

August 9, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

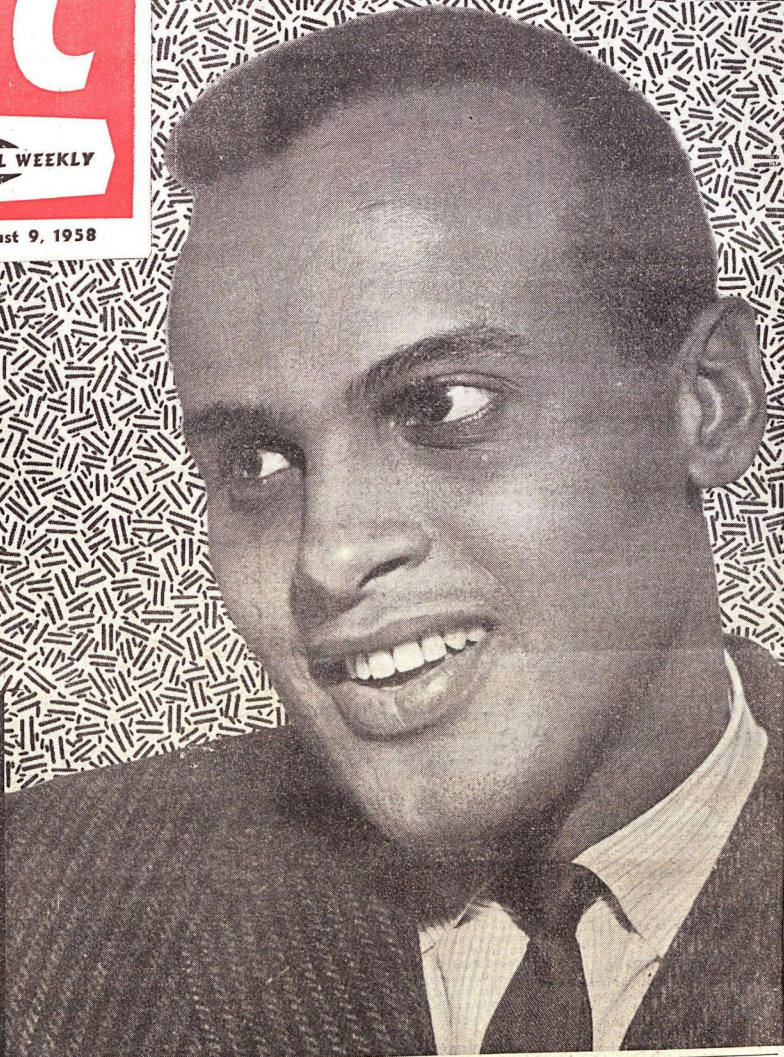
No. 27 Week ending, August 9, 1958

Harry Belafonte

EVERY

6^D

THURSDAY



**THE STARS IN
HOLIDAY MOOD**

**2 PAGES OF
PICTURES**

BELAFONTE

IS HERE!

**With a great companion record
to Mary's Boy child**

LITTLE BERNADETTE

RCA-1072 (45/78)

RCA RECORDS



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

Write to
us and
win a
prize

POST BAG

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

Disc service with a smile? Hardly

SO D. J. BROWN of Tynemouth objects to prompt service in record shops. Maybe he would prefer my experience of sales people, who, I find, fall into two main categories.

First, the aren't-you-a- nuisance-coming-in-when-I-want-to-finish-my-knitting type, who are generally found sitting behind the counter of an empty record shop. After keeping you waiting five minutes or so, you are given the opportunity to state your requirements, but the only answer you will get will be a casual wave of the hand in a vague direction, and "Look over there, on that shelf. If it's not there, we haven't got it." Needless to say, this type cares neither for you nor for the stock of records.

Then we have the I've-never-heard-of-THAT-one-can't-you-think-of-anything-you'd-like-better-kind, who greet you with a blank stare when told what you want to buy. When they have done with leafing frantically through a catalogue, you get "Er, what label did you say?" Even if you can supply them with this vital information, can they find the record? Oh no, they merely start running alongside the shelves until the stock of that

This is a frequent complaint of record-buyers and for putting it so crisply Mary Briggs wins this week's prize. Name your LP, Miss Briggs!

Plea from Norway

I AM a Norwegian girl and I like your paper very much. It is a splendid paper! Thank you so much for all the fine pictures and articles of the stars!

I am very interested in pictures and articles of Pat Boone, Tommy Steele and Elvis Presley—especially Pat, he is my favourite. I would like any readers to write to me and I can swap other singers or film stars for them.—(Miss) SIRI-BO, Mykiske-Almenning, 21, Bergen, Norway.

(Here's a chance to exchange with one of our many overseas readers.)

Fraser fan

I HAVE just bought the record "Trolley Stop," which is sung by John Fraser on Nixa. I was very pleased to find that although it was on a 78 rpm it was made of the same material as 45 rpm ones. I have other 78s but not one of them is of this material. Please, could you tell why this is so?

Please, could you print another picture of John Fraser? I would very much like to see him on the cover.—(Miss) W. HOWELL, Watersfield Road, Worthing, Sussex.

(The Vira company have been issuing their LPs in this manner for quite some time.)

Oh, flip!

I WOULD like to add to the comments made by Jack Good, who says that "Preley has washed his first failure" (DISC, 26-7-58). I say that

YES, IT'S TRUE!
RECORDS ON CREDIT TERMS
BERNARDS
RECORDSHOP (Dept.D)
Ludgate Circus, E.C.4.
Send for details of Mail Order Service

label has been located, then you are asked the number and the artist's name. After more fruitless searching and more catalogue research, it's: "What was that number again, please?" When at last the disc is found it is whipped off the shelves and hurriedly put into a paper bag. They seal the ends with sticky tape and hand it to you quickly to get it out of their hands as fast as possible, just in case it should prove to be the wrong one after all.

Mr. Brown ever gets himself a job in a record shop, will he let me know, as I'd just love to see what he does.—(Miss) MARY E. BRIGGS, 32 Apsley Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17.

since Elvis changed to the RCA label in this country his A-side renderings, with the exception of "Don't," all have been failures. (It will be an A-side.) The B-side recordings, however, which don't get the recognition, have shown Elvis at his best. The B-sides have been in the same class as the recordings previously released by HMV—"Paralyzed," "All Shook Up," "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" and "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone," to mention a few. I look forward to the day when both sides of an Elvis record are as good as one another, as they were when I was on HMV.—A. J. DUNKLEY, 74 Hillwood Road, Birmingham 31.

(Nothing has really changed, you know. Elvis was always an RCA artist even when his recordings were released on HMV.)

The last word

MAY I have a final word on the Mack Good fan controversy? I am in the fringe position of admiring Steele and Presley and therefore, according to Mr. Good, I am both a "tough who cannot spell," and a member of a persecuted religious sect.

It's true I go to church, but I also go to a grammar school and can (usually) spell correctly. As I am never a bad writer, I suppose Mr. Good would explain that by my liking of both artists mentioned—J. BRIDGE, Claremont Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

(You must be going through a pleasant spell!)

Friendly natives

MR. A. SMITH (DISC, 14-6-58) says that American stars scorn autograph hunters, but when I was on holiday in America recently I found exactly the opposite.



"I'm sorry to bring your daughter home from a dance at four in the morning, but I couldn't stay out any longer."

Connie Francis cables DISC

EDITOR DISC STOP ABSOLUTELY THRILLED AT THE PROSPECT OF VISITING BRITAIN STOP PLEASE GIVE SINCERE GOOD WISHES TO YOUR READERS ON MY BEHALF STOP SO GRATEFUL TO ALL OF YOU FOR MAKING WHO'S SORRY NOW AND IM SORRY I MADE YOU CRY HIT RECORDS IN YOUR COUNTRY STOP SINCERELY CONNIE FRANCIS

After a great show by Ricky Nelson in Chicago, I went behind scenes to his dressing-room. I was invited in by Ricky himself. He at once spotted my British accent, and asked me what I thought of American stars. We chatted for at least a quarter of an hour, and when I went he presented me with a free record ("My Bucket's Got a Hole In It") signed by himself. When I saw another of his shows, he recognised me immediately and asked me to have coffee with him.

When I asked the Four Preps to sign the record cover of "26 Miles," they not only wrote their individual names, but invited me to have tea with them.

So there, Mr. Smith—JEANETTE RICHMOND, Canute Road, Minnis Bay, Birchington, Kent.

(Nelson scores another victory.)

Simplicity

I READ with considerable pleasure Jackie Moore's excellent review of Carmen Cavallaro's new LP. Undoubtedly the highlight of Carmen's playing is the clean but stylish manner in which he plays—one can "get hold" of the tune so much quicker. There is, I think, a tendency for pianists, bands and orchestras to be

just a little too, too clever with their "special arrangements" these days. One has to hear the record sometimes a couple of times really to "find" the melody. Let's have it more simple please. JOHN WATERFIELD, Avonvale Terrace, Keyham, Plymouth, Devon.

(You're lucky. We've played one several times without finding any melody at all.)

Calling the tune

WHY can't record companies produce cheaper discs? Recently one firm advertised discs for 1s. each. They had found a much cheaper process, but unfortunately the artists were not well known and the discs were only considered a novelty. Surely the other companies can copy this process and sell their discs much cheaper. No doubt their profits would be boosted, because there are many teenagers like myself who are absent at school and have very limited pocket money—they would make a very large market for the cheaper discs.—NEIL MURRAY, Crossroads Place, Rosyth, Fife, Scotland.

(But if you want top names and good records, like everything else, you must pay more.)

Ups and downs

I CAN'T understand what Jack Good was thinking about when he said (DISC 26-7-58) that "Hard Headed Woman" was already beginning to drop in the American Hit Parade. On one chart it has risen to No. 1, and on another to No. 3, while on DISC's American chart it maintains its position at No. 1.

Personally, right from the first hearing, I was struck by the tasteful and well-balanced way in which the trumpet was used. They make a most exciting background to Elvis' magnificent delivery. I think the whole thing is superb.—(Mrs.) MAEVE ROSENBERG, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham, Glos.

(Our reader blows one of Elvis' trumpets.)

Climbing Conway?

I HAVE just bought Russ Conway's version of "Got A Match," backed by "Toby's Walk." I think this is the best record Russ has made to date, and I certainly wouldn't be surprised to see either side get in the Top Twenty. Congratulations to him, and to Geoff Love's backing with the orchestra.—JEAN PUTTOCK, Church Lane, Chelmsford, Essex.

(Russ produces his own "Match.")

Competition

MAYBE I can put the reader's mind at rest about the miming by artists to their own records (DISC, 12-7-58).

They mime simply because if they left it to the resident orchestra, they

would be blasted out of the studio. Nowadays British orchestras on TV do accompany singers, they compete with them.

The singer wants his record to sell, and for that he must be heard at his best—so he mimes to the record instead of being drowned by a BBC orchestra.—J. RICHARDS, Cypress Avenue, West Cross, Swansea, Glamorgan.

(Perfect studio balance as on the record cannot be maintained in the TV studio if artists are asked to move around. This is the main reason for this.)

Defence Force—1

IT'S about time your reader from Failsworth, near Manchester, who criticised the Army Game record, found a sense of humour. There hasn't been a better comedy recording since Stanley Holloway's "Sam's Records. Why shouldn't it be in the Top Twenty? After all, it wouldn't be there if it wasn't what the public appreciated.

And what exaggeration to say it is playing whenever you turn on the radio! I've noticed that when it is played it's usually in a request programme.—MARRION J. SMITH, 30 Avonvale Road, Mortlake, London, S.W.14.

(Let's not be too serious in our records.)

Defence Force—2

WILL you please inform "A Donegan Fan" (DISC 26-7-58) that people aged from nine to ninety watch and enjoy the "Army Game" and the record? It's one of the most



"I'm not one of his fans—I just needed a new tie."

popular and successful series on television. As for calling the stars "a gang of actors," may I inform the Donegan fan that Michael Medwin, Alfie Bass and William Hartnell have been established artists for years, and I'm sure that Bernard Bresslaw will soon become one of the brightest comedians on television's light entertainment.—"Army Game" fan, Mastyn Street, Wallasey, Cheshire.

(Just shows you what an attack on the army will do!)

First in line

AM I right in saying Lonnie Donegan's first record was "Rock Island Line" and that he has never won a golden disc?—not that he doesn't deserve one.—F. LAUNCHBURY, Frederick Road, Birmingham 6.

(Yes and yes.)

DISC PIC

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Photo Department, DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.4

BUDDY HOLLY
EARLY IN THE MORNING
 Q 72933 **CORAL** 45/78



THE KALIN TWINS

WEEK ENDING
 AUGUST 2nd

TOP TWENTY

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain

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

ONES TO WATCH:

- Wonderful Things — Frankie Vaughan
- When The Boys Talk About The Girls — Valerie Carr

Still steady at Number 5 in the Top Twenty is the KALIN TWINS recording of "When," but in the Juke Box Top Ten it has jumped to runner-up.

CONNIE FRANCIS still has two numbers in the Top Twenty, but her second "sorry" side, "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," is slipping.

JACKIE WILSON
I'm wanderin'
 Q 72932
CORAL
 45/78



American Top Ten

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

Last Week		This Week		Title	Artist
6	1	1	1	PATRICIA	Perez Prado
5	2	2	2	POOR LITTLE FOOL	Ricky Nelson
2	3	3	3	HARD HEADED WOMAN	Elvis Presley
4	4	4	4	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
1	5	5	5	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
7	6	6	6	REBEL - ROUSER	Duane Eddy
8	7	7	7	WHEN	Kalin Twins
3	8	8	8	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Sheb Wooley
9	9	9	9	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds
10	10	10	10	LITTLE STAR	The Elegants

ONE TO WATCH:

- Ginger Bread — Frankie Avalon

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for the week ending August 2nd)

Last Week		This Week		Title	Artist
2	1	1	1	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds
7	2	2	2	WHEN	Marty Wilde
—	3	3	3	HARD HEADED WOMAN	Kalin Twins
6	4	4	4	YAKETY YAK	Elvis Presley
1	5	5	5	RAVE ON	The Coasters
—	6	6	6	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Buddy Holly
4	7	7	7	OOH, MY SOUL	Everly Brothers
5	8	8	8	SALLY DON'T YOU GRIEVE	Little Richard
—	9	9	9	SPLISH SPLASH	Lonnie Donegan
3	10	10	10	ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE	Bobby Darin

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

Records from America

DANNY and the Juniors
DOTTIE

H.M.V. POP504 (45 & 78)

VALERIE CARR

(After midnight)
 When the boys talk about the girls

COLUMBIA DB4151 (45 & 78)

GEORGE HAMILTON IV
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'

H.M.V. POP505 (45 & 78)

LISTEN TO
'Records from America'

Introduced by **GERRY WILMOT**
 RADIO LUXEMBOURG
 EVERY THURSDAY 9.45-10 p.m.



