

June 14, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 19

Week ending June 14, 1958

EVERY
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THURSDAY

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THIS is the page which gives you the chance to win an LP of your own choice. Every week DISC offers this prize to the writer of the most interesting

POST BAG

letter published. Why not try your luck? Just write to "Post Bag," DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, about anything connected with records.

(The views expressed are those of readers and are not necessarily those of the Editor.)

IS IT A SIN TO FALL IN LOVE?

More readers defend Jerry Lee Lewis

WE had the pleasure of seeing Jerry Lee Lewis at Tooting and we think that he was terrific. The behaviour of some of the audience was disgusting.

We went to see his performance and the facts of his private life are of no interest to us whatever.

He's a great performer and we were not at all disappointed with his act.

Of his alleged fans who say they are disgusted with him, we can only say that, in our view, they are not very loyal. Is it a sin to fall in love? —R. G. WOOD, W. J. HAYNES, J. LANGLEY, Moat Way, Worthing, Sussex.

IN my opinion, the national newspapers are the cause of Jerry Lee Lewis's return to America. If it weren't for the scandalous articles which appeared, the tour would have gone on as planned. Of that I'm sure.

Jerry still has loads of fans here in Britain. I wish him good luck and hope that his new film won't be affected adversely by all the publicity he has received just lately. —J. C. BELL, Longfield House, London, W.5.

(Many have written to us to say that he was a great performer, and he has always scored in this direction.)

Tip for those 45s

I HAVE bought every issue of DISC since it was first published and although I think it is a fine paper I have not seen anything about the Del Vikings vocal team in it.

Here's a tip for collectors of 45 rpm records. If discs tend to slip, put a small piece of Sellotape on a blank piece of the label. That will bind the records, but not enough to make them stick together. —R. R. HERMANS, Grandison Road, London, S.W.11. (He's got them taped!)

Allen for jazz?

JERRY ALLEN and His TV Trio are, in my opinion, one of the country's finest outfits and although I have heard their recordings of cer-

tain "pop" songs, I reckon they would be fine for a jazz disc.

What about somebody in the record business taking me up on this? Let's have Jerry Allen and His TV Trio recording their own interpretation of some of the jazz classics.—BILL TREVOR, Twickenham Road, Birmingham, 23.

(A good suggestion.)

Slipping discs

MISS P. BEAUMONT (DISC 17-5-58) might like to know that I have 30 EP's and I have had no trouble with the majority of them.

About three, however, have smooth labels and these give distorted reproduction due to slipping. They aren't warped in any way.

I would not mind if record companies dropped the old, outdated 78 rpm discs.—C. BONNER, Somerville Road, Leicester.

(No music while they warp?)

Unfair to classics

I THINK that DISC is a little unfair on the classics and music of a lighter vein, by squeezing them into a matchbox-size corner.

Give them more space, so that they can breathe! I'm not entirely a square and my collection includes Doris Day, Petula Clark, Pee Wee Hunt, Phil Harris, and Joan Hammond, Titi Gobbi, Jussi Björling, Richard Tauber, and many others on both sides of the fence.—H. WILKINS, Cross Street, Nelson, Lancs.

(Not just a classic example?)

It's just trash

FOR the past year I have been living away from home, but last week I returned for a holiday. For lack of anything better to do, I started playing all my old records (most of which comprised the Top Twenty of 1955-56) and I realised the amount of trash that has dominated the hit parade for the past year.

No wonder that great British singers like Ruby Murray and Dickie Valentine are slowly fading away.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE LETTER

American stars scorn the autograph hunter

WHY the reluctance by some of the top American recording stars to meet the fans? It does exist, you know, as I have experienced (to my annoyance) just recently.

I go to as many shows as possible where disc artists are performing; I like to obtain their autographs just as I like to buy their newest recordings.

But my efforts haven't always been successful as the examples show: STAN KENTON—fans were not allowed to see him at the stage door. LIONEL HAMPTON—I managed to corner him backstage but the autograph was given with reluctance.

JACK TEAGARDEN—a frozen stare while signing and not even a grunt when I thanked him for a great show. ELIA FITZGERALD—hid herself but I managed to get an

indecipherable scrawl in pencil just as she was boarding her coach.

Four times I knocked at the dressing-room door (which was half open, anyway) of the OSCAR PETERSON TRIO. No answer. Finally, I knocked for the fifth time and walked in; they were only grouped around talking together.

I cannot understand this attitude. But notice, they are American; I have no complaint against the home "product" who seem glad enough when one goes backstage to meet them.

Mine is not the wail of a screaming teenager who changes heart with each new name, but the moan of an older, more serious fan who only collects the best of the best.—A. A. SMITH, The Grove, Moordown, Hants.

Too many famous stars seem to be a law unto themselves and they forget that they owe a duty to their fans in this matter of signing autographs as much as in giving their best on the stage. For spotlighting this problem Mr. A. Smith wins this week's LP.

Teenagers, it's up to us to take them back to where they belong—in the Top Twenty!—M. MACLEOD, Habberton Place, Galashiels, Falkirk. (What! No Scottish singers!)

They've got it wrong

I HAVE grown tired of the way numerous critics describe semi-rock numbers as country and western music. Surely record critics should know that hill-billy music isn't meant to be sung by such artists as Elvis Presley and the Everly Brothers.

Genuine country and western music has a very large following in Britain although these types of recordings very rarely take the Hit Parade by storm.

These critics should listen to the real singers in this field—namely Hank Williams, Hank Snow, and Britain's favourite, Slim Whitman.—PETER WEBSTER (Lt Col.), 1st Batta., The King's Regt., BFPO 36.

(Perhaps some of the western country is "rocky.")

DISC in the bath

I NEVER have an enjoyable bath, unless I have DISC in with me. I am thinking of fixing a piece of wood from one side of the bath to the other, so that there is less chance of DISC getting wet.—J. GUNNELI, Kingsley Avenue, Kettering, Northants. (We "lather" care for this.)

into me, I dropped the record, which smashed on the pavement. Not my lucky day.—(Miss) S. COX, Warwick Road, London, N.18.

(It could be George Hamilton IV on HMV.)

Yanks are best

I BUY DISC every week and have DISCarded all similar publications as your paper tells me all I want to know. I do wish, though, that "patriotic" readers would stop writing their trash about "British artists are much better than Americans," etc.

Give credit where credit is due. I honestly don't think that any British singers match up to the Americans, with the possible exception of Tony Steele, Frankie Vaughan and the King Brothers.

But even they do not match up to Elvis Presley, Perry Como, Tommy Sands, Gene Vincent, Pat Boone, Frank Sinatra and the Everly Brothers.

All this is a matter of opinion, of course, but judging from the Hit Parade, my opinion is shared by the majority of the record-buying public.—B. D. POZZI, Chesham Road, London, S.W.4.

(Talent rather than origin wins every time.)

Kwela LP coming

YOUR correspondent, Mr. P. Camiller (DISC 7-6-58) may be interested to learn that a "Kwela" 10-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm LP will be issued next month on Oriole MG 10022.

This recording has been made available to my company by Trutone Records, of South Africa, who also made available to us the recently issued Spokes Mashiyane records.—H. L. NORTON, Oriole Records, London, W.1.

(Kwela in quantity coming soon from Oriole.)

Boone pix

CAN any readers send me pictures or newspaper clippings of Pat Boone? I am a great fan of his and I should like to start an album. I have photographs of other singers to exchange.—ROSE GLENDINNING, 37, Drumchapel Park, Brechin, Angus.

(Feel sure that they'll come as a boon and a blessing.)

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American Top Ten

Last This
Week Week

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


1	1	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Everly Brothers
2	2	WITCH DOCTOR	David Seville
3	3	WEAR MY RING AROUND YOUR NECK	Elvis Presley
4	4	TWILIGHT TIME	The Platters
10	5	BIG MAN	The Four Preps
5	6	LOOKING BACK	Nat "King" Cole
-	7	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Sheb Wooley
-	8	DO YOU WANT TO DANCE	Bobby Freeman
5	8	HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS	Laurie London
9	10	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Chuck Berry

ONES TO WATCH:

Cha Hua Hua	The Pets
High School Confidential	Jerry Lee Lewis
Yakity Yak	The Coasters

PERRY COMO still has two in the Top Twenty, but "Kewpie Doll" is slipping.

JACKIE DENNIS
Purple people eater

F 11033  45,78

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LTD
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LONDON WC2

TOP TWENTY

WEEK ENDING JUNE 7th

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

ONES TO WATCH

I Dig You Baby	Marvin Rainwater
Sick And Tired	Fats Domino



Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for week ending June 7th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
3	1	WITCH DOCTOR	Equal: Don Lang, David Seville
6	2	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Everly Brothers
1	3	TOM HARK	Elias and Zig-Zag Jive Flutes
2	4	WHO'S SORRY NOW?	Connie Francis
10	5	TWILIGHT TIME	The Platters
9	6	STAIRWAY OF LOVE	Equal: Michael Holliday, Terry Dene, Marty Robbins
4	7	WEAR MY RING	Elvis Presley
-	8	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Chuck Berry
-	9	ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE	Vic Damone
-	10	FRIED ONIONS	Lord Rockingham's XI



ELIAS and his ZIG-ZAG JIVE FLUTES are still in the running for the number one spot with "Tom Hark"

... and Marion's gown went back into its

MARION RYAN had it all beautifully planned beforehand. For her appearance on Associated-Rediffusion's "Cool For Cats," she was to wear a sequined gown, fashioned specially for the occasion, which had cost her the tidy sum of 175 guineas.

She had it close at hand, shimmering and delightful to touch, when the phone rang. Graham Turner, having his first fling at directing a "Cool" session, was on the line.

"Marion," he said, "we've designed a lovely set for your number. There's a stream and trees, and it's all very summery. Do you think you could wear a light summer frock on transmission?"

Of course, Graham knew nothing about the gown, and Marion, wonderful trouper that she is and knowing how nervous a director can be on a new show, didn't throw a temperament or even try to explain.

And so, back into the box went the expensive gown and Marion made her appearance in a charming frock to match the scene.

Graham didn't learn the truth

box

until after the show, and it floored him.

"Of course, I'd never have said anything if I'd known," he apologised.

New job

IN that programme I was able to introduce Marion as a forth-

★ KENT WALTON'S ★ COOL FOR CATS

coming "commere" (that's a female compere), for the well-known Granada "Spot The Tune" show. Marion has been singing in the show for some time, but

running it will be a new angle for her.

She's just signed a contract with Granada that will keep her busy until 1960. Plans are not yet certain, but I've a hunch that she's going to star in another new show for that organisation, and its name might well be "The Marion Ryan Show."

Marion has a sneaking ambition to dance as well as sing, and her special flair is for modern ballet.

"Everyone in this country seems to think that when you're a singer, that's all you can do," she told me.

"I want a chance to show that I can dance, too."



Timmie is more than a song-writer

TO have written song hits for Nat "King" Cole, Tommy Dorsey, Sarah Vaughan, Les Brown and other top entertainers might sound enough in the career of one man.

But that's only one side of the life of Timmie Rogers, a tall Negro boy with the vitality and flexibility of an electric eel who recently gave us a brief glimpse of his many talents when he sang his new London release, "Take Me To Your Leader," on "Cool" recently.

Timmie has made 20 records in the States, been featured as a singer and dancer on television networks, and appeared in cabaret in his solo, two-hour show "Too Poor To Die" which he devised himself.

Timmie is an all-round professional who started in show business when he was a kid of 12 tap-dancing in the street of his hometown Detroit for pennies. In a few years he was touring with many "name" bands, among them Duke Ellington, Jimmy Lunceford, Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw. Nat Cole sold his first half-million discs with Rogers' song, "If You Can't Smile and Say Yes."

In 1948, Timmie launched the first all-Negro television show in New York, and set out on a long and successful cabaret and TV career. His trademark is a single phrase, impudently spoken: "Oh, yeah-h-h!"

His comedy is often very biting. In the title sketch of his revue, "Too Poor To Die," he ponders the high cost of food, and decides that these days it's cheaper to eat money. He can also "take the mickey" out of other popular entertainers, his favourite target at the moment being that idol of millions, Elvis Presley.

Timmie is over here for a short stay, after which he hopes to realise his dream of a decade—to present his one-man show on Broadway.

It's an evening I'd certainly like to see.

Changing

A LOT of you have been wondering whether "Cool" will be following other TV shows that are

to be "rested" during the summer months. I can reassure you on that one—definitely, no!

But there will be one important change. Starting in July, the programme will be on the air on Thursdays only, for half an hour, starting at 7 p.m.

And even if you're away on holiday—keep watching.

Top marks

RECENTLY a gang of school kids visited Television House in London to watch a school's programme. While they were going along one of the corridors, some of them became very excited, and it obviously wasn't about the educational transmission.

"Say," said a bright one at last, "this is the corridor where the 'Cool For Cats' team danced."

And it was.

THIS WEEK'S SURE THING

A GIMMICK big-beat MGM disc from an as yet unknown American singer, Sheb Woolley, is really going to be something that could make a top pop in the near future.

It's "The Purple People-Eater," and over a million copies have sold in the States already. It makes just that change from conventional rock that we've been waiting for over a long time.

An "oldie" from 1942 gets fresh treatment from Carl McVoy when he sings "You Are My Sunshine" (London). This one's a favourite from the war years but it was never sung this way before.

The Four Preps are an American vocal group who haven't enjoyed success in this country yet, but their pressing "Big Man" (Capitol) is worth a mention. And as a final choice, I liked the instrumental sound of Irving Fields with his trio and orchestra in "Ragtime Rock" (Oriole).

SEE YOU FRIDAY.



The lovely mouth of

Jackie Lane

tells you it's Cosmetic toothpaste that adds that final touch of glamour

JACKIE LANE, a beautiful brunette star and complete cosmopolitan—at home in Rome, London and Hollywood—says star friends in every film capital use Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic toothpaste.

"For Cosmetic gives that extra sparkle to a smile, adds that final glamorous touch. It's more than a toothpaste—it's a make-up as well. Cosmetic contains an ingredient called rosegeryl which polishes teeth just as jeweller's rouge polishes gold—and at the same time tints your gums to match your lipstick for a really dazzling contrast effect. No doubt about it, Cosmetic completes the picture."

Complete your make-up with

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In tow

RECORDING a long-play record can be a lengthy business, comprising several sessions. Anne Shelton is busy on a new one at present that will have a Wally Stott orchestral backing.

She'll sing well-known ballads, among them two established favourites, "I'll Get By" and "As Time Goes By."

At the end of her latest session for this disc, Anne parked her car outside a popular West End restaurant; when she went to get it later, the car was missing.

After frantic investigation she discovered, to her dismay, that it had been towed away by the police as she'd failed to spot a "No Waiting" sign when she pulled up.

Vic's here

SURPRISE visitor to this country is singer Vic Damone, who landed rather suddenly in London last week.

"We only had about two days' warning that he was coming," I was told at the Philips studios in London. Vic will sing his hit version of "On The Street Where You Live" on two TV shows—"Sunday Night at the Palladium" and "Saturday Spectacular."

In the States, his version of the song held top place for many weeks.

FROM PUBLISHER TO 'POP' SHOP

TWO HOURS-AND A NEW DISC IS CUT

I COULDN'T help but smile the other day when I was browsing in my local record shop.

The attractive blonde customer was asking for her favourite singer's latest release. The dealer, in his best sales manner, was saying: "How about this new disc by Max Jaffa? I can really recommend it."

