at home than he has normally.

Dennis Lotis Presents is really a Lotis show in all ways. He picks the records, writes the scripts and sings the songs.



DENNIS LOTIS' radio programme has proved so popular it is being extended. (See "He does the lot.")

● Johnny Franz and his new discovery had been sitting in Philips' palatial offices at Marble Arch for well over an hour trying to think up a suitable name to suit the new artist's disc career. In walked Frankie Vaughan who without a second's hesitation said, "Why not Valerie Shane?" And why not?

Stars' chance

A NEW club opened last week called The Buccaneer. The idea behind it—apart from making money—is to give British artistes a chance to try out their cabaret material. The opportunities to work in cabaret are fast disappearing in this country, so I fancy artistes will welcome The Buccaneer with open arms. Stars pencilled in for autumn appearances include Marion Ryan and Lita Roza.

Lita's next for Nixa is a Paddy Roberts song called **It's A Boy**, a number which should soon find a place in the sales charts. Big things are expected of Lita's version, but also covering the title are Lisa Noble and Bertice Reading. This will be Bertice's first for Columbia.

● A new Doris Day record is coming out way next month called "Everybody Loves A Lover." People in the know think that everybody is going to love this Day, too.

Some plug

I RECEIVED a plug in my post. A sink-type plug. And I nominate this as one of the funniest publicity gags this year. The plug came as a plug for a disc on the London label called Splish Splash. Though this is the big version in the States, I think there will be some pretty stiff competition in this country from Charlie Drake, who backs his Splish Splash with a tender little song called "Hello, My Darlings."

● Last time Vic Damone came over to boost his disc "On The Street Where You Live" the record dropped two places in the hit lists. And went back up again after he left. I wonder what will happen to his "Only Man On The Island" now Vic's back here again?

● Follow-up on the Shirley Aivacar story last week. Shirley has signed for Fontana—and first on the list of releases will be an album of the folk songs everyone likes to hear her sing.



DIANA DORS (above) may soon be coming your way in variety, in a dress that is sensational (See "Breathtaking"). DOROTHY SQUIRES (below) has also acquired a dress, one that could be dangerous (See first story).



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DISC

DATE

with DON NICHOLL



That ole cowhand **TEX RITTER** has a western ballad with all the ingredients he enjoys.

MILLICENT MARTIN, one of the stars of "Expresso Bongo," has a husky way with a song from that show.

Olympic diver breaks into song,
but with 12 sides out of 22,
this is a week when you must

Bow down before the oldies

NAT "KING" COLE
Come Closer To Me: Nothing In The World
(Capitol CL14898)*****

THE LATIN AMERICAN BALLAD
Come Closer To Me gets a very new styling from the Cole man. Backed by Armando Romeu, Jr., Nat takes the song in a graceful cha-cha tempo. One of his smoothest sides—and that's saying something!

Romeu's accompaniment is delightful, using voices well. A romancer for warm evenings.

Nelson Riddle comes back to baton for Nat on the reverse when the star sings a love ballad, **Nothing In The World**.

Music seems to be from a smaller group than Riddle usually employs, and the result is intimate—and just right.

A Natural for heavy sales.

JONAH JONES
Slowly But Surely: Ballin' The Jack
(Capitol CL14901)*****

IF you've been fortunate enough to meet up with some of the fine Jonah Jones EPs which Capitol has released, then you'll be an eager customer for this single.

Jonah's jazzing quartet provides one of the easiest sounds you can hear in the market today. With Jones leading on his muted trumpet, the boys swing delightfully through an old twosome.

There's always a high place for music like this—thank goodness. Admire the polish, and do your ears some good.

Apart from the Jones' trumpet

you'll enjoy the teamwork of bass, piano and drums with him.

THE SINGING SAILORS
Sorry, Sorry, Sorry; Medley
(Decca F11045)***

ERIC ROGERS directs the accompaniment for The Singing Sailors, a chorus who send out a suitably rinky-tink version of **Sorry, Sorry, Sorry**.

JOHNNY DANK-WORTH
Cute military with sax leading.
(DISC Pic.)



Atmosphere is very much that of chinking out time in the pub round the corner. Rogers gives his singers just the right amount of oochy-koo.

For the medley on the flip, all the numbers have an appropriate nautical flavour. "The Fleet's In Port," "All The Nice Girls Love a Sailor" and "Anchors Aweigh." Sing-song time.

JOHNNY DANKWORTH
The Colonel's Tune; Jim And Andy's
(Parlophone R4456)****

SOUNDS as if Johnny Dankworth has been influenced by "Bridge on the River Kwai" and the revival of "Colonel Bogey." His **Colonel's Tune**, while not borrowing from "Bogey," is very much military jazz. Cute too. With his sax leading the way Dankworth emerges victorious.

Jim And Andy's is not a Dankworth composition for the flip. Here the jazz puts on a sombrero for a tricky, jingly ride.

The fans won't be disappointed, it's well up to standard.

SID PHILLIPS
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling; What Can I Say
(HMV POP512)***

SID PHILLIPS and his band dig out a pair of oldies for their dance tempo treatments.

The usual infectious sound from Sid's clarinet as he leads the musicians through **When Irish Eyes Are Smiling**.

If you like a dash of Dixie in your music—and if you want a coupling to slide on at your next party—grab this.

What Can I Say (After I Say I'm Sorry) is a quickstep like its disc companion. Attractive again.

MILLICENT MARTIN
Seriously; Our Language Of Love
(Columbia DB417)***

TWO shows provide the songs for this coupling. From "Expresso Bongo" comes the slow, romantic ballad **Seriously**, which Miss Martin sings with a husky quality while Tony Osborne places some lush strings behind her.

The singer has a vibrant way with a song that makes one wish for a ballad that carried more fire down below.

Our Language Of Love comes from the musical "Irma La Douce." Pleasant again but without the spark of a big hit, I'd say.

Millicent Martin is one of the stars of "Expresso Bongo" and it is interesting to compare this "single" of **Seriously** with her version of the song that you'll find in Nixa's LP from the show. Not often a singer rivals herself on a ballad!

TEX RITTER
Burning Sand; Jealous Heart
(Capitol CL14900)***

THAT ole cowhand Tex Ritter has a western ballad which has all the ingredients he enjoys. Tex puts his rich quaver to use in front of a male group.

While Tex recalls the "day I up and rode away" Jack Marshall has a rhythm section plodding the sand. Useful material of its type—and with an easy-to-remember melody line.

For the turnover Tex spades up an oldie. He takes Jenny Lee Carson's **Jealous Heart** for a pop ride. Quicker beat here.

EVERYONE seems to be enjoying the cha-cha and the Latin rhythms in general. Even our pal Nat "King" Cole has deserted Nelson Riddle for one of his new sides to join up with a Latin outfit. Makes one of his finest halves, too!

The ballad "Devotion" gets more spinning time this week—from one-time Olympic diver Peter Elliott. And the oldies? Do they still keep coming back like a song? Indeed they do. Turn to Lucille Mapp, Tex Ritter, Sid Phillips and Jonah Jones for evidence.

In fact, on the twenty-two sides reviewed for this week's "Disc Date" I counted exactly twelve old-timers!



PETER ELLIOTT
Devotion; No Fool Like An Old Fool
(Parlophone R4457)***

PETER ELLIOTT's new disc is better than his first and, if there were not such intense competition on **Devotion**, I'd have taken this for a powerful seller.

As it is, there may not be enough strength to top Janice Harper and Pet Clark. But don't let this detract from the ex-diver's side. Elliott has one of the more appealing light ballad styles we can hear just now. Accompanied by the Tony Osborne orchestra, he floats gently and effectively through this romantic pledge.

The up-tempo **No Fool Like An Old Fool** is put across cleanly, though with a slight lack of drive.

HUTCH DAVIE
Honky Tonk Train; Woodchopper's Ball
(London HLE8667)***

HUTCH DAVIE at the keyboard leads his honky-tonkers through the train ride in the jingle-jangle manner that the title implies.

Noise is a trifle too muzzy for me... I prefer honky-tonk stuff with some clear cut edges. But the easy rhythm's there.

The old stand-by, **Woodchopper's Ball**, has a better sound altogether.

Lucille goes commercial with no bother at all



LUCILLE MAPP goes back a long way for her latest number, but she puts it over in great style.

There's more size here, too. Hutch doesn't let the oldie down with this performance. Nor does he forget the teen fans who like some of the current beat in their sides. This half could do a nice trade.

LUCILLE MAPP
I'm A Dreamer, Aren't We All; Remember When (Columbia DB4168)****
WAS it in one of the early Janet Gaynor screen musicals? A long time back, anyway, since I

went overboard for I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All.

Lucille Mapp modernises it with something of a beat, and she becomes more commercial than she has yet been on record. The West Indian girl has no bother at all with this one.

Slow, beaty ballad on the other side is easy and contagious. Lucille is joined by the Michael Sammes Singers as on the oldie upstairs.

Steve Race directs both halves.

FRANK HOLDER
Nor The Moon By Night; Bechuanaland (Parlophone R4459)***

FILM title tune **Nor The Moon By Night** is a British composition. Frank Holder puts it over in a jungle setting—and puts it over very well.

Song itself has merit, though it is probably a mite too difficult to become a swift seller.

The turnover whips into Kwela country with a penny-whistle sound. This too—Bechuanaland—comes from the picture. And, for my money it's ten times more catchy than the title offering.

There's a chorus chanting with Frank for this half as it moves along slickly. Ron Goodwin batons.

RATINGS

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

And the really hit records that look like spinning to the top are marked by D.N.T. (Don Nicholl Tip).

FRANK HOLDER

A British tune in a jungle setting is put over very well, and there's a penny-whistle sound on the flip.



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DISC

Hulton House, Fleet Street, London,
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Music makes the world go round

WE must say that we are glad to see that great star Paul Robeson in our midst again. But in welcoming him it does seem a pity that his personal opinions and those of his home country should have restricted his movements for so long.

The many visitors we've had in show business during these past few years have given many of us a better understanding of our fellow beings. And one thing we have found is that music can unite and records have often provided us with the forerunner of an impending visit.

Most of our visitors have been American, and through their trips to this country we have got to know one another pretty well.

Even the Russians have sent us various representatives of their arts, and in recent times we've seen their circus, opera company, variety company, and their choirs. Though most of us have not understood the language, their entertainment offerings have given us some insight into their way of life.

It has, of course been reciprocal. Many of our leading stars in every sphere of entertainment have made impressionable visits abroad also.

Arts and politics don't mix

Though it is a little out of our own particular sphere, we regret that the Chinese Theatre has allowed political feelings and international tension to cause them to cease entertaining us.

The arts and political matters seem to us not to mix, and politics would best be left to those who profess to know them. It is often said that if the youth of every country were able to mix more freely, international tensions might never occur.

