

November 8, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 40 Week ending November 8, 1958

RICKY NELSON

EVERY
6^D
THURSDAY



Heading for the top!
A new record from

RICKY NELSON

I GOT A FEELING

b/w **SOMEDAY**

HLP 8732



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POST BAG

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

EXCITEMENT—IT'S COMMON TO BOTH ROCK AND THE CLASSICS

SINCE I am a lover of both classical and pop music—and as I cannot resist a "dare"—I feel compelled to answer Mr. A. John's letter (DISC, 11-10-58).

He complains of the lack of beauty in rock 'n' roll, and says that, on the other hand, "the great majority of classical compositions are pleasing to the ear, inasmuch as they conjure up some form of beauty."

While agreeing with him that it is difficult to find anything "beautiful" in rock 'n' roll, I would point out that in many classical works

PRIZE LETTER

there is also little of what Mr. John would call "beauty."

Three compositions that spring to mind are Ravel's "Bolero," Grieg's "In The Hall Of The Mountain King" (Peer Gynt), and Hovst's "Mars, Bringer Of War" (The Planets), which, my LP sleeve-notes tell me, has been described as "the most ferocious piece of music in existence."

Although it would be difficult to describe any of them as "beautiful," all three of these compositions are classed as "great music." Why? They are not "pleasing to the ear," they are not "beautiful." Obviously, it is due to their tremendous excitement—the same kind of excitement that comes from Elvis Presley's vocal chords and vibrates from the strings of Buddy Holly's guitar.

Even the most biased of rock-haters must realise that there has always been a demand for exciting music. And, in my opinion, the popularity of rock 'n' roll stems from the fact that it is the most "exciting" form of music yet developed.—J. A. CONOLLY, 5 Young Place, Cleethorpes, Lincs.



"A few flowers won't do you much good—she's met a chap with a complete set of Elvis Presley!"

And if anyone is in any doubts about his popularity, I would refer to his "Four Legged Friend," released six years ago, but which crops up practically every week on request programmes.

There is an enormous backlog of Roy's LPs on the American R.C.A. label that would be snapped up if put on the market here.—A. G. ELLARD, Fowler Street, Taunton, Somerset.

(Roy gallops on, but not over here.)

More protection

READER R. F. Chesters, who won your LP for the week's prize letter (DISC 4-10-58) when writing about protecting records, should contact the House of Wax, 181, Lake Road, Portsmouth, Hants. He will find that that firm stock many miscellaneous items which may interest him. I quote a few examples: 12 x 10 poly. inners for LPs—4d. and 3jd.; 12 x 10 white paper w/poly. windows, LP inners—8d. and 6d.; illustrated jazz, classics, pop LP sleeves.—G. A. MADDOCK, Wellington Place, Montrose, Angus.

(No reader should complain now that he cannot protect his records.)

Evs. and El.

SOME time ago, there was a rumour concerning the Everly Brothers visiting Britain. Nothing came of it but I should like to know if this great pair will be coming over.

Is there any chance of Elvis coming over?—PATRICK GILBERT, Hartley Court Road, Three Mile Cross, Reading, Berks.

(There are strong hopes in both cases.)

Idolotry

WHY should P. London (DISC 27-9-58) bother about the insults hurled at Elvis Presley if he himself is not a rock fan.

Although I am a rock fan, I enjoy classical music just as much. If the fanatical screaming, stamping, clapping rock fans were to be quiet and listened to some of the better classical tunes and songs, they would see why the classic lovers are so mad at them for idolatry and the missing of real music.—GRAHAM N. WHITBREAD, Gilmour Rd., Edinburgh, 9.

(What about the fans at the Prom concert?)

Golden El

DID Elvis Presley release any other disc in England or America before Heartbreak Hotel? How many Golden Discs has he and which of these have not been released in Britain?—J. R. WILLIAMS, Meadow Bank, Elton, Lecc. Chester.

(Heartbreak Hotel" was his first here.)

Better luck

I HAVEN'T recently read anything about Eddie Cochran. We haven't heard anything of "20 Flight Rock" which was released some time ago, so let's hope he'll have better luck with "Summertime Blues."—ROY DUNN, Eynham Road, Shepherds Bush, W.12.

(No sooner said than Dunn!)

Faulty pressing

RECENTLY I was given a record as a present and, obviously, I was unable to hear it before it was bought. But when I played it for the first time I discovered distortion, mainly in an organ passage, even with the filter full on and the treble control lowered.

Thinking that it was a faulty pressing, I returned it to the makers. Eighteen days later, the dealer had a credit note for one faulty record and was asked to re-order. In due course, I received another disc—but it contained the same faults as the original.

Have the public no redress against these firms of supposed repute who manufacture poor quality articles?—C. MILLER, Coppitts Hill, Yeovil Marsh, Somerset.

(It sounds as if you were very unlucky and should try complaining again.)

No offence

HAS Robert Wilson done anything to offend DISC? You never write about him or review his records. But not long ago he had a television show, a wireless programme and an eight week tour of Ireland all going at the same time. But you didn't mention any of them at all.

Next year, he makes his tenth visit to Canada and the United States. Not long ago he was invited to sing in Russia.

He is considered a fine entertainer by Scotsmen the world over.—W. PRENTICE, R.A.F. Hospital, Hutton, Bucks.

(You must have missed Murray Guild's article last week.)

Jeon joke

I WISH that disc jockeys would keep their personal views on Country and western music to themselves. A few weeks ago on the B.B.C.'s Sunday Forces request programme, Jean Metcalfe made a silly wisecrack about Hank Locklin's "Send Me The Pillow That You Dream On," which was No. 1 in the Hill-billy top ten for months.

More recently, the same disc jockey made another unnecessary remark about Johnny Cash's "You're The Nearest Thing To Heaven."

It showed up Miss Metcalfe personally to dislike C. and W., but what about the people for whom the records were intended? "Send it to the laundry first" and "She must be a real tall woman" are not very pleasant tags to be associated with a request record.—SYDNEY COHIE, Grandden Avenue, London, E.E.

(Don't take your music so seriously—there's no harm in a joke.)

No copy-cat

AS a great fan of Gene Vincent, I was rather annoyed at Jackie Moore's comments on "Hot Rod Gang." The Vincent style is not a carbon copy of Elvis Presley's.

Gene Vincent sounds just as good on slow numbers as fast ones and I am sure that many people will agree with me when I say that the Vincent personality is completely individual. And the Blue Caps provide a really marvellous instrumental backing.—PETER WINDSOR, Glebe Way, Hanworth, Middx.

(Each to his own opinion.)

Memories

I AM delighted to see some of the World War II songs coming back into the record shops. For some, they may mean sad memories, but to others they recall happy moments.—(Mrs.) B. M. ROGERS, Oak Drive, St. Martins, nr. Oswestry, Salop.

(If we hope most of them are happy ones.)

Sid would sell

I'M writing to claim the DISC all-time long-distance record of 12,600 odd miles. Surely no one can pip that! We in New Zealand are 10 to 12 weeks behind in our top ten and find that we usually get the American version of a record long before the British one.

Mike Holliday's "Stairway Of Love," however, did win the popular vote and to beat Marty Robbins.

Frankie Vaughan, Lita Roza, Lonnie Donegan, Humphrey Lyttelton and many other English stars are, except for one or two records, virtually unknown.

Australian cowboy songs enjoy enormous popularity and while many of them are the old "twang twang" type, some are very tuneful.

One artiste who is extremely popular but whose records, for some reason or other, are unobtainable, is Sid Phillips. If some enterprising salesman would rush a few thousand copies of Sid's records to Otago, he would sell out in a few hours.

Thanks for DISC, which is most eagerly awaited here, but sorry that you cannot find more room for news of more serious music.—(Miss) JOAN WALKER, Criterion Hotel, Moory Place, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand.

(They're up there—down under.)

News of Slim

MISS GALLAGHER (DISC 18-10-58) asks what has happened to Slim Whitman. If she will write to me, I can give her up-to-date information about Slim as he corresponds

regularly with news for our fan club's magazine.

Slim still has a big following in Britain and his fans are anxious to see him back again in the hit parade.—(Miss) ANN COURTNEY, Slim Whitman Fan Club, 13 Grove Buildings, Chelsea Manor Street, London, S.W.3.

(A "Slim" chance for readers.)

Theatre-fillers

YOUR leading article (DISC 1-11-58) set me thinking, but I do not agree altogether with your view that only new and fresh faces can, in the main, keep our theatres filled.

Is Max Bygraves a new face? He fills a theatre. Is Secombe? He does, too. Laurie London, a new face, couldn't even fill a small auditorium on a one night stand. Nor could Tommy Steele, any more.

Kings of wax do not necessarily make the theatre-fillers; most of them couldn't fill anything, except people like me with a lot of misgiving.—T. R. WIST, Cowper Street, Birmingham, 19.

(But don't forget, both Bygraves and Secombe are record stars.)

Same voice

SEEING Tommy Steele last week in "This Is Your Life," I was surprised to find that he still speaks as badly as he did when he first became famous.

I should have thought that he would have tried to improve his diction.

He may think it funny to say to the comper of the show, "D'ya mind if I have a fag" and "It's me ole man." I don't and many other friends of mine think similarly.

Like Tommy, Frankie Vaughan had a poor upbringing, too, but look how he has improved his voice production.—GEOFFREY SUMNER-HILL, Rocky Lane, Birmingham, 22.

(Tommy's Cockney accent is part of his personality, and he probably thinks that to discard it would be letting his fans down.)

No gimmick

JUDGING from the amount of applause she receives every night at London's Victoria Palace, it surprises me that Marian Miller has not been noticed by the recording companies.

It makes a change to hear a good voice without a gimmick.—(Miss) PAT RIDDICK, Pemberton Road, London, N.4.

(The more fans who think like this, the better it will be for the disc business.)

Don't forget Roy

TWICE recently in DISC you have published news of Roy Rogers. But isn't it astounding that Roy, who has a big following in Britain as well as in the United States, has had no record issued in this country for two years?

Yet, in America, his discs still appear regularly.

Surely Roy's records deserve to be issued here still. Country and western fans alone would welcome them.

IT'S THE GREATEST!

"FIBBIN"

PETULA CLARK NIXA 7N 15168 (45 & 78)

CRAIG DOUGLAS

Are you really mine



TOMMY EDWARDS—Up 10 No. 6.

Week ending, November 1st

TOP TWENTY

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
1	1	Bird Dog	Everly Brothers	London
5	2	A Certain Smile	Johnny Mathis	Fontana
3	3	Move It	Cliff Richard	Columbia
2	4	Stupid Cupid / Carolina Moon		
8	5	Hoots Mon	Connie Francis	M.G.M.
9	6	It's All In The Game	Lord Rockingham's XI	Decca
6	7	Come Prima / Volare	Tommy Edwards	M.G.M.
4	8	King Creole	Marino Marini	Durium
7	9	Born Too Late	Elvis Presley	R.C.A.
10	10	My True Love	Poni-Tails	H.M.V.
13	11	More Than Ever	Jack Scott	London
14	12	Western Movies	Malcolm Vaughan	H.M.V.
—	13	Tea For Two Cha-Cha	The Olympics	H.M.V.
11	14	Volare	Tommy Dorsey	Brunswick
12	15	Poor Little Fool	Dean Martin	Capitol
18	16	Summertime Blues	Ricky Nelson	London
16	17	Mad Passionate Love	Eddie Cochran	London
—	18	Someday	Bernard Bresslaw	H.M.V.
17	19	Patricia	Ricky Nelson	London
15	20	When	Perez Prado	R.C.A.
			Kalin Travo	Brunswick

ONES TO WATCH

Love Makes The World Go Round
I'll Get By

Perry Como
Connie Francis

DUANE EDDY

RAMROD



CLIFF RICHARD—"Move It" stays steady (DISC Pic)

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for week ending November 1st)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Tommy Edwards
2	2	MOVE IT	Cliff Richard
3	3	WESTERN MOVIES	The Olympics
4	4	A CERTAIN SMILE	Johnny Mathis
5	5	STUPID CUPID / CAROLINA MOON	Connie Francis
6	6	SUMMERTIME BLUES	Eddie Cochran
8	7	WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM	Ed Townsend
9	8	MORE THAN EVER	Robert Earl Malcolm Vaughan Edmund Hockridge Marino Marini
10	9	HOOTS MON / BLUE TRAIN	Lord Rockingham's XI
10	10	BIRD DOG	Everly Brothers

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

American Top Ten

These were the ten numbers that topped the sales in America last week (week ending November 1st)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Tommy Edwards
5	2	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Conway Twitty
8	3	TOM DOOLEY	The King & Trio
3	4	TOPSY II	Cozy Cole
2	5	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Bobby Day
7	6	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Little Anthony and the Imperials
4	7	BIRD DOG	Everly Brothers
9	8	TEA FOR TWO CHA-CHA	Tommy Dorsey
6	9	SUSIE DARLIN'	Robin Luke
10	10	CHANTILLY LACE	Big Bopper

ONE TO WATCH

Lonesome Town

Ricky Nelson

Records FROM America

Georgia Gibbs
Hula Hoop Song
Columbia DG 4201 (45 & 78)

Conway Twitty
It's only make believe
MGM 4000 (45 & 78)

Big Bopper
Chantilly Lace
MARCOY AMT 408 (45 & 78)

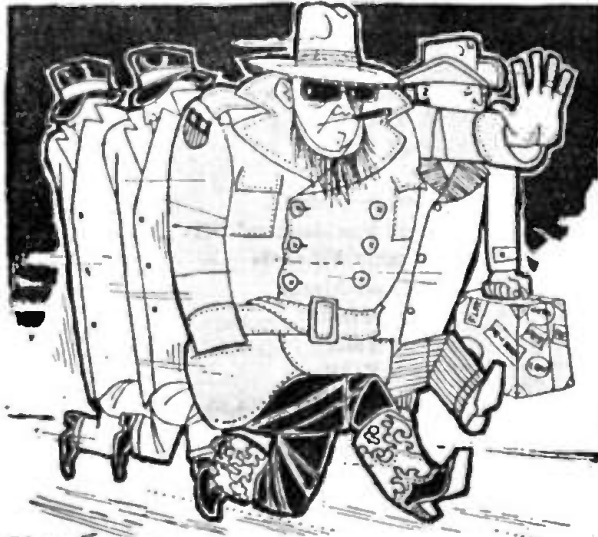
Connie Francis
I'll get by Fallin'
MGM 4003 (45 & 78)

SIDETRACKS

By JACK GOOD

HOW THE STARS LIKE TO 'DODGE' THE PUBLIC

An American in Britain



Glenn Stegner

and a Briton in the States



WHAT'S all this nonsense about the American star vocalist being much cleverer in pushing his career than his British counterpart? It just isn't true. Let's have a look at the facts, ma'am, the facts.

What is the American's first concern on his transatlantic visit? Not to be recognised, and thus to dodge the hosts of waiting fans and reporters. Our artiste will go to the most elaborate lengths to remain unnoticed.

He will pull his stetson over his eyes, hide behind his three bodyguards, wearing conspicuously thick-rimmed sun-glasses at the dead of night and in the chill of autumn, register himself as Mr. Brown, conceal himself in the boot of his chauffeur-driven Cadillac, slip, accompanied by a squad of heavy-booted commissaires, through obscure side doors of public places, change the perfume of his after-shave... all these and a thousand other ruses he will use to fox the Press and the public. But does he succeed? Never!

He fails miserably. His stetson

is knocked back, dark glasses trampled, the taken picture taken, autograph together with the monikers of the three bodyguards. In fact a positive fan club of cats are let out of the bags (or valises as they are called over there).