"No thanks," replied the girl, "I don't go for fiddle players. Give me a good pop singer who plays guitar any day."

My curiosity got the better of me and I couldn't help but look over her shoulder to read the label. Her singer was accompanied by a large and very well-known orchestra.

Most of the orchestral backing was supplied by a string section, but most important of all, I knew that the solo violin on this particular disc was by Max Jaffa!

For her six shillings, the girl had not only got a record of her current singing idol, but a lavish orchestra of nearly 30 musicians which had cost well over £120.

As with most studio orchestras, a great number of famous musical personalities are hidden within its composition.

Names like Max Jaffa, Bert Weedon, Ivor Mairants, Phil Seaman, Dennis Wilson, Joe Muddell and Tony Crombie, to mention but a few, are frequent visitors to most record sessions.

Starting-point

On the shell or counter, one record looks like almost any one of its neighbours. Yet each has a character of its own, with weeks of work spent in its production before the ready-for-sale record reaches the retail shop.

Where does it all start? Taking it back to its earliest point, excluding of course the actual composer who makes it all possible, the whole operation starts in a music publisher's office.

This is the marshalling point for all music, some of it "home grown," the remainder drawn from many sources, but principally from the United States.

With American tunes, the publisher already has a good idea about the future of his latest tune. Records have usually been on the market in America and the reaction there allows the publisher to form an opinion about its reception in this country.

The formula doesn't always work out, but the yard-stick is usually reliable.

Now a publisher has little hopes of success with a song unless it is recorded. People don't buy sheet music in the quantities they did, so any success must come from the eventual royalties gained through record sales and performances.

A certain amount of sheet music sales follow but not sufficient to maintain a publishing business.

Like all salesmen, publishers must have an abundance of confidence in their songs, and they must impart that same enthusiasm to the recording managers.

Some songs are a natural as soon as heard, others need much more work on them to interest a recording manager.

This particular gentleman must have vision, confidence, and a vast amount of experience behind him.

On him rests the responsibility for making a recording and even the best sales department cannot sell his efforts if his choice doesn't emerge as a natural hit.

How does he decide, then? Even a recording manager would find that difficult to explain.

He must be well aware of trends in taste, both at home and abroad, and he must try to give his recording that little extra sparkle so that it may compete successfully with the many different versions that there are always bound to be.

Having found the song, and presuming that the time is ripe for its release, he must then decide which of the artists on his books could best "sell" it for his company. There are always certain songs better suited to one artist than another.

Booking-up

Now the first part of your eventual purchase is beginning to take shape.

Artists are not always in London just when they might be needed and so they have to be tracked down to determine their future availability.

The recording studios are busy places and the recording manager has to plan well in advance, bearing in mind both the availability of an artist and a studio.

Hence the reason that some recording sessions have to take place late at night, after a singer has finished in variety or cabaret.

A further amount of recording also happens during week-ends, when the star may have to make



Judy Garland runs through a number before the actual recording during her last visit to London (Disc Pic.)

a long journey from one variety engagement, put in a session, and make a further trip to the next date.

However, it's all part of the game and the fairly brief time in the studios may pay bumper dividends if the disc turns out as a best seller.

Of course, all recording managers endeavour to make their outpourings best sellers, though it doesn't always follow that they are.

They do make another type of record which is intended as a "standard." This is the type of song, or singer, which will always be in demand despite the current trends. Certain ballads and instrumentals fall into this category.

It is these records which find almost a permanent place in record company's catalogues and go on selling forever and a day.

In fact, where the pops might provide the occasional piece of "jam," so the standards supply the regular and very necessary "bread and butter."

When one arrives in the studios

The recording managers (right) cut off from musicians and artists in their glass-fronted control box. Below: One section of an orchestra, informally dressed, during a recording session.



DOUG GEDDES

contributes the first of a two-part feature in which he gives readers a pen-picture of the planning and production necessary to launch a new disc

PART 1

Out of all this, two people are mainly responsible for making a finished recording of it all — the recording manager who is in overall charge, and interested in the final sound, and the recording engineer in charge of the studio arrangements.

The recording manager knows what he eventually requires, but it is the engineer at his complicated control panel who "funnels" the various sounds from each section of the orchestra, plus the voices, into one balanced and acceptable musical offering.

From what sounds a glorified noise within the studio, the engineer is able to keep each section of the orchestra in its right place. He can bring up the strings or rhythm section, and he can suppress the brass.

So, too, the voices can be brought into balance alongside the accompaniment.

Often the singers are placed behind soundproof screens so that their microphones do not pick up the sounds from various parts of the orchestra.

The final sound is taken on to



tape, from which the eventual master will be taken.

A normal session takes two hours. This allows for brief orchestral rehearsal, balancing of sound, and several "takes" of the finished recording.

With the tension involved, it is very easy for a singer or one member of the orchestra to produce a "fluff" which will spoil a complete "take."

After a play-back, and to the satisfaction of both engineer and recording manager, it's "thumbs-up" to all concerned, and the session is over with another record in the "can."

The next stage is the transferring of the chosen "take" to a lacquer covered disc, an article which becomes the master for all future copies put on sale. The tape version is, of course, retained, so no great harm is done if the master is damaged.

The master carefully packed, is then despatched to the factory and there the artistic work ends and the manufacture begins.

Of this stage, and the arrival of records into your hands, I'll tell you more next week.



"Any Old Time" from ARTIE SHAW and his Orchestra is a real collector's piece.

THE MILLS BROTHERS "One Dozen Roses"

One Dozen Roses; Rose Room; Mexican Rose; Honey-suckle Rose; Moonlight And Roses; Love Sends A Little Gift Of Roses; Only A Rose; Roses Of Picardy; Room Full Of Roses; My Wild Irish Rose; Mighty Lak A Rose; Rose Of The Rio Grande.

(Brunswick LAT8235)

I HAD never realized that there were so many "rose" titles—it's a cute idea for an LP. The incredible thing about the Mills Brothers is that they sound just as fresh as they did back in the 1930s—and they have more new ideas to offer than most vocal groups half their age.

So I'm not just being old-fashioned when I say that on the strength of this LP the Mills Brothers are still one of the best

groups around today. Strictly speaking, "brothers" isn't accurate, since Father Mills replaced his eldest son when the latter died back in 1935, but otherwise it is the same group we have been listening to for rather longer than we care to remember.

The titles are varied, but the beat is constant, and these singers really know the meaning of the word beat.

STANLEY BLACK and His Piano and Orchestra "Girls, Girls, Girls"

Lily Of Laguna; Dolores; Pretty Polly Perkins; Stella By Starlight; Margie; Who Is Sylvia; If You Knew Susie; Mary's A Grand Old Name; Elizabeth; Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair; Daisy Bell; Laura; Minnie From Trinidad;

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

Don't scorn the Mills Brothers

—they're still a great group

Alice Blue Gown; Sally In Our Alley; Louise; Nellie Kelly I Love You; The Story Of Tina; Oh Suzanna; Mona Liza; Young Molly; Dinah; Annie Laurie; Fare Thee Well, Annabelle; Patricia; Harriet; Peg O' My Heart; Rose Of Washington Square; Barbara Allen; Can't You Hear Me Calling; Caroline; I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen; Goodnight Irene.

(Decca LK4243)

AS you can see from the titles, this is a mixed bag of songs ranging from *Daisy Bell* to *Laura* and the arrangements vary accordingly. Stanley Black has produced a wonderfully rich sound from the orchestra, which makes this more than just another orchestral disc. It is non-stop, high quality music in the best Stanley Black manner—recommendation enough, I imagine.

ARTIE SHAW and his Orchestra "Any Old Time"

It Had To Be You; All I Remember Is You; Any Old Time; St. James Infirmary; Comes Love; I'll Never Be The Same; Marinella; Keepin' Myself For You; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me; These Foolish Things; Love Me A Little; Chantez-Les Bas (Sing 'em Low); Concerto For Clarinet.

(RCA RD27065)

THE Artie Shaw Orchestra through the years from 1938 to 1945—the days before Mr.

Shaw deserted us for his castle in Spain.

Apart from the band, there are vocal numbers—and what vocalists. Lena Horne, Billie Holiday, Helen Forrest and Hot Lips Page. It's fascinating to hear the high-pitched Lena Horne of 1941 on *Love Me A Little*.

Highlight of the disc is the *Shaw Concerto For Clarinet*, recorded in 1940, which you can hear in its entirety.

Really a collector's piece for jazz enthusiasts, but good general listening, too.

NORMAN WISDOM "Where's Charley?"

Where's Charley?; Better Get Out Of Here; The New Ashmolean Marching Society And Student Conservatory Band; My Darling, My Darling; Serenade With Asides; Make A Miracle; Lovelier Than

Ever; The Woman In His Room; Perambuco; Once In Love With Amy; The Gossips; At The Red Rose Colliton; My Darling, My Darling and Finale.

(Columbia 33SX1085)

THIS show was described as the best American musical since "Oklahoma." Which may be so, but in any case it has given Norman Wisdom his biggest success, and it has some of the most attractive music written by Frank Loesser. As well as *My Darling and Amy* there is a sweet little song called *Lovelier Than Ever* sung by Marion Grimaldi and Jerry Desmond.

It's easy to see why Norman Wisdom was so keen to play in this show, it is charming, and he has a lovely number in *Once In Love With Amy*.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY "Ere's O'loway"

Let's All Go Down The Strand; My Word You Do Look Queer; Hello, Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend?; The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me; You Can Do A Lot Of Things At The Seaside; I Live In Trafalgar Square; And

THE MUDLARKS

Fred, Geoff and Mary

And they're all in love!

got a telly spot—and a Columbia test.

Recalled Fred: "When that happened, everyone got busy trying to think of a name for us. It was hard to play with Mudd. For a time, it looked as though we were to be rechristened The Bellhops. Then Mum thought of Mudlarks.

"And Mudlarks it was." The trio recalled the first disc they waxed: "Mutual Admiration Society," backed by "New Love."

"We were all terribly nervous," said Mary. "Just think—25 takes before everyone was satisfied," said Geoff with a groan.

Fred went straight to the point. "We don't like listening to our own records," he said. "We think we sound horrible."

The disc that followed proves that a lot of other people don't have the same view. "Lollipop" by the Mudlarks has sold over 100,000 copies — "and it's a number we can't get away from," says Fred.

The other week, at Middlesbrough, a crowd of children followed the Mudlarks through the streets to the theatre, chanting: "Go on, sing 'Lollipop' for us."

The embarrassed trio hurried on. A passing policeman grinned at their red faces. "Just you wait—there'll be thousands of them following you this time next year," he said.

Right now, after several weeks of variety and countless one-night stands in all parts of Britain, the Mudlarks are busy rehearsing for a summer season show which opens at Torquay on June 16, then moves on for three months at Weymouth.

"We're busy learning how to dance," said Mary. "Had us in fits of laughter at rehearsals." Not that they've swapped from singing—just that the producer thought it a good idea that they should dance on to the stage... and dance off when they've finished.

They're hoping for a fine summer and have rented a caravan to live in while at Weymouth.

Fred's the driver of the trio (Geoff has his L-plates up) and isn't a bit surprised to see the clock tick off a couple of thousand miles a week as they whip from show to show.

"People ask us what we do with all the money we earn," said

SPOTLIGHT

ONE of the questions I always put to the top-liners I put under the Spotlight is to ask what they do in their spare time. But I've never before had the answer I had collectively from the Mudlarks this week.

Said Fred: "I spend most of my time with my girl friend."

Said Geoff: "I spend most of my time with my girl friend."

And said Mary: "I'm engaged. So I spend most of my spare time..."

Yes, you've guessed it. With her boy friend.

Three talented youngsters, already making their name a household word after only five months in professional showbiz, and each of them in love.

I met the Mudlarks in a coffee bar just off Tin Pan Alley. Outside was a gleaming, white Vauxhall Cresta saloon.

"The first — and only — thing we've bought since we made good," grinned Fred. And then they settled back to bring me up to date on their way-to-the-stars story.

First, to set the record straight. Their surname is Mudd. Fred, at 24, is the eldest. Brother Geoff is 21, sister Mary, 19. They still live with Mum and Dad at Luton in Bedfordshire. They're all good-looking, vivacious — and modest. Two hit records — and another looking as though it will hit the charts any moment—haven't turned their heads a bit. Nice people, the young Mudds.

Since their early youth, the family trio have realised that when they got together in a song, the sound that came out wasn't at all bad.

They tried it on their friends and they all liked it. They sang to their neighbours; they didn't seem to mind, either. So one night, seven years ago, they offered their services at a local club dinner.

The "Mudd Trio" as they were then calling themselves, sang "Maharajah of Magador." Fred was 17, Geoff 14, and were Mary just a lass of 12. But they made their name in Luton. From

then on, any local amateur show or concert wasn't complete without them.

As time went on, the Mudds went to work in the local Vauxhall car factory: Fred as a wages clerk, Geoff as an apprentice and Mary turning out those countless little gadgets that are part and parcel of a car's innards.

When Fred went away on National Service (2½ years in Malta with the R.A.F.; he teamed up with a bass and trumpet player to give concerts in the officers' mess), the Mudd Trio came to an end. "It sounded silly to bring it down to Mudd Duet," grinned Geoff.

And when Fred came home, it looked as if they'd never get together again—it was Geoff's turn for call-up. That was last Christmas.

Then followed two events which changed all their lives.

Geoffrey was told the forces would have to do without him — he was excused on medical grounds. Then David Jacobs, the TV man, caught one of their shows. They

Yet I Don't Know; I'm Shy; Mary Ellen; I'm Shy; Oh, I Must Go Home Tonight; Sweeney Todd The Barber; Eving's Dorg Hospital; The Spaniard That Blighted My Life; My Old Dutch; Harry Champion Medley; It'll Be All The Same.

(Philips BBL7237)

SEEMS a pity we had to wait for Stanley Holloway to go to New York before we could hear him on an LP. Never mind, as long as I can hear him sing *Sweeney Todd*, I'm happy. And after hearing the tale of *Eving's Dorg Hospital* I'm not at all sure I shall ever be able to send a dog to a kennels again!

Stanley Holloway has the assistance of the *Lovely Quartet*, fellow members of the New York "My Fair Lady" cast. Our Stanley sounds a little more refined than usual on some of the numbers, but that may be because this disc was originally for the American market, and the more authentic accent would probably be a little too much for our friends over the Atlantic.

A wonderful selection of old music hall numbers, this, with

Stanley in great form on all of them. I think this will keep lots of my friends happy for some weeks to come, especially at party time.

THE MCGUIRE SISTERS

"While The Lights Are Low" I'm In The Mood For Love; Don't Take Your Love From Me; My Darling, My Darling; Moonlight; Tenderly; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; If You Were Only Mine; Wonderful One; I'm Confessin'; Moon Song; Love Is Here To Stay; Think Of Me Kindly.

(Coral LVA9082)

THE first title on the disc, *I'm In The Mood For Love* puts us in the right frame of mind for this McGuire disc, and, incidentally, gives us a chance to hear a solo from Phyllis.

Romance is the theme, quiet gentle romantic music which comes from the McGuire girls with no effort at all. The arrangements by Frank Comstock help to sustain the late night atmosphere and make this a relaxing pleasant disc.

The McGuire girls make their music without any fireworks, and their compact harmonies provide very uncomplicated listening.