Most young folk have a happy outlook, and each other's music is usually acceptable wherever it might be heard. Fantastic sales of foreign records in many countries have amply demonstrated this.

Comedians like Danny Kaye have found that they can make themselves understood in most countries, and a good laugh does no one any harm.

Let's make our songs go round the world, and if they are best carried by universal stars such as Elvis Presley, and even our own Tommy Steele, then let them be our ambassadors.

We've got a feeling that Tommy could tell the statesmen at the United Nations a thing or two, and if he could also put his thoughts into song then we are sure he'd knock the politicians sideways.

Big tour is planned for Robeson

AS reported last week, interest has been mounting after the arrival in Britain of singing star Paul Robeson. His concert agents are now in the throes of planning an extensive concert tour for him which will take in every major city and town throughout Britain.

This tour would commence around mid-September and probably continue until mid-November.

Prior to this tour, however, followers will be able to see this great artiste at an opening concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Sunday, August 10. It is also likely that Robeson will conclude his provincial tour with at least one other concert in London.

Sarah and Ella in Belgium

Sarah Vaughan (left) and Ella Fitzgerald seem to be having a whale of a time when this shot was taken at the recent Jazz Festival at Knokke-le-Zoute on the Belgian coast.



Hughes quits Alhambra

SINGING star David Hughes is to leave the cast of the "Five Past Eight" show at the Alhambra, Glasgow, on August 9. The season has not yet finished, but it was intended that David should leave the show part way through its run.

He will be opening in the same theatre, the Alhambra, for the next Freddie Carpenter production, "Sinbad." He starts rehearsals for this in mid-November with Jimmy Logan and Rikki Fulton.

Following his departure on August 9, David has several theatre, TV and radio commitments lined up for him.

Congratulations, too, to David Hughes and his wife, Ann, on the birth of a daughter last Friday.

Taking the David Hughes spot in the current Glasgow show will be Kevin Scott. Scott came to this country as the juvenile lead in

Fanny, after playing the role on Broadway.

He has also been concentrating on straight acting roles. He was seen recently in the ABC-TV play "The Mythmakers." More recently he has completed his first film role at Pinewood in "Floods Of Fear," with Howard Keel and Anne Heywood.

Prior to opening in Glasgow, Kevin Scott has two more TV appearances. These "Wonderful Shows" on July 27 and "Words and Music" on August 7.

Took, Josephine Gordon, Louie Ramsey and Richard Waring.

Nixa recording chiefs, Michael Barclay and Alan Freeman, have completed work on the LP and it is hoped to have it in the shops before the end of July.

PRINCE LITTLER, the famous impresario, may be joining the board of Radio Luxembourg (London), Ltd.

Negotiations are taking place and Mr. Litler has said that he would accept any invitation.

Contrary to some reports, there is no proposal that any television company should have any financial participation in Radio Luxembourg (London), Ltd.

Jack Payne to conduct again

MAN of many musical parts, Jack Payne, takes up the orchestral baton once again on BBC-TV tonight (Thursday) in a new series "Words And Music."

Jack will be conducting the Concert Orchestra and, though it is some years since he regularly conducted, he did do so recently to make an LP of old favourites under the title "Say It With Music."

In addition to conducting, Jack Payne will also interview his guest personalities. In tonight's production these include lovely singing star Sarah Vaughan, film-score conductor Muir Matheson, and composer of such hits as "South Of The Border and Red Sails In The Sunset"—Jimmy Kennedy.

THE BBC Home Service is to pay tribute to Stanley Holloway, who is currently enjoying a big success in "My Fair Lady."

On August 5 "The Stanley Holloway Story" is to be broadcast with Holloway in person and many famous show business personalities.

THE "Six-Five Special" programme on August 2 is to journey to Southampton and the Beaulieu Jazz Festival for its production.

Featured in this programme will be Johnny Dankworth, the Dill Jones Trio with Nat Gonella, Rosemary Squires, the Beverley Sisters, and Alec Walsh and his Dixielanders.

NEWS

in

BRIEF

DISC did it again last week.

Within a short time of winning second prize in the Soho Fair Carnival on July 13, we were making another impact in Ramsgate.

The DISC Showboat, which made such a big impression with thousands in Soho, repeated the success at Ramsgate's annual Water Carnival collecting first prize.

Our Showboat carried many local personalities, but in addition, two lovely singing stars, Rosemary Squires and Lisa Noble, journeyed from London to join us.

REGULAR favourites on Radio Luxembourg, The Deep River Boys are to begin yet another series in August.

First of the new series, which is to run 26 weeks, is due on August 11 from 9 p.m. until 9.15.

AFTER their success with LP versions of "Expresso Bongo" and "Share My Lettuce," Nixa have now secured the rights of yet another musical—"For Adults Only."

This new production opened with great success at the Strand Theatre in London on June 25. It is written by Peter Myers and Alec Grahame, and features Miriam Karlin, Hugh Paddock, Ron Moody, Patricia Lancaster, Barry



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DISC finds a great vocal group

IN the first-ever "Search For A Vocal Group" contest which DISC held last week during the Soho Fair activities, we were pleased to find, not only a winning vocal team, but one which shows excellent promise for the future.

Name of "DISC's" exciting new vocal find is The Fortunairs, from Newport, Mon., five boys who have a refreshing style of singing, with a great degree of polished showmanship.

The impact they made on both judges and public alike was such that The Fortunairs were unanimous winners of our 1958 contest. For their prize they were due to receive the magnificent DISC Challenge Cup, plus a recording test; but they found themselves with additional awards before they left the building — two television dates, both to take place within a matter of days.

They made their first last Friday evening as an additional attraction in a late night programme from the heart of Soho.

Success for Max in U.S.

REPORTS reaching us from the States show that Max Bygraves has been a big success on his current trip to America.

Max was on last Saturday's Bob Crosby show and, though he was originally due to do only one spot, last-minute adjustments to the script made it possible for Bygraves to be featured throughout the production.

It is reported that Max was to receive more than £1,400 for his appearance in this show.

Whilst in the States, Max Bygraves is negotiating to bring the Broadway musical success, "The Music Man," to Britain. If successful in securing this fabulous show, Max plans to star in it himself.

Belafonte date

RECEIVED just too late for publication last week was the news that the proposed visit by Harry Belafonte is now a reality.

Belafonte will star at London's Gaumont State theatre in Kilburn from Sunday, August 10, until Saturday, August 16.

There will be one performance only each evening, except on the Saturday when he will give two faraway concerts. Details are also well in hand for him to give a peak spot TV show on Sunday, August 17.

The second offer came from one of our panel of judges, BBC producer Dennis Main Wilson, who offered them an immediate engagement on his "Six-Five Special" programme.

Our new vocal group find appears on this programme on Saturday (July 26) and Dennis Main Wilson is excited about the impact which he is sure The Fortunairs will make.

Also, each member of the group was presented with a miniature presentation cup and an engraved

Ronson lighter.

Remember The Fortunairs, we are sure you are going to hear more of them.

The standard of entry was high and the judges had to spend considerable time in determining the runners-up, but after much deliberation, they selected a refreshing double act, Bill and Brett Landis from Elstree. These two boys received special plaques from DISC to mark the occasion. And EMI recording manager Norman Newell, decidedly impressed, was immediately prompted to offer them a recording test as well.

Special mention was made for the originality of The Moonbeams of London, and for the presentation by four young ladies from Portsmouth, The Melody Four.

Our DISC panel, to whom we are most grateful, consisted of recording executive Norman Newell, conductor Tony Osborne, producers Dennis Main Wilson and Jack Good, DISC managing editor Gerald Marks and attractive "Oh Boy!" star Kerry Martin. Kerry also made the presentations on our behalf.

Connie Francis for TV spots



Pete's job

JUST as we go to press we are delighted to learn that Pete Murray has finalised arrangements for a new BBC radio series.

Pete's new programme, as yet untitled, begins on Sunday, August 17, on the Light Programme.

The show will be devoted to records and run for 70 minutes from 10.40 p.m. to 11.50 p.m. each Sunday.

The new Pete Murray series takes over from the present Tommy Steele programme, "A Handful Of Discs."

Mansell leaves Sheldon

SINGER Tony Mansell has left his post as Exploitation Manager for the music publishing concern of Sheldon Music, and his place has been taken by Stuart Reid.

Tony is, of course, one of the members of the successful vocal team, The Polka Dots.

DURING her forthcoming brief visit, Connie Francis is to headline for one week in variety. She will open in Glasgow at the Empire theatre on August 18.

It is expected that she will also undertake certain television dates. During the few days preceding her Glasgow week, and following it, there is every likelihood of at least two major telecasts.

Since she came into prominence in Britain through her best-selling recording of "Who's Sorry Now?" there have been strong attempts to get her to make this trip. Other engagements in the States make a longer stay difficult.

Frankie heads Sunday bill

NEXT Sunday's Bernard Delfont ATV production from the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre will be headed by Frankie Vaughan.

Currently, of course, Frankie Vaughan is a big attraction in his summer season at the Hippodrome, Brighton. His season there will continue until September 13, when he will take a well-deserved holiday.

Following his return from the States in October, Frankie is looking forward to October 18 when the big Boys' Club concert, "Clubs Are Trumps," takes place at London's Festival Hall.

Here's **DON LANG** WITH **'THE BIRD ON MY HEAD'** and **'HEY DADDY'**

H-M-V POP 510
(45 & 78)

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

E.M.I. Records Ltd., 8-11, Great Castle Street, London, W.1.

'Oh Boy!' to return in autumn — official

AS we were able to reveal in DISC some weeks ago, Jack Good's popular "Oh Boy!" programme is definitely returning in September.

ABC-TV have now confirmed that the show will open again on Saturday, September 13. The new time for the programme will be in the peak spot at 6 p.m., rivaling the placing of his old show, BBC-TV's "Six-Five Special."

It seems likely that a new location will have to be found for "Oh Boy!", for the previous studio at Wood Green is normally used on Saturdays for the ATV presentation "Saturday Spectacular." Discussions on this point, plus cast details, are now under consideration.

Where possible, Jack Good intends to use all the artistes who contributed to the success of the first programmes.

New-style Seven

JOHNN BARRY, who, with his Seven, has made such an impact during the past year on records and television, is planning a new-style package show for presentation in ballrooms.

With the addition of "Stu" Atkins on valve trombone, John Barry and his Seven intend to present a complete show of two one-hour spots.

In each part of the show they will feature music associated with them through TV and discs, and follow this with a 45-minute dance session.

According to John Barry, ballroom proprietors have accepted his suggestions with enthusiasm. John also believes that with his new line-up he will be able to present one of the most danceable beats ever heard in British ballrooms.

Win a date with Dickie

GIRLS! Who would like a date with singing star Dickie Valentine?