The British star has been much more methodical. In order to be quite immune from embarrassing scenes on his arrival in New York, he has for the past three or more years suppressed all news and pictures of himself before they might reach the States. He has made sure that none of his records has been released over there.

He is, therefore, quite safe to travel without any of the degrading

and unsuccessful trickery resorted to by the American. He is secure in the knowledge that he is completely unknown. And somehow or other he manages to keep it that way throughout his visit, thereby managing to leave the States as comfortably incognito as he arrived. Fendishly cunning.

Not only that, but he has managed during his entire stay not to have committed himself by performing in public. And this with a much better grace than the American.

The American, having been recognised, has left himself wide open to persistent requests from a big recording boss, a big theatre agent, or a commercial television mogul—often this is one and the same man—to perform. The American does not want to perform—and neither does his British counterpart in the States—for fear that one bad appearance may ruin his reputation. So he refuses gruffly—thereby giving the British public the impression that he is a big-head.

Excuses such as "I am here to get married / divorced / purely on holiday / solely on business / to make a film / to avoid making a film / for the opening of Parliament / for the closing of Harringay" just will not do.

He's smarter

THE British star is again much smarter. His being completely unknown helps him once more. No embarrassing offers are made, so he doesn't have to refuse. And,

indeed, in order not to appear snobbish—always a danger with the Englishman in the States—he can afford even to seem as if he might like to sing in public.

He may even, without ruining his reputation—for remember, he cleverly has fixed it that he hasn't even got one—sing a couple of choruses of his last recording in the Ed Sullivan Show. Nothing ostentatious, mind. A quick on-and-off, as it were.

Many of our stars, for the benefit of trade papers back home, will even go to Las Vegas and during a lull in the racket of the slot-machines, ask the pianist of "Max's Manhole Cover" to try "The Gipsy In My Soul" in F with him. This can technically be described as a "short season." He will chat to an employee of one of the moribund Hollywood film companies and glance at the shooting script of a soap commercial.

If he is lucky he will manage to pose for a photographer with Perry Como on the set of the Como Show, and Como may perchance ask when he intends to return to America. All this will look well in the Press back home.

"Blank appears in Las Vegas. The exact length of his season there is as yet unknown. Whilst in Vegas he discussed a £15,000 film script. Below see Blank with Perry Como. A

return visit to the Como show is mooted although no definite date has as yet been fixed."

And notice—he has still not actually had to sing in public. Devilishly clever.

He returns in triumph to our shores and we read that in spite of "tempting offers" over there he has nobly decided to come back and fulfil his panto commitments at Winklesea.

If only the American stars could handle their careers with such diplomacy. As it is, what do they achieve? Fame and fortune, that's all. And who wants those old-fashioned things?

... or even Fred Smith

LADIES and Gentlemen, the newcomer to the Larry Parnes "stable," as he calls it, is Billy Fury. Mr. Parnes also manages Marty Wilde. Both names were concocted by the Parnes/Kennedy office. It is rumoured that a nationwide search is now being planned to find a Ronnie Rags and, if humanly possible, a Harry Hysteria. As far as I know there are no plans at the moment to follow up the Vince Eager impact with another discovery, Ded Keene.

On the subject of new singers: No, J. D., of Torrington, Craig Douglas is not Jo Douglas's nephew.

COVER PERSONALITY

Ricky will need some dislodging

HE made the hit parade—and he's stayed there! After three near misses in trying to break into Britain's top bracket, Eric Hilliard Nelson, better known to us as Ricky, smashed through all the tough competition and came into our charts with "Poor Little Fool" two months ago. And 18-year-old, six-footer Ricky is still there on our lists and appears likely to be so for some time.

Although we have featured Ricky before as a Cover Personality, his is not a story of a backwoods boy making good. As a memory-freshener for you, Ricky was born into the heart of show business, his parents being one of America's top-rated comedy families on TV and radio, so it was natural that young Eric Hilliard should also be seen and heard by his family's followers: he was only eight when he made his first live broadcast.

★ ★ ★

Ricky Nelson we know to be a very successful recording artiste and a strong favourite with disc buyers. But now we turn to a new page in his story—the page that will bring him into the view of millions of film-goers.

Apart from being featured in a couple of movies two or three years ago, Ricky has just completed his first starring rôle in "Rio Bravo," soon to be released in this country. It is rather unfortunate, though, that we won't be hearing the great voice, as the film is a fast mov-

ing western. But it does prove that his talents are unlimited, and providing the film is a success it will certainly be well rewarding.

I have only mentioned one of his recordings, "Poor Little Fool," but just out is his fifth wailing, "I Got A Feeling." It has already bounded into the American charts and is very likely to crash into our hit parade.

★ ★ ★

How much, then, do we know of Ricky Nelson? Has it ever been mentioned that apart from being the idol of millions, he is the ideal sportsman, having won several cups at tennis? And has it ever been said that he is a fanatic where car racing is concerned?

As a singer, Ricky Nelson branched out on his own some 18 months ago and was an instantaneous success. It was not long afterwards that he picked up three golden records and made his first LP. Simply called "Ricky," this platter was voted into the all-American number one position, so putting him a further rung up the ladder to success. Currently in the LP releases is his second for London, "Ricky Nelson," which again is enjoying widespread popularity.

What of the future? Ricky Nelson is so piled up at the moment with contracts, TV, recordings and films that he has no time to look at the future, but at 18 I don't think he has to worry—do you? J. H.

TWO GREAT NEW BRITISH RECORDS! AND TWO GREAT NEW SOUNDS!!

The First Big Cha-Cha-Cha Hit!!

FARRAGO

Recorded by The

JOHN BARRY 7

PARLOPHONE R 4488

SON OF HONKY TONK

Recorded by

THE TED TAYLOR GROUP

ORIOLE CB 1464

SOUTHERN MUSIC CO. LTD., 8 DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2

EXTENDED PLAY

Reviewed by **KEN GRAHAM**



There's velvet in the Eckstine voice

BILLY ECKSTINE
I'm Saving Dreams

What More Is There To Say;
My Fickle Heart; Be My Love;
I'm Saving Dreams For A
Rainy Day.
(M.G.M.-EP-668)

STAR DISC

THIS is the EP of the week for me. There's very little that comes from this velvet-smooth voice that doesn't please my ears. In fact, as an American Journalist says on the sleeve note, Billy Eckstine is one of America's truly great natural singers.

Fans will remember Billy singing the first track on his British tour three years ago. It proved a big favourite with audiences then and should attract the customers now.

Be My Love is the Mario Lanza hit with a different treatment, of course, but excellent though it is the Lanza offering is a hard nut to crack.

Good value for your money here. Give it a spin.

LEESA FOSTER

Carmen Jones Excerpts

Dat's Love; Dere's A Cafe On
De Corner; Beat Out Dat
Rhythm On A Drum; Card
Song.
(H.M.V. 7EG8388)

FRANKLY, Miss Foster's vocal tricks irritated me. She sounds as though she has had some classical training but I found something very false in her singing—it wasn't easy and relaxed.

I don't like to condemn an artist on one hearing but I'm afraid that Leesa Foster will have to come up with something really good to win me over now.

The tracks are four of the more popular titles from the Oscar Hammerstein adaptation of Bizet's "Carmen."

CHARLIE VENTURA

The Quintet—Vol. 2

This Can't Be Love; Take The
"A" Train; Oblivion.
(Parlophone GEP8702)

WHAT is there to say about Charlie Ventura? Back in the late forties he led his world famous "Boop For The People" group which spread the message of the "new music." On these tracks he is rather more subdued and the

result is a very tasteful musical offering.

Take The "A" Train is topical right now with the Ellington band just having left our shores, and Charlie's treatment is a musical joy.

This material was recorded in 1957 shortly after Charlie had formed this quintet. This should provide plenty of enjoyment for those who like entertaining jazz.

GEORGE SANDERS

Songs For The Lovely Lady
Try A Little Tenderness; As
Time Goes By; If You Were

The Only Girl; September
Song.
(H.M.V. 7EG8395)

DEFINITELY a gimmick album—but a gimmick which has paid off. Here is the voice of the screen idol who makes the ladies sigh with ecstasy when he's around. And the sound that issues forth is precisely what one would expect.

The suave Sanders tones stroll out of your loudspeaker and proceed to demoralise any woman who happens to be in the room.

This could have turned out to be a sickly, sugary flop, but no, it is very entertaining and, while Sanders is no Sinatra, he certainly has a way with a song.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

What Good Is A Gal? (With-
out A Guy); Carolina In The
Morning; Am I In Love; The
Tender Trap.
(M.G.M.-EP-670)

DEBBIE REYNOLDS' singing is no gimmick. She really has a very pleasant voice as she proved with a little thing called "Tammy" last year.

She has often sung in films throughout her highly successful celluloid career and three of these titles are songs she has thus featured.

What Good Is A Gal came from the musical, "Skirts Ahoy!" which is currently on re-issue. Am I In Love was featured in "Son Of Paleface." And the third, Tender Trap, Debbie sang in very good company indeed. No less than with Mr. Frank Sinatra, in the film which bears the song's name.

On all tracks, Debbie puts in her usual bubbling performance.

PEGGY COCHRANE

Cocktails With Cochrane

Embraceable You; Please;
Two Sleepy People; As Time
Goes By; Blue Moon; Louise;
Blue Room; I Only Have Eyes
For You; Little White Lies;
I'll See You In My Dreams.
(Parlophone GEP8704)

MORE good measure here. Ten titles all on one EP. If I wanted a quiet evening at home with some close friends, with a little music thrown in, then Peggy Cochrane would have to be one of the guests.

This is plain, straightforward, entertaining piano music with no frills attached.

Miss Cochrane has a beautiful touch and it is easy to understand why she has long been a favourite with West End audiences as well as many more listeners and viewers with radio and television.

GLENN MILLER

In The Mood; A String Of
Pearls; Moonlight Serenade;
Sunrise Serenade.
(R.C.A. RCX-1003)

HERE'S a set of the sound that never dies—the great Glenn Miller band. The continued success of these recordings almost 14 years after the death of its originator is amazing but understandable if you remember the band in its heyday.

Well, there are four big favourites for Millierites here. Titles which have always been associated with the peak of his success. This is among the first releases on the new R.C.A. "Gold Standard" series

DEBBIE REYNOLDS



which features memorable recordings from the not too distant past.

NORMAN BROOKS

Gives You Johnson
Rock-A-Bye Your Baby;
There's A Rainbow Round My
Shoulder; Blue Skies; Easter
Parade.
(Gala 45XP1009)

SOME people have a funny way of making a living. Take Norman Brooks, for instance. He spends his time pretending to be Al Jolson—strictly for the record of course. On this disc he can fool any Jolson admirer into thinking he is the genuine article. Even the backing orchestra has a slightly old-fashioned sound.

MEL TORME

Sings Fred Astaire: Part One

Nice Work If You Can Get It; A Foggy Day; A Fine Romance; The Way You Look Tonight.
(London EZN19027)

Part Two

Something's Gotta Give; Let's Call The Whole Thing Off; They Can't Take That Away From Mr. Clegg To Check.
(London EZN19028)

DON'T even hesitate over these two extended plays that go straight around to your record shop and take a listen. Sample any one track and I think you'll agree that this is Torme at his best.

The beat is mainly on the happy side and the Marty Paich Dek-Tette provide the kind of music which was very different from the pit bands which accompanied Mel on his variety tour.

You get more with TELEFUNKEN

more for your money!
more playing time!
higher fidelity!

and look at these new prices



Also Table Model for direct use with Hi-Fi equipment and radiogram
KL 75T-65 GNS Excluding Microphone

TELEFUNKEN KL 75 K 50 GNS Excluding Microphone

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A sad tale, feelingly sung by ANNIE ROSS

DAVE LAMBERT—JON HENDRICKS—ANNIE ROSS
Sing A Song Of Basie

Ev'ry Day; It's Sand, Man; Two For The Blues; One O'Clock Jump; Little Pony; Dawn For The Double; Fiesta In Blue; Down For The Count; Blues Backstage; Avenue "C"
(12in. H.M.V. CLP1203)

THIS you must hear! Certainly one of the most unusual, enterprising and controversial jazz records of the year. Those concerned: singers Dave Lambert (of bop choir fame), Jon Hendricks (who's had a hand in some of King Pleasure's successes) and Scotland's "Twisted" Annie Ross. Plus multi-taping galora and Count Basie's rhythm section (with pianist Nat Pierce "depping" for Count).

What it all boils down to is this: The three singers have taken 10 of the Basie band's most famous featured scores just as the arrangers wrote them. Then Hendricks fitted words to every phrase by the sections and soloists. Every brass accent or sax exclamation has words. And each "song" tells a completely original story, perfectly in keeping with the title, treatment and mood of the original composition.

The only set of lyrics used before are the standard ones for Joe Williams' famous vocal with the band, *Ev'ry Day*. And even then, there's a complementary story going on behind these lyrics as Hendricks vocalises the reeds and brass backings.

To help you follow the scores, the sleeve notes carry a complete breakdown of the charts of four of the 10 tunes. Hendricks' lyrics are all in jazz slang. All very hip. But even though some of the phrasing may be double-Dutch to you, I'm

sure you'll get the point of the stories.

By multi-taping, the three singers have achieved the sound of complete sections.

Yes, it's a gimmick record. All very clever. And some critics may mark it down for this very fact. But I say it's a good gimmick and that, generally speaking, the results are most successful. More important, they are completely in sympathy with the spirit of the original instrumental. And of the Basie band!

My favourites: *One O'Clock Jump* (a real jazz party feeling), *Little Pony* (in which Hendricks cleverly lyricses the late Wardell Gray's fine tenor solo), *Fiesta In Blue* (a sad tale, feelingfully sung by Annie Ross) and the Pagliacci-like theme which runs through *Frank Foster's Blue Backstage*.

As Annie says in Charles Fox's short liner note: "You know, honey, we all loved each other so much on that date. That's why Basie's music is so great, too. There's so much love in that band."

That bluesy, basic love comes through. Get with it! (★★★★)

AL COHN—JOHN COLTRANE
HANK MOBLEY—ZOOT SIMS
Tenor Conclave

Tenor Conclave: *Just You, Just Me; Bob's Boys; How Deep Is The Ocean?*

(12in. Esquire 32-059)

A MOST interesting and enjoyable album from the Prestige catalogue. Four of New York's top tenors meet on common ground (a "rhythm" thing, a blues, a standard and a ballad). Each says his piece with distinction and

THE BEST IN JAZZ

REVIEWS



By ... TONY HALL

individuality. And though some of the styles are worlds of jazz apart, the date sounds smooth and emotional.

Ira Gitler's really first-rate liner notes contain a wonderfully concise breakdown of styles, sounds and influences. Basically, though, they all go back to either Bird or Lester, Zoot and Cohn have a much closer affinity to each other than Mobley has to Coltrane. Hank has a round sound; Coltrane shouts, almost screams.

Coltrane, to judge by his most recent work (and remember, this LP was cut in September, 1956, and he's improved so much since then) seems to me to be developing into the most stimulating and original tenor in jazz. Even more

Johnny Griffin, will also be hailed as a "great" before very long. His work with Monk at the Five Spot is the talk of every musician who has visited New York in recent weeks).

By the way, the four excellent tenors are sympathetically backed by what has become for recording purposes, anyway, the Red Garland Trio—Red (piano), Paul Chambers (bass) and Art Taylor (drums).

A most valuable addition to any modern jazz record collection. I've only one complaint to make: why did we have to wait so long for this LP? (★★★★)

DON BYRD—GIGI GRyce
Modern Jazz Perspectives
Early Morning Blues; Elgy;

His work on the three titles on which he is used is purely in a "seat" capacity. And the results aren't fair to him, or to you, the record-buyer, because they don't really contribute anything that a horn-player couldn't have done so much better. But I must defend Jackie against several apparently uninformed British critics, who have condemned him out of hand because of his showing here.

