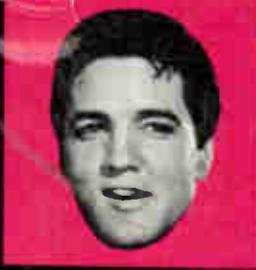


THE
OFFICIAL
BOOK OF

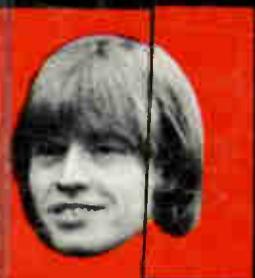


HUNDREDS
OF GREAT
PICTURES

RADIO
LUXEMBOURG

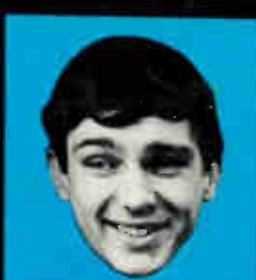
RECORD
STARS

NO. 4



introduced by
**THE
BEATLES**

WRITTEN BY THE
STARS THEMSELVES,
INCLUDING -
ELVIS PRESLEY
THE ROLLING STONES
ROY ORBISON
GENE PITNEY
THE BACHELORS
P.J. PROBY
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
MANFRED MANN
GEORGIE FAME
CHUCK BERRY
DAVE CLARK
JIM REEVES
THE ANIMALS
JERRY LEE LEWIS



FREE FABULOUS PRIZES INSIDE
FOR PICKING THE POPS

**The
OFFICIAL
Radio
Luxembourg
Book of
Record Stars**

**Introduction
THE BEATLES**

**Edited by
JACK FISHMAN**

**SOUVENIR PRESS LTD.
in association with
WORLD DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.**

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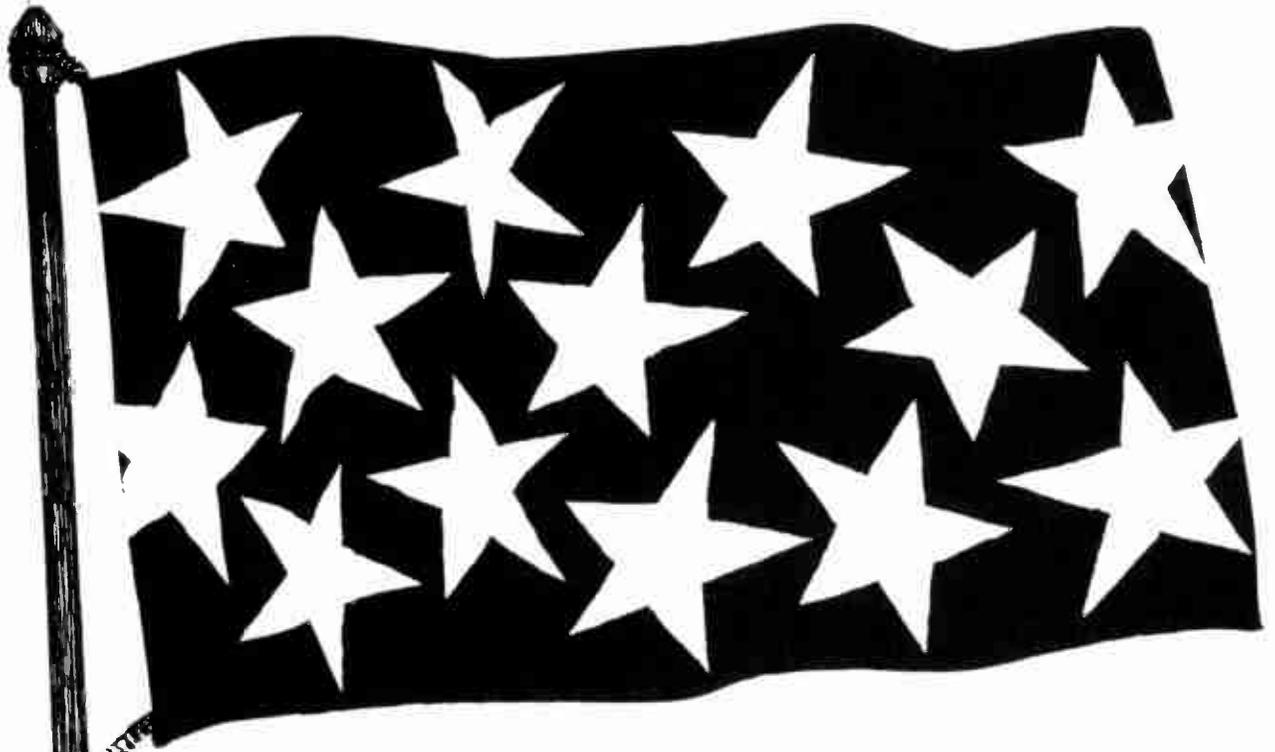
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THREE CHEERS! FOR THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER



SANDIE SHAW, THE SEARCHERS,
PETULA CLARK, THE KINKS,
DIONNE WARWICK, THE IVY LEAGUE,
JACKIE TRENT, THE ROCKIN' BERRIES,
CHUCK BERRY, THE SHANGRI-LAS,
FRANCOISE HARDY & many others.

A HAPPY LUXEMBOURG LISTENING TO YOU, FROM ALL OF US ON THE PYE BANNER!



DISC JOCKEY

CHRIS DENNING



presents



on LISTENING with LUXEMBOURG

WE do a lot of our Radio Luxembourg listening on our car radios, when we are going to and from places—which we seem to be doing all the time.

Naturally, we specially go for the record programmes. We don't have any particular favourite D.J.s, but if we've met them, we are sort of more

interested in them personally then. But, of course, the main thing that matters are the records.

As for current trends in pop, there are lots of songs that go into the Top Twenty that we like. We still mainly go for the same stuff we liked ages ago—you know, all this Tamla stuff. We've got so many records these days, but seldom seem to

get enough time to play them. When we do, it's still people like Chuck Jackson and the Tamla people who we like best.

And, as for our attitude towards pop these days, Chris, it's funny you should ask that, because we haven't really got one. The current charts are good, because we're in it. We like that.

If we were just happy little teenagers—not making records but simply buying them—I think we would have been buying records like ours and a lot of other good groups that are around.

We have no idea what will replace the kind of beat in vogue now, when that beat finally cools off a bit, but we think it'll keep going a while yet. It can't keep on at its present popularity pace, but it will probably keep going for quite a long time. When it finally starts to dwindle a little, there'll probably be more variety in the charts, but the present-day beat will still be around in some form.

We don't know whether all these things like trends that come in and out, mean anything, you know. Folk wasn't pop, but it's becoming pop. Anything that's popular is pop—it doesn't matter what it is. I mean, modern jazz, if it becomes popular and the kids buy the singles, can become pop. Personally, we love folk music.

There was the Calypso trend years ago, and everyone said calypsos were going to get rid of all the beat music which, to a lot of people, was so much rubbish, and they said calypsos were great 'cos they were all traditional. So calypsos were in style for a bit. Then traditional jazz came in. But the main trend really is that people will always buy records they like, regardless of whether they're part of a trend for folk, traditional, calypso, or what have you.

They simply buy records they happen to like, and those records can be anything. If they're feeling in a classical mood, they'll whip out and buy a classical record.

You are quite right, Chris, when you say that, with a few exceptions, people today, buy records not so much for the artists as for the sound. It's right that they buy on the sound, which is much better than going out and ordering something just because somebody's singing it. Someone may make a bad record everyone hates, and records like that don't deserve to be bought, no matter who the artist is. We hope we never make one like that. . . .

We'll be listening to Radio Luxembourg whenever we get the chance. . . .





PUBLIC THOUGHTS ON MY PRIVATE LIFE

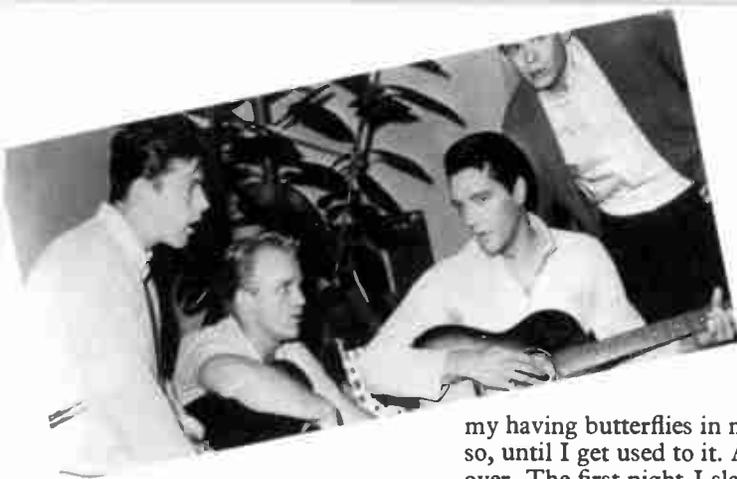
PEOPLE have told me that I am always the same Elvis Presley in my movies. Maybe they're right, but I don't feel I should change too rapidly.

I know I am maturing all the time and that I learn with every picture, but I've got a long way to go before I give up singing in my movies and become a dramatic actor, though, I guess, one day I will do just that. But not for quite a while. I want to go slowly, and, on the whole, I love what I am doing . . . except in "Kissin' Cousins" when they gave me a dual role and I had to wear a blond wig.

When I had to put on the wig, I looked so stupid in it, I didn't dare come out on stage. I stayed in my dressing room for almost two hours, sulking. I was embarrassed. How I hated that wig!

I'm always nervous and worried when I start a new picture. I keep thinking about the things I'll have to do—everything from the songs to the acting. I like to figure these things out all by myself. I go by one thing only—feeling. By the time I've wrapped up a picture, I've lost as much as fifteen pounds. I don't take these things lightly. I don't delegate responsibility. I select my songs, and I go by what is in my heart.

In fact I'm so nervous when I start a movie, that I eat special health foods while working to keep up my strength because I just don't feel hungry, and this all comes from



my having butterflies in my stomach the first four days or so, until I get used to it. And I'm sure happy when it's all over. The first night I sleep like a baby.

I don't discuss my private life as a rule, because there are things that have to remain your very own, but I'll admit something to you, without going into details.

Let me say that I've led quite a fast life, really, and that I am as red-blooded as the next guy. The difference between me and the other guy is that I hate to publicise it. I've been in love, but it is not true that I am secretly married, or that I am secretly engaged. I have no permanent attachments, and you can take my word for it.

I am not ready for marriage.

I mean it sincerely. The time for that has simply not come. I feel very strongly about it. Of course, people don't believe that this is so, and that I'm playing games or something, but it's a serious and deep conviction within me.

There are a great many things I want to do, and I have to do them all first, and it may take a long time. I am not the one who determines the length of this time. Meanwhile I intend to stay the way I am and lead the life the way I lead it now, and there will be no drastic changes I assure you.

I like my present ways and there is no reason in the world to change anything. I believe that I've matured since I first came to Hollywood, and I know it, but I am not going to rush things. I will keep growing older at the same pace, and it may be a leisurely pace, but I like it. You see it reflected in my pictures. I have more to say in them, because I am ready and able to say more, and the dialogue is more mature because it is I, again, who am ready for it. This is my pace, both in pictures and in life.

I hear a lot of advice from people who say I must speed up things, I must do this and must do that, but I don't go by what they say. I go by what I say. And this is the only way I know to do things.

I've left it to the Colonel to guide my career, and I trust him because he knows his business like nobody else. I am very happy with him, and he is very happy with me, but I draw my own conclusions, and make my own decisions. Which includes anything from picking the songs for my new movie, to cutting a new record, to falling in love.

I've met a lot of people, a lot of people who've tried to guide me, to advise me, to trick me, to fool me, to lie to me, to love me. I've learned to recognise what they are. I'm not always right, but I've become quite a student of human nature.

I've changed a lot since I first set foot in Hollywood—maybe more than I can tell. There'd be something wrong with me if I hadn't.

When I look back over the past years, I sometimes get to feelin' I didn't appreciate them enough 'cause I was in





such a hurry to grow up. At sixteen I grew my sideburns so's I'd look older, and they became a kind of trade-mark for me. But they're gone now—with a whole lot of my old ideas.

I just like different things. Maybe I'm growing old, but I can't hang on to one thing with the fanaticism of a teenager or a holy dervish—as I used to a couple of years ago. The Twist, for instance, was fine, but you can't go on doing it forever. One day, I told myself I was bored with it, but I didn't give it up the next morning. That would have been juvenile. I'd simply had enough.

Tastes—in dancing, as with everything else—change. But some things, some styles, last—like the old Latin rhythms. One day I got to doing the tango and remembered George Raft. I used to see those old movies in which he did the tango. The steps might be pretty tired now, but the tunes hadn't suffered from the effects of age. I've been giving these things a lot of thought, and now I enjoy genuine rhythms and classical dances I never knew existed before.

As for my life in Hollywood. I like it. It may seem strange to some people, but I largely do what I want to do. I could never live a life I didn't believe in.

Nor have I been hiding from the world, as a lot of people have said. There has been no deliberate attempt to keep me out of the public eye. I know people have said that the Colonel has some sort of strategy about my exposure to the public. It isn't that at all. But we do have a programme which calls for three pictures in a year and that's a lot of pictures if you think of it. It doesn't leave one with much time in between.

Unlike other stars, I have no script approval rights and so I do what they tell me. But then they ought to know what is best, it's their business and they've proven it to us. You have to have faith in people if you want to get somewhere in the world.

Mind you, I wouldn't say that I liked each of my pictures equally well.

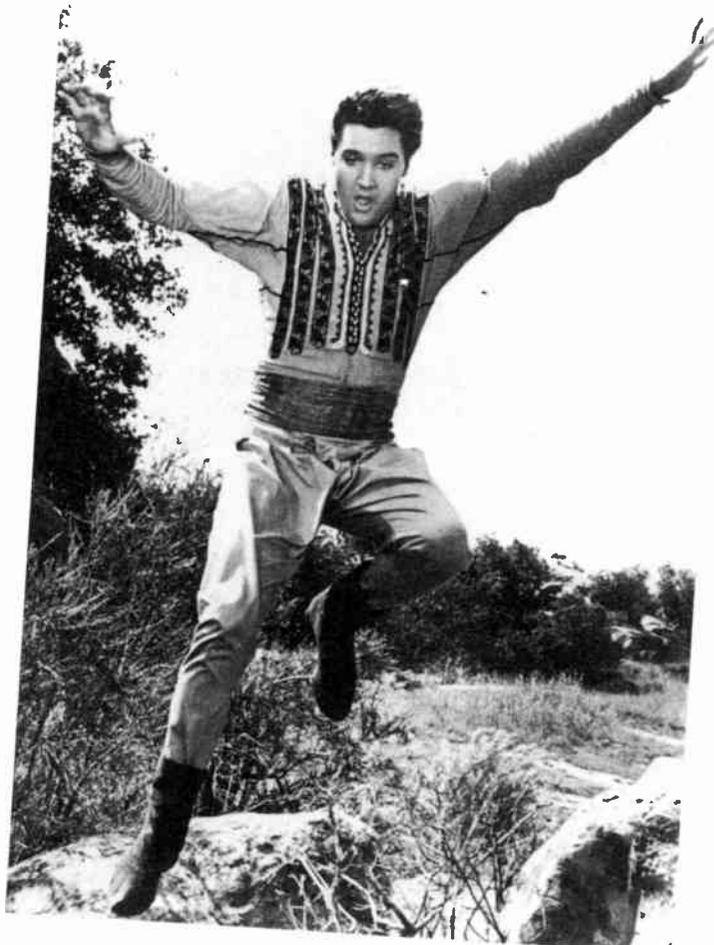
No, I wouldn't say that. Some of them I would have liked never to have made. But then the Colonel will tell you that each of them made money, and this is pretty good proof isn't it?

As soon as we're through with a picture, I start for home, and the five happiest days of my life. Well, they're really the five nights after every picture—that's when my great adventure starts. It's the thing I look forward to while in Hollywood. My road home. And it's a tradition of sorts, by now. We finish the picture, and we load up, and we take off. And I give the signal: "We're loading up, men." The men are my guys. There are six of us altogether. Each has his own duties.





Holidays with play—that's the stuff to give the boys, and Elvis enjoys a holiday-and-a-half with the girls in M.G.M.'s "Harem Holiday"....



Well, they work it all out in detail. It's 2,000 miles from here to Memphis, and by now we know every curve, every bridge, every bump on this road. The guys work out where we'll be taking gas, where we'll eat, and where we'll stop over for the night. They make the reservations ahead of time.

We travel by night, and we sleep all day. We start off around eight in the evening and stop at the crack of dawn. As soon as the sun's up. And it's more fun as far as I am concerned than anything that can happen to you.

I can't explain. It's just something I enjoy more than anything in all my life. We travel in two cars, and I drive one. I am at the wheel every inch of the way, from Hollywood to Memphis. I can't let the others drive me, and much of the time we sing at the top of our voices, or listen to the radio. We're a happy-go-lucky bunch of guys on their way home.

Once there was a car in front of us, and suddenly we saw a baby sort of come crashing through the window. We stopped to help. Never could figure out what happened. It was in the middle of nowhere. We found the child, bruised but in pretty good shape, in the field by the side of the road, and we gave it first aid. We always carry a first aid kit. And we drove them all to the hospital and made sure everything was all right before we went on.

When a picture's over, the boys are sure anxious to hear me give the order to load up.

I don't think that staying out of the public eye between films, affects my popularity. I would love to go to England, for instance, and make a couple of appearances there—I've been thinking of that for some time—but it takes a lot of time to prepare for a personal appearance tour, and the Colonel says I cannot go to one country without offending people in another country, and I guess he is right. It's different with movies. They go everywhere.

People have said that in a sense, my absence from personal appearances, has given the Beatles their big opportunities. I know nothing about that. As for the Beatles, all I can say is—more power to them. I have watched all of their television appearances over here.

I don't think I should say what I feel about them. It wouldn't be fair to fellow entertainers.

Remember, I am a lucky guy myself. I've never forgotten that. It's too vivid in my memory. My luck. Was I deserving of the love that people showered on me as I was starting out? I loved what I was doing, and I would have sung for them for free for as long as anyone in the world was willing to listen. I'll say that the Beatles have got what it takes, and in great abundance and that they've been given a heck of a vote of confidence. I'm sorry, but I have to be diplomatic, and I'm honest about it.

They are entertainers like myself, and I guess they're as dedicated as the rest of us. Which, in the long run, is all that matters. I sure wish them luck.

I am most grateful for my own good fortune. Money serves a very good purpose. But I am a man of simple tastes and I don't need it for myself. For a while I was like a kid with a toy, but it was never a goal with me and never will be.

Money can never buy everything your heart desires. It won't buy love, or health or true happiness. And even sometimes when you give it away, you don't get the reward or the thank you you're entitled to.

IT'S TOUGH AT THE BOTTOM

Says Georgie Fame

SUCCESS in show business, whether you're an actor or singer, is the thing of which every young hopeful's dreams are made. These days, I'm getting my fair share and I'm certainly enjoying the taste. But believe me, getting there was a really hard slog.

To say that life is tough at the bottom is often an understatement. If you don't love what you're doing and don't have tremendous faith in yourself, show business is not the career to choose.

I took me a long time to finally find my feet with music, but when I did, I knew I'd something good to offer and was determined to stay with it until something happened.

It all began for me back home in Leigh, Lancashire, when I was working in a cotton factory during the day and pounding out Boogie-woogie on a piano two nights a week for ten shillings a time. Then I got three week's work in a Butlin's holiday camp where I met Rory Blackwell who was running his own band. He was my first real friend in show business. With a struggle, I managed to save fifteen pounds and, at the end of the engagement, arrived in London with the money, the clothes I stood up in, and a bunch of out-of-work musicians.

Whenever I look back to those days I want to laugh out loud. We couldn't get any work and I was staying in a different house every night, depending on which member of the band felt kindly towards me that day. In the mornings





we used to take a tube into the West End and hang around the 2 I's coffee bar all day praying someone would turn up to give us a job. A good meal was a special occasion and it was usually Rory who ended up paying for it. Eventually we did find something to do when Rory took the group into a dance hall in Islington. We painted the posters ourselves and stayed for three months. It was a big flop. I think the most that ever came was ten, and my income amounted to two shillings a day.

My daily diet at that time consisted of a sixpenny bag of chips. The owner of the hall let me stay in a room above it, which was the most depressing place imaginable. The furniture added up to a dirty old bed and one chair. Not exactly luxury! I must admit I used to feel pretty desperate at times and often wondered how long it could all go on.

Then things began to improve slightly. Lionel Bart came down to see Rory one night, heard me, and put in a good word with Larry Parnes. Soon I was being auditioned for a Marty Wilde package show. Not counting any chickens, I made arrangements to go home for a visit. When Larry told me to be in Worcester the next night, I was so surprised I just turned round and said I couldn't. I was going home and that was that. "Oh well, give me a ring when you get back," Larry told me. What a mistake I made. When I did get back to London and tried to get a job with him, he was so busy he had obviously forgotten all about it. I was down and out again with no money and nowhere to stay.

I was offered a job playing in a pub so I left Rory and started living in the pub, bashing out rock 'n' roll with



"How about like this?"—Georgie tries an orchestration switch in the studio with those great "backing" girls, The Breakaways.



Georgie & Co.—and very good Co. they are, too—those Blue Flames.

a drummer every night. It was depressing, but I was determined to stick it. There must be something in all this talk I'd heard about London show business, I thought.

Every day I'd come into town hoping something better would turn up. Money was a joke—something I'd heard about but hadn't seen much of—and I used to sneak rides on buses sometimes, and feel terribly guilty afterwards. In desperation, one day, I rang Lionel Bart, and he managed to get me a job in a backing group working for Larry Parnes. At last I started making enough money to eat properly.

I worked two years for Larry, playing behind practically every artiste on the bill. It was a case of having to because I was the only pianist, and it wasn't too bad until a tour ended and I used to find myself out of work for two months at a stretch.

Once, during a summer season in Blackpool, I actually managed to save up forty pounds. I was so green I lent thirty of it to someone I hardly knew, and never got it back.

Soon I was picked to join Billy Fury's backing group. This was the start of the original Blue Flames.

I spent a year with Billy touring the country, playing,





Oh, you'll never know the work and the worry and the sweat that goes into getting it just right on a session.



sometimes in good places, but more often in tatty dance halls. The money was reasonable and I used to enjoy myself, but, musically, I was getting very frustrated. I badly needed practice and had been secretly nursing a wish to sing for a long time.

We used to do the same numbers every night and it was getting me down so much that I decided I had to get out. Don't think I'm knocking those days because, looking back, I am very grateful for the experience. It was just that I knew my career didn't lie with that type of music.

So, I left the group and found myself back in London with no money, nowhere to live, and no work. Luckily, I ran into an old friend, Michael Neal, who at the time was leading the group, Nero and The Gladiators. He came from the same town as me, in fact we used to be rival pianists.

Mike had arrived in London some time before and had a small flat in Soho. He took pity on me, and his home became my home for the next three months. I rarely saw the outside of it. There was no point—I had no money. I wasn't eating—unless a friend took me out for a meal. In fact, one day, someone even took me for a haircut.

However, in spite of all the bad times, this became the

most important period in my life. Mike had a fantastic collection of jazz records and I used to spend long hours studying LPs by people like Charlie Parker, Louis Prima, Cannonball Adderley, and a fabulous jazz singer called King Pleasure who used to take jazz solos and write his own words to them. To me this was the ultimate in musical ability. I knew I had found what I had been looking for. If only I could get a band going and make blues and jazz acceptable to the public. I had loads of time to think, and at last everything seemed a little less confused. I borrowed a book on Charlie Parker and spent days typing it out painstakingly, page by page. What a mess! I'm one of the world's worst with a typewriter, but I didn't have anything else to do so it kept me occupied. Those times I took to doing some very stupid things like going out of the flat at night and forgetting the key. Often, when I couldn't find anywhere to go and was locked out, I'd spend the night walking round and round Berkeley Square. And don't ask me why Berkeley Square!

It's amazing the amount of bad luck you can have when trying to make your mark in this business. A group who have become quite popular, called The Cherokees, told me of their misfortunes once. They included having eight hundred pounds and most of their clothes stolen from their homes, finding themselves three hundred pounds in debt

for back rent, being summoned for being unable to pay their rates and electricity bills, and after coming to London, living for two weeks in their van parked in a suburban street. Eventually they were so broke that they were living on bread, jam, cornflakes, and ten cigarettes a week between them. One night, while they were sleeping in the van, a policeman knocked on the window and asked them what they were doing. After explaining, the policeman offered them a job at a local ball but, true to their luck, this also fell through when the ball was cancelled!

I heard a story of the tough time Bobby Rydell had before people took notice. With his manager, he spent months travelling from town to town in a beaten up old car, sleeping in it at nights, existing on a diet of hamburgers, and often having to push the car for miles and miles whenever they ran out of money for petrol. Bobby's best suit, their most precious possession, would be preserved and guarded ferociously. Eventually promoters started to book him and he became one of America's most successful young entertainers.

My great friends, The Animals, also had their share of bad times. When they first started in London, a Norwegian Baron leased them a luxury flat—with no furniture or carpets in it. There was a one-bar electric fire, and they slept on camp beds or in sleeping bags. Meals had to be eaten off the cupboard shelves. Eric would sleep in the bath which was the warmest room, and when friends came round for a party, the record player would be plugged into the bathroom and the party held there.

Getting back to me, one night a friend took me down to the Flamingo Club in London. It was crazy there, full of happy coloured people having a ball with some swinging rhythm-and-blues band. If only I could get a chance there, I thought. One Sunday I arrived there to find they were short of a band. "Let me have a go." I asked. We grabbed a group together and went down a bomb! In fact, Rik Gunnell, who owns the club and later became my manager, was so impressed he took me on permanently. Believe me it wasn't easy going. As a newcomer, I suffered many horrible moments when I thought I was going to be back where I started. However, with the Blue Flames I began to build a following for our rhythm-and-blues and jazz. I had graduated to the organ and we were producing a real swinging sound.

Things began to improve. From one night a week we progressed to doing all-night sessions on Fridays. I was mad because I never could make up the sleep I lost, but, somehow, it soon didn't matter. Then we got the Saturday and Monday dates and I began to learn more about the music I was playing. By the size of the crowds we drew, I knew I had been right to settle for this type of music. The fans knew it was good, too.

Don't think the money was rolling in though. It was four pounds for an all-nighter, and maybe three pounds or two-pounds-ten for others, but I was able to get my own flat and start living better, which was comforting.

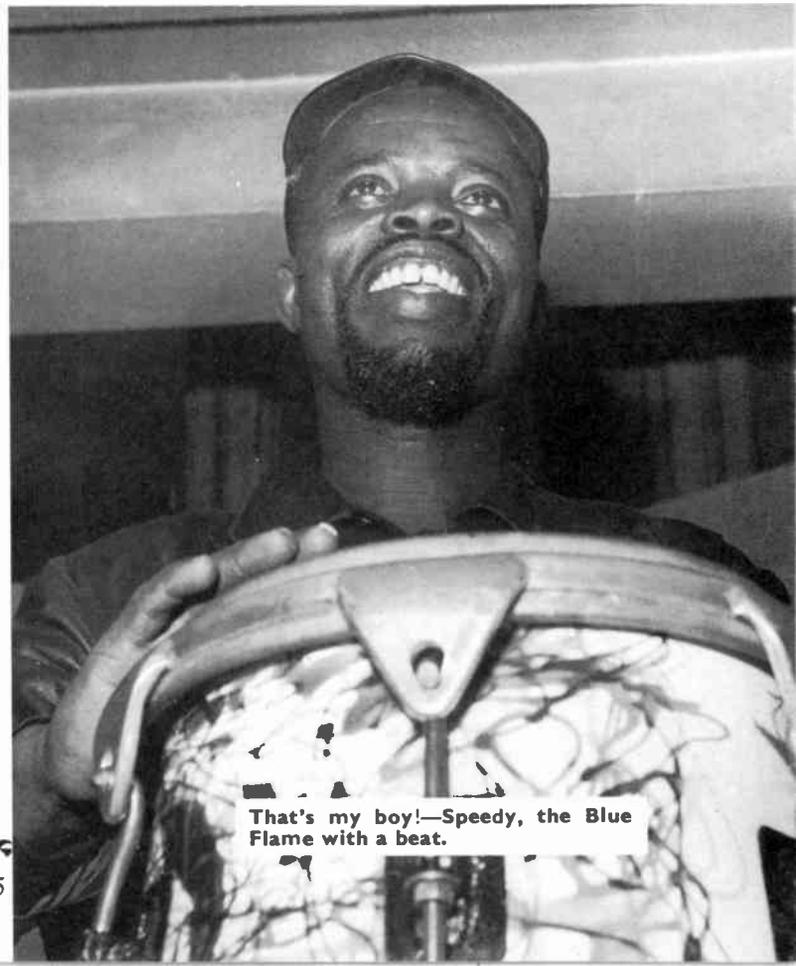
American GIs would come to the club and bring me records by people like Mose Allison and Oscar Brown Jr. I was learning all the time. Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames were swinging like mad.

I began to wonder where the group would go from there. Odd dates started rolling in. Word spread, and we were booked to open lots of jazz clubs. In the dance halls, people didn't want to know, at first. "Play the top pops!" they used to shout. When I told them we didn't play that kind of music they would often turn nasty, but I was determined to stick to the style of music I loved. I knew I was right.

At the beginning of 1964 we started making records. Our first LP did well, which was encouraging as we hadn't had a hit. It was not until I had been recording almost a year that "Yeh Yeh" became our first hit and a No. 1 record. I don't think there was ever quite another day to match the one I heard it had made it.

At last I knew that the public had accepted me and the music I play which gets away from the guitar sounds which have been the dominating feature of pop music for so long. By this I am not saying I am convinced everyone is going overboard for jazz and rhythm and blues, but it makes me happy to know this music can be generally liked.

I sometimes envy the people who had easy breaks. It can be very tough at the bottom, I know, because I almost starved there, and didn't have two ha'pennys to rub together. But strangely enough, I never thought of quitting.



That's my boy!—Speedy, the Blue Flame with a beat.

CILLA



KATHY

GIRLS don't have automatic hits. It's much tougher for them, than it is for the boys. The Beatles, Cliff—loads of the boys—make records, and if they're riding high in popularity, their follow-ups to previous hits usually walk, or run, straight into the charts. Of course, how high the records get after that depends on the number, the performance, and on how well it is plugged by the artist. But with girl recording stars, it's a very different story.

The girl has got to work much harder for her successes. She's got to work a whole lot harder at being an artist. If she doesn't push her latest record—supporting it with as many live performances as possible on TV and radio, she has a very slim chance of getting a hit. She's got to be behind the record all the way.

That's where Shirley Bassey scores so heavily. When she makes a new disc, she doesn't miss a trick to help put it over. She makes as many personal appearances as possible on television and radio. I admire what she does.

Petula Clark goes behind her discs in the same way in France, and when she did the same for "Downtown" over here, look what happened.

As a matter of fact, the three countries I want to be successful in are Britain, France, and America. There's a great market on the Continent—as Pet has discovered. France hasn't any singers like me, and I know they go for

my kind of style because they go mad when they get a coloured show, and my singing, I think, has a "coloured" feel. France caught on to Ray Charles and the Twist months before we did. In that way they are very much ahead, but in their own beat and rock 'n' roll field, they are far behind, which is why they are so enthusiastic about the sounds of acts like the Shirelles.

I definitely want to establish a foothold in France. As I am completely different from Pet, we don't compete. As soon as I can, I shall start going over there to work.

Meanwhile, over here, I still have a tough time ahead. There's nothing certain about this business—especially for a girl. There's Cilla Black who after her No. 1 hit "Anyone Who Had a Heart", had to face the great problem of following it up. She found the answer, but you can't hit the bullseye every shot.

Cilla, Kathy Kirby, and myself—in a year's time—are liable not to be in the Hit Parade. That's the way things are in Britain. Maybe I'm wrong—I hope so. I suppose it largely depends on the material we find and put over, but it also depends on whether our present public decides to keep liking us.

In many ways, Kathy Kirby and I are very alike. I don't know Kathy very well. We both have tremendous driving ambition. She has also battled very hard, for a long long time, to get where she's got, as I did in my own way. I mean, pre-Springfields, I was with another group.

I started very young. And before that, was singing with a guitar, trying to get some satisfaction out of singing. All the while, I was gradually working towards a career.



I knew when I started singing with a guitar, that I wanted to be a star, but didn't know how I was going to do it. I had no idea that, for instance, you have to know people. There's so much luck in it. The Springfields' agent just happened to be the kind who knew people, and we were booked for Butlin's solely because he knew someone there. We weren't even in existence, but were booked, and that helped us knock a lot of the odd corners off our act.

This made us more ready for going to Churchill's Club in Mayfair, where we did 19 weeks. This was more valuable basic training, and it's good to get this kind of training in places in which you're not quite so much in the public eye, so that too many don't see the rough edges being knocked off your style.



A real-life shaggy dog story . . . a dog taking Dusty for a walk . . .



and ME

by Dusty Springfield

Audiences at Butlin's camps are very large, but they are in a holiday mood, and are kind to you. As long as you realise this and don't kid yourself that if you can go down big with them, you'll go down big anywhere, it's all right.

I have tried cabaret work, in clubs such as the "Chinchilla" in Leeds, and have gone over great, so I know I can do this kind of work. I am semi-sophisticated, so it won't be so hard for me to appeal to a cabaret audience as it would for, say, Cilla, who, at the moment, is purely a teen act.



Because I'm older, and also because I was brought up with older people, and have worked so much in front of older audiences, this has a lot to do with my attitude towards older audiences and my ability to get across to them.

I can stand up to things better. I remember how, in the early days, I used to think that if I did a whole day's work and a show or two at night, I'd die. Now I do it regularly—your system gets used to it. First you do an 8-minute act; then 12; then 20, then, after a while, even get used to doing an hour.

Does show business life change you much? I have often been asked that. I think it does. Some of it must rub off on you. Your jargon changes. But, as far as I am concerned, my general values in life haven't changed. This has a lot to do with my upbringing.

As for the hit record-making careers of Cilla, Kathy, and me—they depend on many factors. Whether we will still be hitting the high spots in the charts a year from now need not be the life or death factor in our careers. What matters most is whether our work *progresses*; whether we manage to broaden our scope and our audiences—that's the best career insurance.

If I can make the transition from the strictly teen public to an even wider audience, then I shall still be there, and, perhaps, stronger than ever.



I'M THE DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD

THE only thing I've got going for me, as far as I'm concerned, is that I'm living and breathing. Talent? I couldn't make a comment there. Call my success the luck of the Irish—even if I'm Italian.

I like the casual working life because it doesn't cramp my style by cutting into my daily golf and social tête-à-têtes. I'm at a loss to explain how I have kept going on and on.

I'm having fun. The day I don't, I'll cut out of this business.

I first started singing a long long time ago, after several years as a salesman, mill hand, coal miner, gambling house dealer and croupier, and, finally, gas station attendant.

I decided wiping windshields wasn't for me, so I tossed the sponge at my boss one day and said, "Man, ah'm going to be a singer."

I didn't have much luck at first, but I sure enjoyed trying. Then I met Jerry Lewis and joined him as the straight half of the comedy team.

I sang a little, laughed a little, and made Jerry look good as a comic, and I kept singing as much as possible. Then we hit Hollywood with a bang, and one of my first points of business was a visit to a record company.

There you have it—my history in a nutshell.

I haven't seen many of those magic golden records dished out for selling a million copies in a row. I got one with "That's Amore" in 1955, and again with "Memories Are Made of This", and I've hit the golden jackpot since, but I'm happy that there are thousands of juke boxes all over the world, with the voice of this faithful, plodding work-horse of the disc industry floating out of them every day of the week.

You don't have to get gold records all the time to be a success. This is not unusual. My friend Frank Sinatra hasn't had more than two gold records and he sells more records in the long run than anybody. We're two of a kind. At least I like to think of it that way.

I actually patterned my style after Bing Crosby. I plough along, enjoy singing, and thank the Lord, there is a



following I have that will buy it. Maybe not many, mind you, but they're enough to keep me alive.

You've got to remember that I'm an actor first, a television performer second, and a singer third. But don't let the order confuse you. I consider my discs just as important as anything.

Time was when I was on schedule to record two or three times a month. I'm not around that much any more because of other obligations. Sometimes I'm hard at work in the studios recording twelve songs at a time, and that holds me for another six months—at least.

I think I have lasted so long in the record business because of my curious ability of being able to sell a few hundred records every week—not a million. Then, every so often, I hit a fat record jackpot. That's the way I like it.

At one time, when I wasn't too happy with my records, I had a little "man-to-man" talk with Sinatra. I told him I had to put a little new life into my singing. Frank set me straight. He told me: "My boy, you're using the wrong orchestra. Use mine. Nelson Riddle's. He'll put some life into that tired voice of yours."



That's the way I acquired Nelson Riddle's genius to do for me, some of the things he has done for Sinatra.

I enjoy my title of "workhorse" but, make no mistake about it, old Dino would like to be one of those gold-record-everytime boys. Still, you can't have everything.

My records are steady best-sellers, and I don't let any grass grow under my feet. I'm one of the singers who is good for the long-run. Over the past few years alone, I've probably sold around 30,000,000 singles and 200,000 albums.

I have changed a lot in recent years. One impression I've found hard to live down is the one that I am a heavy drinker. In cabaret, films, and TV appearances, with Jerry Lewis, I often did a "drunk" act. I still do, sometimes. The trouble is that a lot of people accept my drink jokes at face value, but if I drank that much, how would I get through all the work I do?

Mind you, I've got to admit that I often deliberately encourage the drunk idea. During working hours and at parties, I sometimes duck people I don't want to get involved with by deliberately scaring them off with a bleary-eyed smile. They assume I've had too much, and veer away.

I don't show my feelings easily. I get angry many times, but don't show it. I should. I've been this way as long as I can remember. I keep things bottled up—and let them out at home. Or I go into a room by myself and get whatever is bothering me out of my system by kicking things or throwing something—until I begin laughing at myself.

Not that I let my kids in on anything that's bothering me. I'm not that kind of a father.

As for my singing, Sammy Cahn—that fabulous song-writing character—has been nagging me for years to sing straight ballads in nightclubs. He maintains I don't do it because, he says, I mistrust my own talents. He gets mad when, if I'm singing a sentimental song, and the audience goes quiet, I suddenly crack a joke or change the lyric to raise a laugh.

A lot of folk also believe, because of my casual way of



working, that I practically don't bother to rehearse. Don't you believe it—looking lazy isn't easy. I work hard—when I have to.

But I never stop being grateful for my good fortune and success in making it on my own. In the last period of my partnership with Jerry Lewis, I wasn't such a happy fella. I got to thinking I was happier when I was making a hundred dollars a week, and I felt that, if necessary, I would go back to it.

Finally, I was willing to break up my partnership with Jerry Lewis and forgo the millions we would have earned as a team, simply to find myself, and establish myself as an individual.

When I went out on my own, that first six months was frightening, until I was able to break in my new act.

I admit I was scared at times that I might not succeed on my own, but I was determined to do so. Whatever I accomplished—good or bad—I wanted the feeling I had done it myself.



Well, as you know, things worked out just fine. I got my share of hit records, plenty of TV dates, as well as movies that gave me the chance to act, instead of just acting the fool between songs.

I've turned down more pictures than I've accepted, and I still don't get enough time for myself.

After work, I socialise with my friends, and between times, play with my kids. The only time I have to study manuscripts is when I'm not playing golf.

A man has to keep food and clothing coming in for his family. People like Sinatra and Rock Hudson have to satisfy specific demands of their public. I take my choice.

I can't sing as well as Frank Sinatra, don't act as well as Spencer Tracy, and I sure can't match my looks with Rock Hudson's. But who cares?





I WAS A NEVER-WAS

BY P. J. PROBY

AS you know, I've had my fair share of problems, but nothing could ever compare with the bad luck I experienced in America.

I had always sung around the house as a kid, but if it hadn't been for my one close friend, I wouldn't have started it as a career.

That friend was the now famous Tommy Sands. He was singing on the local radio station in Houston, Texas, and so that we could be together, I auditioned and began singing too.

In those days it was easy to get on the radio as pop music hadn't yet come into its prime. Tommy carried on singing while I had to devote more time to schooling. At the week-ends we used to sing in cowboy bars, meeting halls, and drinking clubs. Both of us met and knew Elvis at this time. To us he was a big star—he was earning 100 dollars a night while we were only getting five. He also had a local hit record "That's Alright Little Mama" which came before "Heartbreak Hotel", and was driving his own Cadillac while I was being driven around by my sister in her sports model.

Singing stopped for me when I had to go on to Military School. Elvis went on to become a national star and Tommy went to Hollywood where Elvis's manager,



P. J. and friends . . . conversation pieces with D.J. Alan Freeman, and with the boy with Fame in his name—Georgie.



Colonel Parker, looked after him for a while and gave him a TV show which put him on the road to success. I was very envious at this time because I felt sure that, given the right opportunities, I could do the same. It was due to my upbringing and the fact that I didn't want to disappoint my parents, whom I respected immensely, that I carried on through school. I did tell them, though, that at the first chance, I was off to Hollywood. As soon as I was free, I persuaded my father to drive me there.

On the way we stopped at a record company in Arizona where I did an audition. They were ready to sign me but said I would have to pay them 200 dollars. When I asked my Dad, he refused, and I travelled on to Hollywood in a raging temper thinking that he had ruined my one big chance.



When we got there I went to see a famous vocal coach and was accepted for lessons. This, I was told, was a great honour as she only accepted the best. Dad paid for the lessons which were 25 dollars an hour, every day. I booked into a hotel after my father had given me some money to live on, and was then introduced to a composer called Ray Gilbert who had won an Academy Award for his film score "Song of the South". I used to sit and stare in awe at his Oscar which was the first I had ever seen.

Well, I showed him two songs I had written and was impressed when he asked if he could manage me. I was also taken to Liberace's agency who wanted to sign me up. I was under 21, so they had to call Dad to get him to sign the contract. This was funny, as before leaving me in Hollywood he had said knowingly, "You'll be back home in two weeks!" Imagine his surprise when I phoned him two weeks to the day and asked him to come out. He was

so pleased that he gave me an allowance of 200 dollars a week.

So I headed for New York where I made my first disc under the name of Jet Powers. It was a flop. I'll always remember the first time it was to be played on the radio. I was sitting, waiting with some friends while the DJ gave me the big build-up. Suddenly he exploded with laughter. "Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous as Jet Powers," he said. Boy, was I mad!

From then on, things really went downhill. I was living on Dad's allowance and doing everything I shouldn't, nor caring what happened. One day my father phoned: "You're supporting every down-and-out in town", he said, and cut my allowance to 100 dollars a week. Even then I took no notice till he cut it to 50, and finally, cut it off completely. As it happened, it was probably the best thing he could have done. I was compelled to work and took a job in a park for two weeks.

You may wonder why my manager wasn't turning me into a star at this time, but everything seemed to go wrong, and he didn't have enough time to devote to me as he had his own career to think of. There was the time when I was due to appear on the Bob Crosby TV show and I was told I would have to step down as there was some newcomer with a hit record they wanted to use. That newcomer turned out to be the great Jimmy Rodgers.

I let myself slide. I started to become the one they always called when they wanted to make up numbers for a party. I was mixing with a lot of the wrong types in town. I was



Before and After . . . going through the mill of making a disc in the studio, then, reaping the rewards and award from David Jacobs....



wild and not the easiest person to get on with, so I blame myself almost completely for my lack of progress during that period.

Around then, I was also dating a girl I wanted to marry, but I didn't endear myself to her particularly. One night we went to a party before I was due to do a TV show. I had been enjoying myself a little too much, and when I arrived for the show I found I had to walk up a ramp over a swimming pool. You guessed it! I walked too far and landed in the pool with a gigantic splash. I got out and started playing my guitar—there were sparks flying everywhere. I started singing religious songs and the audience made to leave, so I rushed to the door and locked it. "Nobody leaves when I sing," I shouted, "don't you know who I am?" They eventually got me



off stage. I suffered agonies the next day when I realised how silly I had been.

As far as I was concerned, my name in Hollywood was ruined—I was a has-been, in fact, a never-was. I spent a long time after that building a recording studio with Eddie Cochran's brother. He lent me the money for a hotel room. The price was 10 dollars a month so you can imagine what it was like.

Feeling low and depressed, I wrote to my mother telling her I had had enough and wanted to come home. She mailed me a ticket, and I was on my way out of town when I stopped at the doors of a record company. "What have I got to lose?" I thought, and went in. I told the manager boldly that I had two songs to sell and they would cost him 200 dollars. He heard them, and without another word, wrote out the cheque. I was so amazed that I ran out of the building like fury in case he changed his mind. With the money I went straight back into town, paid my hotel bill, bought a supply of canned food, and a new suit and shoes.

I changed from that day. I was determined to be seen at every big Hollywood party and make sure I was always photographed with the right people. I made certain I never had a drink in my hand, too. Since then, I have never mixed work with pleasure. My new code of conduct worked, and word began to spread about my being a completely new personality.

Then, one day, my friend Jackie De Shannon, took me to see her recording manager at Liberty Records. He signed me as a writer and recording artist. Things were beginning to look up. I got married, too, at this time, but it wasn't to work out. My records only ever made the bottom of the American charts. I think my bad luck was because the company had too many big names to push at this time and they seemed to be more interested in my writing.



You may wonder why I had never thought of quitting show business after all these mishaps. The answer was that it was my life and I learned never to get fed up with it. I live, eat, and think, show business 24 hours a day. I have always felt this way for as long as I can remember, and guess I always will.

That talented young lady, Jackie De Shannon, came to my rescue again. She introduced me to producer Jack Good, and I'll thank her forever for doing so. I'll never forget the day he walked through the door. "Marvellous!" he said, and grabbed my hair. "It's real—he's signed!" We started working on TV shows together and I did the pilot show for "Shindig", which was to become one of the biggest on American TV. Jack, to me, is the greatest person in the world. I would work for him for nothing, any time.

A short time before meeting Jack, I had thought of coming to Britain. I was going to work my passage on a boat and produce records here. Unfortunately I couldn't get a work permit. Anyway, Jack had to come to England to produce a Beatles TV Spectacular and, unknown to me, had played some of my records to Brian Epstein. One day I had a call. "If you've nothing better to do, come over and do this TV show," he said, "we'll pay your expenses." I had nothing better to do, so I came.



It was the most sensible thing, I think, I ever did. The TV show was a success, as you know, and was the start of my fabulous stay in Britain. A funny thing happened, though. The Home Office called me to say that my work permit had expired and that I was breaking the law. "Give me one more week," I asked. The man stamped the card without question, and I made my first British record with Jack before returning to my little room in Hollywood.

Well, I've done the show I thought, and that's the end of it. Then I had another call. "Your record is going up the charts fast, come back," they said. Since then it has been just one big, wonderful time for me. I found my own style with the hair, Tom Jones bow and shoes, and will always be grateful to the fans here for everything they have done for me. They are the greatest in the world and England now is my home. It always will be, as long as people want me.