Radio Luxembourg tell us that there is a chance for every one of their feminine listeners if they listen to "The Dickie Valentine Show" on 208 metres at 9.15 p.m. on Friday, August 1.

The show's sponsors have evolved a novel competition and the winners will be brought to London with all expenses paid, and taken to lunch by Dickie Valentine at a leading West End hotel. Later they will be able to visit the Radio Luxembourg studios in London to watch Dickie recording one of his programmes.

Jazz returns

AFTER an absence of ten years jazz returned to the Dutch House Tavern, on the Sidcup By-pass, Eltham, on Tuesday.

George Webb's old arranger and trumpeter, and DISC columnist, Owen Bryce, brought his own band to launch a new jazz club there.

The Bryce band will be featured every Tuesday. On Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays the Dutch House will have dancing to jazz records.

GUESS THINGS HAPPEN THAT WAY

JOHNNY CASH

HLS 6856
45/78

LONDON RECORDS

USE ALBERT EMBANKMENT LONDON SE11

● Peggy Lee in fine, finger-snapping form

* * *

● Nag-nag lyric for The Coasters

* * *

● Johnny Cash should cash in on this one



As far out of the rut as you can get is PEGGY LEE's latest.

PEGGY LEE

Fever; You Don't Know
(Capitol CL14902)*****
(D.N.T.)

FOR some while, Peggy Lee has been using *Fever* as a high-spot of her night-club act. Now she's brought this torrid rhythm 'n' blues number to disc. And we benefit.

Some excellent double bass accompanies Peggy as she opens easily. Finger-snapping, too, for the strong beat. In fact the bass, the drums and the fingers snapping make up the entire backing for one of the most compelling decks I've heard this year. As far out of the rut as you can get—and with Miss Lee in high form I defy you not to go finger-snapping in company.

Jack Marshall, who directs the backings on this disc, puts more musical weight—this time with guitar emphasis—behind a slower beat entry on the turnover.

Great stuff.

THE KINGPINS

Ungava

(London HLU8658)***

THE beat number *Ungava* is performed by a smart instrumental team who manage to sustain interest and rhythm throughout both sides of this record.

With guitars and sax playing a big role, the Kingpins also use voice occasionally for title planting, using this in jungle bird fashion.

No fireworks—although I was expecting some on the second deck. Tune is fairly repetitive after the fashion of present successes. Be intriguing to see if the double-decker catches on. I think it will sell fairly solidly, but I've Top Twenty doubts.

JOHNNY CASH

Come In Stranger; Guess Things Happen That Way

(London HLS8656)****

THE deep, dark voice of Johnny Cash has a country offering in *Come In Stranger*. Taken at a quick clip, this is an easy-on-the-ear number which Johnny handles smoothly. Lyric tells of title invitation being handed out to him by a girl. Idea and performance both fine.

Slight rock for the reverse as Johnny's accompanied on the boop-da-doops by the Tennessee Two. One of the better artists in this field, Mr. Cash deserves to cash in with this coupling.

JOHNNY DUNCAN

All Of The Monkeys Ain't In The Zoo; More And More

(Columbia DB4167)***

WE'VE already had a disc by country-and-western star Tommy Collins on his own humorous number *All Of The Monkeys Ain't In The Zoo*. Now—in response to demands by some of his fans—Johnny Duncan sends out his slick idea of the story.

Trips along swiftly and amusingly as it should. Many will like it better than the Collins original, because the Blue Grass Boys put a more modern noise behind Duncan.

More And More is a cling-cling shouter which Johnny handles rather like a serious Jerry Colonna! The beat moves happily while Johnny blasts from the echo chamber.



JOHNNY DUNCAN takes a Tommy Collins original—and improves it.



BY
DON NICHOLL



One of the better performers in the C and W field, JOHNNY CASH should do well with his coupling of "Come In Stranger" and "Guess Things Happen That Way."

RUSS CONWAY

Got A Match; Toby's Walk
(Columbia DB4166)****

RUSS CONWAY's version of *Got A Match* is probably the most likeable of all those that I have spun to date. The pianist retains his current barrelhouse style and makes one wonder why Winnie Atwell wasn't rushed on to this novelty but quick.

Backed by a hand-clapping section and some rhythm guided by Geoff Love, Conway makes a happy-go-lucky job of *Got A Match* and he may yet emerge as one of the biggest sellers.

Toby's Walk is taken at a leisurely stroll by the piano man. A nice, gentle stroll, innocuous, but it's pleasant for company.

THE COASTERS

Yakety Yak; Zing! Went The Strings Of My Heart

(London HLE8665)****

THE Coasters—a beating group much underrated on this side of the water—have an amusing quick rocker in *Yakety Yak*. A nag-nag-nag lyric uses the title well.

Some grinning instrumental work behind the coloured vocalists. Gimmicky number with enough of a straight melody to help it take.

The old familiar ballad on the flip is really ripped out of its groove by the Coasters! Deep lead voice opens by slowing down the melody while the rest weave around him.

This is different to say the least—and pretty commercial.

FRANK GALLUP

Got A Match; I Beg Your Pardon
(HMV POP509)***

FRANK GALLUP's *Got A Match* is one of the American sides on the lolloping lucifer. As in the Conway treatment there are some chorus voices for background as well as a dark title call.

Keyboard noise from Gallup is harpsichordish and perhaps a trifle too thin. But the pace moves smartly.

I Beg Your Pardon is a quick Latin excursion with chorus coming even more to the fore after the manner of earlier Joe "Fingers" Carr recordings. Again the dark voice is used for title phrase alone.

WEE WILLIE HARRIS

Got A Match; No Chemise, Please!
(Decca F11044)***

WEE WILLIE HARRIS is the pianist you can hear pounding out the melody with Eric Rogers' orchestra in this tricky little treatment of *Got A Match*.

He's also the hoarse voice intersecting the title phrase. I mention the piano in case you think all Mr. H. does is say *Got A Match*.

Slow rocker on the reverse is more like the usual Harris material. Here he sings in his particular fashion.

For those who like him.

BOBBY DARIN

Splish Splash; Judy, Don't Be Moody

(London HLE8666)***

BOBBY DARIN's a rock 'n' roller who has a potent item in *Splish Splash*. Opens with splish-splash noises as Bobby's in his bath.

STRANGER things may have happened I suppose, but it's still surprising to have to include Peggy Lee in *The Big Beat* section of reviews!

Yet here she is with a rock and blues honey called "Fever" which ought to have customers coming out in quite a rash!

More support for the instrumental "Got a Match"—Frank Gallup, Russ Conway and Wee Willie Harris all striking while it's hot. Me, I go for Conway's cutting.

Yes, you'll even find oldies creeping into the Big Beat too. The Coasters really go to work on "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart."

There's a party going on in the next room—rock-'n'-roll party, of course. With a good instrumental group behind him, Bobby makes a neat effort of this slice. Could sell.

Judy, Don't Be Moody has the Latin in the beat. Catchy title phrase helps to make it a strong coupling. Darin has a light attractive voice for a rocker.

"Got A Match" has been recorded by many artistes, but RUSS CONWAY's version is the most likeable to date.



OVER THE POINTS

With **PETE MURRAY**

D.J.s are not all-powerful



TONI DALLI—he will become one of the top heart-throbs.

the power is split. You don't have to rush home on any one particular night to hear the latest. You can, more often than not, hear it the next night anyway.

Then, of course, when Jack was really riding the crest of the wave (and for that matter, there's no decline in his popularity) Radio Luxembourg was only operating very modestly on the long wave band.

The D.J. of today can only help to make a record a hit. No one can truthfully turn round and say "I made that." That is why the plugger's lot is much more involved than it was five years ago. It's only through a concerted effort that he can hope to get his record away. That means talking to six disc jockeys rather than one.

And yet I've heard these gentlemen say they wished Britain had as many D.J. shows as they have in

America. Nuts gents! Keep it down to the minimum. The more programmes you have of a similar nature, the less impact they are likely to have.

The disc jockey's lot is not a simple one. It is not just a question of sitting down and playing the records he likes. He's got to think of you, the public. He's got to give fair shares to the record companies and to the publishers. And he's got to present a balanced programme. Instrumentals, girl singers, male singers all presented in varying moods. It's not what you might call an easy job.

I told you so

GLAD to see Toni Dalli has finally made the grade. For once I can truthfully say "I told you so"—and a long time ago too.

It's most endearing the way he calls England "home." America had a great deal to offer him—in fact he's returning there in September. But when I asked what he thought of the States he shrugged his shoulders and said "It's wonderful, but there are too many Italians there."

This sense of humour, coupled with his great sincerity and, of course, the voice, make Toni a unique specimen in this hard-boiled business of ours.

THIS WEEK'S CHOICE

"Come Closer To Me" is a song that has been a favourite of mine ever since it first came out in a Van Johnson film about twelve years ago. There has never been a really good vocal of the number—till now. And what a version it is! By none other than Nat "King" Cole (Capitol). This is one of those rare records that is both tasteful and commercial.

Billy Williams is a 1958 singer who delights in making a 1930 or '40 song sound like something from the twenties. Great fun it is too. He did it with "I'm Going To Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter and he's done it again with "I'll Get By" (Coral).

Johnny Dankworth's own composition "Colonel's Tune" (Parlophone) is my instrumental of the week. A delicate blending of big band precision.

Finally, Miss Sarah Vaughan lives up to the name "Divine" with the title song from the film "Too Much Too Soon" (Mercury). I can never have too much of this young lady.

Guard on BBC

AN open letter to my mate Jack Bentley of the "Sunday Pictorial." I enjoyed his story of the pluggers and how they would have to be escorted in and out of Broadcasting House in future. But that ruling does not apply only to pluggers but to anyone entering the portals of that most illustrious establishment, the London disc jockeys. The real reason that visitors will have to be escorted in and out of the building in future is because of the theft of many records.

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DISC DEBUT

The new series for the newcomers

She's Eartha Kitt, PLUS

WHEN someone of the stature of Bing Crosby gives unstinted praise to a new singer and writes the sleeve notes for her first LP, my curiosity is quickly aroused. What's good enough for Bing is good enough for me any day. Who stirred his attentions in this way? A dynamic Japanese singer called Pat Suzuki.

Before I'd even had a chance to hear her first British release, DISC critic, Don Nicholl, was also joining in the chorus "She's great."

A couple of weeks back he reviewed Pat's first disc and wrote, "Pat sends out a sizzling personality that can rank with the great ones."

He continued, "This is one of the 'individual' voices. It won't matter if Miss Suzuki ever reaches the top ten or not. She has star material."

Now Don doesn't give out raves of that sort lightly and, valuing his opinion, I wanted to listen to his new voice.

One listen was enough for me to get everything "off Pat." She has a tremendous sense of song styling with a voice that

has all those exciting Eartha Kitt qualities, PLUS.

