

August 16, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 28 Week ending, August 16, 1958

GENE VINCENT

EVERY
6^D
THURSDAY



GO!... GO!... GO!...

GET

Gene Vincent AND

The Blue Caps

GREAT NEW ROCKER

'Yes I Love You, Baby'
'The Rocky Road Blues'

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WRITE TO DISC—YOU MAY WIN AN LP

Yes, each week the writer of the most interesting letter published in 'Postbag' receives an LP of his or her own choice. The address? 'Postbag,' DISC, 161 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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

POSTBAG

"THE CAUSE AFFAIR"
TO BE MADE

THE experience of your correspondent, Miss Mary Briggs (DISC 9-8-58), must surely have been wildly exaggerated. There are so many disc shops these days that it is only too easy to lose valuable custom to a rival store. Courtesy and efficiency are, therefore, essential to maintain a thriving concern.

Sometimes, mark you, it is extremely difficult to display either of these facets of salesmanship.

How often the sales assistant is told "I don't know the title, or the singer, or the tune, but it was on the wireless?" how nonchalantly

some customers will take up to an hour—even longer—choosing ONE 78!

But there is more to record sales than finding a single platter from a sparsely-filled rack.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE LETTER

In an average month, there are 700 new recordings released; of these maybe 100 are stocked by an average dealer, the majority of the remainder die a death before they've had a chance to catch on. The dealer MUST, for economical reasons, limit the stock he carries, and a great deal depends on his ability to judge which records may sell, what is the right stock for his particular district—and

I've always admired him for his obvious talent and sincerity. That is, until Sunday night when I watched him act the part of a "Chocolatier in a coloured Coat." For some reason this really hurt me. This wasn't the Frankie I knew and admired. This was a stranger trying hard to fit in with something that wasn't really him. I must tell you that I am a coloured person, so naturally I hate to see any white man so acting. I still admire Frankie, but why did he have to take away the personal touch which it is, in my opinion, so necessary for a star to have if he wants to keep his fans.—(Miss RITA TIRULU, The Croft, Cleve Prior, near Evesham, Wores.)

(Frankie Vaughan as we know him would be the last person intentionally to offend, especially over colour problems. Coon shows are an old established part of show business, and can be regarded as a tribute to the talents of coloured folk rather than anything derogatory.)

Out of date

IT'S time something was done about old recordings of artists like Richard Crooks, Caruso and certain early records of Gigli.

Surely, record companies must realise by now that the 78 is very much out of date. Yet a buyer wanting a "single" record of Richard Crooks has to buy the "old fashioned" 45-inch and must contend with poor reproduction. Sometimes, these discs have no run-in line to the record.

Most of Caruso's recordings are now on three LPs but for many people 45s is a bit too pricey. Why not issue the titles on single 45s?

The only way to make sure

THERE'S a big demand for DISC, Britain's favourite record paper. The only way to make sure of your future copies is to ask the paper shop to order DISC for you regularly. Don't delay. You will be risking disappointment if you do.

Record dealer's reply to a reader-critic

which discs to leave well alone. Next, quantity! Each of that 100 must be considered individually as one disc may sell just one copy while another sells a hundred in the same space of time.

In doing all this, his knowledge of less popular releases may be neglected and, consequently, those catalogues are a blessing! For instance, being in charge of record sales, I know that classical music and modern jazz has virtually no market here in Wickford. Consequently, I stock only the few "cert" albums in these fields—though my glady order any record desired by a customer should it not be in stock.—A. STEPHENS, pp. Egan Bros, 3-5, High Street, Wickford, Essex.

(Last week we allowed a member of the public to have their say regarding record shops. In fairness we publish this reply from a dealer. Our LP award may be unsuitable to the writer, but we would gladly donate the equivalent money to a charity of his choosing.)

DISC is very good—but Classical Corner is not big enough. A. CHEETHAM, Larch Avenue, Pemberton, Lancs.

(The demand is really too small to warrant this.)

Harsh words

M. KRIGNEN, who complained Wilde, Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde, Tommy Sands, etc., copying Elvis, needs his or her head looked at. One Elvis is enough, and who would like another? For me, one's enough. I am a Tommy Steele fan and after reading all about Tommy and copying Elvis I was really fuming. He does not sing, look or act like Elvis. Why, Tom has more action in his wee pinnie than Elvis has in his whole body. So, according to the letter he twangs his guitar. Well, what does Elvis do? Tommy is a better guitarist than Elvis, so M. Krigen can put that in a sandwich and eat it.—JEAN AULSH, Isles Terrace, Newmill, Arbroath, Scotland.

(Anyone for a guitar sandwich? By "pinkie" our Scottish reader means "little finger.")

Rubby not banned

HAVE the BBC banned Rubby Murray? It certainly would appear that way to me.

Recently, there were two Sunday



"You're worse than a square—you're an octagon!"

night broadcasts from Great Yarmouth where Rubby is one of the main attractions of the season. Yet she was not featured in either of them.

Nor has she been seen on BBC TV this year.

Rubby hasn't had a record of hers played on "Two Way Family Favourites" since I became a regular listener last September. And this also applies to the other record programmes.

If the BBC carry on this way, I won't be the only one to switch over to Radio Luxembourg and ITV.—MALCOLM MACLEOD, Halliburton Place, Galashiels, Scotland.

(There is no ban. Odd circumstances have created this situation.)

Cut the cackle

I AM writing this letter in the hope that Radio Luxembourg disc jockeys will sit up and take notice. When I listen to their programmes, I want to hear records—not banal wisecracks and comments about the title or the disc or the person for whom it is intended.

These stupid cracks are delivered in the tone of voice that I have yet to hear in normal conversation and seem suitable for anyone with the mentality of a child of seven.

They spoil the pleasure of an otherwise enjoyable programme. Radio Luxembourg DJs, grow up!—(Miss) GLE BLAIR, Whitefield Farm, Falfield, Glos.

(But it's better to have cracks off the record rather than on!)

No appreciation

TRICKS of showmanship mean more to a large section of young people these days than quality of music or orchestra. There should be a campaign—and DISC could start it—to awaken the senses of musical appreciation of these youngsters. Most of them are musically ignorant, through no fault of their own but as a result of the inadequate musical education in British schools.

It horrifies me to think of the level to which music might otherwise sink in the future. We may be paying in the region of £3 for an LP in stereophonic sound.

Perhaps, discs will be issued with no music on them at all!—G. YORKE, Water Street, Wallasey, Cheshire.

(How about the Cool School?)

It's her to stay

ROCK 'N' ROLL has been going too long for it to fade out now and I don't believe people who put forward the view that this type of music is on its way out.

To my mind it isn't, particularly when recordings such as "Hard Headed Woman," "Think It Over," "Endless Sleep" and "When" go straight into the Hit Parade soon after their release.

Whenever I have seen live shows by

rock 'n' roll stars—including Tommy Steele, Terry Dene, Marty Wilde and Lonnie Donegan—the theatres they played were full to the brim.—RAYMOND CALVERT, Lambeth Street, Blackburn, Lancs.

(We haven't reached rock bottom.)

Steele yourself

I HAVE just read Post Bag, and the person who said that Tommy Steele is just a second-rate copy of Elvis Presley deserves to have his neck rung, and should like to be the person to do it.

He does not copy Elvis in any way. He's gay, full of life, and he likes a good laugh—but he can be very serious and sincere. He has a wonderful personality all his own. He is the sort of boy any girl would want for her own boy friend, and I know that all his fans feel this way.

I admit that I like Elvis and I buy some of his records, but there's only ONE Tommy Steele and he's just GREAT.—(Miss) JANET BROWN, Kings Road, Stockland Green, Ealing, Birmingham 23.

(The belle wants to ring.)

Pep up the plot

IT'S about time that rock-'n'-roll films had a really good story to back them up. In some films a weak story is merely an excuse for bringing together a host of rockers.

Example of what I mean have been in Disc "Jockey Jamboare" and "6.5 Special."

It's certainly good to see recording stars in action, but how much better it would be if there were good stories to back them up.—MARGARET A. COSBOTOM, Wilmot Road, Ribblesdale, Lancs.

(At least, this rock had a name in it!)

Question Corner—1

HAS Kathy Linden made an EP? If so, do you give me the titles and the record number, please? I incidentally, I should like to congratulate those responsible for supplying a fine paper as DISC. I have only one complaint; there is very little published about Gene Vincent.—DICK HUNT, Dallas Road, Louth, N.W.4.

(No EP as yet. Gene Vincent? Well how about this week's cover?)

Question Corner—2

COULD you please tell me whether Charlie Gracie has recorded "Guitar Boogie"? I have heard him, but I don't seem to be able to get hold of the recording.—(Miss) M. SOWERBY, The Sands, Appleby, Westmorland.

(No. But he hopes to one day.)

Jealous of El?

WHAT other singer is so positively disliked by disc jockeys as Elvis the Pelvis? Why? What is the reason?

Are the critics jealous of the adulation which is heaped on the young Presley—despite their efforts to ridicule him? Or are they envious of his sudden-accumulated wealth? Yet what has been done to deride Elvis, teenagers everywhere persist in their loyalty towards their idol.

I am writing as an only listener to our being "sent" by the BBC.—SALLY HANLEY, Portsmouth Road, Guildford, Surrey.

(Our Doug Geddes is equally disliked, but for NONE of the above reasons!)


Snaps of Des

HAVE any DISC readers taken snaps of Des O'Connor? I am a great fan of his and would like to borrow readers' negatives so I can have prints taken off.—R. H. BAKER, 84, Congreve Road, Worthing, Sussex.

(Negative replies needed.)

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HLD 8675 LONDON 45/78



TOP TWENTY


WEEK ENDING AUGUST 9th

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain

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

ONE TO WATCH:
Poor Little Fool Ricky Nelson

TOMMY STEELE
THE ONLY MAN ON THE ISLAND



F 11041 DECCA 45/78



MARTY WILDE's "Endless Sleep" is still climbing and, at No. 4, is hard on the heels of the Presley hit.

Back in the charts again is DAVID WHITFIELD with his very powerful version of the ballad, "The Right To Love."

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for the week ending August 9th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WHEN	Kalin Twins
2	2	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
3	3	HARD HEADED WOMAN / DON'T ASK ME WHY	Elvis Presley
9	4	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
5	5	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds
6	6	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM / CLAUDETTE	Marty Wilde
7	7	RAVE ON	Everly Brothers
8	8	PATRICIA	Buddy Holly
9	9	GOTTA HAVE RAIN	Perez Prado
8	10	SALLY DON'T YOU GRIEVE	Geoff Love

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

American Top Ten

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

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	POOR LITTLE FOOL	Ricky Nelson
1	2	PATRICIA	Perez Prado
4	3	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
3	4	HARD HEADED WOMAN	Elvis Presley
7	5	WHEN	Kalin Twins
6	6	REBEL-ROUSER	Duane Eddy
5	7	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
—	8	MY TRUE LOVE	Jack Scott
—	9	HAND JIVE	Johnny Otis
—	10	FEVER	Peggy Lee

ONES TO WATCH:

Just A Dream	Jimmy Clanton
Early In The Morning	Buddy Holly
Volare	Domenico Modugno

Records FROM America

THE PONI-TAILS
Born Too Late

H.M.V. POP516 (45 & 78)

PAUL ANKA
Midnight


COLUMBIA DB4172 (45 & 78)

CONNIE FRANCIS
Stupid Cupid

M.C.M. 935 (45 & 78)

LISTEN TO 'RECORDS FROM AMERICA' INTRODUCED BY GERRY WILMOT

RADIO LUXEMBOURG EVERY TUESDAY 9.45-10 p.m.



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COVER PERSONALITY

DISC cover spot this week is devoted to an artiste very much underrated—Gene Vincent. Our mailbag consistently shows what a strong following he maintains with Britain's pop fraternity.

Why he should have been missing from the popularity charts is one of those indeterminate puzzles of the record business that it is always impossible to answer.

Gene has turned out many exciting records, all having the qualities that the public seemed to demand yet, apart from near-hits, he has never really rung the bell continuously in this country.

His debut on wax in Britain, at a time when worse recordings were reaping rewards, made a considerable impact but the promised interest has not been sustained.

We first heard of this vibrant singer through his distinctive treatment on "Be-Bop-A-Lula"—a fast-moving composition which was coupled with an unusual echo chamber effect.

The repeated echo was enough to bring this record to the attention of many, for it was certainly novel and stimulating.

It sold in vast quantities and, in the States, the disc reaped a good harvest for the Capitol organisation.

The search which the company had made to find a rival to Presley then looked like paying off with big dividends.

Twenty-year-old Gene was the successful competitor from the 200 would-be record singers auditioned by Capitol.

As soon as he could be whipped into the studios he was cutting his first disc, "Be-Bop-A-Lula" coupled with "Woman

GENE VINCENT

Love."

From the beginning it appeared that Gene Vincent was destined to be a formidable entrant into the rock field. Many more disc issues followed, each one improving with experience, yet the real hit target seemed to elude him.

Gene Vincent was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and, like many youngsters, Gene found that he was able to put his youthful voice to good use in church choirs.

Additionally, he was constantly surrounded by country and folk music and, not unnaturally, he acquired an interest in this class of singing.

HE STILL WAITS FOR A UK HIT

A visit to Virginia in his early teens was to make a considerable impression on Gene Vincent. He heard, for the first time, a group of negroes singing their kind of music and, such was the effect on him he started transposing all his pop songs favourites into their style.

But he was also to realise that his efforts were but an imitation and that he wasn't singing in his own true style. Gradually he developed his own presentation—one which he felt, and knew, was just right.

Meanwhile, though money was scarce, he saved hard and long so that he might possess a guitar. Once it was bought, Gene then had to teach himself to play it.

His guitar was also soon to make him a popular shipmate for, at the age of 17, Gene Vincent joined the U.S. Navy.

Throughout his service days he not only amused himself in his off-duty moments, but he was a regular favourite with the ship's company whenever they had musical evenings.



Seen here with the Blue Caps, Gene Vincent has another try this week for that elusive hit.

which have become big favourites with his followers. They are "Bluejean Bop," "Gene Vincent Rocks and the Blue Caps Roll," and "Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps." The Blue Caps, of course, are a strong feature on all the Gene Vincent waxings.

