

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 42 Week ending November 22, 1958

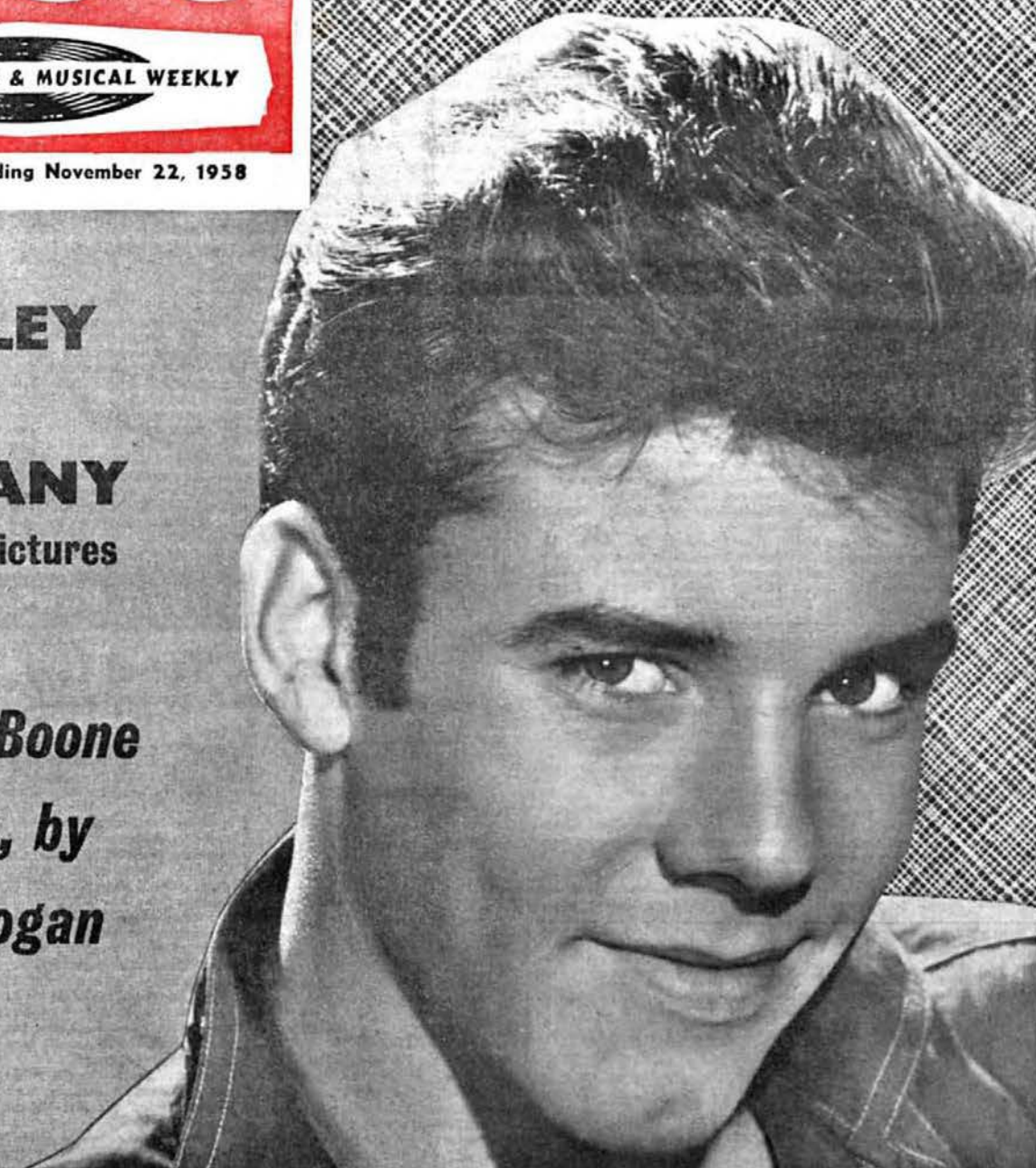
MARTY WILDE

EVERY
6^D
THURSDAY

PRESLEY
in
GERMANY
story and pictures



*The Pat Boone
I Know, by
Alma Cogan*



Sings two Great Hits!

'NO ONE KNOWS' and 'THE FIRE OF LOVE'

PB 875 1/78



PHILIPS *The Records of the Century*

Philips Electrical Limited, Gramophone Records Division, Stanhope House, Stanhope Place, London, W.2.
Philips are world-renowned makers of Radiograms, Record Players and Record Playing Equipment
Incorporating the world-famous 'Featherweight' Pick-up.

POST BAG

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

YOU CAN WIN A PRIZE!

Just drop a line on any topic connected with records to 'Post Bag,' DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Each week the writer of the most interesting letter published gets an LP of his own choice

Fan clubs that give a raw deal

PRIZE LETTER

A POINT that badly needs airing is the slackness of fan clubs. Some may be run with the interests of both the artiste concerned and the fans at heart; but some seem to exist solely for the purpose of extracting money from the fans. Fans are always willing to spend money on membership fees and magazines.

I have had experience of one such club, though to mention the name might harm the popularity of this particular singer still further.

I paid my membership fee, and was sent a small photograph. When informed of a quarterly magazine, I

sent off for that also. The first few issues arrived on time, but when the next one was not sent, I wrote to my branch secretary. I was told that it was not her fault, but that of the organiser. I wrote to him, and was told it was not his fault either. Soon after we had a new organiser.

The next year, still blind to everything, I paid my subscription, but had no reply. That was the beginning of this year, and though I have written several times, I have had no answer. My membership expires in December and I certainly shall not consider renewing it. My friends have had similar experiences.

What good is this doing the singer? None. Only harm can come from this state of affairs.—NAOMI TYLER (Miss), Wisteria Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.

Late nights

DO you not consider that radio record programmes come on too late? Take, for instance, "Top Twenty." This is on Sunday (not that I mind that), but it's on from 11 p.m. to midnight. "Record Roundup" is from 11.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m.

Most of the weekday programmes don't finish till about 11 p.m., such as "Record Hop," "Record Show," etc. It must be realised that these are strictly for teenagers who, nine times out of ten, have to get up early for work or school. I do not say anything about request programmes as

these are on the air at reasonable times.

I try to listen to most of the record programmes, but all I seem to hear is "Turn it down" until finally I have to turn it right off.—ALAN PERKINS, Coronation Road, Clenchwarton, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

(Somewhere, someone is listening.)

'Film LP'

I SEE that we are to have LPs complete with scripts, which enable one to co-star with well-known stars in scenes from famous films.

In my opinion a more profitable idea would be to elaborate along that line and produce an LP disc similar

to the B.B.C.'s "Movie Matinee" programme—that is, an edited version of the film, with the musical numbers and best scenes, joined by a commentary giving the whole story of the film. The record, of course, would not be released for some time after the general release of the film.

I am sure many people would enjoy such a souvenir of their favourite film, especially if the cover were similar to the one on the "South Pacific" LP disc with coloured stills enclosed in book form.—G. LUMSDEN, Bankhead Avenue, Bucksburn, Aberdeen-shire.

(The cinemas may not like it.)

Spare fan

I MUST have been unfortunate in my fan clubs. Of the three I joined, one closed down, another I only heard from once in several months, and from the third there has been no news at all.

Naturally, I am annoyed, and now I would not join a fan club at all.—(Miss) G. HALL, Monxton Road, Andover, Hants.

(Why not be our fan?)

Two sides to...

WE Sinatra fans don't want your protection, John Gayne, nor do we ask for it (DISC 8-11-58).

We know what we want from Sinatra, and it is not just for him to smile sweetly at us and sign our autograph books!

As long as he makes first-rate LPs and EPs, and really entertaining films, we don't ask any more of him. Leave him alone!—P. NEILSON, Upper Shoreham Road, Shoreham, Sussex.

... a question

JOHN GAYNE hit the nail on the head (DISC 8-11-58) in his article about Frank Sinatra last week.

Sinatra's indifferent attitude to his public is, in my view, highly irritating, and John Gayne's remarks are fully justified.

A pity Sinatra ignores his fans; he seems such a nice guy on the screen.—F. FLETCHER, Springfield Gardens, Weybridge, Surrey.

(Some like Frank regardless of criticism, others don't.)

More jazz

AFTER hearing the musical content of such shows as "Oh Boy!" and "Six-Five Special," I wish that television gave the more astute music lovers a bigger portion of jazz than the appetisers of a few minutes given on some shows, which leave us yearning for more.—F. G. KIMPTON, Matham Road, London, S.E.23.

(Have you tried the B.B.C. Third Programme?)

AND NOW WE OFFER THIS ELEGANT RONSON LIGHTER AS A MONTHLY BONUS!



Beat-up

SIX months ago in large letters a national newspaper proclaimed: "Rock Is Dead." A short relapse, maybe, but not death. Beat is at last finding its feet.

Record catalogue supplements show that an appreciably greater number of rock 'n' roll records were released in October than in previous May. Connie Francis and Bobby Darin, known before as ballad singers, have both recorded hit rockers and Tommy Steele's latest offering, after trying the ballad, has a definite beat flavouring. There is certainly no lack of new talent for there is a host of great new artistes such as Duane Eddy, Barry Cryer, Vince Eager, Johnny O'Keefe and Cliff Richard, already challenging Elvis Presley's position in this country.

Beat is too strong to die as easily

For the best letter of the month we shall award this matching lighter and ashtray set in black and white Spode as a "bonus" in addition to an LP of the writer's own choice.

as the cynics first thought. There are now four teenage television programmes instead of the original one, and, thanks to DISC, another record paper.—R. C. TUCKER, Whittucks Road, Hanham, Bristol.

("He who knocks rock rocks hardest.")

Proven?

SOME time ago I was having an argument about which was the better, classical or pop music. I maintained that classical was superior by a long way. In answer to this there were storms of protests.

I asked the name of the best pop performer. "Elvis Presley," one said. Another butted in with "He's not, Lonnie Donegan is." I pointed out that this rather proved my point. Although in classical music some people cannot appreciate the modern type—Sibelius, Vaughan-Williams, etc.—they are all pretty much agreed who is great and who is not. Do you think that this dubiousness over "popular" performers proves my point?—COLIN TRAVERSE, Malvern Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey. (Even squares disagree, though.)

COVER PERSONALITY

'Fire of Love' is my best yet, says Marty

much as possible. Luckily for me his ideas on presentation are the same as mine.

From Phillips, too, Marty is getting the full strength of co-operation and every record that they have turned out has been of an exceptionally high quality with first-class arrangement and backing.

His new disc, "Fire of Love," is in a slightly different bracket, and Marty is quite excited over its selling potentialities. "Although I've been making discs for some time now, this new one, I feel, is really the best I have ever done. People tell me it sounds like 'Endless Sleep' but I think they are wrong, although I wouldn't complain if it reached the same position in the charts."

About his future Marty confessed that he is a very ambitious lad and is always grateful for any advice passed his way.

"There's still a long way to go," he said, "and I have a lot to learn."

This week, we salute a youngster of 19 years who through sheer hard work and determination has really earned his spot as Cover Personality.

J. H.

THE six-foot four-inch hunk of Marty Wilde was sprawled across an armchair. Between pulls at a king-sized cigarette, he said: "No, I'm not satisfied. I want to be the best there is and I know it's going to take me some time yet."

Marty, whom I had caught between rehearsals for the Jack Jackson show, went on: "Ambition came at the beginning, but luckily I have had my own ideas which have been exploited rather than squashed, and somehow, when I do a number I have the feeling that I know exactly how it should be put over."

We reminisced over the Wilde entry into show business with "Honeycomb," his first big hit for Phillips.

"I've a lot of people to thank," acknowledged Marty. "'Oh Boy!' gave me my first big chance and Jack Good, the producer, has helped me as

★ First again with a great new ★
CHA-CHA-CHA
★ ★ ★

Eso Es El Amor

(b/w "ENCHILADAS")

FRANCHITO
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

CB. 1467

45/78 rpm



TWO ★ GREAT ★ NEW ★ RECORDS

THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

Featuring

★ NEVILLE TAYLOR

and
★ 'LITTLE BRYAN'

Parlophone

R 4493

★ The
KAYE SISTERS

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Philips PB 877

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JACKIE WILSON
LONELY TEARDROPS
Q 72347 **CORAL** 45/78



RICKY NELSON

Week ending
November 15th

TOP TWENTY

Compiled from
dealers' returns from
all over Britain

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

ONES TO WATCH

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| It's So Easy | The Crickets |
| Lonnie's Skiffle Party | Lonnie Donegan |
| Tom Dooley | The Kingston Trio |

BUDDY HOLLY
HEART BREAK
Q 72346 **CORAL** 45/78



CONNIE FRANCIS

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for week ending November 15th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
8	1	HOOTS MON / BLUE TRAIN	Lord Rockingham's XI
1	2	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Tommy Edwards
2	3	A CERTAIN SMILE	Johnny Mathis
3	4	SUMMERTIME BLUES	Eddie Cochran
11	5	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Conway Twitty
5	6	BIRD DOG	Everly Brothers
—	7	HIGH CLASS BABY	Cliff Richard
9	8	MORE THAN EVER	Malcolm Vaughan
—	—	—	Robert Earl
—	—	—	Edmund Hockridge
—	—	—	Marino Marini
10	9	SOMEDAY	Jodie Sands
12	10	LERROY / MY TRUE LOVE	Jack Scott

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 15th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Conway Twitty
4	2	TOM DOOLEY	The Kingston Trio
1	3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Tommy Edwards
3	4	TOPSY II	Cozy Cole
—	5	TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM	The Teddy Bears
6	6	CHANTILLY LACE	Big Bopper
7	7	TEA FOR TWO CHA-CHA	Tommy Dorsey
8	8	THE END	Earl Grant
5	9	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Bobby Day
—	10	I GOT A FEELING	Ricky Nelson

ONES TO WATCH

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| I Got Stung | Elvis Presley |
| Lonesome Town | Ricky Nelson |

Records FROM America

Johnny Nash
Almost in your arms
(Love song from film 'Houseboat')
H.M.V. POP503 (45 & 78)

The Tarriers
Tom Dooley
Columbia DB3196 (45 & 78)

Jimmie Rodgers
Woman from Liberia
Columbia DB4206 (45 & 78)

The Shepherd Sisters
Dancing Baby
Mercury AMT1005 (45 & 78)



COOL FOR CATS

Three Ricos and three chas!

SOME time ago I foretold a great future for the cha-cha-cha. Nothing startling happened for a while, but now I see some interesting developments.

Oriole's Nino Rico paved the way over a year and a half ago, and those first discs are still in regular demand. It's widely known, too, that Nino Rico is really arranger and conductor Johnny Gregory, who has made a speciality of this Latin beat.

The name "Rico" is catching on elsewhere. Composer of the Ted Heath recording of "Cha-Cha Baby" is Luis Rico, who's actually Ted Heath in disguise!

Cha-cha clubs and bands are being formed in many parts of the country, particularly in the North. I see the "Rico" idea has crept in there, too, and I hear that 12 months' solid bookings are lined up for "Andre Rico" and his orchestra.

Oriole still keep recording dates with "Nino Rico," but Johnny Gregory has also been appearing lately on the Fontana label. Recently he recorded the same number for both labels, which is nice work if you can get it.

If you want to hear more of Johnny's work for Fontana, listen to his arrangements played by "Chiquito."

A big continental cha-cha-cha hit of the moment is "Eso Es El Amor," and it probably won't

surprise you to learn that Oriole have come out with it here. A new bandleader is on the rostrum for this one, and his name is "Franchito," a name that hides the identity of a musician from the Nino Rico group, now making his debut as an Oriole orchestra leader.