Her version of "Just one of

Those Things" has given yet another lease of life to this great song.

Pat, though of Japanese parentage, was born in Cressey, California. Her father had been a farmer, and she was the youngest of four children.

Her real first name is Chiyo, which, translated, I'm told, means "a thousand times good." An apt name for this talented singer.

The family nickname for her was "Chiby" which means "squirt"—she was the finest member of the Suzuki family.

But the local grocer found difficulty in pronouncing the name Chiyo, so he took the line of least resistance and called her Pat. The name stuck.

The Suzuki family lived a peaceful life on the farm but when Pat was 10 the Second World War started.



By virtue of their nationality, the family were interned for four years.

After the war, Pat returned to her schooling, and later attended San Jose State College where she took a degree in fine arts.

Her painting caused considerable attention and she was considered a good artist. But this talent was regarded by Pat only as a useful means of expression and not an occupation.

Her real leanings were towards show business and, soon after graduation, she applied for a part in a show called "The House of Flowers."

Pat didn't get the part but she did win herself a walk-on role in "Teahouse of the August Moon." She toured with "Teahouse" for some six months until arriving in Seattle.

PAT SUZUKI

It so happened that she stayed at a hotel housed in the same building as the Colony Club. Pat met the manager of the Colony who was so impressed by her ability as a singer that he offered to act as her manager and coach. That was in June, 1954, and the association with Norm Bobrow has continued ever since.

She is a continual attraction at the Colony, vowing always to return there no matter where other engagements might take her. Such is her loyalty and affection for this Washington night-spot where Bing Crosby first heard her sing.

She makes regular TV appearances with equal success, and the future looks busy in every direction of the entertainment world.

Pat Suzuki is a petite, under five-footer, with her dark, glossy hair worn in a pony-tail style.

Her dynamic personality is reflected in her records and she is just the same in person. Her off-beat humour runs riot and, when a bore asked her what she did in show business, Pat replied, "I've got a trained seal act!"

After this little research on Pat was completed, I played her debut disc again and, as our friend Don Nicholl said, "More please of Miss Pat Suzuki."

Mervyn Douglas

SIDE TRACKS

by JACK GOOD

who started 'Six-Five Special' and 'Oh Boy!' and is now producing the Lonnie Donegan show in Blackpool

THE Top Twenty charts often seem to be nothing more than a series of fresh targets waiting for a new salvo from the ace-marksman, Elvis Presley.

Other stars spatter their fire across the card and sometimes—often more by luck than judgment—get a high rating.

Presley shoots straight for the bulls-eye and hits it first time.

The hit parade is a graph of his career. It is a weekly serial in which he stars and the rest form a distinguished supporting cast.

This is not an opinion, it is a statement of fact—but I am quite convinced that in 15 or 20 years time Elvis Presley will receive even more general recognition from the profession than that currently given Crosby and Sinatra.

But before that happens and before Presley's true place in the development of the blues and the gospel songs can be recognised, a lot of irrelevant thought-*clichés* will have to be forgotten. When that time comes the names that will be associated with him will be of the Jimmie Rodgers and Sister Rosetta Tharpe variety rather than Bill Haley or Tommy Sands.

What brought all this to mind was the biblical content of Presley's latest lyric "Hard Headed Woman," which, lest it be sneered at as cheap and vulgarly commercial—should be noted as closely similar to certain respected medieval poems.

"Hard Headed Woman" has been called "yet another typical Presley offering." It is nothing of the kind.

There are several points that add up to make this disc that rarity in the Presley collection—a failure.

It has been ruined by the A and R man. Presley's own vocal performance is first-class. But it is thrown into the background by being given much too much echo and by the introduction of a quite

* A fact that would be disputed and denied by 99% of the pop music business today.

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unnecessary big-band-and-choral sound.

As far as I can remember, none of Presley's singles have had, in the past, more than piano, bass, drums, guitar and vocal group backing.

These regulars—Dudley Brooks, Bill Black, Scotty Moore, D. J. Fontana, and the Jordanaires can whip up a tornado backing for Elvis. But they don't drown his voice.

This big band in "Hard Headed Woman" is just a noisy drag, and reminds one of the disastrous film sound-track version of "Jailhouse Rock" where brass and reed instruments were superimposed on the original track as sold in disc-form.

Elvis is the ace marksman of discs, but this time

Presley has waxed his first failure!

The experiment of augmenting Presley's backing, having failed twice, will not, I hope, be repeated. Of course, when I call "Hard Headed Woman" a failure, I certainly don't mean that it won't reach the top five. It will, inevitably.

But it is not a satisfactory side and already it is beginning to drop in the American Hit Parade, having reached only number three spot.



BERTIE READING — she transforms rock into the pure gold of jazz.

I won't even mention it!

A TOMMY STEELE fan wrote to me—in correctly-spelt English (which by the way is not a force of mine: you should see my original scrawl) before the Ed. has corrected it)—asking me to quit yapping about that "second-rate variety show 'Oh Boy!'"



Elvis goes to town in a scene from his latest film, "King Creole."



DON LANG—no difference between rock and jazz?

why not have "Six-Five Special" produced by Paul Lincoln and Hymie Zabl? That would cause a stir. And I can guess who would be stirring it.

Originality—1

WHAT abounding originality there is in the disc-biz! HMV, after successfully "covering" David Seville's "Witchdoctor" with a Don Lang version, got Don to repeat the formula by covering David Seville's "Bird On My Head."

It is rumoured that the Frantice Five are currently busy covering the latest David Seville Orchestra offering—reported to be Beethoven's Choral Symphony (with speeded-up voice gimmick).

More originality. Max Bygraves makes the original "You Need Hands," Eydie Gormé covers, Max then records "You Gotta Have Rain," Eydie Gormé covers. Next Eydie Gormé disc? Perhaps, "You Need Bygraves."

Originality—2

MORE originality. Connie Francis' first hit "Who's Sorry Now?" Repeats formula—almost identical "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry." Next disc, I suggest "Whose Sorry I Made You Cry Now?"

So from now on there will be no mention of it.

In particular not a dicky-bird will be said about the fact that "Oh Boy!" is definitely scheduled to return as a weekly series starting September 13 on Saturdays at 6 p.m. — carefully planned so that they will be able to catch the first five minutes before you switch over.

Nor will I say anything at all about one of the most encouraging features about the reaction to "Oh Boy!"

It is, that musicians—especially jazzmen, not noted as r'n'r fans—have enjoyed it. "Swinging" has

Note the organ

CHA-CHA-CHA has been making slow but insistent inroads into the charts for more than a year now and the next entrant will probably be Perez Prado's "Patricia."

A noteworthy feature in this disc is the important role of the electric organ, an instrument which is showing up more and more in pop instrumentals and which promises to challenge the supremacy of the saxophone and guitar which are currently the most commercial.

been the adjective they used for Lord Rockingham's XI.

I was very proud when Lonnie Donegan told me he thought the XI the most swinging British band he had heard for a long time.

"Swinging," too, was the Jerry Allen Trio's word for it. Likewise Monday jazz critic and colleague, Tony Hall, Benny Green, another

modern jazz critic and noted baritone saxophonist confessed, almost shamefacedly, it seemed, that he enjoyed playing in the band.

And everyone agrees that when Bertie Reading sings rock it is transformed by her own red-hot alchemy into the pure gold of jazz.

So perhaps the gulf between good rock 'n' roll and jazz isn't so very great—or maybe, even, it's imaginary.

After all Tubby Hayes and Ronnie Scott under the pseudonym of Tony Crombie's Rockets have recorded rock 'n' roll. Don Lang, a rock singer, is a jazz player who digs Brubeck rather than Haley. Admittedly, rock 'n' roll can never become jazz in its highest form—that's not its purpose anyway—but it can be exciting and it can swing like mad, and these, after all, are two of the most important ingredients to every sort of jazz.

Now for '6.5'

HAVING refrained at length from commenting on "Oh Boy!" may I say something about "Six-Five Special"? I am very sorry indeed that after August Dennis Main Wilson will no longer be producing the old Six-Five.

When we worked together there were a lot of statements printed that suggested that we sometimes disagreed and that we were almost in competition with each other. That is quite untrue.

We always disagreed and were deadly rivals. That's why I'm sorry to see Dennis go. We could have had a lot of fun carrying on the rivalry across the channels.

How about replacing Dennis? A difficult problem. Perhaps just as Val Parnell produces Sunday Night at the London Palladium, Bernard Delfont presents the Prince of Wales Show, and Jack Hylton presents "On With The Show,"

EXTENDED

PLAY

JACKIE MOORE

reviews the latest issues

WINIFRED
ATWELL

your feet tapping, and the tunes, all played at breakneck speed, are those which always go down well at a get-together. A bit more excitement in the disc and this would have been a better buy.

MALCOLM ARNOLD
composes and conducts
The Bridge On The River Kwai
The River Kwai March—Colonel Bogey; Nicholson's Victory; Working On The Bridge; Camp Concert Dance; Finale.
(Philips BBE12194)

The River Kwai March has already become part of our everyday lives, but on this extended play, there are more extracts from this much-applauded score.

The Working On The Bridge excerpt is full of the enthusiasm and activity of the scene, and paints a vivid picture, even if you haven't seen the film.

A well recorded and exciting reminder of a superlative film.

some odd candidates for the strict tempo list in **Tom Hark** and **Wear My Ring Around Your Neck**, but Ian Stewart manages to adapt them to his particularly timeless style without losing interest.

WINIFRED ATWELL
Let's Have A Ball

Last Train To San Fernando; Bring A Little Water, Sylvie; Puttin' On The Style; Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O; Music! Music! Music!; This Ole House; Heartbreaker; Woody Woodpecker; Singin' The Blues; The Green Door; See You Later, Alligator; Shake, Rattle And Roll; Rock Around The Clock; Rattle-Dazzle.
(Decca DFE6464)

WINNIE and the other piano, plus a band, bring another collection of party tunes. All good and loud; but a shade uninspired. I think the addition of the band was a mistake, I would prefer to hear just Winnie.

There's plenty of beat to keep

Lollipop. Her versions of **Nairobi** (with every word crystal clear) and the soft shoe shuffle **Chanson D'Amour** are way above the other versions around.

I do was specially written for Eye in the familiar South African rhythm, so it's not surprising that she sings it as well as she does. What is unusual is **Swingin' Shepherd**, not Eve's normal material at all. Not only does she invest it with some of her own personal style, but she provides the opening music for recorder too. A great Boswell disc, which I recommend as EP of the week.

IAN STEWART
Hits For Six (Number Four)
Tom Hark; All I Have To Do Is Dream; Little Serenade; Wear My Ring Around Your Neck; Stairway Of Love; I Could Have Danced All Night.
(Fontana TFE17044)

THE relaxing Mr. Stewart is back again with his strict tempo piano. This selection includes

swings in a way **Chloe** has never swung before. Certainly she has changed a lot since Spike Jones knew her.