Friday (August 15) Gene Vincent has a new disc issued—"Yes I Love You Baby" coupled with "Rocky Road Blues" It is another excellent recording by the young American singing star who so much deserves that elusive big hit.

Doug Geddes

WANTED! One Scots number—for recording purposes—at the Decca studios on September 1.

It must have a beat... but, as a subject, LOVE is taboo. For the number is required by Jackie Dennis, the Swinging Scotie in the Kilt. And he—as you know—is only 15.

The purpose of the record? It's for American release (and British, of course) to coincide with Jackie's imminent American concert and TV tour arranged by MCA.

Jackie and his manager, Miss Evelyn Taylor, were slowly sifting through songs and lyrics when I met him in the No. 1 dressing-room at the Glasgow Empire.

They had quite a job on their hands. Jackie, finger-snapping and frail, wore rather a furrowed brow for one so young as he tried out lyric after lyric.

"I'd like to sing a Scots song with a 'Roamin' in the Gloamin' beat—something that has pace like 'I Love a Lassie,'" he looked up to say.

I checked him. "No love, surely?"

He agreed. "But what about Paul Anka's 'Diana'?" I asked Miss Taylor. "Ah, he's American," she replied. "They're a more hardened race."

As a point of interest, Jackie does "Diana" in his variety act at the moment. It goes very big, too. And so it should—it's more in the ballad-with-a-beat line. Which is just what Jackie wants to do.

Gradually Jackie is changing from out-and-out rock 'n' roll selling to ballads. But no slow mushy stuff for wee Jackie. He'll keep to beat music. A beat ballad.

★
The Swinging Scotie looks forward to the Empire State Building. (DISC Pic.)

Jackie wants a beat ballad —and love's out

On Sunday Jackie plays Dundee Caird Hall—which goes down in the rock 'n' roll calendar as something of a Waterloo. Or should one say Balalaclava?

That was where the charge of the fans—to the right of him, to the left of him... and behind him—landed Tommy Steele with a nervous breakdown and just about left him a physical wreck into the bargain.

Jackie's manager isn't taking any chances on that happening to her youngster. "We're having that gallery behind the platform closed off," she said. "After all, he might even have his kilt pinched."

At this point Miss Taylor broke off to reply to two girl fans shouting to Jackie through his dressing-room window.

She went out to fetch in a shy little girl with long, dark hair. Her name was Ann, she was 13 and came from Drumchapel, she said shyly.

Jackie signed photos for Ann and her chum from Coatbridge. They had been waiting for a couple of hours, she said.

Jackie offered round the sweets he'd bought at the cinema that afternoon. Ann and her chum took some.

"Have you asked to see Jackie?" Miss Taylor asked Ann, the spokes-girl.

"No," she said hesitating. "Why, can't you afford to?" she

asked—her heart warming to the little girl. "You come and I'll take you round to see the show," she said kindly.

Ann was slightly overcome by this gesture and a couple of tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, poor wee thing, you're crying," said Miss Taylor. "Don't cry, love."

"Now you've got Miss Taylor crying," interrupted Jackie, and Ann laughed through the tears.

Ann, her chum and Miss Taylor disappeared into the theatre, where the visitors were fixed up with seats in the front row of the stalls.

Jackie and Miss Taylor resumed sifting operations.

"Jackie had 270 fan letters the other day," Miss Taylor told me. "He answers each one personally with the help of a secretary. And he gets a million requests for photos, too."

This week he is playing the date of his dreams—his own home town's chief variety hall, the Edinburgh Empire. It's a near gala occasion for the theatre, too, reopening after a short summer recess.

On Monday night, first house, he had a hundred guests in the audience—all Old Age Pensioners. Jackie used to do charity shows for them before he hit professional status.

And by the time this week

OVER THE BORDER

by Murray Gault

finishes he'll have visited half-a-dozen local hospitals.

There won't be much time for Jackie at home, however. On August 25 he opens a tour of eight nights in Ireland at Dublin—before going on to Belfast, Londonderry and Cork.

September 15 is his departure date for America. A big thrill for him?

He was lost for words... Jackie told me what he wanted to do in the States.

"I want to see straight away—don't ask me why—the Empire State Building."

"I'd like to see how Elvis Presley works," he said, with no great reverence. "The Master" of his current trade.

"Oh, and more than anything, I'd like to see Frank Sinatra," he swayed. "... Oh, he sends me my special favourite."

What was his greatest thrill so far in his short show biz life?

He had no doubts about that. "When my record *La Dee Dah* got right up into the Hit Parade. I never expected that."

Miss Taylor nipped in with the hard facts that it had sold over 200,000 copies. To date, "Purple People Eater," his latest, has sold 70,000.

"They'll be crazy about him in America," she enthused. "They've had everything in America... but they've never had anything like him!"

With which encouragement he'll slightly disbelieving protest she excused herself.

She had gone to buy ice-creams for the two wee girls during the interval.

NEWS
FROM
BEHIND
THE
LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL



THIS certainly is the month for holiday news. There's Lita Roza on the way soon for a month in a Spanish villa—and back from Italy are the constant bachelors Messrs. Mason and Carroll, seen above signing autographs (Ronnie's on the left).

From what I hear, the boys had a whole of a time in Alassio and once again Ronnie won a packet of lire in the Casino. I don't know how he does it. I only wish I did—then I could have fabulous holidays in Italy.

Glen tells me that the music situation on the Italian Riviera is much the same as in Spain. Whereas just a couple of years ago everyone was at least two years



"That record wasn't released—it escaped!"

Teddy's best — thanks to Kay

LOOKS as though Teddy Johnson's latest, "Merci Beaucoup" and "A Great Big Piece Of Chalk," could turn out to be his biggest yet. Composer of the latter title is American Kay Swift, who got the idea for the song after watching children writing on the pavement with brightly colored chalks.

Kay also wrote the Frank Sinatra success "Can't We Be Friends." "Quite a surprise for me. Frank revived the number, and suddenly everyone wanted to sing it!" At the moment, another of Kay's songs, "Sawing A Woman In Half," is in the office for Mike Holliday.

Kay Swift and her husband, Hunter Galloway, who writes most of the lyrics for her, have come over to Britain for a while. Their primary task at the moment is to find someone who will let them hire a record-player.

behind with the hit parade, now they are right up to date, with *All The Way and Wild Is The Wind* current favourites.

Seems a little mad to have American songs the tops in Italy and Italian songs all the rage here and in the States. Glen tips *Coma Prima* as the one most likely to score during the next few months.

● Another Italian song due to scale the selling lists is "Volare." I've lost count of the number of different versions, but here's one a little out of the rut. Ronald Chesney is back on discs with his arrangement for harmonica—good news for mouth organ addicts.

Vive Luxembourg

I WONDER how often we'll hear the Kirby Stone Four on BBC shows. A nice soprano version of "Bangles and Beads" may not offend Borodin lovers, but I'll bet someone will decide the

Four's hotted-up arrangement is "not quite the thing."

I shouldn't imagine Philips will worry. Marty Wilde's *Endless Sleep* was hardly a BBC choice. I shouldn't be surprised if it owed best part of its sale to the playings it had over Luxembourg.

Disc shows on sound and TV may come and go, but Radio Luxembourg can still make hit records.

Spanish hits

IT doesn't look as though the Editor of DISC is going to give me a holiday this year, but I know where I'm heading for next year: *Silges on the Costa Brava*, the Spanish town where most of our stars seem to gather at some time in the year.

Most people I've talked to this week seem either to be on the way there or are just back. One of the newly returned is one of Tin Pan Alley's brighter sparks, Maurice Clark.

Maurice thought he would combine business with pleasure and look for some likely Spanish songs while he basked in the sun. Big snag came when Maurice discovered current favourites in Spain were *Roll Out The Barrel* and *Wouldn't It Be Lovely*.

● Marty Wilde is working on an LP due for release some time in October or November.

● Watch out for a disc called "Born Too Late." It's recorded by a group called the *Pony Tails*. All I can find out about them is that there are three of them—and they are girls. The pony tails should help to distinguish them from other groups, I imagine!



"I certainly wouldn't have believed you've had only three lessons—I thought you hadn't had any!"

● If you saw Sandra Alfred on "Saturday Spectacular" last week you saw the girl who turned down a chance to go to America because the Alfred family are too fond of one another to want to split up.

Back a bit

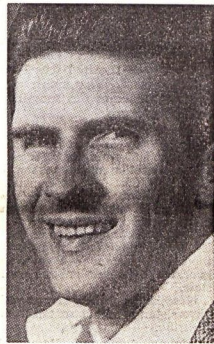
IF you are wondering what the unusual sound is on the latest Tony Osborne disc "Take Me Dreaming," it's a harpsichord, plus rhythm section. No ordinary harpsichord, I should add, but one which is over 200 years old.

appearance by, you've guessed it, Glen Mason and Ronnie Carroll.

First reaction was a feeling of relief that it wasn't a "Wanted" sign, then, when they found it was naming leaflets also bearing their names, Glen and Ronnie got a little worried.

On investigation they discovered that they were appearing in a local concert. Friend Billy Cotton had arranged it but had absently-mindedly omitted to tell the boys!

● Morris and Mitch tell me they have another record on the way. This time they are extracting the *Michael* from Highway Patrol, which has Broderick Crawford hopping from one side of the road to the other in a helicopter.



● Among the first list of names for the *Palladian* pantomime this year is Ted Hockridge (above). This'll be Ted's first pantom appearance. He's in good company, with those two other well-known recording artists, Charlie Drake and Bernard Bresslaw in the show.

● Recorded musicals are becoming quite a rage. There is a chance that we'll hear Julie Andrews singing "Rose Marie" for RCA.

They cottoned on!

POSTSCRIPT to the Mason/Carroll exploits in Italy. They ventured out one morning—well, afterwards I should say, knowing the boys—and there, all over the trees, were posters announcing a personal

DUE over at the end of the month, is Mona Baptiste. She is the beautiful girl from Trinidad who went from here to Germany some five or six years ago and sang her way to the top of the German variety and cabaret billings. Mona has been persuaded to desert her fabulous Hamburg flat temporarily to make some television appearances over here.

THANKS DJ's

KEITH FORDYCE, DON MOSS, ALAN FREEMAN

for voting

NAT 'KING' COLE's
'Come closer to me'

RECORD OF THE WEEK

on Radio Luxembourg



PETE MURRAY

**OVER
THE
POINTS**

that mantle. Mind you, I can understand it happening with individual discs, but when one singer continually appears in the top positions on the USA charts and falls in the UK, one begins to wonder exactly what gives.

One guy who has suffered severely this way is handsome, 18-year-old Ricky Nelson.

Ricky's name is seldom out of the limelight in America, but few are impressed in Britain.

Why? He's made good discs of a rock 'n' roll nature—but nothing doing. His records have been well exploited over the air and he's received plenty of publicity.

In America, it is true, he's been in the public eye both as a radio

What clicked in America would soon click over here. That was the rule once...

But not any more

ONCE upon a time it was pretty easy to forecast a hit disc. In those far-off days you didn't even require a crystal ball to help you choose. Only one attribute was required then—the ability to read. That ability was used to glance at the American best seller charts.

But not any more. Transatlantic phones buzz all day long and from the U.S. end the conversation might go something like this: "Whatsa matter with you bums over there — my record of Y sold over 60 million copies here."

"On these returns you've sent it done 25 in Britain, and six of those were paid for by a guy who knocked 'em over in a record store."

Now that's a slightly exaggerated picture, but it is not so far from the truth.

The fact is that Mr., Mrs. and particularly Miss Britain are developing a disc taste of their own. They, too, for long slavishly followed the American charts.

I'm glad they've now thrown off

and TV star. Unfortunately, for him, neither the radio or TV series has ever been seen over here.

The problem facing Master Nelson at the moment is whether to come to Britain to make personal appearances both on stage and TV.

If he should decide to come I would advise him to select the kind of shows he appears on very carefully.

I can think of more than one

"Volare" is an Italian song currently sweeping the States and the McGuire Sisters are among the many who have recorded it.



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American act that has died the proverbial death by dying in front of the wrong kind of audience.

BALDERDASH!

THEY'RE at it again, the old fuddy duddies, the away-with-the-microphone brigade who would prefer a return to the out-of-tune raucous bar room baritone to the gentle caressings and delicate phrasings of an Ella Fitzgerald.

The latest knock is against the artist who commits the unforgivable sin of miming to a record on television.

"It's cheating the public. If the singer can't sing live, then he shouldn't sing at all."

Balderdash!

One of the many notorious hazards of TV is musical sound balance—or rather the lack of it. While equipment is at its present level, I feel that the singer is cheating if he or she doesn't mime.

And why all this shouting at TV? Films have been using the miming technique since the very advent of talking pictures.

Not only are all the songs you hear and see in movies pre-recorded, but the same applies to the noise that emanates from a tap

one of the many notorious hazards of TV is musical sound balance—or rather the lack of it.

And Mr. Belmont doesn't go on television more than briefly to talk about himself, and doesn't sing to enthral as he does when he is earning his money, then it's probably because the money isn't there for him...



DISC CHOICE
RECORD wise this week, watch out for a song called "Volare," an Italian song that is currently sweeping the States and should clean up over here, too, if record coverage is anything to go by. There are discs by Dean Martin (Capitol), Alan Dale (MGM), McGuire Sisters (Corah), Lita Roza (Nixa), and rumour has it that Alma Cogan and Tommy Steele are in the process of waxing their versions. The public may not buy it, but the stars are certainly sold on it. And so am I.

Connie Francis comes up with a cute "Double-sider" "Carolina Moon"/"Stupid Cupid" (MGM) that should keep her living in comfort for some time to come. Finally, a cert for the Top Ten, Pat Boone's "If Dreams Came True" (London),

Competition!

it may prevent you seeing Belafonte, and it will stop you seeing both "Six-Five" and "Oh Boy!", but it ensures top-quality shows.

IT'S been a little worrying the last few weeks reading the correspondence that comes into DISC. For the fans seen concerned by something about which, frankly, little can be done.

"Why is it," go the letters, "that we can't see Harry Belafonte on TV? Not everyone can get tickets for his shows in London."

