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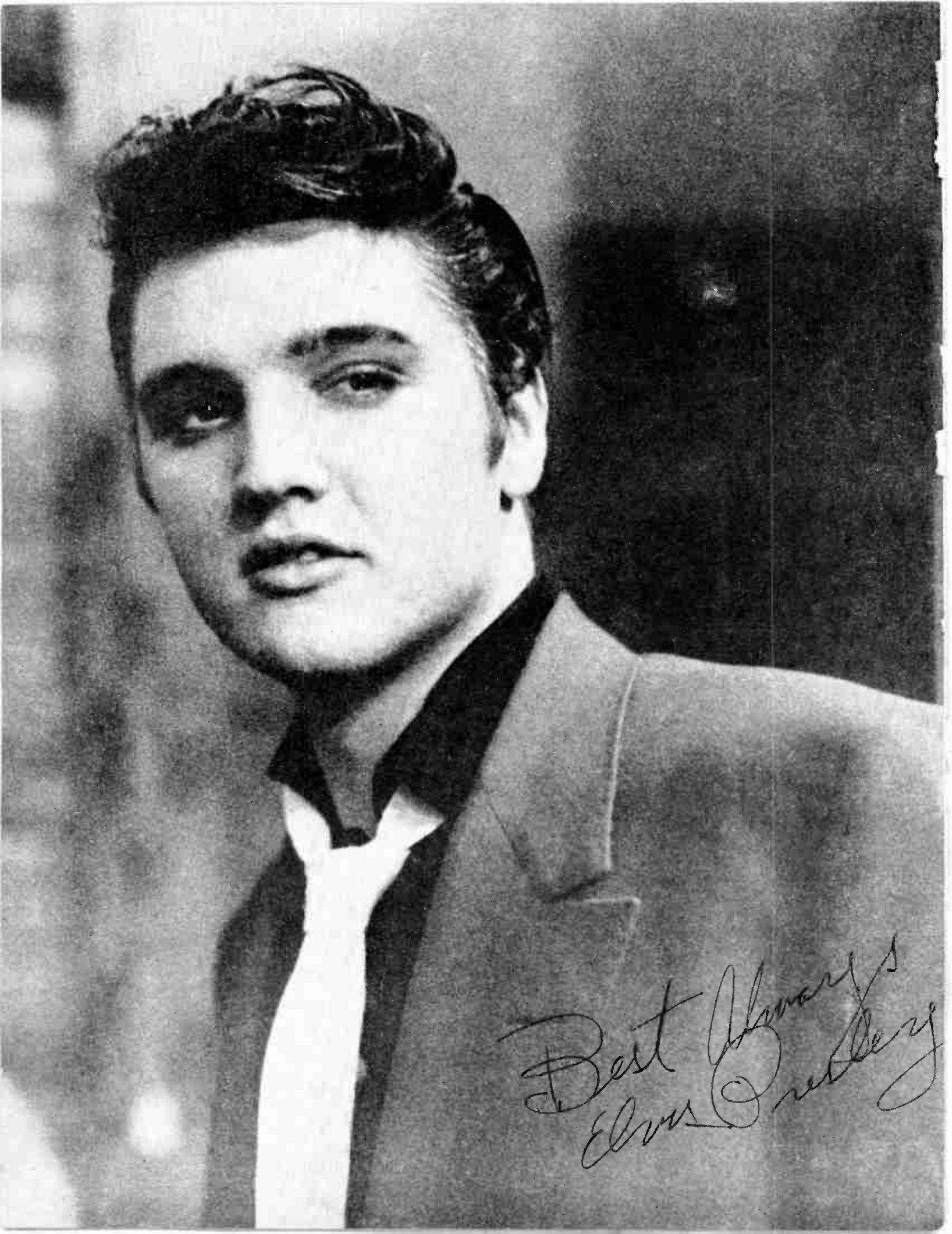
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also . . .

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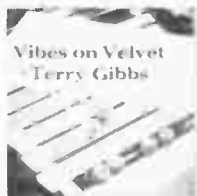


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The Reader's Opinion

About Mr. Presley . . .

Dear Editor:

Hooray for Jeri Southern!

Her comments about Elvis Presley's *Heartbreak Hotel* were as right as rain—especially those “that's terrible” and “nothing” parts.

I rather imagine there'll be a lot of morons with warped musical opinions writing in to condemn wonderful Jeri and to take up for obnoxious Elvis and rock 'n' roll in general. Well, here's one vote for Jeri and *music*.

I run a record shop and sell them all (sell *Record Whirl*, too), but I'd much rather sell Jeri Southern records than those “nothings” Elvis Presley does. The same applies to Little Richard, The Platters, Carl Perkins, Bill Haley, the Teenagers, The Teen Queens, Chuck Berry and all those other “nothings.”

Laurence Beyer
Mineral Wells, Tex

Dear Editor:

I don't like the way Mel Torme ran Elvis Presley down on the Blindfold Test in the June issue of *Record Whirl*. Rock 'n' roll is not “junk,” as Mr. Torme says it is, and Elvis is just the greatest! He could not and would not put out a platter that could be called “junk.” Torme should have his head examined if he thinks so. I have loved all your stories and pictures of Elvis and I think your magazine is tops.

Kitten Rollock
Plymouth, N. H.

Dear Editor:

I can hiccup better than Elvis Presley sings.

Bill Murphy
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I was really delighted when I found your article on Elvis Presley in your last issue. I think as an entertainer he is one of the greatest. I intend to get his first three records and his album.

Would it be possible for me to get a photograph of him and would you please tell me how?

I also enjoy the Crew-Cuts. They are my favorite vocal group. I have seen them in person twice and I think they really know how to put over a show.

Alene Schnitz
St. Louis, Mo.

(Ed. Note: You may obtain photographs, fan club advice, and information about Elvis by writing to Elvis himself, c/o Col. Tom Parker, Box 417, Madison, Tenn.)

Dear Editor:

I think it's just disgraceful the way Elvis Presley wriggles and contorts himself when he sings. I'll admit he hasn't got a bad voice, and I like some of his records, but when he starts all that moving around like he does on TV, it makes me want to turn off the set.

Glenna Strength
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rock 'n' Whoa . . .

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your first anniversary, and a tip of the hat to Mary English for the heart-warming story about Mr. and Mrs. Randy Brooks. It is a pleasure to read such fine things about show people.

I think Martha Colavecchio is way off base comparing Frank Sinatra to the present-day garbage. When Frank Sinatra was “The Crooner,” as Martha says, she was probably in diapers.

In the early forties, Frank had all the girls swooning and I'm sure the teens of those days, who swooned, still think of Frank as the greatest.

I have the greatest respect for teenagers, but I cannot understand why they have such bad taste in their selection of records. Martha's letter does not make sense to me. A singer like Sinatra is so good that he does not have to resort to gimmicks and trivial material to have a hit record.

How do the teens explain the fact that “songs” like *Sh-Boom*, *Rock Love*, etc, are never heard anymore, but good music like Sinatra's old recordings are heard to this day, despite their vintage. This rock 'n' roll junk is all fly-by-night, and anyone who spends money for these records should have his head examined.

Arthur Le Sanche
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Here is a reply to the contributors to “The Readers' Opinion” in the June 1956 issue of *Record Whirl*.

Several of the readers described their points-of-view by using the latest “jive” jargon, such as “square, crazy and real gone.” What's the matter? Isn't the King's English good enough for you?

Gilbert Pyka, Jr., made the remark that “someone should tell this square that 1956 is rock 'n' roll year.” I wonder if Gilbert realizes that 1956 is also Mozart's 200th anniversary and that it is the Boston Pops Orchestra's 75th anniversary.

I agree with the first paragraph of J. O. O'Connell's letter, but the second

(Continued on Page 30)



Don Robertson



Don Cherry



Cathy Carr



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exclusive stories

- 6 Les & Mary At Home (Les Paul-Mary Ford)
- 8 Damsel In a Whirlwind (Cathy Carr)
- 9 Carl Perkins—The Clouds Had a Blue Suede Lining
- 10 Don Cherry—Golf, Women, and Song
- 12 Eddy Duchin Was a Man
- 14 A Very Happy Whistler (Don Robertson)
- 16 Jo Stafford & Paul Weston—Their Many Blessed Events
- 20 After Hard Knocks, She's Dancing (Sylvia Syms)
- 22 Today's Jazz—The Shaping Influences
- 24 The Four Freshmen—A Unique Sound
- 25 Little Teddi King Makes Big Strides
- 26 Buck Ram—Rock 'n' Roll Gladiator
- 31 Jimmy Wakely Singing Pops Again

departments

- 2 Autograph Gallery (Elvis Presley)
- 4 The Readers' Opinion
- 15 Blindfold Test (Maxine Sullivan)
- 18 In the Whirl
- 28 New Albums In Review
- 29 Recommended from the Turntable
- 34 Hi-Fi



The Eddy Duchin Story

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by Edith Schonberg

Les Paul and Mary Ford live in a quiet community deep in the Ramapo Mountains in New Jersey. Their home is set back from the road and surrounded by woodland. Wildlife can be seen scampering past the house and it is not unusual for a gentle doe to wander out of the thicket onto the front lawn.

The Fords moved into the house four years ago, and while they have little time for intrarural activities they know all the neighbors and are friendly with most of them. Their preoccupation with record-making has created a daily pattern unlike that of the other residents in their area.

"We record at night so we won't be disturbed by ringing phones or any outside noises," explained Mary. "We go to bed at 8:00 a.m. and sleep until four and then work through until eight in the morning. I love to cook and sometimes when Les isn't looking I manage to sneak it in. Les' favorite dish is potato pancakes. They take a whole day to make, but Les loves them so much I don't mind the work.

"As a marriage," continued Mary, "ours is wonderful. We're together 24 hours a day. All I really want is to have children and be a housewife. It's much better our working together this way than if Les went away eight hours a day."

And while Mary is busy in the kitchen, Les can usually be found puttering in his studio which occupies one wing of the house. This is where their hit records are born, and in appearance it is not unlike its counterpart in a radio station or the regular recording setup used by record companies except that it is possibly smaller. Les

Les & Mary At Home

is continually working on some innovations, trying out new equipment, and experimenting with new guitars and sounds. Besides the engineer's booth, there is a beautiful modern studio, a workshop and Les' office. Incidentally, he is now completing a TV studio out in the garage, which he hopes some day to utilize.

When we entered the house, it was through a door which led into the workshop. Les' warm greeting was excelled only by that of his beautiful collie, Lassie (not to be confused with the TV star of the same name). As we walked through to the living room Les stopped at the foot of the stairs leading to the bedrooms and called, "Mama, hurry down, our company's here."

Mary appeared a moment later. Following at her heels was her diminutive pet dog, Bambi, a Chihuahua. The tiny canine (a present from one of her neighbors) barked fiercely once having

sighted intruders. Mary explained that Bambi is frightened of strangers but gets along fine with Lassie despite the difference in size.

Seated comfortably in the spacious living room done in a modern decor, we started to discuss the problem of selecting material for records.

"We just listen to songs," explained Les, "and when we find a good song we apply the treatment that will fit today's market." Ascertaining what "today's market" will consist of by the time a record is ready for sale is a difficult assignment. "The layman wants the message of the foot," continued Les, "and rock and roll has taken over because of lyrics and beat. Rock and roll is also a parallel to the Charleston."

Les went on to point out that the cycle started with the disappearance of the big band era and the emergence of jazz. The dance beat became secondary and the kids couldn't dance to jazz. Western music became increasingly popular around that time, and, in fact, says Les, many pop artists picked up western songs and recorded them with different arrangements. Basically, Les feels that this was due to the simple beat and message in the lyrics of those songs. However, the Western field didn't go with the sharper audience. They wanted something dynamic and with drive and this brought rock and roll into the picture. Les is optimistic and feels that better music and the "beat" will again be here, as the cycle is once again heading in that direction. "The public is the stabilizer," he concluded.

That same public for which Les has such respect was instrumental in forcing the recognition for which he so long fought. The boy who came home with

a note pinned to his coat by his music teacher—reading, “Dear Mrs. Paul, your boy Lester will never learn music so save your money. Please don’t send him for any more lessons”—doggedly determined to make his mark anyhow.

From the age of 9, when he acquired his first harmonica, dipped it in a pail of water for a few hours and discovered that by removing it just before playing the instrument it had a new bubbly sound, Les became avidly interested in the pursuit of the further development of new tone qualities.

In the years to follow, Les played on various radio stations (using both harmonica and guitar), formed a trio and won a spot with Fred Waring for whom he worked for five years; played with Ben Bernie in Chicago; and with another trio did recording dates and radio shows on the coast with Bing Crosby. Wartime found him in service assigned to Maj. Meredith Willson, and his duties included making transcriptions for overseas and accompanying visiting artists. He was released from the army in 1945, and for a time re-formed his trio.

Les, however, was not satisfied with the way his guitar sounded on records so he went to California to work on the problem. He read every book he could find on the subjects of physics, electronics, recordings, and related subjects and then built a studio in his garage. When he couldn’t buy needed equipment, he invented it, and some of his inventions are now being sold commercially.

After long hours of patient experimentation, Les finally emerged with his “new sound,” the multiple recording of *Lover* and *Brazil*. Eventually he convinced Capitol to buy the discs. Pepsi-Cola.

They were released just about the time Les, suffering from a high fever, was driving out to the coast. Just outside of Oklahoma City he lost control of the wheel, and as his almost lifeless body was brought into a hospital in Oklahoma City, the record was proclaimed a hit.

Mary entered the picture two years later when Les had regained his health and decided to incorporate a singer into the act. She had been working with Gene Autry and was recommended to him. Mary had long admired Les’ ability on the guitar since she, too, played one. With Mary he recorded *How High the Moon* and the successive hits made by the combination. In December, 1949, Les and Mary were married after a six-year courtship.

Sporadically Les would break up his trio and work on recordings. When he felt that his retirement period was overlong he would reorganize and return to the clubs. The bass player now working with him is Wally Kamin. Wally married Mary’s sister Carol, and since Carol is Mary’s “other voice” when they make public appearances (she sings the harmony off-stage over a microphone), the entire act has become interrelated.