I was on my own for a while, of course, but this didn't bother me as I'd never had any real roots. In fact I only used to see my parents at holiday times when I was at

school, so I am used to taking care of myself.

In typical P. J. Proby style I had a few problems in England, but they were never ones that couldn't be easily solved. I have also been made a bit of a scapegoat on occasions. When you've been in show business as long as I have there aren't many things you don't know, so I have never allowed myself to be cheated or handled badly. This has often involved me in arguments and disputes, but I demand to be treated fairly at all times. I now feel that I know what is right, so I will always come out on top in the end.

Now I am settled here, and my records are doing well, I look forward to a happy life and to giving my fans whatever they ask of me. I hope to grow up with them, as I love all types of music. When they are older and are tired of pops, I shall change my style, too. I'll give up fancy clothes, and sing ballads if they want. In fact I'd even sing light opera, if they like. Never grow tired of me please. I owe you everything and, I assure you, I will never grow tired of you.



CLOTHES

I DON'T suppose it really sank in and I certainly hadn't given it that much thought, until I kept reading in stories that were printed about me, things like "Billy J. Kramer must be one of the best dressed British pop stars", and "Billy walked in immaculately dressed as ever". I think it was then that I realised how much importance I had placed on my appearance and how much it had contributed towards my success. It's certainly a very true saying that "clothes make the star"—not only for me but for practically every name in the present hit parade.

Besides having talent and a good voice, the appearance of an artiste is probably the next most important thing. You have just got to have an image. It may be one that hits you in the eye or a quiet boy-next-door style like me, but you just have to have it. Many people have made mistakes by trying to adopt the wrong style and consequently their appearance has never matched their personality. You can realise how important this is for a singer, and often requires a lot of thought. The Rolling Stones would look out of place wearing smart suits and singing rhythm and blues and can you imagine me in jeans and a sweater! In show business one has to *look* the part. This of course can present many problems and become a constant headache when it comes to decisions.



Before anything happened for me in show business, clothes meant a lot in my life. I had a very dirty job working for the railways in Liverpool and was only earning £2 12s. 0d. a week. Mum used to help me out and I was getting some extra cash from dates with the group so it wasn't too bad. Friday would be the big night. I'd dash home, get cleaned up, put on a smart suit and go dancing or to a party. I used to feel real good then.

I've always known exactly what I wanted when it came to choosing clothes and my tastes were never very way out. It just didn't seem to suit my character. I'd go shopping with my brother and he'd take hours to choose something as simple as a tie. This used to annoy me very much as I know exactly what I want before going out to buy. Even these days I can go to a shop and buy anything—jackets, trousers, shirts, shoes—straight away and always get just what I want.

Once things started to happen for me and the group, I was in my element, but the choice of things suddenly became very important. We were lucky of course that our music was different, our records commercial, and that the kids liked us, but then I had to emerge as a personality and establish myself. Clothes obviously were going to be

MAKE

THE

STAR

says

BILLY J. KRAMER

important in helping towards achieving this, and although I had a lot of ideas of my own, I relied a lot on Brian Epstein's advice. He was right about me then, and always has been. I've always been a pretty ordinary chap and fairly quiet and conservative in style of dress, so when it came to choosing stage suits and outfits, I decided I would always try to be as smart as possible at all times. This went for the Dakotas too. We've kept it up, and nowadays will discuss style and ask each other's advice before buying outfits.

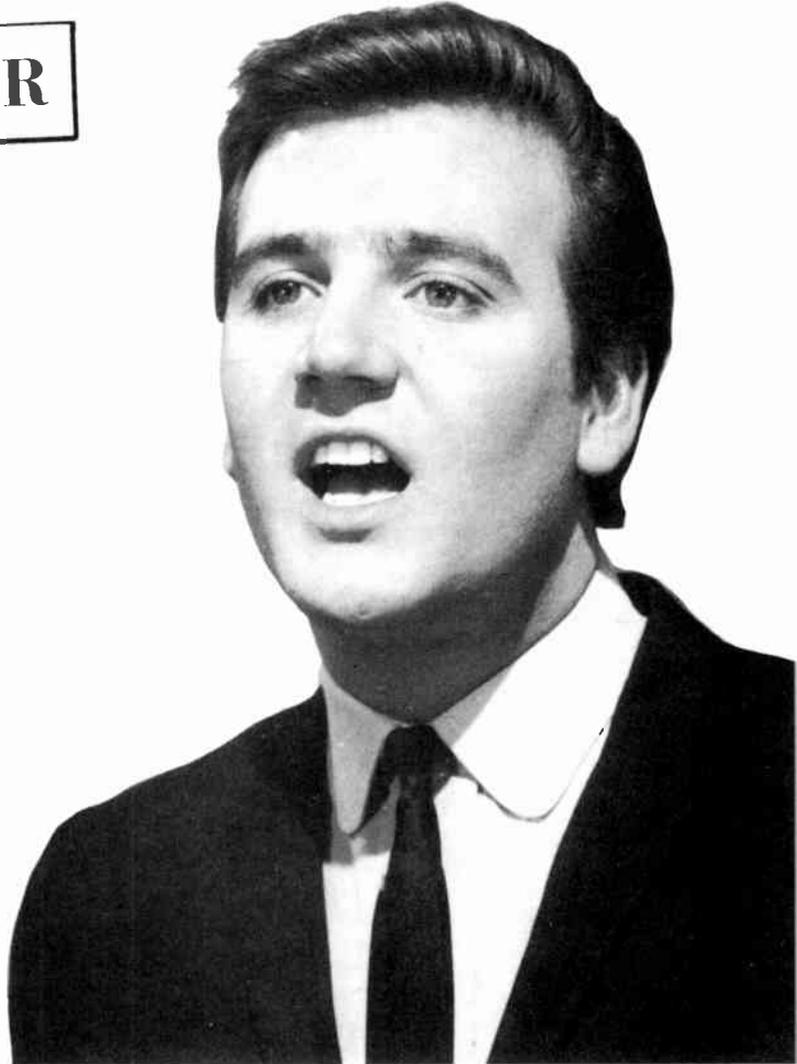
Although you have to change styles slightly from time to time, I usually have a wardrobe of about twenty suits, fifteen jackets, and fifty shirts. Sports jackets have always been a great love of mine and I still wear them most of my off-duty time. But I also used to wear them a lot while working. The trouble was that they were usually quite distinctive with bright check patterns, and after I'd worn a particular jacket on television once I got to thinking it wouldn't really be good to wear it again, so nowadays I stick to dark suits which are much more practical. A shame really, as I loved wearing them, they looked great, but it was proving very expensive.

There's no doubt that actual appearance and styles of clothes have made a tremendous difference to a lot of people who have made the grade in recent years.

Take Bill Haley, the chap who started it all for us. Nobody could ever think of him without the kiss curl and the tartan jacket. Then, of course, there was Elvis!

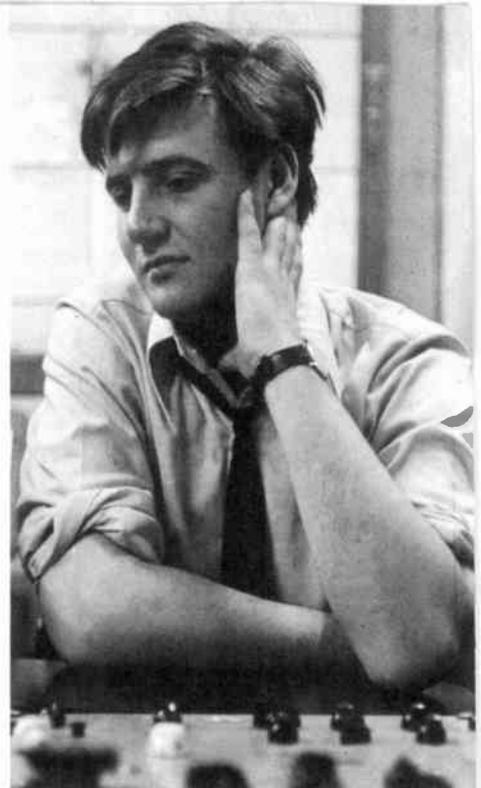
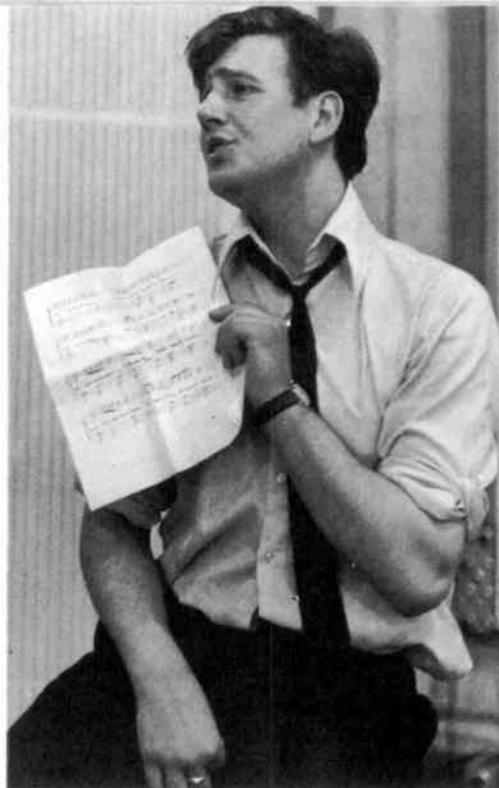


Like so many other young people, Elvis was my idol too and we used to sing a lot of his numbers before developing our own style. But look at the impact his appearance used to make. It's pretty fair to say that the large majority of rock groups followed the rules he made. I'll never forget the first pictures I saw of him in outfits like gold lamé suits or skin tight black trousers, white jacket, white boots, coloured shirts and that fantastic hairstyle with long sideburns. The pop world had never seen anything like it and he took them by storm. This must have made all the difference to his image when he started out, and look how many young boys took to wearing



sideburns and long jackets. Elvis was certainly a trend-setter.

I suppose England is on a par with anything America have produced, thanks largely to the Beatles who have been our own international trendsetters with so many things. How many boys in Britain would have ever grown their hair long before it became the trend and the accepted thing when John, Paul, George, and Ringo did? It became their trademark and is something they could never change, at least not for a while. It played such a big part in creating their image that Beatles without long hair just wouldn't



But you need to take your coat

be the same. So, suddenly it became the fashion to wear hair long and a great many groups who have succeeded since owe a lot to the famous four. The music was important, of course, but the fans also went for the long hair that shook wildly, and the unusual appearance.

John Lennon went to Paris and found a jacket with no collar. He brought one back, the group adopted them, and they became "Beatle" jackets. When some far-sighted man decided to manufacture them commercially, they sold like hot cakes. The designer must be very grateful to the famous four. After a while the boys stopped wearing them on stage, but you could never associate those jackets with anybody else. The high-heeled boots trend came from them too, and launched another boom for manufacturers and a style which became almost a status symbol for pop groups.

In the case of the Rolling Stones, they created a craze by being *not* dressed. Their hair was even longer than the Beatles, and the kids loved them because they went on stage wearing anything they fancied—old jeans, sweaters, shirts with no ties—complete non-conformity. This again had its effect as lots of groups began to copy this casual style. It paid off, too.

A particular favourite of mine is P. J. Proby. He has such a great voice and is so talented that the way he looks doesn't matter to me, personally, very much, but what a tremendous help his unusual way of dress has been in establishing him in Britain. His controversial distinctive ways rocketed him to the top in months. He hit us with

those puffed-sleeved shirts, tight trousers, buckled shoes, and hair tied with a bow at the back, and he looked fantastic. The fans lapped it all up and it is still an irresistible challenge for them to steal the bow from his hair. I was told he loses hundreds every week. And how about the time he went on stage wearing that big white boiler suit after the trouble he had with his stage suits? His judgement is often uncanny.

Before you think I am contradicting my own style by praising others, I'd better say I am just trying to explain how tremendously important appearance is to a star. There is room for so many different fashions in the pop world and I am glad to have been able to establish my own particular fashion, and that it has found favour with the fans.

I deliberately set out to create my own style, and always wanted to be an immaculate, well-dressed singer. For me it would be foolish to try anything different. I know exactly what suits my character and dress to suit myself. Sometimes you get stuck with the problem of never being quite sure what is right, but I usually sort things out for the best.

With some stars gimmicks are good and work well for them, but I think if I ever tried this, it would have to be something very subtle. If it was clever, suited me and didn't change my personality drastically, I would try it.

One of my ambitions is to star in cabaret. Good cabaret clubs are something we sadly lack in Britain. America is years ahead of us in that field. It is a medium I love and



off sometime!

I can see myself now, resplendent in a dinner jacket, doing my act on a cabaret floor. How about a white tuxedo?—yes, that's definitely for me.

If you want to stay, you have to grow up in this business, and I can see my styles changing in the future. I also hope to start recording a lot of top class ballads, which is something I have longed to do. Films are another ambition. I could really run riot then. Acting is something I've never done so far, but it's a challenge I want to take. I can see myself now in all those fabulous "Tom Jones" costumes. Those are the type of pictures I'd love to go for.

Talking of other stars, I almost forgot to mention someone who is probably the most classic example of becoming an international star through his appearance. I mean the great Sean Connery of course. You probably remember as I do seeing him in a few odd pictures when he didn't really register. Then when he made the first James Bond film I must have been one of the millions who was completely knocked out by him. What a transformation! His clothes, sophistication, and just about everything he did, said or wore, was so perfect, so slick, that it shot him to the top of the heart-throb hit parade virtually overnight. Sean must be very grateful to the James Bond dress sense.

However, before you think I am too fussy, I'd better tell you that I do like to knock around in a shirt and jeans when I get the chance. It makes a nice change. And, let's face it, star or no star, everyone feels terrible some days. I can be dressed to kill but still feel as if I've been dragged through a hedge backwards!





STICKS and STONES

WITH THE ROLLING STONES

People can be divided into three groups. There are those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who wonder what happened.

Do you know what comes out first when the weather turns warm?—The last clothes of summer.

We feel something should be done about those lady-in-the-tub TV commercials. Like improving the camera work, for instance.

Have you heard of the automatic restaurant where you buy a frozen meal from a vending machine and thaw it out at your table? And we'll let the sign in front say, "Home Cooking."

One thing that is probably better now than it was in the old days is the old days.

When a fella gets up in the morning with a long face, there's just that much more to shave.



The speed and power of the new cars helps to bring places closer together. Like this world and the next.

Sometimes we wonder if something doesn't go out of romance when a girl nestles her head on a boy's shoulder and her hair spray cracks.



Critics of TV should remember its medical benefits. It's the greatest aid to sleep since darkness.

You may have your complaints about snowy, wintry weather, but it proves one thing—that the age of shovelry is not dead.



Does the going seem a little easier lately? Better check. You just might be going downhill.

Trying to get a word in edgeways with some people is like trying to thread a sewing machine with the motor running.

If two girls are alone on a desert island, how many dresses will it take to keep them happy?—Answer: Three. One for each to wear and a third that neither would be caught dead in.



Some people have no trouble at all separating the men from the boys. These people are called girls.

The boss said he didn't like "yes" men. So we said, "No, sir, you're right."

Why hasn't some on-his-toes toy manufacturer made a doll that says, "Where's mama?"

A fella we know stopped smoking just like that. He fell down a lift shaft.

Whenever you are tempted to put something off until tomorrow, stall. With just a bit of better planning, maybe you can put it off permanently.

All that stands between some parents and a home of their own is a popular teenage daughter.



Everyone would rest a lot easier if someone would invent a gadget that switches off the television set two minutes after you fall asleep in front of it.

And, of course, an optimist is a man who says he's just going to watch the first 15 minutes of the late TV show.





The only thing everyone understands about money matters is that it does.

Learn to face reality. Then you'll realise how well off you were before.

Married men are happier than bachelors for several reasons, and one of them is that there is something calming about knowing the worst.



Heard about the latest teenage idols called The Lichens? They can't sing, dance, or play—they just sort of grow on you.

The boy next door has come down with an illness so rare that it hasn't even been seen on TV yet.

What is there about hearing his parents snore that makes a little baby so thirsty?

Would you like to spring from bed full of zip, zest, and bounce? It's really not hard. Just sleep late.

One trouble with this country is the number of people trying to get something for nothing. Another trouble is the number of people who seem to be getting it.

When all else fails, try complaining.



One type of driver always gives you the right of way at a crossroads—he's the one feeling guilty about what he did at the last crossroads.



Children should be seen and not heard, says the old proverb. But if you mention it at home, kids will give you a three-hour argument on the subject.

Lots of girls won't get up early in the morning and work around the house. They regard it as too unlazy-like.

The hardest part of climbing the ladder of success is getting through the crowd at the bottom.



We hear that the latest TV sets offer ultrahigh frequency—especially in the payments.

Many a word spoken in jest has to be repeated three or four times.

Parents, grumble teenagers, are the sum of the squares on both sides of the family.



Have you heard what the canary said to his girl friend?—"Two can cheep as lively as one."

There's a lot to be said for shorter skirts, and the boys who hang around the coffee bars already have said most of it.

An evening of TV convinces us that while the Russians may be ahead on missiles and rockets, we've got 'em licked on deodorants.

Give a boy enough rope and he'll pull something.





Something that really ought to come with no strings attached, is certain rock 'n' roll singers' guitars.

Weather forecast: Rain and mud, followed by mothers with mops.

From the looks of the toys in their rooms, today's kids are better equipped than our Armed Forces.

Maybe everyone should swap troubles—the other fella's are always easier to solve.



The world really isn't any worse than it used to be. It's just that the news coverage is so much better.

Modern advances in communications have been fantastic, but there's still a lot to be said for the wink.

If you have trouble understanding your girl friend, try turning off the TV.



A MANN'S

YOU know we often get the impression that people think we're rather an unfriendly lot, because although we've become a very successful and popular group, we've never really mixed much or become involved in the personal side of show business.

This is a very good thing, sometimes, as it makes people take notice. Other times it brings critical remarks. But, although we do say it ourselves, we're a friendly, likeable crowd with very definite opinions about music, and most other things.

One of the points which has constantly annoyed us is our name. It wasn't one we wanted—the record company chose it for us as we couldn't think of a better one, but right from the start it created confusion. Manfred, himself, hated it because people only wanted to speak to him at first. This got him down, and us too, so we started getting awkward, insisting that no interview should be conducted unless we were all there. These days we don't mind who is interviewed as long as it isn't just Manfred alone. In fact he won't allow it, unless it's unavoidable. We're still very fussy about it, and even today, although we've explained it over and over again, it still hasn't sunk in with a great many people. Take, for example, when we were in France once. A record of ours was released, and on the cover it said "Manfred Mann who has become famous for HIS hit disc". This is the type of thing that still happens.

You see our main objection to the name is the fact that the public will only ever think of just the one person so they never get a clear picture of each member of the group, which is really very important. No doubt, sometime soon, Manfred Mann as a group will become better known individually. We shouldn't complain as the name has done us a lot of good and we would never dream of changing it now. America pleased us as far as this name business was concerned. Strangely, it seemed easier to get our point across there.



The times we've been to the States have been a ball for us. Our first tour was on the tail end of a lot of British success over there. Following the Beatles there, brought lots of amusing incidents. If your hair was even remotely long, people would stop in the streets and shout loudly "Beatle!" We used to catch them out sometimes. Two of us would be walking along a street ahead of the others and a crowd would turn, stare and usually make a remark. The others would then walk up to the crowd exclaiming,

WITH MANFRED MANN

"Those characters—don't they look terrible!" We had a lot of laughs.

You may not know, but the style of Manfred Mann was the result of huge failures. We started out as a jazz group and were a miserable flop. We changed to a kind of rhythm and blues outfit before leaning towards pop. Nowadays, the one phrase we hate is rhythm and blues, although, at one time, we were only too happy to be associated with it. Let's face it there are bands here that play a sort of "British" R & B but can never really hope to be authentic in sound. When groups like ourselves began having hits, people immediately started the arguments and it all went on and on till just about everybody, including ourselves, were heartily sick of it. We fight shy of getting involved in any discussion about it these days and certainly don't want to be called a rhythm and blues outfit anymore.



More than anything else we don't want to be tagged as a group who can only play one type of thing. Our records are all picked as numbers that are good, that suit us, and that we can interpret well. We like to think that, these days, we have a much wider audience appeal. In fact, we know we have.

Great changes have come about since the first group hysteria. At one time people said audiences round the country were losing interest in groups. This worried us, particularly when we hadn't been on the road a while. You can imagine how pleased we were to find that the crowds were even bigger than the ones we pulled when we were No. 1 in the charts. Groups have had to improve, and the standard is definitely higher these days. Fans won't accept any old row in ballrooms anymore, therefore groups must prove themselves and show they have an interesting, exciting act. The kids have seen and heard too many inferior outfits. Also, they don't scream as much as they used to. Now, they demand to be entertained, so performances have to be good and varied. We recorded a thing once called, "Come Tomorrow", which surprised a lot of people as it was a beat ballad and a complete breakaway for us. It was a big hit and you'd be amazed the difference

WORLD

it made to pulling in the crowds. Without blowing our own trumpet too loudly, we have been told we are one of the biggest ballroom draws in the country.

Have you noticed the number of really *GOOD* records produced now and the way we are following America by concentrating a lot more on sound and quality? There is so much talent on the scene and it is so capable that we sometimes find the competition quite frightening. The public have a lot of good discs to choose from. The day when you could follow up a hit with almost anything is over. Everything you do has got to be great. We realised this when our second record didn't do too well. A lot of groups who have not experienced a failure will come to earth quickly, as we had to. You can easily be forgotten in this business so we seldom let up. It's like walking a tight-rope, with every new step more risky than the last. We worry like crazy over each disc, but because we have devoted so much thought to things, we find that public appreciation is very solid nowadays.

Incidentally, recording is the thing which gives us most satisfaction. We are all perfectionists and it irks us that we can never find as much time as we'd like for rehearsals before recording. We'd like to devote much more time to it, as the Americans do. The constant perfection of discs by people like Roy Orbison and Gene Pitney proves this.



We all have secret ambitions, and what we like to call talents, and our progress has helped us to further these. Paul loves writing poetry, Tom is something of a script writer, and we are all deeply interested in music. We've written music for a television play, and also a semi-classical piece for a TV programme which came on before a speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This had an astronomical viewing figure and created a lot of interest.

The reputation we have of being a rather stand-offish and unfriendly lot, we would like to kill once and for all. It has only come through our reluctance to conform with the social side of show business, and through trying to keep a balance between our working and personal life. We hate show biz parties, and some of us have never been to a single one. In fact, apart from the people we meet working, we don't know what we suppose you would call the "in" crowd. We are rather a shy and reserved bunch, and although it would probably do us good to mix more, we do not have a lot in common with most of the types you meet at these gatherings. We hate boring individuals. To make idle chatter and sit around doing nothing seems a





waste of time. This doesn't mean we're unsociable because we get on well with a lot of people, but a lot of show business types are so deadly dull, we simply just don't want to know them.

When we do have time off we like to get away and spend it doing something useful and different. We all have other interests and want to do better things than going to parties. Actually Mike Vickers has a funny story which he doesn't tell often. When he was a little kid, he went to a school party where he had a very embarrassing time in a kind of kissing game. Ever since, he's had a bit of a complex about parties. So you see we're not unsociable in the least. We just prefer devoting our personal life to other things.

Being in this business has been the most enjoyable time of our lives. It has enabled us to travel all over the world. We've been lucky. But experiences have also taught us plenty. We've learnt to like and do a lot of things we didn't before. Naturally, we all want to carry on playing a while yet and we think we can adapt ourselves to adult tastes—we have already done cabaret work and gone down well. We have vague ideas about what we want to do in the future and, in a way, when we do fade, as I suppose we must one day, it could be very good for us. Sometimes we almost look forward to that day. We're a Ltd. company and hope to stick together, though sometime in the future, we'll probably be doing things individually. We all want to devote a lot of time to composing, producing records, and

writing for the screen or theatre. We've already started producing in a small way, but never have enough time to concentrate fully on it. The day we notch up our first hit from the other side of the studio, will be a big one for us.

A few things we'd like to change. . . .

Attitudes of promoters and managers who think they own you because they've booked you, and think they know more about how to play to an audience than you do. We don't tell them how to do their jobs, and don't see why they should try. . . .

Atrocious dressing rooms in ballrooms—we've even got changed while the audience was watching us, and lazy petty officials in some of these places won't lift a finger to help you out of awkward situations if it means opening a door, or something they're not supposed to do.

This type of thing has taught us to compromise a lot and not get annoyed, as we would have, at one time. We used to think everyone would be on our side when he had a hit. Now we know better. You have to push all the time to stay on top. When we returned from a tour abroad and scanned the papers for reports. Of the group we were with, we read all sorts of stories about things we know never happened to them. About us—nothing! Sometimes you have to lay it on thick and exaggerate. The truth is often not enough.

Basically, none of us have changed, so if you should ever meet us, please come and say "Hello"—we really are a nice, friendly lot!

WAYNE FONTANA presents—

RADIO

LUXEMBOURG'S

VERY CANDID

CAMERA

A star always needs to be in the public eye—except in private off-stage moments, and it's photographs of just those off-duty occasions that everyone loves to see. So . . . anything to oblige the fans . . . I've chosen a selection of Radio Luxembourg's own very candid camera shots to give you an interesting eyeful.



Con Cluskey—that Bachelor boy—gets Amanda Barrie, Billy Fury, and the other two Bachelors, in focus



That's not cricket, Freddie!



"What you need is some sun, and sea breezes" — and that's a piece of Kildare advice Richard Chamberlain believes in taking himself



A handyman around the house is ex-Searcher, Tony Jackson



Maybe it's not quite Test standard cricket but you can't blame Freddie for being bowled over by Susan Maughan and, what a finish to a game!



If you want to know what Dave Berry is watching, look to the right—he's watching the Yardbirds doing some bird watching





SANDY



GETS SET

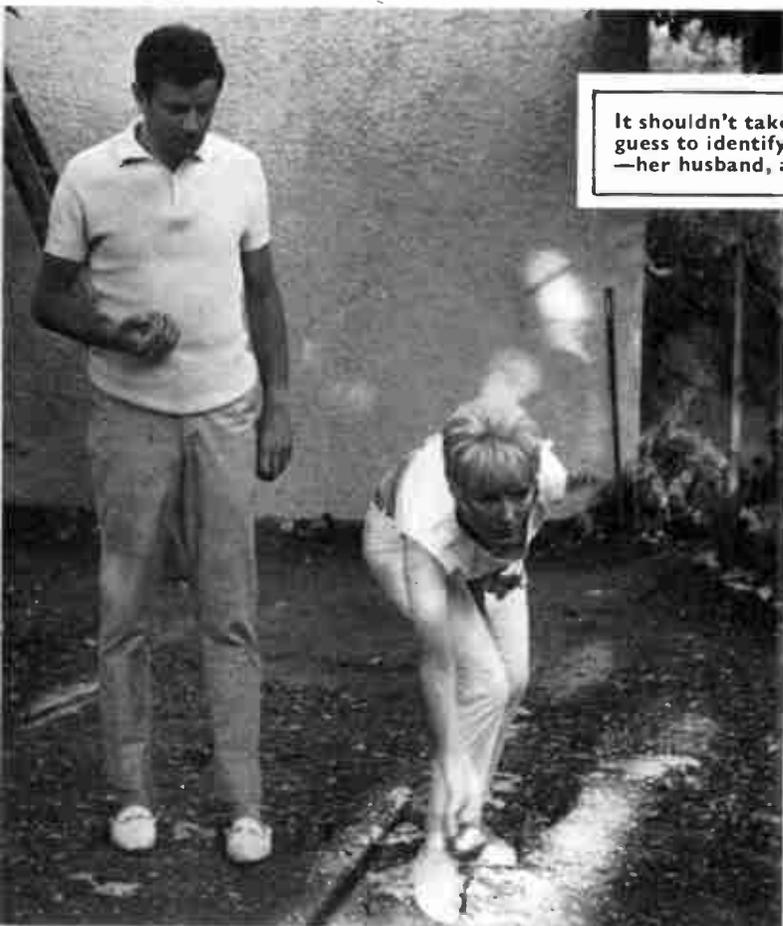


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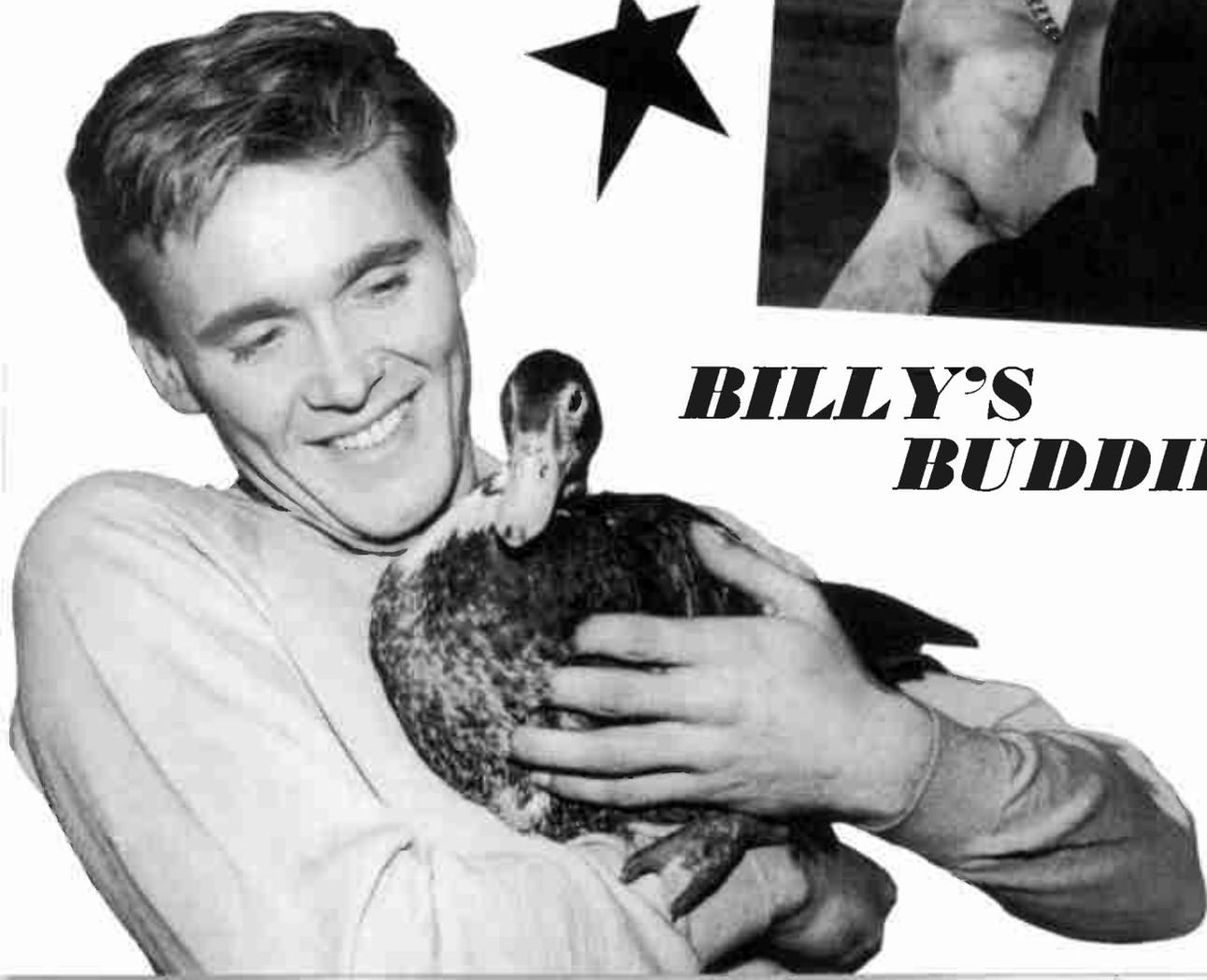


PET'S PETS



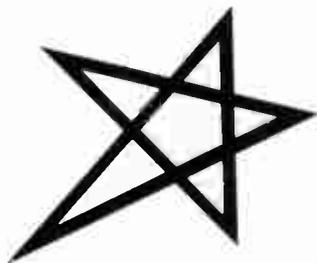
It shouldn't take you more than one guess to identify Pet's favourite pets —her husband, and her children





***BILLY'S
BUDDIES***

The Kinks listening for kinks during a studio recording session



and finally,

I turn the

camera on

myself . . .



ROGER MILLER

Shows you how to be

KING

OF THE

ROAD



HITTING the road is the natural thing to do in show business. Most of the while you are travelling between one-nighters and TV dates, as well as tours on the Continent, Scandinavia, and diving around the United States, which all means you've got to learn to live out of a suitcase.

But I am not about to relate the stories of my travels. The idea of this piece of mine is to let you profit by my experience, because the way we show business characters travel to work is a great guide for you when you're taking yourself on holiday.

The secret is to—look before you pack. When you travel, travel light, and take a load off your mind.

Keeping your weight down doesn't only mean watching your diet on holiday. It also means, pack right.

The traveller who lugs heavy luggage and a complete wardrobe to cover all occasions is a spendthrift, and a foolish one. Make no mistake—the contents of your suitcase can affect your holiday costs.

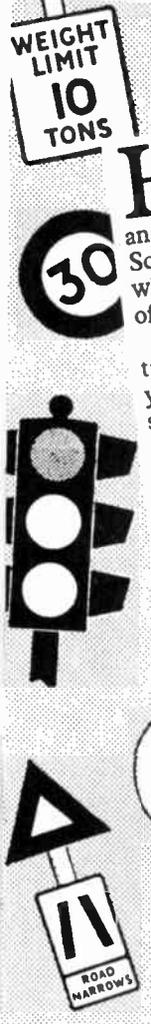
Travelling light means the ability to step off a plane or train without bundles, boxes, and baggage on every finger, and the constant need of porters, taxis, and all those little bits of assistance that sneakily get rid of money better spent on enjoying yourself.

Travelling light also means the ability to walk into a hotel, and walk out with ease if you don't like the look of the place. None of this hours of packing and unpacking. No more lugging about a load of dirty washing as you travel on.

Unburden yourself before you even start out—pack sensibly. I've been to a lot of places, packed a lot of things. Take my tip—don't pack up your troubles—pack this-away. . . .

First, pack your case with the minimum you think you'll need. Then take out half of it and you'll be just right. Isn't it a fact that whatever you pack always turns out to be too much?

The synthetic age we live in has simplified our packing habits and laundry problems. I used to take an extra case largely for shirts—a dozen—



and even then I was often in trouble because I couldn't get them washed in time for my next move. Now I take three or four synthetics—though two would do at a pinch—and act as my own nightly launderer. Five minutes, and my shirt is ready for me hours before I am ready for it.

And you'd be amazed at the people who do their own bit of nightly laundry nowadays. Millionaires and movie stars are all at it. I've seen, in some of the swankiest foreign hotels, shirts, blouses, slips, and stockings hanging to dry in the bathrooms of the plushiest suites.



Anyway, here's a "What to Pack" list, based not only on my experience, but on that of seasoned travellers of the other sex too.

Ladies first, of course:

- 6 pairs of nylon stockings
- 2 nylon petticoats
- 2 nylon bras
- 4 pairs of nylon panties
- 2 drip-dry day dresses
- 2 drip-dry blouses
- 1 drip-dry travelling suit
- 1 drip-dry dress that doubles for afternoon and evening—possibly with a jacket
- 1 cardigan sweater
- 1 pair of slacks or shorts
- 1 pair of sandals (to double for beachwear and slippers)
- 1 pair of good sensible walking shoes
- 1 pair of dressy high heel shoes
- 2 bathing suits and bathing cap
- 1 pair nylon pyjamas, or nightie
- 1 light robe
- 1 good all-round travel coat
- Jewellery, scarves, accessories to help you ring dress changes

If you've got a dress with two matching jackets—take it. Always pick versatile garments that can be matched into different combinations. If they are not actually drip-dry, be sure they are at least crease-resistant, and easy-to-care-for styles requiring little attention.

For men, in addition to the normal weight suit you wear for the journey, restrict yourself to the following:

- 1 sports jacket
- 1 summer suit
- 2 pairs of slacks (one light, one heavy)
- 2 neckties
- 2 sports shirts (preferably drip-dry)
- 1 drip-dry white shirt
- 1 raincoat
- 1 sweater
- 1 pair best shoes
- 1 pair canvas or sports shoes
- 3 sets underwear
- 1 light bathrobe
- 2 pairs socks
- 2 swimsuits or trunks
- Toilet and shaving kit

Always include a few plastic coat-hangers—you'll be staggered how often they're in short supply even in the best hotels. And, as you are doing your own laundry, a plastic bag with a zip will come in handy, especially if you're on the move and some of your clothes aren't quite dry.

Be sure that when you get down to packing, all liquids are in plastic bottles, to prevent accidents. If you must include a glass container, seal the bottle cap with a layer of wax.

Use every scrap of space—it's surprising where you can manage to jam things. Roll up underwear, slips, etc., so they can be stuffed along the sides of the case. A layer of tissue-paper above and below a garment is a very good crease-preventer.

For long air trips, carry a pocket-size toothbrush and small tube of toothpaste in your handbag.

If you are going by air, carry bottles, or other breakable articles in a shoulder-strap air-travel bag—and books too. Take them with you into the plane. Your strap carrier isn't included in baggage weight.

Every air traveller should restrict themselves to one suitcase, otherwise excess baggage charges will run you up a bill that could spoil your holiday even before you've got off the ground.

By the way, the lists given above are of course for warm-weather travellers. Winter tourists must make adjustments to suit the time of the year and the climate.

There are a few other pointers you should remember if you want to be a good traveller: and a King of the Road.

Always remember that you are guest of the place you are visiting, so don't throw your weight around. In any café or public place, never forget you are already conspicuous because you are "foreign", so try not to attract further attention. Good manners will make you more welcome.

Don't kick up a fuss about petty annoyances. The visitor who loudly tells the world that "these people don't know how to make a decent cup of tea" is also telling everyone that he has bad manners and hasn't been around much.

If a taxi driver overcharges you, remember this sort of thing can happen back home, too.

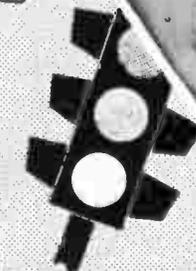
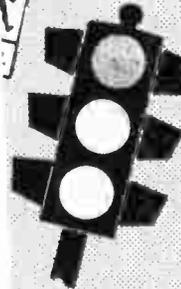
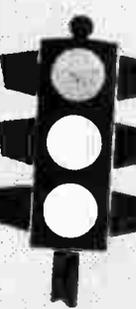
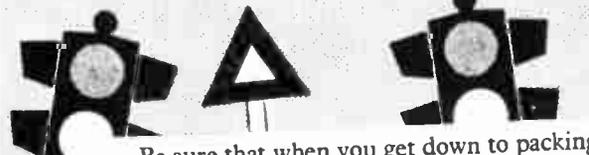
If you can't get bacon and eggs for breakfast, don't complain—you're not at home. Remember the saying—"When in Rome . . ."

Be interested in everything that is typical or unusual wherever you go. You can't begin to understand or appreciate a country's music, food, or sports, unless you really try to get close to them. Every place should be a kind of surprise package for you to untie.

And don't criticise foreign people because they do things differently. They've usually got good local reasons for doing things their way.

Lastly, a reminder about those how-to-pack rules:

Whenever you travel, don't forget—too heavy a suitcase can give you a heavy heart and a light pocket!





STAR GAZING WITH

HARRY and RONNIE



How about playing Spot the Stars with us?

As two old hands at the record game—two voices of experience—it's a great pastime trying to spot new faces and voices with that certain something that could take them to the top. The wonder and magic of this business is hearing an unknown voice on the air one day, and *feeling* in your bones that you have just heard a new star born. That's exactly how it was when we, and millions of others, listened to Roger Miller's "King of the Road"—and look what happened to that!

Look and listen to the personalities on these two pages from the Philips and Fontana labels—they could be the brightest of shooting stars in the skies of tomorrow. As far as we're concerned, they can come right up and join us—there's always room for talent....



Charity begins at home, goes the old saying, but The Walker Brothers travelled a long way from home to make their recording mark—from America's West Coast to find fortune on this side of the Atlantic. They've got the look of success about them.



"People can turn on the radio and hear pop music any time, but they must want something different now and again," says a young man named Pete Morgan, who, with talented Colin James, teams up to offer completely different listening. You'll be hearing a lot of The Morgan James Duo.



Another ex-Springfield—Mike Hurst—with the voice and the versatility to make it alone.



Famous name from a famous family; hit songwriter; brilliant conductor-arranger; carving himself a new career—Tom Springfield.



A voice to remember—that's Christine Holmes. TV producers and critics rate her as a girl with "vocal abilities far above average". Definitely a voice to hear, and remember....



Groups may come, and groups may go but The Spencer Davis Group have the talent to be around a long long time.



The needle drops silently into the groove then... WHAM!... Suddenly, there she is!—delectable, Kiki Dee—a bubbling bouncing personality guaranteed to rock any place.



When people can identify a voice or sound the instant they hear it, then you have the distinctiveness of which stars are made... The Silkie have the sound of stardom....

THE DADDY of

WHEN you dance the Shake, or the Twist, jump around to Dixieland jazz, or shuffle and sway to a deep-down blues, you never give a thought to the man who started it all.

The Daddy of it all was a gentleman by the name of William Christopher Handy, who was called the Father of the Blues. He was the man who started a new style of dancing, a new brand of jazz playing. But for him, the story of popular music just wouldn't be the same, you wouldn't be turning your radio dial to Luxembourg to hear the music you like, and I wouldn't be playing and singing the way that I do.

Bill Handy listened to the music of his people—the Negro people—all his life, but it took years before he could get the world to accept it.

The story goes way back to when Bill Handy was trying to compose a new dance tune for bands to play. At that time, he used to conduct a band himself, and manage a dozen others. The bands played at dances and gave concerts right across Tennessee.

With four kids running around the place, Bill Handy's home was too noisy for him to compose, so he rented a room in the Beale Street part of the town and did his writing there instead. But this idea wasn't too good, either, what with all the pianos thumping away in nearby saloons

and rowdy crowds yelling and fighting outside his window.

Somehow, he managed to get the tunes out of his head and on to paper. He played a great hot trumpet and wrote the kind of music you never found in books. He had come a long way from the days when he was supposed to have become a preacher like his father and his grandfather.

He came from a poor family and helped out by collecting old iron and rags and selling them. He picked berries and nuts and sold them, too. By the time he was twelve, he was working as water boy in a rock quarry, earning fifty cents a day. But he went to school and to church regularly.

He learned to read and write music at school, learned the spiritual music of his people in church, while in the quarry, he listened and learned the work songs of the men sweating there. Music became, more and more, a great part of him.

He worked at all kinds of jobs—janitor, schoolteacher, steel mill worker, cornet soloist, bandmaster, music teacher, travelling minstrel, composer.

The night he first had his ears really opened to the potential importance of Negro music, he was leading his band, and, as usual, they were playing white music, that is, music written by white men.

Somebody asked Bill Handy to play some of his "own native music". Negro music had never been written down. His band obliged with an old Southern tune, but it wasn't true Negro music.

A note was passed to him on the platform, asking: "Would you object if our local coloured band played a few dances?"

Handy agreed. His musicians stepped off the platform and on came three scruffy-looking boys with a guitar, mandolin, and worn-out bass. They started to play, real Negro-style, music from the cotton fields and quarries. Dancers went crazy and started throwing silver dollars at the three boys. For the first time, Bill Handy realised good music didn't only come out of books—it also came from the soul of his people.

Later, in his bare, dingy, Beale Street rented room, he wrote "Memphis Blues", and "Beale Street Blues". But, one day, he sat thinking about a time, many years before, when, hungry, unshaven, with not even a shirt under his frayed coat, or a dime in his pocket, he had stopped in front of a saloon and watched a woman swigging drink and singing at the top of her voice to drown her heartache.

He could still hear her shouting—"Ma man's got a heart like a rock cast in de sea, hard and gone so far can't reach it . . ."

Handy started to translate that poor woman's mood into music on a piece of manuscript. He got over the sadness by flattening the third and seventh of the scale in the song, and slurring between the major and the minor. That was how the Negroes sang the blues. He worked in the phrases he wanted repeated by the singer.



them ALL



At the end of each line, he left “breaks” for vocal and musical improvisation, in typical blues style.

Thinking of the times he had uncomfortably slept on the cobblestones by the river in St. Louis, he started to write:

“I hate to see the evenin’ sun go down . . .”

He worked all night. In the morning he wrote the title across the top of the manuscript—

“St. Louis Blues.”

He orchestrated the song, and that night his band played it for the first time in public, at a dance.

Bill Handy tried to get gramophone companies to record it. They wouldn’t. They thought blues would never amount to much in the music world.

He had the same trouble getting it published. Nobody wanted to buy his songs. He couldn’t sell one. In desperation, he had them printed himself, but the public still didn’t give quick approval to the blues.

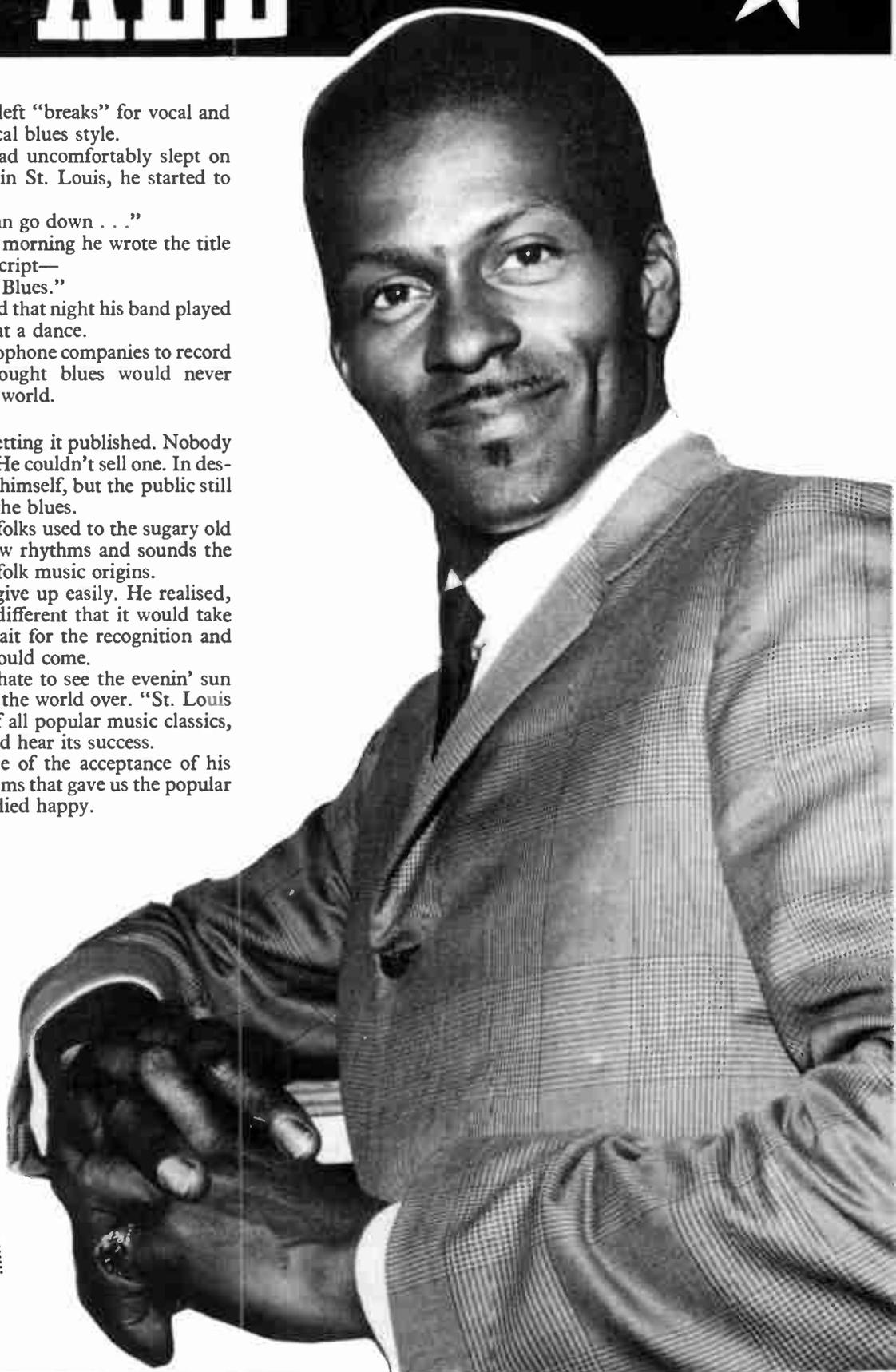
It took a long long time for folks used to the sugary old ballads of the day, and the new rhythms and sounds the blues had brought from their folk music origins.