LP BY JACKIE MOORE

Line-up

Which is how I like my after-hours music.

BILLY TAYLOR

"Evergreens"

Check To Check; Too Late Now; I Only Have Eyes For You; All The Things You Are; But Not For Me; Satin Doll; More Than You Know; Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea.

(HMV DLP1171)

STRICTLY speaking, Billy Taylor comes under the heading of jazz, but it would be a pity to miss his imaginative piano playing simply because you don't usually go for anything with a tendency to be on the "cool" side.

You'll find the tunes are all still there, though on *All The Things*

You Are, for instance, you have to be wide awake to follow Taylor's train of thought. In other words this isn't "tinkling tea cups" type piano, but neither is it obscure modern harmonies.

If you are at all interested in jazz you'll already know the Billy Taylor gentle approach to a standard like *Too Late Now*. If he is new to you, this 10-inch is an ideal way to get acquainted.

GWEN BARI

"... And So To Bed"

I'm Confessin'; I Fall In Love Too Easily; S'Posin'; My Ideal; A Man Around The House; A Ghost Of A Chance; Don't Go Don't Go; Let's Fall In Love; Count Every Star; Maybe I Love You Too Much; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; Remind Me; For All We Know; And So To Bed.

(Fontana TFL5018)

THOUGH this is a British disc, Gwen Bari is an American girl, from Pennsylvania. She is in good hands on her first British LP, with the Ken Jones Quartet, consisting of Ken on piano, Keith Bird on tenor, Joe Muddell, bass and Jack Peach, drums.

The sub-title for the album is "Music For The Midnight Hour," so all the numbers get a quiet, gentle treatment. In fact, at times Miss Bari is so quiet you lose track of her altogether, but this would seem to be due to faulty balance somewhere. Certainly Gwen Bari has a voice as pretty as her looks, but I would like to hear her on some more up-tempo numbers, on the lines of *S'Posin'*.

On the dreamy tunes she is apt to give you the impression she's fallen asleep somewhere along the line.

"JUST FOR VARIETY" (Vol. 4)

Blue Tango (Les Baxter); The Rovin' Gambler (Tennessee Ernie Ford); Melody In F (Joe "Fingers" Carr); Allez-Vous-En, Go Away (Kay Starr); I'm Glad There Is You (Jackie Gleason); I Get A Kick Out Of You (Ray Anthony); You Made Me Love You (Harry James); Goodnight, It's Time To Go (Ella Mae Morse); Autumn Leaves (George Shearing); Some Enchanted Evening (Gordon Macrae); My Heart Stood Still (Paul Smith); East Of The Sun (June Hutton, Axel Stordahl).

(Capitol T947)

THIS volume in the Capitol series will probably appeal more to the over-twenties than to the teenagers, with its emphasis on the instrumental numbers like Shearing's *Autumn Leaves*, and Gleason's *I'm Glad There Is You*.

There are some specially good tracks included in the bunch, the Gordon Macrae, for example, and it's nice to hear Ella Mae Morse again.

"JUST FOR VARIETY" (Vol. 5)

Portrait Of Jennie (Nat "King" Cole); Serenade In Blue (Ray Anthony); It's The Talk Of The Town (Kay Starr); Peg O' My Heart (Pee Wee Hunt); After You (The Four Freshmen); Port Au Prince (Nelson Riddle); How High The Moon (Les Paul and Mary Ford); I Had The Craziest Dream (Helen Forrest); Take It Easy, Take It Light (Chuy Reyes); Why Shouldn't I? (Margaret Whiting); I Hear A Rhapsody (Jackie Davis); In A Sentimental Mood (Bobby Hackett).

(Capitol T948)

SOME real old favourites in this batch—Nat Cole's *Portrait of Jennie*, the Pee Wee Hunt and, of course, *How High The Moon* from Mr. and Mrs. Paul. This volume really lives up to its name; there should be something here to suit everyone.

JOHNNY MATHIS

"Warm"

Warm; My One And Only Love; Baby, Baby; A Handful Of Stars; By Myself; I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face; Then I'll Be Tired Of You; I'm Glad There Is You; What'll I Do?; The Lovely Things You Do; There Goes My Heart; While We're Young.

(Fontana TFL5015)

THIS is the kind of disc that makes a reviewer's life easy. It could, in fact, be reviewed in two words. It's great!

Why is it so good? The unobtrusive but just right arrangements from the Percy Faith Orchestra help a lot. So does the choice of material. Mathis chooses his own songs, and always includes a couple of new numbers in with the standards.

The two new ones on this disc are *Warm* and *The Lovely Things You Do*, both perfect for the



Fred. "We have a joint bank account for the group and then we split the rest. Most of it goes on travelling expenses."

Quite a bit goes, too, in answering fan mail and sending off photographs to an ever-increasing number of Mudlarks.

I could label Fred as a baritone, but I couldn't quite point a finger on Geoff and Mary's song-voices.

"I've a queer voice," reflected Mary, "but I suppose you could say I'm a soprano."

"I'm a nine-and-a-half," grinned Geoff. "Not quite a tenor."

Whatever it is, when they get together in harmony, and discs like their latest, "Book of Love," result, you know they've got a winning formula.

When their recording assignment is fixed, an American recording of the music is sent them, along with the words and score. The Mudlarks then go into intensive rehearsal. As none of them reads music, they play the disc over and over again until they could hum it in their sleep. Then they study the words, learn them—and they're ready to arrange their own version.

"We work as a team," said Fred. "Yes," interrupted Mary, "and we sometimes have different opinions how we should do it—but it's never come to a fight yet."

Another of the questions I always put to those in the spotlight is: "What has given you the biggest thrill of all?"

It was an easy one for Fred.

Geoff and Mary. They're unanimous in choosing the recent Harringay "Starlight" concert as their most unforgettable moment.

"An audience of 10,000," said Fred, "and we could see every one of them. We were paralysed with fright—but everybody was marvellous."

The young Mudlarks stepped into their gleaming car. Fred in a gay, canary-yellow sweater, Mary in a trim, blue two-piece, Geoff in a slick, grey suit.

Off they went—looking just like any nice youngsters next door. Anyone who makes a joke from now on about "Their name's Mudd" is going to get their ear clipped—with my compliments.

Michael Cable



Two words sum the latest JOHNNY MATHIS LP— "It's great!"

Mathis voice. And I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face gets the best treatment I've heard to date.

Mathis has matured a lot since his first disc, especially on the lower notes, which have more power now. But apart from his range—which is just about twice as wide as most—his interpretation of the lyrics raises him way above average. But why talk about it, just listen to him singing *By Myself*, and you'll see what I mean.

At the risk of repeating myself, he's great.

Nat 'King' Cole

sings just for the fun of it

on Capitol CL 14882

THE MUDLARKS

say

YEA YEA

on Columbia DB 4133

Listen to BERT WEEDON
in 3D playing

Big Note Blues

on Parlophone R 4446

*YOUR WEEKLY**

DISC

DATE

with DON NICHOLL

JULIUS LA ROSA

Torero; Milano
(RCA1063)*****

OPENING virtue in La Rosa's idea of "Torero" is that it's immediately different from the others. Julius sets out by calling for "one more time" to Nick Perito the M.D.

Then, the big-voiced singer goes cha-cha-ing into the number with a load of size and verve. One of the cutest and most entertaining sides you can get. Male chorus chants with the star. Very difficult to say which of the various efforts will move most, but this one I rate the best.

It's coupled to Milano... which turns out to be a lyrical idea of "Il Piccolo Montanaro" the song on the other side of Carosone's original disc! Light-hearted and gaining a great deal from this performance.

THE SOUTHLANDERS

Torero; I Wanna Jive Tonight
(Decca F11032)****

THE Southlanders dance through Torero with their familiar penchant for the amusing interjection.

Catches the atmosphere all right—and will gather a few giggles on the way. Glen Somers directs the backing and "borrows" the Nick Perito trumpet from Julius La Rosa's version.

On the reverse, the West Indian harmony team jump into I Wanna Jive Tonight. Title gives the clue as to what you'll find on this half. Moves well and is shot full of life.

RENATO CAROSONE

Torero; Il Piccolo Montanaro
(Parlophone R4438)*****

RENATO CAROSONE—apart from becoming quite an international songster—is also a composer, and Torero is his song. Here you can get Renato's Italian version (not the one with lyrics by Hoffman and Manning).

I doubt if the slice will gather such big sales in Britain as it is getting in America—for the simple reason that there are fewer people here willing to buy Italian language items. But it's an amusing performance with its odd Continental accompaniment.

The melody on the flip you may have already heard. It was used as

CAPES at the ready?

Here come the flood of "Torero" versions. And there are some fine discs among them. My personal favourite is the treatment by Julius La Rosa (right). He's been a long time without success on this side of the Atlantic but the new RCA release might change all that.

This catchy, bull-fight number ought to break through soon—even if only by sheer weight of versions.

Julius is so different in 'Torero'

signature tune for Charlie Drake's TV series. Delightful little trip-along. No singing here, just Carosone's musical quartet—apart, that is, from the quaint cartoon-type voices who chip in with a wha-wha near the close.

THE KING BROTHERS

Torero; Moonlight and Roses
(Parlophone R4438)*****

THE King Brothers have a brisk cut and slash at Torero—and once again they must be thanking their stars that they've got Geoff Love as M.D. Geoff's so at home with Latin or bull-fight kinds of

music that he's able to give them just the right colour for this number.

A happy, fast-moving version of the song, and one which ought to be another big seller for the boys. They've really developed on disc during the past year, to a stage where there are few groups—certainly on this side of the water—to match their precision.

Moonlight and Roses—the great standard—is taken from the new LP "Three Kings and an Ace." If it does anything at all, it will make you want to hear the rest of the album.

Smart, clipped arrangement that

goes along at a new—and likeable—speed.

THE ANDREWS SISTERS

Torero; Sunshine
(Capitol CL14878)*****

ANOTHER single from the Andrews Sisters who are still chanting happily along the come-back trail. Familiar harmonies suit the rousing, amusing Torero. A crisp, clean-cut version with lots of life—and some very good guitar in the accompaniment.

Proves that you cannot write off these girls. They ought to collect plenty of new fans with this sparkler.

One of Don Robertson's numbers on the turnover (remember his smash "Happy Whistler"?). This one's a slower song-ballad with a built-in beat.

The girls handle it with quite a polish, that shows up the work of most of the new groups.

AL HIBBLER

Honeysuckle Rose; Ain't Nothing
Wrong With That Baby
(Brunswick 05749)****

HIBBLER revives Honeysuckle Rose in his own peculiarly edgy style. Neal Hefti gives him a big orchestral backing and takes the evergreen along at a different tempo from that you may be used to expecting. Mixed chorus chirp in for a spell, too, before Al rounds the item off for a good one.

On the turnover, Al has a dreamier item which he sings in an almost talkative fashion—bringing out some of those warped pronunciations of his.

Chorus and orchestra carry the melody smoothly.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

This Happy Feeling; Hillside in
Scotland
(Coral Q72324)****

ANOTHER film song from Debbie Reynolds—and another waltzer. This Happy Feeling is an attractive ballad which the star sings with her usual quota of simple charm.

But I've my doubts about the offering mounting so powerfully as

RATINGS

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

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

did "Tammy." Lacks the compensation of that hit-parader.

For the second deck Debbie has something which contains the Tammy atmosphere. Hillside in Scotland is a bad title, I feel, for a ballad which might well have been a sleeper.

TONY BENNETT

Young, Warm and Wonderful;
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
(Philips PB831)****

TONY BENNETT'S back with a very good ballad in Young, Warm and Wonderful. Taken at an easy pace by the star, the song has a very soothing lyric which most people will want to hear several times.

A gentle romancer that Tony puts across in his own husky fashion with considerable success. I like Frank De Vol's orchestral accompaniment too—using xylophone most of the way.

Slow ballad on the flip which is not a religious as the title seems to imply. Bennett copes easily, but the number's not very strong.

KATHY LINDEN

Why Oh Why; You'd Be Surprised
(Felsted AF105)*****

KATHY LINDEN, who blew up from nowhere to make a cute click with "Billy," returns on another quaint half for Felsted. There's something strangely demure about the way Miss Linden handles her ballads, pleasantly old-

MUSIC in the AIR

Radio
Luxembourg208 m. Medium Wave,
49.26 m. Short Wave.

JUNE 12

- 7.0—208 Music Shop.
7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
9.15—Liberace.
10.0—It's Record Time.

JUNE 13

- 7.0—208 Music Shop.
7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Friday's Requests.
9.15—The Dickie Valentine Show.
9.45—Riverboat Shuffle.
10.15—Record Hop.

JUNE 14

- 7.0—Saturday's Requests.
9.30—Scottish Requests.
10.0—Irish Requests.
10.30—Spin With the Stars.

- 11.30—Jack Jackson's Record Round-up.

JUNE 15

- 7.0—Sunday Requests.
7.30—The Winifred Atwell Show.
8.0—Smash Hits.
8.30—Calling All Stars.
9.0—Roxy Time with Jim Dale.
9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.
9.30—The Cream of the Pops.
10.0—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Humphrey Lyttelton Show.

JUNE 16

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

JUNE 17

- 7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.

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

JUNE 18

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

JUNE 12

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Music From America.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 13

- 6.0—Music On Deck.
7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Stars Of Jazz.

- 11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 14

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
8.0—Grand Ole Opry.
9.0—Bandstand USA.
10.0—Music Views From Hollywood.

JUNE 15

- 4.0—Highway of Melody.
10.0—Mitch Miller.
11.0—Portraits In Music.
12.0—Philadelphia Orchestra.

JUNE 16

- 6.0—Eddie Fisher Show.
7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Hollywood Music Hall.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 17

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Modern Jazz 1958.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 18

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
11.0—Late Request Show.

AFN

JUNE 12

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Music From America.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 13

- 6.0—Music On Deck.
7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Stars Of Jazz.

- 11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 14

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
8.0—Grand Ole Opry.
9.0—Bandstand USA.
10.0—Music Views From Hollywood.

JUNE 15

- 4.0—Highway of Melody.
10.0—Mitch Miller.
11.0—Portraits In Music.
12.0—Philadelphia Orchestra.

JUNE 16

- 6.0—Eddie Fisher Show.
7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Hollywood Music Hall.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 17

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
10.0—Modern Jazz 1958.
11.0—Late Request Show.

JUNE 18

- 7.0—Music In The Air.
11.0—Late Request Show.

ELIAS AND HIS ZIG-ZAG FLUTES BACK AGAIN . . .

fashioned with just the right commercial twist of newness.

Why Oh Why is like this. May not be the most modern thing on the counters, but you can't help liking it.

Kathy goes double-tracking in echo for another "Billy" kind of number on the other side. And this one has the earmarks of a smash, too. By rights, Miss Linden's manner ought to be commercial death today . . . but there's something in it which breaks down your resistance.

ELIAS

Zeph Boogie: Vuka's Magwabenzi (Columbia DB4146)***

THE "Tom Hark" team return, and Elias and his Zig-Zag Five Flutes blow the familiar sounds through Zeph Boogie.

A little quicker in pace this time out, and with a tune that's not so simple to catch. Femme voice chants (I don't know what) through much of it.

The melody on the other side (and I'm not spelling it again for anybody!) has more of the current hit's rhythm and repetitive theme. But I wouldn't relish the thought of asking for it by name!

