

July 19, 1958

DISC

THE TOP RECORD & MUSICAL WEEKLY

No. 24

Week ending, July 19, 1958

DAVID WHITFIELD

EVERY

6^D

THURSDAY



**HEAR DAVID'S
LATEST
SUCCESSSES
EXCLUSIVELY ON**

- **THE RIGHT TO LOVE ;**
That's when your heartaches begin
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**DAVID WHITFIELD
FAVOURITES**

LK 4242 (LP 331 rpm record)

CATS! CORNETS! CONTRIBUTORS!

IF you've anything to say about any of these—or any other disc subject—here's your chance to say it. And you may win an LP, for every week DISC presents a LP of the winner's own choice to the writer of the most interesting letter. Just drop a line to 'Post Bag', DISC, Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

POST BAG

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

Americans can even copy better than us!

WHAT is wrong with British singers and record companies? Why can't they infuse a little more originality into the record business? Week after week we see the same old picture—a Hit Parade dominated by American and copies of American records. I can think of only two British recording stars who in recent years have consistently held a place in the best sellers without copying the Yanks—Lonnie Donegan and Tommy Steele.

Sometimes we do find the reverse, as in the case of Eydie Germe's "Hands." But is it a carbon copy of Max Bygrave's version? Not on your life! Even when it comes to copying, American stars make a better job of it than do their British counterparts.

We are the people who buy the records and I think we ought to be able to expect a little more of the so-called British "independence"! —BARRIE A. EVANS, Lancaster Villas, Upper Poppleton, York. (We have stars without needing the stripes!)

Elvis the idol

SURELY Presley must be one of the most criticised performers in show business. In almost every news-

paper and magazine there are articles full of sneering, cynical, sarcastic remarks about his voice, his clothes, his acting ability, and even his personality. We are continually hearing of "rising newcomers," who, the critics assure us, are all set to take his place.

Yet despite all this, he still remains the idol of millions of teenagers. Maybe some day these "Anti-Presley"-ists will wake up and realise

ALL CLEAR?

Many DISC readers have written asking us about the two different versions of the Sheb Wooley record of "The Purple People Eater." One version is backed by "I Can't Believe You're Mine," whilst the second is coupled with "Recipe For Love."

In answer to all these readers, MGM explain that the titles were changed after the initial issue owing to technical difficulties.

that they're just wasting their time.—(Miss) ANNE THOMPSTONE, Mill Hill, Baginbun, Warwick.

(Just idol gossip?)

How many?

CAN you please tell me the correct number of Golden Discs won by Elvis Presley in the short time that he has been in show business?

I have read in different papers that the figure is 10, 16 and even 20.—RAYMOND DALE, High Street, Halmerend, Stoke-on-Trent.

(According to RCA, the number is 16.)

Take a bow, Tony

A SPECIAL pat on the back for Tony Hall, for being one of the minority group of critics who support the British jazz scene.

Thanks to Mr. Hall, we have at last had some first class British jazz via the Tempo label. Hayes, Scott, Feldman, Reece, Deuchar have all been given ample blowing space.

I would like to see the same opportunities given to such musicians as Alan Clair, Bert Courtney, Harry Klien, Bert Tommy, Joe Temperley and Joe Hunter.—DAVE TRETT, Summertown Road, Whitnashby, Nr. Leamington Spa.

(Our Hall of fame takes a blushing bow.)

From Portugal

AS soon as I leafed through DISC for the first time, I saw that I was in the presence of something new and original, presenting its news-features and articles to me in a way that I found absolutely fascinating; so that, though I am in Portugal, I have become a much greater fan of the Mudlarks, Jimmie Rodgers and Don Lang, of whom DISC brings me news even in my own country. In the evening, I have been listening

to Radio Luxembourg, enjoying the grand rhythm and humour which Pete Murray puts into his programme.

Now I am sending this letter to you, so that I may get into correspondence with other readers of DISC.

I hope that DISC will continue to give me pleasure, and that it will go on from strength to strength.—ANTONIO JORGE MARQUES, Avenida Visconde Valmor 36, 6E Lisbon.

(Yet another far-distant reader of DISC. This time from sunny Portugal.)

Good shock

EVER since the craze for rock 'n' roll started in 1956 I have been called a square by my friends because I have preferred classical music.

Recently, however, my boy friend

more, all his songs have been written by himself or the Blue Caps.

Regarding "You'll Never Walk Alone," Gene has achieved the impossible in so much that he has turned this song into a real gone rocker without losing any of the original inspiration.

Gene has written many songs, words and music. He can play the guitar and he does not need pelvic gyrations to be a hit singer. Could anyone else successfully record "Be Boop-A-Lula"? Of course not.—STUART COWBURN, Woodcot Avenue, Basildon, Yorks.

(Jackie Moore's Genes torn to shreds!)

What's next?

WE have had quite a few different types of music which have risen to heights of popularity and then fallen. The first was probably Dixieland Jazz, then Swing. During the war and just after we had the music scene dominated by quite a few phases of music, notably crooners, revivalist jazz and popular melodies.

Now in the past five years we have had Rock 'n' Roll, Skiffle, Calypso, and now the Kewla.

One is left wondering what is going to come next. One point which arises is that these forms of music all come during different generations. One looks forward with trepidation to what the Johnny will be "sent" on about 1984.—A. J. R. C. SLADE-BAKER, Kent College, Canterbury, Kent.

(Suggested titles, "Sputnik Serenade," "Rock around the Moon" and "Up Guards and Atom.")

EPs as well!

A READER asked recently (DISC 14-6-58) why LPs are sold in polythene covers whereas 45s (both EPs and singles) were not.

PRIZE LETTER

ROCK SAVED THE MUSIC HALLS

ON reading John Gayne's column in (DISC 5-7-58) I find myself agreeing with him when he says that a lot of get-rich-quick merchants jumped on the bandwagon when rock 'n' roll became so popular, but I disagree when he says, or at least implies, that the talented performers have suffered as a result of this.

Surely before rock 'n' roll came on the scene the music halls were going through a sticky period, and good singers were doing the same. When people started going back to the big halls to hear Charlie from across the way belting a guitar as

top of the bill, they also saw supporting him a talented group of performers. If it hadn't been for rock 'n' roll, Charlie wouldn't be there, and the supporting acts might have been out of work by now.

Also after hearing some of the trash turned out by the "wah-wah" boys the public have realised just how good some of the straight singers really are (e.g. Michael Holliday).

Lastly, thanks for a real paper for teenage disc fans.—MICHAEL LEFTBRIDGE, Buller Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.

(There is some sound sense here concerning dying theatres and work for supporting acts.)

took me to see the film "Jailhouse Rock" and immediately I took a great liking to the star, Elvis Presley.

I was both shocked and surprised at Jack Good's article on Elvis (DISC 28-6-58). I am certainly not a religious fanatic nor do I worship Presley in the manner Mr. Good suggests.—MARIANNE GREEN, Buxted Road, Friern Barret, London, N.12.

(But Jack's bite is not so bad as his Bachi!)

Let me tell you...

I WAS disgusted with the review of Gene Vincent's latest LP and will now tear to shreds the criticisms bestowed upon the best rock 'n' roll singer of the era.

Firstly Gene is no imitator. He has never recorded a song which has been waxed by anyone else. Further-



"This is the National Anthem, stupid!"

sponge and then place the record in a polythene cover.—(Miss) CAROL BARTLETT, St. Margaret's Drive, St. Margaret's, Middx.

(The dearer price of an LP helps towards carrying the additional cost of inner covers.)

Not so crazy

I DON'T consider that reader Lesley Johnson (DISC 21-6-58) is a "pop crazy" teenager, buying only 10 records in six months.

While I am not like some people we hear about (200 records a year types), within the last six months I have bought an average of two discs a week, and my total also include seven LPs.

Of course, I don't go out very much and, therefore, I have plenty of time in which to enjoy my purchases.—BRIAN DUNSCOMBE, 8 Marshfield Road, Alcombe, Somerset.

Mum's view

AS the mother of two teenagers, I may say that I admire intensely the attitude of our children sending Jerry Lee Lewis packing back to America. This has proved a beyond a doubt that, while some of the kids through thoughtless high spirits may fall foul of the law, they have a healthy regard for serious offences against the law.

Normal kids are repulsed by his behaviour, and prove that they are decent at heart.—V. N. VERNER, ELLIOTT (Mrs.), Delius Street, Tile Hill, Coventry.

(Teenagers praised by mother.)

'Trade' pact?

ARE any Post Bag readers willing to arrange a trade of discs with me?

I can send old and modern Russian music, operas and ballet pieces—but no jazz records.

I am interested in any jazz (for listening and dancing both), rock 'n' roll and "pops."—V. A. REPNIKOV, Poste Restante K-9, Moscow, U.S.S.R. (Reader Repnikov's letter to DISC—part of which is printed—was mentioned in our news pages last week.)

Out of stock

IF the older generation like the types of music in vogue in their youth, and would like to see it come back, why don't they all go out and buy copies of their favourite discs instead of moaning about the styles that are now popular.—SHEILA BARNES, Trentham Avenue, Willenhall, Staffs. (Perhaps their favourite discs are NOT available.)

The only way to make sure

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

"POP" PERSONALITY PENS

with the name of your favourite star ENGRAVED IN GOLD LETTERS

- * MICHAEL HOLLIDAY
- * LONNIE DONEGAN
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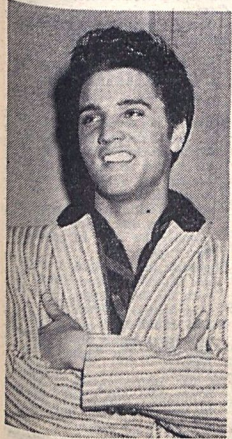
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The suppliers of "Pop" Personality Pens wish to thank the many readers who wrote in appreciation of the quality of their product. ALL PENS GUARANTEED. Send 3/- P.O. stating name of Star required on Pen to—

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**FATS
DOMINO**
**LITTLE
MARY**



There's no stopping ELVIS PRESLEY—he's back again, in the American Top Ten, with "Hard Headed Woman."

**TOP
TWENTY**

Compiled from dealers' returns from all over Britain

WEEK ENDING JULY 12th

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Label
1	1	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers	London
4	2	Big Man	The Four Preps	Capitol
3	3	You Need Hands / Tulips From Amsterdam	Max Bygraves	Decca
7	4	Sugar Moon	Pat Boone	London
6	5	Twilight Time	The Platters	Mercury
2	6	On The Street Where You Live	Vic Damone	Philips
11	7	Rave On	Buddy Holly	Coral
5	8	Who's Sorry Now?	Connie Francis	MGM
16	9	Sally Don't You Grieve	Lonnie Donegan	Nixa
8	10	Book Of Love	The Mudlarks	Columbia
10	11	Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley	MGM
—	12	Endless Sleep	Marty Wilde	Philips
13	13	Stairway Of Love	Michael Holliday	Columbia
12	14	Witch Doctor	Don Lang	HMV
9	15	Tom Hark	Elias and his Zig-Zag Jive Flutes	Columbia
—	16	The Only Man On The Island	Tommy Steele	Decca
17	17	Too Soon To Know / Wonderful Time Up There	Pat Boone	London
14	18	Kewpie Doll	Frankie Vaughan	Philips
15	19	The Army Game	TV Cast	HMV
—	20	I'm Sorry I Made You Cry	Connie Francis	MGM

ONES TO WATCH:

- When Ooh My Soul — The Kalin Twins
- Little Richard

**WEE
WILLIE
HARRIS**
**GOT A
MATCH**



—and returning to the Top Twenty is Britain's TOMMY STEELE, on the way up with "The Only Man On The Island."

Juke Box Top Ten

Based on the recorded number of "plays" in Juke Boxes throughout Britain (for the week ending July 12th)

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	RAVE ON	Buddy Holly
2	2	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM / CLAUDETTE	Everly Brothers
3	3	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Sheb Wooley
4	4	THE BOOK OF LOVE	The Monotones
5	5	ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE	The Mudlarks
6	6	OOH, MY SOUL	Little Richard
7	7	WHO'S SORRY NOW?	Connie Francis
8	8	SECRETLY	Jimmie Rodgers
9	9	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Chuck Berry
10	10	THE BIG MAN	The Four Preps
11	11	TWILIGHT TIME	The Platters

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

American Top Ten

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

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	PURPLE PEOPLE EATER	Sheb Wooley
2	2	YAKETY YAK	The Coasters
3	3	HARD HEADED WOMAN	Elvis Presley
4	4	ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM	Everly Brothers
5	5	ENDLESS SLEEP	Jody Reynolds
6	6	PATRICIA	Perez Prado
7	7	SPLISH SPLASH	Bobby Darin
8	8	RETURN TO ME	Dean Martin
9	9	SECRETLY	Jimmie Rodgers
10	10	WITCH DOCTOR	David Seville

ONES TO WATCH:

- Poor Little Fool — Ricky Nelson
- Rebel Rouser — Duane Eddy
- For Your Precious Love — Jerry Butler and the Impressions

Records from AMERICA

THE PLAYMATES
Don't go home
COLUMBIA DB4151 (45 & 78)

Radio Luxembourg "Record of the Week"
Frank Gallup
GOT A MATCH?
H.M.V. POP509 (45 & 78)

Leslie Uggams
ICE CREAM MAN
COLUMBIA DB4160 (45 & 78)

LISTEN TO "RECORDS FROM AMERICA"
Introduced by GERRY WILMOT
Radio Luxembourg every Tuesday 9.45 — 10 p.m.
E.M.I. Records Ltd., 5-11 Old, Castle Street, London, W.1

KENT WALTON'S COOL FOR CATS



Partnership?
 WHEN David Seville made his hit disc "Witch Doctor," HMV worked fast to get Don Lang to "cover" it for the British sales. Result was a big-seller for Don's disc and a hefty push for him up the ladder of stardom. "Bird On My Head," is the title of a new David Seville release from London, and guess who's on it for Britain—Don Lang, of course. It seems these two could work up a pretty partnership: David makes it, Don takes it.

A FRESH, raven-haired singer, who made her stage debut at the age of three by singing an operatic aria at a Sunday school concert, has just taped her first disc for Columbia.

Meet 23-year-old Mary Marshall, the girl with the three and three-quarter octave voice who gives her vocal chords an airing with the pop tune, "Kiss, Kiss, Kiss."

Mary, who was born in Bolton, on Christmas Day, 1934, started singing lessons at the age of nine. At 17 she was auditioned for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, but being too young she joined a musical comedy touring company.

Since then she's had a varied career ranging from principal boy in pantomime, a photographer's model and television appearances in sketches.

She's not long back from a tour of Cyprus where she was a member of the Tony Payne and David Evans show "Calling The Stars" which entertained the troops.

Writing of Mary this week reminds me of a headline about her in the second issue of DISC—"Keep an eye on Mary—she's going places."

Mary has a collection of more than 300 pairs of earrings. I wonder if, melted down, they'd make one pair for Miss Barbara Kelly.

EPs or 78s?

A THOUGHTFUL man is Johnny Franz, artistes and repertoire manager at Philips, for with the sales of the "My Fair Lady" LP bounding along he's getting more and more requests for single records from this fabulous disc.