There seems to be a bit of a battle of terms developing between "cha-cha" and "cha-cha-cha." Oriole tell me that it should be called "cha-cha-cha" representing the noise of the feet making a double click. "Cha-cha," probably because it's easier to say, seems to be getting more popular, however, as in "Tea For Two Cha-Cha," "Lily of Laguna Cha-Cha," and "That Old Cha-Cha Feeling."

Whatever you like to call it, this beat's certainly in demand. According to Phil Tate at the Hammersmith Palais, he'd have to fill over half his programme with cha-cha-cha to meet the requests. Denny Boyce, at the Lyceum in London, is having the same experience. And at the recent Tin Pan Alley ball for professional musicians and show business stars, more than half an hour of this beat was played without a break.

Dick Rowe, recording manager at Decca and one of the companies responsible for releasing these discs, expressed some unusual views when I asked him what he thought about the trend.

Rikki's first disc has a Royal send-off

AFTER commenting at a wrestling match in York, I looked for a taxi to take me back to my hotel. Empty cabs were scarce, but finally I hailed one. The driver stared at me, trying to place me, and then said with a big grin:

"I'll take you on one condition—that you play 'Tom Dooley' next Friday."

"Tom Dooley," an obscure ballad of the American Civil War period, has been news since Capitol launched it by The Kingston Trio a couple of weeks back. Competitors Fontana and Pye-Nixa followed some days later with

British artistes, and the publicity battle is still being waged on a song that looks like soaring high.

Though Capitol had a head start, Fontana gained a lot of ground when the story broke that Princess Margaret had asked for a copy of the disc by the new singer, Rikki Price. This Royal send-off was a wonderful break for a boy making his debut, and I hope he will live up to it. There's no doubt he's got the fresh voice and sincere style that are necessary qualifications for any good singer.

But right now it seems to me that Rikki has a good chance of having



"I find it a huge joke," he said. "I'd describe them as jazz records with some sort of Latin American noise in the background."

"Recently I made a new Terry Dene disc, 'Pretty Little Pearly.' The back beat is a cha-cha sort of nonsense. I didn't set out to make it that way. I just asked the studio orchestra to try out some different sounds, and that happened to be the one though I didn't realise it until after I'd played the tape back."

"Nino Rico" — or Johnny Gregory — was on the cha-cha-cha trail 18 months ago.

The words fit

A FEW months ago, Johnny Franz, Philips' recording manager, brought back a song from Sweden and asked British writer Paddy Roberts to make new words for it. But on seeing Paddy's first effort, Johnny wasn't too happy,

these didn't start at the top; they worked their passage to get there, and they keep working hard to stay at the top.

I believe that Rikki's managers are aware of the real problems. This dark-haired, 23-year-old singer, who's married and has a three-year-old daughter, is not allowed to go out on variety yet, nor do anything on TV except sing. Meanwhile, he's working part-time



"If I were you, I wouldn't buy any LPs!"

in a builder's yard in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

I feel that Rikki's true impact will be judged by his next record, and he'd be better to build a big name by patience and perseverance.

and asked him to have another try. So Paddy came back with "Hurry Home," which Johnny liked and Anne Shelton has recorded as her latest disc.

The words that Paddy wrote first time weren't lost for ever, however. They went over to the States, and became the lyric for the new Rosemary Clooney M.G.M. release, "It's A Boy."

So if you put the "It's A Boy" words to the "Hurry Home" tune, you'll find they fit.

Forgotten face

SEVERAL years ago, when I was in a repertory company in Dartford, we had a young scenic artist, whom I didn't see very often since he worked mainly in the daytime.

A few nights ago, I was introduced to "Cool," choreographer for the show, Malcolm Clare. When we got together, Malcolm said, "You've seen me before."

It was the same boy, and I hadn't recognised him. Since those days, Malcolm has developed as a dancer in many kinds of shows, among them water shows, pantomimes, and West End revue and musical comedies.

At present he's rehearsing for "Vanities," which will star Shirley Bassey and Malcolm Vaughan, and opens in London next month.

But busy as he is, Malcolm has found time to make a return engagement to "Cool," and you'll see him on the programme in a couple of weeks.



Frank sings success

SINATRA—Top disc of the week is Frank Sinatra, singing the song that he could have dedicated to himself, "Mr. Success" (Capitol). It's not as big-headed as the tide suggests.

MODUGNO — Round my way, an Italian girl working in a delicatessen shop has been humming for weeks a tune she picked up in her homeland. I didn't know what it was until the other day



Can he repeat the 'Volare' success?

when I played "Lazzarella" — and that was it. It's here now on the Oriole label, and well sung by Domenico Modugno.

PLATTERS—For a fast, beauty number, The Platters have chosen "I Wish" (Mercury) as their latest release in this country. It should do well.

CHIEFS—A new American group with possibilities is The Chiefs, introducing themselves on London with "Enchiladas."

SEE YOU FRIDAY.



Rikki Price (left) and Fontana's A and R manager, Mr. Jack Baverstock.

Ken Graham reviews the week's new batch of

EXTENDED PLAY



RONNIE RONALDE turns in one of his finest performances.

RON GOODWIN

Ron Goodwin Specials—No. 2
Jet Journey; Red Cloak; The Messenger Boy; Elizabethan Serenade

(Parlophone GEP8699)****
FOR sheer musical artistry Ron Goodwin must pick up four stars. Rarely a headline figure, nevertheless Ron usually manages to slip into the hit parade on occasions—and then when he is least expected.

If I had my way he would be practically a fixture in the popularity charts as he is one of the most consistent talents in the British recording world.

I hope you enjoy this EP as much as I did.

BIG BEN BANJO BAND
Polka Time

Happy Birthday Polka; Holland Polka; Liechtensteiner Polka; Swiss Kanton Polka.
(Columbia SEG7827)****

TYPICAL rollicking mood is set by Norrie Paramor's Big Ben Banjoists. This is great for the party season as it appeals to all ages.

This is another side of that

and a hit performance at the Royal Command Variety Performance fresh in his memory.

He deserves that happiness as I am sure he must have brought much of the same commodity to many people throughout the world with his wonderfully relaxed vocal offerings.

If there are any Boone fans who have not heard these songs then I suggest that they immediately get some lolly and rush round to their dealer, but quick.

There is an excellent contrast in the material selected here.

LES COMPAGNONS DE LA CHANSON

Song Successes In English
The Three Bells (Jimmy Brown Song); That Lucky Old Sun; The Galley Slave; Dreams Never Grow Old.
(Columbia SEG7829)****

FEW records have given me as much pleasure as **The Three Bells** by this group when it was originally issued some years ago. It was this that first really introduced me to Les Compagnons, although I had heard them before without taking much notice.

Now the happy memories have come flooding back. I hope you

little thing called "Patricia."

The four tracks offered here were all Prado favourites only a few years ago.

Take my tip—listen to this one.

PEARL BAILEY

Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home; C'est Magnifique; That's What I Like About The North; Ballin' The Jack.

(Columbia SEG7832)****
PEARL BAILEY is definitely my favourite cabaret entertainer. I spent a very memorable evening at the Cafe de Paris during her last appearance there—while it was still the hub of London's night life.

Here are four very typical "Pearlie Mae" treatments which are guaranteed to entertain. Unfortunately, this talented lass is inclined to lose something on record as she works at top quality before an audience.

Bailey fans, however, please don't overlook this.

FATS DOMINO

Here Comes Fats—No. 3
Wait And See; I Still Love You; The Big Beat; I Want You To Know.

(London RE-P1138)****

IT'S the big rocking bundle of joy again! Yes, Mr. Domino really rips that music along at a fast pace. All the titles have been previously issued as singles but are none the less entertaining in package form.

The four tracks had my feet tapping along all the way and I guarantee that they will affect you the same way.

For my money, Fats Domino is one of the truly outstanding artistes to emerge from the rock flood.

RONNIE RONALDE
The Story Of Christmas

The Story Of Christmas; Cold The Winter Winds; Why Do You Journey; Three Kings Appeared; Let The Bells Ring Out; Then With The Rays; Hosanna In The Highest.
(Columbia SEG7838)****

RONNIE RONALDE is joined here by Norrie Paramor and his Orchestra with Organ and Chorus. This is a fine dramatic portrayal of the Christmas story. I'll go as far as to say that this

Up pops Ron with a winner!

talented man of music, Paramor. He has a complete understanding of all types of music which makes him as perfect as can be for his job.

Let the family share your record player by spinning this one occasionally for your folks or kid brothers and sisters. You'll like it, too.

THE FOUR SERGEANTS
World War II Songs

This Is The Army, Mr. Jones; When The Lights Go On Again All Over The World; I'll Be Seeing You; White Cliffs Of Dover; They're Either Too Young Or Too Old.
(H.M.V. 7EG8396)****

MORE nostalgia. About 15 years ago these songs were being whistled, hummed and sung throughout Britain and America. In fact all over the world—on our side.

The Four Sergeants bring back many happy memories and some not so happy.

On one track, *I'll Be Seeing You*, they cheat slightly and enlist one lass by name of Rose Marie, Inf. However, this recruit helps to balance out the EP nicely.

Good entertainment value for Mums, Dads and kids alike.

PAT BOONE

Pat—Part 1
Rock Around The Clock; Shot Gun Boogie; Please Send Me Someone To Love; Money Honey.
(London RE-D1132)****

Pat—Part 2

Tomorrow Night; Pledging My Love; Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens; I'm In Love Again.
(London RE-D1133)****

"M.R. CASUAL" comes up with a couple of EPs from an LP success. Pat must be a very happy man these days with his records still raking in the customers

will get an equal kick out of this collection when you hear it.

PEREZ PRADO

Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White; St. Louis Blues Mambo; Mambo Jumbo;
Mambo No. 5.
(R.C.A. RCX1001)****

ANOTHER in R.C.A.'s "Gold Standard" series bringing back hits of yesteryear. Mambo was all the rage when Perez Prado hit the scene in America with his **Cherry Pink**. And now that Latin American music is again in vogue perhaps he will be having a new lease of life with his mambos.

He has already, as we know, made the charts this year with a

RON GOODWIN



You get more with TELEFUNKEN

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and look at these new prices



Also Table Model for direct use with HI-FI equipment and radiogram
KL75T-45 GMS Excluding Microphone
TELEFUNKEN KL 75 K
50 GMS Excluding Microphone

... and here's the set that made HI-FI history!

The Telefunken KL 85 K with an unprecedented frequency range of 30-20,000 cps at 7 1/2 ips (± 3 db) and 30-15,000 cps at 3 1/2 ips has a certificate issued with each machine guaranteeing these figures!

The new achievement of DC heated pre-amplifier valves eliminate hum and background noise while the 2 oval speakers have treble/bass controls with 3 separate input controls.

Five push buttons give immediate control with quick stop and trick buttons which allow superimposing of recordings.

Over 4 hours play with Telefunken Tape at 3 1/2 ips using 7 inch reels. The KL 85 K can be used as a straight-through amplifier and speakers used for monitoring. Magic eye level control and built-in splicer for editing and joining tapes.

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TELEFUNKEN KL 85 K

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TALENT IN YOUR TOWN

'DISC' presents a round-up of entertainers who have started the exciting climb to success

CHESHUNT, HERTS

RECENTLY a concert was staged in Cheshunt, Herts, on behalf of the National Association of Boys' Clubs and the winners of the talent contest were a group called the Parker Royal Five. These lads have done a lot of entertaining in cinemas and at dances and the young singer has quite a reputation in the area for the refreshing manner in which he puts over a number.

LONDON

"THE FIVE Js," that's the name of a group at present playing at a public house in Millwall, and they are causing quite a lot of talk among the patrons, who think highly of their talents. There are five of them—three on guitars, one on bass and one on drums—and they specialise in rock 'n' roll and country and western music.

BRADFORD

ANOTHER group eager to get on, but wisely spending their time at present gaining experience by playing at local cinemas and clubs, are "The Dollars," led by Paul White. There is nothing like being a little unusual in order to attract attention in show business, and the way "The Dollars" do this is to employ bongo drums in some of their pop numbers.

GAYDON, WARWICK

YOUTH is no drawback these days as Harvey Marriner, of R.A.F. Station, Gaydon, has found out. He is only 17, but he has sung at many local parties and socials and has also won a number of talent competitions.

LIVERPOOL

A NAME well known in musical circles in and around Liverpool is that of 17-year-old Paul Ridgway, who comes from Garth Road, Allerton. Paul, who plays the guitar and is equally at home with jazz, pop or skiffle, has been doing the rounds as an entertainer for the past three years, and last year he won his way into the semi-finals of a national talent contest when he won the preliminary round held at a holiday camp in Wales. This was the first contest that Paul had ever

gone in for, so he did not do so badly!

He is much in demand by local clubs and restaurants in Liverpool and Southport, playing every week at the Sefton House Restaurant in Liverpool and the Royal and Bold Hotels in Southport.

AWSWORTH, NOTTS.

PATRICK GREEN is a colliery worker who has always wanted to be a singer, but so far, although he has sung in clubs and at the Palais, Nottingham, he has been unlucky in getting that "big break." Patrick is 20 and has been entertaining for two years. He sings mainly rock numbers and ballads. His club work takes him to many places all round Nottingham.

MANCHESTER

FIVE years ago Dave Gough of Wythenshawe, Manchester, was a mere twelve years old, yet even then he was a singer who had performed all over the country. He travelled with a show and used to sing "Ave Maria," and after that he spent a period in pantomime. Then he gave up show business to continue with his schooling. Now, at 17, the old urge to sing has gripped him again, and he is always in demand at parties and dances.

INVERNESS

NOW to Scotland, to Kingsmill Road, Inverness, where a 25-year-old singer, Isobel Miller, is one of the star attractions. Isobel has been singing in the Caledonian Hotel for four years and she has also appeared at the Empire Theatre. Her ambition? To become a recording star, of course.

ILFORD, ESSEX

SKIFFLE with a beat is the keynote of the "Riverside Skiffle Group" of Goodmayes, Ilford, and it is proving very popular. At clubs, concerts and parties they are always a hit. Their leader is Alan Armstrong and the other members are "Hank" Jones, Dennis Sharp, and John Moscrop. Their ages range from 15 to 18 years, so they have plenty of time to make their name.

SOUTHEND

EVEN if you don't like rock 'n' roll, you will like Tommy Mills. That, at any rate, is what they are saying Southend way. Tommy, who is 20, got himself a booking with an r. 'n' r. group called "The Zephyrs" at the Pier Pavilion. He first appeared at a series of jive sessions held for the local teenagers, and he so impressed the manager of the Pavilion that he was given a proper billing. When he and the group played at a dance at which a big name band was the star attraction, his group was undoubtedly the more popular with the dancers! Ever since then the group has been much in demand at local halls and they are never short of bookings.

BULWELL, NOTTINGHAM

"THEY'RE" wasting their time." That is what many people have said about the Guest Brothers. It sounds uncomplimentary until you realise that



PAUL RIDGWAY, at 17, has regular engagements around Merseyside (see "Liverpool").

LEICESTER

MUSIC fans around Leicester way know him as Johnny Dallas, but his real name is Peter Ross and he comes from Marina Road, Peter, or Johnny if you prefer it, has had plenty of experience, having toured in revues, played in panto, and even appeared on independent television when it first started. He has made numerous attempts to get record companies interested in him, but so far has had no luck.

what they mean is that these two talented brothers—one plays the guitar and sings ballads and folk songs, and the other plays the drums—are wasting their artistry in keeping to the clubs and concerts in and around Nottingham. The entertainments secretaries of the many clubs at which they have played are convinced they have got a future in the world of show business.

Has your town—or village—a potential disc star of tomorrow? Write to us about your local favourites. They may be given a recording test!