If you prefer the ballad to the beat, you'll still enjoy this disc, because the Heath band have focused their attention on **I'll Never Smile Again**, one of the loveliest of standards, with the melody played by a solo sax.

This looks like being a year of good Heath discs in all directions.

EVE BOSWELL
Eve Boswell Showcases

Love Me Again; I Do; Nairobi; Swingin' Shepherd Blues; Lollipop; Chanson D'Amour.
(Parlophone GEP8690)

EVE BOSWELL is the perfect illustration of the word "artiste." There's artistry on every track in this very varied extended play. Eve's lovely voice always comes over well on a ballad in romantic vein, like **Love Me Again**, and her bouncy charm adapts itself to beat numbers like



TED HEATH



IAN STEWART

FERNANDO LAMAS, TRUDY ERWIN and RICHARD HADYN
The Merry Widow

Merry Widow Waltz; Maxim's; Vilit; Girls, Girls, Girls.
(MGM EP654)

IF the name Trudy Erwin is unfamiliar, that's not so surprising. Trudy is one of those singers who are usually seen but not heard in films. On this one she provided the voice for Lana Turner. Most of the emphasis in this disc is on Fernando Lamas, who uses his own voice. He hasn't such a marvellous voice, as a matter of fact, but the foreign accent makes all the difference!

Merry Widow Waltz, as seen by Hollywood, is an intimate, breathless love song, but the other numbers have more of the vitality of the Lehar "Widow."

TED HEATH

The Fabulous Dorseys (No. 1)
Opus 1; I'll Never Smile Again; Song Of India; Chloe.
(Decca DFE6451)

FOUR tracks from Ted Heath's long player, including my special favourite in the Heath-plays-Dorsey album, **Chloe**. Every section of the band is in best possible form on this track which

YES, IT'S TRUE!!
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Jimmy Shand is still way out front

PIPES and drums apart, what is the "Music of Scotland" to the rest of the world? I'll tell you—the Scottish country dances and reels of Jimmy Shand and his band. Jimmy Shand, the tall, shy, unassuming Fifer with the accordion that is worth £300, has set Scots' feet tapping the whole world over.

In fact, if a Gallup poll were arranged to discover record sales among Scottish exiles, I think you would find that Jimmy Shand and his band had it over the Pipes and Drums brigade.

After all, the Dagenham Girls can play the pipes and achieve what, to the ear of the man in the street, sounds much the same noise as the Glasgow City Police Pipe Band, the champions of the world—even if they don't get the volume.

But it takes a Scots ensemble to get the full "lilt of the kilt" flavour from the reels and country dances of Scotland.

For the coolest

Jimmy Shand was the first to commercialise the style—or, at least, the first to make capital out of it. And he still leads the field.

And unlike music makers of other "denominations," Jimmy Shand doesn't have to follow any popular trends. He need not keep a business eye on the popularity graph of "bop," "rock 'n' roll," etc., as they rise and wane.

For his type of music has the "coolest" of modern characters. Even if they don't like it, if they're Scots they must recognise it.

Since he has done more stage

work (and even he has to admit its lucrative bait and possibilities) he has made the concession of introducing dancers with the band. But this does no more than create the proper

OVER THE BORDER

Murray Gauld



Jimmy represents "the music of Scotland" to the rest of the world.

atmosphere for his kind of music.

Yet this "King of the Accordion" admitted to me that he has never had a music lesson in his life. He was out of work at the time he bought his first accordion—in the between-the-wards depression of the early thirties.

He taught himself to play the instrument. And at the same Dundee shop where he bought his first accordion (on HP) he was offered a job to demonstrate a new method of learning the melodeon, which the shop owner had just devised.

Jimmy toured the farming

Scots the length and breadth of Scotland. There are very few village halls that haven't swayed to his music.

He has travelled from the Shetlands to Stranraer. He has appeared before the Royal Family at the annual Gillies' Ball at Balmoral Castle in Aberdeenshire, their regular North of Scotland retreat. Recently, Jimmy Shand and his band appeared at the Glasgow Alhambra in the Royal Scottish Variety Performance, and made the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh tap their feet, too!

Last year he was made an honorary member of that very select body, the Caledonian Society. Only two other people have been similarly honoured—one was Sir Harry Lauder.

Military bands

What is his kind of music—the kind he likes to listen to? "Military band music," Jimmy said. "That is the type of music I thoroughly enjoy." His compositions don't include any of that sort, though.

He has over 20 Scottish country dance tunes to his name. Most of them are on wax. Jimmy Shand and his band record for Parlophone these days. He was forced to retire due to ill-health in the spring of last year, and for a spell he wasn't making any records. But the sale of the ones he had made did not halt one whit. The old recordings are just as popular as the latest pressings.

In Edinburgh during the Festival, record shops need to stock up to their very maximum with Scottish records. And that means, of course, Jimmy Shand and his band.

Jimmy's latest LP, "Coming Thro' the Rye" (PMD1047), is selling like hot cakes. And when the summer visitors arrive, sales will double at least.

areas of Fife, Perthshire and Forfarshire demonstrating to the boys in the bathy. On these tours he gained much of his knowledge of country dance tunes and bothy ballads.

It was during the war, when the quiet Fifer was serving with the Fire Service, that he gathered a group round him to entertain friends and parties. In 1945, when he was "demobbed," Jimmy Shand realised the commercial value of his music and his band.

Since then he has played to

No gimmick and, she said, no talent —but no one believed her

THOUSANDS of London's amateur photographers are in possession of treasured photographs that were once developed and retouched by one of England's top singers — Joan Regan. For when Joan left school she went into the photography business.

She was fully determined to master the art of the camera and one day to become one of the leading photographers in the country. She had won several photographic contests with various pictures she had taken and the relentless praise had left her with the burning desire to go on.

Once, at school, Joan's teacher had tried to make her sing soprano. That one lesson had ended in tears and there and then Joan was sure she did not want to sing. Yet strangely enough she did have a very good voice.

However, she was determined that photography was going to be her life and she was doing very well when she met and married a young man named Dick Howell. She gave up the photography business to go and live with her husband's parents in America. Unhappily things did not work out and Joan returned to this country five years later.

The first thing she did was to look around for suitable premises for a studio. But in the meantime she had to live. Her brother-in-

law, a wholesale fruiterer at Covent Garden, offered her a job in his business.

Joan worked for some time at this, but her mind was still on her own studio, and every penny she could spare went into the bank towards her own business.

And it was the bank that really made her career, but not in the way she expected.

Joan used to go to the bank every day for her brother-in-law, and she made friends with the manager. One day she had just deposited the takings and was on the point of leaving when the manager came out to go to lunch. He invited Joan to join him.

Over the meal Joan said how depressed she was. It was taking her a long time to save the amount she wanted and she felt that she must do something more.

Then came the moment that was to change her whole life.

"I hear that you have a very good voice," remarked the manager. "Wouldn't you like to be a singer?"

Joan was not impressed. "I don't know," she said. "I don't think I've got what it takes."

But the manager was not to be put off. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I have a friend who does private recordings. I'll fix up an appointment for you."

JOAN

She wanted to be a photographer, until she was discovered —by her bank manager

REGAN

Joan still wasn't keen. "I honestly think you are wasting your time," she said. "I have never had a singing lesson in my life and I certainly haven't got a gimmick."

The manager was determined, however, so it was settled.

Two weeks later Keith Devon of the Bernard Delfont Agency received a phone call from his friend — a bank manager.

"You must hear a record I have—it's sensational." Keith knew that of all people, a bank manager was the last person to waste anybody's time, so in the office next day five people listened to the recording that Joan had made.

A few minutes later Joan, who had been waiting, not very hopefully, outside, had walked in and signed a contract.

Later the same day a phone call was made to Decca, and Joan found herself signing another contract.

Her records were an immediate success, but in spite of this Joan worked very hard for several years in summer shows, variety, cabaret,

Photography was Joan's great interest in life and she never thought of any other career.



radio, etc., all the time gaining more experience.

Then came 1953 and the TV series *Quite Contrary*, which rocketed her to stardom. In 1955 she scored her biggest success in her first acting part in the pantomime "Dick Whittington" at Liverpool.

Her own TV series, *The Joan Regan Show*, followed and gained her many more fans.

And all the time she was turning out hit records—*Ricochet Romance*, *If I Give My Heart to You*, *Prize of Gold*, *Honestly* and many more.

In 1957 Joan was seriously injured in a car crash and spent a long time away from the public. But she was not forgotten, and on her first TV show after her return

to work she was swamped with goodwill telegrams.

1957 also brought her another kind of happiness. Her first marriage dissolved, she met and married Harry Cliff, well-known to all Palladium-goers as the box-office manager there, and they now have a lovely daughter—Donna Allison.

Now making a big hit at Blackpool, Joan is firmly established as a family favourite. And she is also a firm favourite with the many photographers who take her picture, probably because she knows their difficulties and she knows that she might easily have been at the other end of the camera, if it had not been for that determined bank manager who knew a star when he heard one.

Chris Barnett

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

The Gimmick Brigade is fighting a powerful rear-guard action. These merchants of stunt and buffoonery are still at it. And there's more to come. Have you been watching them at work, aided by their naïve henchmen, the scribes and photographers of Fleet Street?

Did you see the twaddle they churned out about a handful of youthful aspirants for entertainment stardom, recently?

It was downright scandalous playacting with Marty Wilde and his "furious" fiancée Bernice Swanson charging into dressing rooms, chucking engagement rings all over the place and having backstage fights and rows.

It was a wonderful performance which augurs well for the young man's possibilities as an actor as well as a pop singer.

BUT THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A GIGANTIC CHARADE. Kerry Martin, the young wiggler-singer who was cast in the farce as the "other woman" has already spilt the beans.

She's told the world that she was originally asked to play the part of the hurt fiancée. But she and her mother decided to have nothing to do with it.

So a blonde was cast instead of a brunette.

My stomach turns over at the sight of it all.

And then there was the Dene-Savage wedding at which some

The publicity agents reign supreme in the disc business, and they're making it

MARTY WILDE —a big charade.



(destination also "leaked").

This last one, incidentally, could well have for its build-up a development of the "mum-disagrees" routine which culminate in pictures of a tearful reunion.

Am I over-cynical? Am I making a fuss over next-to-nothing? Should I laugh it off with the rest and treat it as a joke?

No, no, and again and again, NO!

Publicity agents' horseplay is turning a deep-rooted and fine profession into a laughing stock . . . and the hard-working people in it too.

Show business used to be a

even project him into stardom than in any other medium of entertainment.

Mediocrity can suffice . . . if the publicity, the promotion, the exploitation are right.

When the order changeth, we might get more talent and more respect by the public for the stars they acclaim.