In his proper context, as a lyric interpreter, Paris is probably the most original song stylist in jazz today. (I refer you to a 10-inch Vogue-Coral LP since re-issued in

RATINGS

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

Unusual, enterprising controversial You must hear it!

so than the unquestionably great Sonny Rollins.

I feel that Coltrane is "just beginning" and that he will break more new ground, especially harmonically, than almost anyone has in recent years. Except, of course, Monk and Miles, both of whom, incidentally, have played—and are playing—an important part in Trane's development.

I sincerely believe that Coltrane is the horn man. (And I'd add here that the Chicago tenor,

Early Bird; Stablemates; Steppin' Out; Social Call; An Evening In Casablanca; Satellite.

(12in. Philips BBL7244)

THIS LP was scheduled to coincide with a sort of "History of Jazz"-type concert tour, with Nat Hentoff as narrator. As things turned out, the tour never happened. Which, on this particular LP, makes the presence of singer Jackie Paris (male) somewhat superfluous.

the States on Brunswick as a 12-inch with four additional tracks; a 12-inch LP on the American Mercury subsidiary label, Wing; and, his most controversial recordings, some 78s for Debut with Charlie Mingus, which, unfortunately, are no longer available).

Take my word for it, he is an exceptional singer. Though I don't dig him here at all.

Instrumentally, this is an enjoyable album of swinging modern jazz by Byrd (trumpet), Gryce (alto), Wynton Kelly (piano), Wendell Marshall (bass) and Art Taylor (drums)—plus (on tracks 4 and 5), Julius Watkins (French horn), Sahib Shihab (baritone) and Jimmy Cleveland (trombone).

Byrd had some very consistent

Jazz Idol Gossip



ALLAN GANLEY

has made Art blow better than ever. We're all writing for the band. I thought the old Quartet was good. But the Jazzmakers sound even better. And we're doing very good business at the Dankworth Club."

"I KNOW Ellington's here and there are many great American discs to review, but just think... there's a new British modern group on the scene!" writes DISC reader Bernard May, of Brighton.

Combo in question: the Lennie Best Quartet. Seemingly seven-foot vibist Best is proving a big draw on the London club circuit. Already a very good player, he has an outwardly confident, rhythmic, hard-hitting, no-nonsense approach, modelled closely on the style of the early Milt Jackson.

I detect a certain amount of tension in his playing, which I hope will be overcome as he gains experience. I like the approach of his pianist, youthful Brian Dee. In time, he could be another Terry Shannon. Phil Bates and

Lennie Breslow were on bass and drums, but unfortunately they have left the Quartet. Danish bassist Trond Sveneig and London drummer Ted Potter have proved competent replacements.

Arrangements? Mainly "heads." But they're less M.J.O.-like than they might be. More on the lines of Mill's original group. Lennie's best is yet to come!

SURPRISE, surprise! At number 10 on the "Cash Box" Best Selling Pop Albums chart—above Presley's "King Creole" and countless "Original Cast" LPs—is modern jazz pianist Ahmad Jamal's Argo album, "But Not For Me!"

Said Miles Davis recently to critic Leonard Feather: "All my inspiration today comes from Ahmad Jamal." Jamal is said to sound more like Red Garland than Red Garland. And there is much controversy about which of the two was the first to play piano in this style. (Red, of course, was with Miles' Quintet/Sextet for two years.)

Esquire

"BILLY TAYLOR is a wonderful pianist by any standards"—says TONY HALL (DISC October 18, 1958).

THE BILLY TAYLOR TRIO — ON ESQUIRE

- 20-020 TAYLOR MADE
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- 20-051 CONCERT AT TOWN HALL
Secret Georgia Blues. Theodor. A Feast Day. How High The Moon. F's Remember April.
- 32-010 BILLY TAYLOR TRIO
Over An Easy. Radioactive. A Broom. Long Tom. Day Dreaming. Live In U.S. Pumpkin Seed. Early Bird. Blue Cloud. It's A Grand Night For Swinging. Memories Of Spring. Daddy.

ESQUIRE RECORDS Ltd., 76 Bedford Court Mansions, Bedford Ave., W.C.1

WHO looks the healthiest, happiest jazzman in town? My vote goes to drummer Allan Ganley, co-leader of the new "Jazzmakers." I met Allan the other evening with his wife, June. "I've never been so happy," said A.G. "and June's the greatest cook!"

"How's the band shaping up?" I asked. "It gets better every night," he said. "Ronnie (Ross) and Art (Elfson) are perfect together. And Ronnie's presence



CHRIS BARBER — Occasionally sounds sharp during a concert recording.

TONY HALL'S REVIEWS

(Continued from facing page)

sessions, playing long lines with fire and logic. Kelly is revealed by almost all his disc dates to be a very, very underrated pianist and the rhythm section is excellent. But Bryce plays better than I've ever heard him before on records. (This is particularly interesting, in that their last LP—BHL 7210—contains what I other co-leader, Byrd, considers his best recorded work.)

Gigi blows with more conviction and passion than usual. Especially on *Elgi* and *Bird* (listed in the wrong order on the sleeve notes) and *Casablanca*.

Lee Sears contributed the second (modern) half of *Morning* (don't let the church-type opening fool you). Don wrote *Elgi* and *Bird*; Benny ("Whisper Not") Golson, the haunting, moody *Stablemates*; Gigi, the other four. The last three titles have been waxed before by Gigi and Art Farmer on Prestige (Esquire) and Signal.

The scat singing apart (and there's really so little of it, so don't let it put you off), this is an intelligent, nearly always interesting, sometimes stimulating LP. There are some slips in the sleeve notes (not Hentoff's fault, I'm sure) about "Byrd" and "Bird":

RALPH SHARON SEXTET

Around The World In Jazz

Tipperary Fairy; Strictly Accidental; Ask An Alaskan; Blue In Peru; Prettily Italy; Piccadilly Station; Surtu Spanish; Parisienne Eyesful; Stateside Panic; Hassle In Havana; Gibraltar Rock; Just A Japanese Side-Man.

(12in. Columbia 33 SX1090)

LONDON pianist Sharon emigrated to the States in 1953. He is currently accompanist and MD for singer Tony Bennett. These sides (for Roulette) were made with Lucky Thompson (tenor), Eddie Costa (vibes), Joe Puma (guitar), Oscar Pettiford (bass) and Osie Johnson (drums).

Despite the personnel, I found it a disjointed, disappointing LP. Twelve tracks are far too many for a jazz album. Especially when all the tunes are originals. And thematically slight originals which will probably never be heard of again. (One—"Hassle"—used to be called "Burmon's Bauble" when Ralph first wrote it in 1951).

The musicianship is excellent throughout. Everything is very relaxed and professionally pleasant. But nobody gets time in which to get off the ground.

ONE of the turning points in the history of the George Webb Dixielanders—who, as I recalled last week, gave Britain the first "rehearsed" Dixieland jazz—was the discovery of Wally Fawkes and Eddie Harvey.

George burst into rehearsal one day with the news that he had met a couple of lads in a pub in Crayford and talking to them discovered that they played clarinet and trombone in particular.

George's ears pricked up at that. "What sort of stuff do you like?" he asked them.

To his amazement the reply came back, "Oh! you wouldn't have even heard of our favourites—players called Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory, Higgingbotham and Sidney Bechet. They play the real jazz!"

Had George heard of them? Within seconds of their arriving the two saxophones were out, for good. And we had our traditional, only we didn't know it (and didn't call it that, either), front line of cornet, clarinet and trombone.

Wally at that time, an art student if I recall correctly, was long, thin, scraggy, and played a clarinet strongly reminiscent of Sidney Bechet (the H.M.V. discs of Bechet's Footwarmers had recently hit the British market). He caused considerable amusement at his first appearance by his unorthodox method of tuning a clarinet.

He had made the discovery that a piece of string dropped down the barrel altered the pitch!

Someone eventually told him about pulling the barrel in and out.

Eddie Harvey worked for Vickers-Armstrong, as did most of the Webb band at one time or other. The directors of that great concern will never really know the huge debt that British jazz owes to them.

This war work kept all the boys out of the Forces and together for something like five years. Eddie's favourite was Luis Russell's great J.C. Higgingbotham, and his early solos prove this without any doubt.

Both Wally and Eddie had a natural bent towards the style we wanted, together with an unerring sense of harmony. True, Wally's tunes were often based on the wrong scale, but that still holds good to this day with most of our traditional clarinet players.

At this time neither could read music, but with my knowledge of chords and harmony we three managed to get by reasonably well. Too bad that we never managed to play quite in tune together in

JAZZ BOOKSHELF

THE JAZZ MAKERS, edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (Peter Davies, 25/-).

I HAVE nearly finished reading one of the finest jazz books yet. I can only think of Condon's "We Called It Music" as a better one. Both books deal with jazz through the eyes of the musicians.

As such they are more important than all the histories, discographical data and theories put together. To understand jazz you have to live it, you have to play it, you have to BE IT.

Jazz cannot be described so that it's understandable, technically. Take a record, analyse it, write about in detail—and the non-jazz man won't have the foggiest idea what it's all about.

Do what this book does: take 21 musicians from as many different media as you can (and how different can you get than from Baby Dodds to Charlie Parker, from Jelly Roll Morton to Diz Gillespie, or from Bessie Smith to Charlie Christian?) recount their tastes, their idiosyncracies, their backgrounds, their upbringing (without too much bothering with historical accuracy) and you'll really get with this jazz business.

I found the book absorbing. For one thing the writers are probably the best writers in the world: George Avakian, Leo-

nard Feather, Charles Edward Smith, Nat Shapiro, to name a few. And each writer treats his subject from a different angle.

Whatever you do, don't miss this book.

LADY SINGS THE BLUES, Billie Holiday with William Dufty (Barrie Books, Ltd., 16s.).

MOST people won't understand this book. For it really only makes sense to musicians, people "in the know." The squares will read it and wonder what hit them.

Believe it or not it is possible to read right through this and not realise that Billie Holiday was on a dope kick. A good half of the book is in the current jargon of the Harlem musicians. One wonders just how much of it is Billie Holiday and how much is William Dufty—whoever he is.

This will shock any ordinary citizen who picks it up. Only the jazz musician, with an intimate knowledge of one night stands, cheap dingy clubs, colour problems, the frustrations of knowing what one wants to do and not being able to do it and, the raw deals from promoters... yes, and all the rest... will have the slightest clue what it's about.

But for the jazz musician it's a must.

TRADITIONAL

jazz

By OWEN BRYCE

those early days though!

Wally eventually became our finest jazz soloist, Eddie is a top arranger in the modern idiom. After a stint with the R.A.F. (he was too young for call-up earlier).

white New York school of musicians and recorded extensively in the middle and late 'twenties with Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Joo Venuti. He was at one time the leader of The California Ramblers.

OUT: Saxes—IN: Clarinets

REVIEWS

CHRIS BARBER IN CONCERT

Vol. 3

Bugle Boy March; Pretty Baby; Majorca; Georgia Grind; Rockin' In Rhythm; My Oh! Kentucky Home; Careless Love; Strange Things Happen Every Day; Mama Don't Allow.
(Nixa NJL17)

AT the first hearing, I thought Barber had decided to keep ahead of his competitors by playing as out of tune as they do.

Some of the tracks are very off and even Chris plays sharp on occasions. The recordings were made at a concert held at a Brighton concert hall.

Now there is an enormous difference between a studio and a live concert. What goes down well with a capacity audience often sounds terrible on disc.

On this disc the band sound much more enthusiastic than on their studio records. In fact, they play better jazz here, but it lacks the neatness, precision and simplicity that we have come to expect from Chris and the boys.

Watch *Majorca*. It will be around all the bands soon.

ADRIAN ROLLINI TRIO

Jazz Me Blues; Chopsticks; Loch Lomond; Limehouse Blues; Raggin' The Scale; Oye Negra; Humoresque; Dardanella; Tea For Two; Way Down Yonder In New Orleans.

(Mercury MPT7538)

THIS record is so bad that you just can't help liking it. At least I can't. Like some of the early rock 'n' roll discs, it holds a sort of fatal fascination.

Adrian Rollini was one of the

and, in addition, found time to invent an assortment of instruments such as the Hot Fountain Pen and the Goofus.

His two main instruments were the vibraphone and the bass sax.

Had anyone asked me three weeks ago where he was now I would probably have said, "Dead, I expect." And here he turns up once again. But not trumps.

The sleeve notes are not very helpful—they don't exist. I'm left in doubt as to the personnel and the instrument that Rollini plays. It sounds like tubular bells but produces an ugly clanking noise that does anything except swing.

THE 2.19 SKIFFLE GROUP

Hand Me Down My Walking Cane; Oh Mary Don't You Weep; Black Girl; Gipsy Davy.

(Esquire EP196)

THE 2.19 Skiffle Group is one of our most musical amateur skiffle groups. I nearly wrote our only musical amateur group, but that might not be fair on those I have not yet heard.

Last year they won the All-Britain National Skiffle contest and as a result were offered an Esquire recording contract. Without exception every side so far issued has been worth buying.

Both Mike Wallace and Mick Lauder have attractive voices, and they combine these with an ease of delivery and a relaxed swing that comes as something of a shock to those used to the forced, straining-for-effect singing of most skiffle groups.

Since making these discs, Mike Wallace has branched out as a drummer, playing with great swing (he now both drums and sings with my band). Vic Pitt is the bass player today with the City Ramblers.

TWO SMASH WEEKS!

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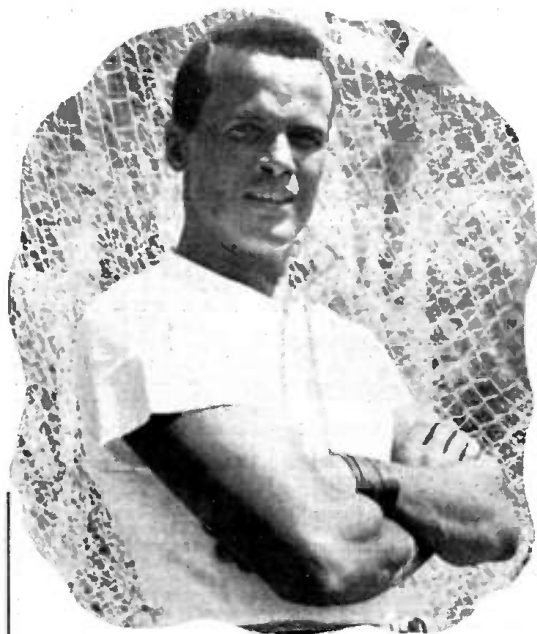
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DISC DATE

* * with DON NICHOLL * * *



Goodwill messages from BELAFONTE.

HARRY BELAFONTE
The Son Of Mary: I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day (R.C.A. 1084)*****

BELAFONTE has had such success with religious songs one can confidently expect him to be a winner again now that Christmas is coming.

The Son Of Mary is a familiar song which Belafonte sings softly and sincerely to a backing by Bob Corman which has a distinct flavour of the Middle Ages... not surprising since the tune is "Greensleeves."

Harp and Glockenspiel open up I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day. Slow carol taking the "Peace On Earth Goodwill To Men" message. Belafonte sings it with husky warmth.

HARRY BELAFONTE
Silent Night: The Twelve Days Of Christmas (R.C.A. 1085)*****

THIS will undoubtedly be one of the biggest sellers this season. Silent Night has been sung by star after star, but it's a natural for the Belafonte treatment. Apart from the clean-cut singing of the performer himself, there's intelligence in the adroit use of guitar for the early part of the accompaniment. Orchestra creeps in behind both at just the right moment.