The Kamins live with Les and Mary; and Wally, besides playing bass, works with Les, handling the numerous details involved in the cutting of records.

Even with the success they have finally achieved, the Fords remain simple home folks. When Col. Ranger and his associates walked in to the house to test some new equipment, Les called out, “Mama, see if the men want anything to drink.” And Mary as any good wife would do, dutifully took orders for Seven-Up, beer, and



A house, for the Paul family, is not just a home—it’s a recording studio, an office, and a trophy showplace as well. And Les & Mary like it that way. The surrounding pictures show Mary in her several capacities as engineer’s assistant, executive’s secretary, housewife, and cook. Oh, by the way—she’s also a singer and guitarist.



Cathy Carr



Damsel In a Whirlwind

By Ellen Sherman

COMELY CATHY CARR promoted her record of *Ivory Tower* into a hit by sheer doggedness. The young songstress, a wisp of a girl, displayed the fortitude of a Hercules when she embarked upon her recent whirlwind campaign pointed at disc jockeys in key cities. After making the initial rounds, Cathy announced that she would be available to them for more appearances at any time. The demands for her reappearance exceeded the days in the week but with Spartan endurance Cathy managed, via helicopter, plane, police escort, or any other available means of transportation to cover as many as three cities a day.

Cathy's stamina is an outgrowth of her days as a band vocalist. Actually, she never really considered a singing career until she met musical director, Tutti Camarata. Acting upon his suggestion that she gain experience by working with bands, Cathy auditioned for Sammy Kaye. At that time, Kaye had been looking for a female vocalist for three months, and in the process he had listened to over 500 girls. Cathy was accepted and not only worked for Kaye but afterwards for a time with Larry Fotine.

"One day Fotine told me it was time for me to go on my own," said Cathy, "so he took me to Coral. I made a few demonstration records and they signed me for one year." Her first record for that company was *Half Pint Boogie* which Cathy helped to write.

While her career at Coral was unmomentous, it did help her to secure night club engagements as a single. However, in order to stay in clubs as a singer Cathy realized that she must produce a hit record.

"A lot of people thought I had a lot of talent and they wanted to help me,"

she explained. "Unfortunately, today if you are a pop singer it doesn't make any difference how talented you are. If you don't have a hit record it is hard to get bookings. Eventually you run out of places in which to appear. People will not buy you back unless you have a hit record.

"Another thing," she went on, "when a performer is appearing in a town, that performer will usually appear on the local disk jockey show. The d. j. will play the artist's record and announce that he or she is in town appearing at such and such a club, and the club owner gets free publicity."

Cathy was facing this problem even after signing a contract with Fraternity Records last January. Her first record, *I Never Really Stopped Loving You* turned out to be just another disc on the market. So, at the insistence of her mother, Cathy decided to stay in New York for awhile, and in order to support herself she obtained a job as a salesgirl in Gimbel's Department Store. ("I didn't earn too much money but I liked it because I was able to buy things for myself at a discount.")

Somehow, word seeped through to Dorothy Kilgallen and one day the columnist ran an item reading "You've got to eat, too—Singer Cathy Carr working as a salesgirl in Gimbel's Department Store." On the strength of this column line, Cathy once again began to receive bids for appearances, and Harry Carlson, president of Fraternity Records, called the reactivated singer back to Chicago to cut *Ivory Tower*. The number, incidentally, had been turned down by every major label in the industry because the a&r men felt the time was not right for this type of song.

"I knew," reported Cathy, "within a few days after the release of the record that it would be a hit because it was covered by three record companies." After the initial indication of interest in the record became apparent, Cathy realized that the only method of furthering recognition of the disc would be to visit personally the disc jockeys in key cities and campaign on her own. Her untiring efforts are reflected in the success of *Ivory Tower* not only in the

(Continued on page 31)



When her record began to break, it found Cathy residing in no ivory tower. She immediately embarked on a whirlwind disc jockey tour to promote it, and she moved so fast it was sometimes necessary to hire private helicopters between cities to keep her on schedule.

The Clouds Had a Blue Suede Lining

By Frieda Barter

THE NATION'S newest rock 'n' roll sensation is still somewhat bewildered at the Cinderella success of his *Blue Suede Shoes*. As recently as five months ago, Carl Perkins was just another obscure entertainer in clubs around Jackson, Tenn., working for a mere pittance. And suddenly a song about a subject as prosaic as shoes sprung him into national prominence.

The tune was written by Carl himself, and it broke quickly in the country & western field. But because of its bouncing lyrics and fast beat, it soon spread to the rhythm and blues field, and now it dominates popular music as well. It was one of the few records ever to lead in the three music fields simultaneously.

Carl is 23, dark and wiry, with an easy-going, modest attitude which somehow belies his bombshell onstage personality. "In the act" he's a jumping, whirling, dancing, swinging, singing dervish, working teenagers up to a fever pitch. When he gets up on stage, wearing his special shined-up blue suede shoes, his fans begin to squirm and scream.

"Mr. Blue Suede Shoes" grew up on a farm near Tiptonville, Tenn. He went

to school there seven years and to Bemis one year. That's the extent of his schooling. He later married a Bemis girl, and they have a son, a daughter and another child on the way.

There weren't any musicians in the Perkins family. Carl's dad knew three chords on a guitar, and he showed them to the boy. With a background so devoid of the ingredients that go into the making of even a mediocre career, no one could have predicted that Perkins would some day be the smash singing sensation he is now. However, looking back, Carl says he feels like he was born with a guitar in his hand, because it soon became obvious, before he was half a dozen years old, that he had a remarkable feeling for rhythm and melody.

Carl has been playing and singing and writing music since he was a kid. The first song he recorded was *Movie Mag*, written when he was 10 years old, and he still composes all the songs he records.

The Perkins family moved to Jackson when Carl was 13, and after he got out of school and was working full time in a mill near Jackson, he and his brothers, Jay and Clayton, played evening dance dates and appeared in local niteries. They might have become discouraged, because those dates weren't as frequent as ambition and their financial status would have liked, but winning first prize in a guitar contest in Meridian, Miss., gave the trio the heart to keep playing.



Carl now has been playing professionally for about eight years, and he says "although my style hasn't changed a bit—I've been playing and singing like this ever since I started—it's the people that have changed. These teenage cats today like the bop beat, which is lucky for me."

Carl wrote *Blue Suede Shoes* after a casual conversation with his good friend, Johnny Cash, who is also a professional singer. Cash was telling Carl about his Air Corps buddies who wore the then fashionable blue suede shoes whenever they went on leave. Cash said the fellows didn't care what anyone did, as long as they didn't mess up their blue suede shoes.

The two singers couldn't have imagined at the time that this anecdote would make music history, but Perkins took it from there, wrote the words and music, and he recorded it.

Sun Records of Memphis cut the platter, releasing it on Jan. 15. For six weeks *Shoes* got no more than a rumble—and then, for reasons that just can't be explained, it suddenly caught fire on March 1. It shot to the top everywhere and will surely be Sun's first release to sell a million copies.

Since his phenomenal success, Carl signed a two-year contract with the *Big "D" Jamboree*, a popular Dallas Saturday night show. His record click also brought him personal appearance invitations from far and wide, and in March, on his way to the Perry Como TV show, he almost made tragic history. Enroute to the Como date, Carl was injured in an auto-truck collision near Dover, Del. With him at the time were his brothers, who are his band members.

Carl's injuries were severe and kept him hospitalized for a month. But everything is well again now for the young man, and that special pair of blue suede shoes coated with shimmering blue glitter continues to make happy history with the number one tune that skyrocketed a modest country boy to fame.



Carl Perkins and his teenage fans during an appearance on *Big D Jamboree*, a show for which Carl has a two-year contract. His trademark has become a special, spangled pair of blue-suede shoes, which he wears for his performances.

Golf, Women & Song

By Mike Duxler



Don Cherry

DON CHERRY propped his feet on a table corner and tried to conduct three conversations at once. With us he discussed his singing career, with another visitor golf, and with an old friend he more absordedly talked about girls. These evidently are his three favorite topics, and he's pretty well versed in each. Eventually the topic of women won out.

The singer was appearing in town for only one week, and his friend George was reading down a list of women trying to find a suitable candidate for Don. To each name and description, Don responded in the negative, shaking his head.

It was at this point that we dropped our own line of interview and joined in the more urgent discussion.

"You seem pretty choosy," we said. "Maybe it would help if you told exactly what you're looking for in a woman."

"Well," he drawled, "I guess I've met all kinds of girls in my 31 years—but never the right *one*. So maybe I'm a little particular. I hope some day I meet somebody who's a little different. I'd like a girl to have something unusual about her—like intelligence. I don't care if she's beautiful or not, and all that paint and stuff just doesn't reach me. Well—I don't know. It's pretty hard to tell you in just so many words."

"Let's put it another way," we said. "Maybe you'd like to describe what it is you *don't* like in a woman."

"Aggressiveness, mostly," was his quick reply. "I don't like *fast* women, the kind that comes on real strong. It's good for the ego, all right, but it doesn't mean much when you're thinking about marriage. Tell you the truth, I like for a girl to be natural, and I'd like to do the romancing. That easy stuff doesn't interest me much."

These quotations of Don Cherry are reported here without attempt to approximate his slow Texas drawl, which is pleasant and which augments his lively sense of humor. We found it interesting that he loses his accent almost completely when singing, and he pointed out that most singers do, just naturally.

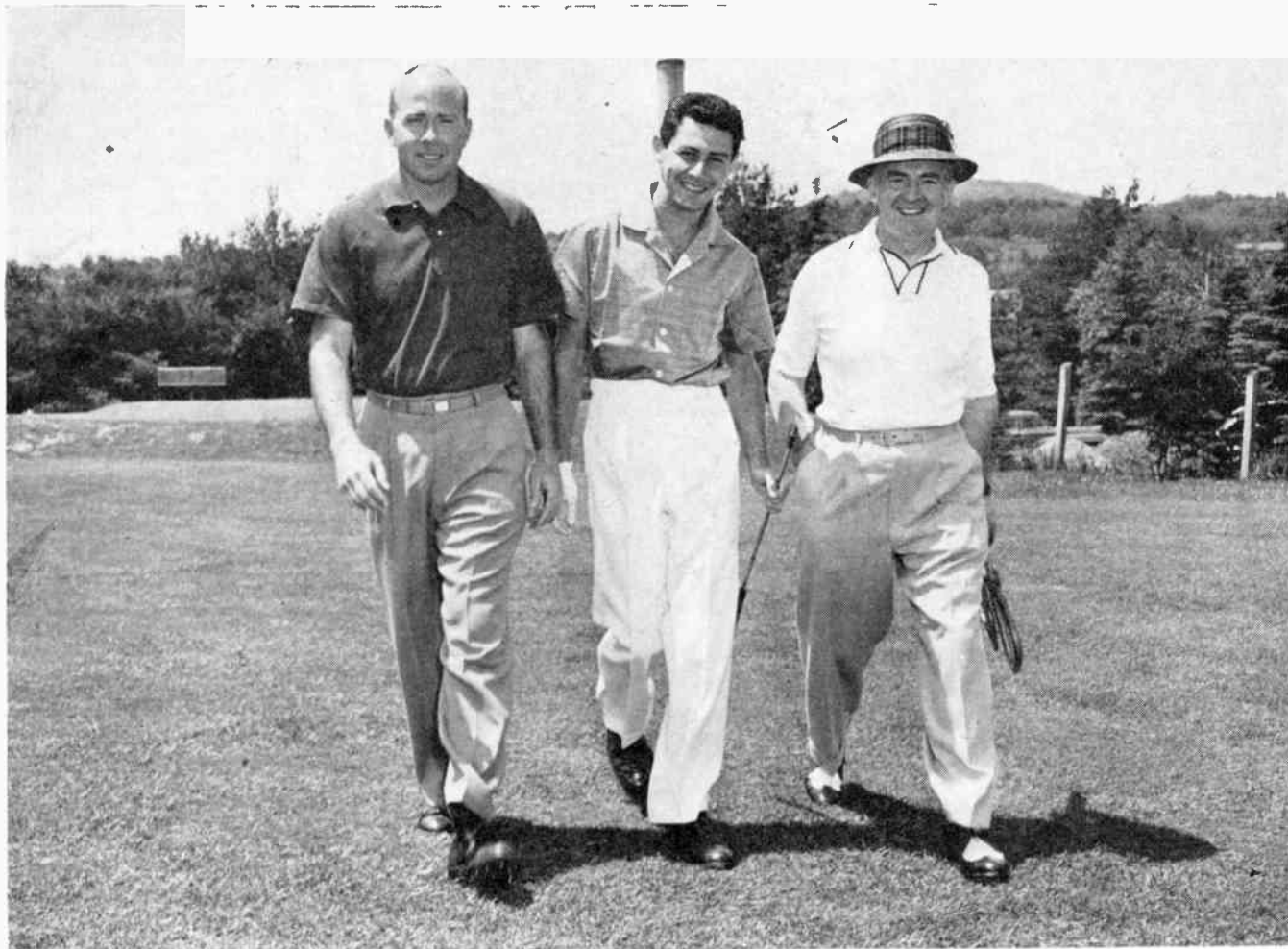
That drawl had its beginnings in Wichita Falls, Texas, where Don resided until he went into the armed service in 1943 (for three years and eight months). At age 13 he became a golf caddy and found himself fascinated by the game, so fascinated that he let it become an important part of his life. He played well from the start, and at 15 he won his first golf trophy in the Wichita Falls Junior City Tourney. After that he was incurable.

In the Army Air Corps, Don continued to play a great deal of golf, and in 1944 he won the Air Corps-sponsored tournament. In 1946, when he had returned from the service, he won the All Southwest Tourney, and during the next four or five years he won about 40 invitationals in Texas. His trophies continue to mount year

Don duets with singer Pat Scot during one of his frequent appearances on WBBM-TV's *In Town Tonight* in Chicago.



A younger Don Cherry and Artie Shaw in the Decca recording studios back in 1950. It was Don's second recording date—his first was with Victor Young—and both times he recorded as a band vocalist.



