

November 15, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 41 Week ending November 15, 1958

Frank Sinatra

EVERY
6^p
THURSDAY



**FRANK
SINATRA**

'MR SUCCESS'

b/w 'Sleep Warm'

45-CL14986
ALSO AVAILABLE ON 78 R.P.M.



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611 Great Castle Street · London · W.1

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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

Something for everyone

PRIZE LETTER

ANYONE who condemns the present-day musical scene must be out of his mind. Never before has the British musical picture been so complete. Today there is a choice for everyone.

In grandfather's age there was little chance for anyone to have his own special taste because the only music was opera and music-hall scores. Grandpapa had to like it—or lump it! Now that other kinds of music have been introduced he cannot adapt himself and labels them "trash."

Father had a bigger choice and he picked Crosby and Sinatra. These two crooners added a beat to grandpapa's kind of music and sang it more romantically and father liked it. Big brother also took a liking to Sinatra and Sinatra thrived, but when Mr. Bill Haley came along with hot-upt jazz he called rock, Sinatra was worried. The rock developed and improved into what it is now—the music for the teenagers.

Today a disc-buyer has a bigger choice than ever and yet people say that the present decade is "resentful" and "uncouth." They must be mad.—COLIN DAVENPORT, 30 Larch Avenue, Pemberton, Lancs.

Soon forgotten?

WHY this terrific import of American flash-in-the-pan stars? One hit, and over they come to receive top billing and a star's wage and, sometimes, even to appear at the London Palladium.

They tour the country with no stage technique and usually perform to half empty houses, then return to the States never to be heard of again.

Surely a singer should establish on records before considering an engagement abroad.

Most recent arrivals over here are the Kalin Twins and Domenico Modugno and I am willing to bet that they will be forgotten in a few months. I also learn that Tommy Edwards is to come over here on the strength of his one hit, "It's All In The Game."

We never hear of people like Marvin Rainwater now.—(Miss) JEAN L. YORKE, Russell Road, Birmingham, 28.

(Much of what you say is true—but there are "overnight" stars, too.)

'Mansion music'

THE other day I heard a special record played on one of these new stereophonic record players. To my surprise, despite all the publicity they have received, I couldn't notice any difference in the quality of the reproduction.

I have also heard this stereophonic sound in cinemas, and I was nearly deafened by the roar. This was also the general opinion of the friends I was with at the time.

Surely this type of record player is only suitable for people who own some great mansion and want the music all over the house, or on the other hand, it would be admirable for a dance hall.

But as a good percentage of the record buyers at present are teenagers they aren't going to be too fussy about what they play their discs on.—C. R. HOOPER, R.A.F., Stafford.

(Stereo, heard properly on good equipment, is enjoyable in any size room.)

Take a bow, Jack

IT'S been difficult, but at last Britain has done it! We have finally learned how to turn out rock 'n' roll discs comparable with the deluge of American ones that have poured into this country in recent years.

Marty Wilde's "Endless Sleep" was, perhaps, the first sign, but the supreme effort was Cliff Richard's "Move It," which just about hits the top! Now watch "High Class Baby"—Cliff's latest—do the same.

But the person who deserves most credit is Jack Good. During the past year Jack Good has worked entirely for the interests and promotion of rock. There is much evidence of this—his concentration on rock when with the "Six-Five Special"; his articles in DISC; his ability to see a winner in "Move It," and to sign on Cliff Richard to appear in "Oh Boy!"—ROGER BRAMHILL, Lewis Lane, Cirencester, Glos.

(Jack Good is young in heart—and knows what the teenager wants.)

The bar's off

EVERY week we see in the American hit parade the names of coloured singers such as The Platters, Chuck Berry, The Olympics, Bobby Day and Earl Grant.

Does this mean that the beat-conscious young Americans are at last disregarding the disgraceful colour bar imposed by their parents?

If it does it is very welcome news to me and all young people here in England.—IVOR KIRMAN, Colin Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs.

(Music is international.)

You customers!

I WORK in a record shop and am fed up with reading your readers' letters of complaint about poor ser-

vice. If only the customers knew how difficult they can be!

Take, for example, a young man who came into the shop, walked to the counter, but when I smilingly asked if I could help him, snapped back, "No, I'm only looking."

Then another customer came in, and while I was serving her, the rude gentleman came over demanding service!

There are also the people who come in wanting records that artists have not made. When told the discs aren't available they blame the assistant.

I am told off by customers because certain songs are only on LPs, and because some are deleted.

If record-buyers would read DISC carefully they would know a lot more than many seem to at the moment.—(Miss) ANNE COUSINS, Old Farm Road, Birmingham, 33.

(There's an over-the-counter revelation which shows up some customers' rudeness.)

Pressure point

WHAT has happened to "Six-Five Special"? It certainly looks as though it has run out of all that very hot steam it once had.

No longer do we get top stars but artistes such as Audrey Jeans, Frank Cook, Billy Raymond, Peter Regan, The Brasshats and other people. Many of us have never heard of them.

Some of my friends who don't have ITV visit me Saturdays to see "Oh



"You may be interested to know, son, that I'm making a New Year's resolution that concerns you and your music—and I can't wait!"

Boy!" This show lasts only for half an hour and sometimes after it is finished I switch over to "Six-Five." None of us can help commenting on the big difference between the two shows.

I suggest the "Six-Five" team pull up their socks and get hold of the stars who give the type of entertainment most young people want, such as Frankie Vaughan, Tommy Steele, Lonnie Donegan, The Most Brothers, Terry Dene and many more.—R. HOLLIDAY, Trentham Road, Stoke, Coventry.

(The big names are still appearing on "Six-Five.")

Hands off!

HAVE a care you disc manglers, keep your fingers off those records! I am appalled at the way some people look after their platters. They never think of storing them safely or keeping them clean. An advertisement in DISC recently showed a young woman advertising a toothpaste, handling a disc. Her hands may have been spotlessly clean and her nails perfectly manicured, but it was a mistake to portray her holding a record the way she was.

Worse still, in a friend's house recently, I was amazed when he gave his two-year-old sister an EP to play with!

"It's all right," he told me, "they're unbreakable aren't they?"

As he was talking the baby was happily sucking and chewing at the record's delicate playing surfaces!—MICHAEL FLETCHER, Denmark Street, Thornaby-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

(Obviously it was a special child's record!)

Watch them

YOUR prize letter-writer (DISC, 1-11-58) must be well over 30. It is a good job that there are not so very many of these "deflating" people around, who wait until a young star is having moderate success, then pounce.

I am not a lover of rock and roll, but would like to bring to notice a new group, namely the "Allstars," who appeared at a local teenage show in the same cinema from which Cliff Richard rocketed to fame.

Their singer, 18-year-old Tony Graves, of Tooting, should be seen by your correspondent so that he can swallow his words.—(Miss) R. KNIGHT, Framfield Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

(Tony's obviously a talented lad.)

Quiet, girls

I WENT to the Birmingham Town Hall recently to hear Cliff Richard. All I did was see him! I most certainly did not hear a word he said, with the exception of one song, "Endless Sleep." The rest of his singing was drowned by an over-enthusiastic drummer and stupid, screaming girls.

Have these girls no pride or manners? There are at least some people in the building who want to hear something for their money.

Every time Cliff Richard moved his body (not a rare occurrence!) the girls screamed and raged, tore at their hair and rushed forward to the edge of the stage.

Is there no way of stopping this mass hysteria? The only solution that I can think of is by threatening to stop the show.—ROY ABERNETHY, Emdon Park Road, Solihull, Warwick.

(Ladies, please let the mere males enjoy the show, too.)

Shooting stars

I HAVE read DISC from the very first issue and one thing that never fails to amuse me in its content is the way the American hit parade fluctuates. One week it is full of artistes such as Ricky Nelson and Elvis Presley, and the next it is full of people with odd names which nobody has ever heard of before.

The American rock fans seem to go in for new names. One instance was the Monotones and their recording, "Book Of Love." Nobody has heard of them since.

A recording like "Little Star" can rise from nowhere to a top position, yet "Little Star" is just a pepped up version of a nursery rhyme. That particular record didn't get very far in this country.

Rock 'n' roll seems to be getting stupid when you get a thing called "Chantilly Lace" by the Big Bopper. That really is the last straw.—B. A. WRIGHTSON, Barlock Road, Basford, Notts.

(Remember this week's unknowns may be the stars next week.)

Britain's best

I THINK that Patrick Stone (DISC, 1-11-58) is unfair to say that Cliff Richard is another carbon copy of Elvis Presley.

In my estimation Cliff is the best that Britain has produced as far as the rock beat is concerned.

Granted, American singers are far superior to ours but the reason is very easy to see. They have everything laid practically in their laps.

As far as background arrangements go I wonder if Mr. Stone could name just one British rock 'n' roller with a beat, and where is there a guitarist superior to Cliff Richard?—W. INGLIS, Lockfield Road, Summer-ville, Dumfries.

(Cliff's certainly a topical boy these days.)

A man who gives orders

At sea and ashore, the Commander is a man who knows how to give orders. He is a man with the power of command.



"We'll do that again... two Gordon's with orange, and two with tonic, please."

ON DUTY and off, the Commander gives clear orders swiftly and so commands instant attention even in the most crowded bar. You'll always hear men like the Commander naming the gin they want. The clean, fresh taste of Gordon's is unmistakable to them. And one of the great things about Gordon's is that you can be sure of getting it, wherever you go, so long as you ask for it by name.



Gordon's
the party spirit

TERRY DENE
PRETTY LITTLE PEARLY
 DECCA RECORDS 45/78
 F 11076



PERRY COMO—In at No. 13

Week ending,
 November 8th

TOP TWENTY

Compiled from
 dealers' returns from
 all over Britain

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

ONES TO WATCH

Rockin' Robin
 Susie Darlin'

Bobby Day
 Robin Luke

DONNIE OWENS
NEED YOU
 LONDON RECORDS 45/78
 H.L.U. 8747



TOMMY STEELE—In at No. 18 (Disc Pic)

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for week ending November 8th)

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

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

American Top Ten

These were the ten numbers that topped the sales in America last week (week ending November 8th)

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

ONES TO WATCH

Queen Of The Hop Bobby Darin
 The Day The Rains Came Raymond Le Fevre

Records FROM America

- Jimmie Rodgers**: Woman from Liberia (Columbia DB406 (45 & 78))
- The Shepherd Sisters**: Dancing Baby (Mercury AMT1905 (45 & 78))
- The Olympics**: Western Movies (H.M.V. POP52 (45 & 78))
- The Gaylords**: Flamingo L'amore (Mercury AMT1908 (45 & 78))



SPOTLIGHT

ON

CHARLIE DRAKE

'I SAID THE FIRST THING THAT CAME INTO MY HEAD'—AND A CATCHPHRASE WAS BORN

The first time I saw Charlie Drake he was all tied up in the ropes of a boxing ring. And the little five-foot comic with the wispy blond hair, the red face and sprinkling of freckles was, as usual, fooling around.

"Hello, my darlin'," he yelled across the studio where he was rehearsing a transmission of "Drake's Progress," and extricated himself from the ropes.

"Ere, what do you think? I'm going to sing in tonight's show. What do you think of that, then?"

So you might say I was in at the birth of Charlie Drake, Hit Parade Pop Singer, as distinct from Charlie Drake, Knock-about Comic.

consciously imitate Charlie Chaplin, but the resemblance was there." And, of course, Charlie's custard pie comedy inevitably resulted in cuts, bruises, concussion . . . but they were always accidental.

He was always too good an artiste, too experienced at falling about, to get involved in accidents by his own carelessness.

"There was the time," recalls Charlie, "when a zinc bucket came hurtling out of the wings and hit me straight on the bonce."

"I reeled off the stage with my head bleeding, and had to have eight stitches in the cut at the back of my head."

Since then I've often had the



He's always the fall guy—EXCEPT IN POPULARITY!

This was barely six months ago. Charlie had just signed a three-year contract with the B.B.C.—his first really big break in nearly 20 years of show business.

"How do I sound?" asked Charlie, after he'd sung the first chorus of "Hello, My Darlings."

"Fine," said everyone around the studio, and in the final run through Charlie really was beginning to sound like a singer. . . . To be honest, though, it didn't sound like hit parade stuff, which just goes to show how wrong you can be.

After the broadcast Charlie just couldn't contain his excitement, "What do you think, they want me to make a record of 'Hello, My Darlings'! Fancy me, a singer—on records."

Small wonder that Charles Edward Drake could not believe his luck—first a B.B.C. television contract, followed by a disc debut. For Charlie, always on stage the downtrodden little man, forever in trouble, is not a mythical character at all.

In real life Charlie has always been the fall guy, always the bloke things happened to—and always the wrong things!

Charlie was born in the rough, tough part of London around the Old Kent Road. No spoon-fed youngster.

He left school at 14 and had already decided on a show business career. His first job was singing with a bunch of youngsters at the old South London Palace.

It seemed natural that pert, jolly Charlie from the Old Kent Road should graduate to variety—as a comedian.

"I suppose it was my height and my face that dictated the type of act. I was always the little bloke getting pushed around. I didn't

wound re-opened by unlucky blows and falls.

"Another time I was rehearsing a sketch involving a gun with Bob Monkhouse. Of course, the thing went off accidentally and hit ME. I couldn't hear for a week," and Charlie pointed ruefully at the tiny specks of black gunpowder still embedded in the side of his face.

Once Charlie thought up an act where he had to dive into a tank of water.

"Of course somebody had to change the size of the tank and I miscalculated the dive. The next minute I was being pulled out of the water almost unconscious. I'd

hit my head on one end of the tank.

"I hoped the audience would think it was part of the act, but they knew something was wrong."

Charlie's accident record is so risky, he says, no insurance company will take him on.

"To think I spent 20 years doing that," Charlie said to me last week, "and now, here I am, at the top of the bill, and in the hit parade."

Charlie's modest enough still to be unable to believe his good luck. When you have known what it is to be hard-up and hungry you can never quite credit the jackpot when you hit it.

He still feels more at home in a bar with a pint of beer and a cheese sandwich in his hand than in a swank restaurant.

He is still at the new-toy stage when speaking of his cream convertible, and the lovely house in Surrey in which he has now installed his ex-ballet dancer wife, Heather, and his two chubby, fair-haired boys, who look just like Dad.

"You know, even now I'm afraid my luck might turn again. Take that car, for instance, first time I took it out I dropped the bonnet on my fingers. I ran out of petrol and a dear old soul offered to lend me some. I tipped it in and it turned out to be paraffin!"

I was interested in the origin of Charlie's catchphrase.

It appears that one day he was rehearsing for a TV show with a chorus.

"Suddenly, I looked up and found myself beside the tallest, shapeliest girl in the chorus-line."

"I said the first thing that came

into my head, which happened to be 'Hello, my darling.' The girls all giggled, and throughout that afternoon everyone in the studio kept repeating it . . . the cameramen, the electricians, the script girls.

"They were all so tickled the producer thought it would be a good idea to open the programme with the phrase."

"After the show, everyone I met greeted me with 'Hello, my darling,' and I haven't been allowed to drop it since."

That little catchphrase, coined on the spur of the moment, has coined Charlie Drake a mint of dough.

Charlie's first platter, *Hello, My Darlings*, backed with *Splash Splash*, looked like a flash in the pan.

To say that everyone in Tin Pan Alley was surprised when they heard Charlie's first disc would be an understatement. They were amazed!

It was whispered behind knowing hands that he would be a one-record phenomenon. Others before him had scored a place in the hit parade with a first record . . . only to fade away.

But Charlie's second disc—his riotous version of *Volare*—is one of the funniest things on wax, while his *Itchy-Twitchy Feeling* has removed any doubt about his future possibilities as a disc star as well as a top flight comedian.

Gipsy Joan Davis can see in her crystal ball that Charlie Drake, Disc Star, is here to stay.

You have proved that you are star material, Mr. Drake, and your fans won't let you duck out of it.

So you can rid yourself of that itchy-twitchy feeling that your good luck won't hold out. Luck is no substitute for talent, and you're loaded with that.

Joan Davis

COVER PERSONALITY

FRANK SINATRA

It is always a great pleasure to write about a personality who brings sustained enjoyment to people throughout the world, be it through record sales, films, TV, or any other medium in show business.