COOL FOR CATS



Top picture: "Hey, number 4 girl, rub my feet," from "The Only Man On The Island." Bottom picture: "We have the right to love," from "The Right To Love."

DES SEES THE FUNNY SIDE

In spite of a knife in his ribs and rifles in his back

BACKSTAGE on "Cool" we've a tall, well-built chap who always looks as fresh as though he'd stepped out of an ice-box. He doesn't even look ruffled when our director hands him a disc and says, "Make something funny out of that."

On the air you never see him, only the work he does for the programmes. But now you're going to meet him. He's Desmond Hennessy, Canadian-born artiste who produces those pictures that we hope make you laugh when they're on the screen.

Like many humorists, Des is a quiet fellow with a brain that ticks day and night just thinking up the right little gimmick that may only last a second on transmission. He may have to devise a dozen or more of these little pictures for one number, and each has to fit some part of the song. I reproduce two of his latest ones, from "The Only Man On The Island," and "The Only Unlikely-sounding one," "The Right To Love."

Des was born in the "wild and woolly west" in Alberta Province, but he decided to leave about seven years ago and travel to Britain to study art. He signed on as a member of the crew of a cargo boat in Montreal, and nearly didn't get here at all.

His adventures started when he

was opening the valise containing most of his possessions on the rail of the ship about 80 miles out in the Atlantic. The ship rolled suddenly, and the bag flew into the water.

After calling at Odessa and Athens, Des left the ship at Naples. On his first night he was attacked by a Neapolitan knife gang, and was rescued by the local police with a stab wound in the side. He spent the night in the cells for "protection," and next morning left for Rome.

His travels led him to the border between France and Spain, where he crossed the frontier without any permits. A few miles along the road four dusty-looking guards on bicycles caught up with him, and steered him with their rifles at his back into France again.

In 1955, Des studied at a London art school before joining Associated-Rediffusion. Our director, Brian Taylor, looking for a new idea, asked him for some "captions"—as we call these pictures—for one number and liked them so much that Des has remained part of the permanent "Cool" team. Viewers apparently like them too, because we get lots of requests for more of these drawings.

When I asked Des for a portrait of himself he pointed to the caption for "The Right To Love," and said, "Take your pick."

NEW 'My Fair Lady' records Success for Marty Job for Kent

A COUPLE of weeks ago I predicted that songs by Julie Andrews from the original cast recording of "My Fair Lady," at present available only on Phillips' long-player, would be marketed on single labels.

That forecast has come true, and Phillips tell me that the first release will be "I Could Have Danced All Night" backed by "Without You." Although there's scores of "My Fair Lady" discs already on sale, Phillips apparently have been receiving many requests for single releases from their rather expensive but exclusive LP.

"**ENDLESS SLEEP**" has brought new success to Marty Wilde, but he's a really wide-awake boy who doesn't let an opportunity pass. Ever since this disc started climbing he's been anxious to get back to the Phillips recording studio to follow up his big hit.

I hear that Phillips A and R manager Johnny Franz has now fixed a date for Marty, and two titles will soon be taped. The numbers haven't been revealed, but the disc is due out between the end of this month and the beginning of next.

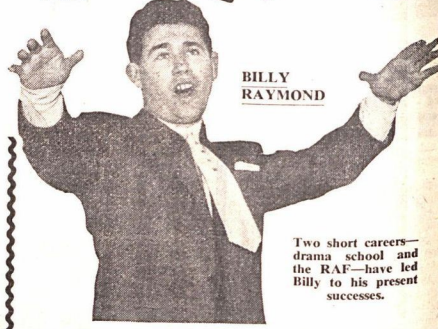
It was rather fun to be on "Who Knows" recently, a programme I once compered under its original title of "Answers Please." I was acting as holiday relief for Nick Barker, and that was a special reason for that engagement.

I'll shortly be missing a "Cool" session so that I can take a week's breather and forget show business. Standing in for me—incidentally at an R.A.F. camp location—will be Nick Barker, having his first fling at disc jockeying.

BUSY DAYS FOR BERT

I HEAR there's a new big note coming up from Britain's top guitarist, Bert Weedon. The present solo over hundred of recording sessions, is being replaced by a guitar which he's having made in Germany.

Delivery should be sometime this month, and I'm looking forward to hearing Bert pluck out a few sounds



BILLY RAYMOND

Two short careers—drainage school and the RAF—have led Billy to his present successes.

HEADING for STARDOM

MAKING his first appearance on "Cool" recently was 20-year-old Paisley bill Billy Raymond, who's heading for stardom with his initial HMV release, "Makin' Love." Billy's a really happy boy with personality plus and loads of talent, and I'm sure he'll make his way in the highly competitive field of pop singers.

He started out with ideas of becoming an actor, and studied for a time at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama at Glasgow. But they threw Billy out of there because he insisted on doing variety dates.

Actually, Billy was quite happy to leave as otherwise he might never have made London. When he arrived in the big smoke he walked into a theatre club in Leicester Square and 21 weeks' singing and comedy engagement which gave him a lot of experience and put polish on his act.

He's been heard lately on the BBC sound programme "The Night and The Music," and it was after his first broadcast that the Norman Newell of EMI, who was listening in, invited him to make a disc.

A spinal injury, the result of an accident three days after he had joined the Royal Air Force, ended Billy's dream of a Service life. "I think I had the shortest RAF career on record," he told me. "I was invalided out before I even got a uniform."

on it at the first opportunity.

Reason for having it made in Germany is because that country has the finest guitar manufacturers in the world. Also it's one of the few places that has a special, fine-grained wood that's so essential in a top-rate instrument. It will cost about £120, and there'll be another £100-worth of amplifier and electric pick-up added to it.

It's well known that Bert's the busiest guitarist in Britain, but just realise until he gave me this special one of his recent days.

He started with disc recording sessions at the EMI and Decca

studios. Then he backed a commercial television jingle and followed that by judging a guitar competition and playing at the Soho Fane. Finally, to wind up the day, he appeared at a West End cabaret the evening.

Recently Bert ended a ten-week engagement with Associated-Rediffusion teaching the guitar to kid viewers.

New record

"I received a fan mail of 5,000 letters," he told me. "It took me nine hours to open them, and I've replied to every one of them."

And those who've taken up guitar practice will soon be able to hear Bert featured in a new record which he's making soon. It's a British tune, but it hasn't a title yet.

He finds it hard to get good compositions for the guitar, but he's an accomplished composer. He has his own way out of that difficulty—he writes one side of his records himself, "Play That Big Guitar," "Jolly Gigolo" and "Twilight Theme" are three of his recent successes.

For budding guitarists, a tip from Bert: if you work hard you can get at the top in 20 years, or maybe 15 years if you're really exceptional. How do you make a living in those first 20 years?—Sorry, I didn't ask him that.

THESE I ENJOYED

* Never a week goes by without my mail being full of letters crying for a new Elvis Presley disc. Well, El is one star that need to write, as there's really no one else these days who never miss. I don't think he's done anything as good for a long time as "Hard Headed Woman," from his film "King of Creole," and high, this one looks a certainty for the top position any moment now.

out by London, and should go a long way.

* In quieter rocking mood comes "Enchanted Island" by the Four Lads (Philips).

* Another new British lad, Peter Elliott, has a possible hit with "Devotion" (Parlophone) given good backing by Tony Osborne and American group visiting this country next month are The Hilltopps, who've sent in advance of their arrival their new disc "Whistlin' Down The Lane" (Philips).

SEE YOU THURSDAY.

SPOTLIGHT

—by—
JOAN DAVIS

I FOUND Toni Dallì, dark wavy head thrown back, a glass of red wine in his hand, gurgling! "I always gargle with red wine," he laughed. "It's good for the voice."

It's not so many years back that Toni, eldest of a poor Italian family of ten, had to beg for food. "Mamma mia, I hope those hungry days never come back," he said fervently.

I think Toni, ex-miner, ex-breaklayer, ex-steel worker, need have no fear. He is the best thing that has happened since Mario Lanza.

When he appeared recently at the fabulous Las Vegas night club, and on the Ed Sullivan Show in America, many critics suggested he is the man to step into Lanza's shoes.

"But I don't think I sing like Lanza," he protested. "He is a romantic tenor in the Gigli tradition, I want to be a dramatic tenor, like Caruso."

Nevertheless, there is already talk in film circles of Toni appearing in a film on the life of Gigli, playing the part of the great singer.

His future looks assured in other directions, too.

His second record, **The Man With The Mandolino/Catari** will be out on August 15; in the near future there will be a Dallì LP, the contents of which are still on the secret list; he has a return visit to America, with another engagement at Las Vegas, and on several American TV shows; there are inviting morsels of bait in the form of Hollywood film offers.

But Toni, like our own Frankie Vaughan, wants to keep his roots in England.



MAX GAVE TONI HIS CHANCE

at an audience at the Embassy one night sat Max Bygraves. He was so impressed with Toni's performance he recommended his agent to hear him—and told him so by phoning him AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

"England gave me my chance in show business. I want to stay here, provided the opportunities come my way."

Let's take a closer look at the background of this handsome, 24-year-old Italian boy, who regards England as his spiritual home.

On the strength of one record, **Just Say You Love Her**, flipped with **If You Loved Me**, plus a few appearances on both sides of the Atlantic in cabaret and TV, this lad

"The remark cut me to the quick," chuckled Toni. "But I took the advice and got in touch with my cousin in Leeds asking if I might get a chance to sing professionally if I came to England."

"I tried to get a job singing somewhere, but it was no good and at the end of six months my permit expired, and I had to return to Pescara."

Toni had a bit more luck in his own country then. He entered singing competitions and managed to get a couple of spots in radio shows.

"Then I was out of work again," he recalls. "But one day in the

HE SANG OPERA on the 'SIX-FIVE' ...

looks like occupying the hard-to-fill shoes of the great Lanza.

His home background is similar. He came from a poor family who found it hard to make ends meet.

He was born Antonio D'Allesandro in Pescara, Italy, and until he was 11 years old, all his energies were bent on his becoming a motor mechanic. He used to haunt the Italian race tracks.

But a war was raging, and wars are no respecters of personal wishes, and in 1944 Toni and his family were just one of the little groups of fired, hungry refugees who left their homes, with pitiful bundles of personal belongings.

"Life was certainly hard," recalls Toni. "I used to have to do casual labour on the farms to make ends meet. And then, to make things worse, we were bombed out of our different homes by both sides, and the Germans as they advanced, and the Americans as they advanced."

Two great loves

By the time Toni was 17, he had two great loves—athletics and singing.

He won a road-walking championship, and used to try to scrape enough money out of his meagre earnings to pay for singing lessons.

"My friends used to ask me to serenade their girl friends under their windows for them. Sometimes, if their fathers liked my singing, I'd get a glass of vino. If they didn't, I'd usually get a jug of cold water thrown from the bedroom window."

Going back and forth to sports meetings, Toni would lead the singing on the coach journey. At one meeting Toni came last in a ten thousand metres race. Came a sneering voice from the grandstand: "Why don't you take up singing instead of running?"

labour exchange I saw an advertisement for miners, wanted in England."

Next we find Toni turning up in a miners' hostel at Mexborough, just outside Sheffield.

"The miners liked my voice," laughed Toni, "but they objected to working with Italians. So I left and got work in a Sheffield steel foundry. I stuck that for three years, singing in clubs and at charity concerts meanwhile."

One day Toni was singing in a cinema when he was spotted by Bob Goldstein, European head of Twentieth Century Fox, who advised Toni that he stood a much better chance of a bid for fame if he came to London.

"I had no money when I got to London, but I'd heard that London's streets were paved with gold!" he recalls.

Toni spent his time between singing at the Embassy Club, and washing dishes in a restaurant!

Then ... enter the Fairy Godfather ... in the guise of Max Bygraves!

Apparently Max caught Toni's act at the Embassy and was so thrilled with his voice that he rang up his own agent, Jock Jacobsen at three o'clock in the morning!

Jock signed him up, and booked him a date at the Astor Club, where fate once again stepped in ... this time in the shape of Frank Sennes and Wilbur Clarke, two Americans, who booked him for appearances at the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood, the Desert Inn, Las Vegas, and in San Francisco.

When you get famous columnists



... AND HE GOT AWAY WITH IT!

like Louella Parsons praising you to the skies you're really good: here's the sort of things the American critics said about him...

"Gals in the audience melted visibly as young Toni wooed and won them" ... "A special bouquet for Italian Adonis Toni Dallì, for whom we predict great things" ... "Dallì has the best voice this writer has heard in years ... even the waiters applauded him" ...

'One of our greats'

As we flicked through the Dallì cuttings book, Toni pointed out the testimonial of which he is proudest of all. It was a letter from Madame Rose St. Ember, recognised as one of the world's greatest operatic teachers. It said:

"Your voice is magnificent. Lanza is just an imitation, by his own claim. You represent the early Italian tone. I'm a very old lady, so I may, with propriety, say you are also very handsome, a great asset for a professional. Good luck, you will be one of our greats."

Two things that convince me that Toni is headed for greatness.

Recently, on a Sunday Night At The Prince of Wales TV show, Toni stopped the show singing **The Man With The Mandolino**.

That has never happened on a TV show. Even the producer suspected that more than half the audience must be members of the Dallì Fan Club, until he discovered that the club had received only four tickets for the show ... He was the very first singer ever

to sing opera on "Six-Five Special." Anyone who can do that and get away with it to wild applause must have a very special magic.

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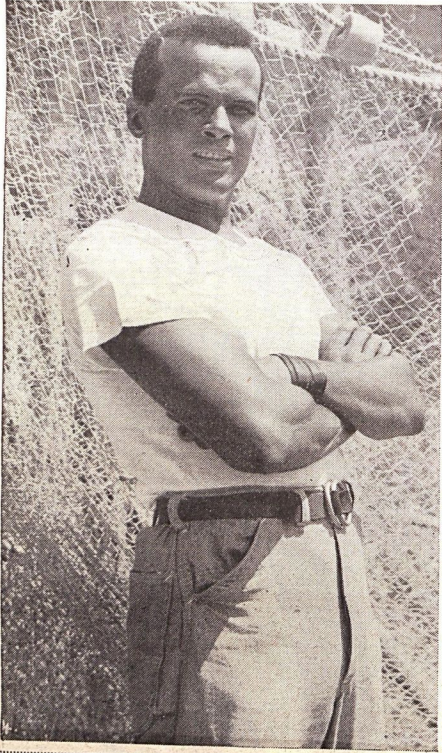
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Acting helped his singing

UNLIKE most singers of folk music, Belafonte hired a guitarist rather than play one himself. In this way he was able to have freedom for his hands, and so give the dramatic expression which he felt the particular song demanded. Also his acting ability was to stand him in very good stead in his future singing career. His appearance—plunging neck shirt and tight black trousers—coupled with his presentation, were to impress from his earliest showings. His treatment of such material as "Mark Twain," "Timber" and "Matilda" were establishing him as a performer of the highest calibre. Bookings came from every direction, and his value increased by leaps and bounds. By 1952, Harry received his first call to the MGM studios where, with Dorothy Dandridge, he made a film called "Bright Road." The film, for various reasons, never made any great impact, but it did further the name of Belafonte. Life was certainly good for Harry. Most important, too, he was getting paid large sums for what he enjoyed doing best. Belafonte states quite emphatically that he wouldn't embark on any venture now which was unsatisfying. Folk singing brought him all the rewards coupled with inner happiness.