Fortunately, Handy didn’t give up easily. He realised, his music was so raw and so different that it would take time, and he was willing to wait for the recognition and acceptance that he was sure would come.

Those words of his . . . “I hate to see the evenin’ sun go down . . .” are now known the world over. “St. Louis Blues” is one of the greatest of all popular music classics, and Bill Handy lived to see and hear its success.

He went blind, but, because of the acceptance of his music—the melodies and rhythms that gave us the popular music of to-day—Bill Handy died happy.

By
**CHUCK
BERRY**



THE OTHER SIDE

WHEN you are standing on the stage before a vast audience, to the majority of the people out front, you are a comparatively tiny figure on a large stage, which means that you've got to work darned hard to project yourself to everyone.

The sheer size of a theatre makes it necessary for an artist to exaggerate much that he does—from the microphone amplification of the voice to broader facial expressions and body movements.

It is kind of like those theatrical years before my time when the villain walked on stage with a bottle marked

BY CLIFF RICHARD

"POISON", in great big letters. Everything on stage had to be over-stated. It is still pretty much the same in the theatre, because everything you do has to be sufficiently enlarged to make it appear life-size and effective to back row of the stalls as well as to the last row in the circle.

The artist's technique really has to take the place of binoculars—to make the audience feel he is much nearer to them than he actually is.

But in films, and television, it is a different story.

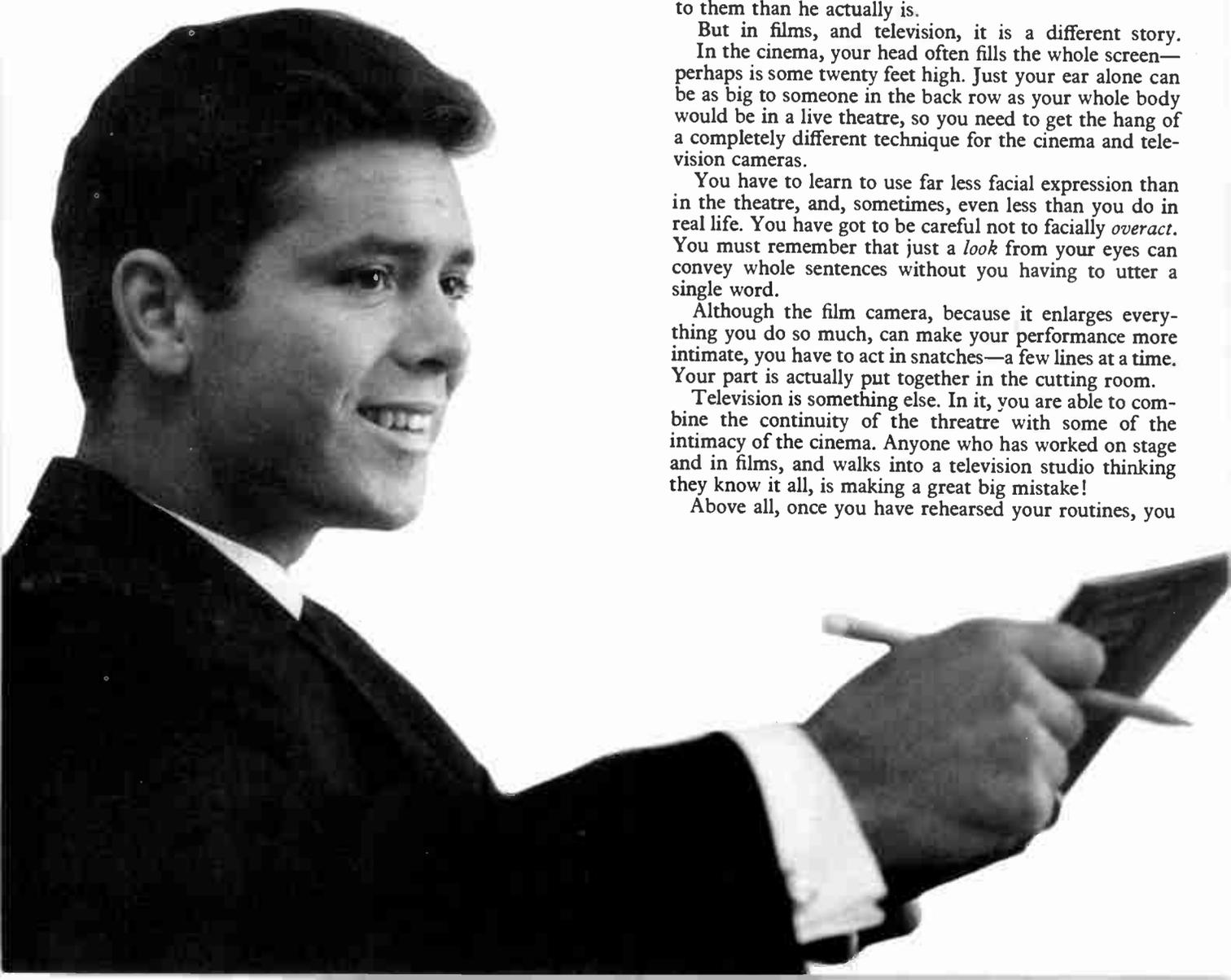
In the cinema, your head often fills the whole screen—perhaps is some twenty feet high. Just your ear alone can be as big to someone in the back row as your whole body would be in a live theatre, so you need to get the hang of a completely different technique for the cinema and television cameras.

You have to learn to use far less facial expression than in the theatre, and, sometimes, even less than you do in real life. You have got to be careful not to facially *overact*. You must remember that just a *look* from your eyes can convey whole sentences without you having to utter a single word.

Although the film camera, because it enlarges everything you do so much, can make your performance more intimate, you have to act in snatches—a few lines at a time. Your part is actually put together in the cutting room.

Television is something else. In it, you are able to combine the continuity of the theatre with some of the intimacy of the cinema. Anyone who has worked on stage and in films, and walks into a television studio thinking they know it all, is making a great big mistake!

Above all, once you have rehearsed your routines, you



OF THE CAMERA



Cliff listens to his master's voice—to Sir Joseph Lockwood—the man who guides and controls the vast world-wide EMI organisation which produces, among many other things, Columbia records (Cliff's label), Parlophone, Capitol, plus loads of other labels, and, of course, HMV—His Master's Voice. . . .

must relax, stop worrying about camera angles, and forget the cameras.

Good directors don't usually ask you to chop and change a performance to suit the cameras. When everything has been worked out, and the director has decided his best camera positions, he leaves you free to concentrate on giving your best, and trusts his cameramen to get the right pictures.

I never fail to admire the way studio technicians move around with their cameras and sound booms in constricted areas, sometimes on "cranes" stacked one above each other, to carry out so smoothly and efficiently all the positions carefully worked out in advance.

Television has most of the problems of stage and screen, and a whole load of its own, too. If you fluff in the film studio, a scene can be re-shot. You don't get a second chance in a TV show, unless the programme is being taped, and even then the costs of re-taping a show make second chances necessarily rare.





In the cinema, you are largely in the hands of the director and film cutter. Whatever you do in the studio, it is the technicians who shape the final film. But in television, although the director selects camera angles in the control room, the main effect of the whole performance is up to you.



As in films, you have to remember to exaggerate downwards to take into account the intimacy of the room in the viewer's home into which your performance is going, otherwise you'd be hamming it all over the place.

Because so much depends on you, television is a fascinating challenge. Sometimes, when things go amiss, such as a camera having to swing wide because something or someone has suddenly blocked you from view at the wrong moment, you have to have your wits about you and do some fast adjusting on the spot. It can be frightening, but exciting.

In America, where they get by with short rehearsal periods because their advance planning is all-important and so thorough, the cameras move much more than they do in Britain, but our lighting and camera work is equal to the best anywhere.

Watching TV shows in your own homes, few of you have any idea of the agonies performers often go through during final rehearsals before transmission. The studio is covered with cameras, cables, sound booms, lights, and





you have to manoeuvre through all of this every time you shift from one set to another. You often have to make a quick clothes change on the studio floor.

Some performers refuse point blank to use zip fasteners when faced with such quick changes—they are too nervous of accidents.

In the States, I remember being told about a very famous actress who once had fifteen seconds to change from a dress into trousers to be ready to walk down a staircase. The zip in the trousers stuck. Nobody had a safety pin handy so they urgently messaged the cameramen to photograph her only from the waist up!



Newcomers to TV are frequently told to study all the technical aspects so that they fully understand every studio technical trick. This bit of advice can be dangerous. You can become so absorbed with all the tricks that you forget that what matters most is to appear natural for, in television, because of the combination of close-up with continuity of performance, *the camera can see you think*.

When you are on your own in a studio, without audience reaction or encouragement, you are liable to feel you are pouring your performance into a big empty nothing. This is where, very often, the technical crews can play a big part for, not only are you able to work to them, but they give you the comforting feeling of also being friends who are around—in case they are needed. Oh, the times that the studio crews helpfully get you out of scrapes when you find yourself in the wrong spot or playing to the wrong camera!

And that, my friends, is a brief view from yours truly of what it is like on the other side of the camera.



IT HAD TO



MY story is that of the kid with his nose pressed against the shop window, looking at all the fame and fortune cookies inside. Now I feel like a child let loose in a candy store.

I was born in the Spanish-American neighbourhood of Dallas, Texas. I didn't finish high school, and never took a music lesson in my life.

My full name is Trinidad Lopez 3rd. I lived in a one-room house in Dallas with my parents, four sisters, and a brother. I was ambitious to be a star someday, and planned it all when I was eleven years old. I formed a combo with some other kids my age and we played on the sidewalks at first.

When I was twelve, we got a job in a restaurant, where I sang Mexican songs, and we got paid mostly in tamales. In the summertime, we toured all around the Southwest, and when I was fifteen, we worked in a big Dallas night club.

I learned to play the guitar by myself, just from watching other people.

The singing—I used to listen to Sinatra records for hours. He has been my idol ever since I was a kid.

My three musical idols are Sinatra, Ray Charles, and Peggy Lee. I collect their records. They are all fantastic.

And to think I'm now working for Frank Sinatra's record company, Reprise!

Frank has done everything possible to advance my career by getting me bookings for top spots where he has influence, by giving my records great send-offs, and by putting my name forward for films.

When I was twenty-two, I went with my group to California. I had to open by myself in a little club which couldn't afford my combo or even my trio. I'd never worked alone before, but I needed the money. They booked me for two weeks and I stayed for a year. From there I went to the famous Ciro's Club, but the big break came when I was working at a place called P.J.'s.

**SAYS
TRINI
LOPEZ**

HAPPEN...

Don Costa, arranger and conductor for Sinatra's record company, came in and heard me. The first thing I knew, he had arranged for Reprise to tape an album at the club, and that's what started it all off. He played it to Sinatra and great things began happening.

Don's a wonderful guy. I don't really have a lot of close friends, but Don is one friend I have for sure. It has nothing to do with what he's done for me, but with the kind of person he is.

The tape that Don made at P.J.'s was my first album, and the "If I Had A Hammer" single from it, really took off. In six months it sold over 4,500,000 in 15 countries. This opened up a whole new world for me. I've never had such a wonderful time in my life. I've been to places that were only dreams to me—London, Paris, Rome—everywhere!



I used to think if I could cut just a few successful records, I would be a very happy man. I never dreamed that all this success could happen to me internationally.

When I went out on that big stage of the Olympia Music Hall, in Paris, and the people began singing along with me in English, I really flipped!

I had a wonderful time in Holland. Two beautiful girls met me at the airport and gave me a bouquet of tulips, and there was a huge crowd of people shaking my hand, smiling . . . a very nice and kind thing to do. It's funny how fast you can feel at home in a strange country.

Then in Germany, there were more beautiful girls, and I was presented with a gold clock that plays "If I Had A Hammer." It's one of my treasured possessions.

Everywhere I travelled I was met with great hospitality. Sometimes the enthusiasm kind of scared my managers, like when twelve hundred police escorted us in Germany, and my managers were afraid someone might get hurt. But the attention was very flattering and made me realise how music can create such a bond between people.

In Paris, I was on the same bill as The Beatles—a great group of guys. Before I met them, I had thought that they might be cocky, but I soon found out that they were very down-to-earth with great senses of humour.

When I was in Paris, I knew Sammy Davis Jr. would be coming over shortly after I left, so I asked some friends I met there to tell Sammy "Hello!" if they should see him.

When Sammy opened at the Olympia, my friends went backstage and gave him my message. Sammy thanked them for coming and said, "Trini's one of my best friends . . ."

It made me feel good to have such a talented man as Sammy make a comment like that. It made me realise how far I had come since my early days in Dallas.

I didn't know a lot about music when I was a kid, and, in a way, I still don't. I just know I like it. My dad en-

couraged me, and since I was fourteen, I've managed to support myself by singing.

There was never a time in my life when I ever considered doing anything but entering this business.

Nowadays, I spend a lot of time in hotels, but I'm one guy who isn't bored by constant travels and living out of a suitcase. Wherever I go, there are always three absolute necessities to be included in my baggage—some of my favourite records, my big collection of sweaters (I love to buy all kinds and colours), and the good luck elephant charm a childhood girlfriend gave me a couple of Christmases back. I take it with me always.

My success mostly means that I can help my family. I love my folks, and it makes me feel great that I have been able to buy them a new home, and cars, and everything else they want. They're celebrities in Dallas now. The new house I bought them is often surrounded by people looking at them, and they can't get used to it. My parents are very old-fashioned. The only time they go out is to Mass on Sundays. They haven't seen me work in ten years.

Two of my sisters and my brother came to see me in a club in Chicago, and they cried all through the performance!

Another thing I get a great kick out of is meeting celebrities. Sinatra was a big thrill for me. He was very flattering . . . he said I had a big talent. I also met Elizabeth Taylor, and Grace Kelly and her husband, Prince Rainier. That was in Monaco, where I sang at a gala. They talked to me for an hour and said they were big fans of mine. And I met Maurice Chevalier, too.



That's the only thing that surprises me . . . I'm not surprised about my talent . . . I'm only surprised that the public and world has accepted me . . . a Mexican. When you come from Texas, that surprises you.

The next thing for me is movies. I always wanted to be in films. Right now my success is a personality thing, but someday I want to be considered a good singer and a good actor. I want to be a movie star—that's the ultimate for me. I'm doing pretty well at everything else.

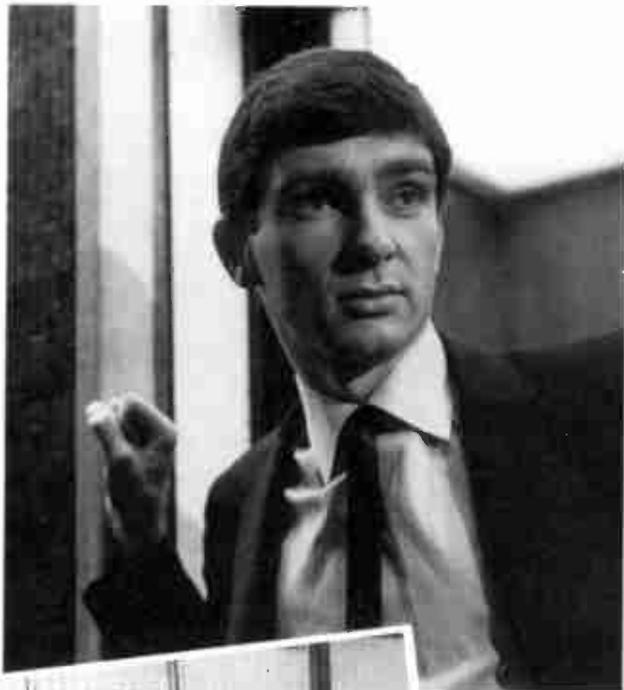
I'm investing my money. I don't splurge. All I want is security for me and my folks. I want to build a beautiful home in California . . . with a big Olympic swimming pool . . . and have week-end parties, invite all my close friends, and have a good time.

I'm looking forward to marriage, but that's a very serious step. Loving someone and them loving you back and raising children, is living happily ever after.

I love having a good time, but I'm also a serious and sentimental guy, and I am very grateful for my success.

But when I talk the way I do, don't think I'm bragging or that I'm conceited, because I'm not—but all this had to happen. *I wanted it so much.*

The Trail from



I'VE always believed that there is only one way to any kind of lasting success in the competitive world of pop music, and that is by remaining distinctly individual, striving for originality in everything you do, and never making a move without careful thought.

You know I'm still quite a mystery to a lot of people and have built up rather a unique position in the business. They say "He's a cool one that Gene Pitney," and "boy, he's shrewd." Well, I suppose I am, and I hope that doesn't sound like I'm blowing my own trumpet too much, but pop music is a precarious tough way of life. If you're not sensible and devoted to what you're doing you might as well forget it.

You know I am a very single-minded person. I know what I want to do and set out to do it. Some people would call it obstinacy, but I prefer to call it objectiveness. I know my strengths and weaknesses and like to sort things out for myself rather than lean on other people.

I learned to my cost that it doesn't do to rely on others. When I started out as a singer, Elvis was the big thing and I was advised to go in for the swivel-hips routine.

I soon found it was all wrong for me. As I've already said, you have to develop your own personality, and sometimes the simplest form of projection is the wisest. I found I could best express a song by using my hands and face, in conjunction with my voice. It was entirely



Tulsa

by GENE PITNEY

out of keeping for me to move around like Elvis, so I quickly dropped that idea. The type of songs I was singing were wrong for it anyway.

When my singing career started in the States it moved along very nicely and I had a whole string of hits, but in Britain and other parts of the world the reaction was completely dead. I was just a name on a record. I beat my brains out trying to discover the reason why I couldn't have a hit outside of my own country. It became a very big drag with me.

Other American artistes had done it yet I couldn't. Then the time came when British pop music really came into its own and dominated the charts. It wasn't enough to be a hit record star in the States anymore.

Yet the number that really shot me to the top in Britain was one I didn't have much faith in. "Twenty-four hours from Tulsa." I didn't think it had a hope. "Nobody's going to know where Tulsa is," I thought at the time. Imagine how surprised and delighted I was when it did happen here, and was the start of my success on record and on tour in Britain.

Of course, with all the home-grown pop talent around now it has been very tough for Americans to get off the ground over here.

From my first success I started to take a much closer hand in the creation of my career and I am more or less my own manager now. I spend a great part of each year travelling the world, I intend eventually to crack the record market in every foreign country with a pop chart success, and the only way to do it is to get out and meet people and the fans.



When at last I started to make the grade in Britain I planned all my record releases very carefully, so that they came at a time when I was free to visit and promote them fully on radio and television. It paid off with numbers like "I'm Gonna Be Strong" and "I Must Be Seeing Things," and as long as my records are good enough, I'm sure it will help on paying off in the future. I won't allow one to be released unless I can promote it properly in person.

I must give the impression that I am a very serious person, but I have my lighter side, believe me. Neverthe-



less, as music is my life, I am very interested in all its aspects. I think I have a greater awareness of things than a lot of people in the business. I absorb what is going on around me. Many in my position fail to learn what they should and end up being boozers, or surrounded by women, and become has-beens before their time. I enjoy my moments, like everyone else, but the important thing to remember is that you're working at a career. This is a very competitive business. You can slide quickly if you are not alert all the time.

If you dropped in on one of my recording sessions you would probably find a very different me from the one you know, and it's possible that if you tried to capture my attention I might even be rude to you, although this would be completely unintentional. You see, with records being one of the mainstays of my career, I can't afford time for pleasantries when I'm making them. Concentration on my work shuts me out completely from everyone except those directly connected with it. This is my normal approach, and I get so wrapped up in it that people accuse me of being withdrawn, but I make no apologies. I can't relax till a record is finished.



During every recording session my sole aim is to cut good songs, and let me tell you something else. I'll only record what I consider to be good material. Then I, and I alone, am responsible for the results. It could be my own material or someone else's, but I don't want people blaming others if I don't have a hit, and I don't want another person's back to be patted if I do. I do the choosing and take the blame, or get the credit, depending on which way it goes.

As I said, I believe the biggest secret of my success—and this could apply to anybody—is that I have never modelled myself on other singers. I have always been a great advocate of individuality in everything. I'm not interested in trends or in creating an image.

I loathe being branded a "nice boy" and don't want to get that impression across. Some of the so-called "nice boys" are enough to make me feel bilious and they are not very interesting either. If I believe something, I'll say it. Here's something: I don't believe there is enough opportunity for people like me with something definite to say about things generally.

The trouble is, I suppose, that on some TV discussion shows, certain performers have made it impossible for the rest of us. They cannot speak their minds properly, and have blown the chances—unmercifully—for the rest of us by getting on panel shows and being terrible. I've curled up watching these shows.

I'll go anywhere, try almost anything, to improve my career. I've travelled so much in the past couple of years that sometimes I forget I'm even in a plane, but it has all been worth it. I am popular in quite a number of countries as a result. One special place I love is Italy and they seem to like me too. My records do extremely well there.

Really, though, there's no place like Britain for the fans. On my first couple of tours here I couldn't believe the lengths they went to, to get at you or show admiration. I lost clothes, hair, and all sorts of things.

The strangest thing I came across was the way they threw things at me on stage. Suddenly out would fly a bag of sweets or a hard candy bar, quite often finding the mark. My first reaction was "What have I done wrong, they must hate me or something?" Then some British



pop stars explained to me that it was the way fans showed their appreciation and affection. It wasn't funny one night, I can tell you. I was doing my act when a pair of castanets came flying out of the audience and hit me smack on the forehead. There was blood all over my face and clothes. I was really scared and shaken, and I guess, I did get a little bit annoyed.

I enjoy my travels very much, especially in countries where the language presents me with a problem. I like a challenge. On these travels I look after all my own affairs and always carry with me a writing case in which I keep all correspondence, contracts and a diary. Everything has it's own compartment and each morning I check the diary to ensure the day runs smoothly.

I never have a road manager, but don't get lonely as I always bring a friend from back home who otherwise wouldn't get the chance to see Europe. My travelling companions have ranged from school friends to policemen, and there's usually quite a waiting list. Once I brought a pal who was in the building trade. In one hotel he was so fascinated by the fittings that he kept me awake most of the night examining everything and enquiring into the cost.

Touring as I do, you develop a tremendous awareness of people and get a better understanding of their problems and difficulties. This, I think, will one day provide me with great material for a book.



Show business has many temptations for a successful young singer, but fortunately I had a wonderful upbringing. I am one of a fairly large family and this helped give me the ability to understand people and their motives. I have a built-in sense of responsibility and a keen knowledge of what is right and wrong. This is something for which I owe a great deal to my parents and other members of my family. I know that people can be fickle and that, if you are not careful, they can destroy you. This, I hope, will never happen to me.

I get sad sometimes because there is never anything definite about any of my friendships right now. However I felt about a girl, I couldn't marry her. I have my career to consider and I have to travel the world all the time. There isn't time to miss anyone when I'm on the road. Let's face it—it would be a hell of a life for a girl to put up with. When I marry I don't want to be threatened with divorce a month or two later. This could happen if I married now.

Yes, life for a pop singer can be tough and you have to devote almost every waking hour to its progress if you want success.

I remember a time when I had just finished two hectic tours and had just over a week off. I went with a friend to do some hunting in a really desolate spot with just a tiny airstrip. I felt sure nobody would find me. After a couple of days, a plane arrived at the airstrip and I was on my way back to civilisation to stand in for somebody at a night club.

Still, it all has rewards. I am thankful that I have managed to be careful with whatever I have earned and achieved. The trail to true success can be tough, but I wouldn't have missed a foot of it, for it's a fascinating, glorious road, too.



MUSIC THAT WILL NEVER DIE



BY JIM REEVES

I ALWAYS loved music from the heart, music that spoke people's feelings, simply and directly, which is why country and western songs meant so much to me, starting from my childhood days.

For country music and its plain-speaking lyrics is true people's music, originating as it does from the old folk songs and ballads. Few pop lovers realise the extent to which their current favourites are actually based on country and western style. The history of this music—my kind of music—is very interesting.

Tennessee, in the Appalachian and Cumberland mountains of Kentucky, North Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, has long been a wonderful storehouse of folk songs brought there by British settlers during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Reaching these mountain places by road or rail was difficult, so settlers led a very cut-off existence, often untouched by the world outside the hills. The old songs from Britain were kept alive, and are still alive.

Songs from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were handed on from generation to generation. Songs that died out in Britain a century back are still sung every day in the Appalachian region, and folks there claim they know nearly all the folk songs ever sung in the British Isles.

And don't get the idea these songs are faded and out-of-date museum pieces. They're nothing of the kind. They are living, vital music.

THEY called him Gentleman Jim Reeves. In the midst of the shouting, screaming, shaking, he smoothly and leisurely sang his way to the top of the charts on both sides of the Atlantic against the current pop tide. He recorded hit after hit ballad in Nashville, Tennessee, and sent them spinning around the world. Then, in the summer of 1964, in a plane crash near Nashville, Jim Reeves, at the height of his career, was tragically killed. But his magic didn't die with him. Like the fabulous Buddy Holly, who was killed in similar circumstances, Jim Reeves's voice and songs live on and still hold their place in the charts and hearts of the public.

Before he died, Jim Reeves wrote about his favourite music, specially for the Radio Luxembourg Book of Record Stars. We print his words as our tribute to Gentleman Jim. . . .

Everybody used to sing in the mountains, few homes were without some musical instrument—usually a fiddle, guitar, or banjo. And everyone seemed to have a natural gift for singing, playing, or composing ballads. That is how we got such wonderful live-for-ever songs like “Barbara Allen”. These songs were called “lonesome tunes” because they were sung solo, and without accompaniment. Some are unmistakably British in character and style.

People's music has always sung of personal experiences, troubles, and hopes. Songs followed the pioneers, came out of the mines, from the hills, from the fields, forests, and ships.

The lumberjacks, or shantyboys, as they were also known, were mostly Scottish, Irish, German, and French Canadians. Their favourite entertainment was listening to minstrels sing songs and tell tall stories after the evening meal. The word shantyboy, which comes from the French word *chanter*, meaning “to sing”, points to the importance of music in the lives of the lumberjacks.

The songs, like the life of the men who sang them, were filled with loneliness, thoughts of home, and dreams. Old English ballads, sea songs, Negro spirituals, or railroad songs, were often adapted for shantyboy lyrics. These lusty songs frequently contain a sort of restricted sadness of tough men who find it tough to expose their innermost feelings.

When the people of America started heading westward, bulwhackers, who drove the wagons, sang as they travelled. Tough pioneers who lived dangerously and worked hard, sang of their new lives in the open country. Men and women of the West sang to while away their leisure hours, sometimes making up their own songs, with exciting rhythms and wild and haunting melodies.

Frontiersmen and women wanted words and melodies with a breath of fresh air, and a proud, free spirit. The fiddle was the favourite instrument.

It used to be said that the fiddle, the rifle, the axe, and the Bible were the trusty friends and faithful allies of the pioneers.

For their social gatherings, the pioneers would either play old tunes, or spontaneously improvise new ones on their fiddles. At these gatherings, which included square dances and play parties, they'd swing around to songs like “Skip to My Lou”.

The songs from many sources that became the music of the frontiersmen were given new melodic twists and new character by the local fiddlers . . . the country and western music of America was being born.

The Forty-Niners, who poured into California to look for gold, put new lyrics to old tunes so that they could sing about their own adventures. The opening of the West created still more songs—they came from cowboys who used to sing to their herds. The cowboy was a lonely person, so, understandably, his songs were full of sentimental thoughts of home, a girl, his horse, and settling down.

Then there were the railroad men and the work songs they sang as they built new rail tracks across the prairies. They loved to sing about railroad heroes like John Henry and Casey Jones. John Henry was a Negro railroad worker who was steel-driving champion, and there was the ballad of “Cumberland Gap” which was about Daniel Boone, the brave Indian fighter.

This music of the people, which sprang from the hearts of the people, had its effect on Tin Pan Alley. Countless popular song hits have been, and still are, patterned on the styles, and moods of western and mountain ballads, cowboy songs, railroad songs, and work songs.

Styles may come, and styles may go, but country and western music, with its origins in centuries-old melodies, is truly music for all people, music that will live for ever. That is why it is my kind of music. . . .

AND THE SONGS WE'LL ALWAYS SING ..

WHEN he got the chance, Jim Reeves liked to go walking with his dog in the woods around his Tennessee home, stroll back to a dish of Southern fried chicken, and put his feet up on the veranda.

When he got the chance!

Mostly he had little time to appreciate the beautiful large house in Madison, mostly he was working in the nearby Nashville studios or touring.

"I tell you," drawled the genial Texan, "I'm one of the lucky ones. Not only have I got this to come home to, but when I'm working I'm doing the thing I enjoy doing best".

The Reeves drawl was deep and even and, like everything else about Jim, relaxing. Yet this international singer couldn't talk without stammering as a youngster! He took courses in public speaking to help cure the stammer; soon spoke as smoothly as he sang. And that was smooth enough to earn him sufficient golden discs to decorate the walls of his study in the basement back home.

His favourite hobby was meeting people.

"After all," he said, "that's what my songs are about . . . folk. Country music is a main part of folk music, and it's spreading all the time. I'm really thrilled about the way it's been catching on outside the States. We all seem to be drawing closer and closer together. And that's good".

Once a disc-jockey himself, "Mr. Velvet"—Jim Reeves—would surely have been amazed if he could have seen how enormously popular his records were to become after his untimely death. His LPs are now collector's treasures—LPs like "Moonlight and Roses"—the title gives you a clue to the ballads Jim gathered together for this album. Moon songs like "Carolina Moon" and "Moon River" . . . roses songs like "Mexicali Rose" and "One Dozen Roses", all of them sung with the sincerity that made Jim Reeves not just a singer but a friend.

You'll find these on RCA Victor RD/SF 7639. Also available on RCAs bargain-price label, Camden, are ten musical gems from the Reeves collection headlined *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You* (CDN 5122). Together with the title song come other classic country ballads such as "Oklahoma Hills", "Your Old Love Letters" and "Each Time You Leave" plus the gay and catchy "Roly Poly" and the philosophical "Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt". Go "Waltzing on Top of the World" with Jim or travel with him down the "Highway to Nowhere".

In case you missed it, another Camden issue is "The Country Side of Jim Reeves" (CDN 5100).

Then there's—

JIM REEVES RD 7694 (S) SF 7694
The Jim Reeves Way: Make the world go away; In the misty moonlight; You'll never know; There's that smile again; Bolandse nooientjie; It hurts so much ● I can't stop loving you; A nickel piece of candy; Where do I go to throw a picture away; Maureen; Ek verlang na jou; Somewhere along the line.

JIM REEVES RD 7663
Twelve Songs of Christmas: Jingle Bells; Blue Christmas; Senor Santa Claus; An old Christmas card; The merry Christmas polka; White Christmas ● Silver bells; C-h-r-i-s-t-m-a-s; O, little town of Bethlehem; Mary's Boy Child; O come, all ye faithful; Silent night, holy night



What more is there to say about Jim Reeves? Everyone knows how the boy who wanted to be a baseball player came to be the friend of millions through his singing of Country and Western music, sacred songs and sentimental ballads. The reason for his lasting popularity is plain for anyone to hear.

The Best of Jim Reeves (RCA Victor RD 7666) will tug at many heart-strings: here are the smooth ballads "Adios Amigo" and "Four Walls", the wistful "I'm Gettin' Better" and the unashamed sentiment of "The Blizzard". And there's the pleasing slow beat of "Blue Boy" and the snappy gaiety of "Billy Bayou" which reveals Jim at his cheeriest and friendliest, together with other moving, soothing Reeves favourites.

The best of Jim Reeves? Which of his releases isn't! And for those who love Jim Reeves' kind of music, listen to some of the great Country and Western and Folk performers he loved, and you will understand why the music of the people was his music. Here are some outstanding examples:

HANK SNOW RD 7658 (S) SF 7658
Songs of Tragedy: The prisoner's song; The colour song; The answer to Little Blossom; There's a star spangled banner waving somewhere; Walking the last mile; Old Rover ● The prisoner's dream; Put your arms around me; Your little band of gold; Rockin' alone; Mother I thank you for the bible you gave; Little Joe

KITTY WELLS with THE JORDANAIREs LAT 8575 (S) STA 8575
The Queen of Country Music: Moody river; What am I living for; Pick me up on your way down; Slowly; Wooden heart; Heart over mind ● Ev'rybody's somebody's fool; Am I that easy to forget; One more time; Hello walls; Your old love letters; A fallen star

HANK SNOW CDN 5124
The Old and Great Songs: My blue river rose; Brand on my heart; In memory of you dear old pal; Within this broken heart of mine; Down where the dark waters flow; The blue velvet band ● My sweet Texas blue bonnet queen; You broke the chain that held our hearts; The Texas cowboy; Let's pretend; Wanderin' on; We'll never say goodbye, just so long

COUNTRY MUSIC WHO'S WHO**HAB 8224**

Give me forty acres—THE WILLIS BROTHERS; I should start running—DOTTIE WEST; Happy child—JIMMY DEAN; A satisfied mind—PETE DRAKE & HIS TALKING STEEL GUITAR; Ace in the hole—DEAN MANUEL & THE BLUE BOYS; This old road—JIMMIE SKINNER; Medicine show—DUKE OF PADUCAH ● Folsom Prison blues—JOHNNY CASH; When the lights go dim downtown—PEE WEE KING & REDD STEWART; Poor little John—ROGER MILLER; Hot rod guitar—JOE MAPHIS; Uh uh no—GEORGE JONES; The house down the block—BUCK OWENS; Mom and Dad's affair—COWBOY COPAS

JIMMIE RODGERS**RD 7444**

My Time Ain't Long: My time ain't long; That's why I'm blue; The mystery of number five; Those gamblers blues; The land of my boyhood dreams; Why did you give me your love?; Mother was a lady; I've ranged, I've roamed and I've travelled ● The Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers in Texas; Why there's a tear in my eye; That wonderful city; Jimmie Rodgers visits the Carter Family; Gambler's polka dot blues; I've only loved three women; In the hills of Tennessee; What's it

COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME—VOL. III**HAB 8156**

Walking after midnight—PATSY CLINE; Why baby why—GEORGE JONES; I found my girl in the U.S.A.—JIMMIE SKINNER; Love me now—TEXAS RUBY; The original talking blues—ROBERT LUNN; Fiery guitar—ARTHUR "GUITAR BOOGIE" SMITH; The hole in the wall—HYLO BROWN; Kentucky—THE BLUE SKY BOYS; Deck of cards—T. TEXAS TYLER; ● Private Lee—THE WILLIS BROTHERS; Sweethearts in heaven—BUCK OWENS; The Model T and the train race—CURLEY FOX; Injun Joe—LEON PAYNE; Time changes everything—BOB WILLIS & TOMMY DUNCAN AND TEXAS PLAYBOYS; Nobody's business—CLYDE MOODY; Sunny side of the mountain—HAWK-SHAW HAWKINS; Happy child—JIMMY DEAN; Comedy—MINNIE PEARL

COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME—VOL. IV**HAB 8157**

Sinful Cinderella—BENNY MARTIN; I saw your face in the moon—WEBB PIERCE; Cimarron rag—LEON McAULIFF; Family man—JOHNNY BOND & CATHY COPAS; First train headin' south—JOHNNY HORTON; My pillow—ROGER MILLER; Remember me—LULU BELLE & SCOTTY; The wild side of life—HELEN CARTER & THE WILLIS BROS.; Beyond the sunset—COWBOY COPAS ● Roll in my sweet baby's arms—LESTER FLATT & EARL SCRUGGS; I'm an old pipeline—RED SOVINE; Send me the pillow you dream on—HANK LOCKLIN; The fox chase—WAYNE RANEY; Going back to Dixie—BILL CLIFTON & HIS DIXIE MOUNTAIN BOYS; Sally, let your bangs hang down—MADDOX BROS. & ROSE; Take it back and change it for a boy—REX ALLEN; No help wanted—THE CARLISLES; Comedy—ARCHIE CAMPBELL

COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME—VOL. V**HAB 8216**

San Antonio Rose—BOB WILLIS & TOMMY DUNCAN; Sunny Tennessee—COWBOY COPAS; Water baby boogie—LEON McAULIFFE & THE CIMARRON BOYS; I love you because—LEON PAYNE; There goes my love—BUCK OWENS; Dad gave my dog away—T. TEXAS TYLER; Farewell blues—LESTER FLATT & EARL SCRUGGS & THE FOGGY MOUNTAIN BOYS; Country comedy—MINNIE PEARL; Long time to forget—GEORGE JONES; Grandad's yodelling song—WILF CARTER (MONTANA SLIM); Dark hollow—JIMMIE SKINNER; Gosh, I miss you all the time—MADDOX BROS. & ROSE; Let the tears begin—JOHNNY BOND; Down by the river side—MOON MULLICAN & THE PLAINSMEN; Steel guitar rag—JERRY BYRD; What is an American anyway?—ARTHUR "GUITAR BOOGIE" SMITH

HANK LOCKLIN**RD 7623 (S) SF 7623**

Irish Songs—Country Style: The old bog road; Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral; Danny dear; If we only had old Ireland over here; I'll take you home again Kathleen; My wild Irish Rose ● Danny Boy; When Irish eyes are smiling; A little bit of heaven; Galway Bay; Kevin Barry; Forty shades of green

THE LIMELITERS**RD 7629 (S) SF 7629**

More of Everything!: There's many a river; The best is yet to come; A casinha pequenina; Last class seaman; The wild colonial boy; Remember me ● Minneapolis—St. Paul; Willow tree; Why don't you come home; La Ilorona; Bring me a rose; No man is an island

BELAFONTE AT THE GREEK THEATRE—VOL. I**RD 7627 (S) SF 7627**

Look over yonder; Be my woman, gal; Glory manger; Shake that little foot; Windin' road; Hoedown blues ● Try to remember; Why o why; Contemporary dance; In my father's house
HARRY BELAFONTE with Orchestra and Chorus conducted by HOWARD ROBERTS

Burl Ives has so many talents that it is difficult to list them all. He is perhaps most famous as a modern minstrel. On his LP *Women* (Ace of Hearts AH 71), he sings twelve folk songs devoted to various aspects of the fair sex. To his own guitar accompaniment Burl runs his rich, relaxed voice through the lyrics of 16th century folk song "Barbara Allen", the delightful "Lolly-Too-Dum" which originated in Harlan County, Kentucky, and a spirited treatment of the eighteenth-century English folk song, "My Pretty Little Miss". Twelve engaging performances by a master among folk singers. Burl also devotes an album to:

BURL IVES**LAT 8577 (S) STA 8577**

True Love: True love goes on and on; Beautiful Annabel Lee; I'll Walk away smiling; This is your day; Strong as a mountain; I'll hit it with a stick ● Four initials on a tree; Can't you hear me; The funny little show; What I want; The deepening snow; Cherryblossom song

BURL IVES Sings**LAT 8591 (S) STA 8591**

Pearly shells; Don't let love die; Two of the usual; The legend of the "T"; Lower forty; Lynchin' party ● What little tears are made of; Kentucky turkey buzzard; I ain't missing nobody; Hard luck and misery; Okeechobee Ocean; Who done it?

MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA**LK 4611 (S) SKL 4611**

Folk Songs Around the World: Folk Songs of America: Aura Lee—Skip to my Lou—The streets of Laredo—Shenandoah—The blue-tail fly—Red River Valley—Oh! Susanna; Folk Songs from European Countries: Au clair de la lune—Frere Jacques—Du du liegst mir im Herzen—Lieber Augustin—Addio a Napoli—Rosa ● Folk Songs from the British Isles: Greensleeves—When love is kind—Early one morning—Annie Laurie; Wi' a hundred pipers—All through the night—The minstrel boy; Russia: Two guitars; Japan: Moon on the ruined castle; Israel: Hava nagila

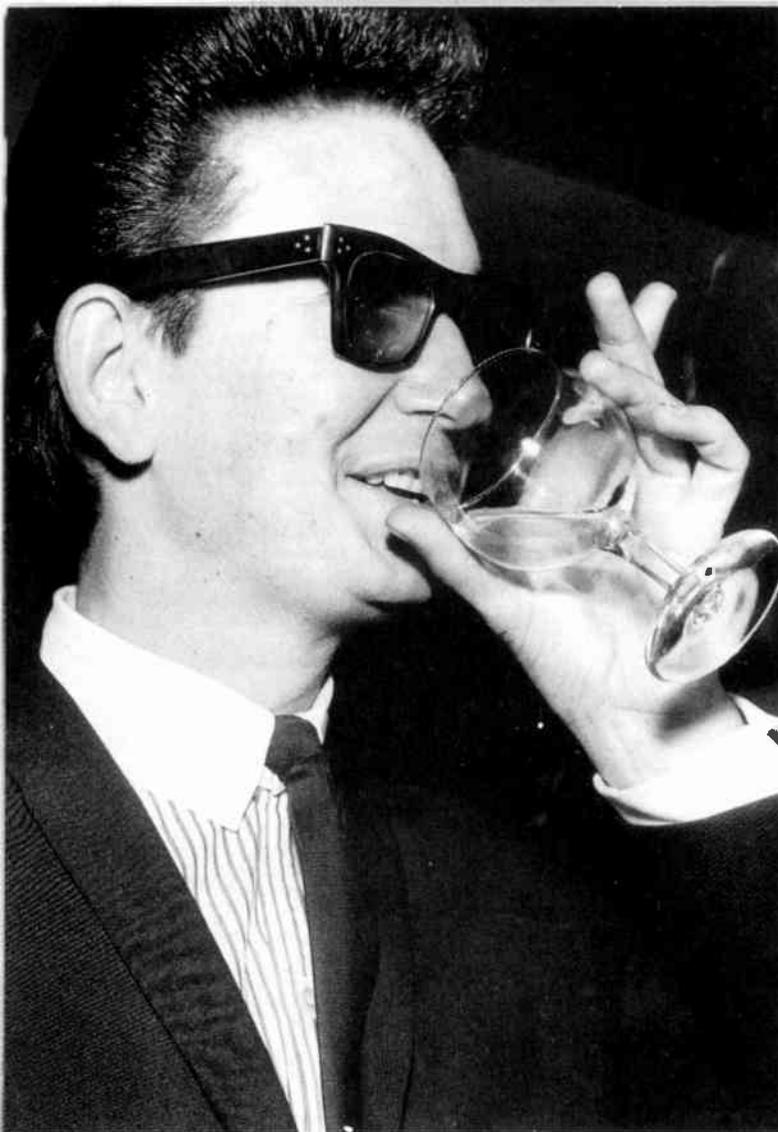
Big Bill Broonzy, one of the giant figures of the blues tradition, emerged in the thirties a major artist of his day who was to have an indelible influence on the blues, and the prime mover of blues development in Chicago.

Although much of this Mississippi-born Chicagoan's later work is available on disc there is little from the early, perhaps the peak, period of his career. With "Black Bob" Alexander, his pianist from 1933 to 1937, Big Bill drew on the rich resources of his life and background and fused them with those of the city culture of Chicago to produce his own individual and strongly personalised music. RCA Victor, whose "Bluebird" series in America presented specialised jazz and blues recordings, have in their files many rare 78 r.p.m. discs including some priceless Broonzy tracks never before issued on LP. Each track on *Big Bill and Sonny Boy* (RCA Victor RD 7685) is a collectors' item offering some of the earliest Broonzy recordings ever made, for the first time in an LP album.

Coupled with these rare Broonzy tracks are seven tracks by Sonny Boy Williamson, only two of which have appeared before on LP. "Sonny Boy", from the "Blues country" of Tennessee, came as a youth to Memphis where his harmonica playing quickly brought him to the attention of older bluesmen. Unlike the rural-echoing traditional styles of many of the harmonica players from Tennessee, his style was driving, forceful and enjoyed great rhythmic freedom. "Sonny Boy's Jump" has a modern urgency about it which has set a style for most harmonica playing ever since.

Listen to these, and you will be listening to Jim Reeves' kind of music. . . .





HEY! your

relaxed, and appreciated. That way you'll generally find they'll like you, too.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? It is—but have *you* got the knack? Try answering the following questions honestly, and you'll find out.

*Check YES if, on the whole, you agree with a statement.
Check NO if you are inclined to disagree.*

TO BE LIKED:

IT'S great to be top of the pops, but being popular isn't a label only reserved for those who get high in the hit parade charts.

In show business you soon learn that you either have to learn to get along with people, or get out of the business. Popularity is not only an important ingredient on stage; it can be equally essential off. But you don't have to be a star to be popular.

When you go to a party are you in the thick of the fun or are you always a wallflower? Everybody, openly or secretly, hungers to be liked and respected. That's only natural. Learning to get along with others is the secret of happiness and success.

But you won't make people like you by denying your own principles or personality. At best, they'll just put up with you—because you don't make much impression on them one way or the other. There's an old saying: "Live and let live". It's all right to have a proper appreciation of your own worth, but you have also got to recognise other people's good points. Discretion, tact, consideration are qualities that win friends and influence people. Always soft-pedal yourself and try to make others feel comfortable,

1. You should remember that almost every minute of the day you are being watched by those with whom you come in contact. (YES.... NO....)

2. You should be independent enough to talk freely to friends about your interests, whether or not they share your enthusiasm. (YES.... NO....)

3. It is always better to keep your dignity even when you are tempted to do otherwise. (YES.... NO....)

4. When you are smart enough to spot mistakes in the casual conversation of others, you should make it your business to straighten them out. (YES.... NO....)