Should he cut up the tracks from the LP into separate sides or put

out EPs of the most popular numbers? That's his problem. And he's likely to make a decision soon.

It may be that a Julie Andrews record, featuring "I Could Have Danced All Night" as the top side will be the first of the single releases.

This disc, Philips are sure, will ride easily into the Hit Parade. And an extended play record would not be complete without numbers by Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison and Stanley Holloway.

But stripping the LP of its top songs might hit the sales which have zoomed ever since this original-cast recording hit the British market. It's expected to go to about a quarter of a million—which is very high selling indeed. Already it has passed 100,000 mark.

But there are thousands of record buyers who'd welcome shorter

It would have provided a pleasant setting, but somehow I couldn't see the lawn tennis authorities letting our artistes cavort round the courts in competitive attraction!

Silly season

JUST as we're on the fringe of the annual "silly season," I caught my secretary typing this reply to an Essex fan who wanted to know how our director Brian Taylor obtained a shot of one dancer dancing in the hand of another. The real secret is that it's a camera trick, done by a process we call "superimposition," in which two pictures come out as one on your screens.

My secretary, however, had her own sun-drenched version as follows:

company who wanted a new song with a virile sound.

But it isn't slated for release here yet: as I said on the programme, if you want to buy it here you'll have to badger Decca to let it out.

Same names

THREE, or more, artistes on one song isn't unusual—but it's odd when they share the same first name. That's what's happened with "After Midnight When The Boys Talk About The Girls," and

the girls who tell us about it—all on separate labels—are Valerie Shane, Valerie Masters, and Valerie Carr. Sets the whole town talking, that sort of thing.

No number 1

WITH the record factories going on holidays soon, there's a lot of stockpiling of discs going on to keep up the flow while the presses are quiet. So with the inevitable slackening off of releases, this week hasn't produced any disc which I can in all honesty be sure of getting to No. 1 spot.

Shouldn't be surprised, though, to see Ronnie Hilton rising high with his 28th single, "Her Hair Was Yellow" (HMV).

David Whitfield looks as though he'll jump higher than he usually gets with "The Right To Love" (Decca).

As for instrumentals, "Patricia" (Columbia) with Geoff Love and his Orchestra is sure to be around for while. I don't like electric organs in bands generally, but this one's forgivable. **SEE YOU THURSDAY.**

27-note Mary tapes her first disc

selections from "M. F. . . L. . ." and they're writing to Philips about it.

Cool courts

I'VE had lots of suggestions for places to visit during the summer, and I suppose it was inevitable that Wimbledon tennis courts should feature in the requests. Maybe it was because I did a tour of duty out there every day during the matches.

"The dancers who appear to be dancing on other people's hands are in fact an abnormally small and carefully-bred race of people, found principally in the Red Sea. The increase of fall-out from nuclear tests has made them considerably rarer than a few years ago."

Archaeologists, please note.

A TOUCH OF . . .

ORIOLE, with a touch of whimsy rare in the hard-bitten commercial record industry, have just issued two titles on one disc that I'm sure is deliberate. On one side you get, "Have a Cigar" and on the reverse, "Gotta Match?"

Well, if you haven't gotta match you'd better hand back that cigar.

. . . WHIMSY!

ABOUT 18 months ago the Beverly Sisters recorded a Decca disc, "It's Easy," which in fact proved hard to sell. Now the record's back in the lists again, this time as a Julie London (London) offering.

It was released here on July 4, American Independence Day, which might prove to be a lucky day for Julie.

Scream for it

IN our last "Cool" we played a disc that's brought in a number of questions. It was "Man I'm Gonna Be," featuring The Trojans on Decca. Words and music are by Tommy Steele and Lionel Bart and it was originally commissioned by an American

. . . and gives us 'Kiss, Kiss, Kiss'



"She's going places," we said in our second issue. We were right.

AGEING THE CATS

"WHEN your heart slows down with old age a ballad keeps faithful time with it," writes an ex-teenager viewer from Billericay, Essex, in faint protest against some of the fast-moving records we play on "Cool." I think he means it.

Some of the other points made by my local correspondent made me smile. I pass a few on to you: more of Alma Cogan singing her latest releases, more film accompaniments to discs, and more cartoon sequences.

Which doesn't leave much time

for the dancers who, this viewer suggests, should be somewhat differently garbed from their present attire. He wants ankle-length sack dresses or thick shirts and loose slacks for the girls, and, he asks, "evening dress would be better for the young men, don't you think?"

All I can say is that when we're working under hot studio lights and rehearsing four or five times before transmission—wish you were here.

'ERE'S 'OLLOWAY

ALTHOUGH Stanley Holloway has had several conspicuous successes as an actor in his varied career, he's likely to be remembered as one of this country's most popular music hall comedians.

Evidently he thinks the same way too, as I note his new LP "'ere's 'olloway" from Philips is distinctly Edwardian in character.

A few of the tracks are the "standards" of that plush era—even the youngest five fan must have heard at mother's knee such old-time favourites as "Let's All Go Down The Strand," "Hello, Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend," "The Spaniard That Blighted My Life," and "Any Old Iron."

But Stanley also gives a chance to hear his delightful interpretations of lesser-known works: "Sweeney Todd The Barber" and "Eving's Dorg 'ospital" are two that he's included.

It's all authentic stuff, and it's a relief to find that after his years on Broadway and now his current season at Drury Lane, Stanley Holloway hasn't been contaminated by the lamentable Professor 'iggins.



SPOTLIGHT

MARTY WILDE

'I don't like Show Biz'
says

The star who hates the glamour



HE stood quietly in the theatre wings, all six foot two of him, then said deliberately: "I don't like show business very much."

An astonishing statement from a young man at the top of the bill. But Marty Wilde is an astonishing young man, quite the most forthright lad I've had under the Spotlight in these last four months.

What is it he doesn't like? "The air of glamour that's built around you, for a start. This up-on-a-pedestal atmosphere that surrounds you. It seems to me a very false kind of life."

Not that Marty has any ideas of changing it. "Ever since I was a kid, I've wanted to sing in public. Show business is the only way I can do it—so here I am, doing the thing I've always wanted to do. Seriously, it was the biggest moment—the most thrilling moment of my life—when I signed my first contract."

That was when Larry Parnes, spotted Marty singing in a Soho coffee bar. Marty had thrown up his regular job—as a thirty-bob a week office boy—with the determined ambition to make the grade as an entertainer.

In fact, last Christmas, he telephoned his old boss with the message: "Will you please come and have a lunch with the singer you said would never make the grade?"

From Larry and co-manager John Kennedy, Marty got the treatment. Expensive suits, shirts, haircut. Then the first big test. Marty was booked for cabaret at Winston's, a ritzy London night club. He was a wow!

Wow enough for one of the people who saw him that first night to snap him up for an immediate "6.5 Special" show on TV. That was producer Jo Douglas, who introduced Marty to the nation in November last year—the first of the 50-plus TV appearances Marty has made.

Philips' recording manager Johnny Franz saw the show and immediately fixed a waxing session. Marty's first disc, "Honeycomb," was on the counters within two weeks. The meteoric rise to stardom was well under way!

'I've not changed'

How does Marty look back on the days which took him from Greenwich to glory? He considered the question thoughtfully.

"Basically, I don't think I've changed," he replied. "I always go 'fun out of life and I still do.' There is one way in which he has changed though. Marty loves talking to people, particularly those in his age group. But he found it hard going if he was recognised as Marty Wilde. That 'false air of glamour' he was telling me about made ordinary conversation with strangers next to impossible.

So Marty dons a pair of spectacles and corduroy cap and off he goes to the coffee bars and cafes, careful to keep his name out of the conversation. "Music, cricket, football... I'll talk about anything but politics," he said. "I'm no great believer in politics."

If you talk about cars, though, you'll have a fascinated listener in

Marty. "I'm like a lion, all pent-up when it comes to driving," he told me graphically.

His first earnings went towards buying a car—a small baby Austin, bought on the advice of his solicitor. Marty has proved how careful a driver he is and now has the go-ahead signal to buy something a little more powerful.

He has his eye on a nippy red sports car, plans to buy it next month before starting a six-week tour of the continent.

His first concert tour abroad, his first long-play disc due out too, makes this an exciting season for Marty. But there's even better ahead. He is booked to fly to South Africa, all set to take the edge off kwela, with a £1,000 a week concert tour which has been lined up for him.

He'll be keeping in touch with Britain, though, through his fan clubs—yes, I said clubs. For Marty has three of 'em, all thriving and each getting all the news of Marty.

COVER PERSONALITY

WHENEVER our readers want to quote names of good ballad singers, there is one name, hardly without exception, that comes to the top of the list. That name is our cover personality for this week, David Whitfield. Of all the many pop singers of today, David Whitfield is widening his appeal in ever-increasing circles.

I recall writing in DISC in early April, "He has shown that he can be a tremendous draw at all times, even though his records may be missing sometimes from the hit parade charts."

Since I wrote those words, David's records, unfortunately, have still not been particularly noticeable in the charts, yet there is no denying his strength as a box-office draw.

At that time David had just completed a very long starring role in pantomime at the London Palladium. As the show closed he had one important engagement to keep before all other things, the removal of his tonsils.

That done, and a brief holiday, he was soon back in harness again preparing for his summer season in Blackpool. That is where he is now, pleasing the holiday crowds—a fact that is more than confirmed by the business at the theatre. All this he is doing on the sheer strength

of his fan mail is pretty colossal. "There's usually a sack of letters waiting in my dressing room when I report to a new theatre each Monday; there's a stack more from Philips and the television studios; and some from people who've found out my home address."

I asked Marty what gave him the biggest laugh since he jumped to stardom.

He waved a fan letter. "I should say it was written by a youngster about seven or eight," he said. "Look at the way it's addressed." I looked. And there it was—Dear Marian Wilde.

"The man from outer space, that's me," grinned Marty. Again he turned serious when I asked if he still took Sunday school classes in the church near his home. "No, I don't go to

church now," he said. "Sunday is usually travelling day. But I still believe in what I was taught there."

"The principles you learn when you're young remain in your personality. I know that for a fact—they've stopped me from getting in a helluva lot of trouble."

I asked, for the record, what were his pet likes, his pet hates. The things he likes: Eating spaghetti out of tins; fast cars; talking.

And the thing which really sets his hair on end? "People whistling in the streets. Just can't stand it. Don't know why. Just sounds terrible to me."

Well, whistling might sound terrible to Marty, but this much is sure: his voice and method of presentation is pretty cool to thousands of admirers who envy his

dash, verve and enthusiasm on stage.

Marty, 19 years old (birthday, April 15) takes that enthusiasm off stage too. He claims a world record for perseverance after a marathon four-and-a-half hour autograph signing session outside the Finsbury Park Empire—"oh, my aching wrist!"

Latest disc from Marty is a slick number called "Endless Sleep." "Just think of that," he said. "What a title for a guy too busy to catch forty winks!"

He grinned happily. "But it's a good life. I've got nothing to be wild about." Only two dozen girls at the stage door were wild. I'd kept them from Mr. Wilde as we talked. Hope they read this—it'll make up for it.

Michael Cable

David is well noted for his love of family life, and whenever possible, he is happiest in his home in Hull. But being tied to Blackpool, he has done the next best thing and taken a house in Blackpool. There he spends all his spare time in the company of his wife Sheila, and his two sons, Lance and Shane.

Life, to say the least, is pretty good, but it certainly hasn't come to him undeserved.

Since his early days of success there have been noticeable changes in his career. He began blessed with an excellent singing

The fans are, of course, all important, and Whitfield is the first to admit this, but he has strong views about their enthusiasm being kept within certain bounds.

Nowadays his following is very wide, and his admirers fall within all age groups.

He has an easy assurance, a charming smile and manner and, not the least, that good voice of his. Gone are all the awkward mannerisms that he had in his early days, and he has acquired a polish to his very finger tips.

He has never accepted the fact that having a singing voice alone was sufficient, and he has always religiously maintained his music studies. Nowadays his voice is better than ever, and he is able to control it, so that he can give a light and shade to his performance, a quality that I used to think was missing.

All these things have only been achieved by a strong determination on his part to be more than just a pop singer of today, but to be the finest in his field in any branch of show business. He has listened to advisers, he has observed his own failings, and he has certainly found that it has paid dividends.

In closing this tribute I bring to your attention his latest Decca disc, "The Right to Love." Once again it is a record with the stamp of Whitfield perfection.

DOUG GEDDES

DAVID WHITFIELD

After his present long run at Blackpool in October, David is due to start immediately in the six-week run of the "Birthday Show," in which he has the starring role, at the Coventry Theatre. Shortly afterwards he starts in pantomime in Birmingham, where he will be recreating the role of Robinson Crusoe which he so successfully established last year at the London Palladium. This should take him well into 1959, so one can see that a very happy state of affairs exists for this great performer.

In addition to his six-day week in Blackpool, he has a number of Sunday concert engagements in other seaside resorts.

voice, but surrounded by publicity and ballyhoo. This tended to whip up the younger record buyer and out-and-out fan, but tended to repel others.

None of this publicity was, of course, any of his own making but, while it no doubt put him quickly on the map, it could also have killed him in popularity if it had been allowed to run completely riot.

This stolid Yorkshireman however, soon got the situation in perspective, and set about attracting the widest public and not just those who were content to rip the clothes of his back, or swipe the ever-favourite handkerchief.



SIDE TRACKS

Stunts that
back fire

I SUPPOSE in summer when nothing very much is going on it must be difficult for managers to know what to do in order to earn their percentages, so a little bit of scandal-mongering shows at least that they are doing an honest job of work. I wonder whether it ever enters their thick heads that they are not doing the slightest good with stunts?

If the artists involved in these affairs is a good one, then he doesn't need that sort of publicity

by
JACK
GOOD

who, this week, writes
from Blackpool where
he is producing the
Lonnie Donegan Show



You pays yer money

—BUT THE JUKE BOX DOESN'T ALWAYS SPIN THAT FAVOURITE NUMBER

IF you spend money on juke boxes you have a right to hear the records you like. But at present the juke box playing public quietly take exactly what they are given by juke box operators. So these gentlemen get lazy.

They decide to put David Seville's "Witch Doctor" in their boxes. You want to hear Don Lang. They should worry!

They know darn well that you will play David Seville rather than do any one of the three things that you are entitled to do and ought to do if you are to get value for money.

These are:—

(a) Refuse to play a version of a disc that is NOT the one you prefer.

(b) Only support juke boxes that show a quick response to the hit parade.

(c) Keep complaining to local juke box locations when your favourite discs are continually left out of the box.

The juke boxes are making a mint of money out of you. Why should you tolerate second best? Besides, in the long run the operators will make even more money if they are forced to take the trouble to give you what you want.

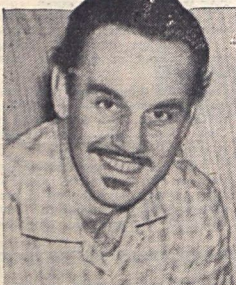
It stands to reason that you will use a box more if it contains the right discs.

Here, in Blackpool, the juke boxes are in a very sorry state. Not only are the northerners given the oldest machines, but they have vintage records to match.