The Twelve Days Of Christmas is another loved Christmas favourite, and Belafonte trips it out cleverly. Its novel charm remains as bright as ever and I think it should help the record considerably. Good coupling this.

LAIMMAN BROWNE
Laidman And 'Mr. Browne' (Nixa N1511)***

THE warm voice of radio actor Laidman Browne is heard here "In conversation with his budgie." Not really in the pop province, but budgie lovers may want to

Belafonte gets ready for Christmas —with two great discs

make a note of it. Children's material told in the form of a nursery story.

The tape cut-ins of the budgerigar are not entirely successful because of the very different noise they introduce. Star rating is for tots.

EVELYN KINGSLEY
with
THE TOWERS
To Know Him Is To Love Him; Let Me Be The One (Capitol CL1494)****

EVELYN KINGSLEY makes her first disc for Capitol in company with the vocal group, The Towers. Result is a clean, attractive sound. The girl has a nice, unaffected voice and she handles the slow ballad, To Know Him Is To Love Him, simply.



RATINGS.....

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

And those that look like heading for the Top Twenty are marked D.N.T. (Don Nicholl Tip). So watch them.

CHRISTMAS is a-coming, all right and there's evidence of that this week both from the British and the American studios.

There's Harry Belafonte with not one but TWO new discs... and both of them are aimed particularly at the Christmas counters. I notice, by the way, that R.C.A. are now labelling him simply "Belafonte." And another one word name is "Shari."

She's the John Kennedy girl who comes up for the first time on Decca. Shari's debut is with a Christmas item also—"Going Home For Christmas." Carols anyone?



'Silent Night' time is here again

The male group raft for her without becoming obtrusive. Quiet rhythm accompaniment helps the rather haunting quality which this deck achieves.

On the other side, Let Me Be The One, some changes are rung. One of the male group—Frank Perry—steps out front to sing lead on a teenage lyric which he wrote himself.

COLIN HICKS
Little Boy Blue: Jambalaya On The Bayou (Nixa N15163)****

COLIN tries yet again to hit the heights which his brother has reached. And for perhaps the first time, he gives me the impression that he could do it.

Way above anything he has pro-

duced before. Little Boy Blue is a smart, slow beat side. Hicks still sounds a mite too like Mr. Steele, but I don't see what he can do about this family likeness. Here's a polished effort, however, which is well worth hearing. Lifts him into the upper beat brackets of British boys.

Quicker tempo on the other side for Jambalaya On The Bayou. Colin chants it easily to a backing by Bill Shepherd's orchestra and the Beryl Stott chorus.

HARVEY AND THE MOON-GLOWS
Ten Commandments Of Love; Mean Old Blues (London LLM8730)***

NOW this is the kind of disc I probably detest most of all. The phoney sincerity of The Ten Commandments Of Love, which has a slithering rock voice singing each sugary line... and a mock reverent deep voice speaking the lines after it.

I have my own comment for this type of side... "Thou Shalt Not Buy."

Pity, because I enjoyed the hopping beat of Mean Old Blues on the turnover. Here the group chants as if it is a deal more comfortable with the material. I know I was. This deck lifts it into a two-star rating.

AL ALBERTS
Things I Didn't Say; God's Greatest Gift (Coral Q7234)****

AL ALBERTS is the lead voice of The Four Aces, and he goes solo here with a backing

directed by Dick Jacobs. The other three Aces aren't around—but there's a mixed chorus to build up the size.

Al puts plenty of strength into Things I Didn't Say—a cha-cha that's got both the kind of tempo and sound which are selling right now. Voice is good enough to stand on its own two tonsils.

Strings and chimes sweep Alberts into the reverential ballad God's Greatest Gift on the other side. Good lyric for this religious which dwells on the good things in nature. Al gives it sincerity, and it is far better than many excursions of this kind.

PATTI PAGE
Fibbin': You Will Find Your Love (Mercury AMF100)*****

CHANGE of ownership often brings some unexpected results. Emphasis can switch to different artists, and on this occasion it may switch to Patti Page. Long, long time since Patti showed up in British best-sellers.

But she could easily reappear with Fibbin'. Better recording. I'd



PATTI PAGE—back among sellers?

say, than that by Petula Clark. Slides along smartly with Patti singing with herself on double tracking. Vic Schoen's orchestral backing has whistlers added to it.

Schoen also bats the flip deck You Will Find Your Love (in Paris). Warm waltzer this, with plenty of atmosphere from the boulevards. Patti gives it a likeable work-out while the accordions play. You may not know these words but you'll know the melody all right—it's been around for a long time.

MAHALIA JACKSON
Have You Any Rivers; For My Good Fortune (Philips PB869)*****

HAVE You Any Rivers is a slow spiritual which Mahalia covers with her usual mastery. Like a powerful blues, this half commands your attention from start to finish. Second half builds with a sturdy beat to arouse real emotion.

Here Mahalia shows the vibrant appeal that is her almost exclusive possession. Chorus help the salvationist sound of the latter part of the slice.

Quick, unashamed, rinky-tink tempo of the flip conjures up pic-

fures of honky-tonks as Mahalia chants another spiritual. Piano and handclapping together with chorus fill out an extremely infectious deck. I've yet to hear a poor or uninteresting recording from this fine artist.

FRANK CHACKSFIELD

My Heart In Portugal; Love By Starlight
(Decca F11070)****

ATTRACTIVE melody laid out by the Chacksfield orchestra here. My Heart In Portugal is a colourful, easy-to-ride-to strain which Frank lushes up with xylophone and strings. Has a gay Latin tempo which will please most. One of his best halves for some time. There's a switch to slower tempo on the reverse as Frank brings in the bank of strings for Love By Starlight. Warm melody played with powerful romanticism.

For late nights and young lovers.

WINIFRED ATWELL

Let's Go

(Decca F11073)****

WINNIE ATWELL at her "other piano" with another party time medley. Backed by a rhythm section, she goes pounding merrily along through such numbers as Lollipop, Whole Lotta Woman, Teddy Bear, At The Hop, Jeepers Creepers, When You're Smiling, Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone, My Baby Just Cares For Me, I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts.

First side taken in rock beat, and the second side is raced through at a straight, quick clip. Ideal for the time of the year.

THE PLATTERS

I Wish: It's Raining Outside

(Mercury AMT1001)****

THE E.M.I. Group send out the first releases of Mercury since they took over British rights of the company. And it's fitting that The Platters should be among the first batch.

Here, with two songs written for them by their manager, Buck Ram, the group's in great form.

I Wish is a loping, easy-going beater on which one of the boys takes lead while the rest fill in gently behind him. Attractive, easy-to-remember tune with words to match.

I like the melody but not the lyric of It's Raining Outside... rouses nothing but chuckles in me. I'm afraid, even though it's meant to be a serious romantic plea. Group's in smooth voice.

JIMMIE RODGERS

Woman From Liberia; Girl In The Wood

(Columbia DB-4206)****

QUICK release from Jimmie Rodgers after his last disc, "The Wizard." Woman From Liberia is a finger-snapping ballad that's extremely reminiscent.

Jimmie handles it more than

competently, moving up the scale as he goes. Has good movement all the way, though it may take time to break through.

Terry Gilyson is one of the authors of Girl In The Wood on the other side. Dramatic ballad with folk flavour which Jimmie sends out in something like "Wild Goose" fashion.

Pulsing rhythm from orchestra and male chorus as Rodgers puts polish on the number.

NINO RICO

Cha-Cha-Cha; Rico Valcion

(Oriole CB1463)****

ANSWERING the cha-cha-call come Oriole with one of the most proficient of the Latin outfits.

Nino Rico has a lively orchestral sound under his baton as he plays Cha-Cha-Cha on the top deck of this release and the rhythm is dead right for dancing. In fact, that will be the main value of this disc at parties.

Rico Valcion is another cha-cha—this time with a vocal in the Latin lingo. Tuneful material once more with an eye on the dancers.

If you're hip-swaying with the rest of them just now, this is a good one for the shelf.

RUSS HAMILTON

Things I Didn't Say; Strange Are

The Ways Of Love

(Oriole CB1465)****

RUSS HAMILTON takes up the cha-cha tempo as he goes into the competition with "Things I Didn't Say." He's got a girl group and the Johnny Gregory orchestra behind him as he eases himself through this romantic song.

Not as strong as the Alberts' version, but a pleasant half which is up to the best Russ has done. Will it get him back into our Twenty, though? Doubtful, I'd say.

From the film "The Young Land" comes the ballad Strange Are The Ways Of Love. A sweeping song that has much of the screen atmosphere about it, this one is taken in his normal simple manner by Hamilton.

SHARI

Going Home For Christmas;

Count Every Star

(Decca F11069)****

TOMMY STEELE'S manager, John Kennedy, is behind this disc by Shari—a girl who sounds rather like Cleo Laine as far as pronunciation goes. She takes the pleasing little ballad Going Home For Christmas easily and with a certain amount of breathy charm. Male chorus and a jingle-bells kind of orchestral backing round out the half.

Count Every Star has a more definite lilt to it and Shari goes through it at a sort of slow bounce. Simple melody and lyric—but a very ordinary backing which follows the obvious all the way.

Shari has definite potential—be interesting to see how she develops.



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b/w 'If I could see the world through the eyes of a child' 48-CL14945

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b/w 'CRAZY COUNTRY HOP' 48-CL14947

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'BABY DADDY-O'

b/w 'NO OTHER LOVE' 48-CL14949

LOUIS PRIMA and KEELY SMITH

'THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC'

b/w KEELY SMITH—'You are my love' 48-CL14948

New star SHARI has definite potential.



DISCHulton House, Fleet Street, London,
E.C.4. FLEET STREET 5011.

Pictures, articles, this has the lot!

LAST week we announced our forthcoming DISC CHRISTMAS ALBUM, and the result has been tremendous interest among the music profession and the record fans.

Within the multi-coloured and striking cover of this, the first-ever DISC ALBUM, there are 96 star-studded pages, including more than 30 full-page portraits of your top show business favourites.

Stars like Paul Anka, Harry Belafonte, Pat Boone, Bernard Breslaw, Max Bygraves, Alma Cogan, Perry Como, Toot Dall, Lonnie Donegan and Connie Francis are but a few to whom full page pictures are devoted. And there is a host of other great portraits, among them Buddy Holly, Laurie London, Ricky Nelson, Johnnie Ray, Marion Ryan, Frank Sinatra, Tommy Steele, Frankie Vaughan and Marty Wilde.

As if this were not enough, DISC CHRISTMAS ALBUM presents a glorious double page portrait of the one and only Elvis Presley.

There are also many great articles about the stars and by the stars.

Tommy Steele writes

Marion Ryan writes especially for our girl readers, whilst Jack Good has penned an hilarious article called "Rockie Rimbold's Diary." Frankie Vaughan writes "Off the Record," and ace show business reporter Dick Richards has written a special profile on Frank Sinatra.

Tommy Steele has also put pen to paper for this first DISC CHRISTMAS ALBUM, and there are also other features devoted to Anne Shelton, Ronnie Hilton, Michael Holliday, The Beverley Sisters and Marty Wilde.

Doug Geddes has written of his experiences in the world of show business, and regular DISC contributors Kent Walton, Don Nicholl, Russell Turner and Owen Bryce are also included.

We certainly advise you to place your order with your newsagent for this exciting new publication NOW.

It only costs 2s. 6d. and will be available at the end of November. Supplies will be limited, so make sure that you are not disappointed.

Roy Castle is hit of Royal show

ROY CASTLE, 23 years old and only six months' experience in show business, was one of the hits of the Royal Variety Show at the London Coliseum on Monday. He danced, played the trumpet, plucked the guitar, and sang, and roused one of the business's stickiest audiences to cheers.

For the two American "imports," Pat Boone and Eartha Kitt, it was also a great night.

Miss Kitt, menacing as ever, had the audience eating out of her hand by the end of her act, and Pat Boone was his usual relaxed self.

But it was a newcomers' Command this year, for in addition to Roy Castle, Bruce Forsyth with his skit on a rock 'n' roll pianist, The Mudlarks, Charlie Drake and Bernard Breslaw all made a hit.

Roy Castle, by the way, has just been signed by Pye Records after having been recommended by Marion Ryan, and his first release is planned for the near future.

Lincoln presents big package

PAUL LINCOLN is presenting one of the biggest ever package shows for three Sunday dates during November.

The show, which will feature Cliff Richard, Larry Page, Wee Willie Harris, The Most Brothers, Tony Crombie and his Rockets. The Batchelors and the Basil Kirchin Band, has been fixed for the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, on November 16, the Granada, Walthamstow (November 23) and the Granada, Slough (November 30), with other Granada dates possibly to follow.

Mike fulfils his ambition

BETWEEN dates last week-end, singing star Michael Holliday achieved a personal ambition when he met American visitor, Pat Boone, pictured on the right (DISC Pic) as he arrived at London Airport last week-end.

When Pat heard that Michael was in town he was quick to ask him to his hotel.

Readers will recall that Pat Boone took an interest in one of Michael's own compositions, "Keep Your Heart," a song which he himself has recorded. Pat's version will probably be issued at a later date on an EP.

Currently, Michael Holliday is ending a variety tour in major cinemas and this week he is appearing at Worcester. He follows this date with two more week's engagements at Lincoln and Chesterfield.

Following his tour, Michael Holliday intends to take a fairly long rest prior to any further extensive tours. He is still feeling the effects of his recent illness and will no doubt devote his activities mainly to television.

There has been tremendous viewer reaction to his recent B.B.C.-TV series, and discussions are in hand for yet another similar set of programmes.



BRAZIL HONOURS FRANKIE LAINE

A MAJOR honour has been given to international singing star Frankie Laine by the Trade Bureau of the Brazilian Government.

He has been invited to star in a gigantic television production which will be filmed completely in Brazil for widespread network transmission next February.

The venture is being encouraged by the Brazilian Government and leading business concerns as a goodwill production representing the cultural activities of that country.

Frankie Laine, who is extremely popular in South America, will be featured and will also present the best of South American talent in their songs and dances.

Command on radio

THE B.B.C. made special recordings at last Monday's Royal Variety Performance from the London Coliseum and this condensed version will be transmitted next Sunday (November 9) between 9 and 10 p.m.

Harry Revel, composer of "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?" and "Stay As Sweet As You Are," and a Londoner by birth, died in New York on Monday.

NEWS in BRIEF

COMEDY violinist Henry Youngman has been signed by Harold Davison to visit this country for two TV appearances. He arrives at London Airport on Friday, November 28 and will appear the following Sunday on "Sunday Night at the London Palladium." At the end of the same week he stars in "Saturday Spectacular."

Blonde songstress Jill Day opened at London's Society Restaurant on Monday of this week for a five-week season.

JEREMY LUBBOCK was due to leave London airport last night (Wednesday) bound for New York, to take a quick look at the music scene in the States and study the current trends there. He will also be visiting publishers and taking with him various tracks from his forthcoming LP on the Parlophone label.

He returns this coming week-end.

FRANKIE VAUGHAN went to London airport last week-end, to see off his young American discovery, Joseph McGrath, who was returning to the States after having appeared in a number of boys' club concerts with Frankie as a prize for winning a singing competition in America.

SCOTTISH singer Niven Miller, currently on a world tour, has been acclaimed this past fortnight in New Zealand.

Over there his LP "Presenting Niven Miller" is topping the hit parade lists for such records.

Miller began his concert tour in America and he follows his New

Zealand stay with visits to Australia, South Africa and Hong Kong.

Originally due back in this country next February, Niven Miller has now been offered a long series of concert dates in Canada. Should he accept these it will be next spring before he returns.