5. When meeting strangers you should try to be charming and witty enough to impress them. (YES.... NO....)

6. When being introduced to someone whose name you don't catch, you should ask for the name to be repeated. (YES.... NO....)

7. You should make sure you are respected by never letting yourself become the butt of a joke. (YES.... NO....)

8. You should always be on guard in case others play tricks on you so that you are laughed at. (YES.... NO....)

9. When with a witty conversationalist, you should make an honest attempt at clever answers and sparkling remarks. (YES.... NO....)

10. Always be careful to reflect the mood of the company you're in. (YES.... NO....)

11. Help your friends because the time may come when you may badly need their help. (YES.... NO....)

12. It doesn't pay to do too many favours, because how many people really appreciate them? (YES.... NO....)

13. It is better to have others depend on you than for you to depend on others. (YES.... NO....)

14. A real friend makes an effort to help those who are the objects of his friendship. (YES.... NO....)

15. Keep putting your best foot forward to make sure you are really approved of and appreciated. (YES.... NO....)

16. If you're at a party, and have previously heard a joke someone wants to tell, you should stop them. (YES.... NO....)

Popularity's Showing!

says **ROY ORBISON**



ANSWERS

1. **NO.** Self-consciousness makes you stiff and may tempt you into false behaviour. In any case, folks *aren't* watching you all the time. They have other things to do.

2. **NO.** Friends don't mind being bored a little, but don't overdo it or you'll lose their friendship.

3. **NO.** If you are always on your dignity, people will keep their distance. What's wrong with roaring with laughter, along with everybody else, when something comical happens unexpectedly?

4. **NO.** Nobody is more irritating than the "wise guy". Unless the issues are serious people are entitled to some indulgence in ordinary conversation.

5. **NO.** People usually sense when you are putting on an act, and usually react unfavourably.

6. **YES.** It shows interest, and most people are flattered.

7. **NO.** The boy or girl who "can't take it" wins few friends. Of course, you shouldn't allow people *habitually* to make you a butt.

8. **NO.** (See No. 7.)

9. **NO.** Be yourself at all times. Don't make ordinary conversation into a battle of wits.

10. **NO.** A good fellow adjusts to the mood of others as a general rule, but not so slavishly as to lose all individuality.

11. **NO.** You should help your friends because you *want* to—not in the hope of favours to come.

12. **NO.** Never mind whether others appreciate you. Be concerned about whether you appreciate others.

13. **YES.** The more you give and the less you take, the more friendship you are likely to win.

14. **YES.** He helps—without expectation of return.

15. **NO.** (See No. 5.)

16. **NO.** Let the other fellow have his fun.

17. **NO.** A forced laugh always sounds false.

18. **NO.** Be frank and honest. A lame excuse is worse than none.

19. **NO.** It is right to help, but not to nag. Accept friends with all their faults.

20. **YES.** Never ride roughly over other people's opinions. Try to appreciate the other person's point of view, even if you can't agree with it.

TO SCORE

Give yourself 5 points for each correct answer

SUPERIOR: 85-100

GOOD: 75-80

FAIR: 65-70

POOR: 0-60

YOUR SCORE.....

Average Score: 70

17. At a party, if you have previously heard a joke, you should be polite enough to laugh heartily when someone tells it. (**YES.... NO....**)

18. When you're invited to a friend's house but prefer to go to the movies, you should say you have a headache or give some other excuse, rather than risk hurting the friend's feelings by telling the truth. (**YES.... NO....**)

19. A real friend insists that those close to him do the things that are best for them even when they don't want to. (**YES.... NO....**)

20. You should not boldly and forcefully defend what you believe every time someone happens to express a different opinion. (**YES.... NO....**)



**I SHOULD
WORRY
says Gerry!**

UNTIL you get to the point in this business where you can really call yourself a star, you lead a very precarious, unsteady existence. Before you get to the time when you no longer have to rely on a hit record, can appeal to audiences of all ages, and pack a theatre by just the pull of your name alone, the life you lead is terribly insecure. One day you can be on top of the world, the next completely forgotten.

I made the mistake lots of people have made, in thinking that with a hit record, I was there. Dead easy from now on, I thought. I didn't realise at the time that I knew next to nothing about the business I was in. I wasn't tuned to the life ahead at all, and when the problems started coming, I just wasn't ready for them.

Worry and stupidity are things that can kill. I've seen, and you've seen, lots of talented people go under because they simply didn't know the right way to go about things, and couldn't stand the constant strain of show business. What you need, more than talent sometimes, are a calm and thoughtful attitude towards everything you do, and lots of common sense. I know a great many people who have worried too much over trifles, and never stop regretting that they didn't take more care over important things, and that they stupidly lived it up when they couldn't afford to. They worry themselves crazy over records and whether they've slipped a place in the charts; they worry over their stage act—and then they start doing all the wrong things in public and destroy themselves. In the end, the strain cracks them up, their work suffers, and they really go down.

You're probably thinking, "What's he talking about this for with all the hits he's had, and the films and song-writing!" Believe me, I wish it had all been that easy. I was lucky and learned my lessons quickly. I can't say I have never worried, because we all do some time. But once I knew the right and wrong ways, I told myself not to fret, but study hard the job ahead—behave well, and work to the best of your ability, and you stand a good chance of lasting.

You'd never believe how green I used to be. The group was going for about six years in Liverpool before we made a record. In those early days, we were happy just making a bit of extra cash each week. We knew absolutely nothing of real show business, and never dreamed of recording. Then we were signed up, made a disc, and things started popping.

A drastic change in your customary life can certainly tell on you. My whole system rebelled at first. All the travelling up and down the country practically killed me. I used to stagger to bed every night swearing I would never get up again. Then there were the odd meals snatched whenever you had time. My poor old stomach was in a terrible state for a long time, and we all lost a lot of weight at first. It was

almost a year before we began putting it back on again and adapted ourselves to this fantastic way of life.

It all seemed worth it when our first disc reached No. 1 in the hit parade, and as I said earlier, I thought at the time that I'd just be able to relax and it would all come to me. Then, one night before going on stage, I suddenly realised the audience were waiting to see the No. 1 recording artist in the country, and I was supposed to go out there and prove that I was. I suddenly knew what it was like to be really worried. If I was to stay the pace, I would just have to improve myself and become more professional, so I used to put all I had into the act. In the early days I never spoke on stage. If I had had to, I knew I would panic, fluff the words, and probably run. However, I was determined to learn how to talk and make jokes on





stage, and get myself across as a person as well as a performer. In the end it all went very well.

With success, I found I needed to take things much easier and cut out many of the things I used to do. Anyway, I was always so tired at nights that I doubt if I could have gone anywhere except bed. Now I have come to grips with all the odd hours and things, and can stand the pace better. If I'm up before 10 o'clock these days, I begin to think something is wrong with me. Mind you, I'm glad I was strict with myself in the beginning, otherwise my health and career would definitely have suffered.

I also had to smarten myself up a lot and buy good suits. Not that I was ever one for the scruffy appearance. I just had to dress better. Earning a lot more money was lovely though, for I found I could afford things I'd always wanted. I bought a sports car and a speedboat. I was always mad for the water and outdoor life, so I bought loads of expensive underwater diving kit. Every free weekend I have, I still mess around with it. It's great fun. I also bought lots of things for Mum and Dad, which gave me a big kick.

One of the biggest mistakes you can make in this business is to actually treat it badly and get into trouble. Put one foot wrong and you can harm yourself a lot. I always admired groups like the Shadows who were well mannered, professional, nice to people, and never had a bad word against them. I've tried to act considerately at all times, and I think it has done me a lot of good.

You get idiots in all walks of life, and I've seen pop

groups creating damage, having parties, and leaving hotels in terrible states. Some of them also treat teenage fans, to whom they owe everything, as if they were so much trash. What a mistake it is to get big-headed. They make rude remarks and jeer at professional, established artists. I hope I never hear it when I'm around—I'd blow my top.

I've done shows with people like this, and my answer is very simple. When they start showing off and saying how great they are and what a sensation they're going to be, I very humbly say something like, "Well, we're going to do our best tonight." Then we go on and give it everything. Usually the act goes a bomb, and this kills them. All they want to do is run away and hide. I hate bloated personalities. Trouble makers and amateurs are a curse, because besides harming themselves, they damage the pop music business. Many of them are so ignorant they will just go on stage and plod along not caring about the fans, as long as they are actually enjoying *themselves*. To me, it counts a lot to know that I am appealing to an audience, and helping them enjoy themselves. Only then can you say you are on the way to being a true professional.

Few of the wrong kind bother to really improve and extend their abilities—all they know is what they see other teenagers do. I take every opportunity I can to watch a big star working, though it often leaves me depressed because I then realise how far I have to go. After I watched Sammy Davis once, I left the theatre wondering how I dare play or be allowed in the same business.

I was spared a lot of early worries through trying to be sensible in all I did, and also by being lucky to have a very good manager. Believe me, you can't get very far unless you are managed properly. I used to have a lot of nervous moments over records. Is it right? Will it go? Won't it go? These thoughts were always tearing round my brain.

Determined not to get in a rut, I made it a point to ensure each record was different from the last. At least, I





thought, no one will be able to criticise me for jumping on a band-wagon with the “Mersey sound”, or whatever they used to call it, and people will realise that I can do all styles of material. It worked too, until we tried a big rock number called “It’s gonna be alright”, which flopped badly.

I could have got all nervous then and thought we had lost our touch and were slipping, but I didn’t. I just sat down and thought hard. Sensibly we realised that most of our really big hits had either been straight ballads or beat-ballads, so we said to ourselves, it seems the teenagers don’t like us singing rock, so we won’t do it again. We’ll stick to our other styles. You can imagine how pleased we were when we were proved right when the next disc became a big hit. From that day I’ve never worried about records. I just try to make good ones, and if a particular thing isn’t acceptable, I’ll try something else.

One of the experiences I enjoyed most was making my first film “Ferry ’cross the Mersey”. It wasn’t very complicated as I only had to play myself. Although it didn’t break any records in England, it was a smash success in the States, and even the record from it did better. I had a lot of fun, because in it, I was an art student and had to learn about artists and the way they talked. I got everyone going when I acted daft pretending I thought Cézanne and Renoir were foreign countries, and some of the expressive artistic phrases they used, titles of songs. I had a ball, though I’m not so sure about the production team!

Making more films is something I’m looking forward to. Although I’d never be allowed to, I’d love to make a horror picture. I can just see me doing all those gruesome things—lovely. Being serious a moment, although I want to get on in films, I’m not really interested in taking acting

lessons. My way is just to make sure I know the script, try to live the part I am playing, and do the best I can.

I still have a long way to go before I can say that I’ve really arrived. I have so much to learn. But I have been very happy over the last year or so because letters from Mums and Dads have been arriving in thousands, and because, when I’ve walked into shops, housewives have stopped me and told me how much they like my new record, so I know I am gradually appealing to wider audiences. I also get compliments about my song-writing, too, which is good for me personally. My writing has also improved on the stuff I used to do in my early days. Of course I have done pretty well with it, and it lets people know I can do other things than singing.

I’ve given up doing work, like one-night stands, which involves rushing around. I like to get away from it all a bit more these days. Most week-ends when I am not working, I go off to the coast for a spot of boating and fishing. Well, I think life’s to be enjoyed, don’t you?

I’ve been spared a lot of the tension and heartbreaks other people have experienced in this business, but then I’ve always been a happy-go-lucky character. A lot of people call me “The Grin.” I don’t mind—I like it. Actually, they can call me anything they like as long as they don’t do it early in the morning! I like being happy, there are too many miseries walking around with long faces complaining. I can’t stand moaners or people who won’t enjoy themselves.

If tomorrow I suddenly felt I wasn’t enjoying what I was doing, I’d say to myself, “Right!—you’ve had enough,”—and chuck it all in. How could I make a snap decision like that? Well that’s me all over—I don’t worry.

RECORD MAIL

A monthly review and details of the latest 'Popular' Records issued by E.M.I. Records Ltd.

H.M.V., Capitol, Columbia, Parlophone, Encore, Stateside, M.G.M., Liberty, United Artists, Verve, Tamla Motown



They seek 'em here, they seek 'em there,
the fans are looking out for The Seekers
everywhere. They came from Down
Under and now a're way on top on both
sides of the Atlantic, singing great songs
with great feeling—they are four of the
best on the Columbia label.

That 'WELCOME MAT'



While Welshmen everywhere are keeping a welcome in the hillside, there's a vast array of enthusiastic fans, newspapermen and airline and disc company executives on hand at London Airport to give a "happy-to-see-you" greeting to the many top recording stars who fly in from all parts of the world for radio, TV and concert appearances in this country. And that "welcome mat" at the airport is a large one: it has to be, for the airways have been busier carrying international top pop talents than ever before.

Much of the talent, of course, comes from America and the great Transatlantic airlines have an unpleasant habit of arriving at London Airport at breakfast time (that is if you are used to having breakfast at 6.30 a.m.) But the fans show they can get up with the rest of the early birds and here's a picture that shows just how worthwhile that alarm-call can be. Members

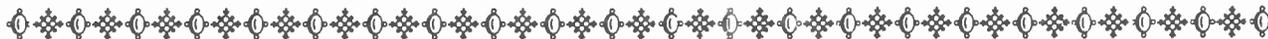


of the Tamla Motown Appreciation Society welcome Motown stars, The Supremes, here for personal appearances. "Good to see you", they said. "Good to be here", they replied. It's all part of that welcome service. And so for that all-important welcome.

If they awarded Gold Discs for the hundreds of air miles travelled in the cause of "pop", then some of our good friends the recording stars would qualify for a cabinet full of them. The gentlemen pictured on this page, for example, are high-fliers all. Here's America's Gene Pitney (top right), arriving at London Airport—and Britain's Gerry and The Pacemakers flying off to the States. There was a welcome on both sides of the Atlantic for Gene and Gerry—as there was for that great singer Matt Monro, returning home from engagements in the Far East. No we haven't forgotten those charming ladies—they are Motown's Martha and the Vandellas, here for the Motown tour. Welcome ladies!



A dream come true



1. Firstly she borrowed a tape recorder and sang some of her favourite songs on to tape and sent it off hopefully to a recording company.



2. As luck would have it the tape ended up on the desk of a recording manager who played it, liked it and phoned Janie and asked her to come to London for an audition in a recording studio.



5. Mr. Muxlow explained the workings of the agency to her and introduced her to The Four Tops who West One were handling on their visit to England.



6. Contracts signed, Janie was taken along to the agency's press department so that a biography could be written about her and publicity photographs taken.

Have you ever dreamed about becoming a pop singer? Janie Miller, a nineteen-year-old typist did and decided to try and fulfil her ambition. Here's her story in pictures. . . .



3. Janie was naturally very nervous—especially when she heard her voice played back in the control booth. But she needn't have worried. The recording manager was impressed with her performance and told her he would like to make a record with her.



4. He explained that if she was going to make show business her career she would need an agent and manager and took her along to meet Arthur Muxlow, general manager of West One Entertainments whose offices are at 20 Manchester Square in London.



7. Everyone was very excited about the recording of her first disc and Janie could hardly believe it when she finally saw a finished pressing.



8. With the release of the record came press interviews, radio and television appearances and autograph hunters. Could this have been you?

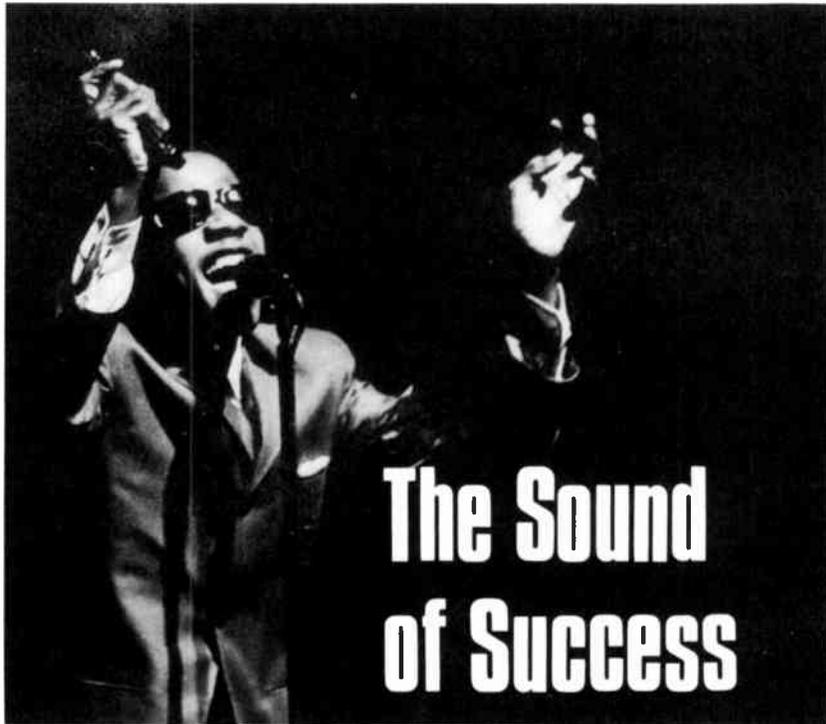


THE GREATEST RECORDING ORGANISATION IN THE WORLD

HIS MASTER'S VOICE CAPITOL COLUMBIA PARLOPHONE EMI
STATESIDE M.G.M. MERCURY LIBERTY UNITED ARTISTS VERVE

Your guide to FILMS and SHOWS

- * "Cleopatra" Stateside *
- * Soundtrack SLI0044 *
- * SSL10044* *
- * "The Greatest Story Ever Told" United ULPI093 *
- * Soundtrack SULPI093* *
- * "How the West Was Won" MGM-C-915 *
- * Soundtrack MGM-CS-6061* *
- * "Mary Poppins" *
- * Soundtrack HMV CLPI794 *
- * CSDI564* *
- * "Zorba the Greek" *
- * Soundtrack Stateside *
- * SLI0127 *
- * "Your Cheatin' Heart" *
- * Soundtrack MGM-C-996 *
- * MGM-CS-6081* *
- * "Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte" Capitol *
- * Al Martino CL15383 *
- * "Camelot" *
- * Original London Cast *
- * HMV CLPI756 *
- * CSDI559* *
- * "A Funny Thing Happened" *
- * London Cast HMV CLPI685 *
- * CSDI518* *
- * "Our Man Crichton" *
- * Original Cast *
- * Parlophone PMCI246 *
- * PCS3066* *
- * "Robert and Elizabeth" *
- * Original Cast HMV CLPI820 *
- * CSDI575* *
- * "The Sound of Music" *
- * Original London Cast *
- * HMV CLPI453 *
- * CSDI365* *
- * "Benjamin Franklin in Paris" Capitol W2191 *
- * Broadway Cast SW2191* *
- * *Stereo Version *
- * * * * *



THREE bi-syllabic names, if spoken suddenly to an American, will elicit the response "hit records—top stars—big money." The magic words? You ought to have guessed it, but for all Record Mail's "without-it" readers, they are: Tamla, Motown and Gordy.

Narrowing the field still further, try these names for size, Mary Wells, the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, the Miracles, the Marvelettes, the Temptations, Stevie Wonder, Barret Strong, the Contours, Eddie Holland, Brenda Holloway, The Four Tops, and so on, almost ad infinitum. The three magic names are, in fact, the record companies which record these powerpacked chartbusters.

Berry Gordy Jr. is the name of the Mr. Big who is responsible for the whole set-up. He is president of the organisation controlling the three labels, and is proud to say, "This is my baby—I started it from nothing. Now we're so big that a letter sent from anywhere in the world will reach us, and the only address you need put is Hitsville, U.S.A. That'll get here."

OUTLET

Berry started six years ago, and since then 80 per cent of his releases have made the American charts. His British outlet became the Stateside label, and he began to emulate his U.S. success with such discs as "My guy" by Mary Wells, and "Where did our love go?" by the Supremes.

And the Gordy group is still expanding; he now has labels other than the Big Three, the most promising of which is Mel-o-dy. This, like the others, is based in Detroit where Berry finds most of his stars.

Most of the big names in the Gordy address book were discovered when they turned up for an audition. He holds one every Friday afternoon, and there is always

a string of young hopefuls waiting at the door. And, it would seem, there is a potential star in every queue.

Perhaps the story of the Contours will serve to explain Berry's success. When they first came for an audition Berry was unimpressed and turned them away. After repeated visits to the audition studio, Berry signed them up anyway. The fact that he thought little of them meant nothing, for from then on he worked with them and made them the great group they are today. The Contours made the charts Stateside with, among others, "Do you love me?" which has since been recorded by a dozen British groups.

ORIGINAL

Another secret of his success is that all his records have something known only as the "Tamla Sound", a sound which no other artiste has been able to duplicate. So distinctive is this sound that it may one day be a musical style in its own right—already there is a "Tamla-Motown Appreciation Society" in England (run by Dave Godin, of 139 Church Road, Bexleyheath, Kent, for you addicts).

All the above information adds up to a real success for Berry Gordy; he can count the Tamla triumph as a personal achievement, for although until recently his discs have meant nothing over here, look what they've been responsible for, nevertheless.

The Marvelettes were the original recorders of "Please, Mr. Postman", now a beat standard for British groups; Barret Strong was the original recorder of "Money", now a beat standard, etc.; the Miracles were the original recorders of "Shop around" and "You really got a hold on me", now beat standards, etc.

I could go on; it seems that the Tamla-Motown mob can take much of the credit for the beat boom in Britain.

Dear Jimmy . . .

My fiancé has been away in hospital for the past five months and I miss him terribly. I can only get to see him once a week because the hospital is so far away so could you please make us feel closer together by playing a record for us on your programme.

This is just one of the many hundreds of request letters that arrive on deejay Jimmy Young's desk every week for his late-night Sunday Radio Luxembourg show, "The Night Is Young".

"I was amazed at first how much mail we received for the 'Miss You' spot in the show—especially where some of it comes from", says Jimmy. "I've received letters from America, Singapore and Aden which are places I never thought the programme could possibly reach. Anyway I'm glad it does because it gives me a chance of making even more people feel a little closer together over the air."

Jimmy takes a great deal of interest

in his programme and spends hours reading through every letter he receives before finally selecting the ones to use on the show. "It's a very difficult task for me because if I had time I would want to use all of them. Obviously I can't, but I hope people don't think that it's because I don't want to."

But, judging from the way people write to Jimmy, they don't think that at all. Letters often begin "Hello Jim" or "My dear friend Jimmy". "I get the feeling that people who write treat me as a friend which is just the way I like it", says Jimmy.

The bulk of Jimmy's mail comes from girls who are parted from their sweethearts in the Forces, although nearly every kind of request letter appears in his mailbag. A lot of young people write in, as well as separated husbands and wives. These kind of letters Jimmy tries to answer personally, wherever possible.

"I really enjoy doing the show", says Jimmy. Judging by the amount of mail he receives, so do his listeners.

and Dear Muriel

The "other Young" on Luxembourg also gets a whole stack of mail each week. Muriel gets this in response to the "question time" spot which is featured in the show sponsored by Inventic watches.

"My mail is of a different kind to Jimmy's though," says Muriel. "I invite listeners to write in questions about anything at all, and part of my job is to find out the answers to them." Questions that can't be broadcast are always answered personally by Muriel.

"I get a lot of letters in from young boys who ask me for advice on how to treat a girl on their first dates, and girls often ask for beauty tips or even send me their problems with boyfriends.

"The aim of my special question time spot is to give every listener the chance to ask anything they like, and I do my best to answer their queries."

So if you want a sympathetic shoulder to turn to, or a "big sister's" advice—Muriel's the girl. . . .



Perhaps this letter was yours



A quick chat with the technician before the show goes on the air



Jimmy arriving at Radio Luxembourg's studios in London to broadcast "The Night Is Young"



RUSS SAINTY, the bright young singer with West One Entertainments Ltd. who, with his backing group, **THE NU NOTES**, record for the Columbia label. Watch for his next new release.

HELP!

SCENERY may fall, a stage trap-door may unexpectedly swallow the backing group, you can forget your lyrics, and this can all mean that there are gremlins around.

It isn't easy, fighting the gremlins that inhabit every theatre and TV studio. They often do their darndest to spike a show, and then it takes everything to outsmart them. These invisible mischief-makers are an everyday hazard of show business.

Here are some theatrical gremlin stories, and every one of them is true. . . .

★ ★ ★

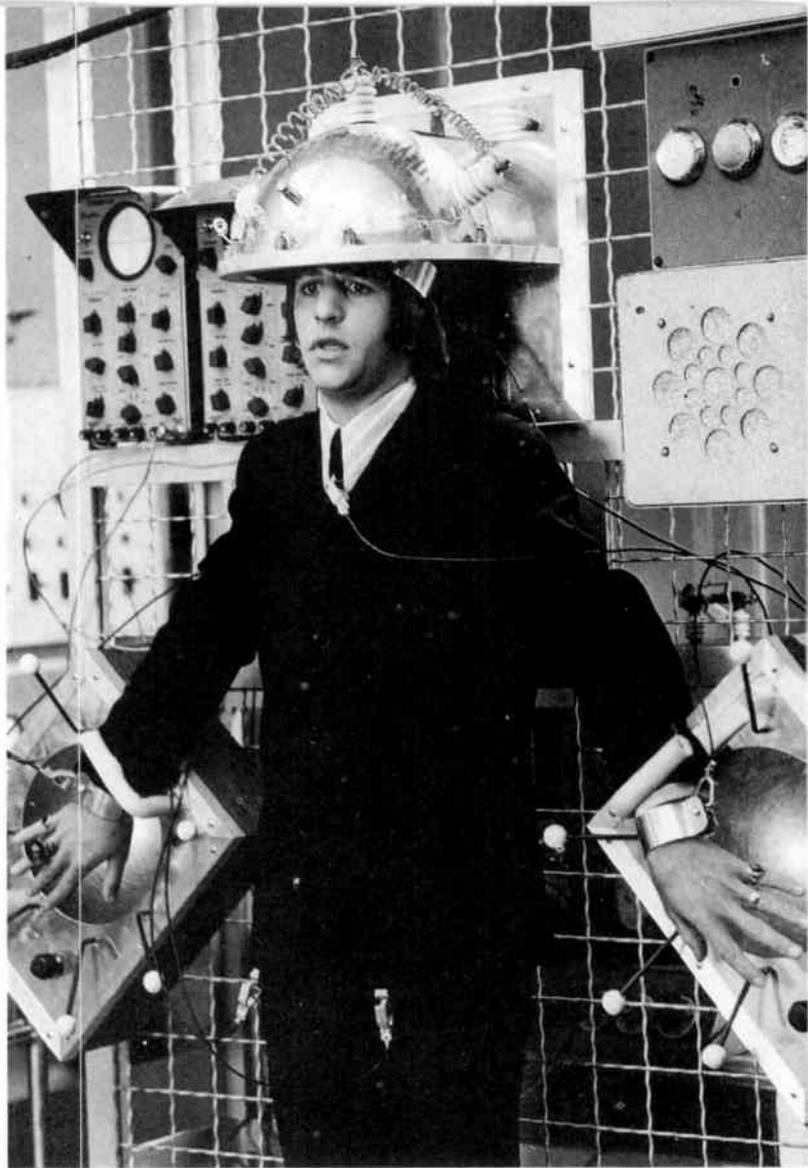
There was the night an impressive Oriental character came on stage during a London Palladium pantomime, and suddenly collapsed. The audience gasped—they could see this wasn't part of the act. There was a hush as the poor man's body was whisked away. Then, a couple of minutes later, he amazingly reappeared.

After the show, he sheepishly explained what had happened. . . .

He had dipped his false moustache into ether instead of gum arabic, and the ether had knocked him right out!

★ ★ ★

Another evening, at no less a place than the Royal Albert Hall, London, at a concert before an audience of thousands, a pianist reached an enthralling passage of music, when the gremlins got to work and things started popping.



As he played, the stunned soloist watched his beautiful grand piano start falling to bits under his hands. The loud pedal fell off. One leg wobbled alarmingly. Middle C refused to play.

There was no alternative—the concert had to be stopped, and the disintegrating piano dragged off stage. It was resumed after the wreckage had been cleared and a substitute piano brought on.

★ ★ ★

A similar public piano disaster occurred when famous classical pianist, Mark Hambourg, was giving a recital in India. Two of the piano keys stopped working. Puzzled, Hambourg left the platform to call a tuner, who dived into the piano with a pair of pincers, to emerge within seconds, triumphantly holding two enormous cockroaches that had been happily eating their way through the felt of the stricken piano keys.

★ ★ ★

Ask any artist, and they're sure to have their own theatre gremlin stories. Those mysterious little creatures are always up to mischief. For example, they love playing around with stage firearms.



A repertory company was performing a play in which the unhappy young lover was supposed to shoot himself after a last meal of bread and wine. He ate, drank, then grabbed his gun and pressed it against his breast.

The trigger didn't budge.

Using his wits, the actor tried a second weapon—a pistol hurriedly supplied by the stage manager. That didn't work, either.

Something had to be done quickly, for, any second, a friend was due to storm into the room to exclaim some lines and collapse over his body.

The, by now, even unhappier young lover looked sadly at the two dud weapons and murmured, "Wilt thou deny me then this melancholy service?" With that impromptu line he had made up on the spur of the moment, he flung the guns into a corner of the stage, snatched a bread knife from a table, and stabbed himself very nicely. The audience sighed with relief. The show had been saved.

Until the door was thrown open, and the friend arrived, crying: "Hark, I heard a pistol shot!"

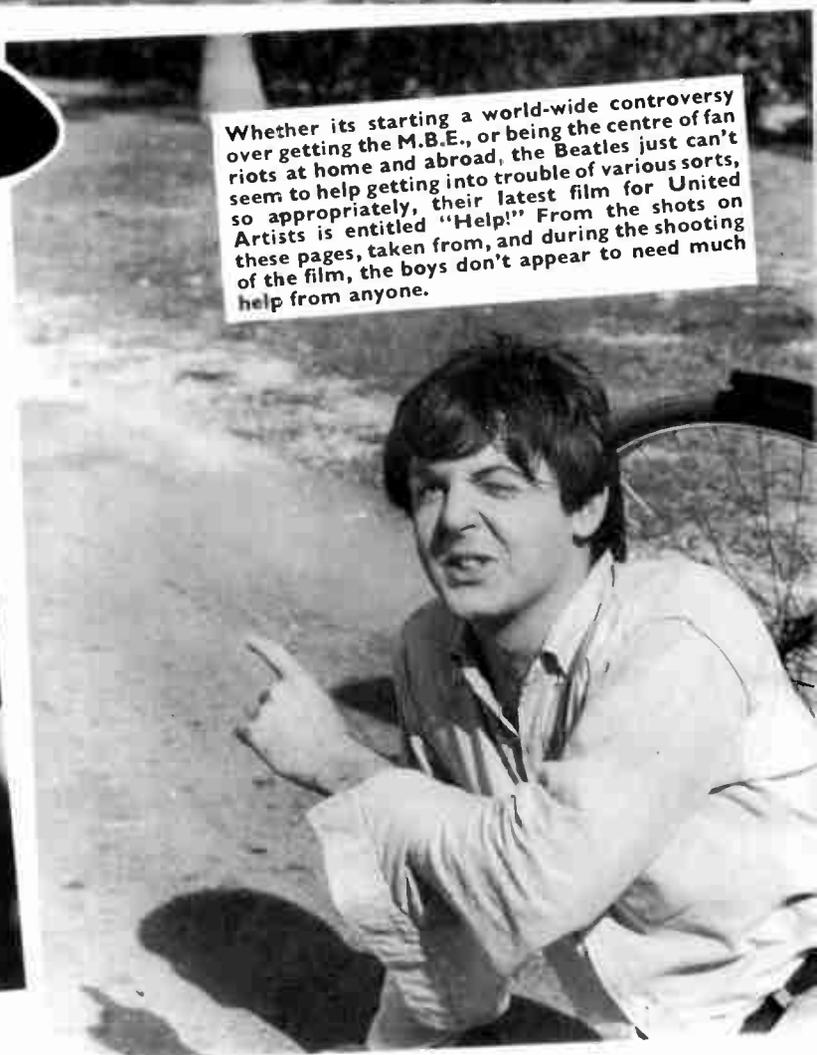
★ ★ ★

The gremlins are also great opera lovers. I suppose we pop artists ought to be grateful that they seem to show a greater preference for the classics.





HELP!



Whether its starting a world-wide controversy over getting the M.B.E., or being the centre of fan riots at home and abroad, the Beatles just can't seem to help getting into trouble of various sorts, so appropriately, their latest film for United Artists is entitled "Help!" From the shots on these pages, taken from, and during the shooting of the film, the boys don't appear to need much help from anyone.



HELP!



This is what happened at a performance of "Tosca" in Perth, Australia. . . .

The famous soprano star of the show was required to leap from the battlements of a castle. It was going to be a long drop, so the local fire brigade obligingly offered to help out. Opening night, six expert firemen waited backstage with a tarpaulin, ready, eight feet down from the top of the castle walls, to catch the soprano playing the Tosca lead.

"We shall meet again on high!" she cried at the climax. She was so right!

She flung herself into space, was caught in the well-sprung tarpaulin, and rebounded all the way up again, to make an unrehearsed second appearance!

The curtain was hurriedly rung down, the audience was in hysterics, and the tragic Tosca story had received a happy ending for the first time.

★ ★ ★

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, a singer, dressed as an Italian Duke, was about to give of his best when the gremlins decided otherwise.

As he inhaled deeply for breath to hit the high notes, the waxed ends of his false moustache bristled, vibrated and one half of his moustache was sucked straight down his throat!



Courageously, he somehow managed to get through the show, although the audience were unaware of his sufferings. An operation was necessary, later, to extricate the swallowed moustache half.

★ ★ ★

The use of cables and wires is often essential to effect scene changes, but wires sometimes have a way of snapping at the wrong moment, and cables aren't always a sure guarantee of pulling smoothly when they should.

A hero was due to depart on stage in a boat drawn by a white swan. The swan was drawn by wire. But who drew the wire at one performance?

When the singer was ready to embark, the boat had already gone. The stranded passenger threw a horrified glance into the wings, then whispered so loudly they could even hear him up in the gallery: "Some idiot has taken the boat away!"

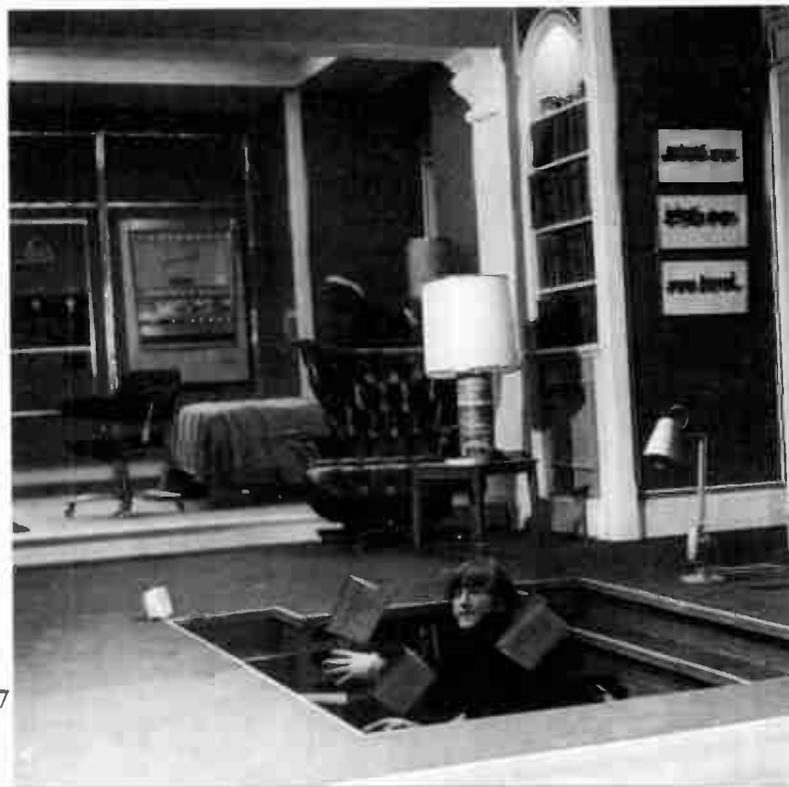
Fuming, he gathered his sword, helmet, and shield, and trudged home along the banks of the aluminium foil river.

Sometimes, when theatre gremlins strike, an audience comes to the rescue of the artist—as it did when Judy Garland made her triumphant come-back at the London Palladium a few years ago.

The atmosphere was tense, front and back stage. Everyone was rooting for Judy, but wondering, at the same time, whether she could rekindle the magic of her "Wizard of Oz" days.

The moment arrived—her cue. Nervously she joked to the stagehands: "Here we go, boys. If I don't fall over my big feet, I'll be all right."

After which she walked across the stage—and tripped over a wire which the gremlins must have undoubtedly





HELP!



left lying around. She fell flat on her backside, looked completely bewildered and helpless, and the entire audience rose to its feet, applauding to give her confidence. Judy went on to fabulous triumph.

Maybe they were, after all, friendly gremlins who thought they'd give Judy a leg up by pulling her down?

They certainly weren't friendly when they almost helped world-famous tenor, Beniamino Gigli, to almost burn down the great opera house at Milan.

During the first act of "La Boheme" the stage stove burst into flames after Gigli pretended, too convincingly, to light it. Smoke poured across the auditorium. Still singing, Gigli moved across to the wings and collected a bucket of water.

As he finished the aria, he poured the water over the stove and extinguished the fire.

★ ★ ★

As someone remarked: "A good thing he did, otherwise he would have looked rather silly singing "Your tiny hand is frozen. . . ."

From pops to opera, those theatre gremlins will have their fun.



HOW TO RUN A RADIO ★ STATION



by

**GEOFFREY
EVERITT**

WHEN I meet somebody for the first time, very often a friend introducing me will say, "Oh, this is Geoffrey Everitt, the man who runs Radio Luxembourg." This is, of course, a most sweeping statement, although a very nice compliment. I am very proud to be the General Manager of Radio Luxembourg, for I started with this company as a disc-jockey way back in 1946, and have therefore completed nearly twenty years' service with this very fine organisation.

The running of a commercial radio station is, as you will readily appreciate, a very different proposition from running a non-commercial radio station, but nevertheless, it is a fascinating task. It is a task which is made easy in many respects by the wonderful people I have been lucky enough to gather around me and who really bear the brunt of the day-to-day work. That is why it is a little unfair to ever use the expression, "I run Radio Luxembourg." This is a long long way from the actual truth.

The truth of the matter is that we are split up into a Sales Division, a Production Division, plus various



Kenny Ball's trumpet fingers have a go at the piano for a change



The Hollies take a break in the Luxembourg studios

departments handling for instance, Accounts, Copyright, and so on, and all the heads of these various departments share much of the responsibility for the day-to-day operation of Radio Luxembourg.

Radio Luxembourg itself, of course, is a big international network, broadcasting in German, English, French and Flemish.

In Britain, in our London offices at 38 Hertford Street, W.1, we have the responsibility of producing the English programmes. Many of them are recorded in our studios which are also at 38 Hertford Street. It is the responsibility of our Sales Division to ensure that we have as many clients on the air as we can possibly get. One would like to think that one can completely sell out all air time available. This, unfortunately, very rarely happens. There are bound to be times when one client is finishing and another one is not ready to start in a certain air-time channel. There are also periods during the year, sometimes during the Summer months, when fewer people wish to advertise than during the Autumn. All these points of course have a big bearing on the success of the operation.



Take now the various departments, for instance the Copyright Department. Perhaps you do not realise but every time a gramophone record is played on Radio Luxembourg, details of this record including the names of the writers of the composition the record label, and the record number, must all be returned to the various Copyright Societies. We have to pay for the right to play these works. This money is paid to the various Copyright



Radio Luxembourg's Chief Announcer, Barry Aldis putting Cliff through the interview spot mill

Societies who, in turn, pass it on to the composer, record company, etc. There are three young ladies working full time in our Copyright Department making these returns, and we from the London office alone, paid over £100,000 to the Copyright Societies last year.

When you listen in to Radio Luxembourg to a finished programme, I wonder if you ever think just what goes on before that tape arrives in Luxembourg and is placed on a machine for broadcast. In actual fact what really happens is this. The artists and disc jockey concerned will arrive at our studios to record the programme. Also present, of course, will be the producer of the show. A script secretary will take down whatever the D.J. says in the studio, and this has to be typed onto the script later. He will have prepared already a preliminary script from which he probably ad lib.

He will have two recording engineers in the recording room with the producer. One of the engineers will be playing the records and the other one attending to the general balance to see that the quality of the programme is okay.



The moment the programme is finished, the script is typed, and the programme sent to the Checking Rooms, where a programme checker will take the script and check word for word that what is in fact on the tape is on the script, and vice versa. He will also check to see that none of our regulations are broken, that there are no offensive passages in the programme at all. One has to be careful not to offend, to watch for "sick" jokes, unnecessary jokes about religion, politics, etc. This all has to be done before the programme is finally timed to the second then placed into a box. On the outside of the box is the title of the programme, the duration—25 minutes 30 seconds, or whatever it may be. It also states on the outside of the box



Anybody who is anybody in the pop business comes to our studios at some time or other, including, of course, you know who...



The Rockin' Berries have played a lot of things, but never before—as far as we know—Chopsticks

the exact time in which you can hear the last spoken word—it might say Speech Out 29.30, Music Out 29.45.

The programme is dispatched by air to Luxembourg. When it arrives in Luxembourg the tape is carefully checked to ensure it is in the right box and, on the day of broadcast, it is sent to the studio with the engineer performing his duties for the evening in possession of the script, with the secretary, who monitors the show, listening to every word that goes over. The announcer in the studio also has a script.

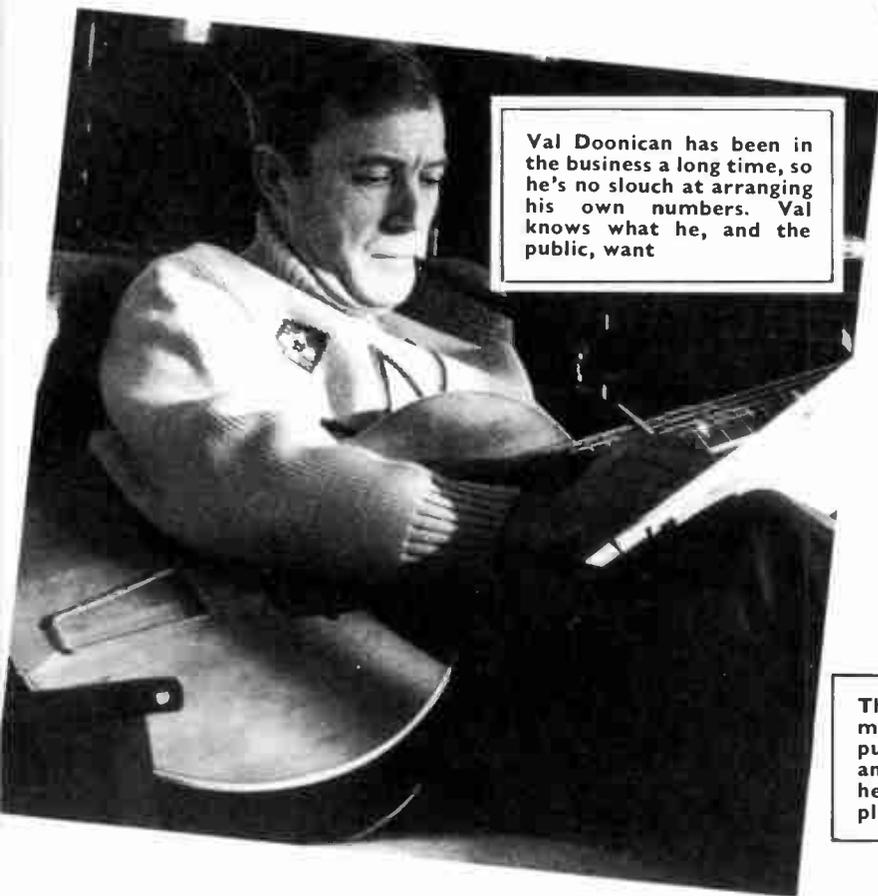
The engineer concerned listens carefully to the opening of the programme to make sure it corresponds with the script he has. Once the programme has been broadcast, the tape is returned to London—it has to be cleared by Customs in Luxembourg—and in London it is returned to the agency or client concerned, and the tape will most certainly be wiped and probably be used again.

So you can see that a lot goes on before you actually hear your favourite programmes on the air.

The Production Department is headed by Bob Brown, and under Bob we have producers, producers' secretaries, script girls, etc. Their job is to ensure the programmes are recorded right with every detail as planned. Their job is also to search for artists, to contract artists, to ensure recordings take place where they should take place, and to produce the complete programmes. There are many details here to be attended to. For instance, take a "live" broadcast. The musicians have to be booked, musical arrangements commissioned. This probably means bringing in an arranger and telling him what you want, so many



"Hello! Is that Scotland Yard? This is Acker Bilk here. I want to report that someone has just murdered a good song."



Val Doonican has been in the business a long time, so he's no slouch at arranging his own numbers. Val knows what he, and the public, want



There's that Monro man again—in there punching, as usual, and giving a song all he's got, which is plenty



A real do-it-all-yourself D.J. is Jim Dale. Of course, things don't always go as they should, but they somehow turn out all right in the end, which is why they probably call him Lucky Jim

violins, so many this, so many that, and telling him the type of arrangements required. Then come the rehearsals. Bob Brown's task also involves contracting artists' management to arrange fees for broadcasting, and sometimes lengthy negotiations can last for days and even weeks.



As General Manager, it is my duty to watch each department and have regular meetings with the people heading the departments, as well as with the staff themselves, so that they all get the feel of what is going on.

We are fortunate, perhaps, that we are a relatively small staff in London. We number about forty in London, and this includes our Sales staff of three senior salesmen whose task is to go around to advertising agencies selling air time. They also gather from us knowledge of programmes and are therefore able to talk with expert knowledge on programmes and recommend certain types of programmes for certain clients. Their job is a very important one. If they don't sell the air time, then we can't earn the money and therefore couldn't exist.

The many departments are closely knit into a happy team in London, while over in Luxembourg, we have our four station announcers and the vast Radio Luxembourg Organisation.

It's a great team, and I'm delighted to be the man at the head of them. Our sole aim is providing the best of listening for you.



YOU NEED

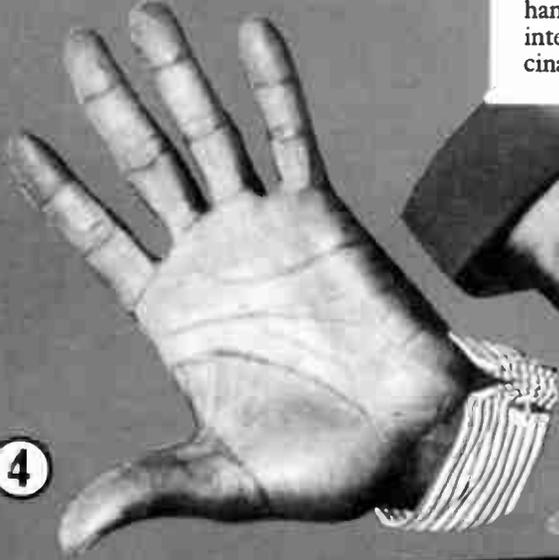
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6



WHEN a singer appears in front of TV cameras, or on a stage, do you ever consciously watch what they do with their hands?