Don, Eddie Fisher, and Fred Waring take the course together at Grossinger's, in the Catskills. Says Don, "Every good thing that has happened in my life is as a result of golf." Among show people,

with whom golf is a very popular sport, Don is one of the most proficient on the links.

after year, and Don at odd times has even given some consideration to turning golf pro. But, preoccupied as he is with golf—playing as often as he possibly can—his first consideration is still his singing career. And it should be, because, of late, it has been paying off in hard cash.

Let's go back again to Don's boyhood. A singing career in no way seemed a likelihood, but Don very actively listened to records, learning all the songs and trying to imitate singers like Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, Perry Como, and especially the late Buddy Clark. Entirely self taught and never having studied music, he began to sing at golf tournaments in an amateur way.

When he left the Army, Don hadn't the vaguest notion what to pursue as a career. Nor did he have much ambition, except for golf. He just "messed around" for awhile, then enrolled at Midwestern University on the GI Bill, attending classes as seldom as possible. The closest he ever came to studying music was a course in music appreciation, but he only attended it three times during the semester.

Meanwhile, on the golf course, he was receiving a great deal of encouragement for his singing, so he auditioned for a Dallas radio show, got

the job, and ended his 2½ year pose as a college student. He did the show twice weekly for 13 weeks. Again on the golf course, he met a man who helped him get a job in a nightclub called the Chalet at the rate of \$5 per night, or \$35 per week. He stayed there for five months, until a few people who believed in him pooled a small amount of money into a fund and sent him to New York to seek work. That was in March of 1950. Don milled around the big city for two weeks until Howard Phillips of NBC took him to Decca for an audition.

Don made several records for Decca as a vocalist with orchestras, and finally he was able to make his first solo record, *Thinking of You*, for a flat fee of \$50. It sold about 550,000, reached fourth position on the record charts, and earned Don a full-fledged contract. All his other efforts after that were downhill. In all, he made a total of 86 sides for Decca between 1950 and 1954 and never came close to equaling his first success.

In December 1954 he switched labels, and after six Columbia sides which failed, he struck paydirt with *Band of Gold*. That record, at this writing, has sold about 850,000 copies in the American market and is still selling. His newest release, *Wild Cherry*, has also

had a rapid start. And in July, Columbia will release Don's first album, *Swing For Two*, which is the first time he's ever been allowed to sing on record the way he's always wanted to sing.

Don's main income today derives from nightclub appearances and television work. Arthur Godfrey has shown a strong liking for him, and Peter Lind Hayes takes him along almost everywhere he goes. On July 29, Don returns to the Godfrey show with Hayes for six weeks. Ultimately, he'd like to have a show of his own, possibly along the lines of the Perry Como and Steve Allen shows.

Two loves has Don Cherry—and he continues to look for the third. Golf will probably always be his greatest love, not only because he likes the sport but because it has been so good to him.

Says he, "Every good thing that has ever happened in my life is as a result of golf. I was discovered as a singer on the golf links, I got my first singing break through playing golf, and I've met and become good friends with every big name in show business on the golf course."

Perhaps some day that unusual kind of female will yell "Fore!", and it will be music to his ears.



Tyrone Power



Eddy Duchin

By Mary English

ONE AFTERNOON a few years ago Eddy Duchin, as have countless other fathers, took his 10-year-old son Peter for a walk in New York's Central Park. But this walk was one neither enjoyed. Eddy Duchin, the pianist who had played his way to the top as the No. 1 society bandleader of his day—and I don't mean today's cafe society—had chosen this day to tell his son, from whom he had been separated during much of the boy's earlier life, that soon they were to be separated again, this time by death.

Eddy was dying of leukemia and knew it; the truth could not be hidden indefinitely from a 10-year-old boy.

Eddy Duchin Was A Man



One of the last photos of Eddy Duchin, taken shortly before he died of leukemia in 1951. His wife, Maria Terese, was with him at the time of his death.

That is the hard, deadly truth that permeates *The Eddy Duchin Story* with sadness, but gives tremendous impact to the film, in which Tyrone Power gives one of his most memorable performances as the pianist-bandleader, to an equally memorable soundtrack performance by unseen Carmen Cavallaro.

By now you are hearing the film's theme song, *To Love Again*, the popular-song version, with lyrics of Chopin's E-Flat Nocturne, which many of you older *Record Whirlers* will recall as Eddy's signature number. I am happy to tell you it is NOT sung in the movie. The neatness with which the song has been dovetailed with the film's story, merely by association, is something of a triumph in good taste and ingenuity for all concerned. And via your favorite recording* the song will bring the story to life for you—vividly.

One of those most closely concerned is the film's director, George Sidney, who also collaborated on the writing of *To Love Again* with lyricist Ned Washington and music director Morris Stoloff. Knowing that Sidney not only studied piano with Duchin but was also a close personal friend, I went to him for the story behind *The Eddy Duchin Story*, and am glad to bring it to you as he told it:

"The last time I saw Eddy was shortly before his death in 1951," began Sidney, a youngish man for all his 24 years as a top-bracket screen director (*Annie, Get Your Gun, Show Boat, Jupiter's Darling*, et al), and continued, "I can't give you his innermost thoughts. I only know that he did not

Three musical cronies, Eddie Peabody (banjo), Eddy Duchin (piano), and Lawrence Welk (accordion) got together to entertain the Navy in 1942. Duchin, in the Navy at the time, later saw combat service.



**To Love Again* records: Four Aces (Decca), Vic Damone (Columbia), Steve Allen (Coral), Les Baxter, Woody Herman (Capitol), Hugo Winterhalter, Bob Manning (Victor).

want to die any more than you or I. He was still shocked by the sudden discovery that he had only a short time to live, but he was able to joke about everyday things and flash that 'million-dollar smile' for which he was famous. He hadn't lost that air of gaiety—not completely, anyway. We had fun chatting about the days when I took some piano lessons from him. He used to say, 'Anyone can play piano like Eddy Duchin, but who wants to?'

"It's not true. We could all pick up his keyboard tricks, but no one can imitate or completely recapture—Cavallaro comes closer than anyone else—what he had in the way of 'tone,' or 'touch,' if you prefer that expression. Ask Jose Iturbi, or one of your better-schooled jazz men—say Dave Brubeck. Eddy wasn't a jazz pianist, but he was a truly creative musician who achieved what every musician, jazz or classical, aims for, a genuinely personal style.

"When Jose was doing one of his film roles for me I recall that Eddy visited the set—they were very close friends. Eddy asked him, quite seriously, 'Jose how about giving me some help? I'd like to try to play Debussy like you.' Iturbi replied, 'Eddy, you will find it easier to play Debussy like me than I would to play a popular song like Eddy Duchin.' And he meant it!

"It was during my last visit with Eddy that I conceived the idea of doing the picture on his life, though naturally I didn't mention it. I was struck by the theme of transcendental tragedy that ran through his story. His battle with, and victory over, grief at the death of Marjorie (Marjorie Oelrichs, Duchin's socialite first wife); his finding of another great love—and a mother for his son—in Chiquita. Then, even as this man seems to be winning his battle with fate, inexorable fate strikes him down again. It is like one of the great Greek tragedies.

"Yes, Eddy had to meet death face to face, even as he had faced it during his World War II combat service in the Navy. I am sure he faced it just as bravely, but this was different—no excitement, no hope—only the dread knowledge that tomorrow, or next day—soon—there would be no tomorrow.

"I'm very happy with the fine things they are saying about the picture, about Tyrone Power's extraordinary re-creation of Duchin the man and Duchin the musician, and the outstanding musical contributions of all who worked on the picture, particularly Cavallaro.

"We have a picture in which the tragedy is emphasized, not side-stepped, but we have a picture that will bring something more than entertainment to all who see it—and hear it—the music in this picture is part of the story. Furthermore, we have a picture that will bring strength and courage to the many persons who have to face the rough moments in life. And who doesn't?"

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Director George Sidney, Tyrone Power, and Columbia's newcomer from Australia, Victoria Shaw, relax a moment between scenes of *The Eddy Duchin Story*. Miss Shaw plays Duchin's second wife.



Carmen Cavallaro reproduces the old, distinctive Duchin style on the film's soundtrack. While he doesn't actually appear in the film, Carmen's piano performance is expected to hypo his record popularity.



One of the torrid love scenes from the film, between Kim Novak and Ty Power. Kim portrays the first wife, Marjorie Oelrichs, mother of his son, Peter.



In the film, Duchin's first awareness of his fatal illness comes during a performance, when a strange sensation in his fingertips causes him to stop playing.



Don Robertson

... a very happy whistler

by Barry Heenan

WHEN YOU SET out to do a story on Don Robertson, the six-foot, broad-shouldered genius of that catchy tune, *The Happy Whistler*, you find yourself with a street full of eager collaborators. You turn into Wallich's record emporium to give the disc a few spins in preparation for the task ahead, and before you've managed to ease yourself out of the booth, somebody, whose ears have caught the rhythm of that swingy drum work, grabs your arm.

"Hey, was that you spinning *The Happy Whistler*? That's Don Robertson's record, isn't it? Great guy!"

"Does he always go around whistling?"

"No, I don't think I've ever heard him whistle before."

Next you turn into that record folk hangout, Coffee Dan's. There's a table near the end where the song writers usually sit. As a rule, these struggling tunesmiths hold to the opinion that you should be writing about them and not people like Nat Cole and Dean Martin. But a story about Don Robertson is something they can go along with. Perhaps this is because nearly everyone of them has, at some time, collaborated with Robertson on a song; and besides this, they can all recall times when Don and Mrs. Robertson, the gal who sings on the flip side of *The Happy Whistler*, came to their rescue with demonstration records of their various musical wares. However, they'll all tell you that Don Robertson is a great, wonderful guy.

But none of them can ever recall hearing him whistle.

To get the story on this, I went to Don's office on the third floor of the Markham Building. The walls were lined with the sheet music of various songs, including, of course, *The Happy Whistler*.

"I've been whistling all my life," he told me, "I whistle in the bathtub and sometimes I wonder if I don't whistle

in my sleep. What I *don't* do is whistle when I'm walking along the sidewalk, and maybe that's what started the misconception. However, a lot of people are under the impression I only whistle when I make records, and one of them is my father. After the record came out, he called me up and asked where I'd learned to whistle."

The record, by the way, is practically a one man job. Besides composing the tune and doing the whistling, Don plays the piano. He also produced the record himself and sold the masters to Capitol. The only things he didn't provide are the drums, bass, and hand clapping.

"I'm basically a pianist," he said. "I started playing the piano when I was four and I've played it ever since. In high school I played jazz piano in a small student orchestra and at Chicago Music College I played Tschaikowsky's *B-flat Minor Piano Concerto* for the commencement ceremonies. Now, after spending a lifetime of all kinds of piano playing, my first hit record is a whistling thing."

Robertson, however, doesn't underestimate the importance of whistling as a musical art. "It is definitely a folk art," he said, "because almost everybody whistles. Actually, I'm very pleased that it is getting so much attention. Look at Hyman's *Moritat* and Baxter's *Poor People of Paris*. Here you have two very fine productions developed from very simple ingredients."

In connection with this same observation, Don shared the opinion of many of us that records themselves had become the one remaining medium of expression that still had its roots among the people. The theatrical arts had become the property of television and motion pictures and these devices were big, big business, their mechanical products being manufactured in two large cities for distribution throughout the three thousand miles of America.

But what about the voices of the people in Folkville, U.S.A.? Their sounds

and expressions have been imprisoned by vast distances, millionaire moguls, and studic gate men, and the record has finally furnished an escape hatch. In towns like Memphis and Nashville, people are selling their cars to cut masters, and while they usually lose both their cars and their money, the ice is being broken with every hit parade and every poll. Through the medium of records, the people of America are being heard, and TV must bow to the chorus.

Don Robertson doesn't really know how the idea of whistling for records came to him. With his wife, Lou Dinning, he was planning a session of four sides. Three of these were set, but something was needed for the fourth, something a little different. It struck him that a few bars of whistling might give this fourth entry the right balance.

"I made about four records with about eight bars of whistling per side before I eventually featured it on *The Happy Whistler*," he said.

Don was born in Peking, China, where his father, Dr. O. H. Robertson was head of the Department of Medicine. The Robertsons returned to the U.S. shortly after Don's birth and settled in Chicago, where the doctor became a professor of medicine.

"Both my father and my brothers are scientists," Don said, "and my mother was a nurse. Dad built the first blood bank under the Rockefeller grant, and both my brothers are psychiatrists. Becoming a doctor seemed the logical thing for me to do, so I enrolled in pre-med at the University of Chicago. Dad, by the way, is now retired and he's spending his time trying to unravel one of nature's greatest mysteries, of why salmon die when they spawn."

But, while he endeavored to follow the family profession, Don was not satisfied that it was what he wanted. True, he kept up his music during

(Continued on Page 30)



(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Ella Gets Five, But Of Course

By Leonard Feather

IT WAS IN the late 1930s that a tiny lady named Maxine Sullivan first hit the 52nd Street swing music scene like a cool, refreshing breeze. Her gently rhythmic handling of *Loch Lomond* and other traditional folk songs, and of popular and standard songs, made a unique contribution that blended perfectly with the musical setting provided by the impeccable sextet of the late John Kirby.

By 1940 Kirby and Maxine, who meanwhile had become Mrs. Kirby, had their own network show every Sunday, *Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm*, on CBS. Recently I helped to reassemble all Kirby's sidemen, and Maxine, for a Period LP that brought the program back to life. Maxine sounded as delightful as ever, and it was not long before she made a new LP of her own.

At that time, I asked whether she would be interested in listening to some of the newer sounds and styles that had come up during her partial retirement from the business. The following blindfold test was the result. As usual, no information was given, either before or during the test, about the records played.

The Records

1. Anita O'Day. *Who Cares* (Verve).

I must confess, Leonard, I don't know who the singer is but I really like the style and I like the record because I sort of go for that kind of accompaniment behind a singer—it gives the singer a break. She sings with kind of a smile in her voice. I'd rate that four stars.