One person in this bracket who has all those attributes is Frank Sinatra, an artiste who makes a welcome return to our cover spot.

So great has been the impact of Sinatra that today we automatically couple his presence with an imaginative picture of a lean and hungry look, a lopsided grin, cynical air and a delicious voice that would leave us tongue-tied to describe. He is indeed, Mr. Perfection from nose to toes.

"Mr. Success" is the title of Sinatra's latest single on Capitol. Could anything be more apt? If the whole universe were combed with a toothpick, the chances are that one might find an equal, but with Sinatra's

talents that would not detract from the fact that he is one of the greatest marvels in show business.

Very few have secured the topmost rung on the ladder and held on to it throughout the ever-changing facades of musical achievement.

His countless record releases in this country are, in the main, on the Capitol label. Sinatra secured a golden disc for his single "Young At Heart" and several others have only narrowly missed similar success. All his LPs have enjoyed tremendous sales and "Songs For Swinging Lovers" has had the highest overall run.

Now into its third year, "Swinging Lovers" is still shown on returns throughout the country. This must be a "record" for any artiste.

As a further example of Frank's excessive musical ability, there are three LPs to which he lent his talents as

orchestra conductor. Peggy Lee fans will remember that he did a brilliant job on the 1956 release of "The Man I Love," this was followed in 1957 by "Tone Poems In Colour," a selection of musical pieces by various orchestras. And now Sinatra is just completing "Sleep Warm," a new Dean Martin LP.

On the Sinatra plate at the moment is his current long player waxing of "Come Fly With Me," which again proves that he can be different. With an excellent backing by the Billy May Orchestra, this disc gives him plenty of opportunity to exploit his magnitude of talent.

In December comes yet another LP—"Only the Lonely" on which he returns to the famed sound of Nelson Riddle and the Orchestra.

With all these successes in mind, can you wonder why we have again chosen Frank Sinatra as our cover personality?

JUNE HARRIS

A FAMOUS DISC JOCKEY'S WORKING DAY

By
**ALAN
FREEMAN**
of
RADIO LUXEMBOURG

9,000,000 people are your audience



ALAN FREEMAN — even a midnight meal to music.

SO, you want to be a disc-jockey? I can understand anyone cherishing that ambition, but before deciding on it, my advice is MAKE SURE IT IS AN AMBITION and not just another "passing fancy."

Some time ago, obsessed with the idea of being a film star, I found out a few facts about being a film star! Assuming I had the acting ability, I realised that I was not prepared to put in all the hard work necessary. It was just an obsession—a fancy to become famous, to have my name in lights.

There is obviously some glamour in being a DJ.—I should be untruthful if I told you any differently—but if you must attune yourself to the fact that it is the job before you, and not the so-called glamour, that is the important thing. If you can do that, you have made first base on the way to becoming a successful DJ.

It might be just as well if I give you some idea of the work of a disc jockey. Firstly, he has a duty to his listening public. He must make

certain that his programme is well balanced, not only to please himself, but more importantly, the people who are powerless to choose their own records, and are entirely dependent upon the DJ's choice.

This, of course, does not apply so obviously to request programmes. But, to my mind, these make the DJ's task greater. He has to search through request after request to ensure that not only those who have asked for discs are satisfied, but also those who have not!

You see, in a request programme of, say 45 minutes, the DJ, has the opportunity to play approximately 13 or 14 discs. The biggest problem is that the listening audience for that 45 minutes might well be in the vicinity of some 9,000,000.

You can be sure that you are going to please 14 people, but you must be very conscious of the fact that your programme is not just for those few. This record selection, I assure you, is a job that takes considerable thought.

You also have a duty to record-

—AND YOU HAVE TO PLEASE ALL OF THEM!

ing artists. A great deal of time and planning has been spent by these people and the brains behind them — songwriters, arrangers, publishers, recording managers, musicians, recording technicians, etc.—to produce the perfect finished article.

It is on the DJ, that the success or failure of their discs can depend.

I am possibly giving you the impression that the DJ, is a very powerful individual. To a degree he is, but not so much as an individual, as a vital cog of a powerful machine, and it is up to him to see that he works efficiently, never hindering this machine.

The DJ, has the right to say "yes" or "no" when it comes to the playing of a certain disc in his own programme, and there, perhaps, is what you might describe as his power.

But do you accept the DJ's, yes or nay whether a disc is good or otherwise?

For instance, I might elect not to play a certain disc in one of my own programmes, but it could be if I gave it a spin, there might be some two or three million listeners who would take to it immediately.

Possibly, several thousand of them would buy it and the record that I didn't go for might well enter the Top Ten, might even become one of the biggest hits of the year.

Don't forget, I am not the sole DJ, in the business. There are many with probably a great deal more wisdom. If I don't play a certain disc because I feel it is not

"my cup of tea," then one of my colleagues no doubt will. So you see, this so-called power is rather limited.

Let me summarise a day's work as a disc jockey. Into the office about 9.30 a.m. to be greeted with a pile of mail—business letters, fan letters and batches of new records to be heard. Not having time at the moment to hear these new discs, you put them aside, telling yourself that you will hear them later in the day, or perhaps take them home and hear in your spare time.

By about 10.30 you have completed the mail. Your secretary comes in with a reminder that you have still to give her details of two request programmes for broadcast later in the week. You offer a silent prayer of thanks for the efficiency of your secretary; the point had temporarily slipped your mind that you had two programmes to complete for later in the week. So, out comes the "request box," and off you go again, searching through thousands of letters, at the same time checking the previous lists to ensure that there is no duplication in your other programmes.

Hunger!

By this time hunger makes its presence felt—it is 2 p.m. Back after lunch to select requests for the rest of the week. Then there are one's other DJ, programmes. They must be done today because tomorrow your attention must be turned to the first of next week's programmes.

By this time it is about 5.30 or 6 p.m. Of course, I forgot to mention that during this rather hectic day, the phone has been continually ringing, and that work has been interrupted by a series of phone conversations—discussing new programme ideas, and talking with record managers and publishers about new releases.

You put the phone down for the last time this day, and you think of getting home to the comforts of your own lounge, your family and friends. The only snag is that, at 7 p.m., it is time for you to start work—there is a request programme starting immediately which lasts for 45 minutes. At 8.30 your services are required for a further 30-minute DJ, show (the one you spent two hours planning the day before yesterday). At 9.15 p.m. you are due on the air again for a half-hour "Musical Quiz" show, and an hour later you have to read some special commercials. Then there is a "Late Night Musical" to be done from 10.30 till 11 p.m.

And so that wonderful moment arrives when at 11.5 you have finished for the day, and are ready to go home.

Although rather weary by this time, on the way home you remember about the discs you received in the morning mail, the ones you did not have time to listen to in the studio, but which you took home to hear during a "spare moment."

So you enjoy that long-awaited meal to the accompanying strains of one or two brand new releases blaring away on the turntable of your own record player. You like one of these discs very much you decide, and immediately the brain starts turning over where and when you will broadcast it.

Strangely, I like being a disc jockey. If you achieve your ambition, I hope you like it, too!

MUSIC in the AIR

AFN

NOVEMBER 13

6.00—Music In The Air.
9.30—Music from America.
10.00—Late Request Show.

NOVEMBER 14

6.00—Music In The Air.
9.30—Stars Of Jazz.
10.30—Late Request Show.

NOVEMBER 15

4.30—A.F.N. Record Hop.
6.00—Music In The Air.
7.00—Grand Ole Opry.
8.00—America's Popular Music.
9.00—Dixie Beat.
10.00—Late Request Show.

NOVEMBER 16

9.15—Mitch Miller.
10.30—Serenade in Blue.

NOVEMBER 17

6.00—Music in the Air.
9.30—Big Band Sound.
10.30—Late Request Show.

NOVEMBER 18

6.00—Music In The Air.
9.30—Modern Jazz 1958.
10.00—Late Request Show.

NOVEMBER 19

6.00—Music In The Air.
9.30—Bandstand U.S.A.
10.00—Late Request Show.

Radio Luxembourg

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

NOVEMBER 13

6.30—Thursday's Requests.
8.00—Bristol Club.
8.30—Lucky Number.
9.00—Anne Shelton Song Parade.
9.45—Jeremy Lubbock
10.00—It's Record Time.

NOVEMBER 14

6.00—Non-stop Pops.
6.30—Friday's Requests.
8.15—Perry Como.
8.30—Stargazers.
9.00—Saga Records.
9.15—Dickie Valentine.
9.30—Juke Box Parade.
9.45—Scottish Requests.
10.15—Record Hop.

NOVEMBER 15

6.00—Non-stop Pops.
6.30—Saturday's Requests.
8.00—Jamboree, with Gus Goodwin.
9.45—Mario Lanza.
10.00—Irish Requests.
10.30—Spin With the Stars.
11.30—Jack Jackson's Record Round-up.

NOVEMBER 16

7.00—Time for Song.
7.30—Magic of Sinatra.
7.45—Winifred Atwell.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Chris Barber.
11.00—Top Twenty.

NOVEMBER 17

6.30—Monday's Requests.
8.30—Smash Hits.
9.00—Deep River Boys.
9.45—Michael Holliday.
10.00—Jack Jackson's Hit Parade.
10.30—Pete Murray.

NOVEMBER 18

6.30—Tuesday's Requests.
7.45—The Gala Show.
8.00—Dennis Day.
8.30—Godfrey Winn.
9.15—Band Parade.
9.30—Sam Costa.
9.45—Records from America.
10.00—The Capitol Show.
10.30—Fontana Fanfare.

NOVEMBER 19

6.30—Wednesday's Requests.
8.00—Liberace.
8.30—First Time Round.
9.00—Disc Delights.
10.00—Pete Murray.

VALENTIN GHEORGHUI
Clair de Lune (Debussy);
Ritual Fire Dance (Fallas);
Rondo Capriccioso (Mendels-
sohn).

(H.M.V. 7EP7061)*****

VALENTIN GHEORGHUI, a Rumanian pianist with great technical ability, shows surprising maturity for one so young.

In the *Clair de Lune* he gives a poetic and simple performance with plenty of subtle pedalling. He plays with speed, spirit and alacrity in the *Ritual Fire Dance*, making every passage exciting, and builds up to a tingling climax.

But it is in the *Rondo Capriccioso* that Gheorghui is at his best. Indeed, his performance is the finest I have heard on disc of the dazzling Mendelssohn piece.

Here is a most gifted musician and a five-star recording.

DVORAK
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor
Opus 95
(N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra
conducted by Toscanini)
(R.C.A. RB16116)*****

THIS is quality week, all right, and out in front is this superlative re-issue of Toscanini. The Italian maestro's style is not everyone's ideal and I have been among his critics, but here Toscanini is brilliant from the opening bars of

IN CLASSICAL MOOD

the Adagio to the final bars of the Allegro Con Fuoco.

One is inclined to treat with contempt some of music's over-played works and it is, therefore, pure joy to hear for the first time a performance that elevates the work, and throws new light on the beauty of the music.

The orchestra seem inspired and play throughout with vitality and superb control.

The entire work is a credit to those responsible for the recording.

GRIEG

Peer Gynt—Incidental Music
(London Symphony Orchestra con-
ducted by Olvin Feldstad)
(Decca LXT541)*****

TWENTY-THREE pieces make up the incidental music from Peer Gynt. This disc gives us a selection of 10 of the best-known.

The pick of side one are *Morning Mood* and *In The Hall Of The Mountain King*. Feldstad brings out the exquisite lyrical

sense and precise technique of the music in the first, and in the second the orchestra excels in the furious build-up of sound, giving point to the reason for its popularity.

On the reverse is *Ingrid's Abduction And Lament*, *Arab Dance*, *Peer Gynt's Home-coming*, *Solveig's Song*, and *Dance Of The Mountain King's Daughter*.

Grieg did not write many extended movements, his gifts found complete expression in shorter forms, for his musical content is highly compressed and there is very little padding.

This selection bears this out to the utmost and all the pieces are beautifully concise and rich in harmony and colour effects.

Solveig's Song is my choice from these five, for Feldstad conjures up the full sympathy required from the strings, together with a certain emotional quality which is not always realised by other conductors.

Allan Elliott

HALL MARKS THE JAZZ BY TONY HALL

THIS 'SPECIAL OCCASION ONLY' SET-UP COULD BE BRITAIN'S BEST BIG BAND

I HEARD a very good big band last week. At the moment, it's more or less for kicks and special occasions only. But I'm sure, if it were put on a permanent basis, that it could be the best big band blowing in Britain today. And certainly the swiftest!

The leader of the band? None other than trumpet-blowing Old Etonian, Humphrey Lyttelton. The band is built around Humphrey's regular, jump-styled combo. Add a few of our

most studio bands would give their right arms for.

The personnel comprised Humphrey fronting, Ronnie Ross (lead alto); Tony Coe (alto, clarinet); Kathie Stobart, Jimmy Skidmore (tenors); Joe Temperley (baritone); Bobby Pratt, Eddie Blair, Bert Courtney (trumpets); Keith Christie, Eddie Harvey, John Picard (trombones); Ian Armit (piano); Brian Brocklehurst (bass); and Eddie Taylor (drums). The Rushing record scores apart, the band's few (but excellent) arrangements are by the con-

pieces well and Humph himself blew spiritedly.

A most enjoyable band. I hear that there's a broadcast in the book. And maybe a disc date. I'm happy to hear it. Something so swinging shouldn't be hidden away. Hurray for the hip Humph and Harvey.

A LETTER from Blue Note's Frank Wolff says that the label has signed up exclusively great drummer Art Blakey. Also singer Bill Henderson (whose vocal version of Horace Silver's

Hurray for a hip Humph!

leading mainstream-modern jazzmen, plus a sessioneer or two. And the result is a marvellously cohesive loose-limbed, big sounding, belting band.

I caught it at London's Conway Hall. The occasion: the last London concert date by the great ex-Basic blues shouter, Jimmy Rushing. They played some of the exciting Buck Clayton, Nat Pierce and (particularly) Jimmy Munday scores from Rushing's new Vanguard LP, *Jimmy Rushing and the Big Brass*. Jimmy seemed to dig it, too. He's seldom sounded so confident and convincing over here.

They interpreted these arrangements with a polish and precision that would not have disgraced a top studio band. And with a swinging looseness that

stantly-maturing Eddie Harvey. The way I hear it, Humph suggests the tunes to Harvey. Like Armstrong's *Two Deuces*, for instance. Ed has extended and modernised the original Louis arrangement with delightful results. Others in the book include Bob Brookmeyer's *Heads or Tails*, the early Basic *Texas Shuffle* and compositions by Ellington and Terry Gibbs.

The soloists who impressed me most were Kathie and Bert Courtney, both of whom have evolved something definitely their own. Ross, Skidmore, Joe, Keith and Tony also said their

"Senor Blues" did very nicely, thank you) and a new piano-bass-drums trio from Washington, D.C.—The Three Sounds, "who have very strong commercial possibilities."

Blue Note's latest releases include a really superlative Cannonball Adderley-Miles Davis LP ("Somethin' Else"), a boisterous Bennie Green-Gene Ammons album ("Soul Stirrin'") and a groovy, blowing date with guitarist Kenny Burrell, Blakey, and two excellent new tenors, Junior Cook and Tina (a male!) Brooks ("Blue Lights"—Vol.1).

Don't know how it happened; but it did! Writing about "Tenor Conclave" (Esquire 32-059), I said: "I sincerely believe that Coltrane is the new hornman." This sentence appeared last week... but without the word "new." Was my face red!



KATHIE STOBART—evolved a style of her own.

whole, this is not my favourite Messengers' album. Sabu's conga is heard on all four tracks and his rhythmic qualities are as savagely intense and fiery as those on the great Blakey. They make a good team. But they become a little wearying in places.

The sidemen are Johnny Griffin (tenor), Bill Hardman (trumpet), Sam Dockery (piano) and Spanky De Brest (bass). All but Griffin have been heard on recent Blakey releases here. Hardman is a very spirited and rhythmic player. But I cannot see him reaching the stature of fine trumpets like Clifford Brown, Donald Byrd, Kenny Dorham or even young Lee Morgan.

Bill and Dockery both do well on the relaxed, long, bluesy, *Dawn*, the set's most satisfying track. (There's a real orgy of fascinating rhythm here by Blakey and Sabu.)