Whilst at the Riviera Club in

New York, Belafonte was spotted during his performance by John Murray Anderson who was in the midst of planning a new revue. Belafonte's impact on Anderson was immediate, and he was signed forthwith for a leading role in "Almanac." With him in this production was Billy de Wolfe, and English comedienne Hermione Gingold. The year was 1953.

on stage

Harry was an outstanding success in "Almanac" and collected an award for his performance. Other producers saw Harry Belafonte in this show, and from it, and within months, he was much in demand with lucrative offers in his pocket. An offer to star in a further big revue, "Three For Tonight" came from this, and it was in "Almanac" that Otto Preminger spotted him and signed him for the now-famous lead in the film "Carmen Jones." Harry Belafonte had the theatrical world at his feet. Offers from every field came pouring in. He was at the top of his tree, and his experience has kept him there, so that today he is one of THE stars of world entertainment.

WELCOME

Two theatre tickets changed his life

A LONG-AWAITED event takes place next week-end when world-famous American singing star, Harry Belafonte, gives a week of concerts at London's Gaumont State Theatre from Sunday next, August 10, to Saturday, August 16, inclusive.

The advance interest in this great artiste has been tremendous, brought about by his pleasant-sounding discs, his few appearances in movies, and an unexplainable feeling that he is a "hell of a nice guy." He certainly commands a very big following, one that is largely due to his sheer artistry, rather than publicity ballyhoo.

Harry Belafonte was born in New York City on March 1, 1927. His home was a simple one, and he certainly wasn't born with the proverbial golden spoon in his mouth.

FIVE YEARS IN JAMAICA

His father, of Martinique origin, was a very hard working chef, whilst his mother was Jamaican born.

From his New York surroundings, young Harry was taken at the age of eight, by his mother to Jamaica. Here Harry was to spend five happy, youthful years and there is little doubt he acquired a considerable amount of the Jamaicans' cultural habits during that time.

Also, of course, he was to absorb the feeling for their music.

In 1940 the family moved back to Harlem, a place which, without doubt, seemed very different to the impressionable Harry Belafonte. Teenage scrambles were the order of the day, but Harry Belafonte could use his fists and look after himself with the best of them.

He studied hard, though without any aims of becoming an outstanding scholar, but all the while his dislike for the surroundings in which he was living gave him a demanding urge to get away from it all.

Harry by now was aged 17, and his country was in the midst of the Second World War.

ENLISTED IN THE NAVY

Though he hadn't completed High School studies, Harry decided to enlist in the Navy. Normally coloured men could only enlist as cooks or waiters, but Harry's capabilities on entrance were so high that he was sent on a special course at the Navy's storekeeper school.

During his two and a half years with the Navy, Belafonte was sent to the Hampton Institute in Virginia. It was here that he met a student of child psychology, Marguerite, and promptly fell for her in a big way.

But Marguerite, determined to pursue her studies to become a teacher, took four years of wooing

before she would consent to become Mrs. Belafonte.

Harry received an honourable discharge from the Navy in 1945. He had no real idea what the future held in store for him, but within him was a feeling of restlessness and urgency.

But one must work to live, particularly with a wife to support, and a child on the way. He did all sorts of labouring tasks, not the least of these being a handyman for a group of buildings in Harlem. He tackled every type of house maintenance job for the tenants.

down as a turning point in his life, it was that night he went to his first theatre.

The play, though not an outstanding production, gave Belafonte the urge to enter the theatre. What he saw seemed to be the answer to the demand for self-expression which was pent up within him.

He immediately took a serious interest in dramatics, and joined the New York Drama Workshop. Here he studied in company with such students as Marlon Brando and Tony Curtis.

He took part in a number of the

by Doug Geddes

Life has many tricks of fate and one was soon coming the way of Harry Belafonte. A tenant, in place of giving a tip, gave Harry a couple of tickets for a stage production by the American Negro Theatre.

Though a keen movie-goer, Belafonte had never seen a stage play before, but, rather than waste the tickets, he took advantage of them.

If anything could be pinned

Workshop's productions, not only acting, but occasionally singing as well. In the daytime he had to work in any job he could find. He studied hard both in the theatre (backstage as well as on stage), read books, went to lectures, and practised speech training and stage movement.

However, despite his increasing ability, work was not forthcoming in theatres outside the Workshop productions.

Belafonte arrives at London Airport with his wife and son, David, for his series of concerts.



BELOFONTE

Julie is Harry's second wife and she was formerly one of the famous Katherine Dunham Dancers. They have a young son David, seen in our picture of their arrival in London.



But Harry Belafonte knew that he had found his niche, even though it was going to take time to prove himself.

The owner of a club, who had heard Harry sing in a theatre production, urged him to sing for the club patrons just for the fun of it.

Harry learned some songs and entered into a two-week contract at 75 dollars a week. The money was

a godsend to the Belafonte household. Such a success with patrons the two-week stay was extended to one of 22 weeks.

Belafonte, the singer, had apparently arrived. *The odd thing, however, was that while he found the financial income more than useful, he didn't want to become a singer, yet offers came in*

from all directions, and the reward improved with each new contract.

But none of this gave Harry Belafonte the inner satisfaction for which he was still seeking. In December, 1950, he rejected all offers and quit singing as a profession.

With two friends he opened his own restaurant, The Sage, in Greenwich Village.

This work brought him into contact with all types of patrons, and he sang them a few folk songs during the course of their meals. In its simple way, this life was almost completely satisfying, but, alas, after only a few months the business crumbled. Harry had, reluctantly, to return to the big money and unwanted luxurious life.

But he made up his mind that if he was going to sing for his living, then he would sing the type of music which he loved best.

His interest in folk music had been on the increase, no doubt fostered by those early years in Jamaica. He found that there were few performers of this class of song who were able to give it full interpretation, and no doubt his acting experience aided him in bringing out the full value of every lyric.

A recording contract with RCA-Victor came his way, small TV dates became more and more frequent, and it seemed that the beginning of Harry Belafonte, the entertainer, was taking shape.

Along the road Marguerite and Harry decided for reasons of their own to separate. They were divorced, but reasons were never publicized, and we certainly would not probe them.

Harry has since married again to the attractive Julie, once a member of the famous Katherine Dunham dancers. They have a young son David.

'Carmen' put him on the map on film

A PART from his appearance in "Bright Road," the big film turning point for Belafonte was, undoubtedly, his selection for a starring role in "Carmen Jones."

This was the film that was not only to supply him with a perfect part, but one which was to register, quite firmly, on the minds of his British public the name of Harry Belafonte.

"Carmen Jones" gave him the right part, and Belafonte rose to the occasion and grasped the opportunity.

Playing opposite the lovely Dorothy Dandridge, Harry caused a sensation wherever the film was screened. Highbrows, who were a trifle shocked to think that Bigel's famous opera "Carmen" had been translated in this way, were soon won over when they saw the interpretation. The sound-track long-playing record became an outstanding success, and many of the buyers were the opera lovers rather than the general record collector.

Oddly enough, while mentioning the successful sound-track, though Belafonte had a featured role, he didn't sing.

None of the stars' voices, with the exception of Pearl Bailey's, was heard in the musical score. Operatic voices were dubbed in for the leading members of the cast.

But if the public were denied the Belafonte voice in "Carmen Jones," they were to be amply compensated in his next screen success, "Island in the Sun."

Once again, Harry found the ideal acting vehicle, playing opposite James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge, Joan Fontaine, and Joan Collins, but this time he was permitted to sing.

From it he also was to achieve another disc hit, for the title song was to become a Belafonte best seller.

When other commitments allow, there is always a certain future for Belafonte as a screen star of the first magnitude.

HE HATES THIS TITLE

AS a record star, Harry Belafonte has hit the jackpot on many occasions in the States, and his successes are not exactly unknown in this country.

Harry arrived on the disc map over here with that fascinating version of *Banana Boat Song*, a disc which he had made a considerable time before it actually burst upon us.

In fact, it had been reposing in the catalogues of his record company for a long period before it suddenly found the hit parade charts, but *Island In The Sun* was yet another resounding hit for him, and his

on disc

delightful *Scarlet Ribbons* took its healthy share of record sales.

Around Christmas time last year, Belafonte had one of his biggest hits in this country, *Mary's Boy Child*. The treatment was perfect and, no doubt, the time of the year made it an apt record choice.

He has several album issues, and the sales are always particularly satisfying.

Not singing strictly pop material, his records do not necessarily get the same high-pressure treatment. This sometimes means an absence most sometimes mean an absence from the hit parade charts, but Harry Belafonte's destinies are not ruled by No. 1 records.

It is odd that many of Belafonte's record successes have been in calypso, so that he has been dubbed in various ways as the "King of Calypso."

Nothing displeases him more than to have this tag, for there are many others who specialise in this rhythm, whilst he prefers to be associated with all types of folk music.

It is just one of those odd coincidences that the calypso has been so closely identified with him.

HARRY BELAFONTE ISSUES IN BRITAIN.

RCA
RCA 1072—Little Bernadette/
Danny Boy (Released this week.)
RCA 1007—Island In The Sun/
Coconut Woman.
RCA 1022—Mary's Boy Child/
Eden Was Just Like This.
RCA 1033—Judy Drowned/
Lucy's Door.
RCA 1035—Lead Man Holler/
Haiti Cherie.
10 inch LP RC24005—Belafonte
Sings Of The Caribbean.
12 inch LP RD27001—An Even-
ing With Belafonte.
EP RCX103—Best Of Belafonte.

HMV

(Either deleted or in the course of deletion.)

POP308—Banana Boat Song/
Jamaica Farewell.
POP339—Mama Looka Boo Boo/
Don't Ever Love Me.
POP360—Scarlet Ribbons / Hold
'em Joe.
10 inch LP DLP1147—The Versa-
tile Mr. Belafonte.
12 inch LP CLP1122—Mark
Twain.
EP 7EG8211—Calypso.
EP 7EG8259—Hello Everybody.

Belafonte really came to the notice of the movie-going public when he made "Carmen Jones" with the beautiful Dorothy Dandridge (right).



A scene from "Island In The Sun" (below). Left to right are Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte, Hartley Power, Patricia Owens, James Mason and Michael Rennie.



*YOUR WEEKLY**

DISC DATE

with DON NICHOLL

High time for the novelties

WITH the record factory holidays on us and almost a new releases to review, Disc Date comes down to a very brief meeting.

The summer season is always welcome in one respect . . . it gives the turntable a breather. And I can raise my head to look around at the general scene.

The first half of the year has brought some surprises, but fewer, on the whole, than were expected. With the absorption of rock, the heavy novelties have been having a high time—and it's particularly good to note some real fun in current hits like "Witch Doctor," "Purple People Eater" and "The Bird On My Head."

How long the novelties will last as a fashion remains to be seen, but one thing stands out. No single craze has taken over completely as did rock 'n' roll during its all-powerful time.

So record companies and song writers cast around for other items . . . Is there a slump or isn't there? The big disc bosses deny it—some of the big disc artists and managers affirm it—and the dealers seem to be split for and

against. Call it what you will—and I prefer to call it a levelling-off—the fact remains that something like four or five million fewer records will be sold this year than last.

And I don't think that's such a bad thing. An industry cannot exist in a state of hysteria for ever—and there was quite a lot of hysteria about the big boom.

I would like to believe that this was a time for consolidation rather than a time for head-shaking. A sales slide to a more normal level was bound to happen—and it happened rationally with the end of a trend. With the collapse of the rock 'n' roll craze when anything went.

Now the customers are shopping with more intelligence for their discs. The good LPs have given them a set of values which they will want to see upheld on pop singles. The more the purchasing public understands about recordings, the higher its standards become.

And whether that happens to be a cause or an effect of the slump-which-isn't, it can only be for the good of the game.

RATINGS

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

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



Vintage stuff from BILLY ECKSTINE who "spins like a top" through the "black magic" of "Vertigo."

ment. At times he seems to be too much in the midst of the music. I felt like beckoning him to step forward much of the while.

Buy the disc, however, and notice how the comedian is managing to infuse more warmth and meaning into his singing. The lad's no longer just a pretty voice.

BILLY ECKSTINE

Vertigo: In The Rain (Mercury M1224)*****
"INSPIRED" says the label "by the Paramount film 'Vertigo'." Such is the Livingston-Evans ballad

MUSIC in the AIR

Radio Luxembourg

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

AUGUST 7

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

AUGUST 8

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

AUGUST 9

7.00—Saturday's Requests.
8.00—Jamboree, with Gus Goodwin, your teenage disc jockey.
9.30—Scottish Requests.
10.00—Irish Requests.
10.30—Spin With the Stars.
11.30—Rock Jackson's Record Round-up.

AUGUST 10

7.45—Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr.
8.00—Mario Lanza Sings.
8.15—Calling The Stars.
8.45—The Duke's Discs, with the Duke of Bedford.
9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.
9.30—Cream of the Pops.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Chris Barber.
11.00—Top Twenty.

AUGUST 11

7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Monday's Requests.
9.00—Deep River Boys.
9.15—Favourites Old and New.
10.00—Jack Jackson's Hit Parade.
10.30—Pete Murray's Top Pops.

AUGUST 12

7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.

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

AUGUST 13

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

AFN

AUGUST 7

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

AUGUST 8

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

AUGUST 9

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

AUGUST 10

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

AUGUST 11

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

AUGUST 12

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

AUGUST 13

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

Frankie is quieter, but he's still good

FRANKIE LAINE

A Kiss Can Change The World; Lovin' Up A Storm (Philips PB836)****

A KISS Can Change The World was written for Frankie by Carl Eaugster, high-domed American musician who has been "adopted" in show business by Mr. Laine. (I hear that: Carl is also singing the song on disc).

And it sounds as if Frankie has picked a very good protégé, because

efforts of the past—but pleasing all the way.

For the flip, Frankie quickens the tempo and clips through Lovin' Up A Storm. Brisk offering here which will have you swaying.

THE G NOTES
I Would; Ronnie (Oriole CB1456)*

THE G Notes sound like a multiplication of Patience and Prudence. They chant childishly through I Would to a rickety-ticky backing, taking deep breaths every so often.