2. Sarah Vaughan. *Cherokee* (EmArcy). Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto sax.

That's quite an exciting record by Sarah! I don't think I've ever heard her do anything up-tempo on a record, and I think it's wonderful. The solo is really out of this world. I don't know who the musician is, but I really like it. The whole record is so exciting. Four stars.

3. Modern Jazz Quartet. *All Of You* (Prestige). Milt Jackson, vibes.

That's a very interesting record; is that Terry Gibbs? There was something that annoyed me a little bit; I don't know whether it's a deliberate effect or accidental, but the slow vibrations of the vibraharp somehow bothered me. But it's a nice record; I'd give it three stars. The composition is very interesting and it gets a good mood.



Maxine Sullivan

4. Beverly Kenney. *There'll Never Be Another You* (Roost).

You probably know that I'm not too familiar with most of the singers around these days. But one thing I can say is that I really appreciate the refreshing new styles that are popping up. Although I don't know who this singer is, I can tell that she knows pretty much what she wants to do, and she sounds like she must be a pretty good musician. I like her interpretation and her phrasing very much. I'd give this four stars.

5. Jeri Southern. *Something I Dreamed Last Night* (Decca).

I think that's Jeri Southern. I have always liked Jeri quite a bit; she has very good taste, and so much control . . . I'd give that four stars; and I certainly love the tune.

6. Gene Krupa. *Bloozy Wozy* (Clef). Charlie Shavers, comp. & trumpet. Eddie Davis, tenor.

Well Leonard, I might as well be frank, I'm only guessing on this, but I think that's Charlie Shavers. I don't know who the group is, but I guess it's just one of these various small outfits that he leads on these recordings. Would that be Louie Bellson on drums? I like that very much too—I'll give that one four stars; as you can see, I'm very easy to please! The tenor solo was very exciting.

7. Johnny Hartman. *I'm Glad There Is You* (Bethlehem).

Well, here I go again—I don't know who the singer is, but I like him very much . . . this seems to be a new voice, one that I haven't heard around. And the accompaniment is not too over-arranged; just the kind of accompaniment I think a singer should have behind him. Four stars.

8. Joe Newman. *Dream A Little Dream Of Me* (Victor). Alto & Arr. Ernie Wilkins, Nat Pierce, piano.

Er, that was Count Basie? I like the ensemble sound, and of course the trumpet solo was fine. And the saxophone I liked very much. Four stars again.

9. Chris Connor. *Blue Silhouette* (Bethlehem). Sy Oliver Orch.

I think you're playing me a dirty trick; you're not playing anything that I can give two stars to. Or even three stars—they're all so good! I really didn't realize there were so many good singers around these days. I don't know who this is, though it's probably somebody that I should know very well . . . I like the record, and her style, very much, and I have to say four stars again.

10. Ella Fitzgerald. *I Can't Get Started* (Decca). With Andre Previn Orchestra.

Well, I've been saying it for about twenty years, and I guess I'll always be saying, that Ella is the most outstanding singer that I've ever heard or ever will hear. And I'm so glad that you didn't play one of those records that she knocks herself out on, because I certainly think I would have given it two stars, because I don't like to hear Ella doing these scat songs; I think it's a waste of good talent. I may as well go the whole way and give this five stars, because Ella is my favorite singer and I just love everything that she does on that record.

Afterthoughts by Maxine

Well, it seems to me, that you picked out the best records, the best tunes, the best sounding things all around, that I've heard in a long time. I'm not exactly a pushover, and I'm sure you could have done a little worse than that! I'd have liked to be able to show you that there are some things that I don't like, although in a way I'm very happy that you didn't, because I'll go away from here in a very good mood!

By Barry Heenan

We had been hoping for a chat with Mr. and Mrs. (Jo Stafford) Paul Weston for some weeks, but a little girl by the name of Amy Anne prevented it. Amy is the second and most recent addition to the Weston household.

And since Mitch Miller of Columbia records had given the occasion national significance by stating on a network broadcast that Jo always seemed to produce hit records when she was pregnant, we inquired as to whether the current blessed event had brought a smash record along with it.

Paul smiled and said that *It's Almost Tomorrow* was doing very nicely.

Jo, on the other hand, had her own particular way to replying to Miller's statement. "With all due respect to Mitch, I think his statement is a lot of bunk. I've said time and time again that pop singing has nothing to do with your love life, your emotions, or how you feel. It is technique and more technique."

Jo Stafford's training in the proper use of the voice began in Long Beach, Calif., during the most dramatic era of that city's history. On March 10, 1933, the town, which lies about 30 miles from Hollywood, was shaken off its foundations by an earthquake, and for

several days the entire population was homeless, fearful that the periodic tremors might further destroy what remained of their already injured homes. They slept in cars, tents, and in back yards on assorted mattresses and blankets. There was no entertainment as the theaters were closed. Jo Stafford's mother, however, furnished the family and neighbors with her own brand of homespun concerts. Digging out her old banjo from the back of the family garage, she amused them with a series of folk songs from the Tennessee hills where she was born. Jo listened and remembered, and many years later she made a record of *Barbara Allen* that added to her reputation for being one of the most versatile female vocalists.

However, folk singing was not Jo's objective in Long Beach during those hectic days of the early 1930s. After a none too successful attempt at opera, she joined her two sisters in a trio, and when the marriages of Pauline and Christine Stafford broke them up, Jo attached herself to a group called The Pied Pipers. They did not attract the rats of Hamlin, but they did attract a man named Paul Weston.

The scene of all this was the old Palomar ballroom. Burned to the



Jo Stafford & Paul Weston

Their Many Blessed Events



ground in the late 1930s, its charred remains could tell many a tale of the age of swing. Paul Weston had come there with Tommy Dorsey's band as arranger and manager, having reached this position via a series of jobs with Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris, and Joe Haymes, and during the engagement he was urged by the King Sisters to hear the Pied Pipers. The result: Jo and the Pipers were hired for a road tour with Dorsey.

This was during the period now referred to in these pages as the day of the big bands. In the line-up, besides the Pipers, was Frank Sinatra, Ziggy Ellman, Buddy Rich, and Joe Bushkin. As the tour progressed, Jo was occasionally permitted to do some solo work, but the presence of a regular featured girl vocalist kept these appearances down to a minimum.

"Jo made her first solo record with Dorsey," Paul said. "It was called *Little Man With The Candy Cigar*. Her first record as a featured singer was *Old Acquaintance*."

But quite a lot happened between *Candy Cigar* and *Old Acquaintance*. The Pied Pipers left the Dorsey band and returned to Hollywood. Paul, who had left them sometime before to become a free lance arranger, hooked up with Paramount picture studios and a series of jobs with Bing Crosby, Bob Crosby, Bob Hope, and Betty Hutton, and while there he met Johnny Mercer, who was about to form Capitol records with Glenn Wallichs and Buddy de Sylva. He went with Mercer to Capitol, then followed Mercer across Vine St. to do a radio show called *Johnny Mercer's Music Shop* with Ella Mae Morse, The Pied Pipers and none other than Jo Stafford. Their careers became one after that, beginning an association that has sold more than 30,000,000 records.

"We've been waxing them together for 13 years," said Paul. "That's a long time."

"Somebody should make a movie about you," we suggested, "something like *The Benny Goodman Story*. It has everything! The Long Beach earthquake, the end of the Palomar ballroom, and the beginning of Capitol."

"I don't think it would be much good," said Paul. "We live very quietly together."

Jo had left us in Paul's office on the second floor of Columbia building. Her stint for Radio Luxembourg, a program beamed to her fans in the Soviet sphere, required her services, so Paul told us a little about his own work which consists, these days, of LP albums.

"I've just made one that will come out in August. No title has been chosen, but it's similar to my *Mood for Twelve* and features solos by members of the orchestra, including Ziggy Ellman, Matty Matlock on clarinet, and Eddie Miller on tenor sax. Oh, and Paul Smith plays the piano."

He is particularly enthusiastic over his recent *Love Music From Hollywood*, which consists of 12 themes from 12 motion pictures. He showed



Jo Stafford and Paul Weston in two stages of their joint career. Top photo shows Jo and Paul with Johnny Mercer (right) when all were with Capitol records. Her first release was *How Sweet You Are* and *Old Acquaintance*, a two-sided hit, if you recall. Mercer, at this time, had recorded *G. I. Jive*, which also was a wartime hit. Paul batoned for both sessions. The year was 1943.

Lower photo was made in 1948 in her first recording date with Columbia, Mitch Miller supervising. In 1952, Jo and Paul, longtime friends, were wed.

us two congratulatory letters about this LP, and having heard it, we intend to see that he gets a third tomorrow.

"I've always felt," he said, "that it's a shame so much fine music written for film backgrounds gets lost in the shuffle. In the pictures it's drowned out by dialogue and forgotten. I've tried to pick out some of the best themes in this field and present them as quality music."

The Westars live in a town appropriately called Westwood, Calif. It wasn't, however, named after them,

being a college town adjacent to U.C.L.A. Both are homebodies as their necessary trips for recording sessions more than satisfy any urge they might have for traveling around the Los Angeles basin.

Unlike some of our less active girl vocalists, Jo doesn't have time to cook her husband's meals, leaving the culinary work to a professional.

"But I'll tell you this," says Paul, "Jo makes the best bacon and tomato sandwich in the United States. And you can quote me on that!"

In The Whirl

by Les Brown

APPLAUSE: To the Walt Disney *Mickey Mouse Club* records. They're clever, educational, and a joy to the moppet set. Highly recommended . . . To Decca for re-recording **Danny Kaye** in straight voice. The comic has a fine ballad manner and could become a hit maker . . . To Dot records for letting **Pat Boone** sing a good ballad for a change, namely *I Almost Lost My Mind*, his current release that shows promise of being his eighth hit in a row . . . To **Don Robertson** for his *The Happy Whistler*, a natural for the hit class, being catchy, infectiously rhythmic, and different from the general trend. Could start a new whistling trend that would bring back artists like **Elmo Tanner** and **Fred Lowery** . . . To arranger **Ray Ellis**, only 20 years old, who has turned out a quick succession of hits in only a few months, among them *No Not Much*, *Moments To Remember*, *Seven Days*, and *Standing On The Corner*. A year ago he was a record salesman in Philadelphia . . . To Key records for signing **Bea Wain**, one of the big artists of yester-year. In the late thirties she made such hits as *My Reverie*, *Deep Purple*, and *My Heart Belongs To Daddy*. She's been out of the record whirl for several years.

AROUND AND AROUND: The fellow who records for Coral as *Swingin' Sam* is really disc jockey **Bill Randle**, who operates out of both Cleveland and New York. One of the country's topmost . . . **Jackie Gleason** talking about touring the country with a 40-piece band. But so far—just talking . . . **Carmen McRae** recently married her bass player, **Ike Isaacs**. Also working with her as her drummer is former spouse, **Kenny Clarke** . . . **Pat Boone** and his wife **Shirley** are expecting their third child in October. Pat could be making a bundle of money today, working clubs and TV shows around the country, but he's sticking to New York until he gets his degree from Columbia U. Very admirable . . . A son was born last month to **Jayne Bundesen**, formerly of the *Dinning Sisters* . . . **Gary Crosby**, inducted into the Army last month, leaves **Bing** with only one of four sons at home, that being **Lindsay**. The twins are also in service.

Nat Cole and **Dean Martin** have been selected among the 10 best-dressed men in America by the Men's Apparel Guild in California. Another of the 10 was **President Eisenhower** . . . Did you know that **Elvis'** full formal name is **Elvis Aaron Presley**? . . . **Eartha Kitt** is playing the Cafe de Paris in London and also doing some broadcasts for the BBC. Her autobiography, due shortly, will be called *Thursday's Child* . . . Also in England are the **Ink Spots**, **Billy Eckstine**, and **Billy Daniels** . . . **Teresa Brewer** won the annual CYO Diocesan Crown Award for 1956. **Ed Sullivan** had won it a year ago . . . **Perez Prado** is suing his brother **Pantaleone** (also a bandleader) for \$500,000 for trying to cash in on his name and reputation.

Nat Cole's biggest role to date will be in Universal's *Istanbul*, wherein he plays the pianist-entertainer friend of the star, **Erroll Flynn**. Nat's will be a speaking role . . . **Frank Sinatra** has the lead in the filming of *Pal Joey*—a natural for him. When the show first hit Broadway in 1941, a young dancer named **Gene Kelly** played the lead. It was his big break . . . **Art Mooney** and his ork



Columbia artist **Frankie Laine** presented gold records to Capitol's **Nelson Riddle** and **Les Baxter** on a recent *Shower of Stars* television show. Riddle's was awarded for *Lisbon Antigua* and Baxter's for *Poor People of Paris*.

will appear in the film, *The Opposite Sex* . . . Twentieth Century-Fox is negotiating for the rights to the life story of **Sammy Kaye**. Incidentally, **Sammy**, who specializes in the sweet old-style music, has been defending teenagers in their taste for rock 'n' roll.

Mario Lanza, after making *Serenade*, has just been signed for two more pix. The studios promise he'll sing more pops, less heavy music . . . **Yma Sumac**, who bills herself as a Peruvian Princess, gets her first film role in *The Loves of Omar Khayyam*. She too will bend her operatic-type pipes to pops, and for the first time she'll sing in English . . . **Hal Holly** reports that the voice of **Leslie Caron** in the upcoming *Gaby* is that of **Gloria Wood**. But **Audrey Hepburn** will sing for herself in the film, *Funny Face*, and the voice you'll hear in *High Society* is really **Grace Kelly's**.

MORE ABOUT WHAT'S-HIS-NAME: Fan clubbers of **Elvis Presley** are starting to refer to *him* with a capital *H* . . . Presley's first album has already topped 300,000 in sales, making it the biggest album ever. Until now the top albums, from the sales standpoint, had been *Selections From The Glenn Miller Story* and **Mario Lanza's** *Student Prince* . . . Victor had orders for 400,000 records of Presley's newest release, *I Love You, I Need You, I Want You* and *My Baby Left Me* even before the record was ready to be shipped. Victor had to hold up all other production in order to get a sufficient number pressed in time . . . Elvis didn't do his press relations any good during his recent stand in Las Vegas. He stood up a United Press syndicated columnist, who had flown in for an interview appointment, and went to see a **Randolph Scott** movie instead. Such a caper can make one doubt Elvis' sincerity when he says, "I always want to do the right thing." Incidentally, his \$25,000 two-week engage-

ment at the Last Frontier in Vegas was a big flop. Reason: he didn't have a teenage audience but very sophisticated adults.