To my mind, the most interesting aspect of this album from the record-buyer's viewpoint is the British disc debut of the Chicago tenorist, Johnny Griffin (I mentioned him briefly last week in the "Tenor Conclave" review). Griffin's influences include Don Byas, Hawkins, Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon and Pres as well as Bird. He is one of the angriest sounding tenors I've ever heard, though I wouldn't say he is at his best on this particular LP. He has come a long way since then. Several spells

with Monk have left their mark on his playing and after Rollins (currently with Monk, by the way) and Coltrane, Griffin is causing more talk among musicians than any other tenor.

Drummers will want this LP, anyway. But others should lend an ear to Griffin.

THAD JONES - FRANK WESS - TEDDY CHARLES

Olio
Potpourri; Blues Without Wee; Touché; Dakar; Embraceable You; Hello, Frisco.
(12in. Esquire 32-065)****

ON the face of it, here's an unusual miscellany of musicians and styles—Frank Wess, from the Basic band (and very Basic-ish in conception) on tenor and flute; trumpeter Thad Jones, also from the Basic band (but very untypical of the Basic conception); plus that arch experimentalist of new sounds and directions, Teddy Charles on vibes, who also supervised the session.

The results are surprisingly very successful. Through three of the tunes are Charles' tracks 2,4,6, only one, *Frisco*, is in any way "far out" (and as a result?) the least successful track. The others are much closer to the basic essentials of jazz than you would expect, especially the happy *Blues*. In the solo line, Charles gets the same amount of space as the others in which to spread himself. But he must take a back seat to Wess and, more particularly, Thad, who steals the show with some blistering, bristling, blowing.

The "hard" swinging rhythm section comprises pianist Mal Waldron, who takes some swinging, "telegraph"-style, Dameron-influenced solos, the excellent, earthy Doug Watkins (bass) and Thad's "kid" (30!) brother, Elvin Jones, whom Don Byrd, for one, so understandably raves about (drums).

All the material is challenging. Mal Waldron's two tunes (*Potpourri* and *Touché*) have both been recorded before (with different publishers shown?) by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. *Potpourri* was on a somewhat slap-dash midnight session they did for the Elektra label and *Touché* was cut for an American Columbia/World Pacific reciprocal date.

Charles' *Dakar* (was it somewhat foggy the day this was written, or am I imagining things?) has been recently recorded again for Prestige—by Coltrane, Cecil Payne and Pepper Adams.

This is an out-of-the-rut LP. The front-line gets an unusual and interesting sound. Try it.

STAN GETZ - GERRY MULLIGAN
Getz Meets Mulligan
Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love); Anything Goes; Too Close For Comfort; That Old Feeling; This Can't Be Love; A Ballad.
(12in. Columbia 33CX10120) ****

GETZ and Mulligan go well together. In fact, this is a thoroughly relaxed and enjoyable album. Both musicians are by repute, "cool" in conception. Actually, both play with plenty of passion and some of the conversations (a very apt word in this context) become quite effortlessly heated.

The single-mindedness of the rhythm section is a big asset. Lou Levy plays piano; Ray Brown, bass and Stan Levey, drums. Brown is a tower of swinging strength and Stan works well with him. (They were also together on that controversial Gillespie-Getz-Stitt set, "For Musicians Only"). And it's a pleasant change to hear Mulligan with a pianist comping behind him.

On the first side *Let's, Goes and Close*, the saxists swap horns. I once heard Mulligan blow Tubby Hayes' tenor at an after-hours party at the Star Club in Wardour Street. He sounds quite at home on these tracks. Several times I got the impression, had he blown a

(Continued on facing page)

REVIEWS

PEPPER ADAMS QUINTET

Critics Choice

Minor Mishap; Blackout Blues; High Step; Zec; Alone Together; 5021.

(12in. Vogue Lae 12134)****

THIS must have been one of the swiftest record dates on the West Coast in some time. "Down Beat" 1957 International Critics' Poll award winner, baritone-saxist Adams leads Kenton trumpeter Lee Katzman, pianist Jimmy Rowles, ex-Messengers-Silver etc. bassist, Doug Watkins and ex-Kentonite, drummer Mel Lewis. Doug, till recently in Europe with Don Byrd, was out on the coast with Chet Baker, Elmo Hope and Philly Joe Jones around this time.

As the notes tell you, Detroit-born Adams is a self-styled, pre-ep era-player, highly conscious of the contributions made by such musicians as Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge.

In the sound Harry Carney has been a big influence. He has acquired a very thorough knowledge of modern harmony and has tremendous facility on, and control of, his instrument. He is a hard swinger, very rhythmic and prone to run through the changes at a rate of knots. I rate him as the best

RATINGS

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

baritonist in modern jazz. Incidentally, Don Byrd told me that Adams is the one white hornman he really likes working with and hopes to bring him to Europe some time.

Katzman was here with Kenton, but given no solos at all. I heard him play once: at an all-night party for the band. And he knocked spots off Sam Noto and the others. He is a clean, hard-hitting, yet soulful soloist and puts down some enjoyable solos.

At first sight, veteran Rowles would seem out of place in these surroundings. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His backings are very sympathetic to the soloists' needs and his economical use of notes in his own relaxed solos is most refreshing.

Watkins is most impressive throughout. He may not be such

a "flashy" (and I use the word comparatively, not derogatively) player as Paul Chambers. But his rhythmic sense is very strong. His notes seem intelligently chosen and evenly played. His time is steady as a rock and his sound is live. I like his playing very much.

Lewis ranks with Stan Levey as the swiftest of the younger coast drummers. Though not a Philly Joe or an Art Taylor or an Elvin Jones, he fits well into the spirit of the session.

Zec is probably the most exciting track. It's by Thad Jones, who also wrote 5021. Detroit pianist Tommy Flanagan and Barry Harris wrote an original each and the slow blues is credited to Adams.

This is another of those records that I recommend because of the healthy, highly emotional content of the solos and the session generally. The guys obviously had a ball!

ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS

Cu-Bop

Woody'n You; Sakeena; Shorty; Dawn On The Desert.
(12in. London LTZ-115110)****

I HAVE always been an enthusiastic advocate of the Blakey jazz message. But, taken as a

BERT COURTLEY—outstanding soloist on the new Rendell sextet LP.



Tony Hall's Reviews

(Continued from facing page)

little bit "harder," that I might have been listening to Ronnie Scott. (Yes, Lester influenced him, too). Getz has a little trouble with the bigger horn, but more than compensates for this with the emotion in his playing.

The set as a whole does not reach the sustained heights of the earlier Mulligan-Paul Desmond get-together. **Ballad**, by the way, is the Mulligan original first heard in the Capitol Ten-tette LP.

DON RENDELL SEXTET Playtime

Hit The Road To Dreamland; Packet of Blues; My Friend Tom; It's Playtime; Tickletoe; The Lady Is A Tramp; Dolly Mixtures; This Can't Be Love; By-Pass; Johnny-Come-Lately. (12in. Decca LK4265)★★★★

THE Rendell Sextet of summer 1957 to spring '58 was unquestionably the most successful and satisfying that tenorist Don has had. If Don had not quit the scene six months ago, because of personal reasons, the band could easily be together now.

The line-up, in case you have forgotten, was Rendell, Ronnie Ross (alto, baritone), Bert Courtney (trumpet), Ed Harvey (trombone, piano) and (in the final weeks) Pete Blannin (bass) and Andy White (drums).

It was certainly, at its best, a most mature and musically band



DON RENDELL blows in the Lester Young idiom.

with more singleness of purpose than most British groups. This is a typical cross-section of the band's book and, generally speaking, it was in fine form on the two sessions.

Scores are by the four hornmen. Don also contributed two originals (Tom and the title tune); Ross (Dolly), Bert (Packets) and Ed (By-Pass), one apiece. **Packet** is probably the best of these, though all are well above average and **By-Pass** could be commercial.

Courtney emerges as the outstanding soloist on the LP. He plays with swinging strength, conviction and, very important, a large degree of originality in his ideas, sound and general approach. Try him in **Packet**, **Tramp**, **Dolly**, etc. Ross, too, is impressive, more so possibly on baritone than alto. Harvey's piano is most welcome when it appears. (I'm not keen on piano-less groups.)

Don himself blows consistently well in the Lester Young idiom throughout the album. I liked him best on his own two tunes. On **Playtime** (a moving, moody, melancholy, world-weary ballad, which doesn't seem to go with the title—or vice versa), he plays with much passion, reminding me of Kenton's Bill Perkins. The rhythm section is steadily competent and suits the band's conception.



ELLA FITZGERALD The Moods Of Ella

Beale Street Blues; St. Louis Blues; A-Ticket A-Tasket; I Can't Give You Anything But Love.

(H.M.V. 7EG8392)★★★★

THIS girl just can't do wrong.

Her ease of delivery and complete air of calm have a wonderfully soothing effect on the listener.

The first title was featured in the film, "St. Louis Blues" and is superbly sung. There is the added attraction of Nelson Riddle's accompaniment.

Ticket, of course, the number which shot Ella into the hit parade at the start of her career and which still makes for pleasant spinning.

MANTOVANI And Music By . . .

F. Loewe—I Could Have Danced All Night; R. Rodgers—This Nearly Was Mine; R. Adler and G. Ross—Hey There; C. Porter—True Love.

(Decca DFE6481)★★★★

THE man who is probably America's favourite Briton produces some more of that wonderful sound which has placed him right at the top of the light orchestral field.

This time "Monty" is paying tribute to composers. And he has certainly picked out some of the top boys.

I Could Have Danced All Night is one of the hit songs from the musical "My Fair Lady" and here it is given the lush, singing strings treatment.

One of the finest songs ever written, in my opinion, is **This Nearly Was Mine**, from another smash hit show, "South Pacific." The delicate melody is beautifully arranged and played.

In fact this is an excellent all-round job.

TEDDY WILSON After You've Gone

I've Got The World On A String; After You've Gone; Best You Is My Woman; Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea.

(Philips BBE12196)★★★

TEDDY WILSON, in the days just before the last war, opened up a new field in jazz piano playing, following in the footsteps of Earl Hines, but playing with a delicate, individual style which rapidly forced him to the attention of the fans, the critics, and musicians such as Benny Goodman, with whom he played for some years.

These four tracks are typical examples of the Wilson trio conception of piano jazz. No pianist can afford to be without them. And

EXTENDED PLAY

Reviewed by KEN GRAHAM



MIKE HOLLIDAY and EDNA SAVAGE make a happy and relaxed twosome.

Taylor and Eric Davis (David). The whole is conducted by Leslie Woodgate. Uncle Mac links up the selections perfectly.

How about slipping a copy of this into your kid brother or sister's Christmas stocking?

EDNA SAVAGE AND MICHAEL HOLLIDAY

Tip Toe Through The Tulips; Swonderful; Tea For Two; Goodnight My Love.

(Columbia SEG7836)★★★★

A VERY relaxed and happy twosome, this. The sleeve note claims that this record "had to happen" following the success of the duo's "Sentimental Journey" radio programme.

GEORGE MELACHRINO Music With Melachrino

Clair De Lune; Intermezzo From Cavalleria Rusticana; Greensleeves; Liebestraum. (H.M.V. 7EG8391)★★★★

FOUR really beautiful melodies played with the usual Melachrino finesse. This is a must for Melachrino fans and maybe some of you who are not too familiar with his work would like what you hear.

You are certain to recognise all the tunes when you hear them, particularly the haunting **Intermezzo**.

Greensleeves is reckoned to be the oldest song in existence and dates back to the Middle Ages and probably earlier. Yet it is still a big favourite universally. Oh how I wish I had composed this—think of all the lolly!

CARSON ROBINSON Life Gits Tee-jus, Don't It

Life Gits Tee-jus, Don't It; Settin' By The Fire; The Denver Dragon. (M.G.M. EP669)★★

QUITE an entertaining selection but limited in appeal by its very American humour.

Most readers will be familiar with **Life Gits Tee-jus**, a disc that was put over by Peter Lind Hayes some years ago with great success. Maybe it is because that version was long a favourite in my collection that I think this one falls a little short.

On the flip there is an "epic" which at times is quite funny, but as a whole the comedy falls very short of laughs.

no jazzmen, listener or player, should let them pass without a hearing.

TOMMY DORSEY

Song Of India; Marie; Boogie-Woogie; Opus No. 1.

(R.C.A. RCX-1002)★★★★

LESS than two years ago two famous brothers died within six months of each other. Yes, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are the names. To people who were buying records during the early 1940s, these were two of the greatest names on record.

Another coincidence has been the fact that both brothers names have appeared posthumously in the Top Twenty. Jimmy was placed strongly last year with his recording of "So Rare" made just before he died, and Tommy's name is currently riding high with "Tea For Two Cha-Cha." This latter, however, was made by his orchestra just after he died.

UNCLE MAC

Favourite Hymns For Children; All Things Bright And Beautiful; Loving Shepherd Of Thy Sheep; There's A Friend For Little Children; The King Of Love My Shepherd Is; Onward Christian Soldiers; Once In Royal David's City; Now The Day Is Over.

(H.M.V. 7EG8390)★★★★

THERE are few things as beautiful to listen to as a children's choir. In this case Uncle Mac (Derek McCulloch) has used the Greenbank Children's Choir, and a very fine sound they make.

Also to be heard are Barbara Mullen, Denis Wright, Frank A.

RATINGS

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

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* YOUR WEEKLY **

DISC DATE

with DON NICHOLL

D.N.T.

DAVID SEVILLE

Little Brass Band; Take Five (London HLU8736)

THAT "Witch Doctor" and "Bird On My Head" man is certainly proving himself to be the King of the Novelties. Here David Seville produces one of the cutest efforts in this line I've heard.

"Little Brass Band" uses the speedy tape gimmick to produce a crazy little band noise instead of "witch doctor" double talk. Bright lyric with a smart theme to it. For the time of the year it seems a natural seller to me. Entertaining all the way.

"Take Five" is an ear-catching instrumental broken into sections as it builds through the orchestra, with an engineer's voice calling out the take numbers. A toe-tapper that cuts the groove in Dixie style, it should attract almost as much attention as the upper slice.

THE KINGSTON TRIO

Tom Dooley; Ruby Red (Capitol CL14951)

THE Kingston Trio pop up with another Capitol release—and this time it's one that has brought them a million seller in the States. "Tom Dooley" was originally heard on an LP by the Trio (not yet issued in Britain) and brought so many requests from Americans that it had to be sent out as a single. In the space of a fortnight it raced to third place in the U.S. Top Twenty.

Will it have the same success over here? Well, a lot of weight is being put behind it and it will probably smash through. In its favour—good singing by the group and a good arrangement of the traditional tune.

"Tom Dooley" is a story of a man due to be hanged and the lyric is the only thing that might slow its sales in this country. But the melody's familiar and the sound's right.

"Ruby Red" brings out some

more smooth work by the Kingstons as they laud a girl in jewel-like terms.

PAT BOONE

For My Good Fortune; Gee, But It's Lonely (London HLD8739)

THE reception Pat Boone got from fans when he came here to appear in the Royal Variety Performance, is one hard indication that he's as popular as ever. His high disc sales are another. And I think Pat will rise in the Twenty yet again with his brisk hand-clapper "For My Good Fortune." To a twanging accompaniment directed by Billy Vaughn, Pat goes happily through a romancer that has much of the appeal he found with "Wonderful Time Up There."

On the other side he sends us a sad, slow ballad cut in the poor-little-rich-boy fashion. Nothing so lonely as being alone with a girl friend, that's the theme and Pat sings it simply and softly for tear-tugging effect.



THE KINGSTON TRIO—Million seller "Tom"



PAT BOONE—Popular as ever



DAVID SEVILLE—King of the novelties

WE'RE really mixing them up this week . . . everything from out-of-the-rut story ballads like "The Crowd," through bright novelties like "Little Brass Band," to country and westerners like "Squaws Along The Yukon."

And—of course—there is more Christmas material to make a note of.

Among the cream of this week's reviews I've selected Pat Boone, David Seville and The Kingston Trio for the commercial heights. But there are others which deserve to reach the Twenty—like Sinatra's "Mr. Success."

And one which comes as this week's surprise packet also deserves to register top business. It's a new disc by Rose Brennan, the girl who's been away from the turntables for far too long. Here's wishing her luck—she's got the goods, all she needs is the breaks.

