

September 20, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 33 Week ending September 20, 1958

DOMENICO MODUGNO

EVERY
6^D
THURSDAY



the original No. 1 record in the American Hit Parade

“VOLARE”

by **DOMENICO MODUGNO**

NEL BLU DIPINTO DI BLU

1CB 5000



45/78 rpm

Post Bag

Letters, brief but on any record subject, should be sent to:
'Post Bag,'
DISC,
Hulton House,
161, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4.

AN LP EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST LETTER PUBLISHED



"He's not much to look at but he's got more than 100 LPs."

a lovely song, beautifully sung. However, these perfectly sung records do get into the Hit Parade, and I don't think that even the most staunch rock fans can deny that songs like "Return To Me" and "Sugar Moon" (especially when sung by such singers as Dean Martin and Pat Boone) are extremely pleasant and soothing to the ear.

I was a staunch Elvis fan till about six months ago. However, going to see "Artist and Models" (Dean and Jerry Lewis) and hearing Dean sing "Inamorata" soon changed my mind, and I have been a fan of his ever since.—(Miss) HYLAY HUNT, Creden Grove, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

(A new "chapter" for the Dean!)

Praise due

ALTHOUGH I am a great fan of Elvis, and listen to him as much as possible, I do feel that some of his praise ought to go to the Jordanaires, who provide a most excellent background and harmony to his records. I don't think he would be where he is now if it weren't for the Jordanaires. What do other Elvis fans think?—STEPHANIE JOHNSON, Tillingbourne Road, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey.

(Don't forget the boys in the back room.)

Rock's the reason

SO Mr. Quinn believes rock has served no purpose. He seems to forget that stars like Elvis Presley and Tommy Steele were never heard of until rock came along, and now they have both starred in films and shown their ability to act as well.—ROY DAVIES, Lord Hills Road, Paddington, London, W.2.

(This could apply to others.)

Buddy of Buddy

I AM a Buddy Holly fan, and am inquisitive to know why on some labels (e.g. "Rave On") it is Buddy whose name is on the label, yet on others (e.g. "Oh, Boy," "Think It Over") the name on the label is The Crickets. In all the records the arrangement seems the same—Buddy Holly does the main singing and the two other members of the group give a background chorus. This has puzzled me for some time.—(Miss) ANN GRIFFITHS, Gladstone Road, Chester.

(And us!)

In defence of Good

LOTS of people who have recently written to Post Bag have criticised the wonderful sense of humour that Jack Good has. Reading "Disc Dissected" made me laugh at great length. He is the only person I know who can set Goon humour on paper.—A. T. EVANS, Chorley Road, Parbold, nr. Wigan, Lancs.

(All Jack could say was "Oh Boy!")

Speaking out

THERE'S much rot written in daily and Sunday papers about Elvis, his voice and his movements. Most of these articles are written by old age

pensioners and Sinatra fans. Here's a teenager's view.

His voice has a very large range, just listen to "Blue Moon of Kentucky," then "Good Rocking Tonight"; Sinatra and Comos seem like a soggy cornflake to him. His movements seem to be copied by every TV dancing group, the Toppers especially, but no one complains.

I should like to thank Elvis for all the happiness his singing brings to millions all over the world. You squares listen to your Sinatra and Comos and I hope they deafen you. Give me Elvis every time.—RAYMOND DALE, High Street, Halmerend, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

(Wouldn't you like all the Toppers?)

Oh, boy

THE changing of the time of "Oh, Boy!" and its placing against "6.5 Special" has done us out of our only teenage programmes. There must be hundreds of shop assistants in the same position as myself who work until 6.30 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays, therefore by the time we get home the programme has finished. The teenagers who are at home are usually getting ready to go to a dance or have already gone to the pictures. The Sunday night time of presenting "Oh, Boy!" was excellent as almost all the teenagers were at home by the time it came on. They should have left the programme where it was.—(Miss) R. PARSONS, Farren Road, Wyken, Coventry, Warwickshire.

(Some good points here—though 'tis hard to please everyone.)

Can we do better?

I AGREE with the reader who wrote recently to complain we have no originality in our records and hardly any decent recording stars. True enough, we have Tommy Steele and Lonnie Donegan, but even these haven't had any really great hits recently. I'll admit they've been in the Top Twenty, but what is this compared with the consistent hits in the top five of Elvis and Pat Boone. I am not complaining about the majority of American records in current popularity, in fact I welcome them. But surely we can put up a little more opposition than "Tulips From Amsterdam" and "Trudie"?—P. J. PHILLIPS, Kingsway, Little Stoke, Bristol.

(The ready-made hits from the States AND the large output of songs is, unfortunately, apt to submerge the efforts of our own songwriters.)

Snob's choice

I WAS interested in several phrases which Mr. Quinn used in his letter to DISC—"... the Sinatra lovers can smile their sophisticated smiles..." and "... the Oh-so-intelligent Sinatra fan..." for examples.

There's a definite difference in outlook in swing fans and in jazz fans in general. On one edition of "6.5 Special" the guests were debutantes and they all told Jim Dale they preferred jazz to rock 'n' roll. I know several Sinatra and jazz fans at school, and I find most of them some-

what snobbish in their outlook towards more "humble" forms of music. The jazz fan is generally a rugged fan, soccer claiming the rock 'n' roll fan.—P. A. TAVERNER, Halston, Nazeing, Essex.

(... and is anything cricket?)

Improvement

ONCE upon a time, when a certain Mr. Frankie Vaughan was screaming about "Green Doors" and giggling away on a record in which he asked "Leave The Rest To Me," I used to foam at the mouth at his gimmick-ridden type of offerings. Now I find that his latest record, "Wonderful Things," is so good, that I must apologise for ever saying that he couldn't sing. But the fault is not entirely mine—he used to disguise the fact so well that anyone could have made the mistake.—W. F. WEBBER, Maitland Park Villas, London, N.W.3.

(Vaughan's singing is now entirely Frank!)

'Rubbish'

WITH reference to his article in DISC (6-9-58), will you please inform John Gayne that, although I admire his outspokenness, his remarks on record production were utter rubbish.

The Presley fans who crowd the record shops for their idol's latest release couldn't care less how many "takes" were needed to make the final hit disc!

If the names of all the people technically responsible for its production, plus the number of "takes," were added to the data on the record label, the disc would still sell a million!

Why? Because, to the teenage record-buyers, it is the sound that matters, not the way it is technically produced.—MICHAEL HARRISON, Brownhill Crescent, Kinsley, Pontefract, West Yorks.

(We thought this might be the reaction, but wanted to know how our readers felt on the topic.)

Here's why

AS a dealer I have found customers do not like 45s for the following reasons:

- they are easily scratched and are then useless;
- they need cleaning regularly;
- their weight is often insufficient to force them to drop on an automatic player, with subsequent damage to the needle;
- they tend to skid on top of each other;
- their reproduction deteriorates rapidly after the first 50 plays;
- they often stick;
- the centres sometimes break;
- the volume is insufficient;
- a lot of record players will not play them.

Record companies might be interested to have these views.—LEYLAND ENTERPRISES, Wigan Road, Hindley, Lancs.

(These views from a dealer are somewhat revolutionary. We don't necessarily agree, but he has set some talking points.)

QUESTION CORNER

WHAT is the title of the song danced to by Anthony Perkins and Silvano Mangano in the film "Sea Wall"? Has anyone recorded it here?—N. WALDOCK, Fishponds Road, Bristol, 13.

(There are two tunes in "Sea Wall." Anthony Perkins sang "One Kiss Away From Heaven." Whilst both stars danced the crew to "Only You.")

CAN you tell me what instrument it is that is played in Elvis Presley's "Blue Moon" when Elvis

stops singing?—JEAN COLLIER, Orme Court, London, W.2.

(The record company tell us it's an amplified guitar.)

IF I would like a singing audition before I can make a recording? Where should I apply for a test—a record company or the BBC?—ALAN KING, Montford Avenue, Bankhead, near Glasgow.

(Better to record something which doesn't date and shows off your voice. The recording manager of a disc firm should be applied to.)

MUSIC IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

PRIZE LETTER

BRITAIN has been shocked by the spate of racial riots, but let us not forget that many of the century's leading musical personalities are coloured.

Think of Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, Harry Belafonte, Paul Robeson, Sarah Vaughan and many others. And think of race riots!

The two don't mix. They should never be allowed to mix!

Perhaps the fault really lies deep within ourselves. For it seems that we are all ready to accept the coloured person who gives us something—musically or in the field of sport—but neglect his brother, simply because his name means nothing to us.

Mirror, mirror on the wall—who, indeed, is the fairest...?—TREVOR DOLPIN, 30 George Road, New Oscott, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

(No need for us to comment.)

Fan club query

I WONDER if any DISC readers could tell me how to join a Ricky Nelson Fan Club. I would be most grateful.—D. SUMNER, Palace Hotel, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.

(All fan club secretaries should keep us informed of their addresses.)

Strike me!

PEOPLE are never satisfied. Some dislike Elvis because he wiggles. Others think the names of singers and songs are stupid. If a disc jockey doesn't play just what they want they say he is hopeless.

I wonder what they would all do if the singers and disc jockeys went on strike!—MARGARET MEUR, Bogs View, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Lita's conquest

I WOULD like to tell you how much I enjoyed meeting Lita Roza when she was over here recently for "6.5 Special." She was so natural and

friendly that, although I wasn't a great fan of hers, I am now.

I have met many stars since I started autograph collecting, and there are quite a few I have been disappointed in, as they were not all they appeared to be on TV—but not Lita! She deserves all the success she can get.—(Miss) M. SAVAGE, Wellington Square, Douglas, Isle of Man.

P.S. Could you give me the address at which I could write to Lita Roza?

(Write to Lita c/o Nixa Records, 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.)

Only on order

THE article about out of date 78s (DISC 16-8-58) reminded me of a recent round-Bradford tour in search of The Champs, "El Rancho Rock" on a 45 rpm disc.

At each of the six shops I tried I was told the same story, "We can order it for you."

Why should it be necessary to wait? All pops should be kept in stock.—JACK THWAITE, Legrams Farm, Bradford 7.

(Some dealers hesitate to order and so lose business in consequence.)

I like Dean

ATTRACTIVE, versatile, relaxed and velvet-voiced—that's Dean Martin.

For everyone to think as I do about Dean would be impossible, because (as is evident by certain records in the Top Twenty) not everyone appreciates

FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX CINEMASCOPE FILM "A CERTAIN SMILE"

'A CERTAIN SMILE'

Recorded by

- ★ SUNNY GALE (Coral)
- ★ THE JONES BOYS (Columbia)
- ★ JOHNNY MATHIS (Fontana)
- ★ ANDY RUSSELL (R.C.A.)
- ★ SANDY STEWART (London)

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CRAIG DOUGLAS
SITTING IN A TREE HOUSE
 c/w
NOTHIN' SHAKIN'
 F 11055 **DECCA** 45/78

TOP TWENTY

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 13th

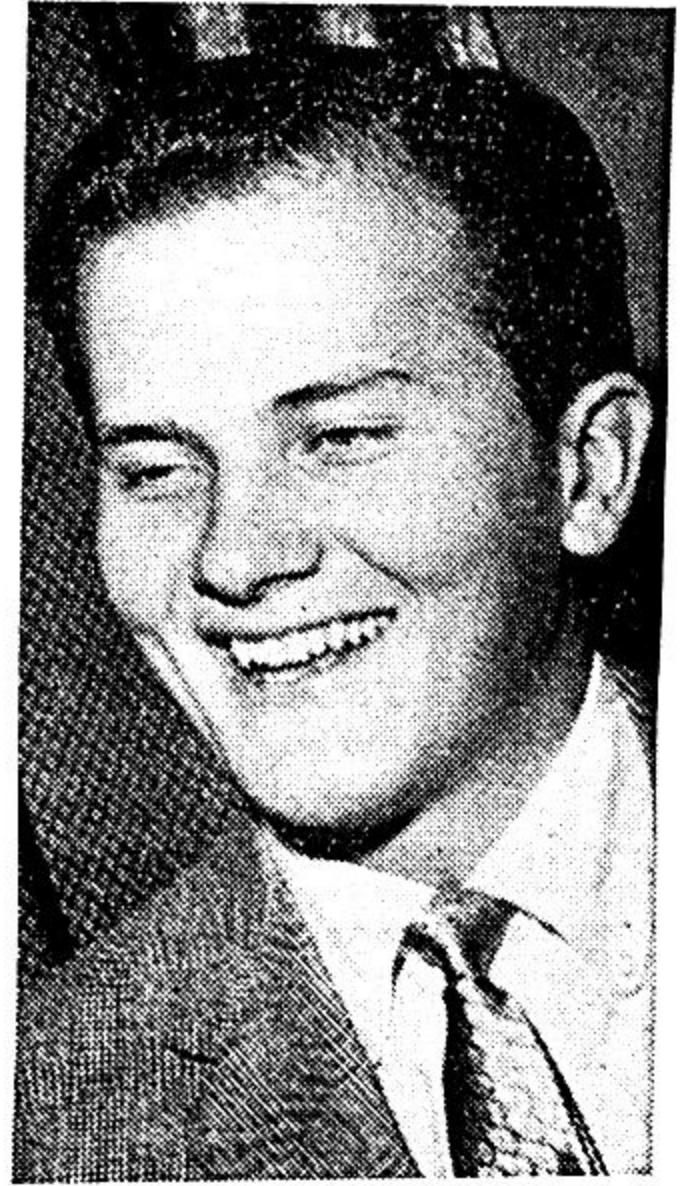
Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
1	1	When	Kalin Twins	Brunswick
2	2	Stupid Cupid / Carolina Moon	Connie Francis	MGM
3	3	Return To Me	Dean Martin	Capitol
6	4	Volare	Dean Martin	Capitol
5	5	Splish Splash	Charlie Drake	Parlophone
4	6	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers	London
9	7	Fever	Peggy Lee	Capitol
7	8	Endless Sleep	Marty Wilde	Philips
8	9	Poor Little Fool	Ricky Nelson	London
10	10	Early In The Morning	Buddy Holly	Coral
11	11	Patricia	Perez Prado	RCA
19	12	Bird Dog	Everly Brothers	London
18	13	Mad Passionate Love	Bernard Bresslaw	HMV
15	14	Volare	Domenico Modugno	Oriole
12	15	Rave On	Buddy Holly	Coral
16	16	Moon Talk	Perry Como	RCA
13	17	You Need Hands/ Tulips From Amsterdam	Max Bygraves	Decca
—	18	If Dreams Came True	Pat Boone	London
14	19	Hard Headed Woman	Elvis Presley	RCA
—	20	Born Too Late	Poni-Tails	HMV

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain.