WORST TUNES OF THE YEAR, DEPT.: While normally this is a tough classification to make (because there are so many poor tunes to pick from, not because there are too few), our present nomination for the distinction was easy. It is an embarrassingly unfunny novelty song written in the very poorest taste. We're referring to that gory thing called *Transfusion*, recorded on Dot by someone billed as Nervous Norvus. Hope you never get to hear it.

RHYTHM & BOOS: The highly articulate jazz pianist and music theorist, Billy Taylor, had this to say about the current rhythm & blues trend in a recent issue of *Down Beat*: "... This r&b taste was created; it didn't come spontaneously from the teenagers. It grew out of the race records and since has been getting progressively worse musically. They took the worst parts of that music—monotonous rhythm, bad harmonies, double-meaning lyrics—and capitalized on them... None of the things that are rhythm & blues or manufactured pop hits ever come back. They're dead in six weeks, and when they're dead, they're forever dead." Confronted with the usual argument favoring rhythm & blues—that it brought back *the beat*—Billy said, "The kind of beat it 'brought back' would have been better off discarded."

GAMBOLING ON THE GROOVES: Jo Stafford has renewed her Columbia contract for five more years, this time with a guarantee of \$60,000 per year. This may sound strange inasmuch as Jo hasn't hit the Big Ten charts in more than a year, but Columbia revealed that she has sold 33 million records since she joined the label. Jo has been out of action for several months, taking care of her new baby, but she's back making records again now... Doris Day very likely will sign again with Columbia too. Rumors were that she would either start her own label or switch to Dot... Glen Gray came out of retirement and will be recording his Casa Loma ork again, this time on Capitol... Jane Powell has a contract to record for Verve. So has the group known as Don, Dick and Jimmy... Eileen Barton will appear in summer stock this season in *Dear Barbarians*...

Rudy Vallee—the Elvis Presley of the Roaring Twenties—has gone back on the nightclub circuit. He had been making spotty TV appearances in recent years... Pat



Studies in concentration. Marion Marlowe and Archie Bleyer pensively listen to the playbacks of Marion's latest effort, *Ring Phone Ring*.

Boone will sing in the Allied Artist film, *The Friendly Persuasion*, which will star Gary Cooper. It's Pat's first film assignment, but he'll just sing on the soundtrack... Gale Storm, recently returned from a vacation in Jamaica with husband Lee Bonnell, is preparing to work new recording sessions into her tight schedule. She's in the process of filming a new TV series, *Oh Suzanna*... The Crew-Cuts are breaking into TV on a regular basis. Budweiser beer has signed them to film a series of video commercials... Trumpeter Shorty Rogers has been named West Coast jazz a&r man for RCA Victor... Bandleader Charlie Barnett's ninth wife is suing for an annulment. Tops Artie Shaw's record.

The trend toward younger and younger artists seems to be growing. We've had Pat Boone, Elvis Presley, Janis Martin, and the Teenagers, and now comes a new group called Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps with an age range of 15-20... Jack Fascinato, former musical director for *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, now is a&r man for the new Regis records, which headquarters in Chicago... Herb Jeffries is now recording for the Gene Norman Presents label. Has a new LP entitled *Moods For Blues*... Capitol has picked up Margie Rayburn's option for another year. She's a fine young singer who may break through some day and who may be the answer to Cap's quest for a femme vocalist... Bill Haley to tour Europe in September. *See Ya Later, Alligator* is his fourth million seller... Reg Owen, British conductor-arranger, has signed to do an album of dance music for the Bally label. He'll use London musicians... Jerry Lewis and Celeste Holm are negotiating with the Verve label and may both be signed soon—Miss Holm to do albums of show tunes, and Lewis to baton an orchestra in the fashion of fellow-comic Jackie Gleason.

Young Peter Duchin, son of the late pianist Eddy Duchin, in recent years has been a ward of the Averill Hariman's (he's Governor of New York state). Peter now is a student at Yale, plays fine piano, and on graduation he plans to make a try with a band of his own... Elmer Bernstein, composer-conductor who wrote the original soundtrack music for *Man With The Golden Arm*, has been signed by Decca. He is also going to score and arrange the forthcoming picture, *Drango*, which will be Jeff Chandler's first venture as an independent producer. Jeff will also star in the film. Wonder what happened, by the bye, to Chandler's budding career as a song publisher and record vocalist?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, PERHAPS, DEPT.: The New York *Daily News* reports the following sign scrawled impatiently on a fence in Queens:

"Elvis Presley, go home!"



Bally Records' busy Betty Johnson shops for a summer wardrobe in her own apartment. Featured singer on radio's *Breakfast Club* is now preparing her first record album.

After Hard Knocks, She's Dancing!

By Al Leslie



AFTER a longstanding acquaintanceship with Sylvia Syms in a number of intimate cafes where she has reigned like a queen year after year, I encountered her again recently in a new guise—as a pop recording artist. At the time of that meeting, her first pop effort, *I Could Have Danced All Night*, was just breaking for the charts. I had never before seen her so excited.

"I've got a hit record!" she shouted. "Isn't that wonderful? Imagine me—with a hit record!"

Naturally I was enormously pleased for her sake, but I was surprised too, because she had never let it be known before that she was at all interested in making hit recordings. She had always seemed contented enough with a cult of admirers that followed her from club to club, a cult that would be the envy of nearly any singer. Moreover, she has always had the profound respect of the critics, fellow singers, and jazz musicians for her artfulness, taste, and musical integrity. If she had had a suppressed desire for a hit record, she managed to hide it well.

I asked her about it, not to embarrass her but to find out what magical effects—apart from monetary—there are in hits.

"It's not as though I've done anything to compromise my integrity," she said. "*Danced* is a beautiful tune, it's from a good Broadway show, and you know that show tunes with good lyrics have always been my specialty. I sing it on the record just as I perform any number I might do in a nightclub. No gimmicks. It's really me.

"But there's a certain thrill to watching a record click, to watching it spread across the country, to know that it's a calling card for you, and to know that more and more people will know about you. I'll continue to have my regular following, but maybe after this I'll have a bigger one. That's a big reward, and so is the satisfaction of

knowing that you've proved some people wrong who thought you couldn't do it."

Sylvia's career goes back farther than that of most pop singers today, and throughout it was marked with hard luck and disappointment.

"As a child," she says, "I used to sit upon the front steps of our apartment building in Manhattan and sing at the top of my voice. I couldn't talk, but our old neighbors can tell you that I sure could sing loud. I always loved music and the theater and am sorry I never studied either of them. At New York University, I majored in journalism. Didn't finish though. I quit college when I got my first singing break."

Some of the boys in her school band worked on the outside as jazz musicians, and Sylvia frequently sang with them. One night she and the musicians visited a jazz emporium called Kelly's Stable and hung around pestering the owner until he would let Sylvia get onstage to sing a few numbers. She did, and she came off the stage with three months' work at \$25 per week.

Kelly's Stable was then the jazz mecca in New York, where such greats as Billie Holliday (Sylvia's greatest musical influence) and Nat (King) Cole were discovered. Nat Cole, in those days, was heading the intermission trio which played the off-sets opposite such headliners as Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter. The owner of the club, Ralph Watkins, who gave Sylvia her first job, has put her to work at least once a year in his other clubs ever since—Basin Street, the Embers, and the now defunct Royal Roost.

Her parents didn't want her to get into "the show business," as they called it, and offered every possible resistance. But Sylvia loved it, wanted it, and she stuck. From Kelly's Stable she went to a number of other Manhattan jazz rooms, and it was at the Little Casino that she received her first national recognition, for she was "discovered"

by *Down Beat's* Mike Levin, who wrote about her in glowing terms. Interest in her began to grow, and just then came her first stroke of hard luck.

Just before she was to leave for Sweden, with a New York jazz group, she lost her voice and her hearing as a result of a blood condition. It was frightening to her. Not only did she fear her career was ended, but she was unable to do most other kinds of work because of her speech-hearing loss. But she sustained herself by writing a series of 53 adventures stories for children for a chain of New York department stores.

Eventually she recovered and resumed her songstyling at the Cinderella Club in Greenwich Village. Mae West came in one day and asked her to join the cast of *Diamond Lil*. It was her first Broadway show—she has done several others since. (I remember particularly her superb portrayal of Bloody Mary in a stock version of *South Pacific* and her moving rendition of the song *Bali Ha'i*.)

Shortly after *Diamond Lil* came her first recording session for the Deluxe label. She made four sides and left the studio feeling overjoyed with the results and buoyant with the prospect at last of national renown. But there was a dark cloud over that happy session, for the next day the International Studio building, where the recordings had been made, burned to the ground. The masters of her records, of course, went with it. No one ever got to hear them. Sylvia was to have recorded them again, but a few days before the new session, the Record Ban of 1948 went into effect. This was when the musicians union, hassling with the recording companies, forbade its members to record. Sylvia's recording career was nipped before it started.

A bit part in *Dream Girl* with Judy Holliday cheered her up a bit, and so
(Continued on Page 31)

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Gunther & Queens <input type="checkbox"/> THAT'S ALL — Casanovas <input type="checkbox"/> MY LUCKY STAR — Charles & Carl | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> PLEDGING MY LOVE — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY HAS GONE — Varetta Dillard <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY'S LAST LETTER — Johnny Fuller <input type="checkbox"/> MY BABE — Little Walter <input type="checkbox"/> FLIP, FLOP, AND FLY — Joe Turner <input type="checkbox"/> DON'T YOU KNOW — Fats Domino <input type="checkbox"/> THINKING OF YOU — Fats Domino <input type="checkbox"/> TWEEDE DEE — Laverne Baker <input type="checkbox"/> ANYTHING FOR A FRIEND — Faye Adams <input type="checkbox"/> HURTS ME TO MY HEART — Faye Adams <input type="checkbox"/> HUG YA, KISS YA — Billy Williams <input type="checkbox"/> ROCK LOVE — Eddie Fontaine <input type="checkbox"/> IT MAY SOUND SILLY — Joe Hunter <input type="checkbox"/> I'VE GOT A WOMAN — Ray Charles <input type="checkbox"/> TOAST TO LOVERS — Danny Overbea <input type="checkbox"/> MY HEARTS DELIGHT — Dakota Staton <input type="checkbox"/> STRING ALONG WITH YOU — Dean Barlow <input type="checkbox"/> MAMA, HE TREATS YOUR DAUGHTER MEAN — R. Brown <input type="checkbox"/> WHOLE LOTTA FISH IN THE SEA — Del. Ware <input type="checkbox"/> I NEED YOUR LOVE — Peewee Crayton <input type="checkbox"/> RECONSIDER BABY — Lowel Fulson <input type="checkbox"/> LET'S PLAY HOUSE — Arthur Gunter <input type="checkbox"/> POISON IVY — Willie Mabon <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE TELL ME — Richard Berry <input type="checkbox"/> LOVE STRUCK — Chuck Willis <input type="checkbox"/> I BELIEVE — Ray Hamilton <input type="checkbox"/> SHTIGGITY BOOM — Joe Houston <input type="checkbox"/> SNEAKIN' AROUND — B. B. King <input type="checkbox"/> UPSET ME BABY — B. B. King <input type="checkbox"/> YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO — Jimmy Read <input type="checkbox"/> NATURAL BORN LOVER — Muddy Waters <input type="checkbox"/> ALL I WANT FROM YOU — D. Washington <input type="checkbox"/> ANXIOUS HEART — Eddie Vinson <input type="checkbox"/> JAM UP — Tammy Ridgely <input type="checkbox"/> CLOUDBURST — Claud Cloud <input type="checkbox"/> ROCK 'N ROLL — Red Prysock <input type="checkbox"/> SHAKE WALKIN' — Mickey Baker <input type="checkbox"/> ZIG ZAG — Julian Dash <input type="checkbox"/> SAXONY BOOGIE — Saxman Brown <input type="checkbox"/> NIGHT TRAIN — Jimmy Forest <input type="checkbox"/> THE FISH — Mindy Carson <input type="checkbox"/> YOU AIN'T BEEN TRUE — Faye Adams | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE FORGIVE ME — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> NEVER LET ME GO — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> WHAT A DREAM — Ruth Brown <input type="checkbox"/> MAMBO BABY — Ruth Brown <input type="checkbox"/> MELODY OF LOVE — Earl Bostic <input type="checkbox"/> UBANGI STOMP — Earl Bostic <input type="checkbox"/> SOMEDAY — Drifters <input type="checkbox"/> HONEY LOVE — Drifters <input type="checkbox"/> FORTY FOUR — Howlin' Wolf <input type="checkbox"/> EVIL GOIN' ON — Howlin' Wolf <input type="checkbox"/> BAD BOY — John Hooker <input type="checkbox"/> SHAKE, HOLLER, RUN — John Hooker <input type="checkbox"/> EVIL HEARTED WOMAN — L. 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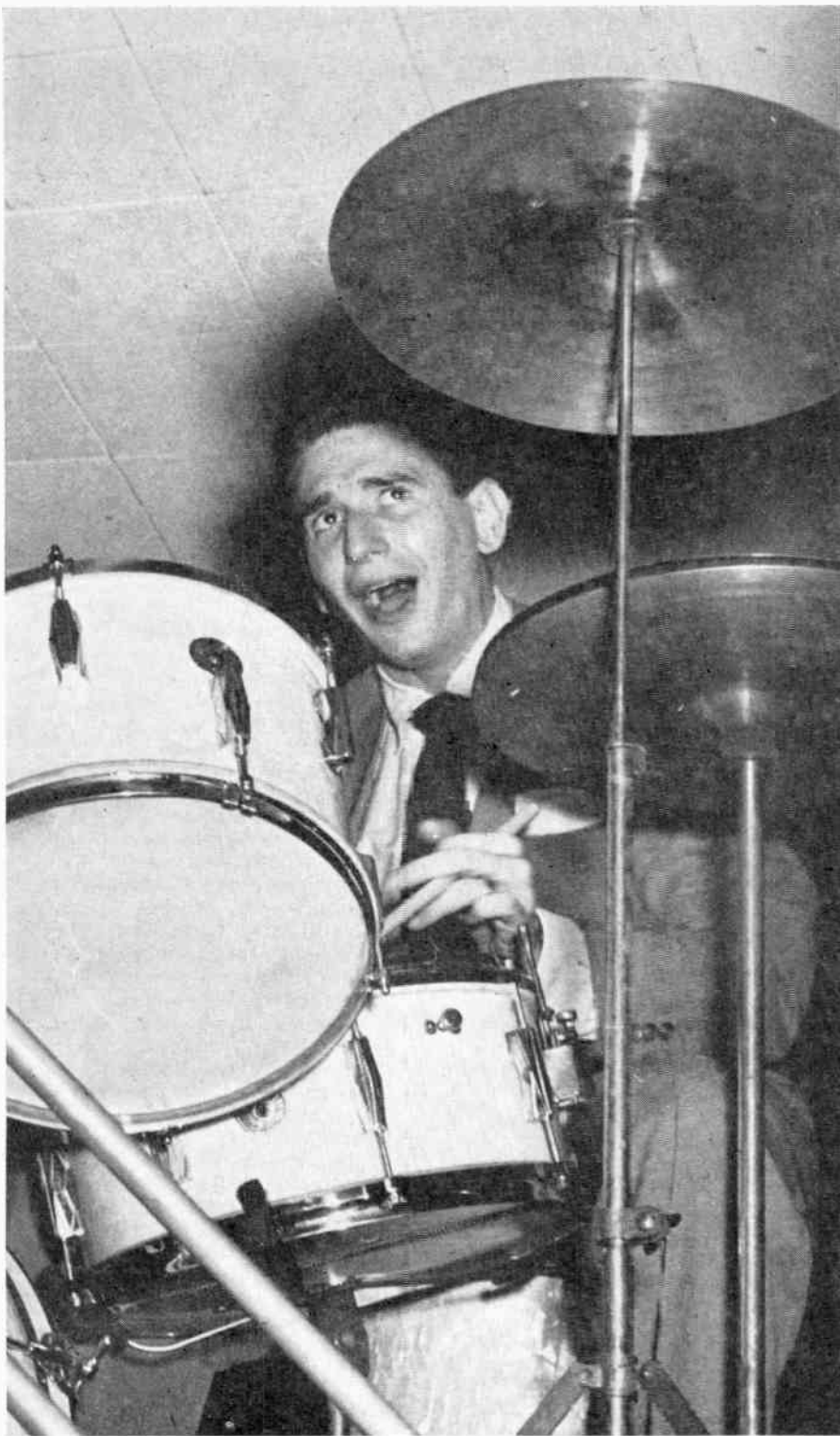
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Shelly Manne on drums—"sheer sure-handed skill."