And some of them are not only out-of-date—they never meant anything when they were current. Things like "Get a Job," "Sing, Boy, Sing."

The up-to-date numbers are oddly selected. There is Terry Dene's "Stairway of Love," but Michael Holliday is represented by "In Love" and "Rooney." One box listed Johnny Otis' "Bye Bye Baby" for no apparent reason, and next to it was Presley's "All Shook Up," which wouldn't have been so bad were it not for the fact that there was no sign of "Jailhouse Rock," "Party" or even "Don't I Beg of You."

Happily, I have already found some boxes that contain "True



JOHNNY OTIS' "Bye Bye Baby" is still being pounded out by Blackpool's juke boxes.

Fine Mama." I have always thought this to be one of the best of Little Richard's recordings and could never understand why it did not appear as a 78 before.

Then when "Good Golly, Miss Molly" came out I thought that we would never have a single "True Fine Mama" because "Good Golly, Miss Molly" is in many parts almost identical . . . though where it is different it isn't half as good.

Sister
singers

A FEW weeks ago I was asked to go along to a club in London called the Miramar to see two sisters who were resident singers there. I feared the worst, but was very much mistaken.

These girls, the Romany Sisters (genuine sisters of gipsy blood whose real names are Angelina and Lavinia Petlengro) had most engaging voices of an unusual quality that was reminiscent of Flamenco singing.

On record I would say that these girls would have quite a selling-potential. Harold Fielding booked them for his Blackpool show and they have had a wonderful reception up here.

—indeed, it might do him a lot of harm (ask Jerry Lee Lewis if all publicity is good publicity).

If he is a bad artiste, then maybe as a result of this publicity a lot of people will want to see him perform—once. Then everyone will know.

Ultimately there is only one form of good publicity, and that is consistently good performances.

One artiste, in particular, has infuriated me by getting mixed up in this shoddy nonsense. He just happens to be a very talented boy. He was just beginning to get himself a good name as a result of his performances when suddenly this "Junior Confidential"-type publicity-stunt reduces him in the mind of the public to the level of just another dynamic teenager groveling for notice by the Press.

Punch and
personality

THE sort of act that will get the full concentration of public attention without making a side-show out of their private lives is the Dallas Boys. Working with them here in Blackpool on the Lonnie Donegan show has only confirmed my original opinion of them.

They pack more punch and personality than I have ever seen in any vocal group anywhere.

Not only this, but they are the most hardworking act I have known. With a majority of variety acts the problem is to get them to rehearse sufficiently. With the Dallas Boys it is well-nigh impossible to stop them rehearsing.

Whenever at a rehearsal it comes to the time to work with the Dallas boys we have to send out a search-party after them. They will have crept away to some out of the way box-room in the rehearsal building where, undisturbed, they can continue to perfect their work.

You would think that all this might make them stale—technically good, but lacking brightness

and enthusiasm. On the contrary, when they get to the stage they know what they are doing so well that they can really let rip. And believe me they tear the place apart.

Usually I don't like vocal groups from the visual point of view. Each member of the average group seems to submerge his personality and become a singing robot. All lift right index finger and wave twice, sort of thing. And always the inane grin on every face.

This is especially true of girl vocal groups. "We look alike, we walk alike, we talk alike, but we're three times as boring."

The Dallas Boys don't try to lose their individuality. They have

COMING
BACK?

THERE seems to be a strong possibility that "Oh Boy!" will return as a weekly fixture in mid-September in a programme slot that will not be unfamiliar to Trevor Peacock and myself.

CLASSICAL
CORNER

EXCERPTS FROM THE
PLANETS (Holst)

Mars and Jupiter. The London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent. (Decca CEP544)

THE most popular movements from Holst's exciting score, which caused quite a furore on its debut just before the first World War.

Mars, the Bringer of War, is as powerful and as frightening as you would expect from such a theme. Jupiter makes the ideal coupling, a complete contrast with its happy rhythm and the stirring theme which later became well known as I Vow To Thee My Country.

The composition receives a lively performance from the orchestra under the guiding hand of Sir Malcolm Sargent, who maintains a driving pace

strongly contrasting personalities and they use them on the stage so that the whole group, although it swings as one, is much more interesting—multi-coloured and 3D rather than flat and black-and-white. The fact that they sell their songs so well may possibly have something to do with the fact that their leader, Stan Jones, and one of the boys, Leon Fiske, used to work together as auctioneers.

Audience
reaction

ONE of the big differences between "Oh Boy!" and "Six Five Special" is that the former contains no comedy in between the numbers. This was because I began to feel on the old "6.5" that pop-music and comedy very often don't mix.

Lately Don Lang has unearthed further evidence of this in his show at the Central Pier, Blackpool. There he has found that if the comedians are well received he has a bit of a job to warm up the audience to his act, whilst if the comedians find the going sticky, Don invariably has a very big reaction right from the word "go."

Holst and
Mozart

and carries us forward with his great vitality.

JULIUS KATCHEN
Favourite Mozart Piano Music
(Decca CEP528)

Sonata No. 15 in C Major; Fantasia in D Minor; Ronde Alla Turca. from Sonata No. 11 in A Major.

A BEAUTIFULLY smooth recording by Katchen who makes these Mozart compositions sound ridiculously easy. The Sonata Number 15 has the name Little Sonata and was written for beginners, but there are few beginners with sufficient artistry to play it as perfectly as Mr. Katchen.

The Turkish March, too, must have suffered considerably at the hands of earnest pupils, but this performance more than makes up for it.

OVER THE BORDER

MURRAY GAULD MEETS A NEW ROCK 'N' ROLLER WHO'S DIFFERENT

I MET this week a young rock 'n' roller from Aberdeen who doesn't model himself on any disc idol, doesn't prefer any recording star above any other, doesn't want to be a star overnight and doesn't want to be in the £1,000-a-week category.

He just wants to stay in show business—his life-long ambition—and stay happy that way.

He is 15-year-old Bobby Dean, who is currently rocking them flat at the Glasgow Pavilion. And he's a pro of not more than a month. He's never had any other ambition but to go on the stage. And right now he's in a tenth heaven.

His opening was a Lex McLean Teen-Age Talent Competition at the Tivoli Theatre, Aberdeen, a few months ago. The Tivoli manager auditioned him—and said "You'll do!"

Bobby went on one Monday evening; and on the Tuesday evening. The audiences liked him, told him so—and his big chance seemed to be looming up.

But when we Bobby woke up on Wednesday morning he had chicken pox. It was sheer disaster.

Lex McLean brought the silver lining. He visited Bobby's bedside, gave him a consolation prize—and his best get-well-quick card. It was an invitation to take part in the show again as soon as he was well.

Bobby was back again

His doctor had difficulty in trying Bobby to bed for the next 10 days. And as soon as he gave him his OK Bobby was up and out again—and off to the Tivoli.

Again Mr. McLean liked him so much that he asked him to try his luck in Glasgow. If he went well, he could stay the season.

Bobby, who left the school at Easter and has spent the time since looking for a job on the stage, jumped at the chance.

I saw him perform for myself last week. Lex introduced him modestly as a "Loon fae Aberdeen." Cracked a couple of gags from these airts. And all the time Bobby stood looking shy and most unprofessional—which, again, is probably half the charm of a large

I met Bobby some time later—all 4ft. 10½in. of him—and found him quite refreshing to talk to. He doesn't think the world is at his feet, and he's working hard to remedy the situation.

When he isn't on stage he's out in the audience "Trying to pick up tips on stage work."

"So far, I've achieved what I've set out to do," he told me when I asked him about ambitions. "I

Versatile is Bobby Dean's middle name

percentage of our young rock 'n' rollers.

Then Lex took a few steps backwards, announced his first number and little Bobby became an animated thing.

The voice wasn't Little Richard—it was just wee Bobby. And he rattled through "Whole Lotta Woman" and "Tutti Frutti" with an ease and drive—if you can combine the two—that made that house sit up and listen.

Having bowed to the audience and the Esquire Boys who were backing him in best school-concert style, he walked off stage with all the dignity of a new-born colt.

But he had registered and I predict that he will continue to do so for the rest of his season.

want to experience this first . . . then we'll see what comes next."

Stage fright he doesn't have. "If you want to go into show business, stage fright is right out of the question," he warned me.

"Does he take singing lessons?" "No!"

"Does he take music lessons?" "No!"

But he plays by ear . . . "the accordion, the piano, the mouth organ, a wee bit on the drums—oh and, of course, the guitar . . . I'm playing that this week on stage."



SOUNDING off at rock 'n' roll in that nice, big, brassy Lanes voice—in the nicest possible way, of course—was that larger-than-life personality Betty Driver. With both white poodles in complete agreement, it seemed.

"I don't do rock 'n' roll," Betty affirmed. "I don't think it needs talent to put over. In fact it just irritates me."

Did it account for Betty being in a "straight" play for the first time in her life, instead of touring the variety halls?

"Not at all," she said. "I think everyone should be able to do more than one thing. Everything you do is great experience."

Right now Betty is at the start of an eight-week tour with the comedy that first starred Ronald Shiner and Dora Bryan and was more recently a part for Jill Day's

legit debut . . . notably, "The Lovebirds."

Is this a complete switch, then? Does she intend becoming a serious actress?

"Not at all," she bubbled. "I think I'd like to do more—as long as it's comedy. I couldn't stay serious for very long."

She did become serious again, however, when we broached these three initials again . . . r 'n' r.

"When I see a lot of my friends out of work," she spluttered. "Jolly good artistes. . ."

Betty was due to do a week at the Dunoon Pavilion singing—but maybe this straight stuff will play havoc with that. Would you prefer to be singing? I ventured.

"Well, it's easier," she assured me.

"This is more strain than singing . . . why? I'm shouting for more than two hours!"

AMERICA'S 'MOST PROMISING VOCAL GROUP'

I SOMETIMES think that everyone in America who can boast of having three friends sooner or later gathers them together and forms a vocal group. Never have there been so many vocal quartets on the pop music scene, and every month sees fresh arrivals.

The Four Toms, the Four Dicks, the Four Harrys—in a lot of cases the names are as indistinguishable as the groups themselves.

For some of them fame is

very short-lived—they hit the charts with one best-selling disc and then fade into obscurity.

Other groups, usually those who bring a certain originality and distinctiveness to their work, can and do find for themselves a permanent place in the affections of Joe Public. These are the groups that are here to stay.

And into this category I think we can safely put the latest arrivals in this field, the Four Preps.

The Preps first made their mark in the States at the beginning of the year with a little ditty called "26 Miles." Their recording of this soared way up on the charts, sold over a million copies, and won for the Preps a Gold Disc.

★ ★ ★

In line with current show-business trends, the Preps are all still in their teens. Bruce Beland, lead tenor, Glenn Larson, baritone, and Ed Cobb, bass, are all nineteen; just one year older than second tenor Marvin Inabett.

The boys first met while singing in the choir of Hollywood High School. It was here that the idea of forming a vocal group was born, and it was here that the newly-formed group had its first successes—and its first big break!

While taking part in a talent

contest at the school they were heard by a theatrical manager, Mel Shauer. He flipped; in no time the boys found themselves penning their signatures to a recording contract.

Personal appearance engagements followed thick and fast as their professional career got under way. Last year, in company with teenage rage, Ricky Nelson, the Preps made a sensational tour of the States that broke records all along the line.

★ ★ ★

The Preps are shrewd enough to know that the soundest foundation for a show-business career these days is a healthy disc output. As a follow-up to their first winner they waxed "Big Man." In the States this was another big hit, although it didn't quite achieve the popularity rating of "26 Miles." On this side of the Atlantic, however, it has proved to be their first real smash, and is currently riding high on the British hit parade.

In the annual poll run by the big U.S. show-business magazine, "Cashbox," the disc-jockeys of America have nominated the Preps as the Most Promising Vocal Group of the Year.

Somehow I think the Preps will keep that promise!

Slade Stewart

The Four Preps started as a schoolboy act

—THEN CAME THEIR FIRST LUCKY BREAK



*YOUR WEEKLY**

DISC DATE

with DON NICHOLL



THE KING SISTERS plunge at breakneck speed through their latest disc.

There won't be so many new discs from which to choose

WE'RE beginning to come into the summer break now. Soon the factories will be shut for their annual holiday and, temporarily, there'll be a big fall off in the number of releases.

So make the most of what's coming up right now—somewhere there must be a big summer success to carry the season.

Can you spot it?

Janice keeps the romance in 'Devotion'

JANICE HARPER

Devotion; In Time
(Capitol CL14899)*****
(D.N.T.)

JANICE HARPER, whom you may remember for her "Bon Voyage" released here last year, has now switched to the Capitol label.

They should be pleased with their catch, because Miss Harper's high-flying treatment of the ballad **Devotion** has all the ear-marks of a winner.

Janice really lets the song rip, yet contrives to keep the romantic mood intact. With chorus and orchestral backing, I cannot see it missing.

Worth the tip for hit parade status, anyway.

Another ballad for the flipside, but **In Time** is going to be in **Devotion's** shade, I'm afraid.



BARRY BARNETT

When; Secretly
(HMV POP511)***

BARRY BARNETT'S second disc for HMV is the easy rocker **When**. Backed by Frank Cordell's orchestra and the Michael Sammes Singers, Barry makes a

reasonable job of the number, though I doubt if he has the power yet to overcome American versions.

The Hoffmann-Manning ballad **Secretly** brings a welcome contrast for the flip, and Barry seems to be much more at home with this kind of item. Nothing to keep secret about here... one that can boost Barnett.

GEOFF LOVE

Patricia; Brazil
(Columbia DB4169)*****

GEOFF LOVE, who is always completely at home when he's let loose on Latin rhythms, was a fine choice for Columbia's challenge to Perez Prado on **Patricia**. Using organ and brass neatly, Geoff brings out a clean crisp sound with the rhythm pulsing naturally from first to last.

Not much to choose between his effort and the original Prado. As composer, Perez should be pleased. As performer, he may see many of his sales going the Love way.

For the flip, Geoff keeps the mood and revives **Brazil** with colour that glitters. Excellent.

MANTOVANI/ROS/HEATH

Band Hit Parade
(Decca F11043)*****

ANOTHER of the annual Decca releases for the Lord's

RATINGS

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

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

Devotion opens with a chorus-in-the-clouds and they keep coming back all the way through. But, though the backing is decked out dramatically, I don't rate this as one of Pet's best performances. It's not bad, but it lacks the spark of her other releases this year. **St. Tropez** is "Sur Le Plage" or "On the Beach," whichever name you happen to like most. Holiday love song. Melody wanders about a bit and it will take some spins before you get hold of it. Bill Shepherd directs the orchestra in the Continental backing.

THE DADDY-O'S

Got a Match?; Have a Cigar
(Oriole CB1454)***

FROM the American Crownwell label, Oriole has secured this coupling by the Daddy-O's. Inspired, pretty obviously by the triumph of "Tequila." **Got a Match?** is an instrumental with title calls punctuating the music occasionally.

Got a Match? moves along at a quick clip with piano playing a predominant part in the grouping. The tune is sufficiently reminiscent to sell.

Have a Cigar is an old-fashioned



GEOFF LOVE gets a crisp sound from Latin rhythms.