"Why is it," go other letters, "that both 'Oh Boy' and 'Six-Five' are going out on the same day at the same time? There are few enough teenage programmes as it is, without the viewers being forced to miss one of them."

Such complaints are echoed in many letters and it all adds up to this: Why can't

are screening a teenage show at such and such a time on Saturday evenings and are able to get tremendous view-ership figures, so we'll then get on with it and hope that when our similar show goes on the air all the kids who watched them will watch us."

LET THEM PUT OUT THE SAME KIND OF SHOW AT THE SAME TIME. LET THEM DO IT TITLLE WITH EACH OTHER.

I bet Jack Good would be among the first to admit that the good solid competition helps him produce a winning show each time.

And there is more than one programme of the same kind striving to be good (no pun) and capture and hold the audiences, you, the good folk



the people who promote and organise stage shows, personal appearances, TV shows and so on, make it possible for Joe Public to see and hear everything that's going.

And the reason it worries me is because the cause of the complaints is a good strong healthy one—competition.

Competition is the greatest thing for any kind of business, and make no mistake about it, the word "business" in the tag "show business" is very much operative.

There is nothing sentimental about the world of entertainment. The folk who entertain may do it because there is nothing else they want to do. But they also do it for the money it earns them.

And if Mr. Belmont doesn't go on television more than briefly to talk about himself, and doesn't sing to enthral as he does when he is earning his money, then it's probably because the money isn't there for him...

Others had the chance of offering the velvet-voiced balladeer a more attractive proposition—and that includes TV.

Do you really think there would have been just three unsold seats at the Gaumont State cinema in Kilburn last Sunday for his opening night if he had been fixed up for TV appearances during his stay?

I know it is hard on the provincial folk, who don't get a chance to see an artist like Belafonte if he doesn't go on television. But is that so bad?

Must we always be feeding the monster TV with the material and the talent for which it has such a massive and overpowering appetite?

And the same goes for the TV companies themselves. Why on earth should one see her back, without any kind of publicity.

who directly or indirectly pay for the service, stand the best chance of all of getting really good, top quality entertainment.

Why, in the States the competition is so keen, TV programme sponsors are so jealous of their star performers, that we get the stage where an artist like Sheb Wooley, the Purple People Eater himself, had to lose his programme books, CBS, with a legal suit if they prevented him going on Perry Como's show, which goes out on another network.

So here's a suggestion if it really worries you: make a real good effort to get tickets if you are that keen to see a performer making a rare stage appearance.

And if there are two programmes alike on different channels at the same time, give first one then the other a shot on alternate weeks.

Be a little discerning. Mr. and Miss and Mrs. Joe Public.

Shirley's back

I DON'T know about you, but I've fiddled pink about the wonderful comeback—if she'll pardon the expression—being made by Shirley Bassey.

I know they say in the business that there's such things as bad publicity—just as long as they spell your name right. But there is really...

And the smouldering success from Tiger Bay has had her fair share and more of of "unfortunate" publicity. But she's cocked a snook at it and gone on regardless.

Until now she has come back to something like a wonderful artist I used to watch night after night at certain night spots, parading audiences with her personality. There are new shows lined up for her—cabaret on the continent at the moment and her own TV show for September. It will be heart-warming to see her back, without any kind of publicity.

SPOTLIGHT

All the lovelorn girls who want to marry him receive a polite note: 'Mrs. Lotis regrets her husband is not available'

They barred his discs and his kisses

"Sorry I'm late — the car broke down," he said,



with the on-stage Dennis, with his bright, swiny style, and his swoon-raising songs.

I asked Dennis about his future plans.

At the moment there is his appearance on the Jubilee Show on television, his weekly cosy song spot on steam radio, an LP is coming out soon called *Biding My Time*.

In fact, there is so much on the Lotis plate at the moment he will need the staying power of a marathon runner to keep up with his commitments.

He may not be a Hit Parader, but I reckon the name Lotis will set feminine pulses a-flutter long after the five-minute wonders are just forgotten names on worn-out discs.

WE had arranged to meet at the little BBC theatre in Piccadilly, Dennis Lotis was due there at 9.30 for a "steam" radio rehearsal.

Rehearsal hour came and went. So did ten thirty. At half-past eleven an out-of-breath, apologetic Dennis came rushing in, behind him his pretty, blonde wife, Rena, and the two little Lotis boys, six-year-old Kim, and nine-year-old Damon.

"Sorry we're so late, the car broke down," panted Dennis. "Brought the family with me today."

Mrs. Lotis and the boys drifted off. Now there's a woman who knows how to play second fiddle very gracefully indeed, to her famous husband.

She's always there when needed, fades away when she's not.

Rena's my right hand man. Don't know what I'd do without her," said Dennis.

Rena handles over-enthusiastic fans who constantly knock on the door of their home at Mill Hill, sends polite but firm notes saying "Mrs. Lotis regrets her husband is not available," when lovelorn girls send Dennis postal proposals.

It is she who sews on the buttons which are constantly being torn off Dennis's suits by the swoon-agers. And it was Rena who persuaded Dennis in the first place, when he was studying electrical engineering in Johannesburg, to try his luck in England as a singer.

So reluctantly Dennis left his wife and 18-month-old son and arrived in England with very little money—and a letter of introduction to Ted Heath.

That was nearly eight years ago. Mr. Lean-and-Hungry Lotis was so broke he couldn't have lasted a week without a job.

Fortunately, Ted Heath liked him and gave him a contract.

That Christmas he borrowed the

money from Ted to bring his wife and son to England.

Dennis stayed with Ted Heath until the beginning of 1955, and during those years he became the British Frank Sinatra.

Every time he appeared, hugging the microphone and singing *Cuddle Me* or *I'm In the Mood for Love* the girls just swooned.

He then started wandering about among his teenager audience.

By JOAN DAVIS

planting tender kisses on the forehead of his adores.

Dennis's act became, in the words of the Birmingham authorities and the BBC, "too sexy."

He was forbidden to kiss his audience at Birmingham Hippodrome, and the BBC banned several of his discs, including *Cuddle Me* and *Honey Love*.

This only served to make his waxings even more popular with disc buyers. Within a few weeks 20,000 copies changed hands over the record counters.

The men who presume to know about these things are stumped at the continued popularity Dennis enjoys. Other singers have had to hide their marriages for fear of losing fans, but no such problem faces Dennis.

He is frequently asked for autographed photographs... of his wife! And a favourite picture with the fans is one he calls *The Wigwam-wham*. It is a study of the four Lotis's in a vertical line, with Poppa Lotis at the top, taken outside a wigwam.

Dennis also gets offers from baby-sitter volunteers, gifts for the family, and for himself—pipes, pipes, and still more pipes.

The fans discovered I collect

them," Dennis told me, "and they send them from all over the world. I've French, Australian, New Zealand, Germany, South African and Chinese ones.

"I always make a point of smoking every one at least once. I really couldn't say how many I have. At least sixty."

Since Dennis broke away from the Ted Heath outfit, he has dabbled in almost every branch of show biz—variety, theatres, television, discs and films.

In September, 1955, he had a featured part in the film "The Extra Day." He had splendid notices, and was hailed by several critics as a new acting find.

I asked Dennis why he hadn't pursued this promising branch of entertainment.

"Singing has always been my first love. It always will be. I make guest appearances in films. I've just finished one with Arthur Askey, but I'm afraid nothing will ever lure me away from the thrill of the live audience."

No, I guess while Dennis can continue to lay 'em in the aisles in the variety theatre, and while his discs have a high and steady sale he isn't likely to become a full time film star.

Strange, really, that Dennis's records never hit the Top Twenty charts.

Yet, maybe it's not when you consider that Dennis is not a teenage wonder (he's 30), and his diction is so good you can hear every word he sings!

Dennis told me, incidentally, the story of his recent disc success, *Valentina*.

He wrote the song himself 10 years ago, when he was in South Africa. When he came to England the song was put into an old trunk and forgotten.

When his two sons demanded somewhere to put their toys Dennis turned out the trunk and found the song.

"We brightened it up a bit, and the result wasn't bad."

That's typical of Dennis. He's so modest!

Really, I mean that. It's difficult to get Dennis to talk about himself. When I first approached him about an interview, he offered to send me written details about himself through the post!

That's why, when Dennis and I did meet, I found it so difficult to identify this lanky, quiet young man in the close-fitting khaki slacks and casual sweater

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"Who's Sorry Now" I'm nobody's baby; Who's sorry now; it's the talk of the town; My holanoholy baby; How deep is the ocean; and others.



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*YOUR WEEKLY***

DISC DATE

with DON NICHOLL

THE small summer bag holds some very useful discs this week—and if you haven't used up all the spare cash on umbrellas for your holidays, there are items worth buying.

Good name value, too, with Paul Anka, Max Bygraves, Buddy Holly and Harry Belafonte all spinning with smart new releases.

Apart from these, you'll probably like to try the latest Ricky Nelson effort and the newest new noise as supplied by Duane Eddy.

PAUL ANKA

Midnight Verboten

(Columbia DBA17)****

CANADIAN teen wonder, Paul Anka, comes beating back with another of his own songs in *Midnight*—a sharp beater which uses an echoing gimmick for the ends of important phrases.

Anka belts it out while a male chorus echo for him. Catchy idea this that will probably shoot Paul into the upper brackets once more. Plenty of life and polish to be found on this deck.

Verboten! (or "Forbidden" if you prefer it in English), comes from the picture "Verboten" and it is a lush, waltzing ballad that comes as something of a shock from Anka.

Strings and a big chorus directed—as ever—by Don Costa supply the large romantic raft for Anka.

The ballad sounds as if it is

Two Ankas are better than one! Here's Paul—and reflection—getting ready for another recording season.

Rain before the original Bygraves. A loping, good-natured song which, as Max knows well, fits him like a glove. *Gotta Have Rain* ought to whip him into the Top Twenty again.

Sung in company with a tot girl ballad and a juvenile chorus, this voice comes from the Bygraves picture "A Cry From the Streets." The streets will be full of kids crying it soon.

Little Train is a cute novelty number that chuffs along happily with something of a continental flavour—although British hands are responsible.

The right coupling, if you'll pardon the pun.



Coupling should appeal to the same type of customer. Harry Danny Boy with guitar backing is one of the finest performances you can secure of the Irish evergreen.

A record for the quiet moments of the night—it may sell a bomb, it will certainly sell steadily for a long, long time.

JACKIE WILSON

I'm Wandering; As Long As I Live

(Coral Q7232)****

THE "Reet Petite" boy opens with a short burst of narrative before leaping into one of his warped notes for *I'm Wandering*.

With a chorus and orchestra directed by Milton De Luga, Jackie puts out the power for this slow ballad very much after the fashion of his "To Be Loved."

In fact, I found myself wondering if he was really singing that song instead of this one!

As Long As I Live is a gentler ballad but Wilson still rolls out the frantic stuff at every possible opportunity.

There's a gimmick here, of course, but I'd like Jackie to give us one normal size—certainly As Long As I Live could have sounded nicer with a more normal approach.

BUDDY HOLLY

Now We're One; Early In The Morning

(Coral Q7233)****

DICK JACOBS slips a fine ear-catching accompaniment behind Buddy Holly as he rocks through *Now We're One*. The story tells of a boy who's just been married.

Firm beat material which Buddy handles smoothly. There's a good chorus as well as the music; good opening and close will attract the juke crews.

Commercial, too, is the rush-long *Early In The Morning* which Holly tears through in a peculiar combination of old and new styles.

There's something a bit off here—it shows up in the sax solo—but there's also a lot of the old-time chanters.

TONY OSBORNE

Take Me Dreaming; Disc-Dong

(HMV POP514)****

TONY OSBORNE at the key-board, for a change, instead of conducting other people's accompaniments. In *Take Me Dreaming* he produces a noise of the old "Three penny Opera" success.

Amusing little tune that may not

Anka's away-

and he's bound for the upper bracket

nearly beyond Paul's capacity, but it may have enough strength of its own to overcome the rather strained performance by the youngster.

MAX BYGRAVES

Gotta Have Rain; Little Train (Decca F11046)***** (D.N.T.)

BY the odd quirk of releases, I have already reviewed the Gorme treatment of *Gotta Have*

BERTICE READING

It's A Boy; Rock Baby Rock

(Parlophone R4462)*****

PADDY ROBERTS has written another brisk march novelty that bounces along as merrily as the bouncing boy who happens to be the subject of the lyric.

Bertice Reading opens up her new Parlophone contract with brash good humour in this version. Backed gaily and loudly by the

Geoff Love orchestra and Rita Williams Singers, she whams us right between the eyes.

The coloured heavyweight uses one of her own compositions for the fast rock offering on the flip. Those who like the girl as she showed up in "Oh Boy!" will find that this half is very much their choice.

DUANE EDDY

Rebel-Rouser; Stalkin'

(London H18669)*****

ONE of the current instrumental crop is *Rebel-Rouser*, which Duane Eddy plays on his "Twangy Guitar." To me it sounds like a guitar played in an echo chamber and sent back at reduced speed to join a normal tape backing.

Steady beat numbers which will probably catch sufficient ears to make it a big seller. Hand-clapping, screams, and honking sax all add

atmosphere to this one. The tune itself sounds like a bent treatment of "The Saints!"

That guitar twangs oddly all right for the slow *Stalkin'* on the other side. Duane Eddy—by whatever means—has come up with a sound that will either register massively or die tamely. Personally, I won't be surprised to note its presence in future hit parades.

HARRY BELAFONTE

Little Bernadette; Danny Boy

(RCA 1072)*****

LITTLE BERNADETTE is a British song written by Frank Patten and Peter Hart—and publisher Roy Berry, I gather, is to be congratulated for his part in securing this version by Belafonte.

Certainly, if anyone can make it a big number then Belafonte is the man. A gentle, folksy religious number telling the story of the Lourdes girl, *Little Bernadette* has much of the "Mary's Boy Child" charm. A sincere item quietly, and beautifully performed, it will reach a far wider public than the normal pop range.

MUSIC in the AIR

Radio Luxembourg

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

AUGUST 14

7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
8.30—Thursday's Requests.
10.00—It's Record Time.

AUGUST 15

7.40—208 Music Shop.
7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Friday's Requests.
9.15—The Dickie Valentine Show.
9.45—Riverton Shuffle.
10.15—Record Hop.