'West Side Story' is a musical with everything

I CROSSED the border last Friday for quite the most exciting theatrical event I have ever attended—the European premiere of the all-American musical, "West Side Story," at the Manchester Opera House.

This fabulous—in the truest sense of the word—production came up to every possible expectation. This is the musical that has everything—and then a lot more. It's the complete apex of every idea that this modern form of entertainment has ever aimed at.

It represents modern America. It has a beautiful score—but, just as important for a stage musical, it has a beautiful story. And to complete the perfect triangle, it has been produced by a sensitive, creative hand.

The score is by Leonard Bernstein, whose most "popular" work before this was his music for the Academy award-winning film, "On The Waterfront." But Bernstein must be the most brilliantly versatile musician of our time.

He can switch from this music to classical on a similar plane—and he has conducted almost every major symphony orchestra throughout the world.

And while he has written various serious scores (including two symphonies, a work for violins and orchestra and a one-act opera), he has also scored the musicals "On The Town," "Wonderful Town" and "Candide."

In fact Bernstein has a fantastic facility for switching... for changing the mood from

Scottish contributor
MURRAY GAULD
goes

OVER THE BORDER

to a sparkling first
night

one scene to the next which is much more than impressive.

The switch from Tony's first song ("Something's Coming") into the mambo in the dance at the gym and back again, movingly, into the first threads of "Maria," is superb.

His calypso "America" and "Gee, Officer Krupke" were both show stoppers—the first for the girls; the second for the boys. In point, the boys' number in the second-half was the biggest show stopper of the lot.

For the first night audience applauded not gently but in storms of applause that enhanced the electric atmosphere of a very big opening. Big, too, for the director of the show, Jerome Robbins.

It was he who conceived the idea of this modern "Romeo and Juliet" musical. But as he points out: "It's a universal theme—'West Side Story' is no more exclusively American than 'Romeo and Juliet' was Italian."

Robbins admitted to me all the doubts they had harboured

about their production and its suitability for this country. But after the unmistakable "Top Hit" reception, he was smiling and satisfied.

Robbins, one of the geniuses of musical comedy, is by repute a hard taskmaster—and a hard man to please. He was delighted by the show's British opening—although still apprehensive over what London would think.

I tried to set his mind at rest on that account—and endeavoured to find the wonderful secret of its success. Apart from the obvious years of work and real creative ability that had gone into its writing and staging.

"Well," he smiled, "I think the fact that every person in the show has a role of his or her own means a great deal. It means that no one is simply 'chorus'—and they're giving everything they have all the time.

"And, of course, the show has a little bit of everything—ballet, musical comedy, opera."

Opera is covered by an ensemble "To-Night"—sung by quintet and chorus—prior to the sensational Rumble which closes the first-half with two dead bodies lying on the stage.

Individually, there's much to commend about this cast. But nothing finer than the amazing vitality and star quality of Chita Rivera, or the juvenile lead with a very fine voice, Don McKay.

I suppose we can now stand back and await the tremendous disc business this show is going to do. And not just for Philips who have the original cast LP on the market already.

The Hit Parade Heart Throb—

SUSIE DARLIN'

ROBIN LUKE (London HL/D 8676) BARRY BARNETT (I.L.M.V. Pop. 532) CHRIS HOWLAND (Col. DB 4194)

B. F. WOOD MUSIC CO. Ltd., 20 Denmark St., W.C.2

PRESLEY in GERMANY

DISC
exclusive
by
DOUG
GEDDES



FOR far too long we've been denied a glimpse of the great Elvis Presley, the show business phenomenon of the century. His tremendous list of commitments in the States kept him from us and then the Army stepped in and offered him a long term engagement.

So, in March of this year, Elvis Presley reported for duty as a humble G.I. He entered his new career with no complaints and no signs of discontent. All he said was:

"Ah hope the fans will still remember me when ah get my discharge from the service, but there's no point in me thinking about it too much during the next two years. It just has to be."

Once in the army Elvis set about the job in hand with as much enthusiasm as he once tackled his concert dates. His officers could find little room for criticism, and

his G.I. buddies welcomed him as one of the boys.

When the initial training was over, he was sent overseas to Germany. This seemed to bring him much nearer his British public

at long last, but it has only brought Presley the soldier closer to us, not Presley the singer. For Presley the entertainer has virtually disappeared. But he couldn't escape from his past. Over-enthusiastic fans followed him everywhere and this made him the very special G.I. that he didn't wish to be.

With the military's permission, Elvis moved into hotels some 15-20 miles from camp, but still the devotees traced him. He moved from one hotel to another, only

'AH HOPE THE FANS DON'T FORGET ME'

Elvis shivers, soldiers on in the Alps

wanting the privacy that any other individual seeks, but it was far from easy.

At the camp, Private Presley was never late on parade and the stamina that served him well as an entertainer has helped him to face the rigours of service life with no trouble.

His present job in life is, of course, a truck driver, transporting stores and men from one location to another. He's just another G.I., and proud of it, but it is certainly a far cry from a few months ago when he was a quickly recognised figure, and driving one of his several Cadillacs.

Because of his keenness to follow the army seriously, Elvis is much admired by his fellow soldiers. Even those that were never fans of his are claiming that they are close buddies. It's just their way of being proud of the fact that he is in their midst, and that he is honestly endeavouring to be one of them.

"Elvis is a real regular guy," as one G.I. said to me. "He is ready to join in any camp activities and he does his job as good as the rest of us. In fact, he probably complains less!"

A corporal added, "Driving those heavy trucks ain't exactly my idea of cruising down Sunset Boulevard, but Presley sure don't seem to mind."

Grandma's there

In his off-duty hours I found that Elvis differs a bit from the others. As he neither smokes nor drinks, nor enjoys night life, you'll

never see him spending his time in cafes and bars.

Having his father and grandmother in Germany with him, he can slip off to their hotel and enjoy

Psychological Tool

WHEN the news hit America last January that the one and only Elvis Presley was to be drafted, there was uproar and the head of the Memphis, Tennessee, draft board found himself elevated overnight to the position of most unpopular man in the States.

Presley himself, however, took it philosophically. "Everybody else seems worried about it," he said, "but ah'm looking forward to it. Ah shall have to get up at the time I normally go to bed, but ah guess a two year hitch in the Army don't worry me none."

The Army, however, was not so sure. Although maintaining that Presley was "just another soldier," they set up a Press centre at Fort Chaffee, in Arkansas, where Elvis was to do his initial training, and enlarged the mail room in order to cope with frantic demands from girls asking for the clippings when Elvis got his first military style "short back and sides."

Unfortunately, rain washed out the great send-off and Elvis left his home, in the company of his parents, practically unannounced except for the hundred or so TV cameramen and reporters who recorded the scene for posterity.

The same thing happened when he was posted to Germany and only a mere handful of fans turned up to give 53310761 Private Presley, E., a rather soggy farewell.

But when Presley arrived in Friedberg, Germany, things were a little different.

The Press conference the Army laid on for him would not have disgraced Montgomery himself, and Elvis promptly bared his heart.

"Ah'm no expert on music," he drawled, "but ah don't want to sit here and knock opera and classical music just because ah don't understand it."

But he made things clear on one other point. "Ah love mood music and Irish tenors," he said.

But the final word must be left to the youth newspaper of Communist East Germany. According to this, Presley is "a psychological tool of the Western warmongers."

So now you know.



Presleytown

THE little town of Friedberg, near Frankfurt in Germany, sells two things—cream cakes and Elvis Presley. The first is common to all German towns, the second is not.

Ever since *The Man* arrived in October the shops have been full of Presley records and souvenirs and the streets have been full of teenage fans trying their hardest to see their idol.

For once the fans succeeded, to such an extent that they drove Elvis from one hotel to another more secluded, perched on a hill between two sanatoria for heart diseases.

Presley, of course, is just another soldier and the fact that he lives in an hotel is "nothing unusual," say the Army. But about the fact that in addition to his military truck he also has three Cadillacs, two Lincolns and a new red sports car they will say nothing.

And Private Presley is still probably the only soldier in the U.S. Army whose size of boots you can find out merely by ringing up the publicity department of the camp!



a real homely evening, with Grandma's cooking to make things just about right.

Incidentally, having his family in Germany with him is nothing strange—many young G.I.s have their family with them if possible.

At the moment Elvis has been moved from camp in Friedberg and been transferred to intensive field duties well beyond Munich.

This is where Private Presley will be until the middle of December. Roughing it under almost war-like conditions in the bleak, cold Bavarian Alps. Gone are the luxuries of hotels, the company of his folks, and even the comparative comfort of normal camp life.

Up there he is just a soldier, doing a job of work and, by all reports, doing it extremely well.

A buddy of his told me that Elvis would like to come to England, but when that will be, if ever, only time will tell.

Normal leaves

One thing is certain, Elvis will not ask for any special privileges to make the trip, or to get permission to undertake concerts here. Only

if a normal leave specially presented itself would Presley come here under his own steam.

German promoters have been trying to get him to undertake concerts over there, but so far without success. To do them would mean special permission and disrupting his service life and Presley has no intention of letting that happen. So German teenagers, like those here at home, have been denied a personal appearance.

He is tremendously popular there and the record shops are full of his discs, particularly his "King Creole" LP, which has become a best seller. The juke boxes, too, contain a good percentage of his discs.

So, for the present, Elvis Presley, international star, is dead, but he did set the fans' minds at rest with one statement:

"Ah have a lot of work lined up when I'm released; ah just hope the fans will not have forgotten me."

My feeling is that they'll think even more of him when he returns. Meanwhile he doesn't seem too far away when we hear that regular flow of hit records that he left behind for our continued enjoyment.

* YOUR WEEKLY ***

DISC DATE

**with DON NICHOLL*



D.N.T.

PETER SELLERS
A Drop Of The Hard Stuff; I'm
So Ashamed
(Parlophone R.4491)

I DON'T know which of these is the top side. I DO know that they are both as funny as the name of Sellers suggests. As a trailer for Peter's upcoming LP they should put him in the Top Twenty for Christmas—as well as making sure that the album's on thousands of gift lists.

"A Drop Of The Hard Stuff" is a riotous half covering a recording session of Irish Folk Music: it gets crazily out of hand, of course.

"I'm So Ashamed" is a delicious rock lament, a cry from the heart of a disc star who finds he is too old for the game at the ripe age of nine! Top line groove humour that will stand up to plenty of plays and still gather chuckles every time round.

LOUIS PRIMA AND KEELY SMITH
That Old Black Magic; You Are My Love
(Capitol CL14948)

NOW here's a side that is as refreshing as a sight of the sun in the middle of an English summer. Louis Prima and his wife Keely Smith may not yet have caught on in this country with such fire as they have done in the States, but this disc could alter all that.

Their living-it-up revival of "That Old Black Magic" has the kind of magic in it to win fans and influence customers. Prima's band led by Sam Butera beats slickly along behind the twosome as they chant a very exciting arrangement of the standard. I am sticking my neck out a bit, but this is a half well worth a tip for the Twenty—one of the most infectious efforts I have listened to this year. Let's hope it makes it.

Keely's on her own for the flip and Nelson Riddle's orchestra accompanies her as she sings the sentimental ballad "You Are My Love." Good, contrasting coupling.

JO STAFFORD
Hibiscus; How Can We Say
Goodbye
(Philips PB876)****

MITCH MILLER conducts the Jimmy Carroll arrangement of Hibiscus which Jo Stafford sings with such controlled style that she might well do a Peggy Lee "Fever" on us.

Side is well up out of the rut and Mitch's noise behind the star could not be better. It will go a long way to bring Jo back into selling favour on this side of the water.

How Can We Say Goodbye was written by Jo and her husband Paul Weston. It is also Paul's orchestra which accompanies her. A slow, dreamy ballad for those in love.

ANNE SHELTON
Hurry Home; I.T.A.L.Y.
(Philips PB878)****

ANOTHER march tempo ballad for Anne—and one which should be a consistent choice for "Family Favourites." Title gives you all the clue you need. Anne's firm performance is backed up crisply by Wally Stott's orchestra and male chorus.

Tune is easy to remember and the lyrics won't tax your memory too much either. Could become a heavy seasonal seller for Anne. And it will have a long life via the request programmes.

I.T.A.L.Y. is a waltzer which takes its title from the scribbled notes lovers put on the backs of letters. Translation: "I Trust And Love You." Warm-hearted ballad which Anne handles sincerely.

VALERIE SHANE
One Billion Seven Million Thirty-Three; Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
(Philips PB879)****

TITILE of the Latin tempored ballad Valerie sings here doesn't refer to the label's optimistic sales hopes, but to the number of kisses ago she loved her lover so.

Clever novelty with the right kind of rhythm in it, One Billion Seven Million Thirty Three is sung strongly by the Shane girl, though she's often in danger of being drowned by her backing.

DECEMBER is a-comin' in and the Christmas songs are rolling thick and fast now. This week brings Eve Boswell and Neville Taylor into the yule competition—both with very attractive entries. Strange to find Taylor out of the Big Beat pastures, but Neville could score heavily with this departure.

And for listening that's different, let me recommend Louis Prima and wife Keely Smith as they whip up a storm for "That Old Black Magic." Enjoy this one—and do yourself some further good by laughing with the Goon comedy of Peter Sellers on a new Parlophone coupling. Peter's in peak form this time out.

sings most of Oho Aha in Italian, with a girl group and the Frank Como orchestra shuffling-beating in company.

Musical director Como is one of the authors of Everybody Loves My Baby, the bouncer which occupies the other side.

JOHNNY NASH
Almost In Your Arms; Midnight Moonlight
(H.M.V. POP553)****

ALMOST In Your Arms, the love song from the film "Houseboat," reveals once again that Johnny Nash is a fine, romantic balladeer.

It's Goon comedy
—and it's great

Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland has a straw-hat introduction with the male group asking Valerie for a date. Oldie which comes up dewy fresh, this one could gather a lot of sales for the girl. Wally Stott puts a modern beauty backing behind her.

EVE BOSWELL
Christmas Lullaby; The Christmas Tree
(Parlophone R4492)****

EVE BOSWELL has a good idea for her seasonal side here. Peter Hart has set Yuletide words to the deathless Brahms Cradle Song.

Eve sings it with a wealth of charm and she is joined by a feminine chorus, while Ron Goodwin slips the right kind of musical atmosphere behind them. The whole most tastefully designed and produced. Could be a big one for Boswell.

For the reverse Eve gives an airing to one of Ron Goodwin's own numbers—The Christmas Tree. A ballad that carries the delicate light of candles and tinkling decorations, this one will also be receiving many a play during the coming weeks.



JO STAFFORD should be back in favour with her latest.

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.

THE KAYE SISTERS
Oho Aha; Calla Calla
(Philips PB877)****

OHO AHA is a listing romancer which the Kaye Sisters sing smartly to an attractive accompaniment by the Wally Stott Orchestra. Song could be stronger, but there will be plenty buying this side even if it is not an automatic entry for the Hit Parade. Girls are in good harmony.

Calla Calla (The Bride, The Bride) is a faster and more captivating novelty. Trotting along smoothly it has a gay Continental wedding flavour. The Kayes have a happy time with the number and Wally Stott helps them to whip up the festive colour. The better—and more commercial—half.

ROBIN RICHMOND
The Velvet Glove; Windmill Waltz
(Nixa N15171)****

ORGANIST Robin Richmond originally recorded the top deck, The Velvet Glove, five years ago for the Polygon label. Now as a result of hundreds of requests from viewers who have seen the Dolibar puppet act use it as theme music, The Velvet Glove makes a fresh appearance—for Nixa this time. Cute, tuneful stuff.

Richmond couples it with Windmill Waltz—a gay little dance through which you can hear the clogs tapping joyfully.