It's the slow ballad "Devotion" for PET CLARK but it doesn't come off as one of her best performances, lacking the sparkle of some of her discs.

VALERIE MASTERS

Merci Beaucoup; Ding-Dong
(Fontana H145)***

YOUNG Valerie Masters makes a follow-up disc for Fontana and shows herself able to cope handsomely with a slow, rolling melody like that in the romancer *Merci Beaucoup*. The old firm of Turner and Parson have put one of their English lyrics to a Continental tune again, and once more it's a good lyric.

Valerie's master of the situation here all right.

The other deck carries the novelty *Ding Dong*. For this half Valerie falls short of the standard she reaches on the other side. She's a trifle too edgy on this quickie.

GEORGE ROMAINE

Some Place To Go; Unspoken

(Fontana H144)***

A **NOTHER** of the Fontana label discoveries, George Romaine reveals a warm ballad style as he sings the steady romancer *Some Place To Go*.

The voice is pleasant though, as yet, not particularly distinctive. Mr. Romaine may grow on us, however. Here he is accompanied gently by Johnny Gregory's orchestra.

I think it is *Unspoken* which stands the better chance of speaking up for itself with success. Attractive ballad in the old "I'll-sing-your-praises" tradition.

BILLY WILLIAMS

It's Prayin' Time; I'll Get By

(Coral Q7231)***

A **S** you can gather from the title, *It's Prayin' Time* is a slow religious effort. But it has some sincerity as taken by Williams and girl chorus here.

Not my cup of chocolate but there will be customers.

More for me is the flip. Billy's revival of *I'll Get By* is done after the fashion of his successful "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter."

Dick Jacobs gives him the same kind of backing. It raised a smile before and it gets a grin again. For cute, catchy corn, tune in to Billy on this half.

MARGARET WHITING

Hot Spell; I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

(London HLD8662)***

N **UMBER** for a heat-wave in *Hot Spell*, the film title tune which Margaret Whiting packs with perspiration on this release.

Miss Whiting can still show most of the girl ballad merchants the way home. Here she has a catchy little item with chorus and orchestra to assist.

For the turnover she joins the ranks of those who've been *Lonesome* recently on record. *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* is a slow, sad ballad with a lot of genuine sentiment in its lyric. And Margaret handles it quietly and with much more than competence. Here is a night-time waltzer which would do some sleeping.



BILLY WILLIAMS puts sincerity into the religious "It's Praying Time."

kind of song. Chorus novelty about a bloke who has become a proud father. Not as funny as the Daddy-O's think it is.

THE PENNY SERENADERS

Whistle Kwela; Flutjie Vastrap
(Columbia DB4164)***

MORE of a western sound to the Kwela this time as the Penny Serenaders go blowing in the fashion of the old sweet potato piper.

A bright little melody is *Whistle Kwela*, and expect something that is more to a Latin phrasing than something after the "Tom Hark" pattern. Sounds smooth and it might sell that way, too.

Flutjie Vastrap sounds like Woody Woodpecker on vacation in the penny whistle country. Similar type of treatment to that on the other deck and vastly more polished than other African items we've had lately.

MARY MARSHALL

Kiss Kiss Kiss; My Island Home
(Columbia DB4163)***

B **OLTON**-born Mary Marshall makes her pop disc debut with *Kiss Kiss Kiss* but she's no newcomer to the vocal world. With a grounding in musical comedy she's got a polished professional style.

She proves it with the way she whispers through most of *Kiss Kiss Kiss*—a clever quickie which could catch on in a big way.

Past the half mark, Mary lets loose some of the notes from her near-four-octave range for novel value. A debut with a difference, and one which ought to sell not only here but in the States, too.

My Island Home is a slower song with an atmosphere of nostalgia. Dreamy.



MARGARET WHITING



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DISC

Hulton House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. FLEet Street 5011.

Cheap jibes don't make a review

A LETTER this week from a Nuneaton reader set us thinking again about a topic that has occupied our thoughts on several occasions—to wit the value and qualifications of some of the national newspaper record reviewers.

Our readers are record enthusiasts and, as such, are particularly interested in these reviews. They know what they like but they also look for a little guidance from reviewers.

Since the universal popularity of records, almost every newspaper has jumped aboard the band-wagon. Most have their regular record columnists but the contributors seem to be completely out of touch with the tastes of the masses.

One complaint is that many reviewers are rather poor comedians who make use of their column by flaunting their comedy at the expense of an artiste. It doesn't matter whether it is a good record by an established star or a promising new singer, no opportunity is lost to make a funny remark linked with the title or the artiste's name. No constructive criticism, no mention of the musical content, just a gag which, if the record is no good, could well be omitted.

Other columnists only mention an artiste if there is a good "lead" story for their column, writing screeds about their background, with, again, hardly any reference to the contents of the disc.

Many so-called reviewers seem to be in complete ignorance of the subject, and one Sunday columnist makes regular glaring mistakes. One of our contemporaries has often taken this gentleman to task over a period of two years, but still the most surprising errors and statements appear in his column.

Weekly specialist publications such as DISC go to great lengths to find reviewers who know their subject, who are in touch with the tastes of record buyers and who can give constructive comments.

Their personal views may differ, but they do make a serious attempt to study the subject and give opinions that are valued by both the record-buying public AND the stars who actually make the records.

If newspapers consider that record reviews are worthy of inclusion in their pages, then it does not seem unreasonable that the public should expect to find the best of critics presenting sensible reviews on the merits or otherwise of the records they receive.

Seaside stars for Sunday P.O.W. show

NEXT Sunday's Bernard Delfont presentation from the Prince of Wales Theatre, on ATV, promises to be one of the most star-studded yet.

The production will feature stars from the summer shows at Great Yarmouth, Blackpool, and Southsea.

Ruby Murray, Tommy Cooper and the Four Jones Boys will be representing Great Yarmouth and their current show—"Lights Up Again" whilst Edmund Hockridge and Joan Regan will come down from their "Showtime" production, now resident in Blackpool. Another Blackpool visitor will be Terry Hall with Lennie the Lion.

From "Music from the Millions" will be vivacious Audrey Jeans, and for good measure Tommy Trinder will come along from Southsea.



NEWS IN BRIEF

ITALIAN-voiced singing star, Toni Dalli, will be breaking new ground by singing opera in next Saturday's BBC-TV "Six-Five Special".

Toni will sing "None Shall Sleep," an unusual choice for this programme, but certain of success with his tremendous popularity.

He will also sing "Man With The Mandolin," with the Ted Heath Orchestra behind him.

Dalli had a great success on last Sunday's Bernard Delfont "Prince of Wales" ATV production, when only the tight running schedule of such a show prevented him taking further curtain calls.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN singing star Vic Damone was due to fly into London Airport yesterday morning (Wednesday) from Hollywood.

He is due here to undertake a four-week variety tour as previously reported.

Damone opens at Birmingham next Monday (July 21), and follows this with Glasgow (July 28), Manchester (August 4), and Liverpool on August 11.

★ ★ ★

AMONG his guest stars on July 30, Perry Como will have that great American songstress Patti Page.

★ ★ ★

COLUMBIA Records are giving their "Golf" LP a further boost, since its Australian author, Peter Thompson, won the British Open Championship recently for the fourth time.

★ ★ ★

POPULAR singing star, Charlie Gracie, who completed his second successful tour of Britain last May, hopes to become a father in December.

Charlie told DISC the news this week and added that both he and his wife, Joan, are delighted at the prospect. Neither of them has quite made up their minds whether they would like a boy or a girl.

★ ★ ★

MANY prominent members of the jazz world attended the opening on Monday evening of London's newest club—"Jazz at the Kooool Canary"—in Gerrard Street.

Launched by glamorous songstress Shelley Moore and Alan Ross, the new club will open every night of the week.

Shelley will be singing regularly and, as she says, "singing the sort

LET'S WORK OUTSIDE

It was too hot to rehearse indoors for last Sunday's Prince of Wales TV show, producer Kenneth Carter (right) called a team of artistes out into the sunshine. Pictured (left to right) are: Anne Shelton, Bernard Bresslaw, Ron Parry and, front row, Joan Heale and Ian Carmichael. (DISC PR)



FRANKIE VAUGHAN—cricketer. The athletic singer was playing in a Hampshire charity match this week.

be Alan Ganley, whilst future visitors will include Joe Harriot and Vic Ashe.

Though jazz will be the main policy of the new club, the Sunday evening sessions will be general in presentation.

★ ★ ★

FINAL reminder that the "Night of 100 Stars" is next Thursday, July 24. The organisers are still persuading big star names of show business to take part. It will be held at the London Palladium in aid of charity.

★ ★ ★

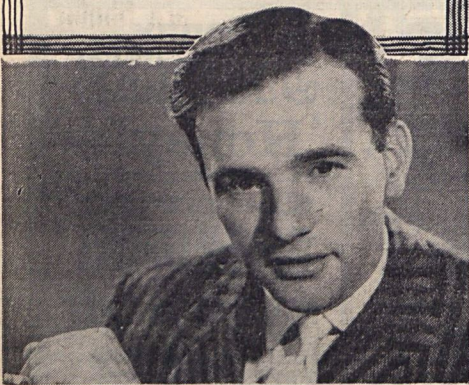
NEXT Monday, July 21, sees the launching of the new AR-TV series, "The Jubilee Show."

Readers may remember the previous series, based on the Edwardian Music Hall, which gained tremendous popularity.

Once again, singing star Dennis Lotis will each week be joined by Shirley Eaton. Chairman for the show will be singer-of-many-parts, Ian Wallace.

Guests will be included in each show; the first will be Shaun Glenville.

THE NEW STYLE OF Dennis Lotis



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'Disc' Showboat a prizewinner Stars out in force for Soho Fair

LONDON's famous Soho Fair is now well under way, and DISC contributed to the launching, taking part in the mile-long carnival procession which started the week's proceedings.

We said last week that our float, the DISC "Showboat" would be one of the highspots of the day. Prophetic, indeed, for it took second prize.

Through every street, our "Showboat" brought spontaneous applause from the thousands who turned out to watch the gaily-coloured procession.

"Showboat" was full of good-hearted excitement. As our "Showboat" music heralded our coming, so the crowds saw a happy band of passengers aboard.

Among our guests were Little Laurie London, endearing himself as always; Wee Willie Harris scored a big success with that "flaming" hair of his; ever-exuberant Jimmy Jackson; vivacious Kerry Martin, from the "Oh

Boy!" TV show, and dynamic Neville Taylor from the same programme.

All of them kept up a good-hearted appeal with the crowds and jived with various members of the "Cool For Cats" dancing team.

About to "go under" among the crowds was that colourful race-going character, "Prince (I've gotta horse) Monolulu," until he was "rescued" by the good ship DISC "Showboat." He, too, added to the general pattern of colour which we set on Sunday.

It certainly proved quite a day for both public and DISC alike, made even more exciting, by the award that the judges had so kindly given for our efforts.

We hope that many of you in the London area were able to see us but, if not, watch out for the

newsreels in your local cinemas.

DISC "Showboat" makes a further trip (Thursday) at Ramsgate in the Water Carnival. Perhaps we'll see you there? Other trips are planned for various seaside resorts.

On Tuesday, in Soho, was the DISC "Search for a Vocal Group." Watch out next week for pictures and stories of this event.

Tommy Steele all at sea

TOMMY STEELE had a narrow escape from difficulty when his hired motor launch at Southend last week had engine trouble.

Tommy and some friends had obtained the boat for a day's pleasure when, about a mile away from the coast, the engine failed.

After making signals, they were eventually spotted drifting out to sea and a local pleasure boat went to their rescue. They were towed back to Southend, where the trouble was rectified.

This week Tommy is in Llandudno, and continues his Harold Fielding tour next week (July 21) at the Capitol Cinema, Aberdeen.

TV from Blackpool

BBC-TV viewers get another "Ticket for Friday" tomorrow for a visit to "Hey There" the new summer show at Blackpool's South Pier.

On the talented bill are Sheila Buxton, Danny Purches and Morton Fraser.

New TV tie-up?

DISCUSSIONS are in hand for a new organisation linking British and American TV interests.

American television executive, Jack Wraether, is planning an organisation for an inter-change of TV material with ATV.

Mantovani's TV series

FOLLOWING his return from holiday, famous conductor, Mantovani, resumes work with his orchestra on the first of a long series of tele-films.

The series of 39 will be produced in Britain at Elstree.

The series has already been sold to Canada and discussions are taking place for their showing in the United States.

Other countries with television networks will be approached for the sale of this new package production.

At home, the series will be featured by ABC-TV.

This will be the first attempt where a series of musical shows produced in Britain has been designed with world markets in view.

Guest stars will include Larry Adler, Belita, ADE Leigh, and the Band of H.M. Welsh Guards.



**Danny
and the juniors**

SWING OUT

WITH

Dottie

H.M.V POP 504
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PAUL ROBESON ARRIVES

*—and all
Europe wants
to hear him*



ROBESON—three dates for ATV.

SINCE his arrival in Britain last Friday, famous American singer Paul Robeson (pictured in this DISC pic, left) has been inundated with offers for his services—not only in this country but throughout Europe.

Agent and impresario, Harold Davison, has now signed an agreement with Paul Robeson, so that he represents this great singer in every country.

Currently Harold Davison is studying the offers, and arranging an itinerary for Robeson.

First news released about Paul Robeson is that ATV have secured him for three important television dates.

The first will go out on ATV on Saturday, July 26. The other two will follow at close intervals.

CARMEN CAVALLERO OFF

FAMOUS American piano star, Carmen Cavallero, is due to leave this country today, following his starring guest appearance on last Tuesday's Granada-TV production "Chelsea Summertime."

This great piano personality has been spending much of his free time sightseeing during his British visit. He will probably return to Italy for a brief holiday, prior to returning to the States.

His records have long had a following in this country, though his name probably became more familiar in Britain after he had supplied the piano soundtrack for the film, "The Eddie Duchin Story."

His TV appearance in this country has been his first. He holds strong views about appearing too often on TV.

In all he only makes about four TV shots a year, though his popularity could ensure him making frequent appearances.

The Four Preps are filming

ONE of America's top vocal groups, the Four Preps, have been signed by Columbia Pictures for the film, "Gidget," which went before the cameras in Hollywood last week.

No details have yet been given of the roles that they will play.

The Four Preps have a big following in the States, and have increased it on this side of the Atlantic with their recording of "The Big Man."

FROM AMERICA

**ELVIS
PRESLEY**

Hard headed woman

RCA-1070



45/78



Jim Dale uses his camera as Larry Page leaves Caxton Hall with his bride, Ann Ward, last week. (DISC Pic).

THE BIG BEAT

by
DON
NICHOLL



"I can't hear you very well—I'll ring you back directly this record is over."

FATS DOMINO comes back into the reckoning this week with a pretty potent coupling of "Little Mary" and the old faithful "Prisoner's Song."

There's also tenor sax specialist **Ernie Freeman** who is making a habit of blowing good winds in our direction. I think you'll enjoy his idea of how the "Indian Love Call" should sound.

But my top vote this week goes to new boy **Johnny O'Keefe**. I understand he's from "down under" . . . and he could soon be on top.