PICKLE UP A DOODLE
TERESA BREWER
 Q 72386 **CORAL** 45/78



CLIMBING: Bernard Bresslaw



BACK AGAIN: Pat Boone

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for the week ending September 13th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	STUPID CUPID / CAROLINA MOON	Connie Francis
9	2	VOLARE	Dean Martin McGuire Sisters
2	3	EARLY IN THE MORNING	Buddy Holly
4	4	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
5	5	POOR LITTLE FOOL	Ricky Nelson
7	6	FEVER	Peggy Lee
6	7	REBEL ROUSER	Duane Eddy
3	7	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
7	8	WHEN	Kalin Twins
8	9	PATRICIA	Perez Prado Geoff Love
—	10	BIRD DOG	Everly Brothers

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

American Top Ten

These were the ten numbers that topped the sales in America last week (week ending September 13th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	VOLARE	Domenico Modugno
2	2	LITTLE STAR	The Elegants
3	3	BIRD DOG	Everly Brothers
4	4	JUST A DREAM	Jimmy Clanton
6	5	PATRICIA	Perez Prado
5	6	POOR LITTLE FOOL	Ricky Nelson
7	7	MY TRUE LOVE	Jack Scott
—	8	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Bobby Day
9	9	GINGER BREAD	Frankie Avalon
—	10	WESTERN MOVIES	The Olympics

ONES TO WATCH:

- Tears On My Pillow . . . Little Anthony and the Imperials
- The Ways Of A Woman In Love . . . Johnny Cash

Records FROM America

The Poni-Tails
 Born too late
 H.M.V. POP516 (45 & 78)

Jimmy Bowen
 WITH THE RHYTHM ORCHIDS
 By the light of the silvery moon
 COLUMBIA DB4184 (45 & 78)

Buddy Knox
 Somebody touched me
 COLUMBIA DB4190 (45 & 78)

LISTEN TO 'RECORDS FROM AMERICA'
 Introduced by Gerry Wilmot
 Radio Luxembourg, every Tuesday, 9.45-10 p.m.
(Regd. Trade Marks of The Gramophone Co. Ltd., Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd.)
 E.M.I. Records Ltd.
 8-11 Great Castle Street, London W.1

KENT WALTON'S COOL FOR CATS



GEORGE O'REILLY shows KENT WALTON the Dublin sights.

WHICH THIS WEEK HAS AN IRISH FLAVOUR

some of our British stars, especially Ted Heath and Mike Holliday.

Top band of the moment is Ray Ellis and his Orchestra, who play in big-band style which to my ear sounded a little like Ray Anthony. These American discs are released by Fontana, and the new pressing that I heard, and thought a lot of, was "Mountain Greenery" backed with "I'll Be Seeing You."

This outfit should go a long way here, too.

13-piece band

ON the horizon there's a new Irish 13-piece band and I hear that it may be the one that will be making some commercial record-

about an hour before I had to leave to catch my plane. And am I glad I went! This was really a fresh and lively session.

While this band is coming up fast, Mick Delahunty and his 15-piece players are booked for many weeks ahead at dance halls. Mick has been in the business for 25 years, and he's not only built up a devoted following at home, but he's also made successful tours of Britain and the U.S.

But he features the "quick-quick-slow" rhythmic style strictly for dancing. I think he'll find he will have to go for the new arrangements to keep up with Chris.

Odd disc

IN Dublin I came upon one of the oddest discs I've heard. The label calls it "Electronic Popular Music," and for modern sounds this can't be beaten. It's made up of wave vibra-

tions which give a similar effect to an electric organ, and result in a quite recognisable version of the old tune, "Colonel Bogey."

The technical nature of this method of recording is beyond me, but for those of you who understand the "sine wave, square wave, sawtooth, and pulse generators" it should be quite clear.

The Philips' blurb on the jacket says that it's "the first record of popular music created by purely electronic means."

I don't think it's likely to put any handlers out of business, but I found it a fascinating tit-bit.

Hurling!

ONE of Eire's leading movie cameramen, Vincent Corcoran, arranged for me to go

with him to see a hurling match. It was another lucky break, because I saw the match on the equivalent of our Cup Final day.

It's the most dangerous game I've ever seen, and how all the players aren't murdered I shall never know. Three men were carried off on stretchers that afternoon.

Just before the start I saw a face in the crowd that I recognised. It was film actor James Cagney, who's just started a picture in Dublin, "Shake Hands With The Devil."

These I have heard

A BRITISH girl, none other than our own star singer Anne Shelton, heads this week's choice of discs. It's Anne's backing to "Volare," and it's called "Do You Love Me Like You Kiss Me?" This is another English version of an Italian song, and Philips have given it really fine treatment. It could push its way into the charts.

Another Italian song from Philips should help the popularity of Robert Earl, who sings "Come Prima."

Also from the British offerings comes Norrie Paramor and his Big Ben Banjo Band in a stirring "Mountain March" (Columbia). Reverse is a pleasing three-four tempo number with a bright lyric, "The Luxembourg Waltz."

Capitol have sent an up-beat recording of an old British favourite, "Lily of Laguna," performed by Les Baxter with orchestra and chorus. It's a long time since this last came out on a disc, and it's worth a spin.

In striking contrast is the new Capitol EP of the Four Preps, with the main track featuring a very smooth "26 Miles."

And this week I'm signing off to my U.K. readers with: "See You Friday." But I'd like to wish my Irish friends, "Slainte Go Sula Agut."



IF YOU'RE AFTER THE LATEST RELEASES

Well now, it's Dublin that has them

THERE'S been many a song written around an Irish name: for instance, a popular Rooney, a sweet O'Grady and an ageless Mother Machree.

Now I'd like to propose a new name for the list; O'Reilly, in honour of George O'Reilly, of Dublin, who was my benevolent guide round that fair city a few days ago.

When I told Paddy Fleming, of Philips, in London, that I was crossing the Irish Channel to look at disc biz in the Emerald Isle, he smartly arranged an introduction for me with George. The result was a visit that turned up many unusual surprises, and a great time in all.

George O'Reilly is managing director of Irish Record Factors, sole distributors in the Republic for Philips, RCA, Coral and American Vogue, which is a very big handful, indeed.

We were spinning lots of wonderful discs for hours, and the first thing I learned from him was that Dublin is often way ahead of London on the latest releases.

Philips, for instance, can send pressings to Eire direct from their headquarters factory in Holland without purchase tax problems that apply over here: the same recordings have to wait their turn to be pressed in this country.

Disc I went for most of all is a long-player from Perry Como called "Dear Perry." In it, Perry has a backing that's dynamic. His track of "Birth Of The Blues" has a terrific brass section, and I hope we'll be playing this one specially for you on "Cool" shortly. Two other numbers also superb are "Accentuate The Positive" and "It Had To Be You."

Other platters I'd advise you to watch out for—though I don't know when they'll be in the shops—are Les Paul and Mary Ford with

"Put A Ring Round My Finger" and "Fantasy"; Guy Mitchell's "Let It Shine, Let It Shine," and Buddy Holly, who's brilliant with "Early In The Morning."

No Irish version

I'D hate to be job-hunting in Dublin, because they have no disc jockeys there. And there are no song-pluggers as we know them to boost discs on programmes.

Nor is there an Irish Hit Chart—their Parade is the same as ours. The best-seller was Harry Belafonte's "Mary's Boy Child" which topped 12,000 copies.

But generally a disc is a "hit" if it gets around the 10,000 mark—a big-seller in the U.K. may reach around 120,000 copies.

And as for the music magazines, I noticed that DISC was popular reading.

Swing to British

I LOOKED in vain for recordings of Irish singers, but none of them records "pop" discs. The only discs made in Eire so far have been of Irish songs, but I'll be telling you elsewhere of a new band group that may be taping some trial sessions soon.

Of course there are plenty of singers, but record sales aren't thought to be sufficient for an entry into the "pop" field. So the fans follow the U.S. and British artistes.

Up to two or three years ago they were practically all-American, but lately there's been a swing towards

ings. Leader is 23-year-old trumpeter, Chris Lamb, who was once with the Jack Parnell band in Britain, and around him he's grouped a dozen really keen young musicians.

These boys admit they're still learning, but they're working hard to improve, and they're developing a new style of playing, with modern arrangements.

Vocalist is Frankie Blowers, who has a very powerful voice. If he is put on disc, I'll expect him to shake some of our established artistes.

The band is managed by George O'Reilly and he's anxious to get these boys into competitive shape against British and U.S. bands.

The boys have been working out of town and I thought I was going to miss them in Dublin. But luckily I had the chance of going to a rehearsal in a dance hall only

Worked for nothing—but worth it

ON a recent "Cool" I welcomed Steve Martin, who had come along to sing his fifth disc, "Blue-Eyed Sue." Backing this Philips release is Steve singing "The Man Inside," title song from a recent film, and which provided an odd moment in Steve's career.

Seems he sang the song for the film during the production, and everybody assured him it was "great." But in the final editing, his bit was cut out. However, he'd made such a good impression with it that Philips invited him to do it again for his latest disc release.

Steve's hometown is Manchester, but he came to London in 1950 with £30 in his pocket, and certain that he'd take London by storm.

After about three weeks, he had little more than a pound left, and

no job. For a few months he returned to his former occupation, tailoring, and left when he was offered a week's work at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East.

He went down well and was asked to do a second week—without pay. He accepted, and that fortnight started him off in London.

Since then, Steve has worked with Jack Parnell, Nat Temple and until recently, Lou Preager. Now he's on his own, concentrating on a solo career.

Steve's a married man, and he expects to become a father early next year. I asked him whether he was hoping for a son who would follow him in his singing career, but he said he would rather have a daughter.

COVER PERSONALITY

MODUGNO—man of the moment?

OUR cover personality this week is a very new newcomer, with the not-so-easy-to-pronounce name of Domenico Modugno.

In next to no time he has become the singing rage of America, and the pattern looks like repeating itself in Britain.

All this has come about through a catchy little Italian melody (which you might possibly have heard!) called "Volare." Or, if you want the title in full, "Nel blu dipinto di blu." We'll stick to "Volare"!

This new disc sensation has been monopolising the American charts for many weeks now and there's still no sign of a recession.

The success of this disc has set up a tremendous interest in this typical Latin artiste, and American recording companies are going all out to obtain every available piece of material which he has already committed to wax.

American Decca have been quick off the mark in issuing an LP by Modugno, and critics have given it a high rating. So Domenico looks set to attain the maximum sales for this type of album. I shouldn't be surprised to see the LP making its way

over this side of the Atlantic before long.

Elsewhere, Jubilee Records in the States have acquired several European master discs, and have secured the American distribution rights for them. First release from this new deal is "Cavaddazu" and "Le Petit Reveil."

Indications are that this new platter could achieve the same popularity as "Volare."

Naturally, in the wake of this record success, offers for Domenico's in-person services are rolling in.

He has just returned to the States after a visit to Rome, and embarked upon a long series of club dates which take him up to the end of this year at least. Highlight will be his appearance in Las Vegas at the end of December.

When "Volare" was about to descend on us we were greeted by recordings from nearly every artiste of standing. To mention only a few, they came along from Dean Martin, Anne Shelton, The McGuire Sisters, Cyril Stapleton, Jimmy Young and Ronald Chesney.

Though these had a slight start on the original, Oriole were able to announce, quite proudly, that they had gained the issue rights for the Domenico

Modugno version. Despite the delay, Oriole pulled out every stop and the "Volare" battle was on.

Within days, Modugno's version was being heard, played and sold and has been rivalling Dean Martin not inconsiderably. When one realises how well-known Dean Martin is, it is no mean achievement on Oriole's part that they have firmly planted Modugno high up on the popularity charts.

The time is still young, and I feel sure that we are going to see some interesting developments between these two artistes.

It seems odd that through the welter of rock and beat discs that we've had of late that such a charming continental song could capture the imagination.

Though I, personally, like "Volare," I have yet to discover the secret of its success. It doesn't have the impact value of some of its competitors, it is very similar to many Italian airs, yet it seems to have a fascination all of its own that has intrigued record buyers by the thousand.

As the dominating personality on our coveted cover spot, Domenico Modugno is very much a newcomer compared with many, but since the beginning of his popularity our mail-



bag has been inundated with requests for his picture. This week's portrait should please a multitude.

Many of you will know that Domenico Modugno recorded "Volare" after this song had won the famous San Remo festival this year. Modugno actually wrote it and, though he didn't sing it in the festival, he seemed to be the perfect choice for recording the title.

A small label in Italy made the capture, a firm called Fonit, and soon they, and Domenico

Modugno, found that they had a No. 1 hit on their hands. It swept through music-loving Italy like a whirlwind.

Decca in the States soon took up the American rights for it, and there it has become one of the biggest hits for many a long day.

For a while it seemed as if we were to be denied it in this country, but Oriole, a little giant amongst very big giants, pulled off the deal. The result you now know.

MERVYN DOUGLAS

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

It's Show BUSINESS

SITTING in the sort of position that I do, amidst a business so complex and wonderful as the world of entertainment one thing occasionally causes a stopping of the breath, a deep and quite lasting puzzlement.

Fickle I know you the public are. Make no mistake, you're far more unpredictable than the majority of professional critics.

Ask any performer if he ever feels confident of knowing what you want.

You change from week to week, you alter from place to place.

You get tired—as most normal, discerning people always will—of repetition. That's why, indeed, I said what I did last week.

The business ties itself in knots trying to find something new to titivate your fancy.

And yet when the processes are in gear for creating something at least a jot different from what you've been getting and as a result the old stars and styles begin a slide into the shadows, a cry begins to ripple through the land: "Where

is so-and-so?" "Why don't we get more of this-and-that?"

"Why the ban on Jerry Lee Lewis?" comes a wail because this performer has sunk into comparative oblivion.

But what ban is there apart from the one you and your American counterparts have slapped on him by just shrugging off his standard of entertainment because it is so far below that of others?

And then again, all around us we can hear the splintering of the wreckage of what I shall call "pure rock 'n' roll."

As it tumbles to the end of its usefulness and leaves behind it the good things it has to offer to music—a firm, gripping beat—true

The people in the record trade are in it for money, and it's YOUR money—so what you'll pay for you'll get.

musicians breathe a sigh of relief, singers with voices and coherent diction give thanks for a chance at last to reach a public again and even you, the public, clap your hands and buy the new records of what colleague Jack Good beautifully termed last week "New Listen."

Yet the correspondence columns of DISC and its contemporaries are choked with letters bewailing: "Why the ban on rock? . . . why are they trying to kill rock?"

A few weeks back I tried to get across the stark fact of life: show business is business—lightly, so lightly sprinkled with sentiment.

Nothing you, the public, really likes, well enough to buy a lot of, is ever banned—as long as it's decent, of course.

If the rock stars you have idolised don't seem to be making as many records today as they were three months ago, and if the songs they are recording now are not the same as the ones you were thrilled by, it's because men who spend their sleepless nights keeping trembling fingers on the pulse of your likes and dislikes, have found you as a mass don't like them nearly so much.

Of course, it's hard on the stalwarts, the last ditch fans. Soon, no doubt, they will be like those hardy

"trad jazz" fans who eagerly snap up collectors' items of originals from the early 1900s.

But don't blame the business for it . . . don't blame the record companies or the artistes or the managers.

Even I won't do that.

Face the truth and practise a philosophical shrug.

The fashion you loved is waning and something new is taking its place.

Keep calm and give it a listen. Maybe you'll grow to love it too.

AN open note now to Glen Mason, that Scots cherub of personality:

You'll never get stuck in a rut Glen while you are alive to the fact that it is possible for you to get stuck in one. It's the smart-alec performers who sit under a halo of smugness that anything they do the fans will rave about, who get bogged down.

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SIDETRACKS

By
JACK GOOD
(he's the 'Oh Boy!'
producer)



THE bell rings for the end of the first round in the great slogging match between the reigning champion, "Six-Five Special," and the contender for the title, "Oh Boy!"