FRANK VERNA
Oho Aha; Everybody Loves My Baby
(H.M.V. POP552)***

FRANK VERNA has been here on disc before, though not under the H.M.V. label. He has never made a great impression on British ears, and I have a hunch it will take something more powerful than Oho Aha if he's to do good. Frank in his liquid ballad voice

The boy's deceptively light voice moves easily through this rhythmic offering and he gives it the kind of size it needs. This version could sell, all right—thanks not only to Johnny but also to the Don Costa accompaniment.

A misty ballad for the flip with Sid Feller handling the orchestral baton this time. A dream-time song which Johnny takes sweetly all the way. Not a seller but a charmer to return to.

JIMMY YOUNG
I Could Be A Mountain; There I've Said It Again
(Columbia DB4211)****

I COULD Be A Mountain bounces merrily with Jimmy Young singing it hopefully for one half of his new Columbia release. Cute tune with a lyric that goes well, it makes for pleasant listening with Bob Sharples orchestra and chorus lilting in company with Mr. Young.

Top deck, though, must be There I've Said It Again—a slower romantic effort which Jimmy puts over smoothly. The old song gets a very gentle beat to bring it up to date, and the sincerity with which Jimmy sings, will put him up a notch or two in the eyes of young lovers. Could be one of his best sellers this year.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Hungry Eyes; Faces There Are Fairer
(Coral Q72345)****

DEBBIE REYNOLDS—without a big one since "Tammy"—tries again with a ballad in country style, Hungry Eyes. She sings it simply and the melody should be on your brain at first play.

Whether the song is strong enough to make you rush the counters is something I doubt. Yet a pleasant half, with George Cates'

Nev. Taylor leaves rock for a seasonal coupling

orchestra and male chorus backing up the star.

Faces There Are Fairer opens with some haunting strings before Debbie goes into the slow romantic ballad. A waltzer with a different touch to it.

ERIC ROGERS

Tom Thumb's Tune; Me Voy Pa'l Pueblo

(Decca F11080)****

FROM the forthcoming film version of "Tom Thumb," Eric Rogers guides his musicians through the theme tune. A strolling, gentle melody for which he uses organ and harpsichord noise with the rhythm section. There's also a chorus at work, though they have no words to sing here. Easy-going effort but lacks hit parade impact.

Rogers batons a Latin American performance on the turnover. Slow tune which never offends but, somehow, just seems to miss the boat. Whole disc appears a trifle too sleepy for me.

DAVID WHITFIELD

Love Is A Stranger; This Is Lucia

(Decca F11079)****

WHISPERING girl chorus and a lone whistler pave the way for David Whitfield as he goes forthrightly into the ballad, **Love Is A Stranger**. The kind of song which David sings better than most, this romancer has a steady pace to it and a nicely matched lyric.

Using the opportunities for power, David turns out one of his smoothest sides with this performance, and the Roland Shaw orchestra helps considerably with a good accompaniment.

On the other side, mandolins are brought to bear for the Italian atmosphere of **This Is Lucia**, a soft romantic item which Whitfield sings feelingly.

AMES BROTHERS

Pussy Cat; No One But You

(R.C.A. 1091)****

THE Ames Brothers could have a handsome sleeper with their bright-eyed novelty, **Pussy Cat**. Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra give the group a clever bouncing back-

ing for this tricky little 'romantic ballad.

As always, you get a gleaming performance from this group—they are way up front with the best.

No One But You slows down the pace to a sentimental waltz, and this one should get many a late-night spin between sweethearts. Firm voicing from the Brothers and a lush accompaniment from Mr. W.

NEVILLE TAYLOR

A Baby Lay Sleeping; The Miracle of Christmas

(Parlophone R4493)****

INTERESTING to hear "Oh Boy!" performer, Neville Taylor, trying his hand at something completely different from the rock material. Nice to be able to credit him with a very successful break-away, too. **A Baby Lay Sleeping** is a delightful lullaby with a sincere message woven around the Nativity.

Neville sings this Yule item with a rich fervour that could easily bring him much custom as a Belafonte. If you are looking for seasonal sides, make a note of this British number.

Taylor couples it with another for the time of the year. **The Miracle of Christmas** is not quite up to the standard of the other deck so far as performance goes, although by no means a poor side.

THE CARDIGANS

Each Other; Poor Boy

(Mercury AMT1007)****

ORGAN and rhythm section waltz in country style behind The Cardigans as this male vocal team sing **Each Other**. Another side from this week's batch which comes up with a strangely old-fashioned flavour.

The Cardigans sing this ballad in the manner we used to get from some German and early British groups.

Good opening noise on the turnover, however, and The Cardigans are up to date with their rock treatment of **Poor Boy**. Jerky little melody which they handle darkly and competently.

(Continued on page 12)

The AMES BROTHERS turn in a gleaming performance.



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SMILING FOURSOME: In this line-up for our cameraman are the Lana Sisters and Joan Reagan before the last "Jack Jackson Show" went out to the nation's ITV screens from the Foley Street Studios—(DISC Pic).

B.B.C. REFUSE TO COMMENT—BUT CURRENT RUMOUR IS:

'6-5' may be near end of the line

DECEMBER 27 may well mark the end of the B.B.C.'s popular teenage show, "Six-Five Special"—in its present form.

Although B.B.C. reaction was a terse "No comment," this week to all questions about the programme's future, DISC understands that "Six-Five" is to undergo a radical change. Another view is that it may even be dropped.

The B.B.C. claim an audience of five million "over 16s" for the show.

Reports in show business circles suggest that the B.B.C. is considering three possibilities for the "Six-Five" spot in the New Year:

- That the show continues for a limited period with certain changes;
- A completely new teenage show takes over the peaktime Saturday spot;
- The early-evening programme schedule is shuffled completely.

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ALL-STAR LINE-UP

A PERSONALITY record round-up introduced by Dickie Attenborough at the Stars Ball at Grosvenor House on November 25 will include Vera Lynn, chairman of the Stars Organisation for Spastics, organisers of the event, Marion Ryan, Denis Lotis, Harry Secombe and Gary Miller. They sing to the music of Cyril Stapleton and Sidney Jerome.

Also in the cabaret: Hy Hazell and James Kenney, from the musical, "Expresso Bongo."

Peter's latest

Big line-up for the Jack Jackson show (ATV) on November 26. Peter Sellers introduces his latest record, "I'm So Ashamed," Shirley Bassey, Lita Roza, Gary Miller and Mick Mulligan star.

Hear Andy

BUSY time for singer Andy Williams. After a top spot in Sunday's Palladium show, he is fixed to appear in Bernard Bresslaw's Spectacular on Saturday, flies back to America immediately after the show for more TV.

PERRY'S GUESTS

Guests on the Perry Como Show this week include star of stage and screen Judy Holliday, Jane Morgan and the Dunhills.

Christmas box 'Oh Boy!' show?

A POST-CHRISTMAS gift from A.B.C. TV may well be a time extension for Jack Good's "Oh Boy!" show on December 27.

An A.B.C. spokesman told DISC this week: "It will depend on getting agreement from other programme contractors. But we are considering a bonus production."

No names have yet been announced for the show.

Earlier guest stars for "Oh Boy!" are Laurie Mann, Oscar Rabin vocalist, this Saturday; guitarists Emile and George Ford, from the Bahamas, on November 29 and Vince Taylor on December 13.



JANE MORGAN

THE DAY THE RAINS CAME

HLR 8751 48/78



APP

HLU 87

RECORDS' your monthly guide to good

LONDON RECORDS division of THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY

U.S. SEEKING CHA-CHA EXCHANGE WITH US

THE Harold Davison organisation this week revealed to DISC an American offer to exchange the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, under the direction of Warren Covington, for the new British band, Andre Rico and the Cha-Chaleros.

Cameras roll for Cliff

CLIFF RICHARD, currently in the Top Ten charts with his waxing of "Move It," this week branched out to start his first films.

Cliff, 17 years old, has his first acting-singing role in "Serious Charge," an Alva production which went before the cameras at the M.G.M. studios this week.

Cliff plays the part of a young man on probation.

As the trend of cha-chas is fast growing in popularity and the Dorsey recording of "Tea for Two Cha-Cha" is still showing on both British and American charts, negotiations will be made for this exchange to take place as soon as possible.

Since their debut earlier this month, Andre Rico and the Cha-Chaleros have had floods of offers. On Saturday, November 22, the band will be playing at the Cresta Ballroom, Luton. The band is booked solidly for the next four months.

Other plans for the band include a proposed trip to Sweden for a month at the end of March next year.

Now she's Mrs. Robinson

MARRIED in London on Monday; popular bandleader Harry Robinson and singer Ziki Arnot.

Harry, 25-year-old musical director of the ITV show, "Oh Boy!", had Jack Good as best man. With

Jack, he founded the show's Lord Rockingham's XI band.

He met Ziki a year ago when she appeared for a singing audition. Says Harry: "I wasn't over-impressed with her voice, but I asked her for a date. It was love at first sight."



(DISC PIC)

Christmas TV plum for Cyril

CYRIL STAPLETON is to get independent television's biggest plum of the year.

He is to star in the ATV programme immediately preceding the Queen's speech on Christmas Day.

Said ATV this week: "We plan bumper entertainment for Christmas Day. At the moment, Stapleton, Max Bygraves and a programme in the 'New Look' series share top honours."

The New Look programmes will be devoted to presenting young artistes of promise. Roy Castle, the young comedian who made such a hit at the Royal Variety Performance last month, and Bruce Forsyth, will star.

Norrie views and picks 'a winner'

FAST work by Norrie Paramor resulted in a potential hit being recorded at the E.M.I. studios this week.

Norrie was sitting at home, watching the Associated-Rediffusion Wednesday play, "The Enchanted April," last week.

Said Norrie's wife: "That theme music is attractive. It's so unusual."

Norrie checked right away with the television producer—and after ten telephone calls, located the composer. AR-TV reported later they had had 2,000 enquiries about the music—either complimentary or Tin Pan Alley check calls.

Norrie Paramor, there first, recorded the "Enchanted April" theme this week. Columbia are rushing it through to get early release.

More TV for Ted Heath

TED HEATH, whose recent appeal to find a singer has resulted in numerous letters and enquiries from all over the country, has just recorded the American hit "Topsy," which is due out this week on the Decca label.

The Heath band have two more "Six-Five Specials" lined up, the first being on December 13, followed up by another appearance on December 27. In the meantime, negotiations have yet to be confirmed for another Stateside trip for next March.

Stars at the Tropicana

STAR-STUDED West End club next week will be the Tropicana in Greek Street. An all-night charity party, to aid the Invalid Children's Aid Association will be held there next Wednesday.

Co-sponsors of the party are the Show Biz Football XI.

Guests include Alma Cogan, Jimmy Henney, Ziggy Jackson, Franklin Boyd, Dave King, Bernard Bresslaw, Glen Mason, Ronnie Carroll, Lonnie Donegan, Pete Murray, Chas McDevitt, Toni Dalli, Wally Barnes, Des O'Connor, Pip Wedge, John Burgess, Andrew Ray and Gary Miller.

Tickets (for members, at £1 for men, 10s. for women and 30s. for guests) from Club Tropicana, 18 Greek Street, W.1.

DENNY BOYCE Entertainments announced this week formation of a cha-cha orchestra by Chico Arnez. The orchestra has four trumpets, four saxes, bass, drums, guitar, timbales—and a girl vocalist.



GET THE LATIN BEAT OF THE CHA-CHA AS

KEN MACKINTOSH

and his orchestra put you in

That old

Cha-Cha feeling

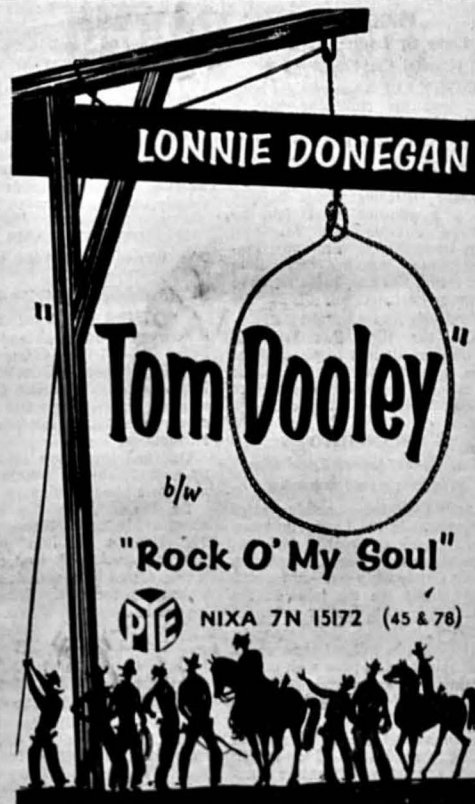
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LONNIE DONEGAN

Tom Dooley

b/w

"Rock O' My Soul"

NIXA 7N 15172 (45 & 78)



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THE BIG BEAT

By DON NICHOLL

PEGGY LEE with a swinging spiritual, "Light of Love," is among my best bets in this section today. The songstress is only a few paces behind **Lonnie (Tom Dooley) Donegan** so far as my hit parade possibilities figure.

The Mudlarks and Bing's boy Gary are other features here. Instrumentally speaking, the side to note is "Eso Es El Amor"—a Latin winner on Oriole played by Franchito. The name's a non-deplume, but the atmosphere is no sham.

D.N.T.

LONGIE DONEGAN

Tom Dooley; Rock O' My Soul (Nixa N15172)

BIG fight between Lonnie Donegan and the Kingston Trio from America gets under way as Donegan's disc treatment of "Tom Dooley" comes racing out.

Donegan does not copy the Kingston version. He and his skiffle group whip up the speed for a much quicker arrangement. Kind of skiffle noise here that Donegan fans ought to jump for.

Personally I'd say there was room for both the Kingston Trio and the Donegan recording on the market. And I believe that both of them will be seen inside the Top Twenty.

An old spiritual to which Lonnie has fitted fresh words, "Rock O' My Soul" is a slower song which will start you clapping hands.

PEGGY LEE

Light Of Love; Sweetheart (Capitol CL14955)****

PEGGY LEE bounces right back into the reckoning with a brisk, cheerful spiritual that could quickly see her in the Top Twenty with sales as big as those she gathered with "Fever."

"Light Of Love" swings happily along a polished track laid by musical director Jack Marshall, who leads into it with some ragtime piano. Another very strong one from Miss Lee, "Light Of Love" seems a short side, but it is due for a long run.

On the flip, "Sweetheart" is an obvious attempt to please those who want something more like "Fever." To me it sounds like "Fever" played backwards!

FRANCHITO

Eso Es El Amor; Enchiladas (Oriole CB1467)*****

LOOKING for something extra special in the Latin American vein? Look no further than this compulsive side, "Eso Es El Amor," which Oriole whip out—and which could easily see the label in the Hit Parade with another powerful seller.

The melody will get right under your skin. It has been a hit on the continent for some while past, and I think it will register just as commercially in Britain.

Franchito is the non-deplume hiding the identity of a British band, a band which gets a first-class Latin noise. Title is a bit of a mouthful for British customers,

but that's about the only snag I can spot.

Enchiladas has already been heard here on a big American side, but Franchito gives this tasty dish an exciting performance to finish off a top-line disc.

Dooley—by Donegan

BOBBY PENDRICK

Stranded; White Bucks And Saddle Shoes (London HLX 8740)****

STRANDED is a lolling song which Bobby Pendricks chants easily in company with a male chorus. Reminds me strongly of an old number but I can't put my finger on the title.

Anyway, this reminiscent flavour will probably help the side to catch ears more quickly.

Pleasant enough, without being sensational.

White Bucks And Saddle Shoes is a slightly quicker fashion item about the things teenagers are wearing. Bounces smartly, and cleanly, along.