Have you noticed how many let their hands practically hang limp and useless during most of a song, or resort to spending the whole song—and often their entire act—simply snapping their fingers, because they can't think of anything else to do with their hands?

Too many singers forget that hands are a natural and enormously valuable means of additional expression to an artist. Hands should have the same importance to a singer as they have to an actor. You don't need to rehearse a few hand tricks and think that's enough. Your hands should always be doing what comes naturally—if you've ever watched continental people speaking, or stars like Harry Belafonte, Danny Kaye, or Judy Garland, you'll know exactly what I mean.

Hands can be a fabulous asset to a performance—they help a song to "speak" more expressively. But hands can also express other very interesting things, and tell you fascinating secrets.

I remember watching a girl making her first appearance at a top night spot not so long ago. When she'd finished her act, someone brought her across to my table.

"Congratulations," I said. "You really went over big. But then—you're such a stubborn little girl that I don't think the toughest audience could beat you."

The look she gave me wasn't too friendly. "Yeah?" she said. "Who says I'm stubborn?"

I laughed. "Oh, I know quite a lot about you," I said.

"For instance, you're a very practical, logical person, and you are intensely serious about your work. You don't take anything on trust, and have grown even more cautious in recent years. Yet you have a generous nature, and you are more interested in doing good for others than having people do things for you. You—"

"Hold on," she said, astonished. "I never saw you before in my life. How come you know so much about me?"

"That's easy," I said. "I've just been watching you sing."

The poor girl was mystified, but what I told her was true.

ALL-STAR HANDS—BUT WHOSE? take a look at page 97

HANDS

by
JERRY LEE LEWIS



I'd been playing the game I often play when I am watching other singers working on TV, in a cinema or on stage. I study their hands—it's amazing how much you can get to learn about them.

Few realise it, but everything about your hands is a clue to your character—the shape of the palm and the fingers, the shape and texture of the nails, the quality of the skin—and the thumb is the biggest give-away of all.

Now I'm going to let you into a few of the secrets, and you can try my little game for yourself. It's a great party gimmick, but it can also help you to weigh up that boy or girl you've met for the first time. Faces can cheat, but hands—never.

Hands are classified into seven

types: the Elementary, the Square, the Spatulate, the Philosophic, the Conic, the Psychic, and the Mixed hand. Each denotes an entirely different type of person.

ELEMENTARY. This is the lowest type of all, and luckily it is not often met. The hand is very short, thick-set and brutal looking, with coarse, stubby fingers and a short squat thumb. People with this kind of hand are coarse, unimaginative, insensitive, and have practically no thought for anything but eating, sleeping and drinking. They're liable to fly into rages and are incapable of controlling themselves.

SQUARE. The palm of this type of hand is square, or almost square, in shape, and lines up straight with

the wrist. The fingers are straight and square-cut. The long, well-shaped thumb is set high on the palm and stands well out from it.

Square-handed people are practical, logical and "earthy" in their outlook. They are methodical about everything. They have to be "shown"—they judge everything by reason and proof, yet, oddly, can be very superstitious. People with square hands do well as lawyers, doctors, scientists and businessmen.

SPATULATE. These hands are broad, with flattened pads at the ends of the fingers. The hand itself may be rather crooked in shape, with the palm wider at the base of the fingers than at the wrist, or vice versa. Fingers are twisted and rather long.

Loads of energy, drive and originality are the characteristics of these people. Unlike the "squares", they are creative, imaginative, unconventional, demonstrative and emotional. If the palm is wider at the wrist than at the base of the fingers, they are impulsive; but if the palm is widest at the base of the fingers, they are more practical.

PHILOSOPHIC. The so-called "philosophic" hand is thin, angular, bony and long, with knotty joints in the fingers, knuckles and wrists. This type doesn't make friends too easily. They're studious, happy in their own company, and fond of reading and writing. "Philosophic" people are thoughtful, and always careful about detail. They do well in science and engineering, and though they seldom make as much money as the "squares" they are among the most useful people in the world today.

CONIC. This is sometimes called, also, the Artistic hand—not because it is graceful, with tapering, pointed fingers, but because of the characteristics it gives away. It doesn't follow that the owner of these kinds of hands

will paint pictures or compose music; but he or she will certainly love beautiful things and appreciate the arts. If the hand is plump, fleshy and soft, its possessor may be too lazy to put in the tough work necessary to become a good painter or a musician. But if the hand is firm and hard, then it is likely that the artistic ability will be put to real use.

PSYCHIC. The "psychic" hand is long, narrow, graceful, and so pale that it looks almost transparent. It is beautiful, but often useless for real work. Its owner is an impractical dreamer, unfitted for the rough and tumble of life and far too dependent on others. He or she will be literally "out of this world".

MIXED. As its name suggests, this hand—probably the most common—is a mixture of some or all types. You might have a "square" palm with one or two pointed fingers and the others "square" or "spatulate". The owner of a "mixed" hand will be very versatile, but seldom make a lot of any talents, just because he is so changeable. He is usually, in fact, the proverbial jack-of-all-trades.

He may be well read and able to talk about any number of subjects, but you'll find this knowledge never goes very deep. Nevertheless, he's usually an amusing companion, and great company.

So you see, even the shape of your hand can tell you a handful, but there's plenty more for you to know.

Take a good look at your thumb. You will see it can be divided into three sections. These are said to represent the three great worlds of love, logic and will.

Love is represented by the base of the thumb, covered on the palm by the fleshy pad known as the Mount of Venus. The middle section is the seat of logic, and will power is shown in the top section, where the nail is set.

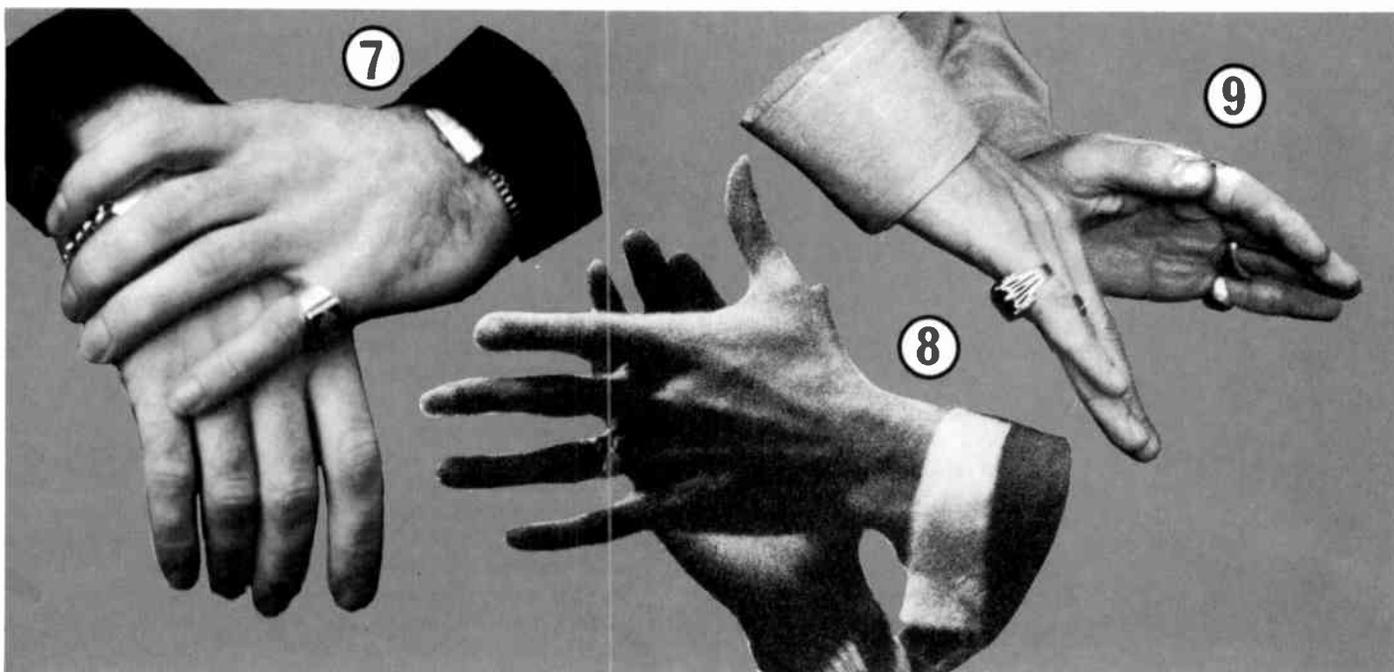
If the top section of the thumb is long and the middle section short, your will is supposed to be stronger than your logical powers, which means you may be a bit stubborn or obstinate. If the base of the thumb is long, and the other two sections short, they say you're the kind of boy or girl who'll always let the heart overrule the head—sometimes to your own disadvantage.

Does your thumb bend outward in a supple curve at the top joint? Then you're adaptable, broad-minded, and even Bohemian. You always try to think well of people; are generous with money, and more interested in giving than in receiving affection. But watch it! You are also a bit of a spendthrift.

That outward-curving thumb also tells that you like speaking to strangers and often make some of your greatest friendships while on a journey by rail, sea or air. It shows you make a charming companion, always ready to go along with others. But if I wanted you to do me a favour, I should have to push you until you agreed, because I know you are the kind to say "yes" on impulse and then, when you've had time to think, change your mind.

I might do better to ask the favour from a friend with a straight, stiff-jointed thumb, because he's the cautious type, and might say "no" at first, only to agree when he has had time to examine my proposition carefully. But once having made up his mind, he will keep his word, and





the more he is opposed, the more determined he will be to go on.

You won't find old Stiff-Thumb starting a bright conversation with strangers in a railway compartment. He's far too reserved. But once he gives friendship, he will be true. One of his biggest failings is lack of tact. He can be too blunt for comfort. He always bases opinions on logic, and is hard to beat in an argument.

If the middle section of the thumb is waist-like in form, then you know its owner usually relies on tact and diplomacy to get his way. A thumb supple and curving outward at the middle joint tells that its owner can adapt successfully to any conditions or circumstances in which he finds himself.

Beware of the thumb which is short, thick and blunt, like a club! This is the sign of unreasonable obstinacy, and blind ungovernable passions.

Every finger of the hand has its own name. The first (index) is the finger of Jupiter, the second the finger of Saturn, the third the finger of the Sun, and the fourth is the finger of Mercury.

Is your first finger (Jupiter) long? Then you love power and command over others. You're a natural leader. Is it short? Then you dislike responsibility and are short on ambition.

A long second finger (Saturn) is the sign of prudence, reserve and love of solitude. A short second finger

denotes gaiety and too much lack of serious purpose.

Love of beauty and a desire for fame are shown by a long third finger (Sun), but a very long Sun finger warns of a tendency towards gambling, rashness, and a wish for notoriety. A short third finger shows you hate all these things.

A long fourth finger (Mercury) denotes braininess, a knack for learning languages, and a talent for self-expression. (Good public speakers often have a long Mercury finger, for example.) If this finger is short, it reveals you're not so hot at expressing your thoughts.

Fingers which are long in proportion to the palm show sharp intelligence. Short, stubby fingers give away a very "earthy" nature, with not much liking for the finer things of life.

If a finger leans towards another, it takes on the qualities denoted by the finger towards which it leans.

Now, spread your hand and look at the way your fingers are placed. If there is plenty of width between your thumb and first finger, fearlessness and independence of will are indicated!

A wide space between the first and second fingers denotes independence of thought. Width between the second and third fingers shows independence of circumstances; and between the third and fourth fingers, independence of action.

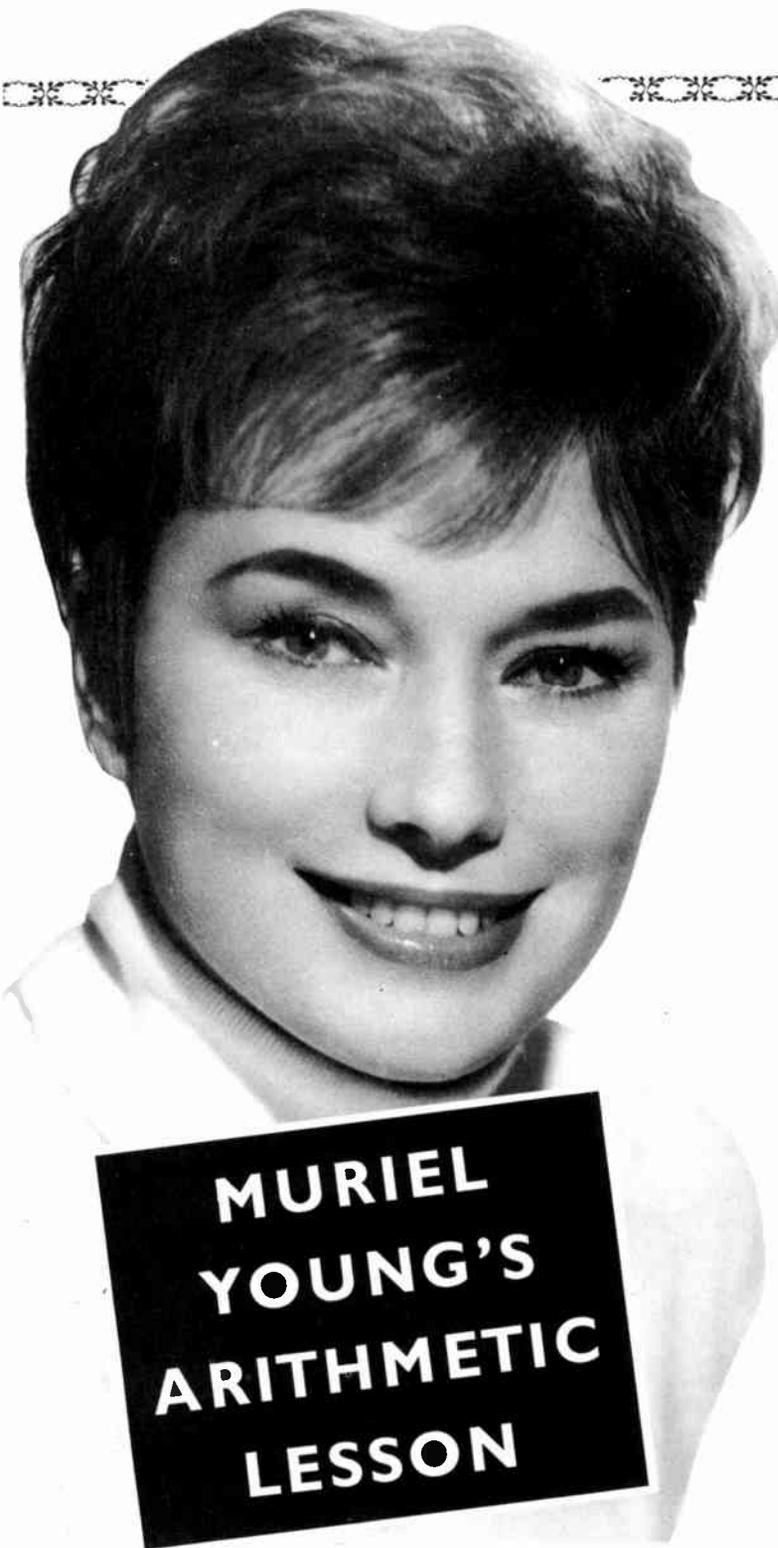
Firm, stiff fingers show the ability to stick at a job. Those which curve backward denote frankness, and the ability to grasp ideas quickly. Inward-curving fingers, on the other hand, reveal the cautious one who likes to hold on to what he has and is slow to take to new ideas.

If the joints of the fingers are knotty, thought and a liking for detail are indicated—mathematicians and engineers are among those whose hands usually show these signs. The owner of smooth-jointed fingers is liable to be impulsive and more inclined to take a sweeping view of things than to be the type who gets down to details.

Well, there it is! As you can see, a glance at the hands can tell you more about your favourite star than you ever would have suspected. So next time you tune in to a TV show to watch one of your Radio Luxembourg disc favourites, or go to see them in the flesh at a local show, watch out for those hands and—have fun!

ANSWERS

1. Dion De Mucci.
2. Dave Clark.
3. Dusty Springfield.
4. Nat King Cole.
5. Jim Reeves.
6. P. J. Proby.
7. Tom Jones.
8. Billy Fury.
9. Ringo Starr.



**MURIEL
YOUNG'S
ARITHMETIC
LESSON**

WHAT adds up to success? In many careers, the answer to the question is as plain as the nose on your face. But, in the glitter game I'm in, posing that question is like asking: "How long is a piece of string?"

The fact is, in our business, there are dozens of answers to the problem of what totals up to success—and every one of the answers can be right. I have given you one common success formula in the headline of this piece.

Although variety theatres, as they used to be, are practically dead, there are more ways open to fame than ever in this Television Age. But before anyone makes the great decision—"It's an actor's life for me!", they should first take a good look at the facts of actors' lives.

In the pop record business, stars shine and fade, names come and go. A few lucky ones, last quite a while. For others, the sweet taste of success is brief. Smart ones, when they have made it, take the trouble to improve themselves, broaden the scope of their talents, with an eye to stepping into other fields of the business. The switch to acting has long been one of the key ambitions for those who have got there along the pop trail—Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Doris Day—are just a few of the famous who have graduated.

But, of course, many who are stage struck and are minus singing talent, head straight for the acting profession. If you are nursing any ambitions in this direction, what are your chances?

Listen to what Equity, the British actors' union, says:

"Fifteen hundred—equal to the number who enter the profession every year—leave it each year because they can't get anywhere. Of our 11,000 members, only 700 earn more than £2,000 a year. Competition is tremendous. The chances of reaching the top—and staying there—are comparatively slight.

"Many are often forced to take dreary jobs outside the profession to keep themselves alive while trying to make the grade. When an opening occurs, they come back for a time; then, when the engagement is over, leave again until something else turns up.

Now that sounds enough to put anyone off even having a go, but if the fire is really in you, it won't stop you.

What qualities *are* important for an acting career?

I have heard many answers to that question. Here are some replies I have collected from top stars . . .

Imagination, self-discipline, willingness to work hard, a sense of humour . . .

Complete confidence—or the ability to give a good impression of it even when you are feeling terrible . . .

The ability to bounce back no matter how many times you are knocked down, toughness and a strong moral fibre, an intense interest in people . . .

Talent + Hard Work +

A good memory. Willingness to learn—to learn timing, to know how long you can pause during a conversation or while reading dialogue.

You need certain basic qualities either of appearance, of authority, or originality. Commonplace good looks or prettiness are not very interesting, but interesting good looks which can be used, such as a flexible body, face, and voice, are of immense value. The voice is tremendously important.

You need a good ear—for tempo, rhythm, for musical quality—this is as important to an actor as to a singer or musician. If you've got a good ear, you are able to inject variety of sound into a performance. You can't sit a whole evening listening to someone speaking in the same tone of voice, otherwise it becomes uninteresting, and a great long bore.

Having a good imagination is also vitally important. When you are offered a part, you suddenly imagine, "Oh, I could do something wonderful with this part." You sort of smell it, and it has nothing to do with understanding the *technical* acting details the part may call for. You simply suddenly see the way you are going to look in the part, the way you're going to speak, the way you're going to move. You imagine yourself doing it. If you didn't imagine, you wouldn't dare do it.

For any not put off by the thought of hardship and insecurity, who are determined to get into the acting game, there are two main roads . . .

The first is at least a year's degree course at one of the British universities with drama departments. The second—and easily the most popular—is to enrol for a course of two to three years at a drama school, where fees range from about £60 to £95 a term. Both university and drama school students can apply for education grants towards expenses.

The minimum age for entry into drama school is 17. No particular academic qualifications are required, but the main schools expect applicants to have had a good general education. Entry is by audition, consisting often of a reading from Shakespeare and a modern drama.

Repertory was my way into the business, although I didn't start out with any ideas of acting. I was an art student, studying scenic work. I joined a repertory company at Henley to paint scenery, and in no time, also found myself playing maids and old women! I acted more than I painted, then, when the juvenile lead left, I got the job—and the acting bug.

I went on to a company at the Theatre Royal, Chatham, then to Dovercourt, and finally, to the little Gateway Theatre, in Notting Hill Gate, London.



It was at this time that I became keen to break into television, but I just couldn't seem to get to first base. I turned instead to photo modelling—toothpaste adverts, and all that kind of thing.

When commercial television began, I landed an audition for some acting work—and turned up the wrong day! Don't ask me how I slipped up, but I arrived for my audition a week early, and found myself walking on to audition as announcer! I got the job, and that's when everything really started to happen for me.

Many hopefuls who don't go to drama school, get into the business as assistant stage managers, which means they sweep the stage, carry sofas, do a thousand-and-one donkey jobs. But you don't care because you are able to watch actors all the time, and learn from what you see.

Many repertory companies have their own student courses. Entrance is by audition, but you must be prepared to work hard at almost every job around a theatre. It is all part of the experience, and is the best training.

There is always the chance that a talent scout or producer may "spot" you at one of the public performances held by a drama school, but most newcomers go into repertory companies to gain experience, and the wages in these companies are very small.

The hopeful actor or actress who doesn't strike lucky early on, must be prepared for countless frustrations and disappointments. It's a rough business, and not very well paid until you make the grade, which is why so many actors are firm believers in having a second occupation as something to fall back on during lean acting times.

It is not just a job; but a vocation to which thousands willingly dedicate themselves, both because they love it, and because there is always the chance of "the lucky break"—that magical wand which can transform them into another Richard Burton or Elizabeth Taylor, and bring untold riches and world fame.

Guts + Luck = Stardom



CRAZY

WITH HERMAN

I'VE always been a crazy character. The Hermits have too, although I don't think they were quite so nutty as I was.

I loved all the crazes, the big ones, small ones, and the ones I started myself. I still can't bring myself to act my age and much prefer playing the games and doing things I did when I was about 14. For example, when I have the chance I sometimes go to night clubs and I get let in because I'm Herman. But honestly, they bore me stiff. They don't give me the kick I used to get trying to get in to see an X film when I was under age.

When we had our first hit I thought to myself that I'd start my own craze, and that I would make it sweep the country (ha! ha!). Actually, I did have an idea for a sound different from any other, at the time, but it would have needed about six extra voices and although that would've been okay on record, it would never have worked for every one-night stand. I gave up the idea.

I was always the first to try something new as a kid. One day I'd be mad about cameras, and the next, air pistols. Then there was the day I thought I'd go back hundreds of years and start wearing Regency clothes such as cloaks and tight knee-length trousers with those long double-breasted jackets. This was a genuine interest, by the way. I loved the style of costumes in the musical "Oliver". But the idea faded fast when I thought of all the nasty cracks I'd get walking down the street.

Then there was the day I was going to get my hair cut with two inches completely missing right down the middle. I got as far as the barber's, realised I'd look an idiot, and had a short-back-and-sides.

The skiffle rage brings back some very funny memories.

Dad had bought a record player and we only had one disc at the time—a Lonnie Donegan hit. I used to walk around the house snapping my fingers and picturing myself as a big star in a group. There was a boy who lived across the street. He had made a funny old guitar with two strings and we decided to form a group with me playing washboard. Mum had bought a washing machine by then and I searched high and low all over the house to find her old washboard. I even saved up money and bought four thimbles to play it with. Unfortunately I never did find that washboard so we made a bass out of an old cardboard box with a bow and arrow on top as the strings. We'd lock ourselves in my little room and mime to records, dreaming of making a disc. It was great. Then, one day, I got fed up with it all, threw everything away, went to the pictures, and bought a sixpenny yo-yo.

Ah, yo-yo's, they were fabulous, one of my big raves. I used to be very good at them. In fact talking about them makes me want one right now. As I told you, I still love all the old games. Catapults were another craze, that is until I smashed a shop window and mine was confiscated.

And there were incidents when I was young, like the holiday we had at a camp in Llandudno. They had talent contests and, of course, I just had to enter. I was in no doubt that I was going to win! I sang an old Inkspots number to the accompaniment of an out-of-tune piano. There was another fellow who was a ventriloquist who, I admit now, was far better than anybody else. But when I got knocked out of the comp., I was so jealous I had a fight with him, tried to pinch his prize money, and went home crying.

A lot of the big dance crazes started round about this time. My sister used to try to teach me how to jive. All I

CRAZES

could do was collapse in giggles every time she tried. This used to get her so mad that she pushed me all around the house till I learnt. I didn't have a clue about dancing.

Styles in clothes created some of the biggest crazes when all those "rocker" fashions came in. I used to get dead jealous because all the other boys at the youth club had them while I was still wearing wide-bottomed trousers, Oxford shoes, and short hair. Gradually, I started getting the gear—long jacket, black shirt, skin-tight trousers, bootlace tie, thick crêpe-soled shoes, and one of those greasy hairstyles. Mum was dead against it so I used to hide it all on a shelf in a shed at the bottom of our garden. I'd go out dressed in my schoolboy outfit, put all this stuff on in the shed, and go to the youth club as "one of the boys". After a while I plucked up enough courage to start wearing it in front of Mum and Dad and they gave in eventually. That craze didn't last long because it soon became Italian jackets and long pointed shoes. Thinking of it these days has me in stitches, but I suppose I'll be laughing at the fashions I wear today in ten years' time.



Of all the dances introduced in recent years, I think everyone will agree that the Twist is the one we all went mad over. When Chubby Checker came bouncing into our lives with the Twist, I picked it up straight away and used to go around teaching all my friends. I even taught my Granny while we were on holiday, and she was good at it, too! Chubby was successful with lots of other new dances in the States, where people seem more susceptible to crazes, but he could never hope to come up with anything quite so big again. It's a shame it got adapted to the Shake and those other dances because the Twist was something that Mums and Dads could do as well as the kids.

Switching attention to the Hermits, I told you that they were a nutty bunch, didn't I? They used to get up to all sorts of stunts. Once, just after we had changed our name to Herman's Hermits, a dance hall manager asked them to wear a dress gimmick. They put on outfits made of sacks down to their knees, with socks, and big lace-up boots. I wouldn't wear one, and I'm sure they wished they hadn't afterwards, too.

Derek Leckenby used to go to Manchester University and was always getting involved in student rags. Once they made a float which was a send-up on pop stars and Derek was dressed up in a terrible Elvis Presley outfit. The kids



While we're on the subject of crazy crazes we might as well include a couple of visual suggestions from those two disc world nuts—Ken Dodd and Rolf Harris.





Herman, the boy who sang one disc after another right up the American charts—with a helping hand (8 hands, to be exact) from the Hermits.

didn't think it funny, however, and he got all sorts of things aimed at him.

Like me, the Hermits used to picture themselves as big stars. Derek once made a guitar out of a Meccano outfit. It had four strings and he played it with a nylon nail brush. Karl Green made a bass out of an old wooden box, during the skiffle craze, but one night, while messing around with some other boys, he stood on it and went straight through.



All of the boys used to be mad about those track bikes with the long handlebars. Thousands of kids round Manchester had them. You could make them yourself out of spare parts which you'd swop other things for, and put a lollipop stick in the wheel to make a weird noise. The favourite race track used to be either the local car park or Trafford Hill, in Manchester. It wasn't always a safe sport, either. Derek broke his collarbone once.

Our Barry Whitwam is a really zany character. He's been trying for months now to teach his pet budgerigar to sing our first hit, "I'm Into Something Good". The budgie hasn't managed to pass the first four words yet. Barry was on a Tarzan kick, at one time, and would pinch a big rope from the local railway and go swinging from tree to tree in the local woods. His craziest ambition is to jump out of a plane with a parachute and land on Nelson's column. As for Karl, he would like to throw a custard pie at somebody famous.

Another craze we all went for were those funny caps made in either red and black or blue and black stripes with a buckle at the back. We called them "Fred 'ats"—don't ask me why. Talking of hats we'd all like to see top hats brought back for young people. We think they're dead sharp.

Having told you what a bunch of idiots we all are, I'd better establish that we really do have a sensible attitude towards our work, these days. Before I started to make records I was pretty carefree and didn't give a darn about



anything. I used to hold conversations with people in the audience and really have a ball. Nowadays I never do things like that and sometimes hate having to curb so many of the things I feel naturally, like saying what I want to say. It's a funny feeling when you're as young as I am and you start to realise that a gulf is gradually widening between you and people your own age.

The business has certainly made me grow up a lot and change my attitude towards many things. When we made our first record and it went straight to No. 1, I took an awful lot for granted. My head was in the clouds and I thought it would all be plain sailing and that nothing could go wrong. Now I realise I don't know as much as I thought I did and appreciate everything that is done for me. You also find out exactly who your friends are and who you can trust.



One thing I have never really wanted to become is a teenage idol with a rebel reputation, and I definitely don't want to force myself down people's throats. I'll be happy just making good records and hoping people will accept me as I am.

I know that I am not the world's greatest singer, but, one day, I hope to be able to sing as a singer really should, so that people won't be able to turn round and say how lucky I have been, making money out of pop records. I also hope to return to acting which was the way I started out.

Meanwhile, we're a crazy, happy-go-lucky crowd, and we want to stay that way a while.



GABRIEL AND

by LOUIS ARMSTRONG

I ALWAYS loved music, and it didn't matter what the instrument was or who played it, so long as the playing was good.

There were many different kinds of people and instruments to inspire me to carry on with my music when I was a boy. I used to hear some of the finest music in the world listening to the bar-room quartets who hung around saloons with a can of beer in their hands, singing up a breeze while they passed the can around. I thought I was really somebody when I got so I could hang around with those fellas.

When I was a teenager, those quartets used to let me sing with them and carry the lead. Even in those days they thought I had something on the ball as a ragtime singer, which is what hot swinging is today.



Most folks called me Little Louis, when I was in my teens, because I was so little and cute.

While I was working at a coal yard, Sidney Bechet, a youngster from the creole quarter, came uptown to play at a honky tonk. The first time I heard Sidney Bechet play that clarinet of his, he stood me on my ear. I also marvelled at the way Bechet played the cornet. There wasn't a cornet player in New Orleans who was like him. What feeling! What soul!

My great thrill was when I played with him to advertise a prize fight. I have forgotten who was fighting, but I will never forget that I played with the great Bechet. Before long, Bechet had gone up North, then he went on to Paris where he stayed and became world famous.

I was driving a coal cart when Kid Ory, of the great Ory-Oliver jazz band, hollered out to me:

"You still blowin' that cornet?"

He said that King Oliver had left the band to head for Chicago, and he'd been told to get me in his place. What a kick that was! To think I was considered up to taking Joe Oliver's place in the best band in town. I'd been having so many bad breaks, now I could hardly wait to spread my good news.

The first night I played with the Ory band, the boys were so surprised they could hardly play their instruments for listening to me blowing up a storm. But I wasn't frightened one bit. I was doing everything exactly the way I'd heard King Oliver do it. At least I tried to. I even put a big towel around my neck, 'cos that was the first thing Joe Oliver always did—he'd put a bath towel around his neck and open up his collar underneath so's he could blow free and easy.

And because I'd listened to Joe all the time he was with

the band, I knew almost everything they played by ear. I was pretty fast on my horn at that time, and I had a good ear. I could catch on real fast.

That first night with them was a pleasure. There just wasn't a thing for me to do except blow my head off. Mellow moments, I assure you.

After that first gig, I was in. I began to get real popular with the dance fans as well as the musicians. All the musicians came to hear us and they'd hire me to play in their bands on the nights I wasn't engaged by Kid Ory.

While I was playing gigs with the band, I kept on driving my coal cart during the day. Outside the cornet, the coal cart was the only job I enjoyed working.

I started to get very popular around that good old town of mine, and had lots of offers to leave the Ory band. None of them tempted me until that red-headed band leader, Fate Marable, got me into his outfit. I had realised that there is more to music than just playing one style, and Fate offered me a wider range of work. Being an experienced musician, Fate knew that just by being around musicians who read music, I would automatically learn myself. Within no time at all, I was reading everything he put before me.

He had his own way of dealing with musicians. If one of us played part of a piece wrong, he wouldn't say a thing about it until everyone thought it had been forgotten. Then one morning, when, maybe you weren't feeling too good, he'd pick up the music you had failed with and ask you to play it before the other members of the band. Believe me, it was no fun being shown up in front of all the other fellas if you didn't play the passage right.



We used to call this experience, our Waterloo. This was Fate's way of making his men rest properly so that they could work perfectly on the job the next night. I learned something from that, and to this day, I still think it is good sense.

My mother used to say to me: "Son, you have to live your own life. You have to go out into this world all by yourself. You need all the experiences you can get. Such as what's good and what's bad. I can't tell you these things—you've got to see them for yourself. There's nobody in the world a better judge of what's good for your life than you.

ME



When you really get to know yourself, you'll know what you are going to want."

Youngsters of those days, like me, took their music far more seriously than the present-day ones.

I became so popular from playing in Kid Ory's band, and the Tuxedo Brass Band, that I could go into any part of New Orleans without being bothered because everybody just wanted to hear me blow. Even the toughest characters in town were no exception.

Joe Oliver, who was doing real swell up in Chicago, kept sending letters and telegrams for me to come and play second cornet for him. I knew that would be real heaven, and the day I finally left, it seemed like all of New Orleans gathered at the train to give me a little luck.

When we cracked down on the first note that first night in Chicago, I knew things would go well for me. Joe Oliver and I developed a little system for duet breaks. We didn't have to write them down. I was so wrapped up in him, and lived so closely to his music, that I could follow his lead in a split second. No one could understand how we did it, but it was easy for us and we could keep it up the whole evening.



I was so happy. I had hit the big time.

My early days were rough days, but great days. I've lived a whole lot since then, and I've got a lot more living and playing to do.

Just a few years back, when I was working around Italy, everyone thought old Satchmo was through. I went down with pneumonia, and millions, from Manchester to Moscow, were already mourning my death, which was nice, except I wasn't ready to go.

I had a sort of dream during the crisis of that illness. I thought I saw old Gabriel looking down on my hospital cot saying: "We don't need that golden horn of yours up here yet, Satchmo—you keep on blowing down there awhile."

Newspapers were saying I was a goner, but all I was doing was having a little flirtation with the angels. But man, I'll tell you, for a while I was certainly walking in the shade, and it was good to get back on the sunny side of the street.

In spite of what everybody else was saying, I just didn't feel the time had come to join my old friend, Sidney Bechet. I am not afraid of dying, but like all of us, I don't want to go before I have to. Life's fun.

I started by playing horn at funerals in little old New Orleans, and one day, I know, someone will be blowing horn at mine.



I deserved what I got that time in Italy. We were rushing from one engagement to another. We were playing for a millionaire in Texas one night, then flying all night across the Atlantic to Italy. I fell asleep exhausted before an open window, soon after we arrived. Satchmo seldom gets sick, but this time he sure did. What those docs did to me! Played "Yankee Doodle" with their needles on my old you-know-what.

Then those Italian nurses wanted me to use those bed gadgets, but I surprised them when I waddled down the corridor. "The day ain't come yet, chicks," I told them, "when Satchmo can't go to the bathroom by himself."

When the docs said I had virus pneumonia, I just said: "Virus is fever, and I often get fever. I just blow it away with my old horn."

"You'll never blow that horn again," they told me.

"Oh, yes I will," I said. "Regular playing keeps me in first-class physical shape."

When I walked the streets of Rome, after that illness, folks looked at me as if they were seeing a ghost. I told them, "I ain't no ghost."

I enjoy playing horn down here. I'm in no hurry to join Gabriel, yet.

AND SOME OF KING LOUIS' CROWN JAZZ JEWELS . .

THE veteran singer-trumpeter who toppled the Beatles off their perch at the top of the American hit parade with his 2,000,000-selling single "Hello Dolly", beat the group again in America's LP charts.

Louis' *Hello Dolly* LP (London HAR/SHR 8190) became No. 1 American best seller. In addition to the now famous title track, Satchmo leads his All Stars through a swinging selection of tunes like "Jeepers Creepers" which he first introduced in the famous Bing Crosby film *Pennies From Heaven*, "Moon River" from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, "A Lot of Livin'" from the film *Bye Bye Birdie*, and music from other shows, some yet to be seen in Britain.

Louis' honest formula of down-to-earth melody, rhythm and personality upset current theories on pop-trends and turned Tin Pan Alley upside down.

Now that the shouting is all over, let's ask ourselves what it was that made him knock The Beatles from the top of the American charts, and what made him go roaring up our own hit lists, trumpet swinging Dixie-style?

Was it simply that "Dolly" was a dolly of a disc? Or is there something more to this story? Louis himself tried to throw a little light on the subject:

"I've seen everything. Nothing happens I ain't seen before. Or so I thought. Then along came 'Dolly' and shook me," admits Louis. "I figured when I cut the disc that it would do all right, but you can never tell about a tune. I didn't think it would do landslide business like it did."

Perhaps it just proves that you can't keep a good man down. Particularly when his name is Louis Daniel "Satchmo" "Pops" Armstrong.

And "Pops" shows some more of his paces in other great albums:

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND THE ALL STARS AH 73
Satchmo at Symphony Hall—Vol. I: Muskrat ramble; Black and blue; Royal Garden blues; Lover; Stars fell on Alabama ● I cried for you; Since I fell for you; Tea for two; Body and soul; Mahogany Hall stomp

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND THE ALL STARS AH 74
Satchmo at Symphony Hall—Vol. II: Steak face; On the sunny side of the street; High Society; That's my desire ● 'C' jam blues; Baby, won't you please come home; How high the moon; Boff boff

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND THE ALL STARS AH 79
Satchmo at Pasadena: Indiana; Baby it's cold outside; 'Way down yonder in New Orleans; Stardust; The huckle-buck ● Honeysuckle Rose; My Monday date; Just you, just me; You can depend on me; That's a-plenty

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AT THE CRESCENDO—VOL. I AH 81
When it's sleepy time down South; Jeepers creepers; Tin roof blues; My bucket's got a hole in it; Rose room; Brother Bill ● Lazy river; T'ain't what you do; Perdido; Blues for brass; Don't fence me in; Stompin' at the Savoy.
With THE ALL STARS, vocals by LOUIS ARMSTRONG and VELMA MIDDLETON

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AT THE CRESCENDO—VOL. II AH 82
Ol' Man Mose; Rockin' chair; C'est si bon; When you're smiling; When the Saints go marching in ● Someday you'll be sorry; St. Louis blues; Back o' town blues; Big Mama's back in town; Mop! mop! When it's sleepy time down South; With THE ALL STARS, vocals by LOUIS ARMSTRONG, VELMA MIDDLETON and TRUMMY YOUNG

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA RD 7659
Town Hall Concert Plus: Rockin' chair; Ain't misbehavin'; Back o' town blues; Long long journey; I want a little girl; Mahogany Hall stomp ● Pennies from heaven; St. James' Infirmary; Save it pretty mama; Someday you'll be sorry; Sugar; Snafu



And while we're in the Satchmo mood, what about some of his outstanding contemporaries in the jazz and blues field?

Bechet's *Bechet of New Orleans* (RCA Victor RD 7696) represents the finest work of this great clarinet and soprano sax player. Bechet's famous one-man version of "The Sheik of Araby" at last becomes available, a novelty in which Sidney plays soprano sax, tenor sax, clarinet, bass, piano and drums, recording each instrument separately with the aid of earphones. Included, too, are "I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say", "Weary Blues" and "Muskrat Ramble", made respectively by the Morton, Ladnier and Henry Levine bands. The remaining tracks are played by the Bechet New Orleans Feetwarmers, including the frantic "Maple Leaf Rag" and the furiously swinging "Sweetie Dear". Earl Hines, Mezzrow, Red Allen, Rex Stewart, Wellman Braud, Sidney Catlett and Sandy Williams are just a few of the great musicians featured.

BECHET OF NEW ORLEANS

I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say (b); Maple leaf rag (a); Weary blues (c); Egyptian fantasy (a); Twelfth Street rag (a); Muskrat ramble (d); Shake it and break it (a); Texas moaner (a) ● Sweetie dear (a); Wild man blues (a); Save it pretty mama (a); When it's sleepy time down South (a); I ain't gonna give nobody none of this Jelly Roll (a); Baby, won't you please come home (a); Georgia cabin (a); The Sheik of Araby (a)

SIDNEY BECHET with (a) HIS NEW ORLEANS FEETWARMERS, (b) JELLY ROLL MORTON'S NEW ORLEANS JAZZMEN, (c) TOMMY LADNIER AND ORCHESTRA, (d) HENRY LEVINE'S DIXIELANDERS

And then there's:

JOE WILLIAMS

RD 7638 (S) SF 7638
Me and the Blues: I'm sticking with you, baby; Me and the blues; Every night; Rocks in my bed; Come on blues; Workin' ● Soothe me; Early in the mornin'; Good morning heartache; Kansas City; A woman; Hobo flats

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA AH 89
 Cotton Club Days—Vol. II: Tiger Rag; Louisiana; Take it easy; Black beauty;
 Accordion Joe; When you're smiling ● Runnin' wild; The wang wang blues;
 Oklahoma stomp; Six or seven times; Double check stomp; Creole rhapsody

DAVE BRUBECK TRIO LAEF 581
 You stepped out of a dream; Lullaby in rhythm; Singin' in the rain; I'll remember
 April; Body and soul; Let's fall in love ● I didn't know what time it was; Always;
 How high the moon; Squeeze me; Heart and soul; Too marvellous for words
 Featuring CAL TJADER

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET LAE 565 (S) SEA 565
 Near-Myth/Brubeck-Smith: The unihorn; Bach an' all; Siren song; Pan's
 pipes; By Jupiter ● Baggin' the dragon; Apollo's axe; The sailor and the mermaid;
 Nep-tune; Pan dance

3 IN JAZZ RD 7626 (S) SF 7626
 Hello, young lovers (a); Gentle wind and falling tear (a); You are my lucky star
 (b); I could write a book (b); Sounds of the night (c); Cielito lindo (c) ● Stella by
 starlight (a); Blue comedy (a); There will never be another you (b); Blues to-
 night (c); When my dream boat comes home (c)
 (a) GARY BURTON, (b) SONNY ROLLINS & CO., (c) CLARK TERRY

The importance of both King Oliver and Fletcher Henderson is hard to over-estimate. Oliver was to exert a massive influence on Armstrong and through countless jazz trumpeters, while Henderson's simple effective style of arranging inspired the swing era of the Benny Goodman Orchestra and likewise the Shaw and Dorsey Brothers units. These two great pioneers share *King Oliver and Fletcher Henderson* (RCA Victor 7598)—fine jazz in itself and a most welcome collector's re-issue.

KING OLIVER AND FLETCHER HENDERSON
 King Oliver and his All Stars Band: You're just my type; I must have it;
 Rhythm Club stomp; Sweet like this; New Orleans shout; Don't you think I love
 you; Can I tell you; My good man Sam ● Fletcher Henderson St. Louis shuffle;
 Variety stomp; Sugar foot stomp; Oh! it looks like rain; Moonrise on the lowlands;
 Harlem madness; You can depend on me; Jim Town blues

FATS WALLER RD 5799
 Fats at the Organ: Please take me out of jail; I ain't got nobody; Fats Waller
 stomp; St. Louis blues; Savannah blues; Soothin' syrup stomp; Red Hot Dan ●
 He's gone away; Lennox Avenue blues; Stompin' the bug; Won't you take me
 home; Messin' around with the blues; The Digah's stomp; Geechie stomp
 With Morris Hot Babies

CLANCY HAYES LAG 573
 Swingin' Minstrel: When you and I were young Maggie blues; Willie the
 Weeper; Honeysuckle rose; Limehouse blues; Wolverine blues ● You took
 advantage of me; Dancing fool; After you've gone; Oceana roll; Waitin' for the
 evening mail; Ain't she sweet

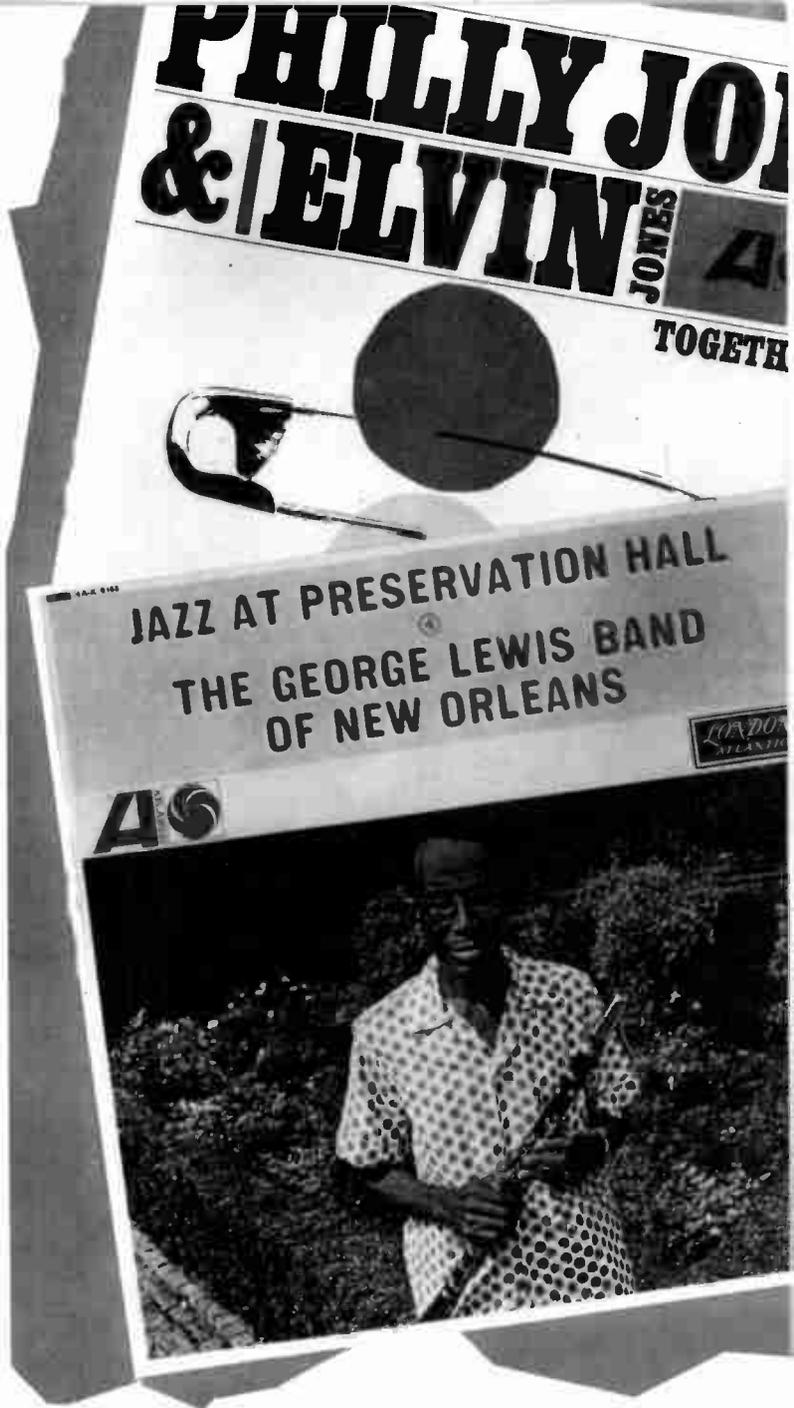
JESSE FULLER LAG 574
 San Francisco Bay Blues: San Francisco Bay blues; Jesse's new midnight special;
 Morning blues; Little black train ● John Henry; I got a mind to ramble; Crazy
 about a woman; Where could I go but to the Lord; Stealin' back to my old time
 used to be; Brownskin girl

The fabulous Dizzy Gillespie once stated that there were only two geniuses of the bass, Oscar Peterson and Charlie Mingus. Certainly, a highly controversial statement. Yet there is little doubt that Mingus has, more than anyone, transformed the bass into a major solo instrument. Charlie is at once bassist and composer and in both he reveals technical and imaginative ingenuity and the ability to sound so many different moods—a point well illustrated in the two tracks "Haitian Fight Song" and "Love Chant" (*The Charlie Mingus Quintet plus Max Roach*—Vocalion LAE-F 591).