Nothing to get offended about, but very little to rave over either, I'm afraid. From Oriole's "American Series."

Ronnie is a slower, beat ballad. Here the tots chant to a card, clanging backing. They also intersect a couple of lines of dialogue.

More oley than coy.

HARRY SCOMBE

Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life; At The Balaika

(Philips PB840)****

BARELY within the scope of pop reviews, but a Sccombe disc is fore . . .

Harry's improved enormously since his first recorded efforts and I think there'll be few to carp at his powerful treatment of Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life.

The famous Victor Herbert ballad adds to it, wish they'd be fully enjoyed it needs a strong voice. Harry's got a strong voice. He's got a chorus and Wally Stott's orchestra.

At The Balaika has had some new lyrics added to it, wish they'd also added some more separation between Harry and his accompan-

which Billy Eckstine wraps his dark velvet voice around on this release. To a strong Latin rhythm Eckstine goes "spinning like a top" through a number which seems to have been designed as a latter-day "Black Magic." Unfortunately it doesn't have quite the compulsion of that old hit.

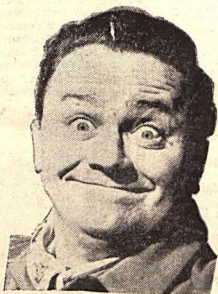
Good number for all that, with



"Yes, this is the organiser of the Paul Morris fan club."

Billy yawning happily and making his fans dizzy no doubt.

Vintage Eckstine stuff on the other deck as he slides through In The Rain. To an orchestral backing which makes the most of the idea. Billy sings of a past romance. Fills it with plenty of warmth for a good performance.



More warmth and meaning from HARRY SCOMBE in his powerful treatment of "Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life."

A Kiss Can Change The World is a very smooth number. Frankie fits it along in company with a girl orchestra. The Jimmy Carroll helps to make it the more diverting. Quieter than some of the Laine



reviewed by

JACKIE MOORE

BURL IVES
Children's Favourites
The Little White Duck; The Lollipop Tree; Mr. Froggie Went A-Courtin'; The Little Engine That Could.
 (Philips BBEL2175)

YOU don't have to be a child to enjoy this disc, though I'd recommend this for anyone looking for a record to suit a young nephew or niece.

This kind of record makes me glad I have a small son to give me

He seems to be a versatile artiste judging by the varied songs chosen for this disc, and he swings easily from the intimate, close-to-the-mike style to the Sammy Davis-type approach.

Janis has obviously been influenced by both Sinatra and Torne but when he has this smoothed out he will be quite a performer.



BURL IVES

an excuse to have the disc on my shelves. He may be too young to enjoy it, but I'm not!

Apart from the distinctive Ives way of putting over these adorable songs, there are attractive arrangements from the Percy Faith orchestra, and on Froggie Tony Mottola provides some superlative guitar accompaniment.

STEEL BAND
Selwyn Stephens And The Trinidad Southern All Star Steel Band
Alone; Man On Fire; Princess Charming; Last Train To San Fernando.
 (Nixa NEP24073)

SEEMS the Trinidad All Stars started in 1945 and were the winners of the 1954 Music Festival in Trinidad. Since then the members of the band have gradually drifted over here until now the entire band is living in Britain, and this disc was recorded here.

Despite the European-sounding titles the atmosphere is strictly West Indian. There is some great bongo playing from Errol Philip and the whole disc is a pleasant change. Mind you, I'll take you some time to recognise that last train to San Fernando.

JOHNNY JANIS
For the First Time . . .
The Way You Look To-night; I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'; If I Only Had A Brain; Get Out Of Town.
 (HMV 7EG8365)

FOR the first time, but certainly not for the last time, I hope Janis is in the Torne, Sinatra, Mathis class and what's more, he can really play that guitar he has strung round his neck.

On this disc he has just bass, drums (Osie Johnson, no less) and according to the notes there should be six violins around somewhere, but I couldn't find them.

THE SKYLARKS
Orchestra conducted by Buddy Bregman
Ridin' On The Moon
Ridin' On The Moon; Of Man River; Too Darn Hot; Singin' In The Rain.
 (HMV 7EG8364)

THE Skylarks are the vocal group who appear regularly in the Dinah Shore television show, and you probably also saw them when they were at the London Palladium with Betty Hutton.

On the sleeve notes, their leader, George Becker, makes it clear that they go for simplicity, not "wild, far-out, harmonic effects." The three boys and two girls like to sing their songs so that we can recognise them. Not that this makes them dull. Far from it. The group have a driving beat, well backed up by the Bregman band, and have thought up some pretty interesting harmonies, even on a hackneyed number like *Singin' In The Rain*. A vocal group de luxe, with a modern beat.

KENNY BAKER
Date With The Dozen, Part One
Bugler's Lament; There'll Never Be Another You; If You Were The Only Girl In The World; Whistle And I'll Come To You Blues.
 (Nixa NEP24074)

ONE date I always try to keep is with Kenny's "Let's Settle For Music" radio programmes, shows which keep up a standard of top arrangements from top musicians and which are never restricted to just one kind of jazz. I missed the pleasant voice of Wilfred Thomas, but otherwise this disc has just the same relaxed, swinging air of the radio shows.

High spot of the disc is the trumpet work of Kenny and Tommy McQuator on *Bugler's Lament*, but each track is good.



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Music from the soundtrack of the Frank Ross production

KINGS GO FORTH

LCT 6165



It's "holiday" spirit and it suits Michael right "down to the water." At every chance Michael Holliday takes a dip in the sea during his current stay in Blackpool.

LAST week-end was the time for fun and enjoyment.

Whenever possible, our readers got out and about and made the most of it. But whilst they were on holiday, the stars of the entertainment world found that it was business as usual.

Despite this, the stars still find time to enjoy themselves too.

Our team of photographers dropped in on them, and our centre pages this week are devoted to pictures of your favourites in less formal style.

THE STARS IN



In Weymouth this year is the exciting new vocal group, The Mudlarks. Here they are seen skylarking, or sand-larking! That cannot be a "Lollipop" that Mary is holding.



... except for poor old
It could only happen to our old friend thought he was in for a nice week confined to barracks and spud bashed will "get their clippings"

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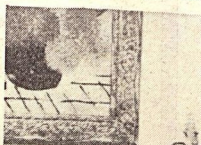
PARLOPHONE RECORDS

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Broadcasts and television keep Rosemary Squires in London town, but there is always time to slip into the park for that much needed sun and relaxation. (DISC Pic.)

Bed, as a form of relaxation, takes a bit of beating at any time. James Kenney finds this whilst working hard in "Expresso Bongo." (DISC Pic.)



JIM BACKUS
DELICIOUS

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HOLIDAY MOOD



David Whitfield is doing his summer season in Blackpool and, when permitted, he can think of nothing better than a quiet spot in the garden reading fairy tales to his young son. We cannot make out who is enjoying the story most!



If you don't want to do anything in particular in Blackpool, then there is nothing more invigorating than a trip along the pier. Though breezy, singing star Eye Boswell still has that enchanting smile for our photographer. With Eye is BBC personality, Jack Watson.

Charlie Drake tries on his hat and decides that this "is the last straw"! Since his new-found fame as a rock 'n' roll star, comedian Charite seems to have attracted some attractive fans in Weymouth.



Who hasn't tried roller-skating at some time or other and needed a helping hand to avoid that dreaded bump? Ruby Murray has the advantage of calling on the Four Jones Boys for the necessary assistance. Ruby and the Four Jones Boys are in summer season in Great Yarmouth.

Teddy Johnson doesn't mind where he spends his leisure moments, providing there is some scenery for his movie camera. Teddy, with his wife Pearl Carr, is in Great Yarmouth, and the nearby Norfolk Broads provide plenty of material for his film.

2 Hits from the States

EYDIE GORMÉ
★ Gotta ★
Have Rain

HMV POP513
(45 & 78)

FRANK GALLUP
★ Got a ★
Match?

HMV POP509
(45 & 78)



H · M · V
Records

EMI RECORDS LTD 8-11 GT. CASTLE ST. LONDON W1

old "Popeye"! Just as he and Bernard Bresslaw is looking after all! (DISC Pic.)

LILY WILSON
GET BY

FATS DOMINO
LITTLE MARY



HITTING ON THE STYLUS

by
Jackie Moore



FABULOUS—that's Jackie's verdict on the latest Sarah Vaughan offering.

SARAH VAUGHAN AT MISTER KELLY'S

September In The Rain; Willow Weep For Me; Just One Of Those Things; Be Anything But Be Mine; Thou Swell; Stairway To The Stars; Honey-suckle Rose; Just A Gigolo; How High The Moon. (Mercury MPL6542)

LIKE many great artists, Sarah Vaughan is capable of being fantastically good, or incredibly bad. On this disc, recorded at Mister Kelly's, a Chicago night spot, she is quite fabulous.

Completely relaxed, even to the point of improvising lyrics to *Willow*, when she sings like she does throughout this disc, no one else can touch her.

I'm not going to single out any one track because each one of them is great.

The Trio react to Sarah's performance in the best possible way, by surpassing themselves both in the backing phrases and the solos. If you don't buy this disc, you'll be missing 40 minutes of sheer bliss.

MARTIN DENNY

Quiet Village; Return To Paradise; Hong Kong Blues; Lenny Land; Similau; Stone God;

Jungle Flowers; China Nights; Ami Wa Furi; Love Dance. (London HBU1079)

THE Martin Denny group provide the music in a club in Hawaii, but this is no Hawaiian serenade. The group consists of piano, bass, vibes and bongos, and the sound is sophisticated.

Also around are glasses, cymbals and bamboo sticks all adding to the slightly tongue-in-cheek atmosphere on *Hong Kong Blues*. Very much cocktail music, not to be taken too seriously.

The cover notes mention jazz, but don't look for it on this disc. This would make ideal background sounds for one of those coffee bars smothered in bamboo, soft lights and waitresses dressed in pseudo-native costumes. But it's worth listening to anywhere.

THE HI-LOS

Love Nest

Dancing On The Ceiling; Yesterday; Impossible; But Beautiful; In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning; The Love Nest; This Heart Of Mine; Music For Lovers; My

Romance; The Lamp Is Low; Wait Till You See Her; Fairyland.

(Philips BBL7235)

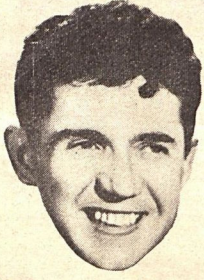
MAYBE like me you have been slightly anti-Hi-Lo recently. I had grown tired of those weirdy, weirdy noises and that strangled tenor, but after listening to this disc I have swung back to my original admiration for the group. I could do without hearing quite so much of their heavy breathing, but that's my only quibble.

On *Dancing On The Ceiling* they gently picking their way through the melody, then on *Yesterdays* they really get going with their very musically harmonic experiments, but still without going to the extremes they've been reaching on their recent discs.

The Hi-Los have found some less-often heard numbers for this disc, lovely songs including *But Beautiful, This Heart Of Mine* (which has a very effective change of beat half-way through) and *Music For Lovers*.

When the Hi-Los are at their best, as on this disc, you can listen to them for hours without ever growing tired.

Ray hasn't lost his touch—even in the States



Could Sonny James (above) become another Pat Boone?

RAY MARTIN and his orchestra Million Dollar Melodies

Love Is A Many Splendored Thing; Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend; True Love; High Noon; The High Ant; The Mighty; Colonel Bogey and The River Kwai March; Three Ccins In The Fountain; The Man That Got Away; Around The World; Ballad Of Davy Crockett; Unchained Melody; Love Is The Tender Trap. (Columbia 33SX1093)

RAY MARTIN has picked out 12 numbers from films, numbers which he thinks are worth a million dollars, of course, now that Ray is a resident of the United States.

Though Ray has changed his location, the music still has the same polished, lush Martin touch. As well as the orchestra, with some

LONG PLAYING REVIEWS

wonderful soaring strings, Martin has used a large chorus. These add interest to songs like *Three Coins*, which also has a trumpet solo which sounds astonishingly like Eddie Calvert.

My favourite is the *Man That Got Away* track which features a group of great trombones and a piano on the solos. This really sounds like a million dollars.

SONNY JAMES Honey

Honey; Over Somebody Else's Shoulder; You, You, You; That's How Much I Love You Baby; Honest And Truly; Sweetheart; Deed I Do; You're A Sweetheart; If I Had A Talking Picture Of You; Moments To Remember; I Love You So Much It Hurts; Goodnight Sweetheart. (Capitol T988)

SONNY deserts the rock and the country and western to concentrate on a straight, relaxed selection of standards, and with a little more luck James could be successful over here as Pat Boone. He

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. *It's All Over But The Swingin' Gypsy I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry; But Not For Me; Where's That Rainbow?; I Cover The Waterfront; Don't Blame Me; Better Luck Next Time; I Can't Help Lovin' Dat Gal; It Never Entered My Mind; Someone To Watch Over Me; I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face; Spring Is Here; I Can't Get Started.* (Brunswick LAT8248)

IF there are still people around who haven't heard Sammy Davis I would suggest that they go straight out and buy this disc. They just don't know what they've been missing, but a few spins of this long-player and they'll catch on. Davis still does his impersonation of Frank Sinatra on some of the slower ballads, as in *It Never Entered My Mind*, but since Sinatra he is very much an individual on the up-tempo numbers. No one else has quite the same vitality and punch as Davis in *Can't Help Loving Dat Girl*.

Davis has the kind of voice that can sound different with each different song, yet he still sounds like Sammy Davis.

THE CONFREY PHILLIPS TRIO

Swinging Down Broadway Gyp And Dolls; A Sleepin' Bee; Baubles, Bangles And Beads; A Man Doesn't Know; Without You I'm Nothing; Shall We Dance; All Of You; A Room In Bloomsbury; I Could Write A Book; The Next Time It Happens; Younger Than Springtime; Just In Time. (Decca LK4245)

CONFREY PHILLIPS on vocal and piano, with his brother Len on bass and Terry Arthur on drums, make up this easy-to-listen-to group. They take us on a trip down Broadway, reminding us of some top shows of recent years.

Included among the numbers are some which we haven't had a chance to hear over here, numbers like *A Sleepin' Bee* from *House of Flowers* and *The Next Time It Happens* from *Pipe Dream*, two lovely songs, especially the second. Calcutta-born Phillips has a very attractive voice which swings easily through these numbers, but it's his great piano playing which I enjoyed most on this disc.

has the same easy style and pleasantly pitched voice. He puts more meaning into the lyrics, too, so what's to stop him?

Sonny has a good steady beat on numbers like the oldie *If I Had A Talking Picture*, and holding the beat along is a chorus who contribute a lot towards the success of the disc.