OTIS WILLIAMS

The Secret; Don't Wake Up The Kids (Parlophone R4495)****

ANOTHER treatment of **The Secret** to add to those we have heard from The Gainors and Gordon MacRae. Otis Williams, in partnership with His Charms, sings an entertaining Latin version of the number for this release by Parlophone.

Otis and the group are backed by a steady rhythm section all the way for a good production.

On the flip, Otis has to fight down kiddie noises before he and The Charms go into a hand-clapping quickie. A beater which is punctuated by a gimmicky voice whispering the title. Some rocking sax in a mid-mark solo.

GARY CROSBY

Judy Judy; Cheatin' On Me (H.M.V. POP550)*****

THE younger Mr. Crosby goes rocking in a style far removed from that of dear old dad as he hucks out his love for Judy. Bunny Botkin gives Gary a good sound raft and this is a half which should make Gary a juke box

favourite. You never know, it could also bring him the kind of sales he has never before enjoyed on this side of the water. Side fades out on some tangled narrative.

Bunny Botkin is also credited with the arrangement of **Cheatin' On Me**—a driving ballad which brings Gary out of the rock 'n' roll road. Hard-moving stuff that should pick up plenty of passengers as it goes by. Orchestra and chorus bring something of the Kirby Stone kind of size to the deck.

THE DIAMONDS

Eternal Lovers; Walking Along (Mercury AMT1004)****

A STEADY beat ballad is brought out for your attention by The Diamonds as they chant **Eternal Lovers** in partnership with



THE DIAMONDS

RATINGS

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

beat rocking for **Walking Along**—a quick tempo item on the flip that is related in style to the team's "Little Darlin'" hit. A very fast walk—this could be the top deck—but it is difficult to determine which of the two sides will emerge as the bigger seller.

RIKKI PRICE

Tom Dooley; It Looks Like Rain In Cherry Blossom Lane (Fontana H162)****

A traditional arrangement of the traditional **Tom Dooley** appears with this record for Fontana by Rikki Price.

Rikki has a western cut to his style as he sings the folk item to a

banjo strumming background set by Johnny Gregory. Able version, which would have made a lot of headway had the market been less competitive.

Mr. Price chooses an oldie for his second side, **It Looks Like Rain In Cherry Blossom Lane** and he sounds like an old-timer as he sings it to a pleasant Gregory accompaniment.

THE MUDLARKS

Which Witch Doctor; My Grandfather's Clock (Columbia DB4210)****

THE MUDLARKS are joined by the Avon Sisters for the novelty beater **Which Witch Doctor** on the top slice here. A tongue twisting number spurred by the original "Witch Doctor" success, this one has loads of life and noise, but it is not the best the Muds have made.

My Grandfather's Clock—yes, it's the old, old song of the same name—is taken at a quick clip by the vocal trio. A side will obviously have something of a following waiting for it. I like Ken Jones' backing.

Continued

DISC DATE

from page 9

EDNA SAVAGE

Near You; Why—Why—Why (Parlophone R4489)****

DIGGING among the oldies like many of her colleagues, Edna joins those who have decided it is time **Near You** was dusted off. So far, this catchy theme has had a bigger second-time-round success in the States than it has met with here.

But Edna could grab plenty of custom with her strolling treatment. She's in friendly voice as she wanders through to a Bob Sharpley backing.

Continental song for the other side has been given English lyrics that fit closely. Tune catches the ear quickly as Edna sings it without strain. Likeable slice but one which will take time to collect comfortable sales.

AL MORGAN

Jealous Heart; Foolish Tears (London HLU8741)***

AL MORGAN sings an oddly dated version of **Jealous Heart** here. The old song is taken rather quickly to a strange Victor Sylvesterish orchestral backing. Effect may appeal to some.

For **Foolish Tears** Morgan's light, crisp voice is shown up

again in front of the peculiarly square accompaniment.

I can only imagine the production has been deliberately patterned to achieve this yesteryear's effect.

It's not displeasing... but I have heavy doubts about its commercial benefits at the present time.

PAUL ANDREWS

Hideaway; Never Never More (Parlophone R4494)***

THE Hideaway on this disc by Paul Andrews bears no relation to Hernando's famous haunt. Song is a piece of romantic wishful thinking which Andrews sings to a shuffle beat set up by musical director Alan Crookes. Voice is firm but unspectacular... Paul sings the song without frills.

Song on the turnover comes from the film "Passport To Shame." Quick-driving dramatic ballad that does not quite succeed in striking the right commercial note. May be right for the film, but not so potent for disc, I'm afraid.

MOLLY BEE

Five Points Of A Star; After You've Gone (Capitol CL14949)****

SINCE Molly Bee, all grown up now, returned to the disc scene

she has not met with the same kind of success she enjoyed as a little girl. Not—it seems to me—because of her singing so much as because of her songs. Certainly **Five Points Of A Star** will need a lot of work if it is to make any impression in the shops. A slow, appealing ballad performed gently by Miss Bee, but probably too slow and too tender for the current hurly-burly.

Standing a better chance, by far, is Molly's revival of **After You've Gone**. The song beats steadily along with some good rhythm and chorus work, though Molly does tend to underplay it. Some belting would not have gone amiss.

Congratulations!!

CLIFF RICHARD
Again in the Top 20
High Class Baby

OR COLUMBIA DB 4203

KALITH MUSIC LTD.
142 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2

SIDETRACKS

Exciting music

SO Lord Rockingham made it! Three cheers for the old bean! It has been a strain keeping my mouth shut whilst the XI have battled their way to the top of the league, but now that they have won the ashes, pride must come before modesty.

I believe this to be the most exciting band in the country. And I know for a fact that it is the happiest. Consequently they cannot help but make exciting and happy music.

Every member of the XI is a first rate musician. But more than this, the group plays like a group and not a mob of talented individuals. Of course there is no getting away from the fact that a great deal of Rockingham's success is due to Mr. Moose-Loose-About-The Hoose himself—Harry Robinson. Harry is a brilliant and imaginative arranger. And a first rate speaker of Scots verse, too.

Coat trouble

PETER ELLIOTT ran into a spot of trouble last week. He had a beautiful grey sports coat made specially for "Oh Boy!" and brought it along to the studio. It looked a treat—off screen—but the television camera is an odd sort of machine.

For instance, certain patterns disturb the lines which make up a TV picture and cause a strange form of distortion. Poor Peter had chosen a material with just such a pattern.

Unfortunately, he did not wear the coat in front of the cameras until a couple of hours before the show and he had no other jacket with him. Peter lives in Chelsea and we were at Hackney the opposite side of London, so there was not time to release Peter and send him for another jacket. Luckily a good friend of his was there to save the day and make a mad dash across London for another of Peter's jackets—this one with no pattern.

Pink suits

WHILE we are talking about dress, it is always a big surprise to our first-time visitors to Hackney Empire to see what a blaze of colour the "Ch Boy!" costumes make. The whole of the Rockingham band wear dazzlingly bright pink suits, with deep blue shirts and grey ties, whilst Harry Robinson fronts the band with an ultramarine suit and maroon bow tie.

The Dallas Boys and Neville Taylor and his Cutters are in equally shocking emerald green suits.

The Vernons Girls are dressed chiefly in pink, with white and grey stripes and an occasional splash of lemon.

NEGOTIATIONS are pressing forward in the States for Gala's new star Edna McGriff to appear on "Oh Boy!" I only hope it all works out satisfactorily. Miss McGriff has a stack of talent and personality and my Luxembourg programmes draw more requests for her recordings "The Fool" and "Mr. Lee" than for any other disc.

The night that Tommy 'fixed' me!

THERE has always been something hypnotic about Tommy Steele's stage appearances. His personality seems to radiate from his eyes—those flashing blue eyes that have been mentioned by so many critics reviewing his act. This is not surprising. Tommy genuinely has hypnotic powers. I kid you not.

I first heard of it from the Dallas Boys. Recently, they have been appearing with Tommy on a nationwide series of one-night stands. Naturally between acts they spent a lot of time together. One evening, in Tommy's dressing room, he gave them a demonstration of his hypnotic powers.

Tommy put Bob Wragg (the tall, dark-haired Dallas Boy) under the 'fluence and told him that when he came out of his trance he would react violently by jumping in the air, his arms and legs spread-eagled, and shouting "Whoa!" whenever Tommy clapped his hands.

Tommy snapped his fingers and Bob came to, apparently perfectly normal again.

The Dallas Boys were called to go on stage and Tommy followed them to the wings. From then on it was chaotic. The boys started their act when Tommy clapped his hands in the wings, Bob jumped up and shouted "Whoa!"

I can imagine the audience being baffled. The rest of the boys were going through tortures of suppressed merriment.

Bob afterwards told me that he cannot remember doing most of his act. Leon Fiske (the one with the naughty smile) announced that Bob had sung one number on one note throughout.

When I heard all this I felt that the boys were

exaggerating. But I certainly don't any more.

About 10 minutes before we were due to go on transmission with "Oh Boy!", I laughingly asked Tommy if he had sabotaged my production by putting Bob under the 'fluence again. Tommy reassured me and then, quite suddenly said "Do you believe in it?"

"In what?" I asked.

"Hypnotism."

"Well—yes, I do."

"Put your hands on your head and grip them together," Tommy commanded. I had a hundred and one other things to think of, but there was an authority in his voice that made me obey.

"Now stare at my left eye."

I stared and his eye seemed to get bigger and bigger, nearer and nearer.

"When I flick my fingers," said Tommy quietly, "you won't be able to release your hands."

He flicked his fingers and my hands seemed locked. There was nothing I could do. "How terrible!" I remember thinking. "How will I be able to carry on the show?"

The thought of that made me panic and I began hurriedly to go over many production worries. Then whilst I was thinking of these things my hands were freed—almost without my noticing. Tommy seemed to know what had been going on in my mind.

"You wouldn't have got away so easily," he chuckled, "if you hadn't been worrying about the show."

I need not have worried. Tommy put up a great performance, mesmerising the cameras just as he had mesmerised me.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?



IN CLASSICAL MOOD

SCHUMANN

Piano Concerto in A Minor
Opus 54

(The London Symphony Orchestra
conducted by Joseph Krips)
WILHELM KEMFF, piano
(Decca LW5337)★★★★

ONE of the most lyrical concertos ever written, the Schumann is a great favourite with feminine soloists.

But now hear a man's interpretation and you will agree with me, I'm sure, that Wilhelm Kemff gives a sparkling and satisfying performance.

Right from the opening downward sweep of chords one gets the impression that this will be a good 'un.

The first movement is marred, however, by some rather muffled loud passages from the orchestra, and the piano cadenza just before the conclusion of the movement does not hold for me the same enchantment that previous recordings have given (particularly that of Cortot).

The second movement, the Intermezzo, is a charming combination of orchestra and soloist and I regard this section as being the best of the whole work. The strings

may be a little brittle to start with but Mr. Krips brings them up with a jolt very quickly.

The third, and final, movement is a happy and joyful one, and although all concerned conjure up all that is required of them, I feel sometimes that Mr. Kemff is rather too methodical, and misses quite a few of the little twists of

Kemff excels

humour that Schumann endeavoured to include. Mr. Kemff plays with alacrity throughout and rarely fluffs a note and Mr. Krips conducts with skill and complete understanding.

BRAHMS

Alto Rhapsody
(Kathleen Ferrier with the London
Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra)
(Decca CEP569)★★★★

COMPOSED in 1869, this vocal rhapsody is a real test-piece for any singer. The score demands a complete, sympathetic and dramatic voice for the soloist, and only the great contraltos of the calibre of a

KATHLEEN FERRIER, MARIA PERILLI—
and LISA DELLA CASA—three great and
beautiful singers in this week's selection

by Alan Elliott

Ferrier are able to do justice to it.

The music of this work is not everybody's cup of tea but the orchestra, under the direction of Clemens Krauss, have a complete understanding with the soloist and chorus. Miss Ferrier sings beautifully throughout and one cannot fault her German.

I found it disconcerting to have the recording interrupted half-way through—but that's the penalty one

performs with fine judgment and admirable skill.

Hugh McGuire, the solo violinist, cannot be bettered and his fingering on the E string produces joyous notes.

Pierre Monteux conducts and reads the score in a masterly fashion and has a knack of building the climax of each movement on a very firm footing.

On the technical side of the recording I have much respect for the way the engineers have blended the sound. At last we are able to hear the louder passages clearly, which is something that has been missing from recordings of this work.

MARIA PERILLI sings

Nuns Chorus ("Casanova," by Strauss, arr. Benatsky). Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod). Musetta's Waltz Song ("La Bohème," by Puccini). One Fine Day ("Madame Butterfly," by Puccini). (Philips BBE12209)★★

MARIA PERILLI sings all these four very popular "lollipops" with a delectable sweetness of tone, but it is a pity that she does not receive more support from the orchestra and chorus.

It would be unjust to criticise her performance too severely when she is fighting a losing battle through-

out with a very meagre orchestra and a chorus of no substance.

The best of the four numbers is the Ave Maria, wherein the orchestra accompaniment does not interrupt Miss Perilli's train of thought and allows her to show the true quality of her voice.

LISA DELLA CASA sings

Es Gibt Ein Reich (from "Ariadne auf Naxos," by Richard Strauss); Crudele—Non Mir Dir (from "Don Giovanni," by Mozart). (Decca CEP571)★★★★

LISA DELLA CASA has a beautiful voice and must be one of the leading soprano singers in the world today. She is accompanied on both sides by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra but with different conductors. In the Strauss, Heinrich Hallreser is the conductor and in the Mozart, Joseph Krips takes over the baton.

This is the disc for the connoisseur, because in this instance it is the voice that matters and not necessarily the pieces that are sung.

The Strauss is the better side of the two, although the reverse side gives the soloist more opportunity to show off the range of her wonderful voice.

If you like good singing then this is a must for you.

HALL MARKS THE BEST JAZZ IN EUROPE BY TONY HALL

EUROPEAN JAZZ EPs

EIGHTY minutes of jazz on one LP. The price: seven dollars, ninety-eight cents (approximately fifty-five bob). How does this appeal to you? It's the latest innovation by that very progressive-minded American modern jazz label, Prestige. Their slogan: "More modern jazz at the modern speed"—16 2/3 r.p.m.

So far they are going it alone. (But then, they were also the first to initiate extended blowing on jazz LPs). They put out four trial albums in the summer, all reissues, plus an alternate take or two. The artists included the M.J.Q., Miles Davis (with Milt Jackson, Sonny Rollins, Monk and others) and trombonists Jay Jay Johnson, Kai Winding and Bennie Green.

These must have sold with reasonable success, because there are two new LPs on the market (with more to come) containing all new recordings—"Modern Jazz Survey 1—New York Jazz" (Prestige 5) and "Modern Jazz Survey 2—Baritones and French Horns" (Prestige 6).

The first features George Wallington, Phil Woods, Donald Byrd, Red Garland, Teddy Kotick (bass), Nick Stubulas (drums) and Ray Copeland (trumpet).

The second has sets by Cecil Payne and Pepper Adams (with Coltrane, Waldron, Watkins and Taylor) and Julius Watkins and Dave Amram (with Curtis Fuller, Sahib Shihab, Hamp Hawes, Teddy Charles, Addison Farmer, bass and Jerry Segal, drums).

Of the two, I possibly preferred the second. More contrast and

More to hear on these LPs—at 16 2/3 rpm

BUT YOU CAN'T BUY THEM HERE, YET

colour, when heard over such a lengthy period. The first fell down, to my ears, because of the doubtful ability of Phil Woods (who is heard throughout) to sustain interest for 80 minutes on the trot (especially on the second side) and the fact that Ray Copeland (on the same side) is not in the top trumpet jazz bracket. And the tenor-trumpet sound became a little tedious in these hands. Though Byrd is in fine form on his six tracks.