Now the fight is really on, how does it feel? Well, it's thrilling. At first I didn't like the idea of competing with "Six-Five" for which I had a great affection.

I didn't want to see the programme's viewing figures nibbled away by the other channels. And in any case it was hard to imagine what programme could top the old "Six-Five."

But now it has all changed so much from the early days that it is virtually a different show, so I don't feel that in opposing it I am violently changing loyalties. In fact in "Oh Boy!" I feel that the excitement we experienced in early "Six-Fives" has been regenerated—only 10 times more intensely.

Then again "Oh Boy!" is crammed with friends with whom I had the pleasure of working on "Six-Five." Both Red Price and Rex Morris, the two Rockingham tenors, have played tenor in Don Lang's famous Frantic Five. Eric Ford (electric guitar) played on "Six-Five" with Denny Boyce's band. Neville Taylor had, of course, made his mark on "Six-Five"—as had the Vernons Girls. Then, of course, the Dallas Boys were no strangers to the old "Six-Five." Trevor Peacock, our script writer was the original writer for "Six-Five." Harry Robinson, our musical director, used to be very much in evidence as Jim Dale's musical arranger and adviser.

Youthful team

Just in case this recitation gives you the impression that "Oh Boy!" is run by a crowd of old has-beens let me hasten to point out that the "Oh Boy!" team must be about the youngest in television.

Harry Robinson is only 24; dance director, Leslie Cooper 26 while Trevor Peacock and I are 27. I haven't dared to ask Rita Gillespie the director and Bill Nuttall and Jim Boyers—our brilliant sound and lighting men—how old they are but they all look far too young to have learnt all the know-how at their command.

Many people say, and I used to agree with them, that it is unfair to the public that, for the sake of cut-throat competition, two programmes of similar content should be transmitted at the same time.

For the very people who would like to view one programme would also like to view the other—and the people who dislike one will probably hate the other and yet have no alternative kind of viewing.

Oh Boy! Thanks Jack, thanks Cliff for a terrific performance of MOVE IT!

CLIFF RICHARDS record (Col. DB 4178) which shot into the Hit Parade in one week

THE B.F. WOOD MUSIC CO. LIMITED
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The TV fight of the year is being battled out in weekly rounds between the two rival teenage shows. But our-man-in-the-ring says—

It can't go on for ever

Well, of course, all this is very true. But you can't have your cake and eat it. If you accept that competition is a good thing because it keeps both sides on their toes to give the public the very best, then the public cannot logically complain at the necessary result of competition—programme clashing.

To have competition that didn't compete might be desirable but it is impossible.

In any case pop-music haters can be reassured. The situation cannot last. Sooner or later the battle will be won or lost and the losing side will naturally replace the victim with a programme that will compete by attracting a different sort of viewing.

The outcome

Who will win? Obviously I'm about the most biased person possible on this question—except perhaps Russell Turner. But here's why I think we will win.

When "Six-Five" started, it was a mammoth sized task to try to persuade the powers-that-were that it was not only Safe but Essential to let our studio audience loose all over the set.

This, I felt sure, would create a new and exciting atmosphere. The idea, luckily, seemed to pay dividends. But it is now definitely for the scrap-heap. It used to be fun, but now, over the months, it has become a bore. The kids in "Six-Five" now ought to be relegated to an auditorium out of vision.

But this means that the whole production of "Six-Five" would have to change in style. There



Perhaps the London Zoo's baby panda, Chi Chi, doesn't like BERNARD BRESSLAW's "Mad Passionate Love." After this shot, we are told, Chi Chi chased Bernard round the pit.

would be no longer any grounds for snap-happy camera work catching spontaneous movement and expressions.

Everything would have to become more precise. In fact, my impression is that the "Six-Five" would really have to run on the lines of "Oh Boy!"

But there's a snag to this, the terrible task of assembling the "Oh Boy!" team has convinced me that there are certainly not enough of the right people to form two similar programmes—there are only just enough to form one.

So there it is. Meanwhile the battle rages.

The first clever move was, I have to admit, made by Russell Turner, who had it announced the week before the first "Oh Boy!" that Bernard Bresslaw, the star of the

last week's show, would have to leave "before 6.30"—the time "Oh Boy!" finishes.

'Onions'

"FRIED Onions" has just been released in America, where rumour from fairly unreliable sources suggests that the Rockingham sound is causing quite a stir among DJs over there. It is, perhaps, safe to assume that the record has been played at least once in U.S.A. Meantime Lord Rockingham has

This last epic title had the XI in hilarious fits of the dreaded Screaming Nadders during the session. Voices by H. Robinson and J. Good had to be dubbed on to the record three times every time we wanted an effect. One for stereophonic sound, once for monaural and once for funeral.

Rasping noise

QUITE a few people have asked how Lord Rockingham's XI get that rasping, edgy sax-noise. Well here is one trade secret. Before a session whilst every other band would tune up, Lord Rockingham's XI carefully detune. The saxophones then, being fractionally out of tune, have that "cutting" noise.

The musicians in the band are amused by this "sharp" practice and suggest that this sort of noise should be called "Un-music" and that the Rockingham XI should form the nucleus of a newly formed "Un-musicians Dis-Union" and all those who did not join would automatically be branded as "White-legs."

The Dis-Union would insist that Un-Musicians should be contracted for a minimum number of 3-hour tea-breaks; and they would also decree that these tea breaks should be broken at regular intervals by a minimum of 20 minute rehearsal sessions. I only hope the idea doesn't catch on.

Rehearsal

THE week before last Marty Wilde lost his voice and Vince Eager had to take his place at the Finsbury Park Empire. This week Marty's voice has been the object of concern and it was thought by most people at rehearsals of "Oh Boy!" that Vince Eager's furtive presence in the background was just in case he had to replace Marty again.

But Vince was waiting for Marty to have a spare moment to rehearse "Bird Dog" with him—the number these two strapping 6 ft. 2 inch boys are going to perform together on the "Oh Boy!" of October 4.

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SPOTLIGHT

on

JOE HENDERSON

MENTION the name Joe "Mr. Piano" Henderson and you immediately think of a one-man music industry. Because that's what Joe undoubtedly is.

He has a knack of dashing off "Top Twenty" tunes, he is a first class accompanist, a disc star in his own right, and one of the best known music publishers in the country.

Where to start—that's the problem, so I won't try to set out his careers in watertight compartments, because they're not.

Perhaps I should start by telling you what his parents wanted him to be.

They had visions of a medical career for their son, and throughout his school days Joe was educated with that end in view.

"My folks thought it would be a safe, respectable, responsible career for a well-brought-up young Scot," says Glasgow-born Joe.

So, until the age of 15, young Joe Henderson suppressed his musical ambitions.

But by then he could stand the studying no longer, and formed his own jazz band.

Naturally, Joe expected parental opposition—and he got it. But that wasn't all; his school tutors

National Service caught up with Joe, after he had begun to earn a few pounds playing the piano in clubs and from composing a few songs.

He went into the Royal Air Force as a photographer, but decided that he never wanted to move far from Tin Pan Alley when he returned to Civvy Street.

"So I did the rounds of the publishing houses," recalls Joe. "Eventually I got a job, and used to play new songs to the stars. Quite a number I plugged made the Top Twenty. There was *Open The Door Richard, Music, Music, Music, Woody Woodpecker, and Heartbreaker*.

It was around this time that Joe found himself a regular "date."

One day a petite pretty young thing walked into Joe's office and said she was looking for a number for a television show.

The girl was Petula Clark. Next

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE BUT NOW



Hit-tune composer, in-demand accompanist, disc star and well-known music publisher—that's Joe Henderson who could well qualify for our series on the success of any one of his activities

American George Hamilton IV's hit recording of *Why Don't They Understand*, the Stargazers version of *Somebody*, and Joe's latest Transatlantic hit, *Trudie*.

His *Sing With Joe* discs are among the best sellers, and he made history with one in the series.

He is the only person to wax one of them right in front of a BBC TV camera on an *Off The Record* transmission. No one has ever before made a commercial record in front of eight million viewers.

Joe admits that he is a bit of a Jekyll and Hyde. "It's sometimes something of a strain to switch from business executive, to artiste, to composer.

"But when I can't stand it any longer I take myself off for a round of golf. Mind you, I'm no Bing Crosby with the golf clubs, and I never get to the 19th hole because I don't drink."

Disc stars who have waxed Joe's music read like a show biz Who's Who. They include Winnie Atwell, Marion Ryan, Yana, George Melachrino, Jerry Lewis, Jimmy Young, Les Baxter . . . and so on, ad infinitum.

I asked Joe how he came to be called "Mr. Piano." "Well, I was on a business trip in Holland, and while I was staying at an hotel I was constantly getting telephone calls from friends and fans," he said.

"The poor hotel receptionist and the switchboard operator had awful trouble getting their Dutch tongues round my name.

"Eventually, they gave up and just called me Mr. Piano. Soon everyone seemed to know that the nickname referred to me, and my recording manager, Allan Freeman, thought it would be a good idea to use it in my publicity from then on."

Joe never became a doctor in the medical sense. But Doctor Joe, as Ike himself admits, helped a President of the United States along the road to recovery.

Joan Davis

He cures with music

objected just as much, too.

It wasn't long, then, before Joe's band disbanded, and he accepted an offer to join an all-Scots jazz combination.

"We didn't worry much, then, about material things like money, food, and clothes. All we were interested in was playing jazz.

"We used to go to corner cafés and ask for a roll, butter and cup of tea in payment for a world premiere of a brand new composition by a man—me—whom my pals assured the proprietor would one day mean as much to music as Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Fats Waller and Bach.

"But they couldn't see it our way, so once again the band folded up.

"Mind you, I didn't mind suffering for my art. I was quite prepared to move from my lodging house to an Embankment bench when I could no longer pay the rent."

By then, of course, Joe was in London, but he wouldn't let his parents know just how bad things were.

He told them that life in the Big City was just fine. That he was sure he had done the right thing. That he just needed a little time before he made the big time.

Joe recalls: "I dared not write home and tell the folks that I was out of work, otherwise they would have insisted I take the first train back to Scotland. And it would have been back to school again for me.

"But perhaps after all they did see just a bit through the bluff, because, looking back I can recall quite a few letters from my parents with two or three pounds stuck casually between the pages, bless 'em."

thing he knew, he had not only provided Pet with a song, but also found himself a regular job as Petula's accompanist.

They travelled around the Variety theatres together, and built up an act that climbed to the top of the television and music hall bills.

Joe established his own music publishing company, and later became manager of an American

company. Then he became associated with one disc star after another. There was Donald Peers, and before she became a star, Joe advised Alma Cogan on her career, played for her around the halls, and accompanied her on her first television date.

Probably the composition of Joe's of which he is most proud is *Flirtation Waltz*. There were

seventeen different international waxings of this number—at a time when waltzes were definitely not top of the lists of pop music.

It is number three on President Eisenhower's personal Hit Parade. He specially asked for a recording of it while he was convalescing.

Remember some of Joe's other top compositions? David Whitfield's waxing of his *Dream Of Paradise*,

MUSIC in the AIR

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SEPTEMBER 18

7.00—Thursday's Requests.
8.30—Ranch-house Serenade.
9.45—Jeremy Lubbock
10.00—It's Record Time.

SEPTEMBER 19

7.00—Friday's Requests.
8.30—Coming Your Way.
9.15—The Dickie Valentine Show.
9.45—Scottish Requests.
10.15—Record Hop.

SEPTEMBER 20

7.00—Saturday's Requests.

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

9.30—Riverboat Shuffle.
10.00—Irish Requests.
10.30—Spin With the Stars.
11.30—Jack Jackson's Record Round-up.

SEPTEMBER 21

7.45—Winifred Atwell.
8.30—Calling The Stars.
9.30—Cream of the Pops.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Chris Barber
11.00—Top Twenty.

SEPTEMBER 22

7.00—Monday's Requests.
8.30—Coming Your Way.
9.00—Deep River Boys.
9.15—Smash Hits.
10.00—Jack Jackson's Hit Parade.
10.30—Pete Murray's Top Pops.

SEPTEMBER 23

7.00—Tuesday's Requests.
8.30—Godfrey Winn.
9.15—Dennis Day Show.
9.45—Records from America.
10.00—The Capitol Show.
10.30—Fontana Fanfare.

SEPTEMBER 24

7.00—Wednesday's Requests.
8.30—Midweek Merry-Go-Round.
9.15—Liberace.
10.00—Pete Murray's Record Show.

AFN

SEPTEMBER 18

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

SEPTEMBER 19

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

SEPTEMBER 20

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

10.00—Music Views From Hollywood.

SEPTEMBER 21

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

SEPTEMBER 22

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

SEPTEMBER 23

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

SEPTEMBER 24

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

* YOUR WEEKLY * * *

DISC

DATE

* * with DON NICHOLL * * *

EDDIE CALVERT

The Common Touch; Americano (Columbia DB4187)*****

EDDIE CALVERT sings! Eddie Calvert sings?

Yes—and once you've got over the shock of hearing a voice instead of a trumpet—I think you'll stay to listen.

Eddie may not be the greatest thing that ever happened to the ballad, but his voice is more than fair. He sings the slow ballad **The Common Touch** with a sure touch and a professionalism that sounds better than many current disc voices. The north-country accent keeps coming through at times, but this is more than just a gimmick side.

I'd like to hear Eddie try his hand at another song before passing final judgment, but he's playing safe by sticking to that golden trumpet for **Americano** on the other side of this release. **Americano** is a glittering instrumental by "Torero" composer, Renato Carosone.

LES BAXTER

Dance Everyone Dance; A Chance Is All I Ask (Capitol CL14919)*****

THE whirling interpretation of **Dance Everyone Dance** by Les Baxter's orchestra and chorus is one of the most flashing things to reach us on record this year.

The familiar tune—an old Jewish folk song—leaps to life in this sparkling arrangement and Salli Terri brings a verve to her vocal that will leave you breathless. Deserves to be a mighty seller.

There is a folk flavour to the slower number on the flipside too. **A Chance Is All I Ask** reminds me rather of "Sixteen Tons," though it is less vehement than that hit. Male chorus sings the lyric while Baxter keeps a drum-throbbing backing going with a guitar.

BETTY MADIGAN

Dance Everyone Dance; My Symphony Of Love (Coral Q72337)****

NOT heard frequently enough on this side of the water, Betty Madigan always sets herself a high standard on disc. And she's got one of her best efforts on show with **Dance Everyone Dance**. To a rousing accompaniment

EDDIE CALVERT PUTS ASIDE THE GOLDEN TRUMPET



HE'S THE WEEK'S VOCAL SURPRISE

from Dick Jacobs' orchestra and chorus Betty sweeps firmly through this modern adaptation of the old Jewish melody.

My Symphony Of Love is a slow beat ballad which Miss Madigan sings sweetly and soulfully.

MICHAEL HOLLIDAY
She Was Only Seventeen; The Gay Vagabond (Columbia DB4188)*****

MIKE's rich, lazy tones ooze through **Seventeen** in typically unhurried manner. You cannot mistake Mike when he's in this mood—and his fans should be flocking to the counters again... reminded by his BBC-TV appearances.