JOHNNY O'KEEFE

Shake Baby Shake; Real Wild Child

(Coral Q72330)*****
(D.N.T.)

SOMEONE was telling me that Johnny O'Keefe was Australian. If that's so then he's certainly challenging the American rock stars on their own ground.

He pitches into *Shake Baby Shake* with dynamic verve and so much echo his voice must have been shaking tonsils with itself.

Rattling good rock which deserves to make a name for O'Keefe. Even the kangaroos will be jumping.

Real Wild Child is slightly slower in tempo but Johnny keeps the dynamic smouldering. A hard driving performance on both decks. Big band noises behind him should help to make this a hit parader.

ERNE FREEMAN

Indian Love Call; Summer Serenade

(London HLP8660)****

TENOR sax star, **Ernie Freeman**, who has been cleaning up with his instrumental productions of late, now digs up the famous "Rose Marie" melody *Indian Love Call*. Behind him he has a dum-da-dum beat backing and, although the musical-comedy diarchs may wince, I like this effort.

It moves commercially and I reckon it should sell happily for the next three months.

Summer Serenade carries some unison blowing for a middle-beater which is just right for the season too.

Either side of this release may well break through to win.

FATS DOMINO

Little Mary; Prisoner's Song

(London HLP8663)****

STRAIGHT into a fast beater goes **Fats Domino** as he sings *Little Mary*. With the rhythm outfit slapping away behind him, **Fats** lets us hear all the words clearly (a new trend?) as he rocks through this catchy one. Some sax midway to please those who can't do without it.

Prisoner's Song has **Fats** on piano as well as chanting. A slow one which **Domino** has brought up from years past this one really drags its ball and chain. Once spinning, however, it gets beneath your skin. Wouldn't surprise me at all if **Fats** was up near the top once again.

TOMMY COLLINS

If Tickle; Let Down

(Capitol CL14894)***

CAPITOL's country and western humourist, **Tommy Collins**, has a girl chiming in with him on

The song of a moustache is put over neatly by C & W humorist, **TOMMY COLLINS**.

this record—presumably **Wanda Collins**. Hers is the voice that declares "it tickles" when **Tommy** tries out his new moustache when kissing his sweethearts.

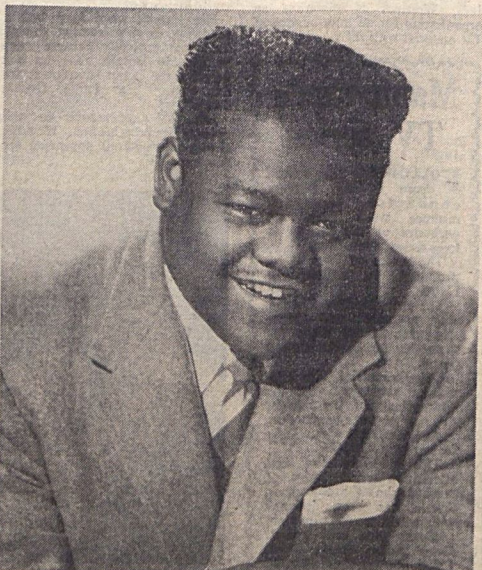
Simple stuff neatly portrayed.

Let Down has the western fiddles sawing away once again while **Tommy** and his partner sing about a jilted man who's been "Let Down" by a double-crossing woman. For those who like a twang in it.



HERE'S A DYNAMIC CHALLENGE FROM
'DOWN UNDER' TO US ROCK STARS

JOHNNY O'KEEFE MAY SOON BE ON TOP



FATS DOMINO rocks his way through the catchy "Little Mary"—and the flipside is equally attractive.

BOBBY FREEMAN

Big Fat Woman; Do You Want To Dance

(London HLP8644)*

BOBBY FREEMAN's a rock chanter who squawks "Big Fat Woman" after the style of many a squealer who has gone before.

Nothing new here at all, either in tune or treatment . . . a boring repetitive chunk of rock at its most uninteresting.

Do You Want To Dance has a little more to commend it. Pounding piano and Latin drums waken up the beat as **Freeman** chants his question.

DON COGAN

I'm Takin' Over; The Fountain Of Youth

(MGM 984)***

THERE'S certainly plenty of new life in **MGM** these days. Now they send us **Don Cogan** with a Presley-like offering in *I'm Takin' Over*.

A rock 'n' roller complete with all the paraphernalia of hiccoughs, echo and grunts, it has a chorus behind the singer and a twang-accompanied directed by **Mort Lindsey**.

Leroy Holmes directs the orchestra and chorus for *The Fountain Of Youth*. Don't be misled by the title. *The Fountain Of Youth* is the name of a candy store where, according to **Cogan**, all the kids go to rock to the juke.

Cogan could click, although his material is not particularly original.

DON LANG
The Bird On My Head; Hey Daddy
(HMV POP510)****

CHASING **David Seville** again on one of the latter's compositions is **Don Lang** who hopes to do a "Witch Doctor" on **David** with this version of *The Bird On My Head*.

Don and his **Frantic Five** keep the pace belting all the way for the novelty and should meet high sales for second time running. Humorous bird voice adds a rider "I always knew he'd get the bird."

Steady beater, *Hey Daddy*, has sax noise and piano behind **Don** as he asks the old man for advice about marrying.

LEE ANDREWS
Nobody's Home; Try The Impossible
(London HLU8661)****

LEE ANDREWS and the **Hearts** rush us a swift easy rocker in *Nobody's Home*. Hand-clapping and good pacing will set many a toe tapping. My own faulting—not a lot of individual personality from **Andrews**.

Instrumental middle is good from the sax.

Try The Impossible takes a leaf from the **Platters'** book. Slow and warped item with the group ooo-ooing behind **Lee**.

It has something, though I'm not quite sure what.

THE FIVE CHESTERNUTS
Teenage Love; Jean Dorothy
(Columbia DB4165)****

THE Five Chesternuts chant *Teenage Love* as if they knew it very well indeed. As they obviously do since half the composer credit goes to "Chester."

Tricky little beater this, which still stands a chance of making some ground, I suppose.

Harmonica is used in the instrumental backing for the flip but I don't know that it helps greatly. I'd rather have had more frontage from the boy singers themselves. As it is, there's some muzzy noise to the repetitive number.

WENDELL TRACY

Who's To Know; Corrigidor Rock

(London HLM8664)***

WENDELL TRACY is a pianist who rolls out the lush carpet for the slow, romantic *Who's To Know*.

Rippling stuff with a brush rhythm behind it and a rather thin orchestra which tends to let the side down.

Corrigidor Rock offers a violent contrast in style. Take your cue from the title and you've some notion of the bash and smash **Tracy** displays in this portion.



"You'll probably have heard all these tunes, it's only a secondhand machine."

NEWS
FROM
BEHIND
THE
LABEL

DISCLOSURES

BY JEAN CAROL

Lonnie's all
ready to go

A new music publishing concern has its debut here, the Capitol Records-owned Ardmore and Beechwood. At a reception held in London last week to celebrate its British launching, the future general manager was announced as Sid Coleman. Pictured below are (left to right): Sid Coleman, Arthur Muxlow, of Capitol Records, and Vice-President of Ardmore & Beechwood, Joe Zerga (DISC Pic).

try you'll have a chance to see for yourself when she opens as Maid Marian in the pantomime this year, but I don't think we'll have to wait that long before we see her on television.

* * *

Bobby Troup is following his wife, Julie London, into a film career. He has a comedy role in the Jose Ferrer film "The High Cost Of Loving" and the reports say he looks like having quite a film career in front of him. But he hasn't entirely given up song writing or keeping an eye on Julie's musical career.

* * *

Mr. Temptation, in other words, Claudio Venturini, the latest Italian glamour boy to hit these shores, is to join the stars in the Saturday Music Hall, BBC, August 2.



She sews, too!

ANOTHER new girl singer is poised on the horizon. Janice Peters is the name. Janice sings as she sews, and sew she does, very often. She was in fact a seamstress until she became caught up with the lure of show business. It's in the family. Her uncle is Meier Tzelniker, who has, of course, made a disc for Nixa, as one of the stars of Espresso Bongo.

of lush decorations and mirrored alcoves.

If you're around Soho and want to hear some cool jazz in a soothing atmosphere, sample the Kooool Kanary.

French Frank

SOMETHING I for one won't miss — Gilbert Becaud in "International Music Hall" on Saturday. This is the Frank Sinatra of France, who causes all the hearts to skip a beat when he sings his songs of love.

Japs like Joe

I SEE that Joe Loss is so popular in Japan that he is presenting an award to be given every year to the top Japanese ballroom dancers. His discs are being released every month and selling like mad. I should be careful, though, if I were Joe, or he might find pirate discs going out under his name. It has been known in other fields, so why not in the disc market? Incidentally, I wonder if this keen interest in Western music will result in an influx of Japanese disc artists, similar to the South African Kwela craze? Could be.

Watch Shirley

I CAN'T, as yet, give you full details, but take my word for it, there are big, not to say gigantic, plans ahead for Shirley Abicair. And these plans include colour television, which should prove an ideal medium for the pretty Australian.

Shirley has just finished another fabulous fortnight in cabaret at the Savoy, where she is rated next to Lena Horne for audience appeal.

Two top favourites with the snob market? "Foggy, Foggy Dew" and "My Heart Belongs To Daddy". Shirley is keeping her plans for the next week or two fairly flexible because her poodle Bimini is expecting her first additions to the family some time within the next fortnight.

'Kool' jazz

BACK from Israel with an incredible van—and wearing the newest in "balloon" line fashions — is red-haired Shelley Moore.

I dropped in on the club which she and her husband have opened because I wanted to hear some of the fabulous Alan Claire piano.

I found one of the most attractive jazz clubs in London, with lots

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acting or singing as she did in ballet. Gillian sang for the first time in the musical "Can Can" but since then hasn't thought much about a warbling career. This play may make her change her mind, especially if someone makes a good offer!

Bright future

HERE'S a suggestion for some enterprising record company. Take a look at seventeen-year-old Patricia Laurence. Pat is a bright young miss from Cape Town and everything points to a great future. If you are living in or near Coven-

The Toast is: Mr. & Mrs. Dene



Just too late for inclusion in our issue last week was this wedding-day picture of singing stars Edna Savage and Terry Dene.

The happy couple are pictured here being toasted by Wee Willie Harris and Ann Ward and LARRY PAGE. Ann became Mrs. LARRY PAGE three days later and their wedding picture is on page 11 (DISC Pic).

NO wonder Lonnie Donegan is walking around with a great big grin. This looks as though it is going to be yet another bumper Donegan year. His list of engagements for the rest of 1958 looks like a travel agent's dream.

First stop is the Continent, with a tour that takes in Hamburg, Stockholm and Copenhagen. Then the whole of the month of October is set aside for Lonnie's third United States visit. This is by way of a celebration for Lonnie's new deal with Dot Records of America, since he has become the first British artist specially signed up by this label, the one which includes Pat Boone among its top names.

While Lonnie is in the States he will make a guest appearance on the Perry Como Show. He is rapidly becoming one of our best ambassadors to America—even though he hasn't as many medals as Douglas Fairbanks.

* * *

Mantovani is travelling the other way. He is due back soon from his holiday in America. Monty has just completed a deal which must give him one of the biggest film tie-ups of his kind in the business. He has thirty-nine telefilms to be shown over here through ABC/TV and all over Canada and the States.

Decca are already going blue in the face, producing enough Mantovani albums to meet the demand. This coming year they will have to devote a whole pressing plant to him!

RUDOLF CARTIER, top BBC television producer, is full of enthusiasm about Gillian Lynne, ex Royal Ballet girl who left Covent Garden for the musical stage just as her ballet career was reaching its peak. Gillian dances, acts and sings in the play "The Frog". BBC/TV, July 20, and Cartier is convinced that she could make as big a name for herself in

EXTENDED PLAY

reviewed
by
**JACKIE
MOORE**



LEO DIAMOND's new volume of harmonica melodies is well up to the very high standard he has already set himself.

PETULA CLARK Sings in French

Tout Ce Que Veut Lola; Histoire D'un Amour; Allo Mon Coeur; Papayer.
(Nixa NEP24089)

wonder how many of Pet's fans will want to hear her sing in French. There are several reasons why they should.

The Peter Knight arrangements alone are worth hearing, especially on *Histoire D'un Amour* with wonderful strings backing Pet's expressive voice. This is one of those desperate love songs with a Latin

American beat which the French love so much, and Pet puts everything into it.

By the way, you'll recognise *Whatever Lola Wants* and *Mangos* among the numbers, both wonderful for Pet in up-tempo mood.

The cover picture of Pet, taken in France, is the best I've ever seen of her, and sets a standard which our own cover photographers would do well to match.

LEO DIAMOND Harmonica Melodies Number Three

Speak Easy; The White Cliffs Of Dover; Dolores; Nearly Midnight.
(Columbia SEG7798)

THE previous volumes in this series have been terrific, and this is well up to their standard. This isn't just a harmonica disc, but more of an orchestral one featuring the harmonica.

Even the *White Cliffs*, which uses a chorus as well as masses of strings, sounds fresh and new. And on *Nearly Midnight* there is a completely different kind of arrangement using a big band which swings like mad. Leo Diamond himself can tackle an up-tempo beat with just as much ease as a slow ballad and can make even a mouth-organ hater enjoy the inventive way he plays *Speak Easy*.

Pet Clark sings in French... harmonica-haters should listen to Leo... Johnny Mathis is so smooth

JOHNNY MATHIS Let Me Love You

It Could Happen To You; That Old Black Magic; Let Me Love You; In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning.
(Fontana TFE17025)

FOUR tracks from the great Mathis long-player with the apt title *Wonderful, Wonderful*. Frankly, I'd say buy the LP, but if you can't afford it just get grab hold of this extended play and listen to one of the greatest discoveries of the past year. And if anyone asks you just why you think he's fabulous, play the first side of this disc and give them a demonstration of his gentle smooth work on *It Could Happen to You* compared with his swinging *Black Magic*.

THE 2.19 SKIFFLE GROUP Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane; Oh, Mary Don't You Weep; Black Girl; Gipsy Davy.

(Esquire EP196)

FOUR traditional songs quietly and sympathetically sung by the 2.19 boys. I wish they could drop the "skiffle" part of their title because it is misleading nowadays. This isn't the kind of commercial skiffle that has been dying a death, but the much longer lasting kind that always makes good listening. The boys take a folk song and play it without frills, but a very pleasant manner. I think you'll like this.

BILL CLIFTON AND THE DIXIE MOUNTAIN BOYS

Mary Dear; Lonely Heart Blues; Little 'White' Washed Chimney; P. O. Yesterday.
(Mercury MEP9546)

A WESTERN-STYLE disc for squares. There are five of the Mountain "Boys," a loose term I should say, after looking at the cover picture.

Between them they play an assorted selection of guitars, bass, violin and banjo, and supply hill-billy vocals with extreme seriousness. All the songs are very sentimental on the lines of "I'll be there, Mary dear, when the fragrance of the roses fills the air." If you feel in the mood for some old-fashioned, unaffected hill-billy music, this is just your glass of mint julep.