Recorded "live" at the Bohemia Club in New York, all six tracks have sensational excitement.

And for Blues, and Rhythm, and Blues lovers:

OUT CAME THE BLUES AH 72
 Bad things on my mind—LIGHTNING HOPKINS; The blues ain't nothin' but ? ? ?
 —GEORGIA WHITE; beggin' woman—COUSIN JOE AND SAM PRICE TRIO;
 Wild Water blues—KOKOMO ARNOLD; Sweetest thing born—RED NELSON;
 Chickasaw Train blues—MEMPHIS MINNIE; Lone Wolf blues—OSCAR WOODS
 ● Little bittie gal's blues—BIG JOE TURNER AND PETE JOHNSON TRIO;
 Freight train blues—TRIXIE SMITH; Louise, Louise blues—JOHNNIE TEMPLE;
 No good woman blues—SCRAPPER BLACKWELL; Crazy with the blues—
 PEETIE WHEATSTRAW; Vernita blues—SLEEPY JOHN ESTES; My man
 jumped salty on me—ROSETTA CRAWFORD WITH JIMMY JOHNSON'S BAND



RHYTHM AND BLUES LK 4616
 Hi-heel sneakers—THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION; Not fade away—
 DAVE BERRY; Early in the morning—ALEXIS KORNER'S BLUES INCORPORATED;
 Walking the dog—ZOOT MONEY'S BIG ROLL BAND; Mr. James—JOHN MAYALL
 and THE BLUES BREAKERS; Long legged baby—THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION;
 You better move on—DAVE BERRY ● Diddley daddy—DAVE BERRY; Hoochie
 Coochie man—THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION; Get on the right track baby—
 ZOOT MONEY'S BIG ROLL BAND; Little girl—THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION;
 Crawling up a hill—JOHN MAYALL and THE BLUES BREAKERS; Strut around—
 THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANIZATION; Night time is the right time—ALEXIS
 KORNER'S BLUES INCORPORATED; Ronnie Jones (Vocal)

Finally, a last word from Louis Armstrong about the great pop revival of his discs.

Adds Louis:
 "Not bad for an old veteran, is it!"



Living in

SOON after we started having success with records, we kept getting warnings like—"Be careful where you go when you're out" and, "You'll have to watch the girl fans now". Strangely enough, this has never been a problem, in Britain, anyway, for one very good reason of course—the fact that we have never tried to sell a sexy act or create an hysterical image.

Our success has come purely through our music and through other people liking it. Living in the public eye is no bother at all to us. We come and go as we please and mix in any crowd with no trouble. The only time it did get out of hand was during our trips to America, but we'll go into that later.

In the beginning when people heard our name, they used to come along expecting to see a scruffy, shaggy-haired group and were amazed to see five tidy, ordinary young men. Our music used to puzzle them too, as it is mostly blues based, but we never made concessions to public demands, and hope we never change. At first

audiences didn't know what to make of us. Back home in Newcastle we used to do late shows at clubs where we'd cater for all-male crowds. They'd bring their own drink in and we'd really have a ball.

When we became better known, girls followed us around at dance halls. But the only image we ever tried to promote was that of a good musical act, and as we never encouraged fans to scream, we feel justly proud of our career to date.

We learnt fast that life in show business is like living in a kind of zoo—you are there to be stared at, and you need to be sort of tamed and trained. It hasn't changed us as people mind you, which surprises many. We're still the fun-loving crowd we always were, but these days we have a better understanding of the business and more respect for everything that is done for us. At one time we couldn't understand things like schedules and the way people had to run things. Some days we'd get up dead tired, after a hectic date and a long journey, and not want to do things



a Zoo

WITH
THE ANIMALS

like photographic sessions and interviews. Experience taught us.

Once we very nearly did blow our tops. We were in the States and rushed to the airport from an Ed Sullivan TV show with our makeup still on. After a six-hour flight and no sleep we had to catch a train from London to Liverpool and go straight on stage for the start of a 30-day tour. All that after a 28-day American tour! You can imagine that we weren't particularly happy.

As far as being stared at, as we've said, we have no real problems in Britain. In America it was a very different story. We arrived the day our record, "House of the Rising Sun", reached No. 1 in the charts. Now we've never regretted the name of our group, but, it often lets us in for nasty cracks, Americans were particularly guilty. We were sure that sometimes they thought we were a load of thick idiots. Reporters at our first press conference asked all sorts of awkward questions, clearly determined to get us to say stupid things, and convinced that British groups

fight between themselves and hate each other. John Lennon and Ringo shocked millions on one TV show. On being asked who their favourite group was they replied, "The Animals". Bless 'em.

At another conference someone yelled: "Hey Animals! Get down on your knees!" We obliged them that once, but it was the last time we performed like animals, and we were sorry we even did so that time. And there was the time we were signing autographs for some fans on a balcony when someone shouted, "Why don't you get your hair cut Beatle boys!" "Why don't you learn some manners", we replied, and quickly silenced him.

Real fan worship, though, was something we hadn't tasted till we reached America. Kids used to plague us day and night, knocking on hotel room doors, phoning in the middle of the night, and getting up to all sorts of crazy stunts. We felt as if we were locked in cages a lot of the time and had some frightening moments.

For example, in New York, while appearing at the



Well, they may
be Animals, but
they're only
human. . . .



Paramount Theatre, we always tried to nip out between shows. Easy you would think. One day we made a dash for the car and got in just before being surrounded by hundreds of screaming girls. The policemen out there, even with armoury, are nowhere near as used to dealing with crowds as British bobbies. Girls surrounded the car, and climbed on the top. To us inside it was as if it had suddenly got dark. We were terrified the whole car was going to cave in before we got out. Fortunately, we managed to escape.

Another day we did a concert in San Francisco in front of an audience of 14,000. Thinking we'd get away quickly after the show, we jumped into a car and headed for the main gate, to find it locked with the guard nowhere in sight. We looked behind—a mass of cars and screaming fans were following us. What a mob it was! The gate guard turned up at the crucial moment.

A particularly funny incident occurred as we were making yet another mad dash from a theatre. A little old man and woman shuffled through a mass of fans and tapped

Alan on the shoulder. "You're from Jarrow, aren't you lad?" Jarrow's in Newcastle, in case you don't know. "Yes!" Alan replied, and disappeared into the car. "So are we!" they shouted as the car pulled away. We had a good laugh about that.

Most people in the States are used to stars being very much above them. This has changed now. A lot of the Beatles popularity came from their being their natural selves on and off stage. In the States it was almost a crime to be seen with a drink or cigarette in your hand and, whereas we don't think that our private lives should be public knowledge, we recognise that much of our lives have to be lived in a zoo, so we don't make any pretences. We want our fans to know exactly the kind of Animals we are. Our John was a particular success over there because he always behaved so reserved and English.

Some of our most enjoyable moments were spent watching and playing to coloured audiences at the Apollo in New York. There, audiences completely participate with the artistes, and we felt a close association with them. One evening when we played to a coloured audience in a club, Eric who has a fantastic understanding of blues music, started talking Negro slang. The crowd loved it.

We also made friends with five tough young New York girls who we nicknamed "The Brooklyn Dodgers". They still phone us from the States.

America was an exciting eye-opening experience but it was a relief to get home, and be free of our cages a while, for when we do have time to ourselves, we are five Animals who really don't like to be stared at. Alan goes to a brother who has a house in the country miles from any-

where. It's not on the phone and nobody can find him. The rest of us usually go home, or stay at our flats in London. We always go to the same clubs and places and keep to a close circle of friends, and never encourage hangers-on. We've made mistakes of course, but, these days, we protect ourselves carefully against this sort of thing.

We're easy-going, and have achieved most of the things we wanted when we started out, including respect from many top jazz musicians. Those are compliments we really treasure. The only thing they dislike is our name.

There are things we have seen, or come across, which we feel strongly about. For example, in America we found all the great artistes such as Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, who we had admired for years, were virtually snubbed. Too many people over there don't appreciate a lot of the great talent under their noses. The attitude was almost like picking up the shiny sixpence in the street and missing the dirty pound note.

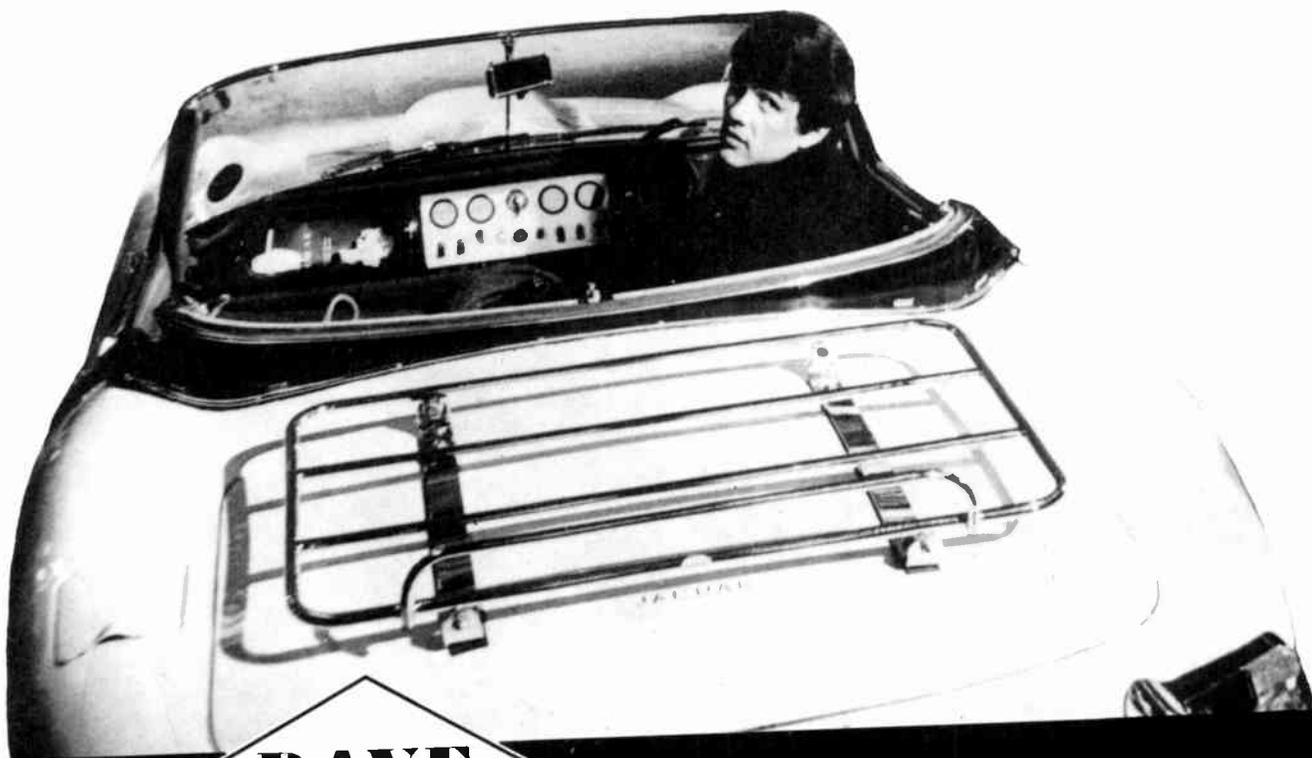
Another thing we hate are groups and singers created just for making records. We worked five years to get where we are, and by our approach and the fact that we can support our discs on stage, have managed to make a spot ourselves in the business. We always tried to make good, different records, and we'll keep trying to do the same in the future.

We only intend to make records of music that we truly feel is worth performing and, if we eventually fade away, we'll be happy just playing for love.

As long as you want us, and come and visit us, we'll be content to stay in the public eye and live in the special kind of zoo we've built for ourselves.



Feeding Time. . .



DAVE CLARK SAYS

OH, TO BE

FIRST one we hit is Paddock Bend. What the newspapers re-christened Mini-Killer Bend—where most of the camera boys position themselves each race to focus on the cars spiralling past out of control. It's—

Oh, I beg your pardon! I should have explained. We're at Brand's Hatch. And I'm in the Formula 3 Cooper. And the first bend you come to after the Off is Paddock. And you can't see the road ahead because it dips!

It's a right-hand bend, with a decreasing radius. Which means the bend gets sharper as you go into it so that, if you don't take it tight enough, you're going to run out of road—and into the barriers.

Not only that, but it falls away downhill so much that when you're going at speed you think the whole car is going to take off! It's a heart-in-the-mouth bend and the camera boys in search of sensation are certainly in the right place for thrills.

And when you get out of Paddock (if you do!) the next one's Druid's Corner, and this one's a fantastically sharp hairpin which you've got to take on a brake-down to about 40 m.p.h. before rushing down to Bottom Bend—where Jim Clarke regularly lifts one of his wheels off in a saloon.

Into Bottom Straight to Clearways. Steepening bends,

and now you can really hear the tyres scream as they fight to hold the tarmac. Then full-out, past the Grandstands with the Control Tower and the Pits on your right (you're *really* travelling) and the chequered flag . . . and the roar of the crowds . . . and . . .

Well, no. Not exactly that last bit. Because, in case I give my record company heart failure, I'd better explain that I've only driven *solo* round Brand's Hatch.

"Remember," they told me before they flagged me off, "you've got a group dependent on you; people might want to hear you on another record one day; you've got a film to make. . . . Be careful. And apart from all that—we want the car back in one piece!"



But I can honestly say that it was the most exciting experience in my whole life. I've always loved speed. I think I must have been about 18 when I began to take a serious interest in motor racing and began attending meetings. That, of course, was the last straw. Watching it, hearing the roar of engines, smelling the exhaust fumes—I couldn't wait to have a go myself!

I used to drive home afterwards behind the wheel of my old Armstrong Siddeley Hurricane (my first car), imagining myself Stirling Moss, leading the field, holding off



STIRLING MO



ON
RISES
FED



challengers trying to pass him, crouched, tense, teeth clenched—which, of course, is exactly what you *mustn't* do, as I soon realised when I took up stunt work for films.

One of my very first jobs was to crash a car for a foreign film company, and the amount of preparation that went into this was almost as much as the amount of preparation that goes into a car (and its driver) before an important race.

And, once again, you've got to have your wits about you. You've got to get it right first time, because they can't afford to smash up too many cars before they get the shot right. (Of course, the stunt man himself doesn't matter too much; the casting agency has plenty more on tap; and they come cheaper in the end.)



Shortly after that picture came an even more complicated sequence. Two cars approaching a crossroads at right-angles at speed—and missing each other by inches. You can imagine the split-second timing *that* involved! All of which training probably explains why, at the end of my “analysis” at Brand’s (which is when they test your capabilities before allowing you out on the track), my instructor sent my ego sky high by saying I was “very careful, quick reactions—with definite talent”—which knocked me out!

But something happened after that which completely knocked the idea of motor-racing out of my head, even as a hobby. The group began to hit it pretty big in the pop scene. Tours, television, travelling took up all the time there was. And, in any case, I don't really think now I'd





give up this business for racing. As a hobby, yes. But once a thing becomes a job of work, the sun seems to go out of it.

But, I had a Zephyr when I first took lessons at Geoffrey Clarke's Motor Racing Stable at Brand's Hatch. And undoubtedly it was the thrill of circuiting that course that decided me to get something speedier. An E-type Jag. And what a thrill *that* was! Taking delivery of it in Blackpool and driving it home to North London via the M6 and M1, and clocking up 120 m.p.h. for minutes on end! There's nothing to equal the terrific sense of freedom and power a fast car gives you. It's like nothing else in the world. Not even flying.

And one of the joys of making our "Catch Us If You Can" film was that, playing a stunt man, I drove an E-type Jag in that. Not my own car, of course—which is just as well as it eventually gets blown up. (Not with me in it, I'm glad to say.)



But as soon as I get a little time to spare I'm off to Brand's Hatch again to take more racing lessons. For one thing, since I was last there, Stirling Moss himself (one of the directors of the Stable) has begun teaching the more advanced pupils—and I can't wait to get my lap times down sufficiently to qualify for *him* as my mentor.

Added to which, Stable pupils have already won two Firsts, two Seconds and one Third in motor races this season. Plus the fact that the Stable has just equipped itself with brand-new Lotus Formula 3s. Added to which. . . .

Yes, added to which (if my agent is still listening)—
I'll be careful!



THE DAY I THOUGHT

SING

HAVE you ever believed in something with every ounce of your being and longed for something with all your heart and soul and then have the whole world tell you that you're wrong, that your yearning can never be fulfilled, your craving never satisfied—that you just can't have what you want more than anything else?

If you've ever endured anything like this, then you know how I felt when they told me I couldn't sing, because, to be a singer had been my one and only ambition since I could remember.

I called around with other things from time to time, but singing was the one thing I was really serious about. I'd been exposed to music since I was a baby, what with my dad being a professional musician and even once running his own band. When he rehearsed at home, I'd usually stand close by humming along with whatever tune

he was playing. In my heart, I took it for granted that I would someday be a singer.

But music wasn't my entire life. I liked my studies at school and loved playing baseball. Because I was a natural-born ham, I was always acting in the plays or shows we did in school. I certainly was not the shy type at all.

One night Dad took me along with the band on a booking. During the break between one of the sets, a trumpet player suggested to Dad that he let me sing a number.

"O.K.," Dad replied. "Remember, Bobby, in the next set you can come out and sing *one* number."

I guess that was the happiest moment of my life. I've always remembered it vividly. When my turn came, I went out and sang *Melancholy Baby* at the top of my young voice. When I finished, I got a nice round of applause, and some of the kids came over and gave me nickles and dimes. I was too thrilled to even thank them.

I sang my way through grade school and was also "master of ceremonies" at all the school shows. When I got into high school, my interest in sports got the best of me and I let up in the music department. I was wild about baseball and football, and used to day-dream of becoming a pro ballplayer one day. But sports didn't keep me completely away from singing—in fact, it was a football that helped me to make the first big decision of my life.



I was rushing down the hall one day with the pigskin tucked under my arm, on the way to football practice. As I turned a corner, I bumped smack into a good buddy of mine. After we apologized to each other, he told me, "Bobby, I've got a little combo. We're playing at a dance tonight. Why don't you come by?"

That night I not only went, I took Mom and Dad with me. During the show Dad turned to me and said, "They're good all right—but I wish it were you up there. Why don't you become a musician, Bobby—not just a singer, but a *real* musician?"

That night I kept remembering what Dad had said. My voice had changed and I wasn't any Frank Sinatra. Maybe I shouldn't try to be a singer. No, no—I *had* to sing. But I could be a musician and a singer too! What was wrong with that?

The next day I started learning how to play Dad's sax.



Bobby, and something very useful the surf washed up for him. . .

I'D NEVER AGAIN

BY BOBBY VINTON

Soon, I became quite good at it, and for my 15th birthday Dad gave me my own alto saxophone.

In a matter of months I had organized my first little band. It was a snap for me to be leader because my dad had all the musical arrangements for the tunes we wanted to do. Soon, we were getting a lot of local bookings. The high point for me on any date we did was when it came time to sing. It wasn't like a floor show, but music to dance by—so the audience wasn't expected to stop and listen and applaud. And they never did.

From time to time the boys hinted around to me to cut down on the singing, implying that I just wasn't that good at it.

"Be a musician," one of them told me one day. "You just weren't meant to be a singer, Bobby."

It hurt, believe me. It was like someone saying *stop breathing*. I began to get a terrible complex about it. The worst blow of all was when my own dad said to me, "Bobby, you ought to wise up. If you *have* to sing, at least just belt out fast numbers—and get it over with. You really should skip the slow songs altogether."



Finally, one day I sat down and had a long talk with a deejay friend of mine, Dick Lawrence. I poured my heart out to him, and then I told him that I thought I *could* sing. That it would take something very powerful to convince me that I was wrong.

"There's only one thing that will ever convince you for sure, Bobby," Dick told me. "And that is to try it for

real. Let's you and I get together and cut a demo record for you to present to the record companies in New York. We'll do the very best we can and we'll take the demo everywhere. If they all turn you down—then you'll just have to become a musician and forget singing. Would that convince you?"

"Sure," I quipped, winking at him. "But you know what? They won't turn me down. Wait and see."

So I composed a tune called *I Love You the Way You Are* and Dick and I spent two days making the demonstration record. When we thought it was perfect, we got on the bus and went to New York. First, we hit all the big labels. Everyone was very polite, everyone listened—but nobody liked my voice.

After a few days, we were down to those fly-by-night,

unknown labels. But even those guys weren't interested. Finally, in one place, the owner listened to the demo twice.

"Well, it ain't bad——" he said slowly.

My heart began to beat wildly, but it quickly slowed down as he added, "——but then it ain't good either."

"Take it," I yelled suddenly. "Don't pay me a nickle! Nothing! It's yours—FREE! Just take it and press it and try to sell just one copy—*please!*"

By now I was blinking back the tears. The man smiled kindly at me, but he refused my offer. There was nothing to do but go back home now. In the darkness of the bus I sat staring out at the white line as it sped by. It was over. It was settled. I would be a band leader—a darn good one, too. I'd cut all the other bands dead. I'd—well, what did it matter *what* I did? My one big dream was crushed. I felt empty, hollow and dead. I would never sing again!

But my luck changed, I sold a company on the idea of recording me, made a couple of dud discs, then hit "Roses are Red," which sold millions, and is still my favourite. I suppose, in a way, it's a sentimental choice since it established me in the record field. But another reason I like it is because it's typical of me and all the songs I sing. It's a kind of theme song that brings up my name whenever it is played.



Nice work!—
doing the kind
of film work
a lot of fellas
would like to
do.

Hit records are vital to a young performer's career because you have to have the kids behind you to get anywhere. Adults don't spread the kind of excitement that brings recognition. But no one can keep turning out hit after hit. Elvis Presley is more consistent than anyone else I know, and even he has slowed down. His movie career has taken up the slack.

No matter how successful they may be as disc sellers, few teenage record idols feel secure enough on their pedestals to confine their performing to record studios, which is why they try to graduate to nightclubs and straight acting roles in the movies and on TV.

I am similarly determined to branch out in as many areas as possible in the entertainment business, which is why I toured the country with a nightclub act, and made the movie scene with my first picture, "Surf Party."

I'd like to do my piece towards changing the image some of the public seems to have of young entertainers. Many adults have the idea that most successful young singers are lucky delinquents or lazy no-talents.

Well, no one could call me lazy. When I was asked to do a musical play in a summer theatre, I picked the hardest one I could find as a challenge, and portrayed the title character in "The Music Man." And, in my nightclub act, I worked hard to get across. I think the act surprises a great many people. Some think of me strictly as a country singer even though I never saw a guitar until I was 23. Others think of me as a rock 'n' roller or as a kid with no real musical background. But I have managed to put myself smack dab in the middle with both teenagers and adults buying my records. Because most pop singers concentrate on the young audience, they are virtually ignored by the adults. I try to sing songs everybody likes, and that's the way I want to keep it.

I think my fans are equally divided between young and adult.



A lot of girls wouldn't be caught dead listening to Frank Sinatra just because their mothers like Frank's records. And there aren't too many mothers who will willingly listen to a Dion disc. But I am glad to say that I get fan mail from fathers and mothers, as well as their children.

I guess my nightclub act surprises some people. I mean I don't wear long hair or sideburns, or anything like that, and I try to get around the stage instead of just standing in one spot and singing.

Among my repertoire is a medley of Al Jolson songs, and a group of Eddie Cantor hits. I also dance, play a few instruments and try to get over a general effect of versatility.

My first movie, "Surf Party," was made in days. It wasn't great, but entertaining, and I hope to do more meaty roles in the future.

Hollywood and movies always spelled glamour and excitement to me, but when I actually made a movie, however, I found it a dull experience. As a band-leader and as a singer, I've been appearing before live audiences since I was 15 years old, and that's a lot more exciting and satisfying. But you can't afford to stay still in this business. If you want to remain successful, you have got to work hard at it, not just pat yourself on the back.

BOYS!

I DON'T see why the Bachelors should have it all their own way, so I've a few things to say about males. I may be very young, but I've already learnt a few pointers about the opposite sex and have also collected some pieces of advice from shrewd females who have been around longer than I have. Here goes . . .

★ ★ ★

Watch the way he walks. Does he scurry along with short, quick steps, and shoulders hunched until they almost meet in front? If he does he's a scared guy. On the other hand, if he swaggers with every step, he's a show-off and likely to be a bore. I like the free-swinging stride of a boy who knows where he's going, and how to get there.

★ ★ ★

His way of arguing can be very revealing—the speed he speaks, his expression when he gropes for a word, the way he puts over his point of view.

★ ★ ★

If he is self-possessed, he is potentially intelligent, successful, and masterful. He has to believe in himself and his abilities.

★ ★ ★

I particularly notice the way a boy talks about girls. I like a fella who speaks with obvious affection about his mother, wife, or girl.

★ ★ ★

The expression in his eyes when he looks at you, and talks

to you, are important, too. You also need to notice whether he is interested in life for its own sake, apart from what he can grab from it.

★ ★ ★

Another personality clue lies in his voice. A quiet, well-modulated voice usually indicates character and sureness. A raspy, squeaky or whispery voice often belongs to a man who hasn't much control of his own breathing, let alone himself. The man who can relax within himself, usually has a pleasant, attractive voice, without even trying.

I like the feeling of a genuine, sincere, self-contained personality which isn't deliberately and too obviously paraded in front of me to impress. To possess such qualities is more important than good looks, or any other too conspicuous character signs.

★ ★ ★

I like men with hands that indicate calmness and good sense—not those that drum, patter, and twiddle.

★ ★ ★

Mannerisms are acquired, but facial expression comes from a man's own way of life, his attitude to others, his feelings about himself.

★ ★ ★

But, perhaps most revealing of all is—if he laughs, *how* he laughs, and *what about*.



BY BRENDA LEE



The gentlemen known to all as The Pretty Things . . .



Del Shannon, with a halc of fans



D is for Donovan



In the garden of Eden Kane
—Paradise for loads of girls



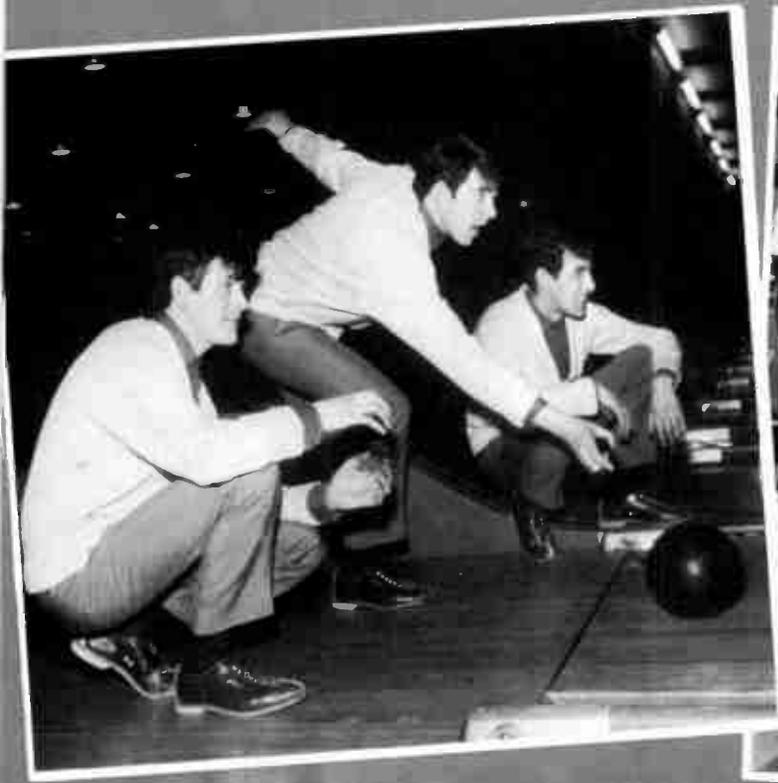
For Rhythm and Blues . . .
The Moody Blues



Something new on record—
screen star Steve McQueen
putting over a song from
his film, "Baby The Rain
Must Fall."



and of course—



GIRLS!

WHAT does a man notice about a girl? Make your own list, then compare them with ours. . . .

We notice her walk. We hate to see a little mincing walk on teetery high heels as much as we hate to see a girl striding along like a long-distance walker. You can tell a whole lot about a girl from far away, before you ever see her face, just from her walk.

★ ★ ★

The first thing we notice about a girl is her eyes. If they twinkle, she has a sense of humour and can take a rib—and we love to rib a girl who can take it. Eyes tell you character, and whether you'd like to meet her. A look into a girl's eye can often save a lot of time, and trouble.

★ ★ ★

We judge girls by what they *don't* wear. If they don't knock your eyes out with gawdy nail polish, if they don't smear on too much lipstick—and don't drink too much—these are the kind of don'ts that can give a clue that she may be someone worth knowing a bit better.

★ ★ ★

As far as we are concerned, the first thing to notice about a girl is whether she is attractive or not. The next thing is trying to spot whether she thinks you are attractive to her, or not.

A girl's personality and moods are so important—they can change her entire looks. Haven't you ever seen girls who positively *glow* so much that you hardly notice the clothes they're wearing, or whether they are blonde or brunette?

★ ★ ★

To hear a delicate, fragile-looking creature use strong language is enough to put any fella into shock—and away from her for ever. Some girls think swearing is a mark of emancipation, so everything girls didn't used to be allowed to do, they do with an extra bit of toughness.

★ ★ ★

Girls who compete with boys are liable to lose their femininity, and that's bad. As bad as a domineering girl is the over-feminine wily one—you know, the kind who plays too hard at being feminine.

★ ★ ★

Girls who consider beauty all-important are often a terrible bore. Too frequently, they only know one-syllable words—like “me”.

And we hate the kind who drive you mad with: “Don't you notice anything different about me, tonight?”

This puts you into a guessing game you can't win. Guess wrong like “New dress?” and it isn't a new dress, and you're in trouble. Guess right, like “New earrings?” and the next question puts you back where you started, because it will be “Do you like them better than the ear-rings I wore yesterday?” Any answer to that is a mistake.

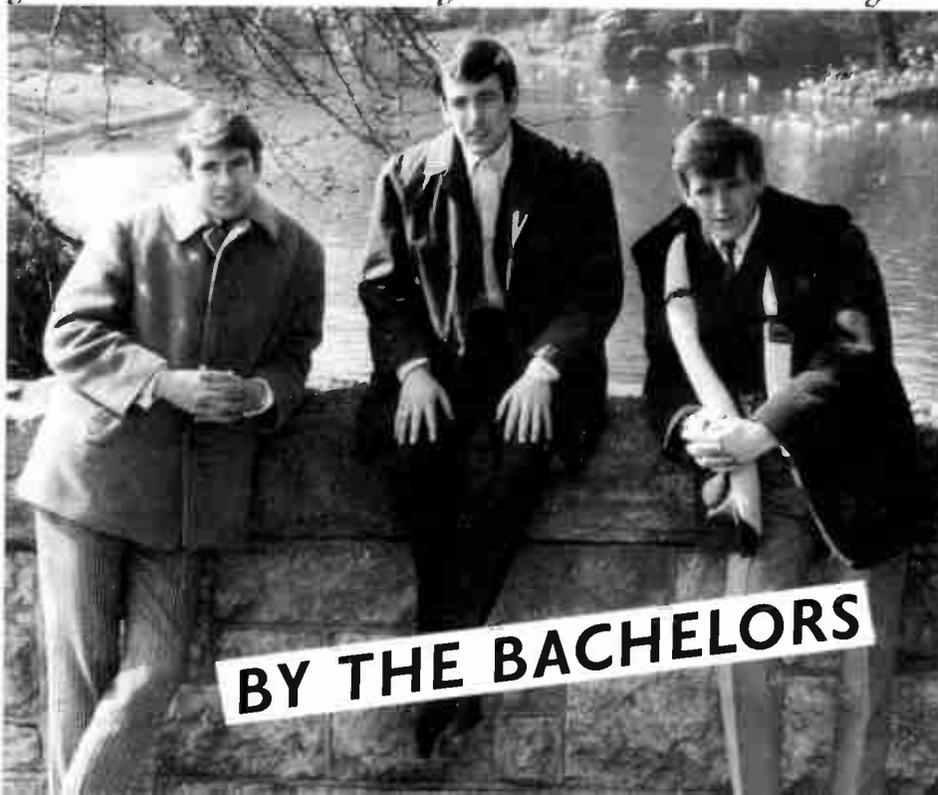
★ ★ ★

We separate in our minds those girls who never stop letting you know that *they* know they're attractive, from the girls who are content to be themselves and meet you as people. We can't stand the girl who thinks she's entitled to all kinds of special privileges merely because she exists.

★ ★ ★

We also notice hands—not the shape of them as much as the way a girl uses them.

We love to watch a girl walking towards us, and, sometimes we like to look at them departing.



BY THE BACHELORS



Sweet as a lollipop—
Millie



You've gotta have heart—and
that's something Kathy Kirby
isn't short of.



That lovely swinging Miss—
Lesley Gore



She writes and sings hits . . .
Jackie de Shannon



That "My Guy" gal—
Mary Wells



You don't need a translation when Fran-
çoise Hardy sings in French



The girl who brought us the Bacharach beat—
Dionne Warwick



Twinkle, Twinkle,
little star



Marianne Faithfull in a
swinging mood, and with
good reason—so much is
swinging for her

and not forgetting of course—



D.J.s' CHOICE



WITH JACK JACKSON
 JIMMY SAVILE
 TONY HALL
 PETE MURRAY
 ALAN FREEMAN



How do you like it?—sweet? . . . hot? . . . cool? . . . classic? It takes all kinds to make a world, and all kinds of records to keep a D.J.'s audiences happy.

The successful D.J. has to know how to satisfy the widest variety of tastes, so, if you want the best in popular listening, you can't do better than follow the man at the mike's own choice. Here are 5 D.J.s' pick of the pops guide for your home record library. . . .

"SOMETHING with a musical punch or something to make you laugh" is the Jack Jackson formula. With this in mind he suggests any one of the following:

The Joan Turner Workshop on Decca LK/SKL 4609: a mad miscellany of mimicry and music. This is the irrepressible comedienne's first LP and the material is all her own. It ranges from her famous take-off of Judy Garland to a cod-rendering of "Ain't Misbehavin'".

JOAN TURNER'S WORKSHOP

Introduction: Prelude for a Prima Donna—Love is where you find it; Operatic Sequence: Jewel song—from Faust; Ah fors' e lui—from La Traviata; La donna e mobile—from Rigoletto; Waltz Song—from Romeo and Juliet; Anvil chorus—from Il Trovatore, Caro nome—from Rigoletto; Laughing song—from Die Fledermaus; Ain't misbehavin'; April in Paris; Et maintenant; I have dreamed ● We'll all go riding on a rainbow; The Debs introducing; It had to be you; Flamingo; Gags Eleven introducing; Robin Hood—On the street where you live—Deep purple; Intermexzo—from Cavalleria Rusticana
 JOAN TURNER (Comedienne)

The Art of Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett on Decca LK 4602: in this a couple of ex-medical students turn their hand to some hilarious cabaret. News broadcasts, Beatles, Wordsworth and Shakespeare all get sent up!

TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC

LK 4607 (S) PFS 4046

Palladium Revisited: The man I love; Hawaiian war chant; Holiday for strings; Send for Henry; Georgia on my mind; Flying home ● Ol' Man River; Memories of you; The peanut vendor; Lullaby of Birdland; Bass in the hole; Taboo
 The stereo version is a Phase 4 recording

TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC

LK 4588 (S) PFS 4031

Big Band Spirituals: All God's children got shoes; Nobody knows the trouble I've seen; Deep river; Swing low, sweet chariot; Steal away; Joshua ● Water boy;

Standing in the need of prayer; Sometimes I feel like a motherless child; Old time religion; Hold on; Ain't gonna study war no more
 The stereo version is a Phase 4 recording

HEATH versus ROS

LK 4590 (S) PFS 4033

South America take it away; The coffee song; In the still of the night; Come rain or come shine; Desafinado; Misirlou ● Ted meets Ed; Heat wave; Malaguena; Speak low; Anything you can do
 TED HEATH—EDMUNDO ROS AND THEIR ORCHESTRAS
 The stereo version is a Phase 4 recording

LOUIS JORDAN AND HIS TYMPANY FIVE

AH 85

Let the Good Times Roll: Let the good times roll; Choo choo ch'boogie; Beware; Saturday night fish fry; Beans and corn bread ● School days; Buzz me; Caldonia; Blue light boogie; Ain't nobody here but us chickens

THE BACHELORS — 16 Great Songs

LK 4614

I believe; Charmaine; You'll never walk alone; Diane; Whispering; Moonlight and roses; I'll be with you in apple blossom time; If ● With these hands; Ramona; Put your arms around me, honey; Maybe; Melody of love; The little white cloud that cried; I'll see you in my dreams; Jailor bring me water

THE BEST OF CLYDE McPATTER

ATL 5001

A lover's question; Treasure of love; Without love; Just to hold my hand; Long lonely nights; Seven days; Lovey dovey ● Money honey; Honey love; Someday; Warm your heart; Such a night; What'cha gonna do; White Christmas

Excitement in Park Lane (RCA Victor RD 7700) was recorded live at New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel by that youthful veteran performer Paul Anka.

Val Doonican, whose slice of homespun philosophy, "Walk Tall", put a new spring in the step of thousands of disc fans, has an LP called *The 13 Lucky Shades of Val Doonican* (Decca LK 4648).

But there's nothing shady about the entertainment on this disc, which lucky Val calls "a cross-section of my work".



BING CROSBY

AH 88

Bing—The Early Thirties—Vol. II: Where the blue of the night; Out of nowhere; If you should ever need me; Just one more chance; Too late; A faded summer love ● Stardust; Dancing in the dark; Sweet and lovely; Many happy returns of the day; At your command; I apologise

Sophisticated humour, a vigorous attacking vocal style with a dancing banjo in the accompaniment—that's what makes *The Best of the Limeliters* on RCA Victor RD 7668.

The boys kick off with "There's a Meeting Here Tonight", pass from mood to mood with the moving "Wayfaring Stranger", the send-up of all psychological Westerns, "Gunslinger", the amusing semi-nonsense song, "Funk", and the wickedly satirical number by Flanders and Swann, "Madeira M'Dear." They conclude with a riotous session in which Limeliters and audience indulge in a wild improvisation on "Hey Li Lee Li Lee"—with some interesting results!

★ ★ ★

JIMMY says that his favourite record is the one that happens to be on the turntable at the moment! Still, he did manage to tick a few on his shopping list:

Naturally *The Rolling Stones* (Decca LK 4605) came near the top. This is the LP kings' chart-topping album. ("It's all right," they say in their gruff way.) Relentless beat, slow blues or bright and folksy—they're all here: "I Need You Baby", "Route 66", etc. Or somebody would be pleased to get their EP "Five By Five" (Decca DFE 8590) containing five numbers.

THE ROLLING STONES—No. 2

LK 4661

Everybody needs somebody to love; Down home girl; You can't catch me; Time is on my side; What a shame; Grown up wrong ● Down the road apiece; Under the board walk; I can't be satisfied; Pain in my heart; Off the hook; Susie-Q

And, of course, there's Elvis. . . .

ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS—VOL. III

RD 7630 (\$) SF 7630

It's now or never; Stuck on you; Fame and fortune; I gotta know; Surrender; I feel so bad ● Are you lonesome tonight?; His latest flame; Little sister; Good luck charm; Anything that's part of you; She's not you
ELVIS PRESLEY with The Jordanaires

ELVIS PRESLEY

RCX 7141

Love in Las Vegas; If you think I don't need you; I need somebody to lean on; C'mon everybody; Today, tomorrow and forever
With The Jordanaires

GIRL HAPPY—Original Soundtrack Recording

RD 7714 (\$) SF 7714

Girl happy; Spring fever; Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce; Startin' tonight; Wolf call; Do not disturb ● Cross my heart and hope to die; The meanest girl in town; Do the clam; Puppet on a string; I've got to find my baby; You'll be gone
ELVIS PRESLEY with The Jordanaires, The Jubilee Four and Carol Lombard Trio

THE SURFARIS

Fun City, U.S.A.: Dune buggy; Hound dog; Hot rod graveyard; I'm leaving town; Murphy the Surfie; Apache ● Hot rod high; Moon dawg; Go go go for Louie's place; Big surge; Burnin' rubber; Shazam!

THE SURFARIS

LAT 8567 (\$) STA 8567

Hit City '64: Scatter shield; Be true to your school; Mystic island drums; Little deuce coupe; Comin' home baby; Louie Louie ● Wax board and woodie; Hiawatha; I wanna take a trip to the islands; Scratch; Sugar shack; Earthquake

THE SURFARIS

LAT 8605

Hit City '65: Dance, dance, dance; I'm into something good; Love potion No. 9; Gone, gone, gone; My little bike; Beat '65 ● Black denim; The rise and fall of Fling! Bunt; She's a woman; Anyway you want it; My buddy seat; Hi heel sneakers

And how about—

GONKS GO BEAT—Original Soundtrack Recording

LK 4673

Choc Ice—LULU AND THE LUVVERS; Harmonica—THE GRAHAM BOND ORGANISATION; Broken pieces—ELAINE AND DEREK; Burn up—THE TITAN STUDIO ORCHESTRA; Love is a dream—ALAN DAVID; Take this train—THE LONG AND THE SHORT; As young as we are—DOUGIE ROBINSON with THE TITAN STUDIO ORCHESTRA; Drum battle—ALAN GRINLEY, RONNIE VERRELL, ANDY WHITE, RONNIE STEPHENSON ● In love with you today—PERRY FORD; Penny for your thoughts—BARBARA BROWN; Loving you—BARBARA BROWN and PERRY FORD; Gonks go beat—THE TITAN STUDIO ORCHESTRA; The only one—LULU AND THE LUVVERS; Poor Boy—THE NASHVILLE TEENS; Takes two to make love—BARBARA BROWN and PERRY FORD; Finale—THE TITAN STUDIO ORCHESTRA

THE ZOMBIES—BEGIN HERE

LK 4679

Road runner; Summertime; I can't make up my mind; The way I feel inside; Work 'n' play; You really got a hold on me; She's not there ● Sticks and stones; Can't nobody love you; Woman; I don't want to know; I remember when I loved her; What more can I do; I've got my mojo working

BUDDY HOLLY

LVA 9222

Showcase: Shake, rattle and roll; Rock around with Ollie Vee; Honky tonk; I guess I was just a fool; Umm oh yeah; You're the one ● Blue suede shoes; Come back baby; Rip it up; Love's made a fool of you; Gone; Girl on my mind (Already specially released)

DAVE BERRY

LK 4653

The crying game; Not fade away; I don't want to go on; Ella Speed; The girl from the Fair Isle; Go on home; Everybody tries; God bless the child ● Memphis, Tennessee; On the other side of town; Go home girl; My last date; St. James' Infirmary; Just a little bit; C.C. rider; Don't make fun of me

HEINZ—TRIBUTE TO EDDIE

LK 4599

Tribute to Eddie; Hush-a-bye baby; I ran all the way home; Summertime blues; Don't keep picking on me; Cut across Shorty; Three steps to heaven; Come on and dance; Twenty Flight rock; Look for a star; My dreams I remember; Rumble in the night; Just like Eddie

BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMOLOES

LK 4685

It's About Time; Time is on my side; Someone; You can't sit down; I could make you love me; Rag doll; After a while; Chills ● Times have changed; Hands off; Uncle Willie; Michael row the boat ashore; What do you want with my baby; Song of a broken heart; Heard it all before; Well who's that

Roy Orbison's *Oh, Pretty Woman* (London HAU 8207) is a compilation of recent Orbison hits never before assembled on LP. Topping the list is his chart-busting single with the sledgehammer beat, "Oh, Pretty Woman". Then there are "Dream Baby", "Distant Drums", "Mean Woman Blues", his emotion-packed performance of "It's Over", the slightly way out "Falling" and the self-penned mid-tempo number "Borne on the Wind". In fact, eight of the dozen tracks on the disc are Roy's own compositions.

Four of these are available in EP form (London REU 1437): "Yo Te Amo Maria", "Dream Baby", "Candy Man", and the title song, "Oh, Pretty Woman".

ELVIS PRESLEY

RD 7678 (\$) SF 7678

Roustabout (from the Paramount Picture): Roustabout; Little Egypt; Poison Ivy League; Hard knocks; It's a wonderful world; Big love big heartache ● One track heart; It's carnival time; Carny time; There's a brand new day on the horizon; Wheels on my heels
With THE JORDANAIREs

When *The Surfaris* begin to play all the lights probably go dim throughout the neighbourhood—they use up so much power!

Hear them in their new album, *Fun City, U.S.A.* (Brunswick LAT/STA 8582). The quintet which has zoomed to international popularity riding on the crest

of the crazes for surf and drag music builds its noise from three guitars, sax and drums—with sax man Jim Pash doubling on clarinet when necessary.

★ ★ ★

AS you might expect from someone as relaxed and amusing as Peter Murray, he goes for the smooth and the lighthearted as well as the with-it beat. Two nice 'n' easy winners for Peter to start off with:

Anthony Newley sings sad and lovely songs like "I'll Teach You How to Cry", "The Party's Over", on his great album *In My Solitude* (Decca LK 4600). With the immaculate backing of the Ray Ellis Orchestra, it's a moody LP, bitter and sweet—that's Newley.

ANTHONY NEWLEY

In My Solitude: It's all right with me; I see your face before me; Solitude; The winter of my discontent; I didn't know what time it was; For all we know ● So far; Rain, rain; Like someone in love; Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry; I'll teach you how to cry; The party's over

Still in the slick and tasteful talent groove. . . .