JOHN BARRY SEVEN

Farrago; Bee's Knees (Parlophone R4488)***

THE John Barry Seven get a knife edge on their sound for Farrago, and at times the effect was too much like scraping a blade across metal for my liking.

But the beat's powerful and the Seven achieve enough size for fourteen.

Bee's Knees is one of John Barry's own compositions and it brings out the best rock noise the group can get when they are on form. Pulse-beating material this, with something that should have the jukes trembling.

HANK THOMPSON

Squaws Along The Yukon; Gathering Flowers (Capitol CL14945)***

COUNTRY and western singer Hank Thompson, with his Brazos Valley Boys, is becoming increasingly popular with followers of the style in this country.

In Squaws Along The Yukon he has an unusual and amusing romancer that lites easily along. Backing is simple and catchy, while Hank draws out his story.

Merle Travis joins Hank's musicians on the flipside and goes

strumming smartly with them through a swift, tuneful item. Gathering Flowers is instrumental only—Mr. Thompson confining his vocal on this coupling to the Squaws.

THE FOUR TONES

Voom-Ba-Boom; Rickshaw Boy (Decca F11074)**

VOOM-BA-BOOM, sung by a group that's new to me, is a kind of jungly Latin number. Nothing greatly special about the lyric, nor about the performance on this deck. I'd say it was up to average band standards but not really higher. Piano is given its head in the backing as the Latin atmosphere builds.

The male team makes use of a deep lead voice on Rickshaw Boy, the Latin occupying the reverse. Descriptive lyric and a tune that's easy on the ear, but once more there's little outstanding to note.

FRED WARING

I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day; Christmas Was Meant For Children (Capitol CL14946)***

FRED WARING and his Pennsylvanians come up with a Christmas coupling that should

please all those who like their seasonal songs sung by very superior waits.

A simple, chiming background is used for the mixed choir as it sings I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day. Performance very good and the song, which is an adaptation of a poem by Longfellow, seems to come across better by group than by solo voice (as in the Belafonte case).

Christmas Was Meant For Children is a mistletoe-and-holly song with a slow sort of charm that will appeal to folks who like Dickensian Christmas card scenes.

DONNA DOUGLAS

I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes; The Shepherd (Fontana H158)**

A POPULAR song from the thirties is the latest to be rolled out on the revival road. I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes is used to introduce another new Fontana name—Donna Douglas.

Taken with some semblance of a slow beat, the song needs more skilful treatment than this to bring it up to date. And I'm afraid I found Miss Douglas's voice too whining on this side as she warped the song to a Johnny Gregory backing.

Perhaps they were trying to give the impression of a British Connie Francis—a try that doesn't get converted.

The Shepherd is a new number by Paddy Roberts and here I liked Miss Douglas much more. Even so it lacked some of the warmth that would do this gentle ballad all the good in the world.

MIKE SAMMES SINGERS

Heart Of My Heart; Heartaches (Fontana H159)***

THE Michael Sammes Singers have been used a lot lately in backings for many of the E.M.I. stars. Now with the more familiar "Mike" in their name, they get star billing themselves with the Fontana label.

I wish they'd chosen something a

trifle more adventurous. As it is, I suppose, this disc is aimed for seasonal trade. Heart Of My Heart is the old familiar sing-songer bouncing through the cornfields. Happy enough material, but not something to show the singers off to any special advantage. Ken Jones supplies pub piano in the backing.

And the same kind of treatment is meted out to Heartaches on the turnover. The male group is slick once again . . . but again untaxed.

CRAIG DOUGLAS

Go Chase A Moonbeam; Are You Really Mine (Decca F11075)****

YOUNG Craig Douglas, one of our new disc names, has a likeable Latin ballad in Go Chase A Moonbeam. The boy brings a husky sort of charm to the song and he handles the lyric nicely.

Pleasant side with a melody that's extremely easy to remember. Should do Douglas plenty of good.

Are You Really Mine has a comfortable roll to it, and Craig reveals once more that he has a very attractive disc personality. Matches up to most of the American specialists in this field as he sings the simple romancer.

ROSE BRENNAN

Mean To Me; Treasure Of Your Love (H.M.V. POP548)*****

ROSE BRENNAN? I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw this H.M.V. label. Seems ages since the Joe Loss singer was on disc. And having heard her revival of Mean To Me the lapse of time seems even more strange.

Rose handles this ballad with crystal clarity and a warm-hearted strength that receives fine support from the Frank Cordell orchestra and Michael Sammes Singers.

On the reverse, too, with the ballad Treasure Of Your Love Rose exhibits tremendous form in company with a dramatic orchestral assist.

I cannot remember Rose ever singing so well or with so much

RATINGS.....

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

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

firmness. If there's any justice, this is a record which will see her commanding very high sales. Couldn't be better for the modern market.

JOHNNY CASH

What Do I Care; All Over Again (Philips PB874)****

THE deep brown voice of Johnny Cash turns up now on the Philips label after a long spell with London. And Philips should be pleased, because Johnny might have one of his biggest successes on this side of the water with this coupling.

What Do I Care is a rich, steady country romancer that lopes along in company with a rhythm group backing.

Both songs on this release were written by Johnny himself. And it may be that **All Over Again** will turn out to be the bigger attraction of the pair. Quicker than the other side with some chorus work behind Cash, it's catchy stuff.

EILEEN RODGERS

Treasure Of Your Love; A Little Bit Blue (Fontana HI56)****

EILEEN RODGERS, one of the most distinctive femme ballad voices on record, returns with a strong song in **Treasure Of Your Love**. To a strumming accompaniment and supporting chorus she puts plenty of force into this romancer.

Song's different from most of the

current crop and it deserves to collect a lot of sales.

A Little Bit Blue, with big band backing, is a swinging, hand-clapping item that Eileen pitches across with a polished verse.

CARMITA

The Crowd; Waterwagon Blues (Fontana HI60)****

IF you're looking for something that's way out of the rut, then try giving a spin to Carmita, the strong-voiced girl who sings **The Crowd**.

The Crowd is a story song about a sweetheart who's separated from her lover by the mob in Paris on Bastille Day. A load of atmosphere in both melody and words here, with Carmita really catching that hemmed-in feeling.

Fine accompaniment from Johnny Gregory's orchestra and chorus.

For the turnover Carmita gets a piano lead into **Waterwagon Blues** and the piano and rhythm group carry most of the backing for the deck. Typical blues number which the girl powers across in traditional manner.

MARTY WILDE

No One Knows; The Fire Of Love (Philips PB875)****

SLOW ballad with a sad refrain is Marty Wilde's **No One Knows**. Chorus and a wah-wah-wah accompaniment go with the young star on this tear-jerker, which is written in the broken heart vein.

Marty Wilde goes back to the sad stuff



EILEEN RODGERS (above) and CARMITA are both out of the rut.



Wilde is in the right sort of voice once more, and his growing fan following will have little to grumble about with his showing on this disc.

Particularly since there's a dramatic beater for contrast on the coupling. Marty waits this one to a dark guitar noise, and makes a good impression.

Professional performance that should keep him in high brackets.

GARY MILLER

Nearest And Dearest; The First Christmas Day (Nixa N15164)****

A SLOW waltz that could waltz its way into your heart, that's the Edward Montagu ballad **Nearest And Dearest** which Gary Miller topsides on his new release for Nixa.

Gary sings the song without

frills, leaving it to score for itself, and it's big enough to do just that. Bill Shepherd's orchestra and a girl chorus give the gently-right backing. A very attractive half which could be a heavy seller for Mr. Miller.

The First Christmas Day is sung simply and tenderly but somehow lacks the festive spark. Gary tends to follow Belafonte's style a mite too closely on this deck, and the accompaniment shows again that there's a paucity of original ideas when it comes to backing Christmas songs.

BERTICE READING

No More In Life; My Big Best Shoes (Parlophone R4487)****

A SLOW, bluesey ballad by Bill Doggett is the number which Bertice Reading rips out on the top

deck here. And what a vibrant performance this is—by far the best thing she has made in the studios to date.

Something of the original Johnnie Ray impact is to be found in this emotional production of **No More In Life**. Geoff Love gives her a fine orchestral raft, and leaves all the fireworks to the singer—tactics which pay off handsomely. It could sell if it was aired enough, though it will be a slow climber.

My Big Best Shoes comes from the musical "Valmouth" in which Bertice stars. An odd, bright bouncer, which she chants amusingly. Cheerfully exuberant accompaniment by Love's men keeps the pace going.

FRANK SINATRA

Mr. Success; Sleep Warm (Capitol CL14956)****

SINATRA himself is one of the three authors claiming credit for **Mr. Success**, so it's not surprising to find that it's a song ideally fitted to his driving rhythm and special phrasing.

A polished, up-tempo offering which Frank sings in his best swinging manner, **Mr. Success** could become his biggest seller since "All The Way." Nelson Riddle backs up the star with a tremendous orchestral accompaniment.

For contrast on the turnover Sinatra draws out the tender spots with a sweet, romantic lullaby.

Sleep Warm brings out the "wee small hours" in Sinatra and there'll be many a sigh to this side with its dreamlike Riddle backing.



Tommy Steele's manager confesses!

EXCITING SHOW BUSINESS SCOOP!

"I fooled them all to make him a star..."

John Kennedy tells about the fake interviews... phoney pictures... the bogus debs he used to catapult Tommy Steele to the top in two weeks. Never before has the rough, tough, ruthless battle of show business been brought into the open like this. It will startle you, surprise you and fascinate you too!

WEEKEND

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Pop music is vindicated

SO often in recent months, the critics of Britain's teenagers have pointed an accusing finger at pop music, with which the recording industry is synonymously associated.

"There lies the root of delinquency," they say. "There lies the root of young evil." Sneers at the "juke box generation" are as frequent as they are fallacious.

But they go on. With absolutely no evidence to show that the rhythms of 1958 have anything whatsoever to do with the riots of 1958.

Let us examine the reverse of the coin. Put on one side the good-natured, exuberant demonstrations that naturally enough accompany the appearance of recording idols. Let the critics pause and regard the success of a new American disc, "The Teen-age Commandments."

The names associated with it are familiar enough. They are Paul Anka, George Hamilton IV and Johnny Nash. They have recorded it as a simple guide to well-conducted living.

It is worth relating the rules:

- (1) Stop and think before you drink.
- (2) Don't let your parents down; they brought you up.
- (3) Be humble enough to obey. You will be giving orders some day.
- (4) At the first moment, turn away from unclean thinking—at the first moment.
- (5) Don't show off driving. If you want to race, go to Indianapolis.
- (6) Choose a date who would make a good mate.
- (7) Go to church faithfully. The Creator gives you the week; give Him back an hour.
- (8) Choose your companions carefully. You are what they are.
- (9) Avoid following the crowd. Be an engine—not a tender.
- (10) Or even better—keep the original Ten Commandments.

Were these spurned by the youngsters? After the first airing of the disc, thousands of teenagers wrote to the radio stations, applauding the record's sentiments. So did 19,000 lawyers, doctors, educationists, clergymen.

The stars themselves devote much time, unheralded, to good works. And their audience are ever willing to respond. Teenagers, for the most part, have a self-established code of conduct. There is nothing unhealthy in having it set down on disc. Pop music and the recording industry today stands vindicated.

Mike Preston off to the States

OFF to America at the week-end flew 23-year-old Mike Preston, invited by American London records to star in top TV and radio shows over there.

He flew as it was announced that his waxing of *A House, A Car, A Wedding Ring*, has reached sales of 25,000 a day in the States.

Mike, 14-stone ex-Army boxing champion, took with him a copy of a disc he cut last week—the titles, *Why, Why, Why*, a new Anglo-French number by Paddy Roberts, and *Whispering Grass*, a number popularised by the Inkspois.

He also took with him 25,000 lapel badges with the insignia: "I Like Mike." Another 25,000 are to be issued in Britain.

Ballad singer Mike was last month named as "The Best Bet" by the American show business journal "Variety." As yet, he is not singing full-time.

Says Mike: "I'm not giving up my career as a TV cartoon cameraman until I'm assured I'll click in show business as a singer."

Assurance from London Records: "We think he will set the teenage girls of America flipping. They want he-men now. Mike is all this."

His guest night

FOLK-SINGER Roy Guest, recently back from a tour of America and Canada, is to give a series of recitals at the Royal Festival Hall, London, starting November 19.

Sponsors are Saga Records who plan to invite musicians and singers who specialise in varying styles of folk music to the recitals.

First guests at the recitals—to be known as Roy's Guest Night—will be jazzman Michael Garrick's quartet and the brilliant Latin folk singer Dorita y Pepe.

Lena with Perry

GUEST star for tomorrow's Perry Como Show will be lovely singer, Lena Horne, who is currently enjoying tremendous sales in the States with her new LP, "Give The Lady What She Wants."

Other guests on this week's show include Janis Paige and composer Jimmy McHugh.

Elvis in C

EXCLUSIVE, ON TH
IN NEXT WE
make sure of y

S.O.S. ball

ON November 24 at the Grosvenor House Hotel, London, the Stars Organisation for Spastics are holding their annual ball, all proceeds of which go to the Spastic Children's Home.

This year, Vera Lynn will be running a giant tombola and the first prize will be a trip for two to Madeira.

The second prize is to be a round ticket on the S.S. United States from Southampton to Bremerhaven for two.

Folkestone record

ALL-TIME record for a Folkestone Hall was set up by Ted Heath and his orchestra last week-end. Ted's concert at the Lee Cliff hall had a record turnout of 1,300. Another 1,300 fans were turned away.

TED HEATH IS STILL LOOKING

TED HEATH'S search for a male singer goes on. Ted told DISC this week: "I've been absolutely inundated with letters, photographs, discs and tape-recordings. I feel like Santa Claus."

"But it will be six weeks to two months before I choose someone—if even then."

Ted gave this warning to potential singers: "Hundreds of people have sent me tape-recordings. I don't want them. I want discs."

"I've had letters, too, from singers who have appeared with other professional bands and who have made a number of broadcasts. I don't want them either."

"I want a young man, unknown, with a likeable personality and a voice we can train."



Janette Scott and one of The King Brothers seem to be getting on well at the Film Industry Sports Association Ball held at the Festival Hall last week. In the background is Sidney James. (DISC Pic.)

They're winners

WINNERS of the "Luxembourg waltz" contest sponsored by Columbia Records fly to Luxembourg this week-end.

They are Mrs. W. Black, of Humberston, near Grimsby, and D. Elmore, of Croydon.

... and so is he

A piano scholarship given by Winifred Atwell at the Central School of Dance Music in London has been won by Rodney Mendonca, of London, S.W.18.

JAZZMAN Johnny Dankworth appears on the B.B.C.-TV programme "A to Z" on November 26. He's been selected to star in the "D" programme—plus complete orchestra.

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MARTY WILDE SEEKS CHANGE

'I'm cheesed off,' he says

MARTY WILDE, husky, 6ft. 3in. rock 'n' roll star, threw a bombshell at manager Larry Parnes with the statement this week: "I want to be released from my contract."

At the Parnes office, DISC was told: "Larry is in Paris. We do not think he knows of this."

But at the Metropolitan, Edgware Road, 20-year-old Marty broke off rehearsals to say: "It's quite true. I've been pretty cheesed off for some time. In some time in every artiste's career, a change is needed."

Marty's contract with Parnes has at least three years to go. A solicitor has been consulted to see if it can be dissolved.

Says Marty: "It is mostly personal reasons why I want a change. For instance, I wear evening dress on stage. That's outdated. Kids want to see teenage clothes."

Marty's also on record as saying: "Another thing I didn't like was quitting the 'Oh Boy!' show last month."

"Quite true," was Marty's comment to DISC. "I haven't planned the future yet, but I want to go my own way."

Footnote: Marty escaped unhurt when his new £1,000 red M.G. sports car hit a signpost and landed on its side in a ditch near Norwich at the week-end.

Marty's comment: "Everything's happening to me."

'Six-Five' for U.S.A.F. show

THE B.B.C.'s "Six-Five Special" team go down to the U.S. Air Force base at Croughton, Northants, on November 22.

Producer Russell Turner, when he visited the base recently, thought the most suitable "studio" was a warehouse, at that time half built.