DORI ANNE GRAY Night Club Girl

The Boy Next Door; He's Only Wonderful; He's My Guy; He Is A Man.
(Columbia SEG7799)

I SUPPOSE I could give Miss GRAY the benefit of the doubt and say she is purposely trying to sound like Judy Garland on *The Boy Next Door*. But then, Garland has never, even in her worst moments, sung so many wrong notes. The first side of this disc sounds like a joke, but I don't think Miss Gray was laughing.

This girl can sound so good at times it's amazing that on this disc she's so bad — and oh, those wrong notes.

TURANDOT (Puccini)

Renata Tebaldi, Signore, Ascolta, Mario Del Monaco; Non Piangere, Liu, Ingeborg; In Questa Reggia, Ah! Per L'Ultima Volta.
(Decca CEP526)

FOUR of the most well-loved arias from the last Puccini opera about the unhappy Princess Turandot and her tragic slave Liu's love for the Prince Calaf.

(Continued on facing page)

JOHN GAYNE SPEAKS OUT

DJs are
all-powerful

THEY MAKE— OR BREAK

on a royal road of riches or letting them die before they are born.

They help create, they help kill — either by the kindness of omission or the rapier of ridicule.

Despite the staggering modesty of such disc jockey stars as fellow columnist, Pete Murray, who disowns the power of hit-fashioning, you must know, as the entire disc busi-

ness knows, that these performers are the king pin of success in the record business.

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THE large gentleman in shirt the monogrammed silk shirt with the large perspiration, was talking in the pub not a million miles from the BBC's Aeolian Hall and the emphasis could be heard, probably, down at ATV's Wembley Studios.

"Life in this business would be a ruddy sight less complicated if we were back in the old days when we didn't have to satisfy the deejays," he was saying.

He used the term as though it was one word, and a naughty one at that. Which of course it can be.

But it set the crowd of musicians and artists arguing and finally thinking and agreeing that in many ways the business of entertaining the public in all forms has gone through many a bloodless — though not painless — revolution.

And right bang in front of everything is the disc business, saddled by its "deejays."

These legions of record shufflers, these assorted folk who make a handy living with other people's talent, are now so powerful in the business of popularising styles and fashions of music, that it is a great puzzle that more trouble is not taken in picking them. Apparently, they don't have to know anything about music, they don't have to exhibit any particularly piquant taste,

they don't have to be even particularly avid disciples of any fad or fancy in music.

They don't, if only the critics were more frank, have to exhibit any particular strength of personality.

In a nutshell, who picks them and the tape measure that is used is a tightly-held secret. Remember, they are not all named stars!

Yet the truth is a shattering one: today they are the most powerful single type of performer in the business. In their hands they hold the make and the break of many an artist.

In their hands they hold the means of starting a youngster

to have heard the terms in which a certain pluggger spoke of a certain top disc jockey whose home telephone number he had at last obtained, whose time he had actually succeeded in securing.

The hushed tones of awe in which he said: "... and we talked for about 20 minutes ... just like equals ... no side ... and I gotta promise of a play for —"

Among the best British disc jockeys the coaxings and the smoochings of straining record pluggers are just a couple of the occupational hazards which come on the debit side of their job. After all there is plenty on the credit side.

But there is graft, there is moral fiddling. No laws are broken other than the unwritten ones.

But you as the public do suspect that there is what out of finer feelings I will restrict to calling "favouritism." Your letters indicate it.

And I KNOW there is. How can you avoid abuses when so much power is vested in the hands of one individual? Who can be blamed?

No one is to blame. There is nothing to be blamed for. But there is something to remember: above all else disc jockeys are themselves entertainers. With other people's talents they use their own to amuse and entertain millions.

May I whisper in the ears of all disc jockeys who might be tuned in to this waveband: remember the power you hold, remember the public you try to reach, remember their avidity for all record entertainment. Remember all this and above all else entertain.

PUTTING ON THE STYLUS

Extended Play Reviews

(Continued from facing page.)

If for nothing else, I would say buy this disc for the exquisite singing of Tebaldi in *Signore, ascolta*, in which she begs Calaf not to leave her.

Her final, soaring notes are quite superb.

As it happens, though, the rest of the disc is of a very high standard and I would say this was extremely good value in every way.

ERIC ROGERS AND HIS ORCHESTRA Only Yesterday

Bye Bye Blackbird; I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight; Puttin' On The Ritz; My Blue Heaven.

(Decca DFE6475)

THE cover sets the mood for this disc. A girl in the full 1920's cloche and long beads outfit Charlestons in front of an ancient car, so as you might expect this is what I can only call a jolly record.

Eric Rogers has arranged these oldies in the way they might have been played "only yesterday," with all the sawn-off saxophone notes and pop-pop noises.

Good fun, especially for those who can remember yesterday.



JACKIE MOORE
reviews the new LP issues

EARTHA KITT

EARTHA KITT St. Louis Blues

St. Louis Blues; Beale Street Blues; Chantezles Bas; Hesitating Blues; Seal Away; Careless Love; Atlanta Blues; Long Gone; Hit The Window, Noah; Yellow Dog Blues; Friendless Blues; The Memphis Blues.

(RCA RD27076)

I THINK the best thing to do is to forget the film and just concentrate on this as an Eartha Kitt disc. One fact you can be certain of—Handy's songs have never sounded like this before! And though no doubt I shall find some trad, fan lurking outside my door with a knife, I enjoyed the whole album.

Yes, even the Kitt version of *St. Louis Blues*, which has a darn spirit more beat than some of the purist versions I've heard 'ere now.

There are two spirituals on this disc, *Steal Away* and *Hist The Window, Noah*, which Eartha Kitt treats with respect and a total lack of the vocal tricks which are usually so much a part of her style. They come back in a big way on *Careless Love*, which has Eartha back on her wavy notes and that very personal brand of sex appeal.

She has, in fact, made all these Handy numbers very much her own, so if you like Kitt, you'll want this disc. And if you don't like Kitt, why the heck have you read this far anyway?

THE KING BROTHERS

Three Kings And An Ace That's Entertainment; Elmer's Tune; Swinging On A Star; Buttons And Bows; Underneath The Arches; Moonlight And Roses; The Wedding Of The Painted Doll; Cornsilk; The Waiter, The Porter And The Upstairs Maid; Truckin'; The Surrey With The Fringe On Top; Hallelujah!

(Parlophone PMC1060)

IT was high time that Geoff Love received full recognition for his fine work on EMI discs, and on this long player he is the Ace who is Master of the Kings' music. Many a disc has benefited by having this ace up its sleeve and this is by no means an exception.

From the first track onwards this is a great disc from everyone's point of view. The boys are three of our most polished performers and they

have the American secret of success.

They surround themselves with people of equally high talent, as for instance the Geoff Love Orchestra and the Rita Williams Singers. The choice of material, with plenty of variations in mood, couldn't be bettered and my congratulations go to Norman Newell, who was mostly responsible.

Every track is good, but I specially enjoyed the relaxed beat of *Cornsilk*, the swinging combination of boys and band on *Truckin'* and the crisp on the

tually what happens throughout the disc.

Shearing is in thoughtful, exploratory mood, and the results of his wanderings are sometimes successful, occasionally too tricky, lacking in Shearing's simplicity. The two best tracks are the old-world arrangement of *It Might As Well Be Spring* and the almost unadorned *Tune For Humming*.

Shearing has applied the classical approach to these modern songs and the result is surprisingly lacking in rhythm.

I must just add a word of praise about the quality of recording, which is of an extra high standard.

GALE STORM

Sentimental Me

I'm In The Mood For Love; Pennies From Heaven; I Cried For You; Anytime; If I Had You; Don't Take Your Love From Me; My Heart Belongs To You; More Than You Know; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; I'll Hold You In My Heart; Back In Your Own Backyard; Hold On; Sentimental Me; A Heart Without A Sweetheart.

(London HAD2104)

THIS particular Gale veers in several directions. Already a successful film, radio and television actress, she was an immediate hit in cabaret and records. She is married, has three children—and is mayor of a town in California!

It's the disc side of her career which concerns us at the moment. Her voice is attractive and it involves no effort to sit back and enjoy it.

There's not a great deal of force —is no Judy Garland, but her quiet way with a ballad can be matched with quite a talent for the beaty numbers like *My Heart Belongs To You*. And she uses the trick of breaking notes very successfully. On songs like *More Than You Know* her clear, well-pitched voice comes over specially well.

Nothing sensational on this long player, but some pleasant listening.

GEORGE SHEARING

The Shearing Piano

Stella By Starlight; On The Street Where You Live; Gully; Friendly Persuasion; For Every Man There's A Woman; It Might As Well Be Spring; High On A Windy Hill; If A Tune For Humming; Sigh No More.

(Capitol T909)

THIS is not for the people who think of Shearing only in terms of jazz. The first track, *Stella By Starlight*, makes that clear. Shearing has turned Stella into a concert piece, developing the theme in every way possible. In fact that is vir-

LONNIE DONEGAN

Lonesome Traveller; The Sunshine Of His Love; Ain't No More Cane On The Brazos; Ain't You Glad You've Got Religion; Times Are Getting Hard Boys; Lazy John; Light From The Lighthouse; I've Got Rocks In My Bed; Long Summer Day.

(Nixa NPT19027)

AT times, particularly on *Light From The Lighthouse*, this has distinct similarities to a meeting of the Salvation Army, but then some of these songs are spirituals so I suppose, in the immortal words of Pearl Bailey, it figures.

The slow blues, *I've Got Rocks In My Bed*, is Lonnie at his best, backed with some fine guitar playing and an insistent beat from the group.

This, and the unusually gentle Lonnie of *Times Are Getting Hard Boys*, make this disc well worth buying.

FRANK CHACKSFIELD

and his Orchestra

Evening In London

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square; Hometown; The Touch Of Your Lips; There's A Lovely Lake In London; Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes; You're Blase; The Bells Of St. Mary's; I'll Close My Eyes; Lambeth Walk; The Very Thought Of You; Cruising Down The River; The London I Love; Oranges And Lemons; Goodnight, Sweetheart.

(Decca LK4257)

THIS isn't just music for strings, but an orchestral disc featuring most of the orchestra in the solos. This musical picture of London moves from the nostalgic *Nightingale In Berkeley Square* to the lilting *Lovely Lake In London*, making this a far more varied parcel of tunes than usual.

This should make a top-class export to the States and make Chacksfield even more popular with the record buyers over the Atlantic.

MUSIC in the AIR

Radio Luxembourg

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

JULY 17

7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
9.15—Liberace.
10.00—It's Record Time.

JULY 18

7.00—208 Music Shop.
7.45—The Song and the Star.
8.30—Friday's Requests.
9.15—The Dickie Valentine Show.
9.45—Riverboat Shuffle.
10.15—Record Hop.

JULY 19

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

JULY 20

7.45—Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr.
8.00—Mario Lanza Sings.
8.15—Calling The Stars.
8.45—The Duke's Discs, with the Duke of Bedford.
9.15—The Magic of Sinatra.
9.30—Cream of the Pops.
10.00—Record Rendezvous.
10.30—Humphrey Lyttelton.
11.00—Top Twenty.

JULY 21

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

JULY 22

7.45—Ranch-house Serenade.
8.30—Tuesday Requests.
9.15—Dennis Day Show.

9.45—Records from America.
10.00—The Capitol Show.
10.30—Fontana Fanfare.

JULY 23

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

AFN

JULY 17

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

JULY 18

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

JULY 19

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

JULY 20

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

JULY 21

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

JULY 22

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

JULY 23

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



FRANK CHACKSFIELD paints a nostalgic picture of London.

OVER THE POINTS

With **PETE MURRAY**

WHAT'S going on in British show business? Have you noticed that we are being invaded in a big way? From across the Atlantic, hordes of Canadians and Americans are bearing down on us. Some are good, some unbelievably bad.

Unfortunately, it has long been the maxim of show business executives in this country that "if it's American it must be good."

Despite many warnings to the contrary, they still persist with this misconception.

British films are continuously using deadbeat names under the misapprehension that the film (or telefilm) will be more saleable in the States.

What claptrap.

If a man has to come here to earn a living then his popularity in his own country must be at a pretty low ebb.

By all means let us have the stars; they give us a shot in the arm that we all need from time to time.

It is not often that I agree with the national Press. They are

WE'RE HAVING A BIG-SCALE INVASION FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, BUT I SAY—

Kick out these deadbeats!

usually so out of touch with public taste, but when they decry the quality of the American telefilm that is being currently imported into this country then I come out on their side.

Mind you, there are some great

shows that I would never miss. The Bilko series is one, although as far as Joe Public is concerned the American sergeant doesn't come up to Private Popeye and his cronies.

The good, full-blooded British comedy will always be more acceptable to our family audience. As for the over-ballyhooed Sid Caesar it would be far more charitable not to mention that at all.

On the credit side, however, a pat on the back to Granada TV for bringing such a pleasant galaxy of transatlantic entertainment in their Chelsea at Summer time programme.

Worth studying

From compere-singer Jack Rae, to comedians Larry Storch and Alan Young, this is a young fresh show, full of vitality and a naturalness that many of us in Britain would do well to study.

The script is simple and the humour, too. It is an unpretentious show that goes along at a bright pace.

I shudder to think how corny the same routines would have been if the cast had been British. This is something we do not do well. I welcome the aforementioned gentlemen wholeheartedly.

They are doing a good job here. A final word of warning to the impresarios, however. Make this sort of thing the exception rather than the rule. Britain can make 'em, too, you know!

On the wrong rails, mate!

I LIKE the story of the famous, absent-minded singer, who shall remain nameless. He was due to appear in a Sunday night TV show up north. He booked a sleeper for Manchester. Sure enough he arrived on time for rehearsal. "Which studio are they doing the X show in?" he enquired.

"You go straight out of here, then the second on the left. With a bit of luck you might just be in time for the 10.30 to Birmingham," he was told!

HAD A GOOD DREAM LATELY?

Do you believe that dreams guide your destiny? Don't worry, I'm not starting a fortune-telling column—it's merely a way of getting into this story about Tony Hancock (below). Tony recently spent a holiday in the South of France. One night his dreams took him to the Casino.



I'm going to be choosey

I'VE had several letters from readers telling me that I'm mad to give up light entertainment for acting. Now let's get one thing straight—I am NOT giving up light entertainment altogether, but I AM going to be very choosey and select only the kind of show that I feel is 'right for me.'

The reason for my desire to act really stems from an article that Herbert Kretzmer penned in the "Daily Sketch."

He listed my light entertainment achievements alongside those of my acting and the matching up opened my eyes more than somewhat. I feel now that I must at least have a go at something a little deeper. That is no easy problem, either.

It is strange, of course, how many people feel sorry for one because one isn't continuously on TV. But look at the big stars.

Byraves won't consider more than a handful of shows a year and the same applies to Dave King and Benny Hill.

Has their popularity decreased? No. On the other hand, if you take everything that comes along the reaction of the public is likely to be "Oh! Not 'im again."

He placed a bet on number 36 and it won. When he woke in the morning he told his wife that he was going to the Casino that night.

He bought £2 worth of chips and 10s. went straight on 36. He lost. The same thing happened twice more. But on the fourth throw he won—45 one pound notes. Tony sensibly stopped there, but not so sensibly he was heard to mutter—"Champagne all round."