MEL TORME ATL 5005 (S) SAL 5005
Sunday in New York; Sunday in New York; Autumn in New York; Lullaby of Birdland; Broadway; The Brooklyn Bridge; Let me off up town ● Forty Second Street; Sidewalks of New York; Harlem nocturne; New York, New York; There's a broken heart for every light on Broadway; Manhattan; My time of day

JOE AND EDDIE VAN 8036
Swing down, chariot; Wild is the wind; Gonna build a mountain; New Frankie and Johnny blues; Danny Boy; This land is your land ● Gonna be singin' in that land; Shenandoah; Tzena, Tzena, Tzena; Down by the riverside; Willie Jean; Didn't it rain

ROGER WILLIAMS HAR 8195 (S) SHR 8195
Academy Award Winners: Moon river; Never on Sunday; The last time I saw Paris; Call me irresponsible; Gigi; Zip-a-dee-doo-dah ● Days of wine and roses; It might as well be spring; Que sera, sera; Buttons and bows; Secret love; You'll never know

ROGER WILLIAMS HAR 8151 (S) SHR 8151
The Solid Gold Steinway; Dominique; Maria Elena; Toccata; Teakwood nocturne; Felicia; The Cardinal—Theme ● Medley: Nola—Kitten on the keys—Dancing tambourine—Doll dance—Sunrise serenade—Elegie; Medley: The very thought of you—E flat nocturne—Concerto—Polonaise—Misirlou; Medley: Canadian sunset—Like young—The alleycat—Fly me to the moon; The flight of the bumble bee

TRIBUTE TO COLE PORTER AH 83
You're the top—BING CROSBY & MITZI GAYNOR; You'd be so nice to come home to—DICK HAYMES; In the still of the night—ARTIE SHAW; Let's do it—MARY MARTIN; Just one of those things—PEGGY LEE; Begin the beguine—TONY MARTIN ● I get a kick out of you—ETHEL MERMAN; It's d'lovely—MITZI GAYNOR & DONALD O'CONNOR; What is this thing called love—JERRY GRAY ORCHESTRA; You do something to me—MARLENE DIETRICH; Don't fence me in—BING CROSBY & THE ANDREWS SISTERS; True love—KITTY KALLEN

PERRY COMO CDN 5117
Love Makes the World Go 'Round: One more mountain; More; Dance only with me; You're following me; Love makes the world go 'round ● Don't you forget it; Beats there a heart so true; Tina Marie; Glendora; Moon talk

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS HA 8226
You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin': You've lost that lovin' feelin'; Ko ko mo; Ol' Man River: Look at me; What'd I say ● The angels listened in; Sick and tired; Summertime; Over and over; Soul city; There's a woman

RICK NELSON LAT 8581 (S) STA 8581
The Very Thought of You: My old flame; Just a little bit sweet; The loneliest sound; You'll never fall in love again; The very thought of you; I don't wanna love you ● I'll get you yet; I wonder; Be my love; I love you more than you know; Love is the sweetest thing; Dinah

THE FABULOUS RONETTES HAU 8212
In the rain; Do I love you?; So young; Breaking up; I wonder; What'd I say ● Be my baby; You baby; Baby, I love you; How does it feel?; When I saw you; Chapel of love

BEN E. KING'S GREATEST HITS
That's when it hurts; Auf Wiedersehen, my dear; Around the corner; Young boy blues; What now my love; Stand by me ● Amor amor; Don't play that song; I (who have nothing); How can I forget; I could have danced all night; Spanish Harlem

Always looking for the best of everything, there's also—

THE BEST OF CHET ATKINS RD 7664
Jitterbug Waltz; The peanut vendor; Django's castle; Blue ocean echo; Yankee Doodle Dixie; Swedish rhapsody ● Vanessa; Trambone; Malaguena; Meet Mister Callaghan; Main Street breakdown; Country gentleman

THE BEST OF FLOYD CRAMER RD 7665
Last date; Tricky; Lovesick blues; Unchained melody; Satan's doll; San Antonio Rose ● On the rebound; Your last goodbye; Java; Swing low; The young years; Flip Flop and Bop

In this age of big and little screens, film and TV music is certain to loom large on any composer's agenda. One of the most prolific and sought-after writers for both mediums is Henry Mancini, son of an Ohio steel worker who used to play a flute in his lunch break. Henry Mancini has been responsible for the music of a host of films including *The Glenn Miller Story*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *The Pink Panther* and *Charade* as well as themes for innumerable TV series.

THE BEST OF HENRY MANCINI RD 7667
Peter Gunn; Timothy; Lujon; March of the cue balls; Fallout; Mr. Lucky ● Moon River; Experiment in terror; Baby elephant walk; Days of wine and roses; Hatari—Theme; Charade
Orchestra conducted by HENRY MANCINI

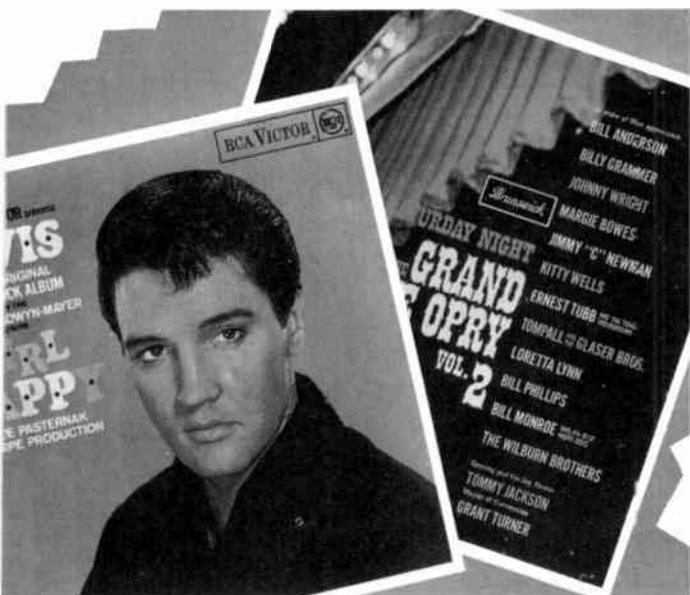
Declared Frank Sinatra: "Jack Jones is the next major singer in show business". His forecast proved right: Jack was voted the year's best vocalist, appeared on more important TV variety shows than any other singer.

The sophisticated style of Sinatra's protégé can be heard in *Jack Jones . . . Bewitched* (London HAR 8202), his follow-up album to the popular *Wives and Lovers*. Jack wraps up another dozen melodic gems in his distinctive vocal manner. He is warm and tender in "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face", sentimental with his hit single "Lollipops and Roses", carefree and gay in "Don't Rain on My Parade" and "The Mood I'm In".

JACK JONES HAR 8222 (S) SHR 8222
Songs of Love: Dear heart; You're sensational; Love is here to stay; I'll get by; You'd better love me; All the things you are ● Emily; Thank heaven for little girls; I'm glad there is you; When she makes music; Something's gotta give; You're my girl

Jack seems to have an inexhaustible supply of talent. His album *Where Love Has Gone* (HAR/SHR 8209) brings to his many fans songs about lost love—"It Never Entered My Mind", "Willow Weep for Me", "Every Time We Say Goodbye", "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry"—complimented by the lyrical and tender "People" and an exulting "To Love and Be Loved".

An album to enhance an already soaring reputation.



TONY HALL's first idea is for R & B, some really driving beat to start with in *Green Onions* (London HAK 8182) featuring Booker T and the M.G.s. Led by the organ of Booker T, they let rip with "Twist and Shout", "Stranger on the Shore" as well as the million-selling hit, "Green Onions".

And here are some other thoughts for you album collectors:

DUANE EDDY RD 7621 (S) SF 7621
Lonely Guitar: I'm so lonesome I could cry; Long lonely days of winter; Along came Linda; Someday the rainbow; Gunsmoke; A home in the meadow ● Londonderry air; Shenandoah; Summer kiss; My destiny; Cryin' happy tears; Annie Laurie

FLOYD CRAMER RD 7622 (S) SF 7622
Country Piano—City Strings: Heartless heart; Bonaparte's retreat; Streets of Laredo; It makes no difference now; Chattanooga shoe shine boy; You don't know me ● Making believe; I love you because; Night train to Memphis; I can't stop loving you; Cotton fields; Lonesome whistle

ROGER MILLER CDN 5121
Songs I Have Written: You don't want my love; Footprints in the snow; Every which-a-way; When two worlds collide; Swiss maid ● Hitch hiker; Sorry Willie; Hey little star; Trouble on the turnpike; I know who it is; Lock stock and teardrops

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF HITS—VOL. VIII HA 8213
The girl can't help it—LITTLE RICHARD; Heart and soul—JAN & DEAN; Up on the roof—THE DRIFTERS; Katy too—JOHNNY CASH; Let's dance—CHRIS MONTEZ; Green onions—BOOKER T & THE MGs ● Because they're young—DUANE EDDY; Beyond the sea—BOBBY DARIN; From a Jack to a King—NED MILLER; Stand by me—BEN E. KING; Sweet little sixteen—JERRY LEE LEWIS; Beatnik fly—JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF HITS—VOL. VI HA 8171
Movin' 'n' groovin'—DUANE EDDY; Things—BOBBY DARIN; Oh lonesome me—JOHNNY CASH; Fly me to the moon—JOE HARNELL & HIS ORCHESTRA; When my little girl is smiling—THE DRIFTERS; Amor amor—BEN E. KING ● Down yonder—JOHNNY AND THE HURRICANES; Let the good times roll—RAY CHARLES; What'd I say—JERRY LEE LEWIS; The Snake—MAXIMILIAN; Today's teardrops—ROY ORBISON; Baby face—LITTLE RICHARD

And, for complete contrast:

MARY POPPINS AND OTHER FAVOURITES HAR 8211
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious; Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo; Feed the birds (a); When you wish upon a star; I ain't down yet; Let's go fly a kite ● A spoonful of sugar (a); Lavender blue; Chim chim cher-ee; How can anyone keep from singin'; I'm flying; Stay awake
THE DO-RE-MI CHILDREN'S CHORUS featuring (a) MARY MARTIN

THE SOUND OF MUSIC—Original Soundtrack Record (S) SB 6616 (M) RB 6616
Prelude and The Sound of Music; Overture and Preludium (Dixit Dominus); Morning hymn and Alleluia; Maria; I have confidence in me; Sixteen going on seventeen; My favourite things; Climb ev'ry mountain ● The lonely goatherd; The Sound of Music; Do-re-mi; Something good; Processional and Maria; Edelweiss; So long, farewell; Climb ev'ry mountain (reprise)
JULIE ANDREWS, CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER, RICHARD HAYDN, ELEANOR PARKER, etc., Arranged and Conducted by IRWIN KOSTAL

★ ★ ★

ALAN FREEMAN's got an eye for the ladies! As well as looking at them he enjoys hearing them. Notably Brenda Lee.

His first choice is *By Request* (Brunswick LAT/STA 8576)—Little Miss Dynamite, Brenda Lee in person, with a dozen hand-picked tracks aimed to please her many fans: "As Usual", "Danke Schoen", "Tammy", "I'm Confessin'". Or her Xmas album *Merry Christmas from Brenda Lee* on Brunswick LAT/STA 8590 with the season's greetings in her ever beguiling style: "Jingle Bells", "Marshmallow World", "Frosty the Snowman".

BRENDA LEE
By Request: More; Days of wine and roses; Dankeschoen; Tammy; Why don't you believe me; I love you because ● As usual; Blue velvet ● My whole world is falling down; I wonder; I'm confessin'; The grass is greener

BRENDA LEE LAT 8603 (S) STA 8603
Top Teen Hits: Dancing on the street; The crying game; Thanks a lot; Let it be me; He loves you; Snap your fingers ● Wishin' and hopin'; Funny how time slips away; Is it true; Always something there to remind me; Can't buy me love; When you loved me

Now for—

MARIANNE FAITHFULL LK 4688
Come My Way: Come my way; Jaberwock; Portland Town; House of the Rising Sun; Spanish is a loving tongue; Fare thee well; Lonesome traveller; Down in the salley garden; Mary Anne; Full fathom five; Four strong winds; Black girl; Once I had a sweetheart; Bells of freedom

MARIANNE FAITHFULL LK 4689
Come and stay with me; If I never get to love you; Time takes time; He'll come back to me; Downtown; Plaisir d'amour; Can't you hear my heartbeat; As tears go by; Paris bells; They never will leave you; What have they done to the rain; In my time; What have I done wrong; I'm a loser

GEORGIA BROWN SINGS GERSHWIN LK 4586 (S) SKL 4586
It ain't necessarily so; I loves you Porgy; I got plenty o' nuttin'; My man's gone now; Oh Lawd, I'm on my way ● Fascinating rhythm; But not for me; Blah-blah-blah; Slap that bass; How long has this been going on; Strike up the band

THE DIXIEBELLES (Vocal) HAU 8152 (S) SHU 8152
Down at Papa Joe's: Papa Joe's; Bo weevil; Telling lies; Why don't you set me free; Goodnight Irene; 'Way down yonder in New Orleans ● Bourbon Street parade; Forever, forever; Swanee River; Rock, rock, rock; I told you so; Southtown, U.S.A.

DELLA REESE AT BASIN STREET EAST RD 7628 (S) SF 7628
Put on a happy face; The best thing for you; I wanna be around; Don't tell me your troubles; I'll take care of your cares; Nobody's sweetheart ● 'S wonderful; Anything goes; Don't take your love from me; Chicago; And now; You came a long way from St. Louis

DELLA REESE RD 7695
Moody; The good life; Then you'll know; Don't worry 'bout me; The end of a love affair; Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry; All by myself ● More than this I cannot give; My silent love; I should care; Little girl blue; Can't we talk it over?; Have a good time

JOY MARSHALL LK 4678
Who Says They Don't Write Good Songs Any More—How About These?: Who can I turn to; I'm into something good; World without love; The girl from Ipanema; Walk away; House of the Rising Sun; Always something there to remind me ● Anyone who had a heart; My guy; A house is not a home; Where did our love go; Down town; Tell me when; A hard day's night

THE BEST OF LAVERN BAKER ATL 5002
Jim Dandy; Tweedlee dee; I cried a tear; Trouble in mind; Soul on fire; Romance in the dark; Tomorrow night ● See see rider; Saved; Manana; Harbour lights; Shake a hand; Fool that I am; I can't love you enough

PEGGY LEE AH 75
Sea Shells; Sea Fever; Nine thorny thickets; Little old car; Greensleeves* ● Selections from "Chinese Love Poems": The fisherman—Autumn evening; The happy monks* ● The white birch and the sycamore; Of such is the kingdom of God ● A brown bird singing; I don't want to play in your yard; The maid with the flaxen hair* ● The wearing of the green; Chaconne* ● Selections from "Chinese Love Poems": Going rowing—like the moon—The musicians; The riddle song; The golden wedding ring
*Instrumentalists: STELLA CASTELLUCCI and GENE DENOVI

But Alan knows who's who when it comes to the boys as well, and he's sure of happy listening with the:

I'VE GOTTA HORSE—Soundtrack Recording LK 4677
I've gotta horse (a, b, c); Stand by me (a, d); The old soft shoe (d, e, b, c); I cried all night (d); Far far away (f, b, c); I like animals (a, g, c); Find your dream (a, c) ● Dressed up for a man (e, h); The whole world in his hands (f, b, c); Won't somebody tell me why (a, b, c); Problems (h, i, c); You've got to look right for the part (a, h, i, j, b, c); Finale—Medley (a, b, c)
(a) BILLY FURY, (b) CHORUS, (c) ORCHESTRA, (d) THE GAMBLERS, (e) SHEILA O'NEILL, (f) THE BACHELORS, (g) CHILDREN'S CHORUS, (h) AMANDA BARRIE, (i) MICHAEL MEDWIN, (j) JON PERTWEE (Already Specially Released)

SAM COOKE RD 7635 (S) SF 7635
Ain't That Good News: Ain't that good news; Meet me at Mary's place; Good times; Rome wasn't built in a day; Another Saturday night; Tennessee Waltz ● A change is gonna come; Falling in love; Home; Sittin' in the sun; No second time; The riddle song

BURT BACHARACH PLAYS THE BURT BACHARACH HITS HAR 8233 (S) HR 8233
Don't Make Me Over; Walk on by; Don't go Breaking my Heart; Blue on Blue; The Last One to be Loved; (There's) always something there to Remind Me; 24 Hours from Tulsa; Trains and Boats and Planes; Wives and Lovers; Saturday Sunshine; A House is not a Home; Anyone who had a Heart
Orchestra and Chorus directed by Burt Bacharach

JIMMY SAVILE asks you to have a go at the —

LUCKY DIP

I AM always being asked what it's like to be a D.J. How do I choose my programmes, and how do I like making personal appearances and so on? Well, actually it's a life and a half and I hope it goes on forever—including the thousand-odd quid a week that accompanies all this rushing about I have to do.

I once described a D.J.'s job as like being on a treadmill—you've got to keep moving all the time. For those who don't know, the treadmill used in olden days was like a big water wheel. Its motive power was often some unfortunate geezer or geezers who were chained up and had to stand on the wheel-blades which, naturally, sank under his weight, so he had to nip up onto the next blade a bit sharpish to avoid being crushed like a jelly.

Each blade was like a job that you never get to the end of—when you got ric of one, there's the next, and so on. Well that's what it's like being a D.J. So now you know, which brings me to the point of all this gabbing. (And about time too.)

Just by doing a teeny weeny bit of the work I have to do each week, in fact by treading on only one blade of my D.J. treadmill, you can help yourself to mighty fancy prizes.

This year, your Radio Luxembourg Book of Record Stars isn't having a First, Second, and Third winner—you've got FIFTY CHANCES of winning, because there's gonna be FIFTY PRIZES!

The idea this time is for the Fifty entries which correspond to or are closest to the result chosen by the expert panel, will ALL be given a Decca LUCKY DIP prize.

Slips of paper marked with prizes ranging from—

THE SENSATIONAL 1966 RANGE MODEL DECCA DR 122 23-INCH PANORAMA TUBE DE LUXE TELEVISION RECEIVER.

SOUND AT ITS MOST BRILLIANT BEST WITH THE SUPERB DECCA 707 STEREOPHONIC RADIOGRAM.



THAT RECORD REPRODUCER OF DISTINCTION—THE DE LUXE CABINET VERSION OF THE DECCALIAN MARK 4D WHICH PLAYS BOTH STEREO AND MONO.

THE PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER THAT OUTSMARTS AND OUTPLAYS ALL OTHER PORTABLE RECORD PLAYERS—THE DECCALIAN MARK 4.

ANOTHER EVEN MORE LUXURIOUS FAULTLESS LISTENING DECCA RECORD PLAYER—THE RP 205.



SOME OF THE POP PRIZES



THAT GREAT GO-ANYWHERE SET PERFECT FOR RADIO LUXEMBOURG LISTENING—THE DECCA TP 99 TOP QUALITY TRANSISTOR PORTABLE RADIO.

AND, RECORD PRIZES CHOSEN FROM THE BEST IN SINGLES AND LP.s FROM THE ENTIRE DECCA GROUP, WHICH INCLUDES RECORDS FROM DECCA, RCA VICTOR, RCA CAMDEN, CORAL, BRUNSWICK, LONDON, ACE OF CLUBS, ACE OF HEARTS, VOCALION, CONTEMPORARY, AND GOOD TIME JAZZ LABELS.

If that lot doesn't make your mouth water, it certainly makes mine.

All you've got to do, as I said in the first place, is a little of what I do each week—compile a record programme from the list of pop discs on the adjoining page. If your choice corresponds with, or is closest to the programme selected by a panel of Decca Record group disc jockeys, you'll be one of the lucky ones who'll be having a go at the Decca Dip.

What will happen is that Geoffrey Everitt, who, as you know, is General Manager of Radio Luxembourg, bless his heart, will draw on behalf of the FIFTY selected contestants. YOUR PRIZE WILL BE WHATEVER IS TYPED ON THE SLIP OF PAPER HE DRAWS FOR YOU FROM THE LUCKY DIP.

I'll be giving you more details about the great prizes on other pages, meanwhile here are the exact rules of the competition, so read them carefully.

At the end of this feature, you will see a list of thirty records—all of them hits made by outstanding performers, and all of which have been regularly featured on Radio Luxembourg, and particularly in the regular exciting and entertaining Decca record group programmes.

Choose from these thirty records, fifteen which, in your opinion, will make the best balanced entertainment for a single disc jockey show.

A panel of experts comprising Decca A and R chief, Dick Rowe; Geoffrey Everitt, General Manager of Radio Luxembourg, and the Editor of your Radio Luxembourg Book of Record Stars, will choose the FIFTY ENTRIES which, in their opinion, would make the best balanced radio show from the thirty titles given. In the event of a tie or ties, age will then be taken into consideration.

THIS IS A FREE CONTEST. One attempt is allowed for each copy of this book. If your entry is adjudged eligible for a lucky dip prize, a Radio Luxembourg Book representative may call on you, and you must have in your home at the time any two records released by the Decca group between August 1965 and May 1966, plus, of course, your copy of this annual.

Decca group pop record labels include Decca, RCA Victor, RCA Camden, Coral, Brunswick, London, Ace of Clubs, Ace of Hearts, Vocalion, Contemporary, Good Time Jazz.

The decision of the judges is final and legally binding. No employees of Radio Luxembourg or Souvenir Press Ltd., or their families, may enter.

Simply write the code numbers indicated beside each record title you choose on a POSTCARD; with your full name, address, and age, and send your entry to—

RECORD BOOK CONTEST,
RADIO LUXEMBOURG,
38, HERTFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

No entry should be sent to any bookseller, distributor, or mail order company from whom the copy of this book was obtained. ANY ENTRIES SENT TO AN ADDRESS OTHER THAN THAT SPECIFICALLY STATED ABOVE, WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

To help you, here is how a sample entry could read:
1 2 3 5 6 7 9 10 12 19 23 27 28 29 30.

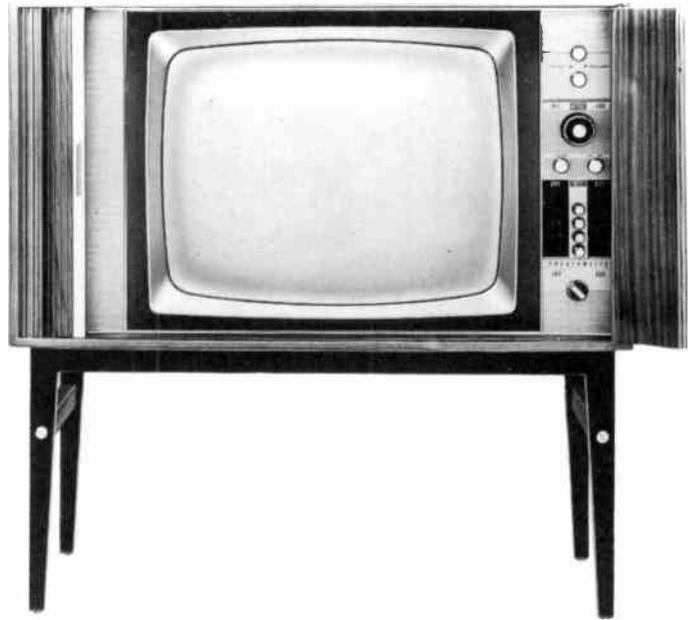
Your list of numbers on the postcard should then be accompanied by your full name, address, and age.

Closing date is March 31st, 1966. Winners will be announced later on Radio Luxembourg. BUT DON'T LEAVE YOUR ENTRY UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT—SEND IT IN AS SOON AS YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE.

So, choose your own disc jockey programme, and the Decca Lucky Dip may bring you the sensational 1966 range model Decca DR 122 23-inch Panorama Tube de luxe television receiver; or sound at its most brilliant with the superb Decca 707 Stereophonic Radiogram; that record reproducer of distinction—the de luxe cabinet version of the Deccalian Mark 4D which plays both stereo and mono; the portable record player that outsmarts and outplays all other portable record players—the Deccalian Mark 4; the great go-anywhere set that's perfect for Luxembourg listening—the Decca TP 99 top quality Transistor Portable Radio; another faultless listening Decca Record Player—the RP 205; and not forgetting those prizes of the best in singles and LP.s from the Decca group, which includes the Decca, RCA Victor, RCA Camden, Coral, Brunswick, London, Ace of Clubs, Ace of Hearts, Vocalion, Contemporary, and Good Time Jazz labels.

So pick your winning D.J. programme and help yourself to a dip at the Decca Lucky Dip. Good hunting,

Sincerely,



You can look your best with one of these two superb Decca television sets—both of which will be included among the great Lucky Dip prizes of our competition.

There is the latest in 23-inch television receivers—the Decca DR 122, and the DRI 19-inch receiver, which is on an attractive metal stand incorporating a magazine rack.

These fine Decca TV sets offer crystal-clear viewing quality and superb sound. The UHF tuner has been designed to make tuning both simple and accurate. It covers a wide channel range and is therefore ready for all future transmission developments.

With the "Magic Memory" fine tuner, each channel can be individually adjusted for best results, after which re-tuning is seldom necessary. Nor do you need to change the setting whenever you switch from 405 to 625 lines.

Picture quality can be a great problem for many living in poor reception areas, but it is no problem for anyone with one of these sets. Automatic gain control and a pre-set sensitivity control eliminates this trouble.

Decca policy has always been that good sound is just as important as good picture quality, so the specially designed audio circuits of these receivers ensure that sound is as excellent as the picture.

The elegant styling of the cabinets make both these sets eye-appealing pieces of furniture for any room.

The Decca RP205 is undoubtedly the portable with "Performance Plus".

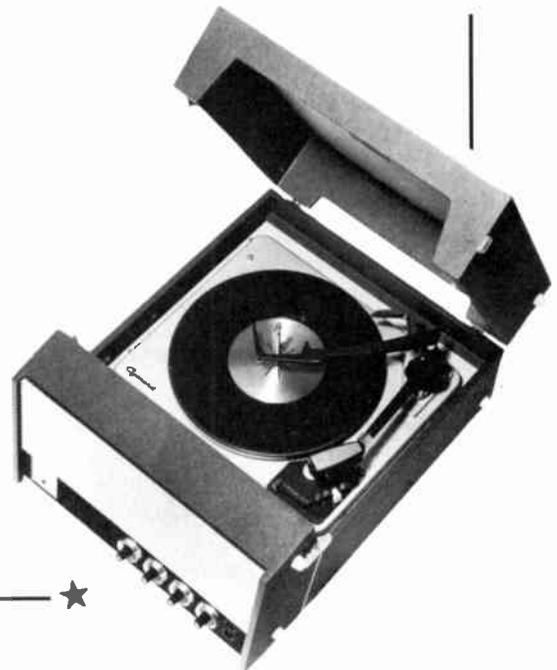
For many years, Decca has been producing some of the world's finest records and record reproducing equipment. Now their know-how has achieved the quality of performance that characterises the RP205 portable record player. Compact in design, smartly finished, this instrument gives really remarkable results from all types of records—stereo and mono. Whatever your musical tastes, this portable will satisfy them with its faultless listening pleasure.

It features the latest development of the famous Deram Transcription Stereo/Mono pick-up cartridge. This has new refinements to increase its already remarkable ability to track the most "difficult" of records with ease. It reduces record wear and distortion to minimal levels usually only characteristic of the highest priced equipment.

The player is fitted with a Garrard AT5 4-speed autochanger with provision for manual control. Precision construction assures extremely low "wow" and "rumble" interference.

The loudspeaker unit provides balanced response over the entire audible spectrum, and the cabinet itself is solidly constructed and acoustically treated to obtain outstanding bass response.

It also comes with an attractive all-purpose table which incorporates record rack, and the table can be used as an elegant coffee table when the RP205 is in use elsewhere.





New standards of performance and appearance of record reproducing equipment are set by the Deccalium range, of which the Mark 4D is the de-luxe cabinet version. The Deccalium is not a cheap record player. It is a self-contained reproducer of a quality and distinction unequalled by any other model of its size or anywhere near its price—an instrument that enthusiasts and connoisseurs are happy to live with. It can be judged and by the most exacting standards, and it will be found to be outstanding. It gives extremely faithful reproduction of all types of records, and is suitable for use with a wide range of auxiliary equipment, while the styling and finish of the Mark 4D cabinets is fully in keeping with the excellent performance.

The high quality amplifier has push-pull output for undistorted sound, and there is ample power for feeding an external speaker. Separate bass and treble, together with volume controls provide comprehensive adjustment for all conditions.

Unusual for an instrument of this size, but typical of the quality first specification of the Deccalium, is the provision of two loudspeakers with a crossover network.

Now—your favourite programmes at the touch of a switch, no matter where you are! At home, on the beach, in a car—you can count on lifelike reception of the programmes you want to hear with the Decca TP 99—the quality, go-anywhere transistor portable.

Designed and built for top-line Long Wave and Medium Wave reception, this set brings in Luxembourg loud and clear with no need for additional controls.

Top quality loudspeaker and audio stages give brilliant clarity sound with ample volume. Sockets for earphone (with automatic loudspeaker muting when earphone plug is inserted) and tape recorder, are conveniently arranged on the front of the set, and there's a car aerial connection on the rear panel. On/off switching and waveband selection is by finger-light push buttons.

It's a neat size—height: 6½ inches, width: 11¼ inches, depth: 3¼ inches. It weighs just 4 lbs. 6 oz. with battery. See the TP 99, listen to it . . . and you'll agree that it is a top transistor set.



Choose Your Own D.J. Show from These . . .

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. "SHOUT"—Lulu and the Luvvers | 11. "SOMEONE SOMEONE"—Brian Poole and the Tremeloes | 20. "CONCRETE AND CLAY"—Unit 4+2 |
| 2. "HELLO DOLLY"—Louis Armstrong | 12. "TOBACCO ROAD"—Nashville Teens | 21. "HERE COMES THE NIGHT"—Them |
| 3. "I BELIEVE"—The Bachelors | 13. "COME AND STAY WITH ME"—Marianne Faithfull | 22. "HOW SOON"—Henry Mancini |
| 4. "I LOVE YOU BECAUSE"—Jim Reeves | 14. "SHE'S NOT THERE"—Zombies | 23. "TELL ME WHEN"—The Applejacks |
| 5. "LITTLE THINGS"—Dave Berry | 15. "TERRY"—Twinkle | 24. "I'M LOST WITHOUT YOU"—Billy Fury |
| 6. "OH PRETTY WOMAN"—Roy Orbison | 16. "GO NOW"—The Moody Blues | 25. "CAN'T YOU HEAR MY HEARTBEAT"—Goldie and the Gingerbreads |
| 7. "IS IT TRUE"—Brenda Lee | 17. "YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'" —Righteous Brothers | 26. "THE 'IN' CROWD"—Dobie Gray |
| 8. "WALK TALL"—Val Doonican | 18. "IT'S NOT UNUSUAL"—Tom Jones | 27. "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES"—Jewel Akens |
| 9. "THE LAST TIME"—Rolling Stones | 19. "I CAN'T EXPLAIN"—The Who | 28. "I BELONG"—Kathy Kirby |
| 10. "KISSING COUSINS"—Elvis Presley | | 29. "HOLD ME"—P. J. Proby |
| | | 30. "NON HO L'ETA"—Gigliola Cinquetti |



LOOKING AROUND

with THE SEARCHERS

MUSIC apart, there's nothing we like more than talking—talking our heads off about anything and everything—so how about sitting in on one of our conversations?

JOHN McNALLY. A lot of people are saying that the groups have had it, but I think that's only partly true. During the past year, the group business has reached saturation—groups to the right of you, groups to the left of you—so I think some of them will die down. But if any get a very strong record, they'll come back.

MIKE PENDER: If anyone makes a good record it'll sell—with a bit of luck—no matter whether they're coming up, or whether they've been on the scene some time. But if they make a bad one, it won't sell so easily, no matter

how big a star they are. The way Presley's discs have slipped in recent times is proof of that. Elvis is as great as ever—it's the material he has been recording which hasn't served him so well.

FRANK ALLEN: I don't think the group business will ever have had it, because it is no longer a good bet to keep big orchestras going round the theatres the way they used to. You've got to have groups in some form or other. Solo artists are great, but so many need special groups to back them, and they need vocal backing groups too.

CHRIS CURTIS: For a group to become something special, there has to be some outstanding, excitable influence among them to spark them. That's what it takes—that is what makes the difference between a so-so outfit



That gentleman about to start an accord on lesson hasn't done much pro playing for a long long time, but Searchers' agent, Tito Burns, knows a trick or two about squeezing the keys



Well, you know how it is when you haven't been at it a while—even the best of us get a bit rusty



and a star quality group. We like to achieve something different on every record because we find this policy appeals to both teenagers and older people, which is why we go for good tunes, not too wild.

JOHN: We vary every record so that we don't bore with the same sound. You get groups that do one record, then follow through with exactly the same sound. This never goes as well. It is always best to vary the sound as much as you can, without losing your identity.

MIKE: There are so many problems you have to contend with in this business—like the people who pay their money to see live shows and then can't hear the artists for the screaming from the girls in the audience. It's rough on those who come to *listen*. A lot of artists deliberately work the kids up by their actions on stage. All they really sell is sex appeal. It's a lot more satisfying for a professional to be on stage to play or sing, and know that the audience is listening and appreciating what they hear.

FRANK: It's not so much that the screamers come because they like the music. I think it's a combination of music, people, and rebellion. They like the music in the first place; then they get to like the faces. When they go to a show, they just want to let off steam. It comes from seeing their favourite group and being in the same place with them.

JOHN: A lot of girls go through this stage. They see someone on TV and say, "I like him!" or "I like them!"; get all excited; come to a live show, and start screaming because they are enjoying themselves so much.

CHRIS: They've paid their money, so they're entitled to enjoy themselves, as long as they don't start wrecking things, but it is hard on all the people in the audience who have also paid their money and have come to listen. But that's show business, I suppose.

FRANK: I think the fans are great, but they are often disillusioned when they get too close to their idols.

MIKE: That's so true! When you're not in the business, you have your favourite artists. Then you come into the business and meet them and—not with all, but with many of them—it's a let-down.

CHRIS: I had illusions of a sordid and seamy business before I came into the game, but they've been dispelled by the many nice people in it. I keep meeting them all the time, and that makes me happy to be a part of it. If I hadn't been happy, I'd have got out—quick!

JOHN: You see groups on TV and think it must be great to be on stage with a lot of people watching you and enjoying themselves. But there's more to it than that. There's more hard work than in an ordinary job. You've got to travel overnight, work under hot lights, cope with kids who tear you to pieces. You get very little private life.

FRANK: Some shows are even frightening to do—not theatres, but places like a stadium where you have to get off somehow at the end of the act and the audience is all around you. This has happened to us twice—once in Sydney, and once in Dublin, and both times it was ridiculous. The stage was right in the middle of the audience, and there weren't enough precautions taken to enable us to get off again.

MIKE: Stadiums still scare me. In Dublin they started climbing on stage just as we were finishing. We all got shaky.

FRANK: We got things ripped both times.



MIKE: We're often asked about personal record tastes. Personally I don't go in for a lot of record playing when I'm home. I get enough of it when I'm working! What I do play varies according to the mood I'm in. If I'm tired, I play something slow by Jim Reeves or someone in the ballad field. If I feel energetic, I put on a Jerry Lee Lewis.

JOHN: I also like a spot of Jerry Lee Lewis at times. Or Fats Domino, or Little Richard. Country and Western, too. Sometimes, when I get up in the mornings, I start the day with some light jazz—mostly people like Charlie Byrd. I've a wide taste.

FRANK: I don't usually go in for pop records much when I'm home. Mostly LPs of female coloured singers, but not particularly blues. Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, people like that. I don't get much time for playing records.

CHRIS: I drive both my parents crazy. I go right through the day, from nine o'clock till midnight, and play everything. I like to take in as much as I can.

MIKE: As for the question on what we want to achieve most in life. My answer is that I want to keep being as happy as I am now. I want to be successful, whether I stay in this business, or leave and start some other on my own. Happiness is the most important thing.

JOHN: I'm not really worried. I was happy at my job as a semi-skilled engineer, and although I'd like a business of my own some day, I don't care if I end up back at my old job, because I was happy in that.

FRANK: Whether anyone can achieve complete happiness, I don't know. I want a lot of money, because I like luxury. I want to retire when I'm about forty. . . . I'll never do it, but I'd like to.

CHRIS: I don't, as yet, know what else I might like to do, but I do know that as an entertainer, I could be a lot more successful. Still, I'm happy the way things are going right now. This is one searcher who isn't searching for a thing, at present—other than ways to improve myself as an entertainer. . . .



TOM JONES tells some stories

DOWNTOWN", "I'll Never Find Another You", "It's Not Unusual", "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'"—top songs, with titles that have something to say even before you've heard a note of them.

Whenever I look through songs to choose one to record, the title has got to hit me. If it doesn't, I get worried. The best songs have something to say, and should start saying it the moment the title is announced. Songs are often bought by publishers on titles alone, and good melodies are frequently tossed back to writers because the titles don't *feel* right.

Like the time that a songwriter named Dick Whiting—he wrote evergreen epics such as "Japanese Sandman", "Beyond the Blue Horizon", and Maurice Chevalier's famous "Louise"—walked into a publisher's office with a new number called "Auf Wiedersehen". The publisher took one look at the title and handed back the song.

It was war-time. "That title is out," said the publisher. "Americans wouldn't buy a song with a German title when our boys are over there fighting the Germans. Forget it."

This was the moment that Dick Whiting learned a lesson he never forgot—the title of a song is vital. Unless it clicks with the publisher or record company no one ever gets to hear the tune.

ONCE



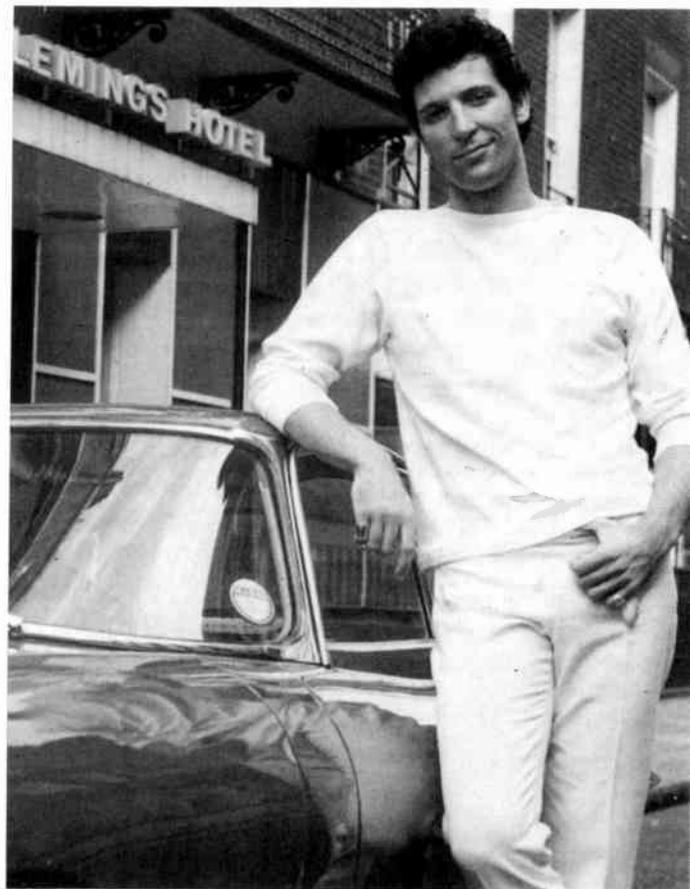
A

The publisher decided to listen to the number anyway, and Dick sang it.

"What does the title mean in English?" asked the publisher.

"Till We Meet Again," Dick replied.