MARGARET WHITING GOIN' PLACES

The Gypsy In My Soul; Sentimental Journey; Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home; I'm Gonna Move To The Outskirts Of Town; Gone With The Wind; Runnin' Wild; Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea; Over The Rainbow; Hit The Road To Dreamland; East Of The Sun; Song Of The Sinner's Son. (London HA-D2109)

MARGIE WHITING has always been going places but never quite got there as far as disc-buyers over here are concerned. A pity, because it means a lot of people don't know what they are missing.

Six of America's top arrangers, including Marty Paich, Pete Rugolo and Johnny Mandel, have gone to work on twelve songs in travelling vein. This mixture of talent means a much more varied disc than usual because each man has contributed his own, very individual ideas.

You get a punchy, big band version of *Song Of The Sinner's Son* with Margaret Whiting using all the power she can find, contrasting with the gentle *Over The Rainbow* emphasising guitar and vibes. One of the best things about Margaret Whiting is that she can make whatever she's singing sound so easy.



MARGARET WHITING is going places—according to her record reviewed in column 4.

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PHOTOGRAPHS

PHOTO FAVOURITE. This month's Stars: Elvis Presley—Tommy Steele—Mary Wilde. 10 x 8 glossy photographs each plus 6d. p. & p. Special this month. Free photo of Frankie Vaughan with each order received.—Photo Favourite, c/o 22 Norfolk Crescent, Sidcup, Kent.

TERRY DENE, Marty Wilde, Jim Dale, Terry Wayne, Wec Willis, Harris, Laurie London—again and again—his mind has been running over the very first auditions given to all these "sensational teenage discoveries" before they made their first appearances on "Six - Five Special," picturing them, some very nervous and very raw, as they were before their names became household words. The other day I could have sworn that the era of these dramatic discoveries and overnight successes had passed.

Not any more. Just yesterday I heard the most amazing first recording made by any teenage artist in Great Britain. Even as I play it over again for the hundred and first time, I still can't believe it. That this disc comes from Britain and not the States is fantastic—absurd. If this is not a bit, I have never heard one.

This whole startling affair began very quietly. Franklyn Boyd phoned me. Franklyn, a burly winger of the Show-Biz XI and vocalist on radio's "Sing It Again" programme, is a representative of Aberbach Music Publishing Company. He wanted to know if I had a moment to hear the first recording of a new discovery. I said "yes" but thought nothing much about it—just another promising beginner, I supposed. Round comes Frank and with a curiously triumphant smile puts on the first side. It was a goodish commercial

number, well recorded and fairly well sung—but nothing outstanding. Then he spins what he laughingly refers to as the "flip-side." Wham! This disc could sell 50,000 on its first eight bars alone.

It kicks off with a forceful, dramatic guitar phrase that runs an electric shock down the spine. In comes the drum, driving a vicious beat right through the heart of the number. Then the voice rides confidently over this glorious backing—a voice with an amazingly "non-imitative" style, considering that this kind of music ought by rights to be foreign to anyone who is not a native of the Southern States.

The diction is clear; the phrasing authentic, professional—there is a

real feeling for this country-and-western style. If this disc had been a product of Sun Records of Memphis, Tennessee—the original recording company of Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis—it should not have been surprised, but would still have rated it as important and good enough to be compared,

Just another beginner?

NO—this boy is really terrific!

if you didn't know, you'd think Cliff Richard was straight from America, he's so good

though not, of course, on equal terms, with those two giants of the beat.

But when one considers that this is the product of a 17-year-old boy from Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, the mind just boggles. This, however, is by no means the end of the whole fantastic story. The backing of the drums and guitar to which a second guitar and bass have been added is also by young local lads. When you hear this backing you will find it as hard to believe as I did. There is more yet. This great number, titled "Move It," was written by the young guitarist of the trio, a quiet red-headed boy named Samson. All of which just knocks me out.

So I wanted to audition the group that very day. Not a chance. They're all out at work. The vocalist, Cliff Richard, is employed at Ferguson's—the radio firm in Enfield. I had to wait until the following evening. To tell the truth, I expected that somehow the record would turn out to be a fluke. Maybe this was just a lucky attempt which would never be repeated. Or perhaps A. and R. man Norrie Paramor had done a very crafty bit of tape surgery and made one excellent track out of a number of indifferent takes.

NO FLUKE

But in any case, however good the boy was sound-wise, it would be too much to expect that he would have anything visually. He would probably look ghastly. I reflected, in which case, as far as television was concerned, there would be no deal.

I spent the following day wondering what this boy would really be like, hoping against hope that

he would be the raw material for production. For even if he had the sound and the looks, if he didn't have the intelligence and the right approach, there was nothing that could be done for him.

The time came for the audition in a block of studios near Leicester Square. Running up the flight of stairs I could just catch the strains of the number I had been spinning on disc for the last couple of days. It was good. That much wasn't a fluke at least. As I opened the



by **JACK GOOD**
of 'Six-Five' and 'Oh Boy!' fame

door of the tiny studio the sound boomed out and there were these three boys whipping up a storm.

They all looked so very young. Especially the singer. He was of average height, very slim, with finely drawn features. His half-Indian descent explained the dark hair, the big dark eyes, as well as the slightly olive colour of his complexion. As he ran through five or six numbers it became clear that he did have a natural feel for this kind of music.

But there was nothing like the polish and presence and punch of a Marty Wilde. This is something

that can only come with experience and serious rehearsal—plus, of course, a star personality. Whether he will make this grade remains to be seen. There was no doubt, however, that these boys could make a very big impact on television with their first number, "Move It."

So it was arranged that they should make their television debut on the first "Oh Boy!" show, September 13. The name to remember is **Cliff Richard** and the **Drifters**. You could be hearing quite a lot more from them.

You're wrong, Pete

LAST week Pete Murray took me to task for saying that Presley would not have been backed by a big band on "Hard Headed Woman." Now Pete is a man whose opinions I always respect even though I don't always follow his reasoning. But this last broadside went over my head completely. Let us try to analyse what Pete has to say.

Argument number one: Pop music has "no profound meaning to it." Therefore its popularity depends on "the particular sound" appealing to its listener. Rejection of this sound kills the artist's popularity.

This is a false argument, depending on the groundless assumption that the appeal of pop music had to be either its "profound meaning" or "its particular sound" with no other possibilities. Actually pop music can appeal for any one of a hundred reasons. Cute lyric, the fact that it is sung by an eight-year-old—anything. Perhaps the most common appeal is that of a singer expressing, not a profound meaning, but an exciting personality. This is the case with Elvis, Frankie and Johnnie.

The appeal of the backing is subsidiary to this, and shouldn't class with it. This was what I originally tried to say.

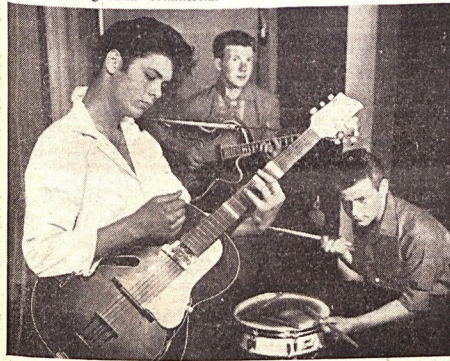
Argument number two: "Something new has got to be found for the best singers to retain their popularity," and so Presley "is

right to experiment with a big brass backing." Another false argument, depending on the groundless assumption that an artiste retains his popularity for as long as he "finds something new" in the superficial sense implied in changing one's backing.

Pete then goes on about the fickle record-buying public, kid stars, squares, elder brothers and courting, with a good deal of feeling but little relevance. But all these comments have one thing in common—none of them concern Presley's backing in "Hard Headed Woman." According to Pete:

- (a) *Jack Good must not live in the past with the vulgar blarings of a solitary tenor sax (never a part of Presley's backing anyway).*
- (b) *Frank Sinatra didn't stand still (by this I assume is meant that he was continually changing his backings in a desperate search for something new).*
- (c) *Jack Good must not live in the past with the vulgar blarings of a solitary tenor sax (never a part of Presley's backing anyway).*
- (d) *Frank Sinatra didn't stand still (by this I assume is meant that he was continually changing his backings in a desperate search for something new).*

All of which doesn't alter the fact that the big band noise in "Hard Headed Woman" is a noisy drag.



MUSIC for DANCING

HERE, for our readers who like to face the music and dance, is our monthly round-up of strict-tempo discs, with, this week, a few records of special interest to those who like their dancing country style.

STRICT TEMPO
On HMV POP512, Sid Phillips and his band swing their way through two quicksteps. When **Irish Eyes Are Smiling** and **What Can I Say?**

Regular visitors to London's Hamersmith Palais will already know the **Phil Tate Orchestra**, on Oriole CB1450, in the Dance Teacher's Strict Tempo Series. Phil has chosen a foxtrots, **Long Ago and Far Away**, and a tango, **Love Is a Fairy Tale**.

If you prefer a waltz, Victor Silverster plays **Cry My Heart** on Columbia DB4103, backed with **Magic Moments**, a slow foxtrots. Also on Columbia, this time CLP1189, Johnny Keating and his orchestra play **Favourite American Dances**, including the Charleston, the Lindy hop and the hoksey-pokey.

KWELA
For the original kwela rhythms and for instructions on how to dance kwela jive, get HMV

7EG 8369, which has the Shambler boys and girls, plus the **Benoni Flute Quintet** with four kwela numbers.

PAUL JONES
Norman Grant plays rumbas, sambas, pasa doble and jive on Esquire ST EP 4. It is a pleasant change to come across a Paul Jones with a Latin American beat, and you'll enjoy this one.

SAMBAS AND BAIAO
Brazilian beat from **O Brasileros**. The authentic samba rhythm as played by a group of top Brazilian musicians makes for good listening as well as dancing.

IRISH AND SCOTTISH DANCING
The dance which crops up at every deb's party, the Gay Gordons, gets the true Scottish touch on Parlophone R4422, when Jimmy Shand's band play such tunes as **My Native Highland Home**.

On Beltona LEP55, **Fred Hanna's Scottish Special** has the band playing Scottish reels and jigs with gay abandon. Just to show there's no bias, Fred Hanna and the band turn to **Irish Reels and Marches** on Beltona LEP56. J.M.

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

IN HIS OWN DEFENCE!

In taking up the Editor's offer to record my views on the adjoining outburst from Messrs. Kennedy and Edwards, let me first make one thing patently clear: I am not here to launch any personal vendetta.

The last thing I want to do is to descend to a shabby brawl in print. I've made my criticisms, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Edwards have thought it necessary to pen in reply, a criticism of me. And the Editor of DISC has rightly decided to let me have a defence to my attackers and to get it over now and so prevent that sad sight of a controversy dragging on week after week.

To begin with, both these gentlemen amaze me by the way they leap at the assumption that my criticisms are levelled at them.

"... if we are the people who are wrecking show business..." they pout.

But of course you are not wrecking show business, gentlemen...

It's the methods which you adopt from time to time, the methods perpetrated by publicity agents up and down the land, that are doing the damage.

And it is no good pleading that you are bright, enterprising young newcomers, breezing into the fields with ideas as fresh as dew.

Nobody denies or argues with that. It is the ideas you are bringing in which cause the argument.

They are the ideas which just as

In "The Times" last week a series of Hong Kong newspapers advertised a vacancy for a horticultural correspondent. We suggest you reply. Because, with respect, it is obvious you know no more about show business than you do about irrigation in Indo China.

We are two of the publicists who go the great broadside of bilge fired at them last week from the corny keys of your typewriter. What a wonderful thing it is to see such a pillar of morality fighting his way through the morass to uphold the dignity of the entertainment industry. But what a tragedy that he should talk such tripe.

My dear Mr. Gayne, if you are the people who are wrecking show business, how do you place the Mr. Ten Per Cents who operate from the back alleys of Soho, eager to make a fast buck out of singing mice or quick-fire canine comedians?

Apart from a handful of internationally reputable agents, those back alley boys were the people who three years ago were watching the industry die.

Then a corps of young, enterprising people blew into the field. They came in with ideas as fresh as dew. They smashed artists' names into headlines, filled theatres with new talent. They demanded and got huge salaries for unknowns and rightly took their dues from the incomes.

Publicity men, like ourselves, geared their imaginations to concert pitch to provide the stunts that would keep their clients

efficiently well sell paints... or soap powders... or vacuum cleaners... or hostesses. They are fine, bristling, salesmen's ideas that could sell refrigerators to Eskimos.

But they are being used to sell human beings.

Assembly line

And so, they are fast turning more and more of the business into a series of cold assembly lines. Take a youngster with even the merest hint of talent, find a personality to fit him, dress him in keeping with it, give him a history in keeping with it, wrap him in a reputation that is in keeping with it—and then go out and sell him.

Oh, I know they tell I know that for a giddy spell the public buys, and buys, and buys until it is

sick and it revolts against them. And when the public does revolt there is always another, a new style, a new personality, a new reputation... a whole new outfit, in fact, ready to take over.

You call it having fresh blood to inject into the business.

I call it the cheapening and spoiling of a fine and wonderful craft. Gentlemen you also surprise me by the way in which, unable to find which suitable factual ammunition with which to bombard me, you sling mud.

And you do it with sneers and digs about "bread and butter reporters who make great newspapers possible..." and about "cushy, gimmick picture paper jobs."

Normally that sort of jibe is treated with the silence of contempt which it deserves. But as far as it

"... Publicity agents' horseplay is turning a deep-rooted and fine profession into a laughing stock..."

That's what John Gayne wrote two weeks ago, and the result was this fiery letter from JOHN KENNEDY and JOHN EDWARDS, who handle Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde and Colin Hicks

always in the news and therefore before their public. It is people like these who are responsible for your salary. They have created the renewed interest that has made it possible to launch DISC.

We have no idea what your experience is in the Fleet Street jungle. We don't mean the cushy, gimmick picture paper jobs but the often murderous assignments of the bread-and-butter reporters, who make great newspapers possible. You know the people we mean, the ones you suggest are so dim-witted they can be tricked into believing stunts are genuine. Dear, oh dear! Do take a closer look at these people Mr. Gayne, we are sure you would be surprised.

How many times have you been tricked? If it is too embarrassing to recall, don't bother to answer.

Wake up Mr. Gayne. Try to understand that show business is sustained by stunts. Take a good look through DISC every week and figure out how many stunt-stories you carry in good faith, or maybe you would like us to point them out to you.

As we see it, there are two courses open to you. Continue to talk through the hole in your head or get yourself a good press agent to tell you how to say the right things at the appropriate time.

Yours truly,
JOHN KENNEDY,
JOHN EDWARDS.

affects me personally, this time I'll descend to answer it.

Gentlemen, I have already often murderous assignments of Fleet Street, than you two together will ever know. (And I'm still far, far too young to be father to either of you.)

I was earning my living in newspapers as a reporter learning his craft, when you were both still in school.