THE FOUR GIBSON GIRLS
No School Tomorrow; June, July and August (Oriole CB1447)***

THE Gibson Girls form a vocal team that sounds as if it has borrowed much from the Kaye Sisters, so far as sound is concerned, and although they cope neatly with No School Tomorrow, I grew weary of their clipped pronunciation . . . particularly on the word "no."

Berard Ebbinghouse directs both backings and he puts a gentle waltz lilt behind the girls as they chant June, July and August. Pleasant but old hat, as if it came from the real Gibson girl days.

STARGAZERS

Big Man; Lonely for a Letter (Decca F11034)***

DECCA have picked the right team to cover Big Man. The song suits The Stargazers perfectly,

but I do wish they hadn't copied that piano quite so faithfully . . . they could have branched out to be a bit more different.

As it is, although they roll the number along smartly, it suffers in comparison with the original by the Four Preps.

I like the way they take Lonely for a Letter on the other side. It's an easy-going performance which uses a whistler but in other respects has a different sound from the Johnnie Ray treatment.

EDDIE SILVER

Seven Steps To Love; Put A Ring On Her Finger. (Parlophone R4439)***

EDDIE SILVER reveals a light but not unattractive voice. Reminds me rather of Ronnie Harris as he sings the Seven Steps To Love. Ron Goodwin gives him an adequate accompaniment as he strolls through this ballad. Don't know that it's a side which would make me rush out to buy, however.

There's more that's coin-catching in the quicker, cuter item on the second side. Put A Ring On Her Finger is a lilter with some chorus and handclapping. After the Country and Western pattern for this deck, Silver shows up with more personality.

BETTY SMITH

Will The Angels Play Their Harps For Me; Betty's Blues (Decca F11031)***

SAX player Betty Smith raises her singing voice once more to bring back the oldie Will The Angels Play Their Harps For Me.

Betty has a pleasant voice and she knows how to slide the beat into a song. She puts plenty of ripple into this one, though I doubt if it's one which will shoot away from the start. It'll take time to catch on.

Betty's Blues on the reverse; she could have been a trifle bolder with the jazz phrasing. Essentially a musician, I've a feeling she's trying to be too simple and too commercial here.

A brisk cut and slash at the week's popular title, "Totero," comes from the King Brothers. Theirs is a fast-moving version.



45 R.P.M. 7-INCH
EXTENDED PLAY
RECORDS

A GREAT CAPITOL EP FROM FRANK SINATRA



FRANK

SINATRA!

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from the album "COME FLY WITH ME"

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SWEET SPIRITUAL

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JONAH JONES

MUTED JAZZ

EAP 3-939

***** THE *****
FOUR PREPS

26 MILES

EAP 1-1015

LES BAXTER

his Chorus and Orchestra
PORT OF PLEASURE

EAP 3-968



Here they are

The NINE Safety Sue finalists

THE judges had a difficult task to find six finalists for our Safety Sue contest. The standard of photographs (and their subjects) was so high that NINE finalists will come to London this week-end for final judging.

They are:—
JULIE ALEXANDER, Elthron Road, London, S.W.6.
MONICA BLACK, Nicholson House, Brandon Street, London, S.E.17.
DENISE CURTIS, Saxby Street, Leicester.
MARGARET BOUTBEE, Normanton Road, Derby.
BESSIE GEORGE, Sissons Crescent, Middleton, Leeds.
JOYCE JONES, South Road,

West Bridgford, Nottingham.
DIANA POTTER, Chase Riding, Enfield.
HAZEL POWELL, Knolly Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.
GILLIAN SCOTT, Cooksey Lane, Kingstanding, Birmingham.
 Judging is at Murray's Cabaret Club on Saturday evening. The winner will receive a free holiday at a Butlins Holiday Camp and £20 spending money—plus studio photograph sitting by Harrison Marks.

Frankie Vaughan not to star in 'Jazz Singer'

FRANKIE VAUGHAN is NOT to star in a re-make of the famous Al Jolson picture, "The Jazz Singer." Business manager Paul Cave told DISC this week that certainly nothing would happen in the "foreseeable future." Hollywood director John Bash had approached Frankie during the British star's recent visit to America, he said, but Frankie had found that other commitments made it impossible for him to accept.

Currently starring in the Elstree production of "Lady Is A Square," Frankie has been chosen to open the Sunday evening TV series which will take the place of "Sunday Night at the Palladium."

TV producer and DISC columnist JACK GOOD, seen just after he had received his degree of B.A. at Oxford University last week-end.

Jack had dashed to Oxford between rehearsals of his new ATV show "Oh Boy!" which is a real Big Beat Spectacular and will be on your screens next Sunday at 10.20 p.m.

Among the artistes taking part will be: Ronnie Carroll, Dallas Boys, Marty Wilde, Cherry Wainer, Vernon Girls, Don Wedge, Kerry Martin, John Barry Seven.

(DISC PIC.)

Housewives' D.J.s named

DISC jockeys for the Housewives' Choice series throughout the summer were named this week.

Richard Murdoch takes over June 16-27; Arthur Bush from June 30 to July 11; Neal Arden from July 14 to 25; Lionel Gamlin from July 28 to August 8 and Chappie d'Amato from August 11 to 22.

The Hedley Ward Trio, now on a series of one-night stands with Terry Wayne, open their summer season at the Regal, Great Yarmouth, on June 30.

Larry proposed—in a hurry

WHIRLWIND courtship for I provided an extra thrill for Five Special" audience last Saturday. Larry proposed to a girl he'd met first time at the "warm-up" session the programme!

This is how love came to the 2 rock 'n' roll pop singer:

Larry saw Ann Ward, 17 years quite a fan of his, in the audience.

He saw her again after the show went to a dance... to a night club stroll. And by 2 a.m. on Saturday popped the question.

Said Ann: "We want to get married." Larry starts his variety tour at the month.

STEELE GOES BACK TO WORK

TOMMY STEELE—fully recovered, full of vim and vigour, says the Harold Fielding office—returns with a crowded programme, starting next Monday with a week at Coventry Hippodrome.

He also returns to his Saturday night Light Programme "Handful of Discs" series on June 22.

Dates lined up for the following week are one-night stands at Bristol (June 24), Sheffield (25), Leicester (26) and Newcastle (June 30).

ITV viewers see him in a Saturday night "Spectacular" with the title "The Tommy Steele Show" on June 28.

Bobcats' story

BOB CROSBY, brother of Bing, tells the story of his famous Dixieland band, the Bobcats, on the BBC Light Programme (10.40 p.m.) tonight (Thursday).

Many of Britain's top jazzmen have been invited along to play Bob Crosby's arrangements. Says Jimmy Grant, programme producer: "The band will have the same instruments as Bob Crosby's. Besides telling the story of his band, Bob will also sing some of the melodies he's made popular."

"My Fair Lady" Julie Andrews was guest of honour at the Variety Club of Great Britain's fifth "Ladies Luncheon" in London this week. As a tribute to her "international stage successes," she was presented with a special silver heart.

DISC

Hulton House, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.A FLEET Street 5011.

They MUST be blameless

WE make no apology in returning to the unfortunate subject of the arrival and departure of Jerry Lee Lewis. Indeed, it is you, the readers, who bring about its return.

In the last week, many of you have written, emphatically pointing out that Jerry Lee Lewis, the man, is very different from Jerry Lee Lewis, the performer.

Whatever one thinks of his personal life, you say, it was Lewis the performer you wanted to see and hear.

The publicised reaction to his introduction of a 13-year-old wife which brought about a cancellation of his tour and an early return to America, also brought considerable disappointment to many people. This is what many writers claim.

A fair and reasonable point, Britain always welcomes American top-liners to her shores and to her music-halls, thus giving all a chance to see someone who has given pleasure on wax.

But, as we have stressed in the past, an

entertainer—or, for that matter, anyone in the public eye—has a duty to maintain an unassailable standard of private living.

There are many people who welcome each opportunity to denigrate the younger generation—the generation we believe in and seek to serve. Many people and quite a number of newspapers, leap at each occasion and a high-spirited, harmless display of enthusiasm can be transformed into "a teenage riot."

An entertainer, particularly a young entertainer, must know, too, that his likes, his dislikes, his habits, his clothes, his hairstyle, will be copied by many of his fans.

We do not mean, of course, that any will go to the length of selecting an infant bride.

BUT THE MORAL IS THERE. ENTERTAINERS ARE YOUTH'S LEADERS TODAY. IT MUST BE A GOOD, BLAMELESS LEAD. OTHERWISE, SOMETHING MORE THAN DISAPPOINTMENT AND BAD PUBLICITY WILL RESULT.

Borge in London

PIANIST-ENTERTAINER Victor Borge follows his TV date next Monday with four appearances in London.

Dates announced this week are: Gaumont, Hammersmith, June 23; Gaumont, Lewisham, June 24; Regal, Edmonton, June 25 and Gaumont State, Kilburn, June 26. All at 8 p.m.

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RCA



Alma calls off Stockholm trip

ALMA COGAN, due to fly to Stockholm early this week for an intensive round of TV and radio dates, didn't make the trip. "She is not at all well and is spending some time at the seaside," DISC was told on Monday.

This is a great disappointment for Scandinavian fans. She opens for a week at Cardiff New on June 16, guests on ATV's "Tell The Truth" on June 23 and the BBC's "The World Our Stage" on June 30. A week in Bournemouth follows, preceding Alma's season at Morecambe Winter Gardens on July 7.

Alma's pianist, Stan Foster, released from prison last week where he had served a sentence for dangerous driving, was to have accompanied her on the trip.

Cyril Stapleton enters hospital

POPULAR Showband leader, Cyril Stapleton, went into hospital last Friday night "for a few days complete rest." Overwork and recent strain was the cause of his breakdown.

Cliff Adams took over as conductor for the Saturday Showcase TV programme.

Jazz invades Bath festival

JAZZ certainly came to the forefront of the ten-year-old, and usually highbrow, Bath Festival last week.

The Harold Davidson organisation introduced jazz to the festival for the first time.

Onstage during the week were: Ken Collyer, Humph Lyttelton, Chris Barber, Mick Mulligan, Tony Kinsey, Dill Jones, Tommy Whittle and Johnny Dankworth.

Nightly lectures on jazz and a final Brains Trust also made sure that the experiment will be repeated next year.

There's still time for this competition

THERE'S still time to enter DISC's contest for Vocal Groups. Open to groups anywhere in the U.K., the contest, run in conjunction with the forthcoming London Soho Fair, already promises to be a great success.

The Fair is to be held between July 13 and 19 and the DISC contest finals will be at Lysbeth Hall in Soho Square on the night of Tuesday, July 15.

Entry forms can be obtained from DISC, Hulston House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Send for one NOW—they must be completed and returned to The Soho Fair office, 75-77 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1., to arrive there not later than Monday, July 7.

The winning Vocal Group will receive the DISC Challenge Cup plus a recording test with a major recording company.

Cricket date for the stars

DATE for dozens of disc, screen, stage and TV stars on Sunday: A cricket match between the Stars Organisation for Spastics and the Lords Taverners, at the Kodak Sports Ground, Harrow.

Players include Eric Sykes, Macdonald Hobley, Donald Sinden, Graham Stark, Terry-Thomas, Michael Balfour and Ian Carmichael.

Running sideshows are: film star Tony Wright (in charge of a whisky hoop-la); disc favourite Dennis Lotis (in charge of a balloon race) and Hy Hazell and fellow members of the "Expresso Bongo" cast (organising a treasure hunt).

Prizes include long-playing records, and tickets for "My Fair Lady" and other West End shows.

News in Brief

BUSY week for Guy Mitchell. He opened a series of one night stands at Rugby last Sunday, then moved on with two shows a night for appearances at Grantham,

Kettering, Aylesbury, Maidstone and Walthamstow.

Monday week (June 23) he opens at the Manchester Hippodrome for a week; then on to the Empire, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PAT BOONE was seen in new guise last week: in cap and gown, he received a Bachelor of Science degree "with great honour" at Columbia University.

Pat, who has carefully arranged his personal appearance tours and film work in the last two years so that his studies wouldn't be interrupted, can now look forward to seeing on variety bills and disc labels the words: Pat Boone, B.Sc.

Golden-trumpeter, Eddie Calvert is to be Gilbert Harding's guest in Harding's TV programme "I know What I Like" on June 20. Other guests: Rowena Jackson and Phillip Chatfield of the Covent Garden Ballet Company.

FIRST TV date for Toni Dalli, who arrived in Britain this week from Hollywood, will be Jack Hylton's "Monday Show" next week. A "Six-Five Special" date is being arranged.

Toni plans to return to the States in the autumn for a season at Las Vegas.

TOP HITS

Tony BRENT
Chanson
D'amour

COLUMBIA DB4128

Valerie CARR
When the Boys talk
about the girls

COLUMBIA DB4131

Alma COGAN
Comes Love

H.M.V. POP42

Ella Fitzgerald
The Swingin'
Shepherd Blues

H.M.V. POP48

Michael Holliday
Stairway of love

COLUMBIA DB4121

JIMMIE RODGERS
Secretly

COLUMBIA DB4130

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This happy feeling

CORAL

THE BIG BEAT

... BY DON NICHOLL

NEW American boy, Ray Stevens, sings one of his own songs for Capitol this week—and Ray might well be a rising vocalist as well as a composer. He's got the goods here, all right.

So has Kay Starr with her splendid "Stroll Me," one of the best she's ever done. And there's a new British voice to be reckoned with also . . . Barry Cryer. He's among those meeting up with the "Purple People Eater."

KAY STARR

Stroll Me; Rockin' Chair
(RCA 1065)*****
(D.N.T.)

If Kay Starr is going to fight her way back into the Top Twenty—then this is the disc with which she can do it. *Stroll Me* is a Starr natural with some double-tracking to preserve the signature she's used effectively before.

With Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and chorus, the femme drives through the number in superb manner. A "must" as far as I'm concerned. Given enough air it'll rise like new bread.

Grampa goes a-tapping with his cane to rock 'n' roll music from the radio according to the lyric on the deck downstairs. Similar theme to Kay's "Rock and Roll Waltz." A lively, enjoyable coupling.

BARRY CRYER

The Purple People Eater; Hey!
Eula
(Fontana H139)*****

HERE'S a new British voice making a powerful disc debut for the Fontana label. Barry Cryer has a strong set of pipes and he roughs up *The Purple People Eater* in a way that rocks well.

Whether this particular side can overcome the heavy opposition it faces, I don't know. I do know, however, that Barry Cryer will make a firm mark on the sale sheets soon if he continues like this. Hey! Eula has plenty of punch, too, and Barry seizes his opportunity to growl and belt.

Serves to confirm first impressions. An excellent debut.

TONY CROMBIE

Piakukannenn; Ungava
(Columbia DB4145)*****

BROTHER—what with Elias and company and this disc, it's taking me longer to spell the records this week than listen to them!

Top deck (see above) is a quick, rhythmic entry which Crombie's men handle ably. Some good sax and piano work and a brief chanting chorus. Pretty infectious melody that's never allowed to flag.

Ungava has five writers getting a credit—and their names are just as difficult to spell as the songs. Well, they've written an instrumental which is easy on the ear—and Crombie's crew play it with professional aplomb.

SONNY JAMES

Are You Mine; Let's Play Love
(Capitol CL14879)****

THE Southern Gentleman introduces a couple of songs written especially for him.