"Great!" cried the publisher enthusiastically. "That's it! That's our title!"



~~~~~  
n song, so . . .  
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UPON TIME

Most families had someone in the fighting services; everyone knew the pain of parting from loved ones, and "Till We Meet Again" exactly expressed universal emotions about farewells. It said in words and melody what hearts wanted to sing. The title was just right.

Sometimes it works the other way round—a songwriter *knows* he's found a potential hit title and won't let go of it until he has found the perfect melody to match.

Ray Henderson was a song plugger in a music publishing firm. One day a couple of fellows he'd seen around walked into his office. Their names were Mort Dixon and Billy Rose. They wrote lyrics for pop songs, but were pretty new to the game. They had a problem they wanted to discuss with Henderson.

"Some time ago," explained Billy Rose, "Mort and I wrote a lyric called 'That Old Gang of Mine'. A great title and a great lyric, we think."

"We gave it to someone to set to music, but the tune was a flop. Yet we *know* our title and lyrics are good, and we've managed to get back the rights to them."

Ray Henderson was eager to try to find a melody for the words. "Let me see what I can do with the idea," he suggested. "If you don't like my tune, you don't have to use it."

They gave him the lyrics.



Travelling home that night, Ray ran the words of the song around his mind. . . . "Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine. . . ." By the time he got home, the lyrics were spelling out musical notes to him. He sat down at his piano, and an hour later it was finished. The next day, Mort Dixon and Billy Rose, as well as a music publisher, went for it, which is how "That Old Gang of Mine" came to be published a second time. But, as is often the case, writing a song is only part of the story. You've got to put it over to the public. Billy Rose, who, in later years, became a dynamic showman, had an idea. He thought the song would be most effective if sung under a





lamp-post, so he bought a lamp-post from a junk dealer, took it to the theatre where a new edition of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies" was in rehearsal, and dragged the post backstage.

The "Follies" were always the most lavish shows on Broadway, but bustling Billy went to the show's comedy team and told them:

"I've got the greatest song! It will be sensational—absolutely sensational!—if you sing it under a lamp-post. And I have the lamp-post."

With that, he vanished into the wings and returned, lugging the heavy post. Ignoring the howls of laughter, he pulled and pushed it along over to the piano, and pleaded with the comedians to sing the number. They couldn't resist Billy.

Two nights later they put "That Old Gang of Mine" into the "Follies". It stopped the show, and started to sell 30,000 copies of sheet music a day!

Unwavering belief in their title made the song a fabulous success, and the boys went on writing hits. Ray Henderson, for example, turned out such great standards as "Sitting on Top of the World", "The Best Things in

Life are Free", "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries", "The Birth of the Blues", "Sonny Boy", and "Bye Bye Blackbird".

The best song titles are often a slice of life in themselves. They have real meaning because they are taken from everyday conversational remarks.

It was a casual remark that gave writer Jimmy McHugh one of his most famous song titles, and Jimmy has had a few in his time—little items like "I'm in the Mood for Love" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street".

Jimmy was also partly responsible for discovering Duke Ellington, and did much to promote the Duke's popularity and recordings.

For ten years Jimmy wrote the music for the floor shows at New York's famous Cotton Club. He had a new Cotton Club revue to write, and decided to give a chance at lyric writing to the school-teacher daughter of comedian Lew Fields. The girl's name was Dorothy Fields, and Jimmy and Dorothy turned into a great song-writing team. Then came the day when they were stuck for an important song. It was for a "Blackbirds" show—the shows that found and made so many great coloured stars.

Jimmy and Dorothy knew the show needed a high point—a song that would be *the* hit, but they just couldn't hit on an idea. Jimmy walked the streets of New York, listening to passers-by in the hope of hearing something that would light a spark. The two of them sat around the piano and doodled hopelessly.



One evening, after another frustrating, desperate day that produced nothing, the two of them walked along Fifth Avenue, going nowhere in particular. Here they were with the biggest chance of their career as a team, and they were staring defeat right in the face.

They approached Tiffany's, the world-famous shop for expensive jewellery—remember Audrey Hepburn in "Breakfast at Tiffany's"? A young couple were standing outside the shop, window-gazing.

The young man's suit was cheap and threadbare. The girl was wearing typical bargain-basement clothes. They stood there, holding hands, and looking at the luxuries they couldn't afford.

The girl excitedly exclaimed: "Look at that bracelet! Isn't it a dream?"

"Yeah," said the boy. "The bracelet's a dream, all right, but the price tag is a nightmare. Diamonds!"

He put his arm round the girl and hugged her. "Honey," he said, "I'd sure like to get you something like that, but right now I can't give you nothin' but love."

Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields heard the remark. It stopped them right in their tracks. They looked at each other, then turned and ran. They had to find a piano—quick!

Within an hour they had completed a song that swept the world, is still popular, and has been recorded thousands of times. It magically filled the top spot they so desperately needed for their "Blackbirds" show, and made Jimmy and Dorothy rich and famous.

The title—"I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby".



The **A B C** of **A** and **R**

***E**very week, all over the world, thousands of new records are issued; new stars are born; new fortunes made. The disc business—magical and fascinating, bringing constant pleasure to millions, could not exist without the “man-in-the-box”—the Artists and Recording Manager, as he is generally known. He finds, blends, and creates the sounds you hear on record.*

So your Radio Luxembourg Book of Record Stars now presents a unique book within this book entitled—THE ABC OF A and R.

In it, some of the top stars in the business present top A and R men frankly revealing many of their inside-studio secrets. . . .

THE A and R man who for many years nursed the recording career of Petula Clark was Alan Freeman (no relation to the D.J. of that name). During more recent times Alan jointly supervised Pet's sessions with Tony Hatch, and it was Tony's own composition, "Downtown", that finally and sensationally put Pet right at the top of the American charts, as well as our own.

Pet presents Tony Hatch's views on the A and R scene. Tony, she says, maintains:

"There are two main approaches—there are the group records, and sessions involving musical arrangements and arrangers.

"The groups have got to work out their own arrangements, so, even before the session is booked, you have to see the boys and check with them what they're going to do, what songs, what sort of ideas they have. When you get into the studio, it is then a matter of feeling as you go, because there is no written music. Normally, things are changed then, and if they feel changes are necessary. There are no basic arrangements as such. They have in their head the kind of sound, the kind of effect they want to try and achieve, and there's nobody to conduct.

"We wait until we are almost on top of the session; we book the studio a day or so before, and on the day, they run through numbers and I get the general ideas for the first time. They work out a lot of things away from the studio—on one night stands, on tour, in television studios between rehearsals.

"So you tend to be finding your way on the actual session.

"Sessions with arrangements are far more clinical. You have already booked the studios far in advance. You've booked musicians, and know they are going to cost you £7 each and you've got them for 3 hours for that money. You've decided to do 3 titles; have already fixed the arranger; set keys, and worked out exactly what you intend to do. There's very little turning back—either the title is going to be right, or it's not going to be right.

"Of course, if you've booked 3 French horns and realise about the fifth take that you should have had a saxophone section, it is too late at that point to change the sound—you have to make do with what you have got.



"'Downtown' was a typical carefully planned session. Very little changes were made to the preconceived arrangement. I do my own arrangements for most of the artists I record, and I did it for that one. I had the sound in my head for 'Downtown' long before I even got down to arranging it.

"Once in the studio, only simple little things were altered, such as we had the trumpets all playing in one register on that key change where the trumpets take over, and, to strengthen it in the lower register, we had one trumpet play an octave above the others, but that was about all we switched from the original approach to the song.

"You may delete things, may alter what is being played, but you can't alter the basic sound once you have established it throughout the arrangement.

"With that trumpet solo at the end of 'Downtown' I think we experimented for about fifteen minutes with different types of mutes because I wanted a big thudding sound on the fade-out. I wanted a trumpet solo to cut



Chubby Checker routing in the Pye studios with two A and R men who have also played a tremendous part in the Petula Clark story—Alan Freeman, who first put her on record when she was a little girl, nursed her career through the years and launched her as a Continental singing star. And, on the right, Tony Hatch, who wrote and recorded Pet's greatest world hit, the fabulous "Downtown".

through. What is known as a 'pure open sound' felt wrong; a very tight mute was also wrong because it wouldn't cut through enough. We finally settled on a cup mute.

"This is a very interesting example because it shows you still have to experiment—even with an orchestra—nevertheless you can't drastically change your pre-planned arrangement.

"But of course it isn't enough to simply go into the studio with a sound in your head—the lyric and melody must be right, too. I think record making is like making a cake—you can have all the right ingredients in the studio and put them together, yet you may get a bad cake. Or, you can have one of the ingredients missing, mix well, and still manage to get a pretty good cake.

"Personally, I am not heavily in favour of over-use of electronic gimmicks to make a so-so number more interesting. I prefer a better number in the first place. I believe, and will always believe, that the song is all-important—it is probably sixty to seventy per cent of the success of a record. I suppose my thinking in this direction is partially coloured by the fact that I am a writer myself.

"When we went in to make 'Goodbye My Love' with The Searchers, it was the song that inspired the sound, It was the same with 'Downtown'. A good song does inspire the sound, but with a bad song, you need to search hard to find an effective sound.

"'Goodbye My Love' is a good song with a gimmick sound. On the finished record, there's the equivalent of eleven people playing, although there are only four Searchers. That record was a gimmick sound—a produced sound, whereas 'Downtown' is a good recording of a conventional sound. The sound in the studio was pretty well what you hear on the record. It was just well recorded. But with 'Goodbye My Love', each successive take, as we built it up, sounded dreadful until we'd got the final thing together. That was experimentation. As we went along, we took things out, or put other features in. Chris played drums twice—did the same thing twice to get extra heavy

weight behind the drums, and we also put a different echo on his drums to make a slightly different sound.

"If anyone calls this 'cheating', remember we are solely concerned with making an interesting record. Whether a recorded sound can be produced live or not isn't the problem, and anyway, I don't see how audiences can honestly expect anyone to reproduce the qualities live of well recorded sound.

"A and R men cannot be expected to stay with the sounds that were being recorded say, ten years back. We must progress. It's exciting making records, therefore, to be exciting, it must also be imaginative.

"Many countries still make conventional old-style recordings. The finished sound of these is good, but basic with nothing unusual. The strange thing is that when you go into a studio and listen—if you just stand in the middle of the studio—you don't really hear the guitars unless they're amplified. I use acoustic guitars a lot on my sessions. I like the sound—it's a good wholesome sound. Yet standing in the studio, you mainly hear drums, and possibly the bass guitar.



"One instrument can easily and devastatingly swamp another. This is where separation comes in. Separation is very important. The cleanest sound is that which is well separated.

"Bad separation is when one sound starts coming up on another instrument's microphone. Then you don't achieve, say, a pure piano sound—you get a lot of the drum sound on it, and this is where 'cooking' comes in.

"If you have already 'cooked' the piano microphone to produce a kinky piano sound, and drums come up on that mike, you don't get a kinky drum sound as well—only a bad drum sound because it is coming through the wrong system—up on it's own mike and piano mike.

"Every instrument section normally has it's own mike. We never record any other way. We also often split the violin section in two and, perhaps, give a separate mike to the lower string. Many people would still record the whole of a string section, including violas and cellos, with one microphone, but much more is being written into the lower strings now—they're not just forming part of the block sound of the string section—they have their own gimmicks.

"I remember when we made 'When My Little Girl Is Smiling' with Jimmy Justice, was probably when I first put a special microphone on the cellos, and another on the pizzicato violins. You couldn't record, on one microphone, the very different effects the cellos and violins were playing.

"The record business is really extraordinary. In so many ways it is like backing horses—an outsider can so often break through and become a winner. Jackie Trent's 'Where Are You Now My Love?' was a typical example of this. That's what makes it so exciting—you don't see it happening, and, suddenly, overnight, it breaks and someone has made it. Then the problems really start—the follow-up . . . the possibility of an album . . . can we get this one away in America, too? . . .

"It is up to the artist as to whether they are going to be the fast gimmick type, or something more. Sandie Shaw, for instance, has got it—she has tremendous individuality.

"Establishing a new artist is a frightening process. They

put so much faith in you—think you're going to do miracles for them. Jackie Trent made six records for me alone, over a period of more than two years, before she broke through. For a long time I was worried that she might be too good for the current market. Personally, I would prefer a lot more Jackie Trents or Pet Clarks, with their real brand of professionalism.

"You often find that when you don't score a hit with someone, you tend to change the style with nearly every record in an effort to find a formula that will get them through.

"Every artist needs a formula. By that I don't mean something to last for ages, but I don't think any artist really changes that much from their first hit. You can still find traces of their early successes in The Beatles' latest discs. They have developed, but the formula is a very heavy rhythm on nearly everything they do—an exciting rhythm. And there is the way they work out their harmonies. Basically, they have a formula.

"To achieve magic on a record, there are three things that need to happen together . . . the best performance of the artist, the best performance of the orchestra, and the best balance. If you can get the three at once, you're in business, and the elation of the moment is marvellous. What normally occurs is that two of those things happen at once, and you have to settle for a compromise on the other.

"We usually end up by choosing the best take. You can get a fantastic performance by the artist; the orchestra plays tremendously, but, maybe I slipped somewhere by not technically stressing a particular instrument, but it doesn't matter if the overall performance is excellent. Many outstanding pop classics have little faults on them, but they have gone out because of their great overall feeling.

"I don't like trying to put wrong things right after a session by rebalancing everything. A lot of people do it, but I'm not in favour of it.

"When we first started multi-track recording, that is recording on more than one track with voice on one track and other sounds on other tracks, then mixing them later, we often found we'd boobed and no rebalancing could put it right. So, although we work on three-tracks all the time, I always listen on one speaker to get very nearly the



An appropriate setting for The Ivy League.

sound I want to hear on the final mix. It is dangerous to rely on rebalancing to get you out of trouble. It very rarely does."



SHIRLEY Bassey would like to introduce you to Norman Newell, who guides all her recordings. Norman, also a songwriter of great distinction—"Portrait of My Love" and "More" (the "Mondo Cane" theme) are two of his world hits—largely specialises in the pop field. He explains:

"My approach to A and R work has changed a great deal since I started in 1949. In those days, record companies were going for a better kind of material, a better song—largely songs that had the makings of becoming potential standards—songs that live. Even very ordinary commercial songs seemed to live much longer.

"The assumption today, by so many, that the Top Ten is the pop record business, is wrong. Of course, it is a matter of very considerable pride to most A and R men to get something he has made into the Top Ten, and they like to be in the charts frequently. This used to worry me at one time. It doesn't anymore. I've become mellow in my attitude towards all this,

"I don't fight for the Top Ten anymore. I fight to try and get commercial and first-class artist-records. I've a great intolerance for what I consider the amateur kind of recording. I know it has made a lot of money but think it is a pity that so much amateurism should be able to succeed. When you've artists around like Shirley Bassey, it's a shame they are not No. 1 every five minutes—their sheer artistry and professionalism deserves them to be.

"Shirley is the perfect case of the kind of star who is not necessarily No. 1, but who will outlast and outsell a vast range of artists. She'll still be remembered thirty or forty years from now, but I doubt whether many of the girls of the Hit Parade of recent years will also be remembered then, in fact I can think of quite a few who have had hits not so very long ago, who have already been forgotten.

"It is a shame that they rise to such heights, then, almost the next day, are dead.

"I now concentrate far more on class-type of L.P.s. In Britain, the real growth of album popularity is to come, as it already has come in America.

"Although America is now accepting so many of our pop artists, which is wonderful, I think the States can still teach us so many things in show business. The way, for instance, that they develop a singer like Jack Jones by sheer hard pushing of L.P.s, is a lesson in itself. When they believe in an artist, they make costly record albums, build a name, and, in the end, achieve tremendous new album sellers.



"I now approach L.P.s as if they are as important as the Top Ten. A and R work doesn't simply cover making potential hit singles, but also a great variety of the recording range.

"You must appreciate that a Sinatra or Johnny Mathis may seldom make the single hit charts, but their bulk selling of albums is enormous. They are not really known as singles artists. A single will come through for them, now and again—probably from what they have recorded for an album.

"This is the field I am trying to develop. I found people like Adam Faith, Peter and Gordon, and Sounds Incorporated, and passed them to John Burgess, who, at the time, was my assistant. I felt he was more qualified to look after them as he has more opportunity to go round and study what the teenagers are doing, while I haven't because my range of recording work stretches from Adam Faith to Sadler's Wells opera.

"I also do most of the show L.P.s, and, if Judy Garland or Johnny Mathis comes over from America, I usually record albums with them here. These are the things I like doing. I am not decrying the buying likes of so many teenagers, but, as they mature, their tastes will widen too.

"Making albums is a very specialised field. My first approach is to try and find an overall theme for an album. In the case of the one I made with Johnny Mathis, I thought that as he was away from home, I would call the album, 'Away From Home', and based the contents on big European hits—an Italian tune with an English lyric, or a French tune, such as 'Autumn Leaves', with an American lyric.

"Then you go to the other end of the scale and wonder what you are going to do with Mrs. Mills? Every year she is building up sales very strongly with her piano party-style discs, putting over her own brand of pop corn. I was in a supermarket with her one day and suddenly thought of getting her to make an L.P. called 'Out of The Shopping Bag'. You have to keep trying to give new twists.

"With albums, finding material is generally easy. You discover that the more new numbers you include, the less successful the record, so we usually only inject two new numbers and the rest are standards. It is a pity that people won't go into shops and buy anything they don't know—they don't experiment enough.

"Often, new songs slipped into albums, also become great single hits. This happened to one of my personal favourites—'I Wish You Love'. Another was 'Fly Me to The Moon' which had been in albums in America for fifteen years before someone did an instrumental version of it and suddenly turned the number into a smash success.



Two who are tops
—Peter and
Gordon.

"It is always the material that counts most in this business. You can have the greatest star in the world, but without the right material, they go wrong. Take the example of choosing a song for Shirley Bassey, I recognise that she needs a certain kind of torch, crying, broken-hearted song—this is the type she is best loved for. She can sing the 'Kiss Me, Honey Honey, Kiss Me' kind when they come along, which is all too rare. But you have got to try and be one step ahead of yesterday all the time, to give material a constantly fresh approach.

"When you have a formula the public like, such as the Victor Sylvester records, you are entitled to give them what they want. But you also have to try and give them something unexpected. With all the stereo gimmicks open to us nowadays, there are enormous opportunities for unusual ideas on record.

"As for my approach to actual studio work. I believe you should make the whole atmosphere very friendly, free, and light. I have been on sessions—especially in America—when the recording manager has flown off the handle all the time and gone around like bears with sore heads. This is stupid. A relaxed atmosphere is best, and we do all kinds of crazy things to achieve it. When we made an L.P. with Eartha Kitt this year, we had a few bottles of champagne in the studio at each session. Mrs. Mills heard about this and immediately said, 'Well I want Guinness on my sessions'—and she got it! This relaxes the atmosphere right away.



"For a cocktail time L.P., we put out all the studio lights and simply use a standard lamp by the piano to give the player the mood of a cocktail party. We achieved atmosphere that way. You can do all kinds of things to help create moods. It shows on the finished disc, as it does if an artist smiles while they are singing. You can actually HEAR a smile.

"A and R work essentially boils down to personal taste. One person can listen to a record and think he wouldn't have had the lead voice so far away from the mike, or would have brought the orchestra up at a particular point, but everyone has his own personal hates and likes. I go for complete clarity of every single section of a record. Perhaps that is also partially influenced by my being a writer. I want to hear every word, want to hear the melody, and if an arranger has gone to the trouble to put something on a flügel-horn, I want to hear the flügel-horn.

"I like first-class balance, and can't stand mushy sound—that isn't for me.

"I don't like editing. I would much rather that an artist go right back to the beginning of a song and give a complete performance, than rely on getting out of trouble by editing. Sometimes an artist will argue with you and asked to be allowed to re-do just one passage, but normally I prefer to do it all over again.

"If you are doing a speech from 'Hamlet', the complete speech sounds marvellous because you work yourself up to it. The emotional build-up can't be the same if you simply edit an odd line or two in.

"I am not saying that it is a crime to edit, but most people usually agree that a greater performance is achieved by doing it complete—especially with someone like Shirley Bassey.



With the Concrete and Clay beneath their feet—Unit Four Plus Two.

"It may be a tremendous strain for her to sing a particular song over and over several times on the trot, but she herself prefers a complete performance. I usually find that an artist gets the right record in four or five takes. These performers who go on for fifty takes aren't giving value for money, because by the time they are through they are stale and the song sounds stale, and there is nothing worthwhile on tape.

"I judge the selection of the master take by my own emotional reaction to the performance.

"I can give you many instances when it does. When I did an album of 'Oliver', Alma Cogan played Nancy, she sang 'As Long As He Needs Me' extremely well and was surprised when I went out to her in the studio and said, 'I wish I could smack you round the face and really hurt you'. She was astonished. I explained, 'Well that's what happened with Bill Sykes and Nancy, and out of that came this song with tremendous heartbreak'.

"So Alma did the number again and it was completely, emotionally different. What I had done was to verbally smack her round the face, and it clearly did the trick.

"When I recorded Judy Garland singing 'Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe', she came into the box and said, 'Why didn't you say I was marvellous?' I replied: 'Because you weren't. I've heard you sing this song many times, and to me, it belongs to you. I have heard many people do it, but nobody does it like you. You just gave a performance of it which most singers would be proud of, but not Judy Garland.

"Well, the roof blew off! Then she sobbed her heart out and I had to dismiss the orchestra. I said that if she listened to that take in three years time, she'd admit that I would have been utterly wrong to let her get away with it.

"Judy went for me; said she didn't want to work with me. Nevertheless she came back to the studio after a tea break and did it . . . heartbroken . . . and it's a track like you've never heard in your life.

"I had upset her sufficiently so that when she did it again, she *was* broken hearted, and this came over on the record.

"Many people just sing words. This is wrong. I think you should sing feeling. Great singers, like the Sinatras



The man in the middle—the man with a sound of his own—composer-arranger Burt Bacharach.

and Basseys, study what a writer has to say before they sing it—they are in fact actors—singing actors. This kind of approach is especially important in the album field of recording. You have got to get the words across.

"In the same way, I think orchestrators should arrange to suit the words, not the music. They mustn't bend songs the wrong way.

"The whole time, my aim is to achieve the best possible performance of songs on record."



FREDDIE and the Dreamers would like you to listen to their A and R man, John Burgess, discussing his work . . .

"People often say how can he possibly be a good and competent A and R man when he is not a musician and cannot read music? At one time it was very necessary for a recording manager to have musical ability. Songs had to be run over with artistes on the piano and heard many times for various reasons before going into the studio. As the whole record business has speeded up so has the work. Musical ability can still be an asset, but now a song or an artiste can easily be heard on tape or demonstration disc at any time. Demo discs have meant a tremendous change in the recording manager's life.

"You can only learn to be a recording manager with experience. Anybody who says they could just walk into the job and do it would soon be in trouble. The job involves knowing such an odd mixture of things. I began as assistant to famous recording manager and writer Norman Newell and would pick up tips and odd hints from him. Then I would spend days sitting in on sessions in recording studios learning how engineers work, and getting around meeting people in the business. It was quite some time before I ever handled a session completely alone.

"Apart from the technical know-how necessary, I think the most important talent a recording manager needs is the ability to handle people. He is a collator. By the time he arrives for the actual session he should have collated the song, artiste, arranger and engineer to get the best possible result.

"He should always be completely in charge of everything, should always say what goes. An artist will often think that he or she knows best and although they do regularly come up with very good ideas, he should never give in to their whims and be capable of talking them out of something if he thinks it is wrong.

"He should always approach each session with a completely open mind even though things have been worked out perfectly beforehand. An arrangement can often be changed considerably on a session and the end result can often be very different from the one intended. A new and good idea can come up on a session which can work out well.

"One thing which makes me extremely frustrated and gets me very annoyed is if someone turns up for a session unrehearsed. I always expect an artiste to be fully rehearsed before arriving at the studio. If they aren't, a great deal of time can be wasted. In fact you can do whole sessions and still end up with nothing.

"A recording manager learns to cultivate a commercial ear with experience in the business. A lot of his time is not spent in the studio. Most of it is spent in the office doing all the difficult work like finding artistes, listening to songs, making sure all is in order and getting arrangements done, etc. The time spent in the studio can only ever be very limited so by the time everyone gets there you should know what you want and it is then merely a question of putting it on tape. The studio is where you come to the end of a lot of hard work by yourself and other people and see the end result.

"An engineer is a very important person to a recording manager. Many are inclined to think that an engineer could record an artiste himself and indeed he could possibly turn out quite a technical job. A recording manager must listen to the performance and to the overall sound and should know if a record needs something extra. He should not really care if a record is sometimes technically or musically wrong as long as he gets the effect he is after. I have made hit discs which have not been musically correct. I do not work by any set standards when recording or when I sign up someone new. Usually I am immediately affected by a sound or a voice as soon as I hear it. Even if the artiste is a nobody with nobody behind them I will record him. I can always find a good manager or agent for them afterwards.

"Now and again he will know that he had recorded a hit. I had unshakeable faith in a record I made with Manfred Mann called "Do Wah Diddy Diddy." Somehow I just knew it would make it and it topped the charts both here and in America. No A and R man could tell you that his attitude towards all his artistes is the same. He will naturally be biased and will of course work better and take more trouble with the artistes he likes and those that are easy to work with and work well."



THE A and R man who turned Frankie Vaughan into a No. 1 recording star was Johnny Franz. Johnny is still Frank's A and R right hand, so Frankie Vaughan presents the Johnny Franz' approach to record-making:

"Distinctiveness is the first thing I look for. I search for this quality in both style and sound. I want an artist recognised the instant he or she is heard because individuality is very important.

"An A and R man is constantly offered scores of copies.

Immediately a new star hits, we are usually inundated with others blatantly imitating the one who has just made it.

"Going right back, I am sure more people have copied Bing Crosby than anyone else on earth.

"The Shadows, for example, were the first to make it big as an instrumental group. From then on, we got dozens of demo records from groups—all copying the Shadows. Copies can only be second best.

"New talent, when it starts out on disc, must have something—some professionalism—to be signed at all. The moulding, the strengthening of the talent, the projection of personality, comes with experience in the studios. A lot can be learned from the first session, and gradually, the pattern that can take someone to the top, takes shape.

"On a session, there must always be one person responsible for everything, and that person should be the A and R man. Of course, artists should have a say in the sound—if they know what they are talking about. It is up to the A and R man to appreciate whether an artist really has the knowledge to be able to contribute worthwhile suggestions.

"Some stars have great knowledge and great ideas on what their sound should be. Dusty, for instance, knows better than anyone how the rhythm section should play on her sessions, as well as various other things, and one respects this.

"But others who think they are knowledgeable, are not.

"A session has to be a blending of everyone's ideas under the overall supervision of the A and R man.

"I believe in considerable pre-planning. I'm no lover of experimental sessions. Perhaps, in my case, this is influenced by my being a musician.

"With a group, you can have an experimental session and kick things around for hours until something works out. But you can't do that with an artist like Julie Rogers. You have got to know what you intend to do before you go into a studio with a big orchestra.

"The musical director needs to be instructed as to the type of thing required, and so on, in order that when you walk into the studio, you know pretty well how it is going to be.

"Different types of recordings call for different planning. I handle everything from Harry Secombe to groups,

and my A and R approach needs to be completely different for each type of recording.

"There is not one public, but several. We have to cater for a wide range of tastes, yet there is unbalanced emphasis placed on teenage appeal in many parts of show business. This overlooks the fact that teenagers' tastes mature, too.

"Harry Secombe is a great example. He hardly ever goes into the Hit Parade, but, over the last ten years, he has probably sold more L.P.s in this country, than any other British artist, and he has done this consistently. Some of the albums we put out of Harry ten years ago, are still selling today.

"This doesn't show in the charts, but judgement of success by the charts doesn't give a complete picture. It only reveals part of the story.

"Harry's singles may not hit the No. 1 spot at any time, but they are bought over far longer periods, and in total, sell an enormous amount. So choice of material isn't simply guided by what we think may achieve fast overnight success.

"We tailor material to suit each artist. With Harry I first have to accept that his greatest audience are mainly adults, including a large percentage of young marrieds, so we select the kind of songs we feel confident they will like.

"An artist in a similar vocal category is John Hanson, with whom I did, for example, the music of Ivor Novello. This wasn't intended for the teenagers, but then it takes all types, and a record company has to cater for all tastes.

"When I go into the studio I hope to do very little in the control box on most sessions—unless it is a group session.

"If you have a good song to start with; a good singer to sing it; the arranger has written a great arrangement, and top-class musicians in the studio, then, on the face of it, there shouldn't be many problems.

"I set out to achieve excitement, and heart in the performance. Frankie Vaughan, Dusty, Julie Rogers, are typical of the people who give heart-and-soul performances. I have a great respect for real professionalism.

"But no matter how professional an artist, to achieve the excitement I want, there often has to be a number of takes to get the right one. You may alter something; the



Frankie Vaughan, earphones ready, listens to the music track on a dubbing session with his A and R man, Johnny Franz.

arrangement may be fine but you want some slight variation, yet there is always a danger point. After an artist has done several takes, they reach a peak beyond which they get jaded on a song for that afternoon or evening, which is why it is vital to get technical and instrumental aspects of a session right fast to prevent the risk of over-using the artist.

"Fortunately, with session musicians being so fantastically fast and efficient, many problems that arise are soon sorted out.

"I try to do as little editing as I can, I always aim for the true, complete performance, and there is greater hope of achieving such a performance provided you do sufficient pre-session rehearsing. Then everyone knows exactly what is expected of them—the orchestral combination and overall sound; the general musical setting for the voice; the whole feel of what you want to put on record."



NORRIE PARAMOR has nursed the The Shadows, Cliff Richard, and loads of others to stardom, so The Shadows, understandably, are delighted to present Norrie . . .

"THERE'S always competition to get to No. 1, of course, and groups have been hitting the charts for some time now, but Cliff, Frank Ifield and other established artistes are a successful as ever on disc.

"We decide what's suitable for the performer involved on the strength of the song submitted—competing with groups or stars on other labels doesn't enter into it. For instance, your own records these days are considerably different from your earlier ones, but this is because we're always going after different sounds and ideas as part of the process of seeking something new all the time.

"There's room for everything, no matter what the current craze may be."

Like all his colleagues in the A and R profession Norrie is often hampered by unpunctuality by some of his stars. He smiled as he talked of an Eddie Calvert session. "It was due to begin at 2-o'clock. Eddie had been late for previous sessions, and I didn't expect him to arrive before 2.15. He turned up at 3.30. I was so livid I just couldn't speak to him. He took one look at me, went to his place in front of the microphone, got his trumpet out of its case, asked me which number was first, then played like an angel evaporating all my bad temper. He read off every number perfectly although he hadn't seen the scores before, and that session produced 'Mandy' one of his big hits.

"My job as an A and R man with Columbia is to help make records that sell. To-day, people buy personality voices rather than strong voices. They want something vastly different from what has gone before. I don't mind this because although I have a great admiration for a good voice. My tastes are broad. I do like to hear something original, and an original voice is a voice that stands a good chance of becoming commercial.

"The pop-business is fascinating because you never really know where you stand. You have a number you think will be a hit and it doesn't catch on. You see a song that you think hasn't a hope of real success, and it's a hit. This has happened to me many times."

The average number of tapes Norrie gets a week is 50. They arrive wound round cotton reels, recorded at unusual speeds. Once Norrie invited people to send him tapes during a TV interview. That week he had to sort his way through 1,000. "I think only one or two were distinctly promising out of that bunch—that's about the percentage that gets through, as a rule—one in a thousand.

"I'm not saying you can pick anyone out of the blue and make them a singer, but many talented youngsters stand a far better chance of getting a break in the recording studios. Why? Because when recordings were made on wax masters, everything had to be just right before a take could be cut. There was no chance to play it back, as with the present-day method of recording on tape. And, of course, it is always possible to edit tapes so that the final product is pretty well perfect.

"Provided a singer has an original style—something that today's public can go for—it is possible by means of tape recording to make a disc that is a marketable product. For instance, by using four-track recording, you can obtain a re-balance of sound after the actual session. The orchestra may be recorded on three tracks and the singer on the fourth. For the finished tape, you can adjust levels of sound so that the singer is well forward.

"The multi-track system makes it far easier to get a good balance these days, and the very best out of what you have recorded in the studios. But, of course, you've still got to get something worth while on the tape in the first place, otherwise all the re-balancing or juggling in the world won't help much."



WAYNE Fontana discussed A and R responsibilities with his man-in-the-box—Jack Baverstock. Jack's comments were:

"On a single for today's market, the first thing I look for is something a little different from the last record I made, which was probably the day before. I want some excitement, something that generates interest in my ears.



The Shadows come into the limelight to introduce their A and R man. . .



"This, of course, couples with the song, which is always all-important. I like a song to be predominantly simple, which is not saying that complicated songs don't happen. They are mainly suitable for a different market. But it is usually the simple song which goes roaring through.

"I like a melody line to hang on to; a good fat phrase to latch on to. If I hear it a couple of times and remember it, I figure I may have something.

"This is generally my approach when I line up for a single record, whether it is with a solo artist or with a group.

"I try to match a song to an artist, but I often see a song that is such a good vehicle that, given reasonably good treatment by a currently popular artist, I am certain it would go. Unfortunately, an artist may turn it down because he or she has never done anything like it before.

"Sometimes, when I truly believe in a song, I even try to create an artist to fit the song.

"Too often, the worst judge of material is the artist. They should concern themselves far more with what they are going to do with the material when they get it.

"A star too often thinks of what he might like to sing. The A and R man has to think what the star ought to try and do—irrespective of whether he likes a song or not.

"Young groups resist hard against a new number and are easily thrown by a demonstration disc of the number which may just happen to have the wrong sort of beat for them. They seldom seem to be able to extract the song from the demo approach to it, or visualise how it could be adapted to their own style.

"This sometimes occurs with my favourite group to work with—Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders. We may be sorting out possible songs, and I see something and believe in it hard, yet the others may not go along

with it. But Wayne will listen, and, after a third hearing, may decide to try it. He'll have a go—which is more than many groups will do. No one should be afraid of experimentation in this business—willingness to try new sounds and songs is absolutely vital.

"With Wayne, we usually go into the studio and literally take a song off the floor—experimenting all the way from the basic number, and building as we go. Their smash 'Game of Love' was done this way. They came in with a rough routine idea, which was altered on the floor. Of course you can only afford experimentation with a group—not with an orchestra. With the latter type of session, the routine point is the time to evaluate all the ideas.



"An A and R man must be ever open to suggestions. I like as many ideas as I can get. This new young girl we have, Kiki Dee, has ideas at sessions. Some are useless, but some are good, and anything that may help produce a better job is valuable. An A and R man must keep an ever-open ear. Shut your ears and you may be turning away something important.

"I listen to everything. I must receive, for instance, at least twenty tapes a week from would-be stars, plus countless demo discs. We get through them all because the one you miss could turn out to be something.

"The thing I go for in the studio above all else, is Beat. I must have a truly great rhythm section, because today's music, to me, is still basically dance music; dance music means movement; movement means rhythm. Which is why I insist on having a first-class beat going. If it's not swinging or moving, then, as far as I am concerned, we're dead.

"So we have a ball in the studio, and often spend the first hour or hour-and-a-half on the rhythm section alone. When we finally achieve the movement we want, in comes the top sound—the strings, or what have you—and, by then, the artist is completely familiar with the sound and can go right along with it. Gradually, the sound begins to come.

"When I am producing an essentially orchestral L.P., my main concern is the glorious big sound. The score writing must be slick, neat, and contain plenty of ideas. This requires a different approach from the customary single.

"A and R selection of new talent is largely instinctive. If you haven't faith in someone, you should let go. The difficulty is judging whether a voice has potential spark in it. A and R men don't have a crystal ball. Sometimes, I wish I did."



THE executive in charge of pop singles at Decca, is Dick Rowe, who is, in fact, the company's chief A and R man. As Dick Rowe gave *The Bachelors* their stardom break, they introduce him, and his studio thoughts . . .

"I first of all look for a song. The song is the foundation of the whole business. I then try and match it to the right singer, although this isn't always possible. Experience helps you manipulate a song until it matches an artist—although they may not entirely fit.



I was confronted with them in Arbroath when I first met them, and I hadn't the faintest idea what to do with them. During a few minutes' fast thinking I recalled that 'Charmaine' had, as a fabulous instrument hit, launched Mantovani to his greatest heights. I wondered whether it might also prove to be an equally fabulous vocal hit, so I suggested it.

"Three months later, they came to London, we auditioned them with it, and they started on their road to success. We have largely kept to the same style of song ever since, usually put over in a semi-country and Western style. We also did a couple of big ballads because Con has a fabulous way with him on television, and comes over with a sincerity that rings very true, so we gave him 'I Believe' and 'No Arms Will Ever Hold You'. We sneaked in a song called 'I Wouldn't Trade You For the World' on one session. It was simply an extra number for the session. It turned out to be a smash.

"The only time I boobed with them was on 'True Love For Evermore', but I don't think this worked out fairly because they were in pantomime in Birmingham at the time, and it all had to be done on Sundays—rehearsals, recording, and the over-dubbing—and, we never managed to knit everything together satisfactorily. The record somehow didn't give the song the best chance. I still think it is a great song.

"You see, all the elements have got to be right, together. Your artist must perform attractively. You must have the song, which is your foundation; you work out the orchestration ideas with the arranger who tries to make it as attractive as he can with some distinctive touch to catch the public ear.

"Attractiveness is the key word. Think of all the discs you hear on the radio. Some you want to keep on hearing. Others you never want to hear again.

"You can never go into a studio and be certain of coming out with a hit, but you can be sure of making an attractive one, and then, at least there is a fighting chance because someone will want to play it more than once, or want to

hear it more than once. If it isn't attractive, they won't want to even play it.

"Mind you, even when you have achieved an attractive record, success still largely depends on it's getting enough air time, enough public exposure on radio and TV. If it doesn't get sufficient push behind it, the song and performance may never get the chance to catch on.

"Teenage tastes dominate today's pop single market, so we give them what they want, although I must admit that to me, it is terrible that people like Jack Jones, Andy Williams, Tony Bennett—and Sinatra—have such a hard struggle to come through with pop single successes. They are outstanding talents, and, although their album sales are enormous, it is a shame that they don't score more heavily with singles. Jack Jones, for example, is a fabulous artist who deserves to come through with really big hits.

"To those who question whether mature, experienced A and R men can cater to teenage tastes, the answer is that an A and R man's age doesn't matter, as long as he loves records. Most A and R men come into the business because it has a complete fascination for them, and, as the generations change, new challenges arise. It is constantly exciting—trying to provide new excitement on record.

"The curious thing is that we have tried using teenagers as guinea pigs to see whether they could be of value in selecting material and recordings. We found them to be the worst judges. They are more inclined to follow fashion trends in sound than lead them.

"The terrifying thing in this business is the way fashions in sound die overnight, and how, suddenly, nobody wants to know anything about them any more. Basically, though, the whole pop scene today is rock 'n' roll—one way or another.

"Few records, on first playing, make everyone in the place put on their hats and coats and run like mad because they know they are carrying a bar of gold. Sure-fire hits are difficult to come by—you can't presume to make them—you simply go into the studio to achieve the best record you can.

"Sometimes, admittedly, bad records become hits, but there is obviously something on the record so attractive that it overcomes all the bad things. Invariably, this turns out to be the tune. The public like the tune so much that they scarcely notice that the singer is slightly under-pitch and keeps hitting wrong notes, or that the rhythm really doesn't go very well.

"When I start to make a record, I listen to the first few run-throughs for anything that might bring a distinctive touch—I referred to this earlier on as a musical hook. It may be a drum fill; or a guitar figure, and, if it is effective I set out, emphasise, and feature it so that it practically becomes the sound 'trade-mark' of the record.

"I also prefer to get a complete performance in the studio, but we often have to resort to over-dubbing. The Bachelors, for example, sing on the session, but when the musicians have gone, sing again, and we have both sets of voices on different tracks. When we mix these tracks, we have one what is termed 'dry', and the other with a lot of echo so that an attractiveness of sound is created.

"We use the dubbing system to obtain special effects. Over-dubbing can be extremely useful to secure extra clean separation of sounds.

"The supreme object of any A and R man is to create real attractiveness on record."



KATHY KIRBY asked Decca L.P. A and R chief, Hugh Mendl, to list a general technical know-how guide to studio sessions, and here are Hugh Mendl's points-to-remember. . . .

Various studio session jobs can be listed as follows:

1. *Microphone balance: selecting suitable types of microphone and placing them to get the best sound from the various points.*
2. *Mixing—combining the output from the microphones, tape or disc replay machines, echo chamber, etc.*
3. *Control—ensuring that the “level” (volume in relation to the noise and distortion levels of the equipment used) is not too high or too low, and uses the output to best advantage.*
4. *Creating special effects (“spot effects”).*
5. *Ensuring that the recordings are taped without any significant quality loss.*

Nerve centre of any recording session is the A and R man's control desk from which all the sound sources are mixed, balanced, and controlled.

The exact placing of the microphone in relation to the source and the studio acoustics is known as microphone balance.

Balance is required to pick up sound at a level suitable to the microphones and recording set-up, and at the same time, to eliminate unwanted noise.



To get good balance with the available studio and microphones, balance tests are necessary. With music, the way to find the right balance is to place the microphones in position and make comparisons by listening to each in turn. Microphones are then moved or adjusted, as necessary, to find the required sound, and the process repeated until both the A and R man and the control engineer are satisfied. This is often the longest and most vital part of a session.

When music is recorded, it is not only the instruments we are recording, but also the characteristics of the studio.

A studio acts as a kind of sounding board to the instruments. The shape and size of the studio adds character to the sounds made in it, and studios differ widely in character. No two are the same.

The piano is basically more powerful than the human voice, and on stage, it is part of an accompanist's job to see that a singer isn't swamped by piano sound. In a studio this problem is simply solved by microphone balancing, and screening voice and instrument from each other.

The balancing of a singer on a microphone depends on the type of music. For pops he may need to be five inches from the mike; for an operatic aria perhaps five feet. Whatever the music, recordings offer a closer, more intimate performance than could ever be heard in a live show.

Singer and accompaniment can often be balanced on a single microphone, although bringing a singer too far forward is liable to make the accompaniment sound distant, which is why several microphones are usually used.

With choral and vocal backing groups, clear diction is the main thing—except when the voices are being used for general sound effect. The microphone must be far enough back to get a well-blended sound. If a microphone

or microphones can't be placed to pick up the whole group effectively, then what is known as an omnidirectional microphone is used, around which the singers can be positioned in a circle.

The sound quality the ear likes very much depends on what you're used to. Few, whose ears are untrained can really judge top quality sound, and experiments have shown that as many go for medium quality as go for best.

As soon as a session is through, paper work has to be completed for later reference and additional technical work to be carried out. Details such as:

- (a) *Title, reference number, date and place of recording.*
 - (b) *Technical notes. Details of equipment and tape (including reel number where more than one is used), plus the position at which the material is to be located, if not at the start. Any technical imperfections to be noted, plus particular points necessary to guide final balancing and mixing of the session.*
 - (c) *Details of contents and running times: Music information: composer, writer, performer, copyright owner, record numbers.*
- Details of special effects—if any required. Any other relevant information, including, for example, information on any other recordings incorporated.*

This kind of detailed documentation shows its importance at the editing session. Nearly all recordings need some editing, so it is wise, while a session is actually in progress, to constantly keep a written note of what might be needed at the editing session. During the session, you note points about various takes, including the best ones and outstanding passages that might be worth joining together at the editing session.

Editing is a highly skilled tape-cutting job. Most of the skill is in making sure you are marking the right part of the right note. Editing engineers usually practise on scrap tape to develop the knack of hitting the right point every time on the button.



Some regard editing as an admission of defeat, and use it only for dealing with particularly bad fluffs. But there are many reasons why you may want to edit to delete a section or chorus, or to cut in a retake.

And it is always good to record a few seconds of atmosphere at the end of each item to have something to join up to the start of the next number. This should be recorded at the time.

Music retakes are recorded one after the other so that the performer can remember the exact "feel" required, and also so that the physical conditions of the studio should be as close to the original sound set-up as possible.

The manner in which fades and mixes are done distinguishes the polished from the amateur recording.

Not every fade consists of a steady move in or out. It has to sound just right.

At the lower end of a fade, as interest is withdrawn from the sound, the ear accepts a faster rounding off.

For pop recording, each section of instruments, soloist, or vocal group needs its own microphone.

Each circuit (including echo) of the multi-microphone mix has its own controls for supplying selected degrees of bass, treble, and middle frequency boost. Bass or treble can be brought out on selected instruments wherever the A and R man feels it necessary.

Frequency correction, as it is called, can select a region where harmonies are strong for any instrument, and emphasize this. This brings out the instrument's character. If this sound is combined carefully with others, the finished record can have great clarity, separation of instruments and voices, and be what is technically termed "brilliant"—in other words crystal sharp.

Reverberation is effective in transforming sound, as so many of our pop-guitarists show with their electronic equipment.



GEORGE MARTIN who guided the smash breakthrough into the U.S. charts of the Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and put Matt Monro well and truly on the world record map with "Portrait of My Love", so Matt presents some of George's ideas on the R and A scene . . .

"Being an A and R man embraces a great deal of tedious thought and work, and sometimes, unpleasant actions. I remember a very famous bandleader walking out of our studios once because I had criticised the playing of his bass player. Despite this display of temperament the bandleader in question got rid of his bass player some weeks afterwards, so perhaps there was some justification for my comment.

"Another thing—how would you tell Peter Sellers that one of his own special pet gags wasn't funny?

"To do a good job as an A and R man, the ideal thing is to be on the same wavelength as your performer. It is in the studios where the understanding between the Beatles, for example, really shows itself. To supervise one of their sessions is easy—and enlightening.

"Normally a recording manager discusses with the artistes the song for a new record several days before the actual session. That doesn't necessarily apply to the Beatles. On more than one occasion I have walked into the studios for a session with them without the slightest idea what was going on the record. 'Hello, George,' they have said, 'what do you



Another girl at the top with a real voice and real talent —Julie Rogers.

think of this?' And the song they have played me has gone on to be a gigantic world hit."

On spotting trends George Martin says, "Phooey." He bases this comment on his theory that pop music works by evolution, interrupted only occasionally by a revolution. "A clear pattern of pop music was set by Cliff Richard," says George. "The revolution was made by The Beatles. They broke through. They were raucous but they had melody and good harmony."

George is nevertheless involved like every other A and R man in the constant search for a new sound. "We got a distinctive sound by 'cooking' electronically a piano for Billy J. Kramer. It got to be his distinctive sound."

George loves the endless sound permutations that electronics can add to instruments. He insists that tomorrow's ingredients for success are no different from today's—a good story line in a song, individuality in the voice, ear-catching sounds in the music. George listens for them on Housewives Choice, from records in his office, or from discs suggested by friends in the business.

"Teenagers just seek good music with a good beat," George explains. "The rhythms are much more intricate than they were only a few years ago. But there's no big revolution coming, only an evolution comparable to the change in the lapels on a man's suit. People want a little change, but they also want something they're pretty well used to.

"There's no master brain in the business which says 'This is the sound.' When something distinctive and genuinely new comes along we'll know about it, because it is our business to spot it first.

"It's like mining. You go a long way trying seam after seam before you find gold. For a long time I was quite successful but I had no theme—no mould which was exclusively mine, and I was looking for one. I knew the public was looking for one, too, but I didn't know what it was. I listened to all sorts of people, and never thought it would come to me from pop music.



Studio conversation piece between A and R man George Martin and Paul you-know-who.

"Before I met the Beatles I didn't like pop singers very much. They always seemed such a scruffy lot to me and I didn't want to have anything to do with them. When I first heard the Beatles at an audition they were raw and lacked confidence, but they were nice, clean boys, and for the first time in my life, I liked a group of pop singers. Also, there seemed to be something in their sound which, I felt, had the germ of what I was looking for."

George is in complete control of his sessions. If a singer's voice isn't in the best form on the morning of a session, George can often put enough technical work into it on tape to make it get by on disc.

His general attitude about material is:

"A good original song is terribly important for an unknown beat group who want to break into the big time. Nor can I stress too much the importance of individual style. It takes originality and style to bring a group out of the rut of also-rans. Too many are inclined to copy."

"George is definitely on our wavelength," says Billy J. Kramer. "On my first visit to the studio I was so overwhelmed that my voice kept cracking with fright. George kept saying, 'Don't worry, it happens to everybody'."

"It can be the most stimulating job," says George, "and it can also be awesome. There is so much at stake in 2 mins. 50 secs. of sound on a record."

"In the past, my judgement of raw talent has, like any other recording manager's, occasionally let me down. I won't forget the time I went to the 2 1's coffee bar in Soho to sign a group, and disregarded another singer working there—name of Tommy Steele."

At every studio recording session, the A and R man is the boss, but if he is as successful an operator as George Martin, he becomes a kind of father-figure, suggesting rather than ordering.

George has learned that if a group isn't happy with a number there are no royalties to be gained in insisting that

they go ahead with it. When he produced a song for the Beatles' second record, he sensed they disliked it, so he scrubbed the record and gave the number to Gerry and the Pacemakers. It became their first hit.

How does George do it? By discarding the schoolmaster role and being one of the boys. He's the first to admit that he had some uneasy times with the Beatles before they really understood each other. Since then they have become the most successful A and R man and artist combination in the world.



AND here's some more studio know-how, including the technical terms used by the A and R men and their engineers.

ACOUSTICS: The study of the behaviour of sound. The acoustics of a studio depend on its size and shape, and the number and position of absorbers. Acoustics of a studio depend on the effect of the acoustics on the indirect sound reaching the microphone, and also on the ratio of direct to indirect sound. Acoustics depend on the microphone position, distance and angle from the sound source, as well as the level of sound reproduction. The actual acoustics of the studio can be modified by the placing of screens which separate the different sounds.

BACKING TRACK: Pre-recording of the accompaniment to a singer or instrumentalist who then listens to a replay on headphones as he adds his own performance. The two are mixed for the final recording. Performance and musicians' time can be saved, good separation achieved, and tricky performance problems overcome without wearing down everyone and loss of musical quality.

BALANCE: Placing of microphones to pick up sound, eliminate undesirable noise, and create the best ratio of sound.

BALANCE TEST: Test balances to judge sounds by direct comparison.

BOOM: A telescopic arm attached to a floor mounting from which a microphone is slung.

BOOMY: Description of sound quality with resonances in low frequencies, or a broad band of bass lift. The expressions "tubby" or, simply, "bassy" are also used to describe this kind of sound.

CONTROL: This involves the separate control of a number of sound sources. At the control desk are faders (individual, group and main control), echo and distortion controls, where required, and a great range of communications equipment.

CUE: Start signal. This can be a cue-light, or a hand cue.

ECHO CHAMBER: A room for producing or simulating the natural reverberation of an enclosed space. It has sound-reflecting walls and such treatment as is necessary to break up the sound, and produce a frequency response that is fairly flat.

EDGY: Describes a sound quality which has good colour in the middle or high frequency response, in the form of sharp peaks. "Topy" describes a smoother, broader peak in the top response.

EQUALIZATION: The use of a filter network to compensate distortions, or to compensate a recording characteristic.

FADE: Gradual reduction or increase in the signal. This is accomplished by means of a fader—a potentiometer—“pot” for short.

HUM: Low frequency noise.

LEVEL: Volume of sound picked up by the microphone and passed through pre-amplifiers and mixer faders.

LIMITER: An automatic control to reduce volume to prevent dangerously heavy peaks of sound and power.

MASTER: Second stage in processing a record. The direct-cut original is treated with a conductor, such as gold, then a copper electroplate is created, or grown, as they say. This is stripped from the original and nickel plated. The master has ridges instead of grooves. When only a small quantity of record pressings are required, the master is also used as a stamper; otherwise, for full processing, a mother is grown, and then a stamper.

MASTER RECORDING: The master tape from which the acetate copy is cut.

MELLOW QUALITY: Quality that lacks top.

MIX: Combining sound from microphones, tape, and other sources.

MOTHER: Third stage in record processing. Like the original and the final pressing, this has grooves. From the mother the stamper is formed. To press a big run of a hit disc, several stampers are used and are taken from the mother without using the master again.

PERFECT PITCH: Ability to judge frequency absolutely and instantaneously.

“POPPING”: Causes breakup of the signal from a microphone. This occurs when consonants such as “p” and “b” are given too much emphasis.

PRESENCE: Bringing forward a voice or instrument, or entire sound, to create the feeling of almost being in the room with the listener.

PRESSING: A record made by stamping plastic material, usually polyvinyl chloride (PVC), in association with other components which vary from manufacturer to manufacturer. PVC-based pressings have low surface noise, provided they are not played with a heavy pick-up.

RELATIVE PITCH: The ability to judge one pitch by reference to another. Complete lack of relative pitch is “tone deafness.”

SEPARATION: Separation of sounds from each other; separation of sources from individual microphones; exclusion of undesired sounds. Separation allows individual control of the sources.

SIBILANCE: The production of strongly emphasised “s” and “ch” sounds in speech. These may in turn be over-accented by certain types of microphones.

STUDIO-SET-UP: Layout of microphones, cue-lights, screens, etc., ready for a session.

TIMBRE: Tone quality. The distribution of frequencies and intensities in a sound at any particular time.

TOP: High frequencies in the audio range, particularly in the range 8–16 kc/s.

TREBLE: Higher part of the musical range; say, 1 or 2 kc/s and above.

VIBRATO: Fast variation in pitch used by singers and instrumentalists to give a richer quality to sustained notes.

“WOOLY”: Sound that lacks clarity at high frequencies and tends to be boomy at low.



The boys with the lovin' feeling of a No. 1 world hit—The Righteous Brothers.



Time out between takes in the studio for Cilla and Sounds Incorporated.



Tribute



NAT "KING" COLE rarely appeared on the screen, but, whenever he did, his appearance, no matter how brief, was memorable. Just before his death, he completed one of these rare movie roles—a special acting-singing, starring characterization in "Cat Ballou".

Nat is the Shouter, a street singer of Wyoming in the nineties who recounts "The Ballad of Cat Ballou" and the hectic history of the young lady of propriety who led an all-male outlaw band. Jane Fonda plays "Cat".

The Shouter is in vivid contrast to Nat's customary dapper, debonair image as a performer, but teamed with roly-poly Stubby Kaye, he adds an unforgettable contribution to this film, and leaves us yet another lasting memory of Nat the Great. . . .



to NAT



The Battle of Sexes—to music—and Nat and Stubby confer as to whether they should surrender without firing a single banjo plinka-plonk.

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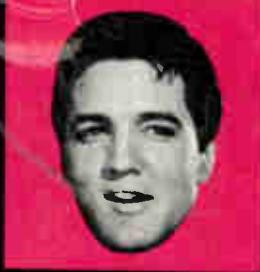


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