Hard experience

I went through the school that produces true newsmen: hard experience, and with a better-than-average education behind me. I've gone through the mill and come out where I am today with 15 hard years in the jungle of journalism behind me, eight of them in Fleet

Street dailies and evenings.

There are not many types of journal on which I haven't worked. There are not many types of story I haven't had to get, from jumble sales and garden fetes to murders, cabinet crises, revolution and elopement.

I've been shot at and beaten up by gangsters and rebels and still got my story. And I've crawled back to my office without being beguiled out of it by an even more silvery tongue than my own.

And it might as well you feel better if I admit that of course I've been tricked by stunt stories. What reporter at some time or other hasn't been?

Did you think that you two first thought out the idea of stunted gags for getting free publicity?

Why, stunted publicity stories about show people were being perpetrated—with the blushing connivance of Fleet Street—long before either of you were even thought of!

But they were publicity stunts about performers. The nauseating playing with human lives that has become the rule today.

Great performer

Well now, I've heard your assurance that when Tommy Steele finally gets married, you won't be stage manager. Fine!

He's a fine lad, within him the makings of a great, truly international performer, who'll bring money into his pockets and honor to his associates, and prestige to British show business.

For your hand in finding, grooming, selling, and promoting the meanest would deny you any proper credit. But don't go on to do anything that will also earn you the credit as his executive manager. The show business is not sustained by stunts, nor is my salary paid by them.

Show business is sustained by a constant striving by those already in it to be better, go on deserving the public's applause and so stay there, and by youngsters outside striving with enthusiasm and talent to get in.

It is also, in a smaller way, helped to be sustained by characters like me—talking through the hole in our heads and saying, when we sincerely feel it, the WRONG thing for some, which is so much the RIGHT thing for so many others.

When someone succeeds in stopping up the holes in these heads—and it has been tried before, it can be tried again—then take it from me: it will be a sad, sad day for you, too, gentlemen.



'HER NIBBS' MISS GIBBS

See her, and be converted!

work to be had in Boston, and a firm contract clinched her decision to make a permanent move.

Soon she was to become a popular club artist with a steady flow of work coming in from other directions. Television dates, theatre and club work were all forthcoming. Her first recording dates came around this time, too.

To further her experience she decided to become a featured vocalist with an orchestra. Useful touring was the outcome, and all the while she was getting the feel of audiences in different areas.

During her travels she was spotted by bandleader Richard Himber, and he persuaded her to join his unit. With him, and from then on, she was soon in line for all the top radio shows. It was on one of these shows, with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, that she received the nickname "Her Nibs."

Though life was busy, Georgia Gibbs still had the capacity for more work and so, in addition to her radio stints, she was

adding up further successes in an engagement at New York's "Cafe Society."

Soon she started to make the really big time. Her song *Shoo Baby* caught the public's fancy, and she was enjoying hard-earned fame for herself.

Her decision to go solo was a wise one, and she received acclamation at every stop. Her sense of comedy, too, proved useful, and she has worked with a great degree of success with most of the funny men of American show business.

But there was no doubting her own ability as a singing star and, though she refused to commercialise her style, her dynamic personality and vocal interpretations put her way up on top.

It is largely her personality that has maintained her popularity on television, despite frequent appearances.

Her early records in the States made little impression, but her transfer to the Mercury label soon changed that state of affairs. Georgia has had a string of successes in the States, with titles as *Kiss Off Me*, *Tweedle Dee*, *Dance With Me*

Henry, Sweet And Gentle and I Want You To Be My Baby. Unfortunately, the formula hasn't worked in the same way on this side of the Atlantic. Even her previous visits to this country haven't yet given her the real recognition that her work deserves.

Those that have been fortunate enough to have seen Georgia Gibbs have welcomed her as the Americans did. A hit record would soon make her tops here, but it was when that might come along!

However, as I said, Georgia Gibbs is here to appear on television. Maybe, as was the case with Perry Como, the public will at last acquire a taste for this tip-top singing star when they see and hear her. So, if you haven't seen her on previous visits, then I advise you to make a point of seeing her in "Saturday Spectacular," this coming week-end (August 9).

Georgia's newest single release on Mercury is *Arrivederci Roma* coupled with *Twenty-four Hours A Day*, but there is also a wealth of enjoyable LP material by Miss Gibbs. May I just suggest such LPs as *Swingin' With Her Nibs*, *Georgia Gibbs Sings The Oldies or Her Nibs*, *Miss Gibbs*. They are the recorded treat of some of her best material by a singer much too underrated in this country.

Mervyn Douglas

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OVER THE BORDERS

With **PETE MURRAY**

★ ★ ★

THE Sam and Pete disc jockey try-out show, with Sam Costa and yours truly, has been and gone. It would be unbecoming for me to discuss the merits or otherwise of this show. That's the job for the critic at the receiving end. Certainly the kids in the studio enjoyed themselves. And so did we. It's always exciting, working with Jack Good. Jack has the knack of making even the most ordinary situation into an unusual one.

And as for Sam, I've appeared with him on numerous occasions and we work well together. Both of us know that we can go "off script" without upsetting the other. And luckily we both like the same



DON LANG is looking bronzed from the Blackpool sun and opulent from record royalties.

brand of humour. Just as well.

This programme also gave me the opportunity of renewing a friendship with my old mate, Don Lang, who was our guest star. Don was looking bronzed and fit. He has been playing a lot of golf up in Blackpool, and he looks more opulent than ever with his record royalties rolling in a spanking new pink Cresta car and a little run-about for the missus.

Don and I also discussed the attributes of the assorted females that went to make up our audience. Jack very wisely had made a previous trip to Manchester to select his audience and a very pretty bunch they were, too. I believe that the average English girl is the most attractive in the world. An opinion that is shared by much wider travelled men than Don and I. Now that they are dressing themselves tastefully there is just no beating them.

Altogether they were a very nice bunch of teenagers, with tastes that certainly surprised us. It would seem that the 16- and 17-year-old fan is as much interested in Sarah Vaughan and Frank Sinatra as she is in Pat Boone and Elvis Presley. Incidentally, these kids weren't intellectuals but from ordinary middle and working-class homes.

Something else that intrigued me was their interest in LPs. "I haven't bought a 45 or a 78 since Christmas," said one girl. "If I want to hear them I play the juke box at our local cafe. You soon get fed up with them. I save my money now and buy an LP once every six weeks."

Could this be the answer to the

- Don's on the Crest-a of a wave
- Steele risks a baton charge
- Teddy improves with age
(and Pete feels his age)

present slump in the record industry?

CONFESSION

SOME rude remarks were directed at me about my dancing on the "Six-Five Special." They called me square and, unkindest of all, "too old." I was, therefore, delighted when that hip-swinging, guitar-strumming rocker, Marty Wilde, was asked to dance by one of his fans. He blushed ruefully, and said, "I can't jive, but I'll do my best." It made this old man feel a lot happier. In the meantime I shall keep taking the pills.

Marty was accompanied by his publicity man, John Edwards, who also looks after Tommy Steele. John was telling me of some of the hitherto unpublished pranks that young Thomas has got up to from time to time. Like when the now-famed manager, Larry Parnes and John Kennedy, were talking on stage behind the scenery and continued to do so till audience laughter stopped them in their tracks. "Show's going well, tonight,"

they thought. And how! They were the reason! Tommy had arranged with the technician to have the scenery flown and there they were in full vision of all!

Another time Rikki Fulton had to throw a large pie at Tommy. In the script Tommy had to duck and was supposed to angle himself so that the pie would fly harmlessly into the wings. Well, came the gala night when everyone arrived in full evening dress. This was just up Master Steele's street—this time he angled himself into a different position. Poor Mr. Fulton could see the implications, but he had no alternative but to throw the pie. He did. Tommy ducked, and it landed smack in the orchestra leader's face and dripped slowly down his brand-new evening dress. That was the nearest that Tommy Steele had ever been to a baton charge.

★ ★ ★

RECUITE music, things are very quiet right now. I think there's one disc, however, which stands head and shoulders above all the others this week. It features one



TEDDY JOHNSON: Hit record?

of the most underrated singers in the country—Teddy Johnson. A few years ago Teddy had a couple of very big hits, "Beloved, Be Faithful" and "Tennessee Waltz." Since then things have been sort of quiet for Edward, despite some great waxings both alone and with his wife, Pearl Carr. Like a good wine, Ted has improved with age—his latest record really swings to a "fab" arrangement by Laurie Johnson (no relation) and that superb modern vocal group The Polka Dots. Added to this is a soothing, relaxed Johnson. If I say any more I'll run out of superlatives. Have a listen yourself. Blimey! I nearly forgot the title—"Merci Beaucoup" (Nixa).

They've earned their break

SCOTLAND has a television phenomenon—it's called "The One O'Clock Gang." If you're English, I doubt if you've heard of the show. If you're Scots, you're out of the swim if you haven't.

To explain—for the benefit of Sassanach chums—this lunch-box show started as a half-hour daily bit of free-for-all and ad-lib session for a funny-faced little man called Larry Marshall and a few aides.

The aides have varied—but Larry Marshall has rolled right on. The most competent aide is Sheila Mathews, Associated-Rediffusion's former "Friday Girl," a blonde girl with a bubbling personality and a pleasing enough voice.

Now the lunch-time show, which might well be called "The Larry Marshall Show" were it not for the fact that it would then lose its gimmick title, has stretched to 40 minutes.

This week, however, the "One O'Clock Gang" air-time is occupied by a stand-in show called "Summer Fair" which features three artists I have written about in the past few months—comedian Andy Stewart, and singers Alistair McHarg and Sheila Paton, by far the best song team this side

of the Tweed, and most assuredly very top singing stars with even higher to shoot yet.

"The One O'Clock Gangsters" are on a three-week holiday. They have earned their break. But not nearly as much, in my opinion, as the musical group in the programme, The Tommy Maxwell Quartet.

They are the most professional thing about this show. In the turn they are accorded—V.I.P. treatment that every member of the Gang gets.

Unless they were actual soloists in their own right, these boys would never expect this. But they're almost as well known individually as Marshall and his team.

Being a Gerald-o-picked quartet, they are a select group. There's Tommy Maxwell himself, leader on drums, the Dumbarton, who is, in fact, the only Scot in the quartet; Arthur Jones, organ and piano, reckoned by his mates and even more detached judges as one of the top organists in this country; Ronnie Moore, guitar, from

OVER THE BORDER

by Murray Gauld

Yorkshire, ex - Squadronaires, Joe Loss and Lon Fraser, who joined the quartet almost by accident; and Frank Harrison, the crew-cropped Midlander who plays bass and gets called "Scrubber" by all the Gang and half the kids in the street because of his crew-cut.

"Scrubber" has had plenty of experience with big bands, too. With the Malcolm Mitchell big band and Trio, Joe Daniels's big Disieland Band, the Eric Winston Orchestra and the Don Smith band at Luton (which now plays at the Oxford Galleries in Newcastle-on-Tyne).

In fact, these boys have all had real experience. Maxwell, a draughtsman before he joined the RAF and a musician when he left, is another ex-Squads—and when you remember the days of the popular Scott Jimmy Miller, their founder-leader, which Squad wasn't a Scot?

Arthur Jones played for nine years at Ears Court through all the big shows there—and would

obviously have been much better known nationally if he hadn't plumped for the security of that tenure. Arthur does all the arranging for the Quartet.

"Scrubber," who gets married during the break, has probably had the strangest and most varied career of the lot. His "beat" has ranged from the Big Modern stuff of Malcolm Mitchell to his intimate swinging Trio to Disieland; and—most bizarre of the lot—to a string quintet on the "Carnavon Castle" on the African route for nine months.

Week after week, from the

first week in September, 1957, till last Saturday, these four boys churned out six or seven numbers a day for five days a week. That included two featured numbers of their own; and backing for four or five numbers by the featured singers.

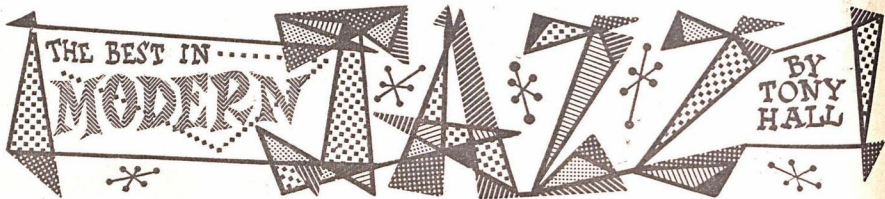
It meant rehearsals from 9.15 to 12.15 or later; transmission 1-1.40; then rehearsals again from 3 to 4 in the afternoon.

Tommy says: "I don't know how many numbers we've gone through in that time. Naturally, we have to repeat sometime—there aren't that many evergreens around to keep playing."

Week after week, from the

THE TOMMY MAXWELL QUARTET at work.





Tony Hall is on holiday and sends us this not-so-serious survey of the scene in the South of France

THEY'VE GONE POTTY ABOUT THE PLATTERS

gone potty about the Platters. I think they must make special "cover job" discs for this particular market. For instance: Don't Let Go and Are You Sincere. I can't recall their versions being issued in England.

I've seen some wonderful spelling mistakes on the juke-boxes. Names like EDMUNDO ROS, THE PLATTERS, FRANKIE LAINE and GLEEN MILLER. Some of the song titles intrigued me, too. For example: I Am Just a DANCING Partner, Take Me In Your ARM (by Jean Rhodes!), That Is My Girl, In The Still of The NIHT, Don't Let It HAPPLE Again, and Give Me a Carriage With EIGHT WITHE Horses!

Among the British artists whose discs are in the boxes: the above-mentioned Mr. Ros (Melodie D'Amour—a big hit here, I be-

lieve—and Colonel Bogey, which sounds so funny when whistled by French schoolchildren who are blissfully unaware of the well-known words!) and Tommy Steele (Handful of Songs/Water, Water).

I have also heard Petula Clarke discs and seen albums in the shops by Frank Chacksfield and the Johnson brothers. Incidentally, these boxes have special sections—New Discs, Hits of Yesterday, Jazz, etc. On the jazz list (dare I say it?) are Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, Fats Domino and (of course!) The Platters. Oh yes—and Stan Kenton's Peanut Vendor!

If you're heading this way for your holiday, be sure to wear one of what they're wearing here. Boys, for Pete's sake don't bother to bring any suits. You just won't want to wear them. All you

need are short shorts and sharp shirts for the day time; tight trousers (mainly poplin) and either long-sleeved wool shirts or sweaters at night. Most colours: vivid blues and reds.

Most of the girls seem to go in for the same sort of outfit.

I ought to warn you that prices are up this year. Various taxes have put about 20 per cent. on almost everything. A good meal (including wine and tip) costs about 15s. A not particularly palatial

"The Platters," as they are called in the South of France, are fanatically popular, but with tunes not issued here.

hotel (with three good meals) will set you back about £3 10s. per day.