The Americans arranged to have it completed in time, painted to Russell Turner's wishes and seats installed. An N.C.O.'s mess is to be turned into a dressing-room.

On the bill are Lita Roza, Joan Regan, Malcolm Vaughan, The Mudlarks, Ronnie Carroll, Don Rennie, Des O'Connor, Jerry Angelo, Sheila Clarke and The Avon Sisters. Jim Dale and the Six-Five Dates introduce the show.

Says the American C.O.: "American service men are keen 'Six-Five' fans."

** you'll be captivated*



JODIE SANDS
 SINGING
'Someday'

(YOU'LL WANT ME TO WANT YOU)

HMV POP 533 (45 & 78)

and 'Always in my heart'



PRESENTS NO PROBLEM—
 GIVE RECORD TOKENS!

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David first into panto

DAVID HUGHES makes theatrical history later this month. He will be the first singer to open in pantomime this year—as Sinbad at the Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow.

And he is the first male principal boy to have played in Glasgow pantomime for nearly 30 years. The show is expected to run until the end of March.

Not only does David sing, but he has to swim in a lake, fight a crocodile, take part in a fencing duel and swing on a rope.

And after that, David is looking forward to another series of shows based on his own personality and style on B.B.C.-TV next spring.

Baker moves

CYRIL BAKER, who in June, 1957, opened *Belinda* (London) Ltd., for Hill & Range Songs Inc. (U.S.A.), moves his offices shortly from Charing Cross Road to Savile Row.

The group, which now has 10 companies and plans another three, handle the music of the Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Mathis, Cliff Richard, and Johnny Cash recordings.

Mr. Baker has been appointed to the board of directors.

Shani at Streatham

SHANI WALLIS has the principal role in the *Hylton-Littler* pantomime "Aladdin" at the Streatham Hill Theatre this Christmas.

She is no stranger to the theatre—she's currently there starring in a stage production of "Bus Stop" portraying the part played by Marilyn Monroe in the film version.

Takes over M.G.M. job

NOW responsible for the selection of releases of the M.G.M. repertoire in Britain: Norman Newell. This is in addition to his A. and R. duties for E.M.I.

All-star line-up!

YOU'VE heard the stars on disc, and now you can read their own personal stories in the **DISC Christmas Album**, a bumper publication which will be on sale at the end of this month.

Just study this line-up we have produced for you: Frankie Vaughan, Tommy Steele, Marty Wilde, Michael Holliday, Ronnie Hilton, The Beverley Sisters and Marion Ryan. All have contributed just the sort of features you want to read.

And photographs! A veritable constellation of stars—30 full-page portraits of the disc world's favourites. And in pride of place, across the middle of the book, is a new portrait of Golden Disc maker, Elvis Presley.

Other specialist contributors include Kent Walton, Don Nicholl, Russell Turner and Owen Bryce.

DISC Christmas Album, a chunky 100 pages in all, is only 2s. 6d. But a big demand is anticipated and early ordering is strongly advised. See your newsagent today and make sure you tell him:—

"Order me DISC Christmas Album, please."

Soccer's out for Frankie

FRANKIE VAUGHAN can follow his favourite hobby—football playing—no longer.

The question of insurance has come up. He has been told he cannot play for the Wingate amateur team in London.

Frankie has been invited to play as inside forward for a Show Business XI against a Football Manager's XI on November 22. Funds are to aid Frankie's pet cause, the National Association of Boys' Clubs. Again, the insurance company say no.

So Frankie will referee instead.

Dalli in London

MAKING his London variety debut on November 17: Italian singer Toni Dalli.

He comes to the Finsbury Park Empire after a long and successful provincial tour.

Coincidentally, an LP by him of songs from "The Student Prince" is to be issued here.

'Chelsea' changes?

PLATFORM for many of the world's top recording stars, Granada's *Chelsea At Nine* may, in the New Year, become a once-in-three-weeks show instead of weekly, and so make way for outside broadcasts.

Granada TV told DISC this week that the change was "a possibility or probability" currently being considered by the network's planners.

Guests on the next two programmes include **Lester Ferguson** and the Italian beat quartet of **Van Wood** on November 18 and **Dick Francis, Hutch and Lizbeth Webb** on November 25.

Paddy slates the 'Alley'

PADDY ROBERTS is an individualist. He has his own form of humour, a distinctly personal style of song writing, and a deep regard for Tin Pan Alley.

Yet this ex-lawyer, ex-R.O.A.C. pilot, who is a director of the Performing Rights Society, and chairman of the Songwriters Guild of Great Britain, has written the most satirical, lid-lifting collection of verse about the hundred yards of road called Denmark Street, and known to the world by the same title as the book, **TINPAN-ALLEY**.

It is hard-hitting, lyrical, as blatantly debunking as one can imagine. And the cartoons by Michael Holkes are a pleasure to behold. Tommy Steele, Terry Dene, Liberace, Wee Willie Harris, all of these are "attacked."

Take the little morsel about the "fallacy that a songwriter's earnings are astronomical." Paddy tells of the cut for the publisher, the slice for the singer... the "legalised extortion" for the agent.

He ends with: "I know a man who wrote a song and decided the royalties should be all for himself."

"It's still on the shelf." Which is rather a tough observation on the Alley—but it makes a delightful book and a wonderful Christmas present.

It is published by Coram at five shillings.



HIDEAWAY

THE FOUR ESQUIRES

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WILD FIELD

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...rd buying. From your record dealer. price 6d.

New cha-cha band wax soon

TWO recording companies are this week negotiating with the Harold Davison office for the services of Britain's newest band—**Andre Rico and the Cha-Chaleros**.

Said the Davison office at the beginning of the week: "As soon as negotiations are settled, the orchestra will start to record."

Launching of the band came as a complete surprise. Andre Rico, who has been playing Latin-American music and cha-cha rhythms for the last 10 years, established his 16-piece orchestra—five trumpets, four saxes, piano, bass, drums, congo drums, bongos and timbales—in strict secrecy.

On the morning of October 29, every leading band booker and promoter received a letter giving full details of the orchestra.

"By midday," says Rico, "bookings were pouring in."

The Cha-Chaleros makes its public debut tonight (Thursday) at the Majestic Ballroom, Swindon.

D.N.T.

CLIFF RICHARD

High Class Baby; My Feet Hit The Ground
(Columbia DB4203)

SOUNDS like Cliff Richard has another hit with "High Class Baby." A furious rock number that will rattle the teeth in your head; it is put out like a machine-gun gone berserk.

Vigorous performance from young Cliff and the Drifters with plenty of twangy guitar in the rhythm backing. Exciting material for the jukes and television. Second time lucky for Cliff, too. "My Feet Hit The Ground" has the Presley touch and some of the noise from Cliff which made "Move It" move into high places. Like the other half, this is a very fast beater. At times it seems like the same tune, too.

Main quality lies in the rocking excitement the boy whips up.

THE BIG BEAT

BRITISH boy Cliff Richard is back in the disc news with a real firework this week. Personally I rate his new coupling better than "Move It." If customers feel the same way, then young Mr. Richard will be riding a fortune within a few weeks.

From the States comes a new name—Big Bopper—and this another top bet this week. "Chantilly Lace" is just different enough to catch the fancy—and once started it'll be hard to stop.

RATINGS

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

TERRY DENE

Pretty Little Pearly; Who Baby Who
(Decca F11076)***

TERRY DENE rocks easily with "Pretty Little Pearly," a steady beat number that brings out the Presley in him.

Malcolm Lockyer gives the young star a beefy backing with some chorus work at spots to help the size of the side.

Who Baby Who opens up with

MORGAN TWINS

TV Hop; Let's Get Go'in'
(R.C.A. 1083)****

THE Morgan Twins follow in the footsteps of The Everly Brothers and The Kalins with the noise they produce on this—the first disc I've heard from them.

Good beat stuff that should sell sweetly. **TV Hop** is a simple rock lyric with the kind of tune you should know by heart now. Right sort of twangy guitar accompaniment as the Twins get hiccoughing.

Let's Get Go'in' is another juke box natural with a rather relaxed beat. The Twins are better than many of the vocal teams you can collect in the new rock crop.

They could become big teen favorites here as a result of this release.

THE KINGSMEN

Week End; Better Believe It
(London HLE8735)***

THE KINGSMEN (one word, that's right) have a firm, rough-edged rocker in **Week End** with

By
DON NICHOLL



"Dad says we should listen to records at your place sometimes and use your electricity!"

TERRY WAYNE

Where My Baby Goes; Little Brother
(Columbia DB4205)***

TONY OSBORNE batons the backing for Terry Wayne here, and Osborne's adding some whistling and a chorus as the teenager rocks smoothly through **Where My Baby Goes**. Song is a fairly routine rocker, but Terry handles it with something more than competence. Voice is more mature than it was some months ago, and he could find himself selling more as a result.

Little Brother is a stuttering rocker which Terry chants in company with the chorus. Saxs go flying behind him on a song which is better material than **Where My Baby Goes**.

THE PLAYMATES

While The Record Goes Around; The Day I Died
(Columbia DB4207)*

ROCK group The Playmates turn out a steady beater in **While The Record Goes Around**. Very

**BIG BOPPER**

Chantilly Lace; Purple People Eater Meets Witch Doctor
(Mercury AMT1002)

JAPE RICHARDSON, the American disc jockey who hides behind the Big Bopper nom-de-plume, has written both the beat novelties which he sings on this, his first disc to reach Britain.

And, it looks as if Big Bopper will reach our hit parade, too. "Chantilly Lace," with

its phone-call gimmick, slides smartly along and Richardson's edgy voice takes the lyric with plenty of variety. Watch this one move. It has a good instrumental backing, too.

"Purple People Eater Meets Witch Doctor" makes use of the same kind of voices we heard on the original number Richardson "marries" here. Amusing and with the right sort of beat.

chorus shouts before Terry walks in with the slower rock number. Heavy beat here with Lockyer making the most of the squawking sax in his accompaniment.

Dene's in good form, getting a more adult tone than he's achieved before.

THE DANLEERS

One Summer Night; Wheelin' And A-Dealin'
(Mercury AMT1003)****

FIVE boys form the vocal group The Danleers who reach us for the first time with this disc. **One Summer Night** did tremendous business in America where it notched more than a million.

It's a slow cling-clinger that could repeat its success on British counters. The quintet of New York teenagers model themselves rather on the lines of The Platters and similar teams, but they do have a separate sound to call their own.

Wheelin' And A-Dealin' is a middle-beat rocker with a rather tight instrumental noise behind the group. The Danleers do some weaving around the lead voice here, but the overall effect isn't quite so promising as on the upper half.

THE BLOSSOMS

Baby Daddy-O; No Other Love
(Capitol CL14947)***

THE coloured girls who make up the teenage rhythm 'n' blues group, The Blossoms, have a very good effort on view this time.

Baby Daddy-O is a bright little beat offering which The Blossoms chant crisply to a fine up-tempo accompaniment directed by Eddie Beal. The right sort of noise here for juke boxes everywhere.

The turnover throws the spotlight on Blossoms' member Darlene Wright. She takes **No Other Love** as a solo with the others filling in behind her. A slow, thumping romancer, the song isn't as good as the ballad of the same title which hit the top a couple of years back.



First time on disc in Britain—THE DANLEERS.

saxes and rhythm carrying the beat smoothly through a simple tune.

There's no vocal on that deck, but the group do some chanting for the flipside **Better Believe It**. Lyric here sings the praises of a sax man who rocks like crazy.

Not that there's much of the lyric—just serves to describe the music which the instrumental outfit serves up. Middle beat rock item this with—as expected—some good sax stuff.

close to ordinary ballad material, the song has an old gimmick in the stuck-needle idea. Apart from that it is useful material clearly performed, with Hugo Peretti's orchestra striding along with a shiny accompaniment.

But—the other side! Here's one of the most tasteless lyrics I've ever listened to. Why the company decided to issue it here I can't imagine. For that, the disc is pulled down to a one-star rating.

A Great New Christmas Song!

"THE 25th OF THE 12th"

recorded by:—

THE MICHAEL SAMMES SINGERS

(FONTANA TEE 17065)

CAVENDISH MUSIC CO. LIMITED

293 Regent Street, W.1. Langham 2060 (16 lines)

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

We're just slaves to the Americans

HAVE you ever asked: "Why do we have to copy everything American?" Have you ever felt frustrated with the British disc industry and asked, perhaps even written to a newspaper: "Where are our native stars, artists who can sing and play just as well as the Americans?"

I can't believe that you haven't—at some time or another. And if you will believe me then I must say that at just about the same time you are asking these questions, a number of equally frustrated British performers are asking: "Why are we so remote from the public, the same people that only a short while ago hailed us as stars and made our name for us?"

I'm bringing up the matter this week for it so happens that an unfortunate public shindig between Dickie Valentine and his recording company is a perfect example of the root cause of the trouble.

The sad demise of the recording stardom of Dickie is even more sad because it isn't that rare in Britain.

Mr. Valentine has asked his record company not to bother to wait until March to consider the option on his contract. He wants to get out now.

"I'm so incensed by the way I have been treated," says Dickie, "that I want to get away . . . even if I never make another record."

★ ★ ★

NOW Dickie's sad case is not my affair. I'm only recapping here and commenting briefly because of the convenience to my argument this week. I, therefore, take great care in pointing out that I am taking no partisan side in this affair.

I mention it because it is typical of the blight that so often overcomes our record business.

Dickie isn't the only star, his company not the only company, to be involved in this sort of business. A number of artistes have been allowed to slide off their name-making labels. Some would like to be able to boast of a record contract. Others have found alternative labels, are still recording successfully and proving that the claim for their demise could never be that they had outlived their popularity!

No, the real trouble is a simple, though disturbing one.

In the helter-skelter rush of record companies in this country to leap on to the bandwagon of any particular new gimmick or style, someone has to be left behind on the ground. Even the most powerful record company has an operating budget which its recording directors and artistes' managers must adhere to rigidly.

If they take up with anything new and have to spend more money trying to launch a new star or a new style, then something has to be cut at other spots in the budget.

And the British record industry today is petrified of trusting its own judgment.

Recording managers and contract executives do not even trust their own knowledge of their own domestic market and public! They are mesmerised by anything American. They believe that the public here wants slavishly to follow the American trends to the nth degree.

And that is why British artistes of calibre find themselves forgotten and allowed to lose that very valuable continuous tie with the record-buying public.

★ ★ ★

I CAN never forget a story once told me by one of Denmark Street's personalities, concerning the similar slavish snobbery there is regarding American-written orchestrations.

A certain big-name band started on a session one day. After three hours' work the band boss threw down his coat and said: "S'nuh. . . Can't go on with these lousy orchestrations . . ." And then he rang the publisher and said: "Unless you get me some decent orchestrations by the morning I'm not playing your songs and what is more I'll probably sue you for wasting my time and money."

And what is more he insisted on a certain visiting American arranger being called in at big expense to do the orchestrations. The publishers couldn't get him. Finally after much tearing of hair they decided to take a chance.

They shot the MSS round to their staff arranger with the orders: "There's a bonus for you if you can get them slicked up and through by the morning."

Midway through the following afternoon the orchestra leader rang the publishers during a break in the recording session.

"Boys," he says with syrup-sweet tones, "thanks for those wonderful orchestrations. . . What a difference the Yanks make of a tune when they get their hands on it. Why can't we find arrangers to do the same . . .?"

Well . . . would you have told him the truth?

But there lies the annoying moral: A rose is no good whatsoever by any other name.

Let's get out of this snobbery. Take it from me, we have just as good, just as fresh and just as exciting here. It only needs the courage of the disc companies in giving the artistes the same treatment as the American labels give their top-liners.

FABULOUS

It's the only word
for this great
blues shouter



JIMMY RUSHING

The Way I Feel

Go Get Some You Fool; Hi O Silvester; The Way I Feel; Where Are You?

(Parlophone GEP8695)

JIMMY RUSHING is fabulous . . . and so is this EP. He is one of the few singers who sings with his whole body, the sound emanating from deep down somewhere in that massive frame, something that earned him the title of "Mr. Five-By-Five."

In spite of his terrific popularity, he is still one of the world's greatest blues shouters. And like all the other greats he turns every performance into something essentially his own . . . and for my money that's as good as they come.