Are You Mine is a fast Country-

styler which the star shoots out easily. There's a girl voice on the side, too . . . but the girl goes without credit. You'd think the Southern Gentleman would have seen that etiquette was preserved!

Let's Play Love is somewhat wilder. Here Mr. James goes rockin' with a sizzling lyric that will catch lots of ears. Smart, contrasting half, it'll help the disc to sell via both sides.

RAY STEVENS

Chickie-Chickie Wah Wah; Crying Goodbye
(Capitol CL14881)****

A CLEVER teenager who plays trumpet, sax, tuba, piano and clarinet, Ray Stevens also com-

through *Stop* with saxes and double bass. The title is shouted out as in the "Tequila" manner, but it will take a lot of hard work for this effort to accelerate like "Tequila."

Rock-et might stand more chance. Quicker rock number which the musicians slide under your skin. Has some good noises here and there.

MOE KOFFMAN

Little Pixie; Koko-Mamey
(London HLJ8633)****

MOE KOFFMAN'S Quartet bring back the Swingin' Shepherd Blues flute for *Little Pixie* and I think their cutting has a more intriguing noise than that we get on the Calvert side. A captivating half which will please you for a lot of spins.

The Latin flavour remains for the flip which is another of the "Tequila" types . . . although I can find traces of Russian themes in this one! The voicing of the title is carried out like a man speaking through a harmonica.

A good one to keep.

Fight-back Kay is at her best

poses. He wrote *Chickie-Chickie Wah Wah* . . . and he makes an impression for Capitol by singing it!

It's a compulsive little beater which Stevens whips over in friendly fashion. For my money it has the stamp of a winner. Ray is accompanied by a girl group.

Not one of his own songs on the flip, but a good weeper for all that. *Crying Goodbye* has a cling-ling beat while Ray goes a-sobbing. Intriguing noise in the backing will help sales.

MOLLY BEE

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Don't Look Back
(Capitol CL14880)****

MOLLY BEE'S second Capitol release since she returned to the label is backed by guitarist Bob Bain's music. Bain proves himself a good musical director with the quiet, unobtrusive drive he puts behind the slow-beater *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*.

Molly sings the song softly and with plenty of feeling. Could sell sweet as it sounds. An oddie, this, worth the revival.

New ballad with a beat is *Don't Look Back*. Bain brings in cling-ling piano for this one. Molly sings the romancer warmly.

TEACHO

Stop; Rock-et
(Felsted AF104)****

TEACHO and his Students—another import by Felsted (American)—are an instrumental team who go on a slow beat



It looks as if KAY STARR has got a certainty in "Stroll Me" and she is tipped to get back into the Top Twenty.

instrumental work as well as the vocal—sold many copies by itself.

THE AQUATONES

You; She's The One For Me
(London HLO863)****

A MERICAN rock vocal team, The Aquatones, led by a girl voice, go into the slow, heavy-moving *You* with a pounding beat that ought to please those who like their rhythm in this fashion.

Instrumental backing is ploughing through muddy water most of the way while the male voices support their leader.

The team quickens up on the flip for a fast rock 'n' roller *She's The One For Me*.

MICKEY AND SYLVIA

Rock and Stroll Room; Bewildered
(RCA 1064)****

THE slow lolling rhythm of *The Stroll naturally pervades Rock and Stroll Room* which Mickey and Sylvia sing to a rocking backing here.

Pretty contagious cutting. Drones on with an insistence that is hard to avoid. Band not named on the label I've got, but it deserves a credit for making the disc a distinct probable.

The boy and girl duo go romancing in narrative for one short break in *Bewildered*. Apart from this, the side is a warm number with a hypnotic quality.

GALE STORM

You; Angry
(London HLD8632)****

ON the sound of it, I prefer Gale Storm's treatment of *You* to that by the Aquatones. Billy Vaughn's orchestra, accompanies the star with a clarity that's lacking on the other group's disc. Some male voices are used to underline Gale. This slice strengthens my belief that the number may develop into a heavy seller. If it does so—Storm deserves a hefty share of the sales.

Gale takes an easy beat through *Angry* on the other side. Sings the number pleasantly while Vaughn gives her a neat backing in which piano predominates.

"Song is one of the 'I-was-only-teasing-you' themes.

war if they were still around! It's a frantic slice with Ward and his Dominoes gimmicking for all they are worth. Watch it move.

Billy, who has "revived" "Stardust" and "Deep Purple" of late, chooses to wake up *Music Maestro, Please* for his coupling on this release. Beating along in typical Ward warping, the song should start to sell all over again.

Wouldn't surprise me in the least if this arrangement—with its good

An old ballad from the American Civil War "gimmicked" by BILLY WARD, should move fast.



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'We hate Elvis'

—THAT'S THE CRY OF MOST D.J.s

WE disc jockeys are blamed for practically every ill that befalls the music industry. Writes one reader concerning Sammy Davis: "Disc jockeys can see no further than the Top Ten—they completely ignore him. In consequence, there are no Sammy Davis records in the hit parade."

Another letter goes like this: "I'm beginning to think it's the disc jockeys who pick the Top Twenty. At the moment there's only one skiffle record in the best sellers, I listen to all the record shows and seldom hear a skiffle record."

We d.j.s are very flattered at the alleged power with which some readers endow us. But it is a fallacy.

I think I can safely estimate that 75 per cent. of the current disc jockeys detest the very mention of Elvis Presley's name—and they have done from the very beginning.

Lonnie rides alone

But no matter how much he is ignored by the players of discs, the record buyers flock to buy the latest Elvis.

That is merely one instance; there are many other examples.

The truth of the matter is: if the d.j. were able to dictate the tastes of the public, the Top Ten would consist primarily of records by such artists as Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Perry Como and Sarah Vaughan.

To the skiffle fan I would point out that skiffle records are no longer made in the vast quantities of the boom period eight months ago.

Too many cooks spoil the broth in this idiom and only Lonnie Donegan has managed to ride the storm up to now.

Mr. Sammy Davis is a favourite of mine but, as I've tried to point out, we simply can't force the public to buy what we like. They know what they want and it is they who dictate the Top Twenty. And don't tell me that the public are suckers for ballyhoo. Were they bamboozled into the mambo or calypso crazes

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If some disc jockeys had their way, there might be no ELVIS PRESLEY records on their programmes.

OVER the POINTS

by PETE MURRAY

that the publicity boys tried to put over?—Not on your Nelly! The defence rests.

Slim chance

I'VE had quite a number of letters asking how one becomes a disc jockey. Unlike America, Britain does not have full time d.j.s. It is merely a pleasant pastime occupation that various people in show business are associated with.

I don't say that it's impossible for an untrained amateur to be offered a record show, but I should imagine the chances are very slim.

Tommy is still going strong

THIRTY-SEVEN years in show business and definitely not out. That is the proud record of Tommy Trinder. He told me the other night that in that time he has played every English speaking theatre in the world.

The story of how Tommy out-gagged the then invincible American comedian, Milton Berle, is legend. In fact I'd back Tommy against anybody in an out and out libbing battle.

In my opinion, he's never been seen to proper effect on TV. I've long thought that he should be turned loose among an audience so that he could simply talk to them for half an hour.

Then you would see the real Trinder!

It so happens that such a programme is envisaged for the chin boy.

There is only one occasion when I've ever seen him at a loss for words.

At the London Coliseum last week, Donald Peers gave him a hat that Tommy had left at an hotel in Melbourne three years previously. Donald followed him, was

handed the hat and had been carrying it around ever since.

Last Sunday was the first opportunity he'd had to hand it over.

Incidentally, I love Tommy's gag about Australia—"It's my favourite country—it's the only place where I sound refined!"

Is there a jinx on Jane?

ON the same bill with Tommy was a highly talented young lady named Jane Forrest. Jane puts a number over well. So much so that no sooner had she come off stage than Jack Hylton made her an offer. But Jane was heartbroken—she'd only just signed to appear in cabaret in Majorca!

She's beginning to think there's a jinx on her. Two years ago, recording for Columbia, she made an excellent version of "Malgouerna." Unfortunately the arrangement was a direct copy of the Caterina Valente record and both disc jockeys and the public went for the original.

Jane's second record, "Sincerely Yours," was banned by the BBC because it was based on a classical item.

I've a feeling that when Jane returns from Spain she will find a welcome set out for her by all the impresarios and record companies.

Penny whistle

FOLLOWING closely Petula Clark's success on the French market is penny whistle man Desmond Lane.

I saw Des swatting up on his French the other day. "I've just done a season at L'Ancienne Belgique and I shall be appearing at the Olympia in Paris next month," he explained.

Des went on to say how thrilled the Belgians and the French are when a foreigner attempts, no matter how badly, to speak their language.

THIS WEEK'S DISC CHOICE

THREE discs have taken my fancy this week. Guy Mitchell should make a swift return to the Hit Parade with "Hanging Around" (Phillips).

For the ladies I've taken a tremendous liking to the cute Kathie Linden singing "You'd be Surprised."

Johnnie Ray has had many ups and downs in his native America but the British fans have proved to be more constant. I have a feeling that Johnnie's latest will please his many fans in both countries. While we're about it, let's go right on to the limb and state here and now that his "Lonely For A Letter" (Phillips) will go right to the number one spot in the best sellers.

News and views from across the Atlantic



by Al Anderson

Anka's latest doesn't 'ring the bell'

THE Paul Anka waxing of "Let The Bells Keep Ringing" has not quite "rung the bell" in the manner of his previous issues.

Though it has surpassed many discs, it has not pushed its way as far up the charts as was optimistically hoped.

Currently it is beginning to wane fairly rapidly.

Laurie London still continues to enjoy fabulous success with his He's Got The Whole World In His Hands, though this is now gently on the downward path. However, it has had a long residency amongst the top spots on the charts.

Additionally, of course, it has been a tremendous seller for both Laurie and his Capitol label over here. It is still one of the most played by disc jockeys and his further issues should do exceedingly well on his forthcoming return visit to the States.

Publisher Mervyn Melcher is enjoying big success with his new Arwin project, and is hoping to get his wife Doris Day on the label. Should this happen it would give a tremendous boost to his newest concern.

Lotta plays

MARVIN RAINWATER, now returned here after his tour of Britain, comes back to good praise for his newest MGM release.

Top side is "I Dig You Baby" and it looks like he'll get a lot of plays on this performance. Much attention has been focused on him since his tour and the success of his "Whole Lotta Woman" in the British charts. Undoubtedly this trip and his record hit have been of great importance to Marvin's career.

This month MGM are holding a "June for Joni" campaign to add to the exploitation of Joni James sales. Joni is a great favourite on the MGM label, and sales are being concentrated on 12 album releases of hers.

Kitty moves

SONG thrush Kitty Kallen has now changed her record company loyalty and has joined Columbia. She has signed a long-term agreement with this company and will be cutting her first sides shortly for A and R man, Mitch Miller.

She originally sang on Columbia waxings in the early days with the Harry James outfit, but since going out on her own she has had several label changes.

Kitty has recorded for Mercury and later with Decca, where she had one of her biggest-ever disc successes. This was

"Little Things Mean A Lot" which gave her a tremendous boost and helped her towards a later trip to the London Palladium.

New series

THE ever-advancing Verve Record company have now launched yet another series within their catalogue of album releases.

Called Jazz At The Opera House, the series consists of recordings made at the Chicago



For once PAUL ANKA has not hit the top.

Opera House. Five albums are included in the first deal featuring some of the top Norman Granz names—Ella Fitzgerald, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Stan Getz, J. J. Johnson, the Oscar Peterson Trio, Roy Eldridge, and Coleman Hawkins.

Another recent release on the Verve label is by your own Johnny Dankworth. It is titled Five Steps To Dankworth, a platter which I understand has already been issued over your way and received a vast amount of raves.

The Hi-Los, due for a tour of Britain in the fall, open tonight (Thursday) for a two-week season at Birdland. The boys are also due for a TV stint with Steve Allen on his show next Sunday.

Well-earned

I GUESS many of you are thinking about summer vacations, if you aren't already enjoying one. I, too, am going to take advantage of the quietest around show-biz circles to take a well-earned (I think!) rest.

So I'm off for a couple of weeks, maybe three. Perhaps you'll join me again on my return.



COVER PERSONALITY DON LANG

WELL, I must say, it's nice to see the name of Don Lang back in the charts after far too long an absence. "Witch Doctor" is the number which has given Don this long overdue disc recognition; let's hope that it will prove the turning point for more record successes.

As a solo singer, Don Lang first made a disc impact with his now famous version of *Cloudburst*. This was a fascinating marathon of "vocalese," a quick-fire delivery of singing almost too fast to follow. Under his real name of Gordon Langhorn, he was already an established instrumentalist, but "Cloudburst" was to put him on

the map, recordwise, with his newly adopted name, embracing the last half of his Christian name and the first of his surname.

His shrewd-thinking recording manager, Wally Ridley, figured that the name Gordon Langhorn was far too big for the largest possible printing on theatre showbills.

Since *Cloudburst*, Don has made a string of excellent discs for his HMV label, yet though they have enjoyed healthy sales, none has struck it quite so rich as this particular waxing.

In my own opinion, many of his later recordings were superior to the competitive versions that, in some cases, stole the Hit Parade

HE STRIKES IT RICH —WITH THE 'WITCH'

honours from him. They had the right formula, tremendous drive and verve, and were well delivered, yet somehow they didn't reap the rewards that I would have expected.

In addition, Don was seldom short of the means of exploitation. His records were frequently heard on the airwaves, and most important of all, he appeared regularly on our TV screens through his residency on "Six-Five Special."

Despite these advantages, Don still couldn't repeat the success of "Cloudburst."

There is, of course, a train of thought that a star can be seen and heard too often on TV and radio. In consequence it is possible that you don't need to purchase a record if you can see the artist performing it at least once every week.

It is a possible conclusion, though I haven't made up my mind whether it is a fact.

Another letter

Yet, within two weeks of Don Lang leaving his resident spot on "Six-Five"—he finds himself with another disc winner.

Fortunately for Don, his future does not rest entirely on record successes. He has made his way right through the musical field with a full training behind him, and the chance of regular work always before him.

Certainly, as long as I've been fortunate enough to know him, Don hasn't changed one iota. His friendly nature is seldom perturbed and the additional success that he has gained since throwing in his lot and becoming a soloist has made no noticeable difference.

In this way he is similar to several other stars that I know who emanate from Yorkshire. They seem to have their feet firmly planted on the ground, and success or flattery never seems to alter them.

Don was born in Halifax, and his musical leanings were soon to show themselves. Though interested in schooling, it was music that took place of preference.

Before leaving school he had studied both piano and trombone, and soon he was competent on each.

Won an award

Trombone became his favourite, and he was so proficient that he became a professional almost as soon as he left school.

Soon, young Gordon, as he was then, was busily engaged playing trombone around the Yorkshire area and building quite a reputation for himself as a musician. He even won an award for his playing in a contest organised by a musical journal.

As his reputation grew, so did the demands for his services and soon he was playing far beyond the boundaries of his home county.

He played with many bands and, after a while, joined Peter Rose at the Tower Ballroom, Edgbaston. Then he was offered, and accepted, a touring job with Teddy Foster and his band.

Each move enhanced his reputation, but it was with the Ken Mackintosh Orchestra that the name of Gordon Langhorn began to make its own mark.

After a very long stint with the

Mackintosh ensemble, Gordon Langhorn felt that the time had come to move out on his own.