Sound quality is excellent and is equal to that of Prestige's 33 1/3 r.p.m. issues.

The success or failure of the company's bold venture lies entirely in the hands of astute A. and R. (and company) chief, Bob Weinstein, who has done so much for modern jazz during this decade.

He'll need to pick his instrumentalists, musicians and material with even greater care than for standard 33 1/3 r.p.m. albums. He will have to be sure that the men are "big" enough jazz players to bare their souls naked over such a

long period. And that the ensemble and solo sounds don't become monotonous after awhile.

I hope that he will use this exciting (and not inexpensive) medium to take ace engineer Rudy Van Gelder and his tape machines to the Five Spot, Village Vanguard, Small's and other New York jazz haunts. Or maybe a concert or two. And I also hope that he'll be extra severe with his tape editing. That way there will be a square deal for the people who buy the records and the musicians who play on them (reputations could be made or broken so very easily) as well as enhancing the already considerable prestige of Prestige.

CODA: I asked Carlo Krahmer, boss of their English distributor, Esquire, about British releases of 16 2/3 LPs.

He gave me the same answer as he did about stereo: "No, definitely not. At least, not in the foreseeable future. Why, half the gramophone owners in this country still have wind-up machines. And most of



TONY HALL

Britain's
brightest jazz
journalist

those with LP equipment have only 78, 45 and 33 1/3 r.p.m. speed levels. And another thing, who could afford them?"

RATINGS

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

REVIEWS

PHIL WOODS—DONALD BYRD

The Young Bloods

Dewey Square; Dupletbook; Once More; House Of Chan; In Walked George; Lover Man.

(12in. Esquire 32-060)*****

A KEEP-it-clean-and-come-out-fighting friendly sparring match by two of the most important young talents on the New York jazz scene. Honest, unpretentious jazz with no frills and instant emotional communication.

Phil plays alto with a personal adaptation of the Charlie Parker idiom with fire, passion, directness and drive. Though I must admit that, for my ears, Jackie McLean and Lou Donaldson cry their hearts out more starkly. And Cannonball is probably the best of them all.

Despite the predictions of certain British critics, Don Byrd has developed into a thoroughly expert musician with a jazz identity of his

This is honest, no frills stuff

own within the realms of the Brown-Diz-Davis conceptions.

To quote Don: "I don't mind if critics do put me down. But musicians—classical and jazz—can hear what I've got to say and they know."

One of Don's characteristics is his ability to construct long, logical lines containing unexpected twists. He blows well here.

On piano is our old friend Al ("mystery man") Haig. Though sickness over a number of years has tended to sap his inventive strength, he acquires himself well

here—softly and subtly. Occasionally, he sounds a little uncertain. Then, in contrast, comes a sudden burst of energy like the Tatumish run on *Lover Man*.

Teddy Kotick, on bass, is a steady anchor. Former Gillespie Big Band drummer, Charlie Persip proves himself almost as effective in this smaller band setting. The originals are all by Phil. *House* is dedicated to Bird's widow, Chan, who is now Mrs. Phil Woods.

By the way, there are a couple of proof-reader's goofs on the liner notes. Washington for Wallington and Sahra for Sarah, for example.

BARNEY KESSEL

Music To Listen To Barney Kessel

Cheerful Little Earful; Makin' Whoopee; My Reverie; Blues For A Playboy; Theme From "The Bad And The Beautiful"; Carioca; Mountain Greenery; Indian Summer; Gone With The Wind; Laura; I Love You; Fascinating Rhythm.

(12in. Contemporary LAC12068)

PART of this latest Kessel album belongs on this page. The rest (probably the major part) would not be out of place on colleague Ken Graham's LP page! In other words, much of it could come under the heading of modern jazz "mood music."

Barney's guitar is surrounded and supported by five woodwinds (including Buddy Collette) and different rhythm sections which

include André Previn, Jimmy Rows, Claude Williamson, Red Mitchell, Buddy Clark (bass) and Shelly Manne. Mitchell and Manne are particularly good. And Red aids and abets Barney in the largely out-of-tempo *Laura*.

The arrangements (by the versatile Mr. Kessel) are generally mellow, unobtrusive and pleasant. Only a few could be considered as blowing vehicles (*Blues* and bits of *Greenery*, *Love, Rhythm and Summer*). The others are rather languorous.

Barney himself plays beautifully, whether he is serenading or swinging (which he does at the slightest opportunity). He obviously loves to play.

Not entirely a jazz set. For that reason, no attempt at a jazz rating.

TONY SCOTT QUARTET

South Pacific Jazz

Ball Ha'; Honey Bun; Younger Than Springtime; A Cockeyed Optimist; A Wonderful Guy; I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair; Dites-Moi; Some Enchanted Evening; There Is Nothing Like A Dame; Happy Talk.

(12in. H.M.V. CLP1190)*****

THIS jazz version of the "South Pacific" score is such a pleasant refreshing change after the

THE Oriole label has seldom, if ever, been mentioned in this column, for the simple reason that it doesn't go in for jazz. But there are four EPs out that you should know about. The subject: European jazz.

Volume 1: BRITISH (EP7013) features groups of various sizes under the direction of ex-Heath arranger, Johnny Keating, playing originals by Bill le Sage, Ivor Mairants and Keating himself. The scores are in the general idiom of America's "West Coast Jazz." The standard of playing is generally very good and the record could have a wide appeal, if heard.

Volume 2: SWEDISH (EP7014) features small-band arrangements by the very talented Gosta Theslius. The general conception is calm and unruffled. Worth hearing for the solos by Arne Dommerus and Lars Gullin on two sides, but there are umpteen better Swedish jazz discs. I was bored and the solo credits are very incomplete.

Volume 3: SWISS (EP7015) is by the Hazy Osterwald Sextet. The personnel comprises musicians from England, Belgium and Germany as well as Switzerland. When their music is in the Benny Goodman Sextet vein, it sounds old-fashioned, mechanical and very dull. Pianist-tenorman, Dennis Armitage, who used to be with Teddy Foster, is the most interesting of the soloists.

Volume 4: FRENCH (EP7016) is untypical of the French modern scene, despite the busy pianistics of Martial Solal. The arranger is Claude Bollins. Byas-type tenorman, Guy Lafitte plays a pretty ballad on one track.

I don't think any of the records are really representative of their countries' jazz. Of the four, the British is best.

studied, coy, pretentious Chico Hamilton Quintet LP.

Everything here is treated with simplicity, sympathy and respect for the original creation. The playing is relaxed and warm.

An interesting point about the material is that our own Tubby Hayes was approached about recording a similar set with the Jazz Couriers. He turned down the project, saying that the themes were too barren harmonically. Listening to these Tony Scott interpretations makes me feel that Tubby had a point. On this disc, the melody is never too far away.

This record is particularly interesting in that clarinetist Scott doubles on baritone. His clarinet-playing is not to everyone's taste. It is limp, lazy almost languid. Very unintense. Swinging, but oh, so softly.

But on baritone he is "something else!" A bluesy, round, hard, snorting sound with guts galore. Pepper Adams-ish and a little like Tubby Hayes on the big horn. I didn't find his ideas all that inspired. But maybe that's because of the material. I'd like to hear him blow baritone on some more suitable songs.

Dick ("Threepenny Opera") Hyman (piano and organ), the wonderful George Duvivier (bass) and Osie Johnson or Grassella Elephant (drums) are a cohesive, relaxed rhythm section. Hyman is no Jimmy Smith on organ, but plays pleasantly professional jazz.

A not particularly important, yet pretty enjoyable LP. Newcomers to modern jazz should try it.

Esquire BYRD WAS HERE!

Donald Byrd is always around on these discs

- 32-013 BYRD'S EYE VIEW—with Horace Silver etc.
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- 32-041 LIGHTS OUT—with Jackie McLean, Elmo Hope etc.
- 32-060 THE YOUNG BLOODS—with Phil Woods, Al Haig etc.

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GEORGE MELACHRINO chuckled. "Can you imagine disc-buyers here going for labels like "Music For Faith And Inner Calm," "Music For Dining," "Music For Reading," and "Music To Make You Sleep"?"

I said I couldn't, but I really didn't know why, since his LPs bearing those names had earned him a Golden Disc in America.

George and I were discussing his musical career, just before he left for yet another tour of America, and he explained the situation like this.

"The British people like to choose their own mood music. They don't want it picked for them.

"Americans, on the other hand, are far more emotional, less ashamed of their feelings. No American boy would be too shy to ask across the disc counter for an LP of Music For Two People Alone.

"So how do we get over it here? Why, with something short and simple. One of my latest discs here, for instance, is just called Reverie."

One witty journalist once described George's singing strings as "a musical poultice for bad nerves," but there are many thousands of disc-buyers—without bad nerves—who'll willingly fork out the couple of pounds for a Melachrino LP. I'm one of them.

So it was one of those jobs which are more a pleasure than a duty

that took me to George's elegant Chelsea flat for a chat about his career.

George doesn't claim to have been a child prodigy, "But I was only four when my stepfather, a musical conductor, gave me my first violin.

"I needed no persuasion to learn to play it. Every spare moment my father had, I badgered him for lessons. Later I attended Trinity College of Music. Did I do well there? Yes, I guess so!"

George was being far too modest. In fact he became an accomplished player on the violin and viola. Not satisfied with this, he worked his way right through the orchestra until the piano and cello were the only instruments he had not tried.

In 1939 George formed his own band and got a contract to play at the Cafe de Paris.

A bomb on the ill-fated Cafe drove George into the army.

"A cook for Army coppers!" chuckled George, "and as they didn't want any more casualties than were absolutely necessary, they made me a P.T.I." (Physical Training Instructor, for those of you who don't know the jargon.)

It was an injured back which finally put George into the branch of the Army where he was to do most good.

He was made musical director of the newly-formed British Band of the Allied Expeditionary Force.

The band of the A.E.F. was a

His kind of music is meant to last

great morale builder, and it was a reluctant George who left the army—flat broke.

"When I left my Army kit behind, I also left my band! I was right back where I started before 1939."

I gazed out of the window at George's gorgeous red Jaguar and the uniformed chauffeur sitting at the wheel. "Tell me more," I begged Maestro Melachrino.

"Well, it didn't seem right that the band of the A.E.F. should die like that, so I contacted all my old army musicians, and suggested we formed up again.

"They were all as keen as I was, and so the Melachrino orchestra was formed. It was a struggle at the start, of course. Sometimes I hardly had enough to pay the boys, but you couldn't have found a more loyal bunch. They all stuck by me.

"They remembered the army days when 80 of us produced a



wonderful new sound with our rendering of Pennsylvania Polka."

They also remembered George as the star camp entertainer making them laugh with his own brand of juggling and knock-about comedy.

Through his recording, his film music and compositions George put the Melachrino Orchestra way out in front—racing, in fact,

neck and neck with Mantovani—in the light music field.

In the early 'fifties, when he conducted for the famous stage shows at the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square, George used to supply the musical scores for the luscious, curly gals who danced anything from ballet to jazzy production numbers.

When Liberace toured England, Melachrino was his choice as an accompanist, "He's the greatest" was Lee's enthusiastic comment.

If George hadn't decided on music as a career, he'd very likely have been a sailor. He cannot keep away from the sea on the rare occasions he can get a day off.

"I love to sail, or swim. I guess I inherited a love of the sea from my father. He used to build his own boats and sail them on the Bosphorus Sea." (George is half-Turkish, half-Greek.)

George's kind of music is the music meant to last, not the type of pop song that's top of the hit parade for a few weeks, and completely forgotten six months later.

So it's not surprising that he is one of the first of their many artists that H.M.V. have put on to stereophonic discs.

George chose the titles and, characteristically, they are a mixture of the classics, the musical comedies, and the everlasting sort of popular music.

Melachrino Magic Strings is the simple title and includes evergreens like Waltz Dream, Take A Pair Of Sparkling Eyes; I Dream Too Much; Humoresque; Sand In My Shoes and Two Guitars.

I guess there was some significance in Liberace choosing him for his tour.

Their music appeals to the same kind of audience—they're both the housewives' choice. But George is not complaining about that.

After all, his record sales reach even dizzier heights in the States than they do here.

And the Exchequer isn't complaining that his LPs bring in a hundred thousand American dollars a year!

Joan Davis

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

A LONG time ago I vented a bloated spleen on the way in which the disc industry was too preoccupied with the gimmick, the stunt, the freak and the quirk to do much about raising real record talent.

Almost alone in the wilderness of dashing after the fast easy-to-make pound, I was yelling against the wind while responsible people either shut their ears and eyes and dismissed me as "a nut case" or labelled me an enemy.

"You must hate records—why do you bother with them," is one line that pops up both in my correspondence and in the odd chats around the town.

But I don't. I have a great love for and faith in this modern entertainment medium. But I hate to see it mongrelised and wasted.

And open up your peepers folks and take a good long look around and everything for which I damned the disc business six months ago when I first started writing for DISC can be proved true and happening again in another form.

For nearly two years, now, people in this country have been dancing to cha-cha. Four years ago I danced to it in Spain and wondered how long it would take to come to the U.K.

For something over a year now the powers-that-be have been frustrated out of all proportion by the dead-but-won't-lie-down quality of pure rock 'n' roll.

They decreed long ago that r and r should die about now . . . in fact before now. But because of its vibrant, basic beat, and the enthusiastic promotion of it by such stalwarts as Jack Good, it is still with us, lusty and popular as ever.

But this is bad for the boys who are forever wanting something new in records so that there is always an easy, steady turnover. There must be something new.

So the finger is pointed at cha-cha.

"It's new, it's great, it's terrific. . . . A natural follow-up to rock," they scream about something that some people dance as regularly as quick-steps and jive.

Bands that have worn out umpteen pairs of bongoes playing cha-cha for the last year in ballrooms, clubs and dances up and down the country wonder what all the fuss is about.

Bands and singing stars go into dervish frenzy trying to lace cha-cha into their scheduled programme of recordings.

So that we get "Tea For Two Cha-Cha," "The Old Cha-Cha Feeling," "Blue Danube Cha-Cha." And even a cha-cha version of "Knees Up Mother Brown," which, for the purpose, becomes "Cha-Cha Momma Brown!"

You are going to get four distinct types of cha-cha now instead of the pleasant, exciting and polished true stuff which a couple can dance to, decently: there will be straight cha-cha, rock cha-cha, powerhouse cha-cha, and cha-cha oldies.

Don't go by my word alone when I say that the signs are all here for the beginning of the organised bludgeoning, which I have always attacked, of your tastes.

If you want to see the record and music business revealed as

Prepare to be bludgeoned!

gimmick-mad and impulsive, never content simply to supply good quality talent in the styles and tastes which the public have grown to like and accept, keep an eye on things as they move in the next few weeks.

And keep an ear open for the people in the business themselves. The stars accept because their payrolls depend on it. But they almost choke with contempt at the pumped-up, phoney appeal which the disc and music bosses concoct.

That off-stage funster Alma Cogan, a girl with a keen sense of humour, has a favourite gag these days. There was a blaze at one of Arthur Murray's dancing schools, it seems, and, says Alma, the girls came running out screaming: "Help! Fire! . . . cha-cha-cha!"

And on the more serious side musicians like Ken Mackintosh—whose band has just recorded a new title in the new craze—issue warnings about thrashing the daylight out of an idea and a new style until the public grows so sick of it that the whole thing crashes down around everyone's ears with a career-splitting wrench.

Please Messrs. Disc Bosses: have a heart. Sit down and take a deep breath. Who are you chasing? Where's the fire?

You won't kill rock 'n' roll by heaping up synthetic successors for it and ramming them down the public's throat. You tried it with calypso, didn't you? And didn't that flop around your ears with a wet squeeling sound like a very big, very flat, pancake?