BROWNIE MCGHEE AND
SONNY TERRY

The Best

Woman's Lover Blues; Black Horse Blues; Auto Mechanic Blues; Wholesale And Retail.

(Nixa NJE1060)

SONNY TERRY AND
BROWNIE MCGHEE IN
LONDON

I Love You Baby; Corn Bread, Peas And Black Molasses; That's How I Feel; You'd Better Mind; Treated Wrong; Brownie's Blues; Southern Train; Just A Dream; Sonny's Blues; Gone But Not Forgotten; Change The Lock On The Door; Climbing On Top Of The Hill.

(Nixa NJL18)

I VE coupled these two discs together because they are essentially the same thing. One's an EP, of course, and the other a 12-inch LP. All in all the smaller disc is the better of the two, but, believe me, both are absolute musts for any collection.

The visit of Brownie and Sonny will prove to have done a world of good to British jazz. Not because

Traditional
Jazz

OWEN
BRYCE



EDDIE CONDON left some of his best known jazzmen behind on this date.

we have any blues singers worthy of the name—and I'm not suggesting that anyone will copy them—but because their phrasing is so supreme.

Brownie is not the best guitarist there is, but Sonny Terry is certainly, the best harmonica player and both men sing the blues at its "bluest."

The two tracks on the EP which feature Dave Lee (Dankworth's pianist) show him to have com-

pletely absorbed the blues style of piano playing. These two tracks also have the "advantage" of dual purpose words, a device we've not heard much since the middle-twenties days of the Race record.

EDDIE CONDON IS UPTOWN
NOW

Blue Lou; Wherever There's Love; Newport New; The Lady's In Love With You; The Albatross; Ain't Misbehaving; Third St. Blues; Ginger Brown; Everybody's Movin'; Eddie And The Milkman; St. Louis Blues.

(M.G.M. C768)

EDDIE is uptown now . . . and he's taken some of his boys with him. But, alas, he's left some behind. And these include jazzmen that we've come to know and like very much during the last ten years, Wild Bill, Ernie Caceres. . .

This disc is one of his least successful for a long, long time. For one thing, Rex Stewart is on trumpet taking most of the lead and solos. Now Rex is one helluva mighty fine trumpet player. Always interesting, often really great. But his style hardly suits the Condon jam session type of jazz.

Whatever can be said against the Nixieland jazz of the Condonites, they rarely resort to tricks and exhibitionism. Rex on the other hand, often does. . . I nearly wrote always does. I'll bet the boys had fun listening to his horn, but whether the fun will last two or three dozen playings is another matter altogether. I doubt it.

On the credit side you can list Dick Cary's fabulous alto horn, Cutty Cutsall's playing of Lou McGarthy phrases, and Billy Butterfield's occasional fine trumpet.

George Webb lacked one thing for 'that' sound

ONLY one thing remained to give the George Webb Dixielanders that sound . . . a sound so characteristic that after ten years it is still one of the few bands on record recognisable from the first bar.

That one thing was the addition of another trumpet. This came about quite unintentionally, when I had to leave.

A young collector by the name of Reg Rigen had dropped in on occasions to the Red Barn and had blown a forceful, Muggsy Spanier-type horn. He was our number one deputy . . . our only deputy . . . and possibly the only one in the country at that time.

On our second visit to the Decca studios, Reg came along as a visitor. He cut "Hesitating Blues" with the band. This side remained unissued until Decca used it on an EP of the Webb Band which they

cut at the beginning of this year.

When the war ended and I found myself with seven nights a week free it was decided to keep Reg in the band. He had a tone much fuller and "hotter" than mine and he took the first trumpet line. I played second to him and Eddie Harvey and I worked out some interesting backings to soloists.

As a result of the two-trumpet set-up, critics began comparing the band with Lu Watters, a revival group doing much the same thing in America, and with the King Oliver recordings, then beginning to get back into the shops.

At some stage in the proceedings Buddy Valice came in on banjo and Art Stretfield on tuba. We worked together thus for three or four years . . . until Humphrey Lyttelton replaced Reg.

You all know what happened from then on.

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IT'S SATIRICAL!
IT'S LYRICAL!
"The most biting
book ever, about
pop music and
its stars"
by
**PADDY
ROBERTS**
and
**MICHAEL
FFOLKES**
This you mustn't miss
BUY NOW!
It's a hit—
2nd Edition now
in print!
5/-
(Published by
CORAM)

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS



DICKIE VALENTINE
This is his finest recorded work to date.

DICKIE VALENTINE
With Vocal Refrain By—

One, Two Button Your Shoe; Bidin' My Time; Sunday; There'll Be Some Changes Made; Singin' The Blues; Mary (What Are You Waitin' For); Lucky Day; Carolina In The Morning; If I Knew I'd Find You (I Would Climb The Highest Mountain); Back In Your Own Backyard; Everybody Loves My Baby; When It's Sleepy Time Down South. (Decca LK4269)*****

THIS is for me. It must surely be Dickie's finest recorded work to date. Right from the gimmick opening to the last note this is entertainment at its best.

Some time ago, Dickie could be heard on a single record titled "The King of Dixieland." To judge from this latest album, that he certainly is.

Squadronaires' leader Ronnie Aldrich was called in to perform the conducting and arranging chores and I doubt if a better job has come out of a recording studio this year. The record really swings along all the way.

Although the album has a definite Dixieland flavour there is plenty of big brass to give it a really modern punch.

I don't hesitate for a second to commend this album to all, no matter what direction their musical tastes take.

PERRY COMO
Merry Christmas Music

'Twas The Night Before Christmas; The Twelve Days Of Christmas; God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen; C-h-r-i-s-t-m-a-s; Joy To The World; Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer; Frosty The Snowman; The Christmas Song; That Christmas Feeling; I'll Be Home For Christmas; Silent Night; O Come All Ye Faith-

RATINGS

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

Your Heartaches Begin; I'll Never Let You Go; Love Me Tender; I Forgot To Remember To Forget; Anyway You Want Me (That's How I Will Be); I Want You, I Need You, I Love You.

(R.C.A. RB16069)*****

TAKE a piece of rock; roll it a little; wrap it around the name Elvis Presley—and the odds are that you will come up with a million-selling record. Well, that has been the formula used by R.C.A. since they first signed up Elvis and they recently decided to gather all the hits together into a souvenir album that the fans could treasure.

So many fans requested that they

Spend Christmas with PERRY COMO.



Long Playing Reviews

by Ken Graham

Most of the songs will be familiar, so don't let the Spanish frighten you away.

The backing is supplied by one Armando Romeau Jr., who is rated as Cuba's leading conductor.

EDDIE BARCLAY

Back To Paris

Sur Les Quais Du Vieux Paris; A Paris Dans Chaque Faubourg; Paris Tu N'as Pas Changé; Paris In The Spring; La Goulante du Pauvre Jean (The Poor People of Paris); Au Coeur de Paris; En Avril à Paris; La Romance de Paris; The Last Time I Saw Paris; Plance Blanche; Paris Sera Toujours Paris; Ca C'est Paris; Paris Bohème; April In Paris; Paris Se Regarde; Filles de Paris; Mon Paris; Gosse de Paris—Je Suis Née Faubourg Saint-Denis; Retour à Paris; The Sea (La Mer); Bonjour Paris; Le Gamin de Paris; J'aime Paris au Mois Du Mai; Mémoriant.

(Felsted PDL85052)***

WHEW! Talk about a bumper bundle. No fewer than 24 titles and all in good measure.

Eddie Barclay is one of the leading figures in the French pop world with his lush orchestral arrangements of popular melodies. Here he has gathered material for a marathon session of the best-loved songs about probably the best-loved city in the world.

Many of these songs you will recognise on hearing though you might not be familiar with the French title.

It is impossible to select any particular tracks for special mention as the standard is very high all round.

JUST FOR VARIETY—Vol. 16

Love Letters (Nat King Cole); Carnival (Harry James); How Deep Is The Ocean (Les Paul and Mary Ford); Heaven Can Wait (Nelson Riddle); Lucky Pierre (Joe "Fingers" Carr); I Hadn't Anyone Till You (Margaret Whiting); It's The Talk Of The Town (June Hutton); Sunrise Serenade (Glen Gray); When You Wish Upon A Star (Milt Buckner); River Of No Return ("Tennessee" Ernie Ford); Early Autumn (Woody Herman). (Capitol T1018)***

HERE we go with volume 16 in Capitol's "Just For Variety" series. And a very successful volume it is, indeed.

The biggest difficulty in compiling albums such as this is pleasing the wide range of listeners.

However, despite technical misgivings, this is certainly a wonderfully entertaining album. I may be prejudiced as it contains a large helping of my personal favourites.

Entertainment at its best

When Dickie Valentine takes to Dixieland

ful (Adeste Fideles); Jingle Bells; White Christmas; Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town; Winter Wonderland. (R.C.A. RD-27082)***

PERRY COMO, the man with whom millions of people throughout the world would most like to spend Christmas. Well, here's your chance. Picture yourself seated at a cosy fire with Perry sitting next to you gently running through these wonderful Christmas melodies which never seem to lose their appeal.

The Como voice is heard narrating on the first track and it sets the mood for about an hour's seasonal entertainment. Just the disc to relax with after a hearty Christmas tuck in.

Incidentally, the first side of the album is accompanied by the Mitchell Ayres Orchestra while Russ Case does the honours on the flip.

I thoroughly enjoyed this selection and I am sure you will, too.

ELVIS PRESLEY

Elvis' Golden Records

Hound Dog; I Love You Because; All Shook Up; Heartbreak Hotel; You're A Heartbreaker; Love Me; Too Much; Don't Be Cruel; That's When

include some new numbers, however, that they took eight of his biggest hits and mixed in four brand new titles for good measure.

And that's not all folks. They have wrapped up this package with a beautifully produced, full colour album containing no fewer than 10 previously unseen photographs of El. This is a truly magnificent piece of work.

JACKIE AND ROY

The Glory Of Love

The Glory Of Love; The Best Thing For You; I Love You Real; Could You Use Me?; Miz' Margret; Love Is Sweeping The Country; You Inspire Me; Looking At You; Where Did The Gentleman Go?; Let's Get Away From It All; Tain't No Use; The Winter Of My Discontent. (H.M.V. CLY1219)*****

LIKE a breath of fresh air, this happy duo breezed from the speaker of my record player. Mind you, this is a team that you may not like on first hearing as they are way ahead of most people when it comes to putting across a song.

But please persevere with Jackie and Roy as you will surely come to rave about them.

I first came across this twosome when they were singing with Charlie Ventura's "Bop For The People" group in 1947-8-9. Then they specialised in vocalese which some people called scat bop singing. The idea was to use their voices as instruments and blend in with the band arrangements.

Since then they have rounded off the edges of that style and turned themselves into one of America's favourite night club entertainment highspots.

NAT "KING" COLE

Cole Espanole

Cachito; Maria Elena; Quizas, Quizas, Quizas; Las Matinitas; Accercate Mas (Come Closer To Me); El Bodeguero (Grocer's Cha-Cha); Arriveredei Roma; Noche De Ronda; Tu, Mi Delirio; Te Quiero Dijiste; Adellita. (Capitol LCT6166)*****

BRAVO for doing something different, Mr. Cole. Long a universally popular singer, Nat Cole was in danger of getting into a vocal rut. Now he has breathed a fresh life into his recording career with a fine burst of Spanish.

This refreshing Cole voice will win him an even bigger audience.

America's No. 1

OHO-AHA

THE KAYE SISTERS
FRANK VERNA
MARINO MARINI

Italy's No. 1

TOPSY

COSY COLE
TED HEATH
JACK PARNELL
THE PROMINERS

Switzerland's No. 1

GIORGIO

GEOFF LOVE
NELLA COLOMBO
LYS ASSIA

Everybody's No. 1

HOME

DAVE KING

MACMELODIES MUSIC LTD.

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MACMELODIES MUSIC LTD.

PETER MAURICE MUSIC CO. LTD.

SIDETRACKS

By JACK GOOD



Now it's plain Belafonte.

GUY FAWKES night having gone off with a bang, the average man will now begin to look ahead to the happy time of mistletoe and holly.

Gently at first, then with an increasing persistence, he will be gripped by an awareness that the shopping-days-to-Christmas are fast running out, and most of all he will anticipate with pleasure the Season of Goodwill—the presents and the puddings.

Now your popular vocalist, as an artiste, is more sensitive of these things than the average man.

Stirrings in the soul at the approach of Yuletide are strongly agitating way before the first whiff of a Roman candle reaches his nostrils.

his Christmas offering will tend to be "My Christmas Angel," or the like.

A comedian, however, will always enlist the services of his small son or daughter. Or if he is unlucky in this respect, a nephew or grandchild will do, at a pinch. Together they will render "Santa's Rocket Ship To The Moon" or "The Night Santa Stuck In The Chimney." The bosomy songstress, whose last effort was "Crazy 'Bout You," will cut a disc entitled "Fill My Stocking With Your Love,"

but isn't this carrying things a bit far?

Still just to make sure we don't think he's "coming the old Harry" a bit too much, he has dropped his Christian name and is now simply labelled, Belafonte. Which, I suppose, classes him with Caruso and Emmett, or something.

The latest line in "Sincere Inspirational" is the teenage religious.

First came the "Ten Commandments Of Love." This had me in

Christmas discs are on the way

while Rockie Rimbald will produce his hit, "Sizzlin' Hot," all over again under the title "Shake, Reindeer, Shake."

Such is the situation in this country at least.

The U.S. way

IN America the Yuletide trade in the disc biz has for some time been run on a far more commercial and imaginative basis.

It has been found over there that in far greater demand than the flippant piece of Christmas tinsel is the "Sincere Inspirational" whose message will be "Welcomed by the D.J.s and will find a place in the heart of many a potential customer."

So last year Elvis treated us to an appallingly inadequate version of "O Little Town Of Bethlehem" and Mr. Belafonte found he was on a good thing with his recording of "Mary's Boy Child," so this year we are offered "The Son Of Mary"—to the tune of Greensleeves. It is usual for a follow-up to be called "Son of—"

alternate fits of hysteria and violent sickness. It is recorded by Harvey and the Moonglows. Who Harvey is I don't know. He seems to have thought that a work of the stature of "The Ten Commandments Of Love" merits dropping his Christian name, too, and if this tendency spreads we will be in dead trouble.

On names like Atwell, yes, we know where we are, but what of the Smiths? Ethel, Betty or Something? Anyway, to return to Harvey. It could be the Harvey. And, in fact, if you imagine while the disc is being played that the lyric is being warbled by a large white imaginary rabbit, the whole thing gains a wealth of meaning.

The backing is a Cecil B. De Mille type orchestra. The Moonglows, muffled in the background—or perhaps simply stifling their mirth—chant "One!" like a stroke of Big Ben. Then Harvey waits "Thou shalt ne-eh-e-er love another!" Whereupon a Moon glow in a deep, reverent voice repeats in pulpit-type speech, "Thou shalt never love another." Then all the other Moonglows chant "Two!" and Harvey intones "But cli-i-hing to me al-hall-ways."

"But cling to me always" states

the deep voiced Moon glow heavily. And so it goes on. It really is a disc no one can afford to be without.

The second teenage inspirational titled the "Teen Commandments" promises to be even better. It is recited by Paul Anka, George Hamilton IV and Johnny Nash.

Apparently, the record company that produced this major work originally intended it only for spinning over the networks by D.J.s in order that its moral goodness might be spread but when there was a big demand for it by the public it was decided that it should be released for sale in limited areas of the States. Reluctantly, we assume. The "commandment" I like best is "Great Stuff For The Gangsters Of Tomorrow."

Oldie again

THEY'VE done it again! The bright boys who selected "Carolina Moon" as the plug side of Connie Francis' last disc (which, you may remember, had "Stupid Cupid" on the other side) have stuck rigidly by their blunderbuss and chosen "I'll Get By"—the slow oldie—as the number one.

The exciting side—and the obvious winner—"Fallin'" is given second billing. That's what I call steadfastness—among other things.

Another mistake, although not so serious, was not to make "It's Only Make Believe"—Conway Twitty's great beat ballad—a double-sided plug.

For the flip-side, "I'll Try," is every bit as good. You will remember I tipped this record many weeks ago.