He left the orchestra and formed a small unit with himself featured on trombone and in vocals. This done, and after intensive rehearsal, he made a private record of the unit, with himself singing in that rapid style that we now associate with him.

Such was the success of this test record that it served as a ready-made edition for Wally Ridley of HMV. He accepted both Don and the style on first hearing, and shortly afterwards "Cloudburst" really struck us.

With the new style, the fresh presentation, Gordon Langhorn almost disappeared. Don Lang had arrived.

Room for each

However, Don would never surrender his first love, the trombone, so Gordon Langhorn usually manages to accompany Don Lang on all his waxings!

One thing is certain, Don Lang or Gordon Langhorn, need have no regrets. There is a future for them both.

I've said earlier that I'm glad Don Lang is back in the charts, this time with "Witch Doctor," and I'm quite sure I say this for the many followers that he has made through his records and his "Six-Five" appearances.

"Witch Doctor" will certainly compensate for his absence from various parts of the country whilst he is enjoying a well-deserved summer season in Blackpool.

D. G.

SIDETRACKS

COME OFF IT, JIM Says JACK GOOD

FOR some time now Jim Dale has been publicly gloating in triumph over an imagined passing of rock 'n' roll. He has shot this line several times on "Six-Five" and now it even appears in print in the Radio Times.

He is glad the giggling, giggling boys are on the wane and he lines himself up with honest-to-goodness ballad singers like—to give his examples—Maurice Allen, Barry Barnes and Larry Page.

Now I have three things to say about this. Firstly, there is not a scrap of evidence to show that beat music (rock 'n' roll is a misleading term) is on its way out. Secondly, Maurice Allen's latest disc is pure Jerry Lee Lewis, Larry Page has always wiggled and rocked and Barry Barnes' latest "ballad" is *Book Of Love* which is a big beat number in its original Monotones

version, and is backed by All I Have To Do Is Dream which is an Everly Brothers number, ballad or not, and still shows a very strong influence of the beat.

If these boys are ballad singers then Be-Bop-a-Lula is a character from Puccini.

But what I really want to say to Jim is: "Come off it, my dear old mate." Am I wrong in suggesting that you made the top solely on the strength of your own highly successful wiggling and giggling?

Is it not a fact that you begged Parlophone to let you record that beautiful Ballad All Shook Up? That for weeks at Stanley Dale's teenage ballroom, Ramsgate, you rocked and rolled twice nightly with no apparent distaste? That until your latest record you had never recorded anything approaching a ballad?

The name of this first pseudo-ballad from our latest convert to respectable music is significant—it is, *Tread Softly, Stranger*—take it to heart, Jim.

It seems odd that so many of our talented young performers become ashamed of the rocking shoes in which they climbed the stairway to success and as soon as they make the grade, kick off the blue suedes and don the black patent.

What, I should like to know, makes soft shoe shuffle a more respectable form of entertainment than any other kind of foot movement? And why should a straw boater and a cane be an improvement on jeans and a guitar?

Success or flop?

THIS has been one of the most thrilling weeks in my life. It is, of course, always an exciting gamble to prepare the first edition of a new series. But "Oh Boy!" is different in so many ways from anything I have tried so far that the excitement is multiplied 100 per cent.

Rehearsals are going on at this

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by MURRAY GAULD

OVER THE BORDER

Too bad he's not a Yank

A L I S T A I R
M C H A R G — No
disc for six years,
yet acclaimed by
the teenagers.

est voice in Scotland. Operatic,
ballads, musical comedy—the
whole lot.

Yet . . . she has made no
recordings. Why?
"Because I haven't been
asked," she smiles.

And she isn't on the list for
the Scottish Royal Variety
Show. Why?

She wasn't invited.
Seems another grave omis-
sion on the part of the selection
committee.

Seven weeks on Scottish tele-
vision was enough to effect the
rapid change from middle-billing
to family-name for Sheila.

The transformation was
brought about in STV's top of
the "Top Ten shows . . . "Jig
Time."

Choreographer Bruce Mc-
Clure, newly-returned from a
long, very successful tour of
America—and now dance direc-
tor at STV, wondered at the
start of the series how a little
more finesse could be infused
into this Scots programme.

*He didn't have long to look
for Sheila. She stayed seven
weeks—and in that time the
programme climbed and
climbed the charts.*

STV have big plans for Miss
Paton. I know they would like
to get her on exclusive contract.
And present her in the autumn
. . . "Sheila Paton Sings."

If they did—it would be a
natural programme for the
national network.

"THE trouble with Alistair
McHarg is obvious,"
said my friend. I raised an
eyebrow.

"Easy," he went on. "He
wasn't born American."
I thought it over and decided
he was right.

Alistair—it was he I was talk-
ing to—made his first film at the
age of 19 and was the singer in
the Crazy Gang Show "Knights
of Madness" at the Victoria
Palace, and he would have been
a star of musicals—in America.

Probably the trouble here was
that Alistair's film was the ill-
fated "London Town."

"I was too young then to
realise what it meant," he told
me. "I was also too inexperienced,
too green to play the
part."

Now he thinks it was all
probably for the best.

*"I wouldn't have been a
quarter of the performer that
I am today if I had hit the
high spots in 'London Town,'"
he stressed.*

For his post-film career led
him slowly up the ladder of hard
graft—and taught him the stage-
craft, and voice-craft that he
now has.

As a stage performer, McHarg
is tops. He has a warm, ami-
able personality and a full, very
rich baritone to top it off.

Scottish BBC-TV Head of
Variety, Eddie Fraser, realises
this. Eddie has plugged him for
years on the Scottish Home Ser-
vice. This has culminated in his

recent series "Presenting Alistair
McHarg"—the last two of the
six being beamed nationally.
During the winter-time he did
a Stewart Cruikshank pantomi-
me at Newcastle with Dickie
Valentine.

Two singers on the same bill?
McHarg would be swamped,
they said. The teenagers would
never listen to him—especially
coming after Valentine's show-
stopping spot.

They were all wrong and
McHarg came out with flying
colours.

What about his recording
progress? I was amazed to hear
that it's about six years ago—
he thinks—since he made a
record. He then did four
double sides for Beltona: Scots
ballads like "The Road To The
Isles," "End Of The Road,"
"The Lea Rig."

Before that, however, he had
made a disc backed by Bob Far-
non and his orchestra, of "To
Each His Own" and "The Stars
Will Remember" for Decca.

His first wax contribution was,
of course "So Would I" from
the sound-track from "London
Town."

"I don't know, but I believe
some of them are still on the
market," he said. "Or so I'm
told by some fans who have
bought them recently."

"Why haven't you made any
later then?" I asked. "Ballads
have been out for so long,"
came the stock reply.

*Alistair has a voice of
quality—a personality of
colour. I wish Britain could
make a bit more of her own
home-bred talent.*

It's an eternal theme of mine
. . . but what a shame that seems.

I'll give an indication of the
price put on his head across the
Atlantic—even in North
America.

In the autumn, '55, he made a
tour of Canada and America.
He was invited to return the
following year to the Vancouver
State Fair for two weeks. And
for that the offer was £1,000.

Unfortunately, Alistair was
then on a long-term contract for
Howard and Wyndham—and a
"Five Past Eight" engagement
in Edinburgh, where he is such
a big draw, put a stop to any
ideas he had about Canada.



Alistair is back in Edinburgh
this summer and his singing is
one of the big features in the
great success of the 1958 edition
of "Five Past Eight."

Not asked

A N D another singing star of
the future emerges from
this glittering clock-face. She is
Sheila Paton—only 22 years old,
but no overnight sensation.

This is Sheila's third "Five
Past Eight" revue—and she, too,
has done pantomime with Dickie
Valentine.

For me, Sheila has the sweet-

moment and it looks as if we have
really got something new with this
show. One thing is quite certain—
programme will not be a mediocrity
—it could be a tremendous flop, it
could (keeping my fingers crossed)
be a big success. But I don't
believe it could be anything in
between.

You will see no sets in this
programme, as there are in "Cool
For Cats," "Top Tune Time," "Top
Numbers" and the Jackson show.
There is no dancing audience in
vision as in "Six-Five Special." So
what is there?

Well, you'd better have a look
on Sunday at 10.50 and find out. I
hope you enjoy it.

Peculiar

T O N Y C R O M B I E ' s latest record-
ing is a very, very important
addition to my collection—my col-
lection of recorded numbers with
strange-named composers. This par-
ticular epic entitled "Ungawa" is
supposed to be written by "Cubelo-
Lotzer-Scardilli-Piccioni-Cetani."

Now, as there are about two
distinguishable words and two
distinguishable musical phrases, it
is difficult to know how these
foreign gentlemen divided their
work—that is, if they exist. How-
ever, since Tony Crombie is very
partial to verbal gags, I shouldn't
be surprised if the names were
anagrams for something else.

I would work it out—if I had the
time and brain power.

Are they
the same?

I H A V E only written song lyrics
once, that was to Don Lang's
music for "6-5 Hand Live." He
wrote under his real name Gordon
Laghorn. I wrote under the name
Ella Lightborn. Lightborn is the

JIM DALE

Is he ashamed
that rock 'n'
roll gave him
his big chance?



name of a character I once acted in
—"Edward II." He was a murderer
—and I reckoned as I had mur-
dered the lyrics, the name was very
appropriate.

Having composed under ficti-
ous names myself, I get suspicious.
All Gene Vincent's discs for
instance: Be-Bop-a-Lula is sup-
posed to be written by Sheriff Tex
Davis—can you imagine it? The
Sheriff also, apparently, had a hand
in Race With The Devil, Gene's
Wear My Ring (not "around your
neck") was partly written, it says,
by Bobby Darin, Floyd Edge
wrote Dance To The Bop and,
believe it or not, Lotta Lovin' is
attributed to Bernice Bedwell.

Now I'm not saying there are no
such people, but they all write with
remarkably similar styles.

Quite a
mix-up

N A M E S fascinate me altogether
but on the "Oh Boy!" pro-
gramme I am always getting so
mixed up with the names I just
have to point and say "you?"

For instance, Harry Robinson,
the Musical Director is really
Henry McLeod Robertson, John
Barry is Barry Prendergast, Marty
Wildie when I first knew him was
Reg Patterson, but I discovered the
other day that his name was Reg
Smith.

On the other hand Stan Jones is

the leader of the Dallas Boys (not
the Jones Boys) and none of the
boys is named Dallas. But then
none of the Vernons Girls is
named Vernon. Kerry
Martin is really Cynthia
Carey, and I'm sure
Red Price's name isn't
Red.

I don't know whether
I am being rude in addressing
John Barry by his profes-
sional surname or friendly,
since Barry is his actual
Christian name.

But these name troubles are by
no means the most serious, there
are some poor creatures who are in
a nameless limbo even today, and
are waiting with anxiety and con-
cern for the latest copy of "Girls
Own Glamour," to see whether
there is anything in it in the way
of names to suit them.

Why, only this morning John
Kennedy phoned me to make

It's banned

D I D you hear about the
record "Lary Mary"?
After being passed by the
BBC and given several plays,
it was suddenly banned—
someone had taken the
trouble to translate the lyrics
and discovered they were
obscene. I saw the transla-
tion. My hair stood on end.
I thought those things were
only written on walls.

an appointment for me to see a
new sensational discovery of his.
Unfortunately the girl has, as yet,
no name, and so it's very difficult
to make a date to see her.

Some of our up and coming
artists are not satisfied with
changing their names just once,
they change them as regularly as
they have their hair done. Notice-
ably Wee Willie Harris has been in
his time, Shorty Harris, Steve
Murray, Fingers Harris and several
other savoury pseudonyms.

I understand that now his hair is
of a bright orange hue, manager
Paul Lincoln is contemplating the
title Suncrush Harris, and for the
future Decca are due to record with
him a rock version of "When Your
Hair Has Turned To Silver."

Change

W H A T a pleasant change it is to
hear a song sung not in
twangy American, but in a
healthy, down-to-earth English
accent. The Mullarks version
of "Book Of Love" is as luscious
as the Girls' Choir itself, and the
pronunciation of the sentence
"Who wrote the book of love" is
simply delicious.

The question they ask is a very
good one, and now I can tell you
authoritatively the answer.

"The Book Of Love" was written
by Derek Johnson and Don
Wedge. To be published this
month, it will contain articles on
Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Bill
Haley, Paul Anka, Derek John-
son, Don Wedge, Lord Rocking-
ham and many others with a life-
size, autographed photo of
Laurie London (10in. x 4in.).

Whatever
next!

I H A D a word with ex-colleague
Dennis "Mate" Wilson again
the other day. He tells me that
ex-Windmill girl, Valerie Shane,
should be watched, as a potential
star. She appears in "Extra-
Special" next week. This I am
prepared to believe. What I can't
believe is that 12 bar, blues-type
Glenn Miller music is going to be
the craze.

This Dennis boldly asserts—and
a couple of minutes later tells me
that tenor saxes are old-fashioned
"by two months, now."

Perhaps the tenors will be re-
placed by Russell Turner's Kwela
Flutes.

Dickie Bryce had talent, but not, he thought, as a singer....

BUT BAD LUCK, AND THE RAIN, CHANGED HIS MIND

DICKIE VALENTINE is today at the top of the tree as a singer and entertainer, but if a certain Richard Bryce—as he then was—had not been knocked over in the street, he would have been earning his daily bread as a window dresser, his talent being admired in a different sort of way.

On leaving school Dickie applied for a job in a gown shop as a trainee window dresser. He could see himself as a tip-top window dresser in Manchester.

But to start with he had the packing, and the delivering, etc., to contend with, and there always seemed to be more deliveries on days when it was raining—a thing not uncommon in Manchester.

One day, when Dickie was cleaning up the stock room, he heard the command "Bryce, come here." Dickie sighed and went into the shop's packing department. "I want you to stop what you are doing and get these parcels delivered," said the manager, pointing to a pile of boxes.

Tired, unhappy

Dickie felt really blue, for it was very nearly closing time and he knew he could never get them delivered in a few minutes; the addresses were scattered all over town.

It was a tired and unhappy boy who arrived home at 7.30 p.m. that night.

A few weeks later it was raining very hard. Dickie was at the time helping to dress the window, thankful that he wasn't out in the down-pour. Then one of the assistants came up to him and told him that he had to deliver some dresses.

So Dickie staggered out into the cold, wet world, practically hidden from sight behind the pile of boxes he was carrying.

Suddenly someone crashed into him. Down he went, scattering his parcels all over the pavement. He scrambled to his feet, his cheeks burning. People were scurrying by not offering to help at all. Dickie felt that he wanted to kick the lot into the gutter. However, he collected the sodden boxes together and finished the job, a very fed-up young man indeed.

On his way back to the shop he saw a notice stating "Page boy

and started the move that turned Dickie Bryce, window dresser, into Dickie Valentine, star singer

wanted." He stopped for a minute and then made up his mind. He would try for that, it would be better than delivering parcels and it had the glamour of show business.

To his amazement he was accepted and the first step on the road to fame was taken.

In 1944 his family decided to move to London and so young Dickie Bryce had to give up his new job. But luck was with him for he heard that there was a job going at the London Palladium. He applied and got it.

Now he was in his element. He was able to watch all the top stars of the world at work, and to speak to many of them backstage.

Gradually he began to get the urge to get into the business himself.

Chappie D'Amato, the band-leader and guitarist, gave him an informal audition in his dressing room, and advised him to have singing lessons.