Luckily for him his wife dragged him out before he did anything rash.

"What's the matter, don't you want to celebrate?" he asked.

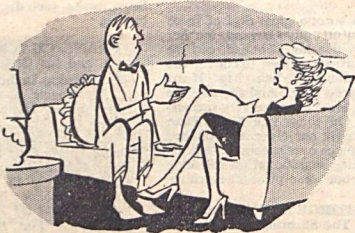
"Yes," replied Mrs. Hancock, "but not at their prices!"

RECORDWISE I plug for a new release by the Four Lads called "Guess What The Neighbours Say" (Phillips). What an excellent vocal team these boys have become since that far off day when they supplied the vocal backing to Johnny Ray's "Cry."

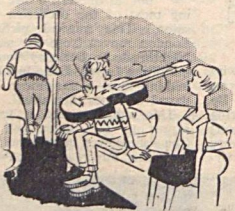
I've taken a distinct fancy in the nicest possible way to a young Japanese-American named Pat Suzuki.

Her RCA recording of "Daddy" slays me. Finally Frankie Laine has made his worthiest contribution for many a month—called "Lovin' Up A Storm" (Phillips).

CARTOON 'DISC'

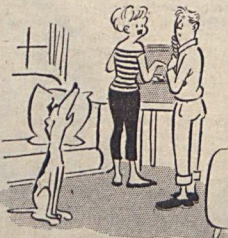


"I thought when you said 'Would you like to hear the story of my life?' you meant a record."



"Don't you think your Dad liked it very much?"

"Ignore him—he's just an old square!"



LIVE NEAR BLACKPOOL? LUCKY YOU!

Mike Holliday's a big draw

**BUT IF YOU CAN'T
SEE HIM, LISTEN TO
HIS LATEST DISC**

WHENEVER I am asked to write something about Michael Holliday, I can think of no better chore. Partly, I suppose, because he's a pal of mine—but he also seems to be a pal of many of our readers, judging from the letters you write to DISC.

Mike, you may remember, was our first Cover Personality on February 8, the day when DISC hit the streets for the first time. And Mike's picture on page one contributed considerably to the paper's initial impact.

The party that followed the same evening was highlighted by the appearance of Michael and his attractive wife Margie.

Then, Michael was enjoying an overdue record success with "The Story Of My Life."

This was an easy-going ballad, the type in which Mike excels, and it brought with it a welcome breath of fresh air into the music scene. As we arrived on the streets, so Michael's disc was holding the No. 2 spot in our charts. From then on it consolidated its position, battling with Perry Como's "Magic Moments."

It was a battle of two great ballad singers, and even if Michael had had to take second place to Como I think he would have been quite happy. Michael is a great enthusiast about Perry Como, and he was sincerely thrilled to be placed so close to such an established singing star.

Then he went on to nudge out the great Como, and take the coveted No. 1 spot.

Mike's success was certainly no overnight one for he retained his position in our charts from our first issue on February 8 to the end of April.

The song had certainly proved a

winner for Mike, and soon his Columbia A and R manager, Norrie Paramor, was on the look-out for a strong follow-up.

A few weeks later, on May 17, we were forecasting a new Michael Holliday disc as "one to watch" and before the end of May Michael crashed our record charts from nowhere to No. 10 with "Stairway of Love."

by
DOUG GEDDES

If he had competition on "The Story of My Life," he certainly had it in abundance with "Stairway."

Mike's version was casual, to say the least. Many people, in fact, wondered if it was just a little too relaxed for the current trend.

But the old Holliday voice had all the ingredients that the record fans seemed to want, and from its excellent first position in the charts it went on from strength to strength.

It climbed steadily, reaching No. 3 within a matter of weeks.

Though it held its position it never could quite dislodge the pert little Miss Connie Francis from her top spot. It was to be a question of "ladies first" and that strange gent, "Tom Hark," was also around to provide a serious rival. The seldom-perturbed Mike, however, remained in our charts for many weeks and must have collected himself a goodly share of record royalties during the process.

Right now, Michael Holliday is entertaining the thronging holiday crowds in Blackpool. Or should it be Holliday crowds?

There, the lucky folks who live

up in the north, or are spending their vacations in Blackpool, have Michael in person for the whole of the summer season.

He will be resident in Blackpool until well into September.

The remainder of us are glad, however, that the BBC have brought us a new TV series in which the charming character of Mr. H will be brought into our sitting-rooms.

For this to be possible, Michael has to tele-record his "Relax with Michael Holliday" show, for it is transmitted almost at the same time as he is on stage in Blackpool.

Whilst at Blackpool, Mike will be undertaking a few Sunday concerts, and those lined up at the moment include Scarborough on July 20, Morecambe on August 3 and September 14, plus a visit to the Isle of Man on August 17.

After a short, deserved break, at the end of his Blackpool stint, it seems that he will undertake a season, taking him through most of October and November, playing major cinema dates. Details are not available as I write this, but watch out for their announcement in the near future.

Whilst life is good for "our Mike," the one thing that I can imagine that he'll miss most is his home.

For many years, during his early struggles as a hand singer, a home of his own was a thing quite unknown to Michael Holliday.

He and Margie lived with relatives for most of the early part of their married life, and it was not until his success as a recording star that he was able to get the thing he most wanted to give to Margie



"Stairway of Love" has been one of Michael Holliday's successes. He poses here with his wife, Margie—with a staircase as a background.

—a real home of their own.

Certainly no one would deny him this, and they have a wonderful home in Surrey. Here, Michael has the comforts that he so richly deserves, the gadgets to make life somewhat easier for Margie and lots of room for Michael junior to spread and enjoy himself.

As soon as young Michael breaks up for school holidays, however, the family will soon be reunited in the house which Michael has taken over in Blackpool for the summer.

Mike is often referred to as the "most relaxed singer in this country." That may be the appearance in his easy-to-watch performances, but under the surface he suffers all the usual "butterflies."

He is his own sternest critic, and is seldom satisfied with his own performances. Even those impeccable records never quite satisfy him and he often remarks that he should have done this or that even better.

But, in addition to that glorious voice of his, Michael Holliday is laden with lots of charm.

A full-time profession and, during his first year he concentrated mostly on comedy routines and this was given him and coached him through in for good measure.

Came his National Service with the RAF but he was invalided out after three months because of a spinal injury. Now he has to wear constantly a steel jacket.

Watching him work on recent TV shows one can see that he has by this time overcome the problems that this must have given him.

As soon as he was able, Billy Raymond was back into his beloved theatre and he spent a successful summer season shortly afterwards at Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Later, on a holiday in London, he found himself outside the Irving Theatre and, on complete speculation, he ventured in and asked for an audition.

It would seem that he also conquered the Irving management for immediately he was given a job and stayed for six months.

He is one of the easiest fellows to get on with I know. To pick a quarrel with him, even if one wanted to, would be impossible. His whole manner is completely disarming and his famous grin one of the warmest I have encountered in Show Biz—or anywhere else.

I remember writing in my previous article, "He is never at a loss for words, yet never trying to out-smart the other person. Mike could fit into any company."

That is still the Michael Holliday that most of us know so well.

Currently, Michael Holliday has a new disc release. It's in the same easy, friendly style, and the titles are "I'll be Lovin' You Too" coupled with a delightful and refreshing treatment of the "oldie," "I'll Always be in Love with You." Our friend Don Nicholl rated it with a five-star tip, but whether it brings another record success for Holliday is still to be seen.

One thing is quite certain, however, Michael Holliday will never have to rely solely on record successes.

In a short space of time he has become one of the established vocal entertainers of our time. He'll certainly be with us for many years, and I, for one, can see no objection to that prospect.

At a London charity concert, Billy was spotted by his present agent and manager, Willie Stephany, who has since guided him and coached him further up the show-business ladder.

Rigid rehearsals followed and, four months later, Billy Raymond made his successful TV debut on May 19 this year.

Apart from the fact that this appearance won him further dates in the same "The Night and the Music" series, it was also the means of him being spotted by recording manager, Norman Newell.

The result of the latter meeting was his first disc for HMV which was released only a matter of a few weeks ago.

I hope that his first disc helps put him on the map. If it does that, and leads to further releases, then I'm sure that it will only be a matter of time before he "strikes it rich." MERVYN DOUGLAS

DISC DEBUT

**BILLY
RAYMOND**

From time to time we shall publish this new series which spotlights a newcomer on record

MEET a young man whose voice has caught my attention in recent weeks, both on record and on television—Billy Raymond.

Billy is the 20-year-old, Paisley-born singer, whom you may have seen in the current BBC-TV series, "The Night and the Music." Such has been his impact on this programme that he is booked fortnightly for the six months' run.

On record, Billy has recently made his first for HMV with the titles "Makin' Love" and "I Would." And, I think you'll find his a refreshing voice with a great deal of promise.

Though a newcomer to most of our ears, Billy is not exactly an amateur. In fact, he has a row of successful wins in talent contests to his credit, with professional variety experience following them.

That he was successful in talent competitions there is little doubt. As a boy soprano he entered more than 50 contests in Scotland, winning

them all and collecting a total of £500 in prize money!

This flair for singing developed around the age of eight, and Billy soon demonstrated it to good purpose in local charity concerts, at hospitals, and in old people's clubs.

For a while he was also a member of the renowned Paisley Abbey Choir.

As his success developed in talent contests, all between the ages of 11 and 15, so he was being tagged as "Scotland's Wonder Boy Soprano."

Voices break, however, and when Billy's did he decided to take up acting and entered the Glasgow College of Dramatic Art.

But his heart was still in singing and, after being caught a second time doing concert party and variety dates, he and the college decided to part company.

Even by using an assumed name, Billy's excursions were still found out by the college authorities.

Billy took to the variety stage as





TONY HALL

HALL MARKS THE BEST IN JAZZ BY TONY HALL

A SOHO MEETING WITH A GREAT BASSIST

Things could be better

—says Lloyd Thompson: and perhaps they will—in New York



Twenty-four-year-old bassist, LLOYD THOMPSON, has plans to go to America in the near future. His scores are sent to his brother in the States.

LET'S be frank about it. Most musicians are doing very nicely, thank you, financially, just now. Recording, radio, TV and film studios are booked solid day and night, often weeks in advance. Some guys I know have to refuse almost as much work as they accept.

From that you'd assume that any good jazz-player, who also knew his instrument technically inside out, would be working fit to bust.

A few of them are. But by no means all.

Last week, I met one who should be but isn't. Anyway, not as much as he should.

Standing on the corner of Soho's Wardour and Old Compton Streets was sinewy six-foot-plus, Canada-born, Lloyd Thompson. Age 24. Occupation: bassist extraordinaire.

Lloyd's had loads of experience. He has worked in Canada, Holland (he crossed the Atlantic with Pia Beck), Belgium and France before coming to Britain. In Paris he played with all the leading American tourists.

Here, he tells me, he's "getting by." Though he's not doing all the studio sessions that I feel he should be. But then this session business can be a bit of a closed shop. Depending upon whom you know possibly more than how you play.

When it comes to ability and talent, Lloyd certainly has what it takes—and more.

I still remember clearly the night 20 months ago when I first heard him play. In the dimly lit, intimate room known as the Mars Club, off the Champs Elysses.

I'd just come from hearing the MJQ at the Salle Pleyel. Lloyd was

at the Mars with American pianist Art Simmons. The place was empty. So they played for themselves. And me.

This was some of the most fantastic "live" bassing I have heard outside of Ray Brown. It knocked me out. A month or two later, Lloyd flew to London to record with Victor Feldman and Dizzy Reece.

When he decided to settle here for awhile, Lloyd teamed up with drummer Phil Seaman and Edinburgh pianist, Pat Smythe to form the rhythm section behind trumpeter Dizzy Reece.

That was a great little band. One of the most mature jazz groups ever heard here. What became of it? It broke up. During their last week together, they appeared on two TV shows on consecutive nights.

Nothing doing

They did some sound-track stuff for the new George Nader movie. "Nowhere to Go." Plus five nights at the Star Club and, on the Saturday, they opened "Jazz City."

But still no one wanted to know. They phoned all the big agents. Nothing. None of the clubowners was really interested, either. Sure, they asked a little more loot than some bands—but no more than they honestly thought they were worth.

Finally, they called it a day. Pat Smythe was his bright dawn, he went back to his firm of solicitors in Scotland. Dizzy is now somewhere on the continent with a French big band. Lloyd and Phil are gigging, whenever possible, together.

I asked Lloyd about his writing. I well remember his "Clifford" for

Tony Kinsey. A fine theme, with unusual changes. A pity they don't play it these days. Apparently, he did several others for Tony, too. And some for trombonist, Robin Kaye. A few months ago, there was talk of Robin forming a band with trombone, tenor, baritone and flute. I believe. Lloyd hasn't seen Robin lately.

Most of Lloyd's scores are airmailed direct to his brother in the States who's a tenor-player, with a swinging little band. I'm sorry we don't hear more of them here. Because they have plenty of "meat."

Lloyd's off to America, leaving within a month or so.

I, for one, sincerely hope we won't have seen the last of him. He is an exceptionally gifted, intelligent and mature musician; one of the best in Britain. Kinsey trumpeter, Les Condon tells me Lloyd can also play almost any instrument there is. I wouldn't know. Lloyd is loath to talk of his own talents.

But I do know that London's loss will be New York's gain. And that I shall remember that November night at the Mars Club for a long, long time to come.

PETE RUGOLO ALL-STARS Out on a Limb

Don't Play The Melody; In A Modal Tone; Early Duke; Nancy; Sunday, Monday or Always; The Boy Next Door; Cha-Hits; Linda; Ballade For Drums; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; Repetitious Riff. (12in. EMARCY EII.1274)

THIS latest EmArcy album by the ex-Kenton arranger is a constantly interesting collection. It's a shop-window for Rugolo's various voicings, moods and forms. He has given complete freedom of material and musicians. The results are honest and, on the whole, provocative. Melody features trombonist Frank Rosolino. Modal is an out-of-tempo polytonal experiment for brass. Early is written in the early '30s Ellington idiom.

The writing is probably more successfully in keeping with Ducal tradition than the spirit of the ensemble and solo playing.

Nancy is especially interesting harmonically, in that Rugolo has used the somewhat similar "Body and Soul" chord changes. Sunday is most enjoyable, swinging along nicely. Boy is a concert-type, multi-tempo score and rather

a bit pretentious at times.

Linda is a sort of Mexican cha-cha, with broken rhythms and shattering dissonances. The slow Ballade spotlights Shelly Manne's imaginative and tasteful use of his kit and his ability to produce colourful sounds. Rugolo's

THE NEW REVIEWS

arrangement reminds me of his backing for June Christy's "The Night We Called It A Day" on Capitol.

He uses five reeds for Smoke (nice Dave Pell tenor). The Riff itself isn't memorable. This track, a long blowing vehicle, doesn't swing like it should.

Side one is the more enjoyable. The personnel (listed on the sleeve) contains most of the well-known West Coast names. It goes without saying that the musicianship is first-class throughout.

But the LP's appeal lies in the sounds created by Rugolo's writing. It's not jazz, per se. Some of it may have done for its own sake.

But all arrangers will be intrigued. Hi-fi fans too. No rating attempted. My comments should tell you if this is up your street.