Bright material on the reverse is a British adaptation of a song which appeared here on disc in German some months back.

The Gay Vagabond is a bright sunny-hearted song which Holliday ripples through delightfully. I prefer this half.

TOMMY EDWARDS
Please Love Me Forever; It's All In The Game (MGM 989)*****

YOUNG coloured balladeer Tommy Edwards should register very strongly as he sings **It's All In The Game**. A good pounding ballad it is sung by Edwards in a voice that sounds like a cross between Johnny Mathis and Nat "King" Cole. Which is quite a cross however you view it!

Good choral and orchestral backing batonned by Leroy Holmes

WITH Eddie Calvert springing the vocal surprise of this week's reviews, it's difficult to register much surprise for the other items.

But I would like you to make a note of Tommy Edwards, who appears on the MGM label. Here's a voice with a big future, unless I'm way off beam. Les Baxter has a winner, too, in his thrilling orchestral revival of an old folk tune, now titled "Dance Everyone Dance."

And perhaps the nearest thing to a Top Twenty man this week is our old solid friend, Gordon MacRae.

should help to make this one a sleeper with Top Twenty hopes.

Similar tempo keeps flowing for **Please Love Me Forever**, but though there's lushness in this beat ballad the side doesn't seem to have the force of its disc companion.

DON FOX
She Was Only Seventeen; When You Are A Long Long Way From Home (Decca F. 11057)***

DON FOX who still has time to come up with a really big one for Decca makes a neat job of **She Was Only Seventeen**. I'm still not too happy about the ballad itself but the Fox treatment makes it sound better than others.

For the turnover, Don keeps the slow beat going through a ballad that ought to be a natural for the request programmes. Family sentiment gleams like a flood of tears through every line of this number. There'll be a big market for it.

Don's in good big voice... the accompaniment of orchestra and

and should find himself with plenty of British femme fans as a result.

For the turnover he chooses the song about the cobbler's family **Seven Daughters**. In polished calypso fashion he sings this novel number happily with a male group lah-de-dahing with him.

HUGO WINTERHALTER
Blue Lovers' Lament; Moonlight In Capri (RCA 1077)***

SOULFUL accordion and a lot of strings are the main items used by Hugo Winterhalter in his orchestral presentation of **Blue Lovers' Lament**.

It's a sad little melody that borrows from the cowboy's ranges for its atmosphere. Winterhalter keeps the tempo loping gently along as he builds the power throughout the side.

Moonlight In Capri switches the mood completely—as you can gather from its title. Here the accent is on mandolins. Their rippling notes carry a very romantic melody which certainly lives up to its name.

A disc to dream by.

DON RONDO
Dormi-Dormi-Dormi; In Chi Chi Chihuahua (London HLJ8695)****

FROM the Jerry Lewis film "Rock-a-bye Baby" comes **Dormi - Dormi - Dormi**, a gentle waltzing lullaby with a Mediterranean accent.

While the mandolins strum softly in the background, Don Rondo sings the ballad firmly and warmly. There's also a feminine chorus weaving extra size into the half. An extremely likeable performance of a number which ought to be very big indeed.

Cute Latin novelty on the flip tells the story about a Mexican girl Don loves. Fast and fairly catchy **In Chi Chi Chihuahua** has a chanting girl group plugging the title—too much.

GORDON MACRAE
The Secret; A Man Once Said (Capitol CL14920)*****

FILM star Gordon MacRae has always been unlucky so far as the British hit parade is concerned. Capitol are hoping that his luck will take a drastic turn for the better with the release of **The Secret**. Well—it could, because MacRae is aimed very directly at the pop market with this ballad.

From a quiet start, the slice grows in strength as Gordon sings simply to an ear-holding Latin beat accompaniment directed by Van Alexander. Tune is easy to remember—and MacRae has never let his hair down quite so much before.

A Man Once Said is a philosophical romantic ballad—more like the MacRae we're used to getting. Van Alexander's feminine chorus sails around the baritone as he brings his full baritone strength to the song.



BETTY MADIGAN —high standard

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).

DE CASTRO SISTERS
Who Are They To Say?; When You Look At Me
(HMV POP527)***

THE De Castro Sisters have the handy advantage of a Don Costa arrangement and orchestral backing as they move slowly and attractively into the new ballad *Who Are They To Say?*

The girls take this teenage love lament with sincerity and plenty of charm. A side which will definitely help the song to gain in popularity.

When You Look At Me is a slow lilting ballad with the Italian atmosphere that is selling like ice-cream in a heat wave. The girls take part of the lyric in the Latin language but I feel they might have made more of the number than they do. They get into a rather slow sad rut which hampers the appeal of the ball.

HAL SCHAEFER
March of The Vikings; March of the Parisian Bakers
(London HLT8692)**

FROM the blood-and-battle film, "The Vikings," Hal Schaefer takes the stirring march for his top side. Chorus chants the title so much that you're left in no doubt about it.

Mixing his brass and strings and letting the kettle drums rattle away, Schaefer produces a noisy effort which may be bought by those who want to remember the film... but by few others I fear.

The *March of the Parisian Bakers* is a more lighthearted affair and it sweeps happily from start to close with the usual complement of Paris cliches.

BILLY RAYMOND
Seven Daughters; One In Particular
(HMV POP526)***

YOUNG British singer, Billy Raymond, is backed by the Geoff Love orchestra and the Rita Williams Singers as he puts over his idea of the novelty *Seven Daughters*.

Rocking to the Latin rhythm, Raymond will enlarge his brand new following, because he handles the song efficiently and a pleasant personality comes through.

One In Particular goes from an attention-grabbing opening by the orchestra to develop as strutting, finger-snapping ballad.

JOE SHERMAN
Please Don't Say Goodnight;
Buttermilk
(Fontana H147)***

JOE SHERMAN's method of using his orchestra and chorus would hardly reach a passing grade in subtlety, but his straight punching treatment of tunes always has a slight novelty value, too.

It's so on both sides of this coupling. Not a big seller, but one which will be bought sufficiently by those who like the tunes—and who want to hear them.

Please Don't Say Goodnight is a straight lilter, but the chorus go all "plink-a-plank" banjo fashion for the strummy *Buttermilk*.

JOAN BAXTER
Ich Liebe Dich; The Only One For Me
(Parlophone R4470)***

BOTH the British songs on this coupling come from the new film "The Two-Headed Spy" and



GORDON MacRAE'S luck could change.

they should bring quite a lot of ears swinging round to Joan Baxter.

The girl's clear voice strides through the march *Ich Liebe Dich* and there'll be many who will want to keep in step. Designed, obviously, as a "Lili Marlene" kind of number, it has a martial male chorus, too.

The Only One For Me is the better song of the two. Romantic ballad that goes well with Ron Goodwin's strings. Miss Baxter again is more than competent.

There's a whirling interpretation from LES BAXTER'S orchestra.



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DISC

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Boredom can be on the threshold

WHEN does a "plug" merit a shrug? We put the question, after due consideration, since learning of the Bertice Reading "Splish Splash/It's A Boy" incident which prevented Miss Reading appearing on the "Oh Boy!" show last week-end.

Producer Jack Good, it was reported, wanted her to sing "Splish Splash." Bertice wanted to sing the song she recorded last, "It's A Boy." She hadn't time to learn "Splish Splash."

From there, we now go on to the general question of stars appearing on TV and radio, nine times out of 10 opening with the words: "And this is my latest record . . . I am sure you'll like it."

Sometimes we do. Sometimes we don't. And it stands a much greater chance of being heartily disliked if we happen to hear the same singer singing the same song three or four times in one week.

This practice certainly does happen. The latest we call to mind involves, happily enough, that unique young man Bernard Bresslaw and that slice of pure goonery "Mad, Passionate Love." Three times last week he broadcast it to the nation. And once again on Sunday.

In his case, it sounded as refreshing on the fourth occasion as on the first. But there is a lingering doubt that when over-plugging creeps in, so does boredom.

It is natural—and commendable—that an artiste should wish his latest song made known to as many people as possible in as short a time as possible.

It is natural that the recording companies' exploitation departments should seek to have their latest discs given as much air time as possible.

But the record-buyer of today has reached that point of discernment, when, on reading that So-and-so is starring in a radio or TV show, it will be known immediately just what So-and-so is going to sing.

The radio and television serves as a fine shop-window for the disc buyer. You can hear at your leisure, without having to buy. But there have been cases known of shop windows being broken . . .

It would be refreshing to hear at least one star introduce a song with the words: "I've never recorded this and I'm not going to. But it's a good song, all the same."

Brimful of musicianly talent

Perfection— THE HI-LO'S HAVE IT

THE superlative American vocal group, The Hi-Lo's, made their London concert debut last Sunday at the Gaumont State Theatre, Kilburn. It was a pity that such immensely musicianly talent did not attract a greater crowd than the first house I attended.

The four men Hi-Lo's must be unquestionably the most classy, tasteful group of its kind to be heard today. It was like listening to four first-rate musicians. Their interpretations were extremely sensitive and when the occasion demanded, they swung, too.

Their internal balance and individual singing performance came as near to perfection, pitch-wise, as I ever expect to hear.

They also have very friendly stage personalities with Gene Puerling handling the lion's share of the announcements.

Their programme comprised many of their Philips' albums favourites. Amongst them: "Chinatown, My Chinatown," "They Didn't Believe Me," "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries," "Mam'selle," etc.

I also enjoyed their solo rendition, "Black Is The Colour Of My

True Love's Hair," a charming folk song, beautifully sung by tenor Clark Burroughs.

On the debit side: After a while, some of their treatments tended to become a little "samey."

They were well-backed by their pianist Claire Fisher and Vic Lewis' Bill Stark (bass) and Andy White (drums).

Vic's band did a solo session and there were also first-half spots by Alan Clive and Max Gelderay.

Do go and see The Hi-Lo's. They're an experience. A wonderfully disciplined musicianly group. But what a pity that they couldn't have worked here in a night club. The Gaumont State was not the venue for them.

The Hi-Lo's return to London (Hammersmith) on October 4 for the last date of their three-week tour. T.H.



The Hi-Lo's jacket-less after their exertions, meet the Polka Dots. It happened after the American group's London debut and DISC's photographer was there, bringing into the group singing star Frances Day and orchestra leader Vic Lewis.

U.S. trip for Jackie Dennis

FIRST British rock 'n' roller to appear on Perry Como's American colour-TV will be 15-year-old Jackie Dennis.

Jackie flies to New York on September 26 to begin an intensive round of personal appearances, broadcasts, winding up with the Como show on October 4.

An estimated 49,000,000 viewers will see the show; Jackie's fee will be in the region of £1,700.

Said his manager, Evelyn Taylor: "I played all of Jackie's records to Perry in New York. He went crazy and kept saying, 'I can't get over it.'"

"Jackie will be star of the evening—Perry won't have young singers overriding each other on his show."

A big Scots welcome is being lined up at New York airport for the lad from Edinburgh.

He returns to London on October 6, appears in the Jack Jackson Show on October 8, opens at the Finsbury Park Empire on October 13 and begins three weeks of one-nighters on October 19.

New label for Britain

PLANS for the pressing and distribution in Britain of discs under the American Rondo label were announced in New York last week.

Head of the recording company Eli Oberstein said that a pressing plant had been bought in London and that he had concluded deals for Rondo records to be sold in 330 Woolworth stores that will be carrying LPs for the first time.

Stereophonic—first single out in States

FIRST stereophonic single disc was released last week in America: Joni James singing "There Goes My Heart," backed with "Funny."

MGM Records, which made the disc, are not yet releasing it for general sale; first shipments went to disc jockeys and radio stations.

Finding our stereo winner

OUR judges have now started on the big task of finding the winner of DISC's 3-D competition. They have thousands of entries to study—but the result and the name of the winner of the "Dansette" stereophonic record player will be announced in the near future.

Golden trumpeter has group backing

FOR the first time on television, top trumpet-player Eddie Calvert appears next week with the backing of a small instrumental group.

Viewers have seen him only with a large orchestra. But Eddie who has made such a success with variety audiences with the Londonaires combination, has kept them for the BBC show *The Night And The Music*.

More music comes from Eric Robinson.

Toni Dalli on tour

BUSY time ahead for young Italian tenor Toni Dalli.

Currently recording an LP for Columbia, Toni guest stars in ATV's Saturday Spectacular this week-end, appears in the Albert Hall "Pop Prom" on Sunday, opens his first variety tour of Britain the following day.

Tour dates are: Bristol Hippodrome, September 22; Manchester Hippodrome, September 29; Leeds Empire, October 6; Glasgow Empire, October 13.

ALL FOR TED

BOOKED for the Ted Ray Show (September 27, BBC TV) are husband-and-wife singing team Pearl Carr and Teddy Johnson, Lester Ferguson and the George Mitchell Singers.

THE Everly Brothers went over the million mark in America for the fourth time last week—with their "Bird Dog."

Tony

with his hit of the moment



Brent

Girl of my dreams

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Bertice out of 'Oh Boy!'

BERTICE READING, who missed last Saturday's "Oh Boy!" TV show because of a difference over the song she was to sing, will not appear in the remaining five programmes scheduled.

Says ABC-TV: "We have released Miss Reading from her contractual obligations."

Producer Jack Good wanted her to sing "Splish Splash" in the show. Her agent said she hadn't time to learn it and asked that she should sing "It's A Boy," the number she last recorded.

Bertice, 23, opened on Monday in "Valmouth," a new musical play, in Liverpool.

Her place in "Oh Boy!" last Saturday was taken by Dudley Heslop, a 29-year-old West Indian, spotted in a Soho club by Jack Good. The song he sang "Splish Splash."

Robeson for peak TV show

PAUL ROBESON is to be star guest in the "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" show on September 28.

This Sunday, The Mudlarks and the Italian Marino Marini quartet share honours with America's vocalist Shari Lewis and operatic singer Jan Peerce.

The beat goes on

CONTINUING his policy of featuring bands with an accented beat, Russell Turner brings to Six-Five Special on September 27, Reg Owen and his band plus his "regulars," Tito Burns 6-5ers, and Tony Osborne and his Brasshats.

Also lined up for the show: Marion Ryan, Jimmy Rushing, Don Rennie and Steve Martin.

Stars sign anti-colour-bar appeal

A NUMBER of jazz and pop music stars have formed the "Stars Campaign for Inter-Racial Friendship," an organisation to fight racial discrimination.

This week, an appeal signed by the stars calling for an end to the fighting in Nottingham and Notting Hill, was distributed in jazz clubs.

Latest to sign the appeal are Winifred Atwell, Ken Colyer, and George Melly.

Kalin twins here for 3-week tour

IT's not now a question of "When" as far as the Kalin Twins are concerned. They arrive in Britain on Saturday and open a fortnight's variety season at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.

Michael Holliday, The Mudlarks and violinist Florian Zabach will also be on the bill.

Provincial dates for the Kalin Twins had not been completed as DISC went to press, but it is expected they will have complete weeks in three main centres, plus a number of one-night shows.

They are to make a number of top TV appearances, too.

OOOOH! IT'S WEDNESDAY

VETERAN disc jockey Jack Jackson returned to ITV screens this week in the first of a new series of Wednesday night half-hour shows.

With him, for the first-time: his 21-year-old son Malcolm, soon to take over dee-jaying on Radio Luxembourg.