by Nat Hentoff

Today's Jazz

The Shaping Influences

NO MATTER what the critics or the popularity polls say, it is the musicians who decide which of their number will last. And it is the playing of musicians that will tell you—more than their words—which of their contemporaries has become a formative influence on a large percentage of his colleagues on his particular instrument. The highest praise a musician can give another is to be so impressed and moved by another's ideas that his own playing begins to be shaped by those ideas and by that style.

This first of two articles is a brief attempt to indicate some—not all, for I haven't the space to be catalogic—of the shaping influences in modern jazz. I say "modern jazz" for it is this area of jazz that the largest majority of young musicians enter. The Dixieland revivalists are quite another matter and would require a separate article. You may find that some of the names cited here are not too familiar to you. This gap between the respect for and recognition of key jazz figures among their fellow musicians and the general public apathy to these same figures is a familiar pattern in jazz and the other arts. It doesn't always work that way, but often it is the Brubecks who are on the Ed Sullivan Show while the Bud Powells and Horace Silvers are lucky to make Steve Allen's *Tonight*.

Beginning, then, on piano, Dave Brubeck appears to have influenced almost no rising young jazz professional. The overall piano influence of the past decade has been Bud Powell. Smaller in extent but strong where it has taken root has been the angular, dissonant impression of Thelonious Monk. In the past two or three years, Horace Silver's hard-swinging, spare, but intensely melodic piano has grown in importance among his colleagues. Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Billy Taylor and Teddy Wilson are respected but do not seem to influence directly too many younger pianists, except perhaps for Peterson. Tatum has already influenced all the major professionals, but not so much the very young.

John Lewis' economy of means and quality of touch is likely to become more emulated, as is the drive and warmth of Hampton Hawes; the Horace Silver-like rhythmic intensity

Red Norvo has diminished in influence on the vibes because he hasn't recorded much of late.



"The overall piano influence in the past decade has been Bud Powell."

"Dave Brubeck appears to have influenced almost no rising young jazz professional."



John Lewis, Percy Heath, and Milt Jackson (l. to r.) of the unique and rising Modern Jazz Quartet. Drummer Connie Kay is obscured by Heath's bass. Each on his own resocetive instrument is a profound influence on upcoming jazz musicians.

and angularity of Russ Freeman; the phenomenal technique of Phineas Newborn; the lyrical flexibility of Hank Jones; and the stabbing power of John Williams. Lennie Tristano affects his own students and a few others, but unless he begins to record and travel more, his directly pianistic influence may remain limited.

Ray Brown probably is the idol of the majority of young bassists for his sound and time. Charlie Mingus is particularly respected for his technical virtuosity and imaginative daring. The most influential soloist on the instrument may well be Oscar Pettiford, while those who have heard him cannot help but be marked by the overall professionalism of the meticulous George Duvivier. Younger bassists who are assuming roles of influence are Percy Heath of the Modern Jazz Quartet; Red Mitchell of the Hampton Hawes Trio; the steady Wendell Marshall; and the very young but extraordinary Paul Chambers of the Miles Davis combo. Again, for those youngsters who are fully aware of him, Milt Hinton, like Duvivier, is a model of wide-rang-

ing skill that can handle well anything from rock 'n' roll to a symphonic session.

Several drummers' styles are reflected in the work of many young percussionists. Max Roach and Shelly Manne are about equally respected for sheer sure-handed skill, with Manne perhaps the more widely knowledgeable but Roach the harder swinger. Also looked up to for his technique is Louis Bellson. I doubt if either Gene Krupa or Buddy Rich has much influence among practicing young modernists. Krupa, because his style is dated. Rich, because he is too often inflexible dynamics-wise and is imaginatively limited.

A young drummer of rapidly increasing stature is the crisply tasteful Joe Morello of the Marian McPartland trio. For young drummers who value uninhibited emotional impact above all, Art Blakey of the Jazz Messengers is the monarch of all he attacks. Sarah Vaughan's Roy Haynes is also sharply watched. Those drummers particularly involved with dynamics look toward Chico Hamilton, Don Lamond, Connie Kay of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and

Gus Johnson (formerly with Basie). The dean of modern drummers, Kenny Clarke, continues to exert a degree of influence. Two younger percussionists who value full-strength swinging and unremittingly driving momentum are Osie Johnson and Philly Joe Jones of the Miles Davis quintet, and both are creating a coterie. Wise drummers of all ages continue to regard Jo Jones, currently with the Teddy Wilson trio, as the Nile-source of flowing drumming.

Milt Jackson is undeniably the key modern vibist. His unflinching rhythmic sense, deeply lyrical ballad mastery, joyous up-tempo precision, and consistent economy of notes make him, as of now, unbeatable. Lionel Hampton is still valued for his vitality but his showboating and frequently repetitious idea-patterns have lost him respect among the younger musicians, though much can still be learned from the pulsating Lionel. Red Norvo has diminished in influence since he has stayed pretty much on the west coast in the past year or two and has not recorded

(Continued on Page 34)



The Four Freshmen

A Unique Sound

by Dale Scott

If the Four Freshmen aren't the most traveled entertainers in the world, their itinerary for most of 1956 is sure to put them in the running. They have been chosen by *Record Whirl* readers as their favorite new male vocal group, and they could readily be chosen by the airlines as their most steady customers.

Don Barbour, who plays guitar and sings the next-to-the-top voice in the quartet, says, "You could write a book on what I know about the interior decorations of the airlines."

If you put a grasshopper on a wall map of the United States you'd have a pretty good idea how these boys bounce from one town to the other to fill engagements. And when you try and catch said grasshopper you'll get a pretty good idea of what it takes to catch up with the Four Freshmen.

We did finally, because, after a long tour of colleges, theaters, and night clubs, they stopped for a week in Hollywood. Not to rest up, but to cut some discs for Capitol, play a one niter at the Shrine Auditorium with Basie and Brubeck, accept both the *Record Whirl* and *Down Beat* plaques, and take one quick deep breath before heading to Texas and the big package with Nat Cole, June Christy, and Ted Heath.

Is it any wonder, then, on arriving at the Lido Hotel, that we caught the boys in the process of shaving, showering, and dressing? Ross Barbour, who is Don's brother, was the only one up and ready for business. He is 26, plays drums and some trumpet, and sings the next-to-the-bottom voice in the quartet. He was on his way to getting breakfast and suggested we tag along.

"Man, we've really been going," he said during the walk across the street,

"but it's worth it. Music's like a disease. You can't shake it off. Maybe you find the same thing with writing."

We agreed, adding, however, that for a show like the Cole-Christy-Heath deal we'd readily trade typewriter for trumpet—if we could play one.

"I'm really looking forward to it," said Ross. "Ted Heath has what I call a swinging band. It's neat and careful. Usually something neat isn't too exciting, but not with Heath. He has a sound, man."

We were more interested, of course, in that unique Freshmen sound and

how it came to be. "It was built by ear," Ross told us. "Each man picks his own area on the scale and sticks to it. In other words, it's like the infield on a ball team. If the notes of a particular part of a song come into your area, you take care of it. It's similar to Dixieland jazz. Here the clarinetist can match his sound to the trombone or other instruments. We match our notes to each other's notes chord by chord. It's a kind of free expression."

The group, Ross told us, began at the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music in Indianapolis. They played various dates for the fun of it until Stan Kenton's enthusiasm inspired the boys to turn professional. Kenton has never collected a dime for his efforts on their behalf, but Ross Barbour's gratitude to Stan was expressed when he named his oldest son Kent, because "Kenton would be too corny for a first name." Bob Flanigan is the trombonist and lead voice of the group and he happens, also, to be Ross and Don's cousin.

The fourth spot in the group has just been taken by Ken Albers. Back in their Lido apartment, Albers, a shy, redhaired fellow, told us he had been with a group in Las Vegas that was folding up. Simultaneously, the Freshmen were losing Ken Errair who wanted to stay home with the missus (Jane Withers), so Albers was invited to climb aboard.

"It's a mixed-up deal," said Bob Flanigan. "Ken Errair replaced Hal Kratzsch; now Ken Albers is replacing Ken Errair."

While the continuous round of hotel rooms and airports becomes a little rugged at times, the Four Freshmen are free souls. They pick their own material and when they get too tired, they plan things so they can take off.

The much-traveled Four Freshmen have just finished a cross-country tour with British handleleader Ted Heath.

Each of the Freshmen sings and plays a musical instrument. Left to right, they are trumpeter Ken Albers, drummer Ross Barbour, guitarist Don Barbour, and bassist-trombonist Bob Flanigan.



During their recent tour, Ross managed to fly home to Columbus, Ind., to spend weekends with Mrs. Barbour and the kids. At Christmas, they all took two weeks off, Don going to his Mrs. Barbour in Detroit and Bob going to Mrs. Flanigan in Greencastle, Ind.

But there's a drive that keeps them going. They like music and they like people who like music, being especially partial to college audiences.

"They are so courteous and attentive," says Bob Flanigan.

"I want to play as many college concerts as possible," says Ross. "In this way we reach our right audience, because they've grown out of the bop age and still haven't come to the Lawrence Welk age. They're in the market for new sounds."

Don interrupted this sincere tribute to university audiences by announcing

it was time they shoved off. They had a record session to rehearse, a business appointment with their manager, and another rehearsal for the Shrine concert with Count Basie and Dave Brubeck. We thanked them for the interview and said we'd be seeing them later.

We saw them again that same night at the Shrine Auditorium. They performed most of their top recorded pieces, *Love Is Just Around The Corner*, *Day by Day*, *Somebody Loves Me*, and *How Can I Tell Her*, concluding with a wild instrumental piece in collaboration with Count Basie's orchestra. Between numbers, Gene Norman, west coast disc jockey and sponsor of the concert, presented them with the *Record Whirl* plaque.

The Four Freshmen—Don, Ken, Bob, and Ross—have asked us to thank you readers very much.

Up & Coming . . .

Little Teddi King Making Big Strides



FOR A YOUNG lady whose chief ambition in life for years has been to become a top jazz singer, Teddi King has made remarkable strides in the pop record field.

Teddi was the first and only girl singer ever to record and work with the George Shearing quintet. Last summer the world's leading jazz critics named her the New Star vocalist of the year in *Down Beat's* annual poll. She was the featured singer at the opening night of the Newport Jazz Festival last year. ("My biggest thrill to date," she says.)

Yet it was not until her recent Victor record of *Mr. Wonderful* was released, and her first RCA album in

the "Meet the Girls" series came out, that a sizable portion of the record buying public really became acquainted with the petite miss with the lovely, near-classical voice.

But it was only a strange twist of fate that made Teddi a singer and derailed her original ambition to become an actress.

Daughter of a vaudeville song-and-dance man, Teddi began taking acting lessons at age 8, won "Best Actress of the Year" award at Malden high school in her native Boston, and soon began working in a professional stock company, the Tributary Theater.

But one day a singer in the company became ill, and Teddi volunteered to do her number. She was such a success that she began to turn her efforts to this new direction, and soon won a Dinah Shore contest at the RKO Keith theater in Boston over 500 other contestants. It was the break that got her started on a career that already has encompassed radio, television, records, and personal appearances in theaters, concerts, and clubs.

Her unique, emotional style of singing has already made her a distinctive voice in the record field—one that could go a long way. Because there are an awful lot of persons today who would unhesitatingly cast their votes for Miss King as a queen of song.