AUGUST 16

7.00—Saturday's Requests.

8.00—Jamboree, with Gus Goodwin, your teenage disc jockey.

9.30—Scottish Requests.

10.00—Irish Requests.

10.30—Spin With the Stars.

11.30—Jack Jackson's Record Round-up.

AUGUST 17

7.45—Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr.

8.00—Mario Lanza Sings.

8.15—Calling The Stars.

8.45—The Duke's Discs, with the Duke of Bedford.

9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.

9.30—Cream of the Pops.

10.00—Record Rendezvous.

10.30—Humphrey Lyttelton.
11.00—Top Twenty.

AUGUST 18

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

AUGUST 19

7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
8.30—Tuesday Requests.
9.15—Dennis Day Show.
9.45—Records from America.
10.00—The Capitol Show.
10.30—Fontana Fanfare.

AUGUST 20

7.15—Great Tunes from Great Shows.

7.45—Midweek Merry-Go-Round.

9.15—Favourites Old and New.
7.00—Music from America.
10.00—Pete Murray's Record Show.

AFN

AUGUST 14

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

AUGUST 15

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

AUGUST 16

7.00—Music In The Air.
8.00—Grand Ole Opry.

9.00—America's Popular Music.

10.00—Music Views from Hollywood.

AUGUST 17

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

AUGUST 18

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

AUGUST 19

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

AUGUST 20

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



★
TONY OSBORNE turns to the keyboard, for a change from conducting other people's accompaniments. The result: two to please his customers.
 ★

smash its way to the Hit Parade but which will have plenty of contented customers.

The melody on the turnover come from the stage musical "Irma La Douce." Cute and bouncy, it moves at a quick tempo with some xylophone interpolations.

A toe-tapper neatly turned out by Tony.

RATINGS

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

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

GERRY GRANAHAN
 No Chemise Please; Girl Of My Dreams
 (London HL8668)***

GERRY GRANAHAN has one of the softer rock voices but is able to switch it to husky shouting whenever he wants.

He uses both techniques for the slow-starting, then quick-moving No Chemise Please. This jungly

beat tune with its aspirations to fashion comment gets a routine treatment with piano and sax having their say.

Girl of My Dreams sees the romantic ballad being taken at a heavy cling-clang. Here Granahan is joined by a femme voice oo-ooing with him much of the way.

A suitable pounder for the jukes with the beat very heavily underlined.

RICKY NELSON
 Poor Little Fool; Don't Leave Me This Way
 (London HL8670)*****
 (D.N.T.)

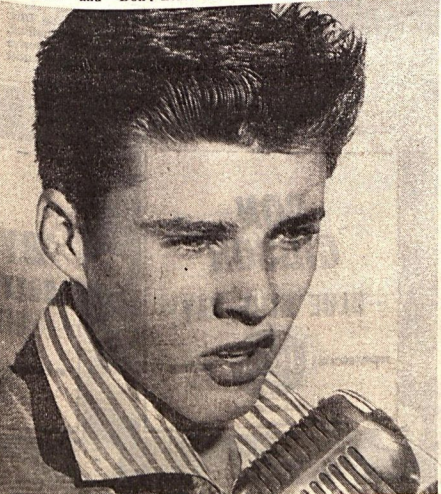
RICKY NELSON should make the high places with his easy-going country chanter **Poor Little Fool**. It has a pleasant beat, and Ricky tells his sad romance story effortlessly.

Strumming background, and some chorus work rounds out the picture behind the young star. Definitely the best Nelson pretty to date, with Ricky emerging half to date, with **Pat Boone** stamp.

Don't Leave Me This Way has more of the rock base in it. It's another likeable half, too, with Nelson in good voice. There's a deep male partner echoing some of the phrases and a suitable rhythm backing.

I'll be very surprised if this disc misfires.

RICKY NELSON gets Don Nicholl's palm for his "Poor Little Fool" and "Don't Leave Me This Way," reviewed above.



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'KINGS GO FORTH'

LCT 6105

DISC

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Let's give credit where it is due

ONE of our readers raised an interesting point recently in saying that the practice of crediting musicians used on LP recording sessions was a fine one, and one which should be furthered.

Two good examples of this have been on the recent LPs by Jack Payne on HMV and Laurie Johnson on the Nixa label. Both these conductors give praise where it is due by naming all the individual musicians employed on the making of their LPs. This crediting has long been a feature on jazz productions, and its extension into the field of light music spotlights some of the first-rate musicians that we have in this country.

It is a well-known fact that few large recording orchestras are permanent ensembles and are, in fact, made up from the cream of musicians in the country. Without them few LPs would be possible, and it would seem a small concession to make on the sleeve notes of any LP to give these musical stars a little credit.

We have the quality musicians, let us give them the credit where it is certainly due.

Arrangers, too, are worth spotlighting, and if they were mentioned regularly on LPs one would be able to follow their individual work and so study the trend as time passes.

We know that most conductors would willingly swing some praises over to their colleagues, and now that Jack Payne and Laurie Johnson have led the way, we would like to see other conductors and the record companies follow suit.

WE HAVEN'T STARTED YET!

LOOKING back over our first six months, we on DISC can claim with considerable satisfaction that we have made a sizeable impression on the music-loving public.

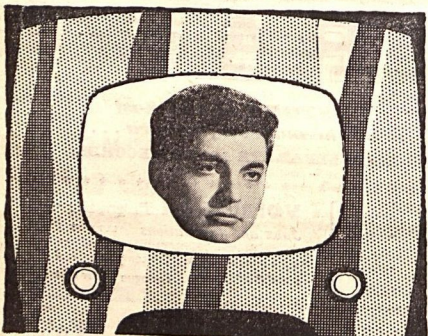
Since our first issue only last February when we sold over 100,000 copies on the first morning of publication, DISC has continued to go on from strength to strength.

We have become one of the most serious competitors in the music publication field, and WE HAVEN'T REALLY STARTED YET.

Extensive surveys throughout the country show without any doubt that DISC is rapidly outstripping ALL competitors.

Meanwhile, we give 20 pages of value each week to an ever-growing readership, knowing that before our first year is completed we will have become THE publication in our field.

The Artist and the Song that stopped the TV Show
'SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'



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(CORE 'NGRATO)

Coupling
THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE MANDOLINO
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(Sole Trade Mark of Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd.)

E.M.I. RECORDS LTD. 8-11 GREAT CASTLE STREET LONDON W.1

Great line-up in jazz tour

THE Harold Davison office announce that everything is now complete in connection with the forthcoming "Jazz From Carnegie Hall" presentation which is to tour Britain for 16 days during September. Trombonists J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding have teamed up specially for this tour, and these two, plus the outstanding saxists Zoot Sims and Lee Konitz, make a dazzling front line.

Two great piano stars will be present in Red Garland and Phineas Newborn, whilst the rhythm section will be completed by bassist Oscar Pettiford and drummer Kenny "Klook" Clark.

Jazz From Carnegie Hall makes its debut at the New Victoria Cinema in London with two concerts on September 6. Then the package sets out on tour with a first stop at Cardiff on Monday, September 8.

The tour proceeds as follows: Sheffield (9), Nottingham (10),

Leeds (11), Newcastle (12), Glasgow (13), Liverpool (14), Bristol (15), Swansea (16), and Bournemouth (17).

The remaining concerts are to be at Birmingham on September 19, with Manchester to follow on Saturday, September 20.

Advance interest is reported as being "tremendous," particularly for the opening concerts, and readers are advised to book without delay if they want to ensure seeing this distinguished presentation.

NEWS in BRIEF

AFTER much speculation about the cast of the next London Palladium pantomime, Moss Empires now confirm that the comedy line-up will be headed by Charlie Drake and Bernard "Pop-eye" Bresslaw.

Both these personalities are currently enjoying successes with their first disc releases.

Also named for this pantomime is singing star Edmund Hockridge. The production will be "Sleeping Beauty" and will commence in December after the conclusion of the highly successful summer show headed by Harry Secombe.

HEDELY WARD and his band and the Hedley Ward Trio are to appear together for the first time in more than six years when they meet at the Spa Ballroom, Scarborough, on August 17.

The Trio was formed by Hedley Ward in 1948 as part of the band, but they later branched out as a separate unit. Hedley Ward still manages the Trio.

The Hedley Ward band is resident at Scarborough, whilst the Trio is currently in Great Yarmouth.

VIVACIOUS singing star, Marion Ryan, returns to the new series of Granada TV programmes, "Spot The Tune" on Wednesday, September 17.

Marion achieved a great personal success on this series which had a long run until breaking for the summer rest.

Currently she is continuing on her Music For The Millions tour, with a visit to Bournemouth commencing Monday, August 18.

A further Granada TV star attraction will be the visit by American singing personality Giselle Mackenzie on Chelsea Summertime on August 26.

SINGING star David Hughes will have cause to remember his last week in the current show at Glasgow Alhambra.

Last Thursday, whilst singing and walking over the stage extension, he misjudged his step and fell amongst the orchestra in the pit.

Despite being considerably shaken up, and suffering a bruised rib and a cut arm, David somehow clambered back on stage still singing.

BING IS A DAD—FOR THE FIFTH TIME!



208's winter plans Holliday and Lubbock get series

RADIO Luxembourg have announced their winter plans and the list reveals a very strong line-up of record favourites. Commencing in September, there will be an hour-long request programme transmitted each evening, featuring top bands and singers. Later, on October 6, this request show will be extended to two hours each evening.

Bands and artists to be featured in this mammoth request show include Ronnie Aldrich and the Squadronaires, Eric Winston and his Orchestra, Ken Mackintosh and his Orchestra, Joe Loss and his Orchestra, Ted Heath and his Music, and Joe "Mr. Piano" Henderson and his Quintet.

The well-known singers associated with these bands will also be featured and will include, Joan Baxter, Ken Kirkham, Joan Small, Collin Price, Kay Elvin, Kenny Bardell, Bobbie Britton, Peter Lowe, Rose Brennan, and many others.

Comperes for these productions are Keith Fordyce, Beryl Reid, George Elrick, Don Moss, Richard Murdoch, Barry Alldis, Ronnie Ronald, and Teddy Johnson.

Commencing October 9, Anne Shelton will have her own programme, "Anne Shelton Song Parade," with Geoff Love and his Orchestra. The show is scheduled to run for more than six months.

Two other singing stars commence new Luxembourg shows in September. "Holiday Time"

features Michael Holliday in his second series for this network, and begins on September 8.

Jeremy Lubbock begins his new series on September 18 with David Jacobs as the comper of the show. Each week a guest star will be introduced, and the first production Kicks off with Show Business Personality Frankie Vaughan.

Edmundo Ros and his Orchestra are also strongly featured on the new schedules, and their 13-week series begins on September 2. Knowing that our readers are also interested in classical recordings we point out that Godfrey Winn commences a new series devoted to this subject, also on September 2.

Harry for BBC-TV

THE on-off plans for Harry Belafonte to appear on BBC television have now been finalised. The BBC will present an exclusive music and song performance next Sunday, August 17.

BY GOTT LIT

RCA 1073 RCA 45/78 RCA RECORDS F 11046

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LTD

Bing Crosby, "the daddy of them all," added another member to the Crosby household last week when his wife, actress Kaitly Grant, presented him with another son. Though he'd hoped for a girl, Bing is delighted with the new arrival who is to be named Hurry Lillis.



Stars fly to 'Six-Five'

FOR his last "Six-Five" production for the present next Saturday (August 16), producer Dennis Main Wilson will be watching the skies for his "air-lift" stars.

The show, coming from the Villa Marina in the Isle of Man, will include Lonnie Donegan and the Five Dallas Boys who are currently working in Blackpool.

They have less than thirty minutes to get from the Palace Theatre in Blackpool out to Squires Gate airport, and when they reach the Isle of Man they will have very little time to get to the Villa Marina.

Also featured on this show will be Ken Mackintosh and his Orchestra, Lita Rosa, the Basil Kirchin band and Jim Dale.

Dennis Main Wilson leaves the show after this production for new BBC-TV assignments.

SKIFFLER TO MARRY

SKIFFLE group star Charles McDevitt announced his engagement last Thursday to his attractive singer, Shirley Douglas. Shirley joined the McDevitt group some twelve months ago after Nancy Whiskey had left to branch out as a soloist.

Charles, who runs his own espresso bar in Soho in addition to his musical activities, plans to wed Shirley early next year.

DISCS GET BIG SHOW SPOT

AS last year, the BBC gramophone department is to be well featured at this year's Radio Show at Earl's Court, with many novel programmes and displays. During the run of the show between Wednesday, August 27, and Saturday, September 6, the BBC Gramophone Department will be presenting nearly 30 "live" record programmes direct from the building.

In addition, the BBC are also presenting famous recording stars each day on their "Gramstand".

Exhibition Choice is to be broadcast daily between 12 and 12.30 p.m. Famous composers chosen to present these programmes include E. M. O. N. Andrews, Howard Lockhart, Alan Dixon, Sam Costa, Bob Danvers Walker, George Elrick, Kenneth Wolstenholme, Jean Metcalfe, and Franklin Engelmann.

In addition to this series of programmes others will be transmitted from the "Gramstand" during the Radio Show.

Ken Sykora presents **Those Record Years** on August 28, and there is also **Date With A Disc** featuring Alan Dale (August 29), **Just Jazz** by Charles Melville (August 30), and **Desert Island**

Record stars for ATV

ATV plans for this coming week-end include "Saturday Spectacular" which, as previously reported, is headlined by American singing star **Connie Francis**.

Also of particular interest to record fans will be the fact that British ballad star **M. A. L. C. M. Vaughan** with his partner **Kenneth Earle** will be strongly featured in the same show.

The following day, the **Bernard Delfont** presentation from the **Prince of Wales Theatre**, headlined by **Frankie Howard**, with **Margaret Rutherford** and **Michael Denison**, will present the American singing stylist, **Julius La Rosa**, who makes his TV debut in this country.

Jackson back

The return to the ATV screens of the popular "Jack Jackson Show" is now not very far away. Jackson commences his new series on Wednesday, September 17, with a late-night plating of 11 p.m.

Discs with **Roy Plomley** and "castaway" **Jack Payne**, on September 1.