Garland (Red) IS coming

ACE American jazz pianist Red Garland, held back in the States through illness, flies into London Airport on Saturday to play at the last concerts of the "Jazz From Carnegie Hall" unit.

He plays at the Gaumont State, Kilburn, on Sunday, then leaves with the rest of the unit for their European tour.

Solo for Adele

LAST heard on wax in a duet with Harry Secombe, beautiful Adele Leigh, who left the opera stage to join Secombe's variety show, is to record solo for Philips. Titles have not yet been fixed.

SLEEPLESS FLIGHT?

Farewell—with music. Vic Ash and his Band leave London Airport for their tour of the United States.

EVERYONE'S GONNA HIT THE TRAIL TO BUY —

"WESTERN MOVIES"

A ROOTN, TOOTN, SHOOTN RIOT

BY THE OLYMPICS

HMV POP 528 (45 & 78)

E.M.I. Records Ltd., 8-11 Great Castle Street, London, W.1.

Crowds watch Frankie's last scenes

HUNDREDS of people gathered outside the newly-opened Talk of the Town theatre-restaurant in London last Sunday to watch Frankie Vaughan make the final scenes in his film "The Lady Is A Square."

Frankie sang two of the film's beat numbers, *That's My Doll* and *Honey Bunny Babe*. He also jived with Janette Scott.

This film over, there's talk cur-

rently in the air for Frankie's NEXT film—tentatively scheduled for shooting next January.

Frankie's plans now call for a November trip to America and a possible Australian tour before Christmas. From September 25 to October 16, he's taking a well-deserved holiday in San Remo.

WINIFRED ATWELL sails next week for Australia. She's to be away six months, playing at every main centre "down under."



THE GREWCUTS

HEY STELLA...

(Who zat down your cellar?)



THE BIG BEAT

THE "Tequila" influence is still hanging around. Discs keep cropping up with their footsteps well in the trail laid by that winner. Latest effort comes from Boots Brown, who ought to do nicely, thank you, with his instrumental "Cerveza."

The Nite Rockers also try their hand at this sort of beat material. Odd though that no one has managed to make a really important successor.

Tony Crombie's back in Big Beat land this week and the Crew-Cuts return to please their admirers with a hefty debut for RCA.

by
Don
Nicholl



THE JORDANARES — in a wild beat ballad.

BOOTS BROWN

Cerveza; Juicy
(RCA 1078)****

THE Boots Brown instrumental *Cerveza* mixes up the rock and Latin beats in a similar fashion to that of "Tequila" and it might well itch under your skins as did the "Tequila" effort.

Good sax material here for the juke crowd with a smart gimmicky background from guitars and hand-clappers. It's got potential, all right.

Juicy is another instrumental half, though it lacks the direct straight-down-the-middle appeal of *Cerveza*. Sax is honking darkly once more while the rest of the beat boys supply a colourful background.

THE CREW-CUTS

Hey, Stella; Forever, My Darlin'
(RCA 1075)****

THE vocal group who beat their way to fame with "Sh-Boom"

have had a lean time of it in our hit parade since then.

Now the Crew-Cuts have switched labels and their debut disc for RCA should bring them fresh recognition if only by virtue of the gimmicky title *Hey, Stella* (Who Zat Down Your Cellar). An upbeat number which is a blues rocker, it moves well and the team go tongue-twisting among the lyrics with an eye on the juke boxes. It should sell heavily.

The rock-a-ballad on the flip has a slow pound to it but its

chances in the market are much slimmer than the other half. Joe Resiman's orchestra and chorus supply the accompaniments.

NITE ROCKERS

Nite Rock; Oh! Baby
(RCA 1079)****

THE Nite Rockers chant a steady rock 'n' roller on their *Nite Rock* half. Most of the appeal of the side, however, is found in the instrumental part of it.

The sax and rhythm work

Boots mixes rock and Latin beats

RECORD FANS are getting

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should delight jivers even if the sax man should beg our pardons for the ridiculous closing squeak.

Oh! Baby is a typical rock entry which the Nite Rockers warp up in a way that's been done much better many, many times already.

Squawking and hiccupping most of the way, the team gets a very ordinary rhythm accompaniment on this slice.

ANITA CARTER

Go Away Johnnie; Blue Doll
(London HLA8693)****

SOUNDING rather like an American Nancy Whiskey, Anita Carter sings the strummer *Go Away Johnnie* clearly and simply.

Should please those who waver between skiffle and country styles. Male group and guitars working with the girl on this slow offering.

Blue Doll is slanted even more towards country and western. Moves at a slightly swifter tempo and the girl chants easily with a similar backing to above.

Nothing startling on either side — you'll probably be able to take them or leave them alone.

JERRY BUTLER

For Your Precious Love; Sweet Was The Wine
(London HL8697)****

JERRY BUTLER brings a strong husky voice to *Your Precious Love*, singing the ballad to a slow, heavy beat while some other voices chip in occasionally.

Jerry throws the phrases out of gear like a Jackie Wilson — and if you care for this type of deliberately grotesque performance, you'll jump for Jerry.

Sweet Was The Wine speeds up the tempo but Butler manages to give the impression that he's chanting at the same speed as before. Warping madly all the way as a male group rafts for him,

boys chant it enthusiastically to a fairly routine rock accompaniment.

Gonna Get A Little Kissing Tonight is a quick rocker which they chant cleanly. Sax has its spot in the instrumental backing as usual.

JOHNNY DUNCAN

My Lucky Love; Geisha Girl
(Columbia DB4179)****

JOHNNY DUNCAN sings *My Lucky Love* with plenty of the easy-going country style that has won him a big British public. Good guitar work is a highlight of this pleasant side which the Blue Grass Boys chant in company with Johnny. Reminds me at times of a salvationist number — particularly when they all get together for the slapping choruses.

Geisha Girl speeds up the tempo for an oriental hill-billy. Good guitar work is noticeable once more but both Johnny and the

song got on my nerves as this side was spinning.

THE JORDANARES

Little Miss Ruby; All I Need Is You
(Capitol CL14921)****

THE Jordanares have appeared on many a hit disc in recent years including some of the Elvis Presley smash sides.

Here the drilled vocal team chant a wild beat ballad, *Little Miss Ruby*, which mixes up the Latin to keep in fashion. Exciting performance by the men with the Marvin Hughes orchestra supplying a just-right, rocking accompaniment. The tune itself is featured in the new film, "Country Music Holiday."

A powerful beat ballad *All I Need Is You* gets a good contrasting treatment from the group. A girl chorus is above them, but most of the work is done by the very good tenor lead man.

TONY CROMBIE

The Gigglin' Gurgleburp; Rock Cha-Cha
(Columbia DB4189)****

TONY CROMBIE and His Men have a beat novelty that follows in the footsteps of the "Purple People Eater" on this release. *The Gigglin' Gurgleburp* is a creature that pops up out of the sea instead of dropping from the sky.

And he's got a rock 'n' roll dance to introduce, of course. Amusing item which is sung by a mixed chorus and rounded out with hee-hee giggles and watery gurgles.

Rock Cha-Cha, like the novelty on the other side, was part-written by Tony himself. Title explains everything you need to know — except that the performance is more proficient than a good deal of the sides cut in this vein.

TONY CROMBIE shared in the composition of "Rock Cha Cha."



Richard Hart's STEREOPHONIC REVIEWS



NAT "KING" COLE: record for the enthusiast

Blues; Stay; Joe Turner's Blues; Beale Street Blues; Careless Love; Morning Star; Memphis Blues; Yellow Dog Blues; St. Louis Blues; (Capitol SW993)

THIS recording has already earned itself a reputation as a monaural LP. It enjoyed considerable success following the issue of the film of the same name.

With the Nelson Riddle orchestra, Nat Cole brings the W. C. Handy classics to life in modern settings.

I think I've enjoyed other recordings of Cole more than this particular one, but perhaps it was the welter of Handy songs which I found a little too much to digest.

However, for the out-and-out Nat Cole enthusiasts, I'm sure that this will be a welcome record.

A LARRY ADLER CONCERT

Rhapsody In Blue (Gershwin); *Jamaican Rumba* (Benjamin); *Carmen Fantasy* (Bizet); *Spanish Dance* (Granados); *Bolero* (Ravel). (Pye CSCT71000)

WITH Eric Robinson conducting the Pro Arte Orchestra, Larry Adler brings a new brilliance with his fabulous harmonica playing on this concert.

Adler is, of course, a musician of high order, and though the works on this recording are mostly special interpretations, he never detracts from the composer's original intentions.

Not only does he remain faithful to the work, but he can make that harmonica of his take the place of the largest ensemble. There is an uncanny reality about his ability

particular appeal and delight.

From the delicate passages to the stirring movements, this stereo disc opens up many new listening pleasures. I recommend it to those who enjoy something particularly special.

LEX BAXTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Ports of Pleasure

Tahiti; A Summer Night At Sea; Shanghai Rickshaw; City Of Veils; Hong Kong Cable Car; Tramp Steamer To Singapore; Monkey Dance Of Bali; The Pearls Of Ceylon; Harem Silks From Bombay; Sidewalk Cafe Of Saigon; The Gates Of Annam. (Capitol ST868)

THE brilliant orchestral talents of Les Baxter have long made their mark on record buyers.

Add to this his capabilities as a composer of high degree, with his

DISC'S up-to-the-minute page of criticism and appreciation

There's little one can say about this LP, for both the artists and the material are familiar to most people. However, it does give one a good example of the effectiveness of stereo on some very diverse material and sounds.

One is switched from the romantic strings of the Mantovani orchestra to the stabbing section work of the Heath unit, and the results are most interesting. A good demonstration of the "split personality" of stereo is particularly noticeable when two voices



TONY OSBORNE

"His sounds have been a joy to my ear."



Feeding the baby

—and making sure you can get away from the telly

HAVING launched their "new baby," stereophonic sound, the record companies are certainly ensuring that a reasonable amount of recorded material becomes quickly available.

They keep coming my way, and I'm told there's a steady flow of issues for the future.

It looks as if the winter months are going to be less grim, and that there'll be many alternatives to the "old telly" during the evenings when we are forced to stay indoors.

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Tony Osborne, his piano, and his orchestra

Where In The World; Moonlight in Vermont; Manhattan; It Happened In Monterey; Idaho; Cuban Love Song; Stars Fell On Alabama; A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square; Somewhere In Rome; South Sea Island Magic; In A Little Spanish Town; How Are Things In Glocca Morra?; April In Paris; Where In The World? (Nixa NSPL83000)

TONY OSBORNE, I've always felt, deserves even more recognition than he has really enjoyed to date. His arranging has always been delightful, and his large orchestral sounds have been a joy to my ear for quite some time now. This musical journey, carried out on some wonderful airs, has given

Osborne plenty of scope to show off his sympathetic scoring.

Apart from the orchestral highlights, his own attractive piano playing adds that little extra bonus to a well-designed and conceived LP.

Most tracks are to everybody's liking, but for me I'd pick out *Moonlight In Vermont*; *April In Paris*; and *A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square*.

In a normal LP this would have been an LP par excellence, but with the advantages of stereo, the Tony Osborne orchestra takes on an added polish and excitement.

NAT "KING" COLE sings songs from "St. Louis Blues." *Overture* (introducing "Love Theme" and "Hesitating Blues"); *Harlem Blues*; *Chantez Les Bas*; *Friendless*

with this modest instrument which I shall never fail to admire.

His *Rhapsody in Blue* has always been an exceptional performance, receiving at one time rapturous praises from the composer himself. My praises would be humble indeed after that, but nevertheless, equally sincere.

I like too his interpretation of Bizet's *Carmen*. It brings out all the excitement of the music, and shows off the unique skill which Adler alone has on this "domestic" musical instrument.

I almost believe that there will never be another Larry Adler. I know I'm sticking my neck out, but I'll take that chance. This recording should find a place in the archives of modern recordings as a monument to a great musician and person.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLI

conducting the Hallé Orchestra *Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C Major, Op 21 and Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Op 93.* (Pye CSCL70001)

I DON'T regard myself as sufficiently qualified to comment on the musical accuracy of such a recording; all I know is that "I like what I like."

I've always found the works of Beethoven especially impressive and stirring, and the Hallé Orchestra under its noted conductor make this a recording of

own orchestral interpretation, and you have an LP of exceptional listening quality.

On this recording Les Baxter has contributed 10 of his own compositions. All are impressionist melodies portraying his ideas on the mysteries of the East.

The excitement and flavour of many ports of call are to many of us merely locations for movies. These settings are depicted with tremendous scoring imagination, with the thrill of hearing music which is reminiscent of those parts, but brought up to date by a wonderful orchestra and a talented composer.

POPS STEREO SAMPLER

Wouldn't It Be Lovely (Beverly Sisters); *With A Little Bit Of Luck* (Stargazers); *The Rain In Spain* (Vera Lynn, Pete Murray); *On The Street Where You Live* (David Whitfield); *Get Me To The Church On Time* (Jack Warner); *I Could Have Danced All Night* (Diane Todd); *September Song* (Ted Heath); *My Foolish Heart* (Mantovani); *Bewitched* (Edmundo Ros); *April Love* (Frank Chacksfield); *A Woman In Love* (Stanley Black); *If I Loved You* (Cyril Stapleton). Decca SKL4005

THIS recording is meant to be, as its title implies, a sample of popular songs and artistes, presented for your pleasure in stereo sound.

are involved, and the dividing line in the Vera Lynn/Pete Murray duet demonstrates this.

For a varied first stereo disc to possess, this could well be the one for you to select.

FRED WARING AND THE PENNSYLVANIANS

South Pacific

Happy Talk; I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair; There Is Nothin' Like A Dame; Some Enchanted Evening; Younger Than Springtime; A Wonderful Guy; This Nearly Was Mine; Honey Bun; Bali Ha'i; A Cock-eyed Optimist; Dites Moi; My Girl Back Home. (Capital ST992)

THIS indeed is quite a record. The Rodgers and Hammerstein score of South Pacific is now well known and particularly well loved. I think few people could say that they dislike this wonderful score, and I am certainly "sold" on the music.

Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians have always been associated with happy-sounding songs and this ensemble excel on this particular waxing. It is full of feeling and warmth, and a welcome entry to the field of stereo.

I wouldn't even try to select any track for preference. Each song is as important as the next to make this famous musical a complete entity.

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

REVIEWS BY

TOM LEHRER

The Old Dope Peddler; B. Prepared; The Wild West; I Wanna Go Back To Dixie; Fight Fiercely Harvard; Lobachevsky; The Irish Ballad; The Hunting Song; My Home Town; When You Are Old And Grey; I Hold Your Hand In Mine; The Wiener Schmitzel Waltz.
(Decca LF1311)

If you haven't heard of Mr. Lehrer, let me explain. For quite a time now folk have been fighting to meet people who might be able to beg, borrow or even buy a copy of Mr. Lehrer's caustic, cynical comments on life. Nothing is sacred to Lehrer.

He has new advice to offer to boy scouts in *Be Prepared*, he butchers that institution, the Irish ballad, and I doubt if he can ever set foot again in the deep South after what he does to Dixie.

If you are feeling particularly

long player she sounds less like a cross between Eartha Kitt and Lena Horne and has developed a full interesting voice of her own.