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BACK IN 1953 when rhythm and blues was succinctly referred to as "back alley music" Buck Ram decided that there was something emotionally good about it. He has since proven through his successful activities with that type of music that this faith was not misplaced.

Buck Ram calls his employment "musical management" which is a mild way of describing the multitude of responsibilities he has heaped upon himself. Besides managing the Platters, Penguins, Colts, and Shirley Gunner among others, he writes and picks music for his groups and arranges and stylizes the works for records and public appearances. At times, and especially in the case of the Platters (see *Record Whirl*, March, 1956) he's a boss, financial advisor, legal advisor, friend, and even psychiatrist.

As one of rock and roll's most powerful gladiators, Buck pointed out that very often a record made by a singer or rhythm group on a small label will be copied by a vocal ensemble or soloist under contract to a major company. Inevitably, he asserted, the more famous disc will steal the sales from the obscure label. Buck also feels that one of the biggest culprits in that direction is the disc jockey. These platter spinners usually shunt aside the lesser recording lights and plug the stars.

"Why should a disc jockey be in a position to be a censor?" he asked, rather acrimoniously. Except for a few disc jockeys who will admit their dislike for rock and roll but will play it because of public demand, Buck feels that the vast majority of deejays will give very little exposure to this form of music, and that some will decry it as being a blot on the music scene in general.

"Disc jockeys should listen to the voice of the people and play what *they* want, not what the disc jockeys want. Also, I'm sincerely opposed to anyone pirating anyone else's ideas. I feel the copyright laws should be amended to give protection to the writer as well as the artist." And then with vehemence Buck added, "Money can be replaced—ideas can't."

"Rhythm and blues," Buck continued, "is knocked so much. Actually there's no pure music except symphonic and operatic works. Pop and jazz are strictly emotional. When they took swing away from people and gave it to the intellectuals the kids rebelled because they were getting no emotional impact. That's when they went back to rhythm and blues."

To the question of censorable lyrics used with these tunes Buck replied: "There are more suggestive lyrics in show tunes than in rhythm and blues.

Anyway, the kids don't actually dig the lyrics because they're busy listening to the beat—unless it's a ballad." However, Buck underlined the fact that he will change the words of a tune when they are offensive because "I am against suggestive lyrics."

Rock and roll is one of Buck's latest adventures, but his preoccupation with showbusiness goes back to his college days. While studying law, Buck also managed to squeeze in music courses with Joseph Schillinger with thoughts of classical composition uppermost in his mind. He graduated from the University of Southern California and became a member of the bar in that state. But it wasn't long before Buck's interest in music turned him from the intricacies of legal problems to the frenetic pace of music making. Besides playing saxophone and all reed instruments, Buck wrote among other songs, *I Complained*, *I'll Be Home For Christmas*, *At Your Beck and Call*, *A Sinner Kissed An Angel*, *Remember When*, and more recently *Only You*, *The Great Pretender*, and *Adorable*.

This prolific composer, during various times in his career did arrangements for Count Basie, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey. Now Columbia and MGM Studios are showing definite interest in signing Buck for film-score writing and conducting. Also two major

BUCK RAM

Rock 'n' Roll Gladiator

by Ed Shelby



The Penguins with publicist Jeannie Bennett receive an award presented by disc jockey Hunter Hancock. A year ago, their big hit was *Earth Angel*.

Buck Ram's number one property, the Platters, who have had three straight hits—*Only You*, *The Great Pretender*, and *The Magic Touch*.



recording companies have offered him the position of A&R Director of Rhythm and Blues.

Just a few years ago, in contrast to his present position, Buck found that all the progress he had made in the business was completely eradicated. After finally establishing himself in New York, Buck went to the West Coast to write music for pictures. A combination of frustration with his work, reverses in everything he attempted, and the relentlessness with which he drove himself irrevocably resulted in a nervous breakdown. Upon recovery, Buck discovered that the music scene had completely changed, all his past contacts were gone, and he was being shrugged off as a "has been."

Undiscouraged, Buck realized he would have to find his own way back and immediately started a search for good talent to record his songs. Most of the youngsters Buck is now promoting came straight from school. Utilizing



his own valuable experience Buck taught them diction, styling, choreography, showmanship, furnished them with suitable material, and saw to it through his staff that they received the necessary promotion and publicity.

One of the weapons Buck always uses, and which he used so successfully during his climb back to recognition, is that he makes a concerted attempt to pick out personalities who are different because, "the effort of the artist and the mood he transfers to the people are the most important things." He also believes that gimmicks are very important to a song.

Tony Williams' voice crack in *Only You* was a gimmick that Buck stumbled upon accidentally. Tony had been used to singing gospel songs and somehow felt a little uncomfortable on the first take of the record. Buck told him to open up and Tony inadvertently slipped back in limbo. The sound was so interesting Buck decided to leave it in the record.

There has been much adverse criticism about rock and roll. But for those who enjoy it, Buck Ram has certainly done a lion's share to add to their pleasure.



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New Albums In Review

Music To Hold Hands By

**Rosemary Clooney—
Duke Ellington**
Blue Rose
(Columbia CL-872)

Rosemary's singing in California was fused to a tape made by Duke in New York, and both the technical fusion and the meeting of pop singer with jazz orchestra is very successful. All of Rosemary's warmth, humor, and musical sensitivity is here on such romantic tunes as *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* and *Mood Indigo*, along with some new Ellington tunes.

Eddy Duchin
The Eddy Duchin Story
(Columbia CL-790)

Comprised of 15 Duchin recordings made from 1939-47 this contains sophisticated and sentimental renditions of tunes by Cole Porter, George Gershwin and similar composers in the distinctive Duchin idiom. Several selections are with orchestra but most present Duchin's piano with rhythm backing, and these are gentle, well-mannered solos. Cover has Tyrone Power rather than Duchin to tie in with the picture, though this isn't a soundtrack album.

Joe Lipman Ork
Manhattan Serenade
(MGM E-3353)

Mood music by a pianist-arranger who, in the past, had worked with or behind such stars as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Perry Como, Nat Cole, and Sarah Vaughan. Silky versions of *Penthouse Serenade*, *Autumn In New York* and others on a Gotham theme, which are pleasant enough for background purposes.

Katyna Ranieri
Love In Three Languages
(Victor LPM 1158)

This artist, well-known on the European continent, in an intimate, artful fashion stylizes songs in English, French and Italian all on the love theme. The rather well-assembled selections include such familiar tunes (on our shores) as *I Love Paris* and *Arrivederci Roma*.

Roll Up The Rugs

Tex Beneke Ork
Today's Hits
(RCA Camden EP CAE-329)

Swinging arrangements, a strong dance beat, and an enthusiastic attack make this a pleasure to listen to, and the dancers will feel they can hardly keep still. The set is a bargain, too, being part of Camden's 79c *Today's Hits* series.

Les Brown
All-Weather Music
(Coral CRL-57039)

Solid arrangements of tunes on the weather theme (i.e., *Let It Snow*, *Over the Rainbow*, *Stormy Weather*) make this a very worthy package for rainy-day listening or for dancing. Dancebands don't come much better than this one, the footloose will surely verify.

Eddy Duchin Ork
The Fabulous Eddy Duchin
(Vik LX-1043)

A well-titled album. It is a fabulous collection, especially if you're old enough to wax nostalgic over those pleasant arrangements of *Moon Over Miami*, *Ill Wind*, *Hands Across the Table*, and *A Hundred Years From Today*. It's taken from the original Duchin masters of the late thirties and early forties, and the sound reproduction is surprisingly good. Not so much a showcase of Duchin at the keys but of the whole ork, it spotlights such stellar vocalists as Buddy Clark, Harold Arlen, the DeMarco Sisters, Lew Sherwood, and Jerry Cooper.

Music For Sunday Afternoon Listening

Pearl Bailey
(Coral CRL 57037)

Here's Pearlie May singing in her inimitable, showmanly way a selection of songs her fans would love her best on. Included in the collection are regular show pieces like *Takes Two To Tango* and *Runnin' Wild*.

David Broekman & Ork
Music From Wide Wide World
(Victor LPM—1280)

Here is the colorful impressionistic music that has accompanied the TV cameras to far-away and romantic places performed by the man who wrote it. The selections are picturesque musical sketches, very pleasant listening.

Nat (King) Cole
In the Beginning!
(Decca 12" DL 8260)

Collectors' items recorded in 1940-41 reissued, with Nat featured on piano and only occasionally singing, supported solidly by guitarist Oscar Moore and Wesley Prince. It's a reminder of how tasty a pianist Nat was and is. Tunes include *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Sweet Lorraine* and several originals by Nat.

Leo Diamond & Ork
Skin Divers Suite
(Victor LPM 1165)

This harmonica virtuoso has written a lot of music, and *Skin Divers* is one of those *pseudo-serious* works that sounds like it should be background music for a documentary or travel film. Some rather charming shorter tunes, also written by Diamond, accompany it.

Robert Maxwell and Ork
Hi-Fi Harp
(MGM X1255/6/7)

On EPs, and in three volumes, the remarkable harpist covers the spectrum of musical modes—ragtime, the sweet and low, jazz-style, and novelty. The selections include *Freckles*, *Cumana*, *I Got Rhythm*, *Spaghetti Rag*, and *Midnight Breeze*. While it demonstrates his versatility, he's best on soft mood music.

Billy May
Sorta-Dixie
(Capitol T-677)

Good time music dished up in humorous fashion by a full orchestra behind a Dixieland front line. May means to be funny and he really is, taking oldtimers like *The Sheik of Araby*, *Five Foot Two*, and *Oh By Jingo* over the jumps and turning them into everyting but polkas. Delectable listening.

Al Nevins Ork
Escapade In Sound
(Victor LPM 1166)

Dinner music of the Muzak variety by a society-type ork. Not terribly inspiring, it *does* make a very pleasant and dignified backdrop at dinner-time or when relaxing. Selections scope such standards as *Anything Goes*, *Cocktails For Two*, and *Old Devil Moon*.

recommended

From The Turntable



Frank Sinatra

- ★★★★★ *How Little We Know*
- ★★★★★ *Five Hundred Guys*

Already on its way to becoming a double-deck hit, this is one of Frank's best pop singles in recent months, making no concessions to the current trends. A splendid ballad and smart uptune are both performed in an exemplary fashion (Capitol F-3423).

Les Paul & Mary Ford

- ★★★★★ *Cimarron*
- ★★★★★ *San Antonio Rose*

The gravy has been by-passing Les & Mary on several of the latest efforts, but this release should pick up their previous stride. Les' playing sparkles, Mary's singing is tasty, and that multi-track business continues to fascinate (Capitol F-3444).

Jo Stafford

- ★★★★★ *Warm All Over*
- ★★★★★ *Big D*

Jo acquits the ballad side very warmly indeed and, with vocal group support, makes a delight of the spirited but rather uncommercial flip side. Should sell well in Texas, though, as *Big D* refers to Dallas. Nice to have Jo back in action again (Columbia 4-40697).

Pat Boone

- ★★★★★ *I Almost Lost My Mind*
- ★★★★★ *Pm In Love With You*

Well, now, for a change Pat has some quality material with which to demonstrate the depth of his talent. *I Almost Lost* is a blues tune that has been kicking around for years, and Pat's treatment is artful. Chalk up his eighth hit in a row (Dot 45-15472).

Frankie Laine

- ★★★★★ *Don't Cry*
- ★★★★★ *Ticky, Ticky, Ticky*

Frankie seems to have yielded his shouting manner to the younger generation, and on this pairing he turns wonderfully gentle. The top deck is another fine tune from *The Most Happy Fella'*, while the flip is a children's-type novelty (Columbia 4-40693).

Elvis Presley

- ★★★★★ *I Want You, I Need You, I Love You*
- ★★★★★ *My Baby Left Me*

Presley fans made a hit of this even before it was pressed, but, happily, Elvis is working with better material than usual and, for a change, it's possible to hear the lyrics (Victor 47-6540).

The records listed here are the best in the stack received by the *Record Whirl* reviewing committee at deadline. Records which received less than a four-star rating are not represented here.

All records are reviewed on hi-fidelity equipment using the Shure Brothers Music Lovers ceramic cartridge.



The Classmates

- ★★★★ *Two Straws In The Wind*
- ★★★★ *Break Down And Love Me*

A new vocal group, sounding a little like the Four Aces, have a very good chance of breaking through with this fresh material. *Straws* shows off the fine lead voice of Jack Costello (Dot 45-15464).

Chet Atkins

- ★★★★ *Cecilia*
- ★★★★ *The Lady Loves*

Must admit we're pretty partial to nearly everything this colorful guitarist issues, and we're pleased to see he's being aimed at the pop field now as well as c&w. *Cecilia*, an oldie, lilts nicely and should make a good programming item (Victor 47-6550).

Rhythmettes

- ★★★★ *Boom, Boom*
- ★★★★ *Homin' Pigeon*

A good new female vocal group on a lively ditty could catch a few new ears (Victor 47-6539)

The Chordettes

- ★★★★ *Born To Be With You*
- ★★★★ *Love Never Changes*

Born is a hymn-like love song, written by Don Robertson (the very happy whistler), which the Chordettes sing in attractive close harmony against a subtle beat. Under-side is nothing much (Cadence 1291).

Roberta Sherwood

- ★★★★ *Lazy River*
- ★★★★ *This Train*

Decca is very high on this vibrant warbler, and these emotional sides show why. TV exposure on the Dorsey Bros. show, the same that helped to "make" Elvis Presley, shouldn't hurt a bit. These unusual renditions use a great deal of vocal trickery (Decca 9-29911).

Lonnie Donegan

- ★★★★ *Lost John*
- ★★★★ *Steuball*

Another potent entry by the rockin' British chanter who gave us *Rock Island Line*, and this one is also in the American folk idiom. Contagiously rhythmic (Mercury 70872 x45).

Tommy Leonetti

- ★★★★ *Free*
- ★★★★ *It's Wild*

Free, we feel, is Tommy's best pop effort yet. It's good material, and Tommy carries it off very well, sounding more than a bit like Sinatra. Truly talented, he's long overdue to crash through on the hit charts (Capitol F-3442).