Other record shows will feature **Jack Train** with **Housewife's Favourites** on September 2, and **Helo Mum**, the same evening. Further editions of "Those Record Years," "Date With A Disc" and "Just Jazz" will be broadcast during the second week.

Presenting the personalities on the "Gramstand" will be such hosts as **Pete Murray**, **John Hobday**, **Wilfred Thomas**, **Michael Brooke**, **Neal Arden**, **David Jacobs**, **John Ellison**, apart from many of the djs who are scheduled to present programmes from the exhibition.

There will also be a special feature devoted to sound effect records, and VHF sound.



Pete Murray

'Pete's Party'

PETE MURRAY begins his new BBC disc jockey programme next Sunday, August 17, and the title has now been decided as "Pete's Party."

Each programme will run for 70 minutes between 10.40 and 11.50 p.m.

Pete Murray intends to make "Pete's Party" a fast-moving show, but with records selected to suit the time of the evening. The signature tune will be "S Wonderful," recorded by **Ray Conniff** and his Orchestra.

This new show will be Pete's first disc programme for home listeners, though he does have another for overseas listeners called **Pete Plays the Pops**.

Delaney produces 'a new sound'

EVER alive to the need for new and interesting sounds, **Eric Delaney** is planning a new presentation which will be introduced on a BBC broadcast on September 10.

Eric is planning a sound which includes a multitude of percussion instruments, along with his line-up of four trumpet, tuba, alto, two tenors, baritone and bass saxes. The piano is dropped.

After the initial broadcast, a second one follows on September 24.

As Eric Delaney is undertaking the announcements for the broadcasts, he plans to have two further percussionists with him on the shows, and they will be **Alan Cameron** and **Dennis Neale**.

The arrangements for the new Delaney sound are being written by **Tommy Sampson**.

★ **Tony Osborne** ★

with rhythm accompaniment

PLAYS

"Disc-Donc Disc-Donc"

from the Show "Irma la Douce" coupling

"Take me dreaming"

H.M.V. POP514 (45 & 78)

H.M.V. Records

E.H.L. RECORDS LTD., 8-11, GREAT CASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Belafonte seemed aloof

Doug Geddes reports on his opening concert

WITHOUT retracting any of the praises I made last week about **Harry Belafonte**, I must say that I left his opening-night concert at the **State, Kilburn**, last Sunday, with a certain feeling of disappointment.

With his artistry, charm and vocal capabilities I could certainly find no fault, but the presentation lacked something on occasions.

Firstly, having extended an invitation to spend "An Evening With Belafonte," I could not help but feel that our host had forgotten to welcome us. I do not enjoy an artiste being verbose, but **Harry Belafonte** makes little attempt to communicate with his audience other than through his songs. Even at the end of the evening his closing comments were cut to the barest minimum. I left feeling that I'd gate-crashed a party and felt a "bit of a heel" for doing so!

Bows were cut to a most formal style, and no credits are given by him to his own musicians or to the **State** orchestra for the magnificent task which they had accomplished.

As to his stage presentation, this was simple and effective, but a "black-out" after every number removes the real effectiveness that this lighting scheme can usually accomplish.

My only other observation concerns the sequence of his programme. He opened with "Moods Of The American Negro" from a "cold" start, without using the orchestra for several songs, and I found the slow tempo dangerously near to affecting the mood of the whole evening.

There may be reasons for the

present arrangement, but I would have preferred his second selection first. The gay "Songs Of The Caribbean" brought him closest to the audience, and the flexibility of these songs allowed some happy liberties to be taken in both humour and music.

But I certainly must mention that, with the capacity audience, **Harry Belafonte** could do no wrong.

Mills Music will handle Bygraves concern

MILLS Music have announced several new deals which come into operation immediately regarding future publishing operations. They have recently completed arrangements to handle the trade side of all the publications from **Gabriel Music**. This organisation is run by "Golden Trumpet" star, **Eddie Calvert**, and music-business executive **Max Diamond**. Previously they have handled their own trade outlets.

Another new arrangement takes effect from September 1, when **Mills** will handle the sales of **Max Bygraves'** publishing concern, **Lakeview Music**. Max's company, though quite young, has one hit on its hands with **You Need Hands**, whilst their newest publication, **You Gotta Have Rain**, looks like repeating the success.

Other new **Mills Music** ventures include the handling of all the music for the new musical **Love A La Carte**, with discussions in hand for a new show written by **Leroy Anderson**.

MAX GRAVES

A HAVE RAIN; LITTLE TRAIN

45/78

BELAFONTE

LITTLE BERNADETTE

RCA 1072

45/78

RCA RECORDS

DECCA HOUSE ALBERT EMBANKMENT LONDON SE11

JACKIE MOORE'S REVIEWS

EXTENDED PLAY



SIX ON ONE: Another Phillips "Mixed Bag" disc is reviewed this week. The artists—all in top form—are (left) the Kaye Sisters and (above) Anne Shelton (DISC Pic), Robert Earl and Jimmy Lloyd.

I couldn't understand a word—but the music is really superb!

about the kind of piano music they liked to listen to in the honky-tonk days.

Moë Wechsler, by the way, is not old enough to remember the barrelhouse days and is, in fact, an ex-Benny Goodman musician. On this disc, though, he plays piano with his tongue in his cheek—not so uncomfortable as it sounds—and provides us with some old-time, foot-tapping, party music.

LAURIE LONDON

The Gospel Train; Boomerang; A Railroadin' Man; Sea-Shell. (Parlophone GEP8689)

IT'S coming up to the time for the next Radio Show and that

makes it less than a year since Laurie London first arrived on our turntables. Through those months he has changed from a little boy into a seasoned professional performer with a reputation both here and in the States.

I prefer to hear him on the traditional numbers like *The Gospel Train* and not singing of love as on *Boomerang*, but in all four of his numbers he demonstrates how much he has learned since he came into the disc business.

I think Laurie would admit that a great deal depends on the people on the disc with you—and he is lucky to have the wonderful com-



Soon to celebrate his first anniversary as a recording artist—L A U R I E LONDON, who was discovered at the 1957 Radio Show.

bination of the Geoff Love orchestra and the Rita Williams Singers.

SID PHILLIPS

It Swings!

What's The Reason (I'm Not Pleading You); I Got Rhythm; If I Had You; April Showers. (HMV 7EG8363)

ALMOST unnecessary title—if it's Sid Phillips it's bound to swing! On this disc is joined by Joe Muddel, bass, Max Harris, piano, Colin Bailey, drums and Bill Le Sage on vibes. It's good to hear Bill Le Sage getting such an opportunity for some of those fabulous solos we used to hear back in the Dankworth days.

Best track for me was *If I Had You* which starts with a smooth,

slow, beat solo from Sid and swings into an up-tempo mood with everyone getting their chance to shine.

CAROUSEL

Starring Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Barbara Ruick and Robert Rounseville

(Capitol EAP1-4-694)

THIS month Capitol have released these four extended-play discs which make up the whole of the original sound-track album, for those who prefer the easily-stacked EPs in their disc cabinets.

The long-player was a best seller, and it's easy to see why. The film included some of Rodgers and Hammerstein's most exciting music, and the whole cast does justice to the wonderful songs.

THE MORRISTON ORPHEUS CHOIR

Wales—Land Of Song; Rhyfelgyrch; Gwyr Harlech; Cylfrwr; Geir; Y Delyn Aur; Cylfrwr; Ar Hyd Y Nos. (Columbia SEG7807)

MAGNIFICENT Welsh voices singing in their native tongue, not very frequent visitors to my record-player, but certainly none the less welcome for that. I couldn't understand a word the choir were singing about but their music is superb enough to get the message!

By the way, the first title turns out to be *Men of Harlech* and the last is *All Through The Night*.

The Morrison men are accompanied by an organ, and they give us a lesson in what singing really means. I think a lot of our readers will enjoy this extended-play disc, and not only the Welsh ones.

THE BIG FOUR, No. 10
Anne Shelton; Robert Earl; The Kaye Sisters; Jimmy Lloyd
The Girl He Left Behind; I May Never Pass This Way Again; I've Never Been In Love Before; Ever Since I Met Lucy.

(Philips BB12190)
A NUMBER of the Phillips mixed discs, only this time we get six artists for our money, and all of them in top form.

Robert Earl's track is probably the best he has made to date—and Ever Since I Met Lucy was definitely Jimmy's best single. Very good value for money and the artists are more suitably matched than on many of these combination EPs.

MOE WECHSLER
Barrelhouse Party (No. 2)
Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider; Girl Of My Dreams; Crazy Otto Rag; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Twelfth Street Rag; Heart Of My Heart. (Columbia SEG7800)

SOME unadulterated corn—and you know it makes for some good listening, if only to laugh

WHAT MAKES A STAR?

* **STARDOM** is a rare commodity, and those who have it are an unusual bunch.
* Being a star brings vast earnings, vast income tax problems, and it is not enough that he or she should possess a good voice, sexy appearance or a well-planned swimming pool.
* There are many ingredients that go to make the finished product.
* And who should know better what makes a star than the people without whom the stars would be nowhere? So, to try to fix this elusive quality, we asked several famous men and women what they thought was needed. Here are their answers:
* **WOLF MANKOWITZ**, author, journalist, and broadcaster:
* "I think there are three essentials of stardom, First, physical appearance. A star should possess striking looks, not necessarily in the conventional sense.
* "Vitality I put at number two. To master the art of projecting an almost superhuman amount of verve and vitality to an audience.
* "Lastly, intelligence, and by this I refer to the kind of intelligence that a cat shows when it knows someone is outside a room before

that person betrays his presence. To have a sixth sense while on stage can be invaluable to an artist, for if he is sensitive to his surroundings it creates a natural sympathy with his audience."
* **DAVID PLATZ**, music publisher and director:
* "The essence of stardom is that intrinsic quality that

Ps that are, to me, very important: Perseverance, Personality, and Publicity. Intelligent use of these three additional qualities, with a modicum of luck, should transform an artist from the normal performer into a star."
* **HYMAN ZAHL**, director of Fosters Agency:
* "Creativeness is all-impor-

* is an essential quality. Also to be able to withstand a pushing, manhandling crowd who fight and claw to get an autograph, without losing one's composure, good nature—or one single fan!"

* **NORMAN NEWELL**, record executive of EMI:
* "To be a lasting star you must have originality. One can achieve a certain amount of fame by copying, but it rarely, if ever, lasts.
* "The trouble with a lot of artists is that they expect to be overnight stars; to them there is no need for patience or the fortitude to try again and to be able to stand hardship and disappointment when they do not reach the top."

You must have that one quality—luck!

separates the star from the rest of the profession. Uniqueness is the word. And also, the power of being able to convince an audience through the chosen medium that he or she is truly a great performer."
* "In this case, convincing projection sums up the matter."
* **KAY ODWYER**, publicist:
* "In addition, of course, to talent—there are three

tant. In my book it is not enough to be able to sing—to create is the cardinal point. One other facet bears mention . . . to have the intelligence to study and assimilate the qualities that have made others famous, and not turn a deaf ear to all advice."

* **SAM COSTA**, disc jockey:
* "So far as I'm concerned, the ability to earn big money—and great praise—without getting a big head

* Well, there you are. Fame awaits anybody who can honestly say that they possess the qualities mentioned by the people who make, create, and promote stars.
* If you think that you fit the list, then it could well be that we'll be hearing about you in the near future . . . !
* All you need in addition is a goodly store of—LUCK.

THOSE of you who follow the French jazz scene will be au fait with the name Sadi. For those who aren't so in-the-know, let me enlighten you at once. "Fats" Sadi is the outstanding, 32-year-old, Belgian-born, vibeman, who has been heard here on four or five LPs (mostly on Vogue). My summing-up of Sadi on disc: "a swinger with a helluva lot of soul."

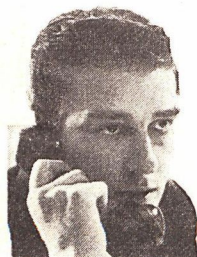
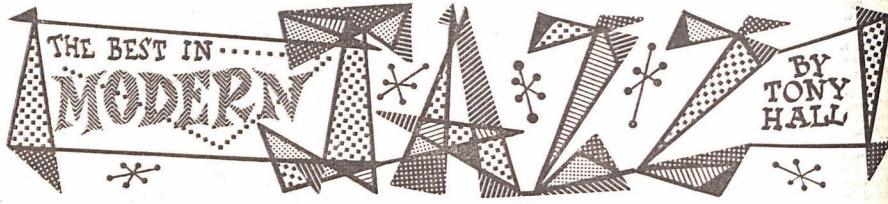
Imagine my surprise when I bumped into him at a bar in Bandol, where I went to get away from it all. It was 5.33 in the afternoon and I was heading for my hotel. I eventually reached there about two hours later!

This meeting provided the most enjoyable moments of my vacation. Because Sadi the man is just like his music . . . a swinger with a helluva lot of soul!

Sadi Sadi (he doesn't dig that nickname: "It's not enough just to play jazz. You've got to feel it. And live it, too. There's too much pretention in jazz these days. Much better to go in there and blow. Like Sonny Stitt, for instance. There's no nonsense there. He pours it all out and really tells a story. And Kenny Clarke and Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. They play with heat and emotion.

"That's the way jazz should be. I don't dig all this colder-than-ice sort of stuff."

Talking vibemans with Sadi is easy. There's only one man for



TONY HALL

REVIEWS

Semi-commercial and dreary

MARIAN McPARTLAND
It's De-Lovely

Flamingo: It's De-Lovely; Liebersträume, No. 3; Four Brothers.

(7in. Parlophone GEP8677)

THE British-born pianist, who married trumpeter Jimmy McPartland and some very early (recording dates not given), comparatively dreary, semi-commercial

tracks with 'cello, bass and drums. She's over-flowery, even ponderous at times. The 'cello is a drag and the rhythm section is dull and soggy.

After her recent Capitol LP, is this EP fair to Marion? Or her fans? (★).

Worth it for its 'name' value

"KNOW YOUR JAZZ" (No. 2)
If I Love Again; There Will Never Be Another You; But Not For Me; Come Rain Or Come Shine.