I still say there is no feeling in her singing—all the smouldering emotion seems to be visual—but the chances are that eventually, I shall be completely converted.

Taking some of the tracks apart, there are a few notes a little too "blue" particularly on *Birth Of The Blues*, but it's great to hear a singer who wouldn't be in dead trouble without a mike or a sound engineer. And right through the disc the wonderful Wally Scott arrangements give a fresh touch, even the hackneyed *St. Louis Blues* emerges with a bright new look.

GORDON MACRAE Cowboy's Lament

Cowboy's Lament; San Antonio Rose; Soothe My Lonely Heart; The Last Round-Up; How Green Was

My Valley; Oklahoma Hills; Red River Valley; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; Wagon Wheels; Green Grow The Lilies; The Cowboy's Serenade; I Went To The City.
(Capitol T834)

SINCE Cheyenne, Matt Dillon and Wagon Train take up most of my viewing time this kind of disc appeals to me, especially when the cowboy in question has such a pleasant voice as MacRae's.

I can't take the lyric madly seriously but there can't be anything so easy to hear than these drifting, lazy cowboy melodies. The orchestra provides all the necessary hoof-

THE LATEST IN LP RELEASES



SHIRLEY BASSEY—now she is developing a voice of her own.

beat sounds, the chorus is even more heavenly than usual and Gordon MacRae sounds as though he can cope with any visiting Indians.

EMIL STERN AND HIS PIANO Fun in the Sun

I Want To Be Happy; Rose Marie; Twelfth Street Rag; Le Danseur De Charleston; Nobody's Sweetheart; Hallelujah!; Love And Marriage; Where Will The Dimple Be;

Fredo; Le Roi Du Fox-Trot; Sweet Sue, Just You; Avec Ces Yeux.

(Hestead P DL 85044)

NORMALLY, Emil Stern should come under the Continental record heading but in this case M. Stern is playing pure honky-tonk piano in a manner that is universal. If you enjoy a bar-room ballad and a chicky-chick, percussive sound you'll get a lot of fun out of this disc. Ideal for party-playing

EDDIE BARCLAY FILM FAVOURITES

Theme From "Baby Doll"; Paris; Bohème; Chant D'Amour; Forever, Darling; Theme From "Rebel Without A Cause"; Theme From "East of Eden"; Giant; There's Never Been Anyone Else But You; La Sorcière; Safari; If You Wanna See Mamie Tonight; If You Can Dream; The Sorey With The Fringe On Top; Out Of My Dreams; Oh! What A Beautiful Morning; People Will Say We're In Love.
(Hestead PDL85045)

SINCE Eddie Barclay is a top favourite in France it isn't surprising to find a number of themes from French films, always a rich store for good melodies as well as other attractions! But whether he is playing French or American themes, Barclay and his orchestra provide us with plenty of exciting moments.

There's a cosmopolitan air around the whole disc.

BING CROSBY

Twilight On The Trail

Twilight On The Trail; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; The Singing Hills; Empty Saddles; A Roundup Lullaby; We'll Reunite At The End Of The Trail; Deep In The Heart Of Texas; Be Honest With Me; Goodbye, Little Darling; Goodbye, Riders In The Sky; The Old Oaken Bucket; Clementine.
(Brunswick LAT8253)

EVERYONE seems to be setting off on that long, long trail but one of the first to climb into the saddle was Bing Crosby, who brought his own relaxed manner to these old Western ballads. This long player takes us through the years with Bing picking out the best of his Cowboy-style songs which emerge like milestones in his career.

As these are reissues, the backings come from several different directions, including John Scott Trotter, Victor Young and even Woody Herman (on *Deep In The Heart Of Texas*).

Smile with a cynic

sour-grapy, or just simply want to laugh, please try a sample of Lehrer, but I warn you, it's very sophisticated humour.

SHIRLEY BASSEY

Born To Sing The Blues; Born To Sing The Blues; Beale Street Blues; Wabash Blues; Basin Street Blues; Birth Of The Blues; Careless Love Blues; Blues In The Night; The St. Louis Blues.
(Philips BBR 8130)

I WAS beginning to wonder what was wrong with me. I just couldn't see what all the fuss was about Miss Bassey. But on this

KENNETH MCKELLAR, who has inherited the somewhat misleading title, "The Voice of Scotland," flew to Canada last week—and kicked off his first transatlantic tour in Montreal. It will be the first of many such tours, methinks.

For there will be nothing misleading about his "title" over there. Ken will indeed be Scotland's Ambassador of Song and any other Caledonian catchphrase you care to call up.

In addition to proving to folks "across the Pond" that his highly successful discs are not the product of a recording studio—but the result of faithful reproduction of a beautiful tenor—Kenneth will appeal to all the exiled Scots there.

His Canadian tour takes in Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria, Chilliwack, Vancouver, and Saskatoon before ending with a return date at Montreal on November 4.

I know just how eagerly the Canadian Scots—and their Canadian friends "educated" to the McKellar voice—have

looked forward to this long-delayed tour of their No. 1 on the Hit Parade.

A friend of mine was home from Canada on holiday recently—but she couldn't wait to get back to Niagara Falls again. Her seat for the McKellar concert was booked!

Apart from Canada, however, McKellar has other big and very important dates—dates that

could affect his whole future, dictate his full market value. They are, of course, in the United States.

And the first one was this Wednesday—at the Commodore Hotel, New York. There he was the one-man cabaret. And there his agent, Hymie Zahl, who travelled across at the same time as McKellar, had packed all his transatlantic contacts.

OVER THE BORDER

by Murray Gauld

Kenneth McKellar just can't miss

And if Americans are as slick as their reputation... there will be developments fast!

Ken also has later dates on the West Coast—and at the Broadwood Hotel, Philadelphia. It's inevitable, too, that he'll land one of the big TV coast-to-coast shows before he comes home.

More and more, the rest of Britain—and the rest of the

English-speaking world, now, are getting to know what the whole of Scotland has known for years. And that is... the full potential of the McKellar voice.

The BBC, following his fabulously second successful TV series "A Song for Everyone," will have him on an exclusive contract for his third series. But that won't be until about the end

of May. For when McKellar gets back to this country again, he has a show waiting for him... Stewart Cruikshank's "Old Chelsea"—the revival of the Richard Tauber operetta, which is due to open in Glasgow, on December 15.

From there it has a 23-week tour at least, covering the full chief provincial circuit,

including Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle.

Most of his fan mail—shoals and hundreds of letters after each programme—comes from the south. From England, from Ireland, from Wales.

Scotland? "Oh, they seem to take me for granted now," Ken replied when I posed that one.

But he is still tops as a commercial draw when it comes to stage and concert work. There's nothing about taken-for-granted in that response.

"Old Chelsea" is obviously McKellar's greatest stage opportunity—and he's now ready for it following his quartet of pantos produced by Freddie Carpenter (for Howard and Wyndham) the man who will produce Tommy Steele in the Coliseum panto, "Cinderella."

And "Old Chelsea" could provide him with another hit record. Where else is there a "natural" like "My Heart and I" for a big seller. It did it for Richard Tauber. I don't think for a second it could fall with McKellar—even if it does happen to be a Tauber original.

JACKIE MOORE

MARVIN RAINWATER

Whole Lotta Marvin!

I Dig You Baby; Moanin' The Blues; Roving Gambler; Whole Lotta Woman.

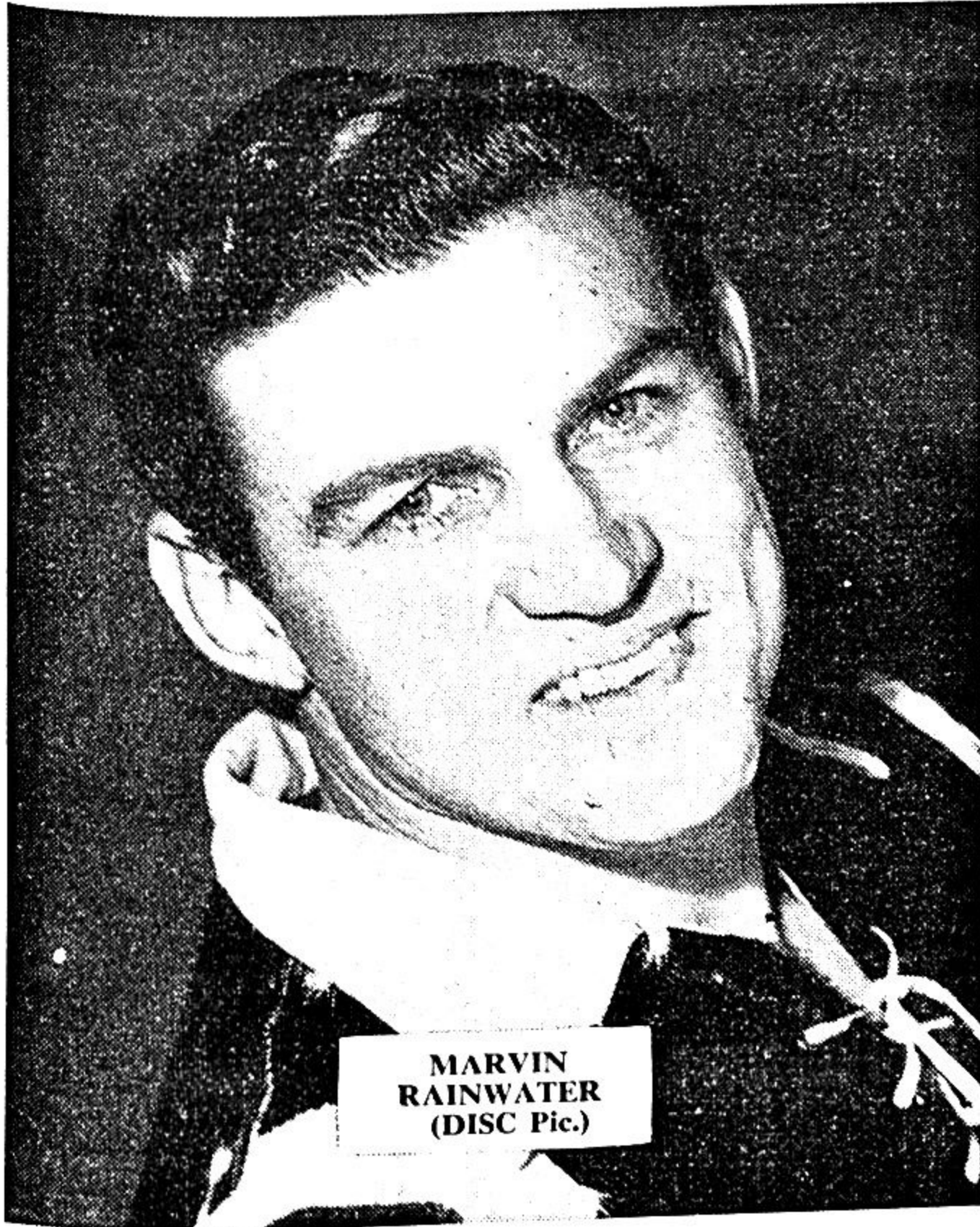
(MGM EP662)

THOUGH Marvin had been around for quite a time singing Country and Western tunes it

wasn't until he came across his **Whole Lotta Woman** that the sparks really began to fly. Not surprising then that the **Woman** turns up on this EP.

What is unusual is that on the rollicking **Dig You Baby** the backing packed with beat comes from our own Ken Jones. Marvin recorded this one down at the EMI studios and it has, if anything, more punch than the American-recorded tracks.

The singing version of **Cheyenne** sounds more like Ernie Ford than ever on **Moanin' The Blues**. He has the same sense of humour and deep brown voice. He is equally as easy to listen to, as you can see for yourself on this MGM offering.



MARVIN RAINWATER (DISC Pic.)

EXTENDED PLAY

FATS DOMINO

Blues For Love Volume Four

What Will I Tell My Heart? When I See You; Blue Monday; What's The Reason?

(London RE.P1121)

AT least one good result of the rock age is the way it brought Fats Domino to the fore. I like his particular brand of sand-paper voiced humour and if all rhythm and blues sounded like this disc I'd be happy.

In line with the title, all the tracks are on the blue side but you get the impression that the sad state of affairs won't last long.

Best track is the rocking **Blue Monday**, with a good, solid beat behind the Domino voice and more jazz than usual.

LENA HORNE

A Foggy Day In London Town; He Makes Me Believe He's Mine; Something To Live For; Pass Me By.

(MGM EP661)

THE incomparable Lena opens this EP with an understated, relaxed **Foggy Day**, which she sings with a simple piano backing from Luther Henderson.

The Henderson orchestra joins in on **Makes Me Believe**, not an easy song but the lyrics get the maximum interpretation here. Over on the other side of the record the Lennie Hayton orchestra take over and the unobtrusive but expert backing of the Hayton outfit bring the disc to the gentle close.

Recorded over 10 years ago, this is not the very best Lena Horne, but it is still good listening. And, frankly, I'd buy the disc if only for the lovely **Foggy Day**.

GEOFF LOVE

Legend; A Story Of Ireland; Theme From Washington Concerto; Wherever You Are.

(Columbia SEG7821)

WHEN the name Geoff Love appears anywhere on a disc you can be sure that there will be a fine arrangement along with it, and on this EP this theory is proved four times.

The first title, **Legend**, and the **Washington Concerto** both emphasise the piano and the keyboard master featured is Pat Dodd, another British artist who has enhanced many a disc.

Naturally, with an instrumental disc of this kind the strings in the orchestra are the main interest and Geoff Love proves on the French song **Wherever You Are** that he can manage sweeping violins as well as any other orchestra leader.

Also on this track he has used just enough of the accordion to give the appropriate French atmosphere.

FOUR PREPS

Big Man

Stop Baby; Humble Pie; Too Young For Love; Big Man.

(Capitol EAP1.1064)

I SEEM to have been playing **Big Man** ever since Capitol rushed over an early pressing. It is the best Preps disc so far and it makes the biggest attraction on this EP from the boys, but the other three tracks are well up to standard.

Too Young For Love is a quiet ballad which features some uncomplicated harmony from the group. **Stop Baby** is a rhythm and blues number in Platters tradition and the disc closes with the cute up tempo **Humble Pie**.

JACKIE DENNIS—diction is lacking. (DISC Pic.)



JACKIE DENNIS

La Dee Dah; You're The Greatest; My Dream; Miss Valerie.

(Decca DFE6513)

A TRULY Scottish effort with Jackie and the young Scotsman Harry Robinson combining on four up-beat numbers. Robinson is a musical director to watch—his backings are bright and interesting, adding a lot to the tracks.

La Dee Dah has been Jackie's biggest hit to date but I prefer the catchy, vaudeville rhythm of **Miss Valerie**.

Jackie's diction still leaves a lot to be desired, but on this kind of beat disc the words don't really matter, I suppose.

THE Kalin Twins could almost take our Disc Debut spot, for although they have the hit parade success "When" to their credit, we mustn't forget that it also serves as their introduction to British fans.

The Kalin's "When" suddenly appeared out of the blue during July and immediately took up a healthy position in the charts. Within a week the momentum had really set up and the disc took the No. 5 slot, moving quickly from then on to the envied No. 1 position.

There it has been for over a month, quite undisturbed by the mass of competition facing it.