Lonnie Donegan's wife, Maureen, was suddenly taken ill last week in London. Lonnie himself was in Dundee, but made arrangements to fly to London immediately to see her.

★

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BOONE**

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LET'S

F 11073

'RECORDS' your monthly guide to good

Andy Williams booked for two TV shows

YET another top record name from the States, Andy Williams, has been signed for two ATV appearances during November. Hit disc seller of "Butterfly," he will be one of the featured stars in Val Parnell's "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" on November 16, and he will appear again on the following Saturday, when he is a featured guest in the "Bernard Bresslaw Show," one of ATV's "Spectacular" programmes.

Other stars for Palladium television include Eartha Kitt next Sunday, with Antonio and comedian Moray Amsterdam. As previously reported, The Peters Sisters will be featured on Sunday, November 16, and further Palladium spots will be taken by Beryl Grey on November 30, and another visit by the extremely popular and successful Marino Marini Quartet on November 23.

ATV signings of record stars for the "Jack Jackson Show" include Joan Regan, Malcolm Vaughan, Marty Wilde and Chris Barber on November 12, and Alma Cogan, The Mudlarks and the Aven Sisters for the following week.

In the "Startime" series, Cliff Richard will be seen on November 13 with Eartha Kitt, whilst The Peters Sisters will be featured on November 22.

Finally, next Sunday's "Music Shop" stars Steve Martin, The King Brothers and Anne Shelton.

Young singer wanted—by Ted Heath

A BIG opportunity with Ted Heath and his Orchestra awaits a young boy singer.

Ted told DISC this week, "I am anxious to find a young singer, somewhere around 16 years of age, whose personality and style I could mould to suit my orchestra."

In Ted's search for his singer, he is looking for someone who has all the vocal qualifications but has no set style gained from pre-conceived ideas.

DISC will willingly pass any applications to Ted Heath.

Cha-cha band is launched

THE first orchestra to be launched playing cha-cha as a speciality—Andre Rico and the Cha-Chaleros—makes its debut at the Majestic Ballroom, Swindon, on November 13. An extensive ballroom schedule is being lined up beyond this date.

It is said that the new orchestral sound will be particularly exciting; it is supplied by five trumpets, four saxes, piano, bass, drums plus a three piece Latin American rhythm section.

A library of special arrangements has been prepared by Jahnnie Scott, Chick Mayer, Arnold Maine, Basie Thompson and Andre Rico himself for this new orchestra.

Although the cha-cha rhythm will be heavily featured in the orchestra's programme, it is also intended that they will cover all types of Latin American music.

Changes at Saga Records

AS announced last week, certain changes have taken place at Saga Records. Peter Burman has now left his position as an executive manager and will be concentrating entirely on A. and R. work for the Saga jazz label. His place has been taken by Joan Simmonds.

Saga have now dropped their pop music label and in future all releases will be classical, jazz, or folk music. The two latter labels will be arranged by Barrington Coupe, who, until recently, was only concerned with the classics.

New release due out shortly on Saga is an Ido Martin LP which consists of cha-chas and other Latin American music.

'Pop' religion

THE Reverend Matthew Byrne, of Manchester, has been broadcasting each morning this week a programme in the "Lift Up Your Hearts" series—and he has based his "lectures" on pop songs, including "Stupid Cupid," "Lonesome Traveller," "Don't Leave Me This Way," "Poor Little Fool," "All I Have To Do Is Dream," and "The Common Touch."

Mr. Byrne obtained a tremendous response from a similar series last January.

FOLK-LOVERS PLEASE NOTE!

A GET-TOGETHER at Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, on November 7, 8 and 9 should be of interest to all folk music lovers.

This is a three-day residential course entitled "Folk Music Today" and the speakers include A. L. Lloyd and Ralph Rinzler.

A. L. Lloyd is probably the foremost authority in this country on folk music. He is the author of several books and has recorded for I.L.M.V., Topic, and Folkways.

Ralph Rinzler is a skilled American singer who has recorded with Peggy Seeger, Pete Seeger and Ewan McColl.

Hilton signed for Blackpool

SINGING star Ronnie Hilton has been signed for a 22-week summer season next year in Blackpool. He will be appearing at the Queen's Theatre and, although he has already made many Sunday concert appearances there, it will be his first Blackpool season.

Currently, Ronnie is busy pre-recording further programmes in Manchester for his "Ronnie Hilton Show," broadcast each week on the B.B.C. Northern Home Service.

Hilton is completing as many of these programmes as possible prior to his pantomime rehearsals for the coming Christmas season when he plays a principal role in "Dick Whittington," at Bradford.

He has just waxed a further disc for H.M.V. which is due for release in two weeks' time; titles are "I Could Be A Mountain" and "The Day The Rains Came."

Tommy Edwards to visit Britain next month?

NEGOTIATIONS are going on between the Harold Davison organisation and Tommy Edwards' representative in the States to try to bring the American star to Britain.

Currently, Tommy's M.G.M. disc, "It's All In The Game" is standing this week in DISC'S charts at No. 6.

It is understood that the earliest Tommy Edwards could come to Britain would be next month.



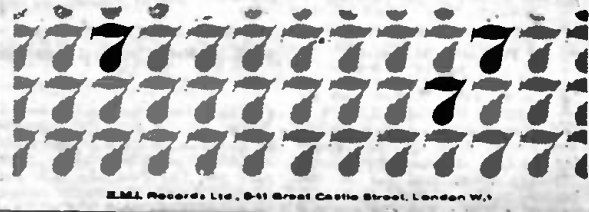
Straight from TV's 'Oh Boy!'

THE JOHN BARRY SEVEN

Farrago

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'Mr. Venus' off New record show for Gus

FOLLOWING only a two and a half weeks run at London's Prince of Wales Theatre, the new British musical "Mr. Venus" comes off on Saturday, November 8.

Starring Frankie Howard, the show had poor Press reaction.

Music for the show, which generally received favourable comment, was written by A. and R. manager Norman Newell and Trevor Stanford, better known as pianist Russ Conway.

POPULAR teenage disc jockey Gus Goodwin is to start a new record series, "Juke Box Parade" on Radio Luxembourg tomorrow (November 7).

The new programme will be at 9.30 p.m. each Friday and Gus intends to specialise in rock records and those which he considers to be future juke box hits.

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Rico Vacilon
Cha-Cha-Cha
CB 1465 45/78 p.p.m.
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THE BIG BEAT

IVAN
Real Wild Child: Oh You Beautiful Doll

(Coral Q72341)***
DON'T know who Ivan is—but he has the rock voice that could happen. To a slick instrumental backing he goes warping through *Real Wild Child* in a way that could set the jukes alight.

Soft, strange accent comes through with an edge that's definitely different. Some good guitar and handclapping, too, on this steady, beating item. You'll know the number—and I think there'll be many of you buying it this time out.

Yes, *Oh You Beautiful Doll* IS the familiar music-hall song of yesteryears . . . after the Lily of Laguna. I suppose, anything can happen. Ivan chants this age-old ballad at a jerky sort of beat. Peculiar intrusion of milk bottles (or something very like them) adds novelty flavour to the backing.

THE ROYAL HOLIDAYS

I'm Sorry; Margaret (London HLU8722)***

THE ROYAL HOLIDAYS go dragging through *I'm Sorry* (I Did You Wrong) with a rather weary beat. Male team this, warping the lyric at every opportunity.

Heavy drum and sax in the backing as they offer this mournful beater. Might sell on the newness of the outfit, although they've borrowed much from others.

BY DON NICHOLL

TWO seeming certainties in this week's Big Beat pastures . . . Tommy Steele and The Crickets. The Crickets have never yet lost their disc form, but Tommy could do with a solid hit.

He may have it this time out. He's got the American rocker "C'mon Let's Go." I'd say it'll go like wildfire.

Unexpected song entry in this section is the old, old, old favourite "Oh You Beautiful Doll"! There won't be much left to revive before long. We'll have to find people who can write new songs!!

Margaret is better stuff for the jukes. Quicker beater which The Royal Holidays chant with some exuberance. Twangy guitar in the accompaniment. Lyric is pathetic as far as invention goes, but the noise and pound are right. Squawking sax? But of course.

SEPH ACRE: THE PETS
Rock 'n' Roll Cha-Cha: You Are My Love

(Pye International N25001)***
ONE of the initial releases picked up for the new Pye International label, this one comes from the American Arwin label. Seph Acre and The Pets take their cue from the up-to-the-minute tempo by churning out *Rock 'n' Roll Cha-Cha*.

Instrumental backing has right

sax, piano and guitar sound. Aere husks out the words and he should have an early winner for the new Pye label. A natural for the juke boxes.

Violent contrast on the flip with snare drum marching Seph Acre into a steady-going ballad, *You Are My Love*. Piano and vocal team roll in behind him as he warms up.

BOB AND JERRY

Nothin'; Ghost Satellite (Pye International N25003)***

ANOTHER of the Pye International buys, *Nothin'*, features composer Bob Summers on guitar playing his own tune. As a tune I'm afraid there's little special about it. Some novelty is gained, perhaps, by a gimmicky run-down finish . . . but it's not enough. What "Jerry" does on this side isn't clear to me.

Ghost Satellite is a novelty made up of weird, outer-space noises. Guitar once more dominates. And this half could sell. Has something of a beat to it apart from the musical effects.

No vocals.

THE TED TAYLOR FOUR
Son Of Honky Tonk; Farrago (Oriole CB1464)***

THE TED TAYLOR FOUR produce the current juke-cum-Oh-Boy sound as they play *Son Of Honky Tonk*. Side is a steady loper with plenty of electrical noises.

I've a feeling, though, that you need more than just sounds to sell a disc, and this half is so busy concentrating on effects that it makes the melody play too much of a second place.

A Farrago, the dictionary will tell you, is a "mass of various materials confusedly mixed; a medley." The word is also used to describe mixed food for cattle.

I don't know in which context the Ted Taylor Four want us to take their Farrago, but it is certainly a more tuneful deck than the other side. Not a bad instrumental.

BOBBY DARIN
Queen Of The Hop; Lost Love (London HLE8737)***

BOBBY DARIN opens up the verse of *Queen Of The Hop* by comparing his girl with all the other well-known rock titles . . . "Julie," "Miss Molly," etc. His song continues with further mixture of other titles.

A steady, forging beat is supplied by the thick instrumental outfit behind the rock 'n' roller. Fairly routine chanter this, which may catch your fancy.

The turnover produces *Lost Love* which switches the mood completely. Almost in Belafonte-fashion Bobby sings this nostalgic romancer with just the right degree of sadness.



THE CRICKETS
(DISC Pic.)

D.N.T.

TOMMY STEELE
C'mon Let's Go; Put A Ring On Her Finger (Decca F11072)

ARRANGEMENT and styling of "C'mon Let's Go" follows very closely on the American original by composer-singer Richi Valens. Yet I think that Tommy should emerge as top dog on the number in this country.

More than that, I'm expecting this deck to bring him back into the Top Twenty. Backed by a big sound from the Roland Shaw orchestra, Tommy sings the rocker easily and with force. It has the noise and the personality for peak sales.

On the flip, whistlers and finger-snappers lead Tommy easily into "Put A Ring On Her Finger." There's a chorus too, adding to the swing of the Shaw backing.



Steele's in his easiest form. Altogether, however, a good one . . . best Tommy's done for a long while.

THE CRICKETS
It's So Easy; Lonesome Tears (Coral Q72343)

HERE come The Crickets again with another smash side, "It's So Easy." Once more the good guitar noise is given a heavy part to play. The boys chant the steady beat item clearly and with their usual character.

Theme of the lyric is that it's so easy to fall in love. I reckon lots of customers will find it so easy to sway to this disc that they'll be queuing up for it. Yes, it ought to be another Twenty hit for the group.

On the second side The Crickets have another smooth performance for your attention. "Lonesome Tears" strums steadily alone and should be as good a joke bet as the number upstairs. They prove once again that they're way up with the best in the rock fields.

TOMMY STEELE



Very good performance that will make you stop and listen. Could grow to be more commercial than the top deck if it was heard enough. Certainly, material and performance are both of higher quality.

THE GAINORS

The Secret; Gonna Rock Tonite (London HLU8734)***

LOOKS as if Gordon MacRae has panicked the rock groups into covering a song he has done! Never thought we'd see the day that happened.

Still, here it is. Gordon is building nicely his modern styling of *The Secret*—and in come The Gainors with a Latin rocking version. High lead voice is given most of the space while the others hum behind him.

Sounds very commercial and could whip a lot of attention away from MacRae—even though the film-star balladeer has such a good start. Deep, syrupy voice is also used in the style of the original Ink Spots disc.

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of a full
orchestra—and
it's not highbrow!

CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL by
Rimsky-Korsakov

London Symphony Orchestra con-
ducted by Ataúlfo Argenta
(Decca CEP 566)*****

THIS Capriccio was written in
the year 1887, when the com-
poser was 33, and based on a
framework of Spanish themes.

It is in five short movements,
played without a break, and
there are some fine examples in
the score of Rimsky-Korsakov's
masterly orchestration.

The London Symphony Orches-
tra really do this gay and charm-
ing piece full justice, and Argenta
brings out the Spanish flavour,
especially in the faster passages.
For those wishing to buy a clas-



EDUARD VAN BEINUM

The reverse side is taken up by
the Entracte and the Ballet and
although Van Beinum fully realises
the simplicity of the Entracte, he
does not quite hit it off with the
Ballet.

MERRY WIDOW

by Franz Lehar (1870-1948)
June Bronhill, Anna Glavari,
Thomas Round, Count Danilo
Danilovitch as the principals.
Sadler's Wells Opera Company and
Orchestra conducted by William
Reid.

(H.M.V. CLP1226)*****

ALTHOUGH the "Merry
Widow" does not come within
my interpretation of classical
music, the operetta is a classic in
its own right.

Set in Paris in the "Naughty
Nineties," we have much of the
sparkle and gaiety of that era
evident in the music. Many of
the numbers are excellent, especially
the solos from June Bronhill. The
tenor, Thomas Round, is inclined
to strain and many of his top notes
sound forced. It is only in the duets
and choruses that he is really
effective.

**SANTA CECILIA CHORUS,
ROME**, with Orchestra
Favourite Opera Choruses

(Decca CEP564)****

THE four choruses recorded
here are "Bell Chorus" from
Pagliacci (Leoncavallo) "Hum-
ming Chorus" from Madam
Butterfly (Puccini), "Fuoco di
gioia" from Otello and "O Signore,
Dal Tetto Natio" from I Lombardi
(Verdi).

The best-known is the Hum-
ming Chorus from "Madam
Butterfly," one of those regular
requests that crop up on radio pro-
grammes.

Beautifully sung for the most
part, this EP will be a welcome
addition to the opera lover's col-
lection and I also think that the
non-expert will derive pleasure
from it.



"You've forgotten your
records, Butch!"

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

ITS time for another chal-
lenge which I am quite
firmly throwing down this
week to anyone who wants to
waste the postage writing to
me: Just what use are fan
clubs?

Now I'm not going to start a
war on them. For I don't think
they do any more harm than to
blind their various members to
the shortcomings of their own
particular reason for existence,
and to the finer points of other
"rival" performers.

There is at least one letter in
my own mailbox each week
from either a fan club or one
of the members. And if an eye
is cast down the correspondence
columns in DISC or any of its
contemporaries, you could not
fail to find the regular and
vehement attack on, and defence
of, just about every singing
personality in the business.

If it's not Presley v. Steele,
then it is Long Live Fitzgerald
and Down with Holiday, or We
Love Sinatra, We Hate Como—
and so on, ad nauseum.

you and me, as fans, as box-
office record-buying, money-
paying members of the public.

Presmen can look after
themselves in their scrambles to
find something with which to
scribble about people like
Sinatra.