(7in. HMV TEG8367)

A BC-PARAMOUNT A and R manager, Creed Taylor, here presents four reedmen soloists, each backed by a rhythm section. The supporting cast includes Billy Taylor (piano), Mundell Lowe (guitar); Oscar Pettiford or George Duvivier (bass); Kenny Clarke or Percy Brine (drums). Clarinetist Tony Scott treats it

I Love gently, settling down into a lightly relaxed, 4-4 groove after a somewhat "schmalzy" start.

Another You has tenorman Al Cohn on baritone. I like him a lot on this horn.

But Not features the very underrated tenorman, Charlie Rouse. In Charlie, I hear some 1955-period Rollins. But he has individuality in his sound and well-articulated style. I've heard him in better form than here.

Finally, altoist Gigi Gryce. He's never been an outstanding soloist and here sounds somewhat anemic and insipid. All the rhythm men play well.

Worth a place, perhaps, in your collection for its "name" value. (★★★).

Mixed bag, and pleasant

EDDIE CHAMBLEE
Chamblee Music
Flat Beer; Sometimes I'm Happy; At Your Beck And Call; And The Angels Sing; Tea For Two; Without A Song; Whisper Not; Stella By Starlight; Chamblee Special.

A SURPRISINGLY tasteful set by the ex-Hampton tenor sax top-blower with a polished, swinging, all-star pick-up seven-piece group. On hand (amongst others): Joe Newman or Johnny Cole (trumpet), Julian Priester (trombone), Richard Evans (bass), Oist Johnson or Charlie Persip (drums), etc.

The music is varied. There are some unpretentious blues (though Special is nowhere near so frantic as it sounds), some ballads, some

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, BUT...

rhythm-and-blues-tinged tracks and the most modern Benny Golson's semi-classic, Whisper. Eddie blows with a big sound, innate feeling for the beat and tremendous restraint (for him).

A pleasant record. But I can't see it setting the world on fire (★★★).

Skip it, you Herman fans

WOODY HERMAN'S THIRD HERD

Nice Work If You Can Get It; This Is New; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me; Almost Like Being In Love.

(7in. MGM EP655)

I'VE been a Herman fan for the last 15 years. But this is certainly the dullist Herd disc ever (October, 1953). The "commercial" arrangements by pianist Nat Pierce, are regrettably downright dreary. There are short, "nothing's happening" solos by Nat, Woody (clarinet and alto), Urbie Green (saxophone) and Bill Perkins (trumpet). It sounds like a continental radio band. (★).

He's a swinger with a helluva lot of soul

him. "Milt Jackson. Who else is there? No one!" But, though he didn't say so in so many words, I got the impression that, like many musicians I know, he didn't dig the current conception of the MJQ. "So, it's a job," he said, which succinctly sums it all up.

Discussing the scene in France, Sadi was full of praise for pianist Maurice Vandair. "Even more than René Urteger, he's the swingiest pianist I've heard here. And Martial Solal has got a tremendous technique. I think he'd play equally well, even if he was reading a newspaper while he was playing!"

He raved about a new Belgian bassist, Name of Jean Warland. "Man, he's got style, sound, technique, everything. He's the same age as me. Why isn't he better known? Well, he's got a lovely wife and a kid and a home and he doesn't want to leave them."

MORE GUTS

Over the years, Sadi has spent much time working with tenorist Bobby Jaspar, who emigrated to the States, where he worked with Jay Jay Johnson and Miles, amongst others. I told him how completely the different Bobby sounded on his most recent records. So much more Sadi than before.

Sadi seemed pleased to hear this. "We worked together for years. We're good friends, too. The only records of mine I've ever liked were some under my own name with Bobby in the band."

Sadi was sad about the lack of good drummers in France. "But you've got some good ones in England. There was a really nice guy I worked with in the Jacques Hélan big band. I don't think he's very well-known in Britain. Name of Pete Bray. He really used to use his ears. You know,

phrasing with the brass and filling in. French drummers just can't do that."

As he drove me back to town, Sadi told me a story he swears is perfectly true. He heard it from Bobby Jaspar, who went to one of Monk's recording sessions. A solo piano date.

Apparently, it had proved pretty abortive. After a couple of hours, there wasn't even one track "in the can." "You've got to make it this time," said the A and R man. Monk tried again. It was a standard tune. Everything went fine.

MONK STOPS

Then suddenly, with only the last eight bars to go, Monk stopped. He walked over to the control room window and started talking wildly. He must have looked like a goldfish. Because no one could hear what he said. Eventually, they opened the door. "What's wrong," asked the A and R man. Replied the unconventional Monk: "I've made the wrong mistakes!"

Well, you work that out for yourselves!

Oh yes, and there was a sequel. "Play something you know. One of your own tunes," pleaded the A and R man. Monk went back to the piano. Started on his Round About Midnight. Half-way through, he stopped. Again the goldfish bowl business. "What now?" he was asked. Monk stood there, somewhat embarrassed. He said: "I've forgotten the chords!"

Sadi swears this is true!

Readers, I give you a toast. A salute to Sadi. A swinger with a helluva lot of soul. I felt a happier man through meeting him.

Milt is the greatest ("Who else is there?") according to Belgian vibeman "Fats" Sadi.



WE CALL
IT
NIXIELAND

TRADITIONAL

by
**Owen
Bryce**

Arrangements? Do away with them, said Condon

records: "What the heck? I don't teach him to jump on grapes!"
Condon, in the short space of 20 years, has built himself up into something of a legend. He achieved

**EDDIE
CONDON**



the distinction of coverage in American socialite magazines, not so much by his music but by the free and easy atmosphere of his New York Club, by the "Condonisms" of his compering and by the cutting articles he wrote.

Nick's Club and, later, Condon's Club rapidly became American institutions to which the many Chicago, Dixieland, and New York jazzmen gravitated. They poured into the place, not to eat, nor to drink, but to jam with the resident band.

Condon used them on Commodore Music Shop record dates. Very soon, a fixed routine developed which we now know as "Nixieland" style.

The regulars were usually Condon, George Wetting (drums), Pee Wee Russell (clarinet), Wild Bill Davison (trumpet), George Brunis and, later, Cutty Cutsall (piano) and Gene Shroeder (trombone).

But "irregular regulars" also included Teagarden, Edmund Hall, Billy Butterfield, Bobby Hackett, Peanut Huckey, Joe Sullivan, Bud Freeman, Max Kaminsky, Joe Bushkin, Dave Tough, Brad Gowans, Muggsy Spanier, Jess Stacy, Marty Marsala. Everyone, in fact, who happened to be in

New York at the time, including colored musicians.

On this count, Big Bill Broonzy told me a lovely story. Seems he was stopped by the doorman with "No negroes allowed here!"

Wild Bill Davison, right behind him shouted, "He ain't no Negro . . . he's a musician!"

That remark was as good as an admission pass. Big Bill was in and, no doubt, later up on the stand with the others.

With this mass array of constantly-changing talent any pre-

Yet some great music was produced—and still is being produced—by this group. Music that has given a lot of pleasure to patrons in Greenwich Village and collectors over here; music that has set the pattern for jam sessions the world over. But jam sessions not based on the interminable "Lady Be Good's" and "I Got Rhythms" of the pre-war days.

Condon and his merry band of lads have always used fine tunes, mostly standards it is true, but all great tunes—"Memphis Blues,"

Owen Bryce reviews the latest trad. issues on the next page

tence even of arrangement went overboard. Condon solved the problem of arrangements completely and finally—"Do away with them." Four bars piano in, one all-in chorus, choruses along the line, front line AND back line, four bars throw from one instrument to the other, one last all-in bash.

And to finish, a four or eight bar drum break and everyone in for the last tag.

"Good Man Is Hard To Find," "Riverboat Shuffle" and the like.

Over here last year Condon was a big disappointment. And not surprisingly. The night club and the concert platform are vastly different mediums, as so many of our better club bands have discovered.

The audience that sits, drinks, eats, talks, and dances, appreciates a different music from that which just sits.

Nixieland, just right for its original environment, came over badly with no arrangement, with little change of mood or volume, with strings of solists, with everyone, the audience included,

Tony Hall, back from holiday, finds British jazz better than ever, but, he asks . . .

It wasn't exactly that I was sick of the South of France sun, sand and sea. . . except that "bon" to be back in London. Back to the most crazy-mixed-up weather in the world. And back to the British jazz scene. Because I sincerely believe that the standard of jazz in Britain is higher now than it has ever been. Musicians' axl club-owners' outlooks, too, are broader than they have ever been. In theory, with more clubs and better bands than ever, you'd quite expect the business to be booming.

In actual fact, everything in the garden is lovely . . . except that . . . where the hell are all the people? Before I went away, I'd get kicks almost every night from one or another of the bands. There was an awful lot happening. But often I was almost alone in my enjoyment. The clubs were either half-empty or full of cha-cha-crazy crackerjacks.

WHERE ARE ALL THE JAZZ FANS?

As I see it, cha-cha itself is healthy. The music is melodic and the beat is boisterous. Good cha-cha-cha, that is. Music by men like Machito, Prado and Puente is lovable. But, with lots of jazz feeling. But, with everything in this life, as with everything else, there's nothing worse than a cheap imitation, fifth-rate product. And that's what is worrying about the cha-cha grip on our boys and girls. Will they be sufficiently choosy between the good and the bad? I hate to say so in print, but sincerely, I have my doubts.

Cha-cha apart, what else is keeping fans away from the jazz clubs—which, whether you like it or not, are still and always will be, the developing-ground for the growth of jazz? There are arguments I've heard so often. I'm sick at the very sound. They're the hoary old chestnuts about the "lack of new faces" and being "fed up with the same old names" and "I've heard it all before."

Let's consider the "new faces" angle. On the "face" of it, it's crass stupidity. But if there are new jazzmen around with what it takes—or even better, MORE than what it usually takes—to make the big-time grade, they'll get there anyhow.

Musicians may be an odd breed of men, but there's one thing they wouldn't do. And that is to try to stifle the growth of a would-be important talent. Hell, once you do get to the top, there's sometimes a tendency towards stinkiness. And new, young ambitious blood is the one way to shake this off.

If the new stars are there, they'll make it to the top. As for "the same old names," this really gets my goat. Especially the way the scene is now. If these "names" are putting down nothing, by all means let's give them a rest. But not, as now, when everyone's blowing their heads off. And all the bands have better books, better soloists and

above all, better spirit, than I can ever remember. Then there's the "heard it all before" bit, which also makes me mad. What so many fans don't (or is it "swan") get into their heads is this, It's naive, I know. But oh! so true, I'm sure. If a band is playing consistently well night after night, and its spirits are high, it shouldn't matter to the public whether they play the same changes (or "tune") 10 times a night or the same programme at every set.

There would still be something fresh happening all the time in every solo, no matter how many times a "tune" was played. Though, if this happened, you couldn't blame the musicians if they tended to go sour on it after a while.

By next week, I hope to be really back in the swing of things. I hope to be able to hear all the bands by then. And I'll give you an up-to-the-minute survey of what's happening musically on the jazz scene in London.

If things are anything like they were before I went away, there'll be quite a lot to tell you.



"Is this what you meant when you said you were a big noise in the musical world!"

knowing just what was coming next.

And poor Condon's fame as a "raconteur" took a speedy downhill turn. You just can't swap cracks with a seated, listening crowd of jazz enthusiasts—unless you're a Burl Ives!

Owen Bryce takes a look at the latest offerings

LENNIE'S A SENSATION

THAT CAT FELIX

Lennie Felix at the Piano
Indiana; Pennies From Heaven Take 1; Pennies From Heaven Take 2; Prelude To A Kiss; Fine And Dandy; Squeeze Me; Sunny Side Of The Street; If I Had You; One For Bill.

(Nixa NJT514)

I'VE never been more disappointed with a record. Until this disc came along I don't think I'd ever heard Lennie play. Not consciously, at any rate. But for the last 12 months Lennie's name has been a byword wherever musicians foregather. His reputation has been steadily building up to great heights.

But it soared too high. For when Art Tatum's name is coupled with Lennie's, one's expectations rise high. When Earl Hines and Felix are mentioned in the same sentence one begins to think things, great things, things that don't quite come off on this disc, fine as it is.

Of late we've been inundated with piano discs, two of Art Tatum's included. Lennie Felix suffers by comparison. But only by comparison, mark you. Cut out the advance ballyhoo and on the sheer strength of his playing on this disc he's a sensation, a minor sensation and a British one, of course, but still a sensation.

Hear this one, please. I'm highly critical of home-produced jazz, feeling rather like a top British jazz band leader who repented, when

TRADITIONAL

REVIEWS

MORE GUSTO HERE

BARBER'S BEST

Chris Barber's Jazz Band
Bobby Shaftoe; The Martinique; Chimes Blues; Merrydown Rag; Skoklan; St. Louis Blues; It's Tight Like That; Ice Cream; Oh Didn't He Ramble; Storyville Blues; Would Is Waiting For The Sunrise; Reckless Blues.

(Decca LK4246)

BARBER'S Best is also Barber's most popular and it also happens to consist of titles available to Decca, for some time back Chris switched to Nixa.

In four years the style of the band has changed very little but, if anything, these sides have just a teeny-weeny bit more gusto than the later discs. So they can truly be described as Barber's Best.

Most of the titles are too well-

Born in 1904 he studied violin at the Chicago College of Music. He worked with a number of bands until in 1928 he toured Europe, returning nine years later to make these well known recordings with Django Reinhardt in Paris. They are delightful recordings. Without doubt the best examples ever of jazz violin.

FOLK IS BAFFLING

GENO FOREMAN - SHIRLEY BLAND - JIM MCGREGOR

Foggy Mountain Top; Sister Phoebe; Go Tell Aunt Rhodie; Geno's Breakdown; Cripple Creek.

(Seventy Seven 78/4)

IT'S fortunate that at the time of reviewing this disc I have with me an ardent folk collector—because I'm baffled. I'm a jazz record reviewer. Yet at times I get more folk than jazz to listen to.



LENNIE FELIX suffers by comparison with Art Tatum, but he's still a sensation, and a British one at that.

A LITTLE BIT BITTY

WINGY MANONE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

"Trumpet On The Wing" Clarinet Rumble; Sweetheart Of Sigma Shi; Biloxi; Burlesque; Baby, Change Your Mind; Just Plain Strutting; The Rarest Jewel; You Can Come Calling Again; Trumper On The Wing; Real Gone; Can't Get You Off My Mind; Two Beat Special.