And, if you're wise, you'll bring currency with you, rather than travellers' cheques. The exchange rate in London gives you nearly 2/6 extra in the pound. So, you'll spend some hard-earned money. But, by golly, it's worth it. My girl friend tells me the weather has been lush almost every day since I left London. All I can say is: please excuse me if I close for now. I'm getting me to go for a swim to cool off! Mesdames et Messieurs, à toute à l'heure. In other words... like, later, man!

REVIEWS

CHET BAKER BIG BAND
A Foggy Day; Mythe; Worrying The Life Out Of Me; Chet; Not So Slow; Play It Blues; Darn That Dream; Dinah's Little Tenderly.
(12in. Vogue LAE12109)

IF you heard Chet's last LP ("and Crew") it is basically the same quintet (Phil Urso, Bobby Timmons, Jimmy Bond, Peter Littman) plus six others on three tracks, four on the rest. Bill Pepper (solo), Bud Shank, Art Perkins, Conte Candoli and Frank Rosolino are heard only in section. The main soloists are Chet, Urso (on tenor and alto), Bob Burgess (trombone) and Bill Hood (baritone).

The scores are split between Jimmy Heath (tracks 1, 7, 10), Urso (3, 6) and Frenchmen, bassist Pierre Michelot (4, 8) and arranger Christian Chevallier (2, 5, 9). The Michelot and Chevallier charts have been recorded before by Chet and are issued in Britain on Felsted LP and EP. Christian are probably the most originally conceived and are interpreted more satisfactorily by the Americans than on the original recordings. Jimmy Heath's have the most warmth. I understand he's in treatment hospital, but is allowed

(Continued on next page.)

Was it the real Al Haig?

OR HAVE I BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE?

I HAVE a confession to make. I've made an awful fool of myself. At least, it looks that way. But, still, I'm not convinced.

Here's the way it happened. It was a Friday night, a few weeks ago, at the Flamingo, on stage for the first set: Joe Harriott's Quintet. Club boss, Sam Kruger calls me over. Says there's an American pianist, who wants to sit in. Would I go and have a word with him? He's a big guy. Not far off six foot four, I would say. Dark hair and complexion. Heavy features. He said: "My name's Al Haig."

This made me do a double-take. "Not THE Al Haig, who played with Bird and Dizzy and Getz?" I gasped. He seemed sort of embarrassed. Guess I don't blame him a bit.

'Confused'

I sat with him and we listened awhile. He seemed somewhat "confused." He told me:

THAT he hadn't held a Union Card in New York for over two years now and had hardly touched a piano in months...

THAT, apart from a Prestige LP with Phil Woods and Donald Byrd ("Young Blood"), his only recent disc date was an album cut specially for Germany—and I'm still owed some money for it.

THAT young bob "veteran" trumpeter, Red Rodney, was with him in London—"He's locked up back at the hotel!" and that the two of them were en route to Paris, where they were to work at the famous Club St. Germain-des-Prees.

Well, this sounded as though it could be true.

I asked him if he'd like to sit in. "How about a blues in F?" he said. I checked with Joe, who said okay. And the visitor took over Harry South's seat at the piano. Joe suggested Bird's "Now's The Time."

I joined Harry in the bandroom. We listened together to the extension speaker. All I can say is that, whoever he was, it was darned fine jazz piano playing. Though obviously under a tremendous strain, he soon settled down and relaxed. His comping ("Al's the best accompanist in the business," Stan Getz said once) was all you could wish for and his solo was one of the most enjoyable I had heard in some time.

When it was over, he seemed really brought down. "Man, I shouldn't have played," he said. "I'm not yet ready to make it again." And he slunk off into a corner.

Meanwhile the Jazz Couriers came on. They played two of Tubby Hayes' arrangements: "The Night Has a Thousand

Eyes" and the up-tempo "Day In, Day Out." I went over and sat with "Al" again. He said: "Who are those two tenors? Man, they're very good. And I dig the tunes. I always liked to play good tunes. Mostly at medium tempo. Say, it's a good band. And I liked the last band, too."

After talking for a while about such musicians as Allen Eager and Phil Woods, he suddenly rose and said: "I gotta go."

Seeds of doubt

I asked him where he was staying. He gave me an address in Sussex Gardens. I said to say hello from me to Barney Wilen, René Urteger and some of the musicians in Paris. He said okay and disappeared up the stairs. I never saw him again.

Well, you ask what's all the fuss about. Tell you you. The first seeds of doubt were sown by Ronnie Scott. "Al Haig? You're kidding," he said. "I've seen Al Haig. He's short and fair. I don't know who the hell that was. But it certainly wasn't THE Al Haig!"

I asked tenorman Jackie Sharpe, who'd been to New York recently. "Al Haig?" he replied. "He's tall, with red hair."

That night, I looked out all my Haig LPs. Only one showed a picture. And it didn't look particularly like the guy I had met earlier that evening.

Just to check his story, I phoned Directory Enquiries. They gave the number of the

address in Sussex Gardens. I rang the number early next morning.

"Who?" said a woman's voice. "Aig? Never 'eard of no one by that name. Nor a Mr. Rodney. No, they certainly didn't stay 'ere last night."

So that was that.

My next move was to write to American Jazz authority, Nat Hentoff. I asked for a description of Haig. Five days later came a cryptic card from Nat. "Al's present whereabouts unknown. But I remember him as medium-height with fair hair. Certainly not tall and dark."

An imposter

During the week which followed, several musicians came to town from Paris. "Are Al Haig and Red Rodney there?" I asked them. "For Peter's sake, no, of course not" was the usual reply. "Why on earth should they be?"

So, that's the story, as far as it goes. In view of all these conflicting facts, it seems that I—and the Joe Harriott group, for that matter—had been taken for a ride.

Was it Al Haig? Or an imposter? Or what? I'm sending out an SOS. Can any DISC reader throw any light on this matter. If you can, I'd be pleased if you'd write in at once.

But whether or not it was AL, I'll go along with Couriers' pianist, Terry Shannon. Said Terry: "I don't care who he is player!"

'King of Swing' didn't swing

TRADITIONAL

REVIEWS

THE first record I ever bought was an Artie Shaw purchased in the middle thirties at the height of the swing music period. A few hours later, as a fully-fledged member of the "cult" of record collectors, I was indulging in the infernal argument of whether Goodman was better than Shaw. As an experienced

Shaw student, I had no doubt in my mind as to which one "swung" the mostest. Within a matter of weeks I had graduated to Red Nichols, Chicago style, boogie woogie and real jazz. And what's more I'd made a great discovery. Shaw didn't even play jazz; nor did Goodman; and they certainly didn't swing.

For the word "swing," used in

those days as a noun, had been in common use for some 30 years already as a verb. "To swing" was synonymous with playing good jazz. King Oliver swung. So did the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. So did Armstrong, some of the Hendersons, the Ellingtons, the Jelly Roll Mortons, and so on. But the first "Swing Band" (the Casa Loma) certainly didn't!

To go back to the beginning of big white band jazz, we must look at the story of the Casa Loma Orchestra. One of the earliest jazz arrangers among the whites was Gene Gifford, a guitarist who specialised in writing hot solos for complete sections. In the early days the band sounded interesting enough, although it stoged along rather than rode. After a time, however, the inventiveness of the arranger, an all-important man in this type of music, waned more than somewhat.



by Owen Bryce

THE COMING OF SWING

Glenn Miller—each band personalised the leader. Tommy Dorsey's fabulous tone resulting in arrangements built around his trombone. Getting Sentimental Over You being obviously the most typical.

Artie Shaw featuring his clarinet playing, using a dramatic entry as a direct contrast to Goodman's more subtle statement of the theme. Jimmy Dorsey developed into one of the most melodic of alto players. Glenn Miller adopted the individual style of his arrangements as his hallmark. Harry James took trumpet technique to a ridiculous conclusion, using a schmaltzy vibrato and a sharp tuning to bring it out even more.

Although superficially these were jazz bands they all made a bigger impact upon commercial dance music than upon the future of jazz. Indeed it would be hard to find a single influence in the present day large bands, Dance music, however, has borrowed shamelessly from them. It would be impossible not to find traces of Goodman, Dorsey or Glenn Miller, in ANY dance band today.

Swing music reached a climax during the war years. Towards the end of the war, the man who epitomised it more than anyone else, Glenn Miller, was lost in an air accident. Swing music as such died that day.

Swing music reached its climax with Glenn Miller and when he died towards the end of the war, so did swing.



GLENN MILLER

Great fame

The Casa Loma arrangements were quite out of keeping with the mood of New Orleans Jazz. Benny Goodman, however, had other ideas. Almost from the start he realised the value of negro arrangers of the calibre of Fletcher Henderson, Mary Lou Williams, Eddie Sampson and Count Basie. But for these arrangements, Benny Goodman, an excellent technician but not a brilliantly emotional jazz man, might never have achieved the great fame which came his way around 1936. King Porter Stomp, Roll 'Em, Wrapping It Up, Big John Special, Don't Be That Way—they were all arrangements that helped push him to the title of King of Swing.

Mind you, Goodman had been brought up in the right school. From the earliest days he had been around the Wolverines with Bix, and the Chicago musicians of the twenties. He had played on dozens of record sessions and been a member of the Ben Pollack Orchestra and the Red Nichols Five Pennies—the latter at a time when they numbered no less than twelve!

Other bands were quick to grab a seat on the wagon. Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey,

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA
St. Louis Blues; Tiger Rag; On The Sunny Side Of The Street.

(Fontana TPE17016)
ANY Louis that doesn't come up to scratch . . . and with me they're very rare . . . is bound to disappoint. I rather expected this one to let me down though I've a sneaky feeling that I heard it about 18 years ago on French Brunswick, for they were made in France in October, 1934. "Tiger Rag" is even worse than the New Tiger Rag made in 1932 and issued over here on Parlophone.

St. Louis Blues is much too fast and when Louis comes in the speed increases quite suddenly with the result that the whole beauty of the original W. C. Handy tune is lost. Sunny Side opens with the lush, quaintly scored sound of the three-part saxophone section. A sound which all the bands of the early thirties managed to produce. Even Ellington and Luis Russell sounded like this at times.

Louis is wonderful on this side. But there's so much good Louis about that I'd hesitate to recommend this unreservedly to any but the absolute fanatic.

JACK TEAGARDEN
Swing Low Sweet Chariot
Joshua Fit De Battle Of Jericho; Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen; Goin' Home; Git On Board Little Children.
(Capitol EAP1-820)

WHEN you're at the top of the tree there's a great tendency to make too many records. And the recording chiefs are ever on the lookout for gimmicks of some sort or the other. The gimmick here is to set Teagarden singing spirituals with big band backing and heavenly choirs.

Much as I like Teagarden's singing, it doesn't come off. The arrangements are too complicated for either spirituals or jazz. In fact the only jazz on the disc is when he blows into that glass and plays a "dirt" chorus. The open trombone passages are too slick. They're too short, as well. Never does Van Alexander give Tea the chance to blow himself into a mood.

TONY HALL'S REVIEWS

Continued from previous page.

facilities for writing. (His scores for Chet's most recent American album, "Playboys," are excellent.) Urso's are less unusual, but are written and played with good feeling. The Miff Mole tune, Worrying, is obviously a favourite of his and this arrangement was inspired by the Quintet version on the "Crew" LP.

Chet plays in average recording form. Well, but with few inspired moments. Urso plays with warmth and relaxed swing. Bobby Timmons also impresses. The rhythm section's time is good. But it doesn't set the world—or the band—on fire.

To review this disc, I dug out an American copy, which I've had for over a year, but haven't played much since. It's generally a better record than I remembered (***).

TEDDY CHARLES TRIO

Three For Duke

Main Stem; Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me; Sophisticated Lady; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Sherman Shuffle; The Mooche. (12in. London LTZ-115119)

AT the Flamingo the other night, an earnest young disc reader spoke to me, at length, of

his admiration for Charlie Mingus and vibesist Teddy Charles. He liked their attempts to achieve what he called "new sounds." And their experiments in extending the recognised jazz forms.

After his recent, earlier efforts, I've come to appreciate Mingus much more than of yore. But his unquestioned musicianship and sincerity, I've always found his work cold and clinical.

This album, however, is something of an eye-opener. Teddy lets his hair down a little and improvises at length with warmth and comparative simplicity. He and colleagues Hall Overton, and great bassist Oscar Pettiford hit an easy-flowing groove on this album of six Ellington tunes.

Pettiford is so solid and rock-like, you don't miss the drums. Overton, like Charles, displays a warmer side of his playing personality than usual.

Incidentally, wonder how many of you will exclaim "So that's what this thing's called!" when you hear the theme of "Sherman Shuffle." I did!

This wouldn't be one of my desert island disc choices. But I do, I think, a successful and sincere session (****).

<p>VOGUE The Greatest Catalogue in the World</p> <p>World Pacific</p> <p>ARRANGED BY MONTESE</p> <p>Bob Gordon Quintet Clifford Brown Ensemble LAE 12111</p> <p>Presenting the Bud Shank Quartet LAE 12113</p> <p>Number Three! JAZZ WEST COAST</p> <p>Vol. 3 LAE 12115</p> <p>Contemporary A GREAT PIANIST! DIG MEL HENKE</p> <p>LAC 12112</p>	<p>Good Time Jazz</p> <p>BOB SCOBEY'S 'FRISCO BAND LAG 12116</p> <p>KID ORY'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND LAG 12104</p> <p>FIREHOUSE FIVE PLUS TWO</p> <p>Vol. 2 LAG 12089</p> <p>Contemporary SONNY ROLLINS WAY OUT WEST LAC 12118</p>	<p>THE JAZZ LABEL</p> <p>PAL JIMMY Songs from "Pal Joey" Plus some Originals played by Tubby Hayes Jimmy Deuchar Ken Wray Etc. Derek Humble Etc. TAP 20</p> <p>Extended Play PAPA BUE'S NEW ORLEANS BAND EXA 78 and EXA 80</p> <p>CITY RAMBLERS SKIFFLE GROUP EXA 77</p>
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Hulton House, Fleet Street, London,
E.C.4. FLEET STREET 5011.

TOMORROW'S STARS —WHERE ARE THEY?

OUR friend, Cyril Stapleton, made comments in his recent "Daily Express" column that set us thinking and completely agreeing with him.

Cyril's view was that, despite the volume of records being issued, there seems to be a smaller percentage of stars brought to the surface than ever before. It is really quite some time now since the record industry brought us names like Frankie Vaughan, David Whitfield, Michael Holliday, Ronnie Hilton, Petula Clark, Malcolm Vaughan and Marion Ryan. Yet, despite the passing of time, they have remained with us as consistent artists of star calibre. More recently, the record outpourings have been greater than ever, yet the staying power of the talent which has emerged seems considerably less.