But you, the folks who can
only know these big stars you
idolise through the likes of me,
need protecting.

Mr. Sinatra has swaggered
his way into London like a
peanut-sized St. George to save
the doddering city's social life
from dying on its feet. He has
cocked a snook at all but the
so-called cream of society.

He has had time only for
those with a handle to their
names, a coronet in their cup-
board or a gilded crest on
their invitation cards.

To everyone else he has been
downright rude.

To fans at the airport who
had the misguided desire to give
him a hip-hourah welcome to
London, Sinatra scowled and
turned his back.

Through all his grumpy,

YOU DO OWE A DEBT TO YOUR PUBLIC, MR. S.

Who takes any notice of the
diatribes for and against when
they come from universally
recognised, self-identified fans?

Do agents and impresarios
take any notice because Charlie
Cheesecake is being hated day
after day in the show business
papers by the fans of Ted
Tonsil—and vice versa?

More important do either of
the performing gentlemen them-
selves take any notice?

It doesn't even amuse them.
Some, it is true, are a little
more considerate and "show the
flag" when in public the fans
come flocking round. They are
the ones who sign autographs,
and smile, and even stop for a
moment and chat. And they are
the ones who get nice secre-
taries to answer fan mail in a
really nice chatty way, and well-
paid publicity men to ghost their
nice chatty newsletters for
which their fans, maybe, have to
pay each month.

But others are different. They
get bloated ideas of their own
importance. They begin to
believe it is their right to be
worshipped.

And the High Priest of Snub
and Discourtesy is Frank
Sinatra.

Now his voice is fine . . . his
artistry is tops.

But as a civil-mannered,
thoughtful individual with a
sense of consideration for his
public and his loyal fans . . . in
my opinion he is way, way
down below minus zero.

I am not concerned with the
circus that surrounded his
recent trip to London, the
nauseating publicity that was
drummed up around his head.

I am not concerned with his
so-called love affairs, his blow-
hot, blow-cold desires for any
one particular lady.

I am concerned only about

black-looked appearances in the
night-life of London, he would
talk to nobody and such an
article as an autograph book
usually created in Mr. Sinatra
the sort of nose-screwing look
that a nasty smell under the
nose might cause.

During his scurryings back and
forth one reporter, in despera-
tion, appealed to him in these
words: "Please, Mr. Sinatra, I'm
trying to represent your fans,
your very big public. They've
heard nothing from you. I'm
trying to get something from
you to tell your public. . . ."

Snapped back Mr. Big Head:
"Just what do I owe my public?"

Well, nothing, I suppose.
Nothing—apart from the mil-
lions of dollars we have paid to
buy his records and see his films,
to help turn him from a next-to-
nobody singing waiter to the
wealthy and successful star of
show business he is today.

But it seems we created a
Frankenstein monster, folks. For
there is only one person Mr.
Sinatra seems really to care
about: Sinatra.

I only hope his fellow artists
all over the world take a good,
long look at Mr. S. and recite to
themselves at least once a day
the words: "Please don't let me
go the same way. Please let me
stay at least in a small degree
humble in thanks for the gifts
and talents with which I am
endowed."

If you hate the public so much,
Mr. Sinatra, that you cannot
bear being at least polite to
them when you are forced to
meet them face to face, and then
do a favour, at least for me:
RETIRE NOW!

We still have your best
records with which to remember
the voice which is yours through
no fault of your own.

IN CLASSICAL MOOD

by

ALAN ELLIOTT

sical disc that is not too highbrow,
but which shows the beauty and
power of a full symphony orches-
tra, then this is the one.

My sole criticism of this near-
perfect recording is the rather
tinny use of the triangle, which is
rather prominent in comparison
with the more important instru-
ments of the orchestra.

CHAMPAGNE FROM VIENNA
by Johann Strauss (Jnr.)

The Vienna Philharmonic Orches-
tra conducted by Willi Boskovy
(Decca CEP558)***

A COLLECTION of five pieces
by "waltz king" Johann
Strauss Jnr. recorded in the
"Sollensaal" a building which was
a famous ballroom in the com-
poser's lifetime and where many of
his compositions were first heard.

In spite of this rather nostalgic
thought, these pieces, consisting of
three polkas, a waltz and a march,
are not the best examples of his
work and it is a pity that they
have been lumped together on
one record.

The Vienna Philharmonic
Orchestra have made finer record-
ings than this, and the whole thing
sounds as though they had a get-
together during their tea break.

SWAN LAKE EXCERPTS
Tchaikovsky

Royal Opera House Orchestra,
Covent Garden, conducted by
Jean Morel

(R.C.A. RB16070)***

SWAN LAKE is, of course, one
of the most popular ballets of
today and this recording contains
most of the famous music.

The recording on the whole is
very good, but Jean Morel takes
some excerpts at a rather slow pace,
and although in strict tempo, is
inclined to become a little boring.

The most vigorous dances, for
example, could have had more fire
and the waltzes more lilt, but where
Morel does score is in his interpre-
tation of the more haunting
melodies and dramatic contrasts.

Of the ten excerpts recorded

here, the Danse de Coup, Danse
des Cygnes, the Allegro Guisto
from Act 3, Danse Hongroise and
the Danse Napolitaine are the pick,
in that order.

If you have any friends or rela-
tives who are keen on ballet, this
disc would make them an ideal
Christmas present, because it con-
jures up all the beauty and serenity
of this wonderful ballet.

RATINGS

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

ROSAMUNDE

(Schubert)

Overture, Entracte in B Flat Major,
and Ballet in G Major

Concertgebouw Orchestra of
Amsterdam, conducted by Eduard
Van Beinum

(Decca LW5340)*****

IN 1823, Franz Schubert was
commissioned to write the
incidental music to a play called
"Rosamunde, Princess of Cyprus."
The play has been forgotten, but
the music lives on, and is as fresh
and vital today as it was 135 years
ago.

Eduard Van Beinum conducts
the wonderful Concertgebouw
Orchestra, and although the quality
of the recording is not always 100
per cent perfect, there are many
delightful passages, especially from
the strings.

The Overture (known today as
"Alfonso and Estrella") takes up
one complete side of the disc, and
is the better side of the two. Except
for one or two wavery woodwind
passages, it is played in the concise
and lyrical fashion that Schubert's
score demands.

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

Long Playing Reviews by Ken Graham



MICHEL LEGRAND puts something new into the old stand-by, "Brazil."

Stopover; Evening On Tokyo's Sumida; Sunday At Chapultepec; Mafreca (Melinette); Sunset On The Tiber.
(Columbia 33SX1112)

STAR DISC

WHOOSH! That's Norrie Paramor, that was! And he's off on a jet-propelled musical flight around the world. This collection is a complete knock-out from take-off to landing and the sweeping strings and exciting tempos will have your ear glued to the record player.

I have made this a "Star Disc" because of the really brilliant arrangements and the all-round appeal of the album.

This will keep out the cold

Exciting music

MICHEL LEGRAND
Legrand In Rio

Caravan; Besame Mucho; El Humahuagueno; Vaya Con Dios; Siboney; Maria, My Own; Maria Dolores; Brazil; Bahia; Frenesi; Granada; La Ultima Noche; Perfidia; Adios.
(Philips BBL7262)

A FRENCHMAN in South America — an interesting mixture which is bound to result in some exciting music! As this particular Frenchman is an inventive composer with a feeling for jazz, his arrangements of these popular Latin-American songs have something new to offer. Even that old stand-by *Brazil* sounds a little sexier than usual!

It is amazing how much sultry warmth Legrand manages to inject into these melodies. Just the kind of music you need on a cold winter's night.

Sound barrier

NORRIE PARAMOR
Jet Flight

Holiday In London; Rainy Night In Paris; Venetian Blue; Barcelona; Jumpin' Johannesburg; Brazilian Hangover; Honolulu Honeymoon; Sydney

Norrie Paramor has always ranked in my book, as one of the world's outstanding light orchestral conductors and if he keeps up this high standard he's going to stay there. If you have a fairly wide taste in music and appreciate the good in all styles, then you must hear this LP.

Ireland's best

PATRICIA CLARK, BRENDAN O'DOWDA AND HAROLD SMART

At The End Of The Day

If I Can Help Somebody; Bless This House; Say A Little Prayer; The Story Of The Sparrows; A Perfect Day; Such Lovely Things; Star Of Hope; I'll Walk Beside You; Consecration; Bless Thou My Heart; Count Your Blessings; At The End Of The Day.
(Columbia 33SX1100)

CHRISTMAS is a-coming fast, and no doubt you're wondering what to get for Mum and Dad. Well, here's your answer. I know that many record fans have some parental trouble at times with remarks like "turn that noise off," etc., so why not let them share your record player by buying them this disc? I guarantee they'll love it.

Here's a collection of well-worn favourites sung and played beautifully by Patricia Clark, Brendan O'Dowda and Harold Smart. Organist Smart needs no introduction as he has been heard over the air for many years. Patricia Clark has been heard a great deal as the solo voice on many Norrie Paramor albums in the past and has also a solo album available titled "Heilan' Lassic." Brendan O'Dowda is perhaps one of the finest singers to come out of Ireland for many years.

Dirge-like

JERI SOUTHERN
Southern Breeze

Down With Love; Crazy He Calls Me; Lazy Bones; Who Wants To Fall In Love; Then He'll Be Tired Of You; Ridin' High; He Reminds Me Of You; Porgy; Are These Really Mine; Isn't This A Lovely Day; A Warm Kiss And A

Cold Heart; I Like The Likes Of You.
(Columbia 33SX1110)

HERE'S a cynical thrush for you. Everybody raves about a feeling called love. Songs are written in praise of this universally happy pastime. Love stories abound on the shelves of libraries and bookstalls. Nothing but praise.

So what does Miss Jeri Southern do? She kicks off her latest album by saying coldly and bluntly **Down With Love!** This is enough to give a reviewer a complex.

However, she soon makes amends by telling us *Isn't This A Lovely Day.*

Much as I admire the vocal efforts of this gal I confess to a slight disappointment over the dirge-like quality of the selections. There are only a couple of bright offerings in the set.



MAX JAFFA has Jack Byfield and Reginald Kilby helping out.

Lark In The Clear Air; Rose Of England; Enough Tears And Sadness; Beautiful Dreamer; The Great Waltz Selection; Forgotten Dreams; The Countess Maritza; On Wings Of Song; The Last Rose Of Summer; Ave Maria.

(Columbia 33SX1107)

MAX JAFFA is to the Mums and Dads what Elvis, Pat Boone, Paul Anka, etc., are to the teenagers. Every Sunday night for years the B.B.C. have aired the Palm Court music on the Light Programme with a powerful audience reaction.

Juicy selection

MAX JAFFA
Palm Court Concert
The Vagabond King Selection; Waltzing In The Clouds; The

JERI SOUTHERN doesn't rate love very highly!



Here Max Jaffa has gathered round him his faithful duo Jack Byfield and Reginald Kilby, guest artist Jean Grayson (contralto) and the Palm Court Orchestra.

If I may suggest it again, here is another fine choice for your Christmas shopping list for parents or aunts and uncles.

All the songs selected are old favourites and will be sure of a good reception from followers of this highly talented violinist.

Just like Al

NORMAN BROOKS
Sings Al Jolson

Waitin' For The Robert E. Lee; April Showers; You Made Me Love You; I'm Sitting On Top Of The World; Toot, Toot, Tootsie; California Here I Come; My Mammy; Carolina In The Morning; Sonny Boy; Swanee.

(H.M.V. DLP192)

STAR DISC

NORMAN BROOKS' singing voice bears an uncanny resemblance to that of the late great Al Jolson. This is so marked that if you played this disc without noticing his name you would accept it as coming from a young Jolson.

All the famous Jolson offerings are here and the orchestra is conducted by Van Alexander who, if my memory serves me right, also accompanied the great man himself on occasions.

I have one slight criticism to make about this album and that is the misleading sleeve design. The name Al Jolson is prominent while "Norman Brooks" is barely noticeable. This is a slightly naughty sales trick but I presume it is an American-designed sleeve which could not be altered.

Go out and listen to this album if you are a Jolson fan. I guarantee you will love it. If you are not a Jolson follower then I suggest you give it a spin anyway as you are certain to go for the handsome Norman Brooks.

Saddle songs

THE ROGER WAGNER CHORALE

Folk Songs Of The Frontier; Home On The Range; Night Herding Song; Stag-Tooth Salt; O Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie; Green Grow The Lilacs; The Old Chisholm Trail; Goodbye Old Paint; Whoopee-Ti-Yi-Yo; The Trail To Mexico; I'm A Poor Lonesome Cowboy; The Buffalo Skinners; Little Joe The Wrangler; Curtains Of Night.

(Capitol P8332)

THERE are almost as many cowboy song records now as there are adult westerns on television, but this is in the same class, folk records, as "Wagon Train" is on the home screen. The Wagner choir are a superlative group and they make the most of these beautiful folk ballads.

This disc actually comes under the "classic" list for Capitol, but I feel sure many readers will enjoy it.

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in my view

by **RUSSELL TURNER**
 PRODUCER OF BBC-TV'S "6 '5 SPECIAL"

JUST how observant is the average man? I remember an incident some seven years ago when I was playing in the Bob Hope Show to the American Forces in Germany.

Bob used to walk out from the wings on to the side of the stage, while a juggler was doing his most difficult trick, quickly assess the size of the audience, and get back unseen. Everyone was concentrating so intently on the juggler that if they noticed him at all it was only subconsciously out of the corners of their eyes, and by the time they had a good look he was gone, and they thought they were seeing things.

Much the same applies to TV. A lot that goes on your screens you just don't observe. Sometimes this is intentional on our part. We want to hide a microphone, a camera, or some other piece of equipment from your view, and we either plunge that part of the studio into blackness so that it is lost in shadow, or by an electronic process remove that part of the picture and place something else which you are meant to see, in its place.

But there are other occasions when viewers appear to watch carelessly and miss something. Then

errors. But it is a fact that by that time the programme is over and the picture and sound are irretrievably lost on the airwaves. Television is inevitably a living and sometimes impromptu medium and mistakes will occasionally happen. But what a dull world it would be if man and television were perfect.

My prize goes to the old lady who wrote in to ask quite angrily why Frank Sinatra wasn't on "Six-Five" during his visit.

I only wish I could answer that one, madam!

A dozen of the best

FAVOURITE LP on my turntable this week comes from Capitol and is Volume 16 in their "Just For Variety" series. It features 12 top stars in top performances, amongst them Nat "King" Cole, Margaret Whiting, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Les Paul and Mary Ford and the orchestras of Harry James and Woody Herman. But my favourite track is by Jane Hutton and the Boys Next Door with



STAN KENTON—heard where he had some of his great triumphs.

Pay attention!—THERE'S A LOT YOU CAN MISS

we get the letters and the 'phone calls.

"Why didn't you have a close-up of Ronnie Carroll"? some unobservant gentleman asked after last week's show.

We actually had two very big ones in his first number.

"Why did you show us the trumpets when the trombones were playing"?

Those, sir, were trombones.

"Why were the Kallin Twins miming to a record"?

They weren't, but our sound engineer deserves high praise for making you think so.

But the viewer is by no means always wrong and on "Six-Five" we are always happy to admit our

"It's The Talk Of The Town." This is delightfully varied musical entertainment for all the family.

Impeccable

THE powerhouse Kenton band produce one of their best waxings on "Back To Balboa" which, translated, means the Rendezvous Ballroom at Balboa, California, scene of many of Stan's most historic triumphs. Some exciting original works performed in impeccable style on this one, and I can't put it down.