He paid ten shillings for a lesson. After three he gave it up. "Too much like hard work," said Dickie.

by J. C. DOUGLAS

TCHAIKOVSKY
Concerto No. 1, in B-Flat Minor, Op. 23.
Emil Gilels and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Fritz Reiner).
(RCA RB-16115)

THE young Russian, Gilels, recorded this during his first visit to the United States and, according to the notes, spent five hours on the disc.

This concerto has never been a favourite of mine—I much prefer the second—but I did enjoy this recording very much indeed. Gilels has great attack and fire in his playing, and this has inspired the orchestra to give an equally vital performance.

The Russian's brilliant technique and forceful style make this a most exciting reading of the score, and I think you will get a great deal of pleasure from this version of a perhaps too frequently heard and therefore not always appreciated concerto.

AN ALBUM OF MILITARY BAND MUSIC

Band of the Grenadier Guards conducted by Major F. J. Harris, M.B.E., A.R.C.M., p.s.m.
First Suite For Military Band.



One day he was cheeky to the head commissioner and was sacked. Fortunately one of the chorus girls knew of a similar job going at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket.

Dickie got the job, and he once again settled down to learn everything about show business.

One day he was singing as he walked down the corridor when he was heard by Canadian singer Bill O'Connor.

"That's a nice voice you have, my boy," said Bill, "why don't you have singing lessons?"

"Can't afford to on my wages," said Dickie, but Bill was so impressed with the lad's personality



(left) Dickie Bryce adjusts a coat in the window of a store in Manchester. (above, DISC Pic) Dickie Valentine relaxes with his beautiful wife Elizabeth.

and voice that he arranged for him to have lessons with his own singing teacher. He even paid for the lessons for eighteen months out of his own pocket, such was his faith.

These lessons were invaluable to Dickie, who says, "It was Bill's generosity and faith that kept me practising hard all that time. Otherwise I would have packed it in, many a time."

One night he appeared on a Carroll Levis Discovery show. It was disastrous. "I was very cocky and sure of myself. I bounced on the stage—and made a complete mess of my act. I got the bird—good and proper—and

positions make very pleasant listening, and are varied enough to maintain your interest.

The standard of musicianship, as always with these crack military bands, is extremely high, and the recording quality good. Well recommended for brass band enthusiasts.

VERDI

Highlights From *Rigoletto*. Singers include Hilde Gueden, Giuletta Simionato, Mario del Monaco, Aldo Protti, Cesare Siepi.

(Decca LXT5397)

THIS disc throws the spotlight on the better known arias from what is a particular favourite among opera lovers. There is the *Caro Nome*, beautifully sung by Viennese soprano Hilde Gueden, and, of course, the two highly popular tenor arias *Questa o Quella* and *La Donna e Mobile*, from the lusty voiced Mario del Monaco.

If you cannot afford the full recording of this Verdi opera you will find this LP very satisfying and I'm sure your own favourite arias will be included in the selection.

The orchestra and chorus are from the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome.

CLASSICAL CORNER

Fire and vitality

Op. 28 (Holst); *The Merchant Of Venice* (Rossini); *Three Irish Pictures* (Ansell); *Three Dale Dances* (Wood).

(Decca LK4184)

A GREAT many of our readers have asked for news of military band music and here is just the disc to give them maximum enjoyment.

The band of the Grenadier Guards is a first-class one and their choice of programme is extremely well balanced. As you can see from the titles, there are none of those hackneyed pieces which crop up on every brass band programme—and no hotch-potch selections from opera or musical shows.

On the contrary, these com-

rightly so. At the time I was most dejected and miserable, but it did me good. It knocked all the conceit out of me."

Later he had a spot in a "teen-agers" TV show; then a singing spot in "In Town Tonight."

One day he met Sid Green, the music publisher. "Why don't you go to see Ted Heath?" he asked. "He is holding auditions for singers." Dickie thanked him and went along. He clicked and made his first public appearance as a vocalist with Ted Heath at the London Palladium in 1949.

Ted suggested that the name Dickie Bryce was not so hot and that he should adopt another. After a lot of thought they chose Valentine. So Dickie Valentine appeared on the Palladium stage four years after Dickie Bryce had been sacked as page boy.

Then he made his first recording "All the Time and Everywhere" which, although Dickie did not think so good, clicked up a total of 100,000 sales and brought him a new public.

In 1954 Dickie's contract with Ted Heath ran out and he set out on his own.

Wedding bells

The Press all over the country were full of praise for him. Valentine had arrived; his records were selling very well indeed. Later he flew to America to take part in the famous Ed Sullivan TV show and was an immediate hit with the American audience.

On October 27, 1954, the wedding bells rang for Dickie when he married attractive Elizabeth Flynn, a twenty-two-year-old ice skater from Glasgow. Four thousand fans turned out to cheer him and his bride at Caxton Hall.

On February 6, 1956, their lovely baby daughter Kim Elizabeth was born and presents rolled in from his fans.

In spite of all this adulation, Dickie has remained completely unspoilt. In fact, the more praise that is showered upon him, the more he is likely to worry about his responsibilities to his ever-growing army of fans.

So today, blessed as he is with a lovely wife and two lovable children, happy as anybody can be who is doing the job he wants to be doing, he can think back with gratitude to the unknown person who knocked him over in Manchester, and knocked him into the world that he enjoys today.

—Chris Barnett

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NEWS FROM BEHIND THE LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL



Joe Williams is superb, said
LONNIE DONEGAN

WHAT music do some of our big disc stars enjoy listening to? The answer will surprise you — it did me! I was browsing through

* Surprise choice * Guy's tops in S.A. * Break for 'Teens'?

some of my records the other day in the company of a couple of very great friends of mine who also happen to be way up in the Hit Parade. My personal collection of discs happens to cover most fields and therefore I don't get stumped when asked for requests.

Lonnie Donegan listened with ears wide open to Joe Williams, whom he declared to be absolutely superb. He also listened with interest to his rival Walt Whyton (of the Vipers).

Drummer Nick Nicholls of the Donegan group drank up Shelly Manne's "My Fair Lady," a disc which he absolutely swore he was going out to buy the next day—either because Lonnie would like him to play drums like Manne, or because he listened to both sides about 10 times and decided he'd got to hear them another 10 times or bust.

Valerie Shane sat spellbound over Ella Fitzgerald (but then who doesn't?), and Glen Mason and

Ronnie Carroll have an apartment full of cuttings by Frank Sinatra.

It's quite strange that Elvis Presley's name hasn't been mentioned, but at that session I didn't have any rock 'n' roll acquaintances . . .

They love him!

THERE is no truth in rumours that certain recording stars are little known outside their own country. For instance, Guy Mitchell, who has had hosts of best sellers both here and the other side of the Atlantic, thought when he was offered a tour in South Africa that his name wasn't big enough to ensure a sell-out.

This turned out to be a whole lot of careless talk, as Guy's new record *Come On, Let's Go* on Philips is right now top of the South African hit parade.

So this disproves the above theory and everybody's happy except the South African fans, who still don't know whether this Guy's going to visit them or not.

film companies in Wardour Street, and there were so many people on top of me that there wasn't even any room for a hunchback mouse to crawl through the pairs of legs. But when one of the employees from the movie company sang "All the Way," I moved on. What else could I do; it was such a let down . . .

THAT glorious man with the technicolor voice flies home from the U.S. next week, after scoring heavily on coast to coast TV and cabaret. Tomi Dalli, the golden tenor, is not on wax yet, so if anyone cares to finance me, I'd like to handle him . . .

Big break?

THAT talented group, the Four Teens, have just had a recording test they made taken up by Parlophone. They are cutting another test for the company this

Right material — and good backing for Jimmy Lloyd

FOCUS ON JIMMY LLOYD
Old Devil Moon; Autumn Leaves; A Foggy Day; Skylark.

(Philips BBE12186)

AT last Jimmy has the right sort of material, and the expert backing of the Bill McGuffie Trio, which always seems to produce top performances from Philips artists.

These standards are far better for Jimmy than the beat numbers he has had so far and he has an opportunity to demonstrate that here is real star material.

He's at his best in *A Foggy Day*. Good diction, imaginative phrasing and a feeling for lyrics; they are all in Jimmy's work. Let's hope he gets the chance to develop them.

BUDDY BREGMAN PLAYS GEORGE GERSHWIN

How Long Has This Been Going On? It Ain't Necessarily So; Funny Face; Bidin' My Time; Liza.

(HMV 7EG-8343, Verve Series)

THE Buddy Bregman Orchestra solo for a change, and not backing Ella or Bing. Occasionally Bregman becomes a little over-elaborate in his arrangements for my liking, but on this disc he is more restrained. He treats these five top Gershwin numbers with respect but a new eye; the result is some fine big band music, especially on *How Long Has This Been Going On?*

SCOTLAND FOREVER

Scotland The Brave, Lewis Bridal Song (The Keynotes); The Gathering Of The Clans; A Gordon For Me.

(The Stargazers), (Decca DFE6449)

MOST unusual to get these two top British vocal groups together on one disc but they both enjoy their excursion over the border—particularly Jean Campbell, of course.

I am glad they have sung these fine Scottish songs quite straight and haven't played about with them—it might have caused an international incident

if they had. And the songs are too good to need any fancy treatment.

You don't need to wear the kilt to enjoy this disc.

EPs

Reviewed by
Jackie Moore

MEMORIES OF JOHN McCORMACK

Sung by Brendan O'Dowda with Philip Green and His Orchestra

The Garden Where The Praties Grow; Kathleen Mavourneen; The Lark In The Clear Air; The Low Backed Car.

(Columbia SEG7797)

TO show our Irish readers that we are not pro-Scottish, here is a disc to please all wearers of the green, myself included. Brendan O'Dowda has good reason to remember McCormack, who encouraged the young Brendan to embark on a singing career.

He sings these lovely traditional Irish songs with great artistry, and no maudlin sentimentality. I think John McCormack would have enjoyed this disc.

THE DICK HYMAN TRIO

"Dick Hyman Swings"
Rockin' The Boogie; Rollin' The Boogie; Blue Danube Bounce; Sweet Georgia Brown.

(MGM EP646)

DICK HYMAN deserts modern jazz—temporarily, I hope—for some honky-tonk piano and uncomplicated foot-tapping rhythms.

All good, clean fun, but I don't know how Strauss enthusiasts will feel about the Blue Danube bounce.

NORRIE PARAMOR and His Orchestra

"Cabaret Time In Paris"

La Seine; La Ronde de l'Amour; Pigalle; La Vie en Rose; Autumn Leaves; C'est Si Bon; The Song from Moulin Rouge (Where Is Your Heart?); The Poor People of Paris.

(Columbia SEG7788)

A PICTURE of the Paris we prefer to remember, with no sign of civil wars, strikes or new governments, just the lilting music of the accordion. Norrie Paramor has obviously enjoyed his musical visit to Paris and so will you. The arrangements are not corny, imitation-bal musette, but they do have the flavour of the boulevards.

Very pleasant listening.

FRANK CHACKSFIELD and His Orchestra

"Lovely Lady" (No. 1)

Lovely Lady; Don't Blame Me; Exactly Like You; Dinner At Eight.

(Decca DFE6442)

AS always from the Chacksfield Orchestra, some tasteful, well arranged music, in this case for late-evening relaxation.

On *Exactly Like You*, especially, the arrangements are among the best I've heard on this kind of disc.

HITS FROM SOUTH PACIFIC

A Wonderful Guy and I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair (Mary Martin); Younger Than Springtime (William Tabbert); Some Enchanted Evening (Enzo Pinza).

(Philips BBE12185)

AN extract from the Philips album of the complete Broadway production. You couldn't do better than this EP if you're looking for recordings of these four songs. No one has ever sung *Some Enchanted Evening* quite so magnificently as Pinza, and I would say buy the disc just for him.

As you get the blissful Mary Martin as well, you are really in luck.

BUMPED into beautifully-tanned Shelley Moore, just back from a tour of Israel. Shelley had an absolutely terrific time out there and did some very lush cabarets. The high spot of the tour, however, came when she first of all deputised for Johnnie Ray, and then did a duet with him which raised the roof.

Last laugh

THEY all laughed at Johnny Stewart when he tried to sing, so consequently he became a comedian. However, Johnny has got the last laugh, for he made a recording for HMV, "Wishing for Your Love/Promise Me," that brought out the tender tones in his voice and put him back as a singer.

Actually, one of the few people who didn't laugh was his wife, dancer Pat Wilson, who taught him stage presentation from A to Z.

It was Frankie

I ACTUALLY saw Frank Sinatra. The trouble is, I was so over-

come by seeing the greatest in person that I just couldn't open my mouth.

Frankie was just making a very unobtrusive exit from one of the



SHELLEY MOORE'S duet with Johnnie Ray raised the roof.

week, this time a number written by their leader—16-year-old Barry Stewart—entitled "Standing Around."

This could be the big break the boys have been waiting for.

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HALL MARKS THE BEST IN JAZZ BY TONY HALL

Big changes on British jazz scene

DON RENDELL SIX TO DISBAND

EXPECT some drastic changes in the British jazz scene very shortly. The Don Rendell Jazz Six disbands on June 14. And the Jazz Couriers are to make their first personnel change in over a year.

The Rendell news comes as a big surprise.

Don told me: "Let me make it quite clear that there has been no dissension of any kind in the band. Quite simply, I am forced by personal circumstances to give up having a band at the moment. I may even be leaving London."

"I'm extremely sorry that the band is to break up. We could have gone on together for ages. In fact, I asked the others to bring in a new tenor-player and carry on. But they wouldn't even consider that. They wanted to make a clean break."

Poll-winning tenorist Don's band was first formed just over a year ago. During that time, the four-horn front-line remained un-

changed. Don on tenor, Ronnie Ross on alto and baritone, Bert Courtney on trumpet and Ed Harvey on a variety of trombones (currently the valve type) or bass-trumpet, doubling on piano.

Never happy

THE rhythm section underwent several changes. Frank Donison was the initial bassist before Kenny Napper took over. Pete Blannin then came in from the Kinsey Quintet. On drums, there has been young Derek Hogg, then Phil Seaman and, lately, Andy White.

For various reasons hard to put one's finger on, the band never seemed to be quite as happy as it should have been. Somehow, the right rhythm section was never found, I felt.

Possibly its most inspired moments came in the Seaman days when, now and again, the section caught fire.

The understanding between the horns, however, which was evident in their contrapuntal improvisations, was of probably the highest standard of its kind that we've heard since the days of the Dankworth Seven.

Ross and Courtney have been particularly sympathetic to each other. And Harvey's sort of "second sense" proved an excellent foil for Rendell's fine Lester-school tenor.

Collectively, too, the ensemble has often sounded really impressive. Lately, it has seemed to have more depths and dynamics than in the earlier days.

All four hornmen have contributed good arrangements to the book. Don's have possibly been the "furstest out"; Ronnie's the most interesting, in many ways; Bert's the most basic, and Eddie's the most mellow and dynamic.

Most of the writing had originality and couldn't be strictly classified as being of any particular "school." Though, if one must generalise, the band was much more inclined towards California than New York, Chicago or Detroit.

And the future?

THE ensemble and the band's book were a credit to British jazz. It was an interesting experiment which will be missed. And, I'm certain, remembered.

What of the future? I understand that, on his return from the Newport Jazz Festival, Ronnie Ross will form a band.