To reach these heights is no mean feat, but when one considers that the record practically "just happened," and that the artistes were unknown newcomers, then the achievement is even greater.

The Kalin Twins really are twins, and, in fact, those who know them say that they are as alike as two peas.

They were born on February 16, 1924, in Port Jervis, New York.

Singing has always been their predominant interest and the two boys Herbie and Harold have been warbling for just as long as they can remember.

They recall that their first public duet was when they were five years old at a Christmas banquet in their hometown. They were the success of the evening.

First, however, schooling had

'UNKNOWN' KALINS HIT THE TOP

BY MERVYN DOUGLAS

to take priority and they set about their studies with all seriousness.

By the time school days were over they were getting into their late teens and, as thoughts were turned to preparing for a professional act, so military service beckoned them. To complicate the issue, Harold was sent to Japan for his military service. Though 8,000 miles were to separate the boys it didn't discourage them.

Nothing could prevent them continuing to write songs and, by recording each other's efforts on tape they were able to keep abreast of all that was happening in the musical field.

Whilst Harold was in Japan, Herbie took every opportunity to work as a single act.

Once Harold returned to civilian life in the States, the twins immediately took up the threads again, and planned a singing two-some future.

A number of night club dates came their way, but certainly not sufficient to claim that they'd hit big-time, nor to be honest, to keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

They supplemented their income as best they could by taking additional odd jobs and Harold, for one, could claim to be the best singing messenger on the books of Western Union.

With what they were able to save, the Kalin Twins made a demonstration record of a couple of their own songs and had enough left over for a one-way ticket to New York.

There, they felt, would be the answer to their dreams. They hawked their disc around to record companies and agents, but no one was interested in the disc or singing twins.

Disheartened, they hitch-hiked back to their new home in Washington—they hadn't the rail fare.

But bad luck must sometimes change to good, and it certainly turned out that way for the Kalin Twins.

A chance meeting with song writer Clint Ballard Jr. was to be the turning point for which they had been waiting.

Where others had been disinterested, Clint believed in what the Kalins had set out to achieve and he also liked the sound he heard.

Clint, who has since become their personal manager, had such a strong belief in them that he asked to borrow their demonstration record so that he could try to place it for them.

Ballard knew where best to do this so, back in New York, he played it to American Decca's musical director, Jack Pleis, who needed very little arm-twisting.

The Kalin Twins were immediately signed to a Decca contract (Brunswick here) and they were on their way.

They cut their very first disc late last year, but this proved to have very little impact, and disappeared under the welter of other success records.

However, in the spring of this year, the twins recorded the now successful "When."

We wish the Kalin Twins well, and can only ask of their next release "When"?





TONY HALL

HALL MARKS THE BEST IN BY TONY HALL

extenuating circumstances on the date that we don't know about? Except for a couple of bands, I felt the rhythm section could have wailed a bit harder.

But it's the best Hawkins record to be released here in some time. (****).

HERB POMEROY ORCHESTRA
Life is a Many-Splendored Gig
Blue Grass; Wotajunt's Lament; Jack Spratt; Aluminum Baby; It's Sand, Man; Out Delight; Theme For Terry; No One Will Room With Me; Feather Merchant; Big Man; Less Talk.
(12 in. Columbia 33 SX1091)

ONE of the brightest and cleanest big-band LPs of the year. And one which has shown up many times on Down Beat's best-selling jazz records lists. It is really a "play-for-kicks" band from Boston, Mass.

spots by Gordon, Mussulli, Haroutunian and Santisi. Though the liner notes should have given some indication of "who's who."

If you liked the Elliott Lawrence big band LPs on Vogue, you might find yourselves enjoying these tracks even more. Good recorded sound. (****)

THE JAZZ GIANTS
Drum Role

Mildama; Night Letter; Coronado; St. Louis Blues; Grasshopper; Desperate Desmond; Crazy Hamp; Shulie-a-Bop; Swahili; Father Cooperates; Dateless Brown.
(12 in. EmArcy EJJ1277)

A DRUMS fan's delight, this EmArcy LP. Featured in the following order: Max Roach, Shelly Manne, Max again, Cozy Cole, Willie Rodriguez, Buddy Rich, Lionel Hampton, Roy Haynes ("and Sarah Vaughan,"



COLEMAN HAWKINS—plays with considerable emotional warmth

It's not all first-class but,

'Hawk' often flies high

Trumpeter Herb Pomeroy leads four other trumpets (including the powerful Joe Gordon), three trombones, five saxophones (including Boots Mussulli on lead and tenorman Varty Haroutunian), Ray Santisi (piano), John Neves (bass) and Jimmy Zitano (drums). Zoot Sims is added on six tracks as featured tenor soloist.

The band achieves a really remarkable section and ensemble feeling. You'd think they worked together all night, every night. It's on a Basic-ish kick and though the originals lack the deceptive simplicity of those for Count's band, I found this a thoroughly enjoyable album. Zoot blows beautifully, swinging all the time and seems quite at home in this (nowadays) unusual setting for his horn. There are other good solo

says the liner), Art Blakey, Cole and Rich again.

On side one, Max's two and Shelly's (from a Maynard Ferguson jam session date) are edited clips from existing masters. Cozy's track (hitherto unissued) has fine robust trumpeting by Joe Thomas, Emmett Berry and Roy Eldridge. Quincy Jones' *Grasshopper* has a Cuban flavour behind Paul Quinichette's tenor and Herbie Mann's flute. *Desmond* is a wild, 1946 Rich big band screamer.

The notes give no indication of where the long, typically exhibitionistic Hampton track originated. *Shulie* is about the only scat vocal I never tire of hearing: Sarah swinging with John Malachi, Joe Benjamin and Roy. The Blakey track comes from a Clark Terry date with Jimmy Cleveland. An

exciting, minor-key Latin workout. More vintage (44) Cole next, with Joe Thomas, Trummy Young, a bop-tinged Hawkins and Hines. Lastly, another Buddy Rich big band tear-up.

An exhausting LP if you don't dig drum solos on record. But the intelligent way it has been compiled makes the album good entertaining listening. (****).

MEL HENKE

Dream A Little Dream Of Me; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Sentimental Journey; Frankie and Johnny;

Where Or When; Sleepy Time Down South; The Man I Love; Ain't Misbehavin'; Kammermeier Ostrow; Four Deuces; Nola; Liza.

(12 in. Contemporary LAC12112)
LAST time I looked in at Vogue's offices to pick up some review records, general manager Ernie Mills' secretary gave me this LP by pianist Mel Henke and said: "I like this one. He's really different, like this one. He's really different." I said something like "Yes" and promptly put it on the review pile and forgot about it. Till now. And what a surprise. I can see what she meant.

Let me say here and now: this isn't jazz as such. More like cocktail-lounge jazz. But Henke is certainly an incredible player. The most completely unconventional and haywiredly humorous pianist I've heard in a long while. You never know what the hell's going to happen next! His choice of tempos for familiar tunes is unusual to begin with. Then suddenly he'll go shooting off at an explosive hurricane around the place.

Henke is no chicken. He's 43. But a wonderfully gifted, fantastic technician with a thorough knowledge of harmony, seemingly no style and his tongue is happy in his cheek. According to the notes, everything he plays is systematically worked out beforehand. Which, oddly enough, makes this LP even more intriguing. He is successfully backed "followed" might be a more accurate word—by guitar, bass and drums. The four of them display a first-rate group feeling. I repeat, this ain't jazz. Couldn't be rated as such. Commercially, though, I'll give it five stars. A strangely stimulating LP which holds your attention throughout.

JAZZ IDOL GOSSIP

TWO British musicians have done very well for themselves in the "Down Beat" 1958 International Critics' Poll. Vic Feldman was voted the outstanding new vibes star. Ronnie Ross came second (to Tony Scott) in

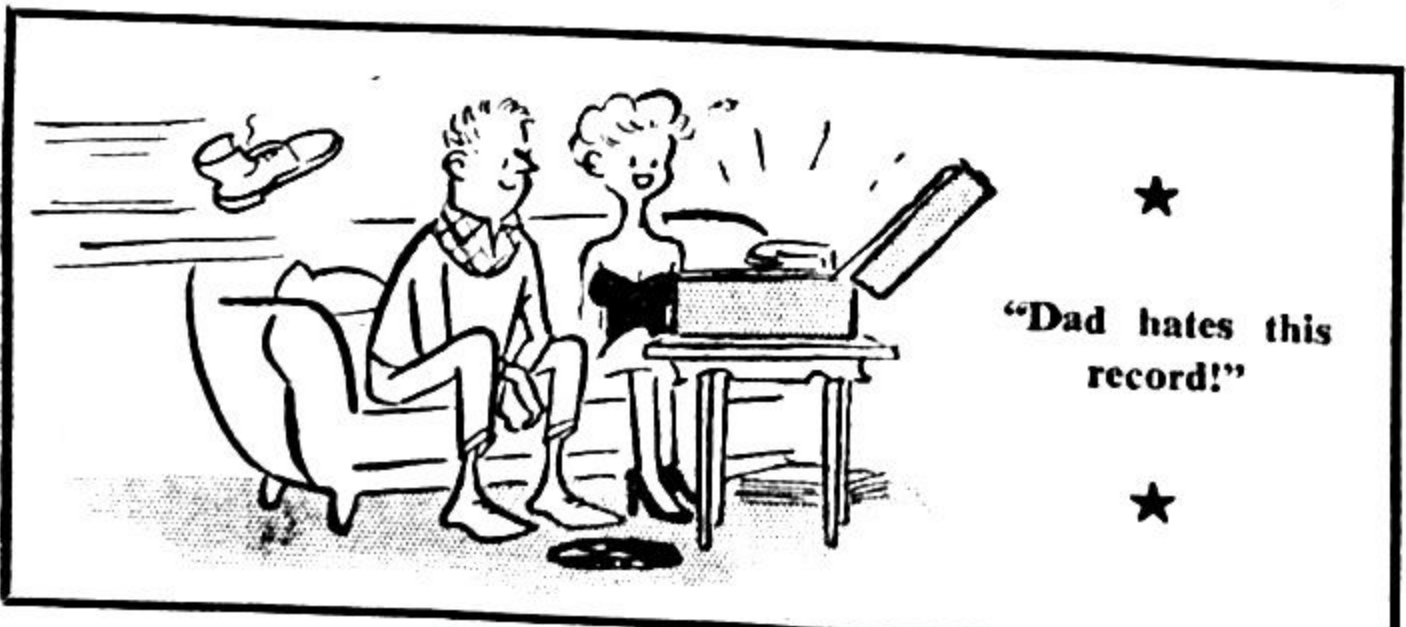
the new star baritone sax section. Tenorist Don Rendell and emigrants, pianist Ronnie Ball and bassist Peter Ind also secured places in their various divisions.

NOT content with his considerable proficiency on the tenor and (when required) baritone saxophones, vibes and piano and drums—not to mention his arranging and composing—Jazz Couriers' co-leader, 23-year-old Tubby Hayes last week visited Selmer's saxophone shop and bought an ALTO and a FLUTE! Due out in October: Tubby's Tempo EP in which he is heard on two altos, three tenors, baritone, vibes and piano. Baritonist Harry Klein also went shopping last week. His buy: a BASSOON! An incredibly difficult instrument to play, I'm told. It

looks like a large-size bass-clarinet.

RECENT Riverside (London label here) recording dates are by Thelonious Monk on location at New York's Bronx-area, Five Spot Club (with tenorman Johnny Griffin, bassist Wilbur Ware and drummer Roy Haynes); trumpeter Blue Mitchell with Cannonball Adderley, pianist Bill Evans, Ware and Philly Joe Jones. Mitchell again, with Griffin, trombonist Curtis Fuller, Wynton Kelly, Ware and Philly Joe.

Finally, a vocal album by trumpeter Kenny Dorham (with Fuller, Sam Jones, Charlie Persip and pianist Cedar Walton). Don Byrd told me that Kenny can really sing the blues!



"Dad hates this record!"

WHAT with last week's "Carnegie Hall" concert review and all the news that's been buzzing about lately, I haven't had much space for record reviews in recent weeks.

So this week, let's start and try to make up for lost time. Among the albums up for review . . .

● The best Coleman Hawkins issued here in some time. Also on the date: "Carnegie Hall" stars, Jay Jay Johnson and Oscar Pettiford.

● The fine Herb Pomeroy big band from Boston, Mass. Cleanly played, Basic-ish stuff with Zoot Sims as featured guest on six of the tracks.

These and several others. So, let's listen. . . .

COLEMAN HAWKINS

The Hawk Flies High

Chant; Juicy Fruit; Think Deep; Laura; Blue Lights; Sanctity.

(12 in. London LTZU15117)

THIS is a strangely dissatisfying album. Everyone is in good, if not particularly sensational, form and it contains a lot of good jazz. With Hawkins are two of the earliest (and best) boppers, Jay Jay Johnson and Idrees Sulieman (trumpet) and an expert, irreplaceable rhythm section of Hank Jones, Barry Galbraith, Oscar Pettiford and Jo Jones. They don't come much better than that. Most of the originals are by Hawkins and someone, except for Gigi Gryce's near-standard minor blues, *Lights*.

Hawk plays, as almost always, with a huge sound, considerable emotional warmth and that sense of melodic invention that has characterised his playing for over 20 years. Jay had a good, though comparatively restrained day. Sulieman (who sustains a note for nearly three choruses on the blues, *Fruit*) provides some stimulating moments, especially on *Sanctity* (the riff tune Hawkins and Eldridge played on most of the JATP shows).

Best track are *Think* (a most moving ballad with good voicing and tenor), *Laura* (Hawk on his own, except for half a chorus by Jay), *Lights* and especially the extended-length "Sanctity," which builds well and is the swaggiest track. Hank's solo here is excellent, too.

Where this LP falls down, I feel, is that two or three tracks are marred by a rather doomy atmosphere. In some, they snap out of it. Maybe there were some

Tongue-in-the cheek 'cocktail jazz'

COUNT BASIE

Neal's Deal; Beaver Junction; Muttonleg; Queer Street.
(7in. Fontana TFE17015)

A STIMULATING reminder, should such a thing be necessary, that Bill Basie has always had wonderful, swinging bands. Four are heard here. *Deal*, by the 1950 Sextet (with Buddy de Franco, Serge Chaloff and a heavy Buddy Rich) is the only let-down. Not true, blue Basie. But the others are fine. The melodic *Junction* is Harry Edison's tune, sparked by Gus Johnson's drums. *Mutton-Leg* is an up, rhythm thing, with tenorists Buddy Tate and Illinois Jacquet, who blows his top. Most interesting is *Queer*. The arranger-composer is Jimmy Mundy.

Fine, "fat" sounding scoring in the great tradition which Tadd Dameron and Gil Fuller carried on so distinguishedly. (****).

EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO / QUINTET

"London After Dark"
Passport To Pimlico; Nelson's Column; A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square; London Pride; Underneath The Arches; There's A Lovely Lake In London; A Foggy Day; Chelsea Bridge; Limehouse Blues.
(10in. Vox VX 1450)

THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Londoner, Eddie Thompson, blind from birth, is probably Britain's most outstanding solo or trio-type pianist. He has a really excellent technique, an interesting and intelligent harmonic conception, a strong rhythmic approach, and, especially "in the flesh," a

dry, off-beat-type sense of musical humour.