★ ★ ★

I'M pleased to learn that Ken Mackintosh has waxed "That Old Cha-Cha Feeling" for H.M.V. It caused quite a stir a couple of

Saturdays back when Ken played it on "Six-Five." No doubt about cha-cha being the rage when we have this sort of performance for our turntables.

The latest

I SPENT a fascinating evening last week at Wandsworth Town Hall spinning a few discs for a large and highly appreciative, if somewhat boisterous, audience.

Standing up on the stage, in a kind of giant juke box, I had a Ted Heath's eye view of a thousand teenagers, not jiving, but standing listening to all the latest releases.

One I played was Evelyn Kingsley and the Towers' debut on Capitol. An up-to-date slow beat ballad which is quite a hit in the States entitled "To Know Him Is

To Love Him." This should do well over here, too.

Another worthwhile play is "Baby Daddy-O" by The Blossoms, a teenage rhythm and blues group of four attractive coloured girls. This side has a highly commercial sound, but the flip, "No Other Love," does not live up to expectations.

IN FOCUS

TITO BURNS

STARTED his professional career with Don Marino Barreto at the Embassy Club as arranger/accordionist. Played in Harry Parry's Radio Rhythm Club and with such name bands as Ambrose and Lou Preager.

During the war he was a rear gunner in the R.A.F. and came back to go into Accordion Club

THERE'S been quite a bit of comment about my recent demand here: "Why can't our native talents produce the right article for the British hit parade?" Giving me an answer is a new H.M.V. disc by Rosemary Squires called "There Goes My Lover." Here is a British song performed by a British girl which has much quality melodically and lyrically.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE left until last a disc that I shall play again and again. It won't get into the Top Ten Charts, I suppose, but that doesn't matter, because here is great singing by a great artist.

I'm talking about the Philips release of Mahalia Jackson's "Have You Any Rivers."

The first 32 bars are taken slowly, but then the tempo and Mahalia go up with a beat into a fabulous high quality performance that leaves you breathless.

To Swansea

NEXT week we take "Six-Five" to the Tower Ballroom, in Swansea when I shall be sitting in the crowded atmosphere of the mobile control room just outside the building bringing you the sounds and pictures of the Brassairs, the Six-Fivers, Ruby Murray, Ronnie Carroll, Russ Conway, Craig Douglas, Vince Eger, Frank Cook, Peter Regan, Audrey Jeans, Billy Raymond and the Tracey Sisters.

which ran for over a year on sound radio. In 1946 Tito was voted top British jazz accordionist and has remained so since.

He formed his famous sextet in 1947 and in 1950 was voted into top place in the world jazz accordionist poll and still holds this honour.

Four years ago the band broke up and Tito went solo and opened a theatrical agency. He says that despite many offers "Six-Five" was the only show that could tempt him back into performing.

BOB HOPE—the audience never saw him.



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TEDDY JOHNSON'S

MUSIC SHOP

U.S. family tree of song

THE American Song, the foe of the British tunesmith, so we read. It is given preferential treatment by publishers, singers, record companies—yes, and even TV and radio networks—claim the champions of the homegrown talent.

And this week the 100 yards of one-way street in the Borough of Holborn called Tin Pan Alley was still conscious of some scathing remarks about The American Song.

What was the granddaddy of all this U.S. music? Research king Johnson looked up a fact or two. The first genuine all-American song with words and music, was "Hall Columbia."

I found that it was composed by a man called Fayles, in 1789, who led the orchestra at the old John Street Theatre in New York.

George Washington heard it there one evening and it became known as the General Washington March. Later that year it was played in Washington when the lad who wouldn't tell a lie was inaugurated as President.

So there you have it—the family tree of all the blues, rock 'n' roll and pops.

How to do it

EVERY would-be song writer should read these words. The Johnson service of do-it-yourself course brings the formula for hit-song penning from none other than Cole Porter.

He says "I first choose a title, then I plot out a melody, which I sing over and over to myself. The lyrics come to me and I set down the words that fit the rhythm."

Easy isn't it, to make a million from song writing?

Weird discs

WHEN Pearl and I came back from the States we brought with us some weird discs by a character called Louie Thomas Hardin—a gaunt, itinerant, street-corner musician well known along Broadway, especially to walkers of an early morning.



DORIS DAY—a great song in a new film

They called him "Moondog"—and a disc of his works with the same title has been issued on both sides of the Atlantic.

If you want a weirdy among your collection, dig this. And listen to the instruments of his own invention. One is an "oo" and another has the intriguing name of an "utsu."

States Mr. Moondog Hardin. "My speciality is compositions chanted by my wife. But mainly I play patterns of rhythm with unique sounds."

He's not kidding. You should hear a few swaying bars played on the "samsen." This is an Oriental stringed instrument unfortunately unsuited to rock execution.

Quote from singer Al Saxon after watching Todd AO, CinemaScope, Cinemascope, VistaVision etc. . . . "These film moguls are suffering from an advanced stage of 3-Dementia."

A MERICAN round-up: Sanjmy Davis, Jr. has been voted Citizen of the Year by the California Guardians, a famous charity . . . and Mr. Davis has also decided to go "straight." Following his casting in "Porgy and Bess" he has appeared in a

straight role on TV and has just announced that he intends to present "The Desperate Hours" on the Hollywood stage, with himself playing the Humphrey Bogart screen role.

Doris Day is liable to run into censorship problems with her new film "Tunnel Of Love." This film version of the stage play currently running in London was produced by actor-dancer Gene Kelly. Doris has a great song to sing—watch out for a hit in "Runaway, Skidaddle Skidoo."

Liberace is now doing a five-day week. And his 30-minute lunch-time show in the States features two singers, Dick Roman and Marilyn Lovell.

London tour

LATE London. That is the title of a new LP issued by Nixa this month. It is the brainchild of Phillip Waddilove and takes the listener around such famous night-spots as The Colony, 400 Club, Quaglinos, The Astor, The Milroy and The 500 Club. Featured are the resident orchestras.

But this LP is worth every penny just to hear Hutch sing again on disc. His versions of "Beat Up The Town" and "Let Me Stay With You" brought Pearl and me great pleasure.

For those who enjoy the alter-

PEARL'S CORNER

WHAT do you collect? Stamps, money, old prints? Well, this week Anne Shelton let me into the secret of her hoarding bent—earrings! Anne has nearly two hundred different pairs. I saw some of them . . . but I gather the really expensive sets are in the care of her bank manager.

Her favourite set is two sapphire crowns which she bought in New York. But she added, "These are run close by a lovely gold and diamond with long ruby drops, a very nice pair of gilt buttons presented to me by a fan, and a pair I bought for two shillings in Holland."

But I was enchanted by a brace of earrings, also sent to Anne by a fan, and brought over from Slam. Anne doesn't drink—neither does she smoke. . . . "My vice is perfume," she told me.

Yes, Anne has collected perfume in every corner of the globe she has played. Her favourite? Jean Patou. It should be. It is the world's costliest!

I found that Anne has one other collecting weakness. Handbags. She has big ones, small ones, travelling handbags, evening bags, suede bags, leather bags, glass bags.

"I am the easiest person to please in the family at Christmas—they just give me new handbags or new earrings and I'm very happy," she said.

We chatted for some time. Suddenly Anne announced she must dash away to change for a recording session. The title? "Hurry Home."

Thank you very much. There were 733 who plumped for "The Taffies," 391 settled for "The Five Leeks" and quite a bundle for "The Johnson Ragmen." I will let you know the winner next week.

Soon they'll have a name

WE are down to the last 1,000 names in our attempt to name the five Welsh singers I first wrote about in DISC and later introduced on ATV's "Music Shop." My appeal for names brought letters galore.

Thank you very much. There were 733 who plumped for "The Taffies," 391 settled for "The Five Leeks" and quite a bundle for "The Johnson Ragmen." I will let you know the winner next week.

OVER THE BORDER

by Murray Gauld

MARIE BENSON is about to make an LP for America which she believes will become a hit.

During a break in rehearsals for Scotland's "One O'Clock Gang" she told me about her pet brainchild.

It's a novel gimmick, one that's never been done before. "And because of that the recording companies are a bit scared of it," she told me.

Pye-Nixa, however, she says, are interested in the idea. Marie hopes to know to what extent this week after a trip south to discuss the whole thing.

Marie has full confidence in "It"—I'm not scared of it at all. I firmly believe that once the record is heard it will become a big selling standard.

Marie would not disclose the gimmick. That's her secret—and that of the musicians who have worked with her on the idea.

"There's been a lot of work gone into preparing this—a good year's work. Certainly, I would hate anyone to copy it and do it badly. That would break our hearts."

They have the rights of the songs and the music. They have a big publishing firm behind

them. All they're waiting for now is the go-ahead.

Miss Benson herself is most go-ahead in this venture.

This she would say about it: "It's aimed at the American market, which can be a tough one for British artists. This is still 100 per cent English, but in their idiom."

Marie's popularity seems to be booming. That Payne's Poppets tie-up (she did "Beautiful Dreamer") brought a lot of inquiries from dealers. They

Marie liked Scotland and she loved working in "The One O'Clock Gang." So she's now a celebrated member of the Gang.

As Wally Butler explained to me: "The format of the show suits Marie. She gets to do comedy, and the very widest range of songs."

And a further point in the show's favour so far as Marie is concerned: "You never get bored."

Lined up, too, is a B.B.C. programme of her own that has

Marie Benson's secret is on an LP

were disappointed to learn that it wasn't for general release.

And she has already made one set of LPs for the American market, recorded here by R.C.A. Victor, in stereophonic—"Songs From The Shows."

STV's "One O'Clock Gang" producer, Wally Butler, looking for a girl to replace Sheila Mathews, tried a couple, and then thought of Marie.

She accepted an invitation for a trial week. She liked the idea of being given her head in the way that this bright and informal lunch-box show permits.

And STV liked her so much that they immediately asked her to sign a 13-week contract with an option for a further three months.

What was more important,

already been accepted by the B.B.C. chiefs. It's called "Mrs. Worthington's Daughter"—which is almost self-explanatory in that she will relate in song the story of a young girl going on the stage throughout the years. With appropriate songs from the period.

No set number of programmes yet; Marie isn't sure if it will encompass a series.

She has done quite a lot for the B.B.C. recently, including the "Great Scott, It's Maynard" show, which was a 13-show series, and the "Top Ten" programmes.

Her latest series was "Evening Star" on steam radio. And she has found herself immersed and intrigued by TV commercial jingles.

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SPOTLIGHT ON KENNY BAKER

KENNY BAKER rattled two half-crowns in his hand. "See these? They are the first fee I ever received as a professional musician. Wouldn't part with this five bob for anything. You wouldn't believe it, would you, but I never wanted to be a musician?"

Quite a reversal of the usual story. So often in this feature I have written of the would-be musicians, who have been successes in spite of stern parental opposition. They have fought and argued, run away from home, suffered all sorts

flat in Bloomsbury that this 37-year-old, top-notch jazzman has come a long way since he earned that first fee.

He and his pretty Irish wife, Maureen, have made a luxurious contemporary haven where Kenny can relax after strenuous hours of rehearsing, arranging and composing.

"Come and have a look round," suggested Kenny, and thus I discovered in his spare time he is no mean interior decorator.

The lovely grey floor-to-ceiling built-in cupboards, lined with mirrors, the mosaic pattern-work



He doesn't seek the

limelight

—BUT IT FOLLOWS HIM AROUND ALL THE SAME

of privations to achieve their musical ambitions.

But grammar schoolboy Kenny Baker, in the little town of Withernsea, East Yorkshire, had only one goal in mind for when he left school—to be an engineer.

Kenny's father was a shoemaker (just like Eddie Calvert's dad), but he played the saxophone in his spare time. Mum, meanwhile, was teaching the piano and violin to local children.

"My mother was very keen for me to take up music professionally, and I was positively disgusted when she insisted on giving me piano and violin lessons. I hated them, but I thank mum now when I think how useful those lessons have been in arranging, orchestrating and composing.

"All the family were amateur musicians. My uncle played in the local brass band, and it was really through him that I took up music seriously.

"One day he took me along to a band practice. I decided then and there that I wanted to join the band.

"I was 12 years old, and only four feet tall, so the only instrument I could tackle was the tenor horn; eventually I changed to the cornet."

Kenny left school at 15, and went to work in a shop selling sheet music and musical instruments.

"Trouble was," chuckled Kenny, "I was hardly ever behind the counter. I could usually be found in one of the cubicles listening to records of Louis Armstrong. He was my idol, and gave me my first introduction to jazz."

First fee

By then he had his own trumpet and played as an amateur in the evenings with local bands.

"I soon tired of that," said Kenny, "so I gave up my music-shop job and formed my own outfit. That's when I earned that five bob."

It was plain to see, looking around Kenny's lovely sixth floor

of tiny grey, black and yellow tiles on the top of the cocktail bar in Kenny's study, the tasteful contemporary wallpaper and paintwork in the same colour scheme, splashed with touches of red—all these are Kenny's own handiwork.

"I've seen plenty of do-it-yourself in my time, much of it pretty chronic, but I can tell you that, if Kenny gave up being musician he could earn an honest and very substantial crust as an interior decorator!"

But let's get back to Kenny's musical career...

By the time he was 18 Kenny appeared in his first stage shows on tour... with Sandy Powell. Those over 30 will remember the comedian with the "Can You Hear Me Mother?" catch phrase.

Then the war

In those days—August, 1939—Sandy was asked to top the bill at the London Coliseum with the whole road show.

Young Kenny Baker rubbed his hands—an unlimited season at a famous West End theatre.

"Now I'm really getting somewhere," he thought.

Just like many other promising musicians in London at that time, his calculations were way off the beam.

After only three weeks the show was taken off because the war had started.

"Bang went that £3 10s. a week," sighed Kenny.

But you can't keep a keen young Yorkshireman down, and after the first numbing shock of war, the

Big City began to wake up again, and Kenny found himself a job playing, first for a Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge revue, then with Sid Milward in a Jack Buchanan—Fred Emney show.

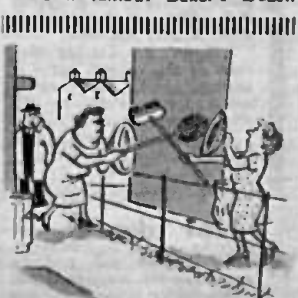
Ambrose, Maurice Winnick and Freddie Bretherton—all had Kenny on their payroll until he went into the R.A.F.

Meanwhile Kenny's interest in jazz was growing, and when he was demobbed he joined Ted Heath.

Then, tired of hectic, one-night stands and lengthy tours, he based himself in London and concentrated on film music, records and broadcasting.

Remember that riotous scene in "Genevieve" when drunken Kay Kendall plays the trumpet? That was Kenny's playing—but he was cold sober!

Seven years ago Kenny formed his own famous Baker's Dozen



"Haven't you settled that stupid argument over Harry Belafonte yet?"

and they are now starting on their eighth successive season on B.B.C. radio. "Let's Settle For Music" is still one of the most popular jazz programmes on the air.

But listen to this statement from a popular platter artiste, solo attraction and leader of one of the best jazz groups in the country...

"I've no wish to be a star, especially on television.

"I'm quite happy the way I am. I've just had two successful seasons in Blackpool, and the radio series

"You see, I'm a little afraid of audiences. I can work much better, and concentrate more on my music in a radio or recording studio.

"Then again, I don't care for dressing up. Before the television

cameras you have to appear just so, are worried all the time about the visual impression you are making, as well as how the music sounds.

"Call me the man who doesn't want to be a Big Shot."

But for a man who shuns the limelight, Kenny gets plenty. It just follows him round.

He is constantly turning down offers to take either his Dozen or his Half Dozen on the road.

His records sell like the proverbial Baker's Dozen! And he just cannot escape those television appearances.