"I'd like to get an entirely new sound," he told me, "but exactly what, I don't know yet. The experience of hearing what's happening in the States should be a tremendous asset."

It's on the cards that Ross will use Courtney and Harvey in his band. I've heard flautist-tenorist Johnny Scott's name mentioned as a possible member. This talented musician also plays vibes (he was once with Norman Burns' Shearing-style group), alto and baritone. And he writes. He should be an asset to any band. As for the rest of the rhythm section, it's anybody's guess. Pete Blannin is to join the Oscar Rabin band at the Strand Lyceum.

Time will tell

A SUGGESTION was made that the Allan Ganley Quartet be incorporated into the new band. But this idea has been turned down. Drummer Ganley told me: "My current group is the only one I've ever had where everything really gells. We've got a wonderful feeling at the moment and I'd hate to spoil it. Of

course, Ronnie could join up with us if he wanted to!"

I asked Don Rendell his future plans.

He replied: "I just don't know. I can't give up playing. It's all I know how to do. I'll just carry on being a professional musician. What if I'm offered the chance of forming a new group? I'll still say no!"

Somehow I can't see a man of Don's sincerity for jazz being off the scene for too long. But time will tell.

And so another page in the history of British jazz has been written. Now let's turn over and think of the future. It could be brighter still.

The Jazz Couriers' personnel change comes in a week or two's time when the group takes a well-deserved holiday.

When they re-start, 22-year-old

Geoff Clyne will replace Phil Bates on bass. Geoff is potentially the best new local bassist in many years. He was one of my three "New Star" choices of '57.

His time, an absolute necessity in the Couriers, is excellent. Both harmonically and rhythmically, he should prove an asset to the group. During the past few months, he has made several trips to New York and has heard much of what's going on musically over there. This experience should stand him in good stead.

I hear that Phil Bates may do the Sarah Vaughan tour in July.

This is only the second change the Couriers have made since their inception in April last year. The original bassist, Malcolm Cecil, being replaced by Phil a month later.

REVIEWS

BARNEY KESSEL "Easy Like"

Easy Like; Tenderly; Lullaby Of Birdland; What Is There To Say; Bernard; Vicky's Dream; Salute To Charlie Christian; That's All; I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart; Just Squeeze Me; April In Paris; North Of The Border. (12in. Contemporary LAC12082)

EVER wondered how this year's recorded jazz will sound, say, five years from now? How much

will really stand the test of time?

It's a great compliment to guitar-ist, Barney Kessel to say that the eight of these tracks recorded back in 1953 (and already available here on 10in. LP) are well up to the standard of the four cuts in '56 (1, 8, 11, 12). Barney's playing seems completely ageless. An immensely honest, warmly emotional, technically excellent player, whose love of jazz is obviously sincere. And his Charlie Christian inspired style has emphatic roots in the blues.

by OWEN BRYCE

THE Blues is America's greatest contribution to music. But it is, or was when it first took shape some 60 years ago, an art form completely different from any other. No other country has produced music which has swept the globe to the extent that this vocal interpretation of jazz has done.

The principal characteristics of the Blues are, firstly, a 12 bar chord sequence; secondly, an alteration of some of the notes of the scale and thirdly, a poetry reflecting every facet of the Negro's life.

Singer's freedom

Although today the 12 bar formula reigns supreme, not all Blues are exactly 12 bars long. In the early days the individual singer was free to extend or shorten his song to suit the words or the accompaniment. The main essential is not so much the 12 bar formula as the repetition of the first phrase, followed by the ending phrase. (To add to the general confusion, not all numbers with Blues in the title are Blues at all. And there are 16 bar Blues and 32 bar Blues tunes!)

The most important characteristic is the slight flattening of the third and seventh notes of the chord. This is the one thing which the white man finds impossible to do. When the white musician tries it the music sounds forced, artificial, awk-

ward, and very often gives an impression of out-of-tuneness.

The great masters of the Blues . . . Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Bechet . . . turn out Blues notes crammed full of intense musical feeling, happily mixing the major and minor moods. This ability to

THIS IS THE BLUES

deviate from European practice is now part and parcel of all good jazz, and is not confined to the Blues as such. But the Blues must be given credit for its origin.

The commonly accepted reason for repeating the first phrase in the Blues is that it gave the singer time to think up the ending of each chorus. This may not be true.

The ability to express oneself, poetically, on the subject of poverty and colour prejudice is one that comes very naturally to the Negro. I've heard men like Lonnie Johnson, Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie McGhee talk for hours about their lives with no let up in inspiration or humour.

Today of course, the Blues is also very largely an instrumental music, men like Basie particularly having adapted it to the



Personal circumstances force DON RENDELL to give up the band and, since the other players wouldn't agree to a new tenor-man, the outfit will break up.

The supporting cast of good musicians includes Bud Shank or Buddy Collette (alto and flute), Arnold Ross or Claude Williamson (piano), Harry Babasin or Red Mitchell (bass) and Shelly Manne (drums). Shank seems to have had a bit more guts in his playing in '53.

This LP should please most tastes. Kessel himself rates the full five stars (*****).

RED GARLAND TRIO "A Garland of Red"

A Foggy Day; My Romance; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Makin' Whoopee; September In The Rain; Little Girl Blue; Constellation; Blue Red.
(12in. Esquire 32-046)

THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD, ex-boxer Red Garland is the pianist whose biography I wrote in an earlier issue of DISC. He rose to international fame through his work with THE Miles Davis Quintet. On this, his Trio debut, he uses Miles' superb bassist, Paul Chambers, and the excellent New York drummer who worked with Miles when Philly Joe Jones was temporarily sick, Arthur Taylor.

This is the best recorded trio LP I've ever heard. All British engineers should pin back their ears and dig how the great Rudy Van Gelder has captured the sound and presence of the bass and drums. Chambers is an absolute gas throughout with his leaping, full-blooded rhythm line and "ridiculous" solos, both plucked and bowed. I've never heard anyone improvise and bow like this. Art supports with swinging sympathy.

Red's style utilises the single-note and locked-hands approaches, not over-modern, but immensely enjoyable. His medium-tempo swing easily and I find his ballads most pleasantly dreamy. It's amazing

how much he is influencing pianists throughout the world. The least successful track is the fast "Constellation." Red wasn't up to it.

This LP sounds fine at any time of the day or night (****).

LENNY HAMBRO QUINTET "The Nature of Things"

Comin' Thru; Ain't She Sweet; I Married An Angel; My Future Just Passed; Love Letters; My Foolish Heart; Sweet Sue; Just You; Like Someone In Love; I Love You Much Too Much; Liberation For Celebration; Blue Light; I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You.
(12in. Fontana TFL5010)

WHEN Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller Orchestra toured this country recently, the only man in the band of any real interest to modernists was altoist Lenny Hambro. Here he leads two groups of similar instrumentation. The sidemen: Barry Galbraith or Sal Salvador (guitar), Eddie Costa (piano), Arnold Fishkin or Clyde Lombardi (bass) and Gus Johnson or Harold Granowsky (drums). Tracks 1, 2, 10 and 11 are already available on an EP and have been reviewed earlier on these pages.

I enjoyed the new tracks much more. In fact, this is a very pleasant LP. Hambro is an exceptionally good alto-player who really knows his instrument and gets a good, full sound. His jazz conception owes much to Charlie Parker. And though he lacks real, down-to-earth, "gitty" emotion, he does play with obviously sincere warmth and feeling.

The best tracks include *Married, Letters, Someone*, etc. The standards he's chosen are all first-class tunes, mostly with nice changes.

The supporting cast is uniformly good. Both guitarists swing nicely.

And "new star" Costa's playing is much more relaxed and attractive than on many other occasions. A fine musician.

The sort of LP you can listen to at any time of the day. Not for purists. But the average fan will enjoy it a lot (****).

HOWARD RUMSEY'S LIGHTHOUSE ALL-STARS

"Music For Lighthousekeeping"
Love Me Or Leave Me; Taxi War Dance; Octavia; Mambo La Vegas; Jubilation; I Deal; Latin For Lovers; Topsy.

(12in. Contemporary LAC12086)

THESE are the Formosa Beach (California) Lighthouse All-Stars circa autumn, 1956. With Rumsey on bass are Bob Cooper (tenor), Conte Candoli (trumpet), Frank Rosolino (trombone), Sonny Clark (piano) and Stan Levey (drums). *Love Me, Mambo and Latin* are lines by Bill Holman. Cooper contributed the moving ballad, *Octavia* and *Jubilation*. Clark wrote his feature blues, *I Deal*.

This is a thoroughly competent, polished, professional LP. Nobody disgraces themselves and there's a good group feeling, which can only come from regular work together. But, somehow, the whole proceed-

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ings are subdued and the session never once really catches fire. Cooper is very much a Lesterite. Rosolino is carefree and has a personal sound and style. Conte, as always, "gets in there and wails." Sonny Clark has improved out of all recognition since these sides were cut. (His several recent Blue Note LPs are among my 1958 favourites, especially his latest album, a tremendous Trio set.) Levey again shows he's the swiftest white West Coast drummer (though his long extended solo on track one gets a bit boring after a while). Rumsey himself is adequate.

Octavia, Latin and Topsy are probably the best tracks.

If the heat had been a little more intense, the rating would be higher (****).

DON ELLIOTT

"At The Modern Jazz Room"

It Might As Well Be Spring;

Embassy; But Not For Me.

(7in. HMV 7EG8314)

MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST Elliott has never really moved me in any way. He always strikes me as being too polite, polished and generally "reformed." On this "location" EP, he uses a good rhythm section of Bob Corwin (piano), Ernie Furtado (bass) and Jimmy Campbell (drums). Elliott plays sort of early-Chet Bakery trumpet on *Spring*; vibes on the simple, but cute, *Embassy*; vibes and bongos on *Not On Vibs*, he reminds me of our own Bill Le Sage. His trumpeting is on the anemic side.

Frankly all my kicks on this disc came from pianist Corwin. A logical, yet stimulating, exciting player, Bob has much to offer: both rhythmically and harmonically.

The best Elliott record I've heard. Thanks to Corwin, who deserves a much higher rating on his own (****).



That great blues singer, JIMMY RUSHING, joins Humphrey Lyttelton (left) in a number. But on his current disc he misses the mark.

The great tradition that is toe Blues, though based on the seamy side of Negro life, and the spirituals, giving a vision of future well-being, are both HAPPY music. This is sad, depressingly sad. Sam Gary sings about the Lord as if he were a Great Ball of Fire, poised six inches above his head and dropping slowly—slowly—downwards.

TRADITIONAL

There's been nothing like it—before or since

large band set-up. And present day vocalists of the calibre of Joe Williams, T-Bone Walker, Wynonie Harris, Joe Turner turn out exceptionally fine Blues in the modern idiom.

Before passing on to this week's records a few words about spirituals. There has been a lot of confused thinking and loose talk on the subject of spirituals and their association with the Blues. I don't believe they have anything in common at all. The Blues is a primitive form of self expression; spirituals are, obviously, concerned with the religious side of his life. The Blues tells of the black man's present troubles. The spirituals of his future hopes. Many of the latter are written by whites for his consumption, and the majority are European, both in thought and musical form.

Are they jazz?

That they have been taken by the Negro and altered cannot be denied; that some are of Negro origin is also true. But that they are jazz I would hesitate to confirm.

JIMMY RUSHING

"If This Ain't The Blues"

Dinah; Oh Love; Sometimes I Think I Do; Pennies From Heaven; My Friend Mr. Blues; If This Ain't The Blues; I Can't Understand; Take Me With You Baby.

(Vanguard PPL11008)

OTHER critics have raved

over this disc. I'm sorry but I can't join them. It's not the Blues in spite of the title; the tunes are not all that hot and there's a wretched organ lousing the whole thing up.

If *This Ain't The Blues* could aptly be re-titled "This Ain't The Blues." For believe me, it ain't. It's good Jimmy Rushing vocalising. I happen to like Rushing anyway, Blues or no Blues.

I like the Basie band, too, and the presence of Dickenson, Jo Jones, Buddy Tate and Emmett Berry give it that Basie mood. But can anyone tell me why they have a piano and an organ? It's become a popular fad to play the organ... Fats tried (and made a poor show of it), Basie jumps on every now and then (and immediately loses all his swing).

The organ, with its lack of attack, its artificial vibrato, its foggy tone, is the one instrument entirely unsuited to jazz. Lay off it, you cats.

BLUES BY LEADBELLY

T.B. Blues; Taking Names; See See Rider; Rider's Pig-meat.

(Melodic EPM7-82)

LEADBELLY sounds so much like Lonnie Donegan on his spoken introductions that the beauty of his records, first heard some 20 years ago, is lost on this reviewer. It's nice to be told what a song is about (essential in the case of Huddie Leadbetter, whose diction is poor) and it is part of the Blues singer's performance. But it is embarrassing on record, and with this artist I personally would sooner do without it.

T.B. Blues is the stuff of which great Blues are made, and Leadbelly is the typical Blues singer. They go well together. An everyday story of illness and poverty, with the right touches of humour and pathos, make this the perfect example of the Blues as they should be sung.

Taking Names is one of the few examples of Blues and religious songs having something in common.

See See Rider is a wonderful lesson in the poetry of the Blues, apart from being one of the nicest of melodies.

AGAIN SAM GARY SINGS SPIRITUALS

His Eye Is On The Sparrow; Troubles Of The World; A Closer Walk With Thee.

(Esquire EPI89)

AGAIN Owen Bryce doesn't take kindly to either Sam Gary or the spirituals. Gary's voice has enormous depth, intense sincerity and a wide-open, extremely musical quality about it. But it doesn't swing, and the lack of instrumental backing shows up this missing ingredient.

Imagine, if you will, Paul Robeson, with his deep, resonant voice, singing half an octave lower, and abandoning the "Old Man Rivers" for the "Closer Walks" and you have Sam Gary. And Paul Robeson, much as I admire him, was no jazz singer.

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'DISC' picture feature . . . by RICHI HOWELL

Acted as a pop singer —and now he is one!

JAMES KENNEY, the subject of these "off-duty" pictures, has captured considerable attention recently in London through his brilliant interpretation of a coffee-bar pop singer in the highly successful musical "Espresso Bongo."

But, until the recent ATV telecast from Harringay of "Saturday Spectacular," people outside the capital had had little opportunity to experience the impact of this 26-year-old actor.

During the "Saturday Spectacular" show, James did an extract from "Espresso Bongo" and viewers saw him at his dynamic best.

Now he finds that he is famous not only as an actor but as a real-life pop singing idol!

They wanted more

The effect of his delivery of "Espresso Party" was to cause the vast crowds at Harringay to clamour for more, and so a complete encore had to be given to satisfy.

The "Party" number, plus others in which he features, are all recorded on a new Nixa LP. I also have a feeling that we shall hear more of him as a soloist in his own right.

James' first love is the theatre. His father was that famous comedian, Horace Kenney. James has had a rigid theatrical training, much of it at the Italia Conti School.

He had big personal successes in "Cosh Boy" and later in "The Sea Shall Not Have Them," but his latest venture has given him the part of a lifetime.

D. G.



TOO much hard work is not good for anyone, so the "Bongo Boy" decided to take the day off and relax. But his idea of relaxing doesn't consist in just putting his feet up, as you can see from the pictures. Puzzle pic (below right) is of a London busker explaining his technique to two fans and to a rather bewildered James Kenney.