The rock and skiffle era brought us names by the hundred, yet from it practically only the two originals, Tommy Steele and Lonnie Donegan, have really survived. (Needless to say, we are confining all our comments on this to British talent.)

One quality has, of course, pulled all the above-mentioned through successfully—TALENT. All had it right from the beginning. In some it may have been latent, but with time and experience, they have shown that they are real stars in the "old-fashioned" sense of the word.

Not artists in the true sense

Our readers will immediately spring to the defence of their particular favourites, but one must consider that the mere fact that they may have made a record, or even been in the record charts once, does not necessarily mean that they are artists in the true sense of the word. Nor is there any guarantee that they are here to stay.

Where are the lasting stars of tomorrow? The record-buyer makes fads and even crazes the disc favourites. That is the fashion which a fickle public has created. But the entertainment business cannot exist entirely on the "one shot" record funds.

Throughout the hours of TV and radio programmes which come our way, there MUST be a nucleus of first-class star material. The rate of consumption is now greater than ever, but the advent of new real stars has not increased or even remained on an even keel. If anything, it has decreased considerably.

It certainly seems that the entertainment industry must somehow find real talent AND foster it for the future success of show business in all its facets. Failing this, the reliable stars all good things, one must eventually have too much of the same diet.

DUKE'S TRIP ROUSES THE JAZZ FANS

EXCITEMENT is rising over Duke Ellington's forthcoming visit to this country. He and his orchestra will be the attraction in four concerts at the Odeon, Leeds, on October 13, 18. Also featured with Ellington will be famous American blues star, Jimmy Rushing.

During other dates in this Leeds Jazz Festival, Humphrey Lyttelton and Johnny Dickson, with their units will be featured.

Though the full Ellington tour has not yet been finalised, the box office at the Royal Festival Hall is now open for the Duke's opening concerts there on October 5.

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra played for Princess Margaret last week at a special invitation ball in Ontario, Canada. To mark the occasion, Ellington played and dedicated a new composition of his, Princess Blue.

The Duke is a great admirer of Ellington's type of music and readers may also remember that when Count Basie and his Orchestra played in London last year, she attended one of his concerts in the one evening.

Duke Ellington was delighted to be asked to play for Princess Margaret, especially as two of her uncles had "sat in" with his band on previous occasions. The Duke of Windsor once played drums and another time the late Duke of Kent played piano with him.

Toni Carroll is to visit Britain soon



Make a disc,
and post it!

THE Soho Record Centre, which recently opened in London's Dean Street, is to specialise in making personal recordings, in addition to their normal record sales.

Energetic proprietor, Alex Strickland, has installed a new Talkie-Vi Card machine on which customers can make a personal two-minute recording, and post it to a friend or relative in a special greetings folder.

Initial reports are that the new attraction has already become extremely popular.

ANOTHER of MGM's vocal songstresses, Toni Carroll, is to visit Britain shortly. Specialising particularly in cabaret, Toni will be featured for two weeks at London's Colony night spot, commencing August 25.

To coincide with her visit, MGM will probably issue one of her American discs in this country, Dreamsville and Wrong Again.

Always a popular night club entertainer, Toni Carroll has been featured at such spots as the Latin Quarter and Copacabana in New York, the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, the Palm House in Palm Springs, and the Haig in Los Angeles.

She has paid many visits to the studios in Hollywood and has appeared in such films as "Mr. Universe," "Actors and Sin," "The Merry Widow" and "The Girl Don't Care."

It was her success in the various fields of entertainment, and her vivacious working style, that decided MGM to record her.

Quick TV for Ken

KEN MACKINTOSH and his Orchestra, a very successful attraction this summer, at the Isle of Man, have two television dates within a matter of days during August.

Both will be from the Isle of Man. The first, on August 16, will be in Six-Five Special, and the second is on August 19 in the BBC-TV series Wish You Were Here.

Sunday dates for Hughes

FOLLOWING his departure from the "Five Past Eight" show at the Alhambra, Glasgow, next Saturday (August 9), there are busy days ahead for singing star David Hughes.

He will be giving a number of Sunday concerts which include Ayr (August 10), Blackpool (August 17), Weymouth (August 24), Bognor (August 31), and Llandudno (September 7).

There are also two variety engagements during August with visits to Clifton (18), and Cleethorpes on the 25th.

Highspot for David Hughes is two BBC-TV productions featuring him on September 25 and October 9. Both will be 40-minute shows.

As already announced, David Hughes returns to the Alhambra, Glasgow, on November 10, to commence pantomime rehearsals.

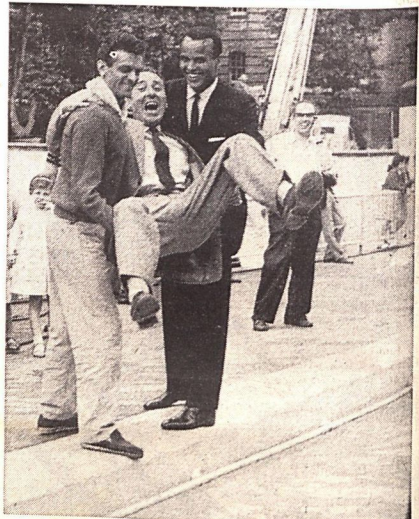
Bevs on TV

NEXT Sunday's Bernard Delfont ATV production from the Prince of Wales theatre will be headlined by that sparkling threesome, The Beverley Sisters.

With the Bevs in this show will be Aileen Cochrane, Howard Jones and Reggie Arnold, and Billy Dainty. The preceding night (August 9) "Spectacular" will star Hughie Green with his special guest, Georgia Gibbs (the subject of a feature on page 14).

Connie Francis will be featured on the August 16 edition of "Spectacular," as will Malcolm Vaughan, and Kenneth Earle. A future "Star-time" show on September 4 will star the one and only Grace Fields.

Singing star Rury Murray, with Tommy Cooper, will be featured on BBC-TV on Friday, August 15, in an excerpt from their summer show at Great Yarmouth, "Light Up Azain."



Kent takes a dip

A recent "Cool For Cats" TV programme came from the Oasis swimming pool in London and, as usual, Kent Walton finished up in the water. Here Peter Elliott and Harry Belafonte prepare Kent for his dip, though in actual fact they didn't complete the job—but Kent still ended up in the pool!

(DISC Pic)

NJF on radio

EXCERPTS from the Newport Jazz Festival, featuring Duke Ellington and his Orchestra, and Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, will be heard in the BBC Light programme on Sunday, August 10, between 11.15 and 11.50 p.m.

The programme has been made available to the BBC by the "Voice of America."

GOON IN OPERA

GOLDEN-voiced goon, Harry Secombe, is to record a duet with Adele Leigh, who is appearing in his show at the London Palladium.

Philips plan to release the titles—Brindisi from "La Traviata" and Miserere from "Il Trovatore"—on September 2.

Next Monday's BBC-TV presentation of "The Phil Sivers Show" concerns "Doberman the Crooner" (August 11).

TV shows fixed for La Rosa

THE proposed visit to Britain by American singing star Julius La Rosa has now been confirmed.

Two ATV appearances have been lined up for him and he will first be seen in the Prince of Wales show on Sunday, August 17. The following Saturday, August 23, La Rosa will be featured in the ATV "Spectacular."

Julius La Rosa, whose latest recording is "Torero," is due to arrive this week.

New studios for Granada

GRANADA television are making further expansions of their modern studios in Manchester.

The new building, costing £100,000, will include sound effects studios, wardrobe and make-up departments, additional dressing-rooms, music libraries and a new outside broadcasts section.

A special feature will be a conversion unit enabling Granada to correct the differences in line scanning on overseas telecasts to our own system.

Gary Miller's new TV series

SINGING star Gary Miller will be featured in a new ABC-TV series which commences next Sunday, August 10. The show, called "Win A Mink," will only be seen by viewers in the North and Midlands.

Gary will play the role of singing host in this novel presentation.

Gt. Yarmouth show

HUSBAND and wife singing team, Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr, will be seen on a BBC-TV production from Great Yarmouth on Friday, August 8. Star of the show will be famous comedian Vic Oliver.

NEWS
FROM
BEHIND
THE
LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL

'I'm Malcolm Vaughan,' said
the man—but he wasn't!

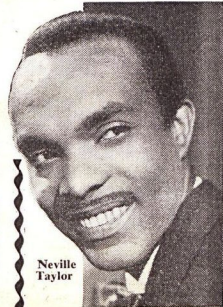
★ ★ ★
Film part for Frank Holder,
yet you won't see him

★ ★ ★
Shani's cabaret act
—in a plane!

Adelaide and Melbourne. This was at the invitation of a group of businessmen who had seen Shani during her run of "Bells Are Ringing." I hear there are all sorts of exciting plans for Shani when she comes home, and when she has finally decided which to accept we'll be the first to pass the news on to you.

So I was specially pleased to meet one of them recently, Gordon Gow, and talk to him about the trickier aspects of putting on a programme of film excerpts. For instance, right in the middle of one of the sexier songs in Carmen Jones a voice says "Give me a chicken sandwich." Which may sound all right in the film, but sounds decidedly odd in the middle of a radio show. This is where Gordon has to make a hasty cut.

Gordon has been roaming around Europe for nearly ten years now collecting odds and ends of film material, but originally his home was in Australia. In fact, Gordon is the equivalent of our TIM. If you want to know the time down under you hear the

Neville
TaylorGOODWILL
FROM NEV

I REALISE it's a little early to think about Christmas, but I've just heard a test pressing which would make a winner for the 'Goodwill Season.' Neville Taylor has got together with his son Brian, who is just five and a half (I promised him I would not forget the half). They have recorded a song called "The Miracle of Christmas"—in the same mood as "Mary's Boy Child" and even more commercial—a beautiful song which could make a mark on the Christmas sales. One of the names on the credits for the number is that of Don Pelosi, man behind such hits as "The Stars Will Remember" and "When You Lose The One You Love."



"I'm waltzing—what are you doing?"

voice of Gordon Gow with his "at the third stroke..." I'd much rather hear him introducing one of his film programmes.

Maybe the Editor will let me have some time off? Well I only asked!

Pops to ops

I AN WALLACE seems to enjoy going from one extreme to the other. Currently appearing as Chairman in the television show "Jubilee," Ian is already making plans for next year.

And these include a season of opera at Glyndebourne, which is really going from one extreme to the other. Disc-wise Ian is busy with a series of recordings of Scottish songs. Due out in September is the latest, Annie Laurie backed with Wee Cooper of Fife. You can hear fan this week on sound

radio as comper of the Calling All Stars show which starts a new series on Saturday.

Prophet coming

● When I say that a Prophet is on the way I am not being funny, but merely pointing out that a character by name of Johnny Prophet has a disc coming in our direction. Called "Banana," it is a mixture of calypso and rock, and it has already caused a rumpus among buyers over the Atlantic.

Record Rentals

A few pence per week will keep your record library up-to-date. Discs of classic, stamped addressed envelope for full details.

Secretary,
THE RECORD CLUB,
11 Drayton Chambers, Oxford Street,
London, W.1.

Just an idea

THERE'S a nice little story about the song "Little Train" which Max Bygraves has just recorded. It's a German tune, written by the World Champion Yodeller, one Erich Storz. The Storz family was expecting an addition which chose to arrive just as Father Storz was away on tour. To get back home to his wife he had to travel on one of the little trains which climb up through the Hartz Mountains in Germany, and to keep himself occupied during the journey, he thought up an idea for a song. Hence the "Little Train," which is chugging along nicely for Max.

Jungle music

IT'S no great step from the jungles of Tin Pan Alley to the jungles of Africa I suppose. In any case Frank Holder hasn't found it difficult. Frank is found around the jungles, African variety, on his new disc. He is singing the title song "Nor The Moon By Night" which is played over the credits of this Rank film. The film stars Belinda Lee and Michael Craig, and is an exciting story about the life of a game warden in the South African bush.

Frank enjoyed his first connection with films but personally I was sorry not to see him acting in the picture as well as singing the title song. Frank has already done some fine work acting on television and in repertory, and a film role would seem to be the obvious next step. Besides, he could combine an acting role with a singing one. Another case of a possible British film star just waiting for a chance.

D.J.'s problems

IN the days before I worked for DISC, the days when I had time to listen to the radio, there were three disc jockeys whom I always relied on for half-an-hour or so's good listening—Alan Dell, Paul Martin and Gordon Gow.

LOOKING FOR A FLAT

NOT looking quite so cheery now are Mr. and Mrs. Larry Page. No, Larry and Ann haven't had a row already. It's just that they can't find a flat. The marriage bug is becoming acute for those who want to live in the thick of things here in the middle of town.

An imposter

POP singer Malcolm Vaughan, who has reaped success with hit discs like "St. Therese Of The Roses" and "My Special Angel," has been hearing how a young man assumed his identity and made empty promises to some Coventry schoolchildren.

The man was first seen at the school's "open" day for parents and visitors. He chatted freely with the headmaster and introduced himself as Malcolm Vaughan. Then the young "deceiver" was recognised by a teacher as a former pupil. This was explained away by stating that Malcolm Vaughan was just a stage name.

When the imposter heard from the boys at the school that another of their favourites was Alma Cogan he offered to ask her to present the prizes at the school's speech day. That was the last they saw of him. The real Malcolm Vaughan will be in Coventry next week appearing with his partner, comedian Kenneth Earle. But he will not be able to go along to the school because the pupils have now broken up for their summer holidays.

However, I will go along to the school to meet the pupils personally next time I am appearing in the area during the school term, he says.

Dancing Fox

DROPPED in at the Finsbury Park Empire last week to say hello to Don Fox and found him deep in a dancing lesson. He is being taught the rudiments of tetcherise by Mike and Bernie Winters. (I anticipate a phone call from Bernie asking me what the heck I'm talking about.) The Winters boys could give lessons in practically anything to do with



Meet Mike and Bernie Winters, Dancing Instructors. DON FOX has and he's doing fine. (See "Dancing Fox.")

show business, from song writing to boxing—if only they could stay serious for long enough.

● Even in the doldrum month of August there's one publisher in Tin Pan Alley who looks happy. The folk at Southern Music have good reason to feel cheerful, they have no less than five songs in the current Top Twenty.

Plans for Shani

AUGUST 24 sees the start of Shani Wallis's journey home after her sensational successful tour to Australia.

Lucky Shani went out via New York and Hollywood and is coming home via Fiji, Tokio and Holly-wood again. She is taking six weeks to make the return trip and it looks as though she is going to have a wonderful time.

Highspot of Shani's cabaret tour of Australia, and highspot in all senses of the word, was the cabaret she did on a plane flying between



MAX BYGRAVES
 is driving
'THE LITTLE TRAIN'
 ('DIE KLEINE BIMMELBAHN')

right to the
TOP!

on Decca F11046

PUBLISHED BY

THE B. F. WOOD MUSIC CO., LTD., Mills House, 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2