Sorry Mr. Baker, your fans just won't let you escape that limelight.

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Three versions in the Top Twenty at the same time, eight million discs sold, a £17,000-a-week tour of America on the books, but, says Domenico

(‘Mr. Volare’) Modugno . . .

DOMENICO MODUGNO, jacket off and relaxed, was singing. “Volare,” of course, suddenly he stopped in the middle of a phrase, clapped his hand to his forehead and laughed as he told me: “Do you know, sometimes I just can’t remember the words at all. My mind goes blank.”

No one, in recent years, has been so inseparable from a song as the long-haired, handsome Italian who was a star in his own country for five years before the catchy “Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu” rocketed him to fame and fortune in the United States.

“You know how that happened,” he explained. “An American disc jockey was sent my disc by a friend. He played it—and the radio station telephone exchange was jammed three minutes later by people asking where they could buy the record.”

Since then two and a half million discs of the Modugno version have been sold in the States. In Italy, sales have been 800,000. In Britain Dean Martin skimmed off the cream, but Modugno, on the Oriole label, has been tremendously popular. All told, in all versions, according to Mr. Modugno, eight million discs have been sold.

Last week-end, an hour after flying into London from Rome on his first visit to Britain, Mr. Volare threw open the door of his luxurious £105-a-week river-view suite at the Savoy Hotel and invited me in.

“First I must tell you something,” said 30-year-old, cigarette-smoking Domenico. “I wrote ‘Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu’ with another guy—sorry, chap. The music was mine, all mine. But I wrote only half the words: Franco Migliacci did the rest.”

“Franco supplied the idea. He had

been impressed by a Marc Chagall painting in which the subject’s face and hands were predominantly blue. Franco suggested that we write a song about a man who dreams that he paints his face and hands so that he can fly away and paint the sky blue.”

“Volare” was no on-the-back-of-

Money? It's unimportant

a-cigarette-packet inspiration. “It was change, change, change all the time,” said the 75 per cent composer. “Nine months, in all, I should think. It was not written specially for last February’s San Remo Festival of Music, but that, is such an important occasion that I kept the song back so that it could be entered.”

The song won. And now Mr. Volare (“I was first called that in New York, I prefer Domenico Modugno”) is in the money, big money.

He talked happily about his recent tour of the States, the forerunner of another which promises to be even more lucrative.

In New York he was paid £2,500 a week to sing. But when he crosses the Atlantic again it will be to a £17,000-a-week contract at Las Vegas and other big-dollar bill dates in New York and Los Angeles.

by **PETER BRYAN**

Domenico Modugno has a simple philosophy about money. “Money is very nice. Remember, once I never had any and had to work as a waiter in Turin for my food and bed.”

“But I don’t like money for its own sake. Money brings me the good things of life, but I have no extravagances. To me, it is important that I live good and eat well.”

Backing up the big-time reputation he now has as a songwriter and

singer are 50 of his own compositions—all of which, he told me, have been recorded in Italy. Modugno never sings anything but his own songs and, added this proud son of Sicilian parents, I have never written a song about love. Broken hearts . . . what does it mean? Who has a broken heart these days?

Although he was born in southern Italy—“a little place called Polignano a Mare, on the seaside like your Dover”—the Sicilian ancestry of his parents



featured strongly in the early part of Domenico’s life. He started to write songs at 15 and the first 35 were all in Sicilian.

“Then,” he said, “later I had to translate them into Italian so that people in Rome knew what they were about.”

Modugno started what might be called the 1958 Italian song craze. He’s certain that it will continue. People, he says, particularly in America, are ready for more. And the popularity of Italian songs is helped by so many Americans having Italian blood in them.

And I can tell you that Modugno

is quite happy to do his bit in keeping the pot boiling.

He has already written a new song for the 1959 San Remo Festival—but title and subject are closely guarded. “I don’t think it will win,” he said modestly, “because this summer I have been working too hard to polish the song as I would like.”

But it’s rarely the composer who knows whether he has a smash hit or not. The public still have a say-so in that.

Modugno’s name spells Success. And after the next San Remo Festival I have an idea that he won’t be forgotten.

News from behind the label

DISCLOSURES

by **JEAN CAROL**

No gun Dolores

I HAVE been a keen supporter of Dolores Gray ever since I saw her as the hard-hitting, lovable Annie Oakley in the London production of “Annie Get Your Gun.”

When I met Dolores last week I was extremely surprised when she confessed that to this day, she still doesn’t know how to tote a gun. I should have thought that by now she would be a crack shot. Still, you can’t get a man with a gun!

Dolores is here for two TV appearances, the first was in “Sunday Night at the London Palladium” last week-end.

Cliff’s reply was that he considers Elvis is just the greatest and although he was deeply flattered at his newly-bestowed label, he said that nobody, but nobody could ever be compared to EL.

TV v. variety

ONE TV appearance, or a variety tour? If you were a famous singer and you had the choice, which would you choose?

Certainly Ruby Murray has few doubts on the matter. “One TV show,” she said, “can make all the difference, and variety is not doing too well now.”

So if a chance to tour came along—and I hear that there is one in the offing—Ruby might well turn it down in favour of staying in London to be available for TV.

Ruby, who is off to join her husband, Bernie Burgess of The Four Jones Boys, in Germany after her appearance this Saturday on “Six-Five Special”—if she feels fit enough after her recent appendicectomy operation—admits that she “didn’t too little TV up to now.” But that won’t be the case in the future if she can help it, for already her recent appearances have boosted the sales of her current number, “Real Love.”

Beardless Chas

YOU know, getting out and about can bring a lot of fun, and if you were in my shoes you would see quite a few unbelievable things.

For instance, can you imagine Chas McDevitt without his beard? At last week’s Tin Pan Alley Ball, I by-passed a certain attractive gentleman who looked rather familiar, turned round suddenly

and yelled involuntarily, “He’s lost his beard!”

A scramble followed and I managed successfully to corner my male, who turned out to be Chas. I asked him about this radical change from fungus to skin.

Chas’ reply was, “I felt like shaving it off because I’d forgotten what I looked like, but I’m growing it again as I have to play Robin Hood in panto this year.”

Out on his own

WHEN I mentioned Cliff Richard a couple of paragraphs back, I forgot to tell you that his faithful benchman, Ian “Sammy” Samwell, has just left him. “Sammy,” composer of “Move It,” has had his latest number recorded by Cliff and the Drifters. It’s just great.

This isn’t the last we shall hear of “Sammy” as he has promised to write more songs for his ex-boss. Very shortly he will be out on his own with a new vocal group.

Conductor Frank

I KNOW you are always happy to read about Frank Sinatra, so long as he isn’t getting married, so may I remind you at this point that a new single of the great man, called “Mr. Success/Sleep Warm,” has just been released.

The backing has an especial interest as it is the title song from an LP currently being prepared in the U.S. by Dean Martin.

Did I hear someone say “sacrilège”? No indeed, as on the Martin LP Sinatra is conducting the orchestra.

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PHOTOGRAPHS

CELEBRITIES! Were you among the many satisfied clients who sent for the Celebrity pictures? Not too late now! 11 Elvis Presley, Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde, Tommy Sands, Ronnie Carroll, Robert Earl, Frankie Laine, Vince Eager, Frank Sinatra, Johnnie Ray, Slim Whitman, Frankie Vaughan, Doris Day, Malcolm Vaughan, Kaye Sisters, Beverly Sisters. Send for full list. Any of above 6d. each post paid.—D. Constance Ltd., 22 Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2. Ask at your local shop and save money!!

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KENT WALTON'S COOL FOR CATS

Even the technicians stayed to listen

THE singer who introduced "More Than Ever" to this country let rip with his own wonderful version on "Cool" the other night. He sang it three times before we went on the air, in the break periods when the studio is normally empty and the technicians and crews have gone to the canteen.

But this time they stayed to listen to him practise, and clapped when he had finished.

stadium and singing to an audience of 30,000, in aid of Red Cross funds.

When he toured the U.K. recently he received an ovation of a different sort, and just as flattering. He had been told that Glasgow would be the toughest audience, so he was full of nerves when he went on.

At the end of his act, when he wondered whether there would be brickbats heaved at him he had the

variety boards. On December 8, there comes another big moment when he will appear in Sheffield, where he once was employed in a steel works. One evening he sang on the "Top Town" programme, and that was the starting-point of his career.

We CAN compete

MUST hand it to the British recording studios. Although American platters flood the market every week, output from our own sessions is steady and quite a few British stars have shown they can compete against American names. Just to mention three recent ones, how about Frankie Vaughan, Jackie Dennis and Mike Preston?

So I thought that this week you would be interested to know about some of the good British discs that are coming up. If you are keen on jazz in the Humphrey Lyttelton style—and on this disc that means the addition of flutes to the usual ensemble—spin his version of the Spanish favourite "La Paloma" (Parlophone). Rosemary Squires has a likely hit with her H.M.V. pressing, "Please Be Kind." This one could stand up any place. Shades of Mantovani are evident in Geoff Love's exciting "Son Of Allassio" (Columbia) but the flip is a beautiful, Italian-tempo number, "Giorgio," with a simple, catchy chorus line.

A show song that's likely to appeal is "Big Best Shoes," from Sandy Wilson's new musical comedy "Valmouth" at present on a try-out run. This title on Parlophone features star of the show, mercurial Bertice Reading.

ROSE BRENNAN

No singing, no talking, that's her cure.



Opera for the pop fans

"THE Student Prince" is one of those rare musical feasts that seem to stand frequent repetition.

In recent weeks I have noticed another one featuring prominently among pop sales, and it looks like a strong answer to those misguided critics who claim that the kids who go for pops can never appreciate any other kind of music. Maybe they've forgotten what "Carmen Jones" did to the pops trade.

The long player of the moment in this class is that refreshing Viennese operetta, "The Merry Widow." A few weeks ago the Sadler's Wells Theatre revived this

glamorous show in London, and it did a roaring business—and it was noticeable that the audience was largely youthful.

In fact, it was such a success that it will be staged there again. In the meantime, the Sadler's Wells Opera Company has recorded this operetta, for H.M.V.

Hit spot

SINCE "Cool" returned to the late Friday night time, many of you have written asking for a return of our Hit Parade spot which gives you the latest information on the three top-selling discs of the moment. Last week, our editor Ker Robertson handed me the first list for this season, and there will be one every week.



It was a wonderful compliment to artiste, Toni Dallì, the boy from Pescara, Italy, who flashed to success in British TV less than a year ago. Since then he has found fame in America and many parts of Europe.

He told me that when he went back to Pescara not long ago he was met five miles from the town by the Mayor, accompanied by an escort of police and a full band.

"I was given the sort of reception that's usually reserved for a king," he said.

A few days later Toni repaid his home town's generosity by climbing on to a rostrum in the local football

TONI DALLÌ—a royal reception when he returned to Italy.

shock of his life. The Glasgow balcony not only cheered him, but threw roses on the stage.

Toni, who records for Columbia, has just ended a longplayer session, and his release, "Toni Dallì Sings 'The Student Prince'" should be out shortly. He is given great accompaniment by the Rita Williams Singers and Mike Collins and his orchestra. Two tracks, "I'll Walk With God" and "Beloved" are being released as a single disc.

Very soon Toni will be back on

Silent month for Rose

THIS week you can hear the new Rose Brennan release, "Mean To Me," and "Treasure of Your Love" (H.M.V.). Rose has made a great job of both sides, but I liked particularly the top number. I was amazed to hear that immediately after she had recorded this disc, Rose was ordered a month's silence by her doctor.

Rose has been suffering from throat trouble (you'd never guess it from the disc) and the cure has been a month without singing or even talking.

She's due to go back at the end of next week to the Joe Loss Band, on a long tour of variety dates throughout the country.

Joe Loss is Rose's manager. He auditioned her five years ago when she was living in Dublin; she first sang to him over the telephone. Reception was clear and Joe realised that he had discovered a wonderful new singer.

"Rose doesn't need to use any gimmicks," Joe told me. "She's popular everywhere she goes because people can recognise that she's got a real singing voice." Spin this disc and you'll hear how right Joe is.

WELCOME TO THE BRISTOL CLUB

THE doors are open every Thursday night, so come on in and welcome to the newest club in town—The Bristol Club. Fin your host, and you'll be able to join in the weekly half-hour of fun from this week if you tune in to Radio Luxembourg.

"The Bristol Club" is produced by John Simmonds, who's also responsible for "Jeremy Lubbock Time" on the same evening from Luxembourg. Scriptwriters are Roy Tovey and Morris Sellar, who, as I reported recently, are trying to launch jazzman Cliff Lawrence. Then there is Pierre, our Parisian headwaiter, and Joe, the barman from Brooklyn; both these characters have been specially hired to look after our guests.

Peter Noble, the man who knows everybody in show business, will be looking for a star to bring to the microphone. This week he's hoping to have a few words over the air with well-known screen actor, Stanley Baker.

Among the disc stars we expect to see on opening night are Marty Wilde, Lisa Noble, Val Masters and Max Bygraves, each with an arrangement of one of their latest discs. There will be a big spot for a new artiste and I shouldn't be surprised if this week's voice is that of fast-rising Mike Preston.

Another spot will be reserved for a figure from the world of sport—and this week we have invited along a very attractive figure whose shape adds up to runner, June Paul.

You'll be able to join in a contest, too, when you'll be asked to name a tune. Easy? Not so easy, perhaps, the way we're going to do it—by playing the inelody backwards.

On most weeks I'll be laying on a telephone call to a disc jockey either on the continent or in the States, and asking him to give us the number that is tops in his country.

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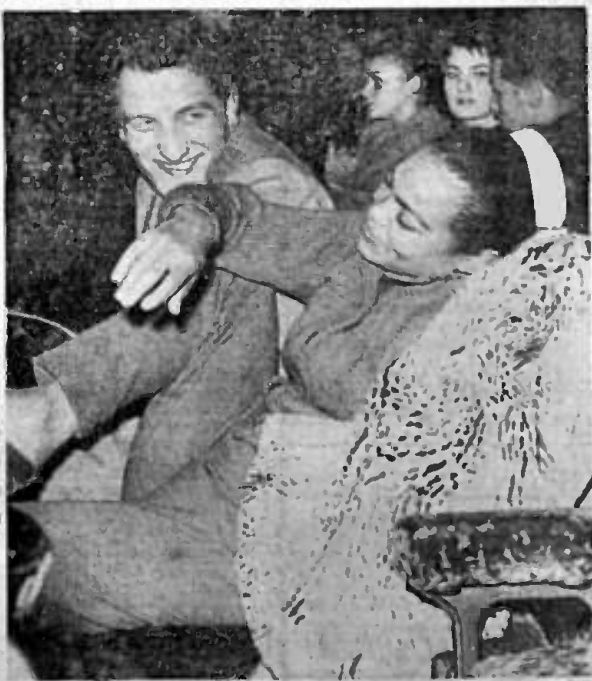
(Above) Tommy Steele rocks along with The Dallas Boys on last Saturday's "Oh Boy!" show.

(Left) The Two Vernons Girls, who have been on the "Oh Boy!" programme, were recording at the week-end for E.M.I.

(Below) Ronnie Hilton (left) and Toni Dalll enjoy a joke before the "Jack Jackson Show."

(Bottom) Russell Quaye and the City Ramblers gave another Pyjama Party at the Cellar Club in Soho. As usual it was packed out.

Waiting for the big Command



The Royal Command Performance is a big and formal affair, but the rehearsals on Sunday night were far from that. Above, The Mud-larks, (two of the Beverley Sisters—Joy was in the stalls (below) knitting all on her own—and Ron Parry take time off for a cuppa. While (left) Eartha Kitt relaxes after flying in from the States the same afternoon.