Bob Carroll

- ★★★★ *Red Confetti, Pink Balloons, and Tambourines*
- ★★★★ *Handwriting On The Wall*

This newcomer has a very likeable voice and a pretty tune to work with. Prospects are good (Bally 7-1007).



Guy Mitchell, Sammy Davis, Jr., Eydie Gorme, deejay Brad Phillips, Richard Hayes, and Bobby Scott as they appeared on Brad's Anniversary Show over WINS, New York, several weeks ago. Brad asked his listeners to contribute money to the Harlem branch of the YMCA.

Readers' Opinion

(Continued from Page 4)

paragraph leads me to believe that he does not like the tunes he mentioned. Mr. O'Connell, have you heard the Delta Rhythm Boys' version of *Sixteen Tons*? It is a masterpiece. It is a far cry from rock 'n' roll and is a record that I would gladly add to my collection if I could get it. *Lisbon Antigua* and *Poor People of Paris* are also good numbers.

To Lila Davis, I have this to say. It must really be something to "burn and a half." Tell me, how do you do it? You claim that Bill Haley's music is not abnormal. You certainly wouldn't call it normal, would you? Which bands are you referring to in your phrase "and other old creeps like that?" I think that most bands in Guy Lombardo's class are pretty good.

Please, Jean Shriner, don't try to tell me that rock 'n' roll is music. Rock 'n' roll, as far as I'm concerned, is 80% emotion and 20% rhythm.

Getting back to Gilbert Pyka Jr.'s letter, I happen to be a "square" that likes that "funeral type of opera" music. Listen, pal, have you ever heard Offenbach's *Orpheus in der Underwelt*? The chorus of that little number goes up and down the musical scale a lot faster than any of your rock 'n' roll or rhythm & blues stuff.

I have noticed, in watching a crowd listening to a rock 'n' roll concert, that they seem to be under a spell of mass hypnosis. They do rock and roll in their seats! If said persons are in such need of emotional outlet, why don't they expend their energy in a more worthwhile venture?

If any of you readers would like to write me your comments, either pro or con, my address is:

Leon Morsing
961 S. 18th St.
Clinton, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I am a teenager of 17 years and I would like to say something about rock 'n' roll. I think it's the greatest. I can't understand why our parents and other adults are so much against it. There are a lot worse things we could do. It gives us kids a chance to let off steam and to express our feelings by singing and dancing to the music adults say is dominating our minds and putting ideas into our heads.

The adults think we teenagers have one-track minds about rock 'n' roll. I am a fan of Guy Mitchell (I think he's the greatest guy in the whole world). And everybody knows that Mr. Mitchell is no rock 'n' roll kat, far from it. And to prove my point further, what makes Perry Como, Bing Crosby, Eddie Fisher, Vic Damone, Frank Sinatra, and Johnny Desmond so popular? The kids mostly. And now I'd like to see people call them rock 'n' roll singers.

And what's so horrible about us kids getting together and having a rock session? Like I said before, there are a lot worse things we could do. These adults ought to listen to the National Radio Fan Club and hear how much fun the kids have with good clean rock 'n' roll music. Why don't they leave us kids alone and let us enjoy life while we are still young?

S. I. K.
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I guess by now you've had 80,000 people tell you about the mistake in *Record Whirl*, June '56, "In the Whirl" to the effect that *Pajama Game* gave us *Whatever Lola Wants* and *Heart*, when it should've read *Damn Yankees*.

Ah, I know there's always somebody to tell ya when you've done it wrong, but I really wanted to say that I enjoy *Record Whirl* and especially enjoy "In the Whirl," "Readers' Opinion," and "New Albums." Keep up the good work.

Cathy Furniss
Record Librarian—KCBS
San Francisco, Calif.

(Ed. Note: Quite right. It was *Damn Yankees* and not *Pajama Game*. It's a natural error, as both shows were written by that sterling team of Dick Adler and the late Jerry Ross.)

Dear Editor:

On page 17 of the June issue of your valuable magazine, you refer to Perry Como's *Hot Diggety* as having been "derived" from Chabrier's *Espana Rhapsody*, the classical work.

You are correct, but you should have gone further and pointed out that Chabrier used the Spanish waltz tune originally written by the Viennese waltz composer Emil Waldteufel. It's the main theme in his waltz *Espana*, a familiar piece. Chabrier purposely used the melody, as indicated by his title, *Espana Rhapsody*. Waldteufel deserves the basic credit.

Ray Perkins
KIMN—Denver, Colo.

Don Robertson

(Continued from Page 14)

these college days, studying trombone, trumpet, piano, and harmony, but he never thought of it as anything but a pleasant recreation. Finally, however, the break had to come. He quit premed before his fourth year and took a job in an electronic lab.

A little later, two friends found him a job at WGN where he wrote vocal arrangements for the Brandt Sisters. After a year with them, he switched over to the Dinning Sisters. This, as it turned out, proved to be one of the biggest steps in his musical career, because one of these Dinning Sisters became Mrs. Robertson and together they moved to Hollywood where Don played in local night clubs, did arranging, and wrote 75 songs, the best known being *Hummingbird*.

"Lou is really the unsung heroine of our family," he says. "She is a wonderful judge of pop songs. When she likes something, it usually sells. She didn't see how *The Happy Whistler* could miss."

Don works in his North Hollywood home these days, and it consists of fooling around at the piano until he hits a pleasing sound. "I don't sit down, as some do, and say, 'I'm going to write a big song.' I just enjoy myself until something arrives." This goes on until about 3:30 when the kids return from school. Don, Jr., like most North Hollywoodians his age, has a fervent fondness for baseball and this, along with a little gardening, keeps Don, Sr., outdoors until sundown when he returns once more to his piano.

As for Barbara, his teen-age daughter, she didn't go for *The Happy Whistler* at all. At least not when her father first wrote it.

"Gee, Daddy," she said, "how can a song be any good if you can't bop to it?"



The Four Lads singing High Mass at St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church in Las Vegas on a recent Sunday. It's a return to their early training, for the Lads met while they were all choir boys at St. Michael's Choir School in Toronto.



Perry Como checks a script during a break in rehearsal for his award-winning NBC-TV program. Casual Perry's *Hot Diggity* now has sold over one million copies and adds another gold record to his laurels.

CATHY CARR

(Continued from page 8)

United States, but in Australia, New Zealand, England, Europe, and in Canada.

As a matter of fact, Cathy expended so much energy hopping from city to city she finally became the victim of laryngitis and the virus. But by the time illness had overtaken her, Cathy had the satisfaction of knowing that *Ivory Tower* was fast becoming a hit and that the virus was not in vain.

Most important, however, is the fact that Cathy will not be in the unfortunate position facing so many of the young artists when they suddenly become record personalities. In order to exploit a record properly the performer must be able to competently entertain a live audience, a feat which calls for years of experience even under the most positive conditions.

"I was lucky enough, three years ago when I became a single, to work theatres that have since closed," Cathy explained. "I got my experience that way." She has also appeared in night clubs clear across the country, and in 1954 Julius LaRosa specifically asked for her services as part of his show for his theatre appearances.

At the present time, Cathy is being besieged by offers from the major TV shows and night clubs. Of this recognition of her talent, Cathy reports, "It's all been very, very, wonderful. The most gratifying part of all—and I'm most happy over that—is that I have a hit. My thanks go to all the disc jockeys I visited. They were all great to me."

SYLVIA SYMS

(Continued from page 20)

did a straight dramatic role in *Rain*. In 1952 she made an album for Atlantic records, and two years later she made one for Version. It was only last year that Decca first became interested in Sylvia Syms; but, at first, the company wanted her for specialty albums only. They let her make a single of *I Could Have Danced All Night* because it was very much like the songs she usually sings.

Says Sylvia, "I sing show tunes because the lyrics are generally better than those of most pop songs, and I'm primarily a singer of lyrics. In songs from the show, there's a setting that

you can visualize when singing and a story line that goes with the song. You can project all this into the song itself. I feel a singer must ask himself, when singing, 'What does this song mean to me?' I don't know about other singers but I for one can't be a parakeet merely repeating the written words. I have to adopt them as the genuine expression of my own feelings.

"My association with music is purely animal. My sense of music is instinctive. I sing the truth . . . at least, I think what I sing is the truth. I can't make vocal tricks, I can only sing the lyric for the value of the phrase and the meaning. I feel each song is a lyric vignette, telling a story. It's why God created the lyric writer . . . that's why Larry Hart was born."

Jimmy Wakely Singing Pops Again

JIMMY WAKELY has built himself a solid reputation as a Western singer. But now that he has attained star status, he has gone back to where he started from—singing popular songs.

Several years ago, when he was a novice in show business, Jimmy figured in three categories in one of the major music polls. He won third place for hillbilly recordings, third place as a popular male vocalist, and first place among the Western singers. This was all very good but also very confusing. No one knew in which direction the young singer should point his talents.

He elected to concentrate on the Western field, and there he proceeded to build his renown—through his own CBS radio show, still sponsored for the fourth year by Bristol-Myers Co.; through television and night club appearances; through innumerable motion picture Westerns; and through such hit records as *Slipping Around*, *I Love You So Much It Hurts Me*, and *My Heart Cries For You*. His waxing of *Slipping Around* sold more than 2,000,000 copies.

Jimmy holds the distinction of being the only Western star to appear at *Ciro's*, the famous Hollywood night club which has a long-standing reputation as a showcase for only the biggest stars. And his first appearance at the Last Frontier hotel in Las Vegas proved so successful that they had him back three more times since.

In addition to all this, versatile Jimmy developed a talent for song-writing. This has been a cherished ambition with him, and his newest song, *This Night I'll Remember*, received special recognition. It was first introduced by Jimmy at a social event for Louella Parsons. She predicted its success in her column, and since then Jimmy has sold the song to Universal for one of the studio's musicals.

Jimmy is signed to an artist-producer contract with CBS. He produces his own shows and he writes the band



arrangements for his West Coast listeners. Television, that great popularizer which reaches into millions of homes, took Wakely out of the strictly Western field and made him a popular personality with all audiences. His happy, vibrant singing voice and warm personality are known to a cross-section of America now.

Pine Top Boogie, on the Coral label, marked his return to pop singing. His second offering, *Goo-Goo, Dah-Dah* b/w *Slow Down*, has just been released on Decca.

In addition to recording, television, and personal appearances, Jimmy keeps busy with benefit shows in the interest of needy children, young people's clubs, religious groups, and Telethons. You begin to wonder how this busy fellow finds time to visit with his family. But Jimmy does manage to relax with them frequently on their comfortable little ranch at Sun Valley in the San Fernando Valley, where four children and his wife Inez keep the homefires burning.—F.B.



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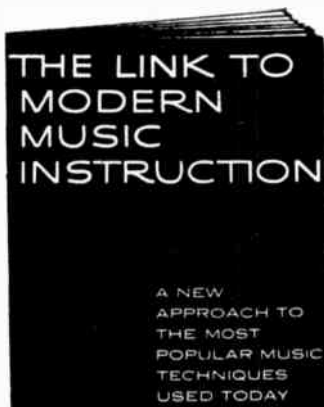
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In Books

by Ben Newman

THIS month we're going literary by doing what may be loosely termed a book review. But don't be frightened, because if you're a do-it-yourselfer, if you like to build your own speaker systems and cabinetry, you'll want to have this book on your bookshelf.

The book in question is Jensen's recently announced manual No. 1060. The 36-page book describes all of the authentic high fidelity speaker system kits in detail and includes all of the enclosure designs for them. Enclosures are also shown for coaxial and triaxial systems, as well as for the kits, and are of interest to hobbyists, and engineers as well. Valuable information of basic aspects of enclosure construction, trimming and finishing, forms an important part of the book.

The book describes in detail the construction details of 11 different types of enclosures, ranging from a 3-way, back-loaded folded horn standing some 54-inches high to an economy 2-way chairside enclosure.

A new series of Jensen speaker kits is also described in manual 1060, beginning with the budget-priced *Duette* kit up to the elaborate Imperial 3-way reproducing system.

The Jensen kits include matched speaker units, crossover networks, connecting cables and mounting brackets. They include detailed easy-to-follow plans.



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In addition to construction plans, Manual 1060 includes charts for easy selection of speaker systems.

The fully illustrated booklet is priced at 50 cents, and is available directly from the Jensen Manufacturing Company, 6601 S. Laramie Ave., Chicago.

Today's Jazz: The Shaping Influences

(Continued from Page 23)

too often. Teddy Charles, when he has a chance to be heard, is forceful but is known as much for his writing as for his playing. Terry Gibbs, like Hampton, is tall in the virility with which he plays, but imaginatively he is not a key influence. A young New Yorker who seems certain to extend his impact in the next couple of years is Eddie Costa, while Larry Bunker of the west coast may also be more widely felt.

A young musician's choice of guitar models depends, as on all other instruments, on the stylistic temperament he prefers. Those who are most modern in conception gravitate toward Jimmy Raney and Tal Farlow. A modern middle-of-the-roader may well be especially impressed by the steadily maturing Herb Ellis of the Oscar Peterson trio, the impeccable and remarkably adaptable Barney Kessel, or such recording studio men as Mundell Lowe, Barry Galbraith, and Billy Bauer. Those youngsters whose predilection is for limpid lyricism and who are concerned

with the best chance to make good pay are apt to be in Johnny Smith's orbit. The valuable and exact art of unamplified rhythm guitar is unfortunately waning so that while everybody grants the sovereign virtues in this category of Count Basie's Freddie Greene, all too few emulate him. Less well-known guitarists who are likely to grow in influence are Howard Roberts on the west coast; Detroit's Kenny Burrell, now in New York; Joe Puma; Perry Lopez; and the deep-voiced, blues-rich Dick Garcia, currently with Tony Scott.

Let me underline again that this has not been a comprehensive list nor certainly is it guaranteed to be authoritative. The listings were based on extensive listening to jazz recordings and live sessions at night clubs in and around New York. Readers with further suggestions as to influences in the fields so far covered are invited to write in, particularly those playing readers who might like to indicate who their influences are.

(Next issue: horns and voices).

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