I'm proud

SINCERELY, now, I am proud to find that two weeks running people with a thrust to make at me for my views have won up winning the week's prize letter LP.

Both have points which I would never argue with—but I must make a point each.

Mr. Lettbridge is wrong when he says that rock shows kept alive doing music halls and gave work to supporting acts. The only way to any kind of supporting act to get work with a so-called "rock show" was to twist their act to fit in with the same mood. Rock show promoters never take any other style.

And as for Miss Evans, who the week previous suggested that it is only in this gimmick decade that lasting stars have been produced—oh shame Miss Evans! But perhaps she is too young to know the galaxy of top-line names thrown up in the years between the start of talkies and the start of the last war—King Cole, Peggy Lee, Sammy Davis, Frankie Vaughan and Johnny Mathis.

Miss Evans . . . those stars have been made by their own talent in the face of the warplings of the gimmick age.

A LAUGHING STOCK

passer-by spectators mistook gimmick-happy Wee Willie Harris for the bridegroom because he was dressed more for a wedding than was the young man of the day!

Now be warned: there is still Mr. Steele to take to himself a wife.

And I'm going on record here and now prophesying that it will be the stunted-up, gimmick-choked performance of the decade.

It might even be billed: ". . . produced by the men who brought you that all-time hit, the Marty Wilde Engagement Ring Row."

It will be handled in one of many ways:

The "straight" treatment with newsreel and TV lights

turning the outside of the church or register office into something like a film set; or . . .

The "we're-trying-to-keep-it-secret" routine with a build-up period in which the romance possibly is off-on-off and finally, of course, followed by that nonsensical ducking in by back doors and trying to give the slip to perspiring newspapermen and screaming fans; or . . .

The "sudden disappearance" routine, to get married "quietly" (with just one or two picked a couple of men handily around) and an "accidental leak" of the information so that the couple can be chased on their honeymoon

burning urge which some people had in their very beings.

Today it is fast becoming the hunting ground of the smart-alec publicity trickster and silver-tongued imposter making a fast buck.

Their behaviour is helping to raise a generation of youngsters almost imperious to talent, unable to recognise it and treating the honourable profession of entertainment as some sort of game anyone can play who has only enough audacity.

AND IT IS ONLY SINCE THE COMPATIVELY RECENT POSITION AS ALMOST THE TOP-EARNING BRANCH OF THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY THAT WE HAVE SUFFERED SO MUCH.

On a record, less talent can be made to get an artist by and

PUTTIN' ON THE STYLUS

by
Jackie Moore

DANNY KAYE

Merry Andrew

The Pipes Of Pan; Chin Up, Stout Fellow; Everything Is Ticky - Boo; You Can't Always Have What You Want; The Square Of The Hypotenuse; Salud (Buona Fortuna).

Music of The Big Top Circus Band conducted by BILLY MAY

Hippopotamus Rag; Circus Waltz; Lassus Trombone; Minor March; Bozo's Song. (Capitol T1016)

ONE side of this disc has the music from the latest Kaye film, which has just opened in London. The songs are by the successful Saul Chaplin-Johnny Mercer partnership and the orchestra is chivvied along by Nelson Riddle.

Danny has the role of an English, stiff-upper-lip school teacher and on *Pipes of Pan* particularly he has more than a touch of Rex Harrison. It's more than coincidence, I think, that Robert Coote, the Colonel Pickering of "My Fair Lady" is included in the cast of what must be quite a film.

My favourite track is the *Chin Up, Stout Fellow!* picture of the British.

On the other side of this disc

crop up on every long-player.

You're Laughing at Me or Get Thee Behind Me Satan are no less attractive because they are not so often heard.

Ella is with the Paul Weston orchestra on this disc. Weston has supplied some sympathetic arrangements which never get in the way of Ella's inventive phrasing, but are always around with a steady beat.

Ella sounds as fabulous as ever and is at her best with the great lyrics of a song like *Puttin' on the Ritz*.

GIUSEPPE SCAROLA

Slow Boat to Capri
Quantum Te Voglio Bene; Te Sto Aspettanno; O Siscariello; Core Malato; Luna Caprese; Malabusciarda; Accarezame; Tutto E'Niente; Pe' Tutt' A Vita; Ogni Riccio Nu Capriccio; O Ciucciariello; Vulim-mecce Bene.

(Columbia 335X 1086)

GIUSEPPE SCAROLA is the son of a boatman in Capri who studied music in Rome then returned to Capri and to the career he started as a child, singing to the

LONG PLAYING REVIEWS



DANNY KAYE PUTS SOME WEIGHT ON . . .

. . . but only for the purposes of his latest film "Merry Andrew," which is now showing over here. Capitol have released an LP of the music from the film.

decided to release parts one and two on one LP. This encompasses the years from 1927 to 1931 and such songs as *Please, Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams* and, of course, *Love In Bloom*.

Almost — though not quite — as good as Bing's casual run-through of the songs is his relaxed com-

mentary on the background to the music, with just the right amount of slightly caustic wit.

The Buddy Cole Trio, to my mind, are the perfect people to accompany Bing; he always seems more at ease with a small group and swinging beat.

Great Bing, and great listening.

Merry Danny is back on form

MANTOVANI

All The Things You Are; True Love; I Could Have Danced All Night; You Keep Coming Back Like A Song; A Woman In Love; This Nearly Was Mine; Summertime; Something To Remember You By; Love Letters; The Nearness Of You; An Affair To Remember; Hey, There!

(Decca LK4253)

MANTOVANI has picked one song each out of the extensive repertoire of beautiful melodies by America's top composers, Kern, Porter, Rodgers, Berlin, Gershwin — you think of your favourite and you'll find him represented here.

As always, there is the wonderful Mantovani scoring for strings, which never loses its excitement. The soaring opening to *Summertime*, for example, would catch the attention of the most fanatic of violin haters. And the solo trumpet in the same number sounds every bit as effective as the original soprano.

Another of those well-arranged, superbly played long-players which we have come to expect — and possibly take for granted — from Mantovani.

CARMEN CAVALLARO

Remembers Eddy Duchin

(Brunswick LAT8247)

Love Walked In; I've Got You Under My Skin; Easy To Love; I Won't Dance; April In Paris; Isn't This A Lovely Day; Speak To Me Of Love; Stormy Weather; The Way You Look Tonight; Did You Ever See A Dream Walking; El Choclo; Estrellita; Ill Wind.

FOR a lot of our younger readers their introduction to Carmen Cavallaro would have been through *Chelsea Summertime* last week, but the rest of us were already very well acquainted with the man who once meant far more than Liberace. On his television appearance Cavallaro played a couple of numbers dedicated to Eddy Duchin, and this nostalgic theme is developed on this long-player of songs associated with the great American pianist.

I don't think there is anyone quite as relaxing to listen to as Cavallaro, especially when he is playing these oldies, with the help of an unobtrusive rhythm backing. An artiste to the tips of his flexible fingertips, he can embellish a theme like *Ill Wind*, a particularly lovely track, without it becoming over-flowery, something which can't be as easy as he makes it sound, or we would surely not hear quite so many "tricky" piano arrangements as we do.

I enjoyed this one, and so, I'm sure, will you.

tourists on the trip between Naples and Capri.

He and his guitar make these Neapolitan songs sound just the way we imagine they should — warm, romantic and sometimes gay. In other words, this is just the disc to make you feel nostalgic about those holidays spent in Italy; and to help you forget that it rained rather a lot, the spaghetti gave you indigestion and the Italians weren't anywhere near as glamorous as in the films!

BING CROSBY

A Musical Autobiography
Muddy Water; Mississippi Mud; My Kinda Love; I Surrender, Dear; It Must Be True; Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams; Out Of Nowhere; Just One More Chance; Stardust; Sweet And Lovely; Where The Blue Of The Night; Paradise; Please; Just An Echo In The Valley; I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance — With You; Learn To Croon; Down The Old Ox Road; Thanks; Black Moonlight; The Day You Came Along; After Sundown; Temptation; Love Thy Neighbour; May I; Love In Bloom. (Brunswick LAT8251)

THE Crosby album which made up the musical story of his life proved so popular that it was

CHOPIN

Les Sylphides

Prelude, Opus 28, No. 7; Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 2; Valse, Op. 70, No. 1; Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 2; Mazurka, Op. 67, No. 3; Prelude, Op. 28, No. 7; Valse, Op. 64, No. 2; Grande Valse Brillante, Op. 18.

DELIBES

La Source

Act 2: Introduction (The Palace of Ghendjib); No. 16 Scene; No. 19 Scene (Entrance of Djemil); No. 18 Divertissement; No. 20 Pas de Naita; No. 21 Scene and Pas d'action; No. 22 Mazurka, Act. 3; No. 25 Scene; No. 26 Romance; No. 27 Scene Finale.

(Decca LXT5422)

PIETER MAAG conducts the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in these two familiar ballet suites.

There have been so many different recordings of the music used for *Les Sylphides* that your choice will no doubt depend on what is on the remaining side of the disc. With regard to this particular performance of the

CLASSICAL CORNER

By J. C. DOUGLAS

orchestral suite the tempo, in the first Prelude for instance, wasn't always as I like it, but then I am a keen ballet-goer and the way a piece is played for dancing isn't always the same as when it is performed as a concert work. The original score for *La Source* was composed by Delibes and Minkus. These extracts consist of those parts of the ballet actually written by Delibes.

VERDI OPERATIC CHORUSES

Aida: Gloria all'Egitto (Act 2). Rigoleto: Ziti, ziti (Act 1). Nabucco: Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate (Act 3).

(Decca CEP523)

ALBERTO EREDE conducts the St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra of Rome on these three excerpts, and the chorus is joined by Hilde Gueden, Piero di Palma, Pier Luigi Latinucci

and Dario Caselli on the *Rigoletto* excerpt.

The *Aida* piece is the victorious march which comes when the Egyptian armies enter Thebes. An exciting composition which sounds a little muzzy both on the recording and performance of this disc.

Probably the biggest attraction on this disc will be the chorus from *Nabucco*.

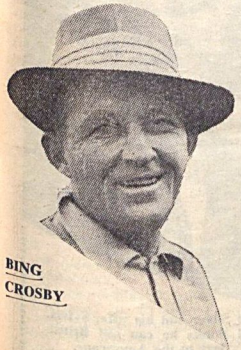
MOZART

The Magic Flute

Excerpts sung by Hilde Gueden, Walter Berry, Wilma Lipp, Leopold Simoneau. (Decca CEP525)

AN excellent selection of the favourite arias from this well-known Mozart opera. The singers have the lightness of approach suitable for the opera and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm give a superb performance.

Included, of course, is the frequently heard baritone song of the birdcatcher Paragono. This is well sung by Walter Berry, who sounds more at ease with this than he does in the duet *Bei Männern*, though the lovely voice of Hilde Gueden is heard to great advantage in this.