Since then it has climbed to number two in the States. Here—no reaction. The reason is that the D.J.s are too busy playing excerpts from esoteric LPs to afford time for it.

Quick off the mark

WHAT a swizz! Brian Tesler, my former boss, has jumped the gun and told you about the latest "Pres." And here have I been treasuring my copy for three weeks now, keeping mum, waiting anxiously for the publisher's go ahead to rave about it in print. Now I'm going to sulk.

It isn't bad, I suppose. I still like "O sole mio" though.

'I DON'T WANNA BE EVIL!'

—says the real Miss Kitt

THE bad Eartha! A slinky, sexy female, brandishing knife-like hands with six-inch talons and telling you "I wanna be evil."

This was the Eartha Kitt I thought I knew, the most tantalizingly seductive woman in the whole world. Someone completely hard-bitten and unapproachable.

How wrong I was! When I did meet her she turned out to be very intelligent, very friendly, and she wasn't wearing a figure-hugging, revealing dress on her 5ft. 2in. form, but just a perfectly plain, grey sheath that enhanced her figure rather than overplayed it.

Her conversation was witty, free and wide-ranging. This was, in fact, the real Eartha Kitt, and I wasn't prepared for the pleasant shock. But, then, Eartha is really two people, the stage enchantress, and the woman who confessed that she spends all her spare time either visiting art galleries, discussing political situations, reading, or writing books (her own biography, "Thursday's Child," was a best seller).

Money, to Miss Kitt, is merely something she earns, and she has turned down as much as \$10,000 a week to play a cabaret in a town where she felt that she wouldn't be appreciated. "Everything I have ever earned has been for something I've enjoyed," she said. "To me the only form of security is a house. I now have one and I feel safe."

I tackled Miss Kitt on the contrast of her on-stage and off-stage manner and asked her why it was that she had been given the titles she has without any apparent reason.

Said Miss Kitt: "When I sing I really feel what I'm singing. If I do an emotional number, then I direct my eyes on to a particular person in the audience and remember some of the things that make me feel upset. In that way I can give my best performance."

"Because I am really feeling what I sing, maybe the audience gets the wrong

impression. But I honestly don't know why I should have been tagged as I have."

Eartha Kitt is a very highly-strung person, and yet she is strangely humane and warm. Her only aim is to express herself to an audience so that she may be loved, and although she enjoys success, she feels much happier if she is accepted as an individual.

And seasoned performer though she is, she is not immune to nerves. "For instance," she said, "at the Royal Variety Show I felt like Cinderella and that at midnight the coach was going to collect me. It was so unreal, and I'm still in a dream." Dual personality she may have, yet I would go so far as to say that Eartha Kitt is one of the truest and sincerest people in the whole of show business. Undoubtedly a remarkable woman.

June Harris





COOL FOR CATS

Capitol are going all out on 'Tom Dooley'

WHEN you hear someone in the disc biz talking about a "sleeper," it doesn't mean a guy who's dozed off beside his radiogram or television set. It's the trade term for a record that doesn't hit any height that matters when it's released, but later jumps suddenly in the charts.

That just about sums up the story behind Tom Dooley, a Capitol release that wasn't going to be issued in this country at all. Instead, what did I find this week? That Capitol presses are working flat out on it.

The Kingston Trio taped this traditional American ballad, which entered the market quietly. It got to about No. 83 spot and looked like sticking there. Suddenly it caught on with the

American record-buyers, and on the latest poll it's heading for a place well inside the Top Ten.

Capitol headquarters in London had a copy of the tape on the shelves. It was brought down hastily, dusted off, and disc jockey copies were rushed from it. The response looked good. This week you'll be able to spin Tom Dooley in your record shop and make your own judgment about it.

A true ballad should tell a story, and Tom Dooley fits the pattern perfectly. It's introduced on the opening tracks as a "Love triangle", and then the Trio spin on to tell us about the crime that Tom's going to hang for in the morning. I go for the treatment they've given this number, and I'll stick my neck out and say that this disc will make the King-

ston Trio well known throughout the land.

The Trio's leader is 22-year-old Dave Guard, who formed the group with his college pals Bob Shane and Nick Reynolds last year. Their gimmick—if I can call it that—was to specialise in traditional songs, and they spent some time at a school for voice and drama before risking a professional tour.

Singing comes easily to the Trio. Dave and Bob were raised in Hawaii where, in between swimming and skin-diving, they learned to play ukeleles and sing. Dave was born in California, and learned folk songs from his father.

Each plays several instruments, including guitar, uke and conga drums. They're keen disc collectors, too, with special tastes for Stan Kenton and Frank Sinatra.



KEELY SMITH (above) joins husband Louis Prima on a new disc, and MARTY WILDE (right) stays with gloom.



Hula trouble

MALCOLM GODDARD, who's had a tour of duty as choreographer for "Cool" lately, was a little apprehensive about taking on the job because the style of dancing was a little different to what he had done before, and he wasn't put at ease by being asked to arrange a routine for hula hoops in his first show, though he soon mastered it.

Malcolm was one of the original members of the Royal Festival Ballet, and later danced at the London Palladium. Two other big West End shows that Malcolm has had important dancing roles in were "Pal Joey" and "Kismet."

Gloom groove

SEEMS Marty Wilde is still in the groove with gloom. He's just finished his latest disc for Philips, and it's "The Fire Of Love." This is the disc that Marty's been waiting to record for weeks, and at last it's come off.

Backing is a tune, "No One Knows," that's more in the general run of ballads. Either of these sides could be a hit.

BEST OF THE WEEK

COMO—Top spot of the week must go to Perry Como whose latest winner is Love Makes The World Go Round (R.C.A.). This should easily add to Perry's millions.

OSBORNE—Tony Osborne peeps up his orchestra to produce a Latin sound with I Want To Be Happy Cha-Cha (H.M.V.). Incidentally, have you noticed the resemblance "Patricia" bears to this old favourite?

AINSWORTH—Another oldie given similar treatment is Lily Of Laguna Cha-Cha from leader of the B.B.C. Northern Variety Orchestra, Alwyn Ainsworth, who's recorded it on Parlophone.

PRIMA—A very fast That Old Black Magic is the type of rendering you'd expect from Louis Prima and Keely Smith on their new Capitol platter. It makes a change to hear it this way.

BUSCH—From the American show "West Side Story" opening in London soon, Lou Busch and his orchestra on Capitol come up with a modern instrumental sound in Cool. Sounds pretty hot to me.

SEE YOU FRIDAY

Rock number tempts Terry back to singing



AFTER a long absence from the recording studios, 17-year-old Terry Wayne is back with a fast rocker "Little Brother" (Columbia) that should shake the beat fans. At one time it looked as though Terry might give up singing, when he thought rock 'n' roll was fading. But his heart is in music, and a good title has tempted him back.

Terry, who comes from Plumstead, London, started playing the guitar at the age of eight. His teacher was his father, variety artiste Hank Foster, and when Terry grew older they did several Sunday concerts together. His first show was as a solo act in Nottingham, and it led to his debut on television, before he was 16.

He has plenty of self-confidence without being conceited. He's learned that the secret of success is hard work and he practises every

morning. His hobby is collecting country and western style discs, and he has a hoard of over 700.

Cinderella Steele

BACK into the Decca recording studios last week went Tommy Steele, to make a disc of two songs from the West End pantomime "Cinderella" in which he'll be starring this Christmas.

Titles are, "A Lonely Night" and "Marriage-Type Love," the words and music being by Rodgers and Hammerstein. The opening of this show a week before Christmas will be the first time this version of the age-old story has been seen in the U.K. It was devised originally a couple of years back for American television, and was presented, in colour, for one night only with a big-star cast.

"Cinderella" is probably the most hardy of folk stories; more than 500 different versions of it are known to exist, and it's been told to many generations in all countries.

Joe plays backwards

KEYBOARD artiste visiting my Radio Luxembourg programme, "The Bristol Club" regularly is Joe "Mr. Piano" Henderson, and, of course, we've invited him to play. But you mightn't recognise him so I'll let you in on this secret.

Each week, Joe will be playing a tune that you should know but which we're challenging you to spot—the catch being that each one is played backwards.

Joe's presently lining up a request programme for Radio Luxembourg which should start next month. In each show he'll be try-



A new song Joe Henderson has just written, "St. Tropez," may be recorded by BRIGITTE BARDOT.

ing to get through the pop tunes you like to hear. A new song that he's written, titled "St. Tropez" hasn't been heard here yet, but there's news from Paris that film star Brigitte Bardot may record it. Joe may be on the spot for that session as he plans a visit to the French city in the near future.

He's also hoping that early next year he'll make a dream come true: he's hoping to fly to New York and spend a couple of weeks "just looking round." Though two of his numbers, "Trudie" and "Why Don't They Understand," are big hits in the States, Joe has never crossed the Atlantic.

Although he's recently finished a long variety tour, he's returning to the boards for a couple of weeks in December to star with that great singing group from the south, The Mudlarks.

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in my view

by
RUSSELL
TURNER

PRODUCER OF BBC-TV'S "6-5 SPECIAL"

WHAT do you know about a gentleman called Tom Dooley? If you are a reader of historical novels you may associate him with one Thomas Dula who fought most valiantly with Zeb Vance's cavalry at Gettysburg. When he returned from the wars he found that his sweetheart had another boy friend so he promptly put her into a permanent sleep! Then, although defamed by Zeb Vance himself, Thomas was hanged for his crime. On his journey to the gallows he sang a ditty he had written in jail, telling the story of his sadness.

If you are a follower of folk music you may have heard the song revived by people like Alan Lomax.

Followers of the American Top Ten charts will most certainly have heard of Tom Dooley, for this old folk ballad is now riding high on the Capitol disc by The Kingston Trio.

Maybe Tom Dooley heralds a new trend with a real revival of folk music, which must have all

NOW FOLK MUSIC IS DUE FOR A BIG REVIVAL

the qualities of popular appeal inherent in it to have survived so long.

In the States such a resurrection is a distinct possibility. Folk songs have been kept alive by dedicated people such as Cecil Sharp, Alan Lomax and Pete Seeger, who tour the country recording almost forgotten numbers and giving concerts and lectures; by great performers such as Belafonte and by the many small radio stations pouring out the hill-billies.

Some time ago Peggy Seeger visited Britain with her repertoire of folk songs, among which was a

little number entitled "Freight Train." Nancy Whiskey took that into the hit parade and the number also made Nancy!

Elvis Presley started his career recording folk hymns for a small company whose sole output was folk music.

Infancy

IN Britain the movement is in its infancy. We all remember the songs we sang in our schooldays, mostly about milk maids with lily-white hands, but there are many more robust English, Scots and

Irish numbers, mostly sea shanties, which are growing in popularity and with rhythms and melodies ideally suited to guitar accompaniment.

Some people go just for the beat which is there already and have to adapt it to suit banjo and guitar and almost a rock beat.

Others are purists and pay most attention to the lyrics. Skiffle was, in effect, an adaptation of folk music which excited almost every young pulse and put the guitar singers in the supertax bracket.

Singers such as Steve Benbow are reviving old numbers for a new generation and it may be that he and his contemporaries will soon be big recording names. Stranger things have happened.

We are in the midst of a return to the great standards of the 1920s and 30s, and there is no logical reason why we should not go back to the age of the first Elizabeth for our hit parade material.

At least the music and the lyrics have stood the test of time, and any comparisons, especially between the latter and some of our present day output, must give us food for thought.

Folk songs nearly always tell stories, and good stories at that—they are not just content with rhyming "moon" with "June."

Big bands

IT seems as though the big band is coming back with a bang. If you look at the charts you'll see the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra up there with "Tea For Two Cha-Cha," Lord Rockingham's XI with "Hoots Mon," Perez Prado and "Patricia" and Ken Mackintosh knocking at the door with "That Old Cha-Cha Feeling."

I rather care for a new Earl Bostic LP on Parlophone where the maestro "Rocks Hits of the Swing Age." Put your ear plugs in and enjoy this one!

Maybe one of the reasons why "Six-Five Special" continues to be so successful is the three big bands we have on the show. It certainly makes us the loudest show on TV anyway!

WELCOME back, Don Lang, who rejoins "Six-Five" next week as a solo artiste after his big success this summer in Blackpool, and also on the same show another "Six-Five" discovery, Marty Wilde.

Surprising

HAVE just played a new Gary Crosby issue on the H.M.V. label which, as Damon Runyan would say, surprised me more than somewhat. Here is Gary giving out with "Judy, Judy" and proving himself capable of rockin' 'n' rollin' with the best! The flip "Cheatin' On Me," is more conventional but performed with much of the polish of the "Old Groaner" itself.

Oliver Williams and his chorus come up with a great beat ballad called "The Secret." A steady, driving rhythm gets your feet moving and the professional attack with which the team set about this number is a joy to hear.

The backing is one of the best gimmick numbers since "Western Movies" which "Six-Five"

IN FOCUS

TED HEATH

TED and his music are frequent visitors to "Six-Five" and it is always a joy to have their most professional organisation with us. Ted himself is wonderful to work with. He knows exactly what he and we want.

Ted played for many years with Ambrose and Geraldo and was a poll-winning trombonist in those days.

He is a family man with five sons and a daughter.

The band has toured the States four times, played three times at Carnegie Hall, where even the standing room was packed.

They have toured every European country, Australia and New Zealand, and have 21 LPs issued in America. All the boys are British born. They have two Royal Command Performances to their credit.

The band grew up during the war, but was officially formed the week after the war ended. They have been voted the third best band and the top white band in the American Critics poll.

Ted has launched many famous names—Dickie Valentine, Lita Roza, Dennis Lotis and Paul Carpenter all sang with the band.

They have had numerous hit records—"Obsession," "Hot Today," "Blacksmith Blues," "Malaguena" and "Swingin' Shepherd Blues" to list only a few.

launched straight into the charts a few weeks back.

It's called "Don't Wake Up The Kids," and with speeded up tracks and tongues in cheeks is catchy and good for a chuckle.

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OVER THE BORDER

by
Murray Gauld

FIRST it was "My Fair Lady," now it's "The Merry Widow." These gay girls certainly have it in LP sales. And I feel that "The Widow" will make "her" presence felt.

Already H.M.V. are suspending certain other activities to get out more "Merry Widow" LPs on the market. And already there is a record "sequel" for the two stars of this Sadler's Wells recording.

June Bronhill, the sparkling little Australian, and Thomas Round, who played opposite her as Count Danilo Danilovitch, are to sing the leads in a new LP of "Lilac Time"—along with baritone John Cameron.

I spoke to Thomas Round, well-built and bland ex-policeman from Barrow-in-Furness, about the effect of "The Widow" on his career.

"I'd toured with Sadler's Wells so often that I used to think people must have said 'Oh, no, not him again.' Then came 'The Widow'... THAT WAS IT."

Thomas had been six years with Sadler's Wells, singing, taking roles but no one seemed to take all that much notice of him—at least not on a general scale.

Then "The Merry Widow" was revived and was a big hit. It broke records at the Wells Theatre. They had to put on special extra matinees to accommodate the box office rush.

And those who didn't see it then—and there must have been many—had to wait while the company toured the country during the summer, before they had another chance when the operetta returned to London.

Then followed another fantastic season.

The whole climax was, of course, on Monday of last week—when along with "Where's Charley?" and "My Fair Lady," "The Merry Widow" went on to that large Coliseum stage and presented its six-minute spot to the Queen.

Tom Round, told me: "It's very difficult for a straight singer to get into a Royal Command show and I don't know if it will ever happen again."

First 'The Widow' —now 'Lilac Time'

In the Royal Performance, Tom sang "The Merry Widow Waltz"—then danced it with June Bronhill.

No wonder he gives full credit to the role for his emergence as one of the most popular non-pop singers of today.

As he said: "The role seemed tailor-made. Lehar might have written it specially for me. It's one that has everything—singing, comedy, acting, dancing. And you can express yourself in it. Now I keep wondering if there's another role as good as that one."

"The Widow" is now in the Sadler's Wells repertory—and wherever Tom happens to be appearing, he has to pop back every time the Wells play it.

For the past six weeks he has been with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in Scotland—the first three weeks in Glasgow:

the other three in Edinburgh. In that time, he has made 10 trips to London. Half by train—the rest by air.