People like cha-cha. They've liked it for months. Give them more, that's fine. But don't make a whole production out of naming it a successor to rock 'n' roll.

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

THE CLARK SISTERS

Sing, Sing, Sing
On The Sunny Side Of The Street; Opus One; Music Makers; Little Brown Jug; Don't Be That Way; You're Driving Me Crazy; Sing, Sing, Sing; Boogie Woogie; A String Of Pearls; Cherokee; Marie;
 Chicago.

(London HA-D2128)****

PARDON me while I rave! This disc is just sensational, both as entertainment and for the idea behind it. Firstly, the idea. The Clark Sisters have taken the top swing band arrangements of the 'forties and set lyrics where necessary. And the gals have stuck faithfully to the notes as written, which adds a nice touch of nostalgia.

Old crocks like myself, who were teenagers during that period, will well remember the numbers just by a glance at the titles and the magic names who performed them, like Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Harry James and Benny Goodman.

This album is certainly well worth a spin of anybody's turntable, whether the songs are new to you or not. An interesting point is the fact that even after more than fifteen years these arrangements are as fresh as ever.

LOUIS PRIMA

Las Vegas Prima Style
Them There Eyes; Honey-suckle Rose; Tiger Rag; Just Because; Embraceable You; I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good; Should I; I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me; White Cliffs Of Dover; Holiday For Sirings; Greenback Dollar Bill; Love Of My Life; Too Marvellous For Words.
 (Capitol T1010)****

THIS album rates four stars because of its quality as sheer entertainment, for Louis Prima has the ability to inject a feeling of gaiety into the listener and everybody will be certain that he is right there at the concert.

Don't miss the rocking version of "White Cliffs Of Dover"—this war-time hit never had it so good. There is also a very pleasant interlude supplied by one Keely Smith who, by now, should need no introduction. I rate her as one of the most exciting new singers for many a year.

Of course, sax maestro Sam Butera is there to add his driving beat to the proceedings. Take my tip, if you are thinking of having a party in the near future, grab a copy of this album from your local dealer and you'll be the "host of the year."

GEOFF LOVE

Thanks For The Memories
The Continental; Over The Rainbow; The Way You Look To-night; When You Wish Upon A Star; Thanks For The Memory; You'll Never Know; The Last Time I Saw Paris; Lullaby Of Broadway; Three Coins In The Fountain; Mona Lisa; It Might As Well Be Spring; Love Is A Many Splendored Thing; All The Way; Secret Love.
 (Columbia 33SX1111)****

THIS just misses the four star mark because, although the selections are impeccably played throughout, the idea of the album was used very recently by Eddie Fisher.

Also I have to disagree with some of the information supplied on the sleeve note. The set consists of fourteen of the Academy

Award winning songs since the "Oscar" was begun in 1934.

If memory serves me right the song "You'll Never Know" won the award in the film "Hello Frisco Hello" in 1943 and not in "D-Day The Sixth Of June" as shown here.

There are another couple of film titles I disagree with, but don't let these trivialities spoil your enjoyment of a really entertaining album.

JACKIE GLEASON

The Torch With The Blue Flame

Let's Face The Music And Dance; Dream A Little Dream Of Me; Just In Time; But Beautiful; Hey There; Love Letters; Autumn Concerto; Again; I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face; Soon; Careless; My Silent Love; I Don't Want To Cry Any More; Fascination; Alone In The Crowd; Time.
 (Capitol LCT6161)****

NOBODY, but nobody, plays mood music like the Jackie Gleason Orchestra. This set features trombone solos by

JACKIE DAVIS
 should make some converts to organ albums.



Sensational THAT'S THE WORD FOR THE CLARK SISTERS



JACKIE GLEASON

Lawrence Brown in place of the Bobby Hackett trumpet. And the idea pays off as the trombone is probably one of the most soothing instruments there is.

There is not a lot one can say about Jackie Gleason apart from the fact that it is typical Gleason music—dreamy, beautiful, relaxing, entertaining, interesting.

Incidentally, we may be seeing him over here soon. This is a must for light music fans.

DAVID ALLEN

A Sure Thing
Sure Thing; Dearly Beloved; I'm Old Fashioned; Lovely To Look At; The Way You Look Tonight; The Folks Who Live On The Hill; Long Ago And Far Away; I've Told Every Little Star; All In Fun; In Love In Vain.
 (Vogue VA160127)****

IM going to quote Sammy Davis Junior: "Good things come to him who waits. For David Allen the wait has been a long and very troubled one. You need only take this album home and play it to know that he has been worth waiting for."

I can't call David Allen a new singer as he has been around for quite a time waiting for the right break. Unfortunately, ill-health kept him from success for too long.

Now, however, his star is well in the ascendancy in America and British fans, who have already heard him on a single from this selection, are taking him to their hearts.

Allen is a cross between a Sinatra and a Haymes but with a distinct appeal all his own.

Go and hear this album—you won't regret it.

RICKY NELSON

Shirley Lee; Someday; There's Good Rockin' Tonight; I'm Feeling Sorry; Down The Line; Unchained Melody; I'm In Love Again; Don't Leave Me This Way; My Babe; I'll Walk Alone; There Goes My Baby; Poor Little Fool.
 (London HA-P2119)****

THIS is the first time I have listened to young Ricky Nelson on an album and I was very impressed, indeed. I don't know if you'll agree but on some of his ballad numbers he is amazingly like Pat Boone. And this, for me, can't be a bad thing.

The mood of this album switches from fast rock to medium-paced beat but it is always entertaining. Buy it:

STAN KENTON

Back To Balboa
The Big Chase; Rendezvous At Sunset; Speak Low; My Old Flame; Out Of This World; Begin The Beguine; Get Out Of Town; Royal Blue; I Concentrate On You; Beyond The Blue Horizon.
 (Capitol T995)****

VIVA Kenton! What a sensational band this man leads. The style here is similar to the band he brought to Britain a couple of years back. In fact, one of the titles, "Royal Blue," was specially commissioned for that trip, if you remember.

This is a very lively set guaranteed to please. The idea is based on Kenton's return to his old stamping ground at the Rendezvous Ballroom, Balboa Beach, California.

A very fine album this. Kenton fans please listen and buy.

RATINGS

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

JACKIE DAVIS

Jumpin' Jackie

Across The Alley From The Alamo; Darn That Dream; I Got The Sun In The Morning; I Wonder When My Baby's Coming Home; Isn't It Romantic; What's The Trouble; Hitch Your Wagon To A Star; So Beats My Heart For You; Jumpin' Jackie; Moonlight Becomes You; I'd Love To Take Orders From You; Coffee Time.
 (Capitol T974)****

OH, boy! This lad certainly rocks the keyboard! Mind you there are a couple of more subdued tracks to balance the mood a little.

In America, the organ is very much a part of family life, much the same way as the piano used to be here.

As a result, organ records have a huge sale in the States. I think the trend is slowly creeping in here, as in recent times there have been several organ albums released in Britain.

This cannot be a bad thing as the organ is a very musical instrument particularly in the hands of an expert like Jackie Davis.

Listen to this. Who knows, you may be converted.

THE FOUR LADS

Four On The Aisle

From Kiss Me Kate; Another Op'nin', Another Show; So In Love; Brush Up Your Shakespeare; Why Can't You Behave; We Open In Venice; Bianca; Where Is The Life That Late

Long Playing Reviews by Ken Graham

I Led; Too Darn Hot; Wunderbar.

From Babes In Arms: Way Out West; I Wish I Were In Love Again; The Lady Is A Tramp; Where Or When; All At Once; Johnny One Note.
From Annie Get Your Gun: I Got The Sun In The Mornin'; My Defenses Are Down; I'm An Indian Too; The Girl That I Marry; Doin' What Comes Natur'ly; They Say It's Wonderful; There's No Business Like Show Business.
 (Philips BBL7256)****

WELL, there's certainly plenty for your money here. The Four Lads are in top form with this selection of show-stoppers.

This group deserves a bigger following from the British public. They are a polished foursome who supply plenty of entertainment suitable for all ears, with no gimmicky sounds to mar the enjoyment. Just plain, straightforward harmonising in a very melodic vein.

Nearly all the tunes have been prominent in the hit parade and several have now matured into the standard class.

Nice to hear them all together again as show medleys.

BILLY VAUGHN

Sail Along Sil'ry Moon

Sail Along Sil'ry Moon; Sunrise Serenade; Sweet Georgia Brown; Sentimental Journey; Until Tomorrow; Jealousy; Mexicali Rose; Raunchy; Twilight Time; Sleepy Time Gal; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Moon Over Miami; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; Estrelita.
 (London HA-D2120)****

MAESTRO VAUGHN has been famed for his accompaniments for Pat Boone, Gale Storm, The Hilltoppers, etc., as well as his solo efforts.

Well, here we again present him out on his own. It is another of his very successful albums.

It is a little odd at first hearing old favourites given the rock touch but the unusual feeling soon wears off and you settle down to appreciate the arrangements.

On the whole a very cute and slick album which should win many listeners.

CYRIL STAPLETON

New York After Dark

I'll Never Smile Again; I Love You Much Too Much; Lover Man; The End Of A Love Affair; I'll Remember April; Mad About Him, Sad Without Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him, Blues; For Sentimental Reasons; A Sunday Kind Of Love; You Don't Know What Love Is; You Always Hurt The One You Love; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home.
 (Decca LK4145)****

SMOOTH and romantic music portraying the metropolis of New York in the wee small hours of the morning. Just the thing to play after you have switched off the telly for the night and are getting ready for bed.

Put it on the player, too, if you are having a cosy chat with the girl or boy friend—it's guaranteed to set the mood for romance!

When I first played this album it conjured up in my mind one of these Hollywood sets where the hero and heroine turn on the radio after a night out and dreamily dance around the lounge.

TEDDY JOHNSON'S

MUSIC SHOP



Anna Lopez

has a special guest in her next 'Sunday Best' radio programme. Here she writes about him—

PAT BOONE

PAT BOONE and his wife Shirley on their recent London visit.



HE'S A FAMILY MAN— and an expert on toys and women's fashions!

PERHAPS Val Parnell summed up the show business Pat Boone better than any other description I have read or heard, when he said: "This boy has the greatest gimmick of them all . . . he just stands there and sings." And it is this simple sincerity, plus his fine musical talent, that has brought Pat Boone eleven Golden Discs since he first entered a recording studio in the summer of 1954. His sincerity is deep-rooted, of a quality that governs his life, off-stage as well as on.

I have been deeply conscious of this ever since I worked with him last year at the State, Kilburn.

He is not the rough, tough, "I'm-gonna-get-to-the-top-and-make-my-pile-anyway" type of person. In fact, more than anything else, he has fought to regulate his life in show business so that it did not affect Pat Boone, private person.

He is a family man. The pundits will tell you that fans do not approve of their favourites getting married. Tell that to the Boone supporters and they will laugh in your face.

For this 24-year-old man combines the fresh, clean-cut appearance that is the personification of the American Ivy League boy, with the mature outlook of a family man. He is also a devout churchgoer, a teacher in his local Sunday school, and an active scoutmaster.

Met at school

He will talk enthusiastically about his four daughters—Cheryl, "we call her Cherry," 4, Linda, 3, Debbie and Laurie, the younger being born early this year—and, of course, about his wife, Shirley. Shirley is the daughter of the famous American TV star, Red Foley. "We met at High School," said Pat. "There has never been anyone else, and we were married in 1953 while I was still at school. Then we moved to Fort Worth, where I studied at a Teachers' Training College by day and was on TV at night for 50 dollars a week. Pat also talks a lot about their baby-sitters—they work on an exchange basis—Carmel Quinn, who used to sing with Ambrose in London, and her husband, Bill Fuller.

"I often pop over to sit in their kitchen, drinking a glass of milk and listening to Bill talking, hearing of all the various happenings on the Arthur Godfrey Show."

It was the Godfrey Show that made Pat into a TV personality; today it has done the same for Carmel.

As we sat in his suite at the Savoy Hotel the other day we talked of many things—his great pride at the invitation to appear in the Royal Variety Performance; of his new film "Mardi Gras" (he discusses this at great length in Sunday's programme); and of his likes and dislikes in music.

Graduate

Pat studied speech at Columbia University—and this year graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in this subject and in English.

He told me "I want to major in arts if I can . . . but I think that this must wait until I have finished my current commitments."

Pat is one of the most natural folk you could wish to meet, yet he possesses the ability to know exactly what he wants—he constantly refuses film and TV work, and personal appearances, if they interfere with his scholastic studies.

And it is on record that he said about his success: "What's all the fuss about? I like to sing, and I'm glad I can make other people happy . . . but I cannot see that I have any extraordinary talent."

Of his film "Mardi Gras" he said: "I think, quite definitely, that this is my best work to date, and you should be getting it here in Britain around the early part of the year.

Other offers

"We had a lot of fun making it, with Gary Crosby and Tommy Sands in the cast, and it is a pity that we were not able to make an LP of the numbers because we record for different companies. However, I have recorded 'Mardi Gras March,' and we have offers for other films on hand."

Pat has a great TV following in

the States. His manager, Jack Spina, told me that he had signed a million dollar contract with ABC-TV in the States, and this year his show was voted the number one musical programme.

Pat's likes and dislikes are very definite. He adores toy shops. I recall him making his first call after landing in London at Hamley's in Regent Street. He arrived at his hotel loaded with presents. Each toy had been carefully chosen to suit the age and disposition of each of his children.

I asked about his ideas on women's dress.

"I think that a woman should be well groomed—but casual. I prefer tailored sweaters . . . they are casual without being sloppy," he added.

Tidiness? He is meticulous about his own appearance and also about his living quarters. You won't see shirts or sweaters flung over the back of a chair in his dressing room. His orderly mind demands an orderly room.

He loves London and knows the capital almost as well as a taxi-driver.

PEARL CARR'S CORNER

LET'S turn back the clock just one year. A youngster sits at her office typewriter. She has won a talent contest at Poplar Town Hall for which the advertised prize was five pounds.

But seated in the hall were two shrewd men. One was band-leader Ray Ellington, the other, his manager-partner-pianist and aide-de-camp, Dick Katz. They offered the prize-winner a five-year contract.

As the teenage girl sat at the typewriter that morning she was tossing the problem over in her mind. This week she told me about it. I knew from her conversation just how 17-year-old Valerie Masters has turned over the problem in her mind.

Her boss, an ex-Mayor of Stepney,

I HAVE found the code used by the Presley family and intimates back home to ensure that The Pelvis receives his private mail apart from the thousands of letters streaming into the U.S. Army base in Friedberg, Germany, from fans in the four corners of the universe.

It's a simple trick, really. He merely has all personal mail sent to another private in the U.S. Army, who then passes it on to Elvis.

Demob day

THAT "Farewell Message" of Elvis will hit the American record stores next week complete with the gimmick-conscious publicity boys' latest sales' stunt—the "Message" comes in an R.C.A. package with a calendar incorporated . . . so that the fans can mark off the days until he is out of uniform!

And for the future I hear that under one new deal with Hal Wallis, Elvis will get 74 per cent of the gross takings plus 75,000 dollars for his first post-Army film . . . and a hefty great salary for three more pix.

But on another pact, 20th Century are reported to be advancing \$200,000 against 50 per cent of the net profits of his first film for them; he'll get a quarter of a million for the second, we are told, plus 50 per cent of the profits . . . and \$50,000 expenses! Other than that, his demob days look mighty unprofitable.