BING CROSBY

Parts one and two of the Crosby album are released now on one LP. All your old favourites, plus Bing's own relaxed commentary.

are several circus pieces by Billy May, not included in the Merry Andrew film, but they have the right atmosphere.

A good buy for Kaye fans: he sounds right back in top form on this LP.

ELLA FITZGERALD

The Irving Berlin Song Book Vol. One

Top Hat, White Tie And Tails; How About Me; Cheek To Cheek; I Used To Be Colour Blind; Lazy; How Deep Is The Ocean; All By Myself; You Forgot To Remember; Let's Face The Music And Dance; You're Laughing At Me; Let Yourself Go; You Can Have Him; Puttin' On The Ritz; Get Thee Behind Me Satan; Alexander's Ragtime Band. (HMV CLP1183)

ELLA FITZGERALD has turned her attention to Berlin as the next on her list of top composers. On this disc, and on the second volume (HMV CLP1184), she has gathered together a bunch of songs which cover every mood.

One of the best things about it is that some of these Berlin songs are not so well known and we can get away from those wonderful but - so - often - heard tunes which



HALL MARKS THE BEST IN JAZZ BY TONY HALL

Tony listens to American jazz, and finds some soulful and some stimulating

THREE weeks ago, I gave you advance news of a dozen or so brand-new American jazz discs. Readers seemed to like the idea, so here's another batch of albums that I've heard, most of which are eligible for British release. . . .

With fire

● **CITY LIGHTS**—Lee Morgan (Blue Note 1575): Trumpeter Lee continues to blow with fire and conviction. This new, five-track album again utilizes the arrangements and compositions of the talented Benny Golson and Owen Marshall (a Philadelphian, who can also play good trumpet, I'm told). The other horns are Curtis Fuller (trombone) and a Rollins-cum-Rouse-like tenor from Chicago, George Coleman. Best tracks: Golson's highly descriptive "City Lights" and the wistful "All By Myself."

Mellow mood

● **HANK MOBLEY** (Blue Note 1568): Tenorist Mobley is mainly and maturely in a mellow mood (viz: "Falling In Love With Love"). But well as he and trumpeter Bill Hardman play, I was

particularly intrigued by the alto and tenor of Mingus saxist, Curtis Porter. His sound and style show much originality. Especially on alto. He also writes arrestingly. A good example: "Mighty Moe And Joe." A stimulating session.

'Schmaltzy'

● **STITT'S BITS**—Sonny Stitt (Prestige 7133): Twelve tracks on tenor by Stitt, cut in 1950, make up a thoroughly enjoyable, not particularly dated-sounding album. Stitt never stops swinging. Even when confronted with a couple of comparatively "schmaltzy" songs like "Count Every Star" and "Our Very Own." Three different rhythm sections are heard. They include pianists Kenny Drew and Duke Jordan, bassist Tommy Potter and drummer Art Blakey.

Swinging

● **TRIPLE EXPOSURE**—Hal McKusick (Prestige 7135): Prestige doesn't often record white musicians. But three are heard here. McKusick plays alto, clarinet and some Pres-school tenor on alternate tracks. There's no multi-taping. With him are trombonist Billy Byers, pianist Eddie Costa plus Paul Chambers and Charlie Persip.

Interesting themes and solos backed by a swinging rhythm team. Hal gets a chance to stretch out for once.

Fine form

● **WHEELIN' AND DEALIN'** (Prestige 7131): Basically, a three-tenor blowing date by Paul Quinichette, John Coltrane and Frank Wes (who doubles on the flute). All are in fine form and a relaxed groove. Mal Waldron plays piano and provided the charts. The four tracks comprise down-tempo readings of "Things Ain't What They Used To Be" and "Robbins' Nest" plus two original blues, including a doomy one in the minor. Grows on you.

Not so good

● **THE BIG SOUND**—Gene Ammons (Prestige 7132): Another blowing date, but not so successful. On two tracks (including an interminably long, nothing's-happening "Cheek To Cheek"), Gene blows with Jerome Richardson on flute. On 'other two, he adds Quinichette, Pepper Adams (baritone) and Coltrane (on ALTO). "Blue Hymn," credited to Gene, is actually Bird's "The Hymn" taken at

drag tempo. Ammons' least inspired LP.

Simple

● **BACK ON THE SCENE**—Bennie Green (Blue Note 1587): Full-toned trombonist Green returns with a typically warm-

sounding set. There are several Latin things and an attractive score or two by ex-Gillespie girl 'bonist, Melba Liston. Bennie's team-mate is the excellent, underrated tenorman, Charlie Rouse. Simple and soulful.

Tasteful

● **TOMMY FLANAGAN OVERSEAS** (Prestige 7134): Twelve tastefully cooked tracks by pianist Flanagan, bassist Wilbur Little and Thad's "kid" brother, drummer Elvin Jones. These were recorded when the three were touring Sweden with Jay Johnson's Quintet.



Al Silver and his wife, Sylvia. Al thinks he can sell British jazz to the Americans.

THE WEEK'S REVIEWS

TAL FARLOW TRIO

Tal

Yesterday; Broadway. (7 in. Columbia SEB10097)

NOW here's a cute idea! To use the introductory rhythmic figure from "Night In Tunisia" as a backing for the melody statement to Yesterday! Guitarist Farlow, according to the notes, has made special stress of articulation here. The result is a style considerably different from that on earlier

records. And tension seems to be more apparent than relaxation.

Pianist Eddie Costa displays much originality of conception in his stark, machine-gun-like solo, most of which is played in the lower reaches of the keyboard. Here again, there's a feeling of strain and tension.

Broadway is more orthodox stylistically and there is a more relaxed feeling. Bassist Vinnie Burke, a very competent player,

completes the trio. The three work well together.

This record deserves to be heard for its originality. Some may enjoy it more than I did (****).

EDDIE DAVIS TRIO

Lockjaw

Moonlight In Vermont; Beano; Johnny Come Lately; I'll Remember April. (7 in. Parlophone GEP8678) What Is This Thing Called Love?; All The Things You Are; Whispering; You Are Too Beautiful. (7 in. Parlophone GEP8685)

YOU'LL remember tenorman Lockjaw Davis from the last Basie tour. Backed by Doc Bagby (organ) and Charlie Rice (drums), he blows with characteristically gutty, emotional, broad Hawkins-school tone, heat and humour through the six standards, Billy Strayhorn's Johnny and his own riff, Beano, on these two EPs.

Enjoyable, light-hearted, swinging stuff. But the support isn't up to Eddie's own high-geared blowing. (***)

GERRY MULLIGAN—PAUL DESMOND QUARTET

Blues Intime; Body And Soul; Standstill; Line For Lyons; Wintersong; Battle Hymn Of The Republic; Fall Out. (12 in. Columbia 33CX10113)

WITH the advent of bop and the subsequent developments, the saxophone really came into its own in jazz. So it's not really surprising that a high proportion of

HE'S SOLD ON OUR DISCS

THE number of American disc-businessmen who are interested in British jazz is, unfortunately, very small. In London last week was one of The Few.

Here for business and pleasure, with his charming wife, Sylvia, was 44-year-old Al Silver, boss of New York's independent Herald and Ember record labels.

Al, a New Englander by birth, has been in disc business for 13 years. "When I started, we had only three presses at the plant. Now we have 18. Our recent successes in the pop field have made an LP line possible. And I'm convinced that, if marketed shrewdly, I can sell British jazz LPs in the States.

"A week before I left, we issued Tony Crombie's 'Sweet Bear' LP. Statton WNEW (whose D.J.s are Al 'Jazz'bo' Collins and Bill Williams) made it their 'Album of the Week.' Orders from distributors were well above average. They heard the disc and ordered without even waiting to see the cover!

"I've bought a 'Jazz at the Flamingo' LP by Crombie, Ronnie Scott, Harry Klein and Tubby Hayes. Also the first 'Jazz Couriers' LP. I'm sure I can promote sales on these as well. If not on Herald, I'll try Savoy or Jubilee."

Al seemed very impressed with both the jazz and pops scene here. I hope he'll prove a worthy ally.

the year's best discs should be by saxists.

A few weeks ago, I raved about Sonny Rollins' great "Saxophone Colossus" LP (Esquire). To come: a wonderful Sonny Still album (Columbia). And this week: a superb example of sax playing in a completely different vein from that of Rollins. Backed just by Joe Benjamin (bass) and Dave Bailey (drums), baritonist Gerry Mulligan and altoist Paul Desmond make

what I can only describe as beautiful music together.

Two of the outstanding musicians in jazz blow together with tremendous confidence and consistency and amazingly intuitive understanding. This record is even more remarkable when you consider that, except for a short jam session three years before, they had never played together.

(Continued on facing page)

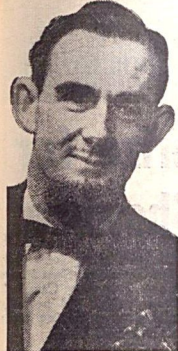


REAL COOL!

DIZZIE GILLESPIE found one way of keeping cool at rehearsal. He took his underwater trumpet into the sea with him, and found a new way to get those special surging effects.

TRADITIONAL

By **OWEN BRYCE**
jazz



orchestrations . . . many of them never written down but worked up during rehearsal or sometimes, as in the case of "Harlem Speaks," while actually recording.
Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington was born in Washington in 1899. He first started taking piano lessons at the age of seven.

Ellington until well after the war, on banjo and drums; Otto Hardwick, who gave the Ellington saxophone section that unmistakable tang. And not long after, Tricky Sam Nanton, the perfect trombone foil for Bubber's tangle trumpet.
At this time the band played a rather commercial type of big band

would not be complete without the mention of Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Rex Stewart, Ben Webster, Jimmy Blanton, Ray Nance, Cat Anderson, Juan Tizol, Harry Carney, and . . . I nearly forgot . . . so much a part of the band was he for so many years . . . the one and only Barney Bigard.

Beige, Such Sweet Thunder, the exquisite touch of Ellington and the swing of real old time jazz are still present.
Fortunately for us Ellington has proved to be a prolific recorder. Just as well, since I can hardly recommend an Ellington EP just because:

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Rock Skipping At Blue Note
The Hawk Talks; Monologue; Rock Skipping At Blue Note; Jam With Sam
(Philips BBE12168)

I LIKE the melody of *Hawk Talks*. I liked all of *Jam With Sam*. But as for the rest. No sir. There are so many better Ellingtons that one can't afford to have this. *Jam With Sam* is very nice and reminds me of some Ellingtons of the late thirties with its simple theme, "ya-ya" trombone, and off-beat Louis Belson drumming.

But *Monologue* (Pretty and the Wolf) is a waste of time and talent. I personally don't want to hear the Duke talking monologues. He does other things so much better.