This date features four sides by a Quintet, five by a Trio. His section men are the excellent Arthur Watts (bass) and his Whittle group colleague, Jackie Dongan (drums). They make a fine team. The Quintet tracks add Tubby Hayes for his first all-vibes recordings and multi-instrumentalist Johnny Scott on flute.

As you'll gather from the titles, it's a "London" album. *Pimlico* is by Basie arranger, Johnny Mandell. *Chelsea* is, of course, Billy Strayhorn's classic ballad. The other composers include those famous jazzmen Noel Coward, Tolchard Evans and Bud Flanagan. Eddie wrote *Column* himself. A catchy, fairly funky 12-bar, it's my favourite track on the LP and Eddie plays with much warmth and emotional depth.

Some of the other tunes aren't exactly jazz material. And much of this record is in the "cocktail jazz" vein and Eddie often seems to have his tongue-in-cheek.

Tubs and Johnny turn in thoroughly competent solos, the rhythm section is very good and Eddie plays some of his best recorded work thus far. If you accept it all for what it is, it's a pleasantly light-hearted, non-purist record and Eddie certainly deserves the chance to be heard (****).

JUNE CHRISTY

Something Cool
I'm Thrilled; Softly As In The Morning Sunrise; This Time The Dream's On Me; The



Four of COUNT BASIE's bands are heard on his new EP.

Night We Called It A Day.
(7in. Capitol EAP516)

JUNE CHRISTY will never be regarded as one of the great jazz singers. For one thing, her intonation is often suspect. Her diction, too, leaves much to be desired. But she sings with a lot of warmth and I enjoy her records.

These are four extra tracks, which were used to convert the "Something Cool" American 10in.

LP into a 12. Pete Rugolo's writing is perfectly in keeping with the mood of the songs.

Particularly pretty is *Night*. The altoist is Bud Shank. June does a good, wistful job on this. *Dream* has some attractive modulation devices and June interprets the changes with taste and feeling. Thanks, Capitol, for issuing this. It's good for that late-night listening.

BOB BROOKMEYER QUINTET

Traditionalism Revisited

Louisiana, Santa Claus Blues; Truckin'; Some Sweet Day; Sweet Like This; Ja Da; Don't Be That Way; Honeysuckle Rose.

(12in. Vogue LAE 12108)

YOU could call Brookmeyer and Jimmy Giuffre "modern traditionalists," I suppose. Each has strong roots in, and tremendous sincerity about and feeling for, the earlier, folkier conception of jazz. They work very well together.

On this World Pacific LP, they have made a brave attempt to revive some trad tunes and spirit. The result: an album which, in its entirety, very nearly comes off. But one which is blessed with complete empathy amongst the musicians, an astonishing degree of relaxation and considerable charm.

The LP title is definitely applicable to *Louisiana, Santa, Day, Like* and *Ja Da*, though, to my mind, the other tunes smack more of the swing era. *Like* even incorporates the original lines put down years ago by King Oliver and his nephew, Dave Nelson.

Brookmeyer plays piano on *Truckin'* (also on *Rose*, where he plays piano with one hand AND valve-trombone with the other!). It's a beautiful track. He couldn't be more relaxed. Guitarist Jim Hall is also most effective in solo and section on this tune, as he is throughout the LP. Giuffre uses tenor, baritone and clarinet. Joe Benjamin and Ralph Pena share the bass chores and Dave Bailey is on drums.

This is a record where peace of mind and music abounds. Not my kind of jazz, really. But a thoroughly worthwhile venture, which could have a wide appeal. Brookmeyer is a man and musician of principles, integrity and sincerity. Hear what he has to say (****).

Elvis in the Army

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ALAN LOMAX: Attractive record from his own arrangements.

TRADITIONAL

jazz

By **OWEN BRYCE**

Let's look now at some of the rivulets. Some of the tiny inlets. Some of the backwaters.

Kansas City was the home of the Benny Moten band, later to become Basie's. The home of Mary Lou Williams and the Andy Kirk band, and also of Jay McShann and Charlie Parker. It's the best of all big band jazz. Based on simple riffing, above an easy swinging bouncing beat, with ample opportunities for the soloist, it is really the only logical music for a large orchestra to play.

Jump Music was the name given to small Harlem bands in the very late thirties. It's best exponent at the time was the Louis Jordan Tympani Five. Jump style eventually gave way to a shuffle rhythm and later become the forerunner of rock 'n' roll.

type of piano playing based on a constantly repeated base phrase, usually but not always in 8 4 time. Most of the Boogie men played excellent jazz piano. Meade Lux Lewis, Jimmy Yancey, Pete Johnson, Pinetop Smith, Albert Ammons.

West Coast is the name given to those musicians, mostly white, who developed a cold approach to jazz playing, basing their music on European scales and harmonies. Their outlook was a strictly modern one, and mostly they were at one time or another associated with the Stan Kenton orchestra. The style today is fast dying out in favour of a warmer modern style.

Spasm is a term used to denote those bands made up of non-standard instruments — kazoos, washboards, suitcases, jug. The Russell Quay City Ramblers, a London-based group, play excellent spasm music.

The Jam Session is merely a get-together of musicians, mostly



LOUIS JORDAN: His Tympani Five were the best exponents of Jump Music.

after hours, but often in recording studios, in order to play a free and easy un-arranged jazz just for kicks. Extremely popular before the war, it was featured a lot by the Condon Nixieland groups, and has lately been revived commercially by the jazz at the Philharmonic unit, using the greatest instrumentalists, often in battles one with the other

OFF the BEATEN TRACK

Looking at some of the rivulets and backwaters of the main stream of jazz

"I ENJOYED your bits about jazz history and jazz styles," a reader told me the other day, "but what about jump style? What about Kansas City, West Coast? Where does 'Barrelhouse' fit in? What about Washboard Bands? What about skiffle?"

jazz styles as there are jazz records.

I'm all for calling it jazz, with maybe five or six sub-divisions. It's easy to pick out the odd record and to say, "That's such-and-such a style." But there are so many thousands of where-shall-we-draw-the-line discs.

Where, for argument's sake, does Kansas City stop and Basie begin? Where does Basie cease to be big band negro jazz—or even swing music?

So far we've travelled down the main course of jazz music and looked a little way along some of the big tributaries which feed the main stream (little letters, by the way—no capitals this time) of our vast river.

Barrelhouse is really a piano music, uninhibited, unpretentious, righteous jazz, eminently suited to the low dives known as barrelhouses. Jess Stacy made a record in the early thirties called "Barrelhouse." Excellent though it was, it is far removed from the earthy, rough, stomping music of the Rent parties.

Boogie Woogie is a barrelhouse

REVIEWS

ALAN LOMAX SINGS

That's All Right; Long Time Man; Abilene; Brady.
(Nixa NJE1055)

HERE'S Jack Fallon on bass again in the accompanying group, this time with Dave Lee (piano), Roy Plummer (guitar), Derek Hogg (drums) and John Cole (mouth organ)—on a supposedly rock 'n' roll kick.

Lomax has progressed from a collector of songs, through a singer of songs to a writer of songs. I suppose it's a natural progression, but it's still an odd one. Personally the more I study records the less I'm convinced I'll ever play good jazz, but in many of us hope springs eternal.

To be fair, however, Lomax admits that he arranged these more than wrote them. I like honesty. I found these attractive, even allowing for the difficulty Lomax has of jumping from a high note to a low one.

JOSH WHITE

Blues and . . . Part One
How Long Blues; Kansas City Blues; I Had To Stoop To Conquer; Mint Julep.
(Nixa NJE1057)

THIS was recorded two years ago with an English group providing the backing. And really good it is, too. Bertie King on alto, Kenny Baker on trumpet, Benny Green on baritone, Fred Hartz, tenor, Phil Seamen on drums and Jack Fallon on bass. One wonders why this was held up for so long.

Josh has been condemned by many critics, and by some of his contemporaries for being commercial, even modern. (I well remember Big Bill Broonzy explaining that Josh was "all right, but, you know, he plays them city blues.") The fact that he sings up-to-date lyrics, and that he was for a time commercially successful, does not alter the undisputed fact that he sings excellent blues, right in the negro idiom—and that he plays glorious guitar.

I enjoyed these four tracks, and never forget, enjoyment is of number one importance with any record you buy.

SALUTE TO LOUIS

featuring Billy Butterfield, trumpet
Jazz Lips; Coal Cart Blues; Gulf Coast Blues; Potato Head Blues; Arkansas Blues; Monday Date; Squeeze Me; Hotter Than That; Savoy Blues; Cornet Chop Suey.
(Parlophone PMD1063)

WHEN it becomes legal to machine-gun people you don't like, I'm tracking down all the cover note writers, designers, and title inventors, and finishing off a couple of dozen or so. And the guys that had a hand in this little lot are right on the list.

"Salute To Louis" may be a good idea—although there are enough Louis discs around anyway—but "featuring Billy Butterfield" is rubbish. The session was organised and led by Tommy Reynolds, the clarinet player. But his name is hardly mentioned, certainly not as the band leader. And Butterfield, wonderful as he is, only plays on four out of the 10 tracks. The remainder feature Pee Wee Irwin.

Sorry about all the irrelevancy of the above, but it does get me down. And secondly the music's so wonderful that I can't find anything to criticise in that direction.

The numbers played all hail from Louis' heyday. You couldn't fault a single one of them as melodies or as inspiration for jazz playing. Mostly they were written by Louis himself, Clarence Williams, Fats Waller or Earl Hines.

McGarity plays his gutty, driving trombone pushing along the two trumpet men. Butterfield particularly being at his very best throughout his contribution.

The rhythm section is superb. George Barnes on guitar, one of the greatest today; Jack Lesberg, over here two years ago with the All Stars, on bass; and Cliff Lee-man, the finest off-beat drummer of the lot.



JOSH WHITE: Commercial, but good.

JOHNNY MATHIS

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NEWS
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DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL

THAT vocal group which comes in assorted sizes, The Hi-Los hit town last week and at the reception given by Philips they dispelled any ideas we may have had that here was a bunch of eccentrics.

They may have hit the musical world for six but they are still just four talented, anything-but-odd Americans with a highly developed sense of humour.

Take Californian-born Bob Morse, one of the six-footers. When someone asked him what his

this country, release date October 1, with something old and something new to please the versatile Canadian's many fans.

The old song is *Hello My Baby* but the top side will probably be the next hit due over from Italy, *Coma Prima*.

Jackie will be busy for some weeks to come with both regular TV and radio dates, but lingering around the back of his mind is the thought that it would be fun to do a musical show sometime. We could certainly use his talent.

Busy time

ahead

THE Mudlarks come back from their fantastic success at Weymouth on September 20, but that won't be the signal for a few weeks rest.

The very next day they are appearing in the Palladium television show, then on the

Their own style paid off

hobbies, were he said very quietly that he didn't have many, though he was teaching his dog some foreign languages.

Such was the reputation that had grown about The Hi-Los that no one batted an eyelid or even noticed the twinkle in his eye!

Talking to Bob later he pointed out that this idea about the group being permanently "different," always controversial, had proved a problem back home.

"I've even had fans come up and say that they have lost interest in the group because our latest records have become too popular."

The boys may be popular now but they had a hard time when they started in 1953.

"We were determined to keep going in our own style, and hope that eventually people would get used to us. It was a great help to work on the Rosemary Clooney television show. Rosemary is such a wonderful person, and her encouragement helped us a lot," he said.



★ ★ ★
PRAISE for an up-and-coming British vocal group, the Polka Dots, came from the fabulous Hi-Los at a party given by Francis Day after the Americans' first London concert.

The Hi-Los asked the Polka Dots to sing one of their numbers.

They listened—then they raved!

"The greatest vocal group we've heard this tour" was their verdict.

Said Hi-Lo Bob Morse: "They're not only good vocally; they're great musicians. They even do arrangements while you wait." This is really something."

No. 1 coming up

A COUPLE of weeks ago I mentioned that it was a pity no one had got around to signing up Jackie Rae and putting on tape some of the oldies he sings in his television shows.

Now comes news from Fontana that Jackie has cut his first disc in

Monday they open in variety at the Prince of Wales.

On the 24th they make a quick sprint from the theatre to the television studios to join in the Jack Jackson fun and games. Just to keep things moving, they have a new disc out on the 19th called "There's Never Been a Night!"

Mike's now a heavyweight

EX-ARMY boxing champion Mike Preston has taken up skipping. Not for fun, I hasten to add, but because since he gave up a life in the army for one as a cartoon cameraman, his weight has gone up from 12½ stone to no less than 14.

Probably when he starts in on the big fight to get into the Top Ten lists Mike will find that skipping won't be necessary.

Mike's disc debut song is *A House, A Car, And A Wedding Ring*. Man who wrote it is Jerry Lordan, who has written five songs, but this is the first to come up on record.

Time to relax for the MUD-LARKS during their great season at Weymouth (see "Busy time ahead.") But there's plenty of work coming for them, as there is too, for "zither queen" SHIRLEY ABICAIR, home for a three months Australian tour after six years in London.



He packs a double punch! MIKE PRESTON, the singer with a useful right hand (see "Mike's a Heavyweight")

If you've been around the Piccadilly area you've probably noticed the film advertising spot just opposite the Haymarket. And the man behind the projector is young Jerry. It must have been watching all those ads for wedding rings that gave him the idea for his first disc success.

Mike opened this week in variety at the Finsbury Park Empire but he's still carrying on the daytime job as a cameraman. And he'll stay that way until he's quite sure that he can get a living from show biz.

Two years old

SEPTEMBER 17 sees the two-year anniversary for Jerry Allen in "Lunch Box," from the Midlands television studios. Jerry is rapidly becoming known as Mr. TV, with a regular stint of eight shows a week.

He celebrates his Lunch Box success with a new disc out on Parlophone called *Tele Tunes*, including the show's signature tune, *The Hedgehopper* which Jerry wrote with Eula Parker, another regular visitor to Midlands television.



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ROUND and ABOUT

with DISC photographer
RICHIE HOWELL

SPECTACLE, STARS AND FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT—in other words, The Lot! That was the first of the new "Oh Boy!" series at the week-end. Spotlights in this scene is MARTY WILDE, with a backing of the NEVILLE TAYLOR GROUP, the VERNON GIRLS, the DALLAS BOYS and CHERRY WAINER (organ). Inset: A shot TV watchers did not see. MARTY WILDE and producer JACK GOOD "warm up" the audience before the show.



THE HI-LOS are here and are due in Scotland at the end of this week on their tour of Britain. In this Philips reception picture the group meet VIC LEWIS (extreme right) whose orchestra will tour with them, and Philips A and R manager, JOHNNY FRANZ.



RUSS HAMILTON (above) sings his hit number, "Little One" to 12-year-old James Langley during the BBC's "Six-Five Special" show. Below: Paynes Poppets are coming into the "pop" market with a six weeks campaign in which a 45 rpm disc may be bought for 1s. 9d. plus a pack top from a Poppet carton. Their recording artistes are (left to right): Gerry Grant, Bryan Johnson, Lynn Barrie and Marie Benson. With the foursome is DISC columnist, Kent Walton.



★ ★ ★



Break in rehearsals for three "Six-Five" artistes: DON RENNIE, TONY OSBORNE and RUSS HAMILTON.