'Thrushes'

LAST week I was chatting with Joe "Mr. Piano" Henderson. Joe, as Kent Walton told you last week, was Paris bound on a trip he called "Operation Lush Thrush." The Thrushes? Brigitte Bardot was speaking one of Joe's numbers, "San Tropez." Pet Clarke was the other lady in the picture. Joe was popping over for Pet's opening last Thursday as the top of the bill attraction at the Alhambra Theatre, Paris.

We send our love, Pet—for a successful season from all at DISC.

Quickie from Hollywood. Jane Russell—the original gal with the large heart—makes her new LP this month.

Quicker Quickie from New York City. Watch out for the latest Rodgers and Hammerstein show, "The Flower Drum Song."

From Las Vegas I hear that Sinatra's next LP will be called "Big Songs For Small Rooms," backed by the pride of Battersea, London—George Shearing.

The consensus of opinion in the States is that the biggest musical hit of the past decade from a film will be Sylvia (Mrs. Danny Kaye). Fine's new lyric to "The Saints." It is featured in the biographical film "Five Pennies," the life story of the jazzman Red Nichols. Danny Kaye plays Red.

Late news from the West Coast of America states that an order with the stork has been placed by Phil and Sandra Crosby. What price Der Grandpaw Bingle?

Signed-up

THERE'S been a lot of hustling and bustling in the Press about the split between Librace, Mom and brother George.

But everyone seems to have overlooked the big split which was between Lee and the three men who made his glitter coat into an international situation—Messrs.



The Liberaces (DISC Pic)

Gabbe, Lutz and Heller of the Brown Derby, Hollywood, and Steinway Hall, New York.

But here comes the surprise. The rival they have signed up is none other than . . . brother George! And the crystal ball says that George will soon have his own TV show, too.

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TRADITIONAL

DOES the national Press discriminate against jazz musicians and jazz clubs? Yes, it does, though to a lesser extent than it used to. And does the local Press do the same? Again yes... and to a considerable degree.

Years ago some stigma was attached to jazz, and, after all, it did have something in common with the bawdy houses of New Orleans, with the gangsters' dives in Chicago and with the drinking clubs of New York.

But that's gone today. Now jazz is respectable, almost too respectable, with its Coco-cola and dry little cakes, and well dressed bank clerks. Yet the "anti" feeling is still there.

For instance, several local papers discriminate against jazz by completely ignoring it. In one town in the South there exists one of the best jazz clubs in England. A club with a regular attendance of four to five hundred, and one that features such artists as Bruce Turner and Neva Raphaelo. Yet it is completely ignored by its local paper. And, again, there was the time when my band gave a charity concert at a prison. It didn't demand a great deal of effort on our part. We had been in town the night before. We were playing in the area that same night. We were happy and willing to give a little time.

We didn't aim to hit the papers at all. But imagine my amazement

on reading in the local paper two accounts of other activities in the same prison on the same day, both given good space, while our effort, although it rated the largest attendance of the day, wasn't deemed worthy of mention at all.

How does your local paper treat your favourite pastime? Intelligently, as befits something providing entertainment and enjoyment to a very large section of the community? Or only mentioning it in connection with some sordid detail.

Jazz is respectable

REVIEWS

CY LAURIE AND HIS BAND

Dippermouth Blues; You Made Me Love You.
(Melodisc 45/1479)

THIS record comes as a direct answer to my condemnation (and that of many of my fellow critics) of the recent 23-minute, 12-in. Leadbelly record.

This one is a single 45 disc. But somehow or other it plays a full five minutes each side, which makes it a good buy on a quantity basis alone. Whether the quality will make it also worthwhile is another

By
OWEN BRYCE

matter. Many of us, although feeling cheated over the blues singer, will hardly care to take a Cy Laurie by way of compensation.

The first side is the old Laurie version of *Dippermouth Blues* complete with the many unnecessary key changes. One of them, that leading into Cy's own solo, comes as a shock, a shock too great for



There's a key-changing, shock lead-in to CY LAURIE'S solo in "Dippermouth Blues."

—yet the 'anti' feeling still persists

the sort of simple routine demanded by this number. Surprise and arrangements are all very well... but they must fit the character of the tune.

You Made Me Love You kicks along nicely, but it is not the same "Love Me" as the popular song. The bass player is over-recorded, but on this occasion it rather adds to the attractiveness of the disc.

EARL HINES

Deed I Do; You Can Depend On Me; These Foolish Things; Rosetta.

(Philips BBE12193)

AS if you don't know already, Earl "Fatha" Hines is the Daddy of jazz piano style as we know it today. These four tracks just go to prove it once again.

Recorded in 1950 these were made on a day of obvious inspiration. Apart from excellent Hines, the backing includes J. C. Heard, a most sensitive drummer, and Al McKibbin, a bass player who doesn't seem to do much, but who, on the other hand, never gets in the way, particularly on those passages where the Earl goes into one of his typical flights of fancy.

Rosetta is, perhaps, the best of the tracks. It is, after all, Earl's tune, and one of his favourites. He's probably played it more than any other. This new recording is brilliant.

THE ORIGINAL DUKES OF DIXIELAND

Wailin' Blues; Duke's Stomp; Swanee River Session; Jazz Me Blues.

(Columbia 8EG7833)

THE cover design of this EP shows the curtain going up on a band of obvious Dixieland musicians... what other style could they be playing with a brass band, a banjo, trumpet, clarinet and trombone? The faces aren't shown

and I'm not surprised, for the artistes should be ashamed of all this.

It's a quarter of an hour of re-hashed jazz phrases and clichés. All the old favourites are here, in a hotch-potch of pseudo-Dixieland. There must be quotes from at least forty jazz tunes in this little programme. "High Society"... "Wolverine"... "Riverside"... "I'll name 'em... you spot 'em!"

This is how to court popularity—apparently this band is a wow in the States—just compose your own tunes... basing them very carefully and neatly on the obvious

bits from every known jazz number. You, the critical jazz enthusiast, will know better than to be fooled by it all.

Avoid it like the plague!

MR. ACKER BILK AND HIS PARAMOUNT JAZZ BAND

I Like Ack

King Joe; Darkness On The Delta; Careless Love; Swing Low Sweet Chariot; Postman's Lament; Shine.

(Seventy Seven LP15)

I LIKE ACK prompts the obvious rejoinder "I don't"! But I do like John R. T. Davies on the alto sax.

If the trombone player's attitude was a happy, "playing-together-as-a-unit" one... I'm a square. And Ron McKay clacked and clicketed his way through chorus after chorus. The band played in tune on the odd occasion.

This disc is only saved by the rolling alto of ex-Crane River Jazz Band trombone player John R. T. Davies and Acker's talents on the vocal.

ANDY AIMS AT A MILLION

ANDY WILLIAMS flew into London last week-end from Paris, fully equipped with a new addition to his collection of modern art which now numbers more than 60.

But Andy's trip to London was not just to browse around the art galleries. He came for Sunday's "Palladium Show," and is staying on for the Bernard Bresslaw Show, next Saturday.

Over here, we know Andy Williams for his number one hit, "Butterfly," but his earliest recording, "Canadian Sunset," was a great success back home in the States.

"I love singing ballads and jazz numbers," he said, "but I fully realise that to keep teenagers happy I have to comply with their wishes and fringe the big beat."

This is not Andy Williams' first visit to Britain. He was last here in 1951 when he and his brothers—who were known as the Williams Brothers—supported Kay Thompson at the Cafe de Paris. The Williams boys were with Miss Thompson for five years, but in 1952 they

disbanded the act and Andy went single.

His first big break came along when he was signed up to appear on the "Steve Allen Show" on TV, and he stayed with Allen for a couple of years.

The next step forward in the career of the blue eyed Andy Williams was when Archie Bleyer, president of Cadence Records, signed him up for three years.

"If Archie decided to move to China," said Andy, "I would follow him there. He really has been a great help to me and takes a personal interest in all my work."

Andy's ambitions? "At one time," he said, "I wanted to make a million dollars in 10 years. I'm wondering whether I shall make this target, or whether I will have to stretch it a bit. I would also like to travel all over the world, although I've seen quite a few countries."

We shall be seeing Andy on our home screens before long when he will be guesting on the Perry Como Show.

J. H.

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in my view

by
**RUSSELL
TURNER**

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

I SEEM to spend half of my life playing records. You think I'm lucky? Well, perhaps in a way I am. It is not exactly *Music While You Work*, but *Music Is Your Work*, for me. I hear all the latest pop releases before they are released, and this enables the "Six-Five" team to include brand new numbers in the shows, to hear new artistes, and to choose our juke box record of the week. Apart from this duty listening, there are some discs that get played over and over again for our own pleasure, for even though it is part of the job I can never lose

opinion, a likely winner here. We British are so national that numbers in a foreign tongue cannot seem to enter the charts. Very much the same thing applies to continental artistes, so it could be assumed that the record buying public does pay some attention to the lyrics, contrary to the views held by many critics of modern day pop songs.

Fading out

HAVE you noticed how many present day records just fall off on the last few bars? Playing over the new platters each week I

Beaud writes another winner

a genuine love of records, or that thrill that comes from first hearing the occasional great one.

It was without any tremendous hopes, therefore, that I played a test pressing this week entitled "Le Jour ou La Pluie Viendra." Having lived for some time in Paris I am an ardent admirer of the French chansons d'amour, but I didn't expect anything as good as this.

A fierce string opening develops into a slow rock beat and a lady by the name of Dalida delivers, in a typically dramatic and French manner, a great ballad.

The music is by Gilbert Beaud, which explains why the number has what it has, and if the English versions of "The Day The Rains Came" are anything like as good as the original, we have, in my

am amazed at the lack of originality displayed by some A. and R. men concerning these last few grooves.

I hate to hear an otherwise good disc faded out because the arrangers cannot think of any other way to get out of it. Every television producer knows the creative agonies he endures to start and finish each show he does with a bang. The opening and closing are of major importance in all branches of entertainment.

The disc-biz should feel the same and endeavour to overcome this lazy habit of fading out. Only in a very few cases does the gimmick come off. When both sides of a record use this slipshod method I feel like breaking it in two. Anyway, it causes the artiste a certain amount of embarrassment



when he or she has to perform the number "live" on stage or TV.

Teenage clubs

ANYONE whose job is connected with pop records must keep at least one ear to the ground in the teenage world. And so whenever I get a free evening I make it my business to visit some of the teenage clubs in London, and for that matter in the provinces when I am out of town doing a show.

The other day I went to the Côte d'Azure in the heart of Soho. There is always a wonderful atmosphere about the place, and always a good crowd of varied and interesting people. Ido Martin and

his Latin-American music keep things pretty lively.

This particular night there was an added sense of excitement, something almost electric. When I looked into a little cubby hole under the stairs I knew why. The Columbia boys were wedged inside with all their recording apparatus taking tracks for four EPs on the music and atmosphere of the Côte d'Azure. Ido Martin and his boys make a wonderful cha-cha noise and have an almost ecstatic following.

I MOVED on to the Whiskey A'Gogo, another crowded and cosmopolitan venue. Records,

belied out through super hi-fi, provide the music, and again cha-cha was very much to the fore. Perhaps because of the shape of the club, the kids go naturally into a formation routine which is quite something. It made me realise just how many good cha-cha and rock records are about.

IN the early hours I moved on to the Astor to catch an American act now in cabaret there. Andy and The Bey Sisters used all the artistry and attack that really good coloured performers have. They tore the place apart.

Their act runs the whole gamut of the vocal field from rock 'n' roll to Porgy and Bess. Their spirituals in the modern manner are most moving and I was so impressed that we fixed for you to see them on "Six-Five" in December.

IN FOCUS

JIM DALE

HAS been "Six-Five" resident host for the past seven months. He is 23 and was born in Rothwell, Northamptonshire. He started by entering talent contests as an impressionist. On one occasion, as he went on stage, he tripped and landed himself a job in a comedy tumbling act.

This was interrupted by R.A.F. service in Germany, but on his return he recorded "Be My Girl" which went to No. 2 in the charts and, naturally, he first sang it on "Six-Five." He cannot keep away from comedy for long and wants to branch out in this direction in the near future.

THE WAITER MOVED INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

TO give up college and plunge headlong into show business would not be everyone's idea of a good start in life. But that is just what young Bobby ("Splish Splash") Darin did.

He was born Walden Robert Cassotto into a theatrical family on May 14, 1936. When he was three years old he decided that he was going to earn his bread and butter, so he took up singing. But it was only members of his family who appreciated his efforts.

As he grew older, however, young Walden became more and more talented, not surprisingly as a musician. He was to master the drums, guitar, piano, vibes and bass.

Young Darin was determined to crash into show business and he persevered with every aspect of music. While at school he obtained vacation jobs in holiday hotels as a waiter, so that he could sneak his way from table to stage, just to be seen!

Leaving college, Bobby pur-

sued his show business ambition. His lucky break came while he was playing in and around New York when he met artistes' manager, George Scheck.

Sheck, to Bobby Darin, was the most important person in the world. Early in 1956 Bobby and lyrics partner, Don Kirshner, wrote "My First Real Love" which was immediately snapped up by this newly-found guardian angel. To Bobby's surprise, Sheck was mainly interested in his vocal talents and he was presented with a Decca recording contract.

After his TV debut last year Bobby was "made," and immediately he was in nationwide demand as an entertainer.

This year, we have had Bobby's first big hit in this country and in the States—"Splish, Splash." It rocketed into the hit parade last summer and enjoyed a good measure of success.

Last week, a new single was released, "Queen of the Hop," and this is already showing at



16th position in the American papers.

The Darin voice is not just another sound only fit for the big beat; it has the warm and tender combination of Sinatra and Martin with a very swiny undertone.

Bobby has not given up his song writing career. He has written and arranged such hits as "Early In The Morning" and the backing to his latest, "Lost Love," in which he combined with Don Kirshner once more.

JUNE HARRIS

Disconnected jottings

READING in Brian Tesler's column some weeks back about his having heard the coloured Jamaican jazz pianist Don Shirley, prompted me to dig out a couple of his LPs available over here—"Piano Perspectives" and "Tonal Expressions." They have hardly been off my turntable in two weeks.

If you like great piano playing in a style all on its own, then you can't afford to miss adding these to your collection.

Everything he plays seems inspired, and his classical training adds force and meaning to every note.

Dakota Staton, another unique personality in the record world, comes up with a couple of oldies on the Capitol label, "My Funny Valentine" fast becoming a standard and "A Foggy Day." To both titles Dakota gives her individual treatment.

Talking of the Yuletide season, Neville Taylor—currently the man behind the voices in Lord Rockingham's XI—has cut a new disc for Parlophone "Miracle of Christmas" with "A Baby Lay Sleeping" on the flip.

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ROUND and ABOUT

with DISC photographer
RICH HOWELL



American rock and roll star, VINCE TAYLOR rocked the august Dorchester Hotel one night last week when he appeared in a charity cabaret.

★
NEVILLE TAYLOR (second from left) seen with The Cutters on the "Oh Boy!" show, is also making a reputation for himself in West End cabaret.
★



Orchestra leader Cyril Ormadel (right) rehearses American ANDY WILLIAMS for his appearance on the "Sunday Night At The Palladium" show. Guitarist Ivor Moraunts is in the background.



MARTY WILDE manipulates the coffee machine for MALCOLM VAUGHAN during a break in rehearsals for the "Jack Jackson" show.

SOMETHING NEW IN PARTY GAMES!



Telev viewers saw MARION RYAN sing a beat arrangement of "The Three Bears" in last week's "Spot The Tune." Suddenly the "Daddy" prop bear revealed himself as RAY ELLINGTON and went into a duet with Marion.



We aren't quite sure what that man BRESSLAW is playing—but model Julie Kent does not appear worried. This candid shot was taken at last week's London Press Ball. Left: Time out for a cooling drink for jazzman ALEX WELCH and blues singer BERYL BRYDEN.