He enjoys G. and S. and is looking forward to the company opening in London, at the Princes Theatre for a 13-week season from December 15.

"That'll make life slightly easier," he smiled.

Thomas is under contract to the D'Oyly Carte Company now—doing four different operas, including "The Gondoliers" and "The Mikado," which are bringing him fresh kudos.

The new LPs made by the company of "The Mikado" and "The Pirates of Penzance" have just been released—to add to the one already issued of

"Princess Ida." So Mr. Round is really on record these days.

He went further on record by telling me: "I'd like to tackle 78s or EPs with real tenor ballads—ones that have not been done for a long time. I sing them at concerts all the time—and they always seem to go over well."

Concerts are another part of his hectic life. He was doing one with Adele Leigh the day after I spoke to him.

Right now, though, he's keeping his fingers crossed for tomorrow (Friday). That's the day they record "Lilac Time" at the E.M.I. Studios.

And just by chance—and it was, he assured me—he had only sung it for the first time two weeks ago with the Cheltenham Choral Society. He really likes it.

It wasn't just his skill as a musician that made him a world-class bandleader

Know-how took Ambrose to the top—and earned him a million pounds

LET us salute one of the greatest bandleaders Britain has produced. The man who once pointed to Jack Parnell's band and said "I want an orchestra just like that"—and got it. Most of Parnell's sidemen of that era, in fact.

The man who had at one time in his band, Kenny Baker, Ronnie Scott, Johnny Dankworth, Kenny Graham and so many more top men of today.

His name? AMBROSE. Now there is a name and a standard by which popular music was judged for two decades.

Ambrose. You would find him at rehearsals of a recording session, a laconic character, with short sharp outbursts of repartee in the style of an Anglicised Groucho Marx.

He would listen to the orchestra of Britain's top 22 musicians of the day, then, after taking the band through a number, would declare "Let's take it from G again... the saxes sound like a wart."

Ambrose. Possessor of the reputedly worst memory in the country. Claimed that he could never recall names of people or titles of songs. When playing at a fashionable ball, or a west-end club, he would advise the band of the next number by humming over the first few bars.

Personality

"Ambrose," a newspaperman once said, "has none of the qualities generally attributed to a world class bandleader—instrumental virtuosity, flamboyant conducting. But he has that 'something' for which the description 'personality' is a weak word."

I would add another quality. Know-how.

Yes, Ambrose knew how better than any. Just think of the stars he has helped to find, foster and nurture to stardom: Vera Lynn, Anne Shelton, Sam Browne, Elsie Carlisle, Johnny Dankworth, the Phillips brothers (Woolf and Sid), Lorraine Desmond, Stanley Black, Carmel Quinn (now earning 5,000 dollars a week in America and televising six times a week), Kenny Baker, Ronnie Scott and Malcolm Lockyer.

Ambrose has been an intimate of kings, queens, princes and princesses. All are proud to have known this master of the baton.

Recently I asked Bert Ambrose for his most memorable setting of

royalty listening to his band. He told me: "One evening at the Embassy Club at different tables sat King George V, King George VI (then Duke of York) the late Duke of Kent, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester... and half of the world's top society names."

That was the golden era of Mayfair music. An era when King Alfonso of Spain and the then Prince of Wales asked if they might play bass and drums with the band respectively.

Ambrose gave the band a short break and with himself on violin and the pianist helping out, formed a quartet.

After a while a dowager duchess came across and said "Oh, but Mr. Ambrose, what a simply delightful little band."

"Quite so," replied Bert. "But I'm afraid that it would prove a little expensive, Your Grace, as a permanent line-up."

But Ambrose's favourite story is about the newspaper headline that screamed "Ambrose loses £50,000 gambling." The report stated that this king of the games of chance had lost a packet on the tables at Biarritz in the South of France.

"In reality," said Bert deprecatingly, "the loss was only a little over £29,000."

Folk read what they wished into the story. And Ambrose was a little disturbed to see the shaking heads. The gossips openly spoke of bankruptcy.

So this gay gambler's reply to all the talk was to go out and buy the most expensive, glossiest, biggest Rolls Royce he could find. He paraded the car around London. He was seen everywhere in it—and the newspapers lapped up pictures of him.

Then, the gossip killed, he sold the luxurious car.

But did this man who was to walk with kings start life with a silver spoon in his mouth?



No, he told me, "I started work as a youth in the then Popular Cafe playing violin at a salary of 50 shillings a week."

Sitting at a table was the owner of the "Pop," Mr. Montague Gluckstein. He watched as Bert whistled

for a waiter to bring him an apple. Bert got the sack instead.

Many years later Mr. Gluckstein opened the Cumberland Hotel. He wanted the erstwhile youth he had sacked for whistling for an apple to be the opening attraction.

Could be that Ambrose recalled getting the sack. Anyway he calmly asked for the unprecedented salary of £1,000 a week—and got it!

One final question to this man who to this day is my idol of music. I said, "Tommy Steele is reported to earn £1,000 a week now when the pound is now worth 6s. 8d. compared with its value when you asked Mr. Gluckstein for that figure. Max Bygraves, I read, is in the £75,000 a year class. How much have YOU earned?"

Our taxi swung into Piccadilly. We were buffeted against each other in turn—and, through it all came a casual reply, "Earned? Oh, about a million pounds."

Norman Curtis

News and views from behind the label

DISCLOSURES

by Jean Carol

First Eager, now Fury!

WHEN I suggested, a few months ago, that readers should watch out for the name of Vince Eager, I wasn't wrong, was I?

Now this week, I'm taking another gamble—on a youngster, who, I feel, will make the same shattering impact. His name is

Billy Fury, you may have seen him recently in A-R's "Strictly for the Sparrows" last Friday.

In the show, Billy sang a number entitled "Maybe Tomorrow" as well as playing a straight part, and this has so impressed Tin Pan Alley and recording companies, that now they are having a fight to get the rights!

Disc weakness

LOVELY young film actress, Janette Scott has a weakness that she can hardly control, for collecting discs. Last week, passing a record shop near the studios, the old uncontrollable desire came over her; she was in and out of the shop in three minutes flat—with four LPs under her arm.

Her choice of artistes? Frank Sinatra, Eydie Gormé, George Shearing and Elvis Presley.

if you're lacking in inches, follow Eartha's example and forget about revealing knees.

No to jazz

A QUICK dash around the film studios this week and a quote from jazzman Chris Barber on Richard Burton, who is currently filming "Look Back in Anger." In one scene Richard Burton has to play the trumpet, but this is done for him by one of the Barber band.

Chris told me that if only young Richard would put his mind to it, he could become a first-class musician. But, unfortunately, Burton has other ideas and would rather stick to acting.

Jackie's No. 1

IT'S always good to hear from our Commonwealth friends as to what is happening in their part of the world, so when a South African correspondent told me that Jackie Dennis's recording of "Purple People Eater" has been number one on their hit parade for some weeks, I thought that you would like to share the news.

Jackie returns to Las Vegas early next year for a cabaret season at the lush Sands Hotel.

Group changes

IT'S always pleasant to write about a top flight vocal group like The Diamonds, even if it is only to report that two of the original members have left. The new group now consists of the two original Canadians and two Americans. Their recording of "Walking Alone," a follow-up to "Little Darlin'," is number 22 on the American hit parade.

Dorsey again!

SO the old Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, led by Warren Covington, is at it again! For weeks now I have been hoping that "Tea For Two Cha-Cha" would get into the hit parade, and I had a great feeling of elation when it finally made it last week.

Now I learn that the band have done a follow-up in the States called "I Want To Be Happy." Don't rush to buy it here yet, but it is hoped that the British release date will be early December.

Tip from Eartha

WHEN I met Eartha Kitt in London last week I noticed that she was wearing a mid-calf length dress—longer than dictated by the fashion bosses.

Eartha told me that as she's only just over the five foot mark she felt that a shorter skirt would make her look squatter. So, girls,

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TALENT IN YOUR TOWN

AMATEUR talent, obviously, abounds, perhaps as never before. There can be no doubt of that from the number of letters we have received from all parts of the country.

Rock groups, skiffle groups, singers, instrumentalists... all striving to get on, all doing a grand job entertaining in halls, cinemas and clubs from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

It is for such people as these that this feature is intended, for this is a news column about those who do not normally make the headlines—the local entertainer, the possible star of tomorrow.

AS anyone from BIRMINGHAM would agree, there is plenty of talent in that city and this week we are singling out a girl known locally as "Miss Elvis Presley." She is 20-year-old Norma Hughes, of Hadland Road, Sheldon.

Versatile Norma sings and plays the guitar and has performed with many local bands and skiffle groups. Given half a chance, she'll sing Elvis's latest hit in a style that really sends an audience. Not so long ago she went in for a competition to discover the Midlands' own Presley, but it was a "men only" contest and Norma had to stand down. By day Norma is a power press operator in a factory, and by night, when she is not singing, there are always those pictures of Elvis on her bedroom wall!

STILL in Britain's "second city," we follow "Miss Presley," with a second Tommy Steele, only this time, that happens to be his real name! Tommy comes from Great Lister Street, Nechells, and has had to change his stage name to Tommy Dallas, for obvious reasons!

He and his group of three guitarists and a drummer have appeared several times at the Birmingham Town Hall and were runners-up in the Rock 'n' Roll and Skiffle Group Championship of Great Britain. They have also made a number of appearances at the Birmingham Hippodrome.

NOW to the south, and still we find "doubles." This time, however, it is quite deliberate. The artist's name is Dennis Stuart, of Waterland Road, LEWISHAM, London, and he does impersonations as part of his singing act.

In his early twenties, Dennis has already appeared at many cinemas and town halls in the London area including Catford, Woolwich, Greenwich, Battersea, Poplar and Hornsey.

Among the stars he impersonates are Johnnie Ray, Frankie Vaughan—he did a 10 months tour with a road show as

Frankie's double—Little Richard and, of course, Elvis Presley. And when he is being himself he is as likely as not to be found singing his own songs. Versatility is obviously the strong point of many of our local entertainers!

IF you listen to any conversation on pop music in ROTHERHAM, the odds are that sooner or later someone will mention the Four Imps—all under 19—for they are well-known in that part of the country, especially since they won the all-England "Six-Five Special" rhythm group contest earlier this year. The leader, and singer, is Barry Dudley. He started the group two years ago, using the garage of his home in Vernon Street as the rehearsal room. They were soon making an impression locally, as much for their zest and showmanship of their act as for their musical ability.

When they won the contest, beating more than 200 other groups in the process, they really felt that all their efforts had been worthwhile.

Mr. Bob Lewis, of Sheffield, who saw The Imps at a show in Mexborough, realised that they had real talent, and signed them up. Now they rehearse nearly every night of the week and have their eyes firmly fixed on a new rehearsal room—at the London Palladium.

THEATRES, cabarets, dance halls, clubs—all have sought the services of a young group in KETTERING, Northants, who call themselves the Corley Hepcats.

These boys—Alan Day on bass, Brian Jones on guitar, Ilmars Zaaks on saxophone and Maldwyn Prodder, piano—won a talent contest at a holiday camp in Clacton in August, but just missed out in the finals held the following month.

This Saturday they are due to appear at Wisbech. Their current target is to have a test record made, for they have approached Norrie Paramor, of E.M.I. and Johnny Franz, of Philips, and have been told that a record of a tape of their act will be given a hearing.

So, at the moment, the boys are saving as hard as they can for that one disc that might open the door for them.

NAME YOUR FAVOURITES

WHAT about the "Talent in Your Town"? Is there a skiffle group particularly like, a trumpeter worth hearing or a vocal group with a new style? We should like to hear about your local entertainers. Send us the details—addressing your letters to: "Talent in Your Town," DISC, Hulton House, 161 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.



TEDDY

JOHNSON'S

Music Shop

TOP signing news of the week is that Johnny Dankworth has joined Rank Records.

Johnny, the only British band-leader signed by an American company—Capitol—before E.M.I. bought them out, will be a great prize for any organisation.

He has been voted Britain's top alto star, arranger, jazz composer. Musician of the Year, leader of the top band, and, of course, he was recently honoured by the London Philharmonic Society who invited him to compose a work to be performed in the Royal Festival Hall next June.

The fact that Rank have induced him to leave E.M.I.'s Parlophone label is, I think, sufficient evidence that this new organisation mean big business.

Which group!

WHICH Witch Doctor? is the title of the song, but which vocal group, that's the real question. For there is not one vocal group making the disc, but two.

They are The Mudlarks and The Avon Sisters.

I asked The Mudlarks manager, Bunny Lewis, about his new protégées. "They are sisters-in-law," he announced. Here was a new twist; we've had aunts and

Pearl Carr's Corner

ASK any singer who his favourite British jazz vocalist is and the odds are that you'll get a hundred per cent reaction in favour of Cleo Laine.

For Cleo has made this branch of singing her special preserve. She has also established herself as a fine actress. Her work with the Royal Court Theatre brought Sir Laurence Olivier to see her and, after the play, to step back stage to pay his own personal tribute. The visiting Moscow Arts Theatre presented her with a medal, and the national Press gave her rave notices.

But this is the Cleo we all know, the show business personality. I wanted to meet her as Mrs. Johnny Dankworth. So we talked, about Johnny.

Apart from being a little odd in his shaving habits—he uses an electric razor, plugs it into the standard lamp and then forgets to replace the shade and lamp when he's finished—Johnny is a very thoughtful person.

"He will cook the meal or make a drink without request, whether I am tired or not, and when he is going to be late he always phones. I admit that he has a special tone for imparting tidings of lateness..."

He is the type of man who is untidy, but loves tidiness... his LPs are not slotted back in their sleeves after use, but are just left about.

"His special friends know that you never loan John an LP. For he will listen enraptured, and then pick up the arm of the player with a 'must hear that passage again,' and replace the arm with a terrible scratching sound."

"Loan him records, and you will know the one's he's enjoyed most for the most interesting passages are introduced by a grating noise!"

Johnny is, I found, a reader of short stories by the humorists. Stephen Leacock, Thurber or Wodehouse are his choice.

And work? "He always starts doing the arrangements for his broadcasts about two in the morning, and generally manages to work things out with Dave Lindup about 30 minutes before rehearsal time."

nieces, cousins, even mothers and daughters trading as sister-acts, but this was the first sister-in-law combination I had met.

The two girls, Valerie (22) and Elaine (18) live with Elaine's parents—and Valerie's husband who is Elaine's brother. Are you with me? And what is more, the name of their road in Battersea is—Sisters Avenue!

I am very happy to be the person introducing them on their TV debut, for they follow our show on the 16th with the "Jack Jackson Show" (19th), the "Vera Lynn Show" (20th), "Cool For Cats" (21st) and "Six-Five Special" (22nd).

I have heard this Mudlarks-Avon Sisters disc. Opinion? To paraphrase the other Avon bard—"As YOU like it."

A promise is a promise—but I have to break the one I gave you last week to reveal the name chosen for the five Welsh singers introduced on "Music Shop."

The group's leader, Gym Prosser, is away on holiday on the south coast but I want him to have a look at our short list before announcing the winning title.

Tune in to this spot, next week, though. I hope to have news for you!

JOHNNY DANKWORTH and his wife CLEO LAINE are both in the news.



CONWAY TWITTY

bursting into the "TOP 20"

IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE

M.G.M. 992 (45 & 78)

At number 12 this week

ROUND and ABOUT

with DISC photographer
RICH HOWELL



Eccentric—why of course! But the music's good! DR. CROCK and his CRACKPOTS were in good form in their "Variety Parade" appearance at the week-end.



You could have "danced all night" at the Film Industry Sports Association Ball which started at 11.30 p.m. and ended with bacon and egg breakfast six hours later. In this picture, it appears that one of the King Brothers has a choice of partner—JUNE CUNNINGHAM or JANETTE SCOTT.

Stunning — as always. It's THAT girl EARTHA KITT in THAT gown. A double treat for Palladium show viewers.



A sisterly hug from Anne for Jo Shelton after her first solo TV appearance in last week's "Music Shop." Adding their congratulations are (left) Teddy Johnson and (right) Steve Martin.



DANNY MARTIN (right) celebrated cutting his first Decca LP with a party last week. And among the many society and show business guests were (left to right) TONY OSBORNE (who did the backing), LITA ROZA and JOAN OSBORNE.



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