"SPECS" POWELL & CO. Movin' In

Undecided; All Or Nothing At All; It's A Pity To Say Goodnight; You Don't Know What Love Is; The Spider; Rat Race; Suspension; Locked Out; He's My Guy; I'll Remember April; Disposed; Movin' In.

(12in. Columbia 33SX1083)

I FIRST remember coloured drummer Specs Powell with the John Kirby band back in 1942. Since about '45, he has been a much-in-demand "sessioneer." On these nine-piece band sides, he uses a mixture of white and coloured fellow-studio men and a few jazz-players.

Among them: Ray Copeland, Leon Merian (trumpets), Jimmy Cleveland (trombone), Sahib Shihab (alto saxophone), Aaron Sachs (tenor), Hank Jones or Nat Pierce (piano) and Clyde Lombardi (bass). Powell wrote all the originals. Copeland (who has recorded with Monk and was on the "Top Brass" Savoy LP) wrote all the arrangements.

In these arrangements lies the success—or failure—of the album. Maybe that was the idea, but most of the sound is that of a thoroughly expert little big band with the odd jazz solo. Sort of swinging dance music. He has achieved the most amazing amount of contrast and colour in his writing. Every track has something different of interest. My favourites include What Love Is, the groovy Kansas City-ish blues, Spider, Locked and April.

There are sundry short solo spots throughout. Copeland is probably the earthiest soloist, showing a slight Kenny Dorham influence. Merian is an interesting new trumpeter. Cleveland is as technically fantastic and fluent as ever. Shihab gets away more on alto than on baritone and his lead work is really great. A big soulful sound. Jones and Pierce are

LETTER FROM AMERICA NEWS of the IMMIGRANTS

I HAD a letter from America last week. The notepaper was headed (Charles and Lillian) Brown's Hotel, Loch Sheldrake, New York. The writer, London-born, 29-year-old, ex-Ralph Sharon et al. drummer, Kenny Harris.

It brought me news of various British jazzmen, who emigrated to the States to try their luck here. And from what Kenny says, some of them are doing pretty well.

- Vibesist Peper Appleyard, formerly with Calvin Jackson, now has a group at N.Y.'s Round Table club. Birmingham-born pianist, Ronnie Ball is wailing with him.

- Pianist Johnny Weed (who was with Dizzy Reece and Phil Seaman here) is now with the big Buddy Morrow band, I'm pleased to say.

- Trombonist Freddy Wood is with Kai Wilding's Septet. Bassist Alan Mack is with Ralph Sharon, accompanying singer Tony Bennett.

- Bassist John Drew is busy with record and TV sessions, since leaving Gene Krupa. He has also worked with Bud Powell.

(In Britain, he was with Billy Terent!)

- Pianist Derek Smith (remember the New Jazz Group at Studio 51, with Derek, Allan Ganley, Sammy Stokes, and Harry Klein or Dizzy Reece?) is working with Nat Pollack's band at N.Y.'s Stevensville Hotel. And, of course, our greatest jazz export.

- Vibesist-pianist-drummer Victor Feldman is going great guns out in California with Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars (Bob Cooper, Frank Rosolino, Victor Rumsey and Stan Levy).

Kenny himself has been at Brown's for three months so far. With pianist Gene Harris' Trio. Ex-Getz bassist, Bill Anthony is with them. They've been working with "a great singer, Billy Fields, who says he's going to London soon to do some things for Jeff Kruger."

He adds: "I hear Tony Crombie's album, which is coming out here. Sounds very good."

Kenny closes: "Like, later. And all the best from the chaps."

If you read this, Kenny, the same to you from us.

**TONY HALL'S
REVIEWS**

Continued from page 18

tasteful, Lombardi an anchor-like rock and Powell himself a wonderfully tasteful, unobtrusive, swinging drummer. Sachs surprises with some driving, full-blooded, yet melodic, tenor.

Where this LP falls down is that there are far too many tracks. Neither the writing nor the solos get the chance really to spread themselves and develop. The high standard of the scores and the musicianship warrants the high rating. *Dizzy Gillespie* wrote the liner "notes"! (*****)

GUS MANCUSO

Introducing Gus Mancuso
I'm Glad There Is You; Brother Aintz; Ev'ry Time; The Ruble And The Yen; By The Way; And Baby Makes Three; Goody, Goody; How Do You Like Your Eggs In The Morning?; A Hatful Of Dandruff; Every Time We Say Goodbye.

(12in. Vogue LAE12069)

MANCUSO, now 25, plays an instrument out-of-the-ordinary for jazz: the baritone horn. A large, cumbersome instrument, its sound is not unlike a muddy-toned valve-trombone or bass trumpet. I detect a Brookmeyer influence. But his technique does not yet match up to Bobby's. And his general conception is warmer and more rugged.

At times his playing reminds me of our own Ken Wray (due back from Germany soon). He's obviously a sincere jazzman and plays with feeling.

His varied supporters include Richie Kamucha (tenor); Gerry Higgins, Vince Guaraldi (piano); Gene Wriehit (bass); Eddie Duran (sax); Cal Tjader, Bill Douglas (drums).

Richie is fine in his Lester Young-school style. A pity he wasn't on more of the tracks. Both pianists conn and solo well: with Guaraldi playing in the two-handed, rhythmic Russ Freeman idiom. The rhythm section's time is good. But I found it a trifle wooden at times. Cal's brushwork is nice.

Not a great record. But one with heart and spirit (****).

RED NORVO-BUDDY COLLETTE

Ad Lib

What Is There To Say?; Shreve-port; 96th Street School Fifth Column; The Brush-off; I Cover The Water-front; A Few Days After Christmas; Mad About The Boy; Tar Pit Blues.

(12in. London LTZ-D15116)

VIBESMAN Red Norvo has been one of the most consistently tasteful swinging musicians in jazz for over 20 years. His ideas seem to grow younger with the years.

Comparatively "new," multi-instrumentalist, Buddy Collette makes a perfect partner for him. Buddy plays flute, clarinet and alto on this album. But no tenor, I'm sorry to say.

Supporting them are Dick Shreve, an intelligent pianist, whose comping is particularly sympathetic towards the horns, bassists Curtis Counce or Joe Comfort and Bill Douglas (drums).

A thoughtful, interesting album (*****)



COUNT BASIE: Veteran of the new tradition.

TRADITIONAL

jazz

by OWEN BRYCE

Potted History of Jazz
THE BIG BLACK BANDS

While Fletcher Henderson's importance cannot be denied the most successful big band, in terms of New Orleans music, was undoubtedly Luis Russell's. This band evolved directly from the Oliver band of 1925, with which Russell himself played. Four years later—in company with Henry Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Paul Barbarin, drums; Albert Nicholas, clarinet, and Charlie Holmes, saxophone—they were producing records of the calibre of "It Should Be You," "Jersey Lightning" and "Savoy Shout." Incredible, swinging jazz straight from the delta, and the whole thing pushed along by the beat of one of the greatest bass players in jazz, Pops Foster.

Around 1930 other big bands entered the jazz field, negro bands

Chick Webb, and finally the best of today's bunch, Count Basie.

Most of these bands now are merely names, cropping up here and there in some historical reference. Not much is thought about them. But without exception they all swung. Without exception they all featured great soloists.

Without exception they helped keep the jazz flag flying at a time when small band improvisation was suffering the effects of the American depression, the days when jazzmen badly needed the sort of work only the more commercial bands could afford to give them. And it says a lot for these bands that they not only gave these men work but also managed to play jazz at the same time.

When Basie took over leadership

'TRAD-TRAD' COMES TO AN END

WHEN King Oliver asked Louis Armstrong to join his band and to play second trumpet he little realised that he was heralding the end of what I like to call "trad-trad." For two trumpets demand some arrangements, not only of intros, bridge passages and endings but to a certain extent of the actual melody line.

Up to that time jazz had used a three part polyphonic front line. Now here was a fairly fixed two-part brass lead with the clarinet and trombone continuing to play their traditional roles.

By 1925, Oliver had added two saxophones to become the first of the big jazz bands. Not big compared with present-day but certainly big for that type of band in that period.

Later still, this band became the Luis Russell Orchestra; probably the finest band to play big band New Orleans jazz. For make no mistake about it—the Russell Orchestra played real jazz.

But it was Fletcher Henderson who, more than anyone else, made it possible for bands to have ten or even twelve musicians and still play jazz. And I do mean the sort of jazz we traditional folk like.

Henderson had led a quite large outfit for some two or three years, playing mostly commercial tunes, when he, too, invited Louis to join him in New York. Very soon the band was swinging out with a brand of jazz that must be considered the forerunner of the swing music of the thirties and the powerhouse drive of the fifties.

Henderson gave us the three clarinet chorus. Henderson encouraged jazzmen like Louis, Charlie Green, Hawkins, Tommy

Ladnier and Joe Smith to go ahead with the hot solos. And, unlike his white counterpart, Paul Whiteman, when "Smack" gave them a solo it was a good whole chorus—sometimes even more.

And so the New York dance scene heard lashings of hot Louis. And Fletcher sent his boys to accompany Bessie Smith on numerous recording sessions, spreading their fame around

America and eventually Europe. all of them. The big white bands came later on, heralded by the unsung Casa Loma Orchestra. Best of the other groups was probably the McKinney Cotton Pickers, a group which included Don Redman and Benny Carter.

Following on their heels came the Don Redman Orchestra, the Jimmy Lunceford Band, the Blue Rhythm Band, Andy Kirk and his

Clouds of Joy, Benny Moten, of the Benny Moten band he quickly evolved a formula for big band jazz which has remained unchanged to this day. Easy beat... simple swinging riffs... the Blues... unpretentious music.

July 1937 gave us "One o'Clock Jump" and the same Basie ingredients are still in use today, practically unchanged. There are no better ones.

HEARD THIS WEEK

BENNY CARTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA

"Swinging At Maida Vale" *Swinging At Maida Vale; Nightfall; I've Got Two Lips; Gin And Jive; There'll Be Some Changes Made; If Only I Could Read Your Mind; Accent On Swing; Just A Mood; Royal Garden Blues; When Lights Are Low; Waltzin' The Blues; When Day Is Done.* (Decca LK4221)

I PERSONALLY wouldn't be without some of the tracks on this one, but I would hesitate to recommend it to any but collectors of the pre-war days of non-cult jazz. And I mustn't forget alto and Carter fans.

Benny Carter plays the most beautiful alto. It doesn't exactly swing along in gut-bucket style, but it does swing and it's so melodic.

These date from 1936 when Carter came to England to arrange and write for Henry Hall. In addition to the leader's talents on the sax family the disc also features Tommy "Wild Boy" McQuater, Buddy Featherstonhaugh, Ted Heath, Andy McDevitt, Albert Harris, Uncle Tom Pogson and all

In fact the cream of the British jazz scene at the time.

Best tracks are *Royal Garden Blues, Day Is Done, Changes Made, Swinging, Though* I wouldn't be too happy about a twelve-incher, I'd like to see Decca issue some EPs from this. Much as I like Carter's alto playing and his arranging, I find 12 numbers a little too much.

TED LEWIS AND HIS BAND

The Blues Dallas Blues; Aunt Hagars Blues; Royal Garden Blues; Sobb'n Blues. (Philips BBE12106)

THIS is a nostalgic record for me and it will be for all those collectors of records pre-war. We loved this sort of music. There's little swing about most of it, but there's an integral feeling for good music and good melody about these sides recorded 28 years ago.

Two of the sides *Royal Garden* and *Dallas Blues* featured Muggsy Spanier, Brunies, Fats Waller, Benny Goodman and, of course, Ted Lewis, when Fats let him get into the act.

"Boy will you get off!" Fats yells at him as he leans on the piano during Waller's solo spot. And did Lewis get off. You bet he did with Fats around!

The corn-cob clarinet man gets his own back on the other number as he asks "Is everybody happy?" while Fats tinkles away.

This recording of *Royal Garden* is one of the classic versions. We hear the words for once. *Dallas Blues* is equally well-known among collectors for the beauty of its first two choruses. Where else can you hear the tune of *Dallas Blues* but in this disc?

An old record inevitably sounds duller without the top notes we get on new LPs and modern equipment but I wouldn't be without this one for worlds.

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

"Rock Skipping At Blue Note" The Hawk Talks; Monologue; Rock Skipping At Blue Note; Jam With Sam. (Philips BBE 12168)

I LIKE the melody of *Hawk Talks*. I liked all of *Jam With Sam*. But as far the rest, no sir. There are so many better Ellington's that one can't afford to have these.

Jam With Sam is very nice and reminds me of some Ellington's of the late thirties with its simple theme, "ya-ya" trombone, and off-beat Louis Belson drumming.

DISC PIC

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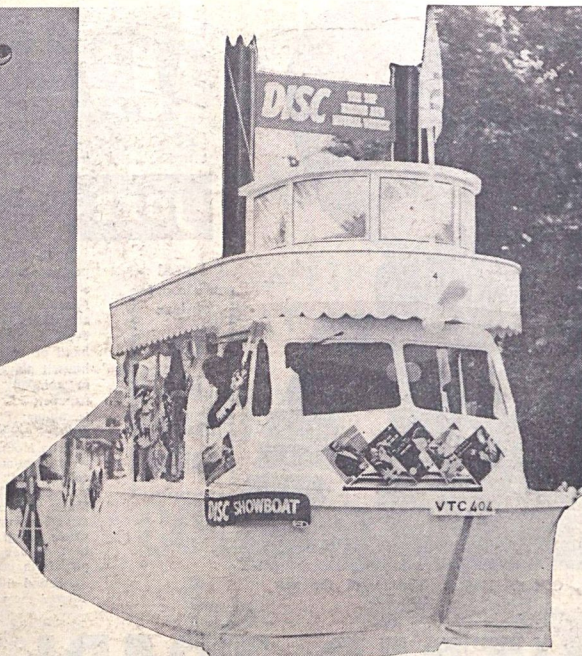
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'DISC' AT THE SOHO FAIR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
RITCHI HOWELL

HIGH-SPOT of cosmopolitan Soho each year is the annual Fair—and this year DISC made its debut there with a "Showboat" float which brought applause from the thousands who lined the streets of London's West End on Sunday to watch the opening colourful, mile-long procession. The day was crowned for us when we learned that the judges voted "Showboat" a prizewinner.

It was crewed by many famous recording artists, including Laurie London, Wee Willie Harris, Kerry Martin, Jimmy Jackson and Neville Taylor.



The DISC "Showboat" was the pride of the Soho Fair "fleet"—and a prizewinner, too!

HARK AT TOM!



Someone in the crowd threw Laurie London a penny-whistle. Result: merry music-making.



Three cheers from the crew of the DISC "Showboat" (left to right), Wee Willie Harris, Kerry Martin and Laurie London. Unnautical, perhaps, but talented!



Shelley Moore, now running a Soho Jazz Club, was in the procession.



"Oh Boy!"—it's seductive Kerry Martin, whose attractive rig brought admiring comment from the crowd-lined streets.



Is this a hornpipe—or what? Laurie London and red-headed Wee Willie Harris get together for an impromptu pas de deux.



Part of the Soho scene—the City Ramblers led by Russell Quay.