(Brunswick LAT8236)

THIS is a very nice record. A bit bitty in places. A little commercial here and there. But still a very nice record, and one I think you should hear.

Wingy plays a simple, direct trumpet with fair tone and quite a trace of New Orleans. He is also one of the great comedians of jazz, but not so's you'd notice it too much.

Four of these numbers were written by Wingy. He has a great feeling for good melody. Clarinet Rumble is related to the Muskrat Men but not so's you'd notice it too much.

There are some fine men present here. Lou McGartry for one, with that brass trombone. Carmen Magrini and George Barnes, both driving guitar players for two and three. Cliff Leeman for four, with the most sensible off-beat I've yet heard. And Bob Haggart, Hank D'Amico, and Milt Hinton, too.

DON'T MISS THIS TRAIN

ALAN LOMAX PRESENTS AMERICAN SONG TRAIN

This Train; Kicking Mule; Mary Anne; Hettie Belle; Lone Green Valley; Railroad Bill; Riding In The Buggy; Jumpin' Judy; Saturday Night; In The Wilderness; Black Black; Johnson Boys; Two Sisters; Doney Gal; Keep A Inching Along.

(Nixa NPL18013)

THE train has always been the symbol of freedom to the American Southern Negro. In a land where distances are measured in hundreds of miles it is understandable that such an obvious means of escape as the railroad should assume importance in the minds of prisoners and tramps.

There are so many train songs around that I'm surprised this 12 inch LP doesn't feature more of them. Otherwise there doesn't seem much point in the title, but the collection still makes a fine disc. Take also *Jumpin' Judy*. Discovers a penitentiary, sung by a negro who died while in prison from TB, this is the story of the female equivalent of the legendary John Henry.

Take *Lone Green Valley*. Yet another story of a lover shooting his girl, this time in a fit of jealousy. A lot of girls must bin shot in the Mid-West last century!



The best of CHRIS BARBER is collected on an LP and they seem to show more gusto than some of his later recordings.

Most of the numbers here are English and it certainly is interesting to trace the songs the Negroes use back to old English nursery rhymes.

I don't know who the group is. I presume that they are just one of the many excellent English groups devoting themselves to folk. They are a little ragged, and their diction is not a patch on, say Peggy Seeger's or Alan Lomax's. They are also derivative. *Foggy Mountain Top* owes a lot to the Carter family. *Cripple Creek* is as close as can be to "George Buck" by Peggy Seeger.

Folk is going through the same stage as British jazz was 15 years ago. Not much of it, and what there is, is obviously copied and highly influenced. There's not much folk music issued as yet. If you can't wait for the certain deluge and must increase your collection you'll find much to interest you here.

known already to need much comment from a perplexed critic like me. Bobby Shaftoe was one of those days' successes. Even in the arrangements and the band's ability to take almost any good tune and make jazz out of it.

The *Martinique* is copied from an unfortunate, for there are one or two niceties on the disc.

Chimes Blues has the corniest passages on record. Frankly, if I'd thought of it I would have been ashamed to have played it. The band here play it twice and I can testify to its popularity by the number of times people ask hands today to "play 'Chimes Blues' ... just like Barber, please."

Ottile Patterson delights with two Bessie Smith numbers which owe quite a bit to the Empress of the Blues. *Merrydown Rag* is a Barber original and a very nice

NO GIPSY FIDDLE

EDDIE SOUTH AND HIS JAZZ VIOLIN

Sweet Georgia Brown; Eddie's Blues; Somebody Loves Me; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me.

(HMV 7EG8361)

YOU can't play jazz on a violin unless you're called Eddie South. Eddie South is the one violin man who uses jazz phrases on the instrument. All the others, possibly excepting Stuff Smith, can't forget the association of violins and gipsy music.

Eddie South comes from the South, Louisiana to be precise.

DISC PIC

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DISC

DISSECTED

POST BAG ROCK IS NOT DEAD YET

Our prize EP (condensed from the LP) goes to J. M. Tonk, of 58 Hart Gardens, Bucks, who writes:

I COULD not agree more with correspondent V. K. Baker that rock is here to stay! But what about cha-cha? It would be folly to ignore the claims of Latin American music when Perez Prado tops the American charts with "Patricia."

Unfortunately, I only have 7354 photos of him (one was torn in two by my mother who, although she has turned 27, still likes rock, especially Charlie Gracie, because it keeps her young).

Would any readers be kind enough to exchange any photos of Perez for ones of Gene Vincent, who I have gone off of? He keeps imitating Terry Dene.

We can reconcile ourselves,

surely, since rock has gone on for more than three years, to it being with us for quite some time in considerable quantities — though why, oh why, can't we have 45s more easily available of these numbers? After all their wail — much worse than their wail — MARGARET FINCH, Worton Mews, E.10.

(Prado is your cup of cha-cha?)

SIDETRASH

BY JACK GOOD

Rock definitely on way in

HAVING discovered so many recording stars—Tommy Steele, Elvis Presley, Frankie Vaughan, Michael Holliday leap to mind as important exceptions—during my stay with Six-Five Special—that is, of course, before I started OH BOY!—I feel intellectually safe in pondering deeply, not to say interminably, upon the source of success in the pop-disc-biz.

"Find a new sound" is the synthesis of my previous expatiations. But I certainly never expected my theories to be proved so decisively as they were by Lonnie Rookingham's IX—who will be appearing in Oh Boy! on September 13 at 6 o'clock on ABC-TV—when their recording of Fried Onions jumped convulsively up ten places in our charts over a period of only five weeks from 202 to 192.

I think I knew from the beginning that Fried Onions would have the sweet smell of success, just as I knew that Hard Headed Woman by young Presley was doomed to failure. And how justified I was! See Presley's disc is even now crashing down out of the top two! Next time perhaps he'll read my article before recording. I know I will.

P.S. I've just discovered a great big-beat outfit—the Kerb Stone Drillers. Less of them next week.

JAZZ EAR MARKS

BY TONY EAR

THE KERB STONE QUINTET

"Suddenly It's Blackbirds and Roses Under Glass At Newport in Hi-Fi"
Blackbirds and Roses; Thin Man; Mutations; Transmutations; Permutations; Mutulations; Exhalations; Transmigrations; Cogitations.
(Puce Note A.1)

THE Kerb Stone Quintet constitutes a reorganisation and amalgamation of the Herb Sharp Seven and the J.C. H.P. Reorganisation—and on the strength—or may be weakness—of these tracks—reorientation away from the 1954 Winchester sound to the less inhibited approach of Wilbur-Jean de la Fogue "Foggie" Danvers.

On most of the tracks all the guys are blowing their heads off—which explains the unusual off-beat timing you hear from time to time. There is some thudding you hear from time to time. There is some really deep digging by Wally Henschelle (shovel). But some of the chord changes when he doubles trowel seem contrived.

This could be for you if you like the sort of records that are nearly identical to this one. (*****)

JACK GOOD

has decided that 20 pages is too much for any record fan to digest, so he has prepared his own potted version of DISC!

The "condensed-version" is very much in vogue these days—we digests of books, plays, articles, concertos—almost every form of literature and entertainment. So here is my own digest of DISC. You don't have to wade through 20 pages—here it is in a nutshell.



JIM GROAN LASHES OUT

Rock is dead

A RECORD called "Blackbirds & Roses" by the Kerb Stone Drillers spins on my turntable. This is it. This must be it. We have sunk deep enough. Now the effort must be made. Now—before it is too late.

But who, who will make it? Who will shoulder the responsibility? Who will be the first to cry halt to the catawauling cacophony that still blasts from the corpse of rock 'n' roll?

The record companies? But which dares to make the decision? The artists? But who? The D.J.s? But when? For Pete's sake, let's act and act fast. Give us talent not trash.

Remember Nelly Melba—we still have voices like that today. But have we got the guts to listen to them?

NORTH of the BORDER

Rock 'n' reel lays it doon and dees

Awa' wi' Jackie, gi us Jimmy

DISC DATA

by DAN KNUCKLE

KERB STONE DRILLERS
Blackbirds and Roses; Thin Min
(Aroma DN 43056)****

THE Kerb Stone Drillers' first disc release over here is a clever quickie with a cute, catchy—if corny—style that you can't help liking—or loathing. A muzzy backing walk-wahs right through the deck to an exciting fade-out finish.

Flipping is a simple entry with delightful, yet commercial harmony vocal that is very potent. A neat chanter I somehow can't see making the charts. I could be wrong—but then, who couldn't?

TRANSITIONAL JAZZ BY WILBUR FORCE

THE KERB STONE HOT FIVE

"Bawlin' Blackbirds, Reekin' Roses"
Blackbirds and Roses; Thin Min; West 31st Scamper; Sweet Stompin; Gracie; Baggers St. Parade; Old Man Memphis Blues; Scotchy. (Archive Cylinder Recording No. 8)

HOW the Kerb Stone Five can have the presumption to assume the title Hot Five escapes me. This isn't trad. It isn't even trad-trad, and whether it warrants classing as trad-trad-trad, is open to doubt, warrants classing as trad-trad-trad. King Oliver and The sleeve in one breath mentions exists between them. Alf Blakey. No common ground exists between them. That is all that can be said—except perhaps that Moots Honey's banjo is completely wasted here.

TOP TWO

Title	Artiste	Label
1. When	Mac and his Front Benchers	Selected Tips, Blue
2. Endless Sleep	Rip Van and The Winkles	Soporific

American Top Two

1. Same Old Song & Dance
...Nicky Kruschev
2. Rebel-Rouser
...Johnny Dulles

Juke Box Top One

1. Blackbirds & Roses equal
Eddie Bygraves
Max Green
Don Seville
David Lang
Ted & the Zig-Zag
Five Flutes
Elias Heath
Original TV cast

WALT

KENTON'S Cool for Pussies They try to kill rock

YOU'LL be seeing the singing film star Rock Henson on "Parky" next week, which is coming from the lion's cage of J. M. Tonk's Circus. In his next picture Rock plays a big game hunter.

Also in this film as the hostile natives who try to kill Rock, are the Kerb Stone Drillers, whose ballad-offering "Blackbirds and Roses" is this week's "Sure thing."

Yes, they really are brothers, born in Singapore though their mother comes from Ireland. They, too, will be in the cage for "Parky" next week doing a comedy routine with Rajah the Lion, to their recording of "You Need Hands."

NEWS

in BRIEF

States star visit off?

THE oft-remoured visit of a well-known Stateside star is still the topic of much speculation. The story that it had been cancelled is not confirmed, although on the other hand, no exact dates or venues are settled—or even proposed.

It is not yet clear whether the Musicians' Union will approve, nor is it known what British agency might clinch the deal, though there is some likelihood of a TV concert tie-up.

Herman Walters, who may have some connection with the promotion, when asked about this, is reported to have said "At present I am in no position to confirm or deny." As yet the identity of the star involved has not been revealed, though it is reported that it will quite definitely be either a man or a woman.

The other feature of the affair is that, be it woman or child, man or beast, the artist will probably receive an invitation to appear on Six-Five Special within only a few days of departure from the U.K.

OVER THE PINTS with PETE MERRY

IT'S always a good idea to start with a joke—I only wish I could remember the one told me by Rita Tonk when I bumped into her this week. Rita's new disc "You Gotta Have Pugs," should do well, by the way.

In between reading scripts for a play I hope to do soon, I heard my rocker called "Blackbirds and Roses" by the Kerb Stone Drillers. A nice novelty number.

PROBABLY one of the longest running radio series is "Desert Island Discs" which most of you must have heard at some time or another. After all, it is hard to ignore entirely a programme which is now in its fifteenth year, and nearing 400 shows.

As you know, the man who dooms his victims to take eight gramophone records on a desert island is that competent voice of

He's been a journalist, an advertising man, an actor, he's even sung in the streets, but a



ROY PLOMLEY

Desert Island brought him real fame

radio, Roy Plomley.

Now I, like you perhaps, knew very little about Roy Plomley, so I took it upon myself to find out more and, if possible, to turn the tables on him. I thought that he, too, should share the fate of his many "victims."

However, at the same time as I had the latter thought, the BBC themselves decided to put Roy on the spot in one of his own programmes. Some of you must have heard it broadcast recently, when Eamonn Andrews gave Roy the difficult job of choosing that small handful of discs.

Mind you, I don't think that Roy had such a difficult task as his own "victims." Having heard their choice of over 3,000 records, and hearing their reasons for choosing them, I think that he had the way paved for him a little.

But perhaps I'm being a little unreasonable, for I don't think that I would like to make a choice of such a few records out of those that I possess and would like to possess.

You just try listing your own selections, and see if you could live with them for ever and a day, knowing that there is no hope of ever replacing them with new ones. It's not really very easy.

However, let's see just what Roy Plomley would take with him on that island.

First, being very closely associated with the theatre, it is not really surprising that Roy would

monising" took pride of place among his eight discs.

Next came what Roy Plomley would call a perfect score, the exciting Johann Strauss "Fledermaus."

For myself, though I find it fascinating, I don't honestly think that I could live permanently with Chinese music. Yet this was another Plomley choice for his programme.

Of course, when one understands its purpose, this music must take on a new meaning. Reminded that Roy is married to the most attractive Chinese actress, Diana Wong, I realised the reasons for his taste of record.

Most of us like to wallow in a little personal nostalgia, and Roy Plomley is no exception. A holiday, a show, or an event can be conjured up again by some musical association.

He goes back to the late thirties to be reminded of a holiday in Brittany. The old favourite by Bob Hope and Shirley Ross,

by **DOUG GEDDES**

"Thanks For The Memory" fills the bill. I should think that this record has a place in most people's hearts in connection with some occasion.

In more serious vein, Roy Plomley would be most contented by a piece from the Mass, as sung by the famous Russian Orthodox Choir in Paris. Not being a devotee of young boys' voices, this choir, which uses women and men, would give him that full, rich, musical sound that would fill him with an inner satisfaction.

What he calls a perfect record is "Mariette," sung by those great French artistes Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps, and this would always have a special pride of place in his record collection.

Having also worked in France for a very long time, his reasons again are understandable.