The Duke

The unmistakable Ellington touch makes a . . .

MASTERPIECE from 'REMNANTS'

In 1915 he wrote his first piece *Soda Fountain Rag*. Two years later he was playing regularly in Washington with a bunch of musicians who eventually found themselves in New York playing for Wilbur Sweatman. By 1925 the band had broken up leaving Duke to lead the remnants.
And what remnants! Bubber Miley, greatest growl trumpeter of them all; Fred Guy and Sonny Greer, who were to stay with

jazz not unlike the Fletcher Henderson band of the same period. But in 1926 Duke recorded *East St. Louis Toodle Oo* and it was from this moment that Duke Ellington and his Orchestra came into being as a whole unit.

East St. Louis Toodle Oo gave the world a foretaste of the brilliant orchestrations and mood pieces that were to follow. Within the space of a few years we had *Black And Tan Fantasy*, *Creole Love Call*, *The Mooche*, *Saturday Night Function*, *Double Check Stomp*, *Old Man Blues* . . . need I go on?

This part of the story of jazz

One of the best proofs of Ellington's genius is his immediate alteration of style at any time a new man joins the band. When Cootie Williams replaced Bubber Miley there was a change from Bubber's slightly sad growl to Cootie's fierceness. Not only in the trumpet solos but in the complete interpretation of each number.

And look how Rex Stewart changed the band, introducing a touch of humour and showing off. And today the same thing's still happening. "Cat" Anderson has brought in the high notes.

Yet it's all typically Ellington. Even in his modern concert works and suites, **Black, Brown And**

and the rest of the BRYCE REVIEWS

TONY HALL'S REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

The ease of their contrapuntal lines indicate that, on a regular basis, this could be a wonderful group. In fact, I prefer Desmond to Bob Brookmeyer as a partner for Mulligan. Though completely self-assured, Paul plays with more fire than his outings on record with Brubeck ever hinted at and he lacks the often irritating unfruffled perfection of Brookmeyer's blowing.

Gerry and Paul swing throughout. At times, unusually hard. Their ballads are lazy-paced and contemplative.
Of the originals, incidentally, *Wintersong* is "These Foolish Things" (it's interesting to compare Desmond's achievements with these changes with those of Lee Konitz, who has recorded this number, under various names, on some half-dozen occasions) and *Battle Hymn* is "I've Got Two".

Very fine saxophone-playing. And first-rate jazz (****).

JOHNNY KEATING ALL-STARS
Swinging Scots

Hamperin' Rows; Down South Blues; Thistle Swing; Headin' North; Tam O'Shanter; Double Scotch; Kilts; Loch Ness Monster; Clachnacuidan Local. (12 in: London LTZ-D15122)

THESE tracks were recorded in London during April, '57 by Belgium's Jack Klooger and subsequently sold to Dot Records in America. Headed by former Heath arranger, Keating, the All-Scottish personnel comprises many well-known British musicians—Bobby Pratt, Tommy McQuater, Eddie Blair, Duncan Campbell, Jimmy Deuchar, Jack Bain, Jimmy

Wilson, Wally Smith, George Chisholm (brass), Burt Harden (tuba), George Hunter, Ronnie Baker, Tommy Whittle, Duncan Lamont, Ronnie Ross (saxes); Andy Denniz, Alan Metcalf, Jack Seymour, Bobby Orr (rhythm). The line-ups vary from the big band down to a quintet (with Lamont and Ross).

All the originals are by Keating, except two (*O'Shanter* and *Local*) which are by Deuchar. And easily the best of the batch. *O'Shanter* is particularly interesting and *Local* is, harmonically, "Take The 'A' Train."

Keating's are mainly in the Basic tradition. But somehow seem to be on the familiar side and lacking the originality of Basie writers like Ernie Wilkins and Neal Hefti.

The band itself is, on the whole, excellent. It only occasionally—and the recording balance might have something to do with this—does it sound "British," if you know what I mean. The brass is fine, so are the saxes (with excellent "lead" work by Pratt and Hunter). But the rhythm section is inclined to plod and not to swing, despite the sterling efforts of Bobby Orr.

Of the soloists, Jimmy Deuchar is great. (He so often seems to play better on other people's dates than on his own). Ronnie Ross also impresses (on the slow blues, in particular) and there's good swinging stuff from tenorists Whittle and Lamont. Chisholm is as stylistically personal as ever.

Generally speaking, then, an album of which Scotland and Britain can be very proud. And the Scots ensure that you get plenty of music for your money! (****).

DON STRATTON

Modern Jazz With Dixieland Roots Black Bottom; Royal Garden Blues; Charleston; Sunday (HMV 7EG8354)

ROYAL GARDEN turns up again. But don't get things wrong. This has absolutely nothing to do with Dixieland. It's a gimmick record.

It's supposed to prove a point. It doesn't matter what you play; it's what you do with it that counts. The point's good. The proof's lousy. If these boys want to play Dixieland numbers . . . they're welcome. If they want to play them in modern style, that's O.K. by me, too. But here they don't know where they're going.

Neither *Black Bottom* nor *Charleston* owe any allegiance to Dixie. And if they want to play *Royal Garden* as a contrapuntal-Chet Baker-type fugue, why stick so close to the melody?

ART TATUM

This Can't Be Love; All The Things You Are; Trio Blues; Judy; Idaho; I Won't Dance; If; Dixieland Band; Body And Soul; What Is This Thing Called Love (Columbia 33CX10115)

ART TATUM was the greatest. He had been since he started recording in 1932. Years ahead of all others, he was badly neglected by almost all jazz lovers with the exception of a few fellow pianists.

Even at the time of his death (November, 1956) he was still too advanced for most people, including the modernists. I have been collecting records for some 20 years, yet Tatum discs rarely found their way on to my shelves, and I consider myself to be exceptionally broadminded, jazzwise.

He had no imitators. Who could have copied this enormous, blind jazz giant? No one followed in his footsteps. No one individual was

ever influenced by him . . . yet he must somehow have influenced the whole of jazz.

Tatum used the piano as it should be used . . . rippling runs, sparkling arpeggios . . . chord sequences . . . straight out of his magician's hat.

For too long we have been blinded by his tricks. This LP shows that they were never tricks at all. They were an essential part of the genius of Art Tatum.

Four of these tracks are straight piano solos. In the other Norman Granz has taken the unprecedented step of pairing Tatum with other jazz greats.

Most successful pairing is with Benny Webster, perhaps the least known of the "others." Ben plays a great solo on *All The Things You Are*. I think it's the best thing on the disc . . . aside from Art Tatum, of course.

Others include Benny Carter and Louis Belson on *Idaho*. Excellent Belson, but I failed to recognise Carter even after a dozen playings.

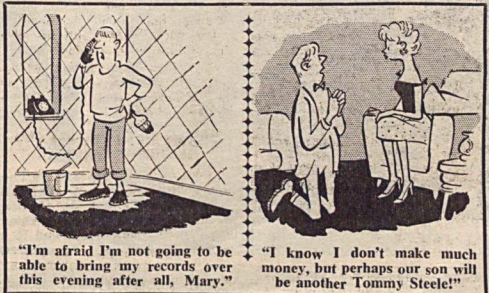
Harry Edison on *What Is This Thing Called Love?* Beautiful trumpet playing. Hampton on *Body And Soul* and Roy Eldridge, Buddy de Franco, Jo Jones and Red Callender.

I know it's hard to write about jazz without using adjectives, but Alun Morgan, who should know better, writes about Buddy de Franco's "sprightly and consistent clarinet work" and Eldridge's "virile attacking trumpet." Both are wrong. de Franco may be consistent but he's certainly not sprightly. And Eldridge uses the very mute to dampen anyone's "attack."

BY the time you read this, all being well, I hope to be soaking up the sun. At a tiny fishing village in the South of France, which, I trust, no one has ever heard of. And I don't want to hear any jazz or visit any smoky cellar clubs for two whole weeks.

I've left a load of record reviews to keep this column's flag flying while I'm away. And, if the mood takes me, maybe I'll air some retrospective comments on the British scene. It's always easier to be completely impartial when you're away from it all.

See you soon.



'DISC' NEWS IN PICS

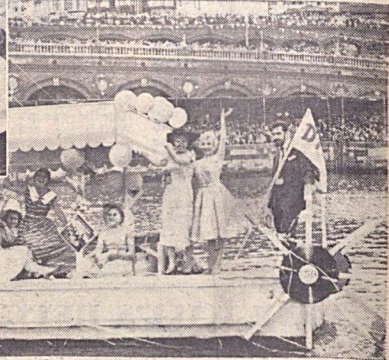
By
RICH HOWELL

First prize for 'Disc' Showboat

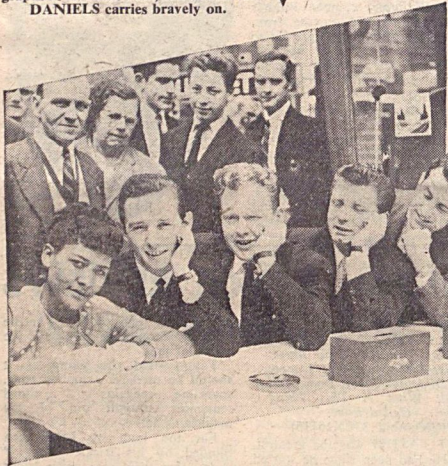
Looking not the least bit apprehensive about the seaworthiness of the DISC float is **LISA NOBLE** (centre).

DISC's float, which won a prize at the Soho Fair, gained further honours last Thursday when it was awarded first prize at the Ramsgate Carnival. Helping to make the boat (which did actually float!) even more attractive were singing stars **Rosemary Squires** and **Lisa Noble**.

(below, standing) **ROSEMARY SQUIRES** (left) and **LISA NOBLE**.



That popular singing quartet, **GROUP ONE**, take a rest from signing autographs at the Soho Fair, but **MAXINE DANIELS** carries bravely on.



ROSEMARY SQUIRES (left) and **LISA NOBLE** snapped just before they embarked on the DISC Showboat at Ramsgate.



Famous pianist **CARMEN CAVALLARO** (left) chats to Canadian comper **JACKIE RAE** during rehearsals for the "Chelsea Summertime" TV show.

NEWPORT GROUP WIN 'DISC' CONTEST



DISC's Vocal Group contest, which was run in conjunction with the Soho Fair, was won by **The FORTUNAIRS** from Newport, Mon. On the left they are being presented with the Challenge Cup by singing star **Kerry Martin**. Above are the judges—from left to right: **Dennis Main Wilson** (BBC-TV producer), **Kerry Martin**, **Norman Newell** (EMI A and R Manager), **Jack Good** (TV producer and DISC columnist), **Tony Osborne** (composer and musical director) and **Gerald Marks** (Managing Editor of DISC).