Finally, should he ever get a depression, then there's nothing like a good, exciting orchestral piece to bring him round. He wisely chooses Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto," and I think I'd certainly agree with him.

As for the luxury item he'd like to take with him, I don't think he is stinting himself too much when he asks for a desk with a typewriter.

ribbons, and unlimited paper! The book he'd choose would be that mine of theatrical information, "Who's Who in the Theatre."

That's the selection that Roy Plomley would take away with him, but what about Plomley the man?

His interest has always been in the theatre, though he inherited it from no one in the family. Because it brought him into contact with the theatre, one of his first jobs in life was as a show business journalist. Roy confesses, "I wrote lots and lots, though I never had anything printed!" Perhaps I should have let him write this article himself!

From journalism to advertising, and then he drifted into crowd work in films. He played a multitude of roles without achieving any great fame. He tried singing in a pantomime, he tried (without option) starving, he even sang in the street in Guildford. During the last job, all was successful until he spied an old school friend approaching. He finked it and ran!

A great success in radio

His real success has been in radio. In pre-war days he was with Radio Normandy in France and in London, English announcer on Paris Radio, and, of course, for many years he has been with the BBC.

Apart from his "Desert Island Discs" programme, Roy Plomley has dozens of successful productions to his credit. Some readers may remember him as the chair-man of "We Beg to Differ" which ran for several successful seasons, but more recently he has been associated with the programme "These Foolish Things."

How long will "Desert Island Discs" go on? Just as long as the public want it, and there is certainly no indication that they've had enough. For myself, I hope it goes on for a very long time, for apart from being interesting, it enjoys the people of very great interest who are brought to the microphone.

I also believe that, in time, I could get to like that annoying seagull that opens each programme. Maybe I secretly hate him (of her) for having an island to himself.

CONNIE ARRIVES— On the crest of a sales wave

A BIG welcome this week to another American visiting star, this time the vivacious Miss Connie Francis.

Connie is the girl who has invaded the Top Twenty charts, not once but twice, against overwhelming masculine opposition.

The ladies, alas, have not been having it their way at all in recent months, yet Connie Francis breezed in with an "odid" called "Who's Sorry Now?" and bulldozed her way through all competition to reach the much coveted No. 1 spot in the charts.

Young Connie swept into our charts "way back in mid-April, and immediately took up her position at No. 11.

From then on the record was well under steam and it was only a matter of weeks (May 17) before she'd claimed the top slot.

For six weeks in a row Connie Francis fought off all contenders holding the No. 1 honours. Even now, many weeks after its first impact, "Who's Sorry Now?" is still reaping big sales rewards.

Some five weeks ago, DISC was tipping Connie's newest release, "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" as "One to Watch." And now, one week later her new waxing came into our charts at No. 20.

To date it hasn't made quite the same impact but, taking into account the fact that it means two Connie Francis discs in the charts together, it is a very satisfying position for anyone.

Of course, the position of "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" may improve itself during her

personal visit to this country.

There certainly can be little doubt that Connie Francis reaches here in the best possible position, and the current popularity of her discs augurs well for a successful British debut.

Connie Francis was due to arrive in this country yesterday (Wednesday). Today, her record company plan a novel reception for her aboard ship on a trip down the Thames.

We wrote at length in a previous issue on Connie Francis, and we feel that she will be a

frequent visitor to our pages on future occasions. We, like you, extend a very big hello to this dynamic Miss who is enjoying a much-deserved record success right now.

DISC DIRECTORY

- My First Real Love/ Believe In Me MGM 902
- My Sailor Boy/ Every-one Needs Someone MGM 932
- I Never Had A Sweet-heart/ Little Blue Wren MGM 945
- Faded Orchid/Eighteen MGM 962
- The Majesty Of Love/ You My Darlin' You (with Marvin Rain-water) MGM 969
- Who's Sorry Now?/ You Were Only Fooling MGM 975
- I'm Sorry I Made You Cry/ Lock Up Your Heart MGM 982
- Stupid Cupid/ Carolina Moon MGM 985
- Extended Play A Girl In Love MGM-EP-658
- Long Play Who's Sorry Now? MGM-D-153

Mervyn Douglas



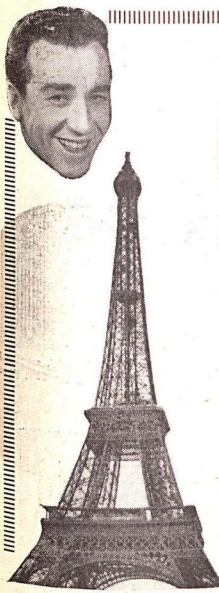
"Not THE Nellie Dean?"

take something with him that would remind him of that medium of entertainment.

As Roy Plomley puts it, "I would like to be reminded of the lights of Shaftesbury Avenue, the dressing-rooms, and the excitement of opening nights."

Show songs and records are many, but out of these Roy would select that gay and suitable opening chorus from "Kiss Me Kate."

The piano, played in any style would always appeal, but I must confess that I was surprised that he went back so far for his selection in this direction. A very old, but very charming Fred Elizalde recording of "Har-



EFFEL TOWER, PARIS

HELLO again—or should I be saying “bonjour” — from Gay Farea. This is where I'm hiding out since my “Cool” bosses gave me a few days off—in appreciation of my work, I hope! I'm actually scribbling this from the top of the Eiffel Tower, looking across the Sacré Coeur and Montmartre in a city flooded with the kind of warm sunshine that's only a dream in faraway London.

Have I left “Cool” behind me? Not a bit of it. No sooner had I stepped up here when a young Frenchman tapped me politely on the shoulder and asked: “Are you thinking of doing a ‘Cool For Cats’ programme from the Tower?”

Sadly, I had to tell him “No”; but I think I'll be repeating this story to our director Brian Taylor in the hopes that he'll take the hint! The Frenchman, by the way, was also on holiday; seems he works in London most of the year, and he's one of “Cool's” regular viewers.

In the Champs Elysées, not far from my hotel, my wife and I were tossing peanuts to pigeons when a young British couple strolled up.

“Here it comes,” I thought when I noticed they'd recognised me. “Sure enough, the inevitable question was put to me: ‘Was I talent-scouting for a new ‘Cool For Pigeons’ series?’”

Still, that's one thing about being seen, when you're travelling abroad; it makes you feel at home.

Both these incidents happened on my first day here, so I'm crossing my fingers and wondering what's going to happen next.

Little rock

I've visited one night club, so far, and I was happy to hear the five-piece band playing mainly continental numbers. “Rock” was rarely attempted, and then mainly for requests. Many of the customers were foreigners who were in the club to get the French atmosphere and hear French music, anyway, and they weren't disappointed. Incidentally, there's a lot of English light music which is

★ KENT WALTON'S ★ COOL FOR CATS

scarcely ever heard, and I don't see why we shouldn't have an “English” style just as there's a “continental” style.

I think our bands might well explore this as a change from hashed-up versions of American pops.

It would certainly be a good advertisement for our own country amongst the many thousands of tourists, and might also give our composers more encouragement to write good songs.

No pop poll

“PLEASE, what is ‘Hit Parade’?” That's the startling question I had shot at me in a Paris music store when I asked for a local list of the Top Twenty.

This sort of pops poll appears to be unknown, even though British and American recording stars sell plenty of discs here. On the walls of record shops I've seen photographs of Paul Anka, Frankie Vaughan, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Doris Day and Ella Fitzgerald.

saying he expected to be on for very much longer than that.

Viewers know, of course, that “Cool” cannot accurately be called a “rock and roll” show. In fact, almost every type of pop disc gets a spin and many records are heard for the first time in Europe.

One of the overseas artistes whose discs have scarcely—if ever—passed us by is, Mr. Harry Belafonte.

Seems that Mr. Belafonte has a big chip on his shoulder about being associated with rock and roll. When I tried to talk to him about it he refused to discuss it. So I held back, and didn't ask him the question I was longing to—who wrote the number, “Scratch, Scratch” which we played on the Soho Fair edition of “Cool” very recently.

My information is that it was by Belafonte himself.

Harry Belafonte's records sell in millions, and he may not know who's buying them. But before he starts complaining about rock and

What's Belafonte's chip about rock?

But the Parisians also have produced international stars and rate them very highly. Yves Montand, the actor who took the lead in the film “Wages of Fear” is one of the top singers and sells many discs.

Edith Piaf is a great favourite, and Tina Torsi, who was in my collection before the last war, still outshines many newer names.

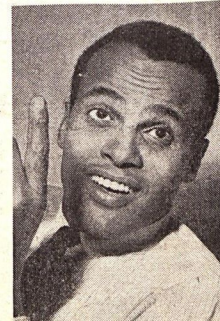
Honest Harry

AT least Mr. Harry Belafonte was honest in his opinion. “If I'd known it was a rock and roll record, I would not have appeared,” he beefed when he arrived on the “Cool” location at the Oasis swimming pool, in Holborn.

Getting Belafonte for the show was a scoop for newspaper executive Ker Robertson who arranges our discs and artistes. Earlier it had been announced that Harry Belafonte would not be appearing on TV during his British stage tour.

Admittedly, Belafonte could hardly be expected to know exactly what kind of a show “Cool” is, what kind of beef was rather uncharitable.

And when he learned that he would be on the air only for the length of time it would take to sing his RCA release, “Little Bernadette,” followed by a short interlude with me (and to do this we had cut two numbers from our planned show), he beefed again.



HARRY BELAFONTE—wouldn't discuss his attitude to rock.

roll I think he should watch out in case someone starts calling him a square!

Having got that off my chest, let's have a look at another side of Harry Belafonte's life. He's a happily-married man with three young children, very intelligent, and there is no doubt he has an extremely good knowledge of the music and the arts.

In the U.S. he's known as an ardent supporter of the Negro's rights against the colour bar. Just before this tour, he left Sam Goldwyn's film version of “Porgy and Bess” because he didn't think it showed the Negro in a favourable light.

My ducking

AT the swimming pool location, Brian Taylor notched up his 50th show as a director of “Cool.” Brian came in during last October and has had a non-stop run ever since.

On this occasion he produced one of his most pleasing ideas. For the song “Little Bernadette” he chose some kids who were in swimming and, to their very great surprise and enjoyment, showed their faces on the screen.

This effect, mixed with shots of clouds and a nearby church spire, fitted the mood of the ballad exactly.

We had a little bit of “wise guy” trouble with a patron at the pool who wanted to sit in a deck chair which was right in the middle of one of our shots.

After some persuasion, in which the pool manager joined in, the guy decided to move.

I knew all along that the “Cool” team were hoping to take me by surprise and duck



YVES MONTAND is a great favourite with French record buyers.

new Parlophone star gave us “Devotion” with real feeling and understanding. At present he's pleasing customers at a London nightspot, and the future ahead of him seems pretty bright.

CAVEMEN

LOOKING for a stifle group in Cornwall recently were a couple of holidaying South London skiffers, staying in the quiet and quaint fishing port of Mousehole.

The two lads were Michael Smith (19) and Alan Patten- den (18) who, with Trevor Taylor (18), David Barra- clough (18), all of Dartford, Kent, and Don Wood (18) from Bexley Heath, have spent several sessions with the London Jazz Club playing in the Chislehurst Caves, in Kent.

These boys already have a professional touch to their playing, and have been heard on Radio Luxembourg, and appeared on BBC TV.

Their most unusual engagement, however, was a session for a documentary film that was made about the caves.

me in the water: there isn't a pond, puddle or pool that I can go near without someone wanting to heave me in. I think they suspect it would be funny to watch me drown.

So I was keeping my eyes open pretty sharply on that day. But I certainly didn't think Harry Belafonte and former Olympic diver Peter Elliott were kidding when they hoisted me up and made as if to dump me in.

However, I survived that one, only to get a real ducking at the end of the show.

Who threw me? Well, for once nobody was to blame. Believe me, I just fell in. Seems I can't get the habit out of my system.

But I hope that when we visit RAF Odiham on our next outside location I won't be expected to fall out of a Javelin fighter—with or without parachute—just to make a funny ending!

'Helpful' crew

YOU didn't see it, because we were off the air by then, but while I was in the water a camera crew who'd come to watch the show swam out to me, and pushed me down.

I hit the bottom at about 11 feet, and stayed there as long as my breath would hold out. It's tough to fight your way to the surface in a suit and shoes, knowing there are five strong guys waiting at the top to make sure you go down again.

Peter Elliott, who showed his skill as a top-class diver, should develop into a big-time singer. This

These I enjoyed

EVERY so often Frank Sinatra turns up with a certainty for juke-box success, and I think his new Capitol release of “Moon- in- que,” the songs from the film “Kings Go Forth” should do it. Frank doesn't sing it in the movie, but he made this disc as a favour to his fans.

Two more Capitol releases this week deserve a lot of spins. Peggy Lee is in wonderful form with her ballad “Fever”; and there's an instrumental hipshot from Lou Busch, featuring Joe “Fingers” Carr, in “Ladies, Please Remove Your Hats.”

I'd like to hear them put words to that one.

From the London line-up comes another pleasing ballad, “Once More, My Love, Once More” sung by Jane Morgan.

SEE YOU THURSDAY



GEORGIA GIBBS, American songstress, rehearses for "Saturday Spectacular" last week-end. "This trip I haven't seen anything of London," she said.

Round and About

with
RICHI HOWELL



Sunday night on TV saw the **BEVERLEY SISTERS SHOW**, screened from the Prince of Wales theatre. Here the girls strike a different pose to the normal glamorous sister act.

EDNA SAVAGE, GLEN MASON, JIM DALE, BARBARA WINDSOR and TERRY DENE, go through "Love and Marriage" before last Saturday's transmission of "Six-Five Special."



"Six-Five Special" special last Saturday saw the appearance of the one and only **BERTICE READING**. Bertice is no glamour girl, but she can certainly put over a number, as you can see!



Compre/singer **JACKIE RAE**, seen with American recording star **MAUREEN CANNON** on Granada TV's "Summertime" show last week.



DAVID WHITFIELD and **JOSEF LOCKE** seem to be enjoying themselves on the beach at Blackpool between shows.



A great success last Saturday in BBC-TV's "Words and Music" was that charming coloured singer **LUCILLE MAPP**, pictured here in her dressing-